

INSIDE

Girls Panties

No. 7

Hey, sissy! Are you here to join me in trying on some of my old-fashioned panties? Cum in and see if you can play without making a big mess.



Adults Only

If you like frilly, old-fashioned panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from both unpublished, original sources and old, long-out-of-print publications that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty jerk-off materials.

Since 1981

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My Grandpa Wilma

I've attached two photos, one of me today in my beloved lingerie and one with my crossdressing grandpa that goes way back to the Beatle-mania era in the mid 1960s when boys began wearing their hair long. I was just four years old, but my mom let my hair grow out because she thought it was so cute.

I was one of the first little boys in my small town with long hair, and everyone mistook me for a girl, but I didn't mind. My two best playmates were girls. I liked girls, and I remembered that even at that early age, it excited me for people to think I was a girl.

Most stunning was my grandpa, who was a transvestite. He was my favorite person in the whole world because he spent time with me when everybody else always seemed to be too busy to play with me very much. Often, I got dropped off at his house and he would baby-sit me.

We'd play games and have a lot of fun. He always had a new toy for me.

But most unusual, as soon as mom would drop me at his house and speed off, he'd change into his ladies' clothes.

He made me keep it a secret like it was a game. He asked me if I'd like to have some girlie clothes too, and I excitedly said I would. The next time I was at his house, he had a lot of little girls' clothes for me: panties, slippers, ankle socks and shiny one-strap shoes in addition to three

pretty dresses. I've enclosed a very old photo of me and grandpa that he took with his Polaroid equipped with a self-timer.

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Window Peeking at the Neighbor Lady in Her Panties

Every morning the woman across the alley gets dressed with her curtains wide open. I live on the fifth floor and she lives in the building directly across the alley from mine but one floor down, so I have a perfect view down into her apartment during her daily dressing ritual.

She works as a waitress, and she gets up at the same time every day, takes a shower, comes back into her bedroom nude, and then dresses, starting with her nylon panties (which are always colorful and lacy). She puts on her bra, a silky full slip, and then her waitress uniform.

I set my alarm and awake a half hour earlier than when I have to get up for school so I can sit and watch her. I'm sure she knows I'm watching. Many times she looks right in my direction and smiles. I have seen her on the street and I have eaten at the coffee shop where she works, but we never talk, and she pretends like we've never even seen each other before.

I love panties, so this is an unbelievable treat for me to watch her put on her panties every day. She handles them so daintily, and she seems to have a lot of pleasure as she takes her time and pulls them on. After they are up around her hips, she carefully smoothes them out all around her hips and ass and then lovingly massages herself to a little orgasm through the panties. As she shuts, she collapses back on the bed, rests for a few minutes, and then gets up and finishes dressing. I've taken many photos of her and I develop them in my own darkroom since I'm an avid shutterbug.

One day, I got very daring. I purchased three pairs of panties for her in the exact style she likes, and then placed the bag by her front door, rang her doorbell and ran. I barely had time to scurry down the stairs to the level below before her door opened and she looked out. I peeked through the railings and saw her. She called out and asked if anyone was there, and as she was about to close her door, she noticed the bag. On the front of the bag I had written, "To Sally with Love. From an admirer."

The very next day she put on a pair of the panties I had left for her, a gorgeous lavender pair! Of course, I put on a matching pair of panties since I had bought some for myself at the time I bought the panties for her, and of course, I masturbated while I spied on her, and I took some pictures of her, and here they are! (JCS)

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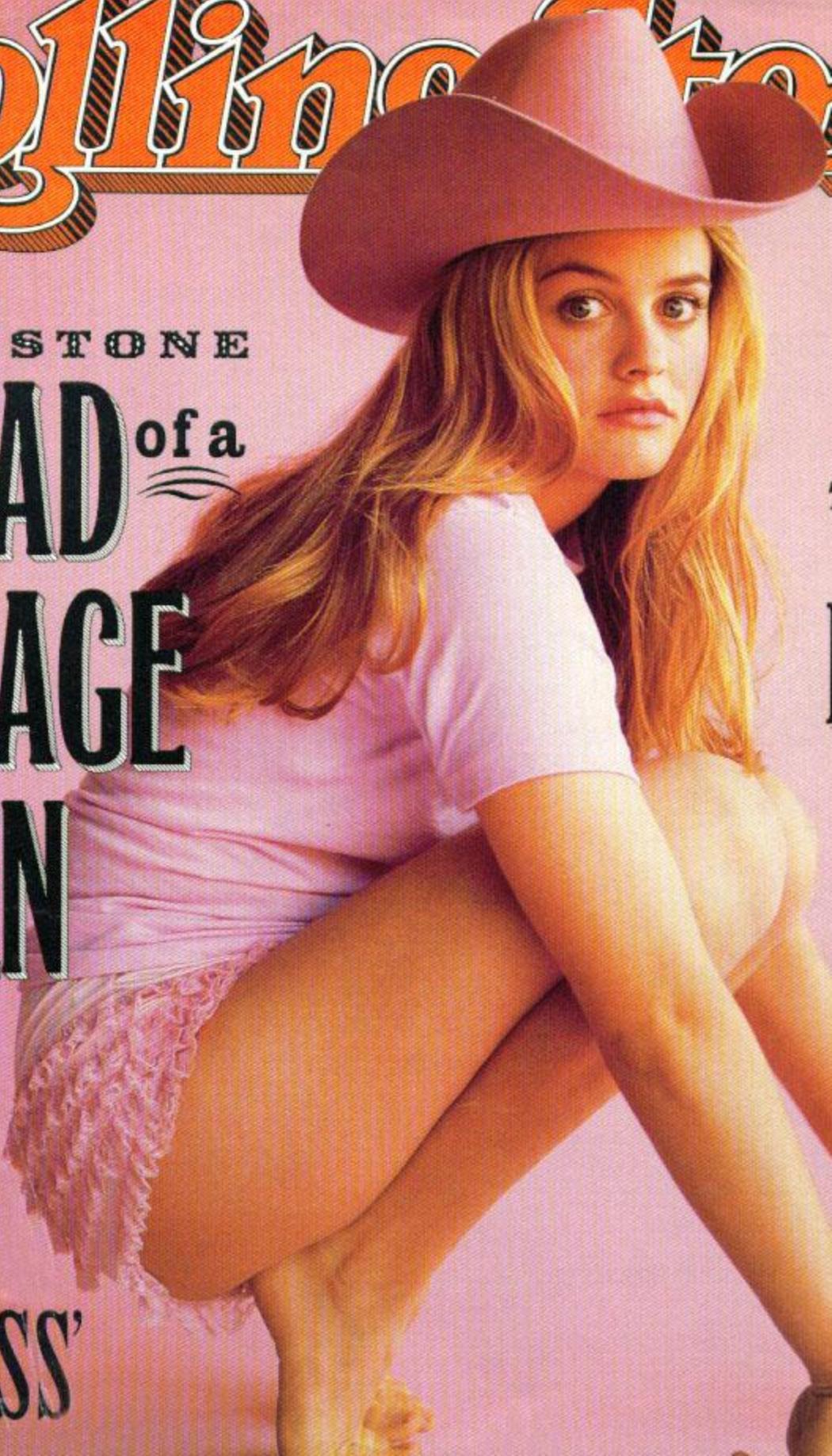
ISSUE 716 • SEP

Rolling Stone

ALICIA
SILVERSTONE

BALLAD *of a*
TEENAGE
QUEEN

★ FROM ★
'CRAZY'
— TO —
CLUELESS'





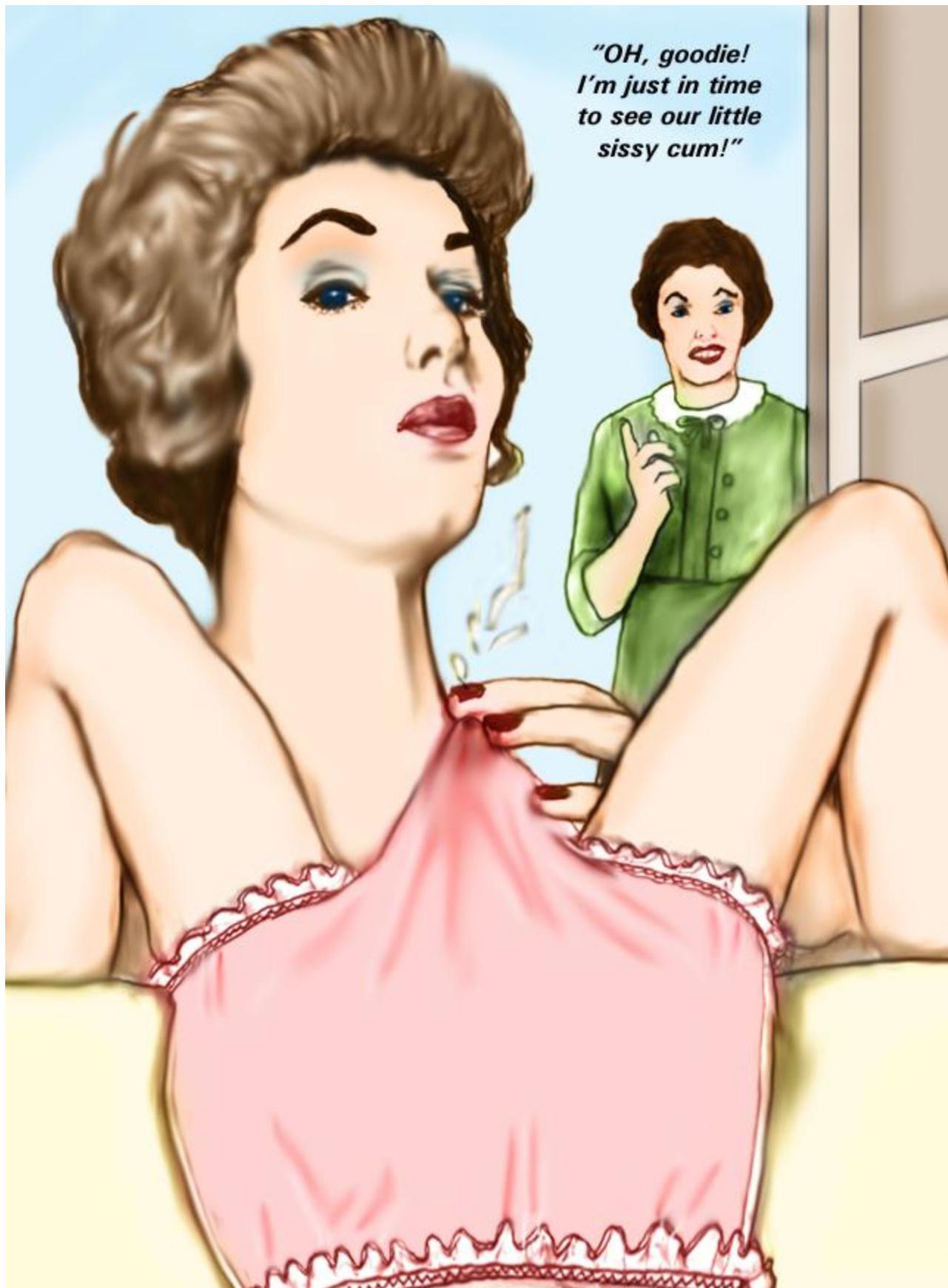




Alicia Silverstone

Alicia is the sexy young girl in the hit movie Clueless. Rolling Stone featured her in their September 7, 1995, issue. Wearing just a T-shirt and a great pair of pink rhumba panties, she appeared on the cover and in a photo spread inside (pun intended).

*"OH, goodie!
I'm just in time
to see our little
sissy cum!"*



Sissy Cumming!

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"Hey! Are you staring up my dress to peek at my panties?"

"Well, okay!"

"Enjoy!"

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She Loves Her Guys in Panties!

I don't know what started it, but I have always been in love with my lingerie, and I really enjoyed giving men and boys discreet little peeks up my skirt while I pretended I had no idea my panties were showing.

Also, I always liked the idea of seeing men or boys in girls' clothes. I don't know what made me take an interest in that, maybe it was from watching TV shows with guys dressing up as girls -- who knows -- but whatever the reason, the idea was in my head for years.

A few times I was lucky enough to see boys dressed up as girls because I'm a grade school teacher and every year on Halloween all the kids come to class in costumes, and without fail, there would always be several boys in dresses, and sometimes even panties and lingerie underneath. Several of those boys so excited me that I had to adjourn to the bathroom in the teachers' lounge and play with my pussy through my panties to relieve the tension!

When I started courting, it was in fear and trembling that I asked my first serious boyfriend (whom I eventually married) if he had ever worn girls' clothes. I remember even now how he blushed but admitted he always tried to take a bath immediately after his mother or his sister had taken a bath because he would get their soiled clothes out of the wicker basket in the bathroom and delight in dressing completely in them.

From that moment on, we knew we were right for each other and almost every night that he called to take me out, I would have him come up to my room, and I would put a pair of my best nylon panties on him (that I had worn all day) and have him wear them under his clothes for our date that night. Usually at the end of the night, we'd pet and make each other cum into our panties, and I'd happily send him home in cum-soaked panties!

He said he always feared having his mother discover him wearing my dirty panties and finding them full of his jism, but he was very careful to take them off and wash them out when he got home.

A few times though, he did tell me that he had been so totally exhausted when he got home that he had fallen asleep in the panties. He said he loved sleeping in my panties and wished he could do it every night. It was not until we were married and his mother presented him with a half dozen pairs of white silk panties with lace on them that we knew that she had been aware of his wearing panties and what was going on. (1972) #06529-M

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I Wear Panties or My Girlfriend will Beat Me Up!

I have a girlfriend (or rather she has me) who is a few years older than me, much stronger and a karate black belt holder. Twice before when I tried to break off our relationship, she beat me up, stripped me down to the custom-made sissy panties she makes me wear and threatened to tie me up and deliver me to my parents in my embarrassed state: a humiliation I couldn't stand. So I played along hoping she'd grow tired of me, and I'd be rid of her once and for all.

No such luck! In fact, the situation worsened. Now she demands I obey her every order or the same threat applies. I resisted for weeks but only ended up getting flipped around and thrown to the floor, which produced aches and pains that take days to heal.

Last month she was in a bad mood when I didn't call her all day, she decided to teach me a lesson and came to my apartment and brought a girlfriend, whom I had never met before. She made me strip to my shameful panties that have embroidered on the side "Secret Sissy Panties," and made me stand at attention while both of them sat on my couch with their miniskirts up around their waists and fondling their panties. (A sight she knows is my weakness.)

After 20 minutes of this, she marched me into my bedroom and put me on my bed where she quickly tied me at the ankles and wrists. She told her girlfriend to tease me in my panties, but the girlfriend was quite shy and reluctant to touch me, but after a private two-minute talk with her, the girl was a new person, and she emerged smiling and confident. She hiked up her miniskirt and sat on the bed at my side. She tickled my cock through my panties until I was pleading for

them to let me ejaculate, but then the two of them just beat the hell out of my cock and balls with their hands. I cried in pain as my cock collapsed, but then they did it over and over again: repeatedly teasing me to near ejaculation, and then they just beat my cock down again.

She just has informed me that she is getting me a prescription for hormone pills. She wants me to grow tits! (1974) #02989-M

* * *

When our relationship first evolved into a mistress/slave status, she gave me a list of rules that included the following:

“You will wear girls' silk panties as your underwear for the rest of your life. Immediately, you will go out and buy twelve pairs of Vanity Fair nylon panties: 6 pink, 4 black, 2 light blue. At least 6 pairs of your panties must have lace on them. I have specified the Vanity Fair brand because they make nice, fairly sheer, silky panties that will, as they rub against your butt, hips, cock and balls, be a constant reminder of your lowly, sissified station in life. For this reason your panties must fit snugly. I suggest you ask the saleslady to help you determine your proper size, remembering that you will be punished for an improper fit. After your purchase is complete, go home, change into a pair of the pink panties, gather up all of your cotton Jockey shorts and burn them in your fireplace. The Vanity Fair panties will suffice until I have a chance to have sissy panties custom made for you. And I reserve the right to demand the addition of other items of female attire from time to time, as I see fit.”

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His Sister Got Him into Her Panties

Since I was twelve years old, I had a strong desire to dress up in lingerie. It started while my older sister was still living at home. She would always walk around the house in just her bra and panties. I became so used to seeing her that way that I thought it was only normal for me to want to try on her sexy lingerie.

I used to borrow my sister's nylon panties to wear. As time went on, I loved the feeling they gave me, and I usually masturbated with them on. I also began to wear my mother's bras and panties, and I really became attached to them too.

As you can probably imagine, I didn't want anyone to find out about my secret desires. So I was always very careful to make sure no one caught me dressing up in the frilly lingerie, although I know that several times, my mommy found her panties in the wrong place, such as under my bed, in my closet or in my underwear drawer.

Well, as time went on, I lost some interest in wearing panties because I wanted to be a "normal" guy, but the feeling did not leave me altogether. I started dating and became more interested in fucking girls as I was maturing and finding out more and more about sex. I loved screwing girls and was oversexed in high school, but girls wearing pretty panties especially excited me.

Then, after I got out of school, my secret desire returned all of a sudden. At the time, I was living at home with my parents. In the privacy of my bedroom I began wearing the panties again. At first I only wore my mommy's panties, and occasionally her bra and nylons. A few times I dressed up all the way, but most of the time I just dressed in lingerie because I had no desire to become a complete female. I just loved the silky clothes.

I was still dating girls and began stealing their panties whenever I could. Sometimes I was even bold enough to sneak into their bedroom and go through their clothes to pick out the prettiest and silkiest things. I discovered the threat of getting caught was exciting.

One time, with my girlfriend in the next room, I found some great-looking yellow panties with black lace on them. I got so excited that I had to put them on, sat down right there and jacked off. How I escaped getting caught that day was nothing short of a miracle.

And as you can see in the picture, whenever I visit my older sister, she still walks around in front of me in just her lingerie and loves to flash me her titties!

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Sis Helps Her Sissy Brother

When I first started crossdressing, my sister, who is three years younger than I am, used to play at it with me. We would go to her bedroom, and she would do my nails, put lipstick on me, and let me wear her panties. But I was too big for her dresses and all her other clothes, so we went shopping and she helped me buy girls' clothes in my size.

I amassed a collection of dresses, lacy panties, wispy bras, a silk nightie, sanitary napkins and tampons. The last two items played an important role, and still do, in my transvestism. Once a month I pretend to have my five-day period, and usually masturbate to a mind-blowing orgasm during this time.

As often as possible while in high school, I used the ladies room and would sneak into it when no one was around. I'd sit in one of the stalls with the door closed, but because there was a wide crack along the hinge side of the door, I could get a good view of the girls as they would lift up their skirts to straighten out their slips and panties, and often compare lingerie with one another. In four years of school, I never once got caught.

Also, while in school, I gave up wearing boys' under shorts and began wearing panties everyday. I never had any trouble in gym class because on those days, I wore a plain pair of panties that passed for boys' colored briefs. On non-gym days, I wore a bra and a lacy teddy under a sweatshirt and girls' jeans. No one ever noticed the difference, and I was never considered effeminate by either my male or female classmates. At home, my mother thought it was OK too. She washed my lingerie and kept my drawer stocked with a nice selection of expensive bras, panties, slips and other items. Mom and I would frequently talk about lingerie, and she included me in such conversations with her friends too!

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CHICAGO 78334. Hetero male, 17, TV and panty nut wants to hear from other panty boys and females who love beautiful panties. My only experience has been with a neighbor

1970s Correspondence: Mommy's Panty Boy

I want to relate a very unusual sexual experience I had that was different and exciting. I live on the near north side of Chicago. One day, I received a call from a woman neighbor quite a bit older than me who said she watched me walk home from school almost every day. She started to talk sexy and tell me she used to have a son about my age, who had died the year before in a car crash. She said she used to spend a couple of hours each day dressing him as a woman and he enjoyed it.

She asked if that sounded exciting to me and then told me how she would put a slip, bra, ruffled panties, garter belt and silk hosiery on him. I felt a little uneasy but wondered who this woman was. She hung up and then called back two more times.

Finally, we set a date and place to meet, and she told me what she would be wearing. I met her, she was about forty and on the sexy side for her age, but at the same time I felt very comfortable and relaxed with her.

We went to her apartment and talked for a while. She said she sensed I was a very adventurous person. She told me she had seen me with many young, high school girls who were sexy looking and dressed it. She proceeded to undress me as a mother would, all the while showing me pictures of herself and her son in all kinds of frilly outfits. She used to be a champion square dancer so she had a lot of those very frilly outfits with big cancan petticoats puffing out full-skirted dresses. She showed me pictures of herself twirling around to show those skirts and slips flipping up to show off frilled square dance panties. She had pictures of her son in square dance outfits too.

As she continued to talk and reminisce, she started going through tons of women's clothes she had. She brought out different kinds of outfits and put them on me to see how they fit and looked. She also made little sexy comments as she went along, making me feel very awkward but also giving me a unique feeling of ecstasy.

I began to enjoy it and laughed with her as though I had known her a long time. She described the sexual feelings I should have and made up exciting little stories of situations I might find myself in dressed up and outside as a girl. She touched my penis a lot as she dressed me first in all-white lingerie with high-heeled shoes, sheer nylons and garter belt, frilled panties with lace insets and a sexy, teen bra. She then looked me over carefully and felt me up through all that silky stuff, tweaking my brassiered nipples and tickling my pantied cock. Following that, she sat me in a chair and applied makeup, complete with lipstick, rouge and eyeliner. Then she slipped me into a slinky deep green dress with a slit. Looking in the full-length mirror, I felt like I was a real girl admiring herself.

After hours of dressing and talking, she explained that she started doing this as a kind of joke with her son and that he got more excited as time went on and she dressed him more and more.

She said that she noticed that many boys my age are open to an experience of this kind. She started with her son's friends without letting them know about each other. She felt that it was an experience each male should have at least once in his lifetime as it brings out deep sexual feelings and desires when a male is dressed in silky sensual clothes, and that a woman doing it makes a boy feel comfortable and not guilty about sex hang-ups since she made them feel and understand the girls' side of it.

She said she began to get off on their reactions and how an average male could actually enjoy being dressed up and made to feel a whole side of sexual feelings that very few other boys or men would ever manage on their own.

We never had sex but I walked away with an experience that is unforgettable. I actually felt like a girl and we caressed and felt each other through our panties as two females, but I also felt like I was a daughter of hers. I never saw her again and think of that experience over and over. I have gone through a similar encounter once with a girl my age but it was not the same. I am an average boy and would be open to experiment with transvestite experiences, either heterosexual or homosexual, but I would especially like to have an experience similar to what I had with that elegant lady.

Mr. J. P., Illinois
(1974) #02989-M

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1970s Correspondence: A Panty Slave to Sis

I truly believe women are the superior sex and we males are meant to serve them in any way they want. Since I was fourteen I have been serving my kid sister. She had caught me masturbating into a pair of her nylon panties, and after making me submit to a beating with dad's belt, she made me dress in her daintiest panties, a bra and slip. Unless I did as she asked, she threatened to tell our parents what I had been doing.

From that day on, I have never worn boys' underwear, only frilly feminine lingerie. At first my servitude consisted of doing her chores as well as my own around the house. Then, gradually, she made me wash her lingerie, paint her nails, wash her hair and perform other intimate tasks. My parents wondered why I was being so attentive to my sister. I just said I loved her so much and wanted to show my love for her as much as possible.

In the privacy of my room or hers, I would receive a sound paddling if I had any recent missteps, and then I had to thank her for my spanking. But, if in her opinion I had been good, she had me kneel at her feet and masturbate in my panties. She would laugh at me and call me sissy names the whole time. After I came, I had to eat the cum out of my panties and beg her for a clean pair of panties. Not long after this started, she taught me how to eat her pussy.

This may sound funny, but I evolved to love serving her. I quickly became a lover of nylon panties, and with her help, I began to amass a huge selection of panties. She got panties for me from her girlfriends and girls I idolized like one of the lady teachers at our Catholic high school and two of the cheerleaders. I don't know how she got them, but she said it was a lot of fun getting them! Today I have over 300 pairs of panties, including the first pair of panties I ever wore.

At home, my mom must have known what was going on because my boys' underwear never again appeared in the wash bin, but there were multiple pairs of panties in the wash everyday -- some slimed with my semen! But mom never said anything about it. Sis was dominant even toward our parents. Maybe she had told them that what went on between her and me was none of their business. And if she had, our parents probably would have stayed out of it!

When sis got married I found a nighttime job so I could spend my days with her and serve her. I am 28 now and she is 26. It is such an honor to be able to serve her that I wish I could live with her and kneel at her feet 24 hours a day. She now has two daughters (8 and 5), and they are already used to seeing me doing the chores around their house while wearing just a ruffled bib-front apron and an old-fashioned pair of fancy panties. Sis already has them giving me orders, and whenever I need it, the little girls give me spanks with her paddle as a warm up to a full paddling from sis as the girls cheer her on and call me sissy names.

Bessie Jo
(1974) #02989-M

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She Started Her Cousin's Feminization

When I was only seven years old, I well remember a cousin — a boy my same age — staying with us, and one wet day, we played dressing up. With my help, he dressed completely in my clothes from one of my little sundresses to my best pair of frilly white panties. I remember tying a ribbon in his hair as well. It excited me a great deal, and everyone thought it was such fun that my mother let me continue the charade and he not only wore my things for the rest of his holiday, he also wore my flowed nylon waltz-length nightie in bed.

Although he is thirty-two now, his wife whispered to me that he still dresses up and always wears frilly nylon panties and stockings under his clothes and a nightie in bed. She explained that he still remembers that holiday he spent as a kid with my mother and me with him dressed in my clothes. She said his talking about it instantly arouses him to the point that she has to relieve him into his panties. She said they couldn't keep his crossdressing lingerie fetish a secret from their ten-year-old daughter, but they did get the girl to promise not to tell anyone since they might not understand.

However, my cousin just tearfully confessed to me that his daughter did tell her best friend, and the two of them not only wanted to see him completely dressed in his girlie clothes but wanted the girl's brother to see him too. The girls are forcing the boy to wear his sister's clothes, and her panties all the time, and he agreed to let them all see him dressed up in a dress and full lingerie, because if he didn't, the girl threatened to tell everyone they knew of his transvestism. My cousin was most ashamed because when the girls made him pull up his dress to see his ruffled panties, his huge erection was sticking way out in his panties, and they made the little boy touch my cousin's pantied penis, and much to my cousin's humiliation, he shot a load of cum into his panties. The kids, especially the boy with his hand full of sticky cum was much surprised, and the boy's wicked little sister made him lick the cum off his hand! (1972) #06529-M

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Well, since you always loved it so much when I jerked you off in a pair of my panties, I didn't think you'd mind if I didn't have any big titties for you to play with, but I do have something big in my panties you can play with, and now on our wedding night, don't you think it's about time you returned the favor?



Wedding Night Surprise!

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