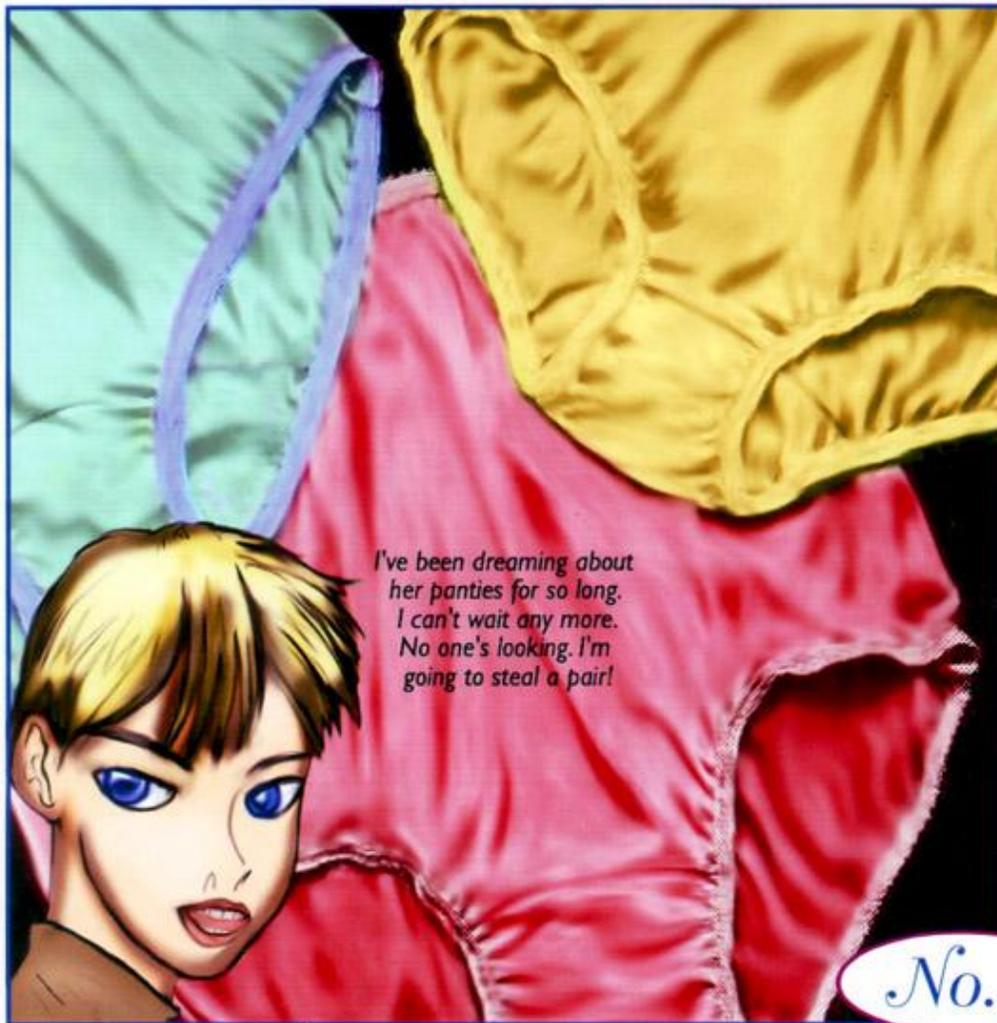


**INSIDE**

# Girls Panties



*I've been dreaming about  
her panties for so long.  
I can't wait any more.  
No one's looking. I'm  
going to steal a pair!*

*No. 2*

*Revised*

*Adults Only*

*Classic Reprint*

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 PHOTOS, DRAWINGS, LETTERS AND STORIES FROM BOTH UNPUBLISHED, ORIGINAL MATERIALS AND OLD, LONG-OUT-OF-PRINT PUBLICATIONS.

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

"So you want to get into my  
panties, huh, sissyboy? Well,  
the only way you can do  
that is by wearing them!  
Go ahead. Get a pair of my  
panties out of that drawer  
over there. Take the pink  
pair right on top. Put them  
on then rub you silly little  
cock through those frilly  
panties while you read  
about all the other little  
pantywaists and study  
the sexy pictures. Now,  
turn the page and start  
pumping, sissyboy!"



## Catching a Panty Thief

Last summer, I discovered Matt, my cousin, going through my dressing table examining all of my lingerie. He was most surprised and embarrassed. His only excuse was, "I was just looking."



I made him strip completely naked, and then I removed every brasserie and panty from the drawer, held each up for him to see and invited him to select the bra and pair of panties he liked best. After a little teasing, he made his choice. He picked a green lacy bra and purple satin, full-cut panties. I hadn't worn the panties for some time because they no longer fit me, and they were ideal for what I had in mind.

"Since you like them, put them on!"

I'm sure for a brief moment he thought he was going to put them on me. I took the bra off the bed and handed it to him.

"Put this on first," I said. He reached out for the panties, but I intervened. "Oh, no! The bra goes on first," I teased. "You can have your little panties afterwards."

I was going to keep him naked and embarrassed for as long as I could. I watched as he slid the ribbon shoulder straps over his arms. His face grew more and more red, and I couldn't contain my laughter at his antics as he tried to fasten the clasp. His arms were twisted up his back and his semierect penis was jiggling about right in front of me. I couldn't resist reaching out to pull and tweak it.

Dear Matt was in a desperate hurry to fasten up his bra, and was finding it quite a task as his fingers fumbled. There were visible signs of sweating now; and I, of course, teased him all the more.

"What's this then? Huh? What is it?" I asked pulling at his penis hard to make him jump around. I soon had him with a very firm erection and my fingers kept it nicely hot without letting it boil over.

He kept saying he couldn't fasten the bra, but I kept telling him he would have to try harder, and I gave his penis little jerks to encourage him.

With a gasp of relief he finally managed to fasten the clasp. Again grasping hold of his cock, I pulled him to me, reached up with my free hand, flicked the clasp open and made him work to fasten it again, which amused me no end.

He was very eager when the time came to get into his green satin panties, pulling them up high on his little waist as I instructed. He looked cute, in a ridiculous way, and I made him swish around his satin-covered butt and parade in front of me. There were tears in his eyes when I suggested inviting my friend, Julie, over to have a look. He was quite taken with Julie so I knew her seeing him would be really embarrassing for him. With him in tears and pleading with me not to tell her convinced me that was what I should do.

I made sure Matt could hear my phone conversation when I told Julie about catching Matt with my panties. Within minutes of hanging up the phone, she arrived to see for herself. She laughed with delight as she teased and tormented him. Giggling, she slipped a hand up the lacy leg of his panties, grabbed his throbbing penis and rubbed it all around inside his silky panties, and you can imagine what happened then.

"You disgusting little baby," Julie teased. "I'll teach you to wet your panties!" She dragged him over to the divan, pulled him over her lap and hand spanked him until I gave her a leather-soled mule to really drive home his lesson.

Adjusting his panties to fit high up on his waist and smooth across his ass cheeks, Julie drew them up even higher and worked them into his butt crack. He squirmed and panted. She rolled him onto his back. As he lay sobbing, she slowly worked him off again through the silky nylon panties then stretch out wildly with his erection.

That was the first of many sessions we enjoyed with my cousin.

Since all three of us lived close to one another, Julie and I were over at Matt's house frequently, and we were always getting him to wear panties beneath his clothes under threat of exposing him as a panty pervert to the whole neighborhood. Many times, we got him into a dress and other things too. We liked to make him wear his mother's wig and then we'd tease him with peeks at our panties, either down our jeans or up our skirts. Of course, he would always be wearing panties under his jeans. He'd get a big hard-on as we flashed him our panties. We'd tease him until he shot his cum.

One evening his mother came home early and caught him in her wig. Julie and I played dumb. In a flash, his mother took him over her lap for a spanking for playing with her good wig. She was going to leave his trousers up, but as she bent him over her knee, above the top of his trousers, she saw the yellow panties we had forced him to wear that day.

"What in the devil are these!" she screamed as she yanked on the elastic and pulled them up to take a close look.

He just cried.

"I caught him stealing panties from my dresser so I made him put them on," I explained.

"God damned panty thief are we? Just like your lousy father. That son of a bitch got caught stealing panties off clotheslines so often I finally had to divorce him. What a lousy bastard.

"Well, next time you go visit your dad, tell him, 'like father, like son' and the two of you sicko panty-thieves can play with each other up panties! Faggots!

\* \* \*

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## Brief News

At Camden, New Jersey, Mrs. Hattie Joseph sued for divorce from her forty-four-year old husband, who, she said, always slept in women's panties and a nightie. "My husband never slept in anything but silk," she told the judge. "No remonstrance of mine could get him to stop this habit. When he would run short of various garments, he would go into backyards at night and steal them off neighbors' clotheslines. He was chased several times and even shot at once but always would return with new unmentionables." (The Chicago Reader)

\* \* \*

The wife of Robert W. Scofield, an electrical engineer of the Borough of Queens, New York, sued for separation from her husband. "Shortly after our marriage," she set out in her complaint, "I began to miss my silk panties. After searching, I would find them hidden in desks and other places in my husband's room. I never could leave any of my clothes around the house. Once I went to a masquerade with a girl friend and an hour later my husband arrived attired as a woman. He had ridden on streetcars and elevated trains dressed like that. On April 1 last, I returned home after a movie and found him in bed with some of my clothes on. His face was rouged, and he wore my gold wedding ring, my earrings, and my best dress was hanging on the closet door. He had been wearing that."

She and a woman friend alleged he always "wore women's silk lingerie and corsets," and would parade through the house in feminine attire, including long silk hose and high-heeled pumps, admiring himself in the mirrors. (New Bradford Times)

\* \* \*

The powder puff for men is becoming a commonplace accessory in flashy circles, and compacts and lipsticks are now displayed in men's furnishing stores. Silk underwear, gaily colored, delicately embroidered and occasionally even narrowly laced, can be had in any smart shops for men—one manufacturer even labels the delicate garments "S-I-S," with an explanatory parenthesis "Sir-in-Silks." (Janus)

\* \* \*

Following the death of John Willie, one of the world's most famous porn artists, Rund said, "He was a nice guy." He added, "Nobody thought he was a freak. He was always impeccably dressed, though he did wear women's nylon panties and full-length silk stockings under his clothes." (Fetish Times)

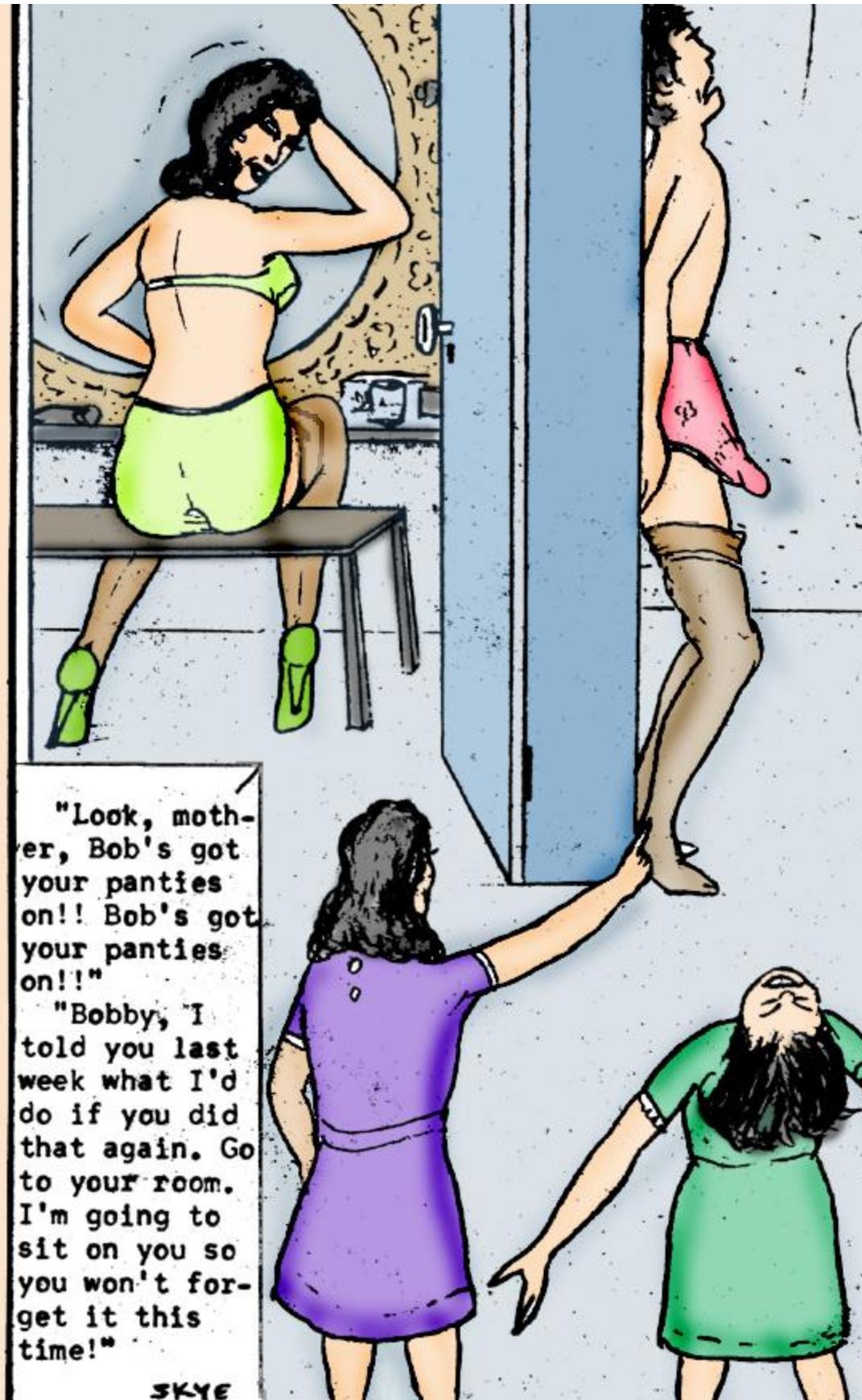
\* \* \*

Funny thing is that when I whip Jack he always wants to pee! The cane always seems to affect his bladder and he wets his panties almost every time. Last month, just for fun, I gave him a spanking early on Sunday morning and insisted he put on my latest and sexiest panties. These I duly soaked in my urine and told him he should wear them all that day. He did but unfortunately they dried by ten o'clock.

However, when Jack next wanted to spend a penny, I had him hike his panties up real high and spread his legs over the toilet where I watched as he pissed right through them. It was so exciting seeing the nylon darken in color with his pee and watch the wet stain grow and grow. His gusher of piss shooting right through the sexy nylon panties was great to watch! (Fetish Times Gazette)

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"Look, mother, Bob's got your panties on!! Bob's got your panties on!!"

"Bobby, I told you last week what I'd do if you did that again. Go to your room. I'm going to sit on you so you won't forget it this time!"

SKYE

## "Listen, pantywaist asshole!"

"Listen, pantywaist asshole!"

"I'm going to whip your ass for sassing me, you dumb motherfucker!"

"You know what I want you to do for me tonight? I want you to go out to the mall and buy yourself a pair of silky panties, go to the bus station about seven o'clock, when it's nice and busy, and put them on in the men's room. Don't go into one of the stalls. Change into those panties right in the middle of the room, regardless of who else is in there!"

"Then swish over to any guy in the place and offer to give him a blow job. If anyone takes you up on your offer, get on your knees and blow him, and while you're doing it, jack off into your panties!"

"Shoot your cum into those sissy panties and rub it in! Then take them off and lick the cum out of them before putting them back on and coming home to report to me." (Fetish Times)

\* \* \*

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## Miniskirted Boy

As soon as Dad brings home your mag, I steal it from his hiding place, read it all through then return to my favorite story or picture to jackoff into my panties. What a blessing your magazine is to people like me - lingerie lovers. My dad likes the pictures of women in stockings and those garter things that you publish in Janus, but I love when guys write to you about dressing up in girls' clothes. Once I "let" my mom and dad talk me into going to a costume party as a girl. Mom got stuff from my cousin (who is really sexy!), a miniskirt and everything else girls wear. Mom thought I was cute. Dad treated me like a lady that night. When we got home, he even snuggled up to me and gave me a big kiss on the lips. Mom thought that was hilarious, but Dad had a boner in his pants when he did it! I know he got excited by my nylon stockings. He took pictures. In the pictures, even my purple panties were peeking out above my skirt top! My only sorrow is that I don't have another boy dressed in heavenly lingerie with me—I just dare not hope a girl would be interested in me in panties.

\* \* \*

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## **"May I help you with the panties, sir?"**

I am an avid storyteller and amateur artist. I have a transvestite fantasy I have written which is now over 300 foolscap pages long. I also have nearly 200 drawings of males dressed in girls' clothing and lingerie in various types of dress i.e. schoolgirl, waitress, and air-hostess. I hesitate to send you any as invariably an erect penis is shown rising from frothy lingerie. I long to share this literature with someone of similar tastes. I find it very difficult to make discreet communication. I have met other men who wear panties but find such meetings unsatisfactory. I dream of forming a panty club with premises adorned with various items of female lingerie where about half a dozen members could meet to dress up.

I myself am panty mad and have worn them since I was fifteen. I am now forty and have hundreds of pairs hidden away—all nylon briefs. I have only to see a pair fluttering on a clothesline to get an erection. Like most TVs my ultimate desire is to be dressed as a woman by a woman. My one and only experience was some ten years ago when I bought a tennis outfit and suspender belt and nylons in a shop. The owner was middle age and quite attractive. She laid out various suspender belts on the counter and asked my wife's waist size. I didn't know. She looked at me and told me to take an elastic stretch one. I still have it—white with blue lace.

She suggested that I have matching panties and when she laid them out I had a tremendous and obvious erection under my pants. She saw this and continued to tease me with a beautiful collection of colorful panties. I wanted them all. After I picked out a tennis dress with matching rhumba panties, she knew they were all for me. She asked, "We have a fitting room. Would you like to try them on?"

I blushed but she looked at me suggestively and led me to the back of the store. I went into a cubicle with my selections. I dressed in the suspender belt, black nylons and the pair of pretty pink panties she had given me. Minutes later, I heard her call for me to come out. When I opened the curtain, I saw she had put a closed sign on the door and was waiting for me dressed only in a pink tennis outfit with white and pink lacy panties, bronze nylons and high-heels. My penis strained inside my panties as she admired me and told me how lovely I looked. She didn't want me to touch her but caressed my long nylon-sheathed legs before stroking and kissing my penis through my pink panties.

She told me I wasn't the first man she had snared who had come in pretending to buy lingerie for his wife. She had been refused only once when suggesting the dressing room. She also asked me not to go there again because she was married and couldn't afford to get involved with anyone even though she loved lingerie fetish men and her husband would never agree to try on any lingerie. Forever, I'll treasure that afternoon. I'll never forget her caressing me to a climax dressed in lingerie she had picked out for me!

As magazines are becoming more and more permissive, I long for the day to see a picture in Janus of a man dressed in lingerie! He needn't have an erection but his penis should be visible through the nylon panties. I couldn't do it, as I always go hard as soon as I don a pair of panties. Even if you devoted only a section of your magazine to lingerie lovers I would be thrilled and also become a permanent subscriber, as I'm sure would many thousands of others like me.

Yours ever,  
'Susan' Bedford

\* \* \*

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# DRESSED AS A WOMAN

ass-hole. I've been fucked only twice, once with 9" and the other time with 6" -I've only sucked the 6" cock once but couldn't suck him dry as he wanted me in the worst way, so he fucked the hell out of my tight cunt (asshole). I sucked womans cunts, tits and ass, and was once fucked by a woman with a dildo.

I have most of my own clothes and when I dress up as a woman I could even pass in public which I've done a few times.

I'd like mainly a woman that would go for that or even a couple. My measurements as a woman are: 36-B-26-35.

If there are any women out there my size maybe we can dress each other. I love sleeping dressed as a

Dear L.A. Star and all you good people:

I'm writting in hopes you'll print this story and ad in your paper. You won't have to send me a free subscription as I have fun buying it myself.

I'll start out by telling you I'm a W/M, 37 yrs. old, 140 lbs., 5'6", dirty blond hair, blue-green eyes and fairly good looking.

As of the 15th of Dec. I'm going to need a place to stay-I'll be more then happy to share the rent if not too high. . . . .

I'm BI and GAY also. In other words I'm looking for either M. or F.

I love dressing as a woman and love to get fucked, sucked or fuck and suck either sex. Once I've even found a woman that had me dress as a woman-strapped a dildo on and stuck one in her juicy cunt and the other in a warm

woman with a pretty negligee on and beautiful things like that.

When I dress I wear a bra, panties, corsett (to mold my figure) nylons and nylon garter belt, dress, or skirt and blouse, or slacks and blouse,, shoes, wig, earrings, make-up and anything else I need to complete the job. OH! yes I wear glasses so I bought a pair of womans glasses too.

So if there any out there that could help me out then please call me at 790-7100 ext. 200 and ask for John or write me at:

Sorry I can't use my last name.

Love what your paper is doing-Keep it up.  
John



REBA

FINGER

\* \* \*

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## **"You're wearing a pair of my best panties!"**

Ever since I was a very young child, I've had a longing to wear girls' clothes. I borrowed my sister's clothes every time the house was empty and dressed myself in them, wishing I were a little girl instead of a boy.

I started young with girls. Sally, my first girlfriend, was twelve and I was eleven when we first started hanging around together. One day I knew it was going to rain, so I didn't take a coat with me when I went to see her. By the time I arrived at her house, I was soaked to the skin. Her mother saw me all wet and told me to go upstairs to Sally's bedroom and get my wet things off.

Eagerly I went off and got undressed down to my undershirt and pants. Mrs. Harris came in and asked me if they were wet as well, and when I told her they were, she told me to take them off.

My wish came true when she said, "Here, you had better put this clean pair of panties and vest on until I've got yours dry. I know they are girls,' but no one will know when I've given you some jeans and a jumper to go over them."

I felt absolutely thrilled as she watched me step into the panties and pull them up. They were baby blue and I could feel the tight white elastic gripping my waist and thighs. After I had put the trousers and jumper on, I went downstairs to sit by the fire and dry my hair a bit. As I was bending over, the jumper rucked up, exposing the elastic top of the blue nylon panties peeking out above the jeans I was wearing.

Sally screamed, "You're wearing a pair of my best panties!" and started laughing.

Then she went and told her two little sisters, who started whispering and giggling amongst themselves. I wondered what they were saying as I knew it was about me wearing Sally's panties.

They all walked over to me and said their mother had gone to the shops would be away for at least half an hour or so.

I told them I didn't know why they were telling me this, but they just laughed and said, "You'll soon find out."

They grabbed me and took me up to their bedroom and made me take off the jeans and jumper. For the longest time, they just had me stand there, as they looked me over and inspected me in the panties and vest. They couldn't resist rubbing their hands all over me. That drove me crazy and made my head spin.

Then one of them said, "Let's put him in a dress and petticoat, and put a ribbon in his hair too."

I was helpless as the three of them jumped on me so I just had to let them do what they wanted. When they had finished they had transformed me from a boy into a real sissy-looking girl, and there I stood, inwardly excited and admiring myself in the mirror.

The girls decided to add an apron to my outfit and make me go around the house dusting the furniture like a little maid. The apron was one Sally's little sister used for playing dress up with her dollies. It was all lacy chiffon and had ruffles upon ruffles. I looked like a decorated birthday cake in the super frilly baby apron. As I pretended to be cleaning, they'd make me bend over to pick things up that made my short skirt go up in back, and they'd laugh when they could get a peek at my girlie panties.

Sally's two sisters had to leave us because they were going to a birthday party. They teased me and threatened to take me to the party with them. Thank goodness they didn't.

Finally, Sally and I were left alone. She smiled and said, "You look cute dressed like that. Boys' clothes are so dull. I think you like being dressed in my things. I'll have to dress you up more often in that case."

She kissed me and said, "We'd better take the dress off you before Mother gets back, but when she is out again we can play at dressing up, can't we?"

I nodded, and changed back into the jeans.

After that I went to Sally's house many times when her mother wasn't there. One time I went, Sally decided not to let me have my underpants back so I had to come home wearing a pair of her flowered hot pink panties. I still have those panties! Even though they don't fit me anymore, when I'm in bed at night, I rub them all over the panties I have on and masturbate madly, thinking of Sally and her sisters putting me in pretty dresses and silky lingerie.

I'm a total slave to girls' panties, and I don't think I'll ever want to change.

Yours,  
K. S. Jones

\* \* \*

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## "Hey, check out this fem boy!"

"Hey, check out this fem boy!"

"This next one is quite a case," Dr. Elsner told Donald, his new male nurse.

"His mother dresses him in girls' underpanties, cute ones with lace and bows — a real sight! God only knows what else she's got him all gussied up in today. He's a sissy if every I saw one!"

Barry Westwood entered the examining room. He would not have felt so vulnerable if his foolish mother had not had such odd ideas of what clothes were suitable for a thirteen-year old boy! He was a good-looking kid with a slender, well-formed body, not muscular because his mother discouraged what she called "rough games" but upright and tall. He carried his head proudly as he stood in a shaft of sunlight that poured through the tall casement. He was a beautiful sight—but oddly out of character. To suit his mother's crazy whim, he was dressed in a black miniskirt.



The nurse had a lapse in professional demeanor. He found it impossible not to laugh as he spotted the wide lacy collar on the boy's blouse. From beneath the edge of the miniskirt extended the boy's long legs clad in white silk stockings, adorned at the top of each leg with a huge pink satin bow. On his feet, he wore black loafers with stacked heels. His white overblouse had three-quarter length sleeves, and highlighted rather than hid his delicate pink lace training bra that could easily be seen through the thin material. His hair was bleached blonde but kept at a typically boyish length.

"Get your things off, boy," the doctor commanded.

Barry had been thoroughly conditioned to obey all adults so even though he was embarrassed, he did not hesitate to strip off his clothes. Carefully, as he had been taught, he took off his shoes, feeling the bitter cold of the tiled floor through his nyloned feet. He loosed the belt of his skirt, let it fall, stepped out of it and then folded it before putting it on a nearby table. He unbuttoned his blouse and pulled it off. Next to his skin he was wearing the underwear his mother had provided for him ever since he could remember: a baby-sized training bra in pink and a pair of panties with elasticized waist and legs made of the finest pure silk slipper satin, also in brilliant pink, smooth and soft to his skin.

Barry stripped off the bra and shivered in the bitter cold of the dank room. He put it on the table and stood waiting.

"The panties too!" ordered the doctor.

Barry became nervous; he didn't know Donald and was terrified of being naked in front of a stranger.

"Don't be embarrassed," Donald assured him. "I'm a nurse and I've treated a lot of boys like you."

The doctor was in a hurry. He was losing his patience so he simply moved swiftly forward, grabbed the elasticized waist of the panties and pulled them down to the boy's ankles. Barry moaned and then cried as he stepped out of them. Donald's eyes moved to the boy's crotch, noting that the immature penis made a small but firm bulge.

Donald couldn't hold back his laughter when he saw the big pink satin bow tied around the boy's tiny penis to make it look like a strange Christmas gift. Donald wondered how a mother could get a boy to appear in public in such humiliating clothes. But he had no idea the pressure that woman exerted over the boy when he was at home.

"I own you and I'll make you do all sorts of humiliating things, whenever and wherever I please," was a typical threat. " — and if you hesitate to follow my commands for as much as a second, I'll flog you till you're unconscious."

When she talked like that his heart would beat hard. Still he'd find the courage to ask, "What sort of humiliating things?"

"Decked out in your usual skirts and panties, I'll force you to suck cock. I know a lot of guys who'd love to fuck your baby girl face. And if you get sick and throw up from sucking too much cock, I'll make you lick up your vomit and spilled cum! I'll make you take a real man up the ass, and then I'll put a Kotex in your panties and a Tampax up your ass to keep that cum up in you so you can experience being a girl with a period."

\* \* \*

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## Son wears mom's clothes

**DEAR MAXINE:** I am the mother of a 16-year-old cross-dresser. I let him wear my dresses and heels around the house to keep him happy, but I feel bad about it.

If I don't watch him when he goes to school he will wear my underwear and maybe a blouse. He has his own shoulder bag that he uses all the time.

All he wants for his birthday next month is a nice dress and 6-inch platform heels. He says if I buy him male clothes he'll burn them.

Also, he says he will run away if I make him cut his hair. It is collar length right now.

There have just been the two of us since my divorce six years ago. I work and he does all the housework. Do you think this is the reason he is a crossdresser?

I can't afford a doctor, but I'll appreciate your advice.

**Brookfield**

**DEAR BROOKFIELD:** You are unwittingly encouraging his tendency, reported the psychiatrist I consulted about your situation.

You allow him to wear feminine clothes. He does all the housework. And he stays home rather than get out with the boys.

Although it is rare, the psychiatrist stated, your son might have a genetic variance. He should be checked for any possible physical problem at a medical center where, if you can't afford to pay, he may receive free care.

I note you don't mention a father or father substitute. This lack may explain part of the problem. Find out.



Maxine

\* \* \*

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## **TRANSVESTITE**

I am a male, twenty-seven years old, and not bad looking. I first started my love affair with lingerie eight years ago. I was always intrigued by silky, sexy underwear, so one day I went out and bought myself a pair of black lace panties. When I got home and tried them on, I felt so sexy that I ejaculated in seconds. After having such a positive first experience, I quickly went out and purchased some lacy bras, garter belts, and black stockings.

The feeling I get when I'm fully dressed in my favorite outfit, which is a black lace bra and a garter belt, and a slinky black mini-slip, is one of overwhelming eroticism.

I've tried to stop wearing this type of apparel, but it's very difficult to control myself. Lately, I've even started wearing sheer, sexy nightgowns to bed. I have a whole collection of beautiful, silky lingerie in every color imaginable—and I love all of it.

I've never discussed this problem with anyone. Please tell me what I am and what I should do about it.

**B.C.,  
California**

\* \* \*

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## My Worst Experience

One day when I was in kindergarten and it was time for siesta, we all stripped down to our underwear and went to the bathroom. While peeing I hadn't pulled my underwear down enough, so I accidentally peed in them. I was afraid of being caught with wet pants and punished. I did my best to hide the stain as I took off my shorts, got out my blanket and pajama top. But while I was napping, I realized someone took my bed cover away. When I opened my eyes, I saw the teacher and heard her saying, "Look at the little sissy, still peeing in his pants! The whole room is smelly! Take them off!"

Sitting on the edge of my bed I pulled my Y-front briefs off and pressed my legs together to hide my cock and balls. I never imagined she could have caught me just by smelling my piss. She said the stain had gotten on my PJ top, so she made me take that off too.

She had a thin, purple girls' nightie in her hand. It had matching panties and she put them on me while some of the other kids laughed. Then all the kids were awake and making fun of me. The teacher finally quieted everyone down and had us go back to taking our nap.

Since I was not used to sleeping in a silky nightie and panties like that, I felt very uncomfortable. I reached down and touched my cock and balls to feel their shape through the two layers of nylon. Despite my embarrassed state, it felt good to touch myself like that. I imagined how bad it was going to be when I would have to get up in full view and the other kids would have fun mocking me about the girls' clothes I was wearing.

The teacher made me keep on the outfit while I put my blanket away and then we did our artwork until it was time to go home. When Mom picked me up, the teacher explained that I had wet myself and that was all she had for me to wear. Mom laughed but just put my coat on me and took me home like that to show my father.

\* \* \*

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*There's nothing like sucking off my guy's giant prick and balls while they're all bound up in a big pair of his mother's pink panties!*

\* \* \*



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**Lover Wears Panties**

I am a widow with a seven-year-old daughter. Recently I've been bringing my current lover, Fred, home to meet my daughter because it's possible I might consider marrying him. She likes him, and he's very relaxed with her.

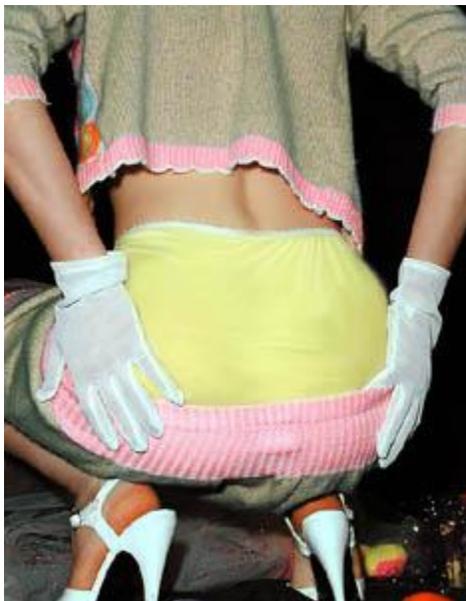
The difficulty is that I like to be spanked on occasion and he has just a touch of the transvestite about him. Cindy caught him spanking me once, and we explained it away as a game adults like to play. She laughed and wanted to hit me a few times with her little hand across my nylon panties, and we let her do it while I was still over Fred's lap.

Fred and I particularly enjoy lying in each other's arms, both of us wearing panties and nothing else, slowly caressing each other all over and finally reaching our inner thighs and genitals and buttocks with the very lightest of finger touches. We arouse each other then stop, and then start again until we both suddenly have orgasms or decide to fuck.

Unfortunately, last weekend, when Fred was wearing the panties under just a bathrobe, the robe accidentally got unloosened and my daughter saw his pink panties. She thought it was funny and came and told me. I smiled and told her that some men's skin is sensitive and ordinary men's underwear irritates them so they have to wear female panties. But I knew she could see through my fibbing. Later that day (after he got dressed), Cindy asked him if he still had his pink panties on. He looked at me and then finally admitted to her that he did. She insisted on seeing them. He showed them to her. Unfortunately he had a big hard on at the time. She insisted upon seeing it and touching it through his panties. He just about blew it right there! He had to yank up his trousers and run to the bathroom.

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## **Mother Knows I Beat Off in Her Panties**

Well you probably would call this gay as all hell, but it all started when I was going to school and still living at home. We had this man staying down stairs, and when everyone would go out, he would pay me to go to the store for him. When I came back, he would feel my dick and it would get hard as a pipe. Then he would say, "Let me get you feeling real good."

I felt funny about letting him do any more, but I was so hot I would say "yes." He would go to the laundry, pull out some of my mother's or sister's panties, take my pants

down and start rubbing those panties on my hot cock. Then he's suck on my dick as he kept rubbing those panties up by my asshole and all over my balls until I would cum.

One day, after we did this a few times, he had me put on a big pair of my mother's white lacy panties and lie down on my stomach. His dick was real hard. He put some grease up my ass and some on his dick. Then he pulled aside the leg elastic of those big sissy silk panties and shoved his greasy dick up my ass. It felt so good that I had to touch myself. The big silky panties gave me a lot of room to play around in, and I started jerking off while his dick was up me. That went on for about a year and nobody got wise.

After he moved away, I would put on my mother's silken panties and pull them way up almost to my armpits then I'd shove a greased carrot up my ass and jerk off through the panties as I looked at myself in the mirror. It was exciting to see my big cock shoving out the panties in the front the end of the big carrot shoving out the panties in back.

My mother never caught me red-handed, but one day she said, "I know what you've doing with my panties, and I don't want to wear any of those panties after you've shot off in them so come into my bedroom, I want you to show me which pairs of my panties you've dirtied up. I'll give them to you to put in your bottom dresser drawer and you can spunk them up all you want. And whenever you do dirty them up, just put them in the laundry and I'll wash them out and put them back in you dresser. Now I'll be buying myself some new panties out of your allowance, and I want you to stay out of them or I'll tell your dad what you've been doing!"

Well, we went to her bedroom, and she opened her chest of drawers where she kept her panties. She had about twenty-five pairs at the time. As she started pulling them out, I admitted that I had tried all of them on. She got a little mad at me for that. I guess she was surprised. Well, she threw all those panties at me and told me to get out of there and to forever stay out of her room.

I went right to the bathroom, put on all of those panties at once. They bulged out like I had big woman hips. The stack of panties across my hot cock smoothed it out so much you couldn't even see I had a cock, but I could surely feel it! Just thinking about that whole episode with my mother made me wild. I rubbed myself off and screamed so loud when I came that she must have heard me, but I didn't care. I took all the panties off and put them in the bathroom's dirty laundry hamper. I needed some more panties to wear and was lucky to find a dirty pair in the hamper that Mom had thrown in there. After that I jacked off everyday in my panties. Mom would wash them out and put them back in my room. Well that's all I have to say.

Signed,  
Don

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## Gay Boys Love Panties Too

My lover and I are unique not only because we are both male but also because we have been together for most of my life. Most gay relationships don't last long, but ours has. Jim is almost three times my age, yet he is really a super stud when he gets turned on, and sometimes it's hard for me to accommodate his big fat prick in my little asshole. But I love the feeling of him thrusting into me and spilling his love juice up my butt hole. It really makes me feel like his woman.



I have always loved female clothes, and these days, I love dressing as a French maid to go about my household chores. I begin by putting on a very sheer but tight pair of black nylon panties with rows of pretty white lace across the bottom. I have always had a thing for sexy black panties, and almost all my panties are black with some kind of lace or trim. Also, I don't even have one pair of male underwear any more. After the panties, I slip into a black lace garter belt and black seamed stockings. I know pantyhose are far more practical for a housewife, but neither Jim nor I like them. I finish with a black brassiere, heavily padded, and a sheer slip, in shimmering white so you can see my black bra and panties through the silky slip. Sexy with a capital "S!"

I put on my makeup and then slip into the costume. It is very, very short, and when I bend over the least little bit, you can see my lace-pantied ass. Occasionally, Jim grabs me there when I am doing the housework. This makes me feel like his little slut, and I love it. I'm really thrilled with wearing nylon lingerie. It is so silky feeling that I walk around with a permanent erection. A lot of times Jim will attack me while I am cleaning or cooking. He kneels in front of me, reaches under my uniform and pulls down the front of my panties far enough for my hard-on to spring out. He loses no time in sucking it all in with his hands running all over my nyloned legs. When I do come, I feel like fainting, the feeling is go good.

If he doesn't perform well, and sometimes I think that he doesn't on purpose, I start whipping him with a small whip we have. After his back a rosy red color, he always does it right. When I cum, I make Jim swallow every drop of it. If he doesn't, I squeeze his balls with my gloved hands until he pleads with me to stop. Sometimes I don't stop until I have him in tears. I guess there is a bit of the sadist in me, too. Finally, I allow Jim his release.

He is not a transvestite, but he likes to wear silk, so I put him into a complete silk lingerie outfit. Stockings, panties, garter belt and slip. They fit him skintight. Then I make him go around the house and do my usual chores attired that way. If he does everything right, I reward him by jacking him off into his sexy panties to heat him up, and then I let him fuck me while he is still wearing his silken garments. These are just some of the games we play. We have tried almost everything at one time or another, but we both like it best when I am dressed in my frilly women's underwear and Jim is in his silkies.

I first met Jim when I was five years old. He was a mid-40s bachelor living in the apartment above us that my parents rented out to him. My folks liked him a lot, especially since he was such a great cook and was always making gourmet dishes and sending them downstairs for us. My parents let him watch me while they went out on the town. They were real partygoers, so this happened a lot. Jim was friends with a lot of local drag queen performers at a bar not far away. Many times he'd serve them breakfast after their all-night parties on Friday and Saturday nights. On many of those days, I'd be up at first light, and I'd go upstairs and join them while my parents slept deeply from partying all night.

My parents knew Jim was gay, but they had no problem with it since they were a very liberal couple. Well, the drag queens really took to me, and before long they were putting makeup and a wig on me. Mom and Dad saw me like that a few times and thought it was cute. Then one day Jim bought me a sparkling white party dress with some big bouffant petticoats along with some ruffled satin panties, all in my size. I loved it. I wore that dress for months. Once again, my folks made me feel very comfortable when I was dressed up. They didn't know that on many of those mornings, a lot of the queens would put me on their lap and playfully masturbate me into the panties. I was too young to shoot, but they made my penis tingle and drive me dizzy with pleasure. They'd take turns feeling me up and then lift of my skirt and slip to show each other how my hard little penis stood up and twitched in the satin panties. After they'd leave, Jim would get ready for bed. He'd put on panties and a long silky nightie and we'd snuggle together in bed. This usually ended up with him sucking on my penis for what seemed like hours. He also reamed my asshole with his greased finger to excite my prostate. And he'd make me feel really good, strange and exciting when he licked my asshole thoroughly. It tickled but felt great too. He was very gentle and did this for years before he tried to penetrate me with his big sausage of a cock. That's why I have always been in love with Jim, and there is no one else for me.

I always wear my black nylon panties wherever I go, even if I go out dressed as a man. (This is the only way I go in public.) Panties give me a good feeling and always remind me that I am really a woman inside, and a devoted wife too. But I go out less and less in male clothes because now I'm on hormones. In the enclosed pic you can see how nicely my breasts are developing. I hope that I haven't shocked anyone by my story, but that's the way it is with Jim and me. We love each other, and we are more than happy to cater to each other's whims and desires. I think that's more than a lot of married couples do.

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## Halloween: A Transvestite's Favorite Holiday

I was born to a poor family in the midst of the depression and had one sister about two years older. My sister's clothes were handed



down to me from babyhood to the start of grammar school. That included her little dresses, shoes and even her panties and petticoats. Since many people were so poor, this was not unusual in families where a girl was the oldest. I never knew what it was like to wear boy's clothing until I was five years old. You can see I was a transvestite from the very beginning. I never felt comfortable in boys clothing, and whenever I could, I would take my sister's panties so that I could be wearing something feminine. Otherwise, my boyhood was completely normal. I participated in sports, got into fights and was able to hold my own as a pretty tough boy. However, the yearning for feminine clothes against my body never left me—it was like a disease. I tried to rid myself of it but couldn't.

When I was about twelve, I received a last-minute invitation to a Halloween party but had no costume to wear and was quite sad about it. To my delight, my sister recommended I wear her clothes and go as a girl. I put on a good act in opposing such an idea until I allowed Mother to talk me into it. From pink panties to party dress—I was as pretty as any girl around. I wore a pretty bonnet, as wigs weren't around much in those days. With some makeup and a little padding on my chest my mother said, "You look just darling." I don't have to tell you I was enchanted the whole evening through and many of the kids there didn't realize at first that I was a boy dressed as a girl.

The mother of the boy who invited me seemed turned on by my dress, and she kept staring at me. Eventually, she came up to me and asked if I were wearing panties under my dress. I said "yes." A wild expression came over her face. Without asking, she lifted my dress to see for herself. She then shouted to every one, "Come over and see the cute pink panties our little girl is wearing under her dress!" as she continued to hold my dress up so every one could see. I heard a lot of giggles from the girls and heard one boy say "sissy" real loud.

I ran to the bathroom in tears, and though the lady apologized, it was difficult living this down for quite some time. It caused a lot of fights for me but when I won all of them, the boys thought differently about calling me names. Some of the girls at the party would look at me for months after and giggle, but I couldn't do much about that. Though embarrassed about the incident I dressed as a girl at every Halloween party after that because it made me feel so good. Secretly, I wore my sister's clothes until I was able to buy my own. To this day I don't think my sister or mother knows I am a transvestite though I gave them every reason to suspect.

Over these many years I have tried to kick the habit of crossdressing by throwing away all my feminine things but always started buying them again. It has gotten rather expensive. I thought I had really overcome the habit when I fell in love with a girl and married her. At first our sex life was so blissful that I had no desire whatsoever to dress up, and I thought I had terminated my shameful habit. After about a year, when our sex life wasn't as thrilling, I found myself wearing my wife's panties and slips and was soon buying my own. My wife caught me all dressed up one day and she didn't like it at all. She thought only homosexuals did that sort of thing, but when I explained how that wasn't true, things weren't too bad.

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## **"No backtalk, pantywaist bitch!"**

Upon entering the apartment, Dominique found her prissy husband ready to serve her. Freshly bathed, he was naked except for a gaudy pair of panties, loaded with ribbons and lace and frills like a baby girl's party panties, the new panties that to her were the true token of his final and irrevocable submission. Just a week ago, she had bought a dozen pairs of panties of different colors, ever pair unbelievably fancy; he had protested until he was blue in the face, but it had done him no good. In the end Howard donned the panties and that was that. End of argument. End of rebellion. Beginning of slavery.

Now she was removing her bra and would soon be down to her standard attire for lounging around the house: just her pink lace panties. She wished he could have worn her panties, but Howard was a big guy, big in every way, and Dominique was small-boned and dainty; her own panties just wouldn't have fit.

"You wore the green panties, eh?" Dominique said as she patted the bulge and felt it swell under her fingertips. "What made you choose green tonight?"

"Nothing special. Is green all right, dear? Would you rather I changed into --"

"Don't change. Green is fine. Perfect, as a matter of fact," she said. "Now go grease your ass and fetch me the double-headed dildo."

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## **Playing Pocket Pool in My Sister's panties**

I'm not a transvestite, just a fetishist because I was never much on dresses and other women's things, just panties, nylons and shoes. For my entire life, I have worn lace panties of every kind and color. My mother, father, brothers and sisters got so used to seeing me wearing my sisters' panties that nobody ever even commented much about it. My bothers never tried them on (that I know), but I was into them all the time even though I had regular boys' underwear too, but I only wore those to school or places like that.

When I wear panties, I like to get in front of a glass so I can see myself and then put on some women's stockings and shoes. That gets me hot as a firecracker so I have to lie down and tug on Mr. Dickie. I tease myself in all that nylon and hold off as long as possible, but all of a sudden I can't hold back any more, and Mr. Dickie shoots round after round of his goo into my play panties.

I'm a lucky boy!  
Signed, Don

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## Joys Of a Transvestite

I have just finished reading H/D for the first time and one special letter caught my eye. I want to tell Miss C S that having a boyfriend who is a transvestite can be a great experience. I know, because my boyfriend Carl is one. I have to admit I was shocked and hurt when he first told me, but I loved him so I figured I'd give it a chance.

The first time he performed for me, he simply put on a bra and a pair of my peach panties. I really had to admit that the sight of his super-hard cock bursting out of my panties was one of the most erotic sights I had ever seen. That night he began by performing cunnilingus on me. He must have been especially turned on because my cunt has never been eaten out like that before. Since I couldn't stand not having his giant cock in my mouth, I pulled it out of the leg opening of the panties and sucked him in. After what seemed like hours of his nibbling on my clit and me sucking him off, we both came.

The next morning we talked about his love for lace and nylon. He said that if girls could wear T-shirts and jeans, why couldn't guys wear bras and panties? A good point. So I drew him a nice hot bath, shaved his legs and underarms, dressed him in panties and bra (under his jeans and sweater) and off we went clothes shopping. The shopping spree was such a turn-on for both of us that we've repeated it several times. You can't imagine the thrill of having a salesgirl ask you what size bra you wear and answering, "It's not for me . . . it's for my pantywaist boyfriend!"

When he was a young boy, he used to steal panties off clotheslines and wear them under his clothes. He was caught stealing from a dime store once when he was eight years old. It was a pair of yellow rayon panties that cost twenty-nine cents. Howard, his stepfather, gave the kid a sound licking and made him wear those panties for a week. The whole family made fun of him that whole time. He never forgot it.

While growing up, he only got caught one more time that I know about. He was twelve and had stolen a pair of his mother's lavender silk panties out of her drawer and wore them under his clothes all day. He admitted they made him feel so excited that he drooled cum in them all day long. But he had a hole in his trousers and his father saw the lace showing through. He called Carl over to him and asked him why he was wearing them. When little Carl couldn't answer, Howard pulled down the boy's trousers and made him show his mother how he looked in her panties. His mother laughed at him and called him a "girl."

Then Howard pulled the panties up real tight on the kid with one hand and gave him one hell of a spanking through the tightly pulled panties with his other hand. Howard then made the boy stand in the corner with just the panties covering his butt until his little sister came home. She laughed at him and asked him if he was going to be her new sister then. At Howard's urging, she gave Carl a spanking on his silk panties with her little baby hands as she called him "a bad little girl for wearing his mommy's panties" and told him she was going to lock up all her panties up so he couldn't get into them.

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## "Billie, it's panty time!"

Skye  
Publishing,  
1979

Gloria, stood in front of her dresser mirror admiring herself in her new Luratex panties, thinking about how far she should go in panty training Billie (which was already showing results). She snugged the cool white panties up tight around herself, cooing to herself and swiveling her hips to their sensuous touch. She picked up another pair of her new panties, the pink ones, and went into her younger brother's bedroom.

"Take your pants off, Billie, and put these on."

"That's bad, Sis! Where's Mother? I'll tell her you're being bad again."

"Nobody's home, and I'm a lot stronger than you are," she said as she threw the pink panties in his face and pulled one breast out of her shirt.

"Holy cow! Sis! Don't do that!"

"Come on, it's time to put the panties on or I'll do something really bad."

"Please, Gloria, I wish you wouldn't use those things on me anymore. When you're away I go looking for your panties."

"And when you find them, what do you do with them, sweetie?"

"I go to my bedroom and smell them and look at them."

"And that excites you?"

"They excite me too much, Gloria. I can't sleep, and you know I never masturbate."

"You can't spurt from smelling my panties?"

"I come close, but I get so frustrated because I'm so afraid of their power over me."

Billie, whining but pulling on the pink panties: "They feel funny ..."

Gloria squeezed his penis in the smooth nylon.

"Don't, Sis!"

"You're my sister!"

"Suck my nipple."

"No! No! Sis! ... Please!"

"Suck it, or I'll sit on you." Billie, sucking her nipple as spurt comes, cried as he slid to the floor. "Dad says you'll make me into a pervert"

Gloria pulled her skirt up in the back and left his room laughing.



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*Is that you behind me? Can't a girl have a little bit of privacy? Still hooked on my panties, are you? Get over here and drop your pants. You're in for a hard spanking!*

*Oh, my, god! You're even wearing my panties now! What a sissy you are! I'm going to make this spanking really hurt, you naughty little pantywaist!*

**The End**

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