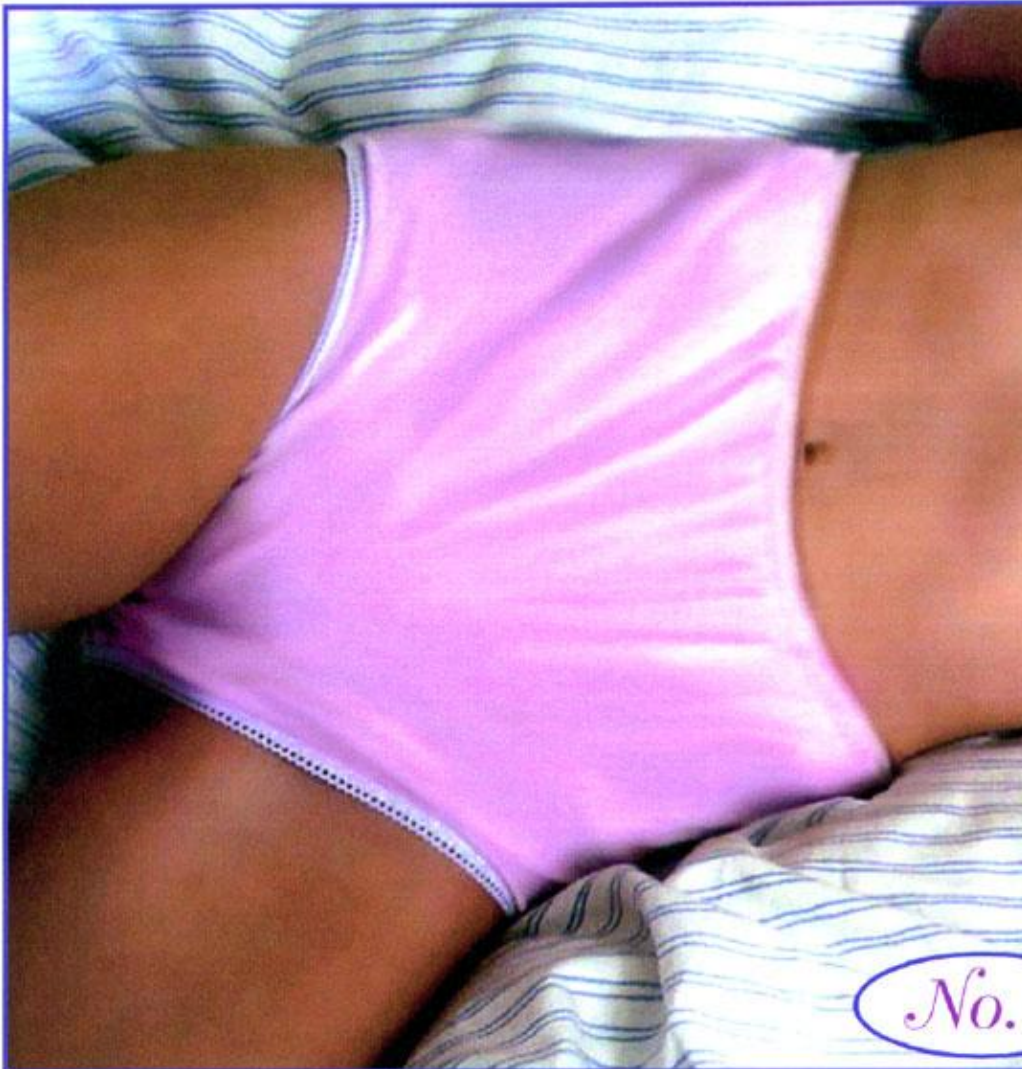


INSIDE

Girls Panties



No. 5

Revised & Enlarged

Adults Only

Classic Reprint

If you like frilly, old-fashioned panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from both unpublished, original sources and old, long-out-of-print publications that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty jerk-off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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION



Amateur Drawing from a Reader

Listen, Marjorie, the male ego—which I equate with the penis—has caused enough grief on this planet; therefore, I think most males should be feminized. However, some males, like Harold here, are an exception. It wouldn't do any good to hack off his penis, that doesn't necessarily make a man feminine. Instead, this type of man can be put to use doing heavy work. As long you can keep such a man under your thumb, he can be handy to keep around. Keeping them in line means keeping them physically tired with hard work and sexually drained with a lot of sex—not with women, of course. No, just keep your macho male supplied with sissyboy rear end cunts. He'll learn to love 'em! I'm lucky to have Jimmie, my femininely developed son. My old man can't get enough of the kid's pantied ass! More mothers should do the same. It's very rewarding to have a sissy son. They're so devoted! So if it means dressing them up in panties, nylons and garter belts and giving them prolonged hormone shots so they can grow breasts and feel feminine, then so be it. Feminize all men or keep them in check with feminized males. -- *Love magazine*, 1978



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Dominated By His Cousin

Wow! Jimmie, this
feels so-o-o-o
good! Did you like
the new panties
I bought
for you?

Oh, yes,
Daddy! I
loved the
new panties.
Now give it
all to me!



who plays with his penis! But no matter. I am delighted to see that this babyish practice (and it is babyish) is now being nipped in the bud, so to speak. Of course boys don't like it, and isn't it only natural that they will have their tantrums?

Quite apart from the cane being used on baby's penis—and I hope the girls who are caning them are laying it on good and hard and not being put off by baby's tears. I have found that to invite other girls round to tease and ridicule him is a punishment a boy really dreads.

My husband had always spoken of his cousin Rita, as a stuck-up, snooty woman, yet at a wedding reception we all attended, I found her just the reverse. In fact she was great and lots of fun. So you can imagine my husband's reaction when I told him that Rita was coming to stay for a full week, and that things would continue just the same as normal while she was with us.

"Please don't dress me up while she's with us. Oh, please, no! "

"On the contrary," I smiled, "your cousin Rita will have a free hand with dressing and undressing you if she wants.

"I intend to explain to her in full about your past and present babyish masturbating ways, and so for the next two weeks you've got something to think about. Haven't you?"

Leading up to her arrival, he was begging me every day not to let Rita come, but I was quite adamant that she was coming. Moreover, she was welcome to take him in hand! Came the day of Rita's arrival and I selected a pair of little white frilly panties with pink rosebuds on them and a short satin dress I had made for him, all very babyish in style. His face was crimson as I tied a ribbon around his neck with his dummy hanging from it.

During the morning while we awaited Rita, he had quite a little outburst about being humiliated in front of his stuck-up snob cousin as he referred to her.

Down came his frilly little panties and before I'd had time to give him half a dozen slaps, Rita arrived. I made him remain bent over the couch while I took her coat and case, and then began explaining just why he was getting a smacked bottom.

"Please don't let me stop you," she laughed. "Carry on by all means."

I made him take up a position over my lap so that Rita could see his face, and she was in her element.

"Only a hand spanking," Rita teased, and standing so that he could see her actions, Rita began unfastening the belt from her skirt.

I had his penis held tightly between my knees so there was no danger of him avoiding his spanking, and I felt his miserable little piece of meat harden further and pulsate as his cousin removed her dress to 'get comfortable," and in doing revealing a beautifully frilled, full-length

pink satin slip. I suggested to Rita that since it was to her his insults had been directed, she should do the honors.

What a strapping she gave him!

I could watch every stinging slap as it landed first on one cheek then the other. His bottom was soon as red as his face and neck and, although he made a brave attempt to keep them back, he was reduced to tears after five minutes, and I can't say I was surprised.

Rita put his dummy in his mouth saying, "There, there, did he have his little bum smacked, all red and sore?"

While we unpacked her things, I explained the reason for his baby dress. She was amused.

"My, you've got him dancing on a string. Don't you?" she laughed.

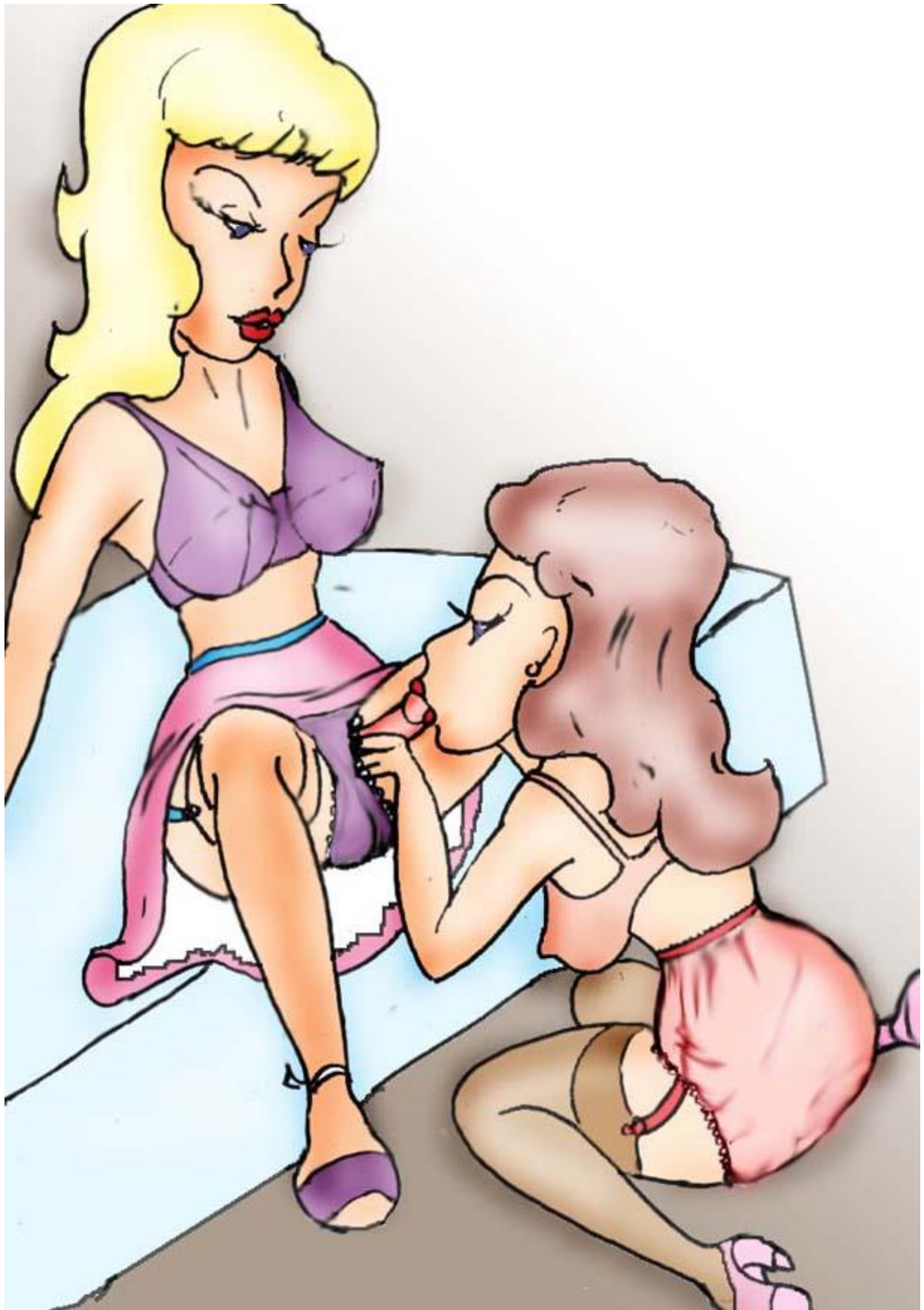
I agreed, and said she could make him dance any way she wanted during her stay.

"I'll make him more than dance," she laughed. "Believe me, I'll make him squirm!"

Considering she had been in the house less than a half an hour and already had him in tears, I could well believe her. And she didn't disappoint as she teased him and pried information from him during her punishment sessions. She was able to get out of him that he feared I was turning him into a homo with my forced transvestism. To that, our delightful Rita, told him about Eric, her 15-yr-old crossdressing nephew who had a 7-inch cock. She said she knew because she helped him dress up ever since he was 11 years old when he revealed his desire to be a girl with a dick. The boy was thoroughly gay and Rita kept threatening that she was going to bring the boy over and have Paul and Eric dress up in a wig and pretty lingerie, and then have Paul give Eric a blowjob! Rita is going to be a regular visitor for now on, and I hope she brings over little Eric some time soon too!

-- *Love magazine*, 1977

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Intimate Interview

By Diane Chesney

SUBJECT: Ron

AGE: 20

OCCUPATION: Engineer

Auntie Jane laughed in my face when she first saw me in panties. Yet her laughter turned to delight when she saw my cock got inside those panties.

"Ron! What a beautiful weapon! Panties or no panties, I can't wait to get that beauty up me," she

squealed as she pulled me close for a passionate hug and sweet kisses while wanking my cock through those saucy pale blue panties until I was ready to blow my brains out, and then she tugged my penis out of the legband of my panties, through the legband of her panties and directly into her hot cunt.

All the same, I couldn't help the feeling of embarrassment that pervaded my whole being as I pounded my meat into her, knowing that as much as she was enjoying fucking me, inside, she was laughing her head off at me. When Auntie's little hands came round my back and soothingly stroked my buttocks through the thin panties as I bucked away—a thing I just love—I really went wild.

My auntie wrecked me for life. I'm impotent without wearing girls' panties. A top fashion model could lie down and ask me to fuck her, but if I couldn't do it while wearing panties, I wouldn't be interested!

My love of panties goes back to when my parents were going through a rough period, and they shipped me off to live with my aunt for a couple of weeks while they tried to work things out.

"Aunt" Jane was not really my aunt but my second cousin. She had just gotten married and was really hot—the complexion and figure of a top fashion model. I had always been in love with her. I nearly died of a broken heart when she got married even though Bill, her husband, seemed a nice enough chap. They did all they could to make me feel welcome during my stay.

After I was there for a couple of days, I was in the bathroom preparing for a bath. I hadn't shot my dick off in a couple of days so I was ready. Having recently discovered the delights of using girls' panties for masturbation (I had stolen a couple of pairs from the laundry while I was at my best friend's house), I began snooping inside Jane's linen basket for a pair of her panties. Luckily, I discovered a pair of silken beauties and immediately settled down into a steady stroking. I can still recall it as if it were yesterday. Her panties were a delicate lacy pair in butter yellow. She had taken a bath just before me, and they were still warm from her body. I held them to my nose and inhaled her fine aromas.

Then, I held them open, quickly stepped into them and lovingly pulled them up around my excited body. I don't know what made me do that, but I put them on without even thinking. They were super to wear! My hard cock pushed out the front of the nylon in a funny way, but I wasn't out for laughs. I was very serious, watching myself in the bathroom mirror as I stoked the panty fabric up and down on my penis.

Moments later, I shot my all into those panties in one of the most satisfying cums I've ever had! I cleaned the panties up as much as I could and stuffed them into my pocket. I masturbated myself to distraction three more times that night, totally in rapture each time I spurted my sticky ejaculate into Jane's sweet panties. When I left to go back home, I took them with me.

Now, six years later, I still have them, and if they weren't so fragile and precious to me, I'd never wear anything else.

Though I wouldn't change any part of my life, I was left with this problem. I've shagged girls as often as any chap my age, yet I evolved to where I can't to do it unless I'm wearing a pair of pretty panties, and I now wear panties all the time instead of underpants.

Then a few weeks ago things really got wild. I was in town shopping for a new suit when who should I bump into but Jane. At twenty-six, she is just as lovely as ever, and at once I felt the sap in my veins begin to rise. After talking with her for a moment, she let me know that she was separated from her husband. I invited her to have a drink. Immediately, I realized that I was attracted to her as much as ever. Later, back at her flat we started to reminisce.

"Bet you're really popular with the girls," she laughed. "I always thought you were great looking, but now you've really turned into something.

"Hey, do you remember the time you pinched my panties?" she teased.

"You . . . you noticed?" I choked.

"Sure! No one else could have taken them. Did you toss yourself off silly into them?"

"Something like that," I groaned. Then suddenly I was telling her all about myself: my fixation for panties, everything!

"Panties in general or just mine?" she quizzed.

"Well . . . in general, I suppose. Though somehow I always seem to end up thinking of you when they get me all hot and excited."

"Hm-m-m, I see," she said thoughtfully. "Well, far be it from me to turn my back on a problem. Let's see what we can do about it. I've always liked you one hell of a lot so there's no hang-up there."

Jumping to her feet, Jane undid her zip and allowed her skirt to slide to the floor.

"Still like my choice in panties?" she asked.

"Do I ever!" I whispered as I felt my dick quickly thickening in the panties I had on under my jeans while admiring her in her luscious pale green panties with a white waistband and an edge of delicate white lace around the legs.

I collapsed on the couch and she got on top of me, slid open my zipper and reached inside to play with me. She didn't say a thing when she realized that I was wearing panties. (I had on some really nice light blue Van Real satinette brief-style panties.) Instead, she ran her hands all over those silky panties and brought me off in them in no time flat. I blew my wad when she told me she loved the way I looked in my blue panties and hoped that I would wear them all the time and think of her.

Almost immediately we decided that I should move in with her—and it's been wonderful ever since. As a matter of fact, sensational!

-- *Our Love* #3, 1976

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A Fantasy Fulfilled

I enjoy wearing sexy lingerie under my own clothes and pretending to have a strap-on dildo and acting like a lesbian while making love with my wife. She also enjoys the fantasy.

For a living, I sell women's accessories, handbags, wallets, costume jewelry, etc. One day, I was at a large department store on Long Island and showing my goods to the manager of the women's accessories department named Carolyn, a good-looking woman in her late thirties. She asked me to bring my sample cases to her inner office, where we would not be interrupted.

Once inside, she closed the door, and then much to my surprise, she put her arms around me, slid her hands down the back of my trousers and began to fondle my buttocks. She leaned back and while staring in my eyes, she told me that she had noticed that I was wearing women's panties because my shirt had pulled out of my pants and she could see the white panties I was wearing while bending over and going through my sample case. She said she immediately recognized them as panties since they were silky and had thin lacy-edged elastic for a waistband. She added that she liked the idea of a man in lingerie and told me not to worry about being exposed to my boss or anyone else as long as I complied with her wishes.



She told her assistant she had to leave for the rest of the day. Then she gave me her address and told me to meet her at her house in one hour. The way I figured, I needed my job and therefore had little choice, so I showed up on time.

At her home, I was told to take off all of my own clothes with the exception of my panties and to put on the lacy white negligee that she held out for me. Once I complied, she brought me into the living room, where, to my surprise, a very pretty, blonde-haired fifteen-year-old girl was sitting. Helen introduced me to Tracy, her daughter, and assured me I had nothing to fear.

Tracy handed me a joint to smoke as they shared one between them. After a few minutes, I was getting stoned and turned on by sitting there in front of them in my panties. They decided to add a lacy bra to my outfit, which they padded out with some of Tracy's falsies, and then added a longhaired wig. The two of them made a sport of laughing at me while they made me parade around before them. They took some pictures. I objected but acquiesced, realizing I had no choice in the matter if I wanted to keep my job. They kept smoking joints and getting louder and giggling a lot.

Then the woman and her daughter started to really talk down men, what lousy people they were, all perverts and stuff like that, and right before my eyes they started hugging and making lesbian love. When they went down on each other, started doing 69 and eating each other out, I exploded in my panties. Afterwards when they discovered that, they really made fun of me.

Carolyn said they would want to get together with me again and maybe take me out shopping with me all dressed up like a girl, take me into women's stores and make me try on all sorts of dresses and gowns. That really scared me! (We eventually did do that, and it wasn't as horrible as I thought it would be, but they did take undue delight in teasing me about ripping off my wig or exposing me out in public in some other way.)

As I was leaving, she said she had my telephone number and was going to call me soon. She commanded me to tell my wife what had gone on there and told me they wanted to meet her and have her joining in our games. That's what I did. I felt I didn't have a choice. My wife showed up more out of anger than anything else, but Carolyn and Tracy won her over, and now she regularly joins them in their joint-smoking lesbian life-style! Now, I'm a slave to my wife and many nights left alone while she goes out with them, except for the times when they have me join them so I can provide a little entertainment for these women and their friends who love to abuse and make fun of me.

-- *More Couples Letters V2 #2, 1979*

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I Caught My Big Brother Shooting Off in Mother's Panties

I was born to dominate. As a child I realized I was different from my peers. I thought of myself as somehow special. By the time I was halfway through grade school, Mother had given up trying to exert even a minimum of control over my behavior. My brothers are all older than me, and Mother had them well trained to abide by her strict house rules. However, I ran wild.

I am not exceptionally beautiful, although I do have full, firm breasts and a nice pair of legs. And I am no more an intellectual giant than any other high school graduate. However, according to many people who know me, the thing that makes me special is my ability to bring others under my power.

Many women manage to develop a degree of this power through necessity or desire, but I believe I'm a true dominatrix and was born with this ability. I think, from a very early age, all true dominatrixes learn to harness their natural talent and ability to take charge.

I don't even remember when I first associated sexual feelings with domination. Maybe that's part of my basic nature too. I used to get a lot of fun out of forcing Paul, my brother who is two years older than me, to masturbate at my command. It started the day I walked into Mother's room and caught him masturbating into a pair of her used panties. After that, he had to do what I wanted or I'd tell Mom about his visits to the laundry hamper.

I'd pick the most unlikely and dangerous times to force him to whack off for me—like ten minutes before we were supposed to leave for church on Sunday morning or while one of his little girlfriends was over to the house visiting him. Whenever he suspected I was in one of my moods, he used to try and hide from me but I'd always find him. It went like this:

"Take out your cock," I'd order.

Obediently he'd unzip and let his wrinkled little penis flop out of his pants.

I'd hand him a pair of mother's silky panties and command him to 'make it hard.'

Dutifully, he'd drape the panties around his penis and stroke it vigorously through the smooth nylon using his thumb and first two fingers. I always made him keep the head of his dick exposed so I could see it as it grew and got moist on the end.

When his penis was fully erect and the look on his face told me he was starting to feel more pleasure than embarrassment, I'd tell him to stop and stay there half naked with his skinny erection pointing skyward from beneath the panties until I came back. Wherever I'd left him he was very good about not moving until I returned even though he had no way of knowing when that would be and whether or not I was watching him. I'd time my absence so that by the time I returned he was shaking with fear that he'd be late or that someone would catch him. Only at the last possible second would I make my appearance and command him, "Make it go off for me. Now!"

Immediately, he'd start pumping furiously in an effort to get it done before we were discovered. Then I'd make him clean up his spend and put on the panties. He had to wear them to wherever we were going or until I told him it was okay to take them off. I usually tried to time these sessions so we were secluded enough and I had enough time left so I could make him bend over a stool or chair for a yardstick paddling as the finishing touch. He was big for his age and his big butt filled out Mother's panties pretty good.

After I had caught Paul jacking off, I had Mother buy me a whole drawer full of really pretty nylon panties. To tease Paul, I'd wear them and sit around in a casual manner so he'd get little peeks up my skirt. A couple of years ago I saw a painting called "Girl with a Cat" by Balthus. It so reminded me of those days because the cute girl in the painting looked a lot like me in those years. That picture perfectly captured how I'd tease Paul whenever we were alone together. I'll never forget it. He was powerless to take his eyes off of me. Of course, I'd get mad at him whenever I caught him peeking. Invariably, those little episodes ended up in one of our scripted sessions in which I'd make him spurt for me.

To this day my sissy-ass bother is still subject to my rule, and jacking off in panties (either mine or his wife's) is the only kind of sex he gets since Marla, his wife, spurned him long ago and prefers the company of her lesbian girlfriends. His wife doesn't mind me playing panty jackoff games with him. In fact, she thinks it's very funny. She even does some panty discipline. Whenever she gets angry with him, she puts him into some big, silky black panties, a short school dress, garter belt and black nylons. Then she makes him stay bent over a stool placed in the middle of the living room floor. He has to stay in position with his skirt up, black silky panties exposed until she gives him one of her intense spankings. She uses a hairbrush on his pantied butt. She can make him dance with the best of them. I've seen her give him over one hundred full-impact swats with the brush in a single spanking!

But Paul's greatest degree of humiliation comes at the hands of his wife when she makes him appear in his punishment schoolgirl uniform and be an attendant at one of her lesbian parties. On these occasions, these men-hating women have him doing the most embarrassing things. Marla has invited me to join them at these parties, but I don't go for women so I'm afraid that they'd be

hitting on me all night long. But from what I've heard from both Paul and Martha, Paul is often made to masturbate for their entertainment and forced to eat the pussy of any of the women who happen to be having their period. One time they even had him clean out their toilet with his tongue.

Just last week two of the women, Mary Beth and Jo Vanduchen, really embarrassed him. They had their adopted son show up at the weekly party all dressed up like a little girl in a fancy pink and baby blue party dress, complete with ankle socks, white shoes, fluffy petticoats and ruffled and beribboned panties. The shocking part was that whenever the boy started to cry, poor Paul had to suck on his tiny little penis. Marla told me that the boy started to pee during one of these suck sessions. Well, she simply forced Paul's face right down into the boy's crotch and made him drink up the spurting piss! I just might go to one of their lesbian parties. I can fend for myself. Besides, it'll probably be worth it to see the things they put Paul through for their fun and games.

-- *Sex Revolution Reader, Vol 6, 1972*

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"Girl With Cat" (1937) by Balthus, who did a number of paintings of girls with skirts up, exposing their panties.



Girlie to My Aunt & Uncle

Ron was passing the upstairs bedroom where his aunt Hope and uncle Melvin slept when he noticed the tennis outfit his aunt had just taken off on a chair beside their bed. Magnetized, remembering those excessively frilly panties his aunt had on, he slipped into the room and picked up his aunt's big bra and shiny tennis panties. As he stared at the size of the cups and fingered the fabric, he tried to picture his aunt's breasts filling them. His mental images churned so strongly that without even thinking about it, he opened his fly and started manipulating his stiff penis.

He was completely unaware of footsteps on the stairs or that they stopped at the doorway of the room. Hope managed to stifle a gasp of surprise as she saw the boy and realized what he was doing. She held her breath and stared in wonder. He stood in profile to her, his face contorted with passion, his nose buried in one of the cups of the bra and his hard little penis pumping into the soft folds of her pale pink tennis panties with the heavy rows of bright blue lace. Almost instantly, her shock turned to excitement mingled with pity.

Ron's eyes went wide with terror when he saw her standing in the doorway. His face flushed with color as he dropped the bra and panties and tried to stuff his penis back into his pants. But before he could, Hope had an arm around him, holding him and trying to comfort him.

"It's all right, Ron," she said in a calm, warm voice. "All boys pull themselves and a lot of them are interested in women's bras and panties and things like that. I'm not angry with you, dear."

He didn't resist as she helped him out of his clothes and into her bra and panties. Her lingerie was too big on him so she told him that she and his uncle would take him shopping for some of his own lingerie that very afternoon. At the mention of his uncle, Ron got very scared, but Aunt Hope calmed him down and told him that his uncle liked boys as well as girls, and he liked boys who dressed up and pretended to be little girls.

Ron had never heard of such a thing, a man liking boys who dressed like girls. He remained very scared, but Aunt Hope was able to relax him enough so she could take him by the hand to the study where his uncle Melvin was reading. Upon entering, tears filled the boy's eyes—tears of embarrassment, but Uncle Ron looked up in shock with a "what the devil" kind of expression on

his face, but that quickly changed to an expression of pure joy and excitement. He smiled gleefully.

"My, my, and what do we have here? Is this my new little niece, Ronette?"

Ron stood there in terror, everything was going so fast, especially when Aunt Hope snapped her fingers and, without saying a word or making a protest, Uncle Melvin got on his knees, crawled over to his pathetic little pansy nephew and sucked his little cock off right through the frilly panties!

-- *Transvestite Sex Stories*, 1971

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Strange Young Man

I went to school with one of the most unusual boys that ever lived. Everybody called him "Sissy" and he loved it when people called him that, but he was not homosexual either then or later, but he had one thing that made us all think so. He was about the most beautiful person that ever was. This, combined with a great slim body, made it possible for him to dress either as a handsome boy or a beautiful girl. I had often seen his wardrobe (his father was a tennis pro and quite well off), and he had two complete outfits which he kept up to date: a complete boy's wardrobe and, in another closet, there was everything that a girl could want.

We lived in a suburban town and Sissy would dress as a girl and go the whole route at a day's fun and shopping in New York City. He never had a bit of trouble "getting by."

Even though he wasn't gay, he took great delight in dressing other little boys up like girls. Some of the parents of those boys would find out, and some of them would get quite angry, thinking that their boy was being seduced into becoming a homosexual. But there was never any sex involved in these incidents. A couple of times, sissy got beat up by an older brother of one of these boys. But sissy kept dressing up little boys every chance he got. It was all very innocent. We girls loved to help out with these boy-to-girl transformations. It was a lot of fun and some of those boys really made spectacular-looking girls!

I was reminded of all of this because I was going through a local singles magazine that people used to meet other people, and there was a picture of Sissy with a sign looking for a girlfriend.



Even though the head was cut off of the picture I knew immediately it was Sissy because I could recognize him anywhere, even just by his body. And the background in the picture, I knew was his rec room since I had spent a lot of time with him in that room transforming little boys into little girls -- something I still like to do -- and do regularly with my twin seven-year-old nephews.

-- *Loving Couples #33, 1986*

Weekend Sissy Maid

Whenever my parents leave for a weekend, which is far too often, my sisters invite over about their friends for a get-together. I am forced to be the "maid" and they make me dress the part.

I have to put on Sue's underwire bra, ruffled tennis panties, apron and miniskirt. I must then serve the guests in any way they want. This includes not just serving food and drinks. I also have to eat the girls and suck the guys. Then, just before everybody leaves, they all tie me up and spank me.

I don't know what will happen next, but I see no end in sight. My sisters now have pictures of me dressed up as a girl sucking guys, being spanked etc. I have to do anything and everything they say. They won't even let me have a girlfriend, but they do let me read my jerk-off magazines.

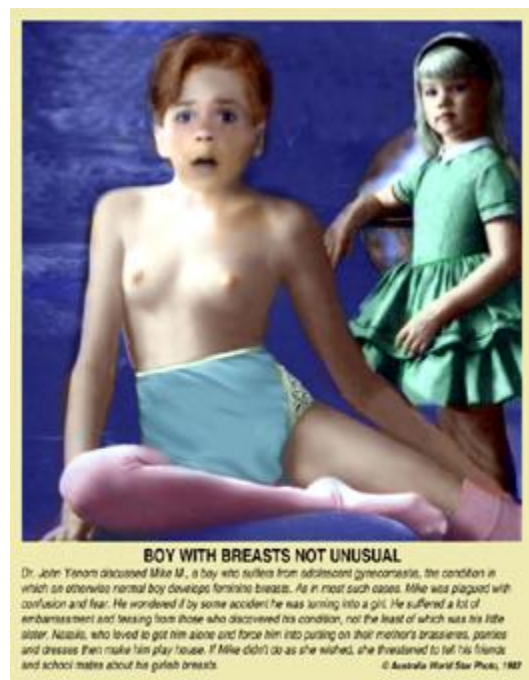
-- *CD Newsletter, VI #5, 1969*

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Broken in By Mom and the Girls

From the time I was a toddler, Mom used to dress me up in my older sisters' party dresses, slips, panties and other fancy clothes for their entertainment. Even when relatives come over, they'd get me dolled up and make me sing and dance for them.

Throughout those years the only men I saw were my two uncles. I remember them complaining to Mom that dressing me up like that was going to screw me up, but Mom would laugh at them and tell them to mind their own business. Then she'd make me come over to them and tell them how much I loved my pretty girlie clothes.



This went on for years. In fact, it never stopped all the time I lived at home, and it was especially bad when I developed adolescent gynecomastia, a hormonal imbalance that made me develop breasts. My sisters thought it was a riot for me to have titties and held it over my head, always threatening to expose me if I didn't do everything they told me to do. Then one day, the girls had me dressed up like a harem girl in some harem girl-like pajamas and a scarf over my face. My penis got hard and the girls thought it was funny. Connie grabbed me through the pajamas and my panties and led me around by my penis like it was a leash. All of her tugging was too much for me, I spurted cum as I collapsed in ecstasy. Mom really laughed. I was really naive so she had to explain to me what had happened. She also explained to the girls to keep my jism away from their pussies or they might get pregnant. That was the start of my sexual downfall, and from that day forward, the girls treated me like a slave more than like one of their sisters. But they did find it fascinating to make me shoot my cum. Soon I was their complete slave, both sexual and otherwise. In order to get them to keep on playing with my penis, I'd do anything for them.

I was often forced to parade around in their clothing, to carry on as I had as a child, acting as a girl and at night, I was forced to service them. Eat them out. Mostly that. Once in a while one of them would suck my cock, but they never let me fuck them. Never. Mom said too much of a threat. Their thing, mostly, was to get me dressed up in ruffled panties, put makeup and shit all over my face and get me to eat them out.

Of course, during the day I had to wander around dressed as a girl, and if I made any mistakes, they would spank me. They loved to spank me. That was just about their favorite thing because when they did it, inevitably I got a hard on, and they'd tease my dick until I'd shoot all over them. They really liked that a lot.

Well, I'm embarrassed to admit how long this went on. Until I was nineteen. That's right; until I finally got out of the place, I was a slave. It made a pretty big impression on me to have to submit to these girls, Mom and other women and to behave as a girl myself. After awhile, rather than hate myself forever, I got to like it.

I mean, it was just the way I grew up, I was comfortable as a girl, and to this day I still am. I feel more at home as a woman, dressing as one, acting as one. Not sexually. I mean, I'm not gay. I'm not a transsexual. It's women that turn me on. I'm only comfortable with women when I'm dressed as a woman too. I can only feel like a real man when I'm dressed up like a real woman. You see? This was hard for me for a while. Most people just assume transvestites are gay, and there's no real underground for straight transvestites.

They don't exactly have bars for women to go and pick up men dressed as women, if you know what I mean. So I had a rough time of it, for a while. My sex life was unsatisfactory for a long time, until I met my wife, who always fantasized about being a boy and used to dress up in her brother's clothes and play sports with them; so she completely understands me.

-- *Tamed TVs: Disciplined in Dresses. Crown Report Case Studies, 1968.*

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Boyfriend in Panties 1960s Style: Groovy!

I took the panties, and held them open at his feet, and said like, "Step into them."

Well, he lifted up one foot and then the other, and I was sliding them up his legs, and before you knew it, there he was in panties.

He said something heavy, like "Oh, wow," or something completely appropriate. I mean, it's a pretty heavy thing, what we were doing.

Getting his cock in those panties was a heavy trip because he really got big for them. That was the thing about it; he really got big for them. And I'm not giving you a line, man, his cock is huge, and, like, I had to force it down into those panties, and it really was kind of a difficult thing to do. I got him in, though, balls and all, and he was shivering, like it really excited him, and, you know, maybe the acid was starting to take effect.

Maybe, maybe not, you never know. I mean, it could have been a lot of things, many different things, or it could've been just his Karma.

I will tell you this, the crotch of those panties sure did get wet pretty quickly, and it wasn't because he peed in them or anything. He was, like, really excited, man. And man, did his ass ever look really groovy in those little panties. He doesn't ever wear underwear, and just this once seeing his little ass in those panties, I was like flowing. I mean, the waves, man. They were moving over me like the wind. So I was getting pretty turned onto the whole scene. It was the kind of scene that you can get pretty turned onto if you really get behind it.

-- *Tamed TVs: Disciplined in Dresses. Crown Report Case Studies, 1968*



Jason Herrell, 11, strutting his feminine side in Shirley Temple-like finery during Philadelphia's 1983 Mummers Day Parade.

NIPPLE-NIBBLER

I participated in your oral sex survey both as a male (which I am during the day) and as a "lady," which I prefer to be at night, but in my opinion, the survey missed a very important sexual stimulus that I find overwhelmingly exciting: having my sensitive nipples played with through silken lingerie.

My most pleasurable experience in this area took place one night last November in Chicago, when I was dressed in my satins and spike heels. I met two real girls in a bar, and during the course of our conversation, they realized I was a guy. That turned them on. Well, they started talking about nipple teasing and we all got horny as hell after a while and decided to go to my hotel room.

There, we arranged the mirror on the back of the bathroom door to reflect across the bed and back from the mirror over the vanity for multi-reflections. One girl had full, large-nippled breasts and the other was almost as flat chested as I am! But her tiny nipples stood straight out queens on a chessboard and they were just as sensitive as mine.

We spent a long, wild time sucking, nibbling and tweaking each other's nipples through a variety of bras, nighties and with panty-covered hands. The scene became even more erotic as we watched ourselves in the mirrors. My most exciting moment came when each girl took one of my nipples in between her lips and they both caressed my nearly bursting hard-on through my satin panties. They seemed to know just when to stop teasing to delay my orgasm, until finally, there was no possibility of my holding out, all the while they both kept tickling my nipples and balls with their panty-encased hands until I exploded. Wow!

-- *Fetish Letters #4*, 1972.

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Jason Herrell, 11, strutting his feminine side in Shirley Temple-like finery during Philadelphia's 1983 Mummers Day Parade.



STROAKING HER PENIS

Dear Love,

Please adress this letter to ms. Joanne who had a story in your love edition 39 on pages 746-748. Enclosed is my .50 for handling and a stamped envelope with my return address. You may print this letter in your next copy of Love and put my address but not my name.

Thank You.

Dear Joanne,

I am very much interested in what you did with your son (daughter). You see I have a nephew about that age, his age is 13, who would like to be liberated. I must mention that my age is 26. Naturally I'am not the one to refuse my nephew, so I dress him (her) as a female. I say female because, I don't dress him (her) as a little girl but as a adult woman. with such attire as a sexy long wig, a nice tight dress, or short skirt and blouse, with a padded bra, small tight nylon under panties with a garter belt, and black stockings, and high heels, and of course all the proper make up.

Dressed up this way he (she) looks like a sexy young woman. When I dress him (her) like that I usually take her out shopping and after we come home or back we usually go into my rec.-room for fun and games. these games include her lieing down on the carpet, and lifting his (her) tight skirt to his waist and me rubbing his (her) Penis through the thin nylon panties, untill it gets hard. After that I sit back in an easy chair and tell him (her) to take off her panties leaving her with

the garter belt and high heels on under her tight skirt. Then I tell her to lift her tight skirt up, while lieing down face up on the carpet, and to play with her rigid penis, and too rub her self all over including his (her) nylon covered legs. But mind you I don't let him (her) climax, at least not yet. After a while I tell him (her) to get up off the carpet and stand up, and walk towards me. When he (she) has reached me I begin to play with him (her). I start stroking his (her) nylon covered legs, rubbing softly through the tight skirt his (her) tiny ass.

Then I begin stroaking her penis untill it becomes vary rigid again, and hard. After that I do one of three things- to him (her). I eather take out my penis and make him (her) suck it intill I climax into his (her) mouth, and make him (her) swallow every drop of my cumme, or I jack him (her) off untill he climaxes in the rug and then I make him (her) clean it up. And last but not least I tell him (her) to go to the bathroom and get some K-Y jelly on her (his) tiny little ass and procede to fuck him (her) in her tiny little rectum, while jacking him (her) off.

This is a vary rewarding experience for both my nephew and me, so if you would Joanne please send me some current photos of your son (daughter) as of yet I don't have any of my nephew, because as of yet I don't have a camera.

LOVE,

Meirose Park
Illinois 60160

Photos of Debbie Lynne from Joanne

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Jim
longing for
relief, hands
firmly behind
his back and
wearing only
his teen bra,
blonde wig
and panties.
(That's as big
as his thingie
ever gets!)

Flat Top Sissyboy: Great Tongue, Little Cock

The initial letter that I received in response to the ad I'm running in your Twin-City Swingers magazine stated that Jim (the guy writing) was a bisexual transvestite who digs dressing as a woman and serving others, both women and men, but being denied to have his/her own relief. I was fascinated!

After exchanging several letters, John and I met Jim at a motel room in south Minneapolis. He was a real nice looking guy in his thirties. After a couple of drinks, he took us to the bathroom to let us watch while he turned himself into Diane (his female half). He took off his pants to reveal a pair of gorgeous ruffled panties. I guess he was quite excited because his darling turquoise panties were all spotted up with his pre-cum.

Jim already had everything laid out for his transformation and in less than thirty minutes he was finished with his makeup, topped off with a beautiful, long blonde wig. Next he/she tried on several very beautiful dresses and other girlish outfits. I picked the one I thought looked the nicest, a plaid jumper with a pleated skirt, like a schoolgirl would wear.

During the change from Jim to Diane, John shot pictures. Once she was fully dressed, I told Diane to pose for me sucking John's meaty cock. After I took some great pictures, we took Diane to our house, where I had purposely left a bunch of dirty dishes and things in disarray.

At home, Diane made drinks for us then started on the dishes. Every few minutes I called Diane in and had her take a break. That is, I commanded her to suck on John's cock or lick my pussy for a few minutes before going her back to her housework. John and I marveling how ladylike she carried herself: She obviously had a lot of practice. She was a standout. Checking under her schoolgirl-like outfit, her penis, though quite small, was a standout too! When the dishes were done and the house was in order, I had Diane sit on the floor at my feet with her tongue in my very wet cunt. Wow, could that girl/guy/thing eat pussy. I was cumming in an instant, and it was one of the most intense orgasms I ever experienced. Just the thought of having a lovely girl at my feet, who had a hot little cock in her panties made my cunt flow with gallons of love juice.

We went into the bedroom. I had Diane strip nude as John shot photos of the cute girl with the cock. Her cock was really quite small — the result she said from a lifelong command not to touch herself. But he didn't need one with that tongue of his. We ended up in a threesome with Diane blowing John, John eating me, and I teasing but denying relief to Diane. Whenever she got on the verge, I'd whip her pantied penis with a little whip she had brought along. He'd howl in

pain but barely miss a stroke deep-throating John. I was surprised that I could get such a thrill from inflicting so much pain. Wild! I was a surprised when she took all of John's load because she did it so loudly, making gasping, whooshing and lapping sounds, sucking like the world's most powerful vacuum cleaner sucking John's guts right out of him!

After we returned to the living room, Diane made another round of drinks. I had her sit next to me, and I found out that he is a married man with two children. Though his wife knows he is a transvestite, she won't have anything to do with it nor will she even try to understand.

Jim told us about how he first got started dressing up. He had an aunt who drank a little too much. She bullied him around and always had him put on a flowered apron to do the dishes and housework because she was always too bombed out to do them. It progressed to her putting fingernail polish and lipstick on him. She made him a "pretty boy" as she called him. It was her way of rewarding him for being so helpful. The day she first put him into a lilac pair of her old-fashioned bloomer panties, he got a boner that wouldn't quit. That made her laugh. As a joke she kept pulling on it then teasing him because it wouldn't go down. When his cock spurted cum she really laughed at him, called him a queer sissyboy and made him lick his cum out of the panties. Soon she had him dressing fully as a girl with things that they bought while shopping together. One day, she really got drunk and taught him/her to eat her pussy. She didn't neglect his little cock either, but she only let him cum once a week. It was torture for him to try to keep his hands off himself until the next scheduled masturbation session, and he failed with regularity. But he couldn't lie to his wonderful aunt so he always confessed to her whenever he jacked off without permission.

For punishment, she'd take him to a shopping mall in one of the far north suburbs and make him walk around in one of his frilly dresses but without a wig. And since his father had demanded that he wear his hair in a 1950s flat top, he drew a lot of stares and laughs from passersby since they could easily tell he was a boy in a dress.

Over the years, Jim visited his aunt hundreds of times, and each time he was there, he would go to his aunt and together they would change Jim to Diane. Then she'd quiz him about touching himself and subject him to any punishment she decided he needed. That's how he learned to love being humiliated and forced to withhold sexual release. His aunt has now passed away, but we have made arrangements to have Jim be Diane for us at least once a fortnight from now on. It's wonderful having someone like Diane at my beck and call.

Right now, John and I plan to throw a small party with some of our bisexual friends (couples) and have Diane dressed when they arrive. I will be in command the entire evening, telling Diane to mix drinks, cook, clean, and service any of the guests at my command—sucking cocks and eating pussies. I don't know if the guests will figure out that Diane is a guy, but if they don't, I'll make him go around sucking everyone off for a second time but without his long blonde wig, exposing his boyish flat top—a hairstyle that he wears to this day!

Panty Trained & Tamed

After our introductions, Erica monopolized the conversation completely, and my original companion, Gale, discreetly disappeared. Before ten minutes had elapsed and a strong-looking blonde said, "Gale tells me you like bossy girls, is that right?"

When I answered that I did, she told me to sit down in front of her and to kiss her feet.

Before leaving that night, I had kissed her feet, thighs and neatly shaven pussy. I was also given a pair of her purple satin panties and told to wear them when I returned on the following evening at eight o'clock. I wore them to bed that night.

The next evening, when I appeared at Erica's door, I was wearing the panties beneath my clothes. Within minutes I was ordered to strip down to them and pose for her. She laughed uncontrollably. She got in my face and congratulated me on my first obeying her first command. She explained that she loved to be in control of her men, and that if we were to have a relationship, I had to always trust her completely. As she was talking to me, she put some ointment on her hand, pulled out the waistband of my panties and applied the ointment on my penis then in back around my asshole.

In a matter of minutes both my penis and anus were on fire. She changed positions so that she sat between my outstretched legs, one hand tightly grasping and pulling my burning, panty-clothed cock while the other worked a modest-sized dildo in and out of my flaming rosebud. Despite the agony of her treatment, she did make me cum intensely soon after she slid the greased-up dildo down the back of my panty briefs and into me.

After that she took me into the bathroom where she washed me off. Since my skin was on fire, she allowed me to coat my penis and backside with Vaseline to relieve the burning sensation. With a playful smack to my butt, she told me to haul up my panties then instructed me to put on a white nylon nightgown and join her in bed.

I have been kept in panties and nightgowns ever since. Dildos (in ever-increasing sizes) and ointment have been used on me only a few times for discipline purposes. Almost every weekend, she works with the dildos. I am frequently called upon to indulge her in her favorite bedtime activity: cunnilingus, which to this day is the only sex she has permitted me to have with her.

I'm hoping that our past month's pleasure can be extended over a lifetime, if she will have me. Right now we are on a vacation, and I'm happily still in panties.

Mr. R T, Rhode Island

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Am I a Faggot? Or Just a Sissyboy in Need of Love!

I always welcomed the opportunities to be left alone in our apartment because I delighted in putting on my new wife's clothes in her absence. We were close in size so I knew from when we first met that most of her clothes would probably fit me. I was especially delighted to discover that I could even wear her high-heeled shoes.

I had been dressing in Ursula's things for nine months, even since we were married. I know I look good in makeup and her things because I have a small, slim body that I can pad up nicely and a full head of natural white-blond hair that I can brush forward into cute bangs. In boarding school, I always got the girls' parts in plays. Everyone thought I looked so pretty as a girl. I also remember getting very embarrassed when I discovered that one of my mates had a crush on me after seeing me in our production of "Taming of the Shrew." But that's another story. Back to the more recent past.

One night while home all alone, I set out a matching outfit for an evening of fun. Then I started to get dressed, first the garment I always found the most exciting, Ursula's panties. She has a massive range of them, and I soon found the ones I wanted. They had been in the back of my mind ever since she bought them the week before, a virginal pair of white panties, and these I covered with an old-fashioned pair of lemon pettipants, just dripping with white lace and blue ribbon trim. By the time I was slipping into a pink training bra (from my own hidden wardrobe because I couldn't fill Ursula's massive bra), I was supremely excited, my prick throbbing, forcing itself obscenely against the double layer of flimsy nylon. Deep inside, I ached with desire.

Just as I was stepping into Ursula's purple cocktail dress, the doorbell rang. I answered the intercom and found it was John Henderson, a coworker of my wife's from her PR office. I had met John several times before, a massive man, almost the wrestling type. He wanted to come up to get something Ursula had left for him. So I buzzed him in then donned a pair of trousers over my lingerie and my robe. Moments later, I answered the door and let him in.

"Ursula's out?" he asked smiling as he entered.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," I said. Then, I don't know what made me do it, but I asked him, "But do stay and have a drink."

"Well, yes, if you wish," he answered. "I just happened to be passing and thought I'd take a chance on finding someone home so I could get the Davies file. Ursula said it would be in her valise in the front hallway. Ah, there it is!" John shouted as he spotted her little leather case.

He opened it and shuffled through some papers, I went to the bar to make him the promised drink, taking care to keep my robe closed. As soon as I handed it to him, I excused myself and went to the bathroom to take off the little bit of makeup I had forgotten that I had put on. I hoped he hadn't noticed. But at the same time I found it very exhilarating if he did know. I had never felt that way before. I actually reveled in the idea of letting someone like him see me in my lingerie. Was I going batty?

Back with John in the living room, we chatted for a while about his work and the political situation then somehow got on the subject of me and my wife's sex life. Henderson commented that from what he knew we appeared to have an excellent arrangement, both of us free to go our separate way whenever we felt like it. Boldly, I hinted his arrival interrupted a little session I had been having with myself.

He laughed a bit then said, "Oh, don't mind me. Go back to doing what you were doing. I'll go through these papers then leave. It'll only take me a minute or two."

In the same lighthearted vein, I laughed, "Well, okay, but you're welcome to stay as long as you like."

Then I spun my robe about me and waltzed off to the bedroom, which is just down the hallway from where we were. I don't know if my flirting robe exposed a flash of my lingerie, but I found it very exciting telling myself that it had.

In the bedroom, I put on a subdued light at my bedside and took off my dressing gown and trousers. I lay on the bed in just the stockings, lacy bra and beautiful pettipants and frilled panties. John must have gotten the message that I wanted company because he soon appeared at the doorway. He walked right in the open door and, without saying a word, sat down on the edge of the bed and started to stroke my stockinged legs. Moving himself a little down the bed, he played with the elaborate frill on my sassy panties. Then his hand moved over their shimmering silkiness to toy with my erect prick.

I shuddered at his touch. He was the first person to ever touch me in lingerie much less see me so revealingly dressed. Years ago back in boarding school, there were some innocent bits of playing around with other boys, but never with any feelings like this.

Abruptly, John got up, dropped his pants and told me to suck him off—which I did! That was a first. I amazed myself that I didn't even hesitate when he told me to do it! After he shot his load down my throat, he calmly said he had sex with Ursula many times, and she repeatedly complained to him that she thought I was a faggot because I was always secretly trying on her clothes, stretching them out of shape and leaving pecker tracks in her panties! John said he had to see it for himself. That's why he stopped by when he knew Ursula would be out. He didn't thank me or anything like that, just told me to be ready for a repeat performance, ready to be his little pantywaist dick licker anytime he would call.



Wearing hand-me-downs are all right for you. You've got brothers!

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**Petticoat Punishment
Makes Spanking Work**

Dear Editor:

I have found that spanking combined with petticoat punishment is a most effective treatment. Moreover, I was encouraged to do it from my pastor and his wife!

You see, I'm a young man, thirty-two, and I've been married less than a year, but I have a fifteen-year-old son from a fling I had in high school whose mother left him on my doorstep when he was a newborn. Max had always been a pretty good kid, great at sports, had lots of friends, fairly respectful of me etc., but for some reason, he had it in for females and really hated Leah. I was at my wits' end trying to stop it, but he'd just keep on arguing, swearing and taking every opportunity to show disrespect and hatred for my new wife. Leah would try to keep her cool, but it was difficult for her. We had already tried most everything we could think of, including severe spankings. In fact, I hit him so hard at times I feared I was going to really hurt him. He'd be black and blue and promise he'd stop harassing her just so I'd stop spanking him, but as soon as the immediate pain was gone, Max would start being nasty to Leah all over again.

One day, I came home early when I called from work and no one answered the phone. I sensed something was wrong. Well I discovered that all the shouting and meanness had escalated into physical abuse. Since Leah is a very small woman, Max had overpowered her, torn off her dress and tied her up to humiliate her. As I walked in I could hear him shouting at her, making fun of the fact that she was a powerless little woman, and teasing her about being a sissy weakling and a worthless, spoiled little brat.

I slapped the shit out of my son while berating him for what he had done to Leah, but he claimed she had started it all, and when I sided with Leah, Max became very disrespectful of me too. I gave him the spanking of his life, but I knew the effects of it would last only so long. At a loss of what further I could do, I sought help from our pastor. I knew he and his wife had experience dealing with recalcitrant boys because a lot of church members came to them for help with their problem boys.

The pastor explained to me that Max's disrespect toward females and hatred for Leah in particular was probably based upon being deserted by his mother plus the fact that he had spent his growing up years with just me and now he resented having to share my attention, especially with a female. Explaining it that way made sense, but I was shocked when they told me to correct the problem by dressing Max as a girl for a while and treating him accordingly. Then perhaps he'd develop respect for females.

To say that I had my doubts such treatment would work is an extreme understatement! Max is all male, so he was shocked even more than I was when I explained to him that he needed to be dressed as a girl so he could gain some understanding as to what it is like to be a female.



With the help of Bernice, the pastor's wife, Leah delighted in selecting a wardrobe of very feminine clothing from things set aside for the annual rummage sale. They picked out some lovely full-skirted dresses, lacy slips, low-heeled dress shoes and all the other things appropriate for a teenage girl. The only things they had to buy were some panties and nylons since they even had a waist cincher and an old-fashioned garter belt for him. Leah squealed with delight when she told me about the fun they had buying fancy panties for my son! Remembering her own teenage years, she bought panties in assorted pastel colors, some of those "Days of the Week" sets of panties with the names of the days embroidered on them.

I only had to hope and pray that this crazy idea would do some good. Well, I had no idea how successful all of this would turn out to be!

Anyway, the pastor and his wife, Bernice, were on hand when Leah and I introduced Max to his punishment outfit. It did take some spanking to get him to put one of the outfits, but I was amazed that we didn't have to hit him all that hard! It seems that he was so embarrassed by being naked in front of us and then doubly embarrassed when we made him put on his girls' clothes that he quieted right down. In fact, he started yammering like a frightened little girl.

With him on display like that we couldn't ignore the fact that Max had developed an erection in his little panties. The word "Saturday" on those pale purple panties was pulled all out of shape! It was sticking up at an obscene angle! When the Reverend noticed it, he gave Max's hard penis a stinging flick with his fingers and called him a disgraceful excuse for a boy, much less a man. My son poured out a ton of tears probably more from embarrassment than from anything else. Bernice assured me that his erection was probably a reaction to the softness of the nylon panties and nothing to be concerned about. In fact, she said it was a real plus, because it was obviously extremely embarrassing for Max to be seen that way, and that is exactly what was needed to bring him down to size. Fear for him also came in the form of pictures because we had photographed him as we changed him over into a girl.

Now, Max knows the rules and if he breaks them, those pictures will be sent out to his aunts and uncles. Further bouts of disobedience and those pictures will go to the neighbors. His teachers are next and the school bulletin board after that.

Of course, Max does slip a bit at times and he needs a little correction. We deal with that by administering a sound paddling over his spanky sweet panties. He gets so embarrassed when I put him over my lap and bunch up his dress so I can get to his degrading little panties. I don't miss a beat as I pull at the elastics and stretchy nylon lace while whispering cutting little comments in his ear, like telling him how pretty he is and how much the neighborhood perverts would love to come over and fuck him in the butt. Such comments never fail to get Max crying. After his spanking or paddling (Leah uses a paddle, I generally just use my hand), we undress him down to his lingerie and tie him up on his punishment stool that we place right in the center of our living room. If visitors happen by (and we usually invite select friends over at set punishment times), he has to stay there for all to see. Moreover, he has to explain to them why he is dressed that way and tell them the lessons he is learning as a pretend girl.

We haven't exposed him in his sissy clothes to any of his own friends yet, but we will circulate those photos as described if he fails to learn his lesson. But from the way things are going I don't think we'll have to do that. Since we started using petticoat punishment to reinforce his spankings, he has been a model of obedience. I recommend it to all parents who can't control their naughty little boys, not just for boys who disrespect females. Let's hear from others with petticoat punishment experience. I'm still new at it and open to any advice and ideas anyone can share with me.

Mr. & Mrs. C.K.
Northern Idaho

-- *More Discipline Letters, 1970*

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We taught Max
to respect females
by giving him sound
spankings and then
dressing him in a waspie,
fancy panties and nylons,
and then tying him up and
putting him on display for
neighbors and friends to
laugh at and humiliate.