



The X-Rated

# Pantywaist Reader

For Panty Faggots, Pervert Sissies & Wimps

No pictures! No drawings! Just 40 pages of HOT Sissyboy Stories.

Be warned: These stories are X-rated, totally depraved fantasies strictly for the amusement of responsible, mature adults.

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## Volume 2

**A Cuckold and His Wimp Family Go Black**

Ted is extremely unaggressive, a complete wimp, and at his office he finally finds himself in line for the promotion of a lifetime, but his a new boss, a powerful black man and a former college football player is a into the most depraved sex practices. He likes to humiliate people both male and female, adult and child, and he keeps all of them in pretty panties as a sign of their servitude. In his zeal to get the big promotion, Ted let his boss totally humiliate him and turn him into a sissy slave. He cuckolds Ted and attempts to impregnate his wife and two very young daughters with a black baby, and turns Ted's young son into a fag sissyboy.

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XXX-RATED

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## A Cuckold and His Wimp Family Go Black

I've never had the guts to stand up and fight for myself or for anyone for anything. Ever since I was a kid, I'd do anything to avoid confrontation. Sarah, my wife, is similarly inclined, although not quite as timid as I am. If one of us has to take charge in a situation, it's always her. We are quiet, nonviolent, easygoing people, qualities that attracted us to each other from the moment we met — qualities that helped us lead a quite, pleasant little life, at least until recently.

Sarah teaches third grade in our hometown in Marin County; however, she is hardly the old schoolmarm type. As a testament to her beauty, she always receives stares and sometimes even whistles and catcalls when she is out and about. Over the years, she has had to become more assertive, and that's my fault. There are so many things in life that demand a little bit of aggressiveness, and repeatedly, she got frustrated waiting for me to handle confrontational situations and usually ended up taking matters into her own hands. I never hid the fact that I didn't have the stomach for conflict and was happy when she would muster up the courage to deal with the vicissitudes of life, and she never gave me a hard time about failing to take charge in such situations.

Every day, I cross the Golden Gate to my job at Gold Coast Detective Agency. Since I'm a shy, unassertive type, it may be hard to believe, but I'm an investigator, and actually, I'm very good at it. No, I'm not very good at dealing with people face-to-face, so I don't do field work. I don't even do much phone work. I do everything I can to avoid dealing directly with people. My expertise is in computer work; I've developed a reputation as a leading researcher. I follow money and paper trails, and it's rare that I can't find everything I need to know about the person I'm investigating.

As I developed my skills over the last six years, I did my best (in my own timid way) to position myself to become an assistant to the director. Then recently, due to an internal scandal in our company, both the director and assistant director positions became available. My shyness kept me from asking directly to be considered for the assistant director's job; I was simply hoping that when they hired a new director he would promote me to his assistant after looking over my work record.

Then, about a month ago, the corporation president hired Mr. Tyrone Jackson from our Texas office to be the new director. Mr. Jackson is thirty-nine compared to my twenty-nine. He's also a former college football player, and at well over six feet and a weight of about 240, he looks it. He's huge, towering over me by the better part of a foot. He is also black. I've always had good relationships with black people, so I was looking forward to getting along well with Mr. Jackson.

During the first week he was with the company, he hardly spoke to me except for brief discussions about business -- no small talk. He was distant. I guessed he was simply sizing me up, letting me go on as I had before his arrival and waiting to see how I stacked up.

In the late afternoon, on Tuesday of his second week though, he came by my small office, and after shaking my soft little hand with his massive hard one, he sat down across from my desk and started to chat with me. He showed me a new side of him. He had a very engaging manner and made me feel comfortable in his presence. I saw him repeatedly looking at the 8x10 photo that I keep on my desk, which features Sarah, and our three lovely young children. After a few minutes of friendly conversation, Tyrone motioned towards the picture.

"Ted, you certainly have a lovely family."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Jackson," I beamed, showing him my pride.

"Tyrone," he corrected me. "Call me Tyrone. I don't like formalities with my employees," he smiled, showing me two even rows of sparkling white teeth.

"Oh, OK, Tyrone," I smiled back.

Then he picked up the photograph from my desk, held it in his large fingers, and looked at it closely.

"Your wife is really beautiful. I have always had a thing for white women. I suppose that's why I married one," he added with a loud chuckle.

Before I could say anything, he went on.

"I used to have a black wife, you know, but she was killed in a bad car wreck some years ago."

"I... I'm sorry to hear that," I mumbled.

Tyrone shook his head and waved his hand, still clutching the photo. "No matter," he said. "That was years ago. I'm well over her passing. I now have Patti, and I couldn't be happier. She's as white and almost as pretty as your wife here, Ted, although she has dark hair and not blonde, like your wife."

"Well... I'm glad it all worked out," I said, not at all sure what to say to his comments.

"Tell me, Ted, is your wife blonde all over? I mean, down below, you know?"

I couldn't believe my ears! I was too shocked to even reply, but my boss didn't sense my shock. He just sat there, holding the picture, waiting for me to reply. I wasn't sure if this was some sort of test or what — so, as he waited, I decided I had to say SOMETHING!

"Uh, well, as a matter of fact, yes. Yes, she is. Sarah is a natural blonde," I managed to say hoping my indignation did not show too strongly.

"Sarah, hm?" he mused. "That's a pretty name. Seems fitting too for someone as lovely as her, I must say. And the kids? What are their names, Ted? And how old are they?"

"Uh, well, Kimmy is eleven, Matt just turned nine, and little Sally is six." I was trying to gain back my composure after Tyrone had stunned me with his question about Sarah's pubic hair. I was pleased he now seemed to be off the subject of Sarah, but then he blew my mind once again with his next comment.

"Christ, I'll bet both of your girls will be great breeders," he said, still intently studying the photograph. "The middle one here, your boy, has a fine mouth. I'll wager he's going to make one hell of a great cocksucker, eh? What's his name again?"

"Uh, uh, that's Ma... Matt," I gasped not knowing WHY I was sitting still for his obscene appraisal of my children.

Tyrone finally looked up from the picture, but still held on to it, and smiled across the desk at me.

"Relax, Ted, my boy. Don't get so uptight. I can see you're nervous. Does my talking so candidly about your little family fluster you?" he added with a huge grin.

"Well, I...uh, I suppose so, Ty, uh, Tyrone," I said weakly. "I have never...well, you know, discussed my wife or children in that ... that manner before, you see."

Tyrone laughed.

"Well, I meant what I said in a complimentary way," he said. "I'd sure like you to take it that way too."

It was more of order, I felt sure, than just a statement.

"OK... I guess that's OK then," I tried to smile and not show him just how much he was upsetting me.

"Good," he smiled broadly. "That's how it should be. You know, Ted, we haven't really talked much since I came here, but I have been watching you. I want to tell you that you're doing an outstanding job, especially your reports. They're flawless. Just between you and me, my boy, I am going to need an assistant director soon, if you know what I mean. Could mean a big raise in pay, as well," he tossed in with a wink of his eye.

"That... that would be great," I said excitedly.

A promotion with a substantial raise was what I had been coveting for six long years. I couldn't believe my ears! I also couldn't wait for Tyrone to leave my office, so I could phone Sarah with the news. It was after four p.m., and she'd be home from school.

"You know, Ted," Tyrone went on, "I'd like to meet this little family of yours. I like to get to know my employees on a more personal basis, if you know what I mean."

I wasn't really sure just what he meant, but I nodded in agreement anyway.

"Say, does this sexy wife of yours cook?"

"Of course," I told my new boss proudly. "Sarah is quite an expert in the kitchen."

"Well, I should have suspected as much. Why don't we all have a get acquainted dinner at your house this weekend? I'll bring Patti and Jerome."

"Jerome?" I inquired.

"Yes, my son," Tyrone stated. "The only child I had by my late wife. He's all I have left to remember her by. He's fourteen, plays ball just like his dad used to, and is quite a boy. You'll like him, I'm sure."

"Oh ... OK," I said.

"Well, how about Friday night then, Ted? Would that be good for you and your wife?"

"Uh ... I'm sure it would be," I lied. I had no idea whether it would be "good" or even OK with Sarah, but what could I do under the circumstances? Turn him down? Turn down my new boss, who had just hinted rather strongly that he had ME in mind for a promotion and raise?

"Well, good," Tyrone said, now rising from the chair, but still clutching the picture of my family in his hand. "Then Friday it is. How's 7 o'clock?"

"Uh, sure. Seven would be just fine, Tyrone," I said, with uncertainty, but big Tyrone didn't seem to notice my lack of confidence in the slightest.

"Fine. Fine. It's settled then. I'll get your home address from the files, and we'll see you all Friday at seven."

Tyrone walked out but did not put the photo of Sarah and the children back on my desk. He took it with him! I was about to say something, but my phone was buzzing. Maybe Tyrone wasn't even aware that he was still holding onto the picture, I reasoned. I'd just go over to his office and get it later.

It was Sarah on the phone. She reminded me to pick up Kim, our eldest, after her ballet lessons at 5:30.

I told her I hadn't forgotten, and then I told her in detail about the conversation I had just had with my new boss.

Sarah was as stunned as I was, but she didn't sound angry, which pleased me. I certainly didn't want any hostility to develop between her and my new boss, especially considering the new post I might be getting. Rather than being offended, she sounded more puzzled by it than anything.

"He actually said Matt would make a good cocksucker?" she repeated with a disbelieving chuckle. "In those exact words, Ted?"

"Yes, honey, he did."

"You know Matt is a bit of a sissy, but why would anyone say that about a kid? And just from looking at a photograph? What made him say such a thing?"

"I have no idea, dear," I told her honestly. "Maybe he just wanted to test my reactions. Why would anyone ask me about the color of your pubic hair?"

"God, I never heard of such questions," she sighed. "Not from someone you hardly know, and especially from a boss."

"Well, I agree, babe," I said. "But, again, I think he is just testing me. Maybe seeing if I would blow up or something. Maybe he wants to see how much I can take, so he knows how I'll act under pressure if he gives me that promotion."

"I suppose," she said, but not sounding all that convinced of MY logic regarding what Tyrone had said. "And why on earth did he keep our photo?"

"I think he just forgot he had it in his hand, love," I replied. "I'm not concerned about it. If he doesn't bring it back today, I'll stop by his office first thing in the morning and get it."

"Well, all right then," she answered. "But be sure to get it back, Ted. It's a nice photo of the kids and me. I think it's the only copy we have; I don't want to lose it."

"Don't worry, hon. I won't. Then Friday evening is all right for them to come for dinner?"

"Yes, I suppose," Sarah said, "as long as I don't have to make anything too, too fancy."

I told her she didn't, and that was the end of the conversation. Tyrone didn't return my picture of Sarah and the kids by the time I left the office, so I made a mental note to pass by his office in the morning to get it back. Then I headed to the dance studio to pick up Kimmy. She looked really cute in her pink and white leotards and tutu, and for the first time ever, I studied her as she headed towards the car, in a way I had never done previously. I was trying to look at her as Tyrone had, but then again I wasn't sure just HOW he had looked at her in that picture on my desk. Kimmy was pouting, as her teacher had scolded her for a poor practice, and I did my best to console her. It seemed to work. She was in better spirits by the time we got home.

We ate dinner, and then all departed to the family room. All three kids were stretched out in front of me on the carpeted floor watching a sitcom on TV, while Sarah busied herself straightening out the kitchen. I feigned reading the evening paper, but was, in reality, observing my two precious and very pretty daughters. They rarely wore slacks. Sarah and I believe they should look like the sweet little ladies they were, so even when they are in their play clothes, they wear cute little skirts or dresses. And here they were before me, their skirts askew, their legs flagging

back and forth, and between those legs I could see their silky little panty crotches twisting, yawning and winking at me. Was I going nuts! Never before did I have any sexual interest in my daughters or their panties, but as I sat there, I was rock hard! Disgusted with myself, I blamed Tyrone for twisting my mind with his obscene talk.

I also stared at Matt. I was wondering what Tyrone had seen in him. I made a note to watch him at dinner, watch his mouth and try to see what made Tyrone think that he'd make a "good cocksucker."

I was glad when dinner was ready. To keep sitting there like that, staring up the girls' skirts and watching their little girl panties had a hypnotizing effect on me, and I wasn't able to break the spell until the girls got up and danced their way out of the room to wash their hands before eating.

Quite honestly, during dinner, I could not detect any difference in Matt's sweet, young mouth from his two sisters. Could Tyrone have? I wondered? A couple of times Sarah caught me staring at the kids and gave me an odd look. I know she was wondering what was going on in my head.

That night in bed, Sarah asked me repeatedly about my new black boss. What was he like? What did he look like? What about his wife? His son? I answered as best I could, but told her quite candidly that I really didn't know all that much about him. We both were getting worked up talking about sex so much, so I licked Sarah's cunt until she exploded with three very feverish orgasms, which was two more than her usual when I ate her out. She was extremely wet from all of our sex talk. I was greatly excited too. My small, but very stiff cock was in need of relief by the time my panting wife gave off with her third climax, but as I was about to climb upward and between her legs, she halted me.

"Ted, no...," she protested, and closed tight her legs. "You've worn me out, depleted all my energy. It was lovely, but I need to sleep now, darling. I have papers to correct in the morning before school, so I'll need to get up earlier than usual."

"But ... but what about ME?" I whined. "My poor balls are aching! I need to cum, Sarah!"

"Well, if that's the case, honey, why don't you go into the bathroom and jerk off, hm?" she said matter-of-factly. "I exhausted, I need my sleep." She picked up her shiny white panties lying on the bed next to her and said, "Here, take my panties. You can wrap them around your little cock and catch your cum in them."

I gave her a "What?" kind of expression.

"Don't be embarrassed, Ted. I know you like to use my panties for your little masturbation sessions. I don't mind.

"But what I do wonder is, do you just wrap them around your cock or do you put on my panties and then spurt into them?"



"Oh, never!" I said in shock. "I mean, no, I don't wear them, that would be weird! It's just that they feel nice and soft against my cock and..."

"It's OK, dear, I don't mind, like I said. And it wouldn't be a big deal if you even put them on. Yeah, I'd laugh at you in my lacy panties, but I think you'd look kind of cute in them." She was now laughing, "Sorry, hon, I was just picturing it in my mind, your little cock getting all excited in my pretty nylon and lace panties. So here you go, take my pretty white panties and have yourself a good wank."

And that is exactly what I did. I sat on the toilet stool and wanked my cock until cum shot out in gobs. No, I didn't put the panties on – that would have been a strange thing to do. But I did wrap them around my shaft as I stroked myself.

And despite, her comment about my 'little cock,' it didn't take long for me to shoot, but that did not surprise me, as horny as I was. What DID surprise me though was that as I sat on that toilet seat, jerking my hard 5" cock, I found myself fantasizing about my lovely wife being fucked by Tyrone Jackson! I had no idea WHY such a outrageous fantasy like that had entered my mind, but it had, and it had also caused me to spill forth far more cum than was normal for me! I tried to put such thoughts out of mind as I returned to bed. Sarah was fast asleep, but at about 4 a.m. I awoke with another hard-on, so I headed to the bathroom to piss. As I was draining my bladder, I remembered the dream I had just had prior to waking up. It was of Matt and Sally; he was sucking a huge black cock and Sally was watching closely to learn how to do it because she was next in line to suck that cock! The dream gave me my hard-on, and I felt very ashamed and guilty.

Still, my cock wouldn't deflate, so I had to wank it again. I went to the laundry hamper; inside I found another pair of my wife's panties. They were pink with pastel-colored satin ribbons decorating each side. For a moment, I debated with myself about putting them on but was able to throw that stupid thought out of my mind. But I did go back to the hamper because some of our children's underwear was in there too. I saw a white pair of Matt's fly-less hiphugger pants that looked almost like plain girls' panties. A lot of our daughters' panties were in there too. I picked out the panties the girls had been wearing earlier that evening, the panties I had stared at for almost a half an hour while they watched television, and I spread those two sweet little pairs of panties out over the edge of the sink and just stared at them – one white pair and one pink pair, each had some little bits of lace and embroidery. I wrapped my wife's panties around my cock and studied my daughters' panties with my tired eyes. The pink panties belonged to Sally. This time, in spite of my shameful feelings, I fantasized that my sweet son Matt was sucking a big black cock as Sally and I looked on approvingly, just like in the dream. I shot off in seconds, and experienced even more guilt feelings as I watched my sperm saturate my wife's pink panties encasing my cock. I had momentary flashes in my mind, picturing myself wearing her panties, but they disgusted and alarmed me. Distraught, I couldn't throw all those panties back into the hamper fast enough. I went back to bed. Thank goodness sleep came quickly.

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The next morning, when I went down to breakfast, my wife had already left with the children for



school. On the kitchen table were two pairs of panties. I instantly recognized them as the panties that I had masturbated in only hours before. On top of the panties was a note that read: 'Sorry, I couldn't give you relief last night, but I see my pretty little panties did the job for me – twice! Love, S.'

For a moment I panicked. What if she knew I had jacked off to the sight of the girls' panties too and thoughts of Matt sucking black cock? But she didn't say anything about that in the note, so I guess I was safe. But I felt more stupid and perverted than ever.

I had wanted to get to work early to get my picture back, so I rushed out. Immediately upon my arrival at the Coleson Building, I headed directly for Tyrone Jackson's office. I found him standing outside his office, chatting with his secretary Jenny. When he saw me, he smiled brightly in my direction.

"Ah, Ted, good morning," he proclaimed, motioning me over to where he and Jenny were standing. "Come in to my office. I want to share something with you, my boy. I'm delighted you came by. I'll bet you want that lovely photo that I took from your desk yesterday, am I right?"

"Uh, well, yes," I muttered. "As a matter of fact, I did stop-by for that purpose, Tyrone. I hope it's not inconvenient for you?"

"Not at all, my boy," Tyrone responded. "Jenny and I are finished here for now, so I can spend some time with you. I'll always have time for my soon to be new assistant," he added, giving me the same bright wink of the eye that he had yesterday when mentioning this subject. Then he added in his secretary's direction, "Jenny, see if you can get those letters typed up by noon, will you?"

"Yes, Tyrone," she replied in a meek and obedient tone.

Tyrone ushered me inside and closed the big oak door to his spacious and well decorated office. He gestured for me to sit down on one of the two leather chairs that bordered his huge desk. He himself sat behind his desk in an even larger leather chair. I watched as his hand reached inside his suit jacket pocket. He extracted two pairs of ruffled pink nylon panties, which from the look of them I guessed to be a child's size. Again I was caught off guard by my new boss!

"Know what these are?" Tyrone beamed. He was smiling like a cat that had just swallowed the canary.

"Uh, panties?" It came out more like a question than an answer.

"Of course they're panties," Tyrone said bluntly. "But that's not what is important. It's **WHOSE** panties they are that are of importance, my boy. Do you have any idea who these lacy pink nylon panties belonged to before coming to me in the form of a gift, Ted?" Again, he was beaming boldly, his two even rows of bright white teeth flashing before me across his desk.

"Uh, no, Tyrone," I uttered. It was all I could think of to say, being as dumbfounded as I was. At any rate, it was the truth.

"Well, I didn't think you did, Ted," he went on, still smiling proudly, like he was holding some prize trophies in his hand instead of a couple of pairs of little girls' panties. "I'll tell you, but you must swear to keep it a secret, you understand?" He waited for my reply.

"I, uh, I swear," I answered, now feeling even more foolish and confused. I felt much like a boy scout vowing to uphold an oath, and Tyrone, I suppose, would do for the part of scoutmaster!

Tyrone grinned even more broadly now as he inched even closer to me across the desk, pulling his big leather chair as tight to his desk as was possible.

"These belong to my secretary Jenny's sweet nine-year-old daughter Traci," he told me boastfully as he held up one pair. "And this sweet little pair of panties, belong to her eight-year-old son, Billy."

"Buh . . . Billy . . . a boy?" I responded unsure of what I had heard.

"Of course her son is a boy. And he wears pretty little pink panties now just like his sister. Well, these particular pairs of panties did belong to her kids, but now they belong to ME. Jenny brought these panties into me this morning. I even got two little notes along with them," he added with excitement as he took two pieces of paper from his pocket and pushed them my way. "Read them," he said.

I knew better from his tone than to decline, so I picked up the small pieces of pink paper and unfolded them. They were obviously written by children, and the writing looked not unlike my own children's writing.

'Mr. Jackson, Mom says you want my dirty pink panties. I wore these two days for you. I hope you like them Sir and I hope I can meet you soon. Love, Traci Ann', it read. There were a few badly spelled words, but that was the text of the first note.

The other note read: "Mr. Jackson, Mom got me panties. I wore them like you said. Please don't beat my mom anymore. Please don't make me wear panties like my sister. I am not a sissy."

"Well, Ted, what do you think?" Tyrone inquired, still flashing his broad, proud grin. He didn't wait this time for an answer, but went on to say, "I have a thing for pretty, young white children. I felt you should now this here and now, since we may soon be working close. I am confiding in you, my boy, because I need to be 100% certain I can trust you, and also that I have your absolute loyalty. This is essential if you are to become my assistant, as I am sure you can appreciate and understand, yes?"

"Yes, ... yes, of course," I managed to say. I had come here solely to retrieve my photograph of Sarah and the kids, and now we were discussing trust, loyalty and dirty panties belonging to his secretary's young daughter and son! I was beside myself with confusion and bewilderment!

"Good," Tyrone chimed. "Now that I know I have your complete loyalty and trust, Ted, my boy, I think you've earned a sniff of these fine, pretty panties, eh?" He chuckled rather gruffly, then walked around his desk, stood beside me and held Traci's pink nylon panties directly under my nose. I could not help but sniff them because he had his other hand on the back of my head pushing it forward into the panties. The panties were delicately perfumed, but there was a stronger, sexy aroma in the crotch area that Tyrone was holding over my nose. Much to my embarrassment the odor caused my cock to immediately erect! I was praying that Tyrone couldn't see the slight tent pole bulge in my crotch area from where he sat. But I was wrong!

"Ah-ha, Ted," he cried out, "I see you're having a little crotch reaction to Traci's cute panties, eh? Good! Such a lovely odor, isn't it? There's nothing quite like the fresh scent of a young girl's panties, I have always felt. You can smell her cute little ass and of course her sweet, hairless pussy all in one inhale, can't you? What a treat, eh? And from the looks of your crotch area, my boy, I'd have to say I have found in you a true and avid panty sniffer, am I right?"

"Uh, well ... uh, I guess you could say that," I sputtered nervously.

My cock still was erect inside my pants, much to my dislike, and I found myself inhaling still another time, catching even more of the ass and pussy fragrance of young Traci that was so profoundly encased in her very cute and lovely panties.

Tyrone laughed. "I knew it, my boy," he bragged. "I knew you were just like me in that respect."

"Now, wait a minute, Tyrone," I piped in. "Yes, I have to admit that the smell of uh, what's- her - name's panties did probably cause an erection on my part, but I can tell you honestly and truthfully that I have never before done this sort of thing." And that was the truth. I hadn't!

Tyrone pulled the lacy pink nylon panties away from my nose.

"Oops! Ted, I made a mistake. These panties you were sniffing were Billy's pink panties. By gosh, you are really a champion panty sniffer, if you even get hard snorting a sissy boy's panties!"

"Oh, but I never . . . "

Tyrone held up his hand to silence me.

"Oh, don't get upset, sometimes dirty panties are dirty panties. I mean little girls and little boys are alike in so many ways, they look so much alike, and that little stub boys have between their legs usually doesn't even make much of a bulge in a nice pair of silk panties. So you react to panties. They are girls' panties – so what! That's what you were reacting to!"

He sat back in his chair, seemingly appraising what I had just told him. Finally, he spoke. "You mean to tell me, my boy, that you have two delicious young girls at home, and you've never sniffed their worn panties? Not ever? Never even had the URGE or LONGING to do so? By

God, I find that hard to believe! Especially after how you reacted to Billy's pretty panties right here. And if you've never delved into your daughter's panties, I find it shameful; I must tell you! Why, to let such a golden opportunity for panty sniffing go by like that, when you have not one but two marvelous pixies right there in your very own household is almost criminal, I would think!"

I could sense Tyrone was disappointed in me, and I wanted badly to rectify the situation. Would my never having sniffed little girl panties prior to this morning be cause in Tyrone's mind to not promote me to assistant director? I hoped not! How could I remedy this awkward situation? I didn't know.

The silence in Tyrone's office did not help either. It was clear he was waiting for some sort of comment from me. After another 20 or so seconds of unbearable silence, I decided to tell him about my dream. It wasn't about panty sniffing, but it was about children (MY boy Matt and girl Sally!) and maybe THAT would be enough for him to accept me.

"Well, Tyrone, I guess I should tell you something," I said sheepishly. "I really have never before today sniffed any panties, but I did have a quite an erotic dream once. It was just last night, in fact."

Tyrone perked up at once, and sat upwards. He was all ears now. I could see he was waiting impatiently for me to continue, so I did.

"I, uh, I dreamed about Sally and Matt," I admitted nervously. "You know, my six-year-old daughter, and my nine-year-old son you said would make a good cocksucker?" Tyrone nodded in acknowledgment. "Well, I had this dream about them last night, and in my dream he was sucking a cock. It was a huge black cock, in fact, and Sally was next in line to suck it, and I was thrilled watching the whole thing." I was sweating a bit as I finished that sentence.

"Damn, boy, tell me about it!" he said quickly. "I want to hear it all."

I proceeded to tell him about the dream in full and vivid detail. I related to my new black boss how I was there watching in my dream as Matt avidly sucked off a big black prick until it had shot of its potent seed down his young throat, and then Sally stepped forward and had her pretty mouth fully stretched to its capacity by the immense black cock meat as it face-fucked her relentlessly until it had enough of her suckling mouth and at last cum off in a blaze of climatic glory and splendor.

Sheepishly, I even told him how I twice got up from bed and jerked off in the bathroom, stroking my cock with my wife's panties while staring at my little daughters' panties. I found it embarrassing to tell him, but felt I had to.

Tyrone seemed very pleased with my dream, and he asked me a lot of questions about it, like did I know WHO the black guy was in my dream? No, I didn't see his face. A big black dick, I told him. Was the black guy young or was he an older man? This too I did not know, and I told him so. All of this seemed to immensely please my new boss, and he even told me so. He seemed to

have now forgotten his former disappointment of me for my not having previously been a panty sniffer.

"Christ, Ted," he said with bated breath. "That was one hot dream! You're going to work out just fine, I think. Hell, yes! In fact, my boy, I'm not even going to wait. I'm promoting you here and now. Have your office cleared out by the end of the day; you can move into the office next to mine in the morning. How's that?"

"Great! Wonderful, Tyrone," I replied in earnest. This was beyond my wildest dreams, and all so soon, and all, so it seemed, because I had told him of my dream! It was incredible! I was on cloud nine. I rose from my chair - my cock now back to a flaccid state.

Tyrone said, "We'll do lunch today, right here in my office. I'll have it catered. We can celebrate your promotion. Is noon all right with you, my boy?"

"Yes, sure, ... fine, Tyrone," I replied quickly.

"Good, see you at noon sharp then," Tyrone stated.

I rose and left his office, feeling about ten feet tall. It wasn't until I reached my own cracker box size office that I realized I had not gotten back the picture that I originally had gone to Tyrone's office to obtain!

Oh well, I mused; I can always get it at lunch. I wanted to telephone Sarah and tell her about my promotion, but she was in class all day and then had to take Matt to the doctor's, so it would have to wait until I got home.

I began packing things up in my office and was done around 11 a.m., and had nothing to do until lunchtime. So I just sat there and reflected on what Tyrone had so overwhelmed me with yesterday and this morning.

How on earth did he manage to get his secretary to give him her daughter's panties? And get her son to wear pink panties too! And the kids had even written him NOTES about it! How bizarre, but I didn't want to dwell it too much, remembering that I had gotten a hard-on from sniffing a frilly pair of panties that had been worn by a boy! I also reflected back on my dream of last night and wondered what IT meant? Jerking off in my wife's panties and playing with my little girls' panties like a sex pervert, what had brought all that on? I felt great about the promotion but really weird about getting off on smelling little Billy's pink panties.

Was I a panty pervert? I had to by now believe that Tyrone WAS! Would I now begin sniffing my own daughters' used panties? I hoped not, but for some unknown reason, I knew I would be doing just that! The thought of doing it produced another erection, and I was glad I was safely behind my desk, sitting down, and all alone.

About 11:40 my telephone rang, and it was a client in Chicago calling about an order. I was happy for the call and the distraction from my perverse thoughts, and by the time we finished talking, my hard-on had subsided and it was time to meet Tyrone for lunch. I reached his office

and stood in front of Jenny's desk. She was on the phone, so while I waited, I gave her the once over. I had known her since she began working at Gold Coast about two years before, but we had never got much beyond the, "hello, how are you today," kind of banter. She was attractive, long brown hair, a radiant complexion, and a good body with alert green eyes. She dressed nicely, not too conservative, but not flashy either. Just right for the office. Her legs were her best feature, and the short, but proper, skirts she always wore showed them off proudly.

I was wondering if Tyrone was fucking her when she clicked off the phone, looked up at me and said, "Hi, Ted. You can go right in. He's expecting you."

I smiled back and went into Tyrone's office.

I was a grand lunch, and afterwards Tyrone offered me a cigar and lit one himself. I don't smoke, but I didn't want to offend him, so I took one and lit it. All through lunch we had discussed only business matters, but as soon as our cigars were lighted, Tyrone got onto sexual subjects once more. He informed me that he had long been a lover of little white kids, and that when he was with our Houston office he had several white employees, their wives, daughters, and sons as willing slaves. He actually used the word slaves, which astonished me. I was even more astounded when he went into details about his conquests. For instance, he related to me in crude terms how he had turned his assistant director down there into his full-fledged slave boy, seduced the guy's pretty thirty-year-old wife, and soon after, their six-year-old daughter. I was taken aback by all this, and my mouth must have been hanging open during much of this conversation. I somehow managed to continue puffing on my cigar, and Tyrone either didn't notice my shock or didn't care. He told me, and quite proudly too, how after a mere two months time, this guy's wife came to love his big black cock in all her holes, and how her husband enjoyed dancing around in her pink panties while he watched his wife being used as a slave and a slut. His details about their daughter had me reeling, and my cock was oozing gobs of pre-cum as Tyrone told me how the little girl would suck his cock, lick his balls, and even his asshole, while her mom and dad looked on as if it was the most normal thing in the world!

"I never fucked the little bitch though," he said, kind of sadly. "I tried. Oh, hell, yes, I tried, my boy, but I just couldn't get this big dick of mine to penetrate her little slit. I even had her mom hold her legs apart once, and made her daddy suck my cock until it was hard and wet, but still it wouldn't go in. Such a shame too. I'm sure she would have been a damn good fuck if I could have gotten it in the little bitch. I still have several pairs of her panties though. She smelled divine too! She would have been the youngest pussy I ever had if I had been successful, but it wasn't meant to be."

He then gave out with a sigh and continued on about other white girls, all pre-teeners, he had managed to have his way with. He told me a lot of fathers, mothers too, who got off seeing their little kids being used by a black man, once they got to experience it, he added.

"You see, my boy," Tyrone carried on, "lots of people don't really know they have these types of desires or feelings - whatever you want to call them - until they actually experience the ordeal. You'd be amazed at just how many fathers, mothers, hell, even grandparents, love to see their kids and grandkids sexually molested by others. Hell, they might even want to do it to the kids

themselves, but they're afraid of feeling guilty, you see, so they want others to do it, so they can say to themselves, well it wasn't ME, it was someone else, see? In their minds, that makes it sort of OK and not as bad as if they had done it themselves," he laughed.

"Now, Ted, you take Jenny there," he began.

Damn, I thought, he's going to tell me about Jenny! I was listening intently.

"Now, she is a damn fine secretary, and an even finer piece of white pussy."

Christ, I said to myself, he IS fucking her!

"Well, hell, it didn't take me long to get in her pretty little panties. Shit, boy, I nailed that twat the third day I was here. Wanna' know how I did it?" he smiled.

I nodded. Yes, I did want to know!

"Well," he sat back, took a big puff on his cigar and began to speak, "I knew the bitch was a divorcee, and so I figured she wasn't getting it on a regular basis, and I was right. Being in management means being able to figure out people correctly, my boy," he threw in for MY benefit, I was sure. "Anyway, the third day I was here, I asked Jenny to stay late so we could develop a schedule for production, which in fact we did do, I might point out, and a damn good schedule it is, too. Well, that didn't take all that long, so I told her I'd call up and have dinner delivered in appreciation for her staying late, but I called no one. While she went to the ladies room, I called my wife and told her what I was up to and that I might be late."

"Your wife?" I interrupted. "You mean your WIFE knows all this? She knows about Jenny?"

Tyrone laughed again. "Hell, yes, she knows. I don't keep anything from my wife, and I keep very little from my son Jerome. Shit, my boy, my wife is just about as much of a child lover as I am. Hell, maybe more. I would never have married her if she wasn't," he added.

Damn, I thought, will he never cease to amaze me?

Tyrone then told how he had nailed Jenny that night. He said he simply took his cock out, let it hang freely and waited for Jenny to return from the ladies room.

"When she saw my cock, boy, she got all flustered and nervous," Tyrone chuckled. "She told me later she had never seen one as big as mine, nor had she seen a black one before either. Anyway, I'm getting ahead of myself here, so let me go back. Well, when she started acting all flustered and prissy, like so white women like to do, I just went up to her, took her in my arms and hugged her. A second later I was kissing her, pushing my tongue inside her open mouth, and she loosened up real quick." He laughed again. "I had both my hands cupping her ass, my boy, and pressed her right up close so she could feel my hard black dick pushing against her."



After a few hot kisses, she was mewling like a sex-starved kitten. I told her to suck it, and she did it without batting an eyelash. Christ, she sucked me dry! I shot off one hell of a load in her mouth, and the greedy bitch swallowed every damn drop of it like it was fine, imported wine. I then made her lick my cock clean and she did my balls too, without me even telling her. I told her she would be doing my ASSHOLE the next time, and she moaned. She told me she had a boyfriend, a white guy, but that he was out of town on business trips a lot, so she didn't get all that much sex from him, which I kind of figured from the way she gobbled up my cock. We talked for a while, and she kept looking towards the door, waiting for the food to arrive, no doubt. I told her to go into my private bathroom, strip down and get back in here promptly, and told her I would call and cancel the food order, and that I'd take her out to a nice dinner after I had fucked her. She went into my private bathroom and of course there was no call to make since I never ordered any damn dinner to begin with, so I just got out of my clothes. When she returned, I told her to get back on her knees and do some more sucking with her slutty white mouth so I could get hard again and fuck her, and she complied. Hell, my boy, she had me hard as steel in no time. That bitch is one fine cocksucker, let me tell you! I then told her to get her white ass on my sofa. I went over, spread her out like I wanted her and plunged right in. Shit, her pussy was as wet as a fucking ocean! She threw those sexy long legs of hers around my back, boy, and I fucked her hard, deep and long before I finally came off in her sloppy cunt. She was still thrashing and bucking after I collapsed on top of her. Hell, she had four big cums of her own, she told me later in the restaurant. I knew right then, Ted, that I had me another white bitch slave, and I was right. Shit, she was kissing me all over while I was lying on top of her until I finally had to put a stop to it by slapping her across the face. I told her to get her ass up and get ready to go out to dinner, and she did. I took her to Reggio's for a nice late supper, and played with her cunt most of the time we were there, under the table. She got wet as all hell again too with me doing that, so I finally had to stop. On the way back to the office to get her car, I made her take off her panties and give them to me. I told her that by her doing so she was now officially my white slut slave, and she nodded that she understood, but I knew she didn't! I told her that I'd explain it to her in full detail at the office the next day, and I did. I had her come in, lock my office door, and get on her knees. I lowered my pants and told her to go at it. She sucked me off nicely once again, and I rewarded her efforts with a good, heavy dosage of my black juice. I then gave her the rules of being my white slave slut. She was to 1) go out and buy a big stock of frilly, sexy panties, especially pink panties and always wear them; 2) throw out all her fucking pantyhose and wear only nylons and garter belts and garters from now on; 3) suck my cock daily, or even more if I had a need for it, and that IF she did it properly, she could count on a good fucking from me at least twice a week. I also told her she would get severe whippings on her cunt, ass and titties if she failed to please me or didn't carry out an order I gave her in the manner I expected it to be carried out.

She's done pretty well so far, my boy, I have to say. I've only whipped her twice to date."

My poor cock was leaking in my pants from all of this. Damn, the picture in my mind of Jenny McBane, who was right now just outside this very door, all prim and proper, typing at her desk, or whatever she was doing there, sucking Tyrone Jackson's black cock, being fucked by it, being whipped by him also, was making me as hot and horny as I'd ever been in my entire life!

Tyrone continued, telling me in lavish detail how he has been using Jenny as his personal white sex slave. He said he gave permission for Jenny to continue seeing her white boyfriend, but said she said she didn't want to. She told Tyrone after the second time Tyrone fucked her that she knew NO white guy would ever be able to satisfy her again. Tyrone said just yesterday he introduced Jenny to golden showers. She had protested at first, but a few well-laid smacks to her ass and bare tits caused her to change her mind quickly and she took his piss streams in her face and hair. He says she'll soon be drinking it. He said Jenny will do it or get the beating of her life, and I could imagine how harshly a guy his size could beat on someone as small and defenseless as Jenny. He also told me he had marked her ass up pretty good the first time he whipped her, and told me he made HER buy a new riding crop, which he keeps in his office bathroom, along with a cane he also uses on her.

Christ, how I found myself wanting to see THAT!

At last, Tyrone came to the subject of Billy and Traci, Jenny's young children, and how he got hold of their precious little panties. Tyrone said he had discovered Jenny had a little son and daughter when he went through her personnel file as soon as he took over as director. I had to wonder, as he said this, just how intensely he had gone over MY file! He said the matter of Jenny's children came up shortly after he had fucked her, and he wasted little time in explaining to his new secretary and slave what type of man he was.

"I told her in plain English," Tyrone confided to me, "that I liked young white children, and that I wanted to see a picture of her kids as soon as possible. Well, she balked at first, so I told her if she didn't I'd whip her ass real good, so she did. She dug one out of her purse and showed it to me. It was a sweet picture, showing the kids standing in some fucking park, but you couldn't see much of what I like to see, if you know what I mean, Teddy." He chuckled rudely, and I noted he had called me 'Teddy', which was what my family and friends used to call me when I was growing up.

"I gave her back the picture and told her to bring me a pair of her daughter's panties the next day. She balked again, so I slapped her face good and hard, and that brought her to her senses real fast. She brought me a skimpy pair of white cotton panties the next day. I told her they were crappy underwear for such a sweet little girl. I told her what kind of panties I wanted her to get for her daughter to wear and let her off work early to go shopping. I added that the underwear she had her boy wearing was probably just as plain and ugly, so I told her to buy some silky pink panties for her son too, really frilly ones like little rich girls wear.

"She had this stupid look on her face as she pleaded with me not to make her son wear girls' panties, but a good hard slap on her cheek knocked her over and had her nodding her head and promising me she'd get her son some pretty panties too. I told her to make him wear them all the time from then on unless I said different, and then I told her to have each of the kids wear a pair of the panties for two days in a row before bringing them into me, so I'd get a good, honest scent from them, and she nodded that she would do so. She brought them in to me this morning, as you well know, but I wasn't expecting the little notes. That was HER idea, my boy, and a damn good one too, I have to say. Did you notice the little spots on Billy's note? Jenny says those are Billy's

tears. He's been crying every day all day long ever since she forced him to wear pink panties instead of boys' underwear. Jenny says those are Billy's tears. Isn't that thrilling to hear?

She said she had a battle royal on her hands getting him into the panties, and she had to give him a lot of spankings to get him into them and then keep them on, but I understand he ended up with quite a blistered ass before he acquiesced. I bet those silky panties felt good on his burning butt. I noticed a few little specks of blood on the panties. She must have blistered his bottom something good. God! I wish I had been there to see that! I don't know just how she got the kids to write those notes, especially Billy, but I loved it, that's for sure. I phoned my wife earlier today and told her to go out and buy a Polaroid camera and some film. I want to give the camera and film to Jenny tomorrow and have her take some juicy shots of little Billy and Traci in their new panties."

"Do ... do you think she'll do it?" I interjected.

"Hell, yes, she will," Tyrone responded confidently, "unless she wants her thighs and tits caned again." He laughed once more. "Sounds to me like you'd like to see those pictures, Teddy, eh? Am I right?"

"Well...", I hesitated. There was no denying any longer to myself that I would indeed VERY MUCH like to see them! "If you wouldn't mind."

"Shit, no, I wouldn't mind," Tyrone laughed. "You can see them all, I promise you, my boy. In fact, how would you like to see me fuck Jenny, or maybe give her a nice tittie whipping, eh?"

"What?" I said.

"You heard me, Teddy," he said. "From the looks of that little bulge in your pants, boy, it seems to me that you would like to see something along those lines, eh?"

Without waiting for any more comments from me, Tyrone clicked on the intercom and instructed Jenny to come into his office. "And you won't be needing your note pad either," he said with a sly chuckle.

A moment later Jenny entered, and when Tyrone told her to lock the door behind her, a look of fear came over her lovely face. He had her stand before us and then he told her to strip. Jenny was in tears, as she first looked to me, then to Tyrone, hoping for some kind of help from the plight she found herself in.

"Tyrone, please..." she pleaded, tears streaming down from her green eyes. "I can't, not in front of Ted."

"Bullshit, Jenny!" Tyrone scoffed. "You can, and you will. Ted knows all about us. I just explained everything to him, and he wants to see you get fucked, or maybe even thrashed, so I suggest you get busy, cunt, and get those fucking clothes off or should Teddy strip you, eh?"

"No, no," she sighed, her head lowered, now seemingly resigned to her fate. "I'll ... I'll do it myself."

"Good girl," Tyrone said, as we both watched the luscious divorcee remove her clothing, slowly and with shame. Jenny sobbed. My cock became as hard as ever when her pale green panties with black lace came into view. He told her to take off her bra but to keep on the rest of her whore lingerie: mint green and black lace panties, matching garter belt and snug beige nylon stockings. Her tits were perfect, and the pink pert nipples were hard. Maybe she DID like being used like this, I was thinking, as Tyrone rose from his chair and went to where Jenny stood like a waiting doll before him. He swept her into his massive arms, and she stood helplessly as he fondled her ass, then her lush breasts. I could hear her moan, sigh and gasp aloud as Tyrone touched her everywhere. He soul kissed Jenny long and deep and fingerfucked her through her panties, shoving the green nylon up into her cunt deep and hard. She was gasping for air. Then he ordered her to her knees.

"Undo my belt and get my cock out, bitch," he demanded, and she obeyed.

It was then that I first got a look at my new boss's huge black cock. I couldn't believe my eyes! It was by far the biggest and longest cock I'd ever seen. Even in the few porno flicks I had viewed in my lifetime, I had never seen a cock that long or that thick. I watched in awe as Jenny closed her eyes and that monster black prick began to slide its way into her sexy mouth. He used one hand to hold her head in place, though I'm sure she wouldn't try to get away from that humongous black shaft, and he rested his other hand on his hip as he looked down and watched her suck him off.

After just a few minutes of this, Tyrone pulled backwards and withdrew his cock from her mouth. She looked up at him, and he ordered her to get on the sofa, spread her legs and pull aside her gaudy lace panties, which she did swiftly. I watched eagerly as Tyrone mounted her and rammed his black fuck pole up her wet cunt. He called for me to come over so I could see the fuck up close, and I scrambled over at once. He was thrusting in and out of her like a wild man, and Jenny was moaning in obvious delight. Her pretty stocking-clad legs were wrapped around his ebony backside, as he fucked her relentlessly. All the while he was fucking her, he shouted out numerous obscenities to her. Things like "you love my black cock, don't you, you filthy white whore?" and "I'm going to make a black baby in your slutty white tummy, you bitch." To which, Jenny moaned all the more.

I figured Jenny had climaxed more than six times while Tyrone was fucking her. Each time that she screamed out in a voice that was unlike her own.

When Tyrone at last emptied his load of fuck juice deep in Jenny's womb, he groaned like a wounded bear. Then he collapsed on top of her. I just stood by. I didn't know what else to do. Tyrone began to rise a few moments later, and I could hear a distinct popping, squishing sound as his fat cock left the confines of Jenny's well-fucked cunt hole. As Tyrone brought himself to his feet, I couldn't help but fix my eyes on Jenny's cum-soaked pussy region. Cum was everywhere in that area, and also on Tyrone's expensive office sofa. Her pale green panties had slid back into position over her oozing cunt, and the panty fabric darkened in color and glistened

with fuck juice. Tyrone sat on the edge of the sofa, leaving his slave secretary to rest on her back on the sofa. He looked up at me.

"Well, Teddy, my boy," he smirked, "did you enjoy the show?"

"Yes, Tyrone," I replied honestly. "I have never seen a fucking like that, not even in porno films," I added.

"Well, good," Tyrone said, obviously appreciating my comments. "Then you won't mind doing a little cleaning up, eh? You can consider it sort of the price of admission," he laughed loudly.

"Yes, of course," I said, snapping back to reality. "Do you have towels in that bathroom there?" I motioned towards his private bathroom door.

Tyrone let out with a roaring burst of laughter. "Not with towels, Teddy," he said, still laughing a bit. "That isn't how you clean up after you watch a great fuck show, like the one I just gave you. You use your MOUTH, boy."

Before I could grasp what Tyrone was talking about, he grabbed me by the hair and pulled me down to my knees before him. His large black cock, even though now spent and soft, was still an awesome piece of work to behold. It didn't take me long to get the meaning of what type of 'clean up' my boss was referring to. Still gripping my hair firmly, Tyrone pulled me ever closer to his hips. A locker room type of odor filled my nostrils, and I could see drops of sex juices, both his and Jenny's, all over his large, thick fuck tool. He held my head just inches from his cockhead. I could see Jenny out of the corner of my eye, watching with interest as she lay on the sofa like a battered rag doll.

"Ever sucked a guy's cock before, Teddy? I heard Tyrone's voice ask me.

"No ... never," I told him truthfully.

"Well, shit, it's about time you learned then, eh?" Tyrone chuckled. "Go on, my boy, get your mouth open and get busy. You saw Jenny do it, so you shouldn't have any trouble. Of course I don't expect you to be as good at it as her, since this is your first time and all, but just do the best you can. Go on now; open up. And clean me good. Don't forget to do my balls too, eh?"

The pending promotion and huge raise in my salary was a factor, but I basically gave in because I am a weak-willed pacifist, a willy-nilly who lets everyone take advantage of me. I gave in without an ounce of protest. I spent the next few minutes as if in a daze, busily sucking and licking my new boss's immense black fuck pole. I of course cleaned his balls as he had instructed me to, and was forced to swallow much of the slimy mixture of his and Jenny's fuck juices that so amply coated Tyrone's shaft and ball sac. And my cock stayed hard! I guess I had been so transfixed by the sight of Tyrone giving Jenny one hell of a superb fuck that I couldn't help but feel aroused. It was so surreal. My cock didn't fade one bit even while I busied myself with this most degrading of all tasks. I could feel moisture from my pre cum in my shorts. Finally, Tyrone pushed me away.

"Damn, boy, that was one fine job for a rookie," Tyrone said. "Christ, you took to it like a duck to water. Hell, yes! Fine job, my boy." Tyrone stared down at his cock like a military sergeant doing an inspection. "Hell, I think you got it all, Teddy. Yes indeed. Excellent work."

I smiled up at him, sort of like a puppy that had just pleased his master, although I wasn't sure at all in my mind WHY my feelings were as they were!

"He did a hell of a job, didn't he?" I heard Tyrone say. He was now focusing his eyes on Jenny. She nodded and smiled back at him. Just briefly, I wondered what Jenny thought of watching me cleanse our boss's black dick of their mixed fuck juices, but I didn't have a chance to think too long about it because Tyrone was moving my head with his hands.

"Well, you're half way there, my boy," he said. "Now, it's time to finish the job."

I got his meaning real quick as he led me over to Jenny and positioned my head between her beautiful parted legs.

"Do her good, my boy. Get that rich spunk out of there. As much as you can, anyway. You won't get all my seed. Some of it, hopefully, is way up there, making a black baby, I am sure." He laughed again.

Jenny offered no resistance as Tyrone pushed my head down to her sloppy cunt. I started out by sucking on her cum-soaked green panties like a man with a mission, and then I slid the panty crotch to the side and nuzzled my face deep into her gaping, sopping wet cunt, which was shaved clean of any pubic hair. That must have been another thing Tyrone required of her. I felt gobs of fuck fluid trickling down my throat. It was messy, but I managed to devour it without barfing. Jenny was moaning again as I sucked and licked away at her well-juiced fuck hole, and I could hear Tyrone chuckling in the background. Jenny managed to orgasm just as I was finishing my clean up duties. Tyrone seemed pleased that she had climaxed once more, and when she stopped thrashing about, Tyrone instructed me to also clean her asshole area and her thighs, so I did. There wasn't much spunk there, but a lot of perspiration was in those areas. Her asshole actually tasted pretty good, I felt, and I made a mental note to try to talk Sarah into letting me do hers soon! I had never before licked a woman's asshole, and I found myself liking it tremendously! Tyrone finally told me to halt, and I did.

"You did a great job, my boy," Tyrone said to me. "You're going to make me a very proficient assistant, not only here at Gold Coast, but also when it comes to assisting me with sexual matters. I think from now on when Jenny and I fuck and suck, I'm going to call you in for assistance, Teddy. Would you like that?"

All I could do was nod "yes."

"Good. Real good," Tyrone said. "How about you, bitch? Would you like to have Teddy here cleaning us after we fuck?"

"If you say so, Tyrone," Jenny timidly replied.

"God damn it, you cunt," Tyrone barked at her, "that isn't what I want to hear! I asked you if YOU would like to have Teddy here clean us up after we fuck from now on, you stupid white whore!"

"Yes, Tyrone, I would," she uttered. "He did ... uh, he did a real good job on my ... my..."

"My what?" Tyrone screeched. "Say it, you filthy slut."

"My cunt," she gasped.

"That's better, bitch," Tyrone told her. "Now, get your ass up off that sofa and go in my bathroom and get yourself presentable, but first shuck off those dirty panties of yours and give them to Teddy. He's starting a panty collection. Then get back to work."

Jenny was up instantly. She stepped out of her panties and handed them to me her face glowing more than ever with embarrassment. She then ran into Tyrone's bathroom like a flash. When she exited a few minutes later it was difficult to tell what she'd just been through. She looked exquisite, all properly assembled, face made up, and ready to get back to her desk and job. She said nothing as she headed out of Tyrone's office.

Tyrone then explained still more things to me. My poor cock was still rock hard, and my balls ached like mad, but I just sat there by his desk and listened attentively as he rambled on. In essence, Tyrone elaborated in very graphic detail what my duties as his assistant would comprise of, and very little of it had anything to do with the business affairs of Gold Coast Corporation, I quickly discovered. He gave me the plus side and the minus side of my new position, and I knew this was not a man to let down or cross, so I simply began calculating how I could best live with all this, but I really had no idea HOW to explain all this to Sarah.

On the plus side was the money. Tyrone Jackson said I would be making more money now than I ever dreamed of, and the figures he tossed at me were impressive indeed. In fact, they had my head spinning, and I knew that Sarah too would be pleased with the extra dollars. That, quite frankly, was about all there was on the plus side, but it was surely more than enough, or was it, I wondered? The minus side was a whole other story! He asked me what kind of panties my wife and daughters wore, and I told him they all wore silky, frilly panties. He liked that. Tyrone informed me that he wanted: (a) a dirty pair of panties from each of my two daughters to be brought to him the next morning to add to his little girl panty collection; (b) he told me to convince my wife to get Matt into wearing girls' panties, (c) soon he intended to sex up all three of my children, adding IF he would be able to penetrate little six-year-old Sally, she would be his youngest fuck, and he would pay me \$20,000 if it happened; (d) he wanted to fuck Sarah, and he wanted to do so in front of me and our children, using all of the rest of us for clean-up duties, as he so brazenly put it; (e) he wanted Sarah to breed, he added, and wanted her to have at least one black baby by him as soon as possible; (f) he wanted Sarah also bred by his son Jerome, who he assured me had a very large cock, though not quite as large as his own. One baby by Jerome, via Sarah, would be acceptable, Tyrone told me; (g) Tyrone wanted Sarah and our children to be trained as slut slaves for his black friends. (h) He also wanted Sarah and our children to be



trained by his wife Patti to eat pussy, and to do so correctly. He said Patti would be their Mistress and they would have to obey her totally or be punished "very harshly."

When I left Tyrone Jackson's office that afternoon, I didn't even realize that I still had Jenny's panties in my hand. As I passed her in the outer office, she turned away from me in shame, but then turned back and looked at me when she noticed the panties. She didn't say anything but just coughed and nodded toward my hand. I looked down, saw the incriminating panties, and in stunned surprise, quickly wadded them up and stuck them in my suit coat pocket. I headed directly for the men's room. I knew that I had numerous things of vast importance to ponder, but I also knew I could not think straight at all until I relieved myself of the wanton lust my cock and balls were feeling. I raced into an open stall in the men's room and pulled my aching dick from my pants. I took Jenny's panties out of my pocket and held them to my mouth and nose. Their wetness and strong aroma brought back every detail of everything I had just experienced. Instantly aroused to a fever pitch, I lowered the musky green panties and wrapped them around my cock. In no time at all I was shooting the biggest load of cum juice I had ever ejaculated down the toilet. As I panted and sweated as the last drop of my cum hit the water in the toilet bowl, my balls still ached fiercely, but at least I could think now. I washed up and returned to my small office. I was completely packed up and ready for my move to my new office, next to Tyrone's, in the morning, so there really wasn't much to do for the remainder of the afternoon. I spent the next two hours in deep thought. Finally, I knew I had to tell Sarah the entire story - everything! There just was no way around it! Besides, Sarah and I had always been honest with one another. How else could I get around what my new black boss had told me he expected and wanted of me and my family? There just was no other way! I didn't even try to contemplate what Sarah's reactions would be to all this. I was almost 100% certain she would throw something at me, then call an attorney, then rustle up our three kids and head for her parents' home! I would lose her, my kids, our home, my marriage, and of course my new position as assistant director at Gold Coast Corporation because I would be unable to meet my new boss's demands. But if I didn't tell Sarah, there would of course be no way I could meet his demands either. I had to tell her!

That night while our three young children were all fast asleep in their respective beds upstairs, I spent over an hour relating to Sarah the entire story. I told her everything, devouring three double vodka cocktails, as I did so. I left out nothing! I even took out Jenny's panties and showed them to her. Sarah picked up the panties and fingered them as I talked on and on, but she never said a word, and surprisingly she didn't look at me angrily or like I was out of my mind. Finally, she spoke.

"He would actually pay us \$20,000 to fuck Sally?" she asked me.

I couldn't believe my ears! That was the first thing she had to say after everything I had just told her! I don't know what I expected her to say, but it surely wasn't that! I didn't know how to respond, so I just nodded my head in an affirmative manner.

"He wouldn't hurt her, would he?" was her next question.

I was amazed that these were the kind of things she wanted to know rather than being absolutely astounded and offended by it all.

"No," I managed to utter. "I don't think so. But he did say he expects all of us, including the girls, to be slaves to his wife and him, and I suppose if one of us didn't please him, well, I guess he might whip us. I already told you, honey, how he uses Jenny. He abuses her but doesn't do her any permanent damage."

Sarah nodded. "Well, a whipping wouldn't be all that bad, I don't imagine," she added, as if thinking of worse things that could happen to each of us.

It sounded to me now that my pretty, usually shy and passive wife might just be in agreement with Tyrone's demands. I perked up at the thought and became bold enough to ask her outright.

"Darling, are you ... are you saying we should go along with all this?" I had to know!

Sarah took a sip from her drink. "Well, Ted, God knows we could sure use the extra money, yes?" was her reply. "From what you have told me, babe, your new job would more than double our income. But I have to be totally honest with you; there are several other reasons why I am considering this.

"Firstly, I must tell you that I have become increasingly dissatisfied with how we have sex together. Your small penis just doesn't do anything for me anymore. In fact, it hasn't for years. The thought of getting screwed by a huge cock is very exciting to me. I've fantasized about cheating on you just to have my pussy filled by a fat cock once in a while, but I could never find it in myself to cheat on you because you are such a kind and loving husband, but if I had sex with Tyrone with your permission, that wouldn't really be cheating. So, yes, I would do it."

"Honey," I moaned, "I had no idea..."

"I know, Ted. I was ashamed to tell you. But let me continue.

"Secondly, I love black people. Both of us have always been sympathetic to their plight, going way back to our college days when we joined in their marches for justice and equal rights. And I would find it personally gratifying if I could give something so personal as my body directly to a black man – kind of like my own personal reparation payment for the horror white people, our ancestors, have inflicted on black people over the centuries."

"Sarah, I've always felt kind of like that too. If I could only do something for black people or even just a few black people, maybe that's why I didn't refuse Tyrone in any way today."

"Ted, you're a wimp! You know it. Everybody knows it. Maybe you're the biggest wimp ever. If Tyrone would have told you to smear his shit on your face and then stand on a street corner and ask people if they want to use you for a bathroom, you know you would have done it!"

I blushed, but I knew she was right.

"Now, Ted, the real situation here is the children. You're probably wondering why I'm not so shocked about that part of it. Why I would be willing to not only have our girls give up their

virginity at such an innocent age but also willingly turn them over to a sadistic person like Tyrone who wants to thoroughly abuse them and turn them into nymphet sex slaves for him and his buddies. And putting Matt into panties and turning him into a cocksucker that's wild! But just because a boy wears panties and sucks cock doesn't mean he's gay. Gay people are born not made. And Matt is a wimp – following in your footsteps. You sucked Tyrone's cock today. Now that didn't turn you gay did it? I mean, you're not thinking about dumping me and finding some guy so you can deep throat him, right?"

"Oh, god, no! Sucking his dick wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. But I never would have done it if I didn't have to. It had nothing to do with me being attracted to females and my total love for you."

Sarah nodded in full belief and then smiled. "But I would have enjoyed seeing you with a big black cock in your mouth. Something about it excites me. And Matt in panties! Why not? What's the difference? I bet he'd look good. Besides, some boys' underwear and girls' underwear look almost the same these days."

"But Tyrone made it clear, he wanted Matt in silky, lacy pink panties. And I know they don't sell underwear like that in the boys' department."

"True," Sarah continued, "but it's no big deal. With kids most anything goes these days. Maybe he'll start a new fad amongst the boys if he starts wearing frilly panties?"

"I doubt it, but maybe I'm just too old-fashioned. But from what you're saying, it sounds like you think Tyrone's proposed arrangement isn't so bad after all. Do you really think the kids are ready for something like this?"

"Well, remember two months ago when I told you what I caught them doing?"

"You mean when you found Matt and the girls in bed that Saturday morning in a circle licking each other between the legs?"

"Yes. Well, you know I tried to explain the facts of life to them and get them thinking more in traditional sexual ways. After all, I want grandchildren. If any of them turn out gay or sexually strange in any way, I'd still love them as much as ever, but I think you want them to have kids too. Well, I tried to explain things to them, but as you know, they already knew just about everything along those lines, even little Sally.

"The problem is I know they are continuing to play their little sex games with each other, especially the girls licking each other's pussy. So, in some strange way, maybe Tyrone is a godsend. He could turn the girls onto straight sex; show them how great straight sex can be. Then if they wanted to continue their little lesbian games, so what, they'd probably at least be bisexual, and we'd have a good chance of having lots of grandkids.

"And that part where Tyrone was trying to impregnate Jenny with a black baby: I loved that! I'd love it if he impregnated me with a black baby and the girls too! God that would be the greatest retribution I think our little family could do for black people. Don't you agree?"

I was dumbfounded with all she had told me, but I had to admit that she made a lot of sense and having Sarah and the girls fucking and sucking Tyrone and his black buddies I found tremendously exciting. Tyrone's cock was bigger and longer than little Sally's arm. It made my head dizzy just thinking about what it would look like with Tyrone balancing little Sally on the end of his thick, hard cockmeat. I was in a trance thinking about it all. Sarah started talking again, wondering where I was at.

"And with that \$20,000 Tyrone said he give if could get his cock in Sally, we could live a lot better than we do now. I could maybe even quit teaching, hm?"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure you could, sweetheart," I responded excitedly. "It's OK with me, as long as you for it 100%."

"I'm sick of teaching. When I started I was so into it, so idealistic, but now the kids are a pain to control and the bureaucratic bullshit has been getting me down. I say let's go for it. This is possibly the chance we have always been waiting for."

That night in bed Sarah asked me several questions. She wanted to know the exact size of Tyrone's huge black cock, which of course I was unable to tell her. I just repeated again that it was "immense" and left it at that. She asked again if I had enjoyed sucking it for Tyrone and cleaning the sex fluids of him and Jenny from it after they had fucked. I confessed that initially I found it disgusting, but for some strange reason I got aroused at the same time. Shamefully, I told her that being the world's greatest wimp probably made me feel that I was doing something I was destined to do.

Sarah then requested that I lick her asshole, like I had Jenny's earlier today, and I rapidly dove between her outstretched legs, as she propped her ass higher with a pillow beneath it and I licked and kissed her lush anal passage like a man possessed. As I was doing this Sarah asked still more questions, only now in a dreamy voice in between gasps of heavy breathing. All of her questions were about Tyrone and his wife, it seemed, and I just moaned as I continued to probe away at her sweet rear passage with my lips and tongue. She climaxed twice as I licked out her cute asshole, then she motioned for me to lick her cunt, so I did. She came twice more as I did this, and I could taste how extremely wet she was, far wetter than I had ever known her to be! I could sense then that she, like myself, was under Tyrone's spell, even though, unlike myself, she had never even met him! She finally pushed me away from her moist pussy.

"Ted, you know that I know that you jerked off in my panties last night. Twice! Now I know what you were going through."

"I'm sorry..."

"Oh, no need to be sorry. I didn't mind. But now I want you to do it for me. Jerk off for me, Ted," she said with a grin. "Here, take Jenny's panties. Show me how you use them, and tell me what you are thinking about as you do it."

I rose to my knees beside her, facing her, and began to comply with her request. "I ... I am thinking of my boss fuck ... fucking you ... with ... with his big ... black cock," I panted, as I stroked my dick wildly with the panties wrapped loosely around it. Our now long, long sex conversation had me wild with desire. I was ready to shoot off any second!

"Mmmm, oh, yes, Ted," she sighed. "That is wonderful. I think it would be cute if you wore my panties while he fucked me. You'd do that wouldn't you?"

That thought threw me a bit of a curve, but I didn't stop pumping. I couldn't stop pumping.

"And I want you to think of how you will clean Tyrone, and me too, after he has fucked me with his big beautiful black cock, OK?"

"Ahhh ... yes, YES!" I gasped, and with the thought of what my lovely wife had just said, I shot off my gooey cum with the teasingly silky green panties wrapped around my cock, my cockhead peeking out, spurt after spurt landed on Sarah's gorgeous tits and flat tummy.

"Lick it off me, Ted," Sarah said with a wild grin on her face. "Do it now. You might as well get in some practice at cleaning me off, honey, hm?"

I was still shaking from my wild ejaculation, but I managed to nod and then lick up every drop of my own cum juice from her body as she looked down at me with an imperious and lusty smile, obviously approving of my efforts.

Before we fell asleep, Sarah shocked me one more time when she said softly, "I'll get you a pair each of Kim and Sally's used panties in the morning, Ted, so you can take them to your boss." Then she added, "I'm glad I didn't do the laundry today as I had intended."

The next morning, as usual, I woke up after Sarah had already left for school. In my briefcase, I found a note and used pairs of our daughter's panties – a blue pair and a yellow pair, and much to my surprise, I also found a worn pair of Sarah's pink panties with them! In the note addressed to Tyrone, Sarah apologized for not having any dirty pink panties for the girls on such short notice, but she would correct that immediately and get them a new supply of panties, and all pink. I went down to breakfast just as the kids were preparing to leave for school, and as I watched them run out the door to catch the school bus, I imagined them dressed just in frilly little panties – a sight I had seen a thousand times before with the girls but which I never had really appreciated until that moment. And in my mind's eye, I could even clearly picture Matt in sissy pink panties. After they left, I immediately reopened my briefcase, extracted the panties, and sniffed each and every pair thoroughly. The smallest pair, the blue nylon panties, I recognized as being Sally's, and they caused me to get an instant erection, and I took that pair with me to the downstairs bathroom. I sat on the toilet with my pants and shorts around my ankles, jerking my cock madly with one hand while holding my sweet youngest daughter's soiled little panties to my nose with the other.

I came quickly and powerfully!

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I moved into my new quarters that morning, right next door to Tyrone's plush larger office. There was even a door from my office to his, so that neither of us had to go out in the outer lobby area to gain entrance to one another's office. It was just after 10 a.m. when Tyrone walked briskly through that door to my office.

"Well, my boy, how do you like it?" he beamed at me.

"It's great, Tyrone. Just great," I told him. "I just finished my report for Smyth regarding the employees they were considering for promotions, and I believe they are all in order."

"Good, Teddy," Tyrone replied. "I have no doubts you will do well as my new assistant. I just wanted to tell you I have your photo ready. Come and see it, my boy. I think you'll like it."

Tyrone motioned for me to follow him to his own office, and I did. But I had no idea what he was referring to until I looked at the framed 8" x 10" picture on top of his desk. It was of course the color photograph that Tyrone had taken two days ago from my former office, the one of my wife and children. I had to gasp aloud when I saw it. The only thing the same about it now was the frame! Tyrone had somehow managed to alter the picture! I stood there in total bewilderment, about two feet from the framed photo of my family, staring at it. Tyrone stood alongside me, draped his big hand around my shoulder, and then spoke.

"Well, what do you think of it, my boy? Tyrone chuckled. "Looks a bit different, eh? I have this friend who is an absolute wizard with computers," Tyrone explained.

"He can do just about anything with an image. So, Teddy, tell me what you think?"

"I ... I don't know quite what ... to say," I mumbled, as I continued to stare at the newly altered photograph of my wife Sarah and our three lovely kids. The picture had been altered so that all four of them were naked except each wore pale pink lingerie. Sarah was smiling much broader than she had been in the original photo, and all of them were wearing old-fashioned pink satin panties, a pink garter belt and silk stockings, which were clasped tightly with long pink ribbon garter straps that ended with big bows where they attached to their stockings. Sarah wore no bra at all, and I was amazed at how vividly the artist who had altered this photo had gotten her breasts so accurately portrayed. Sarah's one hand was over Kim's shoulder and tweaking a bare nipple on Kim's chest and her other hand was buried inside the delicate pinkish panties Matt was wearing. It was obvious that she was toying with her son's cock inside those lacy pink panties. Sally wore only a pair of pink nylon panties and her own hand was nestled in play inside them. She too had a big smile on her cute, young face, just like her mom, sisters and brother.

"Pretty good work, eh?" Tyrone repeated proudly. "If someone didn't know better, my boy, they would think this was a real picture of your lovely little family, don't you agree?"

"Yes ... yes, I ... I am sure they would," was all I could say. In spite of myself, staring at the altered lewd photo of my family gave me an involuntary erection, and I was sure Tyrone knew it.

"I still have your original photo, my boy," Tyrone chimed, "and you can put that one on your desk of course, just like before. But I want to keep this one here with me. By the way, did you see what it says at the bottom of the picture?"

I had not, but I took the time to peer closer so I could read the small bold lettering that now appeared in the lower left hand corner of this altered photo of my family that read, "White whore Family: Property of Mr. Tyrone Jackson." I don't know why, but reading that inscription made my cock twitch even more! Tyrone took note of the small bulge in my pants now, and he smiled.

"I thought you would like it, Teddy," he said, still smiling, "My friend is a real pro, isn't he? The only one missing in this family portrait is you, my boy. I want a picture of you, son, then I'm going to take it, along with this picture, and have my friend do a creative update. In other words, he will include you in the picture this time. That way all five of my new white slaves will be in it, eh?" He laughed loudly once again.

Tyrone then instructed me to get naked, and I knew I had no choice but to do as he ordered. I stripped before him, and he laughed again when my small and inferior white cock came into his view, all 5 inches of it hard as it could get. Tyrone withdrew a camera, a rather expensive 35 mm, from his desk and began snapping shots of me, as I stood there motionless, my small cock extending in the air between my slightly parted legs. I don't know why, but I told him I had a gift for him in my briefcase. I could have waited to give him my wife and daughter's worn panties, but it seemed to me that right then was the appropriate time, so I went into my office through the adjoining door, got the three pairs of lacy nylon panties from my briefcase, and handed them over to my boss. I was still naked and handling the panties over to him was the most dramatic act of kowtowing any man could perform. My dick was still erect, now more erect than it had ever been before, excited by performing this supreme act of submission.

Tyrone was elated with his present of the panties, and I watched with pride as he sniffed the fragrances of each pair as if it was something rare and unique. He seemed to savor the odors.

"Ah-h, these are very, very nice," he finally said to me, after more than three minutes of inhaling the smells of the panties.

"Did you sniff them, my boy?"

I shamefully admitted to him that I had, and I even told him about my having jerked off earlier that morning with Sally's charming panties at my nostrils. Tyrone nodded approvingly. He then tossed me Sarah's panties.

"Put these on," Tyrone said. "I want to get a couple of shots of you in your wife's sexy pink lace panties."



I knew better than to protest. I had already witnessed first hand what had happened yesterday to Jenny when she balked at one of Tyrone's orders. I nodded sheepishly and stepped into my wife's worn, frilly panties. They stretched out to fit me as I pulled them up high around my waist. My cock was really throbbing now!

"From the looks of that little straining white dick of yours, my boy, I'd say you like being in lacy pink panties, eh?" Tyrone's smile enlarged.

"Ever worn girls' panties before, Teddy?" he inquired.

"No ... never," I sighed.

"Well, you look damn good in them, son," Tyrone said. "I think they suit you. So, from now on, I want you in lacy nylon panties always. Is that clear? No more shorts for you, my boy. Panties only! You go out early today and buy yourself a bunch of them, and get the style your wife wears, like you have on now. I like them. Understood?"

I hung my head down a bit and nodded that I did indeed understand. Tyrone continued to snap picture after picture of me in Sarah's panties.

"I want you to shave too," Tyrone informed me, at last placing down the camera on his desk. "I mean all over. I want your entire body shaved clean, pubic area too, just like a bitch, Teddy. In fact, you are going to be my bitch, boy, and I know you are going to do a good job of it. Isn't that so, bitch?"

"I'll ... I'll try..." I stammered.

I didn't even see it coming. Tyrone moved like an impala, despite his size, and the slap he gave me had my head ringing. I fell to the floor.

"Not good enough, Teddy," he bellowed, covering over me.

"Now, try again, bitch. You will make a good bitch for me, won't you, boy?"

"Yes, yes, sir," I cried out. "I will make a very good bitch for you, I promise." I hoped he wouldn't hit me again, and he didn't.

"Much better, Teddy," he said. "Now, why don't you show me what a good bitch you can be? Crawl over here and suck your black master's cock. You know you want to, am I right?"

To appease him, I told him I wanted to suck his big beautiful black cock. Tyrone made me unzip his trousers and slide down his boxers all the while begging him to suck his enormous black fuck pole. He told me to lick his balls first, and while I was doing that, he buzzed his secretary on the intercom and told her to come in.

When she entered, I could see her out of the corner of my eye. She appeared a bit shocked to see

me sucking on his cock, and when she came around to the side of Tyrone's desk and saw that I was wearing my wife's pink panties, she openly laughed. Tyrone told her to shut up and watch as I sucked away on his shaft. I could see she was a mix of emotions, on the verge of both laughter and tears. She surely had some idea of how embarrassed as I was, but neither of us had a choice in the matter.

"Suck my cock, white boy," Tyrone screamed out, just before he began cumming in my mouth. "Suck your black master's superior big hard prick, you pink panty-wearing bitch boy!"

Then he erupted. He held my head firmly in place with both of his massive hands as his fuck juice spurted down my throat, and it was all I could do to keep from choking as his sperm filled my widely stretched mouth. When he was done cumming, he made me lick the cockhead and had Jenny step up and watch closely. He told her I was almost as good at cocksucking as she was, and for some reason I think she felt a bit jealous. When I at last had completed licking Tyrone's purplish cockhead clean, he rubbed his cock all over my face, then told me to lick his balls a while, which I did quickly. He then told me I could get up and sit in a chair, for which I was grateful. I tried to avoid eye contact with Jenny. Tyrone then produced a Polaroid camera from a desk drawer and some film. He handed these items over to her.

"I want some pictures of your slutty little daughter and your faggot son," Tyrone told Jenny. "There's a self-timer on this camera, so take some of you fingerfucking your little girl in her silky panties and bring me the panties along with the pictures. Take some more of you masturbating your son in his pink panties and then bring me in his panties too. Then think of other interesting poses: Like take a shit and then rub some of the shit on your kids faces, shots of your son licking your daughter's asshole, and start sticking carrots, dildos and things up your daughter's pussy and up your son's butt hole to start stretching them out in preparation of handling my big meat. Take pictures of doing those things, use your imagination, but get me some great photos! And I want them by tomorrow. They better be good too, or you will get one hell of a whipping, cunt. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Tyrone," Jenny replied softly. She took the camera and film and left to go back to her desk outside Tyrone's office. I was silently praying she wouldn't tell anyone in our company about what she had seen me doing in there. Tyrone seemed to read my mind.

"Don't worry, boy," Tyrone said. "She isn't going to say anything to anyone, She wouldn't dare," he added, laughing.

Tyrone had me fetch him some coffee from the wet bar that dominated the one side of his office, and he invited me to have a cup with him. I was still naked, except for my wife's pink panties, and Tyrone told me I had better jerk off before I burst. He instructed me to get on my knees before him and masturbate myself through the silky panties, so I could learn to enjoy the luxurious feeling of ladies' panties on my little cock, and then when I was ready to let go, to lower the panties just far enough to liberate my penis and to shoot my spunk on a towel that he tossed down on the floor before me, which I did. It was while Tyrone was sipping his coffee in sheer contentment and watching me whacking on my small dick that I told him about the evening

before and how Sarah and I had discussed everything, and that we were ready to do what he wanted. Then I shot off all over the towel as Tyrone howled with apparent delight.

"Teddy, my boy bitch," Tyrone said with jubilation in his voice, "you and your little family are going to make damn fine slaves." He then ordered me to pick up the towel and lick my cum from it. I closed my eyes and licked every drop of it!

At two o'clock that afternoon Tyrone called me into his office. He said he wanted to make sure I left early today so that I could stop by a store and buy some panties for myself. He even referred me to a lingerie shop that his wife had told him about where they stocked beautiful fancy panties. He told me to keep on my wife's pink panties until he told me it was time for me to leave and go shopping for panties for myself. He had also tossed my men's shorts into his waste basket, again reminding me I was never again to wear men's briefs, only women's panties. He said he planned on fucking Jenny in a little while, and he would buzz me to come in and do my clean up chores when they had finished fucking. Then, he informed me, I would be free to go. In addition, he let me know that he had telephoned his friend, the one who had so skillfully altered the 8" x 10" framed photo of my wife and kids into the obscene picture it now was, and that this friend would pick up and develop the film Tyrone had taken of me in Sarah's lacy pink nylon panties, and by later that evening, his friend would have the picture updated to include ME in it.

"I'm going to give you his phone number, Teddy," Tyrone informed me, "and I want you to call him around 10 p.m., and if he has the picture ready, I want you to go and get it and then bring it to me here tomorrow morning."

He handed me a small slip of paper with a man's name and telephone number on it. This wasn't a request, it was an order; I knew, so I merely nodded and put the slip of paper into my pocket.

"I'd go myself," Tyrone explained, "but a white bitch that Patti met last week is coming over tonight with her daughter, and I just might get too busy to get away, if you know what I mean," he added slyly and with a big grin.

My boss then opened his desk drawer and extracted the nice, original photo of my wife and daughters and handed it me sans the frame. "Buy a new frame while you are out buying your lacy panties today," Tyrone told me. "I kind of like the one you had this in, so I hope you won't mind me keeping it with the new picture my friend did of my new white whores, eh?"

I took the photograph and told him I didn't mind him keeping the frame. What else could I say? At any rate, I was so happy to get back the original photo of Sarah and the kids, that I honestly felt the frame was not all that important. I wondered though just WHERE he intended to keep the ALTERED obscene version of this picture, but was afraid to ask. I was also quite curious to know who, if anyone, would be viewing THAT picture, besides Tyrone, but this too I was hesitant to inquire about. Tyrone then instructed me to be certain to get SEVERAL pairs of panties for myself, so that I would never be without a fresh pair for work, and he also informed me that his favorite color was pink and a faggot like me needed a good supply of pink panties and a few in other colors too for occasional variety. He then said he would buzz me when he was done fucking Jenny so I could perform my clean up duties, and dismissed me with a wave of his

hand.

Some forty minutes later, while I was going over a purchase order at my desk, I could hear distinctly the sounds of a swishing noise coming from Tyrone's office next door. I got up from my chair and walked cautiously towards the door that separated our two offices, pressing my ear to it. Now, after each swishing sound, I could clearly hear a crackling, then a definite feminine scream, but not overly loud. In fact, it was almost muffled. It didn't take me long to figure out that Tyrone had Jenny in there, and that he was obviously whipping her with some sort of instrument of torment. First the swish would occur, then a crackle, where I assumed it was landing on some part of Jenny's soft flesh, then the muffled guttural scream, even a moan or two also. I found myself feeling sorry for Jenny, but not so much that I didn't wish I could SEE what was taking place in there, instead of just HEARING it! My cock got erect again as Tyrone lashed at her body, and hearing her almost muted, low screams, yelps and moans only proceeded to make me even hornier. Finally, a few moments later, the swishing sounds halted, and I could hear almost nothing for a few minutes. I was about to head back to my desk when I heard Tyrone's voice bellowing.

"You love it, don't you, your white slut?" I could hear Tyrone saying in a coarse voice. "You love my black cock, don't you, you bitch?" I knew then that he was fucking her, but all I could hear from Jenny was moaning and sobs as Tyrone continued to degrade her verbally as he fucked her.

A short time later the intercom buzzed and I raced back to my desk area to answer it. "Time to clean up, bitch boy," I heard Tyrone say. "Get on in here, now."

"Yes, sir," I replied. I clicked off the intercom and went rapidly to his office.

The first thing I saw was Tyrone's large naked black form, his spent cock dangling in all its glory between his legs, spunk still dribbling from its oversized knob. Then my eyes caught sight of Jenny, lying on her stomach on Tyrone's sofa, her ass and thighs visibly marked with red stripes, and cum juice frothing around her reddened asshole. She was wearing an azure and black garter belt and matching garters, but one of her garters was torn. I figured that had no doubt occurred during the flogging she had just received. The tops of her stockings were torn up too, and she was still sobbing and moaning. I next saw what Tyrone had used on her. A bamboo cane was sitting near her battered and freshly fucked body; some spots of blood on it could be seen against its shiny finish.

"Well, don't just there like you have bubble gum on your shoes, bitch boy!" Tyrone scoffed at me loudly. "Get down here and clean this cock of mine."

Tyrone was standing, leaning back against his desk, and I dropped to my knees at once and began cleansing his thick black cock with my mouth. I licked up all the combined fuck juices coating it, and then I did his balls. He pushed me away and commanded me to go clean up poor Jenny the same way.

"I fucked her asshole this time," Tyrone boasted, as I made my way to the sofa where Jenny lay wounded. "Had to use the cane on her, as you can tell, Teddy, because the dumb white whore

didn't get in here when I called her. Said she was on the phone with her fucking mother or some shit like that. Well, I'll bet she'll sure as hell hang up the next time, eh?" Tyrone chuckled again even more loudly. "Get down there and clean her up good, boy. I've got a real treat for the both of you if you do a good job."

I had no idea what the "treat" would be that Tyrone mentioned, but I knew I had better do a good job on Jenny or perhaps Tyrone might consider using that ruthless cane on ME, and I surely didn't want THAT to happen, so I dived snugly between Jenny's beautiful legs and went at her cum-loaded asshole with zest. I sucked quite an abundance of spunk from it, and also some blood, then licked and kissed it clean. All the while she continued to moan and sob, but as I spread apart her ass cheeks and probed her savagely fucked asshole with my tongue, she began to sigh and gasp. Her hips started to rotate slightly, and she climaxed ever so nicely when just the tip of my spunk-stained tongue managed to penetrate her anal passage. Tyrone was beside himself with joy when he witnessed this.

"God damn, boy," he shouted. "You sure know how to perform clean up duties. Hell, yes! Christ, I can't wait to have you cleaning up your sexy wife and daughters after Jerome and I fuck their whorish white cunts, and of course their sweet assholes too."

Hearing Tyrone say that made my small stiff cock throb!

"Okay, you two," Tyrone said. "You have indeed earned the treat I promised you. Both of you get over here now, on your fucking knees."

I had to help Jenny off of the sofa and almost had to drag her over to where our black boss was impatiently waiting for us, still leaning against his desk. We got down on our knees in front of him, just as he had ordered.

"Open your mouths, both of you, and tilt your heads upwards a bit," Tyrone barked. "Here's your treat, and if either of you spills a fucking drop of it, you will both be whipped hard. Not only that, my sluts, but you'll also be in here all day Saturday cleaning my fucking carpet. Understood, bitches?"

Jenny and I looked at one another, just for a second, and then nodded to Tyrone that we did indeed understand. I knew now, as did Jenny, what Tyrone had in mind as our "treat." Before I could contemplate on it further, a stream of hot piss filled my open mouth and I gulped and swallowed like never before. Just when I thought I could take no more, it stopped flowing and Tyrone was now drenching Jenny's mouth and throat with his hot urine.

"Drink it all, you white slut!" Tyrone growled at her. And she did! Neither Jenny nor I missed a drop of our boss's golden pee, and Tyrone had me lick the few drops of his salty piss that remained on his big purplish cockhead while Jenny watched with wide eyes. Tyrone then wiped his cockhead across both our faces, and then grunted.

"Good job," he said. "Damn good job. I am proud of you two slave bitches, I have to say. Hell, I'm going to let you both leave early today. Jenny, you get your slutty ass home and take some

good photos of that sweet daughter and faggot son of yours for me. Remember, I want those photos raunchy and I want them tomorrow morning on my desk, whore!"

"Yes, Tyrone," Jenny murmured. "I'll ... I'll take them tonight."

"You damn well better," Tyrone stated, looking down at her. "By the way, I've been meaning to ask you, bitch, about those little notes your pretty little slut daughter and candy ass son wrote me. Did YOU put them up to that?"

"Well, ... well, no, ... not exactly, Tyrone," Jenny began to explain. "I just told them about you, Tyrone, and that ... that you liked pretty young children their age, ... and ... and they sort of did it on their own. Jenny did it first, and Billy – they're both very smart kids – Billy wanted to ask you not to make him wear panties. I ... I hope it was all right."

"Hell, yes, it was all right," Tyrone chimed. "I loved the sweet note from your little slut and having a potential cocksucker like your prissy little boy crying about having to wear lace panties is music to my ears. When I have him kneeling before me in just his pink panties while he downs my black meat, I'll be in heaven, and I can hear him bellowing and bawling now as I slid aside those lacy panty legbands and rip open his virgin asshole. He might not go marching into sissyhood willingly, but he will go and he will end up being the most outrageous faggot you've ever seen – and you will be proud of him – won't you, bitch!"

Jenny, thoroughly ass fucked, well beaten, and now mentally tortured, was in a stupor; she did nod her head.

You will be proud of him. Won't you, bitch!"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jackson, I'd be ever so proud if you helped me turn my son into an silly, outrageous swishy, panty-wearing gay boy."

Well, so much for the idea my wife and I shared that gay boys are born and not made. Tyrone was such a domineering and powerful force and had such powers of mind control that I was convinced he could turn a straight boy into a gay boy. Momentarily, I even related to myself. I never dreamed I would suck cock, but now I was doing it whenever he wanted it and not minding it so much. Was I turning into a faggot? I ran my hand down over my ass and felt the silkiness of Jenny's panties that I still had on underneath my trousers – a further confirmation that I was more than a wimpy man. Before I admitted to myself that I might be turning into a homosexual, I turned my mind to other thoughts. Tyrone was still giving instructions to Jenny.

"Have your little bitch write me another note tonight, so I can have it tomorrow when you bring me the pictures, eh? Have her make it a good, hot one too. And have your Billy boy write me a note thanking me for giving him permission to wear girls' panties. Tell him to make it sound good, or I'll come over there tomorrow night and make him put on panties and a dress and take him to see his father, that macho jerk ex-husband of yours. I saw in the files, he works for that contractor building that new office complex by the courthouse. Does he still work there?"

Jenny nodded that he did.

"Good! Well, tell your son that I'll make you fix him up in a dress and panties and take him to the construction site so you can show him off in front of his daddy and embarrass his daddy in front of his big, he-men construction workers. So he better make that note to me a good one. I think I'll have you suck my cock while I read it and look at kids' perverted pictures." Tyrone laughed again.

"Yes, Tyrone," Jenny sighed.

"Now, as for YOU, bitch boy," Tyrone said, looking now down at me. "You take off your pants here and now and give me your wife's pink panties that you're wearing. I want them for my permanent collection. Then get your ass going. You go buy some panties, like I already told you to, then you head home, put a pair on, and show your sweet little wife and children just how nice you look in them, got it?"

"Do ... do I have to let ... let my kids see me in women's panties? I'd be so embarrassed." I said, which was a big mistake on my part. Tyrone slapped me across the face hard, and it stung, bringing immediate pain to my cheek.

"God damn, Teddy," he yelled at me, "don't you ever fucking learn? What did I just say you had to do, bitch boy?"

"I ... I have to put ... put on my new panties and ... show my wife and kids how ... how I look in them," I sputtered, rubbing the area where Tyrone had struck me.

"That's right, boy" Tyrone smiled. "And to make sure you do this, Teddy, I'm going to call your house tonight and check on it with your wife and all three of your little moppets, so have each of them ready to talk to me. It's time I called anyway. After all, tomorrow is Friday, so we have to get prepared, don't we?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered quickly, and not wishing to possibly irk Tyrone further and get slapped again. I already had my trousers down and the panties I quickly stepped out of and placed on his desk.

"Like I said," Tyrone continued. "We're having company tonight, but I'll find time for that phone call some time this evening, so you just make sure you do what I've told you, boy, understood?"

"Yes, Sir," I responded again as I pulled my trousers up my legs and covered my naked loins.

"Good," Tyrone said. "Now both of you cocksuckers get out of my sight. I've got some work to do."

Jenny and I were off our knees and up swiftly. She headed for Tyrone's private rest room to clean herself up and get dressed, and I headed back to my office. It took me a few minutes to organize myself, clean away the piss taste from my mouth with some Scope, then I was out of there and

headed to my car. I had no trouble locating the lingerie shop Tyrone had referred me to. Once there, I selected several pairs of women's panties, all lacy ones in the old-fashioned, full-cut, waist-high brief style that my wife wore and Tyrone preferred. I purchased 18 pairs in all, a dozen in various shades of pink, knowing pink was Tyrone's favorite color, and 6 in assorted other colors before checking out. The saleslady who assisted me was nice, but I felt sure she suspected the panties were for me, and not for my wife, as I had led her to believe by saying my wife was "about my own size." Nonetheless, she smiled coyly at me as I was leaving the shop, and I couldn't help but blush a bit.

That evening I showed the lacy panties to Sarah, after dinner, and she thought they looked "adorable."

"I can't wait to see you in them, Ted," she said gleefully. I also told her about the day's events at the office, including my clean up duties involving Tyrone and Jenny, and how I was instructed by Tyrone to show her and also Kim, Matt and Sally what I looked like in panties. She seemed pleased to know that Tyrone would be telephoning later on.

"I'm ... I'm not sure I can do this, Sarah," I told my wife. I was of course referring to allowing the children to see me in panties.

"Nonsense, honey," Sarah said perkily. "I think they'll all get a kick out of it. Why don't you put on a pair right now, nothing else either, and I'll go have a chat with them? It'll be fine, Ted, you'll see."

"Well," I said with hesitation, "if you think it will be all right..."

"Of course, it will," my wife assured me. "Here, put on this pair, Ted."

She handed me a bright pink pair of the panties that I'd purchased. With the prospect of wearing them before our children, the panties looked more ridiculously feminine than they did in the store. There were ribbons and frills down the sides and lace around the legs. God, were they embarrassing just to look at!

Sarah sensed my fears, patted me on the back and gave me one of her trademark, reassuring smiles. "I'll go talk to the children, and I'll call for you to come down when we're ready."

Sarah exited our bedroom and headed down the stairs where our three kids were playing a board game in our family room. I got out of my shirt and pants, took off my shoes and socks, and slipped the lacy pink panties on. They fit rather well, and I then went to our full-length mirror to study myself in them. In spite of my growing nervousness and anxiety, my small cock became hard as I stood there staring at my panty-clad image in the mirror. Some thirty minutes later I heard my wife's voice beckoning me to come downstairs.

I headed down the stairs gingerly, having lost my erection with the very first step, thank goodness. I slowly entered the family room where Sarah and the kids were waiting. They all caught sight of me simultaneously. I just stood there in the doorway, feeling as ashamed and



embarrassed as I ever had in my life. All four of them were staring at me silently. I couldn't bring myself to look directly at any of them, so I just sort of hung my head downward and waited for one of them to say something, and I prayed it would be soon! It was Sarah who finally broke the awkward silence. She appeared to be rigorously forcing herself to maintain a stolid expression.

"Well, kids," she said holding back a big grin, "what do you think? Doesn't Daddy look cute in pink panties?"

"I think he does," Kimmy said. Then she giggled a bit.

"Me too," Sally piped. She also began to giggle and tried to hide her laughter behind a big pillow she held in front of herself.

Sarah and the two girls were on the verge of splitting a gut laughing, obviously struggling to contain themselves. Surely Sally had instructed them to try not to laugh at me, but that advice was having only limited success since the sight of me in lace panties was probably more than my daughters could handle without breaking up.

Matt wasn't giggling. He had more of an awestruck expression on his face. His big baby eyes were wide open and staring at me intently. Then he too spoke out.

"Mommy, why again does Daddy have to wear panties?"

"Because, sweetie," Sarah said softly, "your daddy has a brand new boss now, a very nice black man, and he wants daddy to wear panties, so he has to obey his boss, just like you have to obey your teacher at school, see?"

"Oh, OK," our son said weakly.

"Don't you think daddy looks nice in his new panties, Matt?" Sarah asked.

"Uh-but," Matt smirked and pointed, "but his thingy is poking out, Mommy."

My small dick had involuntarily become erect again, much to my shame!

Sarah looked my way to verify what Matt had just said.

"That's because daddy obviously likes wearing his new panties, I am sure," Sarah told him, casting a coy smile in my direction. "They get his thing all hard, sweetie. Men get like that when they like something."

"Oh," was all he replied.

Kim and Sally were still giggling, but Kimmy stopped long enough to say, "You look nice, Daddy," she told me as she struggled to sound sincere, "and I wish I had some pretty panties like them."

"Well," I stammered, "maybe we can." I felt it was definitely time for me to say something here.

"Of course, darling, we'll go shopping for you and get you some new panties just like daddy's."

"Me too?" Sally asked.

I nodded.

Wow, that would be cool," she replied with a big smile.

"What about Matt?" Sally shouted, knowing how he always wanted things his sisters wanted.

"Well," Sarah said as she stared at our son, "I have a feeling Mr. Jackson is going to want Matt wearing girls' panties too just like his daddy. We'll get all three of you some new panties at the mall this weekend. How's that?"

The girls shouted, "yes" at once. Matt stared in horror, his eyes tearing up.

"Don't fret, Matt," she said, "I'm sure you'll love wearing panties. In fact, I'll go upstairs and get you a pair of Kimmy's panties and you can put them on right now and give them a try. OK?"

Matt was looking very apprehensive, and I was most anxious to get back upstairs and put some men's clothing on, but Sarah had other ideas when I turned my back and started to head for the stairs.

"Ted," Sarah spoke out, "get back in here."

I turned around and looked in her direction across the family room.

"I think you should remain as you are, dear," she told me. "Since, as you told me, your boss wants you in panties always from now on, I feel it would be best for you to give the children and me a chance to get used to seeing you this way. In fact, darling, when Mr. Jackson telephones tonight I am going to ask him if perhaps you should be kept in just panties at all times around the house. So do leave them on, Ted."

"Uh ... well, if you feel I should, honey..." I muttered.

"I do," Sarah stated matter-of-factly, "and I have an idea that your boss will also, don't you think?"

"I ... I suppose he will," I mumbled.

"Well, it's settled then," Sarah stated. "Now, why don't you go over to your son and sit with him on the couch. Talk to him about how nice it is to wear silk panties while I go upstairs and find a pretty pair of panties for him to try on. And when I get back, you can get all of us some soda pop and maybe some of that chocolate pecan ice cream that is in the freezer?"

"Yes, dear," I responded weakly.

I put my arm around Matt and told him it would be OK to wear panties, and that I was sure he'd get to love wearing them. He cried that the other kids would think he was a sissy girl and I told him nobody would find out unless he told them. Right then and there I made the girls promise never to tell anyone about the private things that went on in our house – private things like Matt and my wearing panties. They promised (with a lot of laughter), and I explained that a lot of fun and interesting things would probably be happening in our house that was never to be told to people outside the family. When they asked what I meant, I explained to them about how their mother knew that the three of them played their little sex games, and now they were going to start playing sex games with adults like their mom and me and probably with my black boss, his wife and their teenage son, and maybe even other people.

Kimmy smiled broadly and nodded like she was all for the idea. She slid her hand up the side of her dress and was trying to discreetly give her little pantied pussy a few strokes. Sally was bobbing her head wildly, like she fully understood what I was telling them and eager to participate. Matt had a distant, confused expression on his face. I could tell he wasn't sure of anything, and Kimmy tried to convince him that it was going to be great just as Sarah reentered the room with a pair of white satin panties folded over her right hand.

Matt stood up and made a motion to back away, but I held him firmly as Sarah and the girls stripped him of his trousers and underwear. Unable to do anything but cooperate, he stepped into the panties as his mother held them open for him to step into. He wasn't audibly crying, but thick tears rolled down his cheeks as the panties were slowly eased up his legs, over his trembling thighs and up and up until they were pulled up high around his thin little body.

"The panties are a bit big on him, but they do look pretty. Don't they girls?"

Kimmy and Sarah cooed in agreement. Girlish laughter filled the air.

Trying to take charge a bit and be helpful to him, I said, "Now, see, Matt, panties aren't so bad to wear. In fact I think you look great in them, and I bet they feel really good on you, don't they?"

He looked at me in horror, like I was a trader – well, I was! I was a trader to my masculinity. Instead of teaching my own son how to be a man, I was encouraging him to be a sissy pantywaist. Instead of being a good father and protecting him from homosexuality and the ravages of sexual depravity, I was helping to panty him and railroad him down the same path I had been traveling without putting up any real resistance. I felt a little sick to my stomach, seeing Matt standing there naked except for those frilly white panties, his sister's panties, with his mother and sisters now openly teasing him and giggling while pretending that it was OK for a boy to wear their sissy silk panties. I needed to withdraw a bit. I got up and was headed for upstairs, but Sarah stopped me.

"Oh, yes, I think it's time for some pop and ice cream. We're having so much fun here, I almost forgot! Ted, make sure you put on one of my good aprons over your panties while you bring us

our dessert. I don't want you getting your new panties dirty. I think tomorrow I will buy you some cute feminine style aprons to wear when you are serving us. Would you like that, dearest?"

"Yes, I suppose I would," I said in a meek, completely defeated tone. In the kitchen, I realized how trying this must be for Matt, and the entire household atmosphere was pretty scary and dreary (for Matt and me), so I thought I needed to do something to break the tension, so I even laughed to myself as I selected and put on Sarah's frilliest lace-trimmed apron, a confection of pure femininity loaded with pink and white lace and ruffles that read "Super Mom" on the pocket.

When I returned with their ice cream and soda pop, the girls and Sarah all had a splendid laugh at my expense when they saw me wearing that ridiculous apron. Even Matt giggled a little and blushed at my appearance. I did a little pirouette like a swishy little girl as I joking posed and showed off the frilly, feminine apron. Everyone got a big laugh when I turned around, bent over and gave them all a big flash of my pink panty-covered behind. As they worked on their ice cream and sodas, I just stood nearby and waited for them to finish, listening as Sarah explained to our three children how their daddy, now in panties and apron, was now making a lot of money and they all could have things they had only dreamed of having up to then. She also told them how all of us had to obey my new boss, his wife, and also his son, and do whatever we were told to do by them so that daddy could keep his new job and be able to make all that money to buy them all the nice, new things they wanted.

"You see, kids," Sarah told them, "you'll meet Mr. Jackson and his family tomorrow night because they will be here for dinner, and we will all be just like slaves to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and his son. And daddy will be our slave, won't you, Ted?" she looked over at where I was standing for confirmation of what she had just said.

"Yes, dear," I replied, lowering my head in total shame.

Sarah smiled widely.

"See, girls," she remarked, "your daddy is going to be our very own personal slave, and we're going to teach Matt how to be a sissy panty slave boy too, and that means you can tell Matt and Daddy to do something and they have to obey and do it."

Matt wailed, "Mom! I don't want to be a sissy! Tommy and Butch will laugh at me."

Instantly reacting, Sarah slapped him across the face hard. She had spanked the kids a few times, but I had never seen her deliver such a hard a decisive punishment to such a little token of resistance.

"Matt, you're already a sissy! Tommy and Butch already laugh at you and beat you up! Your father is a sissy wimp and so are you! Now, we're going to make you into a faggot if that's what Mr. Jackson wants you to be. Your daddy tells me that Mr. Jackson likes to sex up little white boys and girls, and little boys he likes to dress up in panties and dresses, so I'm sure you'll be looking like a girl soon whether you want to or not."

Matt stood there defeated, his head hung low, and his tears dripping to the floor.

"Wow, how cool," Kimmy beamed. "You mean, Mom, that if we tell Matt and Daddy to do something for us, they have to do it?"

"Yes, honey, they do," Sarah verified. "And if they don't?" Kim wanted to know.

"Well, then you can punish them," Sarah stated flatly, finishing the last spoonful of her ice cream.

"Punish them? How?" Kim inquired.

"Anyway any of you want to," her mother informed her.

"Could ... could we spank them, Mom?" Kim asked with excitement.

"Certainly," Sarah replied. "You could even whip them with a belt, or whatever else you wanted to do to them. They are our slaves, so of course you can do whatever you like to them, OK?"

"Cool!" Kim said, with a huge grin on her pretty little face.

"Wow, this will be fun, having Matt and Daddy as our slaves. Can I spanky them too, Mommy?" little Sally questioned.

"Certainly, sweetheart," Sarah smiled at her. "Of course you can."

"Can I spank Daddy now?" Sally asked urgently.

"Well, I don't see why not, honey," Sarah laughed. "Do you want to?"

"Uh-huh," she answered quickly, her little head bobbing up and down rapidly.

"Well, OK then," Sarah said. "How would you like to do it, sweetie?"

Daddy's way too big to go over your lap, you know," Kimmy giggled at her sister when Sarah said that.

"Make him get on the floor, Mommy," Sally cried out. Then our youngest one raced over to the Ping-Pong table across the room and grabbed a paddle. "You heard her, Ted," Sarah said to me sternly. "Get down on the floor, butt high in the air so she can spank you. Now!"

I dallied initially, but when Sarah said "now," I knew she was serious, so I did as I was told to do. A few agonizing and embarrassing seconds later I felt the first smack on my panty-covered ass with the paddle that my youngest daughter was holding with both hands. She did not go easy on me at all, and I had no choice but to yell out as the flogging went on and on. She hit me much harder and for longer than I thought she was capable. She finally tired, and I was permitted by

Sarah to get up. Matt stared at me in amazement, and in a detached almost unconscious way, he continuously and nervously fingered the elastic legbands and lace trim of his white satin panties. Kim was giggling profusely at my ordeal, and little Sally, apparently quite proud of the wallowing she had just given her new slave daddy, was smiling and cooing with joy.

"Can I do him now, Mom?" Kim asked her mother excitedly. Before Sarah could answer, the telephone rang. It was Tyrone Jackson calling. "Well, hello, Mr. Jackson," I heard my wife coo as I rubbed my sore and well-paddled ass cheeks with both hands in my panties. The telephone conversation between my wife and boss went on for some time. I of course could only hear Sarah's part of it, as I stood there in the family room doorway, still rubbing my sore ass from the paddling little Sally had inflicted on me. I could tell from Sarah's tone of voice and her frequent laughter that she and my boss were getting on well. The girls got tired of watching me rub my aching ass, I suppose, and both of them scooted to where their mother was carrying on with Tyrone Jackson via the telephone like a teenage girl might do. I heard Sarah tell Tyrone all about what had just happened - me being in lacy pink nylon panties and a frilly apron, serving all of them ice cream and sodas, and of course about the sound spanking I had just so shamefully received at the hands of little Sally. She told Tyrone how she had pantied our son, Matt, and as she did she beckoned Matt to come close to her, and once he did, she put her hand over the mouthpiece and said, "Listen, Matt" and then shared the earpiece of the phone with him. She smiled and Matt stood there shedding glycerin-thick tears. With her hand still over the mouthpiece, she said, "See, Matt, I told you Mr. Jackson would want you to be in panties just like your daddy."

Matt's eyes bulged out as he continued to listen to Tyrone on the phone. Then all of a sudden, he broke from Sarah's grasp and ran upstairs to his room, his white satin-pantied ass jiggling girlishly as he ran. Sarah laughed and told Tyrone. She laughed some more and I was sure Tyrone was laughing with that hearty gruff laugh of his on the other end of that phone line.

Finally, after what seemed like forever to me, she handed the telephone receiver to Kim. I had no idea what my boss was telling my oldest daughter, but whatever it was, Kim seemed to like it, and she too laughed a bit and reached up under her dress and stroked her purple panties, moving her fingers up and down on her pantied pussy lips, and doing it boldly while her mother, sister and I stood there watching. I knew she was following the instructions she was receiving over the phone. I found it very exciting and my small erection grew to the biggest it has ever been, as it stood straight out in the front of my pink panties. Sally, our youngest, was just inches away from my cock, she reached over and touched it, and then quickly drew back her hand and giggled when I felt her touch me and looked down to see what she was doing. Embarrassed, I tried to turn a little away from Sally. I was very excited, but I didn't want to shoot cum in my panties in front of my young daughters, especially because my youngest was fondling me!

Then I heard Kim utter a few "Yes, Sirs," and it was Sally's turn to talk with Tyrone. Here too I heard some laughter on her part, then also a few "Yes, Sirs." She wasted no time telling him how she had just spanked her daddy, and how he was still rubbing himself from the effects of it. I could not help but turn beet red again, hearing these comments from her. Tyrone obviously approved of what the little vixen had just done to me because I heard Sally squeal with delight at whatever he had just said to her. Then she said, "Yes, I liked hitting him, Sir. It was fun!" She

then said "OK, 'bye," and handed the receiver back to her mother, who spent another five minutes on the line with Tyrone before hanging up. After my wife had placed the receiver back on its cradle, she looked over at me. I was still just standing there in the doorway, not sure what else to do while my entire little family had been chatting with my black boss.

"Well, Ted," Sarah smiled at me, "it seems your boss DOES approve of you being in panties at all times while you are at home and is delighted that we already have Matt in panties too, so that is how it will be from now on. Further, he also gave his approval for the girls and me to use you and Matt as our personal slaves and servants. What do you think of that, dear?"

I didn't know what I thought of it, but my cock sure did! Once more, it was quite stiff and Sarah took instant note of it, as her pretty blue eyes gazed down at the crotch area of my pink panties. She laughed.

"Well, girls," she told our two giggling daughters, "it looks like daddy likes being our slave, doesn't it?"

"When he gets his ... his thing ... hard like that, Mom, does that mean he likes something?" Sally inquired, still somewhat giggling, along with her older sister.

"Yes, Sally, it does," Sarah answered. "Remember, I explained that to all of you a while ago."

"Oh, yeah, I remember now," Sally said. "But what makes it go back down, Mom? I mean it wasn't hard like that before. I know 'cause I was looking. How can it go back again?"

"Well, honey," Sarah went on, "there a couple of ways for it to go soft. One is for a man to think of something that is not sexy, like maybe baseball or his car, or something like that. Another way, the real SURE way, is if he ejaculates."

"What's ejacu . . .?" Sally asked quickly.

"Ejaculates," Sarah repeated. "That is when a man or boy spurts out his sperm from his cock, Sally," her mother informed her. "People often call it cumming too. Remember when I told you about that?"

Both girls nodded but in an unconvincing way.

"Look, I can see I am going to have to teach all of you many things about sex, and very quickly too, because Mr. Jackson and his family will be coming here tomorrow night as I told you all yesterday, and they will be expecting each of you to know a lot more about sex than you apparently do now. So, do you girls want to learn some things about sex?"

They nodded their heads affirmatively at once. "OK," Sarah sighed, rising from her chair near the phone. "Well then, here's what we're going to do. You girls all strip down to your panties, and I will do the same. That way all of us will be wearing the same thing, just like Daddy and Matt is now.

"Ted, go upstairs and get Matt. He needs to learn these things too."

As I started up the stairs, I could see that the girls were a bit hesitant, but being the teacher/instructor that my wife is, she managed to get them to quickly strip down to their panties. As for me, my still hard cock bobbed up and down in my pink panties as I ascended the stairs and entered Matt's room. He was in bed, crying with the blankets pulled up over his head. When I told him to get out of bed and come back downstairs, he cried and said he didn't want to, so I finally had to pull off his covers and make him get up. He had changed back into his boy's underwear. I told him to put the white satin panties back on or he'd be in big trouble. Crying so hard he wasn't even able to stand still and put on the panties, I took the panties and held them open for him to step into. I had to lift up each one of his feet, insert them into the panty leg openings and pull the panties up his body as he kept twisting and trying weakly to resist. I told him to stand still and let me panty him or his mother would surely give him a very hard spanking. He gave in. I tried to explain to him that wearing silky panties could be a lot of fun because they felt so good against a boy's cock and ass cheeks, and to show him what I meant, I rubbed his tight little butt through the satiny panties just like I love to rub Sarah's ass through her panties. I did it in a very loving and sexy way so he'd know how nice they felt. Then I took his pantied cock in one hand and his pantied balls in my other hand and gently massaged them through the heavy satin panty fabric. He responded immediately by getting a cute little hard-on. I guess he had my genes all right. His cock was pretty small even when it was hard. I asked him if he liked me masturbating him in his panties. He was thoroughly kowtowed and obviously confused. It made me a little disgusted with myself that I was coaxing my son to like wearing panties. Would I be teaching him how to suck cock next? I knew that probably would be the case, but I didn't want to think about it. In defense of myself, I saw this whole thing of being a slave to Mr. Jackson and pimping for him as I recruited my whole family as a great shortcut to all the luxuries of life we all had wanted for so long and had always before felt were so far out of our reach. I just got rid of any bad feeling I had about forcefully pantying my son and concentrated on all the great and wonderful things I'd be able to give to him now that my ship was coming in! Matt put up no resistance as I walked him downstairs.

When we got back to the family room, my wife and daughters cheered at our entrance. Sarah wanted to know what took so long, but then she saw Matt's tear-stained face and decided not to pursue it.

My cock stiffened, and it even began to jump a little when I first took in the view of my two sweet and preciously formed daughters standing near their mother, all now in just their cute little underpanties. They commented about it, and took note that Matt's cock made a firm little bulge in his satin panties too, but then they didn't pay much more attention to our aroused state as Sarah got everyone to sit down and pay attention as she began the "lessons."

She first showed us her own cunt, peeling down her sexy green panties to her knees so all three of the kids could view up close her nice blond bush. The girls asked about the hair she had on her pussy, saying honestly that they didn't have any on THEIR pussies. Sarah explained how in due time they too would have hair there.

Then she went on to tell them about periods, cycles, the whole works. All three kids were also in awe of their mother's fine set of tits. Matt couldn't take his eyes off them. Sarah explained that



both our girls would one day have their own tits, maybe even bigger than hers. Sarah's teaching experience showed as she expertly taught the children about their bodies and sex. I watched and listened with interest. I was very impressed by not only how Sarah handled all this, but how fast the kids seemed to grasp everything she was telling them. Then Sarah went on to explain words. She told them that certain words should be used to describe certain things that had to do with sex and one's anatomy. She told our daughters that their "cunnies" were really their "cunts." She told them that from now on they should refer to that part of their body as their "cunt," "pussy," "snatch," "twat," "fuckhole," and a long list of words I never dreamed my lovely, shy wife even KNEW! She then gave them new words for their chest areas. She told them "tits," "boobs," "knockers" are "jugs" are good words to use. Then she rose again, bent over, spread apart the cheeks of her divine and supple ass, and exposed her pink, tender asshole to them. She told them this was an "asshole" and that men sometimes liked to fuck a girl there. My cock was straining now!

"You mean a man puts his penis in THERE?" Kim, our oldest, asked with shock on her pretty young face.

"Yes, dear, sometimes," Sarah replied. "But it's not just a penis, Kimmy. It's also a cock, a dick, a prick, a rod. I want you to remember that, okay? No more penis, kids. From now on, when you have occasion to talk about a man or boy's penis, you will call it a cock, a prick, a dick, a rod, a fuck-tool or a shaft. Is that clear?"

All three answered, "yes" in unison, and the lessons continued. Even Matt seemed to get beyond a lot of the embarrassment of sitting there in just satin panties. He was really getting into these lessons and was mesmerized by the show his mother was putting on.

Sarah went on to explain, and in lavish, lengthy detail too, what "fucking" was, and told them all about "blow jobs" and "cunt lapping." She even told them about "ass rimming" and she pointed out that their own daddy was quite fond of THAT form of sexual activity.

All three children giggled in harmony and looked my way when their mother said that, and I just hung my head downward and looked at the floor.

"Mom," Sally interjected, "can we see daddy do it to you?"

"You mean, watch him give me a rim job?" Sarah laughed.

"Oh, yeah, can we, Mom?" Kim jumped in. "Please? That would be way cool!"

"Yeah, Mommy," Sally squealed, "can we, please? I want to see it!"

Sarah sighed, and then smiled. "Well, ... I suppose so," she told them, and they all cheered and howled.

I was flabbergasted! Was my wife really serious? Would she actually make me lick out her asshole here and now, in full view of our kids! A second later I knew she was indeed serious!

"Get over here, Ted," she said in a bold no nonsense tone. "Show our kids how much you like licking assholes and how well you do it, too."

I slowly approached while Sarah peeled her panties clear off and handed them to me to hold.

"Sniff them first, Ted," she said cockily. "Let the children see firsthand what a wimpy panty sniffer their daddy is, besides an ass licker and a cocksucker."

I shamefully held my wife's panties to my nose and inhaled deeply. I could smell both Sarah's sweet cunt and her ass on them.

"Wow, cool!" Kim uttered, as she watched intently as I inhaled the odor of her mom's worn panties. "That's neat! Does daddy really suck cocks too, Mom?"

"Yes, Kimmy, he does," she said. "He has only sucked one so far, Mr. Jackson's. But I'm sure there will be more soon."

Sarah then got down on the rug, on her hands and knees, and thrust her inviting ass upwards towards my face. I got down behind her, spread open the cheeks of her beautiful ass that I adored so much, and began to lick her wet anal passage. I could hear our daughters jostling around, alongside Sarah and I, no doubt trying to get the best view possible of their pink panty-wearing slave father dutifully licking out the hot, sweet asshole of their mother. My wife was lustfully panting and groaning, and her hips were rocking to and fro as I licked and sucked away at her anus.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Matt was very interested in what I was doing too. He was discreetly fingering his hard little cock in the crotch of his sissy satin panties.

"Lick me, Ted! Faster, you bastard!" Sarah shouted. "Agghhhh, that's it ... yes, just like THAT ... ooohhh ... agghhhh..."

Sarah cried out and carried on that way for another few minutes, and then she had her first of two wild orgasms. I continued to lick her until she herself calmed down long enough to order me to stop. She rolled over on her back, trying to catch her breath, while I remained on my knees at her feet now, the sexy juices of her sensual asshole embedded on my lips, nose and chin.

"Wow, mom, that was sooooo cool," Kim said, looking down at her mother.

All three kids were now on their knees alongside their mom. As soon as my wife was breathing normally once again, she spoke out.

"Matt, I saw you playing with your dick. You liked what you saw your daddy dong to my asshole, didn't you?"

Matt blushed and put his head down. Sarah asked him again, but he just squirmed in embarrassment.

"Ted," my wife said, "Go give your son a french kiss and give him a little taste of what you sucked out of my asshole."

The moment Matt started to step backwards, our two daughters grabbed and held him without being told to do so. As Sarah reminded the kids about french kissing and how it was done, I crawled over to Matt, stood up on my knees and kissed him on the lips. With my tongue I pried open his lips and fucked his face with my ass-juice filled mouth, making sure to rub into his face some of the ass juices coating my face. Matt sputtered, cried and gagged but wasn't strong enough to fight me off or escape the hold of his sisters. As I finished and then pulled away from him, he tried to reach up and wipe his face and lips, but the girls were quick to stop him from doing that.

"Lower your panties, Ted," she commanded of me. "I want the kids to see your cock."

With still more shame, I stood up and did as Sarah had ordered, slipping the lacy pink panties down to my thighs. My aching and throbbing cock jutted upwards immediately. Kim, Sally, and even Matt got closer to get a better look at it.

"Has either of you girls ever seen a cock before?" Sarah asked them.

They shook their head "no," but then Kim added that she had seen a couple of cocks one time in a dirty magazine one of her girlfriend's had. She also told her mother that the cocks she had seen in that magazine were much bigger and thicker than mine, much to my shame and humiliation.

"Yes, I'm sure they WERE bigger," her mother sighed. "Your father does not have a big cock at all, girls. In fact, it isn't even average size. But I did want you to see it anyway, so that at least you'd have SOME idea of what a man's cock looks like, and when Mr. Jackson and his son come over tomorrow you will see what REAL cocks look like."

"Can ... can I touch it, mom?" Sally asked.

"Certainly, dear, if you want to," her mother said.

Sally grabbed it a bit roughly, and I let out a small yelp. The girls laughed, and so did my wife. Sarah even insisted that Matt touch and inspect my dick. He was reluctant to do so, but he was a thoroughly beaten boy and was learning quickly not to resist any commands given to him by his mother. In a matter of seconds all of them were handling my small stiff dick, rubbing it, squeezing it, and pulling on it. Sally found my small balls and gave them a tug, which caused me to yelp again, and once more everyone laughed.

In the midst of their exploration of my cock and balls, Sarah told Kim to stop what she was doing to my dick (jabbing it with her fingernails) and said for her to go fetch a small glass from the kitchen.

"Get the ruler from your school bag too, Kimmy," Sarah added.

When Kim returned with the glass and ruler, she instructed her to get behind me and swat my bare ass with the ruler, while she ordered Matt to pull on my balls.

Then, she told Sally to jerk my cock back and forth with both her little hands. Me? I had to hold the glass in front of myself, Sarah informed me.

"And you had better shoot every drop into the glass, Ted. I mean it! If you stain this carpet, I will personally whip your slave ass with that ruler, and I'll be a lot tougher on you than Kimmy, I assure you!"

Then the ass whipping commenced. Kim showed me no mercy whatsoever as she lashed my already sore and red ass cheeks with her ruler. She whipped my butt with fury, saying things like, "Take THAT, daddy! You cocksucker! You big sissy! Nancy boy daddy in pink panties!" as she smacked my ass hard and with increasing severity.

Matt, his small hands seemingly intent on causing as much pain to my balls as possible, tugged and pulled as hard as he could on my nut sac, until I thought I was on fire! Sally jerked me off ruggedly, but it was so erotic to have my sweet little girl jack me off that I soon shot my load in four jets of cum directly into the glass that I was holding in my shaking hands.

Kim had not seen me shoot off, being way too busy behind me whacking my ass with the ruler. But her two siblings had observed my climax, and they seemed to relish the sight. Sally said she enjoyed seeing me cum.

"You can stop hitting daddy now," Sarah told Kim, much to my relief. And Kim halted her onslaught of my burning red ass finally. "Now, Ted, thank our daughter for the discipline she just gave you. I know her poor arm must be tired."

"Thank ... you, Kim," I replied, sheepishly.

"Ted, shame on you," my wife said. "You can do better than that. Thank her for WHAT?"

I tried again. "Thank you ... uh, for whipping my slave ass, sweetheart," I said sincerely.

Kim smiled proudly. "Anytime, Daddy," Kim beamed. "I liked doing it to you."

"That was much better, dear," my wife told me. "Now, drink your cum up. Show the girls how much you like drinking cum, Ted."

They all watched closely, especially Sarah, but as I was ready to do it, Sarah stopped me and said, "Wait a minute, give Matt a taste of it first! I'm sure we will have him sucking cocks very soon, so he should find out the surprise that awaits him for giving a man a good blowjob."

The girls knew their job and they were securely holding Matt as he twisted and squirmed, fear all over his face. He struggled and flipped his head from side to side, but Sarah came over and gave him a vicious smack on his satin pantied cock with her ruler. He screamed in pain, and when he did, I was able to get the glass in his mouth for a moment and hold it there while some of the

cum slowly slid down the side of the glass and out into his mouth. Sarah held her hand over his mouth and nose until he swallowed. When they all let him go he was coughing and gagging, crying and finally in total despair fell to the floor. With him moaning and carrying on in the background, I tipped the glass up to my mouth and drank it all down. Sally was giggling at my distressful situation.

"Now, girls," Sarah said, "we are all going to give daddy a special treat since he has been such a good slave for all of us tonight, and after we give him his treat, you can help mommy shave all the hair off his body. Mr. Jackson told me on the phone tonight, girls, that he wants Daddy all shaved clean, just like a girl, when he goes off to work tomorrow."

Kim and Sally whooped and cheered with delight.

"Do you know what else Mr. Jackson told me on the phone tonight, girls?" she asked our daughters.

They shook their heads sideways.

"Well, it seems your daddy likes to drink pee," she told them. "So I think he should have his treat now. That is, if any one besides me has to go peepee."

"I do!" Kim exclaimed.

"So do I, Mom. Really bad too," Sally proclaimed. "I have to go peepee too, Mommy!"

"Well, my dear," Sarah stated to me, "it looks like you will be getting more of a treat now than you got from your boss, hm?"

I lowered my head, and said nothing.

"Let's go, Ted," Sarah told me. "Into the bathroom and lie down in the tub. We'll all be there in a minute."

I pulled up my lacy pink panties, scurried solemnly to the downstairs bathroom, and lay on my back in our large bathtub. A moment later Sarah and the kids came bouncing in. All of them still dressed just in their pretty panties. I couldn't help but gaze longingly at my wife and our two pretty daughters, their little priceless cunts only covered by delicate girlie panties. My wife helped each of the girls squat over me, my mouth wide open in anticipation of their urinal fluids to be sprayed on me through their panties. Sarah made Matt just stand by the tub and watch. Sally went first since her need to empty her bladder was apparently far more urgent than the others, and then Kim. I was instructed by Sarah to swallow as much as I could, then lick each of their preteen cunts through their panties, and then to lick clean of piss their cunt lips as they held aside the crotch of their little girl panties. Then Sarah stood over my open mouth in our tub, and let go with an abundant and steady stream of piss, filling my mouth and overflowing down my chin onto my neck and chest. I drank as much of her offering as I was able to, but not near enough to please her. She rubbed her pantied, piss-coated pussy harshly in my face when she was

done squirting, while our girls looked on with glee and Matt looked like he was watching a horror movie. Just as she was rising from my face, Sarah let go with a loud, crackling fart that hit me directly under my nose. I shuddered, but everyone else laughed and cheered. Even Matt cracked a smile at the unexpected fart.

"Way to go, Mom!" Kim shouted. "Cool!" she added, as she laughed at her daddy being the target of a loud fart from her mom.

"Do it again, Mommy," Sally pleaded, banging her little clenched fists on the side of the tub. But the one smelly fart was all she had in her, thank goodness.

"Kids," Sarah said, stepping cautiously out of the tub. "Daddy is going to shower now and clean all the piss off, then we can shave him, OK?"

The girls shouted 'hooray' and went out to the upstairs bathroom with their mother to clean themselves up, while I was left to shower and prepare myself for the shaving I was about to receive. Matt had been commanded to stand in the corner of the bathroom and watch me, and that is what he did. He was going to turn out to be a dutiful little pantywaist wimp just like his father. I was sure of that. He just needed a little adjustment time to get used to this very unmasculine sort of life-style.

Sarah and the girls all returned wearing some of their Sunday-best panties. The shaving didn't go as badly as I thought it would. The girls helped, and they also found immense amusement in the whole procedure, but Sarah did most of the shaving, including my pubic region. She rubbed an oil of some type on that area when she had shaved it of every single hair that had been there for so long, and that helped ease the tenderness and soreness I was feeling there. My armpits, chest and ass were shaved clean as a whistle too, and she let the girls do my arms and legs with an electric razor, which they were only too eager and willing to do. Sarah instructed me I could shave my face in the morning, and she told me I would now be doing all the shaving of my entire body myself, and that she would be inspecting me periodically to make certain I was hair-free, as she so aptly put it. After the shaving was over, Sarah and the girls decided to rub me down over my entire body, from neck to toes, with some sort of feminine perfume Sarah had. They also powdered me with flower-scented after-bath powder.

"But ... but, Sarah ..." I feebly protested, "I ... I'll smell like a WOMAN with this stuff all over me."

"Of course you will, Ted," my wife laughed. "That's the whole idea. After all, my dear, since you are going to be wearing panties from now on, sucking men's cocks, drinking men's cum and piss, you might as well be as much like a WOMAN as we can make you, hm? So, it seems only fitting that you SMELL like one too, isn't it?"

I just groaned in resignation of my new fate. My daughters giggled, and Kim even told me I smelled "nice." Sally even chimed that I smelled just like Mommy now.

"Let's give Daddy one more treat before bedtime, girls," Sarah quipped, and I of course thought more piss was coming my way, but I was mistaken. Sarah had each of our daughter's remove

their cute little girl panties, then she instructed each one to rub the panties in my face. I got hard again as I whiffed hungrily at the scents on both pairs of panties. Then my wife told each girl to make sure they wore those same panties to school tomorrow and not to change them when they came home either, so that Mr. Jackson could get a good worn scent from them too when he came over tomorrow evening. She explained to them what a sexual fetish was and then said that since Mr. Jackson had a fetish for little girls' dirty panties, their dirty panties would surely please him a lot. Then she shoed all three of the kids off to bed, adding to Matt that he had to keep on the panties and she was going to be in to tuck him into bed in a minute, but first she had to go to Kimmy's dresser and get a babydoll nightgown for him to wear for the night. As I heard the gentle tapping of their feet as they ran down the hallway and up the stairs, I could hear Matt crying again and the girls talking rapidly and giggling.

After going to the bedroom and putting on another pair of my new pink panties, I noticed it was almost ten o'clock, so I telephoned Tyrone's friend, the computer expert, and he told me that Tyrone had informed him I would be calling. He said the picture was completed and told me I should pick it up right away. He gave me his address, and I noted that it wasn't all that far from our home. I slipped on some pants, a shirt, and a light jacket, and drove to his house. He too was black, and he was smiling knowingly when he answered his doorbell.

"So you is the white boy Tyrone has made his slave, huh?" he asked, as I stood there in embarrassment at his door.

"Uh, ... well, yes, I ... guess you could say that," I fumbled with the words. "She-e-et, no guess about it, whitey.

I seen dem' pictures Tyrone took of you," he chuckled. "My woman and me had a good laugh at 'em too. You sure as hell looks damn cute in dose' panties, I gotta' say. And, sheeet, you is smellin' damn good too, boy! What the fuck you wearin'? Some bitch's perfume or somethin'?"

"Uh ... well, kind of," I sputtered, shifting my weight from foot to foot.

"Hell, get on in here, boy. I wants my ol' lady to get a look at you," he said.

I stepped awkwardly inside his house. He was about 50. A second or two later I saw his wife, an overweight black woman, about the same age.

"Hey, Martha," the man shouted to her, "look what we done got here. This here's that honky boy who was wearin' dem' panties in dos' pictures I was showin' you early on tonight. Don't he look cute, baby? Sheeet, he done smells cute too. Come on over here, woman, and get a whiff of this boy and tell me what you thinks?"

His overweight wife came closer, then got right up next to me and inhaled. She broke into a burst of laughter. "Damn, Harold, this boy smells just like a bitch," she said loudly.

"He's one of Tyrone's slave boys," Harold replied.

"Mm-hm, well it figures," his wife said. "Smellin' like he does and all, and wearin' panties like some bitch girl, no wonder he be Tyrone's slave."

"You wearin' panties NOW, boy?" the man wanted to know.

"Uh, ... well, uh, sort of," I mumbled nervously.

"What the fuck you mean by 'sort of'?" the black man wanted to know. "Either you is or you ain't, honky. Well, which is it?"

"Um ... well ... uh, yes, as a matter of fact, I am," I stammered. "Uh, ... look, sir, could ... could I just have that picture for Tyrone and leave, please?"

"Not so fast, boy," he replied. "I thinks my wife and me would like to have a looksee at you in dem' panties first."

His wife was nodding her fat head in agreement with what he'd just said. I just stood there, not knowing what to say or do.

"C'mon, whitey, show us how you looks in dem," Harold insisted. "I ain't comin' off wid' no fuckin' picture 'till you does, and that's a fact."

I knew I HAD to get that picture or be subjected to Tyrone's irate behavior for having failed him, so I sighed deeply, undid my belt buckle, unzipped my fly and let my pants fall to my ankles. Both Harold and his wife whistled and laughed madly!

"Sheeet, take off your jacket and shirt too;" Harold said, "so we can see ALL of you, boy."

I knew there was no sense protesting, so I did what he said. His wife took my jacket and shirt when I had shucked them off, and now I was standing there facing them in just my panties, shoes and socks. My pants lay crumpled around my ankles in a heap.

"Damn, not only does this boy smell fine and look fine, honey babe," he said to his porky wife, "but he ain't got a fuckin' hair on his lily white body! Can you believe that? Hell, pull down dem' panties, white boy, Let's see if you got hair down there."

I didn't want to, but I felt I HAD to, if in fact I was ever going to get that picture for Tyrone, and get out of this black couple's house and back home. I lowered my panties. Harold whistled and his wife began laughing once more.

"Well, I'll be dipped in shit," Harold said. "Martha, you look at that, honey? The boy ain't got not one pubic hair. I'll bet his white ass is clean as a baby's too. Let's see it, white boy. Turn around and show us that white ass of yours."

I did as Harold wanted. He seemed pleased. The next thing I knew his big black hands were working their way across my ass.



"Sheeet, boy," he said, "how'd you get that ass so red? Look like someone took a strap or somethin' to you, huh?"

"It ... it was a paddle," I told him, in total humiliation. "A ruler too."

He laughed. "Well, they did a hell of a job. Looks like some of Tyrone's handiwork, I'd say."

"No," I said shamefully, "my ... my daughters did it."

Both he and his wife really had a good fit of laughter when they heard THAT! "Them same ones in that picture?" he asked with interest. "Them LITTLE ones?"

"Uh, ... well, uh, yes ... two of them anyway," I replied as I pulled up my panties, hoping that was the end of it, but before I could move away, Harold snaked one of his long black fingers under the legband of my panties and found its way up my asshole. I cried out as he began to work it in and out; it was painful. His heavysset wife looked on with keen interest now as her husband ruggedly fingerfucked my butt hole. He reached his other hand around and through my silky panties he began squeezing unmercifully on my balls, which were still quite sore from what little Matt had done to them just a short time ago.

"You havin' a fine time wid' dis' white boy, Harold," his wife laughed, watching as her husband worked my aching asshole and balls with his hands and fingers.

"Whatcha' fixin' to do to him, honey cakes?" she added.

"Think I'm gonna' fuck him," Harold told her flatly. "You go get some Vaseline from the bathroom, baby, and hurry up 'bout it too. This boy's got one fine white ass, and I jus' gotta' have it."

Oh, good God, I thought! What on earth have I gotten myself into here? I was about to say something, although not sure just WHAT, when Harold probed his thick finger even deeper up my asshole. I screamed out, and Harold laughed loudly at my discomfort, now working his black finger even faster and harder inside my anal canal. I again started to speak when Harold gave my balls an extra hard squeeze, forcing me to wince in pain. Once more, I cried out, and once more Harold laughed loudly. He let go of my balls a second later, and used that hand to tilt my face to his own. The next thing I knew he was kissing me, forcing my mouth open with his thick lips, and inserting his wet tongue deep inside it. His finger up my ass continued to explore my tight rear hole almost violently now. He was kissing me so hard and so passionately that I could not breathe!! Finally he pulled his mouth away from mine, just as his hefty wife was returning with the Vaseline.

"Was you kissin' that boy?" she asked her husband, smiling broadly now, and I could see a lot of yellow tobacco stains on her uneven teeth.

"I surely was," he responded, grinning at her. "I gave him a soul kiss, honey lamb, and it was sure sweet too. Wasn't it, boy?"

"I ... uh, I..." I was still gasping for air, and Harold's finger up my ass was hurting like hell now! I seriously considered just bolting for the front door, but I was without my clothes, and worst of all, without the PICTURE Tyrone wanted. Harold then kissed me again, this time not as roughly, and I found myself responding to his kiss this time, even pushing my own tongue into his mouth. His wife was having a fine time watching this too, chuckling softly nearby, and still holding the jar of Vaseline in her meaty hand.

After that second soul kiss, Harold removed his finger from my abused asshole and placed it under his nose. "Damn, honey," he told his wife, "the white boy's ass don't smell half bad." He then stuffed that finger in my mouth and ordered me to suck it clean. I did as he said. His other hand now had a tight grip on my balls through my panties once more, and soon he was guiding me to their small living room, where I was positioned on my hands and knees, Harold still firmly clutching my aching balls with his big hand.

"Get over here, woman," he told his wife, "and spread some of that Vaseline between this boy's butt cheeks. Do my cock too."

I then heard the distinct sound of a zipper and then I felt his wife's sweaty hands pulling aside my panty leg elastic and rubbing jell between the crack of my ass. She returned for another glob of jell and then spread wide my ass cheeks to grease my butt hole, lubricating it with a rapid finger fucking motion. A moment later I felt the hot tip of Harold's cockhead touching my virgin asshole.

"Please ... please," I pleaded. "Please don't do this ... I have never..."

My pleading was cut off by Harold's wife, who came around at that precise moment and slapped me hard on the back of my lowered head. I yelled out in pain.

"You hush up, white boy," she said. "My husban' gonna' fuck that cute ass of yours, and you gonna' like it too."

You'll see," she added. A fleeting second later I could feel Harold's cock gaining entrance to my ass.

I cried out again, but in vain. Harold just chuckled lewdly, and continued working his way up my asshole with his black cock. He was not to be denied, and I could not halt what he was intent on doing to me, so I just bit my lip, tried not to cry out, and hoped it would be over soon. When he was about half way up my pink-pantied ass, I heard the rustling sounds of clothing being removed nearby. I could not see what was going on, but then I saw the shadow of a lounge chair being pulled close to my head. Then a figure, a large figure, sat in the chair. It was his wife, and she was totally nude! I could smell the odor of her, and it wasn't pleasant at all! Just as Harold's cock, with one final thrust, sank all the way up my asshole, and I screamed out in pain, his overweight wife placed her chunky chocolate colored hands on either side of my face and pulled it between her parted fat legs. With one swoop she managed to direct my face flush up against her smelly, hairy cunt.

"Lick it, white boy," she urged. "Lick my nice pussy while my sweetie fucks that girly ass of yours."

Harold was in full swing now, ravishing my stretched and tormented asshole with his fuck pole, his balls slapping playfully against my battered ass like clockwork. His love-starved wife had my head locked to her foul smelling cunt like a wrestler, and she began twisting and churning in the chair, rubbing her god-awful cunt against my mouth.

I stuck out my tongue and started to lick her pussy. She went wild, reached down my back and repeatedly spanked my tender pantied ass with her big rough hand.

With her other hand she had a firm grip on a handful of my hair pulling my head still harder to her and rubbing my face into her smelly cunt as hard as she could. The dark hairs on her slimy cunt were like small wires, and my face was being scratched harshly as I licked away at her dirty, unwashed cunt.

"Is he eaten' you good, lamb chop?" Harold grunted, still slamming into my torn up asshole in a frenzied fashion with his powerful cock.

"Oh, yeah, honey pie;" Martha sighed, "he surely is, and that's a fact!"

I could barely breathe now, and just as I thought I would pass out from lack of air, Martha climaxed and released her vice like grip on my head. I moved my head back a bit and gasped for air. Martha sat back in the chair, panting and gasping now. I at last began to catch my breath.

"Move those hips, white boy," Harold shouted, "I likes for a bitch to do that when I is fucking her."

I began moving my hips like he wanted, hoping it would help him cum sooner, and I could be done with this savage man. It seemed to work too, because just a short time later, I heard a loud howl, then an obscene grunt, and Harold began spilling forth his cum load up my wounded asshole. Much to my surprise, my own cock got hard in the front of my panties. Martha saw my erection and smiled widely.

"Honey," she shouted to her husband, who was still rocking hard against my behind, back and forth, "he got himself a little hard-on. He mus' like whatcha' doin' to him." Then she burst out laughing.

Harold laughed as he began to expel his fuck juice deep into my asshole. Just as he finished shooting off his potent seed up my rear tunnel, his fat wife got up from her chair, got down on her knees and took my small stiff cock in her beefy hand and pumped it rapidly until I came right through my pink panties and all over their rug.

Harold's cock finally extracted itself from my humiliated asshole with a loud sounding plop and a stinging crack as the panty leg elastic snapped back into place against my tortured ass, and it was then that the spent cum from his prick began leaking out of my butt, into my panties and then ran down my legs. He slapped me on my lace-pantied ass, and I cried out.

"You is one fine piece of white faggot ass, boy," he told me.

I lay down on my stomach on the rug and tried to regain normal breathing. My violated asshole felt like a train had gone up it, and it was truly sore and raw. Harold grabbed hold of my hips, one large hand on each side of them, and lifted me to the former position I'd been in when he fucked me.

"I is gonna' overlook you leaking cum all over our carpet," he said. "Martha here can clean THAT mess up later, but YOU is gonna' have to clean my cock. Y'all know what I mean, boy?"

I nodded that I did, and once more I was performing clean up rituals on a spent black prick. I could taste my own ass fluids, but no shit though, as I knelt before Harold and paid homage to his now deflated black cock with my mouth. When I was done, he seemed pleased with the results. He permitted me to rise to my feet, get dressed, and then presented me with the picture that I had come here to obtain.

I looked at it anxiously. The picture now had been altered to include ME. My wife and three young children were still as they were in the first altered reproduction of this photo, but now I was also included. I was wearing my wife's pink nylon panties, nothing else, and I was lying at the feet of my wife and children with a smile on my face and holding a small red and white sign that read "TYRONE JACKSON OWNS US."

"My son did a fine job, huh?"

Harold bellowed to me.

"Your ... your son did this?" I asked in awe.

"Hell, yeah," Harold replied.

"Who else? Sheeet, boy, did you think me or Martha did that? We don't know nuthin' 'bout no damn computers, boy. I's a janitor at Coleson Electric and Martha here is a cleaning lady at the high school where our son Jerome goes. He did dem' pictures both times now for Tyrone on his computer at school. He's a damn smart boy too," he added, beaming proudly. "He be upstairs sleepin' now. You wanna' meet him? We can wake him up."

"Uh, no ... no, that's okay," I stammered, figuring maybe HE might try to fuck me too! I should have known that a guy like Harold, obviously not at all the sharpest tool in the shed when it came to brains, could not have possibly done this type of computer work, or ANY type of computer work, for that matter! On that note, I left their house. I could hear Harold calling out to me as I was opening my car door,

"Y'all come back now, ya' hear?" he shouted. "Maybe next time I lets you fuck Martha, okay?"

I didn't answer. I just wanted to get home as fast as possible and take a long, hot shower and go to bed. Tomorrow was Friday, and my black boss and his wife and son would be coming over for dinner, and God only knew what else!

I got back home and found everyone asleep. I tried to awaken Sarah, but to no avail, so I simply struggled out of my clothes, filled our bathtub with soothing hot water, and sank gratefully into the water. My asshole felt like a baseball bat had been shoved through it, and the hot water helped to relax me all over. I then climbed wearily into bed next to Sarah and fell into a most rewarding and much needed deep sleep.

When I awoke Friday morning I could hear the distinct sounds of hustle and bustle coming from our kitchen. I rose from the bed, taking notice of a pair of green panties lying on my side of the bed, and was just standing there looking at them when I heard my wife's voice calling out to me.

"Ted," I could hear Sarah calling from downstairs, "are you up yet?"

"Yes, honey," I called back to her.

"I am."

"Well, good," she responded. "It's about time. Put on those panties I laid out for you, and get down here and fix breakfast. The kids and I are starving."

Was I now to be their cook too, in addition to their slave and maid, I wondered? It surely seemed that way, I mused, as I slipped into the wispy green garment and headed quickly down the stairway to our kitchen. Our daughters greeted my entrance with giggles and snickers. Matt looked crushed. He sat there quietly barely saying a word. I felt myself blushing profusely as they stared at me and continued with their tittering ridicule of my new status.

"You look cute, Daddy," Sally piped up, between giggles. "I want some cakes."

"Me too, Daddy," Kimmy stated. "I want some pancakes too, but we'll be late if you don't hurry up and fix it for us."

"I want 'crispies," Matt said with barely more than a whisper, referring to his favorite cereal.

"I'll just have coffee and toast, Ted," my wife said flatly. "And the girls are right, dear. We will ALL be late if you don't get hopping."

"Yes, honey," I murmured as I put on a purple apron that had been setting out for me. It was a neatly styled feminine one, but one not as outrageous as the apron I had donned the night before, and I began the task of fixing them all their morning meal. I was doing all the work. Even though Matt was supposed to act as a servant too, I noticed the females didn't pressure him to do anything. Sarah had probably told the girls to lay off Matt for a while because he was going through a lot in his introduction to sissyness.

I managed to get their meals to them with plenty of time to spare, and as I sat there at the table with them, Sarah asked me about last night and why I was so late getting back. My face got red as I told her the story of what had happened to me at that black couple's house. I didn't want to talk about any of it in front of the kids, but my wife insisted, so I did. The girls thought it was

pretty funny, which added to my disgrace. Matt sat there quietly. I knew I was a big disappointment to him.

What boy would want to have a cocksucker for a father, a father who wanted his son to wear panties and probably start to suck cocks too?

"Did you like kissing that black man, Daddy?" Kimmy wanted to know.

"Uh, well, not really, sweetheart."

"I'll bet you liked sucking his black cock though, dear, didn't you?" my wife tossed in. Again I blushed beet red, and the girls all laughed.

"Did you like a cock up your ass too, Daddy?" Sally questioned with interest.

"Uh ... well ..." I sputtered.

"Of course he did, honey," Sarah answered for me. "Your daddy is now an official cock lover and cockSUCKER," my wife added.

Again, they all burst out in laughter as I sat there in total shame, sipping my coffee.

"Well, I have to go, and you help get the kids off to school," my wife said, looking at her wristwatch. "I want you to do all the dishes and straighten out this kitchen before you leave for the office, Ted. Is that clear? If you don't, I will have the girls whip your butt again when you get home tonight. Understood?"

I nodded sheepishly, and set about doing as she demanded while the girls scurried about, gathering their school items. Sarah then told me that it would be ME preparing dinner tonight for my boss and his family, not HER. She claimed she would not "have the time" since she wanted to be sure to be looking her very best this evening, and THAT, she elaborated to me, would take time. I again nodded that I understood her command, and then she gave me a peck on the cheek and hurried out the door. A short time later, the kids and I were all ready. Matt complained to me that he had a stomachache and didn't want to go to school, but I knew he was probably OK and was just embarrassed because his mother was probably making him wear a pair of Kimmy's panties under his clothes. I talked with him for a moment, and he admitted that was the case. I told him they were just underwear and if he concentrated on other things he would forget all about them. Besides, I assured him nobody could see them unless he took down his pants, so I told him to be careful while going to the rest room so none of the other boys might by chance see his lacy panties while he was going to the bathroom. I don't think he put a lot of trust in my advice, but he did get up the courage to go off to school with our daughters. And as they walked out of the house, I heard little Sally chanting merrily, "My daddy is a cocksucker. My brother wears panties! My daddy is a cocksucker. My brother wears panties!"

I don't know why, but it gave me an instant pulsating hard-on in my panties when I heard her chanting like that, but Matt reacted with a horror-stricken expression on his face. I realized I had to do something. I called Sally to come back in the house. I met her at the doorway and

explained to her that her mother had commanded that she not tell anybody about the things that were happening in our house. Sally just laughed at me and said she was teasing Matt and me.

"I'll not tell anybody because Mom told me not to, but I don't have to listen to you, cocksucker. I think I'll give you a good spanking tonight on your panties just for fun." Then she turned and left chanting again, "My daddy is a cocksucker. My brother wears panties! My daddy is a cocksucker. My brother wears panties!" as she skipped out our front door.

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I wasn't in my office two minutes when my intercom buzzed. It was Tyrone.

"Good morning, Teddy," he barked out. "Did you pick up my picture last night?"

"Yes, Tyrone," I replied.

"Well, goddamn, boy, bring it in here," he bellowed. "Don't keep me waiting."

I rushed through the door that separated our offices and stood in front of Tyrone's oversized oak desk. I handed him the altered picture of my family and me. He studied it for a moment, and then a huge smile broke across his black face.

"Great work, don't you think, Teddy?" Tyrone said, now placing the photo atop his desk. I told him I agreed, even though doing so was awkward and embarrassing to me, and then I informed him in great detail what had happened to me in the process of gaining that photograph from his black friend's home. Tyrone chuckled lewdly when I had finished my tale of woe and sexual humiliation at the hands of that black couple. I had hoped for some sympathy, or at least an apology of sorts, from my new boss, but there was nothing like that.

"So, you got your cute little ass fucked, eh?" Tyrone laughed. "I was hoping to be the first, but no matter. Pull down your pants, boy."

Let me see how your asshole looks after being hammered by a nice black cock."

"But ... but, Tyrone," I stammered.

"No buts about it, boy," my boss barked. "Pull 'em down. Now! The only butt I want from you is YOUR butt!"

I didn't want to do it, but I also didn't want to risk a possible slap, or worse, from Tyrone, so I shamefully undid my belt and let my trousers fall to my ankles.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "You look great! Just like a perfect little cocksucker in those nice faggot green panties." Then he told me in a no nonsense tone to turn around, lower my panties, and spread the cheeks of my still sore ass. Even though I was unable to SEE him, I could FEEL his

eyes staring diligently at my exposed anal region. A few seconds later I was allowed to pull my panties and pants back up. I was much relieved.

"It looks a little red," Tyrone said, much like a doctor would say to a patient. "But nothing serious. It will be fuckable again soon, I am confident," he added, smiling slightly now. "I also see you have shaved, Teddy, and that's good. That's the way I want you from now on, and I informed your lovely little wife of that fact last night during our telephone conversation. Did she tell you that?"

I nodded meekly. Tyrone then made me relate to him in full detail how Sarah and the girls had used me last night, including the two spankings I had received from Kimmy and Sally, and of course how I'd been shaved by my wife and daughters, and also urinated on. Tyrone took delight in my recantation of those degrading events. He especially enjoyed hearing how my son was having such a difficult time dealing with sexual humiliation and having to wear girls' panties.

Then he told me to sit down on the chair alongside his desk. Tyrone then proudly laid out a number of Polaroid pictures near the corner of his desk and invited me to view them. They were all of Traci Ann and Billy, Tyrone's secretary's young daughter and son, and they were absolutely delectable! I could feel my small cock growing hard in my panties as I looked at each and every photo. There were some of Traci fully dressed in a sexy white party dress and Billy in a pink party dress, but most were of the brother and sister in stages of undress, several in pink panties with a woman's size garter belt pinned together to fit their loins and nylons gathered together up their skinny legs and hooked tight to the garter straps, and about 4 or 5 where little Traci was pulling aside the leg opening of her pink panties to show off her nude hairless slit, while Billy pulled aside his panty elastic to expose his baby-size cock and balls. In other shots, the little girl and boy were on their hands and knees, panties pulled aside to show off their adorable tiny assholes, their little hands spreading their young and sweet ass cheeks apart. My cock was throbbing by the time Tyrone took back the pictures of Jenny's young daughter and girlish son and stuffed them in a large manila envelope.

"Those kids are really something, eh?" Tyrone beamed. "The little brats didn't write me a note this time. Jenny said it took too much time to set up and take all the photos and they ran out of time. She did promise me that the kids would work on some real good notes over the weekend. I was going to whip Jenny for not bringing in the notes, but the pictures were so great, I said I could wait until Monday, and even without the notes that's okay. Like they say, Teddy, one picture is worth a thousand words, eh?" He chuckled obscenely once more.

I nodded passively in agreement of his remark.

"I'm sure I'll be taking the little whore's cherry soon," Tyrone stated. Probably by next week, in fact. Jenny has invited me to her home for dinner next Tuesday, so I will no doubt have my way with Traci then. I had Jenny get under the desk and suck me off before you came in to the office today, boy. I liked the idea of having her sucking my black cock on her knees while I looked at dirty pictures of her slutty little daughter and son-to-be faggot son. Made me have a damn powerful cum too, I must say." He then laughed aloud again. "Now, Teddy," Tyrone went on, "I want that little family of yours ready and set when we get there tonight. I'll be bringing my



camcorder along, and YOU, my boy, are going to be my personal cameraman for the evening. I only wish I had been able to tape LAST night's events at my own house."

Tyrone then leaned back in his leather swivel chair with a reflective look on his coal black face and began telling me in sordid and graphic detail what exactly had taken place at his home the previous evening. I listened attentively, and in amazement, as my boss guided me verbally as to what had happened. Tyrone informed me as to how he and his son Jerome had seduced his white wife's new girlfriend and also her very young daughter.

"I had them watch a special videotape first," Tyrone began. "It was about two black guys raping a young white housewife and her two kids. Well, shit, the white bitch at our house was panting like a steam engine before the damn tape was over. Patti and I had her sitting between us, and half way through the tape we were both feeling the slut up pretty good. Jerome had her daughter on his lap in my lounge chair, and he was giving the kid a damn fine working over there too. He had his cock out before the tape was 10 minutes old, and then made the white bitch stroke it for him as we watched the video. She had her little hands on it tight too, and I knew she was a goner when my son started french kissing her little slutty mouth. I then did the same to her mother, while Patti felt up the whore's tits. I was fingering her sloppy wet cunt through her whore purple panties by the time the fucking tape ended. After that, my boy, it was the beginning of paradise for the Jackson family," Tyrone boasted.

"Patti and I stripped the whore down and made her get on her hands and knees. I fucked her hot cunt while Patti sat in front of her and pulled the slut's face to her pussy. She didn't want to lick Patti at first, but after a couple of good hard slaps from my wife, she caved in, and started lapping away at Patti's twat like there was no tomorrow. I was banging her from behind of course, and I looked over to see Jerome stuffing his good-sized teenage prick into the little girl's mouth. The kid's mouth was stretched to the limit too, I can tell you, my boy, and Jerome wasn't about to pull out of it either until he shot off. No, sir, not that boy! After I finished fucking the mother, we made the kid suck her mommy's cum-soaked cunt, which she didn't seem to like at all at first. But when Patti told her it was either that or a beating with a strap, she complied. Then, Patti ate the kid's nice little bald cunnie, while I had the mom suck my cock back to hardness so could I fuck the little angel.

I took her cherry and damn it was sweet too, Teddy! I made the mom lick her little well fucked girl too after I plowed her real good and had shot off in her tight little pussy. Jerome got the urge to whip the mother's ass while she was cuntlapping her kid, and that was a real treat to watch. The damn white whore was yelping and bucking around so sexily while Jerome laid lashes on her pretty white buns. Later on, Teddy, we made both those white sluts suck us off before we let them leave.

Mom and daughter, down on their knees, sucking black cock and white pussy, just like white slut slaves should, eh?"

I nodded in agreement with my boss's comment, my poor cock aching for relief in my new lime green panties.

"I made them both leave their panties for souvenirs, pink ones from the kid and purple ones from the old lady," Tyrone chuckled. "It was one hell of a night. I also told the mom I want pictures

soon of the kid, and that I want to have the kid eventually knocked up by Jerome. I might impregnate the mother myself, I think."

"Is ... is she agreeable to that?" I asked with bated breath.

Tyrone laughed, "Agreeable?" Tyrone said mockingly. "What the fuck do you mean 'is she agreeable'?" he said boldly. "Fuck, boy, she is my SLAVE, and so is her slutty little daughter! She has no CHOICE in the matter! Don't you know that by now?"

I felt stupid now for having asked such a question, and I apologized to Tyrone for my apparent stupidity. Tyrone then informed me that he, his wife Patti and son Jerome would be over about 7 and that I wasn't to jerk off at all. He could obviously detect the heated affect those pictures of little Billy and Traci had on me, and also the story he had just told me about the white mother and her little daughter. I spent the remainder of my workday pondering, with mixed emotions, what would take place tonight at my home.

I didn't really have a clue to just how degrading, shameful and demented it would actually turn out to be! I left the office at 4 p.m., headed to a ritzy deli across town, and proceeded to purchase numerous varieties of cold cuts, breads, salads and desserts for this evening's dinner. Sarah had of course informed me that I had to prepare dinner this evening, but she didn't say I had to actually COOK it, so I figured this would be the best, fastest and easiest way to go.

Sarah was already home when I arrived with the food, and she was seated at her makeup table in our bedroom, primping herself for tonight when I entered. She was not at all upset that I had elected to go the deli route as opposed to cooking a dinner, so I was glad about that. I took note at once that she was clad in a pink silk french cut bra, matching panties, a garter belt, garters and black silk stockings, the lingerie all decorated with a lot of black lace and black ribbons, and I inquired about that. She informed me that Tyrone had just telephoned some thirty or so minutes ago, and that he had told her in explicit terms the kinds of clothes he wanted each of us to be wearing for the occasion. For herself, I saw she had laid out on the bed a frilly thin white blouse and her pleated mini skirt, and outfit that made her look like a teenager.

"What about ME?" I asked my beautiful blonde wife. "Did he say what I should wear?"

"Just panties, Ted," she shrugged. "Pink ones, he said. He wants you in just a pair of sissy pink lace panties. Nothing else."

She continued brushing her luxurious thick golden hair, staring with fixation into the mirror before her. I headed for the shower, and then put on a pair of pink panties that I had bought from that shop, and headed down the stairs to the kitchen. I began laying out the varieties of food I had gotten at the deli, spreading them evenly on the table. Our children, all three of them, were still upstairs in their rooms, obviously getting dressed and ready for Tyrone's arrival. It was two minutes before seven when the doorbell rang. Sarah answered it, as I was still in the kitchen laying things out in good order; napkins, silverware, glasses, etc. I could hear Tyrone's bellowing voice, then other voices, including Sarah's and the girls. I didn't know whether to go to the living room area or remain where I was. The decision to stay put was prompted by my attire. I felt

foolish, and simply did not wish to rush into the living room in lacy pink nylon panties to meet my black boss's wife and son for the first time. A few moments later Tyrone, his big black arm around my wife's waist, walked into the kitchen, accompanied by his white wife and black as coal son. I blushed upon seeing them.

"Honey," he said to his wife Patti, "this is my assistant, Teddy."

I looked up, my face flushing red again, and nodded. Patti was standing to the left of Tyrone. She was beautiful! Long dark brown hair, flashing hazel eyes, a pert nose, full red lips, and tall! Very tall! I estimated her to be at least 5' 10", and she was wearing a very short dark blue miniskirt, which just barely covered her mound area. I was dying to see her ass! She wore a soft light blue blouse, and her breasts poked proudly upwards. I guessed her to be no older than 35, and certainly much younger than Tyrone. She was wearing blue patent leather pumps and her legs were exquisitely formed and long! God, she was truly a gorgeous woman!

"Hel ... hello," I mumbled. "It's ... it's nice to meet you."

"Same here, Teddy," Patti replied in a soothing sexy voice as she looked me over, laughter in her eyes. "I've heard so much about you from my husband," she added, with a knowing smile, causing me to blush even more. "I like your panties. You look cute in them."

"Oh, uh, thank you," I sputtered. I could see Tyrone's right hand now dropping to my wife's ass. He was obviously squeezing it, and Sarah made no movement to pull away from his groping hand.

"And this is Jerome, Teddy, my son," Tyrone said.

I looked at the boy. Christ, he was big for 14, I pondered. And as dark and husky as Tyrone himself. He was also rather handsome, and I could easily understand why he was the star of his school's football team, considering his muscular and athletic body, which showed in the snug, silver-colored T-shirt and cut off jeans he was clad in.

"How ya' doin?" the boy said, grinning my way. He was obviously laughing inwardly at the sight of his father's white assistant in nothing but panties. The children were still in the living room. I could hear the girls' voices, chatting rapidly, but could not at all understand what they were saying to one another.

"Teddy, my boy," Tyrone spoke, still groping Sarah's ass, "why don't you fix us all a plate of food and bring it into the living room. I've got your kids out there now setting up TV trays for everyone."

"Uh, okay ... sure thing, Tyrone," I responded.

"Right away."

The four of them then headed back to the living room area while I fixed up eight plates of food. It took a little while to do that, and I began carting them out two at a time, serving Tyrone and his wife Patti first. I almost dropped the two plates though when I entered our living room and caught sight of the scene there! Tyrone was seated on one of our two sofas - the LOVE sofa, as my wife always refers to it - and he had my wife cozily seated alongside him to his left. He had our son Matt on his lap, and Matt was in a short yellow cotton dress! He had his face buried in Tyrone's chest, obviously out of embarrassment, and his short dress was tugged up around his waist. Tyrone's big right hand was shoved all the way down the back of Matt's pristine white nylon panties! I could see my boss's thick black fingers moving around down there, and from the dreamy look on Matt's sweet blushing little face, I knew that Tyrone was fingering his tight virgin butt hole.

Right next to that sofa, sat Jerome, with our precious daughter Kim on his lap with her little blue miniskirt hiked way up. He had his hands all over her exposed pink panties, and they were kissing! On our other sofa, across the room, which was the larger of our two sofas, Tyrone's wife Patti had little Sally stretched out on her back, her short white dress lifted to her waist, and was in the process of massaging her innocent little pussy lips through her bright white nylon panties! I somehow managed not to drop the plates, and placed one in front of Tyrone, on the TV tray near the love sofa, and one by where his sexy wife Patti was ravishing my youngest daughter. I didn't know what else to do, and certainly not what to SAY, so I left to go back to the kitchen and fetched two more trays. When I returned this time, I was even more astounded by what I saw! Tyrone's cock was out of his pants, and he had both my wife and my son Matt rubbing and stroking it. Matt had both his small hands grasping the huge black shaft, and Sarah was doing a one-hand number of her own near the base of Tyrone's gigantic member! Tyrone's right hand was still in Matt's cute panties, only now it was quite evident he had a finger fully lodged inside Matt's little ass, as I could clearly see his knuckles moving back and forth against the silky, stretchy web of his panties as he fingered his boy pussy! Matt still had a dreamy, faraway look on his cute face, as he sat happily on Tyrone's lap, being finger fucked for the very first time, and by a black man to boot. Just as I entered I saw Tyrone lean his face towards my wife, and she opened her mouth, allowing Tyrone to probe between her pink lips with his thick tongue. Tyrone's left hand was cupping my wife's left tit, which was now visible, her bra having been opened and pushed to the side, along with her silky chiffon blouse, while I was in the kitchen this last time. Jerome was now engaged in finger fucking Kimmy! The rugged well-built black youth had his left hand down the waistband of her panties, his fingers buried between Kimmy's parted legs and doing a dance under the pretty nylon panty crotch. I saw them on the rug, beside the lounge chair where Jerome had Kimmy squirming on his lap. He was kissing her soulfully, and she was mewling like a kitten as he kissed her open mouth, sliding his extended tongue in it, while continuing to masturbate her hairless cunt with his fingers. I placed down the two dishes of food on nearby trays, then looked over to the other sofa, where Patti, kneeling on the rug now, alongside that sofa. She had pulled aside Sally's sweet panties and was greedily licking away in earnest at my youngest daughter's pee hole. Sally had her eyes closed and was sighing as Tyrone's wife tongued between her parted little legs feverishly, her hands rubbing and fondling Sally's pantied little ass as she licked her tiny slit with great passion. I was about to head back to the kitchen, when Jerome broke off the soulful kiss with Kimmy. He looked straight at me.

"Man, this little girl of yours sure is one hot bitch," he exclaimed. "I can't wait to fuck her. But I gotta' have somethin' to eat first," he proclaimed. "Didn't eat since noon."

I placed the tray closer to him. He looked up at me, grinning, and continued to finger my daughter's cunt hole roughly. Then, as I just stood before him, almost in a frozen state, he withdrew his fingers from Kimmy and wiped them on her thighs. He grabbed a fork and began to nosily devour the food on his plate, still balancing my daughter on his lap.

"Jerome is teaching me to french kiss, daddy," Kimmy announced, still sighing audibly.

"Yes ... yes, honey, I can see that he is," I muttered awkwardly, having watched Jerome fuck her face with his tongue.

"Are you ... uh, enjoying what he is doing to you, Kimmy?" I asked her.

"Uh-huh," she replied sweetly. "Looks like YOU are too, Daddy, huh?" she added, flashing me a big smile. She was looking directly at my crotch area. I hadn't even realized what a hard-on I had until now! My cock was aimed right at her, throbbing excitedly within my pink nylon panties. It actually was making quite a respectable bulge in those frilly, femmy panties. I blushed, and then left to get more plates of food from the kitchen. When I next returned to the living room with two more filled plates in my hands, the first thing I saw was Matt sucking the head of Tyrone's bulging black cock! It's obvious he had been crying and a big red handprint on his cheek showed that Tyrone probably had to slap him pretty hard to get my son to go down on him. Obviously in fear of being slapped or otherwise hurt again, his little mouth was working feverishly at the task, and he was positioned so that Tyrone could still have access to the tiny bulge his penis and balls made in the crotch of those white satin panties. Tyrone's jerking hand movements were making the lace and ribbons on those panties do a dance across Matt's stomach while my boy sucked on the purplish head of Tyrone's swollen cock. He and my wife were exploring one another's mouths with darting tongues, and Tyrone's left hand was squeezing Sarah's tit lovingly.

Patti was still licking avidly and endearingly at Sally's pantied piss hole, and my little girl apparently liked what was being done to her by Tyrone's depraved wife. I placed down the two plates of food and just stood there. I felt like a kid at a circus, not knowing which ring to look at, and wanting to see them all at the same time!

"Teddy, my boy," Tyrone shouted, breaking off his long kiss with my wife, "what the fuck are you doing?"

"Uh, ... bringing in food, Tyrone, like you told me to do," I stammered.

"Fuck the food," Tyrone exclaimed. "We can all eat later. Get down here, my boy, and kneel before me. Get that camcorder going. I want you to see firsthand what a fine little cocksucker your Matt is proving to be, and we need to get this on tape.

Didn't I tell you the other day that this one would make a damn fine cocksucker?"

"Uh ... yes, yes, Tyrone, I believe you did say that," I mumbled, as I got down on my knees in front of where my sweet, precious Matt was sucking Tyrone's large sized black prick.

"Ahhh, that's it, you little slut, use your tongue just like that," Tyrone groaned. "Damn, Teddy, the little pantywaist is a natural cocksucker. Yes, indeed! I thought I was going to have to have you give him lessons in giving a proper blowjob, but I don't think you could teach him much more than he seems to know naturally. Or have you been holding out on me? Have you been having this sweet little girly boy son of yours going down on you? I bet you've been feeding him your cock since he's been in diapers."

"Oh, no, never, I never even thought of such a thing . . ." but my words trailed off as I sensed my own small cock was straining in excitement within my baby pink panties, the small head pushing out the nylon. I found the idea of a baby boy sucking on my cock extremely exciting. I couldn't help but squeeze my cock as I watched my young nine year old son licking, kissing and sucking away at my boss's black stiff hard-on, my own wife stroking the base of Tyrone's cock as she too watched our son suck on it – sucking his way into complete sissyboy servitude.

"God damn, I'm gonna' go off!" Tyrone announced with a grunt. "This little panty boy slut is making me cum!" And cum he did, holding Matt's blonde haired head tightly in place as he shot forth his jism into his young mouth. I watched in sheer awe as Matt was forced to gag and cough as Tyrone held him in tow, screaming at him to swallow all of his thick load of fuck juice.

"Swallow it, you little sweet pantywaist bitch!" Tyrone screamed out. "Get it all, you slutty little cocksucker. Get all your black master's cum, you fucking little faggot whore!"

Much to my surprise, in spite of poor Matt's coughing and gagging, he did manage to get most of my boss's load down his throat. Tyrone finally let up on the grasp on his small head, permitting him to catch his breath a bit, but still fingering his tiny satin panty-covered cock and balls with teasing, probing fingers. He then instructed ME to lick up the cum Matt had not been able to catch in his small mouth.

"Do it, Teddy," he ordered. "Show your pretty wife here how much you like sucking a big black cock, and how much you like the juice that it provides too, eh?"

I then felt Tyrone's big hand on the back of my head, pulling me to his crotch. I did as he had commanded, while my wife continued to stroke Tyrone's fuck tool at the base. Sarah watched with interest as I paid homage to my boss's prick with my mouth, licking and sucking all the cum that had escaped our son's mouth a moment ago.

"Your wimpy pantywaist husband's a damn good cocksucker, baby," I heard Tyrone tell my wife and son as I was cleaning the cum off his cock for him.

"Yes, he seems to be," I heard my wife utter softly and giggle in reply to Tyrone's remark.

I could feel Matt's staring eyes on me too as I cleansed Tyrone's spent black cockmeat, and that made me feel extremely humiliated. Once again, I felt like a total failure to my son in the virility department. I wondered what he thought now of his cocksucking slave daddy.

When I was finished, Tyrone ordered me to remove Sarah's clothing. Sarah stood up, finally letting go of Tyrone's cock, and Tyrone and Matt watched as I undressed my wife. She was soon just in her bright pink panties with the whore-like black lace and ribbon decorations, and Tyrone instructed her to turn around so he could see all of her in her glorious beauty, and then he yanked his finger out of Matt's butt hole with a plopping sound and pulled his hand out of the back of the boy's panties. He made our son suck on the shit-stained finger. Matt did it with more tears streaming from his eyes, but without any sign of protest, he sucked that finger like a cock. With a hearty domineering laugh, my boss withdrew his finger and shoved the kid off his lap. After he delivered a loving but loud slap to Matt's pantied bottom, Tyrone told him to get a pillow from his bedroom.

The stinging blow to his silken panty butt made Matt move with alacrity. With every step, his trim, tight, bouncy little ass shook the ruffles on his panties, as Matt scampered off to do as Tyrone had directed.

My boss then made Sarah get on her knees and take his now soft cock into her mouth.

"Suck me until I get hard again, my pretty white slave bitch," he said. "When you get me hard, I'll give you the pleasure of a good hot fucking, you cheap white slut."

"Mm-m-m-m-m..." was all I heard my wife reply in return to Tyrone's nasty comment.

"Teddy, get the camcorder going," Tyrone cried out. "I put it over there." He pointed it out to me, across the room, and I quickly moved to get it. "I want you to start videoing all this."

When I had the camcorder ready, Tyrone instructed me to get some footage of little Sally having her young sweet pussy eaten out by Tyrone's horny wife. Then, Tyrone told me to get some good close-ups of Sarah sucking on his cock, which I did.

"Look at that, boy," Tyrone gasped, still being lovingly sucked off by my wife. "Get some footage of that, Teddy boy."

My boss was referring to where Jerome was now standing up by the lounge chair, totally naked, and was having his large teenage black prick nicely sucked by my daughter Kimmy, who was kneeling submissively before him. Kimmy too was now down to just her little-girl panties!

I did as Tyrone directed, aiming the camcorder now at Jerome and my daughter Kimmy.

"Suck me, baby doll," I heard Jerome say. "I'm gonna give you my whole load, bitch, and you damn well better eat up every fuckin' drop of it too, or your cute little white ass is gonna' get whipped 'till it bleeds, cunt. Understan'?"

I saw Kimmy nod swiftly in comprehension of what Jerome had just told her, sucking his cock now even more zealously, Jerome holding her head with his hands as he face fucked my oldest daughter like a whore. I kept camcording that scene until Jerome at last sent several bursts of his cock juice down Kimmy's gulping throat.

The youth held her snugly until he was satisfied she had gobbled down every drop of his cum load. Then he pulled his exhausted fuck pole from Kimmy's mouth and wiped her face with it. She moaned. Then I aimed the camcorder back to where Sarah was still sucking heatedly on Tyrone's cock. A few moments later, my black boss pushed my wife's head away from his prick. I could see it was hard as could be once again.

"Okay, everyone," Tyrone roared, "gather up over here. I want everyone, especially you kids, to watch how a black man fucks a white slut."

Matt had long since returned with a soft, fluffy pillow, which Tyrone had him place on the rug in the center of the room. He commanded my lovely blonde wife to get down on the rug, her ass on the pillow, and then he mounted her. He had his own wife Patti, who had now reluctantly ceased in her cunt lapping of little Sally, to get undressed down to her panties and stand alongside Sarah.

"When I give you the signal, baby," he told his wife, "you can sit on her face and have her lick that beautiful bush of yours. I want to get her going a little first though and see how well she takes this big baby maker of mine."

Tyrone then instructed our three children to gather around and watch their slutty mommy get her first black fucking. He told Jerome to get himself hard again too so that HE could have my wife's pussy next! Then, he looked upwards at me.

"Get down here, my boy," he told me. "I want YOU to put your master's cock up your sweet little wife's fuck hole for me. After you insert it in her slutty white cunt, Teddy, I want you to get behind me and lick my asshole like a good white cuckold, got it?"

I nodded in shame that I understood his orders. Tyrone then, obviously remembering the camcorder, instructed Jerome to do the videotaping while I crouched down, took hold my black boss's rigid cock and inserted it into my beautiful wife's moistened cunt as she held aside the leg opening of her whore pink and black panties. Sarah cried out in joy and also in pain as the large-scale ebony fuck pole began to penetrate her cunt.

Once Tyrone was inside her, I scurried behind him and dutifully began to lick away at his sweaty asshole while he began to slowly thrust in and out of my wife's stretched pussy. Sarah was gasping and panting loudly as my boss fucked her long and deep and increasingly recklessly. His butt banging repeatedly into my face as I struggled to keep up with the pace, desperately trying to keep my tongue attached to his sweaty, smelly asshole. Our children, all three of their mouths open in wonderment, stared transfixed at the obscene sight of their loving mommy being pounded by the thick, long prick of their pantywaist daddy's black boss.

"Fuck her harder, babe!" Patti called out as she diddled her drooling cunt through the crease in the crotch of her panties. "Fuck the whore harder! Make a baby in her belly, darling!" Patti cried out, lustfully.



"I intend to," Tyrone snorted, moaning and gasping, as he fucked my wife relentlessly with his massive black cock. "I want this bitch to have my black baby."

He continued to pump up and down on Sarah as I licked his musky asshole. Jerome, with camcorder in hand, was capturing the entire fuck show on film.

"How do you like my black cock, bitch slut?" Tyrone panted to my wife, looking directly into her wanton, gorgeous face.

"I ... I ... love your ... black cock, Tyrone," Sarah gasped. "Fuck me, Tyrone! Please fuck me harder ... agggghhhh... oohhhh ... dear god, It feels soooooo fucking good in me ..."

"Mommy's getting fucked real good," I could hear Kimmy say as I licked Tyrone's juicy asshole. "I bet she's going to get pregnant too."

Matt was still dazed but was taking in the site with great interest, and Sally giggled at her older sister's comment.

"Lick my nuts while you're back there, Teddy," Tyrone shouted to me. "I'm gonna' cum in your whore wife's cunt in a minute, so do my nuts now, and get 'em ready for blast off!"

Then Tyrone instructed Patti to squat down on Sarah's face.

Patti snugged up her bright yellow lace panties that contrasted so beautifully to her very white skin. Her cunt lips must have been well used and widely stretched by big black cocks because even through her big, high-waisted panties, those pussy lips formed two large bulging rows of flesh, and the crotch of those panties were so wet they were dripping with her cunt juice.

Patti stood over Sarah for a few moments and took her time correctly positioning herself over my wife's full red lips. And other than some girlish fooling around while in college that Sarah had told me about, I'm sure, she had never had serious oral sex with another woman in her life, but she didn't seem to mind what was about to happen. When a drop of Patti's pussy juice dripped through her yellow panties and onto my wife's lips, Sarah stuck out her tongue to retrieve the sample of what was soon to follow. Patti's lush legs spread amply apart so that they came to rest one each on either side of my wife's shoulders. My wife was smiling broadly and somewhat apprehensively as Patti's big pantied cunt descended toward her face. We could hear my wife sucking out the abundance of juices saturating Patti's bright yellow panties. Patti slid aside the crotch piece of her wet panties and impaled her puffy pussy lips fully on my wife's heavily lipsticked and waiting mouth. Sarah was breathing heavily as she fought to take in gasps of air at any opportunity. She was sniffing, couching a bit and moaning from the face fucking Patti was now giving her and the continuing cunt fucking she was getting from Tyrone.

I continued to lick dutifully away at Tyrone's sweaty anus, but I could see Tyrone's lovely wife now commencing to grind her brown bush tight against Sarah's mouth. I was able to catch this luxurious sight each time Tyrone rose up, just prior to him stabbing back downward between Sarah's widely spread legs. It was quite an erotic view, brief as it was each time, and Patti

seemed to be thoroughly relishing the tonguing my beautiful wife was bestowing on her cunt from the look of erotic ecstasy on Patti's face. Patti's knees were resting uneasily on the thick carpet of our family room as her hips rotated greedily, meshing her sultry gash tight against my pussy-eating wife's face.

Tyrone continued to pump furiously in and out of Sarah's saturated cunt and his oversized black prick had her moaning and gasping lustfully. Sarah's own hips were moving and grinding wildly as Tyrone continued to fuck her mercilessly. I did my best to keep my tongue lubricating Tyrone's hot asshole, licking and probing it the way I felt would bring him the most pleasure, but it wasn't an easy task due to his powerful thrusts and rocking motion as he went about the fucking of my wife like a man possessed.

Patti had now taken hold of Sarah's well formed tits and was squeezing them roughly, tweaking and pinching Sarah's pert pink nipples with her slender fingers until Sarah's muffled screams of pain - or perhaps pleasure - could be heard from below Patti's pubic area where Sarah's hot tongue worked diligently at lapping the steamy blonde's pussy.

Tyrone was facing Patti so the two of them took the time to share prolonged open mouth kisses while he slammed his huge fuckpole deep into my wife's cunt, clear to those heavy sperm filled balls of his, his large nuts slamming soundly against Sarah's upturned pretty ass with each powerful thrust, while I went on licking his black puckered asshole and my wife serviced Patti's twat with her mouth.

Between soul-filled kisses, both Patti and her husband barked out orders to Sarah and me, telling us in no uncertain terms just how we should please them.

"Move your hips more, you white slut!" I heard Tyrone bellow out to Sarah as he slammed into her cunt deeply with his mammoth ebony rod, and she complied to his order at once, swaying sexy hips even more.

"That's better, you bitch," Tyrone called out. "You love my big black cock, baby doll, don't you?"

Sarah managed to mew and cry out a shaken "Yesssss..." as Patti rubbed down harder on her mouth. Tyrone just chuckled and continued to fuck her with gusto.

"Keep licking my clit too, you fucking whore," Patti moaned, and then groaned in pleasure as Sarah must have immediately complied with her command.

"Ahhh, that's perfect, cunt," Patti sighed, obviously pleased at the connection of Sarah's pointed tongue and her own rock hard clit meeting one another.

"Lick my balls a little, Teddy," Tyrone shouted at me, "then go back to my asshole."

I did as he instructed and Tyrone was grunting wildly when I did this. After I had tongued his black nut sac for a bit, Tyrone reached back with his big right hand and once more shoved the back of my head to between his ass cheeks.

"Get your tongue up inside my ass, fuckface!" he demanded of me, and I did as he told me, but this too was not easy due to his rocking movements. My tongue finally gained entrance to his dark rear tunnel and I probed his manly passage feverishly. Tyrone sighed, grunted, and finally let go with a tremendous fart that all but gagged me, but I knew better than to pull away so I just went about pushing my fart-coated tongue as deep up his asshole as I could in spite of the foul and fierce odor of his gas which was overwhelming to my nostrils.

"Rub my balls, Teddy!" he shouted. "I think I'm about to shoot off in your fucking whore wife's cunt!"

I at once began massaging my new boss' enormous balls with both my hands while my tongue probed deep up his putrid ass canal. I could clearly hear Sarah screeching and mewling as Tyrone brought her to a series of climaxes, one after the other. She had never orgasmed like that with me; that was for sure! I counted six glorious and shuddering orgasms from Sarah before Tyrone himself began to shoot his own warm seed up inside Sarah. I rubbed his balls vigorously now as they erupted their rich sperm deep into the womb of my sweet, pretty wife. Then Patti climaxed, twice in fact, yelling and almost crying with joy at the cunt lapping she was receiving from Sarah. She pulled on Sarah's tits even harder now and twisted the almost perfect nipples until Sarah yelped out in pain, Patti's cunt still pressed snugly against Sarah's mouth.

Patti and Tyrone shared yet another grand and highly passionate french kiss together as he was filling my hot wife's insides with his baby making cum juice. Patti finally broke off their wondrous kiss, and then looked down to where her well-endowed husband was pumping the last of his gigantic cum load into Sarah.

"That's it, darling," Patti cooed. "Give the slut all your load. Make a black baby in the white slut's belly!"

Patti disengaged herself from Sarah's face and moved alongside of Sarah, still urging her "nigger" husband [what she called him] to impregnate my wife as Tyrone's seemingly never-ending eruption of cum juice flooded Sarah's ravished cunt hole like a monsoon! Now that Tyrone's horny wife had removed her voluptuous body from Sarah's face, my wife was able to speak.

"Ooohhh...agghh, dear God!" I could hear Sarah cry out as my muscular black boss's potent sperm went deep inside her love tunnel.

I could not see anything at this point due to my tongue still lodged far up Tyrone Jackson's smelly asshole, but I could easily ascertain that my comely wife was obviously experiencing sexual bliss to its ultimate. I had to wrap both my arms around Tyrone's big thighs in order to hold on and to keep my tongue buried in his anal canal while he finished my overheated wife off.

Tyrone hadn't told me to stop licking his rear passage so I carried on, probing in and out, deeper and deeper, up his slimy ass with my loving tongue, clutching to his thighs with my arms and hands as I did so.

"Pull the cunt's tits some more," Tyrone shouted to Patti. "Show this dirty bitch what pain is all about, honey."

And Patti did as her husband had ordered. A second later, still licking madly inside Tyrone's asshole, I heard my poor, shapely wife shriek out painfully.

"Eeeee...uughh...oowww," Sarah yelped, as Patti ruthlessly tugged away at Sarah's quivering breasts, plucking, pinching and pulling ever so hard on the pink nipples with all her might and squeezing too Sarah's well formed tits with her hands very roughly. Both Patti and Tyrone seemed to take exceptional delight in Sarah's suffering as both of them laughed loudly now at her agony.

Tyrone finally ordered his wife to halt what she was doing and then he called out to me to withdraw my queer boy tongue from his ass, for which I was most grateful.

"It's time for clean up duty, Teddy," he bellowed. "Get up alongside your cunt wife first though and look at how well fucked she is."

I let my frazzled tongue escape its dark passage, removed my hands and arms from Tyrone's thighs and scrambled alongside Sarah and Tyrone. Sarah had a look of sheer ecstasy on her gorgeous face as Tyrone hovered over her. He was still inside her, still locked to her, but raised up enough so that I could see the ever-present red marks all over my wife's breasts, evidence from the punishment they'd just received from the sadistic Patti. Sarah's eyes were open and she was staring in a blissful sexual daze up at her new black stud lover. She didn't even look over at me at all, not until my boss told her to look at me.

"Look at your wuss of a husband," Tyrone said to her, "and tell him just how much you loved being fucked by my big black cock, bitch cunt."

Sarah's eyes shifted to meet my own. "It...it was...wonderful, Teddy," she sighed. I could sense she was still worn out from the dynamic screwing she'd just gotten.

"I...I...I've nev...never been fucked so good before..."

Tyrone harshly slapped her tits with a swift right hand and Sarah screamed. Patti, on the other side of Sarah, merely laughed.

"What about my cock, Sarah?" Tyrone wanted to know. "Tell your pussy boy hubby about your new black daddy's cock, you slut!"

"Oh...oh, yes...yes," she cooed. "I love his black cock, Ted. I truly do. It's...it's wonderful. I adore it."

"That's better, bitch," Tyrone beamed, then he lowered his face to my wife's. I watched in masochist enthrallment as my wife eagerly parted her lips to allow Tyrone's thick pink tongue into her mouth. They french kissed long and lovingly and my aching small cock grew to its full hardness inside my cute feminine panties as I watched the two new lovers - my wife and my boss - soul kiss ever so sensually.

Tyrone then pulled out from between Sarah's legs and it was at this point that I noticed the abundance of sperm all over Sarah's pubic hairs.

"Get down there, Teddy, my boy slave," Tyrone commanded. "Lick up just the cum seed on her horny bush though. I want the rest of my joy juice to stay intact. Hopefully, boy, I may have shot enough up there to get this white whore wife of yours pregnant. You'd like that, Teddy, wouldn't you?"

I meekly nodded that I would, much as I hated to admit it. My face went red with shame and my cock jumped a bit in my panties at Tyrone's humiliating remark. Both he and Patti laughed when they saw my cock twitch in my lacy pink panties.

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*This is an adaptation of a story by Wimp John, after he sent it to us, we were unable to contact him by email and would appreciate if anyone can help us get in touch with him once again.*

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End of Volume 2  
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