

Panty Slave Boys of the Night



By Bob Utter

While awaiting the new boys, Wanda and Dorothy reminisced by the fireplace in their spacious drawing room while nibbling on toast points and ripe brie and sipping a 1971 LaTache. On this evening, the fifty-something sisters are stunningly outfitted in very feminine but distinctly fetish-inspired satin lingerie – Wanda, the oldest, in pale yellow and Dorothy in lavender — satin lingerie encrusted with black lace — push-up bustiers and high-waisted panties and black nylon stockings secured with taut black ribbon garters. Each sister had married well-to-do fellows but were now divorced – the ‘easy way’ to make money Wanda always said with a girlish giggle.

Seven years earlier, they had moved in together after they both thought they had been married long enough for legal reasons and were ready to execute their individual

divorces. They had planned it for a long time because both women could barely stand men but had a big obsession for young boys, and a long desired wish to feminize little boys to serve them and whomever else they so desired. Both of them also loved spanking and had a desire to spank, violate and sexually ravish their charges before falling into bed with each other and indulging in lesbian love.

“You know,” Dorothy smiled at her sister, “I think I know how we can fulfill our desire to obtain and feminize young boys, then we could start a small but very exclusive whore house, offering girlish little boys to a select clientele. We have plenty of room in this big house to do it. I thought of a great way to do this after talking with Sheriff Tate, and he told me he has a problem with runaways. He picks up one or more every week. The kids are usually half starved, and he tries to get them off the street where they’ve been selling their bodies to earn enough to survive.

He says the only place he can put them is with the older prisoners, and most of them are perverts who molest the boys the moment the Sheriff turns his back. He’s looking for help with these boys and get them out of this horrible lifestyle. I told him we might be able to do something.”

“Have these boys turning tricks for us? I love it.” Wanda mused aloud. “We go way back with Tate, and he knows ...”

“Yeah, he knows we like young boys, and he knows what we like to do with them. He didn’t say it in so many words, but he inferred the boys would be better off staying with us, eating well, with proper clothing and shelter ... and doing what those kids are doing anyway.”

“Really, now!” Wanda nodded and thought about it as she swirled the rich burgundy in her glass, took a sip, and held it in her mouth to savor the texture and flavor before letting it glide down her throat. For a few moments she didn’t say a word, enjoying the wine’s lingering finish as she thought about it. Then, she nodded in full agreement. “Tate owes us a lot of favors. It’s about time he finds a way to pay up!”

Dorothy had a good idea of what she wanted to do. Wanda liked what she heard and was all for it. The next morning they were sitting in Sheriff Tate’s office explaining they would love to help him out with his problem with runaway boys, but when they started to tell him what they were planning, he told them he really didn’t want to know. All he wanted was to get some of these boys off the street and to some place better than what he had to offer them.

Dorothy said they only wanted the prettiest boys among those the Sheriff pickup with

a focus on boys with no family ties and desperate enough to agree to do whatever they required of them. At the mention of selecting “the prettiest boys,” Tate had a good idea of what the sisters were planning to do with the boys, and he wondered if he was doing the right thing, but Wanda was quick to remind him of several little incidents like the time the year before when they had evidence of him pocketing and not reporting the check they gave him for his reelection campaign. He only added, “OK, I’ll deliver a couple of boys to you this afternoon, but remember keep things quiet. I don’t want any trouble out at your place.”

“No, problem,” the sisters said in one voice.

“Right now, I have two runaways from Arizona; one is barely thirteen and the other is just ten – but very streetwise. I picked them up after they ran out of Millie’s Diner without paying. I think they’re just what you are looking for,” Sam said as he smiled and leaned back in his squeaky swivel chair. “I can send them to the State Boys’ School or I can put them with you on probation. Both are as cute as girls, a real problem here with the older prisoners. Both of them have been ... well, I’m sure you get the idea. My guards had to settle two fights already between the inmates trying to get first crack at the boys. My guards – I can’t blame them too much -- they don’t make much of a salary, so some of the inmates give them money to put the boys in their cells – anyway, I need to get that element out of my jail. Want to see them?”

The two sisters looked at each other and nodded. On the walkthrough of the jail, they saw the two boys – they were very pretty for boys and just what the sisters had in mind despite their dirty faces and tattered and soiled clothing. Dorothy simply opened her purse, took out five one hundred dollar bills and handed them to the sheriff as she asked him, “Can you give me each boy's height and weight? We’ll need to buy them some nice clothes.”

As soon as he jotted down the boys’ statistics and handed them to her, she stepped over to Wanda, handed her the list, and said, “Go buy the boys clothes,” she smiled. “Get each boy a pair of nice jeans and some T-shirts, also two dozen pairs of girls’ nylon panties in assorted colors, both plain and nice lacy ones, some training bras too, pretty slips, stockings and garter belts, plus three or four miniskirts and some little girl-style party dresses as well as a dozen pairs of lacy ankle socks and strappy shoes. That should do for now.”

When Sheriff Tate heard the clothes they planned for the two boys, his eyes widened, but he just shuffled off to his inner office like he didn’t want to hear it.

After Wanda did the shopping, she went to Max’s Custom Leather Boutique and

without saying what she wanted it for, asked the twenty-something clerk, “I would like a leather strap two and a half feet long and two inches wide.”

The youngster cut the strap to her specifications and then surprised her when he asked, “Would you like me to put a wooden handle on it for you? It’s a lot easier to use that way!”

“You seem to know what it’s for,” Wanda laughed.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said, “my dad is the owner here, and he had me make him one – he said it was good for me to make the strap that keeps me in line, and it sure hurts when he uses it.”

At four o’clock that afternoon, Sheriff Tate arrived at the sisters’ opulent estate with the two boys, who gawked in wonder at the palatial surroundings as they dined on cheeseburgers and Cokes delivered from Burger Chef, the local teenage hangout. Once their tummies were full, the boys were each assigned a bedroom and told to take a bath and put on the new jeans and T-shirt set out on his bed before coming downstairs for a get-acquainted meeting with the two sisters before dinner.

The boys were a bit puzzled when they discovered the underwear set out with their new clothes. They were panties – plain white nylon panties. Through the door adjoining their bedrooms, the boys compared notes – they both had panties set out for them – they didn’t have a front opening -- no doubt about it – they were girls’ panties – at least they didn’t have any lace on them. They didn’t want to screw up their chance to stay at his place, so first one boy and then the other just shrugged his shoulders and decided to wear the panties – besides, their new jeans would cover up the panties, so it was no big deal. The boys then hurriedly went downstairs as instructed and bounded into the drawing room only to stop in mid stride as they saw the two women old enough to be their grandmothers sitting in regal-looking wingback chairs, lounging in old-fashioned lingerie and smiling at the boys with designs in their eyes.

Dorothy did the talking. “As you boys were told by the sheriff, you are under our custody. We can send you back to his hellhole of a jail anytime, and you know what that means.”

They nodded their heads ‘yes,’ as they kept staring at the two beautiful women.

Dot continued, “After the rough life you’ve been exposed to, I’m sure you can go either way – and do things either with males or females.”

The boys looked questioningly at each other.

“Sex, dear boys! I'm talking about sex! You can have sex with either — men or women, boys or girls, right?”

Dorothy was well pleased when the boys sheepishly nodded.

“Good! Now, how do you like your new clothes?”

The boys nodded approvingly with thankful little smiles.

“And the panties? How do you feel about wearing the nice soft girls’ panties we've provided?”

If there had been any doubt in the boys’ minds whether or not they were wearing panties – there was no doubt now. Tommy shrugged his shoulders, and Jesse, his little brother, looked at him and then nodded in agreement. Both boys grinned and squirmed a bit, obviously from being reminded that they had girlie nylon panties on under their jeans.

Wanda said, Come closer, boys. Tommy, go over to my sister Dot, and Jesse you come by me.”

The boys slowly approached the women, who then unbuckled and unzipped the boys’ jeans, let them drop around their ankles, and then inspected each boy in his panties. As the women rubbed their cool hands over the kids’ smooth panty bottoms and slim hips, the boys sucked in air and shivered with tingling sensations creeping through their bodies, and as the women moved ever closer to each boy’s penis, these kids began breathing harder and faster. Their bodies as well as their penises went completely rigid as the sisters manipulated the boys’ dicks within their silky nylon panties.

“I guess you like wearing girls’ panties, huh, boys?”

Their hefty breathing made their answer obvious.

“How would you like it if we dressed you in not just plain panties like these, but in really fancy panties in pink and lavender with lace and ruffles and bows, and then also had you wear sexy little miniskirts, silken blouses, satin slips, sissy dresses and cute little girls’ shoes and socks?”

“Girls’ clothes!” With wide-open eyes, both boys said. “No!” in unison.

“Now, boys, in this house, you have to do whatever we want, whenever we want. For starters, ‘no’ is a word that isn't in your vocabulary when we ask you to do somethings. And just to drive home that lesson, both of you pull your panties down to bare your butts and bend over that big stool.

The boys whimpered but downed their panties and presented their upturned butts for what they knew was going to be a spanking. But they weren't expecting the horrible loud cracks from the new leather strap purchased just that afternoon. After just two swats, Jesse, cried and begged to wear girls’ clothes, and after just three swats, Tommy caved in.

“Good, we’re making progress. Now, I’ll tell you what your life will be like here. We’re going to make the two of you into little boy whores for our entertainment, plus we are going to make money off you by letting select men and women have sex with you in any way they so desire.”

The boys were staring in awe.

“Now, don’t look so surprised, I know you’ve been on the streets for a while and have surely had a full sex education. Moreover, the sheriff told us the inmates at the jail had been sampling your bodies, so what we propose is something far better than jail or being back on the street. You provide pleasure for us and our friends, and you’ll live like kings here with us – or should I say queens!”

Wanda continued, “Now, since you’ve agreed to be our sexy little girls, in your closets you’ll find a nice starter collection of lovely girls’ clothes, and in the morning, you’ll begin dressing full-time as girls. In fact, you’ll be starting life as girlie boys tonight — we have some exciting fancy babydoll pajamas for you to sleep in, but first, we want a little demonstration of your skills.

“Jesse, you’re just ten – can you shoot your juice yet?”

He nodded, and said, “I’ll be eleven in two weeks, Yeah, I mean I can shoot, kind of, just a little. I just started making a few drops of juice last month.”

“Great,” Wanda said. “So let’s have a demonstration. Both of you boys take all your clothes off except your sissy panties, get down on those pillows on the floor and do a 69 – give each other a blowjob and don’t stop until each of you show us you have a

mouthful of cum. Then we want you to kiss you're your brother and share the cum you are holding in your mouth with him before slowly letting it dribble down your throats as you kiss and rub your pantied penis against your brother's pantied penis.”

The boys were stunned at the directive, but they had nowhere to go and they didn't want another crack from the hard leather strap. They didn't know what else to do but get down on the floor and start their panty boy 69 exhibition for the two wanton women who were already plunging a hand down each other's panty crotches and diddling her sister silly.

Both boys raced to twist around and hold each other in a 69 embrace. With barely any hesitating, they extracted each other's penis from girlie panties and downed each other's dick and rapidly sucked away to hurry the onset of their shared ejaculations. And once they did cum, they didn't have to be reminded of the routine outlined for them.

With tears streaming down their cheeks, they opened their mouths, showed the smiling, mutual masturbating sisters the pool of cum each had in his mouth, and then they kissed, swapped cum and spit, hugged each other and wiggled their hips to tease their nylon pantied penises against each other. They made slurping sounds as they swallowed their mouthfuls of cum just to let the sexy old ladies know they were following instructions.

The boys didn't want to become prostitutes. They wanted to say 'no' but the alternative — going back to the sheriff — they didn't even want to consider, besides, their excited penises made them want to be submissive to these two scheming women and ready to agree to most any request.

The women were then in business, and by word of mouth, they offered their services and found no shortage of takers. Ten days later, the sheriff dropped off three more boys. He told the women that while the kids were being stripped and processed, he discovered they had the biggest cocks he had ever seen on kids so young, even though they all had pretty faces and great potential to be turned into girls. Within hours, the sisters had the boys looking like sweet little girls.

“All three of you hold your skirts up high and take your lacy panties!” Wanda commanded.

They all obeyed. Facing the women caused all three of the boys to get fully hard, even though they were shames to be wearing girls' clothes. Ronnie, the fourteen year old, had the largest cock of the three. Eight and a half inches. Mark, a slender black-haired

fifteen year old, had one eight inches long, and Jerri, the other fifteen year old, had one almost eight inches in length.

“Step up and turn around,” Wanda commanded the three. “Get your skirts up high and keep them there.”

The three moved within inches of the two women and turned around as ordered.

Wanda rubbed her hand across the satiny sheen of the sleek panties covering each boy’s protruding buttocks and spoke in an authoritative voice. “Have any of you ever been spanked either by a hairbrush, a paddle or someone's hand, and spanked hard enough to make you cry?”

They all answered, “Yes.”

“Our older clients often enjoy spanking young boys,” she continued. “They may want you to bend over their knee or perhaps over a chair or the bed. They may want you to keep your panties on to continue the illusion that you are girls. Some women may want to pretend they are your mother. With them, it’s usually over the knee with skirts up and fancy panty briefs lowered!”

She went on, “Every time a hand, hairbrush or paddle strikes your ass, we want you to scream out as loud as you can, and cry. We don’t care if the spanking is mild or intense, scream and cry as if it’s the worse spanking you’ve ever received. If our clients want to spank you, they want to hear and see the results! One more thing, Wanda said as she took the leather strap and held it up. “On the streets you surely learned to take advantage of people, especially your tricks. Well, we’ll have none of that here or you’ll be fastened across the workbench in the basement and receive from ten to twenty-five strokes of this strap, enough to shred your panties and send you to Hell screaming and begging for your life. So don’t lie, cheat or steal either our customers or us!”

The sisters’ house of girlie-boy prostitution brought in more money the following year than any other business in the county. Each boy had a clientele that would have put whores working in houses in New York, Chicago and Detroit to shame. The male and female clients ran from young gay boys of sixteen and seventeen to dirty old men and women in their late seventies.

Dorothy and Wanda had set a price scale before opening their doors for business. Established prices were set high enough so every Tom, Dick and Harry wouldn't walk in off the street, overflow their place and prematurely wear their boys out. The women

solicited businesses and the area's wealthy. Their customer list included well-to-do farmers, adventurous businessmen, sex-starved old men and women with tons of money, and even teens with hefty allowances.

Straight sex was listed at two dollars a minute; anything over thirty minutes went to two-fifty. Anal sex started at three dollars a minute and jumped to four dollars after twenty minutes. Oral sex (boy eating pussy) was fifty dollars for thirty minutes and very popular with teen girls and young women up to thirty-five years of age. Older women usually went for straight sex or went for spanking the young boys. Men of all ages enjoyed a blowjob or butt fucking the kids and some were into spanking the boy first. Special services like giving the boys golden showers, having them eat shit, take enemas, or especially cruel beatings and punishments were negotiable for very high prices.

One woman, a charming divorcee in her forties, liked giving Ronnie a spanking and then getting oral sex from him every Saturday night. She had a motherly crush on the handsome, slender fourteen year old. Her love was actually divided between the boy's youth and his eight and a half inch cock.

From their office at the top of the stairs, Dot and Wanda had closed circuit television cameras to monitor action in each room occupied by the working boys.

They used them only when they suspected something was going on that violated their house rules. The forty year old divorcee was one of those watched constantly. Her name was Katherine Sue Hamilton.

As soon as Kathy arrived that Saturday evening, she chose Ron as her bed partner. Dot and Wanda watched the two go upstairs and then went in their office to view the monitor.

"Hi baby," the woman smiled and embraced the youngster. "Have you been a good little girl while mommy was away?" She eased the boy in the pink party dress over to the bed and then flipped up the kid's dress. Ronnie answered, "I, uh, tried to be good, mommy."

"You only tried! Well, you know what that means! Mommy will have to spank you!"

Dorothy and Wanda watched the monitor as Kathy had him pull up his dress so she could handle his huge cock stretching out the front of his little girl-style, lacy pink rhumba panties and excite him even further.

“Just a second, baby,” the woman cooed, as she pulled up the hem of her expensive tailored skirt to exposing her lacy black panty crotch. “Now, over my lap, honey!” she said as she had the boy bend across her lap. She worked the boy’s dress up until it was over his back revealing his slender muscular thighs and hips before easing the boy’s fancy sissy panties down below the bare white contours of his lushly rounded buttocks, and then carefully positioned him so his man-sized organ nestled deep in between her warmth thighs and against her pantied pussy lips.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

However, she quickly had enough of spanking him and groaned, “Oh, baby, baby, baby!” Kathy stood the boy up, his big cock pointing at her from beneath his dress. She clutched the boy to her, wrapped her arms him and moaned, “God, I want that!” She ran her tongue up and down the entire length of his cock, pushing the foreskin back, and then rammed the youngster’s mammoth cock into her mouth. “Now, I want you in me!” she half screamed as they fell back on the bed with her heavy white thighs wide and waiting. Ronnie stepped forward and went between Kathy’s parted thighs so his thick, massive dick penetrated her to its full length.

Ronnie and the woman returned to the bedroom after each had taken a quick shower. She handed the boy one hundred dollars plus an extra twenty as a tip. Kathy knew she wasn’t permitted to tip; Ronnie knew he wasn’t allowed to accept.

Then the two walked from the bedroom and started down the stairs when Dot and Wanda suddenly appeared. “Hope you had a good evening, Kathy?” Dorothy asked the attractive and well-satisfied brunette.

“I sure did,” she replied. “It couldn’t have been better!”

“Here is a hundred,” Ronnie said as he handed Dorothy the money. “A spanking and straight sex with overtime!”

Dorothy joined the little group as Wanda looked at Kathy, at the boy and then asked. “What about the blowjob and the twenty dollar tip?” Both Kathy and Ronnie were too ashamed to answer, so Dorothy went into their office and returned with the strap. “Let’s go to the basement, Ronnie. You come too, Kathy. We want you to see the trouble you caused!”

Ronnie didn’t fight or try to escape his punishment. He bent across the workbench and waited until the sisters secured his hands and feet with leather straps.

“Take his panties down, Kathy,” Wanda demanded of the woman as she smiled. “This is the first time Ronnie has violated our rules. After this punishment, I don't think he will ever do it again.”

Kathy nervously fumbled with the boy's clothes, then jerked the his dress up and his baby girl pink ruffled silk panties down around his thighs. Wanda told her sister, "Let's each give him five with the belt since it's his first offense." Then she stepped back and watched Dorothy made the strap bite into the boy's tender buttocks. Time and time again the strap burned and blistered him until blood trickled down his thighs.

“Oh, please,” Kathy moaned. “Don't whip him anymore! I'll pay you more, but please! Please! Please!” she cried as she watched her beloved boy suffer for her indiscretion. “You're tearing him up so much, I won't be able to spank my sweet little girl-boy when he's naughty!”

“Yes, you will,” Dot smiled, “but it will cost you double from now on!” Kathy watched the crying boy go upstairs, she was crying too. “I don't care,” she said repeatedly. “I love my baby!” 01906-M

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