

The X-Rated

Pantywaist Reader

For Panty Faggots, Pervert Sissies & Wimps
No pictures! No drawings! Just 40 pages of HOT Sissyboy Stories.
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Volume 3

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Some great sissy letters from the 1970's LOVE, the raunchiest mag ever made!

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XXX-RATED

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Father Forgives Ronnie's Sins

Part 2

Continued From Pantywaist Reader #1

Father Donovan continued taking photographs, as Jonathan held open the leg opening of Ronnie's panties and went deeper and deeper inside of the boy's asshole, pumping harder and harder until he came again, this time filling Ronnie's ass with his warm jizz. It was a beautiful Kodak moment, so beautiful that the priest came in his pants! Wow, these were going to be hot pictures for his fellow pedophile priests. He would surely be championed as the best boy feminizer and abuser at the quarterly get-together he has with a secret group of pedo priests.

Young Jonathan pulled out and lay beside his little panty boy lover, Ronnie, who just then realized his own cock had gone soft because he had so completely gotten into his role as a girl at the moment Jonathan had shot sperm up his asshole. It felt so wonderful. Ronnie, now more than ever, really and truly felt like a girl, and he knew he would want to do this again and again. He also knew he wanted to be a full-time girl like his sissy boyfriend, Charlotte!

The priest blessed the two boys and had them get dressed. As soon as they were gone, he went to his private little darkroom and developed the beautiful pictures, and beautiful they were.

Ronnie became more and more obsessed with girls' clothes and was now borrowing his sister's clothes more frequently. There were other changes too. He enjoyed helping his mother around the house and took an interest in cooking and sewing. His mother noticed his mannerisms becoming more feminine, his voice softer and he was much kinder towards his sister who was a year older than him.

Janet had always considered her brother Ronnie a pain in the butt, but lately he was so nice, she actually began to like him. One rainy day, when their father and mother were volunteering at a bake sale at the Church, Janet was in her room playing with a doll when Ronnie knocked on her door and asked, "May I come in?"

"Sure, but just don't break anything," Janet said since he had always been so destructive with her toys.

Ronnie nodded in agreement, blushed and then quietly asked if he could play dolls with her.

"Really? Sure, I guess you can, but play nice, don't break anything, and don't tear their clothes," she replied as she handed him "Alice," a cute little baby doll in a bright yellow dress with matching panties.

Ronnie held the doll gently and soon Janet was showing him how to undress the baby doll, give it a bath, and put fresh panties and a clean dress on her.

“I sometimes wish I were a girl,” Ronnie blurted out.

“Why?” asked Janet.

“I don't know. I just like the way they dress and play, and all that stuff.” He was very uneasy about revealing his secret wishes to her, but he had to do it.

Janet smiled and suggested they dress-up in some of her good clothes. “You can be my sister for the day.”

“But don't tell anybody. OK?” begged Ronnie.

“Of course not, silly,” she said as she helped him remove his clothes down to the light blue panties with flowers on them that he was wearing.

Janet giggled. “I wondered what had happened to those panties,” was all she said without scolding him. She knew he had been getting into her clothes and trying them on, but she was surprised that he had taken to wearing her panties under his boy clothes.

Janet helped him into a white petticoat and a pretty yellow and white dress she had outgrown. The dress fastened up the back and the sash at the waist tied into a large bow in the back. She helped him put on white, lace-trimmed anklets and a pair of white Mary Jane shoes, and then combed his hair into a girlish style and added two barrettes.

And just that quickly, Ronnie became Rhonda.

“Oh, you look so pretty!” squealed Janet. “I've always wanted a little sister.”

The two played dolls until they heard their mother coming home and walking in the front door. Ronnie couldn't get out of the back-buttoning dress and his sister refused to help him.

“I like you better this way,” she said with a grin.

Ronnie picked up his doll and was holding it in his arms as his mother entered the room.

“Hi, Mom, we were just playing dolls,” he said in his softest girlish voice.

His mother said, “That's nice.” Then, as she was leaving, she asked, “Which of you girls would like to help me with dinner?” Sister and feminized brother looked at each other and then Janet volunteered for both of them.

“Good,” she replied. “Your father won't be home until tomorrow, so just the three of us girls can have a nice quiet evening together.”

Cheryl provided her children with frilly aprons to cover their dresses, then gave them their kitchen assignments. As they worked, Cheryl asked her son how he liked being a girl.

“It's fun,” he replied.

“But I thought you didn't like it when Sister Angelica punished you by dressing you in girls' clothes at school.”

“I didn't at first, but then I got to like it, and now I wish I were a girl.” He didn't tell her about Father Donovan, the other boys and what they did together.

“Well, I certainly like the way you have behaved since then, and I couldn't help but notice the change in that Terry Cole boy since he became a girl. I'll talk it over with your daddy, and Father Donovan, of course. Get their opinion on this if you want to continue wanting to be a girl.”

Ronnie's penis stiffened inside his panties at just at the mention of his patron saint.

Cheryl and Roland Reardon sat in the study at the rectory, discussing the future of their son who wanted to be a girl with Father Donovan.

The priest spoke with a solemn voice of authority, “This may be just a passing phase in his life, but I would give him a chance to live as a girl over the summer vacation period. But, for it to be a true test, it can't be a half-baked forage into femininity. If he agrees to do this, you must insist he remain in girls' clothing and act completely like a girl 24 hours a day until school begins again in the fall. If at any time during that period, he wants to put on boys' clothing, he must understand he may never, ever wear girls' clothes again.”

“Gees!” Roland Reardon said, “That sounds kind of strict. I love Ronnie as my son. Maybe he's just experimenting with girls' stuff, you know how kids do. I think I wanted to put on one of my sister's dresses once when I was a kid, and my mom and sister thought it would be all right, even fun, so they dressed me up like Cinderella one Halloween. I have to admit that I liked it, especially the silky feeling of all those clothes. And the panties really got to me. They gave me a deliciously wicked feeling, but at the Halloween party I got teased so miserably by the other boys that I didn't want to dress up again. I just wanted to be a boy like the other boys. They called me faggot, sissy, panty boy and horrible names like that. So you see, I have fears for Ronnie. I know things are a lot more liberal these days regarding homosexuals and boys who dress up in girls' clothes, but it's still a no-no for any boy who has any interest in maintaining his reputation as a boy. And if Ronnie does like dressing up is one thing, but I'm afraid I might lose him. I'm afraid he might really want to become a girl and want one of those sex operations and all that.

“I thought this dressing up was just a game kind of thing. It was quite unnerving when I came home from my last business trip and saw my son running around in a dress, especially when he ran up to me, jumped into my arms and kissed me on the lips just like our daughter does when I come home. And as I held him in my arms, my hand accidentally slid up under his dress and I was further surprised to feel his soft bottom covered in silky nylon panties with lace on them! For me, those soft girlie panties really did it!”

“Ah, yes! Panties!” the priest said almost swooning. Silky little girl panties! Great, aren't they? Isn't it amazing how almost all alone, saucy little panties can turn a boy into a girl. Some people say they are almost magical -- or even evil since nothing more than a saucy little pair of panties can sissify a boy. But they are wrong! Panties are just cute little pieces of silky nylon put together with lace and ribbons and snappy bits of elastic -- surely they aren't from the devil. In fact, I'd say they are a gift from God and any magic they have in them is God's special blessing to boys who want to try them on. After all, only a boy girlishly inclined would even think of trying on a pair of panties. So the so-called magical power of panties is a blessing from God, letting a boy like that know that God understands him and wants him to be happy even if that boy wants to be a girl and do all things girls do.

“Is it wrong for me to be afraid of that happening to him, Father? I'm confused and need your Godly advice. You see, I already have a wonderful daughter and ...”

“After a few weeks of summer, your son will know for sure what he wants, know for sure whether or not he wants to be a girl or continue being a boy. And I know you and your wife only want the best for him, and I'm sure you both want whatever he wants if it's at all humanly possible.”

Roland didn't want to lose his son, but he knew the priest was right -- as usual. So he just nodded in defeat and agreed to the priest's recommendation, after all he was a holy man and in direct contact with God. Roland surprised both the priest and his wife as he got down on his knees before Father Donovan, blessed himself and asked the priest for God's forgiveness for even trying to second guess His representative on earth.

Father Donovan's cock actually started thickening in his pants, so surprised was he to have Ronnie's father kneeling before him in contrition with his lips just inches away from his growing hard-on! Father dreamed for a moment, wondered what it would be like to have Ronnie's daddy in panties sucking on his cock while little Ronnie was behind his daddy butt fucking him! Father Donovan sank back into his chair. He tried to stop himself from thinking such thoughts so his erection would subside. Ronnie was a golden statute in his trophy case of feminized and abused boys, but Ronnie's father would be a fun trophy to have too. The guy was just as gullible as his sissy son. The priest laughed inwardly because he could actually feel the power he possessed rushing through his veins; he knew he could push the religious buttons and get this man and his wife to agree to any depraved thing he wanted them to do since their minds had been so distorted from reality by their excessive devotion to their religious beliefs.

Ronnie's parents weren't dummies; they were at least of average intelligence, but oh so dim witted when it came to anything decreed to them by their religion or any priest or religious authority. “What simpleminded idiots,” Father Donovan thought. He had seen their kind many times before, but he never could get over how religion could so consume parents that they could rationalize even the abuse of their own son.

Father Donovan scooted himself in his chair all the way up to his desk to hide his cock that was now standing up full force in his black trousers. He felt absolutely wicked. He just had to play with this religiously perverted dim witted man and his wife. As he looked at the man, he

acknowledged to himself that the guy did look a little bit effeminate, no wonder he wanted to put on a dress when he was a kid, and no wonder he now has a son so easily seduced into cocksucking and being butt fucked by a skimpy little pair of silky panties.

Father Donovan couldn't resist the temptation. "Roland," he said in his most authoritative voice, "I think you might benefit from some time in a dress and panties yourself. And it would be a good example to your feminine son."

Cheryl emitted a gasp, and Roland jerked his head up in awe, blinked his eyes -- Father knew the man was fighting with himself inside, but then the stupid yokel gave into that old time religion:

"Gees! Well, ah, OK. If you say so, Father. I don't think I'd like it, but if you say so, OK -- and I will like it if you tell me I have to like it to help my son."

Father Donovan had a horrible time trying to keep a straight face. He would have been laughing his balls off if they weren't filled to the brim and ready to burst. The old pedophile couldn't remember the last time a grown man had so sexually excited him, but then Father realized it was the power he wielded that excited him and not any particular attraction to the man. The power to turn little boys into feminized cum receptacles excited him, but he also got excited by using his power to get religiously uptight people like the Reardons to break every one of God's Commandments. It turned him on almost as much as cumming in the mouth of a talented teen boy or fucking the butt of some panty-wearing elementary schoolboy.

One day, Father Donovan told Sister Angelica to send Ronnie over to the rectory, and when the boy arrived, he was surprised to see Charlotte sitting in the priest's office. But it was an even bigger surprise when Father told him that until last year, Charlotte had been a boy! And that Ronnie could become a girl just like her! Not just spend the summer as a girl, but to be a girl every day and to go to school as a girl next school year. It so excited the boy; it was like a dream! Summer vacation was only a week away, and Father told Ronnie that during the summer, they would call him 'Rhonda,' and Charlotte would help him adjust to life as a girl.

Ronnie and Charlotte immediately became best friends, and they looked forward to playing dolls and all kinds of girlie games with Ronnie's sister, and they would include his cousin, Kathy, and their friends, Alice May and Lynne, too. They could have their own little girls' club with tea parties, dress-up games and all sorts of wonderful girlish fun!

When Sister Angelica heard about the possibility of having another boy/girl like Charlotte in their school she wondered what was going on with these petticoat punished boys she was sending over to visit Father Donovan in the rectory, and she confronted him.

He looked down at Sister over his low-slung glasses and reminded her that she, along with Sister Mary Theresa, had started this whole thing of dressing boys as girls for punishment, and he told

her that as a consequence it was inevitable that some boys would learn to like it and eventually want to become girls.

“I want see you and Sister Mary Theresa after mass tomorrow morning. I'll come over to your office at the school. That's where you keep the punishment clothes for bad boys, right?”

Sister nodded. He left without even saying good-bye.

When he met with the two nuns the following morning, he reiterated that some boys were naturally sissy types and would want to become girls, given the chance -- and by using girls' clothes to punish naughty boys, those sissy types were getting a taste of girly things, and after the initial shame and teasing by the other kids, such boys might realize they actually liked wearing girls' clothes and wanted to wear them again, and maybe even end up wanting to be girls.

“So what's wrong with that?” he asked challenging them. “After all, you are girls -- women, and you certainly can't say there is anything wrong with being a woman or a girl. And as far as a boy wanting to be a girl, you yourselves know that the boys you put in dresses and panties for punishment end up being much nicer little boys. It is a fine way of punishing boys who get too big for their masculine britches, so I insist you keep on doing it. In fact I want you to use this so-called petticoat punishment on any boy who steps out of line in the least, up the program to include not just boys who commit really bad sins. And in doing that, yes, you may end up with a lot of sissy boys in school, and maybe even a few who want to become girls full time like Charlotte and now Ronnie, but so what? You'll also have a school full of attentive and obedient little boys, and isn't that exactly what you want: Boys who will obey you and listen to you, so you can effectively teach them the things you need to teach them?”

Father had spoken. The nuns had to backdown and apologize for questioning his authority.

Then he said, “Show me the clothes you dress the boys in for punishment.”

The two nuns led him over to a side closet in the office that was chock full of party dresses and frilly little girls' lingerie. He looked them over with a critical eye, and then picked up a stack of girly nylon panties and as he inspected them, he said, “I know it wasn't long ago that you requisitioned me for more money to buy a new supply of panties. I gave it to you promptly, but I can't help but notice that you seem to go through a lot of panties with these naughty boys.”

“Well, Father, uh, you see,” Sister Mary Theresa stated, “we don't believe we should recycle the panties. We don't want to reuse them on another boy; it would be unhygienic. So, after we punish a boy, we usually just send him home in the panties and tell him to let his parents see them and decide what to do with them.”

“That's very sound advice,” Father said, but he was still fingering through and holding up pair after pair of the frilly little silky panties. “You know, Sisters, these panties are nice, but I don't think they are frilly enough to be really effective punishment panties. I think they should have a lot more ribbons, lace, bows and other decorations on them, so when you force a boy to put them

on, he will really feel embarrassed to wear them. I mean, that's the idea isn't it? To embarrass the boy into good behavior? So let's put them in the fanciest panties imaginable and embarrass them to the core."

The nuns nodded in agreement.

"And I think both of you good Sisters need to repent for questioning my authority. So get down on your knees, and I'll give you absolution. Now, for your penance, I want both of you to keep a stack of these panties on your desk in your classrooms at all times, in full view of the kids. I know just the sight of frilly panties unnerves most boys. This will put panties on their minds and act as a great deterrent to their acting up. And I want both of you to have a supply of ribbons and frills there too and to sew them on by hand in your classroom, in front of the kids, whenever you are not engaged in actual teaching, like when the kids have a study time or a test period -- let them see you putting frills on punishment panties. Also as part of your penance, say the rosary 100 times, and pray to God for that you will have the best little boys in any school anywhere even if it means turning all of them into a bunch of frilly panty-wearing sissies.

"By the way, I've been keeping Cardinal O'Keefe informed about your petticoat punishment program..."

The two nuns unintentionally interrupted Father as they simultaneously moaned in awe at the mention of the Cardinal's name.

"Yes, the Cardinal," Father Donovan continued, "and he's most intrigued. You know I originally met him in seminary. He was one of my teachers, so I know him quite well. I sent him pictures of some of the boys you put into dresses and panties, and he is anxious to learn more about your unique method of discipline. He told me that just as soon as he can fit it into his schedule, he's going to pop in for a visit and wants to have a firsthand demonstration. And even though the kids will be off for the summer, I told him I could arrange with parents to have a few of the repeat offenders from this past school year in the rectory and dressed in their girlie clothes for a private meeting with the Cardinal to show him how we effectively use panty training and dress discipline on naughty boys.

"I thought you'd like to know that you are making points with the Cardinal. So, keep up the good work." The priest almost had to laugh at the two nuns kneeling before him with their mouths open, stunned that their little efforts to keep boys in line had caught the attention of the prestigious and all powerful Cardinal O'Keefe.

"OK, Sisters, you can go."

Laughing inwardly wasn't good enough for Father Donovan, and as he walked outside on his way back to the rectory, he actually burst out loud laughing as he thought to himself, "Gosh, it's fun mind fucking all these gullible people, little boys, parents, and even nuns!!!!"

And now that he had told that old fag, the Cardinal, about the nun's petticoat punishing boys, Father Donovan would share his sissified boy bounty with that old cocksucker. And

remembering those gay party days back in the seminary, Father knew that Cardinal O'Keefe was one fag who would repay such a gift tenfold!

That Friday, when Ronnie got home, his parents told him that Father Donovan said for them to start calling him 'Rhonda' instead of Ronnie. Then as a surprise, they showed their son that they had put twin canopy beds in his sister's room, which now they all would refer to as "the girls' room."

Inside Janet's bedroom, her large walk-in closet had been sectioned off to make room for his dresses, skirts, blouses and petticoats. On the floor of the closet was an assortment of girls' shoes for him, and on the shelf were three cute hats for Church. Every drawer in the dresser had been divided between Janet and his clothes to give him room for his panties, slippers, socks, thigh-high nylon stockings, tights, and frilly nightgowns. Janet had been so eager to have a sister, she gladly agreed to share her room with him.

Ronnie removed all his boys' clothes, except for the pristine lacy white panties he wore under them that day, and handed them to his mother. She helped him into his pretty yellow dress with a full petticoat, and then let him take one last look at his old room. He looked at his Batman and Spiderman posters, his toy box filled with trucks and guns and his boys' clothes.

"Is there anything you need from this room?" his mother asked.

"No ma'am," he replied.

"Good! When your father comes home he plans to nail the door shut, and no one will be able to enter this room until the end of summer."

Rhonda took one last look, smiled and left the room.

That evening he got his first home permanent, and while he sat under the dryer, his mother shaped his nails and painted them a pale pink, just one of the things she would be teaching him that is part of being a girl.

In the morning, it was the first day of their summer vacation and Rhonda and Janet got up early and had breakfast in their nightgowns. Then their mom removed his curlers and rollers and combed his hair out into a style much like his sister's, which pleased them both.

"I have a surprise for both of you," Cheryl said to her daughters, as she handed them each a package that they quickly opened to find matching pink satin training bras trimmed with ruffles and pictures of Barbie. The sisters quickly ran to their room and helped each other put on their new bras. Cheryl added pink bows to their hair and stood them side-by-side. There was no doubt; they were indeed sisters!

It was Rhonda's first day out in public as a girl, and he was a bit nervous at first, but most of the kids in the neighborhood were Catholics and went to St. Alexis school too, so they already knew all about Ronnie's summertime conversion to Rhonda, and since Father Donovan had suggested it, it had to be right.

Janet and Rhonda skipped all the way to the playground where they met up with several other girls. Together they played jump rope and then hopscotch. Rhonda was quickly adapting to being a girl, and the others seemed to forget he was ever a boy.

“I think we should go home and get sandwiches and stuff and have a picnic,” one girl suggested. The others quickly agreed. It was a beautiful day and some of the mothers decided to join them. Rhonda was quickly accepted as one of the girls and was included in plans for a slumber party! They were all good Catholic girls, and therefore they could be trusted to behave as such.

When they returned home, Cheryl received a telephone call from Father Donovan, inquiring how Rhonda was doing.

“She is having a wonderful time,” exclaimed Cheryl.

“Good,” replied the priest, “but I feel I should have counseling sessions with her from time to time.”

Cheryl agreed.

“Please have her come by the rectory Monday morning at about ten. I think I'll have a surprise for her as well.”

“She'll be there. Her daddy is getting her a new bike today. We felt she should be riding a girls' bike.”

Father Donovan agreed. “Oh, and if you don't mind, I may have her do a few small chores around the rectory. Just a little dusting. My housekeeper has next week off. It should help Rhonda in her new role, and there will even be a few dollars we'll be glad to pay her for her services!”

Cheryl assured the priest it wasn't necessary to pay her newly feminized son; it would be Rhonda's privilege to help Father he had done so much for him.

That Sunday, Cheryl took her daughters to Mass, both wearing lovely bright yellow dresses, with matching lace trimmed hats. Rhonda took Communion for the first time as a girl and when he looked into Father Donovan's eyes, he smiled, knowing tomorrow would be one of their special days! Jonathan, who was assisting the priest, smiled at Rhonda and winked, letting him know he would be there too.

Sister Angelica took it all in. She knew Father Donovan had a long history of abusing boys but no one ever brought any charges. For some reason Cardinal O'Keefe was always able to handle

such matters without any publicity or any punishment for Father. Yes, he was a good priest, and she rationalized that even if he did diddle a boy from time to time, all the good he did every day certainly made up for it.

Father Donovan would have split a gut if he could have had a peek into Sister Angelica's head and heard her talking to herself like that.

But Sister did wonder what happened to those petticoated boys they sent over to the rectory almost daily. Surely, he wasn't abusing those boys. No, she was convinced that overall he was a good man with a weakness for little boys. Sister could understand that. She had a weakness of her own. She liked to personally attend to those little elementary girls having their first period. All the other nuns told the girls that when the first few drops of blood appeared in their panties, they should immediately go to Sister Angelica for help.

She loved to show the girls how to use Kotex and tampons, especially the tampons. She'd demonstrate how the Kotex fit by cupping her hand over a girl's panties and massaging the girl into delirium, and then she would demonstrate to the girl how to insert a tampon by using her greased-up finger that she repeatedly pushed in and out of the little girl's pussy until she had the girl blasting off into their first orgasm.

Sister Angelica was the last person in the world to tell anyone about her suspicions that Father Donovan may have been abusing the feminized boys she sent over to him for further counseling. Father was a good man and a good priest like she was a good woman and a good nun, but they were human with human sexual needs that had to be satisfied. She rationalized that 99% of the time they were all-stars doing God's work.

All she could do was get on her knees every night and pray for forgiveness for her sins, but it was difficult because such prayers just brought on visions of the hundreds of little girls she had diddled through and under their panties over the years.

Father Donovan responded to the doorbell himself. There stood Rhonda in a lovely little sleeveless flower print dress with layers of crinolines peeking out from under his full skirt.

“My, my, you do look lovely,” said the priest.

“Thank you, Father,” the girlish boy replied as he curtsied, just like his sister had taught him.

The priest led Rhonda into his study where David, one of the eighth-grade altar boys, sat having a glass of wine. Father poured a little glass for Rhonda too.

“This will help you to relax,” he said. “And then I'd like to get a couple of photos of you two, first holding hands and then kissing.”

After they each took just one sip of wine, David stood up and approached Rhonda. The two faced each other and held hands. The camera's flash went off. David leaned in and kissed his partner full on the lips, and as he did, he slid his tongue into Rhonda's mouth. Rhonda was surprised at first, but liked it. They kissed again and again as the priest got more photos.

“Now it's time to go into my room.

“Rhonda, you help David get undressed, and then David you help Rhonda do the same.”

As the youngsters followed his instructions, the priest took more than a dozen photos, especially when they were both down to their underwear. David's erection staining against his briefs -- though he was otherwise all in boys' clothes, underneath he was wearing a pair of light blue nylon panties with a large white heart embroidered on each hip and a white satin bow in the middle of each heart. His above average seven-inch cock stood rigidly at attention within the thin panties.

And the outline of Rhonda's three-inch cock was equally hard and showed through his pink panties.

“Kids, your panty-hard cocks are worth a close-up. Stand side-by-side and let me zoom in.

“Oh, how lovely! Your panties -- blue for boys and pink for girls! This is so-o-o-o precious!

“Now Rhonda I want you to kneel before David, lower his blue panties and then do what you like to do.”

Rhonda soon had David's cock in his mouth, sucking it all in, and without taking it out of his mouth, he had just had to tell them in garbled talk that David's cock tasted wonderful! David was soon moaning and pumping away as he fucked Rhonda's mouth. In a short time he stiffened and climaxed, shooting his load into his partner's mouth. Rhonda swallowed it all.

“Wonderful!” said the priest. “And I got it all on my new video camera.”

The priest removed his own clothes and sat on the edge of the bed. David knelt before him and began sucking the priest's long, slender erection. Rhonda climbed onto the bed and lay on his stomach to watch.

“Get my cock wet, David, then get Rhonda ready.”

David spit on the head of the priest's cock and let it run down the sides and then licked it. He then turned his attention to Rhonda, first licking his butt crack and then inserting his tongue into the squirming boy's ass. They were ready. Father Donovan slid his throbbing erection into Rhonda, slowly, inch by inch until he was in all the way. Rhonda squirmed and moaned with pleasure. Tears came to his eyes from the pressure, which he kept telling himself was not pain. The priest lost any ability he had to restrain himself, and began pumping and bucking until he too climaxed, filling Rhonda's ass with his warm “holy” offering. He rolled off and lay on his back.

David, whose cock was back to a full erection, climbed onto the bed and began licking the priest's cock clean before licking the cum leaking out of Rhonda's ass. He had been well trained. David had learned how to use both the still camera and the video camera and alternated with the priest, using them to capture their mini orgy.

The three cleaned themselves up. Rhonda had climaxed just from being fucked in the ass and felt more like a girl than ever. The priest blessed the children and french kissed both of them one more time. Rhonda and David kissed good-bye and left the rectory.

“How was your visit with Father Donovan?” asked Cheryl. “Wonderful,” replied Rhonda. “Oh, Mummy, he's right. I think I want to be a girl for the rest of my life!” Rhonda glowed as he spoke.

Mrs. Flannery, the housekeeper, couldn't believe her eyes when she found hundreds of photographs of Father Donovan abusing boys over many years, showing him having every sort of sex with boys, and even a few girls. Her first inclination was to turn them over to the police, but she did not want to see her beloved St. Alexis parish Church suffer such a scandal, so the housekeeper turned to Sister Angelica for help.

“You've done the right thing to bring this matter to my attention,” Sister Angelica said. “I'll inform the Cardinal, and I'm sure he'll handle the situation quietly and we'll maintain our fine reputation.”

Two days later, Cardinal O'Keefe paid an unexpected visit to his old friend, Father Donovan. Now, he would have to pull his irons out of the fire.

“That was a bit careless of you Tom, leaving those photos where your housekeeper could find them.”

“I'm sorry Pete, but I just didn't expect the old bag would be going through my dresser drawers.”

“Well, we have a cap on this thing for now. Mrs. Flannery is being handsomely rewarded for her loyalty to the Church, but of course she will have to sign an agreement never to reveal anything about what she saw or heard in order to keep her monthly reward, and she will take retirement immediately.

“And we're going to send you to a Franciscan run rehab center for a while to make it look good just in case somehow some other source brings this out in the open at some point in the future. Then I have arranged for a spot for you in Seattle.” He blessed the priest and assured him that everything was going to be fine.

The Cardinal took possession of all the photographs and videotapes from Sister Angelica and told her and the housekeeper that they would all be destroyed under his supervision, but Father Donovan knew they would go directly into the Cardinal's private library of gay boy erotica.

The Cardinal also interviewed all of the boys shown in the photos and videos that could be located. He assured them their secret was going to be kept from their families, as long as they cooperated, and they would all be rewarded for their loyalty to the Church.

His final interviews were with Charlotte and Rhonda, and then their families, who all assured him that Terry and Ronnie wanted to be girls.

“The Church takes care of her own and we will make provisions for them at the appropriate time. If at the age of ten, they still wish to be girls, we will arrange for them to go to Rome for medical treatments. In the meantime, they will be treated by Dr. Charles Wilson, a pediatrician who is a very good Catholic. We will also arrange for new birth certificates to be issued...

By the time the Cardinal left, the matter had been quietly buried and everyone was happy once more. The new priest, Father Joseph Clark, was also a close friend of his and would make sure that matters remained quiet. Father Clark was an old fag too, and the Cardinal well knew it. He told Clark about the petticoat punishment done by the nuns at his new church and school and told him he could take advantage of this situation, but to be smarter than Father Donovan and not to get caught. At that, the Cardinal made Father Clark get down on his knees and him a blowjob while the Cardinal studied pictures of the feminized boys having sex with Father Donovan.

Epilogue

As far as the parish knew, Father Donovan had suffered a heart attack and was in a Church rest home for an undetermined period of time. They would all pray for the recovery of the saintly priest and they would remember him for his love and kindness, especially towards the boys.

At the start of the new school year, Rhonda's father broke the seal on Ronnie's old room and he and his wife cleaned it out for a guest bedroom. All of Ronnie's boys' clothing and toys were sold off in a garage sale, and the money was used to buy their daughters more pretty clothes and lovely toys appropriate for two of the sweetest little girls.

On that first day back in school, Charlotte and Rhonda entered the third grade, and they looked so pretty wearing their frilly new school dresses with their petticoats deliciously bouncing about their legs as they walked through the halls holding hands on their way to their classroom.

“This is all your fault,” said Rhonda, with a giggle, “but thanks a lot. I love you for it!” he added as he squeezed his best friend's hand.

Father Clark took over counseling Father Donovan's boys and soon it was business as usual. He wallowed in happiness, having inherited a steady stream of cute little grade school boys in dresses and panties that he could play with or punish in any way he so pleased!

When Sister Angelica retired, Sister Mary Theresa took over as Mother Superior. She soon suspected Father Clark was no different from his predecessor, but that was none of her business.

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A Cuckold and His Wimp Family Go Black

Part 2

Continued From Pantywaist Reader #2

I crawled between my wife's legs and began the job of cleansing her pussy lips of Tyrone's spunk. He had me licking clean just the outside of her gaping hole and told me not to eat her pussy and disturb his baby-making jism now working inside her cunt. This was the first time I was cleaning my wife's pussy of another man's joy juice, and I almost shot off in my silky pink panties doing it. Tyrone and Patti were watching me intently as I worked.

"Good enough, Teddy, my little slave boy," Tyrone finally said.

He gave Sarah a discarded pair of our daughter's panties to shove up her well-fucked cunt to keep his seed from leaking out.

Hastening to obey, she took the panties, slid her hand down the waistband of her own panties and inch-by-inch fed the little pair of baby panties into her cunt, obviously exciting herself as she did it. I found it immensely exciting watching her as her hand danced around inside her panties as she finger-fucked herself in the process of stuffing her pussy with our daughter's sweet little lacy baby panties.

Then he instructed Sarah to get her "white ass off the rug" and join him and his wife, Patti, on the sofa.

My wife must have felt like she had just been fucked half to death, but dutifully and as quickly as she could, she moved her panty-stuffed pussy and pain-racked body off the floor and up onto the couch.

Next, Tyrone told me, "Now crawl over here and clean your boss up too. You know what to do, Teddy."

As I scrambled between his parted legs, he chuckled. "Show your sweet kids, my wife and yours what a good little dick cleaner and cocksucker you are, hm-m?"

I nodded and immediately began my chore of cleaning up the spunk, cunt juice and wetness from my boss' now spent black tool. I held his incredibly large balls in my hands as my stretched-out mouth ran rampant up and down his thick shaft.

"Can you taste your wife's cunt juice on my cock, boy?" Tyrone asked me.

I could, and I nodded affirmatively. As I sucked him, my wife brought her face right up to mine and stared wide-eyed at me. She was obviously very interested as she watched me clean his big dick. Without hesitation I had downed his cock and my shame made me involuntarily shake my pantied ass as my humiliation consumed me, laboring like a cheap little pantywaist faggot with a huge cock in my mouth before Sarah, my beautiful wife and our precious little son Matt, nine, and daughters Kimmy, eleven, and Sally, six.

Tyrone told Matt, "Damn, you look cute in those white satin panties. The lace across the bottom of those candy ass panties really makes you look like a fucking queer baby boy. Damn! Now, get your pantied ass right over here by me and put your face right up close so you can watch your faggot daddy suck my cock. Watch how he does it. I expect you to learn a lot about sucking cock, so you can become just as good at giving blowjobs.

"And while you are having this cocksucking lesson, I want you to reach down the back of your panties with one hand and fingerfuck your asshole, dig your finger in deep and move it in and out, and while you are doing that take your other hand and play with that little thimble of a dick you have, but play with it from outside of your white panties, rub it and make it hard, give yourself a panty wanking while you watch your daddy suck cock and you learn."

As I continued to suck away and obey Tyrone's command to wiggle my pink pantied ass, Patti, his wife, sneered and laughed. She said to my wife, "Your husband is a damn fine cocksucker, and he looks cute in faggot pink panties too. Doesn't he?"

Sarah giggled girlishly and nodded approvingly.

Patti said, "Teddy, it looks like your panty-wearing son is going to grow up to be a fine cocksucker too." Then she said to Matt, "While you are there with a ringside seat watching your daddy making love to my husband's big dick, I want you to keep saying over and over to yourself, "I love wearing girls' panties and need to suck black boys' cocks everyday."

"Go ahead, say it, "I love wearing girls' panties and need to suck black boys' cocks everyday."

Matt looked at her as he repeated the words.

"Fine, just keep saying it over and over again, but look at your daddy sucking off my husband as you say it, or I'll beat your ass until your panties are bloody!"

Matt continued to diddle himself, front and back in his panties, and in a moaning little voice, kept saying over and over, "I love wearing girls' panties and need to suck black boys' cocks everyday."

Tyrone's humongous cock was starting to inflate again as I sucked it of its earlier debris, so I massaged his balls even nicer, hoping to please him further.

"Christ, I'm getting hard again," Tyrone laughed, turning to his own wife who was now up and putting on a strap-on dildo. "Patti, what do you think I should do with this new hard-on, baby?"

She smiled. "Why don't you break in Sarah's asshole, honey?" she whispered.

"Good idea, lover," Tyrone replied. "I think I will."

I heard Sarah gasp aloud, and I continued to suck with even more zeal on his prick. Excited by the idea, I knew immediately I wanted to see my hot, luscious wife's little rosebud stretched to its limit with his cock!

Tyrone was sitting on our couch and now his wife and my wife were on either side of him. I was on my knees between his spread legs sucking him off. He wrapped his hands around both females, pulling them closer to his body. His hands squeezed their respective tits, Sarah's left tit and Patti's right one, passionately. Then he exchanged open-mouthed kisses with the two of them that blended into a hot three-way kiss. Finally he had Patti and Sarah french kissing each other and that was a beautiful and magnificent scene for me and the kids to see, even with a big, black cock in my widely stretched mouth. The two women were kissing hotly now, both feeling up each other's tits as they embraced above me busily sucking away in Tyrone's lap.

Our pantywaist little boy, Matt, who had looked at me in disgust when I sucked Tyrone's cock, now seemed to really enjoy watching the two women kissing as he smiled and vigorously friggged himself front and back through his lovely, lacy satin panties. What a fabulous little fag in silky little girls' panties he is going to be!

I looked across the room, using my good peripheral vision, and noticed Tyrone's son, buck naked, fully sprawled out on my black leather La-z-boy chair, his legs wide with my eldest daughter down on her knees doing to him what I was doing to his father, her small head bobbing up and down nicely as she sucked him!

I could now feel Patti behind me and the tip of her giant-size rubber cock pressing up against my pink pantied asshole, but she didn't yet attempt to insert it. We paused to watch Tyrone pull aside my wife's pink and black panty leg and start to feed his horse cock into Sarah's asshole.

"Look at your beautiful wife's butt hole," Patti said from her position behind me. "Look how stretched out it is from my husband's powerful cock, wimp boy."

I was but inches away from where my menacing black boss was grinding in and out of my lovely wife's battered asshole. Patti was right. Sarah's poor pink asshole was indeed stretched to its limit, perhaps beyond that, if such was possible. Sarah's hole, filled full with Tyrone's immense ebony prick, looked to be stretched beyond the size of a silver dollar as Tyrone plunged ruthlessly in and out of it. My daughter was still astride Sarah's back, as though she were riding backwards on the saddle of a pony, holding her mother's lush white ass cheeks far apart as she'd been told to do by my boss. Tyrone was grinning widely as he fucked my wife's butt with absolutely no concern or care of the obvious agony he was putting her through.

Sarah was still screaming and whimpering at the top of her lungs, her long fingernails grinding deeply into the fiber of our shag rug beneath her.

"OOOhhhh...God...dear, God...please...please take... take it out," Sarah pleaded. She was sobbing now, actual tears streaming down her winsome face.

"Not on your life, bitch," Tyrone scoffed. "Start moving your hips more unless you want a good beating when I'm done here!"

I watched as Sarah readily obeyed him, her plush hips now moving in the fashion Tyrone wanted, but she was still crying, groaning and shrieking. It was then that Tyrone looked over at me. He smiled broadly, still furiously fucking my sexy wife's hot ass.

"This is great, Teddy." He proclaimed, looking straight at me. "Your cunt wife here has a magnificent asshole for fucking. Nice and tight, and I think she's beginning to juice a little too. I'll bet this is the first time she's had it up her ass, eh?"

"I...I'm sure it is," I managed to mumble. Tyrone laughed heartily and went on with his pumping.

He apparently had enough of Sarah's screaming and sobbing so he ordered Sally to fetch a pair of panties from the stack of gaily colored panties that Sarah had piled up on a side table as part of the preparation of this fuckfest. Tyrone told Sally he wanted her to stuff a pair of those panties into her bitch mother's complaining mouth.

Our sweet daughter, so angelically girlish in just a clean pair of thin white nylon panties, bounced away merrily, gathered up the panties Tyrone wanted and then stood in front of her mother's face. But Patti stood up and said she had a better idea. Without saying anything, she had Sally set aside the blue panties she had selected and told her she was going to give her the ripe panties she had on instead. Patti then wiggled out of her thoroughly soaked bright yellow panties and handed them to Sally.

"Use my panties instead, baby," Patti instructed.

"Open your mouth, Mom," Sally told her mother. "Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone say I have to put these panties in so you'll stop yelling so much."

My wife raised her shaking head, looked up helplessly at our daughter and opened her lips to accept Patti's soiled panties as our six-year-old stuffed them into her mouth. The screaming halted, but not the crying.

"Much better," Tyrone said, and he continued screwing my wife's poor asshole like a wild bull. I watched in awe.

A split second later I felt Patti pull aside my panty leg elastic and the artificial cock began to make its way up my rear tunnel. I cried out, just as Sarah had when she initially felt Tyrone's cock going up her rear love hole, but Patti couldn't care less about my comfort. She bucked and

heaved as my daughters stood along side us and dug their nails into my pantied ass, holding the cheeks widely apart to permit Patti better access. I let out with a loud scream as Patti laughed and jammed the entire fake cock up my torn-apart asshole.

"Oh...Christ, it HURTS!" I wailed in protest. "Oh, damn...I, I can't take it!"

"Yes, you can, sissy boy," I heard Patti reply softly. "And you will!" she added with an authoritative tone.

My wife and I were now both being violently ass fucked -- her by a real cock, and a huge one at that, and me by a fake one, a massive one nonetheless!

"Better stuff some panties in your wimpy dad's mouth too," Patti told Sally.

My daughter let go of my ass cheeks and I was certain I was bleeding where the little bitch had dug her nails into the flesh there and went over to the stack of cute little panties were lying haphazardly on the table.

After she picked out a delicate pair of beige panties, Patti told her. "Why don't you rub them on your pretty little pussy first, hon?"

My daughter smiled and did as Patti told her, making them damp with her virgin cunt juices. Then she lodged them into my waiting open mouth.

"Can you taste my cunny, Daddy?" she wanted to know, a sly smile playing over her gorgeous little face.

I nodded to her that I could. My cock suddenly got hard again as the initial pain in my asshole subsided. I even began to gyrate my hips in rhythm to the tormenting dildo fucking I was receiving from the alluring Patti.

"You like it; don't you, panty boy?" Patti asked.

I couldn't answer due to my mouth being full of cute little girls' panties. So I merely nodded in shameful agreement. Patti laughed and began to fuck me even faster. My own nails, just like my wife's, were digging madly into the shag carpeting.

At this point my wife obviously began to also thrill to what was being done to her. I noticed now - as Patti continued to buck and press into me deeply - that Sarah was now moving her hips and her lovely ass, and I could even detect a soft cooing sound coming from her.

Jerome and all three of our children had been watching Sarah and me getting our asses fucked, and now Tyrone summoned Sally and Jerome.

"I think the white whore is starting to like my cock up her ass," he told his handsome son. "Get the panties out of her mouth now, son, and feed her your young cock. Make her suck you off while I finish off fucking her ass."

Jerome withdrew his stepmother's soiled panties from my wife's mouth, and Sarah surprised everyone with an outburst of pure filth and lust.

"Oh, God, YES, YES, YEESSS," she bellowed breathlessly. "Fuck my asshole, Tyrone darling! Fuck my filthy slutty white ass with your goddamn wonderful fucking gorgeous black cock! Fuck my slutty white ass...HARDER...I love you, Tyrone! Fuck me like my panty-wearing faggot husband has never been able to fuck me," she added, panting hard now, her head swaying from side to side, her entire body now shaking and quivering as her beautiful tits swayed wildly below her much to the joy of our white satin panty boy son, who was staring at them and grinning.

Tyrone chuckled with pride.

"I think your slutty whore wife is in love with me," Tyrone beamed, looking directly into my eyes. "What do you think of that, Teddy boy?"

I, of course, could not answer but had to admit that my lovely wife telling her new black lover she loved him while he was savagely fucking her tight asshole made me almost shoot my load! I knew it was twisted and sick, but I couldn't help myself! I loved the idea of my gorgeous wife, who I loved and adored, being now in love with my sadistic black boss, and I hoped he would also knock her up soon and she'd have nigger babies as he promised he would!

I could not dwell much longer on that thought because the sight of Jerome's enormous black cock now going in and out of Sarah's pink lips had me captivated.

"Suck it, white bitch!" Jerome told my wife, as she sucked his wonderful black dick gloriously, her cheeks puffed out as Jerome held her head to his fuck pole. "Damn, Pops, she's a damn fine cocksucker," he yelled to his dad. "Must run in the family," Jerome added, shoving more of his superb black shaft into my wife's wanton mouth.

Tyrone had Sally get behind him and play with his balls. I watched in sheer depraved lust as my six-year-old, fair-haired daughter lovingly cuddled Tyrone's huge black nuts and toyed with them, her tiny hands barely big enough to caress them.

"Kiss my ass too, Sally," Tyrone barked out. And Sally readily obeyed. She began to plant wet, loving kisses on Tyrone Jackson's big black sweaty ass like I had done as he heaved and pumped, now with even more fury, into my heated wife's anus.

"Fuck...I'm going to go off!" Tyrone announced.

Sarah climaxed with a rapid shudder just before he let go with a steady stream of his seed, clearly filling her harshly fucked rear hole to capacity. Sally was still tending to his bloated balls with her precious little hands and was attempting to kiss as much of his broad ass as she could.

Right after Tyrone popped off in Sarah's stretched out asshole, his son began a similar feat in her mouth. I watched as Jerome held Sarah's pretty blonde head tightly while he filled her mouth with his teenaged load of fuck juice.

"Swallow it, cunt!" he ordered her, and she did so, gulping it down quickly in order not to choke due to the tremendous amount of his offering.

It was then I felt a spray of warm liquid squirting up my own ravished asshole. The fake cock Patti was fucking me with had actual balls attached to it, filled with a liquid, and she pressed a button, I suppose, to release that liquid, which she later told me was her own piss. I moaned in sheer masochistic pleasure and Patti laughed loudly at my disgrace. She then pulled out of my ass with her strap-on contraption and it made a rubbery sound, causing me to yell and my daughters to giggle. Tyrone exited from Sarah's worn anus and Jerome from her mouth. Tyrone then instructed me to lie on my back and he and Jerome lifted my wife carefully and sat her on my face, her well-fucked asshole directly over my mouth.

"Open up, boy," Tyrone commanded me, "and eat my cum. You know what's expected of you by now!"

With Patti's piss leaking out of my asshole into my pretty pink panties, I lay with my mouth opened wide as Sarah held aside her whore pink and black panties and began twisting her asshole against my face so that Tyrone's cum seeped out of her anus as quickly as possible. Tyrone bent over and Sarah gave him a long, hot French kiss as I cleaned his cum from her bottom, then tongued it nicely for her while she and Tyrone clung to each other, sharing deep and fiery french kisses. Again I heard my wife tell him she loved him, only it was softer and sexier this time.

When I was done tonguing out my wife's ass and devouring gobs of my black boss' cum from it, Tyrone had Sarah rise. Patti removed her strap-on and took Sarah into her arms and they gazed into each other's eyes before automatically pressing their supple feminine bodies together, Patti grinding her yellow pantied hips into my wife's hips still beautifully delineated in her whore-like pink and black panties. Sarah wiggled hers hips in response and it was like two of the star girls at an all-out gentleman's club doing the headline entertainment.

"Kiss me, baby." Patti said to my wife in a husky voice.

Except for some girlish experimenting while in college, I'm sure Sarah had never done anything with any other female, but she didn't hesitate for a second at this chance to love up Tyrone's beautiful wife. I guess Sarah decided as long as she was going to get into this life-style there wouldn't be any rules and she'd willingly do anything, no matter how wicked or disgusting.

Their mouths opened and the two of them engaged in a lingering open-mouthed kiss, their tongues dashing wildly in and out of each other's mouths, their sexily pantied pussies pressed

together, fucking each other without cocks, their titty nipples erect and touching and their hands probing, squeezing and fondling one another passionately. We all watched excitedly as the two gorgeous women finally dropped to the rug, and then took turns getting each other off with their mutual cuntlapping skills. I knew Sarah had eaten pussy previously, years ago in college because she told me she had done so "a couple of times," but I had no idea she was expert at it and loved it so much! She lapped Patti's bush, clit, and cunt lips into a frenzy causing Tyrone's stunning wife to achieve several jerky and spasmodic orgasms before Patti did the same for Sarah, as we all watched breathlessly.

Matt had been sitting quietly off to the side for the longest time, still playing with himself through his white satin panties and quietly repeating time after time his mantra, "I love wearing girls' panties and need to suck black boys' cocks everyday." But he perked up seeing Sarah and Patti devouring each other like lesbian animals. He had the happiest smile I had ever seen on his face and drew closer to the two women in his sexually drugged state he was perpetuating with his one hand down the back of his white satin panties probing his own asshole and his other hand methodically masturbating his little cockie through the front of the satiny folds of his virgin-like panties. He began breathing heavily.

His two sisters and I took our eyes off the two wanton women and looked at him. I smiled to see him like that – a regular chip off the old block! — I thought. Kimmy and Sally with girlish glee approached him from each side and helped him in his bedazzled state, helping him masturbate and fingerfuck himself. Their hands joined his and sent him into a tizzy of sexual delight.

To further excite her brother so engrossed in watching the women, Kimmy whispered into his ear, "Mommy's a good cuntlapper, isn't she, Matt?" Kim obviously proud of her new dirty words vocabulary.

"She sure is, honey," Tyrone told her as he turned his attention to the little sexual party my children were engaged in. "And you can be too. After you tease your panty ass brother crazy, how would you like to lick Ms. Patti's pussy?"

Kim nodded in the affirmative.

When the women finally ceased sexing each other up from sheer exhaustion, and Matt pleaded that his cockie and asshole were so very sore from all the intimate fondling that he couldn't take it any more, Tyrone then told Patti to lie down and part her legs so Kim could go down on her. He also told my wife that she too was going to lick some more pussy.

"I want your pantied son to lick Patti's angry cunt and I want you to lick your sexy daughter's cunt, bitch," Tyrone told her. He then instructed our oldest daughter Kimmy to lie alongside Patti so that her mommy could eat her out.

Matt grinned with joy.

I watched as Kimmy lay down alongside the sleek and vivacious white wife of my black boss. Tyrone then instructed little Sally to gather together the throw pillows on our sofa and place one

under Kimmy's head and another under Patti's head. Then, after telling both females to raise their sexy bottoms, he had Sally tuck still a throw pillow under each of their asses. This gave both of them comfort as well as lifted their lovely mound areas to give my wife and Matt an easier target. Both Sarah and Matt got between the parted legs of Kimmy and Patti respectively to begin their submissive cuntlapping chores. Patti eased aside the leg opening of her pale blue panties and guided our son into the depths between her legs. It was surely his first close-up look at a pussy, and he was drinking it all in.

Patti was patient with Matt, who of course never had lapped pussy before, and she instructed our young panty fag boy how to apply his mouth, lips and pert pink tongue properly in order to bring her the greatest pleasure. I was quite amazed and obscenely proud to see my nine-year-old son learn so quickly, just like he had taken so quickly to cocksucking.

I want it all for my pussy boy son, hoping he will turn into a panty-wearing bisexual able to please boys and girls alike, instead of just a pantywaist cum drinker.

He applied his cute, soft tongue over the blonde woman's cunt lips, even nibbling now - at Patti's urging - on her oversized clitoris, causing Tyrone's hot wife to moan softly. It was quite a thrill to see my young sweetly pantied son get his first taste of pussy, but I was even more turned on by what was taking place next to him. With pre-cum dripping into my own panties, I watched my beautiful slutty wife snaking her nose and tongue under Kimmy's pink panties and sucking out our oldest daughter's bald twat. What a hypnotic sight it was! Sarah had Kimmy's adorable little pink pantied ass cupped in her hands, lifting her up in the air as she tongued, kissed and sucked the girl's hairless slit for all she was worth. Kimmy, obviously anxious to put into practice all the dirty words she had recently learned from her mom and Tyrone, cried out vulgarities at her mom as Sarah lapped her dutifully.

"Eat me, Mom!" Kimmy cried out. "Suck my cunt, Mom! Lick it too, you filthy cuntlapping whore! Eat me good, you fucking slut bitch!"

Sarah apparently charmed and feeling totally degraded by her own daughter, moaned loudly at the burst of filth coming from lovely Kimmy's eleven-year-old mouth, and the obscenities seemed to spur my wife on as I noticed she now tongued her even more fiercely and cupped her cute young panty ass cheeks with more affection!

"That's it, Mom, you whore!" Kimmy wailed. "Oh, yeah...Fuck, yeah! Oh, that's soooo good, Mom! You're gonna make me cum, I think...Oh, fuck...I...I'm cumming, Mom, you dirty bitch! Tongue me! Don't stop, Mom...aagghhh...o-o-o-o-oh...o-o-o-h-h-h..."

And our sweet supple little girl reached her very first orgasm and it happened within moments of little Matt bringing off Patti. Sexual excitement filled the room; the wantonness was infectious. I almost came just watching them!

"Fuck...shit...aaagggghh..." Patti heaved and yelped, locking Matt's little head between her legs with a scissors grip, pinning Matt's face to her overheated bush. "I'm cummin, you sweet little

pussy-sucker, you hot little panty boy bitch! Oh shit, keep licking, Matt, or I'll whip your pantied ass raw!"

And Matt continued to lick her snatch, just as my wife continued to lick madly on our daughter's quivering fuckhole.

It was a joy to watch, and Tyrone seemed pleased at this very sexy show we were witnessing.

"Damn, Teddy," Tyrone grinned. "Looks like your wife and daughter love pussy almost as much as they love cock, eh?" He laughed loudly now.

"I...I guess so," was all I could think of saying.

Tyrone finally told all of them to break it up and made all four of them stand up. He had decided it was time for us to take a break, stating that he was hungry for some food and guesses everyone else was too, it seemed, except for me. With my overexcited cock bound up in sleek pink panties, I just wanted to be able to cum!

"Time to eat some food!" Tyrone bellowed, "But first I think we should all take the time for a good, hot piss."

Tyrone then marched me off to the bathroom and had me lie flat on my back in our oversized bathtub. He first had Sally mount me and empty her bladder into my open mouth while everyone looked on and laughed aloud at my humiliation. Patti and my wife urged me to drink every drop or face a good thrashing, I did as they ordered. Matt was next to go and he flooded my mouth without compunction. I felt he had absolutely no respect for me and enjoyed humiliating me like this. Kimmy was next, pinching my nipples with her small fingertips as her golden nectar flowed down my throat.

Then came Tyrone and his well-hung teenaged son. They both sprayed me all over, aiming their cocks boldly at my face and the rest of my piss-soaked body. Sally even took hold of Tyrone's prick and aimed it at me for him, gleefully squealing and giggling as she did this, while everyone else cheered her on.

Tyrone then told me to get out of the tub and get on my hands and knees and take my little cock out of the leg opening of my pink panties. Then he had little Sally get down and jerk off my aching cock until I shot off my load of overdue cum into a cup she was holding with her left hand while she pumped my undersized dick with her right one.

I came into the cum-gathering cup and then Tyrone whispered something in her ear while everyone watched in hot anticipation in our overcrowded bathroom.

Sally nodded understandingly at Tyrone's whispered words and then she smiled prettily. Her cute little face beamed with excitement.

"Open your mouth, Daddy, you piss-drinking slave wimp," she said to me. "You have to drink your jizz juice," she instructed.

But before I had finished draining the slow-moving liquid, Sally pulled the cup away from me and approached Matt. Patti and Sarah held him securely and forced his mouth open as Sally let my cum drip from the cup into his mouth.

"Let him go," Tyrone commanded. "OK, Matty girl, take the cup in your own hands and scoop out and lick up every drop. I want to see a clean cup or I'll bloody your white panties with a whipping." Tyrone was towering over him with a hand up ready to smack him.

Matt acquiesced. The women released their grip on him, and he willingly took the cup and used his fingers to scoop out the remaining bits of my cum left clinging to the sides of the cup and deposit it in his waiting mouth.

Sally showed Tyrone the cup to let him see that it was indeed wiped clean.

"Okay," Tyrone said, "Teddy, you shower and get cleaned up, put on your prettiest pair of pink panties, and then fix us all a new dinner. We'll be waiting for you in the dining room. And be quick about it too or I'll let Sally beat your wimpy ass!"

I nodded.

Everyone left and I was alone in the bathroom, where I began the job of cleaning myself up. As I showered and scrubbed my body clean of all the urine it had been drenched in, I took the time to reflect on the multitude of awesome events that had taken place in such a short duration of time. How I had gone from what I thought was being a normal, average guy, with a normal, average wife, although very beautiful and far above average or normal in appearance, to a sad, sick, obviously demented masochistic panty-wearing wimp.

I had also subjected my wife and three beautiful preteen children to this same type of sick submissive and degenerate behavior. And it amazed and totally overwhelmed me at how quickly and easily it had all been accomplished under the sly, clever and cunning leadership of Tyrone Jackson, my new black boss.

As I dried myself off and stepped from the shower stall, quick, camera-like shots bounced about in my now depraved and twisted submissive mind. The picture of me on my knees at my office sucking my boss' snakelike cock for the first time, my being so incredibly turned on as I licked his abundance of cum from his secretary's well-ravished fuck portals, both cuntal and anal, while he watched and laughed at my shame, his fucking my beautiful blonde wife, her arms and legs wrapped in passion around his black body, and her telling him she loved him as he fucked her like a wild bull! The picture of my sweet eleven-year-old daughter, pantied and sucking helplessly on Tyrone's athletic son's black cock, knowing full well that she would be flogged to tears if she didn't please the black teen boy with her small mouth. The sight of Tyrone's gorgeous stern white wife cuntlapping our precious six-year-old pixie daughter Sally and then later on licking my own wife's steaming pussy and having hers lapped in return by Sarah. The images in

my mind were an exact replay of everything that had happened, like watching a videotape, I saw Tyrone ass fucking my poor wife's stretched-out asshole as she initially shrieked in agony, and then watching her agony turn to ecstasy by the time Tyrone pumped a heavy load of his seed up her abused asshole. I could see myself debasing myself by having to suck his cum out of my wife's butt hole in front of my own children with them watching and giggling, knowing by now what a total wimp, sissy and cocksucker their daddy had become.

And so much more! Just the pantying and molesting of my cherished son, actively turning him on to homosexual acts and introducing him to the perverted delights of wearing lingerie and sissy girls' clothes. It was all so strange.

I took some solace in the fact that it was all Tyrone's doing. He was the most degenerate man I had ever met, and he was making me that way too! Repeatedly, now, I found myself getting sexually aroused to a fever pitch by just envisioning the most degrading and humiliating sexual acts, and the most potent images were those degrading acts being carried out on and by my own wife and preteen children. I was totally disgusted with myself and totally ashamed, but then thinking about the future, the vision of Tyrone breaking little Sally's hymen and ramming that stunning great black cock of his clear up the little blonde bitch's six-year-old virgin tight cunt gave me a furious hard-on, and I knew I was hooked on submissive slavery to Tyrone Jackson, and I was certain my wife too was hooked forever.

But the pleasure of the situation I found myself in superseded the pain and humiliation (which oddly enough were becoming a turn-on too!), and I was able to put all my shame aside and slip into a pair of bright pink silk panties. I then sprayed on some of my hot wife's Joy perfume and literally swished like a slut down the staircase. Tyrone and his son were naked, and everyone else was freshly pantied and seated around the dining room table waiting for dinner.

"Get dinner going, wimp boy," I heard Patti's voice command me.

"Yes, Mistress Patti," I meekly replied, and by midnight I had dinner for everyone on the table. Cold drinks too.

"Teddy," Tyrone stated, once he was finished eating, "I've decided that Patti, Jerome and I will stay over here tonight. Sarah wants us to anyway, don't you, baby?" he turned to my wife.

"Yes, darling," she said to him, her hand clutching his limp fat cock beneath the table as she snuggled close to his black body.

I merely nodded understandingly.

"I'll give you the sleeping arrangements in a minute, sissy boy," he said to me. "But first let me tell you that each of you will sign slave contracts tomorrow. Patti and I have them in our car. Also, tomorrow I intend to pop little Sally's cherry and I'm going to use you, Teddy, her wimp daddy, for our mattress. You will lie down on your back in just your pink panties with your little virgin daughter atop you, also on her back, but in reverse, with her sweet juicy cunt hole over

your face. God, I love frilly pink panties! That way, my boy, when I fuck her you can lick us both. How's that sound to you, Teddy?"

"Uh...fine, sir. Just fine," I sputtered weakly. My cock already hard at the thought of it happening.

It was very late when Tyrone finally dictated the sleeping arrangements for the night. They were nothing out of the ordinary, except for me. I got to sleep in my own king-size bed, with Sarah at my side, as usual, but first I had to clean the house. And, in addition, Tyrone declared that his son Jerome would also be sleeping in the same bed with Sarah and me. The children all got to bed down in their own rooms, and Tyrone and his wife Patti occupied our guest room.

By the time I finished my cleanup duties and thoroughly sprayed every downstairs room with air freshener to rid them of the putrid odor of sex, it was close to two a.m. Totally exhausted, I showered in the smaller downstairs bathroom, and then headed up to our master bedroom. I could hear the sounds of sexual activity as I approached.

Once inside, even in the dim light, I could unmistakably see my wife's elegant legs wrapped tightly across the teenage black stud's back. She appeared to be holding on for dear life as the dark kid pummeled her cock-loving cunt in a reckless manner. He was fucking my wife with frenzy, his big black balls smacking fiendishly against the delectable cheeks of her radiant white ass, while he squeezed her shapely tits roughly with both hands. I could smell her cunt juice from where I stood. I reached inside my panties and grasped my cock as I watched the scene enthusiastically.

As tired as I was, I felt a gust of new energy surge through my body and mind peering at my slut wife getting her pussy so very nicely fucked by this dark-skinned juvenile. I gripped my cock tighter.

"Ohhhhhh... please, no ... no more, Jerome," I heard Sarah say in an appealing voice. "I — I can't take any ... more. Please, Jerome, ... ohhhh... aghhhhhh... Ohhhh, I think I'm going to cum again.... ohhhh!"

"Damn right you is, bitch!" Jerome cackled. Then he took to fucking Sarah even faster. "Come now, baby! Come for your master, you white slut ho'!"

"Agggggggghhhhhh....," my wife groaned, as she reached her orgasm. Her entire body shook and jarred like a miniature earthquake.

And immediately after that, Jerome filled her now whorish snatch with his potent baby-making seed.

"Give it to me, Jerome!" Sarah panted and begged. "Give it all to me! I want all your wonderful cum in me... Ohhhhhh...yes, YES!"

Neither of them had noticed me standing there while they were engaged in their maniacal coupling. But as Jerome lay atop my wife, now kissing and biting the soft flesh of her dazzling breasts, Sarah spotted me.

"Oh, Ted, hi," she said in an almost hushed tone. "Jerome just gave me the most wonderful fucking."

"Good," I replied. What else could I say?

"Come over here, Ted, and suck Jerome's heavenly cum from my pussy," she moaned. "Please?"

"Yeah, wimp boy," Jerome was smirking as he spoke, looking up now from my wife's flattering tits. "Come on over here. Suck up some of my seed and give your sweet little ho' wife a good cleaning."

I took the few short steps over to our bed and Jerome pulled out from Sarah's divine cunt to make room for me. My wife spread her legs invitingly and I dove between them face first. She pulled my head to her cum-soaked cunt and I began to lick obediently at the large amount of fuck juice that was there. Her pussy smelled like a garbage disposal, but I was lost in a masochistic delight, and couldn't have cared less about the rank aroma.

I sucked and licked away turbulently while Sarah gasped and moaned until at last I had her cuntal region thoroughly cleansed.

"You did a damn fine job, pussy boy," Jerome complimented me upon my completion of the sloppy task. "Time to get some sleep now," he added, with a yawn.

He took Sarah in his arms and the two of them slept like that all night, while I remained on my own side of the bed. My hard-on finally subsided, and I fell into a deep and much needed sleep a few minutes later.

All three of our showers were continually busy the next day, clear up to eleven o'clock. Everyone was clean and fresh as we all sat around our large dining room table. We, the females and I, were all nude except for panties, per Tyrone's rules, as we sipped on orange juice, coffee and milk.

It was almost noon when Tyrone instructed me to fix breakfast. I donned a new frilly pink apron Sarah had found for me the day before. I made an endless number of pancakes, which everyone devoured as fast as I could turn them out. Once breakfast was over, Tyrone took hold of Sally and placed her on his lap. He gave her a sensual soul kiss, which we all watched with fascination, and then he told her it was time for her to be fucked.

Tyrone said, "I pulled out the foldaway bed in the den. I figured that would be a good location for what I have in mind, and there are plenty of places to sit down there so all of you jealous perverts can sit and play with yourselves while you watch."

We all went into the den.

"Teddy, I want you down on the bed first," Tyrone said. "And keep that silly faggy apron on. It will make a nice surface for your daughter since you are going to be our mattress."

I did as my boss commanded, smoothing out the frilly pink apron over my body as I lay myself down on the bed, awaiting anxiously for what would occur next. Tyrone had Patti place a small pillow on my lower abdomen, and he laid little Sally out on her back, so her small head rested on the pillow that covered my crotch area, and her cute sexy ass was now resting on my chest right up to my chin. I looked up and saw a slit had been cut in her flowered nylon panties, and through the slit I could see her adorable hairless pussy.

"You should have a pretty damn nice view of your little girl getting her very first fucking, Teddy boy," Tyrone called out, as he prepared to mount my precious baby daughter. "That is, if my balls don't get in the way," he added with a snicker.

I watched breathlessly as Tyrone dragged his immense cock over my face as he made his evil way between little Sally's parted legs.

Then Tyrone called out to our other two children. Kimmy and Matt were attired in darling matching yellow panties with satin ribbon and lace inserts and big bands of lace encircling the panty legs.

"Each of you get on either side of her," Tyrone demanded. "Take hold of your little sister's legs and hold them as far apart as you can."

The kids rushed eagerly to do Tyrone's bidding. Matt grasped his little sister's right leg around the ankle and extended it as far and wide and upward as was possible. Kimmy did the same with Sally's left one.

"Hold those legs tight too, you miserable little cum junkies," Tyrone barked. "Don't let go, no matter what, or you'll both get a beating you will long remember."

Then Tyrone proceeded to press his Vaseline-coated cock head flush up against poor little Sally's tiny pussy lips. My view was somewhat obscured now, as Tyrone laid his heavy black balls directly on my mouth.

"Guide me in, Teddy," Tyrone called out. "Push my black prick up inside your little virgin daughter's hot cunt."

The depraved thrill I received as I guided my black boss' sturdy thick cock up in my youngest daughter's petite fuck hole was beyond belief!

Sally began to scream and cry as I steadily pushed Tyrone Jackson's huge fuck pole further inside her. Her tiny cunt was being expertly torn up and ravished now, and Sarah and Patti had to help hold Sally's arms to keep her where Tyrone wanted our six-year-old sweet pixie. I was too crazed with expectation and arousal to shed any sympathy for my daughter. I just kept on driving Tyrone's cock inward as poor Sally wailed and sobbed louder and louder.

There was no way that all of Tyrone's marvelous cock could get inside such a smallish cunt chamber, but more than half of it did, and that seemed good enough for him. He now began to fuck my weeping daughter with expert strokes, and I let go of his prick and concentrated on his balls. I rubbed them lovingly with both hands as he fucked away at little Sally's aching twat.

"OH! Goddamn, this is pure heaven!" Tyrone bellowed. "I'm fucking a six-year-old virgin while her panty-wearing daddy massages my balls, and her mommy and kids hold her down for me! Fanfuckingtastic!"

"Oooooowwwwwwww... puh ...puhleeze stop, Mr. Tyrone..." I heard Sally's little voice cry out. "It ... it hurts real bad, Mr. Tyrone ... puhleeze," she whined with tears and terror in her voice.

Tyrone just chuckled and went on fucking her.

In between thrusts, when Tyrone's ass moved upwards slightly, I could see how stretched out Sally's little pussy was. I could also see blood seeping out.

"Lick 'em now, Teddy!" Tyrone stammered. "Lick my balls, now, wimp boy, while I tear up your baby girl's tight pee hole!"

I began to lick feverishly on his balls, hoping my doing so would cause him to fuck my delectable Sally with even more fury. And it did!

My darling preteen daughter was yelling and crying even louder now, which seemed only to increase the feelings of lust and depravity in all of us.

"Fuck her harder, darling!" I heard the voice of Tyrone's wife cry out. "Fuck the little slut's cunt until she passes out!"

"Yes, do it!" I heard my own wife, Sarah, yell, "Break her in good. Fuck her little brains out! And, Ted, you keep making love to Tyrone's balls. I had no idea you were such a fag. Put panties on you and your wrist goes limp and your mouth opens for cock!"

I licked even more zestfully on Tyrone's nuts, as he plowed even more forcefully into Sally's little love box. The more Sally cried, screamed and begged him to halt, the more lovingly I licked and kissed his black balls.

"Oh, fuck, I'm gonna' shoot my wad!" Tyrone finally bellowed. "Here it comes!"

He began pumping his potent fuck seed deep inside my youngest daughter's ravished tiny cunt, much of it running outward as I continued to lick his beautiful balls rapturously. When at last he had emptied his entire load he ordered me to stop licking, then he pulled out of Sally's cunt. His cock dripped sperm onto my lips and nose as he pulled away.

"Time for some cleaning up," Tyrone proclaimed, as he lay on his back on the rug, next to my head.

He directed me to stay where I was, and then instructed Sarah and Patti to lift up Sally and place her on my face. His cum ran in gobs into my now wide-open mouth, and I sucked his expended sperm and Sally's blood energetically, as my wife and Tyrone's wife held her over my face. It was quite a fabulous feeling to be sucking the spunk of a perverted black man from my baby girl's pussy, although I could have done without all the blood.

Tyrone made my two other preteen children cleanse his cock with their lips and tongues.

"Can you taste your baby sister's cunt juice on my cock, kids?" Tyrone asked them as they licked and kissed his now limp shaft.

"I - I think I can," Kimmy expounded, now licking up a few drops of cum from the base of my boss's cock.

"Uh, o-o-o, um," Matt groaned, as he licked the head of Tyrone's dick with tears running down his cheeks. I know Matt, and I know he wanted to complain, but he had seen Tyrone become violent, so he sucked on the big black cock without resisting.

Surely, Matt was going through complex emotions. I'm sure he liked a lot of the sexual activity going on around us, both the straight and lesbian sex with the women and girls, and -- even if he never would admit it -- he liked wearing panties, his hard cock showed that, but I knew he was scared as hell about the gay stuff. He had looked down at me for sucking cock and getting ass fucked by my boss and his son. I could see the disgust in his eyes, even though he kept staring at me doing those things like he couldn't believe I was debasing myself like that. But from conversations we had before I became my boss' cum bucket, I knew Matt's fears, knew he was afraid of anything gay -- and now he was sucking cock!

I loved it. In fact it excited me because it put him down in the gutter with me, and I knew he'd get to love it too, get to love being turned into "a fag" -- a word that could strike terror in his. He only thought he would hate it; time would convince him that it was a wonderful experience wiggling your ass in silky pink panties while being impaled by a monster black cock. Within a week, I was sure my pantywaist son would be approaching the black boys at his school, pulling down his pants to show them his fancy panties and begging them to suck their cocks or to take it up his silky pantied ass.

Once Kimmy and Matt had licked Tyrone's cock clean, he told them, "You two sluts, get used to licking cocks clean. You'll be doing a lot of cleaning up from now on. Jerome and I are going to double fuck your slutty mother later on, and you two will be cleaning her ass and pussy as well as our cocks when we get done with her."

After I had sucked as much cum and blood from Sally's deflowered little twat as I could, Tyrone directed Patti and Sarah to give Sally a much-needed bath.

"I think it's time for Jerome to break in Matt," Tyrone stated, while our wives were attending to Sally. "Kimmy, I want you to get your brother ready for a good fucking from Jerome. Get down between his legs and lick his ass pussy."

"But ... Mr. Tyrone," Kimmy whined, "I - I've never done that before."

"Well, there's always a first time, girl, isn't there? So get down there and lick him good. I'll be watching."

Jerome put a pillow down on the bed and had Matt stretch himself out on it on his stomach. The boy seemed to be excited about having his little hairless butt lapped by his big sister. Kimmy dropped to her knees and nuzzled her face between Matt's twin mounds, and as we all watched with anxious eyes, she eased aside the lacy leg band of his delightful yellow panties and placed her inexperienced tongue timidly on her brother's bald bottom and began to lick it.

Jerome stood directly over the two kids, his eyes flashing with interest as he gave his cock a few preparatory strokes.

"Get my son's cock ready to fuck, Teddy," Tyrone told me.

"Yes, sir," I replied submissively, knowing full well what that meant.

Because I knew they would all like it, I wiggled my panty-clad ass as I crawled over to him like a desperate flaming fag. I took his now semierect tool in my mouth and began sucking it slavishly.

I cupped his teenage balls in my hands as I sucked him off. I could hear Matt now clamoring softly as his sister lapped his young boy cunt with obvious love, even though she lacked the talents of a skilled ass lapper. He begged her to reach around and stroke his horny little cock through his silky panties.

Kimmy did, but you could tell she was laughing at her sissy brother a bit even though her face was buried up to her eyeballs in his ass crack.

When Patti, Sarah and Sally returned, I heard Sally cry out, "Look, Mommy, Daddy is sucking Jerome's cock!" Sally was bubbly and incontestably in much better condition and spirits than when she'd departed.

"He certainly is, honey," my wife answered, a touch of amusement in her voice.

"Looks like your wimpy husband has taken to black cock almost as fondly as you, hm?" I heard Patti express to my wife.

"It certainly appears that way," Sarah laughed.

"What is Kim doing to Matt, Mommy!" Sally asked.

"She's licking out his shit hole and getting him ready for Jerome to fuck."

Tyrone told my wife and Patti. "Why don't you two sluts help out?"

Both women knew it was more an order than a suggestion, so in unison they dropped to their knees, one on either side of Matt, and began simultaneously to play with his yellow panties, tickling him through the lace and nylon and snapping his waist and leg elastics. They had Matt lift up a bit so they could wet kiss his nipples that quickly grew erect at the attention.

Kimmy was doing her best to excite her brother with her tongue and lips between his legs, and from the sound now of Matt's increased breathing, it appeared Kimmy and the two women were doing a good job of it.

I was still sucking greedily on Jerome's rock hard prick but managed to observe bits of the sex scene playing on the bed nearby.

I finally unwrapped my lips from Jerome's husky cock and held it with affection in my hands, showing it to his father. "I think he's ready to fuck my slutty daughter-boy now, sir," I gasped, as drool ran down my chin.

"I think you're right, Teddy boy," Tyrone said as he gazed proudly at his teenage son's firm dick. "OK, girls, you did enough to work that kid up for now. Time for some really interesting black on white fucking."

Tyrone's cock had risen once again, stimulated obviously from watching the women and kids go at it, and he too was ready for fucking once more. He had Patti and Sarah lift Kimmy up and deposit her squarely over his extended rod. Since they didn't have to pull aside her yellow lace panties, I realized they obviously had cut a slit in the crotch of her panties too. Tyrone sure liked to have panty sex with both males and females, kids and adults, in frilly nylon panties!

Tyrone made my wife grease up his cock and then Kimmy's hairless virgin pussy by fingerfucking her deeply with a glob of Vaseline. Then he had her guide his cock up inside our daughter's twat, just as he had made me do a short while ago when he claimed our youngest daughter's virginity. Patti lodged a finger up Kimmy's sensitive asshole as my wife fed Tyrone's throbbing black tool up and in her now moist cunt.

Kimmy didn't scream as loudly as her baby sister had at the invasion of her tight cunt, but she did let out an initial howl that was deafening!

As Tyrone prick was sinking into Kimmy's piss slot, he ordered me to insert his son's stiff dick up Matt's pantied ass. I placed a second pillow under Matt's virgin ass. My boy was shaking with fear. I gently rubbed his tense ass cheeks through his yellow nylon panties to comfort him. "This will elevate your ass pussy, son, and make it more comfortable for you," as I glowed with an overwhelming need to see him soundly fucked by this black youth. "Now, Jerome will have better access to your rear cunt. Just pretend you are a pretty little girl in pretty yellow panties just getting a nice fuck, and before you know, it will be all over."

"Thank you, daddy," he whispered with trembling and teary apprehension in his voice after hearing his sisters scream from being royally fucked by nigger cock. "But I'm afraid it will hurt, daddy."

“Sh-h-h-h, you'll do fine, pretend you're a girl, OK?”

It was not all that difficult to pull aside Matt's sweet yellow panties and insert Jerome's cock up inside his ass pussy, as he was wet from the butt lapping he had just gotten from his sister, plus Jerome's cock had been well greased after I had brought him to full erection. Once the well-endowed teenage boy was inside my son, I begged him to fuck him long and hard. Make a faggot out of him!" I surprised myself by saying that and other things I would have found unimaginable to say only hours before. I felt my son had been looking down at me for being such a panty pussy slave for Tyrone, so I wanted him to be so well fucked that he'd change his opinion of me by being in the same boat I am in.

"Fuck him hard, Jerome. Make him bleed!" I urged. "Fuck my sweet little pantywaist son, claim him as your whore. His panty ass is all yours!"

I pushed down on Jerome's plunging buttocks, forcing him to drive all the way into my new daughter-son's fuck hole. Matt howled and gasped when I did it.

"You're loving this, aren't you, panty bitch boy, aren't you?" Jerome demanded of Matt as he rubbed his hands all over Matt's silky panties and kept sharply snapping the tight panty waist and leg elastics, delivering stinging little blows to Matt's waist and thighs. He fucked my son wildly while I watched with glee and lust as his divine ebony prick plunged in and out in vicious strokes like a cowboy riding a whore.

He pulled my son's head to the side and pressed his baggy lips to Matt's, forcing his mouth open to accept a sloppy French kiss. Jerome fucked my preteen son recklessly and with no concern for anything except his own gratification, which I knew was how it should be when a black stud fucks any white slut, girl or gay boy.

He was fucking him beautifully now, and savagely, and Matt was crying out with joy and lust, which pleased me immensely. I now looked over to where Tyrone's cock was imbedded to the balls inside my Kimmy's sweet fuck hole, holding her hips with both his massive black hands and bouncing her up and down.

Patti was still fingering Kimmy's ass hole, changing one finger for another ever so often, and allowing my heated wife Sarah to suck the finger she had just removed from our daughter's shit-slimed butt hole. Little Sally was there also, looking none the worse after losing her virginity to this same man. She was crouched down on her little hands and knees, her tiny mouth planting kisses of homage upon Tyrone's chest.

I walked over, my pink panties twitching cock in my right hand, to get a closer look at Kimmy being fucked by my boss. Tyrone saw me approaching.

"Look at this, Teddy," he exclaimed. "This whore daughter of yours is taking all of my cock up her little snatch! She loves it. Don't you, you filthy slut?"

"Yes..." Kimmy sobbed, "I do, sir. Please fuck me harder, Mr. Tyrone," she begged.

Tyrone chuckled lasciviously. Kimmy was twisting and churning atop Tyrone's lap as he fucked her small cunt expertly, like the skilled baby fucker he was.

"Goddamn, Teddy, this is great!" he boasted. "Two virgins in the same day. And from the same fucking family, too! How about that, eh?"

I didn't answer. My eyes were glued to the marvelous sight of his mammoth black cock pumping in and out of my pretty little daughter's abused cunt. He was molesting her wondrously, just as he had done to Sally, and I loved seeing it happen! I knew my wife did, too! And that made it all the more wonderful and special.

Kimmy experienced her very first fuck orgasm a minute later as I watched in awe. That sent Tyrone over the top, and he answered Kimmy's climax with a thunderous one of his own, sending his jizz deep up inside her as she moaned and trembled.

Patti fucked Kimmy's ass hole faster now with her talented finger as my wife sighed at seeing our lovely little girl experience her first cock fucking, first ass finger fucking, and first load of black fuck seed.

This time my wife had the honor of sucking Tyrone's cum from our daughter's well-fucked preteen pussy, and Sarah did so with deranged enjoyment.

Sally had been put into fresh panties, some sweet little girl white satin rhumba panties with pink lace all across the bottom, and I could see a few blood stains in the crotch of those panties. Her baby cunt was still draining a bit of blood and probably some of Tyrone's jism too.

"Oh, yeah, Mommy," Kimmy called out sexily. "That feels nice. Suck it, you bitch. Suck our black master's cum from my filthy cunt, you fucking whore!"

"You tell her, baby girl," Tyrone stated. "Make your mother suck your pussy like the slutty pig she is."

I became very aroused hearing my eleven-year-old daughter speak such obscenities to her mother.

Patti leaned over and pushed Sarah's head snug against Kimmy's mound. "Eat your daughter's cunt, you dirty slut!" Patti said boldly. "Suck up my husband's fuck seed from the little bitch!"

"MMMmmmpphhh..." was all my wife could mutter, as she now licked up with vigor, obviously as turned on as I was at being called such foul names, especially from our daughter. I could smell the funky sexual fragrance of Kimmy's freshly fucked pussy from where I stood.

Tyrone then instructed me to cleanse his cock. I complied with submissive pleasure, and took the instrument that had deflowered my two daughter's pussies into my open mouth eagerly. There is much to be said about the thrill of a father sucking the cock of a man who has just fucked his virgin daughters, paying tribute to that cock for deflowering his little girls.

As I cleansed my boss's weapon of lust, I could hear Jerome announce loudly that he was about to cream young Matt's faggot ass with his black fuck juice.

"I'm cummmmming, little ho!" Jerome shouted. "I is givin' you my fuck seed, white bitch panty boy!"

I could hear Matt crying loudly as his black-skinned lover emptied his balls inside his tight little asshole.

After I finished the task of cleansing Tyrone's sturdy dick, he told me he wanted me to now cleanse Jerome's spunk out of my son's ass cunt. I nodded in acceptance of the duty, and swiftly crawled to my freshly ass fucked son. I got between his legs, gently eased aside his yellow panties and pressed my open mouth to his drenched ass pussy, avidly sucking the cum out of it, inhaling the musky odor of it, as everyone watched approvingly.

I was delighted to hear when Matt mewed like a kitten and said, "Oh, that feels so-o-o nice, daddy." Until then, other than the crying, he had been so quite. We all knew he was probably having a lot of difficulty dealing with all this, so we didn't press on him a lot. And we weren't overly concerned that he was constantly slinking to the background and not saying much or expressing his feelings. So now, it was a pleasure to hear him say anything, but more than that, now, he was really getting it! I was proud of him as he rubbed his hands all over his silky panties while he degraded me. "Suck it good, Daddy, you cocksucking faggot bastard," he called out lustfully. "Suck the big man's cum out of my bottom hole, Daddy fuckface!"

Everyone laughed and Jerome even whistled at Matt's obscene comments to me. My own kids calling me names like 'faggot, bastard' and 'cocksucker' somehow spurred me on to lap up Matt's delicious young shit hole even more enthusiastically.

When I was finally finished, Tyrone ordered me to go to the kitchen and put a fresh apron on. Then he had me serve cold drinks to everybody. As we all sat around quenching our thirst, Tyrone told us a story of how he had once fucked the cute smooth ass of a boy of nine years of age he had forced into gaily colored pink panties while he made the parents of that boy take turns licking his balls and asshole. He said that the parents were deeply religious and were shamed by what they had subjected their preteen son to. Tyrone went on to explain that the father would have lost his job had he not agreed to Tyrone's desires, and since they had already pledged to his church a huge amount of money out of his new much higher weekly salary, they felt they had no choice but to give into Tyrone and do whatever he wanted. Tyrone laughed his head off recalling how those parents had found it better to have themselves and their only son panty molested rather than take back the pledge they had made to their church. He ended up by saying they were all a bunch of fucking nuts totally fucked in the head by their religion.

"I had both the mother and father in frilly old-fashioned panties and shedding buckets of tears," Tyrone bragged. "And they were bawling like babies while they licked my nuts and ass! Of course their kid I had in an outrageously frilly pair of pink square dance panties, and he was crying his eyes out too, especially when I rammed my cock up his cute tight white ass!"

"But, I'll be damned," Tyrone went on with his story, "if the father didn't sprout one hell of a hard-on by the time it was all over! And his wife? Shit, that slut was juicing like a waterfall! After that, I went over there at least once a week. Fucked the kid's ass of course, and taught him to suck my cock too. As I was leaving the third time I was over there, the mother said she'd let me fuck her up her ass if I'd stop breaking in her son to sucking cock and getting fucked in the ass. She was afraid the kid was getting to like it, and she didn't want me turning him into a faggot.

"She was going to let me!" Tyrone shrieked. "Can you imagine that? She was going to LET me," he repeated as he howled with laughter.

"So I made a few arrangements and fixed her good. The next time I went over there I gave it to her good! And I had the husband licking my nuts as I did her, and I made their son dress up like a cheerleader – with some lacy pink panties under the short skirt of course – and I made him do football cheers while I fucked the living hell out of his mother's ass. And afterward, that faggot boy asked me if he could suck on my cock and clean it off! What a bunch of losers! I tell ya, that religion shit will fuck you up every time. And because of that woman's impertinence, I fired her dumb ass husband from the job and still dropped in their house whenever I wanted a good fuck of the mother or son or even both of them if I felt like it. And they couldn't do anything about it because I had pictures of all of them doing all kinds of kinky sex things. Some people are so fucking stupid!"

Tyrone had to summon up all his power to slow his laughter so he could continue. "But there's more. Low and behold, the next time I went over there, the father was tired of being left out and wanted some action too! In no time at all, I was fucking all three of them, and all three were almost fighting over who was going to get to suck my cock! I wound up knocking up the mother, but never saw the baby. I left their city for another management job before the kid was born. I heard from a colleague though, later on, that the baby was a girl and black as pitch, and he also told me that the boy I had butt fucked at age nine had turned into a raging homo and had been caught repeatedly sucking other kids' dicks at his school. It all made me feel pretty good. I get a very special and unique pleasure," Tyrone pointed out, "in making sexual slaves out of white families, and I am delighted to now own all of you. I DO own all of you, don't I?" Tyrone wanted to know.

"Yes, sir," all five of us answered, Sarah and I hanging our heads down in shame as we certified his ownership now of our entire little family.

"Good," he said, smiling. "Well, it's time now to reward your slutty children, Teddy," he said, still smiling broadly. "I'm going to let all three of them take turns whipping your ass, and Sarah's too. I think you and your whore of a wife both need some punishment for having raised such slutty kids. I want the two of you to bend over the arms of the sofa there, one on each arm, so you can gaze into each other's faces while your well-fucked kids whip to your worthless asses."

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Making Her Boy Be Gentle

Sarah relaxed in the shade on her back porch enviously watching Myrna, her next door neighbor, playing with her son in their adjoining backyard. The boy was so well behaved, it put Sarah to shame. She wished her own son could learn to act so nicely. Jesse's relationship with his mother was so open, so loving and close that it made Sarah jealous. Her heart ached whenever she saw the six-year-old boy leap into his mommy's arms. How she wished she could cuddle her little Dale, as warmly and as openly.

Dale was a year older than Jesse, yet he had vastly inferior social skills and hadn't learned much about showing affection to his mother or anyone else. It was with the hope of taming down Dale that Sarah and her husband, Andy, had recently moved to this experimental town — a matriarchal village created and run exclusively by women.

Sarah, Andy and Dale were on probation until it was decided they would be able to fit in with the community.

Sarah had been gradually learning how the town worked. She was especially interested in how parents got their boys to be nice, not fight and respect females. Women and even girls were openly dominant over men and boys and everyone seemed to be so happy! The men and boys seemed to enjoy having females in charge, having females telling them what to do and having females making all important decisions.

And Sarah was observing and learning from other women in Modernity Valley about how they controlled their boys, but everything she had tried so far wasn't working, and she knew little Dale wasn't very happy, partly because he missed the friends he had before they moved here to Colorado and partly because he didn't seem to get along with most of the kids he met here.

In this community, it didn't bother Sarah or her husband that intimate sexual matters were openly discussed, sometimes right in front of children and even with almost total strangers. People here talked about their sex lives as commonly as people in other places talked about the weather.

Her neighbor Myrna told her how she had tamed down her naughty little boy, Jesse, by panty training him. She explained to Sarah that it really worked but it was a technique not often used because pantied boys got so severely teased by the girls as well as the boys if they were ever discovered wearing frilly lace panties that were usually only worn by pampered little toddler girls. As girls got older they tended to increasingly go for simpler and more utilitarian wear like the well-worn jeans and men's heavy flannel shirts that Sarah liked to wear. Some mothers wore fancy lingerie under their plain outer clothes to get the attention of their boys while panty training them but most women and developing girls didn't wear fancy lingerie, and that made boys hooked on fancy lace panties very self-conscious about the panties they had been brainwashed into loving to wear under their boy clothes.

There were dozens of techniques the female in this town used to control men and boys, and very few mothers had to go as far as panty training to bring their boys into line, but the few that did had the full support of the community. Sarah read in a booklet about panty training that it basically involved a mother making her son wear girls' panties at all times and frequently masturbating her son into the panties until he couldn't live without them! Sarah thought it was pretty kinky, but if it worked...

As Sarah watched Jesse playing, she mused, "If panty training works for Myrna on that energetic little boy, I bet she jacks him off several times a day to slow him down and make him more amenable."

Sarah watched the woman wrestling and giggling together with her children, and several times the little boy's shirt got pulled up in back and she could see a flash of his pink nylon panties. What surprised her was the sight of a boy in sissy little girls' panties made her tingle with a new feeling. She had been watching her neighbor interacting with her children in recent days, and whenever Jesse started to get a little wild or defiant, Myrna would take him by the hand into the house or behind the garage and then a few minutes later, she'd bring him back outside, and the boy would have all the steam taken out of him and be quiet, calm and totally submissive to his mother and his sister.

'But does this panty training thing really work on boys — really work? I see it, but I don't understand exactly how it works ... if it works at all,' Sarah was saying to herself as she mulled it over in her mind. She had made her preparations as described in one of the panty training manuals and bought herself some frilly lingerie -- fancy lingerie like she had never worn before, and tonight she was going to find out if there was anything to this panty training.

She didn't understand the significance of the panties, but from what she had read on the subject, that was because she was a female who had worn panties her whole life so she just accepted panties as a simple piece of necessary clothing and that was that! But the proponents of panty training insisted that males, especially young boys, had a whole different opinion about a female's panties. To them, panties were mysterious, naughty and held secrets about women and girls. Sarah had a hard time believing that, so she had asked her husband, Andy, about it, and he confirmed that panties, especially frilly and silky little girls' panties fascinated boys. Yet, Sarah wondered if they could be fascinating enough to have the power to completely change a naughty little boy into a sweet kid.

So tonight after his bath, she'd try step one of lesson one in how to panty train a boy. Just as she was rehearsing exactly what she'd do, the door burst open.

"Hi, honey!" said her husband, Andy. "We're home!"

Sarah ran to meet her man, guiltily putting aside the thought of making her seven-year-old child into her panty slave — if such a thing were even possible.

"Hi, love!" she said, kissing her husband and son together in a three-way hug before little Dale shied away and begged her to stop because it tickled.

“How was the fishing trip?” she asked.

“Not a bite, Sarah,” Andy said as Dale ran to his room to play. “I guess I'm not cut out for traditional male sports, but it did give us a chance for some father-son bonding. The boy had a lot to say, you know?”

“Like what did Dale have to say?”

“Why is mommy both so nice and so mean at the same time?”

“OW!” thought Sarah; it hurt being called mean by her little treasure. “He really thinks I'm such a bitch?”

“I told him that sometimes mommies have to be tough, especially in this town because they have to make a lot of tough decisions and often don't have the time and wherewithal to be as sweet as they'd like to be. I also explained to him that with females in charge, it gives men and boys a lot freedom from responsibility, one reason the men and boys are so happy here.

“I also told him that every female in Modernity Valley is either a born or trained dominatrix, so he'd better get used to it!” Andy said with a laugh.

“Oh, you!” Sarah playfully slapped her mischievous husband's cute, round ass. “Is that what Modernity Valley is to you, young man?” She punctuated her words with spansks. “Land -- SPANK -- of -- SPANK -- dominant -- SPANK -- women -- SPANK!”

“Ow!” Andy rubbed his backside with an exaggerated motion. “That hurts!”

“Is it painful working for that hot lady, your aggressive boss lady at Modern Health Supplies?”

“No ma'am, Ms. Tara is sweetness incarnate,” Andy said with a fake smile. “Of course, I haven't been there long enough to see her real inner demons. Speaking of that, I better get over to the office and catch up on what I missed while taking two days off to spend with Dale. Even though it's Saturday, I had promised her I'd stop in at the office to be up to snuff for work on Monday morning, and I don't want to make her angry.” Andy kissed Sarah sweetly and he put on the fake smile again as he said, “She's much too nice. I don't want to disappoint her.”

As he turned away, Sarah turned her husband back to face her. “Young man,” she said with a saccharine tone. “Just don't fuck Ms. Sweetness without my permission, understand?”

“Yes, Mommy,” her husband replied with an exaggerated, whiny tone that made them both giggle.

Sarah kissed Andy one last time. As he went out the door, she smiled and followed him with her eyes. “It's good you called me ‘Mommy,’ you little smart ass!”

Her husband had always been like a kid, and he acted that way even more since they had moved to this matriarchal community. It was good to see him so happy. And the playful, impulsive sex they had since they moved here was one of the high points of living in here. Andy really was turned on by and loved Sarah as his full-fledged mother-like mistress.

She looked back out the big kitchen window. Myrna had gone inside, and Dale was running around with her children, playing tag or some such in their shared back yard. For a moment, she delighted in the fact that he seemed to be playing so nicely with Myrna's kids, but then she didn't want to fool herself, she knew something would change, and then her boy would become aggressive or abusive, especially toward the girl. She'd keep an eye on him, and run out and pull him inside if she sensed things were starting to go in a bad direction.

Feeling her loins warm in anticipation as she put her plan in motion, Sarah opened the kitchen door. "Dale!" she called. "Time for your bath!"

When Dale finally came in from playing with Jesse and Jenny, he could tell something was different tonight. At least mommy didn't yell at him for not coming when she told him to. She was very nice to him, hugging him and not even mentioning having to call him three times.

"It's time for your bath, sweetie!"

Mommy looked so happy about sending Dale to take a bath. He usually hated bath time, but mommy seemed so excited! That so surprised Dale that he forgot to argue about taking a bath.

What surprised Dale more was that mommy carried him upstairs and into the bathroom. That was fun. She hadn't carried him like that in a long time. She instructed her little boy to take off his clothes while she got his bath ready.

Taking off his clothes in front of mommy was another thing he also hadn't done in a while. She'd seen him in his undies lots of times, especially lately since he had some trouble obeying and she had to spank him.

As he stood there shyly, mommy said, "little boy, you need some help obeying?" She didn't say it in a threatening way.

Dale nodded yes automatically and stepped out of his pants and underwear when she asked, and then, before Dale had time to become shy about being naked, mommy lifted him up and put him in the warm bath water. Dale felt like a prince, having his big, friendly mommy bathe him. Her brisk scrubbing tickled, but the only time the seven year old felt odd was when mommy bathed him between his legs. But she treated him like there was nothing more natural than being naked in front of mommy and she used her big, soft hands to rub soap over his penis and balls.

Dale got embarrassed when his penis became big and hard in his mommy's hands. He didn't know what to think of that and looked up at mommy for guidance. Should he be afraid, or maybe ashamed of himself?

“Don't worry, sweetie!” mommy's voice was gentle and soothing. “It's OK for your penis to be hard in front of mommy, or any female. That's just your body's way of saying you love a female, a mommy or a girl. It's all right, honey.” Then she hugged him, even though he was all wet from his bath, and Dale knew it really was all right. Mommy announced that his bath was over and held up a bath towel that dwarfed the little boy.

“Now, mommy wants to play with you instead.” First mommy treated Dale like a prince by giving him a bath, and now she wanted to play! Dale was glad thinking how she always made him so happy.

With a joyful “Hooray!” he jumped into the towel and his mother's arms and let her dry him off. She dried him from head to foot. When she got to his penis, it became big and hard again. Remembering earlier, he said, “I love you, Mommy!”

“I can tell, sweetie!” mommy smiled one of her lovely smiles that made Dale's tummy flutter with happiness. “I love you too! In fact, let mommy show Dale how much she loves him.”

Mommy stroked Dale's penis some more. It was smaller than her little finger, but it felt so good when she touched him like that, and then she undid her shirt.

“Mommy, why did you unbutton your shirt?” asked Dale. He thought she was warm.

But she wasn't uncomfortable, she was thinking of Dale again. “So you can look at my breasts in my pretty new bra, sweetheart,” mommy explained. “Isn't it pretty?” Following her panty training booklet, she had gone out and bought some rather fancy bras and panties and was now going to give her boy a first peek at the lacy pink bra. She had never worn such frilly stuff, such things were for girlie-girls, so she was anxious to see how Dale would react upon see it.

“It's all beautiful!” Dale gasped. Her breasts and the bra were lovelier than Dale had remembered. He couldn't remember the last time he had seen her breasts in just a bra. He enjoyed their fullness and the bra's combined silky softness and scratchy lace as mommy nuzzled his face between her fancy brassiered breasts, and according to what she read, this was making him connect pretty female lingerie with being sexually excited. It made him feel nice when mommy stroked his penis while he looked at and felt her pretty bra.

But she wasn't just stroking him with her hand, she had something in her hand, and he looked down to see she was rubbing his naked penis with some pink nylon with lace on them. As she stroked Dale's penis with a soft pair of her new panties, mommy bent down and whispered in his ear. “Mommy loves Dale,” she began. “And all females, all mommies and all girls, love Dale.” As she whispered this wonderful news, mommy kept rubbing Dale gently. “And Dale loves all females, all mommies and girls.”

Mommy's hands lined with the silky pink panties felt so wonderful on his private parts. "And Dale loves to obey all females, all mommies and girls." Mommy's soft fingers moved faster over his penis and scrotum. She whispered to him. "And all females, all mommies and all girls love to make Dale feel good!"

And she told him to reach his little fingers down inside the cups of her pretty bra and feel her nipples that were so hard because they were so excited; she said her hard nipples showed him her love for him.

Suddenly Dale felt so good he couldn't stand it. He cried out as mommy suddenly filled him with good feelings, centered on his penis. It felt wonderful -- too intense for words. Dale clung to mommy, buried his face in her fancy bra and breasts, as she gave him wave after wave of good feelings.

"Does it feel good to cum, precious? Mommy loves to make her little baby cum in silky softness!"

Dale couldn't answer. He just focused on mommy, and held onto her tightly as she made him feel better than he had ever felt before and more loved than ever before. When his cum was over, he finally let go.

"I love you, my precious little boy!" Mommy swept up Dale as she stood up. "I'll always love you!" She carried him all the way to his bedroom and slipped him into his bed still naked. Dale stared up into her eyes. He was filled with good feelings, all focused on mommy. He was exhausted after cumming but still felt like he would burst. Dale tried to think of how to express how he felt.

"L-love you, Mommy!" he said. When she kissed him good night, Dale thought he'd remember her kiss forever.

As Dale lay in bed near sleep, he thought rapturously of mommy, who loved him so much. And he remembered the secret she had whispered, just before she made him feel so good. Was it true - all females loved Dale? It sounded too good to be true. But mommy was always right about things. The thought of every girl and mommy he met loving him gave him lovely dreams as he drifted off to sleep.

Each night that week, Sarah carried him up to bed and had him sleep in the nude. Then after he was sound asleep, she'd slip back into his bedroom and gently and sweetly stroke his naked penis with a pair of her fancy new nylon panties, all the while she kept whispering things in his ear about how much he was becoming like a girl, how much he didn't want to fight any more, how much he loved all the other kids, how much he loved mommy's new bras and panties (that more and more during the day she was letting him see her wearing!). But she never masturbated him enough to wake him up or make him cum like she had before. No these panty jacking sessions were just subliminal teaching sessions to soften him up for the next lesson!

And that came a week later.

Before the best day of Sarah's life came one of the worst nights of her life. Not the worst night; that was when her mother passed away when she was little. But this night was right up there. And Fridays were always supposed to be her lucky day, too!

First, little Dale came home with a bruised cheek and his nice school clothes torn. Modernity Valley was the one place the young mother thought kids would never fight. The matriarchal community was supposed to produce gentle boys, cared for by loving, dominant girls. The thought of her seven-year-old child being hurt twisted her stomach in knots.

“Who did this to you?” asked a horrified Sarah.

“I just got in a fight is all,” was Dale's sullen comment. “I don't like the kids here,” was all he added to that.

Sarah's heart went out to her little treasure. She so wanted to help him, but when she tried to hold him and talk about what had happened at school, Dale angrily shoved her away and hit her -- actually HIT her! Then he said he wasn't going to talk to her or anyone else.

After giving him an intense spanking, Sarah made him stand completely naked in the corner.

Carolyn, Dale's teacher, called with a clearer but much less hopeful report. “He picks on the other boys in his class when my back is turned. Today after school a couple of the girls told him to stop hurting people, he hit them, and it turned into a fight.”

“He was hitting girls? Why is he acting like this?” Sarah cried. “I just don't get it!”

“I've never seen anyone, much less a child, so tense, Sarah.” Carolyn replied. “He behaves as if he's always angry, but the expression on his face makes it appear that he is so frightened all the time. It's obvious he feels under enormous pressure. He doesn't like himself, and that makes it impossible for him to like others.”

Then Andy came home from work, late as usual. He sported a plane ticket and a conference schedule. He seemed to be even more sullen and withdrawn than Dale. When Sarah kissed him and felt him up through his pants, he kissed her back but then plunked himself down on a chair, obviously highly distracted.

“What's wrong, Andy” Sarah asked him. “What's the plane ticket for?”

“Ms. Tara is sending me off to a seminar in San Jose to learn how to work better with others. She says I need an attitude adjustment to work more effectively here. She thinks I don't take female domination seriously enough.”

Sarah let her husband sulk.

Supper was the most uncomfortable part of the evening. She made ravioli and soft rolls, comfort food for her husband, and for dessert she served vanilla ice cream with chocolate syrup, comfort

food for her child. But both her males ate woodenly, in silence, trapped in their own problems and not about to let her in.

Sarah was most concerned for Dale. She decided that “no pants for the rest of the day after a spanking” applied to the present situation, so she left him naked. He looked so small and so sad that it actually worried her. She longed to hold him, cuddle him, make it all better, but he was too skittish. Even though it was Friday, she sent him to take his bath and get ready for bed early. He didn't argue.

Andy barely seemed to notice his naked son – ‘or a wife, for that matter,’ Sarah thought irritably. He glanced glumly at the conference folder, lost in thought.

When a crash, accompanied by a loud splash, came from the bathroom, Andy barely moved. Sarah told him, “I'll take care of it, and then I'm going to bed. Why don't you come up too? I'll fuck you silly, honey; maybe that will help snap you out of your bad mood.”

After she found, to her great relief, that Dale had just knocked the big shampoo bottle off the tub and he was OK, Sarah towed him dry and tucked him into bed, marveling how tractable the child was when he was close to sleep. She kissed him good night and lay next to him for a few minutes until he went to sleep. Then she took a pair of her pink panties from her pocket, trailed her hand pantied hand down between his legs and gently massaged her little boy's penis without waking him up. As she rubbed the soft nylon n his penis, it grew hard, and she kept whispering things to him about how he loved mommy and all women and girls, and how she and all women and girls loved him.

Then Sarah went to her own bed, but it was empty. She lay awake, waiting for Andy as long as she could, but when her downtrodden husband finally did come to bed, it was after she had fallen asleep.

After dropping her husband off at the airport, Sarah was able to reflect on both her problems with the clarity of day. Both of her males seemed to be responding the same way to some sort of pressure. And now that she and Andy hadn't made love the night before, and he was going to be at that damn seminar for a week, she'd have to wait for his return to enjoy his cock. ‘Well, you'll just have to wait,’ she told herself silently. Sarah understood now why her little boy always looked so irritated when she said that to him.

At a stop light, she looked back at Dale. Her seven year old was reading the Narnia Chronicles. ‘I'll just have to bide my time by concentrating on helping Dale.’

“Hey, sweetie!” Sarah called to him in the back seat. “I'm going to stop at Field's before we go back, OK?”

“Mmm-hmm,” came her child's distracted reply, but when she pulled into the store's parking lot, Dale asked, “Mom, I don't wanna go in, can I just read in the car?”

“*May* I just read in the car,” Sarah corrected him. “No, honey, you can't, I need to get you some more new clothes for school.”

At the mention of school, Dale became angry. “I'm NOT going shopping for stupid school clothes!” He shouted. He pushed her hands away from his seat belt. “I'M NOT GOING BACK TO SCHOOL AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!”

Sarah sat down on the back seat, facing him, but he turned away from her. ‘Carolyn was right; he's scared! But why?’ thought the concerned young mother.

“Dear one,” Sarah tried to brush his unruly hair away from his face, but Dale just shook her hand off. “Is it that you just don't like your new school?”

“That's an understatement!” Sarah suppressed a smile. Her baby was so cute when he imitated his dad's expressions. “I'm never going back; you can't make me. You're stupid! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!”

Pictures flashed through Sarah's mind. In rapid succession, she saw herself removing Dale's pants, spanking his round little bottom and dragging him into the store in just his underwear. She decided against that. Here she could raise her kid as she wanted, and nobody would complain, but he needed something more than a spanking just then.

“Why don't you like school, Dale?” She kept her voice level and non-judgmental, and at least he answered her.

“Because it's stupid, that's why!” Dale shouted. “If you had any BRAINS you'd know that!” He was using one of his daddy's expressions again. He was red in the face. He needed a calming influence, and Sarah silently vowed she'd be that for him.

“Sweetie, what you don't like about school?”

“It's stupid! The girls are mean to me. It's full of momma's boys who think they're better than me, and ALL OF THEM ARE SMARTER THAN ME!!”

Sarah looked at her boy. He was starting to cry. Tears were trickling down his red cheeks. ‘Is that what this is all about?’ Sarah asked herself. ‘He's jealous of the other kids?’ Then she realized, ‘NO! He's afraid of them!’ The smart, obedient boys intimidated him.

“Oh, darling!” Sarah undid the seat belt and pulled her little boy onto her lap. “You'll be all right. Shhh ... Mommy's here. Mommy's here.”

Dale clung to her plaid flannel shirt. He responded to her gentle rocking and soft, maternal words by weeping openly. He buried his face in her bosom and wept until his shoulders were shaking with his sobs. Finally he finished crying.

“Dale, mommy's here and mommy loves you,” Sarah began. Her child rested his head on her arm and looked up at her. He was so trusting; it hurt Sarah to go on.

“You're going to make me go back, aren't you?” Dale braced himself for her answer, as if for a blow.

“My brave little boy!” Sarah chose her words carefully. “If you go to school like the brave boy you are, I'll ... I'll make it worth your while.”

“How? They all think I'm stupid.”

“Listen to me, little boy,” Sarah cupped Dale's face in her soft hands and looked deep into his eyes. “You aren't stupid. Some children at your school might be more intelligent than you, but that doesn't make you stupid. It just makes you a smart person learning with other smart people.”

“Uh, huh,” Dale grunted dubiously.

“What's ‘uh, huh’ mean?” Sarah asked as she stroked the boy's hair out of his eyes.

“That's what Ms. Carolyn says,” began Dale. “But you and she don't know how dumb I am. You both think I'm so good.” That comment was loaded with despair, and the tears started rolling down his cheeks again.

“You ARE good,” Sarah held her boy once more to her chest. “I think you just forgot you are.”

“But I hit people!” Dale's face was a mask of shame. “Even you! And even Ms. Carolyn, and she *loves* me!” The seven year old broke into anguished sobs.

She held her baby while he cried out his shame and sorrow. “There, there,” she cooed. “Mommy's here. Mommy loves you. Mommy forgives you for hitting.” She rocked him gently. “Just cry until you feel better.”

Finally, he was able once again to control himself. Sarah dried his tears, kissed his forehead and told him repeatedly how very much she loved him.

Dale put his arms around her neck and kissed her cheek. “Mommy,” he whispered. “You're not a stupid; I'm sorry I called that.”

“I know, and I forgive you, baby.” Her child was becoming too heavy for her leg. Sarah turned him in her arms and looked deep into his eyes. “Now, will you go to school for mommy?”

Dale nodded wordlessly. She could tell it was like she was asking him to walk back into the lion's den. “Remember I said I'd make school worth it for you?”

“How?”

“Remember bath time last Saturday?”

Dale smiled and blushed.

Sarah felt her own cheeks getting warm. “I liked doing that with you, and if it felt good ...”

Sarah waited for some feedback from her child. He caught her signal and nodded vigorously. “I'd like to make you feel good like that after school every day!”

“Forever and ever?” The boy's eyes held hope for the first time in a long time.

“Yes, my love!” Sarah smiled warmly at the little boy. “Forever and ever.”

“But what about the ... hitting?” Sarah could see his behavior would be a source of shame for quite a while.

Sarah kissed the top of his head. “I've already forgiven you, sweetie.” She once again met his eyes. She made her eyes light up as she pretended to come up with an idea at that very moment, but she had this all carefully planned. “And I've come up with an idea that might help the hitting.”

That piqued his curiosity.

“When you wear your Sunday best clothes, you don't go play in the mud, do you?”

Dale shook his head ‘no’ wordlessly.

“That's because the clothes make the man, and people in fancy clothes don't play in mud.” Sarah's eyes sparkled mischievously and she shared a smile with her little boy at such a ludicrous picture.

“If I got you some special clothes to wear to school to remind you that you really are a good, gentle man—”

“A gentleman!” Dale interrupted.

“That's right!” Sarah praised the lad. “You are smart, aren't you?” She felt warm all over to see her baby bask happily in her praise.

“A gentleman with special clothes to help him remember that he is one.” Sarah offered. “Is that what you'd like to be?”

“Yes please, Mommy!”

Mommy took Dale by his small hand and led him into the store, past the books (“Yes, we can stop there later” she said), past the section with the boys' clothes, and into to the section right next to it. As she sat him in a comfy chair, a pretty lady came over to them.

“May I help you?” she asked.

“I was told this store is a good place to get what I need. You see, my son is a very good and gentle young man—” Sarah began.

“A gentleman, get it?” Dale chimed in. His observation didn't have the same fun result that it did before, but mommy did kiss him on top of his head before telling him not to interrupt.

“We need special clothes for him that are fancy, soft and gentle, clothes that will remind him to be gentle to women and girls,” mommy concluded.

“So I'll remember not to hit,” Dale bravely explained.

“Oh!” The pretty lady seemed to understand the boy's situation and sympathize with him. “I think I can help you choose some very nice soft and fancy things that should give you the desired result.”

Mommy made Dale promise to stay in his seat and not to move until they returned. He promised solemnly. It was vitally important to him that mommy knew he really loved her and he really wanted to obey her.

Even so, it was difficult to sit still, and there were a lot of distractions. A couple of times, girls shopping with their mommies, stared at him. Maybe they knew he had hit some girls, but he tried not to think about that. So he looked at the carpet and counted the times the pattern repeated until that got boring.

Dale wasn't stupid (except compared to all the other kids in the whole world); he knew what mommy meant by telling him to sit still. She meant for him not to leave. He got up, but he kept touching his chair. He looked around and saw skirts and dresses on racks. Why did they leave him in the girls' section? Probably closer to the clothes mommy was looking for.

His thoughts were interrupted by a firm hand on his shoulder. He looked up to see his mommy standing over him. She didn't look pleased.

“I thought I told you to stay in your seat, little boy!”

“But I — that is, I didn't go too far,” explained the embarrassed lad. But he knew he had. His chair was a long way away - and he knew he had made upset her again. “I'm sorry, Mommy!” he said and before he could stop them, big baby tears were welling up in his eyes, and he quickly went back to his chair before anyone could see him crying like a big baby.

He hastily wiped his eyes before looking at them again. The pretty lady had some clothes in a basket, including what looked like some girls' clothes. 'Makes sense,' thought Dale. 'Probably the only basket available was in the girls' section.'

"Do we want to take Dale to one of the fitting rooms where it'll be more private?" asked the pretty lady.

"Definitely," said mommy confidently. "Come on, sweetie. Let's go make you nice and gentle!"

The women led him into a dressing room, sat him on a bench and started taking things out of the basket.

"First things first," mommy said. She sat down next to him and pulled off his socks and sneakers, then pulled off his shirt. Then she reached for his pants.

"Please no, Mommy!" Dale got up. He didn't want to be naked in front of a stranger, even if she was pretty.

But mommy looked angry. "Dale Anthony you come back here and let mommy take off your clothes," she said. Then she added, "Ms. Amy and I just want to help you, honey."

Mommy came up close to him. She looked less angry, and that made Dale less afraid. "We're going to help you so you'll stop hitting people; help you make mommy and Ms. Carolyn proud of you at school." She held out a hand to him. "Please, honey, can we help you now?"

At that moment Dale was so enthralled his sweet mommy cooing such soft, maternal words to him that he reached out, took mommy's hand automatically, and didn't complain when she not only pulled off his pants but his underpants as well. But then, standing in the little room, naked in front of Ms. Amy, the pretty store lady, he felt suddenly very shy.

"So, little boy," said Ms. Amy in a helpful voice. "Shall we start with your undies and go from there?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Dale shyly and obediently.

The two ladies opened several pairs of underpants. They looked different from the underpants he was used to wearing, all soft, and smooth, like flower petals. They all looked like they would fit, but mommy and Ms. Amy made him try on several pairs. Mommy made him wear the lacy, soft things and turn around so the ladies could get a good look at him, walk a few paces back and forth so he could feel the silky fabric on his body, and twist and turn so they could see how they fit him.

By the time they were finished, he was used to modeling the underwear for the women. It helped that mommy and Ms. Amy kept telling him how nice this one pair looked on him, how that pair made him look so gentle and nice. They especially liked the way he looked in the underpants with big rows of lace on them like the lace on mommy's good tablecloth. Finally, they left him in

one pair of underpants, delicate yellow ones decorated with daisies and ruffles around the legs. They were soft against him in a nice way and had lace that tickled a bit but felt good around his thighs.

“The boy looks great in these, Sarah!” Ms. Amy observed. “And it's obvious from how big his penis is that Dale loves wearing panties.”

“Panties?” Dale repeated under his breath.

“I know,” mommy agreed. “I should have had him in panties as soon as we moved here.”

“Panties!” Dale exclaimed, shocked. How could mommy do this to him?

“Hush, little boy.” Mommy looked stern, but not angry with him. “Yes, panties.” She must have seen how shocked Dale was. She added, “Dale is anyone gentler than mommy?”

“Nah, ah, no, Mommy.”

“Have you met any girl, even the ones who you fought with —” at this she held Dale, and he didn't feel as bad at the memory as he could have. “... who wasn't as gentle as she could be for as long as she could?”

“No, Mommy.”

“And what do girls wear for underwear?”

“Panties - but, Mommy, I'm not a girl!”

“Sh-h, honey,” mommy said as she took the panty-wearing Dale and set him on her lap. “No, you're not a girl, and you never will be.” She kissed his ear and the tip of his nose. “Mommy's not going to turn her little boy into a girl, but I know that secretly having panties on under your boys' clothes will always remind you to be gentle and not to hit people.”

Mommy then looked deep into Dale's eyes, as she started to talk, she had that certain tone in her voice that let him know this was something important. “Dale, would you please let mommy panty you, so you will be gentle always for mommy?”

Dale looked back into his mother's eyes. His heart was pounding, he wanted so much to make her happy that it hurt. At that moment it felt great big bunches important that mommy knew he loved her. He wanted to tell her that if she wanted, he'd always and forever wear panties, but when he opened his mouth, no words came out, so he just nodded his head.

“Wow!” mommy exclaimed in a hushed voice. She hugged Dale so tight he couldn't breathe. “What a good boy you are!” She kissed him all over his head and face. “You always do what mommy wants.” Mommy's put her hand on Dale's bottom and stroked it through the panties affectionately. “Dale makes mommy so happy!”

“Oh, Mommy!” Dale said happily. “I love you!” He wasn't an ooshy-gooshy boy, but he couldn't help it. He loved mommy so much that he just had to tell her at this moment.

“I love you too, Dale!” Mommy was still stroking his panties, hugging him close to her big, round breasts. Dale felt so special! He knew that mommy loved him a lot, and that made him feel so good he thought he was going to pop. Her arm felt so strong and good holding him, her breasts felt so soft against his face. Mommy's hand felt so good stroking his panties.

Then she bent down and whispered the secret in Dale's ear. “Mommy loves Dale, and all females, all mommies and all girls, love Dale.” As she told him the secret, she kept rubbing Dale's dickie through his panties. “And Dale loves all females, all mommies and girls.”

The flower-petal softness of his yellow panties made mommy's hands feel wonderful! “And Dale loves to obey all females, all mommies and girls.” Mommy's hands moved faster as she whispered. “And all females, all mommies and girls love to make Dale feel good!”

Then mommy made Dale cum like last Saturday. He suddenly felt so good he couldn't stand it, all over his body, centered on his penis, just like before. And like before, Dale was focused on Mommy, making him feel good, because she loved him.

“So,” mommy smiled down at her boy as he recovered from his orgasm. “Is Dale going to be mommy's little panty boy forever and ever?”

“Forever and ever, Mommy!” came Dale's cheerfully submissive reply, as Ms. Amy looked on, grinning, nodding and lightly clapping her hands.

“Dale, don't forget your lunch!”

Sarah smiled as her seven-year-old boy came running back to the house. When she handed him the brown paper sack, the young mother took the opportunity to reach down and fondle Dale's privates through his jeans. “How do your pretty panties feel, sweetie?”

Dale blushed. He was so much happier lately because of how nice mommy was being to him, especially after last Friday. But he was embarrassed at how she kept feeling him between his legs. It was like she just discovered he had parts there. But the smooth feeling lacy pink panties he wore under his jeans made every time she touched him there feel like heaven. He sighed happily. “They feel so nice, Mommy!”

Sarah opened his jeans and stroked her little boy's penis directly through his silky panties. She wanted to focus his attention on the girlie panties and why she made him wear under his pants. “Who's mommy's little gentleman?” she asked.

“I am!” Dale responded happily. He waited while mommy adjusted his panties, so he would be comfortable now that his penis was getting big and stiff, and then she carefully zipped up his

jeans over his erection in his panties. She always did things like that, making him comfortable and happy. 'I need to be good for mommy!' Dale thought. Then he said aloud and very seriously, "Don't worry, Mommy. I'll be gentle!"

"I know, sweetie," Sarah said. "Have fun!" She gave her son a hug and sent him on his way with a pat on his behind. 'They'd better be gentle with you too,' she added silently.

Dale walked the four blocks to school by himself, because he was a big boy. As he walked, he admired the pine trees and breathed the cold air that made him feel like an explorer through the lush natural setting of the valley. And he enjoyed the slippery smooth feeling of the flower-petal soft panties he wore under his jeans. Mommy was so smart to think of putting him in girls' panties. They couldn't be seen by anyone, but he could always feel them there, reminding him to be gentle.

Just before he got to the crosswalk, he noticed Janie and Angela up ahead. Angela was a fifth grader, very big and very strong. Dale had the misfortune last Friday to see just how strong she was. Janie, of course, was in his class. She was very helpful and he had liked her a lot when school started, but after last Friday, he didn't know if he liked any girls.

The two girls had Angela's little brother, Clarence, firmly in tow. Clarence was the smartest kid in Dale's school, and probably in the world. Just seeing the three of them made his belly hurt. Fortunately they didn't see him walking behind them. Dale's penis, still hard from mommy's rubbing him, shrank inside his panties. He walked slower, not wanting to go to school anymore.

"How are you, Dale?"

The little boy looked up to see the smiling face of the crossing guard lady. "I'm OK," he lied. "How are you?"

He let the lady lead him across the street, listening to her complain about her rheumatism, liking the way her hair matched the gray of the sky above them. Then she surprised him by squatting down by him and hugging him. "Don't worry, Dale," she said, kissing his cheek. "You'll be OK."

Dale was embarrassed, but the old lady's hug made him feel a little stronger and braver. He strode purposefully to the big L-shaped Queen Street Elementary School.

Ms. Carolyn's second grade was close to the front door. That was good; there wasn't much time to chicken out if he only had to walk a few doors down. Dale snuck into the room and put his lunch on the shelf with the others. He studiously avoided Janie's suspicious glare and tried not to notice that Clarence and Simon were hiding from him on the other side of the girls. Chip, good old Chip, came up to him.

"Hi Dale," he smiled. "Feeling better?"

“Yeah, a little.” Dale thought about his new plan for behaving, wondered if he should tell Chip about it. But there were some things one didn't tell other boys, even best friends. But his teacher probably needed to know. So he said, “I've gotta tell something to Ms. Carolyn.”

His teacher was kneeling next to one of the other kids, talking to him. She was always dressed nicely and she smelled good, like flowers. Dale whispered in her ear that he needed to see her, alone. Ms. Carolyn gave Dale's classmate a big hug and whispered something in his ear that made him blush. Then she let Dale lead her into the private room, between her classroom and the other second grade, Ms. Katherine's, next door.

“What is it, darling?” Ms. Carolyn was always so nice, even when Dale wasn't. “Don't worry,” she said when he was afraid to answer her. “It'll be all right. I'm ready to hear whatever you have to say.”

The seven year old didn't know any better way to tell her, so he just unzipped his jeans and let them fall to his ankles. Standing there, wearing the frilly pink panties mommy had put him in that morning, he said, “I won't hit any more. Mommy and I decided that if I wear panties like a girl, they'll remind me to be gentle like a girl too.” He added for emphasis, “I'm gonna be gentle, Ms. Carolyn.”

“What a brave, noble young man you are!” Ms. Carolyn squatted down, hugging Dale tightly to her bosom. Dale always loved how soft and bouncy she felt and how she just hugged love into people. “I'm very impressed!” She added, and Dale blushed with pride.

“Such a noble boy should know how much he pleases Ms. Carolyn,” his teacher said, and then she surprised him by rubbing his penis through his panties, making him big and hard, like his mommy did so often. Her big, gentle fingers felt so good that Dale shivered from her rubbing. Ms. Carolyn hugged Dale to her big, bouncy breasts with one hand and kept rubbing his penis with the other. Then she pulled the boy's jeans back up. Fastening them, she said. “This can be just between us for now. Your classmates don't need to see your pretty lace panties, at least not now; they just need to see how nicely they make you behave.”

Smiling, feeling better about school than he had in a while, Dale followed his teacher back into the classroom. Good old Chip came to him and they walked together to their desks. But when they got there, and Dale tried to say ‘hi’ to Clarence, Janie pulled the smart boy away from him and sat him down so that she stood between him and Dale.

“No hitting, Dale O'Claire!” the girl said severely. She got real close to him, so that he felt like backing up, except he was sitting. Looking down at him, she added. “You hit my boyfriend again and I'll POUND you, understand little boy?”

“I'll be good.” Dale whispered. His eyes filled with tears, the good feeling Ms. Carolyn put in him shrank with his penis.

“You'd better be!” Janie warned.

Dale was a very good boy indeed. Ms. Carolyn made it easy for him. Whenever she looked his way while she was teaching, she always favored him with her sweet smile that made his heart jump for joy. She was careful to repeat things, even though nobody else in class needed that, just so he would learn better. And when she asked questions, she called on him first whenever he raised his hand.

“You're in the zone, man!” His friend Chip said to Dale at recess. Dale wanted to tell him his secret. The smooth panties were like mommy's hand holding his penis, reminding him to be good.

But he was kind of embarrassed about wearing girls' clothes, so he just said, “It's cause I've got you for a friend. You're Little John and I'm Robin Hood!” They ‘high fived’ and Dale really felt like school could be fun. On the way back, he actually ran, ready for whatever came next.

But what was next was math. Math was, of course, the worst subject anyone could try to teach anyone. Nobody could ever understand all of it, except Clarence the Genius. And Simon was also so smart he could understand anything, even math. Dale really tried to follow the lesson, but when time for questions came, he didn't get anything right. Not even baby things his sweet teacher asked just because she felt sorry for him.

Finally, the monster that was hiding in Dale revealed itself, just when he least expected it. Ms. Carolyn asked zero divided by five and Dale's hand shot up. But instead of vindicating himself, he just made it clear how stupid he was.

“Fifty!” came his confident reply, followed by giggles from the rest of the class, and probably the rest of the school. But the worst part wasn't the laughing.

Chip, always nice Chip, gave him a sad look, raised his hand and said “0 divided by 5 is 0, because 0 divided by anything is 0.”

“Exactly,” said Ms. Carolyn. “Now to further illustrate this maxim...”

But Dale didn't enjoy his teacher using big words or even notice them. All he knew was that he'd just shown everyone in the whole world how stupid he was, and Chip made it clear that what Dale didn't know was sooo easy! Before he knew what he was doing, all the being angry at himself for being stupid came out at Chip.

“Ow!” Chip landed on the floor, and everyone looked. Even Ms. Carolyn saw the awful thing Dale did. He just hit the nicest kid in the world, and the only kid in class that really liked him! Dale was the worst person in the whole world.

Dale got up and tried to run from the room, but Ms. Carolyn caught him at the door. She dragged him kicking and screaming back into the classroom and stood with him at the front. Dale kept struggling and screaming into his teacher's soft bosom until he finally ran out of steam.

Ms. Carolyn turned the weary, ashamed boy to face the class. He caught a glance of her face as she did, and was surprised that she didn't look angry. Dale was furious at himself; of course a smart person like Ms. Carolyn should be angry, but her eyes and even her voice were gentle as she spoke.

“Children,” she began. The class was silent, all eyes on Ms. Carolyn and Dale the Monster. “Boys hitting other people is very bad, never to be tolerated, and when a little boy hits others, he must be stopped.”

The nice teacher sat down in front of the class and pulled the very sad Dale onto her lap. As she started to remove his shoes, she continued. “Sometimes a boy will try to stop himself from hitting or other children might try to stop him, but that might not work.” She took off his socks. “So mommies, teachers, and other females may have to step in and help a boy help himself.”

“Mommies and other females help boys behave,” Ms. Carolyn said as she stood Dale on a chair, “by spanking them or using other punishments.” Dale's heart was pounding. He knew what his good, sweet teacher was going to do. His behind already hurt just thinking about it. Big baby tears started to trickle down his cheeks.

“Another way to help a boy behave,” Ms. Caroline undid and pulled down the boy's jeans, revealing his frilly pink girls' panties to the class, “is by changing how he sees himself, and how others see him.”

There was a collective gasp from the class.

“Janie,” the teacher nodded at Clarence's girlfriend, “what do you see?”

“He's wearing frilly panties, like a little baby girl,” she said. “Are we making him into a little girl?”

“Yes, they are panties like a little girl wears, but we're not making him into a little girl. He's a boy, and the fancy panties are just to remind him to be good and act sweetly like a little girl,” Ms. Carolyn corrected. “He's not like a big girl. Girls here are big and must protect their little boys, isn't that true?” Janie, along with the rest of the class nodded. “Dale is small and weak, like most boys, and he needs to be protected.”

“Then why does he hit?” asked Simon.

“Because he hasn't yet learned that rules are different here,” Ms. Carolyn explained. “Like where he moved her from, he still thinks boys are rough and tough and can hit people they feel inferior to.” She stroked Dale's naked legs and helped him step out of his jeans. “He has to learn that it's OK for boys here to be small and gentle, and that big girls will defend them against harm, like the girls who beat him up last week because he hit a weak little boy. So to teach him our ways here, Dale's mommy put him in sissy panties to remind him he has to be gentle, like a little baby girl.”

Ms. Polly, the teacher's aide was holding Chip on her lap, consoling him. He chimed in, "So they're like a traffic signal!" Dale was glad his friend didn't look upset from being hit. "Like a 'Be Gentle' sign."

"That's right, Chip!" Ms. Carolyn smiled. "But you can't see a traffic sign if it's covered, and Dale couldn't see his pretty lace panties under his big boy jeans." Her soft hands emphasized her words as she stroked his panty-covered bottom. "He forgot to be gentle. Can we think of a way he won't forget his panties again?"

Hesitantly, Simon raised his hand.

Ms. Carolyn gently asked, "Yes, honey?"

"N-no jeans?" he ventured, his voice a whisper.

"Yeah, that's the solution!" Janie said triumphantly. "Don't let him wear his jeans so everybody can see he's just an inferior little panty boy who can't hurt anyone!"

"Panty boy!" the children in the class giggled and called out, "Little panty boy!"

"Enough, children!" Ms. Carolyn looked irritated for the first time that day. She hugged Dale and explained, "If Dale here is a little panty boy, that doesn't mean we tease him! On the contrary, we treat him more gently than other boys, because he needs gentleness."

"Yes Ms. Carolyn," her class said in unison.

So even though Ms. Carolyn didn't spank Dale, she did keep him without pants for the rest of the day. Then he better understood why his mommy kept his pants off after she spanked him. It made him feel small and naked and took away his desire to be bad, and here at school in front of everyone in just his lacy pink panties, Dale felt even worse than just in front of his mommy.

School was not too bad, either. Dale was afraid it would be awful, because at lunch the older boys teased him about his frilly girls' underwear. But when the girls in his class saw he was in trouble, Janie and Rebecca came to his rescue. Rebecca even pushed one of the teasing boys down. "From now on, little panty boy," Janie instructed him, "you'll have to sit with us girls so we can keep you safe."

It was so surprising to be invited to sit with the girls because lately they looked at him like he was a wild animal. "You come along too, Chocolate Chip," Rebecca said to Dale's always nice friend. "Since you're little Dale's friend, we'll need to protect you too."

It was a relief that Janie and the other girls didn't look angry at him any more. It made him feel kind of shy because they didn't talk to him much, only to each other about how to care for him, like he was a baby. But they were worlds nicer than before and seemed to really care about him.

After he got his food, Susie corrected him when he tried to sit with them. “No, little Dale, don't sit with us. Get down and kneel by our table.” As she stroked his bottom through his panties she explained, “You can eat your lunch kneeling down. We don't want you to get your pretty lacy panties dirty. Besides,” she added with a smile. “Momma always tells me you males are better behaved on your knees.”

Dale was happy to be by Janie and Rebecca and the other girls even if it meant kneeling on the hard floor because it meant that he could talk to Simon and Clarence too, who always sat with the girls.

‘Maybe some of their smarts will rub off on me,’ Dale thought, and it was like having his mind read when the genius Clarence said, “Don't worry, Dale, we'll help you learn arithmetic. Perhaps lunch will become our study hour, like the big kids do at lunch.”

Lunch was fun for Dale, even though he had to eat kneeling down, plus he had to give his cupcakes to Janie and Rebecca, instead of sharing with Chip like he usually did. “That was yummy, Panty Dale!” said Janie. “But let's go outside. You and Chocolate Chip need to give us our real treat now.”

“Are you quite sure?” Simon asked a little puzzled. “I thought that's what boyfriends are for.”

“No, silly!” Susie hugged the smart boy and kissed him quietly. “Mommy said that all boys are meant to serve all girls.”

Once outside, Janie said, “Take off your coats, boys, and you little Chip, I want you to take your pants and underwear off too.” At his surprised gasp she added. “Don't worry, little boy, we girls are here to protect you; we won't hurt you.”

Always nice Chip didn't hesitate.

Janie and Rebecca were wearing skirts, of course, and they slid their panties off. Janie's panties were white nylon with pink hearts printed on them, and Rebecca's panties were pink nylon with just a thin bit of red lace trimming the leg openings plus a little red bow up on the waist elastic in front. Dale was a bit embarrassed because both girls' panties weren't as lacy and frilly as his panties. ‘I'm dressed more girly than the girls,’ he thought.

Rebecca was closest to Chip in size, and once he was naked except for his T-shirt, she gave him her panties and told him to put them on. He was a well-trained boy and put them on without a whimper, even though he was blushing with shame, fearing being teased. Then the girls had the two boys spread their coats out on the ground and kneel on them. Neither Dale nor Chip had any practice making girls feel good, but the big, strong girls were so nice when they guided the boys under their skirts that Dale didn't think of being afraid. And when Dale didn't know what to do, Janie guided him with her hands and told him when and how to kiss her and when to lick her instead. Janie was sweet and gentle, like Ms. Carolyn, even when she had to correct him.

Dale's ears were muffled by Janie's legs, but he heard Rebecca tell Susie to help him and Chip feel good, to reward them for making the girls feel good. Susie's fingers slid over Dale's panties and wrapped around his now stiff penis. Her squeezing made Dale feel good and made him want to keep pleasing Janie with his tongue even after he was tired. He assumed Chip was being similarly rewarded.

Just as the bell rang to return to class, Janie suddenly started shaking. She wrapped her legs around Dale's head so tight it hurt, and she crushed her moist pussy against his face so hard he couldn't breathe. He guessed she was cumming, like he did when mommy made him feel good, and he felt happy inside to make this nice, big girl feel that good.

Susie stopped rubbing Dale and instead helped him and Chip on with their coats. "Chocolate Chip!" She exclaimed. "You and the little panty boy are both out of breath!" The girls giggled at this, and Janie said Susie should clean the boys up. She took Janie's white flowered panties and wiped off the boys' faces, but there wasn't time for anything else. "Come on, little boys," Susie commanded. "Back to class!"

As they ran back to class, Susie took Dale's jeans and she said she was going to keep them until after school. Dale looked worried running back into school in just his T-shirt and Rebecca's pink panties, but the thoroughly submissive little Chip didn't complain. As the two panty-wearing boys ran into their classroom, some of the boys noticed Chip wearing pink panties like Dale and started to laugh and tease the two boys until Rebecca and Janie shoved the boys back down in their seats and told them they'd punish them after school. Ms. Carolyn told the class to settle down and told both of the pantied boys to sit with the girls.

However, despite the teasing, both Dale's penis and Chip's were still big and stiff because Susie hadn't had time to make them cum and they were still fully aroused. Their bone-hard penises poking up in their frilly girlie panties felt so good; they wanted more and the sexually stimulated boys barely felt any shame.

As Ms. Carolyn started talking, little Dale glanced around. Both Rebecca and Janie looked so "radiant" (one of their vocabulary words), and that made him feel good. Simon and Clarence smiled back when he looked at them, and that made him feel good also. The kids in his class didn't look angry at him, and he didn't feel afraid of them, and that made him feel best of all.

Janie was sitting behind Dale, and she pulled his chair back, hugged his back against her soft chest and told him she'd finish wanking him into his panties during afternoon recess.

Dale then decided he liked girls, even bossy ones, and he didn't really mind when they told him what to do. Surprisingly, he even thought wearing girls' panties was pretty cool because they felt so good to wear and they felt so fantastic on his penis when the girls stroked his penis in panties just like his mommy did. And he felt a lot better about wearing panties because the girls promised to protect him from anybody who teased him. His mommy was right; the fancy panties reminded him to be gentle, especially when everybody could see his panties. And he now knew his mommy was right when she told him all women and girls loved him, but to earn that love, Dale knew he needed to be gentle. And he decided he loved school too! He couldn't wait to go

home and tell his mommy how smart she was to have him wear pretty girls' panties like a little girl!

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The Annual Sucking Contest

My husband Jeff came into a major fortune upon selling his little computer software company to a tech giant, and now at thirty-three, he is retired, and we are doing the things we have always dreamed of doing. One of the first things we did was to move to Eden Gardens, an exclusive gated subdivision near South Beach. To give you an idea of how ritzy it is, the lowest priced homes in this development go for over \$5 million. But we were also attracted to this community because the billionaire developer, an Old World Bohemian, had set it up to cater to well educated, artistically inclined, open-minded and modern thinking people of great wealth. Reportedly, he himself is antigovernment and anti-religion with a pro anything-goes type of sexuality. Our kind of people!

But what had interested us most about Eden Gardens was a small private school located in the development. We had heard about the school from friends who share our unique interests. Eden Elementary School has extremely high scholastic standards and a truly avant-garde approach to life. For years, we had heard rumors about this school; but you can't get any information about it unless you are a resident or potential resident of this development.

So once we were financially able to afford moving to Eden Gardens, we wanted to know more about the school, and as information trickled down to us, it sounded too good to be true, but we kept pulling strings and put a few dollars in the right places, and eventually we got an interview and a tour. It proved to be everything we had heard about it and more. And, we got the OK to send our kids there once we finalized our home purchase and moved in.

We have two kids. Ginny, our youngest, is eight and in the second grade. Timmy, our oldest, is ten, and in the fourth grade.

One of the reasons we are so interested in sending our kids to this exclusive elementary school is their open attitude toward sexual matters. They advocate that children are just as sexual as adults, and it's a great injustice to prevent them from enjoying the satisfying benefits of a full sex life. They contend that the most well-adjusted children are those who are well-versed in sexual matters and kept sexually well satisfied.

They have been in the school just over a week now, but we requested a meeting with the principal and today are at the school to talk to him about the school's annual cocksucking contest and want to see if we can enter Ginny and Timmy. It's going to be the sixteenth year of this

wildly popular event. We had just learned of the competition two days ago from our new neighbor, Connie White, who had already enrolled her son and daughter in the event. After speaking with her and learning just how prestigious this contest is considered, I couldn't wait for my husband to arrive home from work that evening to tell him about it. Once I told him, he readily agreed we should indeed enter both Ginny and Timmy. He was sure it would elevate our standing in the community, especially if our little ones did well, but the contest is next week, and we hoped we weren't too late to make the deadline to enter.

Harbor City Elementary is unlike any school we had ever seen with its elegantly landscaped grounds outside and sumptuous furnishings inside. We knew the kids would be delighted to go here, and they are. Presently, we are sitting in the principal's office waiting to talk to him because he can explain the rules to us, and he is in charge of qualifying the kids for the contest.

I should add that both our kids are proficient cocksuckers. Both have been sucking cocks since they were infants. I was thinking of the first time Ginny sucked a cock, my brother's, some five years ago, when my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the door behind my husband and me being opened.

It's Mr. Harold Crowley, the school principal, entering the room. He's a tall man, slim and trim, with a full head of hair, which is starting to turn gray, and I guess his age to be early fifties. He's attractive for an older man, kind of a Jack Nicholson type, and is wearing an expensive dark blue suit. He smiles at both of us as he shakes our hands.

"So, you are Jeff and Amy Clark, yes?" he says.

"Yes," I say in reply. Jeff just nodded in affirmation.

"And you wish to enter your two children in our school's annual cocksucking contest, correct?" he asks, smiling at us both.

"Yes, sir," I respond quickly. "But we're not sure just how the contest functions and hoping you would fill us in. We still have time to enter our kids, don't we?"

"Oh, yes, matter of fact, today is the last day to register. So you're in luck. As for the details, Mrs. Clark, the contest is held on seven levels. Each grade, from kindergarten through sixth grade has its own event. It wouldn't be fair, for example, to match a first grader against a fifth grader, so we do it grade by grade. There's no limit to how many children can compete from each grade. Last year we had more first graders than we did fifth graders, but it looks like we will have about the same number of kids from each grade competing this year, I am pleased to say.

"The contest is held over a seven day period, with each grade competing on a different day. It is held in our school auditorium of course and starts promptly at 7:00 PM each of those days. There's no admission charge, and parents and friends can attend all seven days, even if their particular child is not in the contest on that given night. We also encourage grandparents and other relatives to attend, by the way."

"I see. How long does each nightly contest last?"

"Until the last cock has been sucked and the contestant swallows every bit of cum from it. After a coffee break while the judges make their decisions, prizes are awarded for first, second and third place."

"And can you tell us about the judges?"

"There are three judges selected at random from our teaching staff, a different set of judges for each night's contest. Their names are drawn from a hat, actually."

"Sounds fair," Jeff, my husband, says. "Tell us, Mr. Crowley, who are the men that get sucked off by the children, and how many are there?"

"Ah, that is privileged information, I'm afraid. Each male must remain anonymous, for obvious reasons, and they all wear masks while they are on stage, but I can tell you they range in age from 14 to 65."

"How do you select the judges, though?" I ask.

He smiles and says, "Any man or boy who auditions to have his cock sucked during the competition states his preference to be sucked off by a boy or a girl, and then he must go through a medical examination, and he receives three blowjobs. His output is measured for quantity, quality and consistency. After that, quite simply, they are selected by cock size, Mrs. Clark," he says, still smiling. "If you attend the contest, I can assure you will see some of the largest and thickest cocks you have ever seen. Even the cocks of the boys we have for this phenomenal event are extraordinary."

"Any further questions?" Mr. Crowley asks.

"How many cocks does each kid suck?" Jeff asks.

"Three," Mr. Crowley says. "Three cocks per each child in the contest. Needless to say, each child must swallow all of the cum each cock unloads. Missing any of it, spitting it out, etc., is cause for immediate elimination. I take it both of your children are capable of devouring a good sized load of sperm, yes?"

"Yes, they are, sir," Jeff says proudly.

"Good," the principal replies with a smile. "I would surely hate to see either of them disqualified for failing to complete such a simple task as swallowing cum from the nice firm cock they had just sucked to the finish."

"Any more questions?" the principal asks.

"There is one more thing. How should Ginny and Timmy be dressed for the contest?"

"In panties only," Crowley says with that same smile that has increasingly turned into an excited grin. "Nothing else at all. Just panties. And the cuter and more feminine they are, the better."

"Timmy too?" I ask, a little surprised. "Timmy has to wear panties?"

"Oh, yes," he says, flashing an even bigger smile our way. "We don't have many boys in this contest, but we do have some, and the dress code is the same for both girls and boys. Panties only. Anyway, if you want your son to be a noteworthy cocksucker, and obviously you do, he should be wearing faggot fancy panties at all times, don't you think?"

"Yes," I sigh, "I suppose you are right about that."

In agreement, my husband nods, slowly at first and then wholehearted with an excited smile on his face.

"You two should get the little cocksucker in panties as soon as possible, and that way he'll be used to wearing them by the time the contest begins," he says.

"I think you're right about," I chime in. "We'll have to stop off and buy him some panties on the way home."

"Good idea," Mr. Crowley says. "Tell me, how long has the boy been sucking cocks?"

"Since he was three," I admit. "My husband got him started. Jeff is completely bisexual and has always been fond of sucking cock, so it seemed only fitting to get our son into it, too."

Crowley grins and then looks directly at my husband. "Does Timmy suck YOUR cock, now, Mr. Clark?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes," Jeff confesses to the school executive. "In the past, he sucked off his two uncles and three boy cousins, but since we moved here, we've made contact with some of our new neighbors and he's been sucking off some of the older boys in our neighborhood, and a few of their dads, as well."

"Sometimes, my husband and Timmy do it as a team and suck these boys and their fathers together," I say.

My husband blushes beet red, and Crowley laughs slightly, as he inquires, "OH, really? How nice!"

"Oh, yes," I go on. "Just last Saturday, I came home from shopping to find both my husband and son on their knees, side by side in the living room, sucking the cock of our fourteen-year-old paperboy and his father, and loving every inch of those two splendid cocks, too!"

"Who was sucking which cock?" he asks.

"Well, they were taking turns," I tell him. "Jeff sucked the paperboy a while as our son sucked the father, and then Jeff and Timmy would trade off. It went back and forth like that until, finally, the father shot off in my son's mouth, and the paperboy put a nice load down my husband's throat."

"Do you like watching your husband and son suck cock, Mrs. Clark?" Crowley asks me.

"Yes, I have to admit that I do. It is quite a turn for me and never fails to get me wet."

"Well, I have to tell you something, Mrs. Clark," Mr. Crowley says, sighing deeply as he speaks, "I have been eyeing you up since I sat down here at my desk. That long auburn hair of yours is beautiful, and your big brown eyes are simply exquisite. You are very pretty, and it's easy to see from where your little Ginny gets her great looks. I've observed your little bitch in Miss Daley's classroom, and she is indeed one fine-looking piece of ass for an eight year old. I have no doubt she'll grow up to be an exact replica of her sexy mother."

"Well, thank you," I say with a smile, my face flushing.

"Allow me to go on, please. As I've said, Mrs. Clark, I have been eyeing you up since I sat down. Why don't you part those luscious legs of yours a bit so that I can have a view of your panties?"

I look over at Jeff for his approval, and he is nodding, "Go ahead, honey, let him have a peek at your panties."

I move my knees apart, affording him a clear view up my skirt. He stares long and hard, and then sighs.

"I applaud your choice of panties," Crowley says at last, still staring at my now exposed panty crotch. "They appear to be top quality, and I like the color too. Pale green silk with pink lace around the legs – beautiful! They are silk, aren't they?"

"Yes, they're silk," is all I could think of saying.

Mr. Crowley now turns his attention to my husband, "Mr. Clark, I must tell you that your stunning wife has given me quite a hard-on. I really need to see more, namely her cunt. You wouldn't have any objections to her removing her charming panties, would you?"

Jeff moves about uneasily before saying, "Uh, well, I guess it will be all right," my husband says sputtering.

"Good," Crowley replies. "In fact, why don't you peel them off of your wife? Stand up, Mrs. Clark, so that your husband can lower those lovely panties of yours. I can't wait to feast my eyes on your cunt."

I stand up and Jeff reaches over and slides his trembling hands up under my miniskirt to the waistband of my panties and lowers them. When they reach my ankles, I step nervously out of

them and face Mr. Crowley. I lift the hem of my short skirt to my waist to enable him to get a full view of what he wants to see. I keep my eyes lowered as I am a little embarrassed to look at him directly.

Crowley let out a loud whistle, an excited groan and then said, "Beautiful! Absolutely beautiful! And cleanly shaven, too! Fantastic! I suspected as much. A cunt that beautiful should not be covered with hair."

I look over at Jeff, who is now squirming in his chair.

"I think your wife needs to be fucked, Mr. Clark," Crowley tells my husband. "Wouldn't you agree?"

"I ... I guess so," I hear Jeff stammer.

"I'm going to pleasure her with my ten-inch cock," Crowley tells Jeff. "But first, I need you to suck it a bit. Get it good and rigid for your wife's pussy. And take your wife's silk panties you are still holding and slip them on. Get naked and just wear her panties, a nice treat for my eyes while you give me a blowjob."

Mr. Crowley is smiling as my husband drops off his clothes and pulls on my panties. He appears to be humbled by having to wear my frilly ladies' panties. I like it! And I like how he looks in panties even more as he submissively goes down on his knees in front of Mr. Crowley. I know he's embarrassed to be wearing my panties because he's blushing a deeper red than I have ever seen him blush, but his cock sure likes my panties. It's standing up in the pale green panties and stretching the pink lace all out of shape. Yet, it's very exciting the way panties fit around his cock and balls and ass. I can't help but think about Timmy in panties too! When we stop to buy panties for Timmy, I'm going to get some panties for Jeff too. While attending to Crowley's cock, Jeff is jacking himself off in my panties.

"Ah, that's enough, Mr. Clark, you pantywaist faggot," Crowley bellows. "It's time for me to fuck this dazzling wife of yours."

As Crowley rapidly removes all of his clothes, Jeff stands alongside and continues to masturbate himself in my panties. What an erotic sight! I always knew Jeff was a lightweight compared to other men, but seeing him in ladies' panties seems so natural for him, and I have no idea why I had never before thought of having him in panties. But I instantly decided that if I had anything to say about it, panties would be the only kind of underwear he'd ever wear again.

"Get your clothes off, Mrs. Clark," Crowley ordered.

I nodded and shucked of my sweater, bra and skirt.

Crowley pushed me back on his desk.

Jeff came around the front of the desk. With one hand he continued to jack himself off through my panties, and with his other hand, he held my hand tightly as Crowley mounted me with his gigantic prick.

My husband continued to hold my hand lovingly during this brutal fucking. "Is he fucking you good, sweetheart?" my panty-wearing husband asked me.

"Oh, yes, my panty boy darling!" I confided to him breathlessly. "He is fucking me wonderfully!"

"I'm going to cum in her now!" Crowley wailed loudly, looking at my husband. "I'm pretty potent, so I just might knock her up. You don't mind, do you?"

"No ... not at all," I heard my pansy of a husband reply, as he squeezed my hand harder.

The thought of being impregnated by this horny man had me reeling, and I reached another glorious orgasm. I locked my legs snugly around Mr. Crowley's back as he filled my pussy with his baby-making seed.

When he at last pulls out, he instructs Jeff to suck his cock clean. Next, Crowley's directs my husband who is sent down to lick his cum off the floor.

This story is by Lady Bug, if you know how to contact her, please let us know.

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LOVE Magazine - Introduction

If there was one publication that reflected the most outrageous aspects of the free loving and open sexual attitudes of the 1970s, it was LOVE magazine.

Mickey, a man with a kinky incestuous family originally worked in Los Angeles for FINGER an early avant-garde no-holds-barred pulp sex magazine, but when the publisher started putting limits on what he was willing to put in the magazine, Mickey left, and with his wife and family, started his own self-published magazine that he called, LOVE. His incestuous family was made up of a teen daughter and a preteen daughter, a preteen son and a crossdressing uncle. Plus they had friends equally kinky, and in most issues of the magazine, they wrote about some of their wild sex parties as well as their weird daily sex lives.

Other than the occasional page or two about their own crazy sexual doings, the rest of the magazine was completely reader written. Mickey, the father, would type copies of letters they received to fit into the magazine's layout. His wife created some illustrations but mostly just

decorated each page of the magazine with an artistic border. As Mickey typed letters to put into the layout, he kept all the typos and grammatical errors contained in the original letters because he wanted to present the letters exactly as he had received them without editing of any kind. These were genuine letters from real people and not made-up letters as most publishers were doing with the letters they published in their magazines in those days (and still do).

The first issue of LOVE appeared around 1973. Mickey would publish any letter, photo or drawing no matter how outrageous. They printed it themselves and then personally traveled around hand selling their magazine to adult bookstores. But selling took up all their time, so they tracked down the most liberal publisher they could find and started using them to handle the actual printing and distribution. But still it was difficult for them to keep a regular publishing schedule, sometimes they would go for a couple of months without putting out a new issue, and then would come out with two or three issues all at once.

Then the printer/publisher started to get complaints that the material was too weird and too raunchy. Mickey and his kinky family sensed possible legal trouble so they moved to Italy, yet kept putting out the magazine from there. They would send the layouts to a printer in the U.S. who would print them and handle the distribution. Simultaneously, they put out a European edition that they had printed and distributed in Europe, and that edition often contained some photos that their American printer/publisher refused to reproduce. So sometimes the U.S. edition had a blank space where a photo was supposed to have been printed.

But the heat was on in Europe too, so they moved to sexually wide-open Amsterdam and had their magazine produced there. All that pressure from the possibility of legal action and nervous printers and publishers who refused to print some items continued to result in a haphazard publishing schedule. At least once, the U.S. publisher refused to print the entire issue.

Frustrated, Mickey and his “love family” went back to some limited self-publishing and printed some booklets themselves and sold them directly to customers for delivery in the mail. That gave them the ability to pull back from putting possibly illegal material in their regular issues of LOVE, but they would put those items in these special privately printed publications. They explained it all to their regular customers in the issues of LOVE that were then being sold in adult book stores, and invited people to buy a subscription to get the uncensored booklets. They strictly limited this business to 1,000 mail-order subscriptions because that was all they could handle on a monthly basis. They also offered for sale by mail-order only some formerly banned issues and issues that were never distributed for one reason or another as well as the more liberal European editions of LOVE. Also, they sold by direct mail their wildest and most controversial material in two self-printed and self-published booklets (with the exact same format as LOVE) that they called “GOD” and HATE.” A few issues of those two publications they did directly distribute to a few adult book stores, but almost exclusively, they were sold by mail-order from Europe.

Throughout all their years of producing LOVE and their other publications, they maintained a PO Box mail forwarding service in Los Angeles, and items ordered through the PO Box were either send in bulk to the U.S. and then re-mailed to individual customers or sent directly to the customers from Europe.

LOVE is now a rare collector's item and one of the most interesting and controversial sex magazines ever created. #1 was published in 1973 (approximately), and the last issue of LOVE #80 (that we know about) was published (approximately) in 1981.

Note: We wrote this article with information from various issues of LOVE, HATE and GOD. If you have additional information about these publications, can correct or add to any of the information above, or if you have any issues of these publications that we may not have had in the past and are willing to loan to us, please contact us. We'll be glad to reward you for sharing your treasure. But do contact us, BEFORE you send anything.

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Letters from LOVE Magazine

My Aunt Sandra

Dear Love,

Hi, my name is Alan. I'd like to share with all your readers. When I was fifteen and in high school, I stayed with my Aunt Sandra in Florida while my folks were on vacation. Auntie was forty-five at the time but looked like a sexy thirty year old. She had flaming red hair and the largest firmest breasts I had ever seen. I always fantasized about her wearing just nylon panties and squatting over me with her wet pussy drooling through her panties and humping my eager tongue and mouth.

Well, the first day I was there she went out to get something for dinner, I was so horny just seeing her again that I had to check out her lingerie like I had when visiting her before. I went right to the bathroom and spotted some of her sexy lingerie over the bathtub drying. They were already dry, so I couldn't resist. I put on her big lacy white bra, garter and nylons and a super pair of peach colored panties with naughty black lace on them. From the dirty clothes hamper, I pulled out all her panties and stuffed them into the bra cups, all except the most heavily soiled pair that I immediately started sniffing and licking as I pumped my now hard throbbing cock in her super soft panties. The feel of her lovely panties against my skin made me dizzy with pleasure. As I jacked off, I put my hand down the back of the panties and a finger up my ass. All of a sudden I looked up and there was Aunt Sandra and her friend Carol from next door, both smiling at me.

They started to take off their clothes – all the way down to their pretty lingerie! Auntie was wearing all black lingerie with wicked pink lace trim. She coolly informed me that she thought I would be up to my old tricks and had purposely left out her prettiest lingerie on the tub and

hadn't washed her panties for a week in preparation of my arrival so there would be a lot of dirty panties in the hamper for me to play with.

Carol was 26, blond and very sexy. They told me how hot I looked dressed in sexy lingerie and how they loved watching me jacked off. Carol had fairly small titties but they were in a beautiful soft white bra with pastel colored flowers all over it. Her panties matched, plus there was white lace on both the bra and the panties.

Before I knew it they had me down on the floor and Carol bent down and started licking my cock and balls through the peach panties. Aunt Sandra squatted over my face and shoved her hot wet pussy against my mouth and face. I licked and sucked her and felt her cum flowing down my throat and face. I could feel her cum repeatedly as I shot my hot load all over Carol's face.

It was a treat to see Aunt Sandra lick Carol's face clean and then they nuzzled their heads together and took turns licking every drop of cum off my panties, cock and balls. She then said it was time for my shower!

They had me lie in the bathtub and both Aunty and Carol squatted over me and showered me with their golden hot pee. I drank every drop aimed at my mouth and loved it flowing down my throat.

That was over ten years ago, and since that first time, I have visited her every chance I can, gladly giving up great vacations with my parents to stay with her instead. To this day, she still loves to have me jack off in front of her friends, most of whom are lesbians, but they often let me eat their hot pussies and drink their golden pee too. I would love to hear from others with similar interests. A couple of Auntie's friends have little sons and daughters and they often pair me up with them for the entertainment of all – but that's another story!

Sincerely,

Alan Katz

Love #46 (1977)

Dress Reform

Dear Love Magazine,

I'm forty-one years old now, but as a kid I went to a school that actually practiced what we now call petticoat punishment. In those days, at least at our grade school, they called it 'dress reform.' It wasn't used too often, only if that punishment seemed to fit the offense, most commonly it was used on boys who did something against the girls like hitting them or embarrassing them with a prank. For most other offenses, paddling was the standard punishment.

One day when I was in the seventh grade I saw a girl bending over to get a drink from the water fountain, and her dress was kind of short for those days, and it came up a lot in back as she took a drink. I put my hand up the back of her dress and pinched her bloomed butt! The girl lurched forward in shock and bumped her mouth on the fountain's spigot. She turned around and screamed at me. Her mouth was bleeding profusely! Worst of all, a teacher was standing right there and saw the whole thing!

Seconds later, the teacher grabbed my ear and painfully hauled me along to the principal's office. Once inside, I didn't even have a chance to explain, say I was sorry, or beg for forgiveness. I was bent over the principal's desk, had my trousers and underwear hauled down, legs spread as wide as possible and the paddle violently smacked against my inner thighs. Then I was bent over the teacher's lap as the principal smacked my naked bottom with the paddle. Then she made the announcement that I would be wearing panties and dresses for two weeks or maybe even longer depending upon how serious the injury was to the girl.

Whenever one of the boys had to undergo dress reform, all the other kids made his life miserable, and that's what happened to me too. I was called 'girly' and 'sissy.' Boys pranced around me doing exaggerated feminine motions like swinging their hips and wiggling their chests like they had big tits. Most of the girls just laughed and then turned their noses up at me in disgust. I had to go to and from school in girls' clothes, so a lot of the people in our small suburb saw see me like that.

Even worse, my mom and dad made me keep on the clothes at home, plus mom gave me three more spankings during my punishment period. And she gave me one of her long nightdresses to wear each night. I cried a lot during those two weeks.

Toward the end of that time, a group of girls cornered me one day on my way home from school. They blindfolded me and pulled me into one of their houses. They pulled up my dress and decided to have their way with me. No one had ever touched my penis before, so I had no idea what they were doing as they grabbed at my penis through the pink rayon panties. My penis got real hard. I was going crazy with them doing it. I had just started to masturbate, so all of a sudden, I knew I was going to cum unless they stopped! They did stop but shoved me down on the floor and took turns sitting on my face in their panties and rubbing their pantied pussies all over my mouth and nose. A couple of them giggled so much little spurts of pee hit me in the face!

Then they stood me up and took the blindfold off of me. As expected, the girl I had hurt was there, but also her twenty-year-old sister, and she was standing right in front of me with her skirt up around her waist. One of the girls was taking pictures with her new Brownie camera! The girls were holding my arms, and the big sister told me to start jacking off. She was going to give me one minute to shoot my slimy juice into my panties. But with the girl taking pictures and all of them watching me, laughing, and calling me sissy names, I couldn't do it. The big sister claimed I must be queer because I wasn't excited looking up her skirt.

Then they blindfolded me again, put me on the floor and started playing with my penis in my panties again. They told me they had a surprise for me, and they all stop playing with me except

one pair of hands. They got all sweet to me, and I got very hard and turned on as they cooed and made kissing sounds. I shot my cum in response to being expertly manipulated. It was so shameful to cum in my panties with a pack of girls watching me. As soon as shot off, they went crazy with laughter and called me a queer. That's when they took the blindfold off and I saw an old fat man of about forty, down between my legs with his hands still on my spent penis. He was still rubbing me through my panties. All of a sudden I realized who the man was -- a dirty old man, known to everybody as the town queer!

The girls then let me go. The old fag said I could come over to house anytime for some fun games. Then to the shrill laughter of all the girls, I grabbed my skirt and ran out of there as fast as I could. Those girls never let me forget what had happened that day, and rumors persist to this day that I am gay. I'm not! But I am hooked on masturbating into old-fashioned girls' panties, a direct result of that day of terror!

Errol, Washington. D.C. area

Write to me c/o Love

Love Vol 7 No 80 (1981)

Sissy Boy Obsession

Dear Love:

Though I came across LOVE by accident, I can assure you that in the future, I shall go out of my way to obtain every issue. As a joke while I was visiting a friend, we went into an adult bookstore. We looked at a lot of the standard jerk-off books and had a few laughs showing each other pictures we thought were more funny than sexy, you know – like humongous tits, cum shots hitting a girl in the eyes, etc. Then he remembered he had to make a phone call, and while he was on the pay phone, I browsed through the stock. Ordinarily I go for crossdressing magazines, and this store didn't have much in that area. But I picked up one of your issues (#34), and almost by itself, the book opened to page 1483 and I felt the flame of fire flash through me, bringing me alive again when I saw that picture of the eight-year-old Tommy who wants to be a girl dancing around in his sister's ruffled panties with his mother, father and sister cheering him on!

At the age of 54, I had been feeling somewhat burnt out sexually, but little Tommy took possession of me, and I haven't been the same since. I am very much under his spell. I took this wonderful magazine of yours home and into my den. Locking myself in, I read it from cover to cover and then kept looking at the pictures of Tommy and rereading his story about a hundred times! Over about an hour and a half, I soiled three pairs of my panties! I hadn't cum three times within a twenty-four hour period since I was in my early thirties, and I don't know if ever before I had ever come three times in that short amount of time.

Several times, as a matter of fact. All that I could think about is what a sad state of affairs it is that such an enlightening magazine open to all kinky sex as yours hadn't been produced a great many years ago when I was younger. You are rendering a great service to mankind, and I hope you will never cease doing so.

After jacking off to sissy Tommy like a teenager, quite naturally I had to return to the bookstore and pick up copies of all your issues I could find. They had five more issues. I got them all, and found all of them fascinating reading, even if most of the stuff wasn't up my alley. However, in issue #39, the three-page spread entitled "My Son" really got to me. Richard, the ten-year-old boy in the article, now called Debbie Lynne, is a beautiful little sissy. The three full-page photos of him made me cum three times in less than two hours too! Little Tommy in his panty pictures was adorable with and without his wig, but Richard/Debbie Lynne, with his butch haircut is one of the most exciting things I have ever seen in my life – a cute feminine boy like that in sweet girlie clothes with a super-short haircut – that's amazingly erotic!

I've never done anything gay, except some mutual panty masturbation with some of my TV friends, but I keep dreaming about having one of these feminine boys suck my cock – and I want to put their tiny cocks in my mouth too and give them as much pleasure as I can!

I wrote to Debbie Lynne's mother, Joanne, in care of Love as directed, and after about five weeks I got a nice letter from her, but since I live in Detroit and they live in Long Beach, California, I knew it would be difficult for me to visit them, even though she invited me, saying she loved my letter and thought I could give a lot of good advice to her and her son/daughter.

I wrote to her a couple more times and finally got a short note back from her. She kind of hinted that she was in need of money. Well, pussy boy me, even though I smelled a scam, I sent her two fifty dollar bills. I figured those great pictures of her boy had given me at least a hundred times that much pleasure.

It was about six weeks before I heard from her again. I was surprised to say the least. I thought I had been scammed and felt bitter about it, but then I opened the envelope with trembling hands and was delighted to see she had included four new pictures of Richard/Debbie Lynne. Boy did that make my day! At this point it was almost two years had passed since those photos were taken that had appeared in the magazine. And in these new pictures, his/her hair had grown out and was girlishly styled – a real little beauty he made, and I swear I could detect nice little mounds growing on his chest! She apologized for taking so long to write to me, especially since I had sent her a hundred bucks, but she explained she was working two jobs and paying a lot out in baby-sitting fees and was too tired on most nights to do anything except spend a little time with her beautiful girlie-boy. She thanked me for the money, and then she said she probably couldn't write anymore because her financial situation was causing her to move in with her sister and her husband, and the two of them were ardent churchgoers and wouldn't understand Richard dressing up and his desire to be a girl. So he was going to have to get his adorable naturally wavy hair cut short again and stop dressing up in his big wardrobe of girls' clothes until their situation improved and they could afford to live on their own again.

That was the last I heard of them, except for a postcard from Hawaii. Her ex-husband was stationed in the Navy there and was letting them live near the base rent free, but Richard still was not dressing, except in secret from his father. But Joanne did mention that he wore panties everyday, and has some plain panties that look almost like modern boys' nylon underpants that he wears whenever his dad is around.

LOVE, to me is a true expression of the way in which all peoples should be allowed to live. We must be freed of all restraints and permitted to show how much we care for each other in any way we see fit. I like your philosophy that even little kids are just as much sexual beings as us adults. Freud said it 50 years ago! Laws are so stupid that say everyone turns into an adult and can do adult things at eighteen or twenty-one in some places, like something magical happens at that age.

Your magazine is like a many faceted gem, each facet brilliant with the shining light of truth, revealing the many joys to be found in this life if we but let ourselves submit to our natures and shed the straitjacket of conformity that are our laws, so influenced by religious leaders who are no more honest and moral than the rest of us. They get their power by exploiting our guilts and fears and push, push, push governments to snoop into our bedrooms and tell us what we can and can't do sexually. It is my belief that your LOVE magazine should become a MUST reading for all, young and old. It is with sadness that I think of how far the world has to go in order to embrace the wonderful philosophy you espouse in every issue. But with the help of people like you who publish and distribute the knowledge of a new way of life, I feel that in time, much progress will be made eliminating the silly mores and prejudices by all religions and governments that prevent most people in our world from ever knowing a full life of joy!

Even when I read that first copy your magazine that i had ever seen, it was as though I had been reborn: I found myself reliving my whole life! I found it quite thrilling to see in print all the phases of my own life. My true nature came to light on your pages, and I wanted to laugh and cry and shout with happiness.

Before finding your magazine, I had put away most of my delightful bits of feminine frills and finery that have been such a joy to me. I lived a sham of a life trying to conform, but you and the people who tell us about their sexual free life in your magazine have opened my eyes and made me feel liberated to the point that I have opened my closet again, realizing that a life without my silks and satins is no life at all. And I don't give a fuck if people find out and think any less of me. I'm no longer going out of my way to prevent other people from knowing about my crossdressing desires. If they can't handle it, tough shit! Yes, I have reverted to my childhood way of life, the way of living that I learned at a very early age. I have been a TV all my life, and I must now continue and feel free to live life in the way that gives me the most joy, like the magical days of my childhood.

My mother and sisters did an excellent job of making me into a girl as much as possible. Very few people realized I was a boy until I was quite grown. I had been a disappointment to mom being born a boy but she made certain I was a girl in all but the physical part of me. I think it's wonderful having a girlish nature, a great gift from the females in my family. I love to feel submissive and service females in any way, and my favorite is to do absolutely anything any

little girl wants. I really love it when I can get them to pretend they force me to do whatever they want. What fun!

My one regret now is that I didn't have a magazine like yours a great many years ago! I missed meeting so many wonderful people! In LOVE page 236 there was a Brute Milster that I would have loved to have known. Like me, he also enjoyed being seduced by young girls and catering to their wants. I know of the joys of being dominated by young girls! They love to show off their power and can be amazingly demanding – it just comes naturally to them. And they are so willing to experiment with dominating an old guy like me in front of their young friends! I was often the ‘star’ in “shows” put on for young and tender audiences. And there is nothing in the world like the sound of a little girl's laughter when she first sees you are wearing ladies' nylon panties under your pants.

I find it most pleasurable if you “accidentally” let my panties peek out over the top of my trousers or under the edge of a short pair of shorts. When young girls spot my panties, they can't contain their humiliating laughter even though they cover their mouths with both hands and run and hide to keep from busting a gut laughing. And they can't wait to whisper what they have seen to their friends; as they talk in secret, they sneak peeks at me and discreetly point -- so humiliating! And then it's great when their friends try to casually maneuver into position to get a peek at your panties too – because most of them just can't believe it and they have to see for themselves.

And of course, I make sure they get a good look, and the whole exquisitely shaming and exciting experience starts all over again! My favorite thing to do is go to a park far away from my home, sit on a bench discreetly exposing my panties like I'm not aware they are showing until one and or more girls discovers them!

It would have been great to have the privilege of becoming a friend and companion of someone like D.C. (LOVE page 1858) for we do have much in common. The only difference is that it was my dad who objected to my being dressed as a girl, but fortunately for me, he didn't have much to say on the matter. And like me, D.C. went through his formative years as a girl.

Janus

Detroit, Mich.

Write c/o Love

#01783-M Love #58

My Only Vice is Kinky Sex

Dear Love Family:

I am a single bisexual white male who dreams of incest and other delightful things such as panties and pedo. I have to tell you about the lovely woman, her boyfriend, her son and daughter who first showed me a good time.

I was her neighbor in the trailer park we all lived. We were sitting around under the awning in front of their trailer home at dusk on a nice cool summer night having some beers – the kids too, Mikey, ten, and Emma, eight. Connie, the woman, had played some tennis and was in a short tennis skirt that gave off liberal views of her white nylon tennis rhumba panties underneath, so she had my interest!

She and Jim, her boyfriend, were sitting side-by-side on chase lounge type lawn chairs, and they were slurring words, getting frisky, touching each other intimately right in front of her kids and me and openly joking about it.

Connie kept saying, “If you keep that up, I'm going to wet my panties!” and similar stuff. And Jim said things like, “Well, I got a tiger in my tank and he's on fire, maybe that wetness will put his fire out.”

Her young daughter asked if she was going to do peepee in her panties, but the mother said, “No,” I'm just getting a little wet down there because Jim keeps touching my tits and pussy through my panties and getting me all excited, hot and bothered.

The girl didn't quite understand, so Connie pulled her short tennis dress all the way up to her hips and invited her daughter to look and feel for herself. Well, that peaked little Mikey's attention too and he immediately dropped the pen and paper he was drawing with and crawled up close to his mother to watch. Jim was pushing the whole scene along. He said, “Well, if yer getting hot, I'll help cool you off,” as he flicked open the buttons on the front of her blouse, exposing her tits in a thin white satiny bra.

Connie flushed with excitement and some embarrassment while her young daughter looked down and then touched the wet spot that had darkened the crotch of her panties.

Jim said, “Hey, kids, look at yer mom's nipples they're getting hard and sticking up. You can see em right through her bra!”

He continued, “Hon, why don't you pull up your bra and give both yer kids a feel of your nice hard nipples.”

And she did!

They noticed me now standing in the close huddle around this pretty lady and invited me to have a free feel of Connie's wet panty crotch and tits. I was just sixteen and had never seen much less touched a pair of tits and had never seen a pair of panties on a woman close-up. My experience with panties had been limited to stealing them off neighbors' clotheslines, jacking off in them and then throwing them away!

Her daughter and son were hogging her hard tittie nipples, so I stuck my hand through the little crowd and busied myself rubbing my hand over her sleek nylon ruffled rhumba panties. Immediately, a direct line was established that ran from my fingertips through my body and right down to the core of my cock. It was so hard, it hurt! And we were so tightly crowded together that the erection in my pants kept hitting the little girl in the back of her curly haired head – that was nice too! But the girl was too busy feeling up her mom to even notice. She loved touching her mom's tits, probably dreaming of the day she might have a great pair like them.

From all the touching, Connie was sucking her belly in and out moaning in pleasure, and I could feel the crotch of her panties getting really wet too!

“Can I see you down there now, mom?” the young girl asked, as she joined me in feeling her mom's wet panty crotch again.

Jim pulled aside Connie's panty crotch and invited the girl's hand in without complaint from the woman.

The girl's hand darted down to touch her mother's pussy. I found out later that the girl knew how to touch a pussy because Jim, her mother's boyfriend, often sent the little girl into dreamland on nights when he put her to bed by exciting her with his fingers! With Connie's approval, Jim had been teaching her kids about sex!

Connie raised herself up and pulled her panties off. She noticed my cock sticking up in my pant, laughed and pointed it out to the rest of them, and then she said, “I know how to get rid of that. Here, take my panties and use them to jack yourself off.”

I couldn't believe what she was saying. I froze in position like a big dummy with a raging hard on.

Since I didn't move, Connie told Mikey, “Open his pants and use my panties on that big cock of his!”

I didn't resist as Mikey opened my zipper, pulled my pants and underwear down enough to get at my cock, and then stroked it with his mother's ruffled rhumba panties! I had no thoughts of it being queer or weird or anything like that because it felt so good. I shot off in seconds and my cum went flying all over the place. That made everyone laugh as they tried to duck and get out of the way of my flying jets of sperm!

Eight-year-old Emma then brought me to my senses and instantly embarrassed me when she said, “Doesn't that make them queer? Mikey doing that to Joey?”

Connie came to my rescue, “Oh, no, honey. There's nothing wrong with being queer, you know like Uncle Gordon, but the boys here were just playing around; they're not in love with each other.”

Emma thought for a moment, and then said, “But Mikey is queer, isn't he, mom? You said that when we found Mikey and his friend from school dressing up in your clothes and lying on the floor sucking each other.”

“Yeah, he's been doing stuff like that a lot lately, so there's a good chance Mikey will be gay, especially seeing how he loves to play with my clothes and look at those naked boy magazines I had Jim buy for him.”

Connie then promised Emma that one night soon she could try to fuck with Mikey and see if he liked doing that with girls as much as he liked sucking on boys.

Emma made everyone laugh when she said, “Can we do it with Mikey dressed up in your clothes, mommy? I think he looks cute in your dresses.”

Jim smiled and said, “I think he looks cute too.”

Connie added, “We just bought a bunch of girls' dresses, little bras, nice panties and things for Mikey already – all in his size. I suppose now is as good a time as any to give them to him and see how he looks!”

“Should we have Joey dress up too?” Emma asked.

I was both excited and scared by the idea. I never had thought of doing something like that. I'm sure they saw the confusion and fear in my eyes. Connie asked me if I wanted to dress up in some of Mikey's new girlie clothes – they said they had plenty of them and they would probably fit me just fine.

I said, “No, thanks.” And the moment I said that, I regretted saying it. But I had just shot my cum too, so my hormones were down and I wasn't so sexually adventurous at that very moment. After that night, all I could say to myself was, “Stupid me! I would have loved it!” Still that night was the start of my life of crossdressing. I knew I would have dressed up and loved it – if they had forced me, but they assured me we were all just having some (drunken) fun, and they'd never force me to do anything I didn't want to do.

I soon found out that Connie knew more about me than anyone else in the world when she said, “You know what I think? I think Joey here is just a panty boy. I saw him steal a pair of my panties two weeks ago when I had them hanging out to dry. So most likely he just likes to shoot off into ladies' panties. Right, Joey?”

I hung my head in embarrassment but gave a nod.

“That's why I had Mikey jack him off in my panties.

“That's OK,” she said, petting my trembling arm. “I love little panty boys. Mikey, give Joey my panties that he shot off in. He can keep them as a souvenir.

“But Joey, when you need some panties again, just come over and ask me for some. You don't have to steal them. Doing that might get you in trouble some day!”

So, after that night, how could I not have turned into anything but a kinky sex nut?

I'm with you with love, panties, wild adults and kids and anything else you want to put into the sex mix!

Mr. Frog, San Francisco, Calif.

Every Friday Martini Night

Dear, Sweet, Wonderful LOVE PEOPLE:

Getting your great mag each month means more to me than just a couple of quick cums — and later a bunch of nice slo-o-o-ow ones! But it's also a reaffirmation that there are a lot of us “weirdoes” out there who revel in the kinkier forms of sex.

My older brother Rudolph is one. He is father and mother to two girls and a boy since his bitch-turd-whore wife ran off. The kids are Patty who is eight, Monica who is eleven, and Dickie who is ten. Rudy had always been a panty and piss lover. He introduced me to the beauties of panty masturbation and peeing in panties when I was thirteen and he was seventeen.

He was married for ten years, but as soon as his cuntface wife left, he started indoctrinating the kids. Needless to say, they took to the delights of panties and peepee like ducks to water.

In his house, when someone has to pee, it becomes a family matter with every person in the house at the time trying to get into the act. The water bed is the scene of action and all concerned strip down to their panties – yes, little ten-year-old Dickie wears fancy nylon panties every day too! Down to their panties, they all lie down to get their share of the beautiful golden juice as it filters out through nylon panties and into eager mouths. Very little is ever spilled as there are three thirsty mouths ready to drink it (four when I'm there). Of all of them, Monica is the biggest piss freak!

Every Friday is Martini night when dad has four, Monica and Dickie each have two, and little Patty has one. Needless to say they all get drunk as skunks and after the first round of piss drinking, everybody puts on dry panties and they all play with each other's little titties, pussies, assholes, cocks and balls. Everybody gets a tongue bath, and everybody's asshole gets cleaned out by everyone else's tongue.

It was on one of these nights when Monica got in on drinking everyone else's piss. I was there. She must have downed two gallons. After a painful period of holding in and letting it pass through her body, she started to pee through her little pink nylon rhumba panties into our mouths, one by one.

Naturally, she gave her beloved daddy the lion's share, but I also got a good stream of her hot pee from her sweet little hairless eleven-year-old cunt. It was a real turn on to realize I was really drinking everybody's hot recycled peepee — including my own. We ended that night with eight-year-old Patty sucking off her daddy and swallowing half of his gigantic load. The rest she spit into Monica's mouth and little Dickie's mouth. Of course, they both swallowed it. Then Dickie shook his pink rhumba pantied ass at me – all three kids had on matching baby girl panties! Hot! He rubbed the ruffles on the back of his panties against the front of my panties, and then pulled my panty leg aside and gave me one great blowjob. Like his little sister, he shared it with his sisters and even spit some into his daddy's mouth. They all swallowed.

It was my privilege to take Dickie's sweet little prick into my mouth and suck him off. He didn't shoot much of a load since his balls are just starting to produce semen, but I loved every drop of it. Monica is a natural leader agitating for the family to get into some shit games. I shall report to you if anything develops.

Yours for prettier and pissier panties

RAUNCHY ROBERT

Love #40 (1977)

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