

No. 1

Cum and get

Panty Wasted!



Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Sissy boy loves to show you
his pink rhumba panties!

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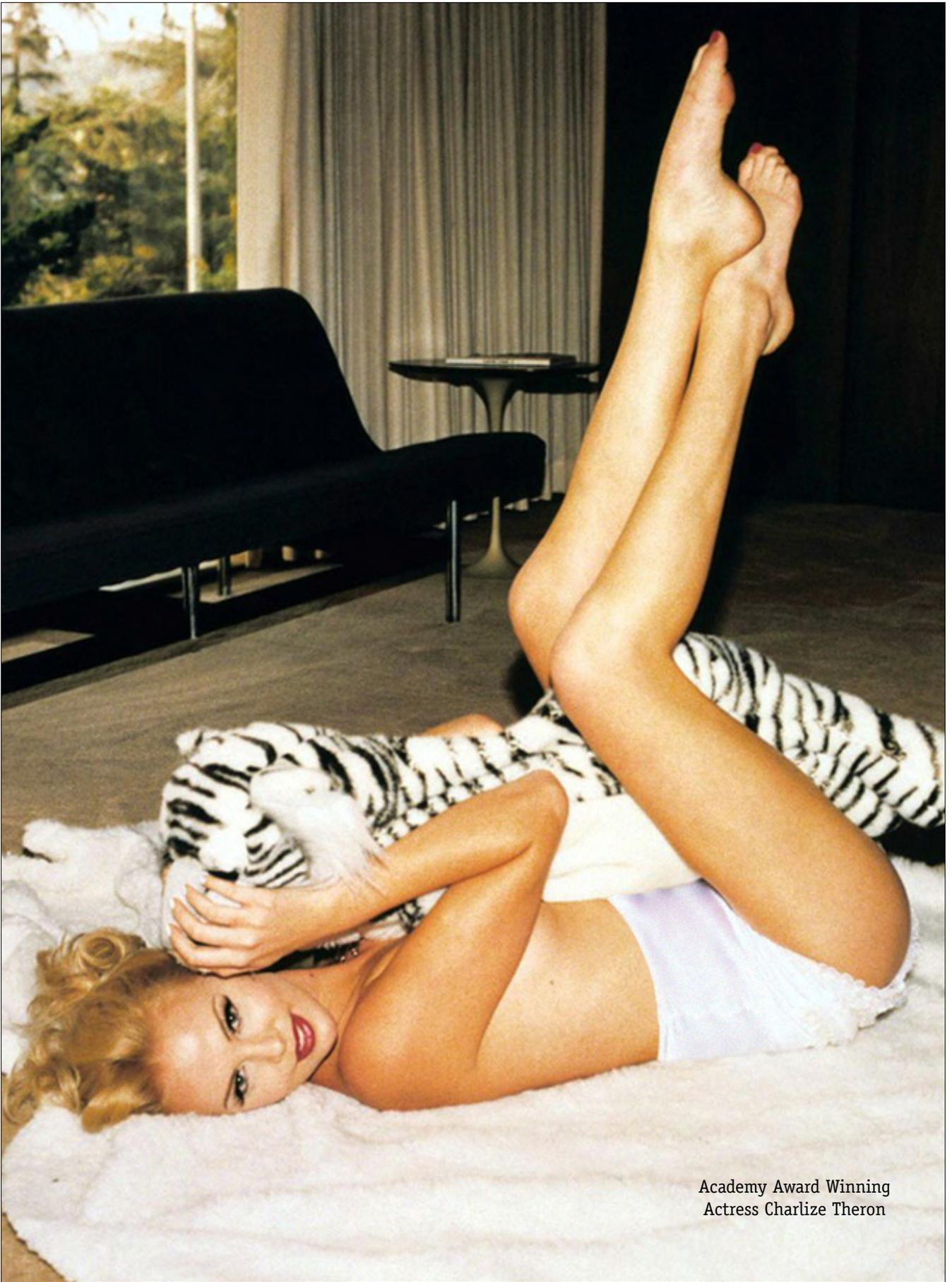
So you are boys after all! Nice! Very nice!

So, let's have some fun, OK?

I wear panties too, see!

HO HO HO!

.....
Great! Now move your hips!
Rub me in my panties with your little cocks in your panties!



Academy Award Winning
Actress Charlize Theron

Academy Award Winning
Actress Charlize Theron





Panty lover really getting into it with his head in his wife's smother panties!



Boy takes 2nd place in costume contest as Little Bo Peep



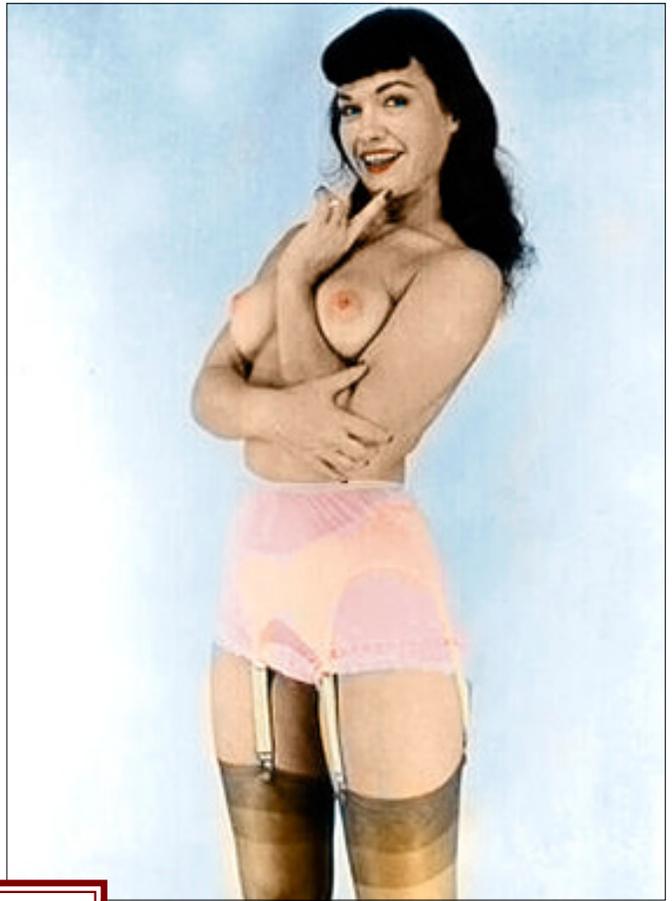
The fabulous
Abi, a longtime
Internet Queen
of brief-style
panties!





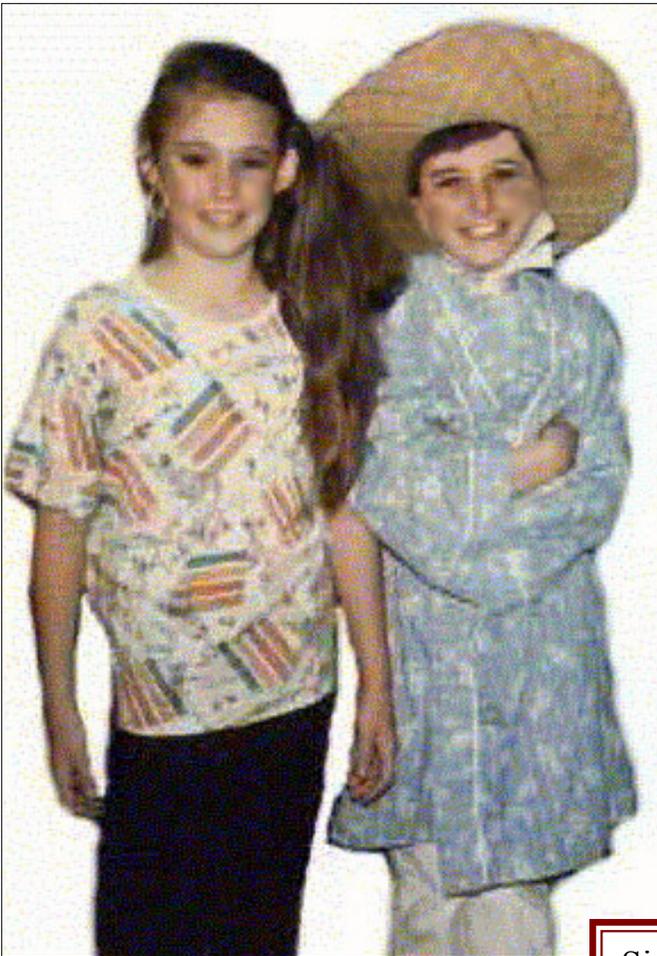
Sissy Boy!

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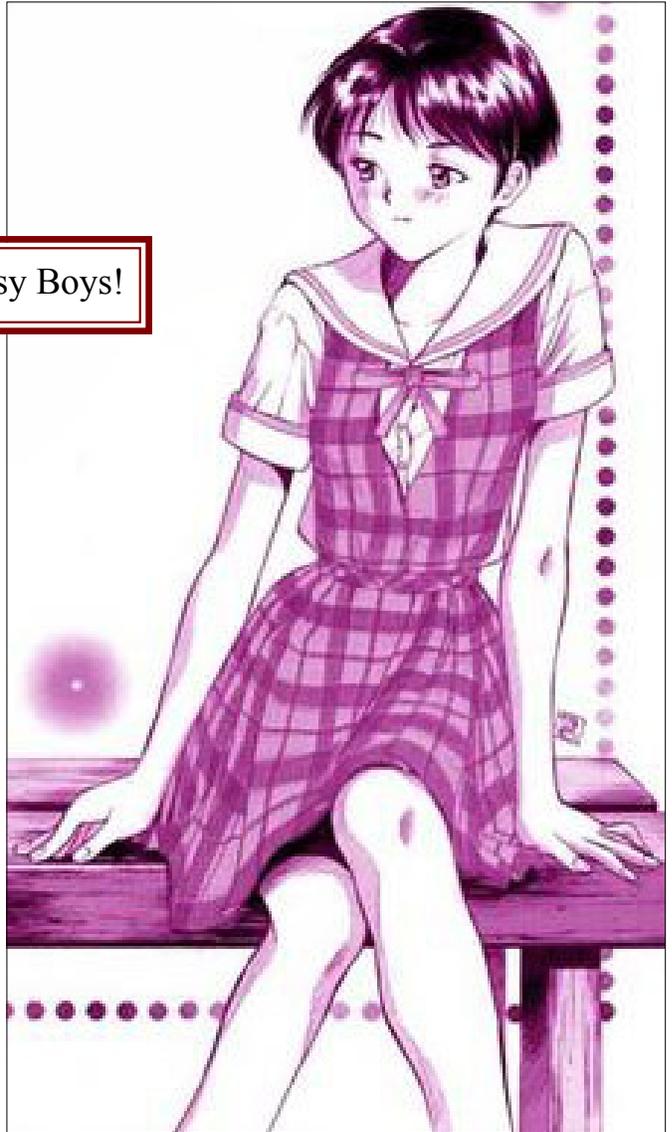


Bettie Page
in pretty
brief-style
panties and
in color!





Sissy Boys!



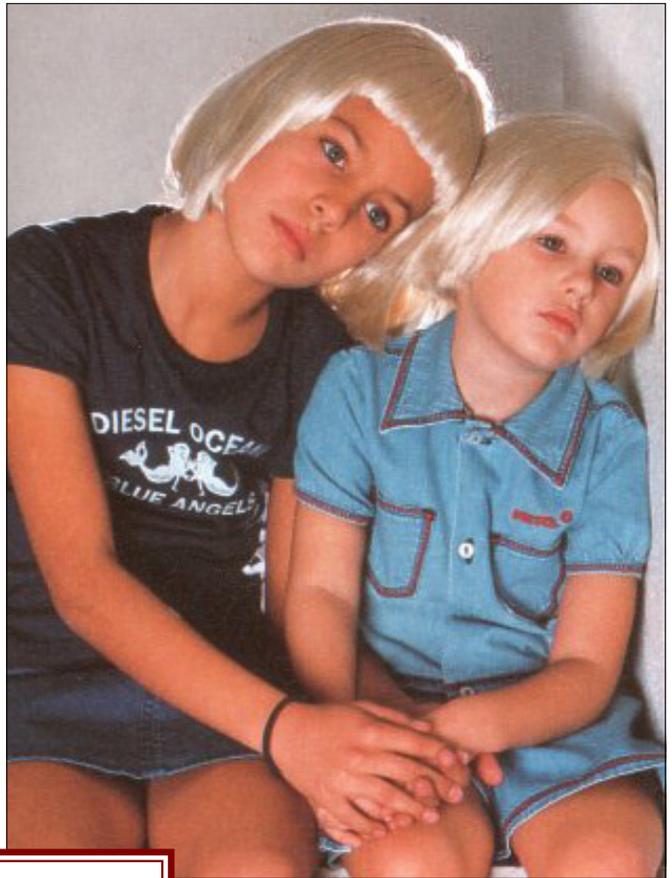


Little boy secretly putting on his sister's pantyhose and playing with her baby doll.

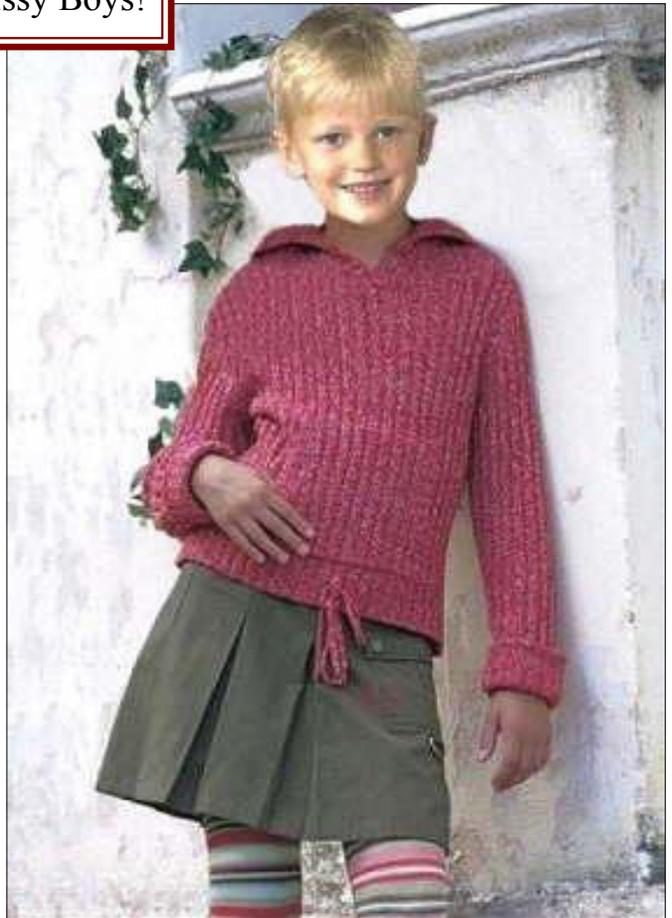
Sissy Boys!



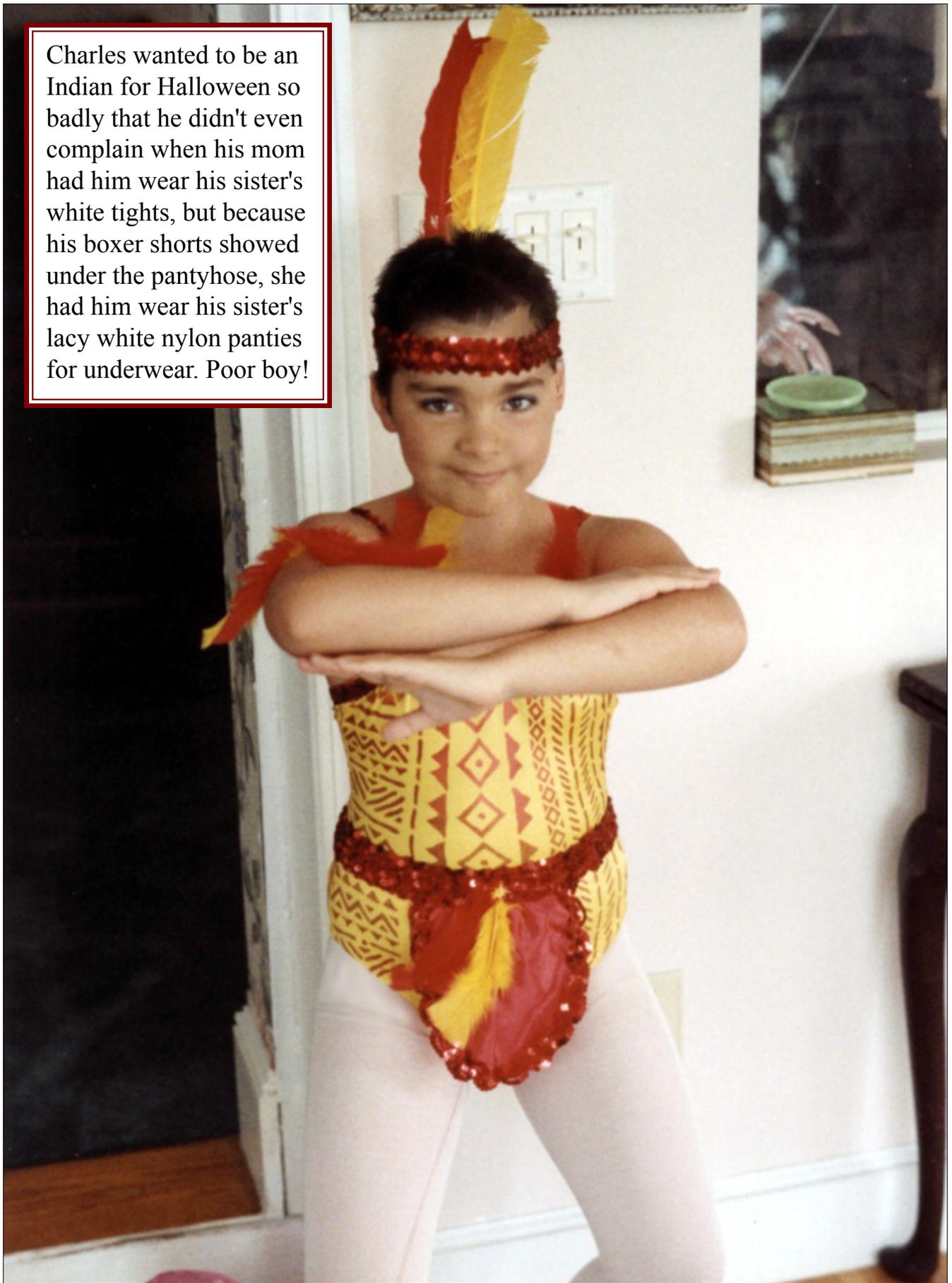
Just a brother-sister dress-up game!



Sissy Boys!



Charles wanted to be an Indian for Halloween so badly that he didn't even complain when his mom had him wear his sister's white tights, but because his boxer shorts showed under the pantyhose, she had him wear his sister's lacy white nylon panties for underwear. Poor boy!



Mrs. Winkler's Panties

By Coquette

Chapter 1

Danny's wristwatch beeped. It was time. Greatly excited, he grabbed his new binoculars and scampered to his bedroom window. Eighty feet away he focused on the light coming from between the partially opened drapes of the tall window across the way that framed a familiar female image with her back to the window. He knelt on the floor and rested the binoculars on the sill to keep them steady, minimizing the trembling of his hands. He recalled how he had told his mommy he needed them for bird-watching; it wasn't the whole truth, and he sniggered.

Across the yard, Mrs. Winkler was getting ready for bed. She lived alone since her milquetoast husband had died under mysterious circumstances five months earlier. She had caught him fucking a skinny, fifteen-year-old cheerleader in their marital bed, and unable to contend with the shame of cheating on his wife with an underage girl, he had cut his own balls off and bled to death. Mrs. Winkler's opinion of males was always quite low, but now she abhorred them. Yet, she still needed a sexual outlet, and that now was nightly masturbation with fantasies of having sex -- not with men -- she could no longer stomach them -- no, she dreamed about having pretty young women under her thumb, enslaved to her and made to please her with their tongue.

From the rear, her house was hidden from the outside world by a row of high trees, hidden from all except Danny's second-floor bedroom window that just happened to be in the right position to see between two of those tall trees.

While working on neighborhood beautification projects, Mrs. Morgana Winkler knew Danny as well as Sonia, his sexy young mother. However, Morgana had never thought much of the boy, and that was especially true now after the bad experience with her husband. She wondered why Sonia even bothered to bring up the nasty little urchin. In her opinion, all boys should automatically be sent to jail and stay there forever. Better yet, why hadn't Sonia strangled the brat at birth? The very thought of that devious, spoilt little milksop, made her want to vomit. She knew the horrid little boy was already developing an unhealthy interest in women, even if his mother wasn't aware of it.

Mrs. Winkler removed her scarlet blouse and navy skirt and hung them up. She then let her black silk petticoat slide down her hips to the floor. Her bedroom was brightly lit, and now that it was nighttime, she walked over to the window that acted like a mirror with the darkness outside. She stared

at her reflection -- a nightly ritual for her to gaze at herself with the drapes thrown fully open to survey her mature beauty.

Danny's eyes popped. He knew her nightly routine and had timed it just right. He had hit the jackpot! Mrs. Winkler stood at the window in a black bra and panties with black garter clasps hoisting up the wide tops of her black nylon stockings. "Oh, wow. This was the best yet." Danny breathlessly mumbled to himself. "Wow! Look at her shiny satin bra, glinting in the bedroom lights; it's immense! And her glossy black panties look amazing, stretched lovingly over her fat bottom. He watched her as she slowly turned this way and that, hands on hips, admiring her curves with a critical eye.

Then she stopped and seemed to be looking straight at him. Danny was seized with a sudden, terrible fear and let go of his binoculars. Had she seen him spying on her? But she could not see him, could she? After all, he told himself, he was in total darkness; how could she see beyond the window of her brightly lit room? He picked up the binoculars again and looked back. She was still at the window, slowly brushing her long, dark hair, full of thick curls. If she ever found out he was spying on her, he knew he would be in trouble. She was a formidable, powerful lady.

Mrs. Winkler knew she looked good enough for even a lithe young beauty like the pretty, slim and haughty Sonia, mother of that willful boy, Danny. Sonia was far too sweet, far too precious to be used as a toy to gratify some male's repulsive pleasure. Morgana swooned as she pictured Sonia's face buried deep between her legs. Sonia's wimpy husband was usually away, supposedly on business -- from experience, Mrs. Winkler knew what that meant. Sonia, she thought, needed to be properly loved, not pawed by some beastly male. Just thinking about her lovely neighbor lady moved Mrs. Winkler to smooth a hand over her panties and press a finger to the nylon-covered bulging cleft between her legs.

Sonia's naughty son adjusted the focus with a trembling finger, hoping and hoping. "Please, take the bra off," he audibly prayed. "Please! Oh, please!" he begged like he would plead when he wanted something his mother said they couldn't afford. Just then, Mrs. Winkler reached behind her back, still facing the window. "Yes, yes, yes..." he breathed, "Do it, do it, do it..." A moment later, his wish was granted and her satiny black bra popped open and was tossed aside. Danny gasped. His heart was thumping madly. The sight of Mrs. Winkler's heavy, pointed breasts swinging ponderously was almost too much for the boy. He had never seen a real woman undressed, only naughty pictures of ladies in the magazines older boys had showed him at school. "Oh, Wow!" cried Danny aloud, immediately stifling himself so his mom wouldn't hear him. "Oh, Gosh," he whispered. And now that her bra was off, his young penis became very hard and a little painful and was poking its head up inside his pajamas. He thrust his hot little hand down into his pajamas

and took hold of it. "Oh, Mrs. Winkler," he moaned. The naughty boy had no idea that the object of his admiration was at that moment thinking of lesbian sex with his mom.

"Sonia, honey," she growled, licking her nipples erect, "You don't know it yet, but by tomorrow night your pink tongue will be screaming out to lick my pussy. Count on it." She said it with the conviction of a witch confident that whatever she wished for would happen. She turned away from the window, pulled aside the leg opening of her big, black lacy nylon panties and knelt on the bed. Danny could hardly keep still as he trembled watching. "Oh, shit! W-what's she doing?" he panted in bewilderment. Trying to hold the binoculars still with one hand, he wanked furiously with the other. One day, he knew, it would spurt, if he did it right. He had seen older boys do it at school. "Come on, come on, come on," he urged his penis, driving his childish dick wild. The old woman jammed her fingers deep into her cunt but her back was to Danny and he couldn't see what she was doing. Then she sank down onto the bed and dropped out of his view. "Damn it!" cursed Danny. His sore penis stressed out in frustration.

Chapter 2

The next day was bright and a little windy, so Sonia opted to hang her laundry outside for a good airing instead of using the electric dryer. And as she strung up her clothes, Mrs. Winkler saw her and decided to do the same but with another motive. She didn't bother to wash her clothes -- that wasn't necessary for what she had in mind. She simply grabbed an armful of her dirty lingerie, took them outside and pinned them to her clothesline, stringing up some of her sexiest lingerie -- she had a lot of exotic, old-fashioned lingerie in black and red as well as very feminine pastel colors, all in silk, satin and nylon. She merrily strung up naughty garter belts, fancy corsets, wicked bras and more than a dozen pairs of frilled panties. She propped her clothesline up high so it made a display that could easily be seen over the little fence separating their properties. When Sonia came out to take her clothes down, she noticed the woman's scandalously fancy lingerie and blushed. They contrasted with the few demure little panties in white and pastel shades she had put out.

When Danny came home from school Sonia asked him to come out into the backyard to help her take in her washing because the wind was picking up and it might rain so she wanted to quickly get all her laundry back inside. Danny froze for a moment when he first glimpsed over the fence at Mrs. Winkler's lingerie and then got a chance to take a longer look when his mother went into the house with a basket full of their laundry. Looking over the fence, he had never before seen such a magnificent show of sexy ladies lingerie. He was in awe as he studied each item with great interest as it danced and flapped in the breeze. Amongst the bras and panties, he recognized some he knew well. "If only the wind would blow her panties to me," he wished, watching a huge



black pair, ballooned by the wind, straining at the pegs – quite possibly the same panties he had seen her wearing the night before.

Suddenly, an intense gust of wind struck and loosened several of the lady's garments from her line, including that huge pair of black panties that flew off the line and blew towards him, swirling in the wind. He ran to catch them with open arms, and they caught him full in the face. "Oh Golly!" he cried. He held the dark garment in his hands, devouring them with love-sick eyes. "Mrs. Winkler's panties!" he gasped, hardly able believe he was holding the big, deep-sided panties, the very ones he had seen her wearing at the window. With a nervous urgency, his little fingers felt the gorgeous things, pulling at the softness of the glossy front and the large bottom with its wicked seams and snappy elastics. His quick little hands seemed to know the intricacies of a lady's panties already. His little penis, still a panty virgin, began to squirm uneasily. "Goodness. Oh, my goodness," he gasped, as his fingertips found the softness of the wide, black, double nylon crotch.

"Danny, finish bringing everything in; it's going to storm," his mother said from the kitchen window. "Then you can have some milk and cookies." The sound of her voice stunned him; he instantly dropped the wonderful panties in amongst the other clothes, and as soon as she stepped back from the window, the naughty little boy stuffed the panties down his shorts before going inside.

Chapter 3

"Good night, Danny. I love you," Sonia said to her little boy with a kiss as she stroked his hair and switched out the light. "What a good little son I have," she thought.

The instant his mommy closed his bedroom door Danny whipped the beloved panties out from under his pillow and pulled them over his head. The wicked things were steeped in Mrs. Winkler's alluring scent, and he took deep breaths through the panty fabric, inhaling their feminine aroma. "Lovely ladies' panties!" he whispered, between gulps of the panty filtered perfumed air. He sniffed and sniffed every square inch of the stolen silkiness, enjoying the sensation of the black silk panties as he caressed them against his blushing cheeks. He left the crotch for last. Something told him it would be the best part. He breathed out and pressed his turned-up nose and pink lips into the nylon. As his lungs filled, a strange new scent mingled with the sweet smell of the perfumed panties. The clever little boy knew it was the scent of a lady's pussy, even though he had never smelt it before. Mommy always said what a bright little boy he was, so quick to learn. Wanting more, he pressed the panties closer to his face. "Oh, Mrs. Winkler," he moaned, nuzzling the soft, worn nylon, "I love your panties so much. I want to sniff them forever and ever." Engrossed in the panties, his balls ached. He couldn't ignore the discomfort and sat up. "Dar-

ling panties," he said, "I want you so badly." Danny rose and stood at the window. Mrs. Winkler's window was dark. She was probably already asleep, he reasoned, as he stepped into her panties. She's probably wearing her short red nightie and ruffled red satin panties, or maybe another pair of her black panties. "I know everything about Mrs. Winkler," he said to himself, smugly confident in his knowledge of her movements as well as details of her exotic lingerie collection.

Carefully, pausing only to savor every little sensation of the soft panties against his skin as he eased them up his skinny legs, Danny pulled the panties up and up until his little boy balls rested in the ticklishly smooth crotch and his painful erection pressed hungrily against the nylon panty front. The dull ache between his legs wanted more. His penis swelled and began to hurt even more. "Lovely panties! Sweet panties! Please make my dickie spurt," he said with a frown as he fumbled his stiffness through the silk. He guessed that if it was going to happen at all, tonight would be the night. Long into the night, he repeatedly slid his hips back and forth in the panties against his mattress and rubbed his penis through the silky embrace of the panties, but without result. His little hands coaxed, teased, and pulled at his dick, but to no avail. At last, he cried into his pillow and fell asleep, exhausted, still wearing Mrs. Winkler's big black nylon panties.

Chapter 4

In the morning, when his mommy came in and woke him up, he instantly clutched the blanket to his chin and said, "I don't feel well enough for school today, mommy." Under the sheets, he was still wearing Mrs. Winkler's panties, and he didn't want his mommy to see them. Sonia looked at him with concern. He did look rather tired. "OK. Maybe you should stay home today and rest," she said. "I'm going out for a bit; I have to return something to one of our neighbors."

"Yes, mother," croaked Danny, convincingly, he thought. He knew he was good at lying, and his mom was easy to fool.

As soon as Danny heard his mom close the front door, he leapt out of bed and studied his erection still tenting the front of Mrs. Winkler's black panties. It still hurt a little. "I do love you," he said to the panties, "but I must put you away now. Maybe tonight I'll spunk into your loveliness." He pinched the pretty waist in his fingers and pulled it out over his penis, and then dropped the panties to the floor. "Oh!" he cried, as the ache in his scrotum suddenly returned, stronger than ever, "Oh, no!" He cupped his balls in one hand and clutched his bloated dickie in the other. It seemed to be bursting; its skin was so tight he thought it might break. "Oh, I know what you need!" he cried. "You need panties! Mrs. Winkler's panties! And you need them now!" he groaned as he quickly pulled the panties back up and smoothed their silken blackness against his needful cockette. How wonderful they felt. Now he knew he could never be separated from those panties.

Chapter 5

Sonia approached Mrs. Winkler's house with apprehension. The great porch loomed in front of her, the heavy door with its weighty brass knocker. After banging with the knocker, she waited and was about to turn and try again another day when the huge door slowly opened and Mrs. Winkler stood imperiously against the darkness of the hallway behind her. "Sonia," said the old hag, walking purposefully towards the nervous young woman, "I've been expecting you."

"Mrs. Winkler, you have? I - I brought these - these things of yours," said Sonia, holding out a bag in her trembling hand. "Some of your clothing, I believe. They blew over the fence in the wind yesterday. The wind was so strong, wasn't it? Such a storm. I thought the roof would come off. I ..."

Mrs. Winkler put an arm around Sonia's slim shoulders and coaxed her into the house. "You brought back my lingerie. What a kind girl you are. I must thank you properly."

"Oh, there's no need, really," said Sonia.

"But of course there is, darling," said Mrs. Winkler. "And you must call me Morgana."

"Really, I can't stay, Mrs., I mean, Morgana; I had to leave my little Danny alone at home. He's sick today."

Mrs. Winkler's expression hardened. She said, "I'm sure the little devil can look after himself for a while. Believe me, sweetheart, your Danny is really quite grown up. In all sorts of ways you cannot even imagine."

"What do you mean? How do you know about Danny?"

But Mrs. Winkler ignored the direct question and walked the young mother into a dark, high-ceilinged room, lit by a blazing log fire. A huge fur rug lay in front of an iron fender. "Sit down and relax while I fix us some coffee." Sonia sat on the edge of a large leather chair, pressed her knees together and smoothed down her miniskirt. A cast-iron chandelier of enormous size hung low above her head, its flickering candles failing to adequately light the gloomy room. What a strange place, she thought, looking at two black wooden carvings of cats which stood on either side of the great fireplace. "Oh!" she exclaimed, as one of them blinked and began to lick its paw. "Oh, dear. You did frighten me!" she said, laughing nervously for mistaking them for statues.

Mrs. Winkler strode back into the room, gave Sonia a large mug of coffee and sat in the chair opposite her. The cat came and rubbed against her ample calves. "Hungry already, my dear pussy?" said Mrs. Winkler. "You'll have to wait a bit longer. This is a pretty lady, not a horrid little schoolboy." Sonia said, "What a nice cat," not catching what she meant.

"Yes, she's a good mouse catcher, but I'm afraid that, lately, I have spoiled her with too many treats. She's getting fat."

She opened the bag and went through the lingerie Sonia had brought, one item at a time. "Do you like these?" she asked, holding up an lacy, old-fashioned full-length slip.

Sonia blushed. "Y-yes. It's very, uh, nice," she said, looking at the carpet, "But I couldn't wear anything like that."

"It's so soft and comfortable to wear. Feel it."

"Oh, oh, yes," said Sonia, reluctantly rubbing the fine ribbed satin fabric between her finger and thumb. She didn't like to admit it, but something about the corset thrilled her.

"And these?" said Mrs. Winkler, stretching out a pair of pink satin, high-waisted panties adorned with ruffles and ribbons.

Sonia was deeply embarrassed. "They're a little too fancy for me!" she said, trying to laugh, but mostly just blushing.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Winkler, appearing suddenly surprised, "Where are my black satin panties? Didn't you find a pair of black panties? I saw them blow over the fence. I'm sure you must have them; I saw Danny pick them up."

"Surely, you must be mistaken, Morgana. Danny wouldn't have kept them. Why would he do that?" Sonia said.

"Oh, but I saw him," said Mrs. Winkler, firmly.

"Morgana," she said, "I think I should go home now. Thank you for the coffee..." She looked into Morgana's eyes and the strangest feelings began to rise within her.

"You're not going home, honey," said Morgana, with an odd sense of finality.

"Please, I must see to Danny. He's not well," she said, trying to assert herself. But her will was dissolving by the moment.

"Do you know what Danny was doing last night? All night long? And why he is feeling ill today?"

"What do you mean? He was asleep in bed," she answered.

Morgana just smiled and raised her eyebrows. "No he wasn't. Did you know that your little Danny watches through his binoculars as I undress for bed every night?"

"No, surely not..."

"Watches me undress. Sees me take off my lingerie."

"I - I don't believe it. He's such a good boy - and he's too young to be interested in..." Sonia's voice was shaking.

"I've decided to write his school. I'm sure you won't mind. It's something that needs to be done before he gets older."

"No! No, please, Morgana. Don't do that! I'll speak to him."

"My mind's made up, darling."

"No. Please. I'll ... I'll do anything," said Sonia, desperately.

There was a pause. Morgana stood up, took a deep breath and smoothed the low-cut dress over her large breasts. "Then you must ask me nicely," she said with disdain at Sonia.

"What?" Sonia was confused.

"Get down on your knees, sweetheart. Get down and beg," said Morgana, quietly but firmly. Something about her voice made Sonia feel she must obey her. She felt like a little girl at school again. Against her own better judgment, she did as she was told and knelt on the fur rug before the stately lady. Morgana Winkler ripped down the front zipper of her dress and threw it aside. "Beg nicely, Sonia," she said, looking down between the glossy cups of her leopard print bra at the delicate figure of the slim young woman kneeling before her with her bright blue eyes staring up in supplication.

"Please, please, Morgana ... I am begging you. Oh," gasped Sonia as she felt Mrs. Winkler's fingers run through her golden hair and then pull her head closer until her lips were pressing up against the crotch of the old woman's panties.

"Good girl," whispered Mrs. Winkler.

Chapter 6

Sonia ran home and directly to Danny's room; he had no time to conceal his precious plunder. "Are those Mrs. Winkler's panties?" exclaimed his mother. "Yes, mother," muttered Danny. The wicked things were all he was wearing.

"Take them off right now!"

"Mother, I can't. It hurts if I take them off," Danny tried to explain, but his mother ignored him and pulled them down.

"Oh!" he winced.

"You deceitful boy!" screamed Sonia at her lying little boy. She saw you take them. You will take them back to her right now and apologize. You're in so much trouble!"

"Yes, mother," muttered the crestfallen Danny.

"Stealing ladies' panties, indeed! If you don't take them back immediately, Mrs. Winkler will write your school."

Danny hurriedly put on his clothes and ran around the block and was soon knocking on the witch's heavy, dark door, trembling and wondering what would happen to him. He was so frightened his knees knocked and the door creaked open. "M-Mrs. W-Winkler," he began, "I-I..." His words dried up in his mouth. Mrs. Winkler stood, legs apart, in the doorway. She wore a black chiffon peignoir that showed off her plump, powerful legs and her garter belt straps tightly fastened to the black silk stockings sheathing her legs shod in vicious stiletto heels. But the sight of her excited no raunchy feelings in the boy; it just terrified him. The vision of dominant womanhood beckoned him with her finger. "I'm s-sorry," he whimpered as he shuffled towards her holding the black panties in front of him, hardly able to look at the lady. His balls ached.

Mrs. Winkler stood aside as he entered. She slammed the door shut and smacked his backside with a powerful whack that sent him stumbling headlong into the gloomy sitting room. She stood with her back to the blazing fire and pointed to the ground in front of her. "Stand there," she said.

Danny came and stood before her, his lower lip trembling. Mrs. Winkler snatched the stolen panties from him.

"Take off your clothes, girl," she said, her face hard.

"B-but..."

She moved like lightning and her hand slapped Danny's buttocks. He jumped. "When I tell you to do something, you do it, young lady," she said, hardly raising her voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Winkler," mumbled the boy in terror.

"From now on, you will call me Madam."

"Yes, Madam," said Danny. He felt tears welling in his eyes as he unbuttoned his shirt. "D-do I have to take down my ..." he whimpered. But he knew he did. Reluctantly, he removed his schoolboy shorts.

"Why are you wearing boy's underwear?" said Mrs. Winkler, suddenly enraged at the sight of Danny's Jockey briefs, which reminded her of the underwear her husband used to wear. "Get those ugly things off immediately, girl!"

"P-Please, Madam, I'm not a girl. I'm a boy," said Danny, summoning up what little courage he could.

"Disobedient hussy!" cried Mrs. Winkler, suddenly, and she grasped the little waistband, tore the silly things down his quivering legs and threw them into the fire. Danny stood naked in front of the lady, shaking from head to toe. His frightened little penis was smaller than it had ever been and its pinched flap of foreskin quivered. Mrs. Winkler walked slowly round this pathetic excuse of humanity, inspecting every inch of his pallid skin with sneering disgust.

“Slugs and snails and puppy-dog’s tails,” she mused. “That’s what little boys are made of. Huh! Hold out your hands,” she snapped. And when he did, she bound his slender wrists with a strong leather strap and then hooked the strap to a rope going up to a pulley hanging from the great chandelier above. Tightening the rope, she lifted the frightened boy by his arms until his feet were just off the floor and his toes could barely feel the fur of the rug as he swung helplessly.

One of Mrs. Winkler’s cats walked around the boy’s legs, her tail erect. She crouched and looked up fixedly at his tiny dick and balls. Her eyes dilated. Suddenly, she jumped and with a slashing paw her claws scratched the wrinkled pink skin of Danny’s tender balls. “Ouch!” sobbed the boy, “That hurt!”

Mrs. Winkler smiled and picked up the cat. “Naughty pussy,” she said, stroking her, “Not yet. You must be good and wait for your treat.” She put down her cat and turned to her young captive. “Panties ... so you like ladies’ panties, do you?” She stretched out her stolen black panties in front of his face. The little boy felt a stab of pain in his balls.

“Please let me down,” whimpered Danny, “I won’t ever take your panties again, I promise, I promise.”

“Of course you won’t, you silly girl. You will have your own panties to wear. You will always wear panties from now on. Always,” she giggled as she picked up a brand new pair of white satin panties, still on the little hanger they came on from the store. Still with the price tag attached. Plain, virgin-al white panties. She held them up to his face as she slowly took them off the hanger and removed the price tag. Then she slid them under his dangling feet and lifted the delicate little panties up his slender legs to his frightened boyhood. “Now, young miss, how do these feel?” she said.

The panties had horrifying effect upon him. They were soothing but in a painful ways. His penis quickly swelled. “Please, Madam, I’m a boy,” he wept.

“Tut-tut, what lies you tell,” she said, drawing down the white panties and completely taking them off him.

Danny’s pain returned. He bit his lip.

“These white silk panties are lovely, aren’t they?” she asked. He gasped in pleasure as she massaged the panties over his penis and balls. The pain disappeared once more. “I can see you love them and want to wear them, little miss naughty,” said Mrs. Winkler.

“I don’t, I don’t,” lied the boy.

She repeatedly fondled him, molesting his pantied privates until he hardly knew where he was. He loved the feel of panties on his hips and butt and swooned as she cupped his

boyish bits. Mrs. Winkler was being very naughty indeed. His little dolly sprang up, stiff as stiff could be, harder than it had ever been despite his mental attempts to quell it, and it wagged rudely in the front of the lovely little girl panties, bigger and harder than ever before.

“Bad girl!” exclaimed Mrs. Winkler. She picked up a little whip and cracked it against his little nylon pantied bottom. “Naughty panty girl,” she said, slapping him a little harder. “Naughty, naughty panty girl!” She yanked down the panties. Danny’s legs kicked and Mrs. Winkler viciously brought the little whip up between his parted thighs.

“Oh! Oh!” cried the boy in pain, bursting into tears again.

“Sugar and spice,” said Mrs. Winkler, wielding the little flail, “and all things nice.” Her aim was true as she flailed his tight little balls. “That’s what little girls are made of.”

“Oh!”

“Are you a girl?” she asked with a jerk of her forearm. The whip bit again into his baby balls.

“Please, Madam, I can’t help it!” screamed Danny, his flesh wilting, “I love panties; I love them so very much!”

Mrs. Winkler smiled. “Then are you a girl or aren’t you?” she demanded to know as the thwack of the whip echoed around the huge room.

“Oh, Madam!” cried Danny, in floods of tears, “Please stop! I am a girl, I am! I am!”

Mrs. Winkler lowered Danny to the floor, untethered him and walked him over to a table displaying a full set of girls’ clothes. “You’re quite pretty,” she mused, looking at the wretched youth, “Pink will suit your blonde tresses. Put these lovely clothes on, girl,” she spat, suddenly.

“Y-yes, Madam,” said Danny. He hurried to obey, but he had to study them for a few moments to figure out how to put on the various little girls’ garments.

“You ought to know how to put on a little training bra by now, young lady,” said Mrs. Winkler, impatiently.

The dainty little bra was the sweetest he had ever seen in any of the magazine advertisements that he loved to look study. He drew the bra up his arm as quickly as he could, pulling up the girlishly beribboned confection, but he didn’t know how to fasten it. She snapped it close for him. For the moment, she ignored the mound created by his excited dickie and helped him on with the white satin garter belt and white silk stockings followed by a fussy little camisole that matched his innocent white satin panties. A long blonde wig transformed him into the most girlish thing imaginable.

"That's better. Now put on your slippers and party dress," she said as she steadied him while he stepped into the big bouffant petticoat and pulled it up to his waist. Danny took the frilly pink dress from her and struggled for a few minutes until he finally figured it out and slipped on over his head. She straightened the puffy sleeves and smoothed out the skirt over his bouncy petties. She turned him around and tied the lovely satin bow at the back. "Now, put on these darling pink feather boa-trimmed shoes," she said. And as soon as he did, she slid a large pink flower into his hair and said, "There. What a pretty girl you are."

"Please, Madam, may I go home?" asked the innocent boy.

"Very soon," said Mrs. Winkler, "Go and play with your dolls over on the table. You mommy will be here very soon."

Chapter 7

Sonia dressed as attractively as she could, in her best tight-fitting white slacks and sequin top. She smoothed her hands over her perfectly-shaped butt and checked her backside. She normally abhorred visible panty lines, but she could see her lavender panties through her slacks and something told her Morgana would enjoy seeing her panties through her slacks like that. It was like the old witch had taken possession of her as she repeatedly was doing things she would never do on her own. She quickly did her hair into a french twist with errant hanks of hair sexily framing her face. She touched up her makeup and wore her diamond earrings and most expensive perfume. Minutes later she was knocking at Morgana's door. The old woman kept her waiting and then slowly opened the door and let her in. "Sonia!" she said, in surprise. "How lovely you look!"

As she led her down the hall and into the sitting room, Sonia moaned, "Oh, Morgana, I can't help it; I love you!" She then reached her arms around Morgana's leopard skin print pantied buttocks and pressed her cheek against the old hag's warm, womanly belly.

"Sweet girl, of course you do."

"Let me make love to you, Morgana!" pleaded Sonia, looking up at her beautiful, powerful face.

"Tut-tut. Patience, my pretty lady," said Mrs. Winkler, "The night is young. First we have a little job to do."

"Yes, Morgana," said Sonia. Somehow she knew what it was.

"Mommy!" cried Danny, running towards her. He hugged her around the waist, crying and ashamed to be seen in the dress. "What a pretty dress you're wearing, dear," said his sweet mother. "Just look at all those pink bows! And your hair is so sweet. You're the little girl I've always wanted!"

"No, mommy! Madam made me wear this, but I don't really want to be a girl," he whispered into her ear.

Mommy smiled at him. "Silly girl," she said, looking at Morgana and smiling. "The funny things you say! Now, bend over the chair for Madam." Mommy reached under his short dress and gave his pert pink pantied bottom a smack. "Quiet, you bad little girl," she said, leaning to Morgana for a kiss.

Danny felt Mrs. Winkler's hands slide up between his thighs and take down his virginal white satin panties. A moment later his tiny scrotum lay in her palm. She is so skillful, thought Sonia as she watched in admiration.

"Such fragile little things, aren't they, Sonia?" asked Morgana, "But, oh, what a lot of trouble they cause."

"Oh, yes, Morgana," agreed Sonia as she gripped Danny's ankles and held his slender legs well apart. The cat circled around Mrs. Winkler's legs, meowing loudly.

Danny hardly felt a thing. Mrs. Winkler made two deft motions with the razor. A little slit, a little squeeze, and out popped one: another slit, another squeeze, and out popped the other as the boy yelled out in intense pain, but the women didn't even hear his screams. "Oh, you naughty, naughty things!" she said, grinning broadly and wagging a finger at the tiny nuggets squirming in silent agony on her palm. "What were you doing hiding in there?" Danny's diminutive testicles, in the first bloom of youth and full of childish seed, were still attached by horrid little tubes to his empty scrotum. "Look at them, Sonia. This is where all that nasty male spunk comes from. What shall we do with them?" She dangled one by its wriggling thread. "Ugh," she said, putting on a sour face, "What ugly little things they are. Let's get rid of them."

Sonia nodded her approval. Morgana's razor flashed in the firelight. She grinned, severed them from their stringy tethers and tossed them to her two black cats that savored eating them like a rare delicacy!

"There!" said Mrs. Winkler, expertly cleaning and closing his wounds as the neutered boy continued to scream in horror. She wasn't going to let this precious girlie-boy bleed to death. He'd be providing them with years of fun and games.

Sonia happily pulled up Danny's panties and patted her son's pretty bottom as she said, "Now you're a proper girl!" And, a moment later, she was chasing Morgana up the stairs to her bedroom, laughing. The cats had finished their gourmet treat and were now curled up and contentedly purring in front of the fire. Danny sobbed quietly into the rug. He felt the slimy stickiness inside his panties and realized he had spurting for both the first and last time in his life in his panties that were now turning pink in front with droplets of his blood. ♦