

INSIDE

Girls Panties



No. 6

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If you like frilly, old-fashioned panties, you'll love the pictures and stories from both unpublished, original sources and old, long-out-of-print publications that our pantywaist readers sent to us when we asked them for copies of their favorite panty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

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I Ordered Him to Make It Cum!

I am a twenty-year-old woman who loves your magazine, especially the letters. I want to relate my first sex experience for the benefit of other women.

When my brother was eight and I was six, we did the usual kids' game of exploring by playing doctor. We outgrew that and I didn't think much about it until a few years later when my brother was twelve and he was reminiscing with me about what we used to do secretly in the bathroom. I was a little embarrassed but didn't want him to know it even when he suggested that it might be fun to try it again. Somehow he talked me into it.

Once we began, however, it seemed rather silly being a make-believe nurse or doctor and patient, and I wanted to stop, but he said I could make up any game I wanted. I don't know why, but I suggested we exchange roles and he be the female and I be the male. He was willing, and we went to the hamper where I put on a pair of my father's undershorts and a T-shirt, while I had him get into Mother's big black bra and gartered waist cinch with nylons and pale pink nylon panties. I had him put on Mom's wig, then I pinched his nipples through the cups of the underwire bra, and I told him that since he was the woman, he had to do everything I said.

I turned my back to him and told him to "kiss my bottom," which he thought was funny until I slapped him and told him he better do it. He pulled down my men's shorts and planted one little kiss on my rump. I told him to keep it up. Soon he was kissing me all over my bottom. I spread my legs a little and told him he had missed a few spots and to use his tongue. He didn't hesitate and even got right between my ass cheeks and licked my asshole. Gosh, it was exciting. I had never before experienced such strange sensations. For the first time in my life, my vagina got all wet and juicy.

I turned around and faced him as I stroked my pussy. By instinct, he knew what I wanted him to do. He kissed me between my legs. And kept kissing me there. O-o-o-o!!! Soon my pussy lips were throbbing. He had me lean against the to the edge of the bathtub so I could spread my legs further apart. He put his tongue into me and that stirred a barrage of new emotions. He did it for the longest time. Finally I needed a break, and I wanted to see his penis.

My girlfriends had told me about boys masturbating and I had been thinking about his penis as he kissed between my legs. He pulled down the panties, and after I reacquainted myself with his cock, I told him to pull Mom's pink ladies panties back up and play with himself through them because I liked how funny he looked with his cock stretching out the front of those panties. I sat back and watched. He began pulling on his penis. I thought it was small, but I hadn't seen his penis since we played our little sex games years before, so I didn't know for sure. I just remember my friends telling me that a boy's penis got really big when he played with it.

I was rubbing myself and watching him rub his penis faster and faster. Then I ordered him to make it cum. I wanted to see his baby-making juice. Before the words were barely out of my mouth, he came right through Mother's panties; his juice oozed out over his hand and dripped down onto the rug. I don't remember which gave me more pleasure that day, his licking me or me making him play with himself and shoot off on command.

He must have felt guilty about what we did because we didn't do anything like that again until two months ago when he was over and my husband was out. We had a few beers and one thing led to another and we repeated the whole performance! We've never discussed it since then, but I think about it often, especially when I'm masturbating.

Miss Minnie W
Des Moines

-- *Beautiful & Dominant*, 1972

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A Chip Off the Old Cock

Ever since Jeri, my wife, discovered my love of women's clothes, we have developed a special routine for whenever Jack, our son, stayed for the weekend at his best friend's house, (which he did frequently).

After I'd arise on Saturday morning and while still in my babydoll nightgown and frilly panties, Jeri would set my shoulder-length hair, tie a hair net over my curlers and sit me under the dryer while she went down on me. Then I'd clean the apartment, hand wash all the lingerie and do the ironing. She would go shopping or visit a friend. When she'd return, I'd wash and set her hair. While she sat under the dryer, I'd give her a manicure and pedicure. To top it all off, I would perform cunnilingus on her, which excites her greatly. To cap our pleasure, we usually went out for the evening to a restaurant and movie with me fully dressed and made up as a girl.

On my birthday, Jeri made an appointment for me at her beauty parlor as a special treat. I had a permanent and nearly had an orgasm while the hairdresser was working on me.

This arrangement worked beautifully until one day while I was cleaning Jack's room. I found a pair of my nylon panties between the mattress and box spring. When I pulled them out, I found what looked like dried semen on the crotch. The fact that Jack was using my panties —his father's panties—to masturbate excited me tremendously.



I showed them to Jeri. She had a good laugh over the whole idea of him doing it into my panties. She soon realized that it made me quite excited. She lost no time. When Jack came back on Sunday night, she brought up the subject as she tucked him into bed. She simply asked him, "So, how long have you been jacking off into your father's panties?"

He thought he was hearing things when she had said they were "his father's panties," but she told him right off that he was now old enough to know that I am a transvestite and that the panties he had stolen for his wanking belonged to me -- his father!

Of course, he had thought all along that the panties had been his mother's, so the truth about the panties was a shock that really flustered him. When Jeri called out to me, I entered his bedroom dressed in a chiffon negligee and nightie outfit. I had stayed fully dressed and made up that night, hidden away from the time he came home until this moment.

At first, he doubted it was I, but a few words from me were enough to convince him it was I.

Jeri went into great detail about everything she and I did on those weekends he would go away. It didn't take much coaxing for him to put on a clean pair of my panties that I had brought along, cute pink and white ones with pretty lace flowers on the sides.

Jeri got excited when she had Jack stand up to adjust the panties. We could see his entire circumcised cock and balls through the sheer panty material. He was standing there in front of us with his beautiful crotch at eye level.

Seeing how both her son and husband were dressed only in lingerie, Jeri shucked off her dress and stood before us in sexy white satin panties, pink garter belt and pink nylons! Seeing his mother like that, Jack's face got red with embarrassment—but that's not all that grew! Right before our hungry eyes his cock began to swell. God, it was exciting. The head reminded me of a huge strawberry, the way it strained against the tight nylon panties, throbbing and oozing wetness out of the tip.

I told Jack not to be embarrassed because I often masturbated into my panties too. As I said that, I pulled my nightie up and showed him my hard pantied cock. I was wearing the panties with his dried-on cum stains. Jeri told Jack that he needed to be punished for stealing the panties and cumming in them without permission so she made him kneel down in front of me and lick his own cum out of the panties I was wearing. I became so excited that I let loose with some of my own cum, and at the command of his mother, she made him keep licking until he cleaned up all my oozing cum too!

-- *Gay Life Letters, 1975*

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My Buddy & Me in My Mom's Closet

When my aunt Sally was having problems with her pregnancy, Mom stayed overnight with her, and so I wouldn't be alone, she said I could have Jared stay overnight with me. Jared was my best friend from the all-boys' school I attended.

Jared came over and after some pizza, it was bedtime. I wanted to sleep in Mom's bed, and it seemed only natural for him to sleep in there too. It was a very large bed, and it would have been lonely with him sleeping in the next closest bedroom, which was on the second floor.

Jared had forgotten to pack some pajamas so I laughingly told him to look in my mother's big walk-in closet. She had an extensive wardrobe and might well have some pajamas in there belonging to her boyfriend.

Once in the closet, he was amazed at the range of beautiful things he found. He thought it would be fun to try on some of them. I was no stranger to girls' clothes, having played the role of a little girl in a recent school play. One day while I was doing that play, Jared dared me to go outside with him while I was still in costume. Well I took up his dare, and once outside he repeatedly pulled up my dress and slip to show people the lace-trimmed panties my mom had supplied me with for that costume. Some of the guys even got pictures of me trying to fight off Jared as he pulled up my skirt. The enclosed picture is very old and of rather poor quality, but it documents my early sissyhood.

After Jared got dressed in some of my Mom's things, I happily joined him. We felt fabulously witty and daring, dancing around in sexy outfits then strutting back into the bedroom to fall down together laughing on the big bed. Jared was in a royal blue satin evening gown, and I had dressed myself in a cheerleader-like outfit with a long-sleeved sweater, pleated white skirt, ankle socks and black patent leather schoolgirl-like flats.

I fingered the string of pearls he'd strung around his neck and suddenly felt an urge to kiss him. He was startled, or at least pretended to be, but he thought it was amusing to be kissed by a pretend woman while he was pretending to be one himself. He squeezed the tissue-stuffed bra I was wearing, and I pretended to gasp with pleasure and laugh in a high falsetto voice like a girl.

I thought of how my mother would run her hands over her legs as she would smooth out her nylons, and I rubbed my hands along the nylons that Jared had on in the same way. He gave me a look as if to say, "this isn't a game anymore," but he didn't stop me when I let my hand ride up his leg and fondle the sky blue silk panties he had on beneath my mother's evening gown.

Jared sighed as I rubbed the silk. He had a lump there, the one proof that he was masquerading, but I wanted to make the masquerade perfect. I wanted to rid him of that lump. So I reached into the azure panties and began to fondle it. I bent down and kissed it with too much lipstick. I spread my legs for Jared, pretending to be some sultry goddess who desired him, and Jared's prick grew very hard. I took it in my mouth and let him feel my legs and panties and do the same to me. He shot his cum all over my face. Within moments, I did the same to him; however, he managed to suck most of my spend right down his throat.

As we took a long, relaxing pause stretched out on the bed, neither one of us said anything about we had just done. I started clowning around to break the tension. I ran over to my room and back to get my "mouse ears" out of my old toy box. Then I jumped up on a stool and began to sing the Mickey Mouse Club song pretending to be Annette Funicello with my budding breasts swelling out beneath my sweater.

Jared came over to the table and stood in front of it. Smiling like a devilish imp of a girl, he pulled up my skirt and pulled my cock out of the side of my panties. He took it in his mouth and really began working it over. I had just shot my seed, but I quickly started to get hard once again. He started goosing me in my asshole with his finger right through my panties. That made me blow cum. I shivered and shook with every neve-racking pulsation of my spurting penis. It was wonderful! This time he let me finish off by shooting into the air. My juice shot six feet and landed on my mother's wall mirror!

-- *Kinky Sexual Needs: Sex Fun with Fetishes, 1976*

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Advice to TV Wives

Being a confirmed transvestite, just the sight of silky panties drives me wild and this is how it came to be: One day while I was in high school, I found myself alone in the house. I went into my sister's room looking for something to read when I noticed her panties and bra on the bed. When I moved them aside to sit down, I'll never forget how exciting they felt to touch. I got an immediate erection.

Knowing I would be home alone for a awhile. I put the panties on. The sensations I felt from pulling them up my legs made me weak. I put on the bra next and looked at myself in the mirror; I wanted more. I found a beautiful full petticoat and a frilly dress and put them on. I must have stood before the mirror for a half hour, lifting my dress to see my panties underneath my petticoat and rubbing myself until I came in a beautiful orgasm. For me, that was the



beginning. Now my only dream is to meet a woman who wants a transvestite husband, one who will help me to live my life in happiness.

There are many men like me, who live normal lives on the surface and who have wives who would never dream that they would enjoy wearing their panties and dresses or sleeping in frilly nighties. If you are a woman, and you feel your husband is a transvestite or may have transvestite tendencies, I have a game for you to play: one night, tell him that this will be a special night and suggest that you both dress alike. Give him the silkiest panties you own, pink if possible, and a pretty nightgown to wear. If he has any TV tendencies, he will jump at the chance. And your sex life will improve. Not only will he want you, but he'll need you more than ever.

R.G.,
New Jersey

-- *Men in Silk, 1985*

Panty-Wasted!

When my wife caught me jacking off in her panties, she laughed her head off. The next day she went to one of those T-shirt places and had them print on a T-shirt "My sissy husband wears my panties!" She put it on and paraded around the house taunting me. Then she wore it to her aerobics class and told me how all the women had a hearty laugh at my expense as she told them all about me. Now, whenever I don't please her, she punishes me by wearing that T-shirt wherever we go!

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I'm a TV, I should have Known!

Pete is a guy, but you wouldn't want to tell "her" that. Call him/her what you may, but my Pete is all woman to my way of thinking. He's everything you'd want in a natural born lady, a fine body, great tits, a pretty face . . . the whole works, except for "you know what."

I first met Pete, "Patricia" rather, in a bar in Los Angeles early one morning. At first I thought she was a real woman. Being a transvestite myself, I of all people should have known. Pete knew for sure what I was as she sat down next to me, and I thought I was being propositioned by a woman that liked sissies. I was more than ready to jump at the offer to go home with her. I slid my hand up under her dress as we sat chatting, and I got the surprise when my hand made contact with a big cock inside her panties. She giggled. Somehow I didn't care.

I had been with men a couple of times before, but never another queen. I wasn't against it; it's just that it was a brand new thing for me. As we talked, I was going to withdraw my hand from her bulging panties, but she closed her hose-clad legs tight on my hand and asked me not to take it away. I could feel her cock growing real nice and hard inside her soft, silky panties, and it must of been every bit of ten inches long if it was an inch! That girl's dick was bigger than mine! Pat whimpered and squirmed as I felt her up through her lace panties, and I could feel the swelling in

my own panties under my skirt. I was hot to get down with this sexy queen so I payed for our beers and we left.

When we got to my apartment, Pat could hardly wait for us to get stripped down to our lingerie. She smiled as she pulled her dress up and over her head. Her cock was pushing straight out from the front of her exciting taffeta slip and rose-colored panties. By the time she pulled her slip off, I was already down to my own panties. I got down on my knees, took hold of her big dick and squeezed it hard. I pulled down her panties in front, and it jumped out and hit me on the chin. I guided it to my mouth and took as much of it as I could without choking. I sucked her for about ten minutes and made her cum. It was wild! And one of the biggest loads of jizz I had ever taken, so much that I all but gagged when she shot off. But I loved it! She pulled her panties back up after she finished creaming in my mouth then pushed me to the floor onto my back, pulled down my panties and took my seven-and-three-quarter inches down her throat. I busted my nut in almost no time flat. Patricia sucked me dry and swallowed my cum then pulled my panties back up.

We sat on the floor and talked a while. Later I showed her all of my pretty girls' clothes and we had a couple of cold beers. She spent the night. I let her use one of my nightie sets, and I put one on myself. In bed, we had ourselves a really wild time. We sixty-nined and popped off into each others mouth at about the same time. She had real girls' tits from taking female hormone shots, and I turned around after our oral session and sucked them. She asked me to fuck her so I got the old Vaseline jar, greased up and slipped my cock up her tight pretty ass. She wasn't touching herself at all and neither was I, but when I was screwing her in her ass she shot off all over my bed. Seeing her cum like that drove me up the wall. Plus the fact that she knew how to use the muscles in her butt. Her asshole actually sucked me and milked the cum right up from my balls. I shot her a big, hot load of cream! She pulled me to her and kissed me while I was cumming in her that way. I went limp, and we fell asleep with my rod up her butt.

The following morning I coaxed her into fucking me with her big cock, and she did it with great style. It was her first experience balling a guy or anyone else for that matter, and she really got off on it. We ran together for a while and we picked up guys together and shared them. She finally left California, and it's the last I ever heard of her.

Danny (Debbie)

-- Ooh!, 1979

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My Headmaster and His Secretary

I am a transvestite, and when I first went away to school, I had a large case in which I kept my lingerie and other clothes, and this I always kept locked.

However, one day I went to class and forgot to lock it. As usual I was wearing pink nylon panties under my regular clothes. When I got back to my dorm room, I realized I had forgotten to lock my secret case, and when I opened it, I found a note. It was obvious that Master Marsh had gone through it. The note simply stated that there had been an unannounced inspection in the aftermath of a theft, and he had found this trunk full of girls' clothes and wanted an explanation. If I wished to remain in this school, I was to report to him immediately.



On my way over to his office, I rehearsed all kinds of explanations in my head: the clothes belonged to my sister and I was holding them for her for when she visited; they were left over from a skit I was going to be in; they had been a Halloween costume, etc.

But by the time his cute young secretary had escorted me into his office and stood me across from him at his desk, I knew none of those excuses would be believed. Besides, lying to the headmaster was most certainly grounds for expulsion. So I just stood there like an tongue-tied idiot and began to cry.

He guessed that I was a TV. His redheaded secretary giggled. I withered.

"So we have a little crossdresser in our midst, do we? Come, now, you can admit it, I've seen the evidence."

I nodded in agreement.

"Well, tell me about it Steven. Tell me what it's like to put on all those silky, lacy and frilly clothes."

I couldn't find the words to speak. I just kept crying.

"Tell me about masturbating in those pretty little nylon panties I saw in that case? Don't lie to me. I know you do it!"

Especially in front of his secretary, I was horror stricken at the accusation. I looked up at him, my face beet red, but then quickly looked away.

"Just as I figured. What a little sissy you are, a sissy with that most disgusting of all habits.

"We can't have such behavior going on at Barthmore. Now can we?

"God forbid, if word got out, parents would take their sons out of this school and we'd have to close the place. We can't have that, so if you want to stay here, you'll have to submit yourself to a schedule of regular punishments to cure you of you of this perversion. Now, take off all your clothes."

I stared at him in shock. He repeated his command., saying that if I didn't undress, I would be dismissed, exposed as a crossdresser, and my parents told.

Shedding sheets of salty tears, I disrobed. When he and his secretary saw I had a pair of pink panties on under my uniform trousers, they laughed at me.

"Taking to wearing your pretty little panties under your clothes to class, are we? This is most disgusting. What if you had an accident and the other boys found out? This calls for severe punishment."

When he went to his cupboard and took out a long cane, I knew I was going to be thrashed. Much to my surprise he also took out a complete schoolgirl's uniform. He made me dress in it, gave me ten strokes, and then told me to pull up my panties and stand in the corner.

Twice weekly I had to report to them for "correction," and each time I had to dress in the schoolgirl uniform to be caned, humiliated and verbally abused. At the end of the term, I convinced my parents to have me transferred, but soon, I realized that I missed my twice-a-week "correction" at the sadistic hands of my master and his giggling secretary.



-- *Spanking Experiences* ,1977

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Frilly Tennis Pants Were My Downfall

Moving is never pleasant, especially when it is a move like I had in my senior year in high school. My parents had just gotten divorced, and we had to move out of the only home I had ever known.

The house in which we had been living was heated by a coal-fired furnace, and from the time I was very young, I was given the job of firing the furnace was my job—a chore that I gladly did because I was fascinated with fire. Wastepaper, trash, even garbage we burned in the furnace in

the winter. And as we were cleaning out the house during the move a lot of junk went down to be burned.

As Mom was leaving the house for the last time, she said with a very serious look on her face, "There are some more things in the basement for you to take care of." She gave the impression that it was something more to burn. I promised to take care of it.

After she left, I went to the basement. There in a cardboard box was a collection of beautiful lingerie! There were several exotic pairs of panties, one satin slip and a most lovely long, lacy nightgown! The nightgown almost made me weep. I was reasonably sure that it had been Mom's wedding gift, but I'm sure my hard-as-nails father had never taken time to appreciate my mother in such lovely things—and after eighteen years of a rather unromantic marriage that had now ended in divorce, she was simply cleaning out her dresser drawers and decided to throw them out!

Just seeing the lovely garments made my heart beat faster. I went upstairs to the now almost totally empty house and made sure the doors were locked. Then I took a good bath and went into my old room to try them on. They fit fine and felt wonderful. With the slip and a pair of panties on, I then put on my regular shirt and trousers. With my coat and shoes, no one could tell the difference. I went on an errand downtown, looking at women and girls wondering if they had on lovely underwear like I was wearing.

That night I smuggled all that lovely lingerie into our new house. I delighted in sleeping in the wedding nightie. I was so thrilled I hardly lost consciousness all night.

Although Mom worked in a department store downtown and was usually gone most of the day, this morning she was there still settling in from the move. Her presence made me paranoid.

What was I to do with these lovely garments? What would Mom think if she found them in my dresser drawer? I thought and worried. Finally, I took the coward's way out. I consigned them to the garbage!

My brother, Mark, was away at college. She always spoke so fondly of Mark. I believed he was her favorite. She wrote to him often. That day, as she sat down to write, she said "I am going to write to my sweetheart."

It shocked me to hear her refer to Mark that way—but I realized that was really the way she felt.

One day, after living there for two weeks and sharing these conversations with her, she said, "I know I go on and on about Mark, but Sean, I want you to know how wonderful it is having you here with me. Mark is very manly and a privilege to have for a son, but I want you to know I sincerely love you too. But I love you in an entirely different way. I love you most of all for what you are underneath."

I didn't know exactly what she was getting at, but I enjoyed her attention.

"You are not like most other boys," she continued. "You are really just like 'one of us.' I can tell you my secrets and talk to you like I would talk to a girl. I like that. Sometimes I fantasize that you are my little girl—and I call you 'Shirley' in my mind."

I warmed inwardly at the revelation and simply said that I was grateful that she could feel comfortable enough with me so that she could say such private thoughts. It was great to feel so at ease with one another, even if it was a bit embarrassing to be referred to in the feminine gender.

Just a day or so later, when I opened my dresser drawer, there lying on the top of my stack of boxer shorts were five brand new pairs of pink panties. They were of the high-waisted brief style with elastic around the waist and legs and some delicate scalloped lace on the sides.

My heart started beating very fast as I picked them up. Was Mom making a little love gift to me? Did she know about my interest in lingerie? I remember one time the year before when she caught me staring at a picture of Gussie Moran in the newspaper. She was the famous tennis star, who in the late forties and fifties turned Wimbledon and other tennis venues upside down when she played her sets in a short shirt that flew up to expose her heavily frilled, silky panties. The picture I was looking at showed "Gorgeous Gussie," as she was known, in one of her trademark panty-show-off poses. She loved to pose for the press cameras by twirling around or running like making a tennis shot to show off her panties.



Gussie Moran today (1951).

Anyway, Mom caught me that day with a big bulge pushing out the front of my jeans as I looked at the picture. I don't know how long she had been standing there staring at me, but she made it obvious that she knew what was on my mind—and in my pants!

Mom just laughed and launched into a conversation about Gussie Moran. She told me that she had seen her play tennis once in the Farnsworth Tournament, and Gussie was wearing pink panties that day!

Anyway all those thoughts surged back through my mind as I stood there in front of my open dresser drawer fingering the precious panties. Without barely a second thought, I removed my clothes and tried on the lovely silk bloomer panties. They fit fine and had the added virtue of tight elastic around the legs so that my boy parts would not show.

I wore those panties almost every day over the next few weeks. I rinsed them out at night and put them on a hanger in my closet. Mom never said a word about them, but I am sure the gift was deliberate.

I was planning to get married that summer. Mom asked me all sorts of questions about my bride to be. At the first she seemed to feel sorry for her—she, like me, was so young. However, as the days and weeks went by Mom changed her mind.

One day she said, "I feel sorry for any young girl getting married today. I am glad I waited until I was thirty. I feel sorry for a woman having to put up with a man. But with you and Janet, it is different. I do not think of you as a man. You are like another girl, and I am very happy for you two."

Very soon after we were married, Mom invited Janet and me over to a Sunday dinner. She was very cordial, and she repeated to my wife that, "Usually I feel sorry for a young girl getting married so young, but with you, I am happy. Shirley isn't like most men."

I was shocked that Mom referred to me by that female name in the company of my new bride. Mom saw my reaction but immediately told me to relax, saying we both knew I was more like a daughter to her than a son.

Surprisingly, Janet was all smiles. She came right out and told my mother that she thoroughly agreed with her! Throughout the dinner we had been drinking wine, and we started laughing and having a frolicking good time as the effects of the alcohol built up on us. I feared that the conversation got out of line as Mom pursued talking about my 'femininity,' especially when she asked if I still liked to wear women's panties.

I pleaded with Mom not to talk about it, but Janet wanted to know more, and Mom was more than willing. Mom even took Janet by the hand to my old room and showed her the pink panties, which I thought I had securely hidden away deep in the closet before leaving to get married. I was defenseless as they both teased me until I agreed to model the panties for them.

On that day, these two wonderful women helped me to accept my true nature. Mom had provided me with my first feminine panties. Now she handed me a little gift package. Inside were a packet of five more pairs of beautiful panties, each decorated with lace and each in a different pastel color.

As I looked them over, Mom repeated, "You are not like other men—you are like us."

Today, I am blessed with a loving, understanding, accepting, and encouraging wife who provides me with not just panties but all kinds of female clothing and the opportunity to wear them. I am grateful to both Janet and my mother, lovely ladies who sensed my condition and encouraged me to reveal my true nature.

Mr. S.C.
Canton, Ohio

-- *Fetish Sex Letters, 1979*

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Girls' Clothes Bring Out the Man in Me!

When I was in the fourth grade, my parents sent me away to stay with my aunt Diana and her two daughters, Susan and Penny, because my mother was having major back surgery and would not be able to care for me for about four or five months.

The day I arrived at my aunt's place, I immediately took up with the boy who lived across the street from her. Well, he was the local ruffian and totally despised by my aunt and my cousins. When she commanded me to stay away from him during my stay, I sassed back that I would do whatever I pleased.

That smart comment earned me a slap across the face, followed by being stripped of my clothes and dressed in one of my cousin's frilly nightgowns. Then my aunt told me she was going to dress me like my girl cousins until I learned to behave. I was sent to bed without my supper.

In the morning, I discovered Aunt Diana had taken away all my clothes so I decided to stay in bed. I fell back asleep only to be awakened soon after by my cousins.

They told me Auntie said I'd have to wear their clothes so I'd remain in the house and stay out of trouble. Even though I hadn't seen my cousins in years, we hit it off from the first. Despite the way I was dressed, I was hoping that we would develop a satisfying mutual friendship.

When they pulled back the covers, the girls were pleased to see I had kept on the nightgown. In the bright morning sunlight, I was embarrassed to be seen by them, especially since my morning hard-on poked out the front of the nightie. I had hoped they didn't notice it.

Penny told me that I needed something to wear and had me follow her to her bedroom to find something.

She dug out a little pink training bra and panties and a huge pale blue petticoat with white lace. She left the room so I could slip off the silky nightgown and get into the lingerie.

The sensations I felt as I slipped the panties on was something I had never felt before. I found them weirdly arousing. For a moment I just stood there and marveled in their clinging softness as I ran my hands over my cockhead through the silky material. A lovely warm feeling traveled over my body. I didn't notice that Penny had come back into the room.

"I see you like to wear my panties. I thought you would somehow."



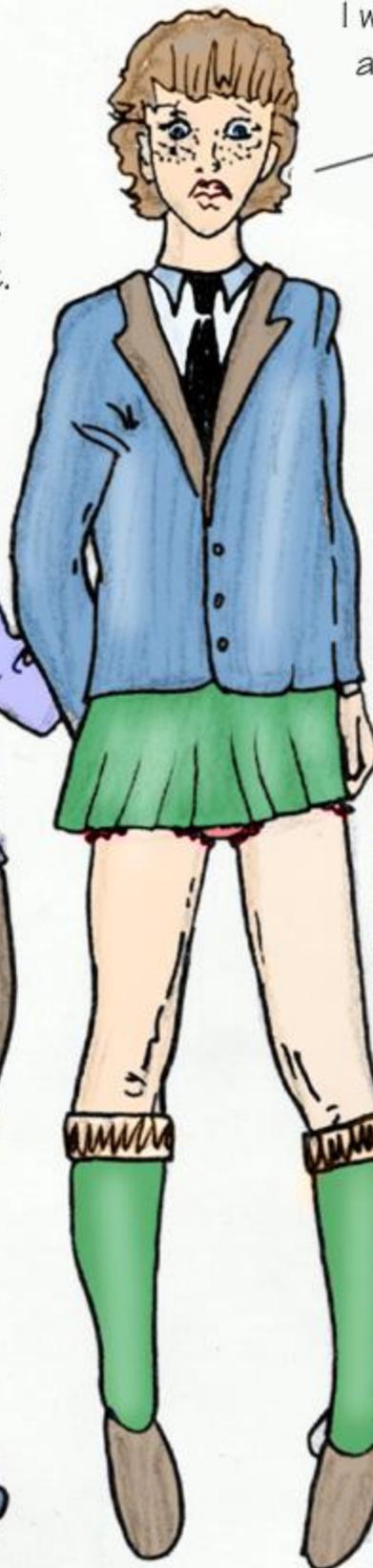
I stammered looking for the proper words to cover the embarrassment of having her see my cock erect in the panties. I had been caught enjoying my punishment. She helped me on with the bra. Susan came in with a full-skirted party dress, also in pink. When she saw my hard penis looking so funny in the panties she went into a giggling fit. They helped me into the bouffant petticoat to ease my embarrassment. At a loss for words, I started clowning around and strutted around like a muscle man, flexing my muscles. The girls thought my he-man posing while dressed in their lingerie was hilarious. Susan got her camera and took several pictures to capture that bit of my craziness.

-- *First Time Letters, 1982*

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Hey, Timmy, look at Robert. Ain't he a beauty? Com'on, let's see what the sissy is wearin' under his skirt.



I wish those boys would get away from me. If they see my panties . . . Oh, no!

He says it's a kilt and not a skirt. Oh, wow! I see some lace under that . . . skirt . . . er kilt. Geez! He's wearin' pink lace panties!





Panty Boy Caught on the Job

I'm in the fast food business, and one day when business was slow, I got dressed up in my bra, slip, panties, garter belt and nylons under my work clothes. I was in heaven as I waited on customers. Then in walked a beautiful chick, about 5'8" with a figure to surpass all. While she was trying to decide what

to order, she kept on staring at me. (I was hoping my flat little training bra or slip wasn't showing through my heavy shirt.) Finally, I asked her if I could help her decide.

She calmly asked me point-blank, "What size bra do you take?"

I was floored, and she must have seen me turn red as a beet.

She continued, "You must let me see you wearing one soon."

I could hardly control myself. Finally I said, "Why do you ask?"

She told me that she enjoyed TVs and bondage, and she could tell from the fit of my shirt that I was wearing a bra, probably panties too she guessed. Then she asked if I would like to come over to her place after work and have some fun.

Well, I had a difficult time working the rest of the day. Time moved very slowly. Finally, closing time came and I rushed to her house. As soon as I entered, she sent me to the bedroom to undress. She came in with a wide assortment of clothes: new bra, panties, slip, waist cincher—in all different pastel colors of satin. She applied makeup on me then dressed me in a wig, elegant nylons, a gorgeous evening gown and shoes.

We made love in various ways for about four hours, and when I awoke I was spread-eagle on the bed dressed only in bra and panties. Looking at me were my mistress and her female lesbian slave. She must have drugged me or something, but I really didn't care. I've been in sissy heaven every day since.

-- *Torrid Letters*, 1980

Panty-Loving Gay Boy Gets It

I've been cross dressing since I was sixteen. I used to sneak into some of the gay clubs where I met many other boys who were effeminate like me. I have had lots of gay affairs since then.

I like to look sexy. I'm tall, fair and slender, and with the lovely blonde wig I have, I think I look pretty. I turn on my lovers whenever I lounge around in my frilly nylon panties, garter belt, bra and nylon stockings. I think a classic garter belt and stockings look far sexier than pantyhose. I own scads of panties and always carry an extra pair with me because when guys feel me up in a bar or a car, I get so excited I come in my panties.

I have had only one bad incident. This Spanish queen didn't like me and picked a fight with me in a bar. I was bigger, but I can't fight very well, so that queen beat me up in front of everybody and made me cry. "She" stripped me down to my bra and panties, then got her nails under my bra and scratched my little titties. That made me cry the worst. Despite being beaten up, the fight aroused me very much and I came in my lovely black panties in front of everyone. It was quite embarrassing, but I loved it.

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Sissy Husband Has Best Of Both Worlds

John, a painter who works for me in my interior design business, forced my husband to become his cocksucking sissyboy without me knowing anything about it! I did know my husband secretly wore my clothes ever since we had gotten married, and it didn't bother me because he's rather effeminate and

that's one of the things I liked about him in the first place. I knew a wimp like Mike would be easy to control if need be. Besides, I had no intention of being faithful to him and had told him as much before we wed. It was during one of my little afternoon trysts that I blurted out to John that my husband was a transvestite.

Well, I didn't know it at the time, but John was bisexual and the idea of having a TV service him really turned him on. After I caught my husband with John's dick in his mouth, I was surprised because I thought Mike was dressing in my clothes simply for masturbation, but I took it all in stride. I simply closed the door without letting them know I had caught them.

Breakfast with Mike the next day I wish I could have captured on tape. For over three months prior to that day, Mike had been out of work, and since he had time on his hands, he started doing the housework, and he was good at it. That morning when I came into the kitchen for my usual orange juice and perfectly prepared bacon and eggs, I complimented Mike on his housewife-like proficiently.

"I might as well wear a dress," he said sarcastically, "since I do all the woman's work around here."

"Why don't you?" I said as I placed my briefcase on the kitchen table and started eating.

Mike looked at me quizzically, but I gave no sign that I was joking.

"What do you mean?" he asked, still doubting.

"Since I'm wearing the pants in this family, I want you to wear the panties!"

He said he had made the suggestion sarcastically. I stared straight at him without smiling. He knew I was serious. The little wimp's guilt was so great, I knew he wanted me to push him into wearing my clothes, so I played along with the little manipulator.

"I mean it," I shouted. "Either you put on the clothes I'm going to lay out for you and wear them every day, or I'll start divorce proceedings. I'm sick and tired of paying all the bills while getting no respect from you."

I told him to follow me into our bedroom where I started sorting through my clothes for things that would probably fit him. He apologized, saying he had been so depressed because he hadn't been able to find a job. He didn't argue when I picked up my frilly pink tennis panties and told him to put them on. I laughed in his face.

He cried, but he had a hard-on in those saucy panties. He wasn't fooling me. I cuddled him in my arms and teased his panty-covered hard-on. We hadn't had sex in weeks because John had complained that he had been so depressed. Of course, now I knew he was having sex with men—well, at least with John. Nevertheless, within moments Mike was writhing around on the bed. I kept on pumping. He moaned and groaned, then totally lost it and spurted into those panties with great force. His hot jism shot right through the nylon. I cradled his head in my arms, kissed him gently as he alighted from his orgasm and whispered in his ear, "Now, get cleaned up and put on that pink dress. John thinks pink is very sexy!"

With that, Mike collapsed into my arms, crying because he realized I knew about him and John. He's been a devoted little sissyboy to John and me ever since. Mike makes a spectacular looking girl with a full head of bleach-blond hair and his schoolgirl cute face. John really loves to fuck me in front of Mike, who makes a fool of himself by lowering his lacy pink panties and begging John to fuck him in the ass!

-- Love Life Letters, 1977

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Man turns to shop to support lingerie

By Abigail Van Buren

DEAR ABBY: When I read the letter from "Light-fingered in Iowa," the teenaged shoplifter, I had to write because I have the same problem for a different reason.

I steal ladies' lingerie from stores, not because I can't afford to buy it but because I am a male. If I were to buy ladies' lingerie, the saleslady would know that I am a transvestite, and that would be embarrassing.

I get most of my things by mail order to satisfy my compulsive cross-dressing habit; but when I see a pair of lacy nylon panties, a pretty garter belt or slip I really want to have, I find them much easier to steal than buy.

I have nightmares of being caught, which would be doubly worse for me because of what I steal. I've tried to fight these compulsions with everything that's in me and would gladly see a shrink, but I'm too embarrassed for that, too.

From appearance way, I am definitely want a sex-change wearing feminine c of my home. [I've t than 20 years.]

I'm sure there ar ladies' undies from clotheslines, so per advice from you w Light-

Dear Light: Steal a crime. But weari you pleasure in the is not. So if you see buy it with confidei barrasment. And c what the saleslady there to make a sa

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Two Sissy Cocks Are Better Than One

I dressed in my most outrageously girlish attire so when he fucked me I would be as feminine as possible. While I had a large glass of scotch, I rubbed my body with perfume. I put on a garter belt, attached a pair of my finest beige nylons, and then added a 1950s purple lace bra with big padded cups and a pair of ruffled purple nylon panty briefs with gaudy blue ribbon and yellow lace trim, for I



wanted the grand pleasure of having his big black hands peeling this opulent lingerie off my snow white body.

The panties were of rich, heavy satin, and I now have about fifty pairs of such pretty panties, all special made by a couple of Greek crones. They laugh when they see me. I know a little of the language, and I know those old hags call me a "panty sissy" in Greek.

I don't mind -- it's true!

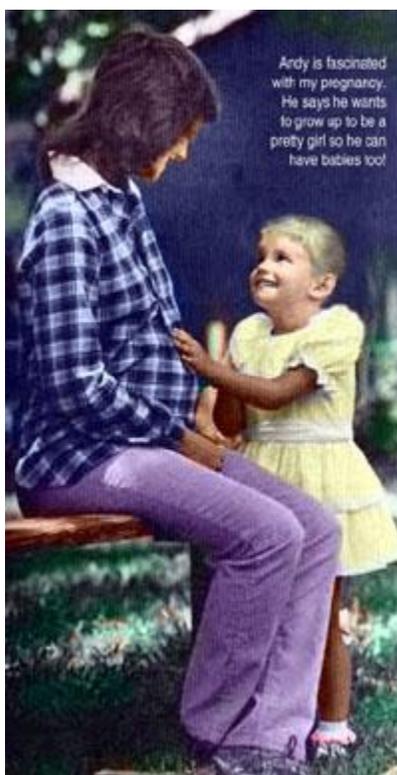
I rounded off my outfit with black high heel shoes, made up my face, and put on a long blonde wig that makes me feel really sexy and unrecognizable as a man. My white female body was now ready for his black cock.

Within minutes of him arriving, he had his fingers moving up my thighs, lightly touching the skin between my stockings and panties. Then he slowly worked his fingers under the leg of my panties to fondle my prick and balls. With his other hand, he massaged my anus through my panties. He kissed me with his sensuous everted lips as he felt my breast through the bra. He reached around, undid the clip and took it off. Oh, the feeling of being undressed by a man!

He took my nipples between his lips and roused me to a frenzy. Reaching down he felt my prick and rubbed it gently through my flimsy nylon panties. Then he inserted his cock under the legband of my panties and nestled his cock alongside mine. We both fingered the two cocks through the sexy nylon of my panties until we exploded our cum in unison. The gobs of fantastic love juice painted my tummy and both our hands. Joyfully, we licked our sweet goeey love juice off each other's fingers. Wow!

-- Letters from Female impersonators #10, 1962

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The Right Combination

My husband's mother and sister used to severely abuse him and dress him in girls' clothing as a disciplinary measure. So trained, he has never known or wanted any other kind of life.

I met Kevin, when he joined our civil rights legal team six years ago. I became his secretary. At thirty-four I stood five-foot-eleven with a large, solid body. Kevin was three years younger, four inches shorter and thirty pounds lighter than me.

One night we worked late to finish a brief, so he bought me dinner at a fun little Cantonese place that made great Mai-Tais. After dinner, he and I had a nightcap at my place. Over drinks, he loosened up, and when I asked him why he was still single, he

unloaded on me his troubled story how his mother and sister were larger and stronger than him and used to make him wear girls' clothes around the house to ridicule him. Often, wearing just virginal white lace-trimmed panties, nylons and garters, he had to do household chores, wait on his sister in the bathtub, give her a manicure and a pedicure. At least twice a week he was tied up, stripped to his panties and paddled long and hard. They commanded him to never touch his cock. He even had to get them to help when he went to the bathroom. They, in a very businesslike manner, would hold his penis while he did his tinkles. They also spanked his penis with a wooden ruler.

Kevin thought I'd be shocked or laugh, but when I said, "I feel sorry for you," he cried. I made coffee and we sat up until morning, talking. I learned that his mother and sister had since died in an accidental gas explosion. He admitted his years of humiliation made him both desire and loathe such treatment.

"Which would be easier to do," I asked, "get rid of the loathing or the desire? Perhaps you are so conditioned that you'll be happy only if you're given similar treatment again."

Kevin muttered, "But who would ever agree to do it?"

And I was as surprised as he was when I told him, "I would."

We didn't agree to anything that night, but we set the ground rules for further discussion. In the office he was the brilliant young attorney, and I was his able secretary.

In the evenings, at either my place or his, we talked about ourselves and his deep needs. Before long we experimented a bit, and I discovered that he especially responded to very harsh treatment. I found that I responded too and having a young male at my command was, for me, something beautiful.

Now, at thirty-seven and forty, we have been married for six years and have a beautiful set of twins, a girl and a boy, April and Andy. We live in a fine home, and on the outside, we look quite normal, but underneath things are quite different! Under his clothes, at all times, Kevin must wear lingerie. Upon returning home, he must present himself to me and the children after he has stripped down to his panties, garter belt and nylons and then dressed himself in heels and babydoll pajamas. Often I make him put on lipstick and earrings too.

During the week he does household chores, including most of the work caring for our twin five year olds. While he takes care of cleaning up after them, I on the other hand, take care of their training. I'm, of course, training April to become a dominant and Andy to become a sissy. Many nights Kevin baby-sits while I go out. Being in a civil rights firm, I have had the opportunity to meet many gorgeous, powerful black men, and they turn me on to no end! Less than three years into our marriage I started having sex with some of these men and soon realized that Kevin's small penis and lack of ability in bed just wasn't doing it for me. He accepted the fact that I wanted to have sex with black men who were far superior to him as lovers, and he understood when I told him he was a great little house husband but a disappointment in bed.

These days, my dear little April wears slacks more often than Andy does! But what I love best is when she's dressed her girlish best in a short dress that constantly bobs up and down to reveal her lace panties as she shakes her finger at her father and her brother while bossing them around. I don't think I'll ever tire of watching her getting them to do whatever she wants. And if they don't move fast enough for her, she loves to pinch their pantied butts. What a natural dominant! Little Andy looks so cute in frilly dresses and rhumba panties, which he has to wear when he does something wrong. I even send him to kindergarten dressed this way if he's undergoing punishment that day. His teacher and the other kids don't think anything unusual about it anymore.

April's eyes glow with excitement whenever one of the boys is going to get spanked. She runs and gets my strap and paddle as soon as I pull out the footstool we use for spankings. Once the culprit is in position, I let April give him five cracks with the paddle. With Andy, I then use my hand—usually five to ten smacks, and with Kevin, it can be either my hand, the paddle, or the strap, depending upon the offense and my mood. Thirty hard smacks to either a pantied or bare bottom is typical. If Kevin gets an erection, which is against the rules, I make him kneel before us and masturbate. He has a one hour time limit, and he usually cums three times, sometimes four. If he cums four times within the hour time limit, he's spared further punishment. If he can only cum three times, he has to eat the collected semen from those three discharges. If he can only cum twice, Andy has to eat his daddy's cold, collected cum. Kevin feels bad about that because he doesn't want our son to develop a taste for cum and become a homosexual, so it is really funny when Kevin struggles with a very sore penis to get himself to cum that third or fourth time. For my husband, four times is a rarity. By now, he's used to eating his own cum, I'm sure.

Sometimes I tie him spread-eagle on the bed, straddle his face and make him eat me from one climax to another, while I play with his pantied penis, squeeze his balls and masturbate him but do not let him go over the edge. No cumming for Kevin ever, except after a spanking.

Occasionally, I'll ride his erection until I cum as many times as I want. And he better not cum. If he does, I squeeze it out of me, add some piss and make him drink it. Sure I'm rough with him, but he has been conditioned to it.

If Andy needs a minor punishment, sometimes I put him on his bed and have little April sit on his face while he eats her sweet pussy. Andy seems to enjoy being queened by his sister like this so I don't know how much of a punishment it is. I'm pregnant now with a black man's baby, and Andy is so in love with girly things that he says he wants to grow up to be a girl "like mommy and have babies." I tried to explain to him that he can be a girly-boy but never a real girl and have babies, but you know how kids are. They believe what they want to believe.

Certainly, it's not what most people would even remotely call a 'normal' relationship, but it's what we all love. Kevin now heads the legal department and is widely respected. I think I've helped him gain all this by helping him lose his sexual anxieties and come to terms with his preferences.

Mrs. K.K., Minnesota

-- *Family Sex*, 1974

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Andy is fascinated
with my pregnancy.
He says he wants
to grow up to be a
pretty girl so he can
have babies too!

Emergency Room Exposé

After we made love on the beach, she jokingly put on my undershorts and told me to put on her panties. I told her it would be embarrassing to wear panties, but she insisted and said it would be sexy for the short twenty minute drive home.

"Just think of the thrill of knowing that we have on each other's underwear."

The panties were made of a silky nylon but very tight as I pulled them up. She had already pulled up her slacks and was getting dressed the rest of the way. I put on my clothes, and I sort of agreed with her. It was sexy knowing that I was sitting in the car with her panties on.

Who would have guessed that I would get into a collision that night and end up in an ambulance. They cut my pants off because I had a broken leg. When the nurse and the orderly looked down at the flowered pink panties that I had on, I learned the meaning of "wanting to die of shame," especially when I realized I was fully erect in the stretchy pink panties!

Mr. R. F., Arkansas

-- *Torrid Letters, 1980*

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W

Dressed To Kilt

The Real
Central
Park West

Fall Beauty

Sex in a Bottle

Happy Little
Rich Girls

Men's Portfolio

Plus: Suzy,
Kelly Lynch &
Calvin Klein



Will Kilts Open the Door for Skirts for Men?

The September 1995 issue of "W"—the upscale women's fashion magazine—featured a report on the "Swinging London" fashion scene, and the cover (see next page) of that issue showed a guy and a gal in lovely kilts.

While buying the magazine, I heard one old woman (who also noticed the cover) say, "Boy's in skirts! What's this world coming to!"

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