

INSIDE

Girls Panties

I caught you peeking
at my panties, little
sissyboy!

Let me have a look
at your panties?

Don't lie to me. I know
you play with yourself
in your panties.

Do you want to go
shopping for panties?
I know where to get a
discount if you buy a
dozen.

Does your wife know
you're talking to me?
And looking at my
panties?



I bet you can't wait to
take me home and
show me a good time!

Don't even talk to me
unless you're wearing
your prettiest panties!

I know where you
hide your panties!
Get them on now!

If your cock droops
when I take my panties
off... how are you
ever going to... oh,
never mind, you're not
any good at it anyway!

Hey, pantywaist!
Take me home now!

No. 3

Revised

Adults Only

Classic Reprint

IF YOU LIKE PANTIES, YOU'LL LOVE THE ITEMS OUR PANTY FETISHIST READERS SENT US WHEN WE ASKED THEM FOR COPIES OF THEIR FAVORITE JERK-OFF MATERIALS. PHOTOS, DRAWINGS, LETTERS AND STORIES FROM BOTH UNPUBLISHED, ORIGINAL MATERIALS AND OLD, LONG-OUT-OF-PRINT PUBLICATIONS.

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION





How to Handle a Pantywaist Brother

When I lived at home, relaxing around the house was difficult because my brother was constantly trying to peek up my dress. He would turn away in embarrassment whenever I caught him looking, but I knew my little lingerie shows had the power to hypnotize him.

Then, one night, I decided to have a little fun. On that particular evening I wore an especially fancy pair of cute pink panties, and I made a point of sitting around carelessly and exposing those sexy panties to his hungry eyes at every opportunity. By the time he had to go to bed, I'm sure he was dizzy with visions of my silky, pink panties.

While he was brushing his teeth, I quickly took off those teasing little panties, went to his bedroom, and laid them on his pillow. After he went to bed, I could no longer contain my curiosity. Knowing he was a heavy sleeper, I tiptoed into his bedroom and tried to discover what

he had done with my panties. I looked in his dresser, his closet and under his bed, but I didn't find them until I slowly pulled back the blankets.

He was wearing them!

I never would have guessed him to do that. Moreover, there was a big, sticky stain on the front of my sissy panties and his little penis was pushing out the silky fabric. I was fascinated. I loved it! And to this day, I still think that the most erotic sight in the world is a hard penis sticking up in a pretty pair of panties.

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Wife of a Panty Masturbator

My husband and I have been married for three years. At first our sex life was great, but it gradually came almost to a halt, and I thought he must have been having an affair. He swore he wasn't, and I believed him, so I didn't know what to think. Then one Sunday morning, I caught him wearing a pair of my panties and masturbating himself. I was shocked and hurt, but after I cooled off, we talked about it. He was very embarrassed.

Then he told me that when he was young he used to sometimes wet his pants, and sometimes it happened while he was at his aunt's on holiday. His two cousins, both girls, were older than him and they would run and tell his aunt, who always undressed him in front of the girls and made him put on a pair of their lacy silk panties because she didn't have any boys' underwear in the house. When he complained they were for girls and he didn't want to wear them, she said they were for punishment. One day the Aunt got really furious and put him into a dress as well and kept him in it all day.

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PRETTY PANTIES

Dear Editor:

I am 45 years old, tall, nice looking and just love, dearly love, to wear pink nylon panties. I have worn panties many years and wouldn't consider wearing anything else. I'm sure many other men wear pink panties. I wear panties every day under my



street clothes. I am not a female impersonator or anything like that — I just love to wear pretty pink panties.

I have over 300 pairs of panties, some plain but most of them saucy. Tonight I have on a pair of pink, Vanity Fair briefs trimmed with white lace down each side. Real beauties. I might add that I have a big cock, 9" to be exact, and it just goes wild over silk panties. So please, all you wonderful panty lovers, speak out, write in, and let's have some nice articles about guys in cute little panties.

Alice E.
St. Louis, Mo.

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CAL868. Fairfield. Bi-TV, 19, wishes to meet understanding woman or other TV who enjoys being seen dressed in public. Will travel to Sacramento or San Francisco Area. Please send photo. TV Swingers 1/4, 1979

Caught in the Ladies' Room

My family had gone away for the weekend and I stayed home. I enjoy wearing women's things, so I went into my older sister's room and got dressed up. Usually I just wear them around the house, but this time I decided to wear them out on the town. I put on her miniskirt and stuffed her bra. With some makeup, I looked pretty good.

I went out to a restaurant near the convention center where I knew high priced call girls sometimes congregate. I wanted to see if I could get picked up. I sat at the counter, and after drinking a lot of coffee, I had to use the rest room.

Inside the ladies room, there were two girls about fifteen years old. It was fun hearing them giggling and whispering stuff about boyfriends as they took a piss, so I just stood at the mirror and pretended to repair my makeup. But I got so excited I went into one

of the stalls and started to masturbate.

I was really going to it and probably breathing much too loudly. The girls must have heard me. I looked up and saw them looking at me from over the top of the adjoining stall! They laughed but said they wanted to help me with my little problem! I was scared, but they convinced me they weren't going to scream or call the management on me. They said they knew I was a boy when I first came into the restaurant, so I guess my disguise wasn't so good.

I opened the stall door, and they came in. Thank goodness it was big enough for the three of us. One girl finger fucked my butt hole and stroked my balls while the other one got down and gave me a blowjob. I had no idea girls that young knew so much about sex. Afterwards we went out to the restaurant and they introduced me their mother. She was one of those call girls and she had her daughters there teaching them about picking up guys! We all sat together, and I blushed like crazy while they told her everything they did to me in the rest room.

At the end of the evening, we went back to my house. The old lady talked me out of a fair amount of money. She kept trying to scare me by telling me how her girls were underage and all.

I paid her without a complaint. And since then, I've called on them to use their services a few more times! And one time we all went back into that ladies room and did it there again because I had found it so exciting!

J. F., New London, Conn.

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Fantasies Not Enough

I dream about raping a guy, sadistically. When I was reading My Secret Garden, I asked my boyfriend about his fantasies. Well, I got him to admit he fantasized about being dominated by a woman in lacy hot red panties, an old-fashioned garter belt and long nylon stockings. I went out and bought the lingerie and wasted no time in getting him under my heel. I even made him put on a second pair of red panties, and then I teased him silly. I got rough and made him beg. He loved it! Then I made him eat me while I verbally abused him. When we got around to fucking, my orgasm was superb.



One of my favorite fantasies is to have my boyfriend suck cock. I cum immediately just at the thought of it. In my imagination I see him dressed in panties and going down on a guy. He looks great with a cock in his mouth. I've asked him if he'd do it. He said he doesn't want to do it, but would consider it if it is super important to me. Guess what!

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Infantile Introduction

David stood before the mirror masturbating, clad, as he often was, only in a pair of his wife's panties. Many mornings, while she was getting breakfast and he was getting dressed, he would take the panties she had worn the night before and put them on. He luxuriated in the feeling of nylon or rayon. He had done it once out of curiosity and found it so exciting he kept it up.

He was just finishing when he heard a horrified gasp behind him. He turned to find that his wife had come into the bathroom quietly and was staring at him in disgust.



Before he could say anything, she turned and hurried downstairs.

His heart pounding, David hurriedly stripped off the wet panties, put them in the hamper and got dressed. He didn't know what he would say or even how he was going to face her. Gathering his courage, he finally went downstairs and into the kitchen. Susan, his wife, ignored him. He flushed guiltily as he sat down at the table and started eating.

Finally she asked, "Well, what's your explanation for that great spectacle you were making?"

He was silent.

"Come on. Why were you wearing my panties? How long has this been going on? What kind of a man are you?"

David started to mumble an excuse, but she interrupted.

"Never mind! Forget it! I don't want to talk about it! You'd better get to work."

David spent an uncomfortable day at work and an equally uncomfortable evening at home with his silent wife. But he was relieved that there was no more talk about what he had done. Things were still chilly the following morning, but when he returned that night, he was surprised to find Susan relaxed and smiling as if nothing had happened. On the next morning, he showered and shaved and then went to his bureau to get his shorts. He opened his drawer and stared in astonishment. All of his underwear was gone. In their place lay half a dozen pairs of dainty, lace-trimmed panties, each a different pastel color. He hardly paused to wonder about Susan's motives, but quickly donned a pair of the pink panties and looked joyfully at himself in the mirror. For the first time he was going to wear panties — and really cute panties — all day, and obviously with his wife's approval!

Susan watched him with amusement as he came self-consciously to breakfast. He braced himself for her comment, but she made none, merely kissed him good-bye, although she ran her hand across his groin as he walked out the door and that brought on an instant erection as he went to the car.

That night, he was grateful when she let him go into the bedroom first and get undressed so he wouldn't have to do so in front of her. He kept the panties on under his pajamas, and she took the initiative in a session of love, which released his pent-up emotion, damned up within him for days. Throughout their love making, she made no comment about the panties, but she did spend a lot of time plucking at the lace and smoothing her hands over the soft nylon covering his cock and butt. Each day thereafter he would wear a different pair of panties. He would return the previously worn pair to the drawer, but soon found that Susan was taking them out, presumably to be washed. But when he had worn the last clean pair and found the drawer empty, he thought, "Uh, oh, I've finally got to say something."

He went to the head of the stairs and called down, "Sue, I don't have any pa ... underwear. Do you have any clean?"

"Just a minute, dear, I have some for you," she called up in an overly sweet voice. He waited, not knowing what she would bring or what she might say. She came smiling into the room. "Lie down on the bed, dear. I have a nice surprise for my sweet little girl."

David flushed, but rather than get into an awkward discussion, he lay back on the bed.

"I've decided you won't be just a girl underneath, but my little toddler girl," Susan said. "As long as you want to wear sexy panties, I'll make sure you are properly humble." She opened one of her dresser drawers, drew out a pair of elaborately frilled pink rayon rhumba panties and quickly pulled them over his feet and up around his waist. "There you are, my big sissy. Now get dressed or you'll be late for work."

"But I can't . . ." David began. "They're so frilly . . . they'll bulge out in back through my pants . . . people will see."

"If you can wear women's panties to work, then you can wear these. You didn't seem to object to what I bought you before. So don't object to these!" Susan said sharply.

David dressed and went to breakfast, feeling the bulging, ticklish lace as he walked. Nothing further was said. He felt conspicuous with the rustling bloomer panties at work, but nobody seemed to notice.

When he came into the house that evening he asked Sue if she could provide him with some adult-style ladies panties instead of these embarrassingly frilly toddler panties.

"If you want me to stay around and put up with your little games, then you'll do what I say. If not, I'll just walk out. I'll have a great time explaining why to our friends."

David retreated and found himself forced to tell her, "I'm so embarrassed to wear these panties. Panties like yours I love, but these . . ."

"You'll wear what I provide you with. You should be thrilled that you have a wife who will put up with your childish little quirks," Susan answered.

And that was the way it was. At least she did let him wear his pajamas to bed over the offending panties. The new arrangement continued the following morning when he dressed, but an embellishment was added. "And here's your breakfast," she said, handing him a nipples baby bottle filled with warm milk and ordering him to drink it.

David was surprised how readily he accepted being submissive to her. He sucked on the bottle almost eagerly, swallowing the milk as she stood over him. His sexual arousal bulged out his bloomer panties.

"None of that, my girl," Sue said as she struck him sharply in the groin, quickly killing his erection. After he finished the bottle and got dressed, he went as usual to the kitchen, fully

expecting to get some regular breakfast. Instead, Susan tied a rubber bib about his neck and then hand fed him some mushy, gluey baby cereal.

"Just right for a two-year-old," as she put it.

The humiliations continued to increase at Sue's whim. His undershirts disappeared and were replaced by dainty, lace-trimmed chemises. And, before she would panty him, Sue began placing a four-inch-long, one-inch diameter rubber penis in his anus and strapping it in so it would remain there all the day. On many nights she would roll on top of him and vigorously bring him to a climax, then leave him to fall asleep in his stained and sticky silky panties. And he was happy when she would let him wear grown-up panties and a simple chemise without the heavy lace and ribbons, which he always feared showed through his regular clothes. In fact, while their relationship had changed, he found that his love for his wife had deepened, and he was embarrassed to admit that he loved the things she was doing to him. Then one day he returned from work, and she spoke to him in a particularly sweet voice (always a cause for suspicion).

"Get undressed, dear," Sue told him. "I want to do something especially nice for you."

Used to following orders, he did as she told him, "Take a shower; then we'll have dinner. By the way, you should have a new name. How about Sarah? That was your mother's name."

David was unbelieving as he heard his own voice, "I'd really like Mary Ellen. I'd rather not have my mother's name."

"Well, well, well! So my little girl really likes her new life. I'm surprised. Mary Ellen it shall be. Now just put on your bathrobe. I'll dress you after dinner."

The dressing was quite different from what had gone before. The frilly toddler pink panties came first, as usual, but then Susan put on, "your very first, very own bra," and filled the cups with extra pairs of his lace panties. Then came one of his chemises, in violet.

She produced a smock top, made with pinafore ruffles in white eyelet. It was designed as a top over pants for a woman, but on David it fell barely a few inches below his waist, so that his pink rayon bloomer panties showed well below it. On his legs went white calf-high socks with a pink embroidered pattern on the sides. For shoes, she had him step into patent leather Mary Janes, like a little girl would wear, only with 2-inch heels.

"It's about time you learned a little about makeup, too," Sue said, and she proceeded with foundation, rouge, lipstick and eye makeup. "It's a bit much for a little girl, but this is a special occasion."

David was both fascinated and ashamed as he saw his face transformed into that of a girl. How much prettier than the male face he saw in the mirror each day.

Over his little frock went a child's bib apron, in pink chiffon, with a white duck as decoration. It was even shorter than his dress. A big pink ribbon was fastened in a bow in the back of his rather short hair. A pair of white gloves, wrist-length, completed his ensemble.

"What's all this about?" David asked meekly.

"Oh, it's a special evening. You go into the den and watch TV. I have a few things to do, and then I'll tell you the surprise."

David found it difficult to concentrate on the TV. He was absorbed by his new appearance, by the tug of the bra, the feel of the makeup. At eight o'clock he heard the front door open, heard Susan speaking to someone and the sound of other women's voices. My God! What was going on? Who was she talking to? He hoped she would get rid of them quickly. He shrank in his chair, as he heard footsteps moving toward the den; the door opened and in came Susan.

"Here she is, girls. What do you think? Mary Ellen, my bridge club wants to see you."

David jumped from his chair, but there was nowhere to go. Before he could move, the room filled with women: Miriam, his wife's best friend; Jean, the dentist's wife; Delia, the neighbor down the street and her daughter, Kathy, the brainy high school senior, and three other women he didn't know.

"Oh, isn't he—I mean she——cute!"

"What an adorable little dress."

"Why, she looks just like a two-year-old."

"Are those rayon rhumba panties he's wearing? I haven't seen panties like that since I was a little girl"

Teasing comments came from smiling and excited lips, as he stood red-faced with his head down; he didn't want to see. It was a nightmare. But Sue's cool voice told him it was reality.

"Come, come, Mary Ellen. The girls know all about you. They've been looking forward to this for weeks. You must be a good little girl."

It was a miserable night. David had to wait on them. He brought them drinks, emptied ashtrays, brought candy and nuts to the tables, heeded every call of "Mary Ellen, I need this" and "Mary Ellen, get me that." In between, he sat demurely on the couch, hands folded in his lap, the subject of frequent examination and wise grins.

About eleven o'clock, Sue said, "Girls, you haven't seen Mary Ellen being fed."

Going to the kitchen, she returned with his bottle, and while all seven other women watched, she had him lie on the couch and start sucking on the nipple.

The coos were many, sardonic and mocking. "What a sweet little baby!" And others like, "I can't resist patting his little lace-trimmed fanny," and "Is that all the bigger his darling little penis gets?"

When he was finished, Susan sternly ordered, "Now go to the bathroom, David-Mary Ellen. Show the girls how you sit like a sweet little girl to do your wee-wee in the potty."

David, hypnotized by his plight, did just that to the "oos" and "ahs" and humiliating tittering.

Then one woman said, "Did you say he has a dildo up his ass too?" And the others wanted to know all about it.

Sue made David bend over and lower his panties to show them. Then she worked the rubber penis in and out of his ass, pressuring his prostrate until he spewed sticky strings of thick white cream across the tile floor.

"Lick it up, sissyboy. You know better than to make a mess!" she said.

Totally defeated, David got down on his hands and knees and licked up every droop of his semen to the screaming delight of the women.

"That, girls, is how you handle a pantywaist husband. He never knew how much he wanted to be a little girl. Please do keep his secret, but whenever he sees any of you on the street or out socially, he'll know that you know."

With laughter and thanks for a "wonderful evening" the party broke up. David knew his life would never be the same.

Adapted from a story by Ellen Sevrier from Rubber Life.

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FRILLY FETISH

I am a 23-year-old male (?) who can't get an erection unless I'm wearing panties, the frillier, the better. I have hundreds of pictures of sexy, bare-breasted girls wearing pretty panties. I imagine I'm one of them who plays with herself.

At home I'm always dressed in a bra (with falsies), stockings, garter belt and panties as well as wig and makeup. I look at the pictures and into the mirror. I lie in my bed, caressing my breasts, thighs and pretty legs. Then I grab my "thing" through my panties and squirm and jerk to an orgasm.



On my day off from work, I spend all day masturbating and sometimes have 7 or 8 pairs of panties to wash by bedtime. When I go shopping I wear a teen bra and panties under my men's (ugh!) clothing and always get a hard-on.

One day, the girl at the counter saw my bra through my shirt. She said, "Do you wear boys' briefs or girls' panties?"

"Panties," I stammered and at the same time I erupted. She giggled and I fled.

How did I get to be like this? My mother told me that she might be responsible for me being this way.

Unwittingly, she lit the fuse, so to speak, during my earliest years. She primed me for the fetish explosion, which occurred during early adolescence. That would have been okay if she had then helped me understand my strange new feelings, but all I remember was something like: "Arnold, why are you wearing my panties?"

"Because they're so pretty, Mom, and they feel so good on my skin and —"

"Take them off, you sissy! You'll grow up to be a faggot!"

That happened when I was fourteen. It was years later, after my mother knew I was a hopeless panty fetishist that she told me things I never remembered, told me that during the first two years of life she's rub my tiny body against her silk panties . . . because when she did it, I giggled and seemed to like it.

Growing up and not remembering stuff like that I call infant amnesia. I think we all have this condition to a degree — our earliest sexual feelings from our first couple of years of life that get blocked forever from our conscious mind unless someone tells you about it like my mother was brave enough to do for me.

From Fetish Times

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Transvestite Husband

My wife, Kim, has a new friend, Cindy, who has been coming over often lately. She is only fifteen, has long blondish brown hair and a slender nubile body. Kim is often angry with her and orders her around like a little girl, but Cindy seems to like it and always does what Kim tells her to do. Sometimes they wrestle in the living room. Kim always wins by pinning Cindy on the floor with her knees.

A few weeks ago I watched Kim struggling with Cindy as she tried to get the girl to touch her pussy. Cindy refused finally gave in and put her hand on Kim's pantied cunny lips through the V opening in her unzipped jeans.

Kim said, "I've won. Now start rubbing my clit until I tell you to stop."

They completely ignored me, and I was spellbound watching Cindy bring Kim to orgasm. Then my wife made Cindy lick her pussy juice off her fingers. It was torture for me to watch and not be able to participate.

Suddenly Kim asked her if she would like to see a "funny looking girl." Cindy said sure. Kim looked at me and I knew what I had to do. I put on my padded bra, panties and stockings, and entered the living room. They couldn't stop laughing and giggling. Then Kim said, "This funny girl has a cock. Come here and show it to us."

I lowered my panties. Cindy laughed like she had never seen anything so funny. Kim ordered me to make it big. I had it hard as a rock in less than a minute. Then she instructed, "Make that sticky white stuff come out and catch it in your hand."

I was embarrassed and felt silly because they kept laughing at me as I jerked off, but I am getting used to doing things like that.

After I produced a hot puddle of sticky cum, I licked it up on command. The residue left on my hand Kim made me rub all over my face, and I wasn't allowed to wash it off. Things like that go on all the time now at our house. Some of the things she makes me do drive me crazy, but I'll do anything to serve my beautiful Kim.

For the past four months Kim has only allowed me to fuck her every couple of weeks. She does order me to eat her pussy fairly often and that keeps me happy, but I get so horny that when I am allowed to fuck her, I cum in just a few seconds. That makes her furious, and she gives me a beating. She whips me hard and long and then forces me to lick my own "dirty" cum out of her pussy. She ends by showering my face with her delicious pussy piss.

Lately she's been going out with other men because she says I can't give her a good fuck. On the nights she goes out she makes me lay out her sexiest clothes and help her dress to attract other men. When she gets home, she sits back on the bed and makes me swallow other men's cum from her freshly fucked cunt.

I'm sitting here now in bra, panties and stockings waiting for her to come home. At this very minute her pussy is probably being filled with some guy's cum. Soon I'll be getting a beating, and then have to start licking that cum out of her. It may sound crazy, but I will love Kim forever.

Robert J., San Francisco

Photos from *Co-ed Takes a Slave*,
Satellite, c 1968.

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Mother's Panties

I think my mother is being totally irrational ever since she caught me masturbating in her panties. I love to put them on and parade around in front of my mirror, stroking myself until I shoot my wad, usually without even pulling them down. I like the way the wet fabric feels on my penis. I've been doing this secretly for three years, but recently my mother came home from shopping and saw what I was doing in her panties. She took Dad's belt and hit me with it about ten times. Now she says I have a week to get a job and get out of the house, and she never wants to see my face again. Dad tried to calm her down, but she wouldn't listen. She says I'm sick and no son of hers. Please answer this in your column and tell her she's being crazy.



T.D., State College, Pennsylvania

It does seem she's overreacting. While we generally favor doing what feels good, certain accommodations have to be made to your mother while you are living at home. If it bothers her simply because they are her panties, tell her you'll buy your own and never wear her panties again. But if she can't accept your harmless fetish, you'll probably have to move out.

Mary Kay's advice column 5/14/82.

PANTY FETISHISM

My particular fetish is ladies' panties. To my mind, these garments are exquisite, and to me, a stroll through the lingerie department of a store to view a display of panty briefs, lacy, see-through, either plain or fancy, is a wonderful experience. I love handling a great pair of panties. Most any lingerie window display completely arrests my attention. I become so enthralled that the wry looks of passersby do not stop me from standing there and appreciating the view.

My panty fetish is so strong that I once had to end what promised to be a thrilling sexual experience with a girl when I discovered that she was not wearing panties. To me, one of the most appealing parts of love play is placing my hand on my date's panties and gently rubbing her to climax. Love play without panties is like dinner without food!

When I was eleven years old, my initial approach to girls was awkward and messy, until I met Sally Jean, a girl who wore the sheerest white silk briefs. She so enthralled me that I let her take

total control of me. From time to time, she got me to wear her panties under my clothes, and then she'd pull the panties out above the top of my pants so other people could see them. One day she did this so her father could see. He just shook his head and asked me if I was a fag. I was so humiliated.

At puberty, I developed a great love for dressing in girls' clothes and often stole my sister's panties to secretly wear under my own pants. When my mother caught me I was overwhelmed with shame, but that night she bought me three pairs of panties in my size and told me to hide them in my room and use them whenever and however I had to!

I have a happy love life with my wife for fifteen years. However, our lovemaking is best when she makes me wear her sheer white panties and then puts a pair of our daughter's fancy pink lace panties on her hand like a glove and masturbates me.

I expected that advancing years would mollify this fetish, but it grows stronger. I fear as an old man, I may become a "weirdo." I hold an important and respected position in our community and have a fine family and loving wife. My fetish sometimes troubles me. I am afraid I'm a complete panty addict, and I know I'll never change.

R.P., Florida

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Transsexual Boy

My son Gene is now eight years old, healthy and intelligent, but not completely happy. He says he wants to be a pretty girl, just like his mommy. I've never said or done anything to give him a reason to not like being a boy,

This all began when Gene was four and Janice, who is his same age and his favorite playmate, was having a birthday party, but other than Gene, only girls had been invited. Since neither Gene nor Janice wanted him to be the only boy there, they decided he should come dressed up as a girl.

At first I resisted the idea, but Gene cried. So since he wanted it so badly, and Janice's mother saw no harm in it, I took him shopping for a complete outfit including a fancy pale pink party dress, white satin slip, lacy pink satin panties, chiffon-ruffled ankle socks, white patent leather Maryjanes, and even a little coat and hat. I suppose I went a bit overboard, but I had always wondered what it would be like to have a daughter. Besides, I thought I was just playing along with the gag.

On the day of the party I must say, he looked adorable. I enjoyed dressing him up to no end. Looking in the mirror he said, "See, Mommy, I told you I could be pretty like you."

Gene wasn't out of place at the party, and no one ever suspected she was really a he. At one particularly nervous moment, I caught Gene, Janice and several of the girls with their skirts up comparing their lacy party panties. I hurriedly told them to stop it; that nice girls didn't do that sort of thing in public. Actually, I wanted Gene to get his skirts down before anyone noticed his firm little bulge was a little more than girls are supposed to have in their panties.

The party was over by one o'clock, and back at our apartment, Gene cried and carried on terribly when I told him to change back to being a boy. As a compromise, I allowed him to wear the dress for the rest of the day, and I took him out to a matinee of Snow White, plus we went to dinner as mother and daughter. Throughout, he acted very ladylike. We went to the ladies room together, and I must admit, I really enjoyed that.

The next morning, when I pointed out that he couldn't be a girl because he had a penis and girls didn't, he said he knew girls were different 'down there' because Janice had told him all about that and they had even looked at each other several times. He added that Janice told him that if he cut off his penis, he'd be just like her. The real shocker was that he offered to get the scissors for me then and there! Gene now attends school as a boy but switches to girls' clothes as soon as he gets home. This has been going on for two years now, and I don't know what will happen he starts to mature sexually. I am at my wits end. Can a transsexual operation be performed on a child so young? Could I be arrested for dressing him up? Please help.

Mrs. E.L., New York

The Parent's Advisor Newsletter, #55 (5/84)

Husband Maid

My wife is a beautiful, strong, sexy woman. I worship her. I've always felt I wasn't good enough for her, and once I told her so. She agreed that I had never pulled my own weight and told me that thereafter I would have to earn her love. I quickly learned what that meant. A few days later, she had her friends over for their weekly card party, and I was forced to be their maid. My wife dressed me in a garter belt, black stockings, a full apron, some gaudy dime store panties and high heels. After being an attentive maid for the evening, my wife asked the girls if they wanted to have some fun. They all quickly agreed.

I was blindfolded and put on the floor between the spread open legs of one of her friends and forced to perform cunnilingus until she had a series of orgasms. Then the other two spread their legs, and I had to do the same for them with my wife shouting out directions. After each of them had achieved all the orgasms they wanted, my wife had each of them present me with their buttocks — this time it was anilingus.

While I was licking their asses and loving every moment of it, my face slick with love juice, I felt my panties being pulled aside and a sharp tingling pain as my rectum was being invaded. I was being fucked in my ass by what felt like a huge cock. Although I'm not gay, I found myself responding and thrusting my ass back to get more cock, and thrusting my tongue wildly in and out of the ass in my face. All this excitement could only end up one way — all over the carpet. After I was untied and the blindfold removed, I saw my wife had a dildo strapped to her. For a finale, I had to lick my cum off the floor. My wife told me she was proud of me and if I kept being such a good maid, I would earn her love. I've been working hard at it ever since.

Mr. H.R., Georgia

Modern Couples Letters, May 1977

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Mom's Girlyboy

My son Duane is a beautiful young man. He is slight of build and has lovely hair, light blue eyes and fine features. He loves dancing, which his father opposed. That is one of the reasons I got divorced four years ago.

Throughout his life, I have supervised Duane's daily exercise routine and taught him to keep himself trim and healthy. While exercising, he wears little white nylon panties, and I work him until perspiration glistens on his body. Then I have him dance for me for half an hour. If he gets an erection, I slap it with a strap and, afterward, supervise his shower. Then I have him don a nice clean pair of perfumed panties and supervise him as he masturbates to ease his tensions. But I watch closely to make sure he does it right — solid long strokes through the fresh nylon and lace, none of this rapid fist banging, quick spunk kind of action. After he releases himself in a long, pulsating panty cum, I have him clean up, slip into another fresh pair of panties and then take a nap. Afterwards, he gets up refreshed and helps fix dinner.

One day to my delight, he developed a special dance for me and asked me to let him wear a big pair of my high-waisted panties, old-fashioned bra and garter belt while he demonstrated it. I did and the dance thrilled me. As he swiveled his skinny hips and pranced around, his penis bobbed up and down within the panties in a very sexy way. It got bigger and bigger and harder and harder, bouncing and bouncing. It was so wildly erotic that I couldn't take it any longer. I took him to my bedroom, snaked his solid dick out of the leg of those panties and sucked it up. He tasted so good and it was so much fun to have his big cock in my mouth while I could stare at my pink panties with pink lace cuffs, moving wildly only inches from my face. I took a momentary break to get my little whip. It really delivers a sting. Well, I used it on his bouncing butt in those dancing pink panties.

Since then I've taught him how to do anilingus and cunnilingus. I started him on hormones years ago, just small doses, and he gradually developed a very feminine body with gentle mounds, like sexy teenage titties, but I'm careful not to overdo the hormones so that he can no longer whip his dick up into a delightful panty frenzy. Eight months ago, I gave in totally to our life-style and told Duane that he would serve me permanently as a house slave. I know I probably should have refused that temptation at that point and broken our pattern, but the idea was just too attractive.

I kept thinking I could break this off whenever I wished. Now my resolve seems to be diminishing. I confess that I love having him submit to me, even though I know it is wrong and may affect him the rest of his life. So my question is what do I do? Don't tell me to see a physician or minister. I won't, not in this town. I don't know if we can stop what we are doing, I know I don't want to stop, and I don't think he wants to stop either.

Mrs., (Name and address withheld)

Family Secrets Magazine, April 1980

Why Is It?

If a sister catches her brother trying on her panties out of curiosity, why does she immediately try to humiliate him?

Consciously or unconsciously, she is trying to enhance her power over him. His interest in panties is an interest in her and all females. No object is more feminine than a pair of panties, and that is why they are such an ideal fetish to foster in a developing male. Sometimes, just a chance encounter with a sweet pair of panties can hook a male for life! Smart women and girls rarely miss any opportunity to generate psychological trauma in the male. Watch out, boys!

Fetish Times
#53

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Except for the extra baggage in his panties, with his cute little wig, blouse and jumper, my husband looks like a proper young schoolgirl!

Shit-Eating

Panty Slave

I've got a story about panties for you. I'm a slave to three large, heavy women who wear nothing but silky panties around the house all day long, and they force me to be their maid while wearing women's panties too. And since I'm not a transvestite, I do not like being dressed in female clothes, but I do it because they caught me breaking into their house and trying to steal from them. It was either take their punishment or have them call the cops, and since I'm a three-time loser, I couldn't face going back to jail for the rest of my life for simply trying to steal some of their money and jewelry. They know I won't run away or disobey anything they tell me to do because they can instantly have the cops on me since one of the women has a brother who is a policeman, and he knows all about this setup!

The first time they made me get naked and put on a pair of their prissy pink panties, I was terribly embarrassed. I hated it, but they kept touching my penis and when I got hard and ejaculated all over the inside of those panties, they called me a pervert. For such a "disgusting act," I was forced to keep on the nylon panties and nothing else while they had me clean house for them. The panties were wet and uncomfortable, and they laughed about the stinky smell of semen, but my cum soon dried and made a big stain. After hours of cleaning and their constant taunting and teasing, I had to accompany the three women to their bathroom, where I dutifully cleaned their toilet bowl with my tongue. All the while I was doing it, they made me masturbate myself through my dried, spunk-filled panties.

Then they instructed me to lie on the cold tile floor as they took turns standing over me to lower their panties and urinate on my face, stomach, chest, and panties. All the while I had to keep my cock hard with my hands.

Next, Margaret stood over me and lowered her buttocks over my face. I had to lick her butt hole until, all of a sudden, she let loose with a huge turd that filled my mouth and flowed all over my face. I gagged, tried to keep it out of my mouth and fought just to breathe, but the other two women began yanking painfully hard on my penis and viciously twisting my balls until I stopped resisting and started chewing and swallowing shit as fast as I could. As a finishing long squirt of her urine washed over my shitty face, all I could hear was their laughter. They had me scrape some of the shit off and rub it onto my cock through my piss-soaked pink panties. They didn't take their laughing eyes off me until I brought myself to a climax.

Afterwards, I was put in the shower to clean myself up. Then they dried me off and put me into a special pair of their big panties, which were pink and lacy. They had written the words "shit-eating faggot" on them in bold letters with an indelible felt-tip marker. Then I had to perform cunnilingus on all three. Finally, I had to wash all the wet, discarded lingerie in the sink. That pretty much is how my life had been ever since. They keep saying that my sentence will be up one day and they'll throw me out on the street. I can only pray.

N.B., Leamington, Canada

True Sex Letters, May 1981.

Dominating My Pantywaist Husband

My husband has been under my dominance since the day I met him. He had just moved in next door to me, and I caught him staring at all the panties hanging on my clothesline. Of course, he was embarrassed when he realized I had caught him staring at them. Being neighborly, I just smiled and invited him over for coffee. Before he arrived, I took down all the panties and placed them in a neat stack right on the coffee table in front of where he would be sitting. Once he arrived I started to turn him into a well-trained panty slave by openly talking about panties and how pretty they were. I showed him my panties one by one and ended by pulling up my dress to show him the bright blue ones I had on. He was next to tears as he admitted that his Aunt Silvia had trained him to love panties. He really broke down when he admitted that he used to steal pairs of panties from his aunt and put them on to masturbate into. Well, I immediately gave him a dozen pairs of my silky satinette panties and told him to replace his men's underwear with them. Soon I had him regularly wearing teen training bras too. He now admits that although it was humiliating at first, they are exciting to wear. It didn't take long for me to get him into a cute little maid's outfit and have him cleaning my house and doing chores. We got married, but of course, I have never let my sissy husband fuck me. Instead I have sex with a lot of other men. I always make them wear a condom, and afterward, I take the condom and empty its contents into a little bottle that I keep in the fridge. The only sex my husband has is a forced milking three times a day, everyday, whether he wants it or not. I make him jack off in his panties; generally he wears three pairs of panties at a time, especially large ones, for that extra silky feeling from the many layers of nylon. Inside his panties, his prick is in a condom, and when he cums, his jism is promptly added to my cum-collecting bottle in the fridge. Whenever he doesn't perform up to par, and it takes him a long time to spurt, I force feed him a teaspoon or two of cum from the bottle. If he's been especially bad, I make him warm up the cum in the microwave first. Heat brings out all the cum's pungent aroma and, as he tells me, it makes the flavor disgustingly intense.

He has a special pair of skintight satinette panties with a four-inch slit in the rear, which lets me access his butt with a penis-shaped plug. This is great for anal arousal. When I make him wear the plug for a few hours before bedtime, he knows he will find either the nozzle from my douche bag or a pair of surgical rubber gloves under his pillow, which I'll use for a session of anal probing. On such nights, instead of making him jack off for me, I usually do the honors, which I love to do while probing his asshole. My advice to other women: Immediately replace your husband or boyfriend's his undershorts with panties, fancy ones and make him wear them at all times. Turn him into a maid and start fucking around with real men! Milk him into his panties daily to keep him meek and mild.

Angela G., Little Rock

The New Aggressive Women, Vol. 3 #6

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At Auntie's on Holiday

"I'm not finished with you yet, young man," my aunt said.

"If you act like a little girl, I must treat you like a little girl."

She went to the wardrobe and selected some of the girls' clothes.

"From now on we'll dress you exactly like the twins."

My pleading and begging were of no use.

"Do you want your bottom warmed again?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"Very well then, come here."

She held out a pair of green nylon panties with fawn-colored lace. Shamefully I stepped into them, and she pulled them up snug and tight round my burning bottom. A creamy white embroidered silk vest was next, which she tucked into the smooth rayon panties. A short pale green slip was added, then a short gingham frock, white socks and sandals. My aunt seemed satisfied.

When my uncle came home and heard about how I had been bullying the girls, he approved of my punishment and warned that if anything like that happened again, he would have me over his knee with my lace panties down for a spanking with the hairbrush.

And so my punishment continued for the rest of the holiday, including a party frock and frilly pink panties with ruffles across the butt that we wore on Sundays.

Modern Crossdressing Tales, 1972

Big Girl Panties

"Look at these wispy little panties," she teased him as she opened his trousers and drew the soft yellow nylon briefs down over Troy's quivering hips.

"Why, they're almost as pretty as the panties my little girl wears, but they're still designed for little girls. I'm sure some day you'd like to try on some big girl panties. Wouldn't you?"

"Well, maybe sometime I'll let you wear a pair of mine . . . if you're a good boy." Alana teased in a motherly tone.

Gynosupremacist Journal

Panty Tease

I recently read in a woman's magazine that those wonderful high-waisted panties so popular from the 1940s though the 1960s are back in fashion. I got a half dozen pairs yesterday, and I have already tried them all on. They are sexy. I'm going to parade in front of my boy friend wearing them and really tease him. When he gets a horn on from me doing that, I like to smack his little penis and tease him about how he loves my panties more than me. I finish by taking off my warm panties and wanking him into them.

There is a queue of the girls in my office every month waiting to read my copy of your mag. We think your letters about punishing boys with panties and girls' clothes are smashing. Please, can we have published lots and lots of lovely letters telling about boys caught playing with themselves and punished by their mothers, aunts, girlfriends, and wives? We all agree that boys who act like babies and play with themselves should be well punished for their naughty sissy ways.

I like to see a boy being punished dressed in saucy pink silk panties that hug his bottom like a second skin. One pair of my new panties are pink with a scarlet frill around the legs. I intend to use them to tease and punish a certain naughty boy relative of mine. I'm going to cane his cock every time it stands up in the frilly panties I bought for him. I baby-sit him this weekend. I may be writing a letter myself soon on panty penis punishment.

So please keep up the good work, and thank you for a magazine that we girls love to read.

Yours, G.H. Manchester



Cumming to Terms with My Sissy Husband

I want to share with the readers of your fine journal a situation some persons would consider a problem, but which I have found a great and satisfying joy.

Gerald and I met in college and had much in common intellectually and socially. The first few years of our marriage were quite good in most

respects, but I seldom experienced an orgasm until one day while we were on a business/pleasure trip to the Midwest in the scorching heat of summer. While my husband was driving, and with his encouragement, I began to discard my clothes until I was down to just my panties, a beautiful pair of pale pinks with white roses on the hip.

Since I was in the passenger's seat, it was most thrilling as truckers passed us because they could easily look down into our car and see me nude, bare breasts and all except for my sexy flowered panty briefs. The naughtiness of the situation gave me a great thrill. I couldn't resist fingering myself to repeated orgasms through my panties. My husband as well as half a dozen truckers had trouble staying on the road! It was so wonderful! I thanked my husband for letting me do this and asked him if there was anything I could do to thrill him.

Finally, and hesitatingly, he made a strange request. He asked me if he put on the panties I was wearing in our hotel room that night!

I have never regretted saying yes, though I am sure most women wouldn't have agreed.

After I put him in my pretty pink panties, his gratitude knew no bounds. I then added a bra and a silky, full-length pink satin slip. His love and passion continued for hours. The next night I put him into one of my nighties too. He was so thrilled that we scarcely slept that night because of all the sex.

The next day at his convention, Gerald looked perfectly normal on the outside, but only I knew he was wearing a pair of my panties underneath. That night in the hotel, he confessed something that he had never shared with anyone else. He said that the happiest day of his life up until then had been when he was in high school, and for freshman initiation, he had to wear lingerie and a dress to school for an entire day. He has seven sisters, and they happily provided him with everything from panties to a tiara.

And even though he had never felt so wonderful in his life, never again did he experiment with female clothes until shortly before we were married. At that time, we were living over three hundred miles apart. He regularly sent me gifts, mostly lingerie and nighties, and he went on to confess to me that in the privacy of his apartment, he would try on most of those garments before he sent them to me.

He also admitted that in the early years of our marriage, when I would be away from the house for several hours, he would go into our bedroom and try on some of my clothing, but he always replaced the things in the drawers and closets so carefully that I never suspected.

Another marvelous night followed of embracing, loving, cuddling—ecstasy that never seemed to end. The glorious thing about it was that attired in the lingerie, he was interested and passionate, but did not "go off" and thus end all the fun. Our love play lasted all night until about ten o'clock in the morning. I lost count of my orgasms!

However, back at the hotel the following night, I said, "I have had a girlfriend for three days, and I have enjoyed it, but now I want a husband."

Immediately Gerald became impotent! The person who had been so aroused and loving for hours as a girl was completely weak and ineffective as a man! I recognized the situation, made the adjustment and we have had a wonderful love life together ever since. By common agreement, we do the types of things lesbian lovers do for each other. In the privacy of our home, Gerald becomes Geraldine, a darling little schoolgirl as we play out one of his fantasies, and we pretend to be two little teenage lesbians going to it in our dorm room. If most women knew what I know, they'd throw out their macho beasts and get themselves a sissy!

The Modern Marriage Journal, 4th Quarter 1975

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Dear Princess

I was a teenager before I realized the foster home where I grew up with eleven other children was not what one would call "normal." All of us kids led a very sheltered life. In the small town we lived in here in Germany, we were schooled at home, we rarely mixed with other children, and we never saw television or went to movies.

Throughout my childhood, what I remember most are scenes revolving around Mrs. Nerstein, our foster mother. Her usual attire around the house was a full length, pastel-colored nylon slip



worn beneath a constantly open, frilly peignoir or flowered housedress.

While all of us kids were always neatly turned out, she looked like she was always on her way to or from bed. Through the thin slip could be seen her panties, garter belt, nylons and brassiere. Her petite toenails and long fingernails were always painted bright red, and her long blonde hair was usually pulled together in a hurriedly tied french twist. Hundreds of mornings I painted those nails and helped her brush her hair, as she got ready for the day. Now, I realize I was, for lack of a better term, a maid to her, her husband, our schoolteacher, our part-time nurse and most anyone else who showed up on our doorstep.

Mrs. Nerstein ran the house like a storm trooper. One snap of her fingers and we all jumped to attention, including Mr. Nerstein! Not to instantly follow her commands meant risking punishments that ranged from a spanking to the extreme humiliations she was clever at devising. Yet she was utterly feminine and could turn on the charm and make anyone adore her from the moment they met her. Her dominance was intimately tied to her bubbling femininity. Being around her made you love everything feminine and adore her as the supreme being of all females.

She handled us eight boys very differently from her three girls. (All of us were foster children except her real son, Manfred.) Beyond the basics of reading, writing and math, our in-home education focused on traditionally feminine pursuits like sewing, cooking, and cleaning. With a houseful of kids, there was always a lot of work to be done, and we were all trained to keep the house in tiptop shape. The floors were always shined, the bedrooms were always tidy, the furniture was always polished and even the doilies were neatly pressed. It was a showplace.

The state officials were always impressed whenever they visited. Mrs. Nerstein had her way with them as she did with most everyone else. They thought she ran the ideal foster home. She even was written up one year in our local newspaper, obviously some reporter had fallen under spell!

But all those officials and outsiders either didn't notice or saw nothing wrong with how feminine everything was. The whole house was bedecked in frills and painted in pretty pastels. The furnishings (even in the boys' rooms) were the traditionally feminine French or Italian provincial with delicately woven brocades and lace-trimmed coverlets (that we children made). How could anyone miss that this was an exceedingly feminine place to raise eight boys.

We used the basement as our schoolroom. It was always neatly decorated with flowers, pretty pictures and samples of our sewing projects. We never made masculine clothes, just feminine clothes like hats, skirts and lingerie (even us boys had to make them). I supposed it was all part of her approach to emphasize the feminine and put down the masculine.

Occasionally, one of us boys would be punished with what is called "petticoat punishment," but it was not a punishment that Mrs. Nerstein used very often. Even then, she usually limited it to tying a bow in the hair of the boy being punished. It made him look silly and the rest of us kids taunted him and called him names.

Mrs. Nerstein had very strict rules about the clothes boys and girls wore. All of us kids were trained to appreciate delicate feminine fabrics, fine lace and prettily decorated girls' clothes. We boys were taught to not only make those clothes but also to expertly wash, iron and repair them. All of the girls had big closets overflowing with beautiful and classically feminine clothes. We boys had barely more than the clothes on our backs. Nothing was ever said about our clothes except how dull and drab they were in comparison to what the girls got to wear.

All of us boys admired the girls' pretty clothes. There were many instances in which one of us boys secretly tried on some of the girls' things. Due to our surroundings and the way we were being brought up, it was probably only natural that most of us boys would get curious. But boys wearing girls' clothes was strictly forbidden. Mrs. Nerstein made it very clear that boys were second-class citizens. They were not worthy of dressing like girls. Over the years, the lines between boys and girls (and their beautiful clothes) were so rigidly drawn that, I believe to some degree, every one of us boys either wanted to be a girl or at least wanted to try dressing up in their clothes.

Whenever one of the boys was caught trying on some article of girls' clothing, Mrs. Nerstein humiliated him in front of the help as well as the whole family. The first time I remember that happening, I'll never forget. Ernst, who was two years younger than me, was caught sitting in the closet in the girls' room playing with a cancan petticoat. The top third was made of silky nylon that flared out into four tiers of gathered netting, each tier edged in lace. The petticoat was entirely in white with the exception of a dozen or more little pink bows that were placed every few inches around the bottom hem of the slip. They were right on the edge, just begging to peek out from beneath a girls' flippy full skirt.

The girls caught Ernst and dragged him along with the bouffant petticoat out in front of all of us. Mrs. Nerstein had him strip on the spot. Nudity was another thing. All of us boys were regularly stripped of our clothes in front of the girls for changing clothes, getting ready for a shower or for one of our punishments; however, we boys were never allowed to see the girls without their clothes. We did frequently see them in their lingerie, even just panties, but we never did get to see them completely naked.

So Ernst was stripped of his clothes and Mrs. Nerstein put the slip over his head. She didn't pull the slip down. She left it with the waistband around his neck and the slip cascading down from his shoulders like a silken waterfall, reaching halfway down his body, but it wasn't long enough to hide his little penis and balls, which were still peeking out from below. His arms were trapped inside the slip so it looked like he was in a silken cocoon. All of us kids laughed and called him names, like "stupid sissy" and "pansy." Mrs. Nerstein had taught us all how to humiliate a lowly boy in need of punishment, including all the names he could be called. Of course, we were taught the definitions of all those names too.

Ernst cried. He tried to cover up his privates, but Mrs. Nerstein told him not to be a nasty little boy and to keep his hands off his penis. He complained to her that the stiff netting of the slip scratched his penis and made it hurt. That prompted Mrs. Nerstein to fetch him a pair of panties that all of us knew were hers. She explained that they were pink and had bows on them to match the bows on the slip. She made Ernst step into the panties as she held them open before him.

They were too big for him, but that just made us laugh at him all the more. Her ban on boys wearing female clothes didn't apply if the boy was dressed so ridiculously that he was a laughing stock.

Mrs. Nerstein pulled the panties up high around his waist, so high that they went all the way up to his armpits. Next, she made him ask each one of the girls to give him a spanking because he was naughty to play with their clothes. The girls took turns putting him over their laps, making a great show of pushing the many stiff layers of the petticoat out of the way and smoothing the big panties all across his squirming bottom and twitching back. They spanked him with glee using a fly swatter, Mrs. Nerstein's favorite spanking implements for a light spanking.

After the spankings, his punishment continued. He had to sit next to Mr. Nerstein for the rest of the night and pretend to be his girlfriend. Mr. Nerstein cuddled with Ernst and teased him. At bedtime, Ernst, still in his slip and panties, had to french kiss Mr. Nerstein before going off to bed. Tears rolled down Ernst's cheeks, but he knew better than to resist.

Mr. Nerstein was a weird bird. He seemed to enjoy kissing Ernst. All of us boys were very embarrassed at witnessing the kiss, but all the girls and Mrs. Nerstein laughed and cheered him on. Years later, we learned he was homosexual. Mrs. Nerstein herself told us and explained how she became pregnant with their son. One of her husband's male lovers masturbated him to get him hard enough to penetrate her. Then the boy kept stroking her husband's cock and playing with his balls until he shot his load. For a while that was a nightly practice until she got pregnant. After that, they never had sex again. Throughout the years, Mr. Nerstein had his lovers, but of course it was kept a secret from us kids. We just thought his boys showing up around the house were handy men or delivery boys.

Years later, we also found out that Mrs. Nerstein was somewhat of a lesbian. I say somewhat because she loved to have her pussy eaten. She didn't much care if it was a man or a woman doing it, even though it usually was a woman, especially her doctor friend, our teacher or our nursemaid. (I think eating her pussy was one of the job requirements!) Her husband often performed this duty for her too. Even though he didn't like doing it, it was a small price to pay for having a good life, a wonderful home and all the boy lovers he could want. Of course, all of us kids were off limits to him. His lovers were all of legal age, but he liked them young, and all of us boys were aware that he often gazed at us with strange stares, but we didn't understand they were wanton looks.

Enemas were a regular ritual. Whenever any of us kids showed the first sign of illness, we were marched to the bathroom for a huge, gut-busting enema. Another unusual part of our upbringing was the little corsets we had to wear. While us boys were not dressed in girls' clothes, we did have to wear little corsets to keep us trim and make sure we stood and sat with good posture. They were custom made for us by an old woman who had a corset shop in a neighboring town. Every few months we were all marched off to her shop for corset fittings. Of course, the girls' corsets were satiny and frilled with bows and lace. We boys had corsets with strong stays and snug elastic panels, made of a heavy satiny fabric too, but without the feminine frills. It was made clear to us that these were for posture reasons and to keep us from running around like crazy hooligans. And, make no doubt about it, they worked! It was difficult to bend over much

less slouch while wearing one of those body-stiffening things. And we couldn't run around and exert ourselves because it was impossible to take a deep breath while wearing one of those corsets. All of us kids wore the corsets without complaint because we had always worn them and thought all children wore them. We had no idea they were considered very old-fashioned, much less something boys hadn't worn since the beginning of the century.

For us boys, the most amazing thing about our upbringing was the fact that we were fed female hormones in our food. Mrs. Nerstein was not trying to turn us into girls. She did it thinking that the hormones would keep our boyish spirits down and keep us more manageable. I remember the doctor giving us regular checkups about every three months. I always wondered why part of the examination involved her rubbing my breasts and tweaking my nipples to see how sensitive they were.

There was one situation in which us boys could dress as girls and act girlishly. That was when we put on one of our little plays. We were constantly writing, producing and acting in little skits and plays. It was our entertainment since our home was without a television set. Most of us boys never missed an opportunity to play a female role because it was a chance for us to dress up and act like girls. I played a girl hundreds of times. I always looked forward to dressing in the beautiful clothes (most of which we made ourselves) and prancing around like the swishiest little doll you could ever imagine. In many of our productions, some of the boys had to play outrageous female roles like cancan girls, strippers, whores, and fairy princesses.

My favorite type of role was to play a traditional housewife type because that meant I could wear beautiful lingerie including a bra, which I was always very excited about. And in such a role I almost always got to kiss my "husband" (one of the other boys). I really liked kissing a boy in these circumstances especially with my false titties pressing into his chest. A lot of the boys would get a hard-on when they kissed me in these love scenes. It was very exciting.

Compared to the other boys, I was slight in stature and naturally feminine in my demeanor. And that contributed to my becoming a personal maid to Mrs. Nerstein when I got older. In that position, I had to take care of all of her clothes personally, including her exquisite lingerie, making sure all of her clothes were washed, ironed and maintained properly. She knew I loved everything feminine and being able to handle her delicate lingerie. She'd often tease me in private and let me wear her panties and bra while I waited on her in her room. She'd laugh at me and call me a "sissy" and all the other humiliating names, but I loved it. I knew I was a sissy maid and not worthy of any attention except humiliation. She even gave me some hormone cream and an electrical breast massager so I could enhance my breasts. When she gave me those things, I cried with joy. She also (unknown to me) upped my personal dosage of female hormones. Within weeks I was sprouting two beautiful little mounds capped with enlarged (and very sensitive) nipples. She spared me the humiliation of being stripped of my shirt in front of the others, even though I was so proud of my titties, I think I would have loved showing them off.

The biggest shock came one night when I reported to her bedroom to help her with her nightly routine. There, kneeling in the middle of the floor was Manfred, her son. She always called him "Manny," the English version of his nickname, but she'd say it with a little laugh to mock his

"manliness."

She had me undo his belt and pull his trousers open. As they fell to his knees, I saw that he was wearing a pair of panties, beautiful purple ones with white and pink bows and lace, exceedingly feminine panties fit for a sissy whore.

When I saw those panties and his huge penis pushing out the front of them, I knew he was as thoroughly hooked on panties as I am. With both of my hands, she made me hold onto his penis through the silky panties. I just had to hold it, softly cradle it and report to her whenever it jerked or bobbed in my hands as she berated him for being a closet queen, a fairy pantywaist and a faggot like his father. That was the night I learned all about him and Mr. Nerstein, father and son homosexuals. She had always hoped he would turn out that way and now she had her wish. She made him admit out loud that he wanted to be a girl so he could have sex with men. She called the three girls into the room, and he had to tell them the same thing all over again. I just sat there on the floor next to him, still holding onto his panty-covered penis, which throbbed and twitched in my hands.

To the joy of the tittering girls, she announced that she was going to turn Manfred into a girl. Then she commanded him to shoot his cum into my hands. Under her direction I manipulated his penis through his panties. It barely took more than a dozen strokes to send him over the edge. As he shot his spunk, he cried out that he was in love with me! I was shocked to hear that, but Mrs. Nerstein and the girls said they had known for a long time. I was so embarrassed that I wanted to hide, but I couldn't leave without permission. All I could do was blush and sit there with my sticky hands still cuddling his cock!

The next morning, Mrs. Nerstein called a meeting of everyone in the house. She announced that she was turning Manfred into "Millie" a girl with a penis. Manfred entered, walking very stiffly, when she called. We soon found out that he walked funny because he was already under training for man sex with a big butt plug up his ass. He was dressed like a little girl in a pink bouffant party dress. His lacy rhumba panties peeked out from beneath the folds of his exceedingly short skirt. Everyone laughed at him because with his short hair he simply looked like a boy in a dress. But Mrs. Nerstein quieted us down and told us how she was letting his hair long and giving him medicine to develop his breasts. I think most of the boys in the room that night envied him. He was going to become one of the privileged class!

To show us all that he was indeed a faggot sissy, Manfred had to crawl over to his father, undo the man's zipper and haul his big cock out. Manfred had to suck off his father and choke down his spurting cum. The girls loved seeing that. We boys were all very embarrassed. (Yet I know some of us were sporting a hard-on wishing we would be next!)

After that, Manfred dressed in girls' clothes all the time and slept at night with his father. Almost daily changes were made in Manfred's appearance. He had his ears pierced and hair dyed, was taught how to use makeup and regularly spanked on his panties when he didn't act like a perfect lady. When he turned twenty-one, Manfred was sent away to get a sex change operation! Today, he's an attractive woman and Mrs. Nerstein's devoted loving daughter. She loves him now more than she ever did as a son!

Love you darling,
Rudolf (a.k.a. Sissy Rosa)

The End of Inside Girls Panties #3

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