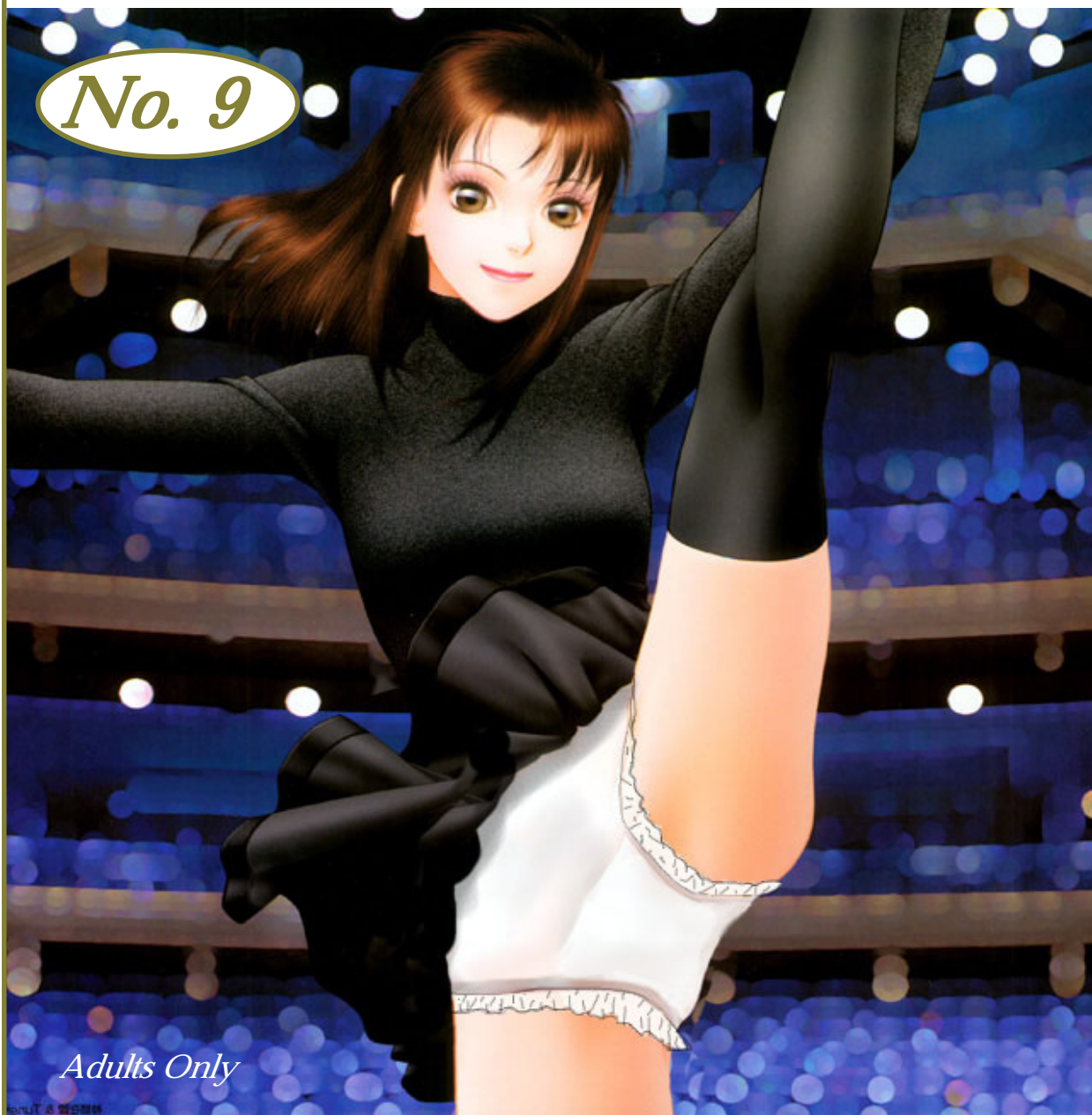


INSIDE

Girls' Panties

No. 9



Adults Only

If you like frilly, old-fashioned panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from unpublished, original sources, current news and old, out-of-print items that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty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

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

Urlacher's son in Cinderella panties, pantied toenails?

MOTHER UPSET | Tells court she'll allow visits if dad stops 'confusing' boy

BY JOE HOSEY

Joliet Herald News

Football tough guy Brian Urlacher puts his son in lacy pink Cinderella panties and paints the 3-year-old boy's toenails pink and blue, the child's mother charged in Will County court Tuesday.

The mother, Tyna Robertson, threatened to block Urlacher from seeing the boy if the beefy linebacker keeps putting their son in lacy party panties and encouraging him to be a pantywaist sissy.

Urlacher's attorney, Anita Ventrelli, filed a motion trying to stop Robertson from keeping 3-year-old Kennedy away from Urlacher.

Robertson, in court for a hearing on the motion, said she would allow visitation, as long as Urlacher puts away the nail polish and puts their son in boys' underwear.

After the hearing, Robertson claimed her son has become confused by the toenail



Bears linebacker Brian Urlacher and Tyna Robertson, the mother of his 3-year-old son, are fighting in court again over Urlacher's visitation rights. | RICHARD A. CHAPMAN/SUN-TIMES FILE PHOTOS

panting and wearing panties made of nylon for little girls.

"He pulls down his pants and says, 'Mommy, look at my pretty panties,'" she said.

Robertson also said little

Kennedy told her, "Big boys paint their nails," and said he refused to take a bath for two days to keep the pink polish on his nails from washing off.

"He'd say, 'Mommy. I don't

want to get my nails wet; I don't want to mess them up,' she said. "It took two hours to get him to take the panties he loves off and take a bath."

Robertson said her pleas to Urlacher to get him to cease the toenail panting and putting the boy in nylon Cinderella panties went unheeded.

"He said he can do whatever he wants," Robertson said. "[Urlacher said], 'It doesn't make him feminine. It doesn't make him gay.'

She said, "You're confusing him, if he's a boy or a girl."

Asked to comment on the toenail and pantying claims, Ventrelli shot back, "Typical Tyna, talking to the press, as in virtually every other instance." He declined further comment.

Robertson's lawyer, Alice Wilson, backed Robertson's allegations that Kennedy was being dressed in Cinderella panties and getting his toenails painted, but stopped short of blaming Urlacher.

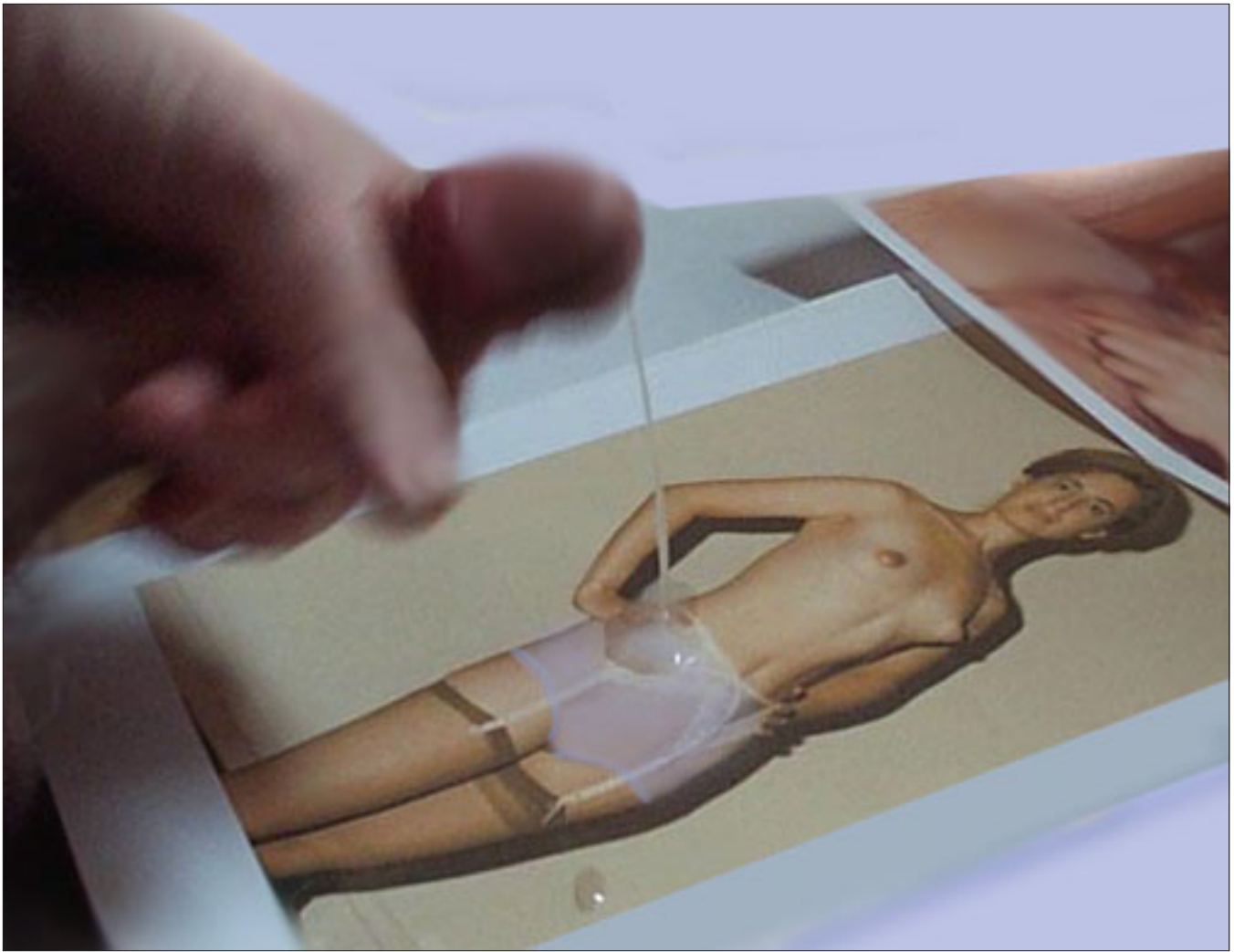
Robertson showed no such reluctance. "It's Brian and his weird girlfriend," she said. "It's happened five times, I wonder what goes on over at their house. Do they have him wearing princess dresses and going to bed in frilly little girls' babydoll pajamas? Kennedy says they play dress-up a lot but doesn't tell me what they dress him in except to say 'nice pretty things.' After all, when he comes home wearing fancy girls' panties why would I think anything less? They're trying to make a sissy of him to upset and embarrass me."

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No Wonder I'm Fucked in the Head Over Panties!

While you were growing up what if every time your mom or dad wasn't around, your sister would pull up her dress and tease you with her panties? That's what my sister did to me, and now I can't live without touching, smelling, licking, wearing and cumming in girls' silky nylon panties!





With Her Panties, My Wife Taught Me Who the Boss Is in Our Family

After I got home from work, I stripped down to my T-shirt and boxers to get comfortable and then joined my wife in the living room to watch a little TV before dinner. She had changed into one of my T-shirts and was sitting in her favorite chair. As I sat down I noticed a flash of black panty under her T-shirt. (I am always trying to catch a glimpse of her (or any woman or girls') panties, and she knows it.) I know what is in my wife's panty drawer and knew she didn't have any black panties -- at least until now! I don't recall her ever having black panties, so I kept glancing her way hoping to see more.

As she moved around in her chair, the T-shirt rode up and I saw more of her black panties. They had lace around the legs and on the sides. I was transfixed until I heard a little cough and looked up to see her watching me stare at her panties. She had a sly smile on her face.

"I thought these panties might get your attention," she said. "You haven't been paying enough attention to me lately, so I

thought I'd remind you of who is in charge around here."

"What do you mean," I said.

"Well, why don't you come a little closer and take a good look at my new panties."

I jumped up from my chair and walked toward her. She pointed at the ottoman in front of her chair and I sat down on it. She slowly opened her legs; I leaned in. She then opened them a little more and encouraged me to get closer and closer. Soon I was staring at her aromatic panty crotch from about 6 inches away.

"Do you smell my pussy," she asked?

My throat was too dry for me to talk, I just nodded.

"Do you like the way it smells?"

Another nod.

"That's nice. Now, I want you to rub your nose on my pussy through my panties. No hands. No tongue. I just want you to use

your nose to fuck my pussy through my panties.” She knew that by panty teasing me like this she could get me to do anything, and seconds later I was nose fucking her panties. With my nose I immediately felt her hard clit. The strange musky aroma emanating from her cunt I attributed to a new perfume. It was OK, nothing great, but when she asked me about it, I told her new perfume smelled nice. She giggled. Even though my penis was already hard, it got even harder. I had to have more. So I started to move my hands up to push aside the leg band of her satiny panties when she said, “Uh, uh, uhhh. No hands! Just keep giving my clit a good nose fucking. Is your nose good and wet?”

I nodded.

“Do you like my new panties?”

I nodded again.

“I was doing a little shopping and in a sexy mood, so when I saw these beautiful black panties, I said to myself “Why not? And bought them. I wanted something special for a little party I was having this afternoon.”

“Party?” I asked, my voice muffled by my nose full of pantied pussy and hard at work to excite her. Her pussy was very wet and her new perfume, which now I admitted to myself I didn’t care for very much, was quite pungent and sticky, but I kept rubbing away. She didn’t answer my ‘party’ question, and instead put her hand on the back of my head and really started humping my nose and face. From my forehead to my chin, my whole face was now getting wet with her juices as she rode my nose and mouth and started to squeal. She pushed hard against my face and I could feel her pussy muscles flexing as she hit her climax.

After almost five minutes with my entire face coated with her smelly juices, she relaxed, and I started to back off, but as I did she said, “Stay there. Lick all my juices from my panties.” I did even though I wasn’t crazy about the taste, but I was quite used to the flavor and aroma by then. Then she said, “Sit! And close your eyes while I take off my very wet panties. Keep them closed until I tell you otherwise.”

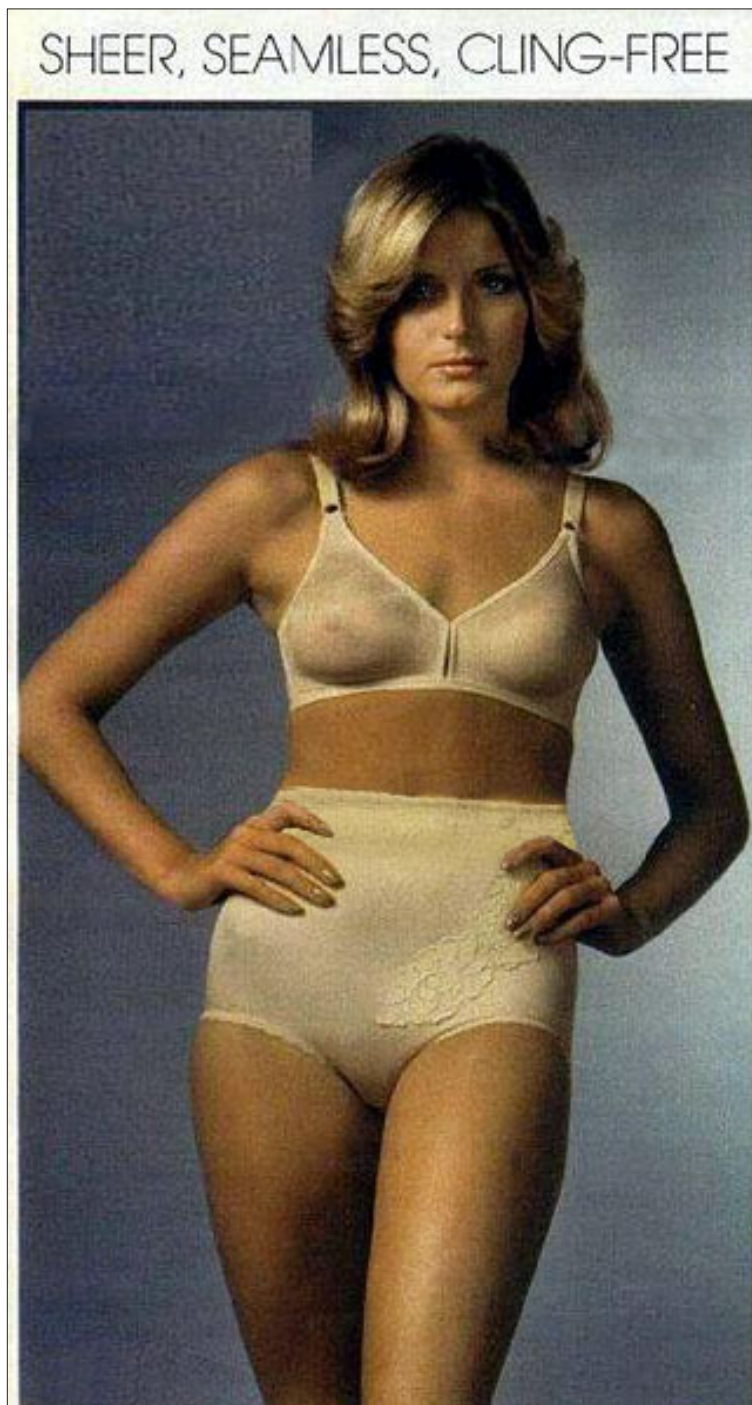
I sat back on the ottoman with my eyes closed and put my hands in my lap. As I did, my hands brushed my very hard penis, which was straining to get some attention. “Leave that alone for now,” my wife said. “Maybe we’ll give him some attention later.”

I then felt her pull something over my head and realized it was her panties, probably inside out with the crotch on my mouth and nose because they were really wet, and they were very smelly too. I rarely ate her pussy and hadn’t done it in a long time, but I never

knew her to become so moist during any sort of our sex play. I was able to look at her pussy through the leg holes, and it was drooling even more of her juices. Boy, was she wet. And I couldn’t remember the last time -- or even if had ever -- made her climax, so I felt good about being able to do that for her.

“Tell me how much you love the taste of my pussy.”

I cleared my throat and hemmed and hawed a bit as I mentioned, it smelled and tasted “so different” than before and told her I thought her new musky perfume made it all taste different. She told me I hadn’t answered her question and asked me again to tell



her how much I loved the smell and taste. I told a fib and reassured her I loved the smell and taste.

Then she said, "Well, that's great because I'm going to have you cleaning me out like this all the time. You see, I know you love jacking off over those pictures you took of me in just panties. I've found them spotted all over with your sticky cum. And you're always messing up my panty drawer. I always knew you loved my panties, but it's happening so often lately, are you wearing my panties now too?"

I assured her I wasn't wearing her panties and that I would never do that, but I did like to touch her panties and look at the pictures I had of her modeling panties. And I said it might be happening more lately because we just never seemed to have sex anymore, she was always so tired or not in the mood, and I did have to have a sexual outlet. She countered that sex with me wasn't any fun for her because my dick shot off too fast for her and she never got her jollies. Besides she said since I liked her to keep her panties on while we fucked, she was convinced I was a sissy panty freak and loved panties more than I loved her. I admitted I did enjoy her panties, but just her panties and no other woman or girls, and I loved it best when she had her panties on, that was better than playing with her panties in her panty drawer or even looking at my collection of pictures of her in panties. I insisted that proved I did love her more than her panties. She just laughed and said I was a panty pervert and she was going to prove it to me. Throughout this entire conversation I still had her smelly panties over my head and was staring at her through the leg openings of the panties. I must have looked like a dork!

"Do you remember I told you that I was going to remind you who was in charge?" she asked.

A nod.

"Who is in charge," she asked?

"Um," I said.

"That is what I thought," she said. She had me take off my T-shirt and boxers and then said, "Stay there and don't move. I'll be right back."

With that she went to her dresser drawer pulled out an especially fancy pair of pink panties and came back over to me and started to pull them up my legs. "Hey! Don't do that. I don't wear panties! All right, all right, you win. You're in charge," I said.

"You are just saying that; I know that you don't mean it. I am going to prove to you that I am in charge over you, even if I have to make you feel like a pussy!" As she said that I tried to push the panties back down that were now traveling up my legs, but she slapped my hands away and told me to stop.

So I did let her panty me. Once she had them up to my thighs she had me stand up and pulled them up the rest of the way. These

panties were pretty big. I figured she had bought them on her recent panty buying trip when she got those black panties that were now still sopping wet and still over my blushing face. She read my thoughts, "Yes, these are new panties. I bought them just for you. In fact, I bought you a dozen pairs of similar panties and as you can see they are in a size to properly fit you. My panties would be a little to small on you; besides, I don't like the idea of a sissy wearing my panties. When a real man sees me in panties, I don't want to be thinking that my sissy husband had been wearing them."

"I complained, "Oh, honey, I don't want to wear panties. Can you take them off me? You can take those panties back to the store, can't you?"

"Oh, no, once you buy panties, you can't take them back for health reasons. Now you have a drawer full of panties, and you'll just have to wear them. Besides I threw out all your boxers, and this last pair will be going right into the trash too, so you'll have to wear panties whether you want to or not. You see, since I'm the boss, and you now admit as much, you have to do as I say, and I want you to wear panties every day, all day, and so you will. Let's have it be a little reminder that I'm in charge and you are the real pussy in this house, OK? By the way I like how you look in these pink panties; they become you. You do look like a fag, of course, but what the hell, that has to be a small price for you to pay to be able to wear beautiful panties next to your sissy dick all day long, huh? Panties should keep it hard, harder for a longer time than when you try to fuck me. No, you're a panty pervert; you might as well have your fun. But I decided I'm going to have some fun too. You didn't even say anything about my 'real men' comment. I guess it didn't mean anything to you, huh?"

"What do you mean about 'real men'?"

"Well, I mean getting a real man to fuck me whenever I feel the need. A man who will stay hard for at least a half an hour and bring me to multiple climaxes before he shoots his spunk up my cunt since you're certainly not up to the job."

"Oh, you can't mean that, honey. You really wouldn't do that would you? You're just teasing me. Give me another chance; I'll show you I can stay as hard as the next guy and for just as long as you want to really give you pleasure."

"After five years of marriage, I've given you enough chances. You can't even get a decent hard on unless I'm wearing panties; admit it, you're a panty freak. Well, as long as I can get my pleasure wherever I may find it, you can have your panties. I don't want a divorce; all other parts of our life are fine. I just want a decent fuck once in a while, and I know -- and you know too -- you can't provide me with that, so you should be happy now."

"But, but, honey, no, no, no! Please be faithful to me; through our entire marriage I've been faithful to you."

"Yes, yes, yes! Faithful to me? Don't make me laugh. You've

been faithful to my panties! You probably don't cheat on me because another woman would surely laugh at you if you told her to keep her panties on while you tried to fuck her, and then you probably couldn't do any better job fucking her than you did trying to fuck me. A woman wants to cum and feel loved, not be left hanging and seeing the guy she is with drooling over her panties. And as for the 'faithful' bit; it's too late. You know Jake from across the street."

"Yeah, he's a good guy; he did a good job when he helped me paint the house last month. What about him?"

"Well, he's been fucking three or four times a week since then. He was doing a lot of the painting while you were at work, and when I'd have him come into the house for a break and a glass of lemonade, we got to be good friends. He came right out and admitted he had always had the hots for me and I could see his monster cock making a big bulge in his coveralls as he said it. Pretty soon he was painting the insides of my pussy more than he was painting the house!"

"No shit! That lousy son of a bitch!"

"Now, just hold on there, panty wearing pussy boy! I advanced on him even more than he did toward me. And honestly, it's the best sex I've had since before we were married. In fact, Jake fucks me better than any man ever has. You couldn't compete with him in any way even if you took ten Viagra pills. He's fucked me so many times now that I've lost count, and he's going to continue to fuck me whether you like it or not. Katie, his wife is an invalid and she can't give him sex. Besides, it's OK with her if he has sex with me. She likes me and fully approves. She even likes to live a bit vicariously. Several times, she's come over and watched as we did it."

"You're shitting me!"

"No, I'm not 'shitting' you. She wants her man to be happy and seeing him happy sexing me makes her happy. Now, I want you to be just as egalitarian. Get used to wearing your panties, jack off all you want, and you can even join us when Jake and Katie come over. I've told them how much of a panty freak you are and they think that's pretty funny. I told them I bought you panties and how I would be making you wear them, so they can't wait to see you pantied and submissive.

"By the way, I'm glad you liked my new pussy perfume. But I should tell you that was no perfume, that was Jake's cum filling my pussy and panties. He was just over here fucking me for over an hour and a half, and he left out the back door just as we heard you pull into the garage. He came in on me twice and I struggled to keep as much of it inside of my pussy as possible until I could feed it to you. So, I'm thrilled you like the smell and taste of Jake's cum so much because I'm going to be feeding you a lot of it from my pussy from now on."

I immediately began retching, coughing, spitting out the flecks of his cum still in my mouth and struggling to rip her panties off my head. She gave me a hard slap on my left cheeks and followed that with a backhand to my other cheek. She had never hit me before and they were surprisingly stinging blows that momentarily shook me.

"Stop it! Leave my panties on your face. You've already drunk a bunch of his cum along with my pussy juices and admitted you love it, so just keep sucking on my panties and swallowing. It's too late to pretend you don't like it.



"Now, one more thing, I do have one fantasy: I want to see you suck cock, and Jake agreed he'd let you suck him off once in a while, he said it would be kind of a commission for letting him fuck me so often, and since you love the taste of his cum, you can now have it directly from the source. What a treat for you, huh? I always thought you were a bit of a faggot, not very manly to start with, not into sports, with a stamp collection and love of Broadway musicals -- all pretty faggy stuff, huh? So go with it. I'm glad you now admit that I'm in charge. It makes all this that much easier. Welcome home, panty boy! Oh, you are a lucky boy!"

"So now, dear panty boy, do you understand the power of the pussy?"

I nodded.

"Who is in charge?"

"You are," I said.

"I thought so. Now go take a shower and put on a fresh pair of the frilly panties in your underwear drawer, then come back down in just your panties and dinner will be ready. After that we can talk more about the way things are going to be and make some plans with Jake and Katie, OK, pantywaist cocksucker?" ♦

"Uncle Bob, did you leave these lacy, old-fashioned, pink panties in my room? Mom told me she always used to catch you playing with her panties when you were kids, so I figured it was you. And that bump in your shorts, tells me you like how I look in them."

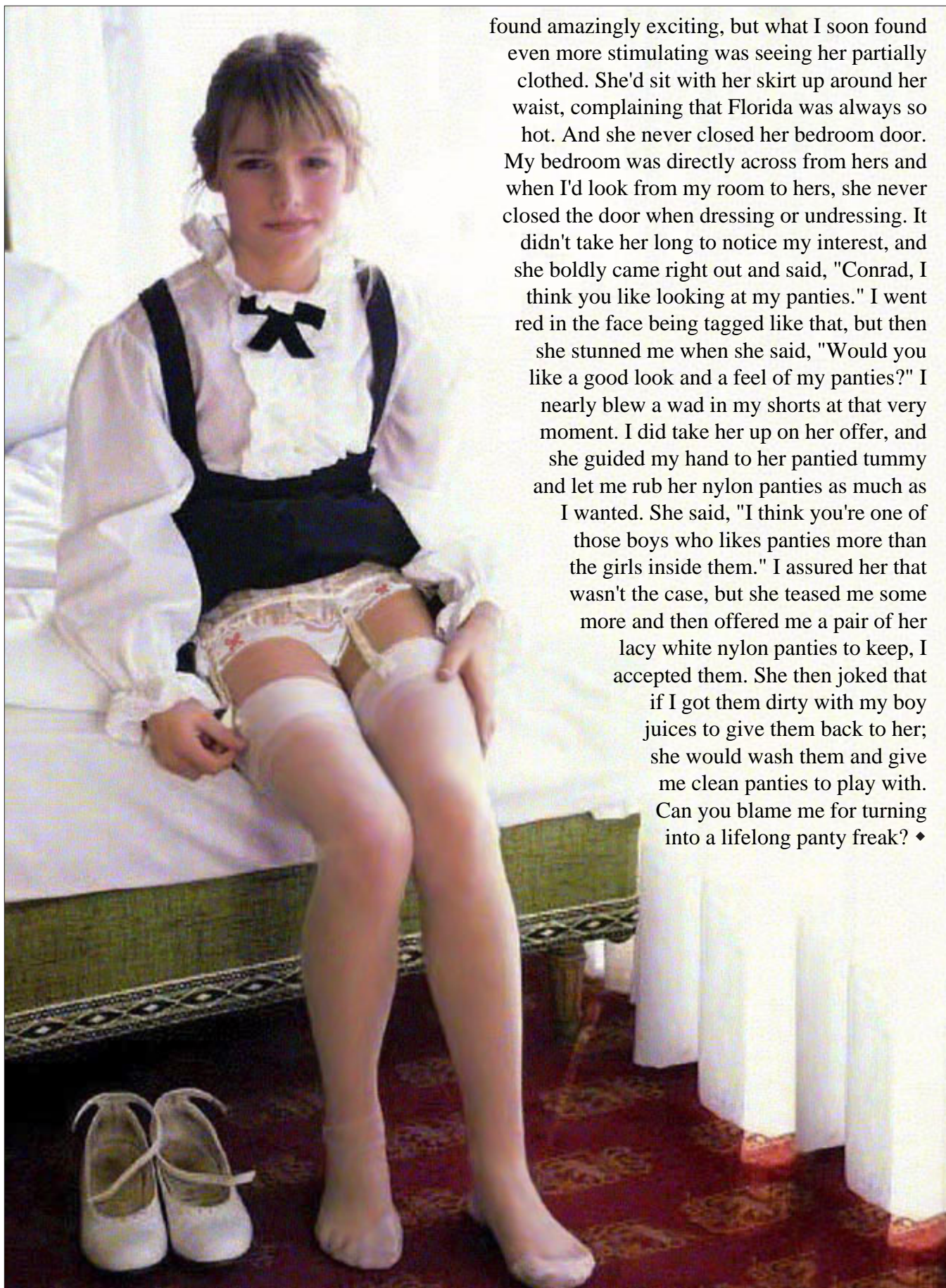




Cousin Laika - the Girl Who Panty Fucked My Brain

After I graduated from eighth grade, my cousin Laika came from Romania to stay with us for the summer. Compared to my conservative upbringing, Laika was from a Bohemian family that was very liberal on many issues, especially sex.

She had no qualms about nudity, which of course, I



found amazingly exciting, but what I soon found even more stimulating was seeing her partially clothed. She'd sit with her skirt up around her waist, complaining that Florida was always so hot. And she never closed her bedroom door. My bedroom was directly across from hers and when I'd look from my room to hers, she never closed the door when dressing or undressing. It didn't take her long to notice my interest, and she boldly came right out and said, "Conrad, I think you like looking at my panties." I went red in the face being tagged like that, but then she stunned me when she said, "Would you like a good look and a feel of my panties?" I nearly blew a wad in my shorts at that very moment. I did take her up on her offer, and she guided my hand to her pantied tummy and let me rub her nylon panties as much as I wanted. She said, "I think you're one of those boys who likes panties more than the girls inside them." I assured her that wasn't the case, but she teased me some more and then offered me a pair of her lacy white nylon panties to keep, I accepted them. She then joked that if I got them dirty with my boy juices to give them back to her; she would wash them and give me clean panties to play with. Can you blame me for turning into a lifelong panty freak? ♦





The York [PA] Dispatch March 23, 1925

Mother Made Me Wear Panties

Here is a true story about my childhood. My parents were divorced, so I lived alone with my mother, and she was the center of my world. I'm not sure how it started, but in my early teenage years, I discovered my mother's lingerie drawer. I was fascinated by her panties, and while she was at work and I was home alone, I often spent time playing with her lingerie.

That summer following my introduction to lingerie love, our neighbors were going on vacation for two weeks and asked my mother if I would walk their dog twice a day and water their plants while they were away. Mother asked me and I agreed, especially once she said they were going to pay me. Then, as they were leaving, Mr. Tousalin gave me \$50 in advance and a key to their house.

They had a teenage daughter, Lisa, who I thought was beautiful, so I was excited about the opportunity to get a peek in her panty drawer. I knew well my mother's fairly plain and mostly white nylon panties but was in for a nice surprise when I went panty hunting at the neighbors' house during my first visit to walk their dog later that day. Lisa had a big drawerful of panties, one pair fancier and more colorful than the next. I began stealing them and wearing them at night in bed. They fit me much better than my mom's panties, which I did love but were big on me and always falling down. Needless to say, I didn't do much sleeping each night in Lisa's panties; I masturbated myself practically nonstop. I couldn't get enough of her panties! And I found that if I wore two pairs at the same time I could lie on my stomach and hump myself against my bed and create a fabulous sensation. At the time I didn't know that I was simulating sliding my penis in and out of a pussy.

Over the next few days of my dog walking and plant watering duties, I had stolen eight pairs of Lisa's. I had checked out Mrs. Tousalin's panty drawer too, and she had some nice ones that were smaller than my mom's panties and fit me pretty well. I had taken two pairs of her panties too. I found that my bed humping in panties was even better if I first wore a pair of Lisa's panties, a pair of her mom's panties over them, and then a pair of my mom's panties over the other two. Each succeeding pair of larger panties made for an exciting sliding of looser panties over the pair beneath and had me pumping cum like I was a slave boy cum machine!

All of my stolen panties I kept stashed behind a big console stereo in my bedroom. One day when I got home from school, I went to my room and found all my stolen panties neatly stacked on top of the stereo. Had I carelessly left them there over night? Had mother seen them? Oh, shit! What had happened? I quickly hid them behind the stereo again. I was so scared that I went to bed early after dinner, but was wide awake. I had developed such a strong panty habit that I was unable to sleep without them on. I quickly got out of bed, picked out a pair of Lisa's panties,

a light blue pair with flowers on them and put them on. I was lying in bed under the covers and lightly stroking my hard penis through the panties when mother came into my room and sat on the side of my bed. She asked if I felt OK. I said yes and was just a little tired and wanted to go to sleep early. She said OK but then asked if I knew anything about some panties she had found behind my stereo while she was cleaning. I froze and my penis shrank to about half an inch. I said "no." She said, "They are right there," as she turned and pointed at my stereo. She looked around and said, "Well, I had left them right here on top of your stereo. Are you sure you don't know anything about them?" I knew I was caught but said "no" anyway. She pulled out my stereo and found them stashed there. (Boy was I stupid to put them back in the same place!) She pulled out the stack of panties and said, "How in the world did these get back behind the stereo again?" I just stared back at her, scared to death.

She started flipping through the panties looking at them. I couldn't believe she was just standing there leafing through my panties. I didn't know what she could possibly be doing. Soon she said, "If you don't know about these, I wonder where they came from and what they are doing here." Dumbly I said, "Maybe they were stuck in the back of the stereo when we got it?" She said, "I don't think so. As a matter of fact, I think one pair is missing." It hit me like a lightning bolt since I was lying in bed wearing that pair. Oh, my God! I was so scared. She said, "It was a really cute light blue pair with flowers on them. Do you know where they are?" "N-o-o-o," I said. She said, "Let me look around and see if I can find them." She made a big deal about looking behind the stereo again, under my bed and behind the drapes. She said, "I can't seem to find them, would you get out of bed and help me?" Oh, my God! "No," I said. She said, "Why not? You've always been such a helpful boy. Maybe you don't want me to see something?" She came back over to my bed and sat down. She slowly started pulling down my covers. I just lay there frozen stiff as she inched down the covers. As she uncovered the waistband and a bit of the pale blue nylon panties, she stopped and nodded her head a little and slowly caressed the elastic waistband and nylon fabric between her thumb and finger. She pulled the covers down another inch or two and rubbed her hand over the front of the sleek panties. I was scared as hell and I don't know why but I started getting hard again. She slid her hand under the blanket and down the front of the panties until she touched my hardening cock; I gasped and she did, too.

She then pulled down the covers all the way and there I was lying on the bed in the light blue pair of Lisa's panties with flower appliques and my boner sticking up in front of my mother. She said, "I thought you may have been going into my panty drawer in recent months, but I didn't know what to do about it. I don't know where you got these panties, but my guess is you must be stealing them and that has to stop. Stand up and let me see how these sissy frilly panties look on you."

I was in a daze but stood up anyway. She turned me around and felt my bottom and front. She looked at the tag and said, "They look good on you, but not quite your size; I think you need a girls'



size 12 or 13 or a ladies' size 5. These are a size 6. Now, I have a proposal for you: If you will stop stealing panties, I'll buy you some nice panties of your very own. All I ask is that you model them for me; I'd like to see how you look in panties I buy for you. I can understand why you appreciate pretty panties, even if you are a bit of a sissy for wanting to wear them. I never could understand how men can wear their ugly, bulky cotton underwear anyway. Satin and nylon are so much more comfortable. If you want to wear girls' panties, it's fine with me, but a lot of these panties you have are quite soiled. I guess they get you pretty excited. Yes, I know all about teenage boys and how they have to have their regular release or they are just impossible to deal with, so I don't mind you dirtying your panties, I only ask that you put them in the laundry when they are dirty, and I'll launder them for you and put them neatly back in your underwear drawer, not hidden behind your stereo. I want you wearing clean panties all the time and not leaving dirty panties around to smell up your room. That's how I found your hiding place with the panties. I could smell them when I came into your room, and that made me investigate where the smell was coming from.

You can wear them whenever you want, but I don't think it is a good idea to wear them to school, so we'll keep a few pairs of your old boys' underwear for school. Somehow you have gotten a panty fetish. I know enough about such things that you will probably be hooked on girls' panties for life; it's something that happens to some boys and they never get over it. But I'm a very understanding mom, and your secret is safe with me."

She then left my room with me just standing there in my panties. I was still standing there when I heard something coming from mother's room. When I looked down the hall I saw her bedroom door open and heard a buzzing and her moaning loudly. So I slowly walked to her door and peered in. I had heard moaning from her room before, but she always kept her door closed at such times, like she was trying to be quiet. This time the moaning was loud and uninhibited. The bright light on her dresser near the end of her bed was on and it lit up the room. Mother was lying on her bed with her legs spread a little, her head back and eyes closed. All she had on was a light blue pair of panties, plain but similar to the ones I had on and with a dark wet spot over her pussy. Her fingers were moving slowly on the outside of the crotch of her panties; she was stroking herself with a little stick that was buzzing. I just stood there mesmerized. My penis was as hard as it had ever been. She was just moving the buzzing stick over her panty front and moaning. Soon she was moving the buzzer fast and harder against herself and her moaning and breathing became louder and faster. She bent her knees and moved her legs wide apart. I could not believe how wide she spread her legs. The crotch panel was tight against her. She cried out a little and moved her hand away from the crotch and switched off the buzzer. Her panty crotch was so wet it was stuck to her skin and I could see her pussy twitching underneath. Her breathing then slowed; she opened her eyes and looked straight at me in her doorway. I didn't realize it but I had been stroking myself and at that point I had shot a big plug of cum into my pale blue panties. I just stood there looking at mother and she looking

back at me as the cum soaking the front of my panties ran down to my balls and trickled on down my legs. We shared a weak smile, and I then turned and went back to my room.

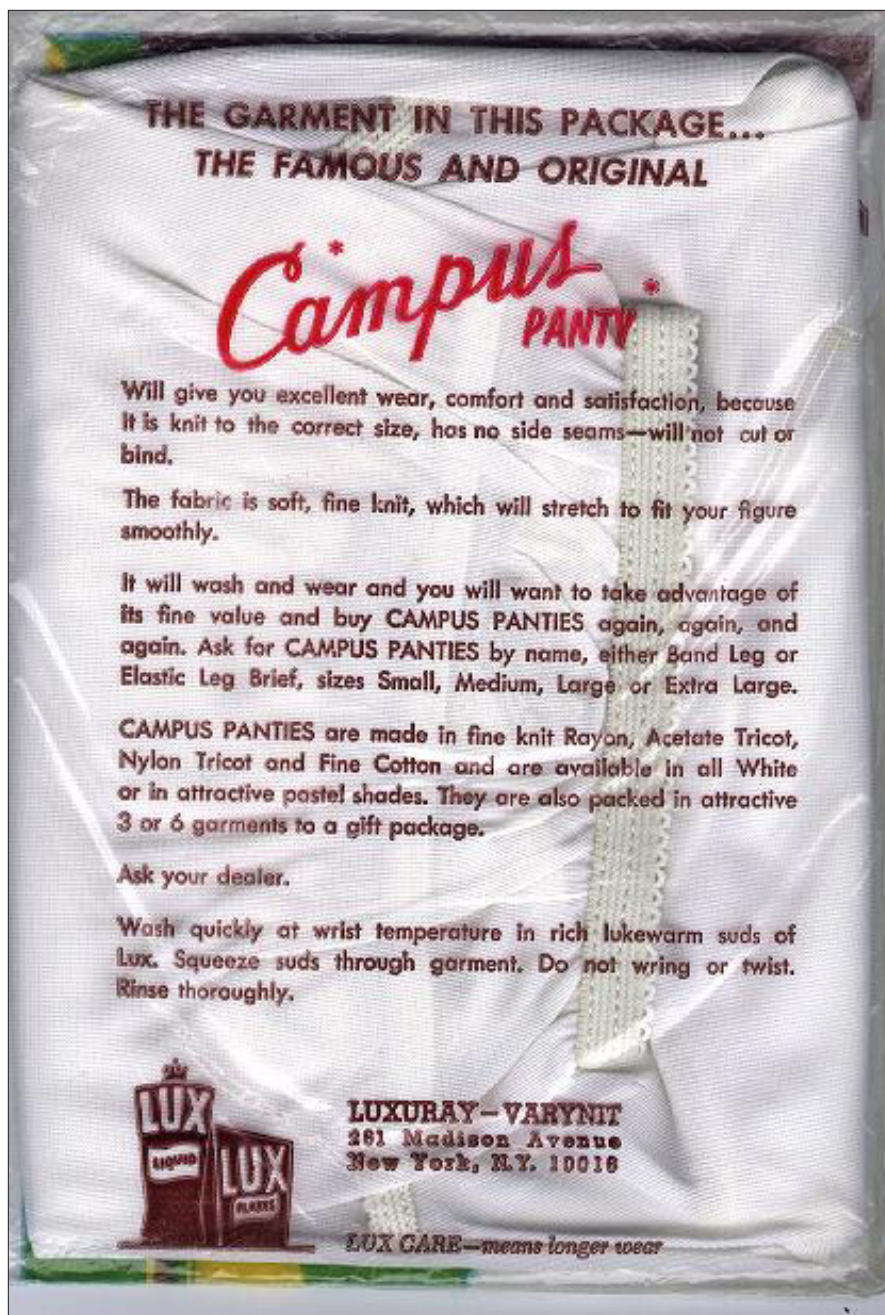
I lay in bed in my soaking wet panties and thought of mother in her room with her soaking wet panty crotch. I fell asleep that way. When I woke up I went to the bathroom, put the panties in the hamper and took a shower. At breakfast we had our normal morning conversation and I went to school. When I got home I found my light blue panties washed and folded on my bed along with all of my other panties, all freshly laundered.

I changed out of my school clothes, put on a peach pair of Lisa's panties with beige lace and then put on my jeans and went out to play. The next day, I came home to find mother had bought me three pairs of panties in my size. Pretty panties in pink, yellow and blue, each with lace and ribbon bows. She appeared at my door and asked me if I liked them, I told her I did, and then she wanted me to uphold my end of the bargain and model each pair for her, which I did. A little sheepishly at first, I started to strut around in girly panties in front of her, but I got over my initial blushing hesitation and enjoyed doing it as she enjoyed looking me over and touching my panties all over to check the fit and tease me a bit.

After that, every once in a while I would come home to find new panties on my bed. That night I would always model them for mother, and even though we never had another mutual masturbation session, I would sometimes hear the buzzing and moaning noises coming from her room at night.

That following Christmas mother gave me six more pairs of nylon panties in assorted colors to add to my ever growing collection, she also gave me a pale pink training bra, some white thigh-high stockings with lacy scalloped tops and a long blonde/pale brown wig. She said she knew I liked to look at myself in my big bedroom mirror while playing with myself and masturbating in my panties and thought I'd enjoy wearing the wig to look even more girly. She said I could wear the bra, stockings and wig around the house whenever I liked but especially wanted me to wear them whenever she would get me new panties and I would model them for her. She had me change out of the panties I was wearing and put on a new blue pair (with flowers on them like Lisa's that I had pretty well worn out), the bra, stockings and wig, and then she took pictures of me!

As I grew older, I was embarrassed being a panty-wearing sissy and wanted to be more like my peer group. I wanted to start dating girls too. I couldn't go out with girls while wearing panties, so I tried to make mother believe I was over my panty fetish and wasn't going to wear panties anymore. She became very angry and stormed out of my room. The next day when I came home I went to change into play clothes and saw that my bed was stacked with a dozen pairs of new panties in styles ranging from grownup ladies' panties with sexy lace and see through panels to little girls' panties with wide rows of lace and ruffles around the legs and on the back. I went to my dresser and



saw she had taken all of my boys' underwear away! I heard a noise at the door and turned and looked and mother was there. "Brian, you hurt my feelings yesterday. I thought you liked all of the nice panties I always bought for you. And you know how much I like seeing you in panties. Why do you want to stop?"

"I-I-I don't know, Mother," I said.

"Well I thought about it last night and decided that for all that I do for you, you can do this for me. I know you have a fetish for panties, and I guess I do too - a fetish for seeing you in them. So here is the deal. If I have to blackmail you, I will. I have saved all of your old panties in a safe place and have thrown away all of your boys' underwear, and as long as you live in this house you

will wear panties. If you refuse, I'll show all of your friends your panties and the many pictures I have taken of you over the years. I will tell every girl you try to date that you are a panty freak. But, if you play along, your secret will remain safe with me for the rest of my life."

That night she left her door ajar and I could hear her masturbating for hours. The new panties became a part of my life and many times I am sure people knew I was wearing panties.

I would wear a solid color brief when going to the doctor in hopes they wouldn't notice. In gym class at school I would always change in one of the toilet stalls. From that time on until I moved out and went to college I wore panties 24/7, and whenever I came home from college for a visit, mother always had some fresh panties laid out for me to change into immediately.

Years later, after I had been married for six months, mother came for her first weekend visit. When we were sitting having cocktails before dinner mother reached into her bag and brought out a pink box. "I brought a little present for my boy," she said to my wife and me.

I was horrified. Would she really? "Open it," my wife said. "Uh, maybe after dinner," I replied. "No, open it now," mother said. I slowly untied the ribbon and removed the wrapping paper. I opened the box and pulled back the tissue paper to discover a light blue pair of panties with flower appliques on each hip in the front. I just stared at them in my lap. They

were my favorite pair of panties at the time and the first pair of panties mother had ever seen me in -- they were that pair of panties I had stolen from Lisa, next door.

"Pick them up and show them to your wife," mother said. I handed them to my wife.

"These are cute!" she said. As she looked at the tag she said, "I don't get it. These are a size 6. That is a little small for me, and they look worn."

Mother said, "They were his favorites when he was a boy. And they were well worn! I had to wash out that pair at least three times a week. He was quite..."

“MOTHER!” I yelled, “That’s enough!”

“You think that Cheryl doesn’t know about your panty fetish?” mother asked. “Women are very intuitive. She has to know by now; don’t you, Cheryl?”

“Well this is quite an interesting conversation to be having with my mother-in-law,” Cheryl replied. Turning to me she said, “You mean these were yours as a boy?”

I nodded.

“You wore panties as a boy?”

Another nod from me.

Mother then handed her a photo of me as a boy wearing the pale blue panties and the blonde wig.

“Very interesting. Now some things make sense. I guess since we are having such a forthright conversation, I did think it strange originally that he would always want me to masturbate in front of him while wearing panties.” She said in mother’s direction as I groaned. “And I’ve noticed that sometimes my panties have been rearranged in my panty drawer.” To me she said, “Have you been wearing my panties?”

“Uh, sometimes,” I replied.

Mother had a big smile on her face. Cheryl stared at me for the longest time, and then finally said, “So, you have been wearing my panties?”

I nodded sheepishly.

“Often?”

I pursed my lips and nodded again.

“When?” she asked.

“When you aren’t home mostly. I put them on and walk around the house. Sometimes I’ll put some on when I get home from work and have them on under my trousers when you get home.” I gulped, “Sometimes I masturbate while wearing them.”

She was staring into my eyes. “I was wondering why we weren’t making love as much lately,” she said, “Why do you like wearing them?”

“There is no rational reason, really. I feel sexy, horny, feminine, special, and a hundred other things when I am wearing panties. I also like the way my penis looks and feels in panties. It’s residual from my childhood.”

“Do you like other men?” she whispered.

“No. Not at all. I’m not interested in men in any way, shape, or form. I just like panties.” I answered.

“What kind of panties do you like?” she asked.

“Always nylon or satin, sexy, frilly and black or pale pastels. I especially like pink, lacy panties. But at times, I like just plain, smooth nylon satin in solid colors. I’ve worn all of your panties at one time or another.”

“Do you want to wear them always, now?” She asked, smiling.

“Yes. No. I don’t know.” I hadn’t planned to have this conversation today or ever, so I wasn’t prepared with answers.

“I’ll be back in a minute,” Cheryl said as she left the room.

Oh, my gosh! I will soon be in panties in front of my wife and mother with their consent. My heart was pounding.

She came back with very sexy light blue satin pair with wide lace on the legs and lace insets on the sides. “Here, put these on, I want to see how my sissy husband looks in panties,” she said.

Mother had a huge smile on her face. I stood up, turned away from my wife and mother and removed my pants and my white boxers. My penis was standing at attention. I took the panties and quickly slid them up until the high waistband was in position and the panties cupped by balls, very hard penis and butt.

I was extremely embarrassed, but excited. Cheryl walked up and felt my dick through the panties, turned me around and rubbed my ass. Then she turned me back around, stepped back and said, “I have to admit. They do look good on you. Much sexier than your boxers. And, your penis is harder than I have ever seen it; that shows how much you like them. I think I like them, too. What do you think, Mother?”

Mother replied, “I have always thought he was much cuter in panties than anything else. And, you know what? If you let him have panties, he’ll always do what you want. Won’t you Brian?”

I nodded sheepishly.

Mother said, “Why don’t you go put on your white gauze pants that you wore in the tropics. I saw you wearing them on your honeymoon. Put them on and a shirt and I will take the three of us out for a quiet dinner.”

“With these panties on underneath?” I asked. “They will show right through the thin pants.”

“Of course, silly, that is the point,” mother said. “I think even a little of the lace may show through, and since they’re low cut, your panty waist elastic will surely peek out above them. It’s time for you to come out of the closet and show the world that you’re a panty boy.”

Cheryl said, "Since we will both be wearing panties from now on, after dinner we should all go panty shopping so you can pick out a supply of fancy panties of your own."

"Oh, by the way," mother added, "leave your shirt hanging out. I think Cheryl will find it fun to do what I used to do to you and

run her hand up under your shirt to snap your panty waist elastic while we are around other people. Then she'll probably enjoy sliding her hand down the back of your pants to feel your pantied ass and tickle your bottom through your panties."

My wife giggled and said, "I can tell I'm going to like this. Good for you that I don't mind having a panty boy for a husband!" ♦



