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Water Works
Fiesta, pp. 9-10 (Issue unknown, c. 1974).

Having read the letters in interchange about readers' own experiences of urolagnia, I am prompted to write this letter.

Ever since I can remember, I have been fascinated by this aspect of sexual practice. My own interest and experience has mostly been confined to the erotic excitement aroused in me by the act of "knicker-wetting", either in real-life or in fantasy.

My earliest recollection of this dates from when I was six. I was taken by my mother to have tea with a friend of hers, who had a daughter of about the same age as myself. After tea the young lady - her name was Julia - and I were sent off while our mothers talked. I can still vividly remember, even though it was nearly sixty years ago, just how we "amused ourselves"!

Julia must have been sexually precocious even then and was obviously very proud of her new frilly pair of knickers. So much so, that she couldn't resist pulling up her dress and displaying them to me. But I was even more fascinated when I noticed that, in her excitement, she had very slightly wet them! She wasn't in the least abashed when I remarked on this. Indeed, the little minx then suggested that, if I would do the same in mine, she would wee some more! I remember I was wearing a pair of black velvet knickers, so fortunately the results in my case weren't very noticeable.

For many, many years afterwards, I never succeeded in finding another girl-friend like Julia, who was only too willing to accede to my requests and participate with me in knicker-wetting. I well remember losing many a potential girl-friend because of it! I gradually began to believe I must be quite unique where this particular secret fetish was concerned, for this was years before magazines such as yours were published.

Then one day, some thirty years after I had known Julia, quite by chance, I discovered to my relief and delight that there was at least one other person who shared my secret desire. I had occasion to use the public lavatory at one of the main railway stations in the north. I just couldn't believe my eyes when, perusing the masses of graffiti covering the walls, I read the following "inscription". "I love to have a girl piss in her knickers, then to fuck her through them"!

This, I need hardly say, just about made my day! However, even though I knew I was not quite alone in my secret desire for knicker-wetting, it was still to be some few years before I met a lady who would gratify this desire in a way which I had hardly dared to hope for. This is how it happened.

I became friendly with an attractive woman in her early forties, whom I will call "Lucille". Our friendship quickly developed into a deeper relationship of a quite uninhibited and mutually gratifying kind. For some reason, our early love-making was hindered by my difficulty in achieving a satisfactory erection, a fact which is particularly significant in the light of what follows.

We would often play tennis together then have a few drinks in a country pub before going back to her place, for other types of games! On one such evening we were driving home through a quiet country road, when Lucille asked me to stop. She was, she said, dying to spend a penny, adding that she was just about wetting her knickers. So I pulled in to the side of the road, and Lucille immediately got out and squatted down on the grass a few feet from the car.

Being a very warm evening, she was wearing a particularly short nylon tennis skirt. The slight breeze while we had been playing tennis had ensured my having an almost continuous sight of her voluptuous thighs and practically transparent frilly knickers, which had kept me in a suspended state of sexual excitement the whole time. Also, in the pub, she had been sitting in such a way that I couldn't help seeing right up her thighs and into her knickered groin. And now her mention of wetting her knickers, soon to be followed by the unmistakable sound of her pent up pee gushing out on to the grass beneath her, was sufficient to give me an iron-hard erection such as I had not managed in years!

In fact, so proud was I of my upstanding penis that I had it in my hands, admiring it, when she got back in the car. The effect on her, as she saw it, was dramatic! "God! How did you manage it?" she gasped! I replied that it was she, not I, who had achieved
it, and I explained why. "In that case," said she, "I'll pee in my knickers just as often as you like!"

Lucille was nothing if not an opportunist, and she wasn't going to let this chance slip by. She immediately ordered me out of the car and, pulling me unceremoniously down on top of her as she flung herself flat out on the grass, legs wide apart, she pulled the crotch of her knickers to one side with one hand and expertly guided my prick right up and inside her with the other. It was only a few seconds before we were both in the throes of a shattering orgasm.

On the way back in the car, I plucked up the courage to confess to Lucille my secret fantasy. I had not dared to do this before, for fear she might be put off (as had so many earlier girl-friends). She listened sympathetically as I told her that, for me, one of the most exciting sexual experiences would be to have a woman sit astride me as I lay flat on my back, so that my penis was pinned against my body by her knickered groin, and then for her to pee unrestrainedly.

Later that same evening, it being a hot summer night, we went out into the garden, where I lay flat out on the lawn and she sat astride me as I had described. As she began to pee, the sensation of her warm liquid flowing over me and all around my imprisoned prick was indescribably ecstatic. Then she began, gently and rhythmically, to glide to and fro along the whole of my penis, from its base to its dome. The sensation became so unbearably exciting that I could restrain the inevitable climax no longer, and I surrendered myself to a shuddering orgasm of an intensity I have never before experienced.

Believe it or not, something like fifty years had elapsed between the day that Julia deliberately wet her knickers for me, and the night when Lucille finally gratified my life-long secret desire. But it had been well worth waiting for!

M. J., Yorks.

______________________________

Pail Nurse

I read with interest, the account in Vol 13 No 7 from "Nurse Uniform Lover". I must confess that the sight of a nurse in full uniform - the older style with apron and stiff collar round the neck - does turn me on.

My girlfriend is a staff nurse at one of the local hospitals. She has quite a good figure, 36-24-38, and loves sitting on the loo. I know this because every time we go out somewhere, and she wants to go, she always spends a long time in the loo. The other day I was waiting in her flat for her to come home. She had been in about five minutes when she mentioned that she was going up to the toilet. June said if she didn't go within the next minute she would soak her knickers.

She returned and told me her brother had locked the door and she was bursting to have a pee. Another five minutes passed and he had not come out of the bathroom. June said if she didn't go within the next minute she would soak her knickers.

She got hold of a plastic bucket from the kitchen and, as she was only having a pee, said she didn't mind me watching.

She lowered her panties just below the top of her shapely legs, unhooked her stockings from the side suspenders and then sat on the bucket.

I got an immediate hard-on watching her, and the bulge was noticeable. Still sitting on the bucket, she called me over and quickly unzipped me, pulled out my stiff 7" cock and started to masturbate me.

I begged her to stop, as I was afraid of shooting my load. But she continued to wank me and then, in a spontaneous sex urge, placed her large soft lips over my hot circumcised prick and began to fellate me.

Within half-a-minute my hot cream was shooting into her mouth. She swallowed my load and sucked until she drained my balls dry. It was all over within about two minutes from the time she pulled my cock out. It was an entirely new experience being 'raped', if you like to call it that, in a moment of sex urge by a woman in that predicament. I must support "Nurse Uniform Lovers" and say that shapely nurses are the best.

B. J., Essex

______________________________
**Holding On**

Like A. N. of London in Vol 15 No 6, I also enjoy peeing myself and watching others peeing themselves. But unlike A.N. I do not use any equipment to hold it in.

I often go out at nights with my husband to the pub and I drink until I am bursting for a pee. At this point we leave and make our way home, and at some point along the way I always pee myself, feeling the warm liquid running down my legs. It excites me when people notice that I’ve wet myself.

My husband sometimes joins in and we always fuck in the back garden in our wet clothes. The squelching noise really drives me mad and I can never hold back the groans when we fuck like this.

I got my friend to wet herself once, though it wasn’t voluntary. We were shopping in town and she was fairly desperate for a pee, but I suggested going for a coffee. She agreed and off we went to a small café.

We had just finished our coffee and my friend said she was dying to go and she’d do it in her pants if we didn’t get going. On our way out I told her, quite wrongly, that the toilet in town was closed, and I said that as my flat was closer we could go there instead.

She managed to last until we got to the flat and I thought she’d made it. To stretch out her agony I told her I’d lost the front door key. At this she announced that she was pissing herself and crouched down to release her stream of golden pee. This sent me quite funny and though I wasn’t particularly desperate I filled my pants as well. My friend then borrowed some of my dry clothes and went home, while I went upstairs and brought myself off at the thought.

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**Damp Denims**

Just a quick note to let you know about a rousing experience I had the other day. I’ve been reading the letters about knicker wetting and I noticed that nearly all the girls involved were wearing skirts. This means that if they wee while standing, they only wet their pants and no-one is the wiser, (as I have found on the few occasions I have wet myself).

Recently I went out for the evening with a couple of girlfriends of mine, and after a couple of drinks we decided to move on to another pub. We leapt on a passing bus to go to another town about twenty minutes away. By the time we had arrived, I was fairly desperate for a piss and after getting in my round of drinks, I hurried off the the Ladies. There was only one cubicle and the door was locked, so I stood there with my legs crossed and hoped the occupant would not take too long.

Soon I was getting really worried and I had to hold one hand between my legs. I was beginning to regret my tight jeans now, for two reasons: one was that the waist band was pressing against my bladder; and secondly, if I had been wearing a skirt I could have pulled my knickers to one side and had a pee standing. But it’s a bit obvious if you’re crouching down with your jeans around your ankles!

In agony and in ever increasing danger of wetting myself, I knocked on the cubicle door and asked if she’s hurry up. There was silence, and in frustration I thumped the cubicle door. It swung open to reveal an empty cubicle, the door had only been stuck. In my surprise and relief, I must have relaxed a bit and I had to pull my jeans down quickly as I slowly but uncontrollably dribbled pee in an ever-spreading dark wet patch around my crotch. I managed to get my pee hole clear and sit on the loo before the main torrent started to flood out, but when I stood up and pulled my jeans up, I had a very embarrassing wet patch around my crotch.

I had no alternative but to return to my friends who instantly saw that I’d wet myself, and I had to go home on the bus with some very funny looks from fellow passengers. On reaching home I sat in the loo with my jeans on and emptied my bladder again while rubbing myself off at the same time. Hope you like this.

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Lyn, Staffs

Jo-Anne, London
The letter from Janet, Scotland, telling how her games teacher peed in her knickers, interested me greatly.

Thirty years ago, when I was a young teacher in a secondary school, I had an experience which has always remained clearly in my mind. It concerned a very pretty young girl called Sally.

Most of the girls wore navy knickers under their dark skirts, and many were quite careless of the fact that they were displaying their undies as they sat at their desks.

One bright summer's day I had taken the class into the playing fields, not for games, but to do some sketching. Sally was sitting on the grass and had raised her knees in order to support her sketch-pad, giving me a clear view of her thighs and knickers. I was rather surprised to see that she was wearing a pair of white cotton directoire knickers of the type many women wore in those days. Just why, I don't know. Maybe she had outgrown her navy pants.

At any rate, after about half an hour, I noticed that she was getting rather restless as she sat there, and the thought did cross my mind that she wanted to wee.

She did not ask to go, but continued to sit there, alternately opening and closing her thighs for a while longer as I looked in her direction. Then, all at once, I saw her lower her knees and pull her skirt down in front. She sat very still and as she caught me looking at her began to blush and glanced down to study her drawing intently.

I guessed that at that moment she was actually wetting her knickers. For the rest of the lesson she kept her legs carefully covered, but I was determined to satisfy my curiosity. I sat down at her side and chatted to her about her drawing for a minute. Then, I called for the others to pack up as it was time to leave.

I waited until she rose to her feet, then, as I got up, I innocently rested my hand on the patch where she had been sitting. My guess was confirmed at once, as the grass was soaking wet.

The lesson was the last of the day, and I must admit that as I watched Sally leave for home, I was tremendously excited and wondered whatever her mother would say when she found out. Not that I expected to ever learn the result, but to my complete surprise, next day, Sally confessed the whole story to me, telling me that her mother had treated her accident as a great joke and that her 10-year-old sister had spread the story among all her friends, much to Sally's embarrassment.

In spite of this, I'm sure that Sally got a big thrill from telling me all about it. She will be in her forties by now and I have not seen her since she left school. But I wonder if her experience gave her the desire to be a naughty little girl on future occasions, as is the case with Janet.

It's fortunate that wet pants can be so appealing because, for a girl, it's difficult to keep dry at the best of times.

Out in the wilds, when bursting for a pee on a long car journey, a girl's longed-for natural cover of a suitable hedge without tickling undergrowth can be so elusive as to demand a screeching emergency stop.

Skirts up and knickers down is only half the battle - everything has to be held well clear to avoid a complete soaking by the initial deluge. It is a pity that the neat foreword squirt from the orifice exposed by crouching loses most of its direction when enveloped in the surrounding folds of skin!

Science has already simplified the monthly problem and, with more and more girls wearing jeans, it's about time a girl could have a standing pee without it all fizzing from a damp squib in torrents down her legs.

All that seems necessary for a mass rising from the crouch, is the invention of a suitable adapter to channel the dispersing flow into a masculine contrivance that could be flipped out neatly from a zip for a more dignified pee against a tree with the boys.

Nicky, Bath
Your subscriber Mr R. C. (Hants) in Vol. 16 No 7 begged you to publish more photographs showing the feet of the models, as he had a fetish about feet. He must have been well satisfied with that very issue. There you published probably the best set of photographs for years of a girl named Matilda showing her quite glorious feet in all their unfettered glory.

I share Mr R. C.’s fetish. I have done so for some three years. Matilda has posed so well and her nipples in each shot are stiff like thimbles. She must have either been feeling exceptionally randy, or someone had stroked them before each picture was taken. Seldom have I seen bigger and more suckable nipples in any magazine and I would imagine that she gets a terrific thrill from having them played with or chewed. That picture of her with her legs wide apart on page 29 should have been enlarged however so we could have seen her almost shaven cunt to better advantage. I will never ever destroy that issue.

How did I get this foot fetish? At a unisex sauna, I shared the steam room one afternoon with a girl. She sat facing me on the upper bench with her knees bent up to her face almost, thus giving me a superb view of her depilated cunt. She saw me seated in a similar manner.

We were alone and after a while chatting she waggled her big toes. I waggled mine and smiled. Then she spread one leg towards me and I parted my knees slightly showing that I had a full erection. Her foot approached slowly and I made it clear that I wanted that big toe to touch my prick. It now was just an inch away. I slipped inches towards her and now that toe was massaging my erection. Nobody entered our secluded steam room and we felt safe. Up and down that big toe stroked. I will remember that moment forever. I could not refrain from stretching my leg towards her shaven haven. There were moments when I was about to ejaculate but I managed to hold on. Then my toe was on her neat hairless slit which was opening for me. We grinned, yet said not one word. Then . . . I came. She watched my spunk emerge up on to the wooden bench. I came a load and she got most of the spunk on her foot. A man came in but sat on a lower bench unaware that I had just come off. She withdrew her leg now. I sped off to the shower to cleanse myself.

Some time later we were once again alone. She sat as before. “Must depart. I want to do a piddle,” she whispered.

“Do it here,” I replied.

She smiled. “Can’t see why not,” she said.

Her legs parted. I watched. Soon the first drip . . . now more . . . now a flood. I saw her urinate a superb shower. It passed through the bench to the one below. It was the first time I had ever seen a girl pee. It was glorious. My prick stood up once more. I now wanted to pee.

I managed to get my prick soft and then said, “Watch me.” I pissed half a pint at least. We both left the sauna together and went to a nearby café for tea. During tea she told me that she had been taught foot masturbation by a girl friend and she often visited her cottage in Devon and they masturbated one another at the same time stark naked on a bed. They used their toes each time. She also liked sucking toes of both sexes.

She came to my flat three days later and she taught me to suck her toes each in turn and I let her suck mine. Curiously we never thought of fucking. Masturbation was our pleasure and to suck a hairless cunt and her anus which was also hairless plus her ten toes . . . I truly enjoyed myself.

Ever since I have watched girls bare feet in sandals in trains and usually got a hard on without problems. But I wish I could meet up with Sonia of that sauna once more . . . PLEASE more of Matilda.

T. H., Avon
I would like to tell your readers about a sexual experience I had recently with my girlfriend Maura who is 27 years old, has a nice pair of firm tits and a great figure. I’m 21 and we like to fuck as often as we can. As I am unemployed, we have plenty of time to jump into bed and read Fiesta to get us in the mood for a good screw.

Anyway, as I hadn’t seen Maura all day she asked me round for a drink, but I knew we would end up having a good fuck. When I arrived we watched telly and had a few drinks then she told me to get undressed and wait for her in bed. After a few minutes she walked in with an all black playsuit on. It had a zip from top to bottom which she slowly unfastened and took off, she also had a pair of thigh length boots which she said she had bought for me to fuck her in because I was always pestering her to get some as it had always turned me on to screw Maura in long black boots.

Anyway she climbed onto the bed sitting on my chest and started to slowly wank my by now throbbing hard cock. After a few minutes she lent forward and started sucking on it, she raised her arse in the air and to my surprise started to pee, she said she had been saving it up all day as she breathed a sigh of relief as the last drop fell from her cunt onto my soaking wet face.

It was then that she lowered her mouth over my cock and sucked until I could hold it no longer and she greedily swallowed my spunk shooting down her throat, she then positioned her fanny over my mouth and said to keep licking until she came to a shuddering climax. After a couple of minutes she said she wanted me hard again so she took her vibrator out of the draw and ran it up and down my cock.

I was soon ready to take her and Maura lay across the bed and told me to take her from behind which is her favourite position because she says she doesn’t have to do any work — she lets me set the pace.

I was soon sliding my cock in deeper and faster, my balls banging against the top of the boots until she got the full force of my cock emptying inside her. After a few more thrusts I felt her stiffen as she climaxed, her hot juices warming up my cock as she came.

We had a shower later and then she told me she was working. She works nights in a hospital cooking for the nurses and finishing at one in the morning. So she asked me to meet her when she finished. At one I was waiting by the door as she came out.

She told me that everywhere was locked up and there were only a couple of porters at the other side of the hospital listening to their radio so we wouldn’t be disturbed.

Maura was wearing a white coat which she took off to reveal her suspender belt, stockings and shoes. She said she had changed for easy access to be fucked. I soon stripped down and was ready to fuck her over the nearest table when she told me to follow her. She took me in to a big walk-in freezer and told me she wanted me to screw her in there.

Maura lay over a stack of boxes and I moved forward to enter her, she moaned with pleasure as she felt my extra-stiff cock slide in and put her hand down between her legs and played with my balls until the force of my thrusting brought her to a climax. She came three or four times before I shot my spunk deep inside her.

Later Maura said my cock had never been so hard before. It must have been the cold freezer! She said it was the best fuck we had ever had together.

Maura told me later that some nights when she’s on her own she goes in the freezer and brings herself off with a large sausage she says is nearly as good as her vibrator.

We plan to have another session in the freezer as soon as possible and Maura invited Sue who has a great pair of tits.

John, North West
Golden Girl

I have sometimes read letters in Fiesta about urolagnia, as I believe it is called, and am always turned on by them. I often wanted to watch past girl friends pee, but never dared to ask! With Irene it just happened. I have been sharing her flat, and bed, with her for six months now. A couple of weeks ago we went to the wedding of a relative of hers. As I drove us back home, Irene dozed off. Just after I got onto a motorway she woke up, “Where are we? I’m dying to pee!” she said. When I told her where we were and that there were no Services she did not turn a hair. “Oh well, holding it makes me randy anyway,” she said, crossing her legs. The knowledge that she was in need of a pee gave me a hard-on. To my amazement Irene promptly dozed off again.

I drove on, and after I left the motorway slowed down through a small town only to see that the toilets were closed. Irene still dozed but I could see her foot swinging and knew she was squeezing her thighs under her dress in her sleep. She woke up with a start when we were quite near her flat. She sat bolt upright in her seat, her dress dragged up, her hand between her thighs. “I thought I was doing it. I dreamed I was pissing!”

In the light of a street lamp we passed I could see her fingers pressed to the gusset of her tights. “Oooh, I’m bursting!” she told me, and I saw her clench her thighs tight together. My prick was hard and throbbing and I also needed to pee. I told Irene this and offered to stop at a pub car park. Irene reached over with her free hand and put it on my thigh. “You can’t piss with that! You’ll have to fuck me first!” I drove on with Irene gently rubbing at her pussy. “I’ll make myself come if you don’t speed up. If I do then I’ll flood the car!”

A few minutes later we were home and I fully expected Irene to pull down her tights and briefs and squat down in the driveway. She held on and was hopping from one foot to the other as we waited for the lift. In the lift she put her arms around me and began to kiss me, her knee between mine, her pussy rubbing hard against my thigh. “I’m nearly doing it,” she breathed into my lips. “Did you ever fuck a girl when she was bursting?”

“You want us to fuck? You’ll soak the bed.” I said. “In the loo. You’ll have to take your things off. You can’t imagine what it’s like to have a stiff prick inside you when you’re bursting!” The lift stopped with a jolt and Irene broke away, grabbed herself between her legs. “Unzip me,” she muttered, turning her back. I unfastened her dress. “Take your suit off, quick,” she urged, already getting out of her dress. Her waist slip quickly followed and all the time she kept grabbing at her pussy.

She made me sit on the loo, shirt rolled up around my waist, Y fronts halfway down my thighs. Irene straddled me, having ripped the gusset of her tights. Pulling aside the gusset of her briefs she lowered herself slowly onto my prick. “Ooh, can’t wait much longer,” she gasped, bobbing up and down on me, my prick going deeper and deeper into her. She sucked in her breath, riding me faster. “Going to come. Can’t help it. Going to come,” she gasped out. Come she did, and a warm flood bathed my balls as she relaxed her taught sphincter at the moment of orgasm.

Later Irene told me that once before she had fucked with a full bladder at the insistence of former boyfriend. She had soaked the bed, much to his annoyance. I plucked up courage and told her I had often wanted to watch a girl pee. She laugh and said I could watch her as often as I wanted, on one condition, that I fucked her immediately afterwards. I was only too willing to agree to this request.

Bob, East London
I have just read Janet's letter in Vol 14 No 3 about doing it in her knicks. I love doing it in my knicks too and, like her, my first experience was at school.

We had been on an outing to Bristol. It was just before I left school. My friend Sue and I had been drinking before we left to come back. Just before we got on the coach the teacher asked us if we wanted the toilet as we would be going on the motorway. Like a fool I said I didn't want to go. I soon regretted this for about ten minutes after we started I felt the need to go. It wasn't very bad to start with, but with the motion of the coach, it soon got worse and I had to hold myself between the legs.

Then I noticed my friend was fidgeting a lot as well. Soon we were both rubbing the front of our knickers trying to hold it back. As we were at the back of the coach no-one could see us, luckily. It wasn't long before Sue was in tears with the agony. Suddenly she said, "I can't hold it in any longer," and the next thing I knew she was pulling up her skirt. Then, sitting on the edge of the seat, she pulled her knickers to one side and just let go on the floor. Seeing her pouring forth set me off. I suddenly felt a hot wetness in my pants. I tried to do the same as her but I had forgotten I was wearing tights.

But as hard as I tried to stop myself I couldn't, it just kept coming. I just pulled my skirt up out of the way and let it go altogether. I was surprised at the lovely feeling it gave me between my legs which seemed to last all the way home.

By the time I got home I was dying to do it again so as soon as I got indoors I rushed upstairs, pulled up my skirt and sat on the toilet without pulling down my knickers. I was soon ready to burst so I just sat there and let it go again, peeing straight through my knickers. But this time I rubbed myself as I did so and it wasn't long before I came. It was the most lovely feeling I have ever had.

Since then I have wet myself lots of times in all sorts of situations. I have only been caught doing it once and that was by my boss, who is now my husband because of it. We had been working late one evening and, as usual, I was bursting to go. I was just about to dash off to the loo for a wetting session when my boss called me into his office to dictate a letter. It was a very long letter and by the time we had finished I was really fidgeting about trying to hold it back. Unluckily my boss noticed and asked me what the matter was. I didn't want to tell him that I was almost wetting myself but Mother Nature took a hand and told him herself, for as I stood up to leave the office I must have relaxed my muscles slightly in anticipation of going to the loo.

Suddenly I felt that familiar hot sensation running through my knickers. As my pee burst from me I tried to stop myself by putting both hands between my legs, but I couldn't hold it back. I just stood there, legs apart, peeing on the boss's carpet.

By the time I had finished tears of shame were running down my face and I just ran from the office to the loo. When I came back he was sitting in my office. I didn't know what to say to him. I tried to apologise but he said it didn't matter as he had enjoyed it.

He then asked me out to dinner with him, over which we talked about what had happened in the office and he asked me to do it again some time for him.

I have done so many times since then in the office, but only when everyone else has gone home. Steve, now my husband, keeps a waterproof sheet in the office for this. I normally let it go while he is dictating. When this happens work gets forgotten and we end up on the floor making love.

So ladies, if you haven't ever done it in your knickers, why not give yourself a thrill and try it sometime, and if you have done it, can we hear some of your experiences and your views on the subject?

Mrs A. C., London
Like BJ of Essex, I too got a hard on the first time I watched my girlfriend pee.

Beth and I had long been indulging in heavy petting. We wanked each other off, and a couple of times we had sex in a private park. Beth didn't really enjoy it and has never had an orgasm that way. She much preferred me to rub her off.

I lived in the upper half of a tenement house, which we shared with one other family who lived downstairs. My parents had gone away on holiday and we were both very excited at this chance to strip off and make love on the bed for a change, though we had to wait for it to get dark, so I could smuggle Beth in without us being seen by the neighbours.

When I closed the front door behind us Beth slipped off her shoes and we crept upstairs to my parents bedroom. We fell into each others arms, French-kissing each other, her arms tight around my neck and her full breasts squirming against my chest. I fondled her buttocks through her skirt and gradually dragged it up, together with her slip.

I pulled her French knickers halfway down and she immediately twisted the lower half of her body, giving me access to her already wet pussy. I began to finger her erect clitoris and soon she was more than halfway to coming. "Undress me" she panted, pushing my hand away, "I want to do it properly".

The fuck was soon over, as we were so hot for each other. Afterwards she let me examine between her legs, even pulling open her outer lips to show me what was within. I lay down beside her and we caressed and fondled each other until I was hard again. We fucked a second time. This time it took longer and Beth came a couple of times.

We lay together on the bed for a while, talking. I wanted to pee, but hung on, intending to go to the loo when I took Beth home. It never entered my head that she might want to pee too. I had been fondling her breasts and erect nipples, then I put my lips to them and began to suck.

"That's gorgeous" sighed Beth, "You're getting me all worked up again. Trouble is, I don't half want to pee".

I confessed that I wanted to do the same.

"Got a po?" she asked "I've just got to go. All that brown ale"

I told her that we hadn't got a po. Then she took my hand and pressed it against her hairy pussy. She began rubbing herself with my fingers. She was bursting to go, so I suggested she used the large Victorian vase which was on the mantelpiece, a large monstrosity with a wide neck.

Beth giggled and looked at the thing. "I cant sit on that" she exclaimed "You'll have to hold it for me".

I pulled my hand from between her legs and got off the bed. She sat up and swung her legs over the other side. Her hand went down to her pussy and she sat there kneading it. "Ooh, I'm nearly doing it" she gasped out. "Hurry up darling".

Despite having fucked her twice, my cock began again to fill with hot blood. I took the vase from the mantelpiece and went across to her. She stood up slowly, still holding herself. I went down on one knee in front of her and she took away her hand and opened her legs. I had a close up view of her tumescent hirsute labia gaping pinkly. Urine began trickling down her thigh. "Quick, I'm doing it" she gasped.

I thrust vase between her thighs, conscious of my throbbing erection as she began urine from those hairy cunt lips. "Hold it close or it will go on the floor" she said and with both hands she pulled her cunt lips apart. A small jet spurted from just below her clitoral hood. It became stronger and she began to pee noisily. I watched fascinated as I caught the flow in the vase. And by now my prick was pointing to the season.

"You've got another stiffy" she said softly "Is it from watching me doing this?"

I nodded. "Well we can't waste it, can we? You've still got a French letter left, haven't you?"
When she had finished, I tried to have a pee while Beth held the vase, but I was too stiff. "I'll have to get rid of this horn first." I told her.

"Ooh yes" she breathed "Put your Frenchie on then" She lay back on the bed, watching me fix on the French letter, one knee drawn up and her legs wide open. I mounted her and she wrapped her legs around me. "Don't pee in me after you've come" she said as we fucked for the third time. But once my orgasm had died away I just couldn't wait, so Beth raised herself on one arm and watched me as I pissed into the vase.

At that time she was 19 and it was two years before we could get married. But in those two years she quite often lifted her skirt and peed through the leg of her French knickers.

J.M. London.

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Country Streams

The confession by Kate from Manchester about her pleasure in urolagnia was of great interest to my fiancee and I, as we are both very keen addicts. Unlike Kate and her husband, we don’t pee over each other or drink the stuff, but we do get kicks from wetting our pants in all sorts of situations. With Gary, my fiancee, the interest has only developed since we started going out together, but my own interest goes back to my schooldays when I used to play the 'bursting game' with my friend Sharon.

We used to have bets on which of us could last the longest from the start of morning school without going to the loo. I think I must have had the weaker bladder, for I almost always lost the bet by having to be the first to be excused. The crunch came when, for the third time in a week I asked to go out of the afternoon class. The teacher was quite annoyed and asked me if I had been to the loo during break; when I said I hadn't she told me that I could just wait until the class had ended.

With half an hour to go till class ended I knew I couldn't last out, and after a few minutes of wriggling in my seat, I weed my knickers and made a big pool on the floor. I suppose in those days I must have been something of an exhibitionist, because instead of feeling ashamed or upset, I only felt a growing excitement as my wee trickled noisily onto the floor and twenty pairs of eyes turned to look in my direction. Even the giggles and teasing I received afterwards didn't worry me a lot, and I still remember the thrill of walking home in my wet, clinging knickers.

That was the start of my addiction - and from that moment on my panties were never dry for long. Like Kate, I kept my fetish a secret from all except Sharon, who shared my enthusiasm.

When I started to go out with boys, I used the most cunning ways to find out if they shared my interest. Usually I would bring the conversation around to schooldays and end up by recounting the events of that day I disgraced myself in class. But not until I met Gary did I find a boy who was equally keen on my favourite sport.

We both enjoy walking in the country and our picnic bag will often contain a pair of Gary's shorts. When we set off, he puts on a pair of my knickers under his long trousers. We both drink huge quantities of shandy or water, and when we get to a quiet spot he will take off his long trousers. First of all, he pushes his penis down under his bum, and by pulling up my knickers very tightly between his legs and the crack of his bum, he finds he can hold his penis firmly in place in order to direct his stream straight down his legs.

After that he puts on his shorts and we play the 'bursting game' together. Usually he manages to hold out longer than I can, but once I start to wee, it isn't long before he wets his knickers and shorts. It is an excitement that never palls and to any readers who find themselves aroused by the thought I would urge them to try it - they could find it the thrill of their lives.

S.D. North Wales
Puss in Boots


Not only has my wife done it in her knickers as Mrs A C of London advocates, but she has done it in her boots as well!

A couple of years ago, we were on our way home from a party by mini-cab when we had a puncture. As we stood watching the driver change the wheel, my wife hung heavily on my arm, standing with her legs crossed. My own bladder was quite full, and the prospect of pulling her tights and pants down for her when we got home, and watching her piss like a fountain, gave me a rigid cock.

Once we were back on our way again she suddenly took hold of my hand and, pulling open her coat, she pressed my fingers through her thin dress to her pussy. "I'm bursting to pee" she whispered.

I rubbed her gently and she pressed herself against me, telling me she was nearly doing it.

She stood cross-legged as I paid the cab driver, and when he drove off she began to tremble violently from head to foot, visibly working her thighs together.

"I'm coming" she gasped. She slowly uncrossed her legs, and in the moonlight I saw a pool appear between her boots. She just stood there and peed herself, the urine running straight down her legs and into her boots. When she had finished, I grabbed her to me and kissed her. Hand in hand we hurried indoors, and I helped her strip off in the bathroom before towelling her dry.

Then we went into the bedroom and she helped me undress. I paused only to put on a French letter, while she threw herself onto the bed with her knees up and and her thighs spread wide apart, her cunt gaping pinkly amid the profuse growth of pubic hair. I mounted her and she soon came again as I rammed home. After a few more thrusts, I shot off too.

When we had got our breath back, I had to go for a pee, and she came with me to hold my cock for me. I made some coffee while she dried out her boots and put her soaking clothes to soak. Naked, we sat drinking coffee in the kitchen and she told me that the orgasm she'd had in the street had been fantastic. "I just came off because I'd been hot for you for hours and I was so full of pee", she explained.

I knew what she meant. It was a kind of double release. It was making me horny again, just to hear her talk. We went back to bed then and fucked slowly before falling asleep. A few hours later she woke me again, wanting me to watch her pee. Unable to fuck her again so soon afterwards, she was content for me to finger fuck her while I sucked on her tits.

Nothing like it has happened again, but I've no doubt that it would if she ever wanted to piss again like she did that night.

Alf. Essex.

Wetting Dreams

Fiesta, Vol. 14, No. 3 (March 1980).

I have been a regular reader of your magazine for about a year. I am particularly interested in the readers' letters about ladies peeing. I myself get very excited at the thought of a lady wetting her panties and tights, her skirt, and anything else she is wearing at the time.

A few years ago I had a terrific girlfriend, with whom I shared a full sex-life. When we had been living together for a few months, I found the courage to tell her about my secret fantasies. She said she didn't mind, and we didn't mention it again...

A few weeks later, however, we went out for the evening to our local and had a few drinks. We arrived home about eleven and sat down to watch the TV. She had been in a playful mood all evening, and as she was wearing her tight skirt and low cut blouse, she was really turning me on.

As we sat there watching, she suddenly said "I want to go to the toilet". Then she added "But I won't go unless I have your permission". I caught on immediately, and replied "No, I won't let you go". She sat there a few more minutes and then stood up, saying "I don't think I can wait much longer".

As she spoke, I noticed a small damp patch appearing on the back of her skirt. She lifted it so I could see her panties, and I sat there shaking with excitement, watching her peeing. I pulled off her wet panties and tights, and pulled her on to the floor and we made love like we never had before.
Renewed Interest


I have been fascinated to read the many letters you have published about pissing. It would seem that the enjoyment of pissing ones' pants is more common among girls than men, though one interesting letter from Graeme of Essex did tell of the pleasure he found in wetting himself.

Certainly, a great many men seem to be turned on by the thought of girls who do it in their knickers, but I often wonder how girls feel about men who indulge in the habit.

As an enthusiast for many years, I find it easy to trace the origins of my interest to an incident that occurred when I was only 6 years old. I was an only boy, and my mother was parted from my father. One evening when we were returning by bus from a visit to my Granny, I began to feel in need of a piss.

I knew we had and hours journey ahead and began to wonder if I would be able to last out. Looking back on it, I feel sure I could have managed to if I'd tried. But suddenly I felt an overwhelming urge not to try, and the thought sprang to mind of how exciting it would be to piss in my pants as I had often done when I was a year or so younger.

At first I just couldn't get started. I suppose inhibitions and years of control made it impossible to relax sufficiently, but at last, after two or three minutes, it suddenly happened.

The first my mum knew about it was when she heard the piss begin to trickle onto the floor. But she was very understanding about it and told me not to worry, and that anyone could have an accident in their pants.

I was thrilled with the fuss and attention she was giving me and later, as we walked home from the bus stop, I enjoyed immensely the feeling of walking in my short pants and wet briefs. I just knew that I had to repeat the experience, and in the next few weeks I pissed my pants at school on three or four occasions and had to be sent home.

Finally my mum got worried and took me to the doctor. He, not surprisingly, could find nothing physically wrong with me and suggested it was probably just nerves. And there the matter rested.

As time passed my interest declined, but when I was about 13 it returned all of a sudden and the habit took a greater hold of me. The only difference was I had to take greater care to keep my wettings secret.

Now, at 29, I still often enjoy pissing in my pants, and I find special pleasure in wearing girls' knickers when I indulge in the habit. I have never ventured to do it while in female company, but I often wonder what the reactions of a girl would be if I were daring enough to risk it.

Wayne. Lancs.

Dry up Nigel


I was annoyed by the letter, Bursting Point, in Vol 15 No 1.

Just who does Nigel of London think he is to write criticising your excellent mag and the letters from urolagnia lovers?

I love wetting my knickers and I thoroughly enjoy all the letters you print on the subject. So please, I beg you, ignore his plea to stop printing them.

So he is sorry for people who confuse relief with orgasms? Well let me tell him, I dont need his pity. For me, relief from a bursting bladder and relief of sexual tension through orgasm are very closely related indeed.

My love of urolagnia goes back to when I was 17. I awoke one night bursting for a pee, but since it was the middle of winter I was very reluctant to leave my warm bed to go to the loo. In order to hang on while I plucked up the courage to get out of bed, I began to massage myself between the legs. I had been masturbating for a few months at that age, so not surprising I began to get randy and I gradually worked myself up to an orgasm.
When it came it was the most shattering and satisfying one I had ever achieved. But in the process I lost control of my bladder, the fullness of which I had forgotten while intent on reaching my orgasm. It was so intense that I didn't realise I was urinating at first, and when I did I was unable to stop it.

As the flow finished I just lay there, my whole body relaxed. And unbelievable as it may seem, I drifted back into sleep. Although my mother was furious when she found out I had wet the bed, it didn't alter the fact that, thinking back on it, I really enjoyed the experience, and from then on I wet myself at every opportunity.

Of course, as Nigel says, my social conditioning prevents me from wetting myself publicly, but a girl can often find a way to have an 'accident' as I often do. Nigel says in his letter "each to his own" so why doesn't he shut up and let others get on with what they enjoy? Maybe he can't understand how we urolagniacs get pleasure or sexual thrills from what we do, but that's no reason for his attitude. I can't understand some other people's sexual kinks, but if that's what turns them on, then it's fine by me. So come on Nigel, leave us to get on with it, and stop criticising us and Fiesta. It's the only mag that prints letters on urolagnia and its for that reason its my favourite. So please Fiesta, keep up the good work.

Jenny, London.

Story of U

Fiesta, Vol. 16, No. 3 (March, 1982).

The letter from Lyn of Staffs who enjoys peeing in her knickers reminded me of my own experiences of long ago, when I too found great pleasure in knicker-wetting fun. When I tell you that my most exciting memory dates back to the war years and my time in the A.T.S., you will realise that urolagnia is not by any means a recent pastime, although mention of it was taboo in those days. In spite of this, I had been very much hooked on the habit since my teens.

During my years in the A.T.S., I started going out with John, the man who is now my husband. He was not in the forces, having been turned down on medical grounds, but he was a super boyfriend and I was very much in love with him. I soon found out that the subject of peeing excited him very much, especially when I told him of my exploits at school - always pretending that my accidents were genuine.

As older readers will know, the A.T.S. uniform knickers we wore were not elasticated, but were instead fastened by two buttons at the side. That being so, it took that little bit longer to pull them down. I must confess that fumbling to loosen the tight buttons when I was bursting for a pee, nearly led me to have an accident several times. It was this that gave me a great idea of treating John to a show he would never forget.

One night when we were out walking together, I found myself badly needing to pee. I explained my plight to John, pretending to be very shy about it, and he immediately suggested that I did it in the bushes at the side of the road. I needed no other encouragement and going behind the nearest bush, I squatted down, making sure that John would be able to catch a glimpse of me through the rather sparse branches. Then I started to struggle with my buttons, deliberately pretending to be unable to undo them. My bladder was so full that the few seconds delay was quite enough for me. I released a quick spurt of pee and in a flash the whole flood poured out, spattering down onto the grass through the seat of bloomers as I gasped in well-acted horror.

John saw it all and I could see from the expression of sheer delight on his face and the obvious bulge in his pants that my accident had had all the effect I desired. Afterwards we stood together for ten minutes or more as he played with my wet knickers, stroking and kneading my soaking crotch until I reached a gasping orgasm. That was the start of our real relationship. We have since spent 35 happy years together and peeing fun has been a regular source of enjoyment for us both.

Dorothy, Manchester
Bather's Delight

I am 27 and for five years shared my life with a man I had hoped to marry. Things went wrong and I left him. Because I had nowhere to go I was very grateful when my cousin Helen took me in.

She and her husband Tom slept in the next room to me, and because it is a modern flat and the walls are very thin, I didn't have to listen very hard to hear them in bed at night. The bed made quite a lot of noise too, and they fucked away every night. There was only one thing I could do and that was to put my hands between my legs and rub myself off.

Helen and Tom could keep going for some time and I frequently had two or three orgasms. Sometimes when I thought they had finished Tom would start up again. They had obviously been lying there with his prick embedded in Helen’s hot cunt.

Those two were always fucking. I could even hear them on Saturday and Sunday mornings. Several times on a Sunday I rubbed off in the kitchen as I made coffee. Once I even waited until they had finished and took them a cup. Helen sat up in bed, obviously naked, and the nipples of her full breasts were sticking out like organ stops.

Then came the evening several girls and myself went for a drink after work. I had to get two buses home, and each time I had a long wait. I began to regret drinking lager and lime, and by the time the second bus arrived I was dying to pee. When I got off the bus there was nowhere else to go but home. As I half ran to the flat my bladder felt like a football inside me, and I was nearly wetting myself as I put the key in the lock.

There was a light in the bathroom, but I just couldn't wait. Tom was in the bath, but I was desperate. With my coat unbuttoned, I pulled up my dress and began to yank my panties down. My pee burst from me as I sat on the loo, but not before I had soaked my panties and tights. Tom sat up in the bath and, red faced, all I could do was apologise.

"My God Anne, you've wet your knickers" he said. I told him I had nearly done it on the bus. At last I finished and took the toilet paper to wipe myself. I did not care that Tom was watching. I felt randy and decided that I had better remove my wet panties and tights. To do this I had to unzip my boots and take them off as well. When I finally did get up off the loo, naked to the waist under my dress, my pussy was soaking wet. Tom sat in the bath making no attempt to hide his erection. I just stared at it. It was huge.

"What a lovely present you have for Helen" I said.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

I said I wouldn't mind one like it myself, to which he replied "I'm sure you could share it" I told him that I was sure Helen would object. "Not if she didn't know" said Tom. "She's round at Mabels and won't be back for a while".

He stood up in the bath and asked me to pass him a towel. I helped him dry off and a few minutes later I was as naked as himself in my bedroom.

There was no need for any messing around. I was as hot for him as he was for me, and I came as soon as his prick slid into me. With me he did not prolong it, but just shagged away until he came, and I came again. We both got dressed and something made me tell him I could hear him and Helen fucking. He asked me if it turned me on and I told him that it did, and I rubbed off listening to them. "I think about that when I am screwing Helen" he told me.

Tom and I have had several fucks since. Quick ones when Helen is out shopping - more prolonged when she goes for a hair-do. I have also found a new boyfriend and get a further ration from him in the back of his car. And all because the lady was bursting to pee.

Anne. Essex.
I’ve only been reading your magazine since I found my brother’s collection hidden in a cupboard while he was away on holiday. He and his wife had gone away and left me to look after their house, and while tidying up I came upon his stack of Fiestas and started to read them. Most of the letters were just the normal exaggerated fantasies, but I was interested to find a number of letters on the subject of knicker-wetting. I’ve been fascinated by this branch of sex since an incident I’ll describe later, but I thought I was some kind of freak. Now, I’m reassured to find there are plenty of other girls who do it.

The incident happened when I was at college. Several of us had been out drinking and we got invited to a party out of town. In the general chaos I forgot to relieve myself before we left, and as soon as I got comfy in the car I became aware that I badly needed a pee! I asked the driver to find the nearest ladies loo, but when we at last found one, it was closed. I decided I’d have to try and hang on until we got there, but I soon realised I wasn’t going to make it, and I told the driver he’d better stop or he’d have a wet back seat. He stopped as soon as he could, but in a very inconvenient place, as there was no cover to hide myself. So I waddled along to the nearest tree, both hands holding my crotch. Before I got there I could feel the floodgates weakening, and as I quickly tried to hoist up my skirt I could feel the pee start to leak out. I desperately tried to get my pants off, but when I let go of my skirt to pull them down, it dropped down into the line of fire. By now I could feel the pee running down my leg, so I just held up my skirt, and let the pee pour through my panties. When I finished I just stood there shaking. I thought about taking the panties off, but that would have meant throwing them away as I could hardly take them back to the car with me, so I just readjusted them as best I could and went back to the car, got in and sat down, and off we went. I asked if anyone had seen anything but no-one had, fortunately.

When we got out of the car at the party, one of the others in the car came up to me and said he could see that I had wet my pants. I was stunned at this, but when he pointed to my bum I realised that my wet knickers must have soaked through my skirt when I sat in the car. I nodded and must have gone bright red, but he just said not to worry about it and he’d walk behind me.

The party was in full swing, and the same guy danced with me, covering the back of my skirt with his hands. The gentle swaying to the music made the wet fabric of my pants rub against my clit, and his hands on my bottom made me quite turned on. He got even more intimate, and I could feel his prick nuzzling against my crotch. He whispered things to me and I was led upstairs to the bathroom. He stood me in the bath, and then he lifted my skirt up and rubbed my crotch through my, by now, a bit dryer pants. I was getting very turned on indeed. He asked me if I had been turned on when I’d wet myself. I said no, not at first. Then he asked me if I would do it again. Well, I relaxed my bladder muscles as much as I could, but found I couldn’t do it. In fact, I really did need to pee again right then, but something in my social conditioning was stopping me. He said don’t worry, we’ll wait till I was absolutely busting again, and then we would go to the bathroom then. Within an hour I had to go so badly I couldn’t stand still, but there was someone in the bathroom. I waited at the door, hopping from leg to leg, and trying to discreetly hold my crotch, shielded by Steve. When the occupant finally came out we dashed in.

I quickly lifted my skirt and stood astride the toilet. Steve ran his hands up my legs and I let rip, and my pee just poured down through my pants. As I peed he gently stroked my crotch, and when I at last stopped he massaged my clit through the wet cotton gusset. My knees knocked and banged against the cistern as I gradually lost control on nearing orgasm. Just as I thought I was going to come, he stopped, pulled off my wet knickers, and lay me gently down on the floor. He dropped his pants and
slid his cock up me. It didn’t last very long, but it was very exciting and satisfying, and we both thoroughly enjoyed the whole episode. We flushed my wet pants down the loo, and I spent the rest of the evening with his spunk running down the inside of my legs as we danced.

Since then I have wet myself on many occasions, sometimes in private, and sometimes in places where I know people can see me. One time was at the Ideal Home Exhibition. I needed rather badly to go to the toilet, and when I found a Ladies, there was a huge queue. I stood and waited for about ten minutes without moving, and I could feel pee beginning to seep through my knickers. I crossed my legs as tight as I could, but they were soon saturated, so I walked off and gradually let my pee out as I walked around. After about five minutes I had emptied my bladder, and the only thing noticeable was my wet socks where it had run down my legs. I got so turned on that I left and got the next train home, masturbating all the way by swinging one leg over the other, and enjoying the feeling of a warm wet crotch. Delightful!

Linda, W. London.

Party Piss

Fiesta Vol. 18, No. 7 (July 1984).

I am a female reader of your magazine, and I notice that the girls who wet their knickers claim to do it in public. I am a bit dubious of this, and I’d never do it in the company of anyone I knew.

I am 22, and I started wetting myself about a year ago. One day, for no reason, I went to the toilet and didn’t pull my knickers down. I had a sudden desire to wet them. I got a great kick out of watching myself wet my knickers. I began to do this quite regularly. When the thrill began to wear off, I bought some plastic panties and some babies nappies. I put my knickers on first, then a nappy, and then the plastic panties over the top, making sure the nappy was inside the elasticated legs and waist of the plastic panties. Over this I wore a loose pleated skirt to hide the bulge of the nappy. A maxi coat over this, and I was well covered. I found I could go almost anywhere and wet myself. My favourite haunt was the cinema, where I could sit through the film and gradually wet myself. After a while I felt I was cheating, and I discarded the nappy and plastic panties, and I’d sit through the film and wet my knickers and skirt, and let it soak into the seat. This was much more satisfying, but I would never let anyone else know. I always do it secretly and you are the first people I have ever told my secret to. One day I may find it necessary to tell someone I’d done it, but until then I shall just keep doing it and keep it to myself.

Let me tell any girls like me who are reading this letter, how to do it in public and keep it a secret. The best place is at a party. If you wear a long dress that reaches down to the floor, and the house where the party is being held has a dark carpet, then do what I do. I join a group of others chatting, and while engaged in conversation I start wetting myself. By keeping my legs close together I can do it down my legs and, although it usually goes in my shoes, it soaks into the carpet, hidden by my long dress. I stand there for long enough after I’ve done it for the carpet to soak up the pee, and then I just move away. If anyone notices the wet patch they just assume that someone must have spilt their drink there. Later on in the evening, I can return to the same spot and do it again. The feeling I get standing talking to people and wetting myself at the same time is just fantastic. So if I am ever at a party and I spot a wet patch on the carpet and I see a girl in a long dress who was standing there earlier, I’ll know she has read my letter.

Tina, Greenwich.
As Long as Urinejoying it

Recent letters about peeing prompt me to relate an incident which has added a new dimension to our sex life. My wife Jean and I went for a night out with some friends and on leaving the club, having had a fair amount to drink, all piled into a mini cab with Jean sitting on my knees. As we started off she whispered that she was glad we hadn’t far to go as she was dying to pee - there had been a long queue for the ladies' in the club.

We got stuck in a traffic snarl-up for what seemed like ages. I could feel Jean pressing her thighs together. Suddenly she whispered, "Darling, I can't hold it any longer." I felt her legs open, as with a gasp of relief, she peed her knickers. Once she had started she couldn't stop and I got a terrific erection as I felt her warm pee soaking through my trousers and running all over my prick and balls. When she’d finished I slipped my hand up her skirt and started to feel her through her soaking wet knickers.

On arriving home, we were both very randy so we stripped off our wet clothes and I fucked her doggy fashion in front of the fire in the lounge.

Now peeing is part of our sex life. Jean loves to sit on the loo with her legs wide open, holding the lips of her cunt apart while I pee on her clit. It brings her off to a terrific climax. Other times, I lie in the bath with my legs open, Jean stands on top of the bath astride me and I wank off watching her golden pee squirting out of her hole and cascading down over my cock and balls. By the time she's finished, I come off with my balls soaking in lovely warm piss. Afterwards we go to bed and I suck her lovely wet cunt till she starts to pant with excitement and covers my face with warm sticky come.

I would be interested to hear from any other readers with novel ideas to make sex even more exciting.

Jim, Telford

In the wake of the flood

There’s been a veritable flood of letters pouring into Fiesta recently all concerned with the sodden subject of knicker wetting. We decided it was high time (or high tide?) information was leaked. David Janson wades into the wonderful world of gushing gussets . . .

The psychologists have a word for it - urolagnia - a word embracing all those who get a kick out of urination or to put it more plainly, piss-lovers. They can be considered one of the sexual minorities, albeit a growing one as more and more lovers find this simple act can be great fun. And in any case anyone thinks of urine as nasty, let me quote at once a statement from a doctor which appeared in Fiesta a while ago, "Urine, when fresh, is one of the purist and most sterile of liquids. It is only after it has come in contact with external surfaces that it becomes contaminated with bacteria." So even if not to everyone's taste, it's quite harmless to drink and there are those such as Desai, a one time prime minister of India, who are convinced that it has remarkable curative qualities. He stated publicly that he drank a flask of his urine every morning and as an active octogenarian it has clearly done him no harm.

However we are not concerned with urolagnia in general, but solely in the pleasure some girls and women derive from wetting their knickers. A harmless enough practice, yet one which can have deep emotional significance for the feminine sex. Firstly, there are physiological reasons. Women suffer a great disadvantage in emptying their bladder compared with men. The opening of the urethra lies buried between the inner lips of the vulva and in no way resembles the male spout which allows the act to be performed with nothing more than unzipping and, after yanking the penis out, pointing it in an appropriate direction.
There can be no doubt that little girls experience penis envy on this count alone. Havelock Ellis, that great pioneer of sexual psychology, goes to great length in reporting the history of one of his women patients whom he calls Florrie, often quoting her own words. "At an early age I enjoyed the sight of my brothers doing it out-of-doors and envied them the superior advantage of a specially constructed organ for the purpose. I felt aggrieved with nature because I lacked so useful and ornamental an organ. No teapot without a spout ever felt so forlorn."

Secondly there are psychological reasons which largely stem from what is popularly known as 'toilet training'. This is put in hand at an early age and is usually fully effective by the age of 2, though for the next year or so, 'accidents' are laughed off so long as they are of an isolated nature. By the age of 5 a girl who wets herself will probably be scolded or even called a dirty child.

From then on the inhibition to perform in any but the socially accepted manner is well established, so well in some cases that the child and even an adult may be unable to perform in a strange environment or unusual manner and has an absolute horror at the idea of being caught in the act.

Ellis quotes Florrie in such a situation. "When about 5 or 6 I distinctly remember being taken for a country walk by my nurse and before we approached our destination, a friend's house, my drawers were unbuttoned and I was held out over the grass. Nothing came and the nurse fastened me up again, repeating the performance 10 minutes later with the same result, whereupon the nurse began to scold. The third time she was very cross and smacked my bare bottom, making me cry. Still sobbing and protesting, I was held out again and a considerable stream flowed on the grass. I was still kicking and struggling and crying out I can't, I won't, as to my surprise and mortification, the sound on the grass announced that I was doing what I was refusing to do.

The act of wetting herself in an older child may be of a rebellious nature, a means of drawing attention to herself even if it risks punishment. It is worth quoting Florrie again, now 8 years old. She found herself badly wanting to urinate when out for a long walk but refusing to say so. Finally when she could hold it no longer, she just let it come without the usual preliminaries of unbuttoning and squatting down.

"I can well remember the strange and delicious sensation of the forbidden delight and also my surprise when it came standing. It came in such a torrent that it filled my drawers like air in a balloon and remained there a little time before it soaked through to betray me, though the fact that I had stopped walking helped to give me away and I was hauled home in disgrace. Sometimes, for I repeated the experiment whenever the opportunity arose, I escaped notice and suffered no more than the discomfort of wet drawers."

Ellis remarks that there is a feature in urination, when the bladder is very full, frequently found in women, which gives it a strong resemblance to the release of an orgasm and that Florrie later became fully aware of it and attached great importance to it in heightening the pleasure of her sexual adventures.

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This leads us to look at some of the letters from Fiesta. One of the earliest I came across was from a married woman recalling the first occasion. She writes, "We had been on an outing to Bristol. It was just before I left school. My friend Sue and I had been drinking before we left to come back. Just before we got on the coach the teacher asked us if we wanted the toilet as it would be impossible to stop on the motorway. Like a fool I said I didn't but soon regretted this for shortly after we started I felt the need to go. It was not bad to start with, but soon got worse and I had to hold myself between the legs. Then I noticed my friend was fidgeting a lot as well. Soon we were both rubbing the front of out knickers trying to hold it back. It wasn't long before Sue was in tears with the agony. Suddenly she said, "I can't hold it any longer," and the next thing I knew she was pulling up her skirt.
Then, sitting on the edge of the seat, she drew her knickers to one side and just let go on the floor. Fortunately, we were at the back of the coach and no one could see us. Seeing her pouring forth set me off. I suddenly felt a hot wetness in my pants. I tried to do the same as her but I had forgotten I was wearing tights. I tried to stop myself but it just kept coming. I pulled my skirt out of the way and let go altogether. I was surprised at the lovely feeling it gave me between my legs which seemed to last all the way home.

By the time I got home I was dying to do it again. I rushed upstairs, pulling up my skirt and sat on the loo without lowering my tights and knickers. I waited until I was ready to burst. I just sat there and let go again, peeing through my knickers. But this time I rubbed myself as it flowed and it wasn't long before I came. It was the most lovely feeling I have ever had."

She goes on to say how an accident in front of her boss, when she had been kept working late, finally ended up with their marriage and knicker wetting became a regular preliminary to a love session.

A letter from a 26-year old girl describes how she started the practice at the age of 18 at the request of her boyfriend. She goes on, "I lifted my skirt so that he could see my knickers and just sat and peed. It was difficult to start as I was embarrassed about it, but after a few short spurts, I released myself completely soaking my pants. The effect on Stewart was terrific. After that when I was randy I often wet my pants."

More than one writer became hooked on knicker wetting through the need to be wearing protective knickers during a temporary bladder weakness.

Julie of Manchester discovered the delightful freedom offered by a pair of rubber pants. "When I was 14 I had a spell of bladder trouble and needed to go to the toilet very often. For a time I stayed off school. On my first day back I lost control and peed in my knickers as I sat in class. After that my mother decided it would be better if I wore incontinence knickers for the time being.

That was really the start of my addiction, for I found these pants gave me a great thrill as soon as I pulled them on. Very soon I was wondering what it would be like to do a wee in them. Before the day was out the urge became overwhelming. So instead of asking to go out I just sat and peed in my knickers. The thrill was even greater than I expected, and for the next few weeks I regularly repeated the experiment - And now, ten years later I still like to put on my incontinence pants over a pair of navy school knickers. Then I take a walk, weeing myself as I walk along and still feeling the same thrill."

Women are often much less inhibited than men and given a little encouragement will take great pains in exciting their partners. This is shown in the following extract from a woman writer. "When I feel really randy and ready for a good screw, I hold my wee all day until I am dying to go. Nothing turns me on more than having to stand cross legged holding back my wee. I then put on my closest fitting panties, mini dress and high heeled shoes and stand in front of my husband peeing in my panties and all down my legs. This really turns him on. . . ."

Here is another example.

". . . going behind the nearest bush, I squatted down, making sure that John would be able to catch a glimpse of me through the rather sparse branches. Then I started to struggle with the buttons (she was wearing army-type drawers!) deliberately pretending to be unable to undo them. My bladder was so full that the few seconds delay was quite enough for me. I released a quick squirt of pee and in a flash the whole flood gushed out, spattering down onto the grass through the seat of my bloomers . . . Afterwards we stood for 10 minutes or more while he played with my wet knickers, stroking and kneading my soaking crotch until I reached a gasping orgasm."

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Another writes, "I must have been 18 when I first got a lovely feeling by rubbing myself between the legs in an effort to hold my pee. Often I would hold my pee so that I could experience the same feeling until one day, sitting in my room, I had my first orgasm and wet myself. I almost fainted in sheer pleasure . . . It became my favourite game. When I was literally dribbling pee in my knickers I would go to the loo and sitting down rub my pussy until I orgasmed. Sometimes I would have two or three orgasms before I lost control of my bladder. The feeling when I came and pissed at the same time was of blinding intensity."

Later in the letter, a very lengthy one, she goes on, "I made another discovery soon after I started work in the city. One evening there was a hold up in the Tube. It happened that I had been saving my pee intending to have a rub off when I got home. The carriage was too crowded to rub my crotch to put off the urge to pee. Instinctively I crossed my legs as pee dribbled into my knickers. By straining my thighs together, I realised I would come if I didn't ease off what I was doing with my thighs. When I did the urge to pee returned with renewed intensity. I momentarily lost control and squirted pee in my knickers. I ground my thighs together, once more aware of the warm wetness in my knickers. Suddenly my orgasm overwhelmed me. Quite oblivious of my surroundings I climaxed once, twice and yet again. As my pleasure died away, I realised I was peeing. I just let go. It ran down my legs and into my boots. I soaked myself and no one noticed."

The writer of the next letter is an unashamed exhibitionist. She writes, "Very soon I got my first real spectator. He was a youth who sat on the bench facing where I sat on the grass with my magazine. I could see he was ready to make an afternoon of it. Every time I glanced up from my magazine I could see he was looking straight at my knickers. Each time he blushed and turned away. This went on for an hour or more while he stayed as if glued to his seat. By that time I felt the need to pee. I was just about to get up and search for a loo when I had the naughtiest idea. Still with my eyes fixed on my magazine, I just spread my legs even wider and promptly started to wee in little spurts through my knickers. I waited a few seconds then slyly glanced up. My observer's eyes were nearly popping out in surprise and his face a fiery red. I could see quite plainly the bulge in his trousers as I looked straight at him for the first time with a beaming smile on my face. He literally scooted. I got up too and made my way home delighting in every minute of my wet walk."

Just how widespread the practice of knicker wetting is must be a matter for surmise since many addicts prefer to keep it secret. Even so, the frequency of such letters not only in Fiesta but elsewhere suggests that it is a growing sport.
Aaaaargh! Not another washload of soggy smalls! There can't be a dry pair of knickers left in the country. Yes, it's secret squirter's corner again - this letter comes from Jane of London, whose idea of going up town to splash out doesn't have the slightest to do with shopping . . .

I'm 23 years old and I work in a busy shop in London. Last summer I took up drinking beer because of the hot weather. One lunchtime I'd had a couple of halves in the pub and when I got back to the shop my two colleagues said they were both going out for an hour and could I look after the place for a bit? I'd been on my own before so I agreed.

After about five minutes I realised I really ought to pay a visit to the loo and was just about to nip out the back when a man walked in and asked for several items. I got everything he asked for and was adding up the bill when he noticed that one of the things had a crack in it and could I replace it? I apologised and went back into the storeroom to get another. As I stood there serving him my bladder was sending distress signals up to my brain.

Eventually I got the chap sorted out and was just about to dash off to the loo when another man walked in. He didn't really know what he wanted and was I having difficulty standing still by now and regretted having beer at lunch time. By the time I had sorted him out, I was almost wetting myself and my legs ached with the strain of pressing my thighs together. I dashed out to the loo, but I could feel my pent-up pee beginning to leak out and when I pulled down my knickers and sat on the loo, I noticed that my pants were, in fact, quite wet. So I took them off and washed them out in the sink, put them in a bag and put them in my handbag. I had only a short skirt on, and hoped my two colleagues wouldn't notice that I was naked underneath.

As the afternoon wore on, I became more and more daring and the thought of flashing my bum and fanny at the two men was turning me on. In fact, I realised I'd been fairly turned on since I wet my pants. Eventually, Paul (the younger one) noticed and although he didn't say anything, he kept dropping things on the floor around my ankles. I could see the bulge in his trousers and I started bending over in front of him, exposing my bare cheeks and hairy fanny. Brian couldn't see any of this as he was on the other side of the shop. I looked at Paul, and he looked at Brian, and so did I. I understood what he meant. A little while later we told Brian that as it wasn't busy he might as well go early.

Luckily, he agreed and Paul and I were left alone in the shop. He asked me why I had taken my knickers off as he had noticed I had some on in the morning. I felt a bit embarrassed at this point, but I was so turned on I told him the whole story. At the point where I actually wet myself I could see the bulge in his trousers bulge even more. I asked him if that sort of thing turned him on and he went on to tell me how he'd fantasised about it a lot but had never seen it happen. My mind was ticking over and I daringly said I might oblige some day.

Before he could say anything, a customer walked in and by the time I had finished with him it was time to close up. Paul locked the door and took me back into the storeroom and kissed me long and hard. His hands gradually worked their way down to my bum and then he eased my skirt up and started to gently caress my fanny hairs. I could feel the juices flowing as he got me thoroughly worked up, his fingers gradually easing their way between my lips and into my soaking love hole. He said that I was so wet that it felt like I'd wet myself again. Then he laid me down on the floor and eased his cock out of his trousers and slid it up my eagerly awaiting hole. He came very soon and I still wasn't satisfied. We agreed to go out for a drink together the next evening.

My journey home was fun. Although I'd managed to wipe up his spunk, when I got up off the bus I could see I'd left a decidedly wet patch on the seat and as I walked back to the flat the warm summer breeze blowing my skirt about was evidently giving passers by a nice view as it seemed there were several blokes casually following me. When I got back to the flat I told my flat-mate about the whole episode and it turned out that she also got a big thrill out of having a full bladder and nowhere to empty it. We discussed several ways of having a 'little accident' without making it look deliberate, we agreed that the accidental side was half the fun.
We both got tarted up with suspenders and stockings and very brief knickers just about covered by short skirts and caught the bus up to the West End. We spent a couple of hours in the pub - until it closed in fact - and then went off in search of a closed ladies'. I was definitely desperate by now and Kate, my flatmate, appeared to be in pretty much the same situation. We went to Charing Cross and found nearby loos closed, but stood there cross-legged, pretending not to know what to do next. We stopped several passers by, asking them if they knew where the nearest ladies' was.

The station staff were not able to help, but after about ten minutes we stopped two blokes and they took pity on our plight and said they thought there was one on the Embankment. I really was bursting by then and couldn't stand still. Kate kept clutching her crotch in an effort to contain her pee. We said we were unfamiliar with this part of London and would they take us there? They were in no hurry and agreed to take us. So off we went. Kate could hardly walk properly and one of the blokes helped her along. We eventually got to the toilets, but these were closed as well.

That was the last straw for Kate, and with both hands tight into her crotch, and standing knock-kneed, she said she simply had to go somewhere, and quick, or she'd do it in her pants. I was having trouble keeping my bladder under control as well, but I wasn't as desperate as Kate. I said there were a couple of dark alleys back up by the station, and would the two blokes keep a look out while we relieved ourselves down there? As we walked back, Kate stopped dead and said she was doing it already and she waddled up an alley leaving a dribble of pee as she went. Leaning up against a wall, and without removing her knickers, she spread her legs and let rip all her pent up pee. The look on her face was of relief and I felt quite envious.

She felt her knickers, and I could see some of her pee had run down her legs onto her stockings. The two blokes hadn't said a word all this time but were evidently turned on, judging by the bulges in their trousers. I pointed out that I was still bursting to go and would they try to keep an eye open for anyone coming along? I went down the alley, and had just started to take my pants off when one of the blokes said there was someone coming. I pulled up my pants, but as the man passed by I could feel my knickers getting wetter and eventually gave up and peed all down my legs and into my shoes. I was soaked from the waist down but now very turned on indeed. I whispered to Kate and we agreed to invite them back to our flat.

We got on the bus and went up to our flat and put the beds together and let the guys strip us of our wet things. Then we all went to bed together. It was great fun and they left at about three in the morning. The next day I could hardly walk from the screwing the night before and I had forgotten my date with Paul. I managed to put him off but agreed to go to an open-air concert in a couple of weeks time.

We drove up to the venue in Paul's car and settled down on the grass and listened to the various groups warming up for the main acts in the evening. By late afternoon, the place was packed and I needed to pee. I told Paul, and he said the loos were way over the other side and it would take ages to get there. I wasn't sure what to do. The concert still had about three hours to run and I told Paul that I had decided to hang on.

By the time the main act came on I was absolutely desperate, but by now everyone was standing up and if I left Paul I would never have found him again. I nudged Paul and led his hands down to the crotch of my jeans. As his hand nestled there I opened my legs slightly and dribbled a bit of pee. I asked if he'd felt it but he hadn't, so I gradually eased my bladder muscles and let my pee out into my jeans. Paul's hand was rhythmically massaging my crotch and my jeans gradually got more and more soaked. I looked down and saw the wet patch had reached my knees and pee was now dripping off the seam at the crotch. The feeling was delicious and what with Paul's rubbing, I was close to climaxing and had to stop him, or I would have lost all control of myself.

When the concert was finished it was dark, so no-one noticed my wet jeans. Paul made me take them off in the car so I didn't mess up the seat. We drove back to London with Paul massaging my soaking fanny as we went. I went back to his flat and we screwed all night and in all manners. Sitting on the loo seemed to particularly turn him on. We now see each other out of work often, and the novelty still hasn't worn off.
I work in a small office up in town and we've all been working there together for several years and know each other very well. All the girls are single but since I've seen inter-office affairs lead to distinctly unpleasant atmospheres, my relationship with them has remained platonic. Until recently, that is.

We received an invite to a party at a much larger company's office and I went along with one of the girls, Sue. We had a great time and both got quite sozzled. Sue lives out in Essex somewhere and her last train left quite early but, as she was having such a good time, I offered to let her stay in my flat as I could get a night bus there. She agreed and we eventually left the party at about 1 a.m.

We had obviously just missed one as there was no queue so we sat on a wall and waited. We'd been sitting there for about half an hour when Sue asked me rather sheepishly if there were any loos nearby. I thought for a minute and remembered there was one of those new-fangled ones near Charing Cross. We still had thirty minutes or so to wait so walked down to it, only to find it was out of order.

I couldn't think of any others that would be open so told her she'd just have to cross her legs. She asked how long the bus ride took and I told her about an hour as it went on a very roundabout route. Since she couldn't hold on that long I said we'd look for a quiet spot somewhere and she'd have to go 'au natural'. She told me there was no way she was going to drop her pants down a dark alley and we went back to the bus stop. Luckily it came along soon after.

As the journey went on, her conversation became more and more distracted. I asked her if she was going to be okay and she said no. Her legs were tightly crossed and she was swinging the top one to and fro in an effort to control herself and I could feel myself getting turned on by the situation. I was tempted to say so, but decided against it.

We didn't have much further to go when she let out a little whimper and said, "Oh my god! I can't hold on any more - it hurts so much!" I told her it wasn't far to go but she said she had to get off at the next stop or wet herself. I stood up as we approached the stop and gave her my hand to help her up. She couldn't move so I pulled her up by her left arm and she clutched her right hand tight between her legs. We hobbled off the bus onto the pavement.

We had about a mile to walk and when I told Sue this she said she just couldn't move. I looked down and saw a puddle growing between her feet. She looked up at me and said, "Sorry, I just couldn't hang on any longer, I'd already started leaking when we were on the bus. I bet the back of my skirt is all wet!" I felt her bum, sure enough, it was soaked! All this time she was gradually peeing down her legs and I could feel my prick straining to get out of my trousers.

She slowly relaxed and, when she'd finally finished wetting herself, we walked on to my flat. I told her I was turned on by what had happened and she was really amazed she'd also found the whole experience a thrill, especially doing it in front of someone. When we got back to my place, she stood on the kitchen floor and, as I slowly peeled her clothes off, she got my cock out and gently rubbed it.

When she was down to soaking knickers and stockings, I could stand it no longer and, pulling her down onto the floor I pushed my rampant tool up her dripping hole. I came rather quickly, we showered and then went to the comfort of my bedroom where we spent all night screwing and talking about what had happened and other similar experiences. When I showed her Fiesta she couldn't believe it - it was she who prompted me to write this letter. We still see each other quite a lot but have kept it a secret from the rest of the office.

Dave, W. London
Women and Wee

Following many letters over the past few months I am writing to tell you about my experiences with cross-dressing and urinating.

I am 18 and ever since I was 13 I have been buying women's underwear because of the silky feeling you get while wearing them. You should see the looks I get from the shop assistants when buying suspender belts, mini skirts, etc.

When I wank I dress up as a schoolgirl in full uniform - blouse, tie, bra, stockings and suspenders, regulation blue knickers and a gym-slip. I get a great thrill as I come, pretending I'm a girl secretly wanking. Not that I'd dream of wearing women's clothes in public.

During recent sex sessions my girlfriend Jennifer has also dressed up in school uniform. One night I told her I was going to spank her for being bad and making me come too early. I got her over my knees, her bum resting on my navy blue gym-slip. I raised her skirt and started gently spanking her through her regulation school knickers.

Suddenly a warm river started pouring over my legs. Jenny started laughing although she stopped when she felt my cock which was standing like a flag pole, poking against her stomach. I had never felt so randy before. After giving her one of the longest screws I've ever given her, about 45 minutes, I blasted my spunk up her. She told me that she'd never experienced such strong orgasms before.

Another variation is to have Jenny knock on my bedroom door dressed as a girl guide. When I open the door she says that she is here to do her good deed for the day. She hitches up her skirt and pisses in her pants, the liquid streaming down her stocking-clad legs. It's very sexy.

Well I must dash now. Jenny's latest craze is to get me to lie on the floor. She then squats over my head so that her skirt covers me and leaves me in darkness. She grinds her pants into my face and then pisses. As she does so she watches my cock rise in preparation for a good fucking.

Keep up the good work but please can we have more pictures of Readers' Wives and girlfriends dressed in uniform.

Mark, Scotland

I Confess

Baby Jane from the West Midlands is not named so without reason. When she got dressed up for a friend's party she had little idea that her costume would lead to a real nursery tale of events. You've heard of knicker-wetting before, you've heard of schoolgirl outfits but Jane has discovered a turn-on from even further back in her past. She found passion in a soft, white terry. And that's not a description of her boyfriend . . .

I first got hooked on nappies, or should I say 'pinned' into nappies and plastic pants, when I was 16. A girl friend wanted to have a fancy dress disco. The theme was to be Under Fives. She wanted us both to go as a pair of young babies so I agreed. On the day of the party we went off in search of something to wear. Soon we had got ourselves everything we needed; bibs, dummies, a bonnet each, even a couple of white towels to use as nappies. When we had got all we thought we needed we went to her parent's place and rushed upstairs to try it on before her mum came in from work. We soon looked like real kids.

When we heard my friend's mum come in we decided to go and show her. "You two really look the part," she said, "But you're missing something." She handed us a carrier bag and when we opened it we just burst out laughing. She had made us two pairs of pink plastic pants with a frilly pink nylon covering. They were just like real baby's plastic knickers. We both went upstairs to put them on over our nappies and were soon walking around playing at being proper babies.
About seven o'clock the others arrived for the party. There were many baby girls and boys but none with plastic knickers on. The evening was going well when suddenly Pete came over and asked me to dance. He is about six foot tall, with big, brown eyes - a real man. I couldn't say no to anything he asked. The evening started to look interesting.

After a while they started some slow music. Pete ran his hands round to my nappy-clad bottom. "I dare you to wet yourself right here and now!" he whispered. I couldn't believe my ears. "Come on, you, my baby," he added. At first I thought he was joking but soon realised he meant it. I could feel his penis erecting, pushing hard against me. Slowly, at first, I started to let go what seemed to be a never-ending golden stream. By this time, even I was getting turned on.

We decided to go up to my friend's room. She okayed it and we went and locked ourselves in. Pete smiled softly. I was putty in his hands. His hand started running between my legs, squeezing my now wet nappy against my fanny. I just had to come. I couldn't stop myself. He rubbed harder until I felt like I was never going to end this climax. We fell back onto the bed, I turned my bottom to his face and took his creamy long dick into my mouth. He buried his face into my plastic knickers and within seconds I was swallowing an ocean of his cream. This was it for me - I had given other boys a quick blow job before but none had left me feeling like this afterwards. We decided to leave the party and go back to Pete's bed-sitter. I took my clothes with me as I had planned to change at his place. Thank goodness no-one saw me leave in my wet nappy.

Pete made some coffee and we sat on the bed talking about our newly-found love of nappies. We decided I would phone home and tell my parents I was staying the night at my girlfriend's place. I slipped my wet nappy and plastic pants off and changed into my jeans before going off to find a phone box. My parents didn't like the idea of me being out all night but I soon talked them into agreeing I'd be okay. I promised to be home early the next day. We hurried back to Pete's room, where he found a large white bath towel to use as a fresh nappy. I was now feeling scared as I was still a virgin. Pete, however, was so sweet I soon forgot all my worries.

I stripped off while Pete dried my plastic pants and found some cream to rub between my legs, to stop nappy rash! I felt funny lying there on the bed having him smooth the cream into my fanny and bottom, yet somehow it felt exciting knowing that I was a baby again. By the time he pinned on the nappy I was feeling very randy. The softness of those pink frilly plastic pants as they were settled over the nappy confirmed I really was going to be Pete's baby.

He pushed the dummy I had bought into my mouth before he started sucking at my small breasts. I wanted so much for this moment not to end. I felt my self control go as again I let my pee flow into the nappy. Pulling his face up to mine I dropped the dummy from my mouth and kissed him like I'd never kissed anyone before. "Please let me be your baby, always," I said. He just smiled and said "You always will be" We spent that whole night making love. What a way to lose your virginity, while you're still wearing nappies and plastic pants!

We now have a small flat together and I've got a full range of baby clothes including plastic pants, nappies and even towelling-lined plastic pants that I normally wear at work. But for very special evenings I still have those pink frilly covered plastic pants that I wore on that first night together.
Way back in 1950 Betty and I had not long been engaged when I took her to meet an elderly invalid aunt of mine. Betty was twenty and a Catholic. We were both hot for each other, but she would not let me fuck her. We would ‘pet heavily’, as it was called then, and Betty would not be satisfied until she had come two or three times. She had also taken to habitually wearing french knickers so that I could get at her more easily.

On this particular evening we had to catch two buses each way. On the way back we had rather a long wait for the second bus. Betty became restless and confided to me that she was ‘dying for a wee.’ We had both drunk rather a lot of tea, and I told her that I also wanted to pee. Eventually the bus came and Betty sat next to me, her legs crossed and her legs visibly working together under her skirt. I realised that she must be bursting and at once I developed a throbbing hard-on.

Ten minutes later we got off the bus. Betty took my arm. ‘Darling, I’m nearly wetting my knickers,’ she told me, ‘I’ll have to find somewhere.’ We turned off the main road towards her home. It was late and a moonlit night. ‘Can you wait until we get to the bomb site?’ I asked. ‘I hope so,’ she said, ‘I nearly did it on the bus.’

She was breathing heavily by the time we reached the bomb site, a place we often went to masturbate each other. As I pulled aside a loose board to allow her access, Betty stood cross-legged, holding herself between her thighs. She stumbled through the opening and stood knock-kneed as she tugged up her skirt with slip. ‘I’m doing it,’ she wailed, her skirt halfway up. She opened her legs, her feet wide apart. I watched as she bent forward a little, one hand struggling to pull skirt and slip higher, the other reaching upwards.

A torrent descended from between her thighs with a loud hiss. Seconds later she was standing legs astride, all stockings and suspenders as she pissed through the leg of her french knickers. ‘Oh, but you mustn’t look! I can’t stop. Please don’t look.’ But look I did. I unbuttoned my flies and exposed my throbbing erection. Somehow I managed a couple of squirts of pee and then gave up trying.

Betty’s flow ebbed away and she had hardly finished but my hand was between her thighs, my free arm around her waist. She was doubly wet with pee and her love juices. ‘No, no.’ With this, she gasped, and took hold of my prick. She began to rub my knob on her clitoris. Moments later she gasped as I slid part way into her vagina. I began thrusting. ‘Don’t make me pregnant,’ she panted, just as I started to come. I pulled out just in time and my spunk jetted on to her thigh. I replaced it with one and then two fingers, finger-fucking her to several orgasms before she finally reached down and pushed my hand away.

I just had to pee now. As I stood pissing she used my hanky to wipe my spunk from her thigh and stocking top. ‘My knickers are wet,’ she told me. I said she should take them off and she did, and put them rolled up in her handbag. I put my prick away and Betty put her arms around me. We began to kiss and I fondled her breasts through her blouse. Soon I had her blouse undone and the fingers of one hand inside her bra cup, playing with a stiff nipple. I began to get hard again, and very little persuasion was required to get Betty to allow me to fuck her again, this time with a french letter I had been keeping in my wallet for months!

We often fucked in the privacy of that bomb site – always fully dressed, always standing up. Most times I had to frig her afterwards, as one orgasm did not satisfy her. Betty’s dearest wish was for us to be able to do it in bed, but the opportunity never occurred until the following year.

In the meantime there came another occasion when both of us were dying for a pee. Late in the year we went blackberry picking in Epping Forest one Sunday. We took a picnic lunch with us. We both had hopes of privacy (and fucking) but other people had the same idea as ourselves. We picked the blackberries and had our lunch, and then picked more berries. After a while Betty said she needed to pee badly. Again I told her I also needed to pee, and I once more developed a throbbing prick. I had been half-hard with wanting her for some time anyway.
I told Betty to go down the footpath and go behind some bushes. She said she was too shy and that we should go together and find another place. Betty snuggled closer as we left the other berry pickers behind. ‘I forgot my brassière,’ she giggled, and I began to finger her erect nipple. A shiver ran through her. ‘You’ll make me wet my knickers and they’re wet enough already. I just know I’d come if you tried to put your thing in me.’ I recalled our visit to aunt Sue and asked if she was as desperate as on that occasion. ‘If I don’t do it soon, I will be. What about you?’ I told her I had such a big horn on I doubted if I could pee, much as I needed to. She giggled, and gasped, ‘Ooh! You made me do some.’

At that I led her off the footpath and we made for a coppice. Betty began to hurry a bit, and once within the trees she stopped. She tugged up her dress and slip and pulled down her French knickers. She squatted and I could see her dark pubic bush, from which spurted a hissing golden stream. My prick hardened even more. My balls tightened right up. Strange as it may seem today, that was my first real view of Betty’s naked pussy. We had always petted and fucked in the dark of the bomb site. That afternoon we threw caution to the wind in the copse. She took off both her dress and knickers and I knelt over her, finger-fucking her, watching my fingers go in and out of her slippery vagina. She bared her breasts and I began to suck first one nipple and then the other. Before long my coat and trousers were off and we were fucking.

We both still remember that afternoon well – Betty half naked beneath me, knees up, thighs spread wide, feet firmly planted on the ground as she churned under me, her arms tight about me, hands gripping me, gasping out ‘It’s right in me. Oh God! You’re stretching me wide open. Do it. Do it harder. I’m coming. I’m coming. Oh don’t stop.’

The next year we married, and in the meantime had to be content with the bomb site. Betty never used a loo if she could help it, and always waited until we were alone to do it standing on the site. Betty is now 52 and looks ten years younger. I still get a hard-on watching her pee, and these days she seems to be able to hold gallons and to pee louder and with more force.

George, Romford

Knicker Nostalgia

Congratulations on your lovely Directoire display. I well remember how, thirty or more years ago, they were still in fairly common use, even among young ladies, such as I was myself at the time. Even the schoolgirls in those days wore knickers that were like mini-bloomers, very different from the briefly cut ones of today. Instead of being virtually legless, they had elasticated legs extending a few inches down the thighs. In winter they were of snug cotton interlock, and in summer of light and silky celenese.

One comment from a reader who pleaded for an article or picture that combined his interest in bloomers and in girls peeing was of special significance to me, because during my schooldays, and for some years afterwards, I used to love to wet my knickers and got a regular thrill from the feeling of daring to be so naughty. There was something especially sexy in peeing in those lovely bloomers which stayed wet for ages afterwards, especially the cotton or fleecy lined ones.

On the other hand, the thrill of wetting in the celenese ones was just as great, even though the feeling was different. When I wanted to be especially naughty I used to bend over on purpose and display an inch or two of wet knickers for a moment.

I sometimes feel sorry that most young girls these days will never have the pleasure of wearing – and wetting – these lovely bloomers – unless of course they go in for the lace-edged bloomers which seem largely to have replaced Directoires for winter-time wear. Perhaps some of them do still wear the genuine thing and find them both comfortable and sexy.

Claire, Yorks.
Feet First

The Fiesta Letters, pp. 124-125 (Date unknown; c. 1985).

Everyone seems to worship a favourite part of the female body. Some like bottoms, others cunts, and a lot seem to go for tits. Personally I like hairless cunts but above all else I go wild over bare feet. For years I have enjoyed looking at girls’ feet, in trains, swimming baths, on the beach, and just recently in a mixed sauna.

They vary so much. I prefer the toenails to be painted, but any well-formed female foot can give me an erection without any problems, and even staring at a bare foot for a short while can cause me to ejaculate. I often masturbate in my bedroom while looking at girls’ feet in magazines.

Of course it has been no trouble to get girls to allow me to kiss and suck their feet. To gently suck a few toes gives pleasure to both parties. One of my girlfriends who is a student nurse loves to lie stark naked on a low armchair while I slowly suck her toes and lick her feet all over. She masturbates while I do this and usually climaxes several times. She also plays with her breasts which are nice and firm and don’t need a bra.

But another girl whose toes fascinate me and who lets me suck them also gets a strong urge to piddle. Twice in fact she has been wriggling about on my sofa and despite a brave attempt to hold herself she has failed to warn me on time and ended up peeing all over the covers.

This has fascinated me because she has an utterly smooth shaven cunt and to be sucking her toes and watching her urine simply pouring out made me start tossing myself and shooting spunk all over the carpet. Quite a messy session all in all, but great fun.

I’m sure urolagnia is far more widespread than people imagine. After all, peeing is quite natural and essential and I can’t see anything dreadful in two people of the opposite sex wanting to do it openly during a sex session. Two years ago at a swimming baths, I spied through a small hole in the cubicle wall and saw a young woman doing a pee while standing up, legs wide apart on the sloping floor. She certainly seemed in need of it and the expression on her face was one of joyous relief and pleasure.

Finally, I’d just like to say that I’ve been tossed off by girls using their toes, but the only thing is, I always come too quickly. It’s all over in a couple of minutes, and then the girls usually dip their toes into the warm spunk that lies on my stomach.

Martin, Middx.

DIY Dalliance

The Fiesta Letters, pp. 140-142 (Date unknown; c. 1985).

I’ve been happily married to John for six years now. We live in a nice semi in Croydon and our sex life is reasonable. But, for some time I’ve had my eyes on the young man living next door. I’d often caught him giving me admiring glances and although adultery was the last thing on my mind, I often wondered what it would be like

(A contradiction here? – Ed.)

Anyway, my husband had gone away for a week on a training course and as a surprise for him I decided to decorate the spare bedroom while he was away. I took all the junk out and, with a bit of help from a DIY manual, I took up the carpet and removed the door handles in order to do a really professional job.

On the Thursday I had the windows open and was painting the outside of the window frame when there was a loud bang. The door had been blown shut by a gust of wind. I thought nothing of it until I decided to take a break for a cup of tea and a visit to the loo, which I had neglected for some time as I was so engrossed in the job. To my horror, I had left the door handles outside the room, on the landing, and I couldn’t open the door. I tried everything, but all in vain. By now the call of nature was desperately urgent as I was unable to come up with a solution to my pressing problem. I couldn’t pee on the floor, and there were no pots or tins anywhere in the bare room to relieve at least some of the pressure.
I leaned out of the window and hoped someone would pass by who could rescue me. There, coming down the road, was Alan, the neighbour. I waved to him as he came up the garden path. I told him I was locked in and asked him to go round to the back door, come in through the house and release me. I didn't tell him about my predicament because I was embarrassed, but when I heard his footsteps on the stairs I told him to hurry up. He asked me why and I told him that I was desperate for the loo and that I'd wet myself if he didn't hurry.

I had my hands between my legs as he fiddled about on the other side of the door, and I asked him what was taking so long. He replied that he got really turned on by girls who wet their pants. I thought about this statement for a while and I realised that by rubbing my crotch trying to hold my pee, I was turning myself on as well! As the door opened I ran out to the loo, but I couldn't get the straps and buttons of my dungarees undone in time, and I just sat on the loo and let loose my pent up pee. The door was open and Alan just stared at my crotch as the material darkened, and the pee poured through. When I had finished, I could see the manly bulge in Alan's trousers and I was strangely turned on.

I hadn't wet myself like this since I was a teenager and the wet fabric felt good against my crotch. He came over to me and casually undid the straps and buttons I couldn't undo before. The soaking dungarees fell to the floor leaving me in my wet knickers and tee shirt. He kissed me and then rubbed my clit through my soaking pants. I undid his trousers and stroked his rock hard prick. Then he lowered me to the floor and, pulling my pants to one side, quickly slid his tool up my now soaking cunt. The screw didn't last long and we both came very noisily and satisfyingly. He dressed and said if ever I was in need again, I should go and see him. I didn't tell my husband anything when he got back, but he was pleased with the room! I sometimes see Alan, but we have never had the opportunity to repeat the experience.

Tina, Croydon

Canterbury Tales

Fiesta, Vol. 20, No. 6, p. 63 (June 1986).

My girlfriend thinks we should write and thank Baby Jane for her story in Volume 19 Number 11. Susan (not her real name) has always had a desire to come when she's bursting to go, so to speak, but until last week was inhibited by fear of wetting the bed, sofa or whatever. She has tried it out of doors, but can't really abandon yourself in the open until you have a desert island, and the British climate isn't ideal for al fresco sex anyway.

After reading about the nappy disco, Susan couldn't wait to try it herself. She hadn't got any plastic pants, but decided they didn't matter because a big towel would absorb enough if she had another one to lie on, so we went out for a drink there and then, staying in the pub until Susan's tightly crossed legs made her need for a pee too obvious.

By the time we got home she was absolutely bursting, hopping about, crossing her thighs and pressing her hand between her legs while she hastily undressed. She spread an old bath towel on the bed and chose a soft white one for her nappy.

While I was pinning her into it she lay on her back, rolling from side to side with her hand over her vulva; even then she kept doing little spurts of pee. When we had got her nappy on we cuddled on the bed: I kissed her and squeezed her breasts, and she responded with more passion than I've ever felt in a girl. Quite soon she couldn't wait any longer, and got me to rub her through her nappy, which was already quite wet, until she climaxed, arching herself and literally jerking off against my hand.

As she subsided her pee came positively flooding out into her nappy, making it wet and warm. But when she had gone in the bathroom and unpinned it, the only trace of our activities was a damp patch on the towel where I had come!

James, Canterbury.
I am a keen bird-watcher (the feathered kind) and was out walking my dog in the countryside and as usual had a pair of high powered binoculars with me.

Sitting all alone on the side of a steep hill my binoculars picked up a very attractive girl sitting reading a book. Quite unintentionally her short skirt had ridden up her legs and she was obviously quite unaware that with one knee raised she was providing a marvellous view of a pair of tiny yellow knickers.

Although aged 36 and happily married I was the same as any other man and immediately found myself 'growing rapidly in size'.

But the best was yet to come. I saw her glance around her, and once she had made sure no one was looking (for so she thought, and still with the book in one hand) she took her free hand down to her knickers, pulled them delicately to one side, displaying a rich mass of black pubic hair, and quite unconcerned continued reading which must have been an enthralling book as she sent a stream of piss cascading onto the grass.

As she was doing so I also glanced carefully about, making sure I was unobserved and released my now-throbbing cock and enjoyed a superb wank.

J. D., Hampshire.

The first thing my husband Bill does with each new issue of Fiesta is to scan through it looking for letters about peeing. I am not into knicker-wetting myself but Bill likes to watch me pee and gets really turned on if he knows I need to pee badly, which brings me to the subject of this letter.

We have just returned from Austria and one day we visited Innsbruck. I had drunk rather a lot of coffee at breakfast and by the time we got off the coach I needed to pee. In a group we followed the courier around for a while and he left us in the main street. We had two hours to shop, or whatever. Bill and I immediately sought the sign "WC"!

We wandered around and I was getting more and more full. Bill suggested we try a small cafe. The smell made us hungry but no sign of WC in sight. We ordered a toast dish and more coffee. I sat with my legs tightly crossed, masturbating with my thighs working together under the table, hoping no-one would notice. It took my mind off my bladder!

While we were eating, four girls got up and went through a door at the end of the counter. Bill and I quickly finished our coffee and snack. While we waited to pay, four other girls disappeared through the same door. Sure enough, when we got up to go there was the tiny sign "WC". Suddenly I was desperate and for a split-second lost control and wet myself a little. The ladies' was packed out and while I waited cross-legged, Bill went to pee. He was not long and I was still waiting by the open door when he returned.

He beckoned to me and I hobbled out to him. "Come on" he said and took my hand. Somehow I got to the gents'. In the cubicle, as Bill locked the door, I stood astride the loo, pulled aside the damp gusset of my briefs and let go. Bill bent to watch as it poured out of me, I thought I'd never stop!

I was still straining to rid myself of the last drop when Bill unzipped and produced a massive hard-on! "We can't. Not here," I said softly. Bill had other ideas! Seconds later I was turned around, bent over, hands holding the loo seat as Bill rammed into me from behind, my dress around my waist, my briefs around my ankles. As he fucked me fast and furious, he fingered my already well-aroused clt. I don't think it lasted 30 seconds and I am not sure which of us came first.

Minutes later we were walking down Maria Teresa Strasse, my briefs now soaking with Bill's spunk. Luckily there was not too much as we fucked a lot on that holiday!

Anita, Loughton
A Quick One

I thought I'd drop you a line about a recent sexual experience I had. I'd been seeing a girl called Margaret while her boyfriend was away on some course and he had been treating her pretty mean anyway so she was in just the right frame of mind for a little adventure.

She still lived at home and invited me round one evening when her parents, who were local big-wigs, were going to some social occasion or other.

We sat on the couch and cuddled a bit when all of a sudden the phone rang. It was her boyfriend. While she was talking I took the opportunity to reach up her dress and to my amazement discovered she was wearing stockings and suspenders. Playfully, I snapped the suspenders on her legs as she tried to continue to talk calmly. She said she would have to go as she had left something on the stove and put the phone down.

Then she pulled the gusset of her now sopping panties to one side and pushed my fingers against the one part of her I hadn't touched when she was on the phone, her cunt. My fingers slid easily as she lolled back on the couch, lifting her knees and spreading them as wide as she could.

As we had been drinking before we started to fuck she said she wanted to pee so I fully expected her to leave me and go. I was amazed when she asked whether I would like to watch. It seems it was a game she'd played with her boyfriend. Of course I said yes and she went and got the washing up bowl out of the sink, and a towel which she spread out. Then, holding the gusset of her panties to one side she pissed what seemed like gallons of wee down into the bowl.

When she'd finished she took off her sopping knickers, wrapped them around my prick and proceeded to wank me with them. We were soon fucking like there was no tomorrow and we went round the room, using the furniture - at one point I sat her on the keys of the old upright piano in the corner of the room as it was just the right height. I don't know what it sounded like to the neighbours but it was music to my ears.

I could feel the spunk boiling up and went to pull out but she held me in and I pumped what felt like gallons of my discharge into her warm, wet cunt.

Well, the affair went on for a little while and only ended when 'daddy' came home unexpectedly from one of his endless social evenings and found us fucking like demented rabbits. We heard the door go and just had time to make ourselves decent when in stormed the old fella. I was dripping sweat all over the place and it was obvious from the smell of sex in the air what had been going on, so he threw me out. But the experience was a new one to me and certainly one I can recommend as being worth trying - the wet knicker bit that is.

Carl, Bury.
(You even liked the girl as well eh? - ed)
Boarding House Blues

Fiesta, Vol. 20, No. 9, pp. 70-71 (Sept, 1986).

I was most intrigued to read the letter from Anita of Loughton on the subject of pee, (Vol 20, No 3). My wife and I have been pee enthusiasts for many years, and it surprises us that this kind of water-sport is not more popular than it appears to be. One may observe how much uninhibited pleasure it gives to animals in their fore-play to love-making and it appears natural to us that humans can also derive much enjoyment from similar activities.

It all began for us in a boarding-house where we had gone to spend a pre-marital weekend. We had settled into the bedroom following an afternoon of sight-seeing and several shandies, and had got down to a session of really serious petting.

Suddenly Tanya gave a convulsive little quiver (which I mistook for the beginning of an orgasm) and announced "I'm going to wet myself!" Like Anita in her story, it was only a little squirt - but the warning had come just seconds too late and I had a mouthful of the sweet-salty champagne. With a presence of mind which amazed us both, I lifted her in my arms and held her over the wash-basin.

Watching her in the mirror for what must have been a full minute, I was enraptured to see the clear sweet-smelling liquid gush from her young body to the accompaniment of the most delightful sibilant sound I had ever heard. Needless to say I could hardly wait for the last trickle to finish before plunging my rampant member into the sweet source of relief and delight.

That happened several years ago, and began as a result of Tanya being too shy to ask where the WC could be found! Since then peeing has always been a game with us, and you can imagine the antics we get up to in the shower cubicle. . .

Boris, Scotland

Fountain Blue


Although I'm a girl of twenty two, I find fiesta is my favourite monthly magazine. Being female, it is obviously the written articles and letters which turn me on, particularly letters concerning peeing and farting, both of which are favourite 'naughty' pastimes of mine. I will relate an incident that occurred six weeks ago when I was driving back from Wales.

I'd just passed Birmingham and decided to pull in at some roadside toilets I knew of. I was desperate for a pee by the time I arrived. The lay-by was full of lorries and two or three cars. I went up to the ladies' only to find the door bolted and an 'out of order' sign up. A large puddle on the ground in the concealed entrance indicated that other women had been as desperate as me so I thought 'what the hell' and began to lift my skirt. I was just about to drop my knickers and squat, when a man suddenly appeared. I don't know who was more shocked as he stammered in front of me. "Oh. I'm sorry, wrong loo." "It's locked anyway." I said and suddenly realised that my skirt was still hitched up and my skimpy panties were in view.

I yanked my skirt down and the man turned and left after another apology. I waited ten or fifteen seconds and, deciding he'd gone, pulled my panties down and crouched with my back against the wall. I began to pee with a quiet audible hiss and my urine formed a big puddle, when once again the man appeared catching me in full flow. It was pointless trying to stop so I pushed to finish as quickly as possible. However, doing this I produced a loud rasping fart and I nearly lost control altogether. The man was muttering "Lovely, beautiful" and the bulge in his trousers was huge. I was very turned on myself, as I now tailed off to a dribble I reached down and rubbed my clit, whilst staying in an open-legged squat position.

A dark stain appeared over the man's trousers and I suddenly reached my climax. He smiled at me and said thanks and walked off. After re-arranging my clothing - and composure, I emerged from the doorway knowing about six pairs of eyes were following me. Once in my car, I drove off feeling very randy and decided my boyfriend Steve would be in for a treat that night.

Julie, London.
On The Tube

The Very Best of Fiesta, No. 5 (1986).

I must have been about eighteen when I first found out I got a lovely feeling by rubbing myself between the legs in an effort to hold my pee. I would often hold my pee to experience this feeling until one day, sitting in my room, I had my first orgasm and wet my pants. I almost fainted in sheer pleasure...it became my favourite game. I would hold on until the last possible minute, until I was dribbling pee into my knickers, then I would rush to the toilet and sitting down, rub my pussy until I came. Sometimes, I could have two or three orgasms before I lost control of my bladder. The feeling when I came and peed at the same time was of blinding intensity.

One evening, just after I started work in the city, there was a hold-up on the tube. It happened that all that afternoon I had been saving me pee, intending to have a rub-off when I got home. There were too many people in the carriage for me to be able to rub my crotch to put off the urge to pee. Instinctively I crossed my legs tight. Pee dribbled into my knickers. I strained my thighs together, but realized I would come if I didn’t stop it. When I did the urge to pee returned with renewed intensity. I momentarily lost control and squirted pee in my knickers. I ground my thighs together, once more aware of a feeling of warm wetness in my crotch. Suddenly an orgasm overwhelmed me. Quite oblivious to my surroundings I climaxed once, twice and yet again, and as my pleasure died away, I realized I was peeing. I just let go, and it ran down my legs and into my boots. I had just soaked myself on a crowded tube train, and no-one even noticed.

Anita, London.

The Water Proof

Fiesta, Christmas Special Issue, 1986.

I decided to write to you when a friend of mine showed me a copy of your excellent magazine. The friend is Louise whose letter "Baby Love" was published in Vol 20, No 2. I am really pleased at the interest shown in this topic. Louise has asked me to recount the tale of our meeting. We both think that this will be of interest to other readers. My name is Janice. I'm 23 years old, slim build, with blonde hair.

About 18 months ago I moved into my present house on a new estate. Louise, a neighbour, being a friendly soul, invited me round for a coffee one lunch time. We were sat in the kitchen chatting and Louise climbed on a chair to reach a high cupboard. She suddenly lost her balance and tumbled to the floor. I went to help, but there was no harm done. She had landed with her legs splayed and her mini skirt had ended up around her waist. We laughed at her predicament, but while Louise was recovering still sat on the floor, my eyes strayed to her panty crutch which was clearly visible.

At first I didn't recognise the transparent PVC, stretched taut over her pubic area. Then I twigged saying, "Louise, are you wearing baby pants?" To cut a long story short we ended up having quite a laugh about it. She explained over a couple of cups of coffee about her and Peter's love of plastic pants. I was amazed, but interested, playing the innocent to try to get her to tell me more.

Finally Louise added, "Jan, you see I wet my panties too; I wear baby panties with a nappy so that I can wee in my knickers whenever I wish - it's a lovely feeling."

I remembered visiting her house on a previous occasion and seeing a couple of pairs of water-proof pants on the bathroom radiator, I had wondered whose they were, as they have no children. She went on to tell me how her boyfriend puts her into a nappy and waterproof pants before going to bed. In the morning he checks to see if she's been a naughty girl and wet her nappy. She then has to be changed before going to work.

All this talk had removed the initial embarrassment, but I was feeling decidedly sexy. I finally managed to summon up the courage to ask, "Would you mind awfully if I tried a pair of baby pants on, just to see what they're like?" She was clearly delighted and suggested we went upstairs. I followed her into the bedroom of the house. Louise asked me what sort of waterproof pants I wanted to try and if I wanted to wear a nappy too. I
was spoilt for choice, but still determined to go through with it, I eventually asked her what sort she was wearing. Without a trace of embarrassment she pulled up the hem of her skirt. I must have gasped at the sight of her pussy lips spread pink and moist against the transparent PVC of her plastic knickers. Her pubic hair was dark and wet, with a little trickle of pee running into the plastic crutch as I watched her using her baby panties.

"Oops, another little accident," she said, grinning.

It seemed the right moment to make MY confession. I proceeded to tell Louise how as an adolescent I had wet my knickers on the day at home. We giggled as I recalled how I had reluctantly told my mother, I remember that when I was upstairs washing my mother called me into the bedroom. Laid out on the bed were plastic panties, pins and a nappy. She suggested I wear the baby clothes just as a precaution until the problem went. I was reluctant at first, but became strangely excited as she pinned the fluffy nappy around my bum, and pulled the waterproof plastic pants up my legs, settling them neatly over the nappy and around my waist. That night I even suggested to my mother that I sleep in my nappy and plastic pants in case of an accident! The next day I could resist no longer. As I sat talking to my mother I realised I needed a wee. I went to the bathroom, but rather than pulling down my nappy and rubber knickers as I had done before I just sat on the side of the bath and weed in my nappy. The relief was tremendous. My plastic panty crutch gradually warmed as my pee soaked the nappy. This led me to masturbate on this occasion and several subsequent occasions. I spent several weeks wearing baby pants wetting them on purpose to prolong this most enjoyable interlude, Louise was obviously pleased at finding another girl with the same interests. She said, "Right Baby Janice, do you want to get undressed and I'll find you a pair of rubber pants of your own?" I paused, for a moment losing confidence, but unbuttoned my dress and stepped out of it. Louise turned to face me with a packet containing the plastic pants I was about to get into. She looked admiringly at my choice of undies - white stocking, a lacy suspender belt, and my favourite tiny lacy panties. She advised me to take off my stockings and suspenders, or at least to put the suspenders outside my plastic knickers (as she said, "You don't really need the loo when you're wearing water-proof baby pants"). I was told I could wear my tiny nylon panties if I'd enjoyed weeing through them. I quickly rolled off my stockings, unclipped the suspender belt and pulled my panties down, noticing that the crotch was already damp from my growing excitement. She got me to lie on the bed, opening the waterproof baby pants I questioned, "I've not worn a pair of these for ages, are you sure they'll fit me?" Louise reassured me and held the legs of the plastic pants open to allow them to slide up my thighs. I raised my bottom off the bed as we finally settled the incontinence panties over my womanly hips. I must confess that I was pleased with the effect of the white transparent PVC. I smoothed the knickers over my pubic mound and my index finger strayed to my pussy lips. I suddenly realised I was bursting for a pee. As I made for the bathroom door Louise said, "Jan, there's no need. Why don't you try your baby pants for real?" I stopped in my tracks for a moment, but muttered something about not being able to do it in front of her. The time taken for these words proved too much, and by the time I made the bathroom my pee was flowing into my waterproof pants. All the memories came flooding back. I just sat on the toilet and continued to wee into my plastic pants, massaging my clitoris and pussy behind the plastic covering of my baby pants. After the groaning of my orgasm had subsided Louise popped her head around the door with an impish grin on her face. She sent me home with several pairs of plastic waterproof pants to try out. I have now come to appreciate their feminine charm, and, surprise effect on a guy when he slides his hand up over your stocking top to find you wearing baby undies - it never fails! Love to all Fiesta Babies. Janice, Birmingham.

Fiesta. Special Christmas Issue, 1986
Exam Nerves

My husband and I really enjoy reading your letter section, especially those about knicker wetting. I would like to tell you how I first found out about the pleasure of "damp accidents". It was when I was at college and it was exam time. During an exam I realised that I needed to go to the loo quite badly, and knowing it was strictly against the rules to leave the room made it even worse. I tried crossing my legs, which worked for a while but soon that was not enough and I started wetting my pants. When the exam was over I tried to get out of the room without anybody seeing me, but a supervisor saw me and gave me a lecture and sent me home to change.

Walking home was not the dreadful experience I thought it would be, and by the time I got home, what with the knowing glances and the damp material between my legs I was quite excited. Since then I have had little accidents as often as possible, which my husband really enjoys.

There is nothing in the world like a pair of damp knickers between us for a really passionate session of lovemaking.

Jackie, Lincs.

A Watery Grave

I have just read the Christmas issue of Fiesta and one of the letters jogged my memory about an incident that occurred years ago in the late sixties when I was eighteen and in my first job from school. I used to attend a college in a town some ten/eleven miles from home for evening classes on Wednesday evenings and used to arrive home by bus by about 10pm. After leaving the bus I had almost a mile to walk and one particular Wednesday just near Christmas I left the bus feeling very uncomfortable. My bladder was very full and I couldn't wait to get home to the loo.

What had been a discomfort in the warm bus turned into a crisis in the bitterly cold air in the street. I knew that my bladder was going to unload within a couple of minutes whether I had managed to remove my pants or not. Not wishing to have to admit to my mother that I had wet my pants I rushed into the churchyard and behind a gravestone and emptied myself. I had just stood up to leave when I heard footsteps and saw a very handsome young Indian man approaching from the church gate. Not knowing his intention I froze, hardly daring to breathe.

I needn't have worried for he didn't see me but stopped within two yards of me and had nothing more harmful in mind than I had done. Opening his trousers he pulled out his cock and had a very long pee into a large tuft of grass. I stood entranced looking at his cock and his water gushing from him. Eventually he finished, shook himself dry and tucked his cock away ready to leave. By this time my pants were wet but not with piss. As he turned to leave I summoned up courage to speak to him. My voice startled him and he demanded to know where I had appeared from.

I explained the situation and he said the cold weather makes life difficult. He did not seem at all put-out or embarrassed that I had seen his cock and the full performance of his pissing but when I suggested that we might meet up sometime he was horrified and would not hear of it - never with a white girl was his gist!

I was therefore very gratified to read the letter called "Indian Tonic" from Mr P of Stratford. It seems that, albeit slowly, attitudes on both sides are changing. As far as I am concerned Mr P you are preaching to the converted for even after that incident I have always looked at any Indian guy that I have met with a gleam in my eye, though I have never made love to one. It's too late now I suppose as I'm a middle aged wife and mother but what you must do is show all the other ladies what they're missing.

Send in a nice clear photo of yourself to Fiesta so that you can feature in the One for the Ladies' spot. I look forward to seeing you soon - all of you!

Mrs R., Berks.
My girlfriend Debbie and I look forward to your magazine every month and we particularly enjoy all the letters on the subject of knicker-wetting. Our interest in the subject started one evening last summer when we were walking home from a friends party. Debbie and I both had a lot to drink, but neither of us had been for a pee all evening because the loo was constantly engaged! As we walked home it was obvious that Debbie was more than a little tipsy and I had to keep hold of her to keep her from ending up in the gutter! We were still about ten minutes from home when Debbie announced that she was bursting for a piss. I told her that I needed one as well but reckoned I could wait till I got home. As we carried on it was obvious that Debbie wasn't going to make it because she was holding herself between her legs and giggling like a schoolgirl.

I couldn't believe it when she turned round to me and said "How would you like me to piss myself like some of the girls in Fiesta do?" I said O. K., not really believing she would do it because she was wearing a brand new pair of jeans bought for the party. How wrong I was! She took her hand away from her crotch and opened her legs slightly. I was amazed when I saw this large wet patch appear and gradually soak its way down her legs. When she had finished, she was standing in a pool of pee with her jeans absolutely sodden and piss dribbling out of her shoes.

The look on her face convinced me that she had enjoyed every moment of it. Debbie then said to me: "Why don't you piss yourself as well?" I wasn't sure what to say because my cock had become rock hard in my trousers after Debbie's performance! In the end I thought: "What the fuck" and started to let my piss flood out into my trousers. The feeling I got as my trousers got more and more soaked was wonderful. When we got home we had the best fuck that we'd ever had. I was so horny that my cock was like an iron bar and I wasted no time in getting it up Debbie's juicy cunt. We couldn't be bothered to go up to the bedroom so we ripped each other's clothes off and had a really wonderful fuck in the hall! When we finished Debbie said that she needed to pee again so we went upstairs to the bathroom, Debbie pulled on a clean pair of knickers and stood in the bath. I could feel my cock stiffening again as the pee poured down Debbie's legs. When she had finished I dragged her into the bedroom where we fucked again. I didn't want to waste time removing her knickers so I just pulled the crotch to one side and stuck my cock up her.

Debbie pisses herself all the time now and we often do it together on our way home from the pub. Although we still enjoy it as much as ever we still remember the first time with great affection. Debbie told me last night that she was talking to Carol, one of her friends at work, and it seems that Carol wants to come home from the pub with us one night. I asked Debbie if Carol would be wearing a nice tight pair of jeans to piss in. Debbie said that she had told Carol about our games and that Carol was really looking forward to it. She's not the only one!

John and Debbie, Brighton.
I have been an avid knicker-wetter for about six years. It all began when I was nineteen. I was at the local agricultural show with Neil, then my boyfriend and now my husband. It was a very hot day, and to keep cool we had several glasses of shandy. About midway through the afternoon I was ready for a good pee, so we set off in search of the Ladies. It took us half an hour or more wandering up and down the avenues to find it, and by the time we did I was just about bursting.

When we came within sight of the loos though, I could see that there was quite a long queue, and I told Neil I didn’t think I could wait that long. He said there was always a bit of a queue at these things and that it wouldn’t take long.

By now I was really desperate. I had my hand between my legs next to Neil, and I was bending my knees and jiggling about in an attempt to hold on. I had left Neil and just got inside the door, when I suddenly felt a spurt of pee escape and wet the crotch of my knickers. Thankfully, it hadn’t soaked through and didn’t show. Then without warning, another bigger spurt escaped, and suddenly I lost all control and I stood there and just let go, the crotch of my faded jeans became darker as the hot pee flooded out, soaking the legs of my jeans and forming a large puddle on the concrete floor. I was so embarrassed. I began sobbing, and ran from the loos into Neil’s arms. I told him I was sorry and that I couldn’t help it and that I’d understand if he never wanted to see me again. Strangely though, he said he didn’t mind and admitted that he had been excited by the thought that I might wet myself. I stared at him in disbelief, then suddenly realized that the feeling of my wet pants and jeans against my body was making me feel quite sexy too. Neil tied his jumper around my waist to hide my wet crotch, and we headed for home. By the time I was there I was so excited by my accident that I just had to have sex right there and then on the carpet in the lounge. It was fantastic – I had my first real orgasm.

Over the next few weeks I kept thinking about my ‘wee accident’, and how it might be nice to do it again, but somehow my social conditioning would not allow me to indulge. Then one night I had a bit too much to drink, and was caught short on the way to a car park. I was wearing a dress, and sexy black tights with Cuban heels. I was really giggly, and I remember Neil saying ‘If you carry on giggling like that you’ll wet yourself.’ I suppose it was the drink that made me, but I replied that I thought it would be nice to do it again. Neil said he enjoyed the last time, and by the bulge in his trousers, I could see that the thought of me having another ‘accident’ was turning him on.

Then I just gave in to it, and stood on the asphalt with my legs apart, pee streaming through my knickers, and trickling down my tights.

Since that occasion I have lost some of my inhibitions, and I know wet my pants on every available occasion, usually in private, but on a few occasions in public, sometimes real accidents, such as at the Bruce Springsteen concert, or the time when I did it at work. I work in a bank, and I’d been deliberately holding on all morning, meaning to pee my pants in the toilets at lunchtime, but unfortunately my timing went a little wrong and I did it on the carpet at my till! Very embarrassing! This led to me being severely reprimanded.

Most often though, I do it on purpose at places like nightclubs, or on holiday, or at football matches, anywhere where a lot of people might see what I’ve done. And always my ‘wee accidents’ are followed by great sex, usually in the carpark or in the car on the way home.

Gillian, Sleaford
Call of Nature

For the last couple of months I've been regularly seeing a young lady, six years my junior, who has discovered what really turns me on. It all started when we first met.

We were at a party held by a mutual friend and we'd been dancing together for a while when Jane said she was going to the loo. She returned shortly after looking rather worried. It turned out there were quite a few people waiting to use the bathroom and as she'd been drinking beer she was absolutely bursting. I said if we danced some more, it would take her mind off it and the queue might go down a bit. Sure enough, the queue shrunk and I escorted her upstairs. There was only one person waiting and he promised not to be long.

As Jane stood there with crossed legs fidgeting about, I realised I was getting quite turned on. Later, when we were dancing a slow one, she whispered in my ear that she had seen the bulge in my trousers and asked what had turned me on. We talked about it and she said that she got turned on by having a full bladder as she would often rub her thighs together and try and hold on.

She went on to explain that she had discovered masturbation at the age of thirteen when on the school bus one day she badly needed to pee and she got a wonderful feeling between the legs by massaging her slit in an effort not to pee herself. However, she'd gone too far and lost control of her bladder as she neared what she later realised was an orgasm. (Strangely enough, she found that she couldn't come to orgasm ordinarily and it was only some years later that she made the connection between her orgasm and having a full bladder.)

The party was breaking up now and my cock was aching and soggy from a long erection. I invited her back to my place and she accepted. We walked off up the road and she said, "Guess what?" I couldn't imagine so she told me she was dying to pee again. I told her she could go in the bushes or something but she said she wanted me to rub her crotch for her.

We walked into some woods and sat on a bench. I kissed her hard and slid my hand up her skirt and found her stocking-tops were damp. Her hand fondled my prick through my pocket and I asked her if she had already wet herself. She said she hadn't but she was so turned on her juices were flowing like pee. I reached up further and stroked her sopping wet pants. She shuddered with delight as I eased first one finger up her fanny, then two.

My thumb rubbed her clitoris and as my rhythm increased, her moans got louder until in a real frenzy she yelled, "I'm coming I'm coming, Oh God, Oh God, I'm weeing as well, it's all coming out." And how! Her pee poured out all over my hand, soaked her skirt and poured down under the bench. I eased her to the ground and stuck my prick up her soaking hole. Two strokes later, I came as I had rarely come before.

We walked off home to my flat and stuck her wet things in the washing machine and went to bed and fucked again, then, finally, slept. Since that night we have repeated this act several times and it never fails to produce the most spectacular night of sex.

In between times she gets her kicks by just wetting herself in potentially public places, closely followed of course, by mutual masturbation. We like to think of ourselves as being pretty unique in all this. I hope so anyway.

Anon.
Before the Flood

Congratulations on your knicker-wetting feature in Vol.19 No.6. As I hopefully pay my 95p in the expectation of finding one letter on my favourite subject each month, I dream of a less inhibited future when Request Stop might show a girl bursting to spend a penny, leaving it too late and doing it in her panties... But even if we can't have pictures (why not?), do let's have more letters and features. I'm sure there are thousands of men and women who would buy Fiesta regularly every month if they could be sure of finding a page or two devoted to this innocent and harmless kink.

You will have noticed how many of the girls and women who have wet themselves in the company of husbands or boyfriends say the episode was a terrific turn on for the men. As for the girls, my current girlfriend still enjoys recalling incidents at school when girls who were dying to pee weren't allowed to leave the classroom. In one case it was in the gym - I'm told the results were quite spectacular!

Once we had tea in a beach cafe where two teenage girls in skin tight bathing suits were contorting themselves in absolute desperation (presumably having ordered tea in the hope that there would be a loo, which there wasn't). My girlfriend couldn't talk or think about anything else until we'd enjoyed a mutual masturbation session over it. The girls, incidentally, left their tea unfinished and went outside to pee through their bathing suits. As it was low tide they didn't have time to reach the sea before the flood started.

Getting back to girls who enjoy wetting their knickers, I found one in a London park some time ago. She was playing with her younger sister, whose bladder did not seem to be troubling her, but the elder girl kept stopping every few seconds to hold herself between the legs... Of course, one often sees little girls doing this, but not so often their elder sisters, especially when there are lavatories a hundred yards away, with a signpost pointing to them.

After a while the girl sat down on the grass, keeping up a continuous to-and-fro movement with her bottom. She tucked one leg underneath her to press her heel into her crutch, then got up and walked about, holding herself between the legs again. Obviously she wanted to go too badly to keep still. She then sat down on the grass again, but this time she carefully arranged her skirt, and stretched her legs out in front of her with her knees slightly raised.

It wasn't difficult to guess she was wetting herself as she remained sitting still and, picking up a book, started to read, showing no more signs of wanting to pee. A little later the family decided it was time to move on. The teenage daughter stood up, reached swiftly under her skirt and pulled down her wet knickers. She let them fall around her feet before picking them up and stuffing them in her jacket pocket. Presumably she did not want to make her skirt wet by sitting on a bus or train with wet pants on.

Finally, a girl who spent a summer with a family deep in the French countryside told me that the girls used to sunbathe most afternoons. If there weren't any men around they often masturbated and caressed each other under the hot sun. As there was no loo near their favourite stop and the wine would flow freely at lunch, they often went back to the house in wet bikini bottoms.

As she put it: "If you've been drinking wine and lying in the sun for two hours or more, with one person tickling you and another fingering your breasts, you're inclined to come. If you come with a full bladder, you're inclined to pee and if there's nowhere to pee, it isn't worth enduring a lot of discomfort just to keep your bikini dry until you plunge into the river and get it wet."

Josh, Kent.
**Naughty but Nice**

I have been a knicker wetting fan for some years now and am always interested in letters on this subject. I thought readers may like to know what I have discovered recently as a big turn on.

Firstly, I insert my small vibrator (turned on of course), into my fanny. Then I attach four large sized, looped sanitary towels to a belt and pull them on tightly so that they rub on my clitoris. Next go a pair of plastic lined sanitary knickers and I hold the lot in firmly with a tight pantie girdle.

I am then ready to get on with the housework or go out shopping - all the time slowly releasing little jets of pee, getting the pads nicely sodden. And all the time with my vibrator whirring away inside me. I contract and release my vaginal muscles to allow it in and ought slightly as I walk. This gets me really randy - especially when out in public as I wonder what people would think if they knew I was peeing my pants while queuing in the supermarket.

By the time I get home I frantically lie on the bed and, delving down into the dampness I wank myself to the most incredible orgasms with the vibrator and my fingers.

I hope you print this letter as I'm getting well juiced up - not to mention warm and wet with pee whilst writing this - seeing it in print would give an even greater effect. *(This is your lucky day then - Ed.)* I must go and wank myself off and hope my husband is soon home to give me a really good fucking.

Ellen, Twickenham.

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**Nature Calls**

Thankyou for Fiesta Vol. 19 No 6. What a great article for 'Knicker Wetting'. While I appreciate the difficulties experienced by the ladies being inhibited at the prospect of an 'outdoor pee' I feel that years ago, especially during war time, they were far less inhibited than the Modern Miss.

Of course during the war we had a number of non-corridor trains still remaining and it was not unusual for Service girls to pee on the floor of the compartment during a long journey. I remember travelling once, the only male, with half a dozen Service girls. I started it off by relieving myself on the floor. Within minutes all the girls had also urinated.

Our local bus station has no toilet facilities and I am always surprised to see so many females waiting for buses when they are obviously in desperate need of a pee. They are all reluctant to make use of the many convenient corners in the multi-storey car park adjoining the station.

Surely in this age of mini skirts, slacks and open-crotch tights a quick pee would be easier than in the more difficult type of Service bloomers in World War 2. So ladies, let's have lots more letters on your open-air/public place peeing activities. Incidentally, I love the pictures of Tina with a shaven pussy. There is nothing more attractive than seeing pee pouring from a hairless pussy.

W.S.F., Reading.
Tessa


...That night Mick, an old boyfriend rang me up and said he was in town. I showered and had three mugs of black coffee to revive me, and by the time I met him in town outside the pub, I was desperate for a pee. To my horror, he said he didn’t want to go to that pub, but wanted us to walk to another one.

By the time we were half way there I was absolutely busting. I tripped on an uneven piece of concrete paving and that was too much for my overstrained bladder, and I leaked a sudden spurt of pee. I was wearing a miniskirt and didn’t want the shame of having my pee cascading down my legs, but I was fighting a losing battle. Clenching my muscles as hard as I could I stumbled down an alley with pee beginning to dribble from my knickers.

Mike didn’t realize what was going on and followed me. It was too late to pull my pants down, so I just soaked them. Mike got all turned on and pulled his cock out and stuck it under the flood, then rammed it up me while I was still streaming. It was such a wonderful sense of relief to pee and be fucked at the same time, to lose that much control, that I had the most amazing orgasm, leaning back against the damp wall. Then I pulled off my wet panties and hung them on a nail for some sniffer to find.

Tessa.

Save It

Fiesta Readers Wives Special, No 1 (Date unknown).

I grew up with three brothers, so I had a good idea what little boys get up to - playing with themselves at every opportunity. Sometimes they even joked about it in front of me.

When I was going out with my fiancee (now my husband) I asked him once if he ever masturbated. He didn't want to tell me at first, but after some persuasion he told me that he did sometimes have a wank and thought about the girls at the office at the same time. I told him that I would finish with him if he didn't stop, as I wanted it all for myself.

We have now been married for three years, and I love to tease him. Often he gets up late on a Saturday, and when he is having a bath I pretend I am dying to go to the loo. I pull up my skirt slightly and pull down my panties past my skirt as I sit on the toilet. When I have gone to the loo I pull up my panties and walk out. He cannot take his eyes off me. I always make sure I am wearing very high heels and a tight grey skirt at these times, and I know he is dying to make love to me - but I do not let him until the evening.

Recently, a couple we know were staying with us for the weekend. When I went into the bathroom I found my friends husbands wearing a pair of my dirty knickers from the linen basket and tossing himself off. He went red and asked me not to tell anybody. I smiled and went out, and I told my friend what her husband had been up to.
Toilet Turn-on

Fiesta, Vol. 28, No. 3 (March 1994).

One Friday night I was waiting at the railway station to catch my train home after work. While sitting down on the bench waiting for my train I noticed this very attractive girl of about 20 wandering around the platform. She had long, golden hair and was wearing tight leggings, which showed off her lovely firm bum. As she wandered around looking lost, it occurred to me that she might be looking for a toilet, and I remembered that the Ladies had been vandalised and was closed for repair, and the nearest toilets were in the town centre, some 30 minutes walk away.

Sure enough, a few minutes later she approached me and said "Excuse me, could you tell me where the Ladies are?"

I explained that there were none on the station, and I saw her face drop. I went on to explain that it would take half an hour to walk to the nearest loos, and as the train was due in 30 minutes she might as well hang on and use the loo on that. "I'm sorry," she said, "but if I don't find a toilet soon I'm going to wet myself."

I remembered the evening after the Christmas party at work when I was in a similar situation, and I had found an old hut at the end of Platform 1 which I had relieved myself in. I told her of this hut and she begged me to show her the way. By this time I had a huge hard on, and as we walked to the hut we introduced ourselves. Her name was Maria and she was 19, and as we walked she held her pussy tightly with one hand and took slow steps. We reached the brick hut, which didn't have a door, but I pointed to the dark inside and said, "You'll be okay in there."

Maria then said, "Gordon, come with me. I'm scared of dark places."

By now my willy was so hard and stiff that it was pushing to get out of my tracksuit bottoms. "Okay," I said, then took Maria's hand and led her to the cleanest corner. In the dim light she desperately tugged down her leggings to reveal a small, white pair of cotton panties, then she gasped, "Oh, thank God, it's coming!" She ripped her panties down, which gave me a wonderful view of her thick bush of pussy hair, and her wee started to trickle down her thighs as she crouched down. I was so hard that my five and a half inches felt like eight inches, and by now I was not far from coming.

Maria let out a sigh of relief as her pee spurted out of her pussy in hot, golden torrents. "Gordon, you'd better move," she said, and I looked down to see a river of piss flowing around my trainers. It was then that she turned and caught sight of my stiffy pushing my tracksuit bottoms out. "My, my Gordon... somebody has got a bit excited," she whispered. "Is it seeing me wee?" I blushed and nodded my head.

By this time Maria had finished, so she stood up and got some tissue from her bag. She pulled me closer and pushed the tissue into my hand, saying, "Wipe me dry, Gordon." My hand was trembling as I slowly wiped her pussy, then the tissue fell to the floor but I continued rubbing her pussy with my fingers, and Maria's hand started rubbing my willie through my tracksuit bottoms. As my hand got faster and faster, Maria started moaning, then she whispered, "Oh, please fuck me, fuck me proper!"

I pulled my tracksuit bottoms and pants down and moved closer to Maria. She took my prick in her hand and helped me into her tight, warm pussy, with her small bum pushed up against the sooty wall. We bucked together in sheer pleasure, our feet stood in a puddle of Maria's pee. I could feel that she was coming and her back arched and her body went stiff as she orgasmed. At this point I felt my big load pumping into my tool and I gasped, "I'm coming, I'm coming!" I pulled out and my come shot out all down her legs and into her small white panties, which were still round her ankles. We stood together for a few moments, then sorted ourselves out. By this time we only had a few minutes before our train left, but we managed to catch it just on time. Sitting chatting on the train we discovered that we lived fairly close to each other, and we've been together ever since - that was 10 years ago!

Gordon, Sussex
I am 24, blonde and have what most people seem to think is a fairly nice body. Well, my boyfriend thinks so anyway! I’ve been living with him for three years now, and for the first six months or so we led a fairly active sex life, screwing regularly. After a while, the whole thing got a bit repetitive, and the frequency of our sessions lessened. We didn’t mind much and as we were still very happy together, the less often we screwed the more special it was when we did make it together. Unknown to both of us, however, we both had something else in common.

One Saturday night, we were invited to a small party at a friend’s house. To get there we had to catch a train, then a bus. Before we left home, however, we needed to pop in to our local as the barmaid there was leaving that night and we had promised to go for a couple of farewell drinks. After a few quick ones, we bade farewell and went off to the station. It was obvious that we had just missed one train as no-one was on the platform, so we had to wait twenty minutes for our connection. Then we had to catch a bus to our friend’s house and it took us a little while to find the bus stop we wanted.

I was beginning to wish I’d drunk shorts instead of lagers as I needed a loo and there wasn’t one anywhere around. I didn’t tell John this as the bus came and I thought I’d be OK. However, our destination was a bit further than I had thought, and my conversation dried up as the pressure on my bladder increased. John asked me what was wrong and I told him I was nervous about meeting so many people. I was still a bit embarrassed about telling him of my bodily functions, even though we knew each other intimately in every other respect.

Eventually we arrived and got off the bus. I looked around for a loo, but was disappointed once again. We had about a ten minute walk to the party, and John told me to cheer up as we went on our way. Little did he know that I was in quite a predicament. As we walked along my tight jeans were proving to be quite a problem. The tight crotch was snug against my clitoris, which probably helped a bit, but the waist band was pushing my bladder in and I began to wonder whether or not I was going to be able to hold on.

When we got to the house our hosts made a point of introducing us to all the people we did not know. I could hardly contain myself or keep my voice level as I shook hands with everyone. As soon as I could, I asked where the loo was. I got upstairs at last only to find that it was occupied. I stood outside the door with my legs tightly crossed and I virtually pushed my way in as the other person left. I was just that bit too slow in getting my jeans off however, and my pee started to dribble out through my panties and onto the crotch of my denims. I just managed to get them off in time to avert a major disaster and sat down, then I peed for what seemed like ages. I pulled my pants up when I had finished and when I did my jeans up I realised that there was a sizable wet patch on my crotch and on the inside of my thighs. I hoped it was not noticeable in the dim lighting downstairs and I took a deep breath and walked down.

The party was certainly swinging along nicely and I had a drink and danced with John for a while. The music got louder and the lights dimmer as the evening progressed and, as I danced around with the tight wet crotch of my jeans rubbing against my clitoris, I was getting turned on. A slow dance came on and John and I smooched about and groped each other’s bums. Then one of his hands worked its way round to the front of my body and he gradually eased his fingers between my legs.

Then he stopped and said, "Hey Pat, have you wet your pants or something?"

I whispered the whole episode in his ear as we smooched and I noticed that he was grinding his ever hardening cock into my stomach as I told the tale. He confessed that the thought of me wetting my knickers somehow turned him on and he liked the warm wet feel of my jeans on my legs. He said he’d never really thought about it before, but it really had a strong effect on him.

I confessed that I liked that damp feeling too. So, after a few more drinks and once the party had started to die down, I deliberately didn’t go to the toilet before leaving. We set off for home again and this time I had a surprise for John planned. We were
quite tiddly and we talked on the bus about the party. Then the conversation got round to my little accident earlier and John and I wondered why we hadn't come across this type of sexual excitement before.

I was already in need of a pee by the time we got off the bus but I didn't tell John, I just held on. As we sat on the station platform waiting for the train I was getting quite desperate and I was crossing my legs and swinging one to and fro which made the seam on the crotch of my jeans gently massage my clit. I leant over, and as there wasn't anyone about, I started stroking John's crotch and I told him I was dying to go to the loo again. Immediately, his prick swelled and he had to rearrange his trousers to make room.

Then the train came and we got into a compartment by ourselves and I had to put my hand between my legs to stop the pee from dribbling out. Once we were on the move, I stood up to move over next to John, but as I rose I lost control and my jeans once again became the proud bearer of a dark spreading stain down the inside of my thighs. I couldn't stop and just peed and peed and it poured out onto the floor forming a big puddle which moved about as the train went round corners. John just sat there, and when I had finished he got his rock hard cock out and with about three strokes of his hand gushed spunk into the pool on the floor.

When we got home, my jeans felt lovely, tight and soggy, and I was so turned on that when John took my jeans down and stuck his cock up me past my panties, I came almost immediately, my knees buckling under me. Then we went upstairs and made love several times, with all the passion of our early days together.

Now we have made knicker wetting a regular hobby, and often when I go to the bathroom for a pee at home I hear John call up the stairs, "Can I watch?" which is the signal for another of our steamy sessions, for the sight of me peeing turns John on so much that he can't keep his hands off me for more than a few seconds.

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I Confess

Fiesta (Issue and date unknown).

Until she met her husband, Kate of Manchester believed anything that wasn't straightforward sex was rather distasteful and kinky. Then, one day . . .

My husband always brings Fiesta home every month and one regular feature we never fail to enjoy is the Readers’ Letters. Discovering that there are so many good, honest, randy people in Britain who aren’t afraid of admitting what kind of sex they enjoy is most refreshing. From time to time, Jeff (my husband) and I have found letters from people who are turned on by the same thing that gives us both so much joy, and simply reading those letters can send us straight into an orgy of wanking and screwing.

I’m thirty-five and, until I met Jeff, I must admit that I thought anything that wasn’t straightforward sex in either the missionary or doggie position rather distasteful and kinky. Giving a blow job used to make me gag in disgust; the feeling of a big, fat cock thrusting down my throat used to make me feel suffocated and sick and the sensation of gouts of hot, glutinous semen, like warm porridge, spurting down my throat was more of a torture than a pleasure.

But now I thoroughly enjoy having come in my mouth — and lots more things besides. And come isn't the only liquid that Jeff and I wax orgasmic over. I think the technical word for what we enjoy is urolagnia. In other words, the many delights of pissing. Ever since I was a little girl and wet my knickers in the classroom because my teacher refused to let me go to the lavatory, peeing in unexpected times and places has seemed very kinky, naughty and forbidden to me and has also been associated with release, like an orgasm. In fact, for years I was afraid to come in case I let myself go too much and peed at the same time.

I never told anybody of this secret fear and pleasure. I used to squat over the loo, pee and masturbate at the same time, allowing the warm streams of golden liquid to spurt over my busily working fingers. But this was my special secret and I would only allow myself to do it occasionally as a treat.
I never dreamt that I’d ever meet somebody else with the same interest. Sex was always great with Jeff — that’s one of the main reasons why I married him! He’s got a nine inch tool that measures three inches in circumference and provides a nice, tight fit for my large, demanding cunt.

I wish I dare send you a photograph of my cunt, because I’m sure many Fiesta readers would appreciate it — I keep it shaved and all the lips and openings are beautifully pink and regular. I can fit all the fingers of both hands into it to stretch it apart and I’m sure I could accommodate any sized prick.

But I’m getting off the point. On our honeymoon, Jeff and I got very drunk in the hotel bar one night. He announced he was dying for a slash and so was I, so we had a race to see who could reach the loo in our room first. I won. I was sitting there, about to let fly, with my knees wide apart, when Jeff came in, got out his tool, pointed it between my legs and, with a sigh, released a hot stream of steaming pee which splashed between my legs and covered my clitoris with delicious warm wetness.

Instantly, I felt a terrific stirring in my genitals. By now I was in the middle of peeing myself, and I put my hand between my legs so that our twin streams flowed over it, and rubbed my clit as hard as I could. Within a few seconds, I had reached a climax.

He apologised for what he’d done and explained that he couldn’t wait. Now seemed the perfect time for me to confess, so I did. His face lit up and he told me that he had always wanted to experiment in this direction, too.

He was still standing in front of me, with his prick dangling, so I took it in my mouth and gently sucked the last salty drops off it. I kept on sucking until I felt it begin to stiffen. I was terrifically horny and couldn’t stop touching myself up while I sucked him. For the first time in my life, I was totally relaxed, not only about giving Jeff a blow job and having an erect cock down my throat, but also because there was no fear about wetting myself if I relaxed too much, as I was sitting astride the loo.

My fingers worked frantically on my clit, sending ripples of aching delight shivering through my whole body. Jeff’s scrotum crawled with pleasure as I sucked hard on his giant tool. I worked hard on him, scraping his foreskin gently with my teeth, lubricating his rigid shaft with my saliva and vacuuming him with every indrawn breath. He gripped my head between his hands and announced with gritted teeth that he was coming.

“Oh, come . . . come,” I begged, moving my head faster up and down his prick and directing his hand between my legs, onto my sopping cunt. I knew I was about to have the biggest and wildest orgasm of my life.

Jeff shoved his prick hard against my tonsils. I felt his muscles contract in effort as a spray of come shot down my throat, followed by another and then another. As I gulped it down, Jeff’s fingers found the required rhythm. Abandoning myself totally, I gave everything I had, almost blacking out as the huge wave of ecstatic lust overwhelmed me. Right at the moment of orgasm, I relaxed all my muscles and let a hot spurt of fresh pee cascade between Jeff’s fingers. He groaned and trembled and hugged me close.

Afterwards we both admitted that it had been the most sensational sexual experience of our lives. Later that night, after drinking gallons of water and holding it as long as we could, we lay in the bath and baptised each other in our pure golden streams, and followed that up with an urgent, abandoned screw.

No wonder we’ve got a good marriage, with such a mutual pleasure to hold us together!

EDITOR’S NOTE: All I confess tales are edited versions of genuine readers’ letters received by Fiesta. Names and places, however, along with some points of fine detail, are often changed to protect the innocent.
I Confess

Holy orders were not for Molly of Essex. She had too much drama to take care of elsewhere. Like all her erogenous zones, for instance. She played and played and played and played with herself. Nothing was sacred. Then along came Tom and marriage and the broken hymen. At that point, Molly really cut loose . . .

I was about to take my Final Vows when I experienced my first orgasm. We were having an exam in class, and I realised with a shock that I needed a pee very badly. Of course there was no way I could leave the room, so I sat squirming in my seat, rubbing my thighs together in an attempt to relieve the enormous pressure building up. The pain soon went away and I began to feel intense pleasure between my legs, right at the top of my slit. The sensation enveloped my whole body, then seemed to disperse in a warm glow.

Time went on and I gradually became a daily masturbator. Naturally, I had to think things over. Several interviews with the chaplain and, eventually, the Mother Superior, culminated in my leaving the convent at the age of 24 - for good. My parents were appalled and thus I soon left home also. After that, there was no stopping me. I was quite often wanking three times a day.

I began to have boyfriends, but I would never let them get near me. I was afraid of what might happen if they did. Then I met the man who was to become my husband. He was very patient with me and there was no stopping us once he got his hands on me! At first I would only permit him to fondle my breasts through my clothing. I would arrive back in my room with my panties soaking. I had only to pull up my clothes, touch my clitoris and I would come!

It was not long before Tom was masturbating me and in turn I had to do the same for him. I was amazed at the size of his erection the first time I held it in my hand. It seemed so big! Instinctively, I rubbed it for him and realised I was feeling the same way as I did. The only difference was that he ejected a thick fluid when he came whereas I just became even more wet! We became engaged but I would not let him fuck me. I wanted to, but that seemed the ultimate in sinfulness. How I wish I had now!

We got married with a Nuptial Mass. Beneath my wedding dress, my panties were soaking. I kept imagining Tom with a hard-on! The reception could not be over soon enough for either of us and we left to stay overnight at a hotel in London. We arrived just after seven. We were shown up to our room and no sooner was the door locked than we were at each other. We were only half undressed when Tom eased his cock into me. He seemed to quickly fill me up. There was just a tiny pain as my hymen tore and then only pleasure as he began thrusting into me. I thrust my hips and pelvis up to meet him, seeking orgasm. "Am I hurting?" Tom gasped out. "No! Do it. Do it. Oh, make me come." And he did.

Tom then began to strip me. Once I was naked I wanted his clothes off him too! We lay on the bed, Tom kissing me, fondling me, caressing me all over. He began to masturbate me gently and as I became more excited so I noticed his prick begin to swell and lengthen. I took it in my hand and began to wank him also. Then he sat up, bent over me and began to watch himself frigging me. I tried to close my legs. No one had ever looked at me there, except myself, with the aid of a mirror. He kept my thighs apart and gently opened my pouting cunt lips wider, his prick now as stiff as a poker once more. Soon we were fucking again. This time it lasted longer and I came off twice.

After dinner we did not delay long but went up to our room. Once more I was stripped and Tom was half-hard. He spent some time fondling and kissing my breasts and I had to take his hand and put it between my legs. I was dying to come. He began to masturbate me and as he did so he began sucking my nipples.
That sent me wild. I came off and began to wank him. I wanted his prick up me. Still he was fricking me and suddenly I felt first one finger, then two, right up me. He began to finger fuck me! Tom fucked me five times on our wedding night and I must have come twenty times, one way and another. We both felt quite tired on our flight to Dublin later the following day.

Tom took me showing me off to his family and it was quite a tour around. In one place we stayed in an old cottage that had an outside loo. We got back from the pub and then had supper. Afterwards we sat talking and drinking endless cups of tea. The inevitable happened. I woke up needing to pee. It had started to rain. I could hear it pouring down. I could not sleep and got more and more full. I began my tummy rubbing and had my little orgasm. I began to masturbate quietly, afraid to come in case I wet the bed.

An hour must have passed and I was nearly doing it! I felt around for the light cord and woke Tom. Half asleep he rolled partly on top of me, his hand between my legs. "No! Please don't! I've got to pee," I told him softly. I began to get up and as I reached for my dress he wanted to know where I was going. "I'm nearly doing it. I'm bursting," I told him. He felt around under the bed and produced a huge chamber pot. Standing cross-legged, I flushed and said that I couldn't. "Don't be daft. It's pouring out there," said Tom.

Momentarily I lost control and felt my urine trickle down my thigh. Tom noticed too and slipped out of bed, still holding the pot. "Open your legs. You're pissing yourself," he grinned, his prick stiffening. I opened my legs and peed into the pot as Tom held it between my thighs. Back under the bed went the pot and Tom grabbed me and pulled me down onto the bed before I could wipe myself. Seconds later we were fucking and he expressed his amazement at the amount of pee that I had been able to hold.

I am 37 now and we have been married just over ten years. Sometimes I think back to when I was a novice and then think of the things that Tom and I have done together. The number of times we have fucked and wanked each other, the different positions we have fucks in, the fellatio and cunninglingus we have indulged in, the times we have watched each other piss, and it seems incredible.

I have not masturbated much since we married because Tom is always ready to oblige if I feel randy, and I often do. He did have a short spell in hospital and so did I. In fact he masturbated me when I lay in my hospital bed in my private room. He did it with his hand under the bedclothes and I pulled up my nightdress to accommodate him. He then had to pop out to the toilet to toss himself off.

Once he was away for two weeks on business and the day of his return my panties were soaking wet from the time I got up. I met him at the door and hardly had the door closed than he had me against the wall, my clothes up about me. "Put it in," I gasped out as he began to feel my pussy. He just unzipped and fucked me up against the wall.

When we fuck I like for us to start slowly with long, deep thrusts. I like to feel his prick going right up into me. He can tell from my movements when I want him to speed up. We always finish fucking furiously and this really makes my inner lips tug the hood back and forth on my clitoris. I like it when I am on top too. It does not matter if I am sitting astride on a chair or kneeling over him on the bed, I can pace it myself an get him right up so I can almost taste him in my mouth as we fuck. I like it from the back too and sometimes Tom frigs me as we fuck or else he plays with my tits while I frig myself. Sometimes he "teases" me. He plays with, fondles and sucks my tits until I am almost coming. Not until I threaten to wank myself, or even start to do so, will he fuck me.

I have been reading Shere Hite's book *Sexual Honesty*. I really did feel sorry for some of the women who answered his questionnaire. I really do have an understanding husband when it comes to sex. He always makes certain that I am satisfied. I know I am easily aroused and come fairly quickly, but he could leave me high and dry because so often one orgasm is not enough for me. When I feel randy I can wait, knowing full well I will be fucked or sucked, or even wanked, to satiety!