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# HOME

*AKA FemDom Home*

*Illustrated*

TODAY THE WOMAN RULES THE HOME

TOMORROW SHE WILL RULE THE WORLD

Female Supremacy • Feminization • Spanking  
Panty Training • Petticoat Punishment

## Volume 4

SELECT LETTERS FROM THE FOURTH YEAR OF CHRISTIAN HOME  
ISSUES #19 - 23 - AUGUST 1995 - JUNE 1996

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*Adults Only*

Reprints of the best letters from Christian Home, a publication following religious teachings to achieve a female dominant world.  
Now, for the first time, these letters are illustrated for the serious adult female supremacy aficionado.

Since 1981

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

# Letters to Julie

*The Demale Society presents*  
**Christian Home**  
**Illustrated**

(AKA FemDom Home)

*Christian Home's Letters to Julie*

We are pleased to continue to bring you reprints of letters originally published in *Christian Home*, the newsletter from the Chicago-based organization of the same name published bimonthly starting in August 1992. For the first three years, the letters section of the newsletter appeared under the banner "Letters to Julie," as shown above. "Julie" referred to Julie Wilson, the organization's leader and newsletter writer.

In 1996, the organization had a change of management. They continued to publish the newsletter in precisely the same style including the letters section, but without the "Julie" banner since Miss Sofia took over running the organization.

But due to illness and logistics problems, publication of the newsletter became more and more sporadic, and by 2000, they ceased publishing altogether. We think the letters that appeared in *Christian Home* are some of the most entertaining and exciting on female supremacy, spanking, and feminization of the male.

## LIFE OF SPANKING HUMILIATION

I'm a senior in college but still live at home with my mother. This may surprise you, but I'm still spanked whenever I do wrong. My mother has always used humiliation as a punishment. Whenever I got in trouble in high school, she insisted on giving me a pants-down spanking right in the principal's office. Once she suggested the secretaries be called in to watch, but the principal said that would be inappropriate. However, the principal herself always sat and watched as I was being spanked.

This type of humiliation continues. A few months ago, mother caught me going too far with a woman named Ellen with whom I had been dating. We were sitting on the couch in my living room, and I had pushed her dress and slip up around her thighs. Ellen resisted as I groped her, and I got a good look at her elegant lavender panties before she pushed me away and tugged her skirt down. She demanded an apology, and I told her I just wanted to get a feel of her panties, and that was when mother walked in, scolded me and sent me to the corner.

She whispered a few word to Ellen, who then got up and went to the bathroom. Upon her return, mother told me to go to the bathroom, take off my undershorts and replace them with what I would find there. Imagine my surprise when I entered the bathroom to see Ellen's lavender panties draped over the edge of the sink. Well, I knew what mother wanted and I changed into the panties and then pulled my shorts back on over them.

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The silky panties made me squirm and quite self-conscious. When I reentered the living room, mother took down my shorts much to my shame. Ellen shrieked when she saw me wearing her panties and then mother made me bend over her lap for a spanking. Mother said that since I wanted to get a feel of Ellen's panties, I could now get a good feel of them as both of them would take turns spanking me. Ellen loved seeing me getting it. Out of the corner of my eye I could see she was smiling.

Since then Ellen and my mother have become fast friends. Mother makes me take Ellen out, something I no longer wanted to do after she had seen me being humiliated, and Ellen gets to watch whenever Mother sees fit to give me a spanking. Now Ellen says she wants to marry me and for us to live together with mother, who says I should marry her and my wife should have the right to spank me whenever it is necessary.

Daryl in OH



## HUSBAND'S GIRDLE TRAINING

One night after working late at the office, I walked in on my husband, Scott, trying to wiggle into my longline girdle. He was obviously embarrassed at being discovered, and I immediately seized the initiative. "Well, don't let me stop you," I said. "I want to see how you look in it."

Scott finished pulling on the girdle. He had a pair of my white panties on too. From then on I have been in control. A man in a girdle will do anything you want. I told him that since he liked wearing the girdle so much, he was going to wear it every day under his regular clothes since I couldn't wear it anymore because he had stretched it out. So he might as well wear it.

I had him put on a second pair of panties to go on over the girdle along with nylons snapped to the garters. Now he wears panties, the girdle and the nylons every day. My women friends can tell Scott is wearing a girdle when they come to visit and they make many interesting comments that he can hear.

June in PA

## BOYS' SLUMBER PARTY FUN

I have found an effective way to help my twin sons Tom and Todd develop their feminine side. When they were six years old, I told them we were going to have a party—a slumber party. "Isn't that for girls?" they asked.

"Yes," I said, "and that's the fun of it. We're all going to pretend we're girls!"

The boys were not very enthusiastic about having the slumber party, but since they were only six, they had to go along with me. For them to wear at the party, I brought out two sets of girls' frilly pink babydoll pajamas, the kind with matching panties. I wore a set of tailored nylon pajamas.

After I helped the boys into their girlish babydolls, I said, "Since we're girls, we're going to make ourselves pretty." I selected a bottle of pink nail polish and showed them how to polish their fingernails and toenails. As we did this, I told them, "Babydoll PJs are nice to wear because they show off your pretty legs." Soon all their little fingernails and toenails were a nice shade of pink. I didn't have them to wear any other makeup; that would come later. Anyway, they looked cute enough in the pink lace babydolls. I gave them Barbie dolls and showed them how to dress and play with their dolls like girls. We played a game I made up that I called 'Pretty Pretty Princess' in which the boys took turns trying to outdo each other expressing his most girlish wishes to move his game piece around a checker board. The winner I gave a candy makeup kit. I had them each win once.

That first slumber party was a great success, and we have had such a party almost every Friday night ever since. Recently, I told my friend Annette about my method. Annette has a son in my children's class—they are now in the fifth grade—and she thought my idea was brilliant. She wanted to know if it was all right for her son Danny to come to one of my slumber parties.

I said of course. Annette called her son over to us and said, "Tom and Todd are having a party on Friday, and you're invited. It's a slumber party, and it's going to be a lot of fun because you're all going to pretend you are little girls."

Danny didn't want to come to the party, but his mother insisted, and that Friday she dropped him off at our door. Danny came in carrying a bag, which I knew must contain his pajamas. "You can change in the bathroom," I told him. The other boys have their pajamas on already." After some time the boy finally emerged from the bathroom. He was wearing what his mother had bought him for the party: a floor-length purple nylon nightgown with spaghetti straps and a gathered bodice. He sat down with the other boys, and it was time to begin.

"What's your name going to be?" asked Tom. "You have to have a girls' name. My name is Tammy, and my brother's name



is Tanya.” Danny didn’t know what to say, so I told him that his mother had been expecting a girl when he was born and she was going to name her Annie—Danny was really a substitute for Annie. So I urged him to be Annie, and he blushinglly agreed.

I started off the party the way I always did—with nail polish, but by then I had advanced my boys to makeup, so once their nails had been prettied up, I brought out my cosmetics, and all three boys began to experiment with lipstick and eye shadow. Tom and Todd had some experience with these items by then, but Danny needed a lot of coaching.

Usually my slumber parties included time devoted to discussing girls’ topics and fashions in girls’ magazines while looking over girls’ clothing catalogs, and I had the boys do this, but since we had a new guest, I decided to make it special and brought out a Victoria’s Secret catalog. My boys knew this was a treat and were excitedly looking at the models, but Danny was very quiet, so I took time with him, pointing out various items and asking him what he thought of them.



He still didn’t have much to say, so I asked him about the lingerie his mother wore. Unabashedly, he described the nightgowns she had, and then I asked him to tell us what kind of panties she liked to wear. I knew exactly what kind of panties she wore: flowered nylon briefs; I had seen them many times on her clothesline, and he wasn’t embarrassed to tell us, “Um, they’re white and colors and soft. Some have lace and stuff on them. A lot of flowers too.” I was delighted that he knew in detail about her panties; that told me he had an interest in them.

“Your mommy’s panties sound very pretty. Were they anything like these?” I said as I turned my back to him, dropped my pajama pants and showed him the panties I had on, the panties I had worn that night I knew were similar to what Annette wears. He stared at them. “Have you ever touched your mommy’s panties?” I asked him. He blushed and looked away. I took his hand and put it on the bright blue flowered panties covering my tummy and urged him to stroke the soft nylon. “Aren’t they nice,” I asked. He nodded. “Think of all the pretty panties girls get to wear. Wouldn’t it be wonderful if you could wear them too?” Probably feeling cornered, he nodded “yes.” I asked, “Did you notice Tommy and Todd’s fancy panties they have on under their babydolls? Those are special party panties for little rich girls.” With my boy’s panties sticking out below their pajama tops there was no way he could have missed them, and when Danny didn’t answer, I had my two boys stand up, pull their babydoll tops up high on their chests and show him their high-waisted rhumba panties that went way up on their tummies. I knew Danny wasn’t wearing panties under his nightgown, so I asked him if he was and he nodded “no.” And then I picked up a pair of pink rhumba panties like my boys were wearing and offered them to him. My boys had been cued in and urged him to put them on. I had Tommy help Danny hold his nightgown up while I had Todd hold open the panties and help our neighbor boy into them. Watching two six-year-old boys panty another boy was a priceless thrill! I made the blushing Danny keep holding his nightie up high around his chest while I had my boys check the fit on the panties, smoothed them out over his hips and butt and run their fingers all the way around on the waist and leg elastics. Danny was squirming around reacting to the soft, silky sensations my boys were creating playing with his panties. Of course, I had to join in, point out different aspects of the panties, check the fit all around his body and give his leg elastics a few sharp snaps that made him jump. Poor Danny was breathing heavily with all the intimate attention, so I had my boys back off and let him drop his nightie back into place. After we had gone through the catalogue, we watched a movie I had rented from the Baby-sitters Club series before sending all three boys to sleep together in their silky nighties in my room in my king-size bed. I slept that night in the guest room. In the morning, I had them all keep on their nighties and panties during breakfast and until it was time for Danny to go home. Annette showed up and was delighted to see him and my boys in their nighties and when she helped her son change back into his boys’ clothes she was surprised to see him wearing the pink rhumba panties. I told her he could keep them and wear them

whenever he felt like it or whenever she though wearing them would take some of the wildness out of him and help bring out more of his feminine side. When I suggested she let him keep them on and wear them home under his clothes, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Yeah, sure! Why not?" That was the perfect culmination to our very successful slumber party.

The next time that I ran into Annette, she thanked me again for letting her son come to the slumber party. "It has broadened his horizons," she said. "When I asked if she would like to have him do it again, she said, 'I would love it, but Brad (her husband) found out about it and protested wildly.'" She said she finally quieted him down, explaining it was just typical children's play, but he insisted Danny should never do it again. I asked her how Danny felt about it, and she said he bashfully admitted he had fun. When I asked if he ever dressed up in his panties or nightie again, she said he wore the nightie to bed twice when her husband was out of town doing his State lobbying business, and Danny did it with little urging on her part. She says she keeps the nightie and panties in his underwear drawer, so he can see them every day when he gets dressed in the morning. And one day she did walk into his room and caught him trying on the ruffled pink panties. He then ran and hid behind his bed so she wouldn't see him even though she had. She pretended not to have seen him. I think we accomplished a lot with Danny, and I thoroughly expect him to be joining my sons in many girlish pursuits in the future regardless of what his father may want. I encouraged Annette to do some things to help Brad be more open; I told her to dress more femininely, especially her lingerie and to fulfill any of his sexual fantasies as a way to manipulate him through his sex drive and then dominate him into be more accepting of their son's emerging girlie interests.

Betty in GA

## THANK YOU FOR INSPIRING US

I'm a 37-year-old professional male who loves to read your material. I can identify with your positions, as well as your thoughts and opinions. Christian Home has repeatedly convinced me females are superior. You see, ever since high school I've attempting to dominate girls, and with little happiness to show for it.

I met my first real dominant woman at a Laundromat. She saw me just throwing my clothes into my basket as they came out of the dryer instead of folding them. She approached me saying I must be single and that I had never been properly trained to do household chores. To this I laughed aloud. However, I did boldly admit I was single and added that I thought my mother did a terrific job with my upbringing. She then uttered something that sounded like "typical male stage of denial." I wondered what she meant by that. She passed me a newsletter of some sort and her business card and said that when I was truly "ready to grow up," I should give her a call. I threw the literature into

the trunk of my car along with my shabby-looking laundry and went home. After a couple of weeks of boredom and the thought of that woman still heavy on my mind, I dug the literature out of the car and began to read it. It was one of your first Christian Home newsletters. At first I was outraged by what I had read, because I am deeply religious and your material upset me, but then I realized my rage stemmed from the fact that the writings were all true. I gave this woman a call—reluctantly of course—and she came right over. She was very gentle but firm with me and she led me into a well disciplined relationship.

Now three years, two promotions, a series of compliments (concerning my appearance), and a loving disciplined marriage later, and I owe all my thanks and gratitude to my wife and Christian Home. (My wife was one of Christian Home's first subscribers). Although I am still terribly uncomfortable in the girdle she makes we wear daily, I secretly love wearing my fancy panties. I never thought I'd be saying something like that. Thanks, Christian Home for being there for me and others.

"Diane"

## MAKING CONTACT

I was very excited when a girlfriend of mine introduced me to your movement! I have always believed strongly in female supremacy—particularly in my relationships with males—but it was not until the past three years that I have been putting the principles of female supremacy into action.

The man who introduced me to Christian Home is just as excited about your organization. He finds great fulfillment in obedience and admits that guidance from women is what makes him what he is today. I intend to continue to give him the direction he needs for continued growth. Thank you for Christian Home.

Rhonda in IN

## THOUGHTFUL LITERATURE

When I responded to your ad, I figured I would get back some Radical-Feminist rhetoric spouting hatred of men if I got anything at all (since I did identify myself to you as a man), but I thought that for the price of two stamps it was worth the slim possibility that I might learn something.

What I got back was astonishing. I simply was not expecting a well researched, well written, clearly thought-out and highly logical treatise describing exactly why men should accept moral guidance from women. I was especially impressed by the strong emphasis on morality as the basis for your beliefs. While I have not been religiously inclined in recent years, I realized that my objections to religion have been almost universally directed against the mainstream, assembly-line religious organizations,

and your arguments against them really struck home with my own experiences. While I am still not totally convinced about your conclusions, I definitely want to find out more about your beliefs and am therefore ordering more of your literature. I am looking forward to some interesting reading.

P.S. What salutation would you suggest for correspondence with your organization? Somehow, 'Dear sirs' doesn't seem very appropriate.

Donovan in IL

Dear Donovan: You are right that "Dear sirs" doesn't fit. I'm really not very particular about salutations, although I think that "Dear Friends" is nice. Or to address me, "Dear Julie."

## QUESTIONS ON SPANKING

So far, my familiarity with Christian Home is your essay on spanking. It's refreshing to find someone with ideas similar to mine, although I have some differences. Granted, there are exceptions, but from my own observations, spanking is generally the last resort when punishing girls, often restricting privileges or a lecture is enough. But boys—again from my own observations—often need both tied to the offense. Rarely does either spanking or humiliation by itself succeed for them.

Modern boys have to be macho. Enduring a spanking, public or private, is a test of their 'manhood.' But, if the spanking is done in front of girls, especially any younger sisters or some neighborhood girl he's trying to impress and tied to a humiliation, especially one related to the offense—then he usually gets the point.

About two years ago, an eight-year-old boy in my neighborhood was roughhousing with a girl a few months younger and he went too far and started lifting her skirt and pulling down her panties. The girl's mother saw what was happening, rushed out and yelled at him. She didn't want to get physical with him for legal reasons. The boy looked shamefaced, but the next day he was at it again. This time, the girl's mother dragged him to his house and told his mother what he had been doing. She had the girl watch while she pulled down his pants and gave him a thorough bare-bottom licking, and then had him kneel and give his underpants to the girl while he apologized. About an hour later, the girl along with her mother returned to the boy's house and with the boy and his mother there, the boy had a smug look on his face, and much to his surprise, the girl gave him a pair of her pink lace panties, saying that since he was so interested in them, he could have them. Her mother recommended to the boy's mother that he should be made to wear the panties and maybe he'd learn a little about 'walking in another person's shoes' so to speak. The boy's mother thought it was an excellent idea and stripped off the kid's pants and underpants on the spot and put him into the pink ruffled panties. The boy had barely

cried during his spanking but he was bawling profusely after being put into the panties without more than a couple of swats to his butt to make him stop resisting while his mother and the girl helped him into the panties. Since then, he hasn't tried anything like the naughty stunts he's been well known to pull. I realized it was only when his spanking punishment was tied to the humiliation of being pantied did the boy learn to behave.

Likewise, the feminine training of a boy by itself may not be effective. In our neighborhood, there is another man and his wife who believe in petticoat punishment for their twelve-year-old son. But oddly, the boy went out of his way to be 'humiliated' because he secretly liked to dress as a girl but needed to be forced into it so he wouldn't feel guilty about wearing a long blonde wig, a satin bra, pink panties and a dress. And when this father caught his son masturbating after secretly putting on his punishment clothes, the kid was then marched out in front of his mother and sisters and forced to show them what he had been doing! With the family laughing at him, he refused, so his father spanked him with his dress up and panties down. This kid was crying of humiliation before the first crack ever landed on his butt, and once the spanking did begin, he cried harder than anytime before in his life. The boy finally gave up and agreed to pull on his penis through his panties with his sisters and mother laughing at him and mocking him. This boy obviously was a sissy and wanted feminine things, nevertheless his parents immediately realized the combo of humiliation and spanking did the trick and reformed him. From then on, the boy's punishment routine was to be spanked and humiliated before the family in his girlie clothes. The father wrote the boy off as a sissy and told him he was going to make him wear panties for his regular underwear and he didn't care if all of their relatives, neighbors and his friends learned about it. He even made the boy pose in just his pink bra and panties and blonde wig and gave friends and me one of those photos!

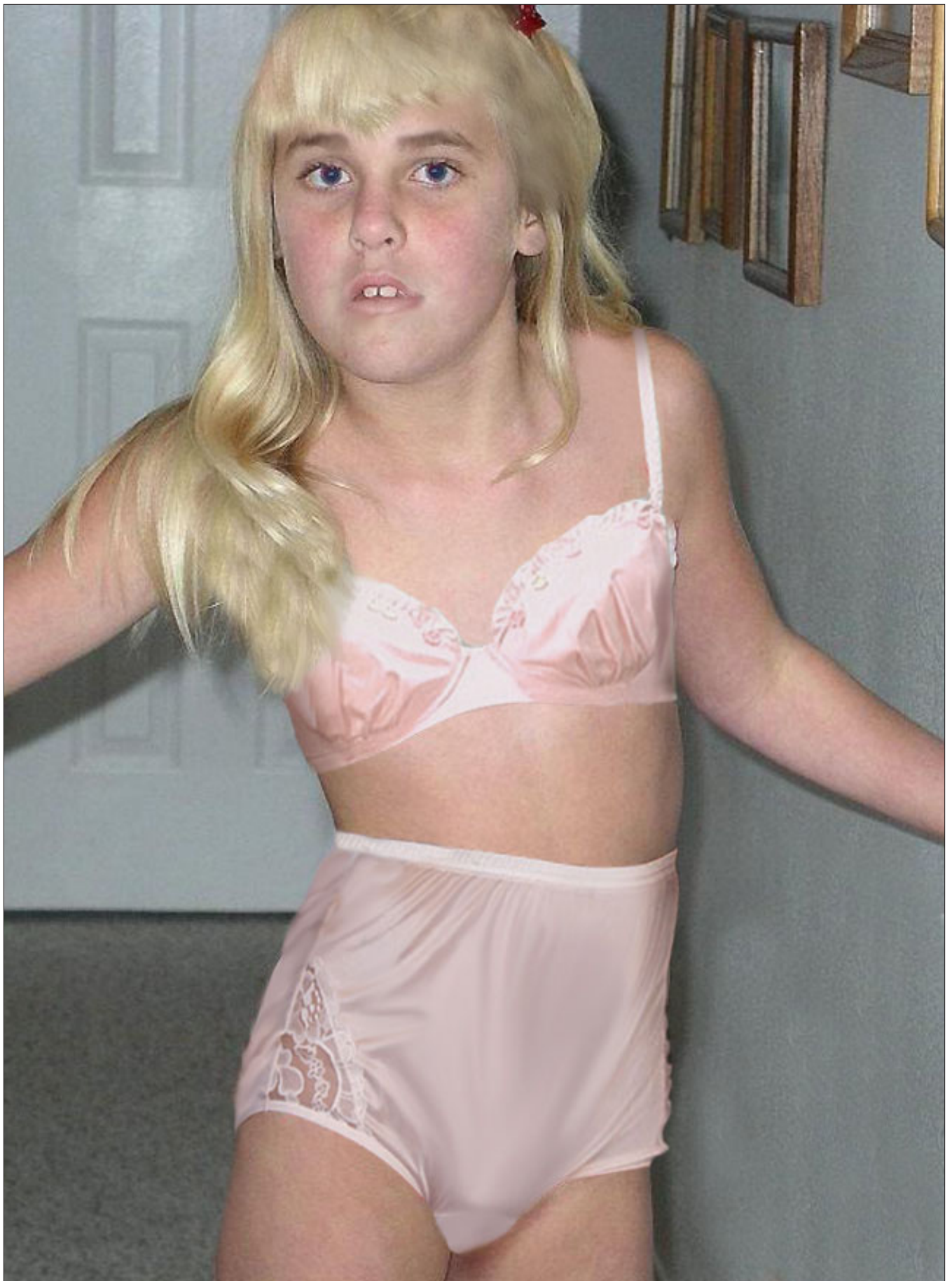
Combining warming a boy's rump with being dressed in girls' clothes and extreme humiliation is a most effective form of punishment. A boy with strong pulls toward girlie things may try to mask his secret desires by being a bully or making "girls are yucky" kinds of comments, but just give him a good paddling along with time in a dress and panties, and he will learn lessons that he needs to learn and break him of his macho defenses.

Robert in OH

Dear Robert: A couple of things you misunderstood about our essay "The Case for Spanking." First, the basic point of the essay as a whole is that spanking by itself is a very limited tool for disciplining children and needs to be supplemented with humiliation, so you agree with us more than you might think.

Second—and more important—feminine training is not in itself a form of punishment. This makes it essentially different from spanking. The only reason a boy would feel humiliated by having to wear girls' clothes is that he thinks he is better than girls and wearing their clothes seems degrading to him. A good boy—







one who has respect for girls—will have no objection to wearing their lovely clothes. But a nasty boy who looks down on girls will feel humiliated. Unfortunately, most boys are at least a little nasty in this regard. The mother who puts her son in a dress is not punishing him. If the boy experiences any humiliation, then he is only punishing himself because of his nasty attitude toward girls. So with the example of the twelve-year-old boy for whom dressing in girls' clothes is not a punishment, it strikes me as a good thing, not a bad thing.

The second boy you mention has obviously overcome much of his prejudice against the opposite sex, and this development should be welcomed. The only real problem is that he so desires the pretty clothes girls get to wear that he started misbehaving in order to be forced into them. The only solution is to dress him as a girl every day, and it sounds like his parents are heading in that direction. This is clearly what he really wants, and there will be trouble unless he gets it.

In addition to giving him girls' clothes to wear, such a boy should be given a feminine name and be taught to answer to it. It would also be a good idea to decorate his room in a more feminine manner. He should be given girls' magazines and books to read—it might be necessary to test him to make sure he is really reading them—and made to spend time with his female relatives: his sisters, mother, female cousins and aunts.

Boys who wear girls' clothes every day tend to be much better behaved than boys who do not, so any boy who wants to dress as a girl should be permitted to do so for that reason alone. In addition, I believe any boy who has overcome his prejudices about girls to the point that he wants to dress in feminine clothing should be rewarded for his change of attitude by being given girls' clothes to wear on a regular basis. Dressing a boy as a girl can be either a punishment or a reward, and it is only the attitude of the particular boy that decides which one it is.

## **PUNISHED FOR PEEKING**

My parents were divorced when I was very young, and I ended up living with my father. Then he remarried when I was ten. His new wife, Stella, had two daughters: Megan, who was my age, and Paige, who was three years older. Dad had always said I needed a mother, but Stella took charge and was not what I wanted for a mother. She said that since Paige was the oldest, it was her job to keep an eye on Megan and me. Paige took to this role with enthusiasm and was always very strict.

One afternoon not long after the wedding, I was walking past the girls' bedroom when I heard someone moving around inside. I peeked through the keyhole and saw Megan, who had just gotten home from school, was changing her clothes. She unzipped her skirt and pulled it down. As she stepped out of the skirt and crossed the room to put it away, I could see she was wearing lace-trimmed white nylon panties with pink trim.

I continued watching as my stepsister removed her blouse. Underneath she wore a small white training bra that seemed to go with her panties. As she moved around the room, I couldn't take my eyes off her dainty panties.

Suddenly I felt a hand grab my arm and pull me up. I turned and saw it was Paige. "What are you looking at?" she demanded, opening the door to look inside. "So, you're spying on Megan in her lingerie!" she said.

At that moment Stella came out in the hallway to see what was going on. "Don was peeking through the keyhole at Megan in her bra and panties," Paige explained.

"What a dirty-minded boy!" Stella exclaimed. "Megan!" she called out through the half-open door. "Put your robe on. We're bringing your brother in."

I followed the two ladies into the room. Megan was sitting on the bed in her pink bathrobe. Stella told Paige to give me "an appropriate punishment" and left the room.

As soon as she was gone, Paige turned to me with a big smile and said, "Now you're going to get it! Come over here."

Paige sat on the edge of the bed and made me stand in front of her. She unbuckled my belt and opened my pants. Then she pulled my pants down around my ankles. Without stopping, she reached up, grasped the elastic waistband of my shorts and pulled them down as well. I was standing exposed with two girls watching. Paige pulled me over her lap and began to spank my naked behind. My head was down near the floor, and as she delivered the spanking, I could glimpse her panties under her skirt. I remember they were a baby-blue color of nylon. I lay there crying from the stinging spanking and at the same time thinking how pretty girls' panties are.

Paige spanked me on many other occasions, and I soon learned it was best to do whatever she said. One thing she insisted I do was to play with Megan because, she said, we were the same age. I didn't want to spend my time playing with a girl, but I felt I had no choice. Usually we played board games or did jigsaw puzzles, but then one afternoon when Paige told me to go up to their bedroom to play with Megan, I got a surprise. Megan said she wanted us to play with her Barbie dolls. I told her I wasn't going to play with dolls, but then she called out, "Paige! Donald doesn't want to play with me."

Paige rushed in, an angry look on her face. I said I would play with Megan; I just didn't want to play with dolls. Paige told me I had to play any games or in any way Megan wanted, and if that meant playing with dolls, then so be it.

I settled down to play with Megan and her dolls. She brought out her Barbies and began showing me their little outfits. She handed me a doll and picked out a couple of the prettiest outfits

she had for me to put on it. As I removed the dress my doll was already wearing, I noticed it had on a tiny pair of panties.

“Do dolls wear panties?” I asked. Megan assured me that there were indeed panties for dolls to wear and we went on playing with the dolls until Megan asked me, “You like seeing girls’ panties, don’t you? Paige told me that you did.”

I had to admit that I was fascinated by panties. Megan then asked if I wanted to see the panties she had in her drawer. I told her I did, and she pulled open the drawer.

Most of her panties were plain white, but she also had some in prints and some in solid pastel colors. She pulled out a pair in a flower print. Turning to me, she put the panties in my hands. They were made of slippery nylon and they felt soft and smooth, not like the funky, thick under shorts I wore. Megan had me examine several more pairs of her panties. She kept bringing them out until I sat surrounded by panties. One pair had little hearts on them and many others had lace and ribbons. All were light and dainty.

Afterwards Megan must have told her sister what we had done because Paige brought it up the next day. “I hear you had a good time yesterday playing with Megan’s panties,” she said. “I knew all along that you had an interest in girls’ panties.”

A few days later Megan told Paige she wanted to have a real ladies’ tea, but she didn’t have anyone to invite. “You can invite me,” Paige told her. “And why don’t you invite Don?”

“But this is a ladies’ tea,” Megan replied. “Don isn’t a lady.”

“Well, we can fix that easily enough,” said Paige. “Come on



upstairs, Don,” she said turning to me. “Megan needs you to play with her.”

I followed the two girls upstairs. Once in their bedroom, Paige told me, “Megan wants to invite a lady over for tea, so we are going to have to fix you up to be that lady. Now take off all your clothes.” I didn’t want to undress in front of the girls, but I was afraid not to. Sometimes Paige would spank me for minor causes, and I was afraid to argue with her. I started removing my clothing, and soon I was standing completely naked in front of my two stepsisters.

“Now we are going to dress you up like a lady,” said Paige as she opened a drawer and pulled out a pair of her pink nylon panties. “I know you are really going to enjoy this because you love girls’ panties so much.” She knelt down and had put my one foot, then my other in the flimsy panties, and then she pulled them up around my hips.

The next item she brought out was a white nylon slip with lace trim which she put over my head. Once the slip was in place, she went to the closet to select a dress for me to wear. After conferring with Megan, she finally settled on a gold lame dress. The dress zipped in back, so Paige had to zip it up for me.

“There you are!” said Paige when the dress was in place. “Now you can attend the ladies’ tea Megan is having.”

Paige made me sit down while Megan brought out her tea things. I put up with this as I always did with Megan’s games until I saw my stepmother, Stella, walk by the door. I jumped up. “Look at what they are making me do!” I exclaimed.

Stella stopped, looked me over and a smile spread over her face. “It’s only a game, Donald. You shouldn’t be so concerned.”

After that every so often my stepsisters would take me in their room and put me in a dress and panties. My dad knew about it, but Stella convinced him it was no big deal. These games continued until I was 12. Then my father disappeared. I think he had enough of Stella and the girls. Stella went to work full time at a bakery and we didn’t have as much money as before. Then one evening Stella turned to me and said, “Donald, we are having a hard time making ends meet. The girls and I have had to sacrifice, but you have done nothing to help out.”

“What do you want me to do?” I asked.

“We can’t buy you many new clothes,” she replied. “From now on you will have to change into Paige’s castoff clothes after school. That way, we can save your clothes for school.”

My two stepsisters laughed and clapped their hands when they heard this. As soon as dinner was over, they took me up to their room to try on things from the back of Paige’s closet. Soon they had me in white nylon panties, a nylon camisole, white blouse and red A-line skirt. They also gave me white lacy socks

and penny loafers and some of her training bras. I saw no reason why I should wear her training bras, but I knew I was in no position to complain. From then on I had to go straight home after school and change into a dress or a blouse and skirt and lingerie. I stayed home and did things around the house because I couldn’t go anywhere dressed as a girl. Paige put me to work cleaning the house, and she and Megan taught me to sew so I would have something to do with my time.

Sometimes my stepsisters’ girlfriends would come over to visit, and Paige would make me join them. She always introduced me as her sister Denise. Those girls acted as if they accepted me as one of them even though they knew I was really a boy.

Not all my girls’ clothes were secondhand. I would get new girls’ clothes on Christmas and my birthday, especially lingerie. That Christmas, Stella gave my own set of day-of-the-week panties, and the girls gave me a garter belt and nylon stockings. I also got two sets of lace-trimmed, nylon babydoll pajamas with matching bloomer panties; from then on, I no longer wore boys’ pajamas to bed. I was dressed as a girl every day for almost six years, until I graduated from high school and went away to college. I became very good at sewing, and now I earn extra money by altering dresses for a local boutique.

Don in IL

## MAKING HEADWAY CONTROLLING

Thank you for sending your information packet. Using some of your hints, I have made a small but positive change in the way my husband treats me. I started by begging my husband to massage my feet, but he said he didn’t like the idea of touching someone’s feet -- even mine! After about six weeks I just gave up, but then one night to my surprise, he asked me if I wanted my feet massaged. I was in total shock -- I told him OK.

That’s when I got brave. Just as he finished, I told him it was an old custom to kiss your wife’s feet after massaging them. My heart was pounding with fear and excitement. I thought I would die—he did it! Then I told him “Both feet!” And he did it. Then I told him each toe. He turned and looked up with a grin that said, “Yeah, sure!” I was blown away—he did! Then I told him “The bottoms of the feet and toes.” In seven years of marriage I have never been in such control without anger.

To be honest I was becoming turned on, watching him kneel at my feet kissing them. Then something strange: He kept it up! Later that night he made love to me. No “wham, bam, fall asleep”—it was like on my honeymoon again. So, thank you! Now if I can get him into panties, I could get him out of the bars, which would save us a ton of money. Anyway, count me as part of the movement.

Donna in IL



Dear Donna: Most men are attracted to women's feet but are too ashamed to admit it. Now that you have unlocked his secret, your relationship should be much improved. Next, try hooking him on your high-heeled shoes as well as silk stockings!

## SISSY MAJORETTE TRAINING

When I married my husband, George, I was determined to be the boss in the family. I knew he loved me above everything else in the world, so he capitulated. One of my rules from the beginning was that whenever he came home he had to take off his trousers, shoes, shorts and socks and put on women's panties and thigh-high stockings or pantyhose. The pantyhose were sheer to the waist so his frilly panties would show. He also had to keep his legs shaved. I let him wear one of his shirts, but that was the only article of male clothing he has ever worn in the house. Sometimes, though, if he did something that irritated me, I would have him take off his shirt and put on a lacy brassiere and a pair of high heels I got for him in his size. At times I would dress him up completely in female clothes, but most of the time it was just panties and stockings around the house. I also instituted a program of regularly spanking George. It was a common sight to have him over my lap for a spanking on his panties. These spankings usually weren't for any wrongdoing, but more to keep our respective places in the household firmly established.

His attire helped with his attitude, and it helped with his stupid friends, who only wanted to drink beer and watch sports on television. I made him wear his lingerie under his regular clothes too whenever he went out. That made him very self-conscious, and anytime his buddies called up to see him, he always managed to find some excuse not to join them. Eventually, they stopped calling. With his drinking buddies out of the way, it was a lot easier to train him.

Another thing that made him more obedient was an exercise I came up with shortly after we were married. One evening after dinner I called him into the living room. "I have a new game for us to play," I told him. "It's a little like musical chairs, but it's for just two people. My part is to play this CD of march music. Then, whenever you hear me play a number from this CD, you will march around the room until the music stops. Then you can stand or sit down or do whatever you want. But you have to be ready to start marching again whenever you hear the music."

I told him to hold his arms straight down at his sides, I explained, because I wanted him to march like a high-stepping majorette, bringing his knees up with each step.

Then I pushed the play button on the CD player. George marched around the living room with his arms at his sides and his knees flying up in the air, but they didn't come up high enough to suit me. "Higher!" I yelled over the music as I swung at his behind with the leather belt I had brought along for this purpose. George gave a little jump each time the belt landed but then continued his marching. After a few more licks from the belt, his high-stepping march started to look good.

I pushed the pause button, and George stopped. I pushed it again, and he resumed his marching. I switched back and forth a few more times, and he always did what he was supposed to. Then I switched off the music to discuss his performance. I told him he should concentrate on bringing his knees up high as he marched. "You are still sloppy about this," I said. I explained we would play this game whenever I wanted, and anytime he heard the march music, which was piped throughout the sound system in our house, he was to drop everything, come to the living room and start marching.

Then, when he wasn't looking, I turned the music back on again. George jumped up and dutifully began marching. "Raise 'em high!" I reminded him. After a few minutes, I turned off the march music and told him that would be all for now. He went



down in basement and started doing laundry. I waited about half an hour and then put the music on again. George rushed into the living room and started doing his high-stepping march. Not a week has gone by since that night that I did not play this game with my husband at least once, and often several times.

His obedience in this exercise has spilled over into other areas of our life. It is a wonderful way to teach a man to obey.

When Rodney was a baby, he didn't understand the significance of his father -- a man wearing panties. Understanding the significance of that had to come first. For his first few years, Rodney had no way of knowing there was anything unusual about his father wearing ladies' panties around the house. Then as he played at other children's houses, he came to realize that something was different in our household. He came to see that his father's wearing pretty panties every day was a part of my domination of him.

Playing the marching game with my husband also helped with the raising of our son. During his early years, I only played the marching game with my husband when Rodney wasn't around, but when he turned 12, I decided it was time to teach him more about my domination of his father. One afternoon Rodney was watching a TV program in the living room and George was in the kitchen making dinner, and when the program ended, I started the march music. George burst into the room and began his high-stepping march and noticed his son watching him from the couch. As George circled the room, his face took on a look of dismay. I let him circle a few more times then shut off the music and said, "Thanks for the show, Daddy. That was fun."

Our son was raised seeing his daddy in panties and even being spanked by me, and I know Rodney looked down on George for wearing women's panties and submitting to spankings like a little kid. I want our son to feel that way. I'll be dealing with Rodney's bad assumptions about males wearing female clothes more in the near future. And to that end, I saw the need to further chastise George in front of our son by taking away my husband's shirt and making him also wear a fancy brassiere, garter belt, stockings and high-heeled shoes in addition to his panties for a spanking. Later that same day, Rodney and I were both in the living room and I played the march music. Sure enough, George stumbled in and proceeded to march in his pink lingerie and bright red pumps with three-inch spike heels. (Red is my favorite color when it comes to males wearing women's shoes.) Our boy sat and watched. He could see me completely dominating his father, while my husband could see our son understood he was completely dominated by me. It was very educational!

Now, I have moved into an even more dominant position, I have started anally fucking my husband after his spankings with a strap-on dildo I bought by mail-order from one of those grocery store tabloid magazines. I love it! But obviously George doesn't! So as you can see, I am the boss in our home. Rodney has grown up understanding and accepting this. He never asks his father for anything. He always comes to me, and he loves me - his mother above all else. So now it's time I take advantage of his love. I'm going to manipulate him into start wearing panties!

Janet in NY

## TAKING TIME OUT FROM BEING A BOY

Not long ago my wife and I were faced with a problem. We had to go away for the afternoon on short notice and leave our 14-year-old son Teddy with his older and younger sisters; we knew he would be tempted to masturbate in our absence, and we had reason to believe he might have taken up smoking. We had to think of something fast.

I'm a policeman, so our solution was to simply handcuff him with his hands behind his back so he could neither smoke a cigarette nor play with his penis. And we left him sitting on the sofa with the TV on. He was home with his sisters and he had to do whatever they said. It was up to them to select whatever they wanted to watch on TV, so he just had to sit there and watch along with them, which at this time meant he had to watch a feature about wedding dresses that his little sister wanted.

With his hands secured behind his back, one of the girls had to help Teddy when he went to the bathroom. For the girls, especially his eight-year-old sister, to unzip his jeans, take out his penis and hold it while he relieved himself was very unnerving for our son, but he knows the males in the house have to follow the dictates of the females and protesting is met with deaf ears.

My wife is a firm believer in using girls' clothes as a punishment for him, and if we ever had to go away while he was being punished, the handcuffs were used to keep him in-line while we were away. And going to the bathroom for him meant having one of his sisters raise his skirt and slips, pull down his panties and hold his penis as he peed, or they would make him sit on the toilet like a girl to do his duty, which was followed up by wiping the tip of his penis with a tissue and then going through the agony of having one of the girls pull up his panties and satisfactorily tucking his penis away in his panties.

Less than a week later, we caught Ted down in the basement smoking cigarettes, and my wife thought he deserved time in girls' clothes. She and our older daughter took him upstairs to change like they usually did and put him in his sister's most feminine clothes: the frilliest nylon panties, the prettiest bra, a nylon slip with elaborate lace trim, sheer pantyhose and a dress lovely enough for a date or church. Then when Ted slipped into his sister's fashion pumps, it usually meant he was done dressing, but this time there was one more item: The handcuffs. Not only was he dressed entirely in girls' clothes, but he could not move his arms or use his hands at all.

Ted had to spend the rest of the day in that condition. Apart from using the bathroom assisted by one of his sisters, the most humiliating part for him was probably dinner, as he could not feed himself. He had to endure his sister's feeding him with a spoon as if he were a baby. On top of that, my wife brought home from the store jars of baby food for Ted. As his sister fed him baby food with a spoon while the rest of us ate a grownup







dinner, Ted had to listen to his mother lecture him on how he really had acted like a baby and needed to do some growing up. When Ted undergoes petticoat punishment, his sisters often like to invite one or more of their girlfriends over to visit and this time was no exception. Kathy (Ted's youngest sister) had her friend Anita over for dinner and she had a great time assisting our daughter in feeding the big baby. Then after dinner Ted was told he had to spend the evening with his sister and her guest. Our daughter's friend had brought over a stack of girls' magazines, and the two girls went through them all, asking Ted which outfits he would most like to wear and telling him which items of girlish clothing they thought would make him look prettiest. At one point Anita asked if Ted was really wearing panties, and our daughter obligingly lifted up his dress so that she could see for herself. Ted, of course, was not in a position to do anything to stop them.

This was a severe punishment even though we never once struck our son. We are not averse to spanking children, no matter how old they might be, but we think it is even more effective to use psychology. The way we handle Ted is more a psychological than a physical punishment. As my wife always likes to say, the best way to punish a boy is to humiliate him.

Marvin and Louise in TX

### MY BOY TAKES GIRLS' DANCE LESSONS

I have two children, a girl and a boy who is two years younger. I wanted both of them to grow up to be cultured, so when my daughter Cynthia was six years old I registered her in a dance class. She was a good student, and I really enjoyed the performances she and her little classmates gave for us parents.

Then when my son Daryl turned six, I took him in to register him for dancing lessons. I wanted him to have the same class his sister had taken, but the dance teacher said that wasn't possible because there were separate classes for boys and girls and each learned different routines.

"We have to do it that way," she said. "If we put them together in the same class, the boys would lose interest and drop out."

When I asked why that was, she said, "Boys think that anything girls do is beneath them. They think they are better than girls. Didn't you know that?"

In a way I always sensed that, but I had put such thoughts out of my mind: I believed my son was above such pettiness, but now I realized Daryl was thinking he was superior to girls!

I took my son home without registering him for a class. I still wanted Daryl to have the same training in dance as his sister, so I decided he would study at home with Cynthia as his teacher. That way their dancing would bring them together, and I would still have my dream that someday they would perform together. In order to get Daryl in the mood for his lessons, I picked up a pink leotard, white tights and a little pink nylon skirt for him to wear. His outfit matched the one Cynthia had. I wanted to remind him he would be learning girls' routines even if he thought he was superior to girls. So in addition to the leotard, skirt and tights, I decided to get him some girls' shoes with heels to dance in. Girls and women dance in high heels all the time, so what would be the matter with a boy learning to dance like a girl? If



girls are not inferior to boys, there would be nothing wrong! Since Daryl was only six years old, I decided to start him in two-inch heels. But they were spike heels and would take some time to get used to. I also bought him a half dozen pairs of girls' pink panties since boys' underwear would show through his leotards and tights.

Cynthia helped me dress her brother in his new outfit. But Daryl didn't like his new clothes, and—just as I had feared—he didn't like the idea of learning dance steps from a class for girls. I had to go out in the backyard and cut a switch to use on his behind. Once he was ready for his lesson, I gave the switch to his sister and told her to use it whenever he balked again.

Cynthia started in teaching her little brother the basic dance moves. Whenever he gave her *any* problem, she would flick the switch across the backs of his thighs, and he would straighten right up. She threw herself into her new task with enthusiasm and had Daryl practice with her every day after school.

Within a few months Daryl was ready for his first recital. Cynthia had me watch while he performed the same dance routine I had seen her do with her class two years before. It was a dance to the song "I Enjoy Being a Girl." For the occasion Cynthia dispensed with his usual pink leotard and dressed him in a frilly yellow sequin dance outfit his sister had outgrown years before. He did a good performance. I think the heels helped. They made his legs look pretty and feminine. This recital was followed by others. The next dance number was to the song "Soldier Boy" by the Shirelles.

Daryl is now 15. He still practices every day with his sister, and he wears high heels when he does so. Cynthia has become so good at dancing that now her advisor at school says that she has a good chance of getting a scholarship to study dance professionally after graduation. I think it would be a good experience for every boy to learn what it is like to dance in high heels. And it never hurts a boy to spend time in pretty pairs of sleek nylon girls' panties.

Millie in WI

## DIAPER & PANTIES PUNISHMENT

I started masturbating when I was 13 years old. My parents explained it was wrong, and I was ashamed of it, but I couldn't help myself and kept on doing it. Mother tried spankings but to no avail. Then one Saturday afternoon she came into my room with a shopping bag. She said she had been doing the laundry that morning when she found more of my filth on the sheets.

"We have tried talking to you, and we have tried spankings, and you still persist in your dirty habit. So now we will try something else." She reached in the bag and pulled out a large package of diapers. "Every time we find evidence that you are masturbating, you will have to wear a diaper every day for two weeks. And this." She reached back in the bag and brought out a pair of pink plastic baby panties. "You will also wear these plastic panties. Now take off all your clothes." My mother helped me out of my clothes. She pinned the diaper on me and then helped me into the plastic panties. I had to spend the rest of the





day wearing only the diaper and the panties. The next day was Sunday. When we went to church in the morning, I had to wear the plastic panties and diaper under my church clothes. Then, when we returned home, I had to strip back down to my punishment uniform, as my mother called it. That afternoon my mother's friend Elizabeth came over. She made a remark about the unusual way that I was dressed, and my mother said, "He has a problem with self-control."

"Apparently so," said Elizabeth.

For the first week of the punishment, I mostly stayed home. It was the last week of summer vacation, and I had run out of things I wanted to do anyway. I almost got used to wearing the diaper and panties. Sunday came, and I was allowed to wear real clothes for the first time in a week. Monday was Labor Day, and Tuesday was the first day of school. Tuesday morning I was hoping my mother would let me wear my regular undershorts, but she said I had to wear the diaper and plastic panties under my school clothes. The day passed without incident—as far as I could tell, no one else could tell what I was really wearing. But I was scared anyway. Then on Wednesday I had my first gym class. Since it was the first meeting of the class, we didn't have to change into gym clothes. But it became clear I would have to change in front of the other boys the next time, which was Friday.

On Friday morning I pleaded with my mother to let me go to school without the diaper and panties. But she was adamant that I had to wear them. I complained that the other kids would laugh at me, but she just said, "Maybe next time you will be able to muster a little more self-control." Sure enough, in the locker room the other boys made fun of me for wearing a diaper even though I tried to hide in the toilet stall while changing, but the stalls had no doors on them and the other boys saw me. After that, it seemed as if the school day would never end. Finally the bell rang, and I ran home. At the time, I was mad at my mother for the punishment she had imposed. But since then I have come to change my attitude. Diaper discipline taught me self-control.

Ernest in GA

## TOO OLD TO BE SPANKED?

Your periodical is causing me considerable discomfort. My wife is an avid fan of yours, and lately she has taken to spanking me whenever she disapproves of my behavior. Nor is there any protection afforded by the frilly nylon panties I am required to wear. I'm 23 years old (my wife is 21), and I think I am too old to be spanked. But I must admit, I have become better behaved since my pretty boss began her regimen of discipline.

Harold in OH

## CURING TEENAGE MASTURBATION

My wife and I have been reading with great interest the letters to Christian Home regarding the problem of teenage masturbation. Our son once had this affliction too. We believe we have come up with the best solution for nocturnal self-abuse. We had tried making him wear girls' nylon panties to humiliate him out of his boyish self-abuse. The panties did shame him miserably, but the soft panties seemed to cause him to have an erection almost constantly. So my wife milked him into his panties each night just before he went to bed, and so he would not really get much pleasure from her draining him of his juices, she masturbated him in a very rough, businesslike way, jerking on his penis through the panties so he associated his disgraceful act with the embarrassing sissy panties and all the while calling him a sissy and similar names as she brought him off to make him feel even more ashamed. She'd then change him into a clean pair of panties locked onto him with a thin length of very strong monofilament line threaded through the waistband and then sent him to bed. The only problem, most mornings when she woke him up she found his nylon panties defiled with his cum as he had either jacked off again during the night or had a nocturnal emission. So we had to take more aggressive measures. We started with a woman's waist cincher, such as you can find in any large department store. Then my wife sewed on two small metal rings, one on each side of the garment. She used nylon fishing line instead of thread because it is very strong and impossible for the boy to break. My wife started to make him wear lace panties 24/7 so his penis would get used to the feel of nylon on his penis and not erect so easily. (She always made him wear pink panties to further shame him and would make him go shopping for them and buy them himself.)

Then at nighttime she masturbates him roughly through his silky panties like before, but then after letting him rest for ten minutes, she even more aggressively masturbates him a second time into his panties. Then sexually exhausted and his penis usually quite sore, the boy is outfitted in a fresh pair of panties and the waist cincher garment over the panties. It goes around his waist and secured with hooks and eyes in back. Once it is in place, little leather straps with buckles (we use cat collars from the dime store) are threaded through the two rings and fastened to his wrists. That's all! The boy is then ready for a wholesome night's sleep with his panties unsullied by his boyish filth, which can only bring a burden of guilt.

The would-be masturbator cannot reach the buckles to undo the straps. Nor can he reach the hooks and eyes in the back. As long as the waist cincher is the correct size, he cannot twist it around to touch his genitals. This design is simple, easy to make and inexpensive. It prevents the boy from succumbing to the temptation to stroke himself, and it has the additional merit (at least according to my wife) of giving our boy a prettier figure.

Don in IN



## LANDLADY TAKES CHARGE OF MASTURBATING ROOMER

Some time ago I decided to supplement my income by renting out a room in my house to a college student. In order to prevent any immorality occurring in my house, I laid down a strict set of rules. There could be no alcohol or cigarettes brought into the house and any visitor of the opposite sex had to stay in the parlor and could not go upstairs to the student's room. In addition, the student would be expected to spend a little time each evening reading the Bible with me.

Several students came by for a room only to decide they did not want to abide by my rules. Finally, a young man of 19 named Freddie said he would take the room.

Freddie turned out to be a good roomer, and he was very faithful in coming downstairs at the appointed time for our Bible study. We decided to read the New Testament straight through and started at the beginning with the Gospel of Matthew.

Everything went smoothly until we got to the passage in chapter five where Jesus speaks of committing adultery in one's heart. Then I noticed Freddie looked troubled. I asked him if he had been lusting after women and committing adultery in his heart. He nodded. I asked him if he had been masturbating, and he went silent and hung his head. Finally, Freddie confessed he had tried to resist the temptation to fondle himself, but to no avail. He looked so miserable that I took pity on him. I told him I would try to help him with his problem.

Later that night when it was time for bed, I knocked on the door to his room. I told him I had come up with a solution to his problem and instructed him to remove his pajama top. I then showed him what I had brought: a pair of handcuffs and a sturdy pink lace brassiere.

I helped him put on the brassiere and hooked it in back. Then I put the handcuffs on one of his wrists, slipped them under the bra in front and fastened them to his other wrist, effectively imprisoning his hands up against his chest where they would have to stay until I unlocked the handcuffs. I had also taken the precaution of tying a piece of elastic across the back between the two shoulder straps. This way, the straps could not come down over his shoulders, and the only way he could get out of this contraption would be to destroy the bra; even then his hands would still be secured.

Next morning I went back upstairs to release Freddie from his handcuffs. As I walked into his room, I noticed he was wearing a big grin. "Did everything go all right last night?" I asked as I unlocked the handcuffs.

"Yes," he said. "I didn't have any problems."

"That's good," I said. "From now on I will restrain you like this every night."

Freddie thanked me for helping him with his problem and I went downstairs. In the days that followed I continued to restrain his hands with the brassiere and handcuffs each night. During the day Freddie seemed much more cheerful than he had been.

I thought Freddie looked cute wearing a women's brassiere, but the bra clashed rather badly with his male pajama bottoms. Then one evening I had an idea.

After our Bible study, I turned to him and said, "You know, Freddie, I really like seeing you in your brassiere, but it just doesn't go with those pajama bottoms you wear to bed. You wait here a moment; I have something nice to show you."

I ducked into my bedroom and picked up a pair of my sheer nylon panties. They were pink and a good match to the pink brassiere that he wore at night. I took the panties into the parlor and standing in front of him I held them up for Freddie to see. "I think you'd look really sweet in these. They match the brassiere you've been wearing and would look much nicer than those stupid old pajamas you wear."

Freddie gave me a blank look and didn't say a word.

"Now, Freddie," I continued rather sternly, "I have been doing something for you, helping you with your problem, so why don't you do something for me? Isn't that fair? All I want is for you to slip into these panties whenever you put on your brassiere. That's not asking very much. And who's going to know? Just the two of us. So take these panties upstairs with you. If you want me to go on restraining your hands each night, you had better be wearing these panties when I come to your room! Well, what's it going to be?"

Freddie didn't reply, but he took the panties and went to his room. Later, when I followed him upstairs, I found him sitting on the edge of his bed, clad only in the pink nylon panties and matching brassiere. "You really do look cute," I told him. "Perhaps you should have been born a girl." He blushed when I said that and looked cuter than ever.

He continued to change into a brassiere and panties every night before going to bed. Then one Saturday morning I made an important discovery. I went upstairs to Freddie's room to change the linen and tidy up just as I had each previous Saturday. I thought he had gone to the library, but when I opened the door I was surprised to see him lying on the bed reading a book. That wasn't the biggest surprise, though. He was still wearing his panties and brassiere! This was several hours after I had released him from the handcuffs.

I excused myself and went downstairs, but later that day I brought it up with him. "I can see that you really like to wear

women's fancy panties. I bet that you want to be a girl." As usual, Freddie didn't say anything, so I continued. "I think it's time we started going shopping together. It will be good for you to learn about the pretty clothes girls get to wear."

Our first foray into feminine shopping was to build up his panty wardrobe. Being a student, Freddie didn't have much money, so an assortment of women's panties was all he could afford.

Back home I had him pick a pair of panties he had purchased. I also gave him a little apron to wear with the panties. "If you're going to be a girl, you will have to learn how to do housework," I told him. Freddie set about cleaning my house wearing only the apron, panties and his bra that he had put on without me asking! This is great, I thought. He pays me rent, does my housework for free, and looks pretty doing it. On our next shopping trip, I would have him buy some more bras.

Later my friend Susan stopped by and remarked on Freddie's attire. "Is he being punished?" she asked. I had to tell her the whole story. I know Freddie could overhear our conversation because I could see he was on the verge of tears with me telling her all this personal information about him and how he was now becoming enthralled with beautiful lingerie. "So you see, he can't afford anything more than a wardrobe of nice girlie panties right now," I concluded.

"Well," said Susan, "my daughter has a lot of clothes she doesn't wear anymore. I'll be happy to let Freddie have them. He looks to be about the right size. The next day, Susan brought over some dresses, skirts, blouses, slips and other items, and we had Freddie spend over an hour trying them on. Now he wears a dress or a skirt and blouse when he does the housework. I think he looked cuter when he wore only panties, though.

Harriet in IL

## HE DIDN'T MAKE THE CHEERLEADING SQUAD

My mother was a cheerleader in high school, and she always wanted a daughter who would follow in her footsteps. Unfortunately, however, she had only one child—me, a boy. Then when I started junior high, the school I was attending announced the cheerleading squad would henceforth be open to boys. When my mother heard this, she became very excited. I didn't want to be a cheerleader, but she kept insisting I sign-up. So finally I did.

The day came for our first practice session, but I wasn't looking forward to it at all. We met in the school gym, and I then found I was the only boy who had signed up and I became very irritated. While we were waiting for our coach, Miss Anthony the girls' physical education teacher, a couple of the girls smirked at my presence as they started showing off by doing handstands.

I heard them making snide comments about me -- a boy who wanted to be a cheerleader. I became even more irritated when one of the girls did a handstand right in front of me, her legs right up in my face. Angrily, I grabbed the elastic waistband of her cheerleader bloomers and pulled them up to her knees. I was expecting her to be wearing panties or something under her bloomers, but she wasn't. She was totally naked. The girl let out a shriek and collapsed onto the mat. Miss Anthony had just entered the gym and saw the whole thing. She ran over, grabbed my arm and dragged me out of the gym and into her office. She phoned my mother and told her to come at once and take me home.

When my mother arrived, I had to wait outside while she and Miss Anthony discussed the situation. Then mother drove me home in silence. Once home, she told me to go to my room and stay there until she said to come out.

Later that afternoon my mother called to me to come to the living room. As I entered the room, I saw her standing there with Miss Anthony. She gave me a lecture about what an awful thing I had done and said, "Now you are going to get the whipping of your life. Take off your clothes!" When I hesitated, the two women grabbed me and began to remove my clothing. Soon I was standing there completely naked. Mother brought out a leather belt and said, "You are going to take it just like that girl—totally exposed." She made me kneel in front of the couch. Then she brought the belt down on my naked bottom. After about a dozen flicks of the belt, my mother invited Miss Anthony to take a turn. She walked over, positioned herself behind me, and my whipping resumed. When it was over, they had me stand up, still naked, and it was very embarrassing. But what happened next was even more shameful.

"You think that because you are a boy, you're too good to be a cheerleader," said my mother. "You think cheerleading is only for girls. And you think what you did today will get you out of being a cheerleader. Well, you're wrong on all three counts!"

She motioned to Miss Anthony, who picked up two shopping bags and brought them over. "Even if you are not going to be on the squad, that doesn't mean you can't wear a cheerleading uniform," said my mother. "Miss Anthony has been good enough to provide you a uniform in your size. You are going to dress as a cheerleader every day after school and on weekends from now on, and I'm going to give you lessons in how to do cheers. Then out of the first bag came a pink sweater with the school logo in red and trimmed in red and a short red-and-white pleated skirt. It was a girl's uniform!

I thought nothing could be worse than this, but I was wrong. They turned to the other bag. "We decided to get you a supply of regular girls' panties, fancy ones, since you will not be doing your cheers and jumping up and down in front of other people and we want you to look nice, so you won't need to wear the thick, opaque cheerleader bloomers," mother said as she pulled out of the bag a handful of lacy pastel-colored panties.

She held up one pair of panties for me to see. They were pink nylon with red lace around the leg openings. "You'll be wearing panties in the school colors when you are in your cheer uniform," said Miss Anthony. The two of them put the panties on me. Then my mother had me stand in front of the mirror so I could see how I looked wearing only panties. "This is what happens to boys who think they're too good to do what girls do," she said. Then they produced a padded red brassiere and put it on me. After that came the skirt and sweater. Once I was dressed in the cheerleader outfit, I had to make another trip to the mirror.

Then reaching back into the bag, mother kept pulling out item after item of girls' clothing, adding with a wild giggle, "And when you're not practicing your cheers, I'm going to keep you fully attired as a girl around the house. Won't that be nice?"

I spent the rest of the day in the uniform. The next morning I wore my regular clothes to school, but as soon as I got home I had to change into an emasculating dress and panties. While I was in school that day, my mother had bought some shoes and socks to go with my new girlie clothes, so I had to put on some girls' shoes and socks.

She said I could then go outside if I wanted, but I didn't want to go out. I didn't want people seeing me in a girls' outfit. Mother made me get on the phone and call my friends to tell them about my predicament. By then everyone at school and in my neighborhood had heard rumors of what I had done, and now I had to explain it all to them, including exactly what I had done wrong. Some of the kids didn't want to see me anymore when they found out I was wearing a girls' clothes at home, and panties under my regular clothes whenever I went out, but my best friend, Dave, was sympathetic, and he invited me over to shoot some pool in his basement.

In a dress, I was afraid to walk down the street so I had to ask mother to drive me over to Dave's and she did. While we were shooting pool, Dave told me he thought I should forget about how I was dressed and act as if nothing were unusual. "What difference does it make what you wear?" he asked. "It isn't going to hurt you, unless you let it." Dave soon changed his mind, however. A few weeks later, I noticed he looked worried. He told me he had an argument with his mother, and she had threatened to dress him in his sister's clothes if he didn't do what she said. He told me, "She got the idea from you."



I asked his mother if this were true, and one day when she was driving me home, she confirmed it and then told me she knew of several mothers who had told their sons they would be dressed as girls if they misbehaved. "So, you see," she said, "boys all over town are cleaning up their acts because of you."

I kept hoping mother would get bored with having me wear girls' clothes and let me go back to wearing boys' clothes, but it never happened, partly due, I'm sure, because of Miss Anthony, who became a frequent visitor to our home. The two of them became very close, and I knew nothing about it at the time, but now I know Miss Anthony is a lesbian and had started a romantic relationship with my mother! And she and mother collected a supply of used girls' clothes from many of our neighbors who had daughters, and it was humbling because those girls would ask me how I liked a certain dress or some other item they had donated to my shameful cause.

At mother's insistence, I stopped going to the barber shop to get my hair cut. She let it grow out for a while and then took me with her to her beauty parlor to have it cut and curled. From then on, I had curly hair. Later that year, she decided I should be a blonde, so it was back to the beauty parlor and I ended up with curly long blonde hair.

After a while I got the courage to walk down the street in my girls' outfits. By then everyone in our little town of 4000 knew of my punishment, so there was nothing to hide. But as soon as I started walking around outside, my mother and Miss Anthony became worried that I might have become

indifferent to my appearance, so they upped the ante. Mother had my ears pierced and I wore simple stud earrings to school, but afterward at home, I had to change to larger, fancier ones. Then Miss Anthony thought I should start wearing lipstick. So I had to practice putting on lipstick every day after school. Later they introduced me to eye shadow and, on Friday afternoons, nail polish to be worn throughout weekends.

All the girls at my school knew about what I had done, and it was impossible for me to get a date. I wasn't able to start dating until I went off to college. But the boys who did go out for cheerleading after I was thrown out of the program were very popular with girls and had no trouble arranging dates. If I had not been so stupid, that could have been my story too.

Chris IA