

INSIDE

Girls' Panties

No. 10



Adults Only

If you like frilly, old-fashioned panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from unpublished, original sources, current news and old, out-of-print items that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty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

Since 1981

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

Seduced by Mom

When I told Donny to go on up to bed and I'd tuck him in, I'm sure he knew from the way I had said it, it was going to be more than a little goodnight kiss and a simple 'sleep tight' wish. I took a small stack of dainty lingerie with me as I went to his room. Wearing a wicked pair of white nylon panties, high-waisted panties with old-fashioned eye-catching lace and ruffles, I went in, sat on the edge of his bed and put his hands on my tits. He touched them and squeezed them out of my rose-patterned bra I let him fondle them. His eyes darted back and forth between my bra-encased tits and fancy panties. I had been nurturing his love of lingerie, leaving sexy items in his path, letting him see me undressing, even masturbating him into panties I had just taken off. His touch on my breasts was gentle, and I reacted by squishing my ass and cunt in my panties, flaring out my thighs, feeling myself going hot and my nipples erecting.

Since my innocent young boy was preoccupied with my body, I dressed him without resistance, telling him we were having fun and he should just go with it and enjoy what I had planned for him as I was slithering a black satin garter belt around his skinny waist and smoothing long nylon stockings up his legs to

meet the garter straps that I snugly clasped into place. I caressed his babyish cock and balls – they looked so strange yet so erotic framed by a garter belt and nylons. He was aroused. I kissed his prick and licked my tongue across his balls, his quivering balls – so smooth and inviting. The panties I selected were pink and high-waisted. I hurriedly eased them up his legs because I couldn't wait another moment to see him in them, and the sight of his ass in the shimmering nylon thrilled me. His body

trembled as I ran my hands over his pantied bottom and planted a half dozen little kisses on his penis jumping around inside the pink nylon. I snapped his leg elastics and made him squirm as I moved my hands to his front. We both gasped as I touched Donny's panty-covered penis. My plan was to make him fall in love with me and no one else – the woman who first gave him his lingerie fetish and such traumatizing pleasure. He was a spectacular sight in lingerie. I had wanted to do it for so long and now I was doing it. To sell him on the pleasures of lingerie I wanted to coax him into cumming into these divine panties. I wanted him to wear girls' lingerie always and always be a slave to me. In exchange he would have access to my body and I would teach him forbidden thrills that most boys have no idea exist.

I love to play with my pussy and orgasm in my panties, and I know lingerie-crazed guys love cumming in their panties. During my travels through the wide world of weirdoes I've



gotten to know several panty fetishists – I always admired their drive, their unlimited need to masturbate into panties and their total dedication to anyone who wanted to be a part of their game. And that's what I wanted for my son: I wanted to control him and make him forever indebted to me and in exchange I'd send him skyrocketing into pantyland, never again to be interested in much of anything else – just me and panties.

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I'm a woman and I love to masturbate by rubbing myself through my nylon panties, but I'm sure it's nothing compared to the pleasure a panty perverted guy gets when he panty masturbates himself silly. I wanted my little Donny-soon-to-be-Donna to shoot off in his panties. He was still too young to spurt; nevertheless, I teasingly wanked him into his silky panties. He wasn't too young to experience a very satisfying dry orgasm, and I was transporting him there. He humped and bounced around almost knocking us both off the bed. I kissed his ears, his neck, his throat. I used my wet tongue to explore his sensitive ears, and then I sunk my teeth, gently but decisively into his neck and shoulders, leaving hickies like a horny teenage lover.

"Oh, mommy, you're driving me crazy!" He gasped. I responded with intensity, "I want to drive you crazy, baby. I want to make you into my own personal little panty boy and make you feel good like this all the time." I mashed my ass into him bumping and grinding my hips up and down his torso — from shoulder to waist and from front to back. My arms moved over Donny's skin, the palms of my hands cunningly sought out the sensitive areas of his bare skin and then down and over his silky panties and drove him wild, ping-ponging the panty waist elastic and pushing his cock and balls around inside the sleek panties. I know how to touch. I pressed a hand down his front and between his legs; through his panties I cupped his excited little boy balls and cock. He was erect and getting harder.

One bad thing about a young boy – he cums quickly, but I wanted to go slow. I took his cock and rubbed it into the fabric of the panties, masturbating the head with one hand as I rubbed the neck of his cock into the silky material with my other hand.

A confirmed crossdresser understands the magic of lingerie and female clothes and the way they stimulate by touch and sight. The sound of rustling silks and nylon and the aroma of used panties can excite. Just mental images of a panty fetishist's favorite panty scenario can excite him more than most men can be turned on by direct physical contact. And a woman who understands a fetishist's mind and what thrills him will have the eternal love and devotion of that fellow forever. That's what I wanted to do with my little Donny.

I can suck a cock off through a pair of panties and make it ten times better than on bare skin – and I was going to show my boy this and many of the other sexual Wonders of the World. I pinched his nipples between my teeth, sawing and chewing. He was getting aroused all the way. His hands moved all over me. He took my tits between his hands, mashed them together, popping my nipples into his mouth, sending thrills and flashes of heat through my boobs. I squished my pantied pussy up against his leg and humped him, feeling wicked but without guilt about making a panty fag boy out of my cute little kid. I was doing it. He whispered, "I love you." That was enough for me. I began to grind every inch of my flesh into his, my hands busily at work on his panties, teasingly pulling the panties up and down with one hand, exposing his ass for him to see in the big mirror beside us, and then covering it again. He began to ejaculate, his

dry orgasm was intense. The dew drops of cum he did shoot I captured in the exotic fabric of his nylon panties, rubbing it in, messing it into the soft cloth and letting him feel the wetness.

He lay back, a bead of sweat coursing languidly down his forehead, a wistful expression of satisfaction and still present longing on his face. He was content, but the sexual stamina of a young boy is astounding, and I could tell he dreamed of more. I wanted more too.

I moaned, "Oh, I want you to eat my pussy, sissy boy," as I pushed his head down and pressed his face to my cunt. Twisting around into the 69 position, while keeping him between my legs, I nipped his tight cock and balls through the panties he wore. His skin was hot! I rolled my hands down his back and to his panties, dipped inside them enough to expose the contours of his beautiful tight butt. I poked my forefinger in and out of his asshole.

He gasped and moaned, "Oh, you're fingerfucking me! It feels so good." I laughed lightly and said, "Donny, you like it up your ass, huh? Since you're turning into a real fag sissy, you can handle two fingers." I then slid two fingers in and out of his butt hole, doing it made my hot pussy drool in my panties. I pressed my fingers all the way up into him, then swiveled my hand left and right, and rotated my fingers inside him

"Oh, mommy, do it to me, do it some more!" he moaned. He bit my tits. He chewed circles around my nipples and then stretched the buds between his teeth and bit down hard, leaving bite marks. He licked up and down along the inner curves of my tits. I pressed my boobs together, bouncing them on him and burying him into my titty valley. He took my ass and kneaded handfuls of my white pussy and tail meat in and out of my white panties. On him, I pulled one hand up as I stroked the other down his pantied cock as I chewed his cock through his fancy boy-killing panties.

"Oh, make me cum," he screamed. His cock throbbed to another orgasm – and so soon after his first! OH! The sexual intensity of a young boy! I took the fabric of his panties into my mouth, gobbling up his cock along with the material. My saliva wetted it all the way through as I sucked him through the girlie material. Now I was getting very hot, sparks were igniting in my pussy as I approached my own explosion. He dug his fingers into my ass, crushing my silk panties and bottom into one and the same – the panties became part of my body.

"I'm going to cum," I screamed even louder than he had. I threw back my head and crushed every inch of my panties, body and tits into him. I was dizzy with the knowledge that he was now a panty pervert – I was so happy and so proud of myself. It's great what a determined mother can do to her little boy – make him into anything she wants him to be, even if she wants him not be a boy but a flaming sissy with an unquenchable need for panties and eternal love like no other boy has for his mother. ♦

A Little Tale of Sissy Love

By Coquette

“We shouldn’t be in mom’s bedroom like this, Danni,” said Robert, apprehensive about his friend’s intentions.

“Golly gee! What a bra!” gasped Danni, who with the quick skills of a boy used to plundering ladies’ bedrooms, had already discovered Mrs. Smith’s lingerie drawer.

To Robert’s dismay, Danni threw off his shorts and T-shirt and rubbed one of the silk bra cups to his naked cock.

“No, Danni, no,” said Robert.

But Danni’s dexterous fingers were a blur and in seconds, and Robert saw his mother’s bra being filled with Danni’s quiet pulses of warm boy cum. “M-m-m-m-m. I love it,” he sighed, as if his pleasure was no more than a stick of candy could give him. Robert stood, stunned at his friend’s shocking disrespect. Danni put down the sperm-soaked bra and comforted his blushing friend. “We can wash it afterwards,” he said, “don’t trouble your pretty little head about that now.” He had taken Robert’s hand and they were sitting on his mother’s bed.

“You can have the panties,” he said.

“No, Danni, I don’t want to...”

But Danni was holding his mom’s slinky panties in his hands and fondling them. “Gosh ... I just love full cut panties. How can you bear to be in the same house as these and not shoot your little load into them every day?” Robert was too stunned to notice Danni’s fingers undo his shorts, or to resist when Danni swiveled his legs on to the satin bed and whipped them off. “You’re as pretty as your mom,” he said, putting Robert’s feet into the panties. Robert sighed as Danni pulled them up his slim legs, patted his bottom, and went to the dressing table for something. His mom’s panties did feel so very nice, and they covered him and that made him feel better, so that he was hardly surprised when his penis sprang up in pleasure inside them.

“Look what I got,” said Danni, sitting beside him.

Robert watched him wide-eyed as he pursed his lips and applied his mother’s lipstick, slowly and cleverly, just like a real lady. Trying not to grin, Danni ran his wet tongue slowly around his mouth, until a fat drop of clear saliva hung from his lower lip. Robert shuddered, just a little: he did look so... “Did you really like my mom’s bra?” he asked, sweetly. Danni touched a finger to Robert’s knee and let it slip up his thigh. “You know I did,” said Danni and, moving his smooth fingertip with the lightest most feathery touch he could control, he watched Robert’s flesh quiver and thrill, until he felt the warm little bag, soft as whipped cream and, curling his finger under Robert’s pretty scrotum, breathed, “But now, darling, I must attend to my sweet lady.”

Robert threw back his head on his Mom’s soft pillow. “Oh, Danni...” he sighed, curving back and squeezing his buttocks just a little, just



enough to lift the beautiful panties towards Danni’s face.

“You sure fill your mom’s panties beautifully,” said Danni gently taking the waist in his fingers and lifting it lightly over the head, careful not to touch its swollen beauty with the ravishing silk. “Oh, my. So pretty!”

Danni kissed his sweetheart tenderly and felt his/her flesh soften. He gently nipped her between his milk-white teeth. He smothered her with lipstick from bottom to tip, and rolled back her yielding foreskin with his tongue. “First love is so innocent,” he whispered, licking down to her little bag once more. With a wide grin, he felt her smooth purse crinkle on his tongue.

“Oh, my sweet girl,” he said, “You love me, too!” While Robert’s hot pulses flew on to his mother’s pillow, Danni’s voice rippled with the girlish giggle that Robert so loved. “I know the way to your heart, my darling.” Robert felt Danni’s nimble finger pierce him and felt his bottom squeeze it in gratitude. Danni flipped him over and pulled down his Mom’s silk panties. Robert spread his legs. “Sweetest panty boy,” he whispered. ♦







My Girlfriend First Pantied Me

My girlfriend and her sister were the first ones to put me into panties. I was 15 at the time and so was Nancy. Tilly, her older sister, was 17, and she didn't like me very much. She was never hostile but often made cutting comments in reference to me.

I was at their place one evening. Her folks had gone out for the night and we were alone. Her sister came downstairs and was uncharacteristically friendly toward me. Then the two of them started talking about playing "dress-up." You can guess who was supposed to dress up, and in what. Neither of them had ever suggested such a thing before, and I was dumbfounded—and

unwilling. I kept saying no, and they kept trying to persuade me. "Just once, Ken," they kept saying. "It'll be fun."

They took me up to Nancy's bedroom, where I had never been before, and Nancy started getting out lingerie. To get me to go along with them, both Nancy and Tilly undressed down to their panties. I had never seen a girl in just her panties (outside of my kid sister), and I had never seen bare titties in person, so I was interested but kept saying no. Tilly poured me a glass of wine. Sherry, I found out is dangerous stuff if you don't know about it, and I didn't. She gave me only the one glass, but between how they were in just panties and the Sherry, it was enough; once it had taken hold, I laughed and said, "Why not?"





Now I was getting interested because I realized I would have to take my clothes off in front of them in order to put on any of hers, and the prospect of doing that in her bedroom excited me.

Everything they got out was pink and black and lacy. It all fit me perfectly —black garter belt, hose, pink panties, and a bra. It didn't occur to me to wonder why it all fit until later. Wearing her things, I felt simultaneously ridiculous and sexy, and very conscious of the soft satiny fabrics on my body.

I was just beginning to relax and enjoy the feeling when I heard someone come in the house and was coming upstairs. I feared their parents had come back home, but it was worse! The next thing I knew my cousin Deanna came running up the stairs and

burst into the room, and there I was, wearing nothing but Nancy's lingerie. I had been set up. Nancy and her sister had planned this and had bought the bra, panties and everything else just to fit me. My cousin was Tilly's best friend, and Deanna had told them how she had put me into a dress (but not any lingerie) when we were little kids for Halloween. Tilly and Deanna then had talked my girlfriend into doing it. I think Tilly just wanted to embarrass me and have something to hold over me.

Deanna came prepared and had a camera, and they took pictures and threatened to show them to everybody if I didn't cooperate. That brought me to heel. They put nail polish on me and make up, and then they made me lie on the floor and play with myself through the panties while they sat around in a circle and watched





and played with themselves through their panties. If I hadn't felt so ridiculous in those clothes, I would have found it unbelievably sexy. As it was, I had a hard time getting it up and coming. When I finally did, they all laughed and applauded.

That had been on a Saturday night. The next day I was feeling weird and upset, worrying about what would happen with those Polaroids while I was in my room and trying to concentrate on my homework. I knew that somebody had those pictures and if they got around school, I'd be dead.

Then the doorbell rang, and I heard girls' voices and my mom talking to them. It was the girls from the night before and mom called up to me and soon after the girls all tramped up to my room. They handed me a girl, and inside was a box of chocolates and all the Polaroid pictures! The enclosed note read, "To Ken, for being a good sport." I was so relieved I burst out laughing but I was crying tears of joy too.

Finally, when I got control of myself, I was so happy that I joked with them that if they ever wanted a repeat performance, I just might be available.

Well, there was never a repeat performance, but that evening marked a change in my relationship with Nancy. We started being intimate after that. She admitted she liked me in lingerie and started having me wear bras and panties and other items many of the times when we got together to fool around. She liked to undress down to her own bra and panties and then we'd fondle

each other in our lingerie. "Having panty parties," she called it, although she had me in a good deal more than just panties. Not surprisingly, I came to love wearing all those things. She bought me more lingerie, but kept most of it at her place since I was afraid of trying to keep hidden too many of those items at home. I had a kid brother and sister who always got into everything of mine, and that made me nervous. Nancy also told me that her sister and my cousin often got together, took off their clothes, all except their panties and had a mutual panty masturbation session, and they often took pictures of themselves doing it!

Nancy and I were together throughout high school. She went away to college whereas I went to a local college, but before she left town, she gave me my whole collection of lingerie. By then I had demanded much more privacy at home and wasn't afraid to hide them where I was sure they wouldn't be disturbed. I missed her, and as often as I could, secretly, I would put them on, even if it was just a pair of the nice nylon panties and masturbate myself silly. I only saw Nancy on rare occasions when she'd be home from school, we did get together but eventually she got into a deep relationship with another guy. However, Tilly went to the same local school I attended, and I ran into her frequently. She was always very nice to me, but she gave me the feeling like she was looking at me and trying to figure out if I had a bra and panties on under my clothes. Yeah, I was paranoid, especially since in private moments, she'd made an odd reference to that time I jacked off in panties for her, her sister and their friends. I've been a lingerie addict ever since. ♦

Handsome, Very Masculine Potential Boyfriend Turns Out to Be a Pantywaist

The first time I caught my roommate Marv in my panty drawer was on a Sunday afternoon. I had just gotten home from grocery shopping and saw the door to my room cracked open. "Marv!" I snapped when I saw him. I caught him, abruptly, just as he was holding up a pair of my flowered white satin panties. He jumped, dropped them, and slammed the drawer shut. He looked around and put his hands in his pockets, blushing. "I, uh..." he scrambled, "I thought some of our laundry got mixed up." I gave him nasty look, and said, "Yeah, right!" as I pointed for him to get out of my bedroom.

A few weeks later I caught him again; this time going through my dirty laundry and examining my panties. I thought he was still doing it but was better about not being caught. However, on several occasions, I did notice panties in my lingerie drawer had not been put back how I had left them, and that made me realize this was a habit for Marv. My sister had an old babycam, and I borrowed it from her and set it up in my bedroom in a way that showed both my dirty laundry basket and the dresser where I kept my panties. I made sure there was a good assortment of both dirty and clean panties to be had. Two days later, after I had been out for the day, I caught him on videotape in my room going through my dirty laundry, put a pair of dirty pale blue panties over his head and then go into my lingerie drawer take out a pink satin pair and put them on. He then left the room. About an hour later, just before I was due home, I saw him on the video come back into my room and put both pairs of panties into the dirty laundry basket. I assumed he had masturbated into them, and when I check the basket, they were damp like he had tried to wash out his piggy boy juice.

It made me feel a strange and uncomfortable because my privacy was being invaded by my roommate, who was such a conservative guy, but who I now thought was pretty weird. We had not spoken much since he moved in, and I did want to get to know him better, and from the start I saw him as a potential 'hot' boyfriend. Yes, I had a thing for Marv, I'll admit. He was always the big brother type. Well built, very masculine. Definitely not gay. But I had to deal with the fact that he had a thing for my panties. After thinking it over for a few days, I realized his fetish I could turn into something. From the moment he answered my ad for a roommate, and I met him, I was sizing him up as a lover. But he was such a find that I had doubts that I could land him, but now this panty thing! I thought it might be the key to landing him.

I had taken many psychology courses in college, so I pulled out some of my old psyche books and came up with some ideas. Then I set up a trap to catch Marv, and I caught him in my dirty clothes hamper, I shouted his name and called him a sick pervert. He jumped and dropped what he was holding, a lavender slip and matching panties I had worn the night before. He then sputtered

something about missing a few socks. "You lying bastard," I scowled. I was in tight jeans in boots, a cutoff t-shirt and no bra. Hell, it was Sunday, and I was casual, my hair was up in a high pony tail to keep it out of my face. "I wonder what your friends would think if I told them," I snapped, grabbing the pile of clothes from the floor and tossing them back into the hamper while he stood dumbfounded.

"I... please..." he hesitated. I put a finger to his chest and backed him up into the wall. "You will do as I say, Marv. You will do exactly as I say, or that little envelope in your room will make its way to your friends."

"What envelope?" he asked, his eyes widening a little.

"Go look; it's an interesting video. I'll stay in my room and leave you alone to take it to the living room, pop it in the VCR and watch it; then come and talk to me." Of course, Marv was gone for quite some time. I let him sit alone and look closely at the combined video I had compiled from all the tapes I had taken of him with the babycam, including one scene of him actually jacking off in my panties in my own bedroom! Yes, I had Marv by the balls. And this was just the beginning.

It was almost an hour before he sheepishly knocked on my bedroom door and I told him to enter. He was crying. Within an hour, I had all of Marv's normal underwear gone. I made him kneel in his bedroom and watch me go through his clothes and dirty hamper, and I took every single pair of boxers and briefs he owned. "What are you doing?" he asked nervously.

"Shut up." I snapped. He kept quiet, and soon I had all his underwear in my arms. I left the room with it and came back with a lavender colored box from Bunny Belle's Lingerie and Corset shop. "This is what you will wear," I told him. Marv took the bag and slowly peeked inside. Three pairs of lace panties in pink, black and light blue in his size. His face turned bright red. "This is just the start, Marv boy," I sneered. I hiked up my short skirt quickly, showing him the white flowered pair of silk panties I was wearing. "Soon you'll be in these. Remember them? I'm sure you do; they're the first pair of my panties I caught you stealing!"

I had lost interest in ever wanting Marv for a boyfriend; the relationship I now wanted was to have Marv as a sissy slave, and with my evidence, he had to go along with my wishes. Marv's slut training, as I called it, progressed quickly. And I liked it more and more. Soon he was cleaning the whole apartment wearing nothing but a great pair of full-cut panties and sometimes some thigh high stockings and high heels and makeup too when I had time to do him up. He would wobble around crazily in heels at times, which was quite a little show for me. I made him tell me what a sissy whore he was, and on command, he had to pull down his pants so I could check to see that he was in his panties. Best of all, I sent him to Bunny Belle to buy lingerie to add to his collection, but I didn't tell him I knew the store owner. When the owner, Jennifer, a tall beautiful blonde rang him up at the



counter, she added with a seductive smile, "I'm sure these fabulous panties will look wonderful on you, slutty boy." Later, I heard from her that he had nearly died. We giggled on and on the phone over that. And the next day, I caught Marv again in my dirty clothes hamper.

"What the fuck is your problem?" I snapped. "Can't you get enough? I have you WEARING YOUR OWN PANTIES, now, yet you still have to pilfer through my dirty clothes!"

"Please, forgive, me ... I ... I can't help it," he blubbered, blushing and standing before me in nothing but his white satin panties with powder green lace trim and thigh-high black stockings, holding my white girlie panties with red hearts all over them. I had a date arranged for the evening, and right then I heard the doorbell. My date was there, right on time. Marv both looked up in shock. "You stay right here, slutty boy. Keep holding my panties and don't move an inch," I ordered, forcing him down onto his knees, still holding my panties in front of him. "Wouldn't you hate it if Rick saw you like this?" Rick, my date, was also one of his good friends. Marv looked mortified. I left him kneeling there, hissing to him that if I came in and caught him masturbating with my soiled panties, there would be hell to pay. And I told I would be back later, but in the meantime, I commanded that my panty pervert boy wait right there.



I went downstairs and Rick and I had been making out on the couch for almost an hour, his hands all over my tight body and his fingers creeping down toward my crotch. A few times he had slid them down into my panties and I ached for him, rubbing my pussy against his touch eagerly. As a result, my panties were soaked, hot, and wet with desire for Rick. Then I went back up to Marv in my bedroom after excusing myself from Rick on the couch, after telling him I needed to change into something 'more comfortable.' I entered my room and went to my closet. Marv was still kneeling there helplessly. I bet he could hear my moans all the way from downstairs.

Ignoring Marv, I went through my lingerie and selected a devilish pair of black satin panties, a black bra and then a full-length white satin slip. Yes, this was the night I was going to fuck Rick for the first time. "Rick's going to get to fuck me tonight," I told Marv. His face dropped with jealousy. I walked over, held

up my skirt and stood with my crotch near his face. "Smell that? That's how turned on a real man makes me!"

Marv moaned to himself and shut his eyes, but I grabbed his head and held it against my wet pussy, in my panties. "I bet you'd love to get your hands on a pair of panties as wet as these!" I told him, rubbing my fingers between my legs. Indeed, I was wet, and my panties were soaked. I shoved my wet fingers into Marv's mouth and told him to suck. Here he was, kneeling in panties and stockings, sucking off my fingers. "What a slutty girl," I smiled, knowing I was about to fuck his friend downstairs.

I had special plans for Marv this time. It came over me quickly, and the urge was hotter than the caressing I had received from Rick. I peeled off my wet panties and dangled them briefly before Marv as I reached into my utility drawer, fumbling past scissors until I found a roll of silver duct tape. Marv watched me carefully, eyeing the panties, the duct tape, and me. As I trussed up Marv with the tape, reminding him of our pact and the videos I had of him to prevent him from resisting. He was my panty slut to be used and I wanted him never to forget it. I put my soaked panties over Marv's head and wrapped duct tape around his chin and face to make sure they were secure, the wet crotch right over his nose and mouth. He moaned and struggled, but a warning knee to his

pantied balls shut him up quickly. Next I duct taped his wrists behind his back, his ankles together, and hog-tied him. "I'm going to go fuck Rick in the guest room across the hall," I told him as I trussed him up. "And maybe later the two of us will pay you a visit!"

Marv moaned and whimpered, and I left him curled up on the floor. He looked helpless and uncomfortable, but his cock was hard and it bulged out the front of his panties, and this little sicko's boner was dripping pre-cum. As I changed into my freshly selected lingerie, right in front of him, I made cutting comments to him about how funny and disgusting he looked, finally dragging my full length mirror over and propping it up against the bed so he could see himself while I was gone. He peered as best he could through the panties and duct tape, and then lowered his head.

Before leaving, though, I pulled up my white satin slip, crouched down over his face in my heart-decorated panties and showed him my ass. I then pulled aside the crotch of my panties and rubbed my hot cunt on his face. "Look at what you can never have, sissy boy." Longingly, with a whimper, he looked up toward my glistening pussy.

Rick and I fucked like animals. We fucked on the couch, then in front of the fireplace, and then somehow he ended up with me pinned against my room door, slamming his hips so hard into me that the door rattled. I'm sure Marv could hear everything. Rick was panting, plunging his hard cock into me, gasping, "Let's go into your room, to the bed ... c'mon ..."

I was smiling but Rick couldn't see it. I was smiling because I'm sure Marv heard that, all trussed up and smelling my sweet scent, mortified that any moment we could come barging in and see him. I admit the idea excited me. Getting on the bed and having Rick fuck me like mad while my little sissy boy watched helplessly in panties, all wrapped up in duct tape. So useless and helpless. But I let him keep fucking me up against the door, and my moans became screams, and when I came, I'm sure the neighbors heard in addition to Marv.

It was well after 3 AM when Rick left and I went back into my bedroom, my slip, bra and panties much worse for wear. There was sweet little Marv, all curled up in a ball with my panties still over his head.

He looked up sleepily, his cock still pulsing and throbbing in his panties. Now they had worked their way down a little, but I promptly pulled them up taut and in the meantime rammed his balls hard, the panties riding up his ass painfully. He winced. I smiled. I was glowing, I know. He could see it. I was a woman who had been fucked hard, by a strong man, all night long. "I know I said you'd never get to taste me," I told Marv as I started carefully cutting away the duct tape. "But I lied." His breath was hot. He was moaning softly. He smelled like my pussy the juices that had covered his face.

"But actually, all you will really taste is Rick," I said as I sat on the corner of the bed, opening my legs wide, hands on my thighs. "Crawl over here," I ordered, "and clean me up before I go to bed. Marv crawled over to oblige, and not only did he clean me out, he gave me two more orgasms in the process. When we were done, I lay there in exhaustion, and kicked him away. "Marv," I sighed, breathless, "I think we may have found your niche ..."

Our relationship did continue to grow; I took Marv to increasingly higher levels of humiliation. I loved embarrassing and making fun of him. I no longer had any respect for him, and I took delight in tearing down his false masculinity.

He remained my slave and property. He wore only his panties and stockings in the house, even in front of some of my guests. Of course, he always wore panties under his clothes, sometimes a bra and a slip too at my command. Marv was not allowed to

masturbate or date women; I prevented him from masturbating by duct tape binding him up whenever I wasn't there to watch him, like when I was out and during the night.

Of course, I had sex frequently with many different men, and at times I made Marv watch, tied up, as I had my pleasure. Afterwards, having Marv clean me out was standard procedure. Eventually, I made Marv suck off a guy who I was more than willing to shame him and shoot off in my slave's mouth. And one time, without warning Marv, I invited over a bunch of my girlfriends so they would catch him dressed like that sissy whore he was; I think it was the most embarrassing and humiliating night of his life. Most females are holy terrors when they have a chance to humiliate a pathetic male.

Unfortunately, I finished college and needed to move back home to find a job, and Marv and I parted ways. We kept in touch via mail for awhile, but last I heard he was serving a dominant couple as a housemaid. I admit, I miss him sometimes. I miss him when I come home and go through my dirty panties and don't find any missing. Mostly, I miss him after a good fuck, knowing the job he would do on me as soon as I got home. ♦



How I Came to Accept Being a Sissy

I was born in California in the late 1940s, the second son of a well-to-do Mexican family of four boys, and like my brothers — and all Mexican males — I was taught to be macho from birth — but with me it really didn't take. Even though I grew up, have now been married for over thirty years, and my wife and I have two grown sons, I'm not your average guy.

I am not gay or bisexual, and not withstanding my normal appearance on the outside, there is something different and very special about me. I believe the difference started because my mother dearly wanted a daughter. Before my two younger brothers were born and it was just my older brother and me, my mother often said with a bit of sadness in her voice that I was so pretty and wished I had been born a girl. However, as far as I can recall, she never treated me like a girl or dressed me in girls' clothes. Nevertheless, during that time, I did develop a great interest in girlie things. Why? Was it my mother's influence? I don't know.

I was five years old when my little three-year-old girl cousin was first brought to our house for us to play together. Her mom worked and mine didn't, so this became a regular thing. My older brother didn't like me and never wanted to play with me, so I often played with Marie. After noticing how pretty her clothes were, I took a big interest in her and her clothes. Compared to the things I wore, her clothes were so fancy and colorful. I was particularly taken with the fancy rhumba panties she wore under her exceedingly short dresses. Her lacy panties were almost constantly on display; there was no way I could miss them. I was curious and had touched her panties on a number of occasions, wanting to know what something so pretty felt like. The ticklish ruffled lace and silky nylon of her panties were smooth and tickled my fingers. It was only natural that I then wondered what they would feel like to wear.

So one day I suggested we play a new game I called "let's switch our undies." Little kids love underwear jokes and talking about underwear, so I easily convinced her it would be a lot of fun, but for me, it was much more — I wanted to feel her panties on my body. She hid behind one sofa while I hid behind a chair. Next, she took her panties off and threw them to me and I did the same with my underpants. I struggled to slide into her panties as they were rather small. After donning each other's underwear we

jumped out into the open and laughed loudly pointing our fingers at each other. Our parents heard the noise and came into the living room to see what we were doing. My dad immediately guessed correctly that the game was my idea, and he spanked me hard over the panties and then lectured me how boys should never, ever put them on.

Mexicans are very close-minded and conservative (although hypocritical), especially in regards to sex. All Mexican men and boys are expected to be thoroughly masculine and have no interest in anything feminine, and my father took special pains to instill in my brothers and me that boys should be tough and never cry or let their feelings show. He taught us never to backdown from fist fights, and to be *macho*, overbearing, and conquer as many females as possible. Contrastingly, women and girls were expected to be submissive toward males and virgins until married, and then completely loyal to their husbands. Boys wearing girls' clothes? Completely out of the question. Period!



My interests in female things I suppressed and shoved back into the deepest corner of my mind, but I always knew it was there, and I didn't do anything about it until I was in high school with a lot of idle time on my hands and often in the house unsupervised.

Throughout my life, my mother hand washed her lingerie and left them on a dry on a rack in our bathroom, but as puberty hit me, I started to look at those clothes in a different way. I liked looking at them, and they reminded me of my little cousin's fancy rhumba

panties from years earlier. I was a fourteen year old with a constant hard on that seemed to harden even more and ache as I'd look at and touch my mother's slips, bras and panties. Day after day, she hung her dainty clothes up and I would look at them.

One particular day — I don't know what was different about this day from any previous day — I went beyond looking and touching; I took a pair of my mother's bright yellow panties and tried them on. They were beautiful, full-cut, panties with a large flower-embroidered on each hip. (I will always remember those panties with deep affection). After getting into them, I stood in front of the bathroom mirror. Immediately, I fell into the embrace of those silky panties and totally let myself go as I junked the years of macho attitudes that had been drummed into me since birth. I couldn't keep my hands off my butt, balls and penis encased in the panties and I jerked on my dick like a pile driver and with no thought of the consequences, I unloaded my cum into my mother's precious panties.

That was 43 years ago. Since then, I have worn panties on several thousand occasions, and today, I wear panties all the time. And each time I wear them is as joyful and satisfying as the first time. I found that panties are a very addictive, and there is simply nothing else like them — at least not for fellows like me who seem have hard-wired into their psyche this very unmasculine craving for panties. It isn't something I can switch on and off. From the time I tried on my little cousin's rhumba panties, the urge must have always been in me, lying dormant and waiting to be triggered into action by that lovely pair of my mother's captivating yellow panties. And I know the urge will never go away, and I would never want it to go away.

But coming from my Mexican heritage, which harshly condemns anything sissy, I developed a profound guilt complex that followed me throughout my life. On countless times I struggled to free myself from my addiction to panties, but the harder I tried, the more they haunted me, and the harder I fell when I did succumb to their lure.

After that first time when I had exploded in my mother's panties, I panicked when I saw how I had stained them. I immediately washed them out, and my mother came home a short time later and found them soaking wet on the drying rack. She asked me about them, and I told her I had accidentally knocked them off the rack and then washed them out because they got dirty on the floor. She looked at me funny, but I'm sure she believed me. I was very careful after that to pull down her panties at the last minute before firing off my balls.

My mother was a very small woman, so as at fourteen, her panties fit me nicely, but I was growing and soon her panties were becoming too tight for me to wear and I had to find another source of panties.

I had always enjoyed Angelina, our young, pretty live-in maid, who wasn't much older than I was. She had two days off each week when she would stay with her parents and sisters and

brothers. On one of her days off, I snuck into her quarters and explored her lingerie. I was thrilled to see she wore slips, bras and panties a lot fancier than the things my mother wore. I couldn't resist wanking into a pretty beige and white pair of her panties and then stealing a pink pair of her panties to keep in my room. The day after she came back from her day off, she came into my room after lunch holding the panties I had masturbated into (I did not sperm into them but had pulled them down before ejaculating). Angelina said she knew what I had done in her panties and wanted to know what I had done with the pink pair I had taken. I was stunned — how did she know? I had been using my mother's panties for almost a year at that point, and I had never been caught outside of that first time when I had successfully lied my way out of it to my mother.

The maid didn't believe any of my lies and insisted I tell her or she was going to tell my mother — and worst of all — my father! I broke down and cried and told her not to tell them. Angelina ridiculed me for crying like a little girl, and she wouldn't back down until I admitted what I had done and showed her where I had hidden her pink panties in a shoe box in my closet. I handed them to her, but she threw them and the beige panties into my face and told me I could keep them because she was never going to wear them after I had dirtied them.

I told her I didn't want her to be angry with me; she said she was a little angry but understood boys had problems like that. She just warned me to stay out of her room or she would tell on me. I promised. Instead of her hating me, she actually warmed up to me and we became good friends. At times when we were alone, she would ask me if I was still wearing her panties and doing naughty things in them. My red face and stammering to find words to say let her know exactly what I was continuing to do. She would laugh at me. Then one day she said she was sure the panties she had given to me were a mess and needed to be washed, and she took me into the bathroom and showed me how to properly wash out my dirty panties. I think I fell in love with her that afternoon.

After that, we spent many free moments together and she did surprise me with a new pair of panties at times. She knew I was crazy about her, and I think she enjoyed me in panties. Then one day, I asked her how she had found out about me that first time. She surprised me by saying that two of her three brothers had stolen her panties over the years and did the same thing in them that I had done. That so surprised me because I had no idea any other boy in the world would ever want to wear girls' panties. But she shocked me even more when she told me she knew I had been playing with my mother's panties for a long time. She said on many occasions I had not properly put back my mother's panties and she had guessed what I had been doing with them, and she would wash them out, make them nice and then put them away for me. Then I nervously asked her if my mother knew, and she said she was sure that my mother didn't know, especially since my mother was always on the go and probably was too busy to notice. Angelina said she kept her lingerie and panties very orderly and neatly folded and upon coming back from her day off knew someone had been into her panty drawer. Plus with her

knowledge of her own brothers, she guessed accurately I was the prime suspect. After Angelina left us, I began stealing panties from clothesline and friends' houses when I could get a chance to sneak into a bedroom or find a laundry hamper. It was very risky and more than a little scary. So eventually I summoned the courage to go into a store and buy myself panties. To my pleasant surprise, apart from a few raised eyebrows and giggling sales girls, nobody seemed to care when I would buy panties.

I did fall in love with Kate, a beautiful girl I worked with at a start-up computer software company. We were married and for over two years, I managed to stay "clean" and keep from her my secret love for panties. I kept a stash of panties and masturbated into them frequently, and I was doing it more and more as our marriage went on, while at the same time making love to my wife less and less. Finally the tension was too much, and one day, while we were having a particularly intense argument, I summoned up enough courage to tell her. While confessing, I thought my marriage was finished. To my surprise, she took this matter quite calmly. Kate is British, and being non Mexican, I guess she wasn't stuck with that macho mentality brainwashed into boys and girls having my heritage.

Kate wasn't crazy about my wanting to wear panties all the time but was very understanding. Eventually, she agreed to us having sex while both of us were wearing panties. We were close to the same size, so I could easily fit into her panties. I told her it would really thrill me if she bought me some panties of my own. She admitted she thought that was a little weird, but she finally did on my birthday. And after I opened the box and found a darling set of three pairs of very femininely styled panties in pink, yellow and pale green, she said that it thrilled her to do it. She said her biggest joy came from telling the saleslady that they were for me, her sissy husband! But there was more! She gave me more gifts, and she advanced my panty fetish even further as she had purchased for me two beginner bras, two slips - one full slip in white and one half-slip in pink and both with large hems of lace, and then a real surprise a garter belt and nylon stockings that I had always considered deliciously feminine and kind of naughty. That night, for the first time, she had me appear before her fully dressed in my new lingerie. Both of us were highly aroused. After that, she periodically bought me panties or items of lingerie to add to my fetish collection.

But as time went on, my wife changed, she became more dominant — I didn't mind — and she started taking more control in the bedroom. We were having less and less intercourse because she thought I was becoming more and more of a sissy. I assured her I wasn't, but her sexual desires changed, and instead of intercourse, she began to prefer having me spend long periods

eating her pussy, and for spice at such times, she would call me sissy and faggot names.

Eventually, my wife had to go through a total hysterectomy. It left her a little depressed, and then she said she missed sex with a real man and wanted to find a 'real man' to fuck her. To say that I was shocked would be a supreme understatement, but I was not completely against the idea because I could never go against her on anything. Well, she did find a guy she wanted for sex after hunting around on various dating web sites for a few weeks, and I gave her my OK after she convinced me it had nothing to do with love, she just wanted a good 'straight' fuck. After it happened, it was the first of many, many such nights. She immediately came out of her depression, and I was happy because she seemed to have a new enthusiasm for my dressing up. She even enjoyed me standing before her and masturbating in my panties. That led to her having me appear before her various men in my lingerie. They would both laugh at me, especially when she would make me sperm my panties while both of them watched.

As I said, I am not gay or bi, but my wife has been hinting around that she would like to see me sucking off one of her men and maybe even have them fuck me in my butt. That does not interest me, but my wife has a way of getting what she wants from me, and I know if she pushes me enough, I probably will do it because I do love her so much and am so thankful that she is so accepting of my panty fetish. ♦





With the full support of his mother, a young boy loves to dress up and pretend he is a girl, but after his father discovers the boy in a dress, he becomes very angry and disowns him, and his wife and son pack their bags and leave.





"Come on, Sammy, take it like a good sissy maid. Panty boys with tiny dicks like you are only good for toilet duty. So, drink up, pansy; don't let all my sweetness splatter all over your silly face!"



The End

