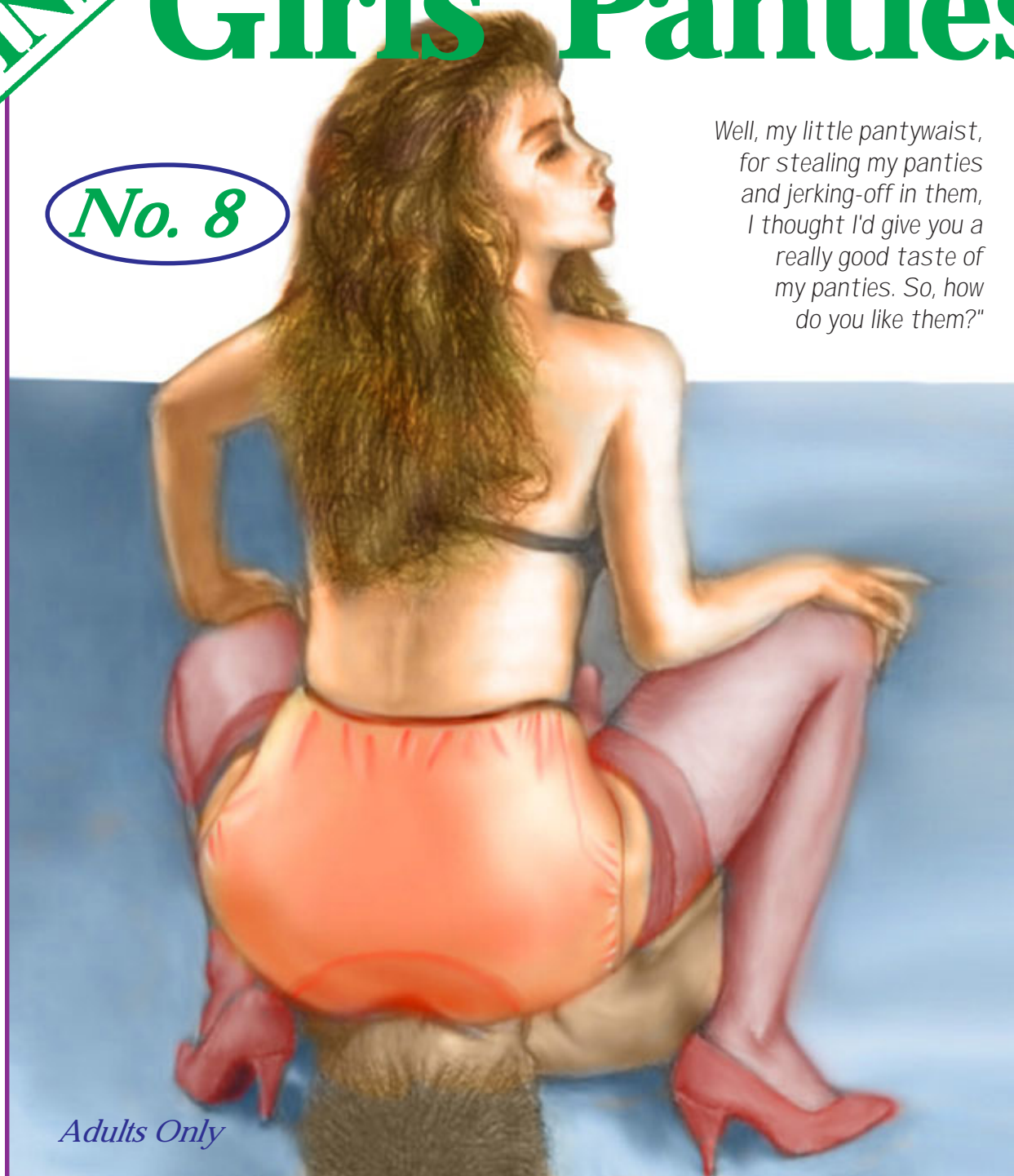


INSIDE

# Girls' Panties

*No. 8*

*Well, my little pantywaist,  
for stealing my panties  
and jerking-off in them,  
I thought I'd give you a  
really good taste of  
my panties. So, how  
do you like them?"*



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If you like frilly, old-fashioned panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from both unpublished, original sources and old, long-out-of-print publications that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty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

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

## Putting Boys to the Panty Test



Brenda is two years older than her brother, Manny, and three years older than her brother, Kyle. They were brought up on a farm in the mountains of Tennessee, the kind of place where the kids only wore shoes on Sunday and in the winter. The family didn't have much money, and despite Brenda being a girl, whatever clothes of hers that could be salvaged were passed onto her younger brothers. So for underwear, the boys always wore her hand-me-down undershirts and panties, and around the house they often wore her castoff dresses, shoes and socks. And before the boys went to school, their mother kept their hair long like their sisters, so to strangers they often looked like three sisters instead of one sister with two little brothers. Each of the boys always had a pair of trousers for Sunday church and when the family went visiting, but even then, beneath their trousers, they had on undershirts and panties handed down from their sister.

The children's mother always bought plain girls' underwear for Brenda, knowing they would eventually be passed onto the boys. The undershirts usually had just a very narrow band of lace trimming the edges, and the panties were quite plain with only a ruffled edge around the leg elastics.

Once the boys started school they got several sets of shirts and trousers but still wore their sister's old undershirts and panties until they were ten and eleven years old when they started to get razed a lot by the other children for their girlish underwear.

Since Manny and Kyle were less than a year apart, they were always together, their interests were the same, and their sex lives began at the same time. They were thirteen

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and fourteen when they were at the swimming hole at the back of the farm. It was in a wooded area, and they didn't see their big sister approach the swimming hole and undress. And she didn't see them until after she had her clothes off and dove in the water. When her head came above the water, they stared at each other in surprise, and all of them swam to the shore for their clothes at the same time, only to stop before they got out of the water realizing if they got out, they would all be naked in front of each other. Manny stared at his sixteen-year-old sister's developing breasts. They were large and firm and he could see the nipples just below the waterline. He could feel his cock getting hard!

They smiled at each other as he boldly reached out and touched one of her young tits. Since she didn't shy away, it was as though she gave him the green light, and they drew each other into a hug with his hands still feeling her up. With very little said, they headed for shore, and then the three just sat around looking at the differences of each other's bodies. Brenda, being the oldest, took charge and encouraged each boy to take a turn holding and sucking on her tits while she played with each boy's penis at the same time. Compared to the boys, Brenda knew a fair amount about sex, and she was getting more excited than she had ever been before. She wanted to have sex with her brothers, and the only problem was which one she going to let do it first.

Since their parents were in town doing the weekly shopping for the afternoon, she said they should all go back to the house and she would give them a test, and the winner could be first.

Brenda was a bossy girl, and back at the house, she made both boys strip and led each into different rooms. She went to the room where Manny was and gave him some of her clothes to put on. He refused, but when she mentioned that if he didn't do it, his brother would be the winner. She watched as his floppy noodle hardened as it disappeared under the panties she had handed him. The boy immediately noticed these were sleek nylon panties, pink with lace and roses on them, very different from the plain hand-me-down panties he had worn for years while growing up. She helped him with the bra and garter belt, and then watched as he managed the stockings, skirt and blouse. He slipped on the shoes and she placed her mother's wig on his head, applied makeup, and then stepped back and admired her work. Then she leaned forward, kissed his cheek and told him he looked like a doll and would certainly win something.

When she came back in about fifteen minutes, she led him to the room where his brother, Kyle, was dressed in the same manner, except Kyle had on her headband with a fall of long hair attached. The boys looked at each other, and each had a funny feeling in his stomach. Brenda then said she was going to read aloud from a book and wanted the boys to act out the story.

She started with them as a couple of girls curious about sex sitting on the couch holding hands and worked their way to feeling each other up and finally kissing. The boys' skirts had been rucked up and she could see both boys' penis was as hard as a rock and pushing his sexy nylon panties way out from his

body. The boys were caught up in what they were doing and very excited but didn't know what to do next, so she had both of them feel each other up under their skirts and massage each other's penis through their silky panties. Brenda told Kyle to kiss his big brother's penis through his panties, and when he did, Manny moved forward and shoved the boy's mouth down over his cock. Brenda had stopped reading but the boys didn't know it or really care. They were too far involved in what they were doing to care.

As Kyle sucked on Manny's pantied dick, Manny grabbed Kyle's pantied penis and aggressively massaged it to show him just how great it felt inside girls' panties. The feel of their slips, stockings and other clothes added to their excitement, both had no trouble imagining they were girls having sex like a girl.

When Manny exploded, Kyle was surprised but swallowed most of it because he was gagging and didn't know what else to do. Manny then wanted to share the delight and lowered his mouth on to his brother's cock and took it in through his panties in the say way, and moments later, he was feeling the strange sensation of having boy cum pumped into his lipsticked mouth.

More than being just a simple spectator, Brenda had long before dropped the book and had her hands down her own panties, teasing herself to multiple orgasms. She had been masturbating nearly every night for a couple of years, but it paled in comparison to stroking herself while watching the two crossdressed boys feeling each other up and giving each other a blowjob.

Once they were all fully sexually satisfied and exhausted, they just lay there, panting for breath.

Originally, she had taken the boys back to the house to have intercourse with them -- it would have been her first time, but as it turned out she was very satisfied and was sure there would be another time when they could get into fucking like she had heard so much about from her girlfriends.

After they all cleaned up and had gotten back into their own clothes, Brenda asked if they would like to do it again the next time their parents were out of the house. Both of the boys nodded enthusiastically. They loved the new dimension that had been added to their relationship with their older sister, whom they used to think was pretty much of a bitch, but now thought of as a great, fun sister.

She told them that as long as they did exactly as she wanted, she would always play sex games with them, and promised the next time they played, she would show them even more fun sex things to do. Of course, the boys agreed.

Over the next two years, they played many sex games, but then Brenda went away to beauty school, and when she wasn't around to play, the boys would take turns dressing up and taking care of each other, just like good brothers should. ♦ #02452-B







## My Trip to the Mall

Last Saturday, as I came out of the shower my wife was waiting for me and I looked at her kind of funny because she was just standing there with a stack of frilly nylon panties in her hands. "I'm going to help you get dressed and then we're going shopping at the mall."

Shopping isn't one of my favorite things to do, but I wasn't about to refuse her since I could tell she was in 'one of those moods!'

Joanna looked lovely in a pale blue, full-skirted old-fashioned dress puffed up with a bouncy cancan petticoat that women just don't wear anymore. Underneath I know she had on big, high-waisted panties and a 1950s severely pointed bullet bra, and when she dresses like that, she knows I'll do absolutely anything for her.

I do so love old-time lingerie and even love wearing classic slips, bras and panties myself while we make love, but here she was advancing toward me with a pair of saucy nylon panties in her hands.



The panties were white with blue lace trim. She didn't say anything, just held the panties open, and I knew she wanted me to step into them, so I did. And I knew she was going to have me wear them while we went shopping. My spine tingled and my stomach felt queasy because as much as I love wearing bras and panties, I don't like wearing them under my regular clothes outside of our house and in public. What if I got into an accident and had to go to the hospital? Yikes! Even going into a men's room to use the facilities scares the hell out of me. But she wanted it, so I put each of my feet into the panties and let her slide them up. She forced my penis down deep between my legs, and I had to wiggle my hips a lot to help her settle this tight pair of satin smooth panties into place. I quietly complained they were too tight, but she didn't acknowledge me.

Then she surprised me by pulling another pair of panties up my legs, a beige pair with white lace, not quite as snug as the first pair. Four more pairs of sleek high-waisted panties followed, light green, lavender, white with red hearts, and pale aqua with cream-colored lace down the sides. Then she topped off the six pairs of panties with a larger luscious pair of pink satin panties with a wide frill of white lace and pink bows around the legs — panties she had specially made that she makes me wear whenever she is in a mood to tease me for being such a sissy of a husband. I knew I was in for some humiliation today.

Then on top of the seven pairs of panties she had me put on my running shorts with side slits and a pink T-shirt she had made with the words "I Wear Girls' Panties" written across the front.

I asked her if she was going to make me go to the mall like this; she didn't answer and just stared at me. I knew the answer! She saw the worry on my face.

"Oh, you'll enjoy this trip to the mall. I promise you will, my little pet."

"Yes, honey," was all I could say.

"Now, my sissy hubby, I have a special surprise for you this afternoon, a pair of nipple clamps." And the next thing I knew she had my T-shirt up and was snapping on the titty clamps.

"Ouch!"

"Oh, stop complaining, you big sissy!"

"Yes, dear," I replied as she pulled my T-shirt down into place.

I didn't have to look in the mirror to see how silly I looked. The nipple clamps made little bums under my shirt, and my shorts bulged with the seven pairs of panties, and the pink panties on top with the big bands of lace around the legs were the most humiliating because the lace stuck out, especially out the side slits. All I could do was keep my arms against my sides in hopes of hiding the most of the exposed lace on the hems of my panties, so people wouldn't notice. As I stood deep in thought, I heard her

giggle slightly and then take my hand and lead me out to the car.

At the mall, we went directly to the lingerie section of Melvin's Department Store where she stopped to look at some satin panty and bra sets. She held up various sets and kept asking me what I thought of this one and that until a salesgirl approached. As they talked about the lingerie on display, the girl glimpsed at me and spotted the writing on my T-shirt. She jerked her head around away from me, and I could see her struggling not to laugh. That's when my wife let the cat completely out of the bag, "You see," she said in a loud voice, "I want to get several of these nice bra and panty sets for my husband here, but I'm not familiar with this brand of lingerie, and I'm not sure if they will fit him. He normally takes a size eight in panties and a 34-A or 36-A in a bra, but you know how some brands run small ..."

"Oh, I can assure you the Alana brand of lingerie is full size. They're a top quality brand; they don't skimp." And at that, she opened one of the sealed packets of size 8 panties -- a shiny pink pair with flowers embroidered on the hips — and held them up for my wife to see.

"Yes, they do look full size all right, but could you hold them up to his waist so we can be sure?"

The girl then had to look at me, but she kept her eyes down toward my hips, hesitated for a moment and then held the panties up to my waist.

"Chet, raise your arms so this poor girl can do her job and we can see if these panties will stretch comfortably around your hips."

I wanted to cry at that moment. With my arms raised, no way would this girl miss seeing the lacy hems of my pink panties that were so brazenly sticking out of the sides of my shorts. Yes! She saw them! And she couldn't hold back an explosive giggle. She pulled herself together and said, "Hey, lady, is this some kind of joke or something? I mean ... I never!"

"Young lady, I assure you this is no joke. I'm just trying to buy my sissified husband some new bras and panties. But in the bras I see the smallest size you carry in these sets is a 34-B, but that's OK, I'm going to take him to our doctor next week and have my pantywaist husband start on a female hormone regimen, so he'll be growing into his new bras in no time at all."

The girl went into a bit of shock, became very straight-faced, and simply stood by as my wife picked out two sets of the bras and panties, a lavender set and a pink set. After the girl rang up our purchases, she rushed over and huddled with two other salesgirls, and as we left the store I could hear them screaming and laughing from more than twenty feet away.

And as humiliating as that whole experience was, I was in physical pain and had to walk in a kind of hobble because my dick was as hard as it has ever been and trapped in the down position within seven pairs of strangulating panties; my dick

couldn't right itself up, and the pressure on my imprisoned penis was so intense it made me dizzy. My wife had to hold onto me as she guided me to the car. As we walked I had totally forgotten about the exposed lace of my panties and forgot about wearing the stupid "I Wear Girls' Panties" T-shirt. People laughed when they saw me. I heard them, but I didn't care. I couldn't do anything about it and just wanted to get to the car and get back home, and thank goodness that's what we did.

And when we did get home, my wife laid herself down on the floor, opened her big dress and pointed to her panties. "Now you'll notice, I have a wet spot in the center of my panties caused by all the fun I had shopping. I definitely need to be pleased."

Despite the continuing pain in my bent-down pantied cock, I got down on my knees, leaned over and placed a gentle kiss on the center of her silk panties and then a gentle kiss on each of her lovely thighs. I heard her moan gently. Then I dove in between her legs and sucked her wet panties. I felt her hands on my head pushing me roughly against her cunt, grinding her sex against

my tongue like she couldn't get enough of it. I flicked at her clit faster and faster and felt a small orgasm wash over her. She sighed hungrily and wanted more. I continued licking building her arousal again. Slowly ... steadily. My hands caressed her thighs as her breathing began to quicken again. Suddenly, she screamed loudly, panted wildly and went through a series of thunderous orgasms. And then she abruptly pushed me away because her now super-sensitized pussy could take no more. She sat up and sank back against the front of the sofa. Exhausted, she directed me to take off my panties, all seven pairs and then put the pink panties back on and dance for her like a stupid fairy boy and masturbate myself while I danced. I did it. She controls me; I hate some of the things she makes me do, but I love it too!

Finally, I asked her, "Honey, were you serious in the store, you know, when you said you were going to take me to the doctor next week and start me on those pills ..."

There was that look again -- no words, just that look of hers! ♦





# boxed briefs

IN  
YOUR **4** FAVORITE  
FABRICS



Each set of panties on  
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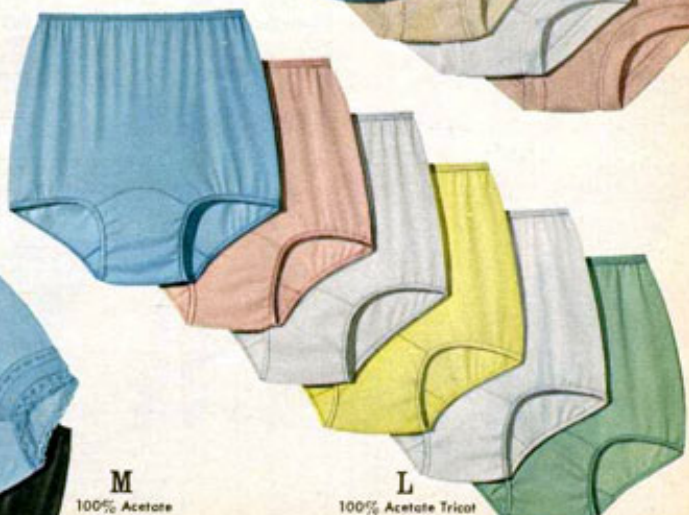
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## Curious Boy Gets Forced into Panties

Back in the 1960s, whenever my mom got a new Sears or Penney's catalog, she would throw out the old one, and since I took out the trash every night, I'd find it and tear out the pages showing women and girls in lingerie and save them to jack off to the pictures. Then while my cousin Heather was visiting for a week, I went into her suitcase to get a close-up look at a real pair of girls' panties. They were so pretty and girly, a peach pair with white chiffon side panels. I just had to steal them, so I could privately study them in detail. I didn't think they would be missed, but they were!

The next night after dinner, my mother found Heather's panties under my bed where I had hidden them -- mom knew that's where I hid things!

Mom made me put them on in front of her despite my crying and telling her I didn't want to wear them and I had just been curious and wanted to see what they looked like. As she knelt in front of me and pulled them up around my waist, my dick got hard and pushed the front of the panties right out toward her face. That's when she didn't believe I didn't want to wear them.

"Damn, you're a sissy!" was all she grunted, and then she took me out into the living room to show dad and my cousin.

To Heather she said, "Well, as you can see I found your panties. It seems we have a new girl in the family now. I'm going to make this miserable little sissy wear them to bed, and then in the

morning I'll teach him how to wash them out so he can give him back to you."

"Yuck!" she said, "he can keep those panties. I don't want them back now that he's had his dirty little thing in them. Why don't you make him keep them on always and show all his friends?"

"Good idea," mom said.

I was scared she would do that; she was mad enough. But all she did was make me wear them to bed every night and wash them out each morning. Then after three nights she told me to take a bath, and when I got out of the tub, I saw her hold up a clean new pair of white nylon panties with a big pink flower on the hip. She told me she had bought a half dozen pairs of deluxe panties for me along with a shortie-length nightgown, a

two-tiered nightie of white nylon with a pink chiffon overlay and trim. The nightie she promptly pulled over my head, ignoring my protests that I didn't want to wear girls' clothes. Before tucking me into bed, she took me over to my dresser drawer and showed me the stack of new panties neatly piled up right next to my boys' briefs and told me to put on a fresh pair every night and hand wash my dirty ones in the bathroom and hang them over the side of the tub to dry. She said she was going to teach me how to hand wash all her dirty lingerie too and it would be a new chore for me to do twice a week!

After that, every once in a while, I would find a new pair of perfumed panties or new nightgown in my underwear drawer. She thought I liked to dress in panties and nighties -- but I didn't! She thought it was amusing that her boy liked to dress in silky feminine lingerie -- but I didn't, and no amount of my protesting and complaining changed her mind. She laughed at me a lot at bedtime and told me she knew I loved panties but just didn't have the courage to admit it, so she was simply helping me do what I really wanted to do! Well, after a while, I did give in; I did admit to myself I liked wearing panties and nighties, but I know I never would have started thinking that way if mom hadn't forced me to wear them every night in the first place, addicting me to their clinging softness. I also think mom was sick of my dad who was so aggressively macho and insensitive. After I had been caught with Heather's panties and he saw me wearing them, he completely ignored me -- not that we had any great relationship to start with.

I have been in love with panties ever since.

Robert/Roberta ♦



## I still Get Spanked like a Girl

Maxine was best friends with my mother, and when I was eleven and my mom was dying of cancer, she made arrangements for Maxine and her husband, Fred, to adopt and raise me since we had no other living relatives. Within a short time, it became apparent my foster parents didn't like me and I didn't like them. They were stern disciplinarians and subjected me to petticoat discipline as well as spanked me with my skirts up and panties down on my bare bottom, even when guests were present. The clothes I had to wear at those times belonged to their stuck-up nasty daughter, Gail, who is two years older than I am.

I was happy when they sent me away to boarding school because there was no petticoat punishment there. But during breaks in the school year I would come home, and I was still required to wear Gail's clothes around the house whenever they thought my attitude needed a little adjusting. After I turned thirteen, I thought these childish punishments would end, and when I came home for the Christmas holidays, my stepfather looked at my report card and sent me up to my room and told to me dress in

the clothes my stepmother had laid out for me. And when I came back downstairs, I was dismayed to find we had two guests, Chandel and Mildred, two old ladies from our church, and my foster parents expected me to appear before them. I was upset about it, but I swallowed my pride and curtsied politely in my minidress. However, I could not hide my resentment. My snotty stepsister was already in her babydoll pajamas and ready for bed, and when she told me I looked cute in her outgrown dress but that my slip was showing, I glared, stuck my tongue out at her, and called her a 'bitch' under my breath, but my stepmother heard, scolded me and declared I needed a spanking.

When she summoned me; I stood my ground. "Not now!" I pleaded, "Not here!"

"Here and now," she responded.

"I'll go to my room," I suggested.

"NO! You will come here immediately. You know I don't tolerate such insolent backtalk. Come here, this instant!"



I stamped my foot in rage and screamed at them, "I'm a teenager, now, and I won't let you treat me like a naughty little girl!"

"What a childish tantrum," commented Mildred.

Chandel giggled hysterically and agreed with my stepsister that I looked cute, and added she thought I did look like a real girl.

"Get over your mother's lap and let her spank you," my stepfather commanded. I knew the alternative was a spanking by him, and I wanted to avoid that at all costs, so I slowly walked to my stepmother, staring at the floor the whole time and trying to bargain with her in a choking voice. "All right, I'll stand still like a good boy if you spank me over my dress. But I'm going to keep my dress down."

"Now that you're older, I had told you I intended to allow you to keep your dress down when you were to be spanked in front of company, but your childish tantrum proves you really haven't matured at all and need a sound spanking on your panties, which I will allow you to keep up for modesty sake before these two nice ladies." She then seized my wrist and pulled over her lap.

I squirmed and resisted and fought to keep my dress down. "Mother, I'm sorry I was naughty! I'll be a good boy, I mean, a good little girl for you. But no, mother, I refuse to let you pull up my dress like a bad little girl in front of everybody!"

My stepfather jumped to his feet and took my arm. I tried to fight him off, but he easily controlled me, took me to his chair and forced me facedown across his knees. He lifted my dress and exposed my pink, lace-trimmed panties and garter belt and my white nylon stockings held up tightly by my garter belt straps. I groaned with shame and struggled violently as I tried to push my dress back down and he fought with me to keep it up as he reached for the waistband of my panties to pull them down in back. He told me to lie still, but when I didn't, he stood me up and had my stepmother and stepsister help him take off the dress, full white nylon slip, garter belt and stockings, leaving me in just my pink panties, much to the amusement of the two church ladies, who were straining to look around to my front, obviously trying to get a glimpse of the unusual sight of a boy's equipment captured in my panties -- or I should say, my stepsister's panties.

Being displayed in just frilly little panties made my bravado quickly vanish; I was crying already. Fred threw me down over his lap and started spanking me on my panties.

After Fred beat a raging fire into my butt, he shoved me onto the floor and made me get up and then put myself over my stepmother's lap. Maxine didn't spank me as hard as her husband, but after Fred's beating, her every spank seemed just as intense, and to make matters worse, my ding-a-ling stepsister had a big feather and she thought it was a laugh riot to tickle my inflamed bottom with the feather between my stepmother's spans.

I could only squirm in helpless indignation and gasp, "No ... no ... please!" as she smacked my pantied bottom amid the giggling of the female onlookers, who now were practically hovering over me with wide-eyed glee. Mother then took her hairbrush and pounded me with it. I squealed and struggled; it was the worst spanking I had gotten in a long time. Fred said that since I was getting older, my spanking needed to be more intense than what I was used to if they were to be effective.

When she finished, I was a battered and emasculated boy with a red butt that surely glowed through my pale pink panties. I was then forced to stand before the two ladies and sincerely apologize for being such a disrespectful and naughty child. Finally, Maxine let the ladies pull my panties down in back to inspect my red bottom but had them keep my panties up in front to modestly cover my nasty boy things. After their inspection amongst tittering comments, I was sent to stand in the corner, my panties down until the ladies left and it was bedtime.

That was over ten years ago. I am now 24 and still treated this way. I feel I am too old to have my dress pulled up and my panties pulled down in front of guests. It's so humiliating to have my bottom bared and spanked like that. Don't you think a boy my age should be allowed the privilege of at least keeping his panties up when visitors are present? My stepmother considers my demand insolent and spansks me if I even mention it. If you were my mother would you consider my demand a "childish tantrum?" My thin panties don't cover anything; why should they be pulled down in front of spectators?

Mr. J. M. ♦  
#02410

## My Girlfriend Taught Me How to Masturbate In Panties

My mother thought I was cute for a boy, so every Halloween she would dress me up like a girl, put makeup on me and send me out trick-or-treating. It led to disaster when I was in the 6th grade and mom sent me to our school Halloween party dressed as a girl. A couple of bullies from the eighth grade followed me as I was walking home from the party still in my frilly dress and cornered me and started to tease me. They pinched my nipples, raised my skirt and made fun of my panties. One held me and the other one forced me to suck his cock; then they switched places and I had to give the other kid a blowjob too. I went home crying, but didn't say anything to my mom because the boys had threatened to beat me up if I told anyone.

So when my mom saw me and asked why I was crying, I told her I had fallen down and hurt myself, and that explained why my dress had gotten so messed up and dirty. I tried my best to forget about that night, but it haunted me for a long time.





In high school, I started dating a girl who found out mom used to dress me as a girl on Halloween during grade school, and she thought it was cool. When we started going steady, Carole stunned me when she suggested I wear a pair of her panties when we went out on dates "so we could feel closer." The idea strangely appealed to me, and each time I went over to pick her up, she'd discreetly slip me a pair of her panties, and I would make an excuse to her parents to use the bathroom, and go in and change into the panties. When I would get home at night, I wanted to keep the panties on because they felt good to wear, but I thought it wasn't right to wear her panties when I wasn't with her, so I'd take them off and hide them away until I could sneak them back to her.

We did that twice. Then the next time I saw her, I went to her house to listen to records in her basement rec room. She gave me a pair of yellow panties with lace on the sides, and I changed into them in the bathroom. Then, as we were sitting on the floor, she began painting her nails with red polish, and when she was finished, she grabbed my hand and started painting mine too. It gave me such a naughty new thrill, and I admitted I didn't want to take the panties off or the polish off at the end of the night when she pulled out the nail polish remover, but I knew I had to.

I asked her why she liked to do girly things to me like the panties and nail polish, and she said she had been turned on by the idea ever since she found out my mom used to dress me up for Halloween. I told her I thought it was kind of fun, but worried she would think less of me for admitting it. She assured me she loved doing those things with me, and it was our own special and secret part of our relationship.

The next time we were together, Carole had me over to her house after school before either one of her parents got home. She led me up to her bedroom and showed me all the panties she had, stacks of them in every color imaginable. She said she had always loved panties so much, and then admitted to me she loved to masturbate herself in them. That was news to me! I had no idea girls masturbated!

She got me to tell her about myself and how I had just started masturbating myself, but wasn't very good at it. I told her how I did it by putting liquid soap on my hand and jerking on my dick over the toilet until I spurted. It was kind of fun but messy.

She asked me if I wanted her to show me how she did it. Of course, I said I did. She told me I had to first put on a pair of her panties and had me pick out a pair from her panty drawer. I picked out a pair of pale blue panties with lace all over the front. She had me change into them right there rather than go into the bathroom. Nervously, I did. Her eyes were alive with excitement as she looked me over in her panties and tweaked the lace and elastics. She then picked out an identical pair of panties in white and put them on as I watched her lie back on her bed and then put one hand on top of her panties and began rubbing herself. She encouraged me to do likewise, telling me her lacy, silky panties would surely feel better on my penis than the soapy

handjobs I had been giving myself. It did feel great, and that's what we continued to do until she orgasmed repeatedly. I fought to hold back from cumming but finally had to give into this newfound pleasure of panty wanking! It was fabulous!

Afterwards we started to dress. She watched as I took off her panties and wiped the cum off my front, but she had me stop before I started to get dressed and said her mom wouldn't be home for another hour and a half and she wanted to see how I looked completely dressed in her clothes. She dressed me up completely and I danced around for her but then she seemed to get upset for some reason and told me to change back.

We continued dating through high school, and she was a bit of a Jekyll and Hyde, some days she loved to dress me up and other days she didn't. Having me wear her panties was a constant thing though. She was an avid panty masturbator and encouraged me to wank myself in her panties to my heart's desire. She said it was a safe way to have sex and not take a chance on getting her pregnant. Then one night, she had me come over while her folks were gone for the night. She got me dressed up and then pretty much forced me to go with her to a movie like we were sisters. I found it both exciting and scary to be out in public. While at the movie, two boys she knew sat down on each side of us and started making passes. I was getting very nervous but saw Carole start to kiss one of the boys. She nudged me to do likewise. I wouldn't. She whispered in my ear that if I didn't play along she would expose me and I would never live it down at school. So I let the boy next to me kiss me. I was very careful not to let his hands wander too far. He fondled what he thought were my breasts and ran his hands up and down my nylon clad legs and thighs. He forced me to put my hand on his cock through his pants, and just to stave him off, I massaged him and felt his dick get warm and hard in my hand. Carole saw the way things were going, excused herself and asked me to go along with her to the restroom, and once we got to the lobby, we left.

We did several things like that at other times because she loved it, and I even thought it was fun to deceive boys as long as it didn't go too far; I still had bad memories of being faced fucked by those thugs when I was dressed like a girl in the sixth grade.

Carole and I married after I got out of college and got a good job in a law firm; I wore her panties and stockings often, even to work, and she'd make me up and dress me often at home. We regularly made love while I was dressed in nylon lingerie, nighties, nylon pajamas, etc. And I know for a fact she got pregnant one night we were in a hotel in New York City and had sex with me fully made up and wearing a gorgeous nylon and chiffon babydoll nightie with matching bloomer panties. But things changed after we had our son. She said she didn't want him brought up to be a panty wanker. He's just a toddler, but many times he has seen Carole in just a certain pair of nylon panties and pointed to them and said "Daddy's!" So, now for the first time in our love life, I have to go 'undercover' with my obsessive panty fetish! ♦ #01890-M



## Cheerleader Panty Love

When I was thirteen, I went with my big brother to my first high school basketball game and fell in love with Tracy, a brunette senior on the cheerleading team. I was mesmerized and my dick got hard watching her short skirt fly up and expose her panties as she did her cheers. I didn't know cheerleaders wore special tights and thought each time her skirt went up I was getting a peek at her real panties.

I found out she lived in a house not far from us, and I used to go by her house as often as possible. One night I was taking a shortcut through backyards and behind her house I saw a clothesline strung up with four pairs of nylon panties. They all

had lace on them. I can still remember the color of each pair: white, pink, pale yellow and light green. I grabbed all of them. I just wanted to have something of hers.

That night in my bedroom, I got naked, lay on my bed and tossed the silky panties up in the air and let them float down on me. I had a lot of fun kicking my feet up in the air and rolling around against the soft panties. I felt so close to Tracy, and the panties gave me strange thrills as they tickled my skin wherever they touched me, on my face, legs, chest, and stomach and down toward my naked dick as I kept recalling how her skirt flew up and exposed her panties, and here I was with her panties! Suddenly, I grabbed a handful of the panties and followed an irresistible urge to aggressively rub them against my cock. I had my first ejaculation. I was hooked! ♦ #01890-M



## “Little Ladies’” set .. sizes 8 to 14

Because it makes her seem so ‘grown-up’, this 2-piece panty and bra set delights any little girl. Pink nylon tricot. Lace frosted multicolored appliques trim both parts of the set. Lace also edges bra and panty. Nylon ribbon straps on bra. Panty has rayon, rubber puckered elastic top, double fabric crotch and garter tabs. *State size wanted. Shpg. wt. set 4 oz.*

Size is	8	10	12	14
If chest is.....	..26..	..28..	..30..	..32
If waist is.....	..20..	..22..	..24..	..26
18 G 1700—Each	\$1.86.....2 for \$3.66			





## Peeking at My Mom in Her Lingerie

When I was eleven, we lived in a very small apartment, and most of the clothes in my room belonged to my mother because she didn't have enough space in my parents' bedroom. Especially when she thought I was asleep, she often ran in and out of my room in just her slip or bra and panties to get one of her dresses or some other clothes. I was just entering puberty, so it was only natural became curious about her clothes. My interest peaked at times when she got a pair of stockings out of one of the drawers, sat on the chair in my room and lovingly put them on, rolling them up her legs and attaching them to her garter belt. Soon I

started exploring the clothes she kept folded neatly away in my closet and drawers and became attracted to the silky fabrics, pastel colors, lace and ruffles that made them so different from boys' clothes. I got to know my mom's dressing and undressing routines and plotted to be in my bed and pretending to be asleep at times she was likely to come in. One morning she came in without her bra on, sat on the chair and had just put on a pair of her long stockings, I strained to get a good look at her and made some noise; she quickly covered her tits with her arms and quietly asked if I were asleep. I froze in position and didn't make a sound. She then quickly got up and left my room. After that, she rarely came into my room without a robe on. ♦ #01890-M







## Ballet Classes Led to His Panty Fetishism

We lived upstairs of a store front, and downstairs my mom had a dance studio and taught ballet classes. In the studio, I was the gofer and cleanup boy. What I liked best were the beginning ballet classes because in trying to get new girls interested in ballet, my mother gave them a free lesson and let them wear just their underwear, skimpy undershirts and panties, to spare their parents from investing the money in ballet outfits until the girls decided for sure they wanted to sign-up for the full program.

I don't know what originally started my interest in panties, but several years before I do remember seeing an advertisement in a magazine for Corn Flakes, showing a little girl on a swing with her skirt flying up and exposing her pink panties. I laughed so hard at the picture that my mother wanted to know what was so funny. I showed her the picture and she agreed it was funny, but

said little boys shouldn't look up girls' dresses and laugh at them when they accidentally show their panties.

I loved hanging around the studio during those beginner classes to see the girls dancing around in their underwear. I was discreet, and my mom took little notice of me working in the background. A few of the girls seemed a bit self-conscious about my presence and I know some of them asked my mom why a boy was there, but she'd just tell them I was her son and doing work, and I wouldn't bother them. But peeking at the girls sure bothered me!

Also the changing area in the back of the studio was not very private with several little hiding places from which I could peek at girls changing their clothes. I always hoped to see a girl naked but except for just a few fleeting glimpses that rarely happened. So I took an interest in the next best thing: their underwear, especially their panties, and that led me to sneaking into the





changing area when the girls were out taking lessons to go through their things looking for panties the girls had either changed out of or wanted to change into after their class.

Occasionally, when I was sure I wouldn't be discovered, I would steal a particularly nice pair of panties, and of course, that led me to put them on in the privacy of my room and pleasure myself. It was such an astounding turn-on to see a preteen girl in her panties, then steal her panties after she had changed out of them and put those very same panties on and masturbate myself silly.

When I turned fourteen, I was getting taller, and I started trying on my mother's clothes because they started to fit me pretty well. Often, my parents liked to go out for dinner and dancing on weekends and said I was old enough to stay at home without a babysitter. Being alone at those times, I would dress in my mom's clothes; I especially loved her panties, and she had many pairs of fancy deluxe panties. She had so many panties she never missed them (that I know of) whenever I took them. I also liked her slips, nylon pettipants, slinky nightgowns, and ruffled blouses.

One night I put on everything including a dress and went down to the living room. I placed a floor lamp between me and the shade-covered window. I wanted to cast a shadow and strip! Well, when I got down to my panties, there was loud knocking at the door. I quickly turned off the light and hid. I was petrified!

When I turned sixteen, I wanted a job, and a friend of my mother's operated a ladies' clothing boutique and offered me a part-time job as a stock and delivery boy. Talk about luck!

Mom told me maybe I didn't want the job because she thought I might be embarrassed to work around ladies and girls' clothing. I tried not to sound too excited about the job and told her I was just interested in the money and the clothes wouldn't bother me.

Within the first week I was working at the store, I found private time to secretly try on a few of the fancy dresses. Of course, I wanted to try on many of the great slips and bras and panties too, but I was too afraid of soiling the lingerie and being caught, so I started wearing panties under my boys' clothes on days I went to work. It was the first time I had done so and gone outside. But the temptation to wear some of the fabulous lingerie for sale in the store was too great, so I devised a plan: When I found a particularly great slip or pair of panties, I would simply drop it on the floor and kick it under the counter. Then I would leave it there for about a week, until I know it wasn't missed; then, I'd get it out from under the counter and put it in a backpack I kept in my locked locker. Then whenever I had the chance, I'd model dresses with these great pieces of lingerie on underneath! And I usually did that in the locked privacy of the basement storeroom.

One Saturday morning I went in quite early because I wanted to try on a special dress that had just come in along with some great lingerie I had stashed away. I guess I forgot to lock the door, because as I was mincing around, a voice said, "You look cute, Donnie!" The girls who worked there always called me that. It

was Gloria, one of the salesgirls who was always very nice to me, almost like a big sister. I was embarrassed and started to change.

She told me to stay dressed for a moment because she enjoyed looking at me. She said she had suspected I was doing something like that when she saw me purposely kick a pair of panties under the counter and watched me for days until one day the panties were gone and not put back where they had been. That's when she went to my locker to see if she could find them. Most of the girls don't lock their lockers, so when she found mine locked, it raised her suspicions even more. She knew there was a master key to all the lockers, something I didn't know, and she got it and opened my locker and found my stash of lingerie. As she talked to me, she tried to calm me because she could see I was upset and feared being fired and having my parents find out I was a thief and played around trying on girls' clothes at the store. She finally convinced me she wasn't going to cause me any trouble, and she surprised me by saying she would be glad to help me play at being a girl, but at her apartment and not at the store.

Gloria did make me promise to stop all my dressing up at the store, and told me if I wanted anything from the store either I had to have her buy it for me and I would pay her back out of my salary, or she would buy it for me as a gift. I was so delighted with her offer that I readily promised to do exactly as she wanted.

After that, I would go to her apartment at least once a week and she'd help me dress up and we would have fun together. She taught me about makeup and how to choose and wear female clothes. She then told me she was a lesbian, something I barely knew anything about, so she explained she liked girls instead of boys, and of course that made perfect sense to me! She did say she made one exception, she loved gay boys and crossdressers, and she loved going to a local club where drag queens performed. I wasn't old enough to go into those clubs, but she sometimes hung around with the drag queens who got together a lot when they weren't working. She took me to those gatherings sometimes. The drag queens were a lively lot and they made just about every encounter into an instant party. They were great fun to be around, and they loved a young boy like me who loved dressing up. I liked them too, but then I understood; they liked to have sex with guys, not with girls, and not with lesbians, though they did like Gloria as a fun friend.

I wasn't interested in dumb high school girls my own age and thought Gloria was fabulous. I told her I loved her and wanted to have sex with her. She never let me have intercourse with her, but she did love it when I dressed up as a girl and she sat on my face queening me as I gave her oral sex. Afterwards she would jerk me off into my panties as we lay together in her bed in a beautiful embrace. One time she did play the male part and used a dildo on me that she often used on her girlfriends. It was kind of fun, but just as the drag queens realized, she knew I was destined only for straight sex, a heterosexual transvestite if you will, and that was OK with her. After a little less than a year, she moved to southern California and I never saw her again. ♦