

*Christian*

*Presented by the Demale Society*

# 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 5**

**SELECT LETTERS FROM THE FIFTH YEAR OF CHRISTIAN HOME  
ISSUES #24 - 28 - AUGUST 1996 - JUNE 1997**

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STRANGE FOSTER HOME DRESS & SPANKING EXPERIENCE  
HUMILIATING AN IMMATURE MAN • BEGGING MY WIFE TO SPANK ME**

*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.

**Christian Home Letters 5<sup>th</sup> Year**

## **#1 CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATER**

We came across a flyer on your organization folded into the Bible in our hotel room when we were in Chicago. Don't know who left it, but it's very interesting to discover other Christians who also believe in female supremacy.

Karen and John in DC

## **#2 A WAY TO FEMINIZE BOYS**

I was a member of the Boy Scouts when I was a boy, and so I have read with great interest your articles on the current problems within Scouting. You are right that the BSA ought to allow women to be Scoutmasters. Unfortunately, there does not seem to be much hope this will happen in the near future.

I have an idea about what can be done. Any group of parents can start a Scout troop as long as they get permission from the national office. Several female supremacist couples could get together and form a local oversight committee that controls any new troop. The first thing to decide would be who is to be in charge of the troop. This person would of course be a woman. Then the committee would appoint her husband to be Scoutmaster while she herself would be an assistant Scoutmaster. All this would be just on paper, however. The boys in the troop

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for interesting group activities like putting on plays and having the boys play the girls' parts as well as the boys' parts; running a clothing drive and thereby putting boys in contact with female clothes; sewing and homemaking projects; arts and crafts that focus on female themes etc. Doing events combined with local Girl Scout, Campfire Girl and Brownie groups. Most any activity could be tailored to developing female interests and ideals. And an Explorer post run by girls could be a drawing card for certain boys and certain girls. The post could serve as the nucleus of a female supremacist network for teenagers.

Harold in IL

### #3 AMAZON FEET

Perhaps one of the greatest science fiction works, *Dune* by the late Frank Herbert, ended in "Chapter House" in which the rulers of the universe were a race of Amazon warrior females called the Honored Matres. Though they conquered worlds with advanced technological warfare, they ruled and policed these worlds without guns, knives or swords. They genetically honed their feet (the toughest and strongest part of the female anatomy) for countless generations until the most lethal weapon

known was the barefooted kick of an Honored Matre.

Their law was clear and absolute, and violation of the law meant immediate, on-the-spot sentencing. Every Honored Matre, from Junior Administrator to Scholar to Supreme Commander, could kill with her bare feet and would do so with ultra-advanced martial art efficiency if the witnessed offense were serious enough. With lethal punishment coming from the bare feet of any Honored Matres, psychological dominance was also assured: "Any woman can take off her shoes and kill me with nothing but her bare *feet!* And there is nothing I could do physically to stop her!"

This has to be the ultimate in superiority. Indeed, one would worship the dirt a barefoot female stepped on. The modern, contemporary, female obsession with footwear would have to end, but today more and more females are excelling in martial arts, breaking boards and bricks with their bare feet, running barefoot for miles on pavement, gravel and sharp stones to toughen their feet to claim their black belts.

A. R. in GA

would quickly see that the woman was in control and the man was merely a figurehead announcing her decisions. This in itself would set a good example for the boys, showing them the proper relationship between the sexes.

Scout troops are divided into patrols, and these are more manageable groups for educational purposes. Each couple in the oversight committee could adopt a patrol and sponsor meetings in their home. These meetings would be an ideal place to teach boys about the moral superiority of women and the need for them to accept feminine guidance.

Such a Scout troop could be a vehicle for outreach to others on behalf of the female supremacist movement. One group the oversight committee could target would be women raising children without the aid of a man in the home. There are many such households today, and it is hard for many of these women to cope. They would certainly welcome the opportunity for their sons to participate in a wholesome activity like Scouting, and many of them would be sympathetic to the female viewpoint.

Another opportunity would be through the Explorer Scouts. I was never an Explorer, but I am told they now admit girls as members. The adults in charge of the post could make it a rule to only allow girls as leaders. There are many possibilities here

## #4 CROSSDRESSING FUN WITH SIS

I was the second youngest in a family of six children. After my little brother was born, our mother pretty much left it up to my sister Sandi to watch after me. Sandi used to dress me as a girl. We lived on a farm, and I think she wanted another girl to play with. There were five boys in the family but only one girl. I was almost four years old when she first took me up to the attic where our cousins' castoff clothes were stored.

She helped me out of my clothes and then showed me a box full of girls' panties. She picked out a pair of pink rhumba panties with ruffles on the seat and put them on me. Then she opened a trunk and pulled out a little white petticoat. Once I was in the petticoat, she brought out a dress for me to wear. The dress was blue and white with a big blue bow in the back. As soon as she had me all dressed up, Sandi took me back downstairs to her room to play and where I could see myself in her mirror.

"Now do you see?" she said. "You are no longer my brother Casey. Now you are my little sister Katie." She brought out her tea set and we had a tea party, the first of many. "Why Katie," she began, "what a pretty dress you have!"

With a little coaching, I learned to say, "Thank you, Sandi. You look very nice too."

The next day my sister took me up to the attic again. This time she picked out a pair of lilac nylon panties for me to wear. The panties were followed by a nylon slip and a red and black dress. Soon I was dressed as a girl again and we went back to her room where she brought out her dolls for us to play with.

Sometimes Sandi and I would go downstairs to the living room and we would watch TV while I was wearing a dress. Mother was too busy with the other children to do much about it, and Father drank a lot and usually ignored me. My brothers left me alone after they saw me dressed as a girl. Sometimes they called me Katie too. Another thing Sandi sometimes liked to do was put pink nail polish on my fingernails, so I would have pink nails wherever I went, even into town.

When I was in grade school my sister started taking me to our parents' bedroom to play dress-up with our mother's clothes. This was whenever our parents were away somewhere. Sandi would take off all her clothes except for her brassiere and panties and then put on a slip and dress. Then she would help me into a similar outfit. I especially remember wearing my mother's party dress. It was a white ball gown with a red sash at the waist and a full skirt and came with a matching petticoat. Before I got into the dress, Sandi explained that it was for fancy occasions, and that I had to wear nylon stockings with it. She showed me a white lace-trimmed garter belt and put it around my waist. Then she helped me put on a pair of nylons with seams up the back and attached the garters to the tops of the stockings. Only then was I ready to put on the petticoat and dress. After Sandi zipped up the dress in the back, she went over to the closet and brought out a pair of red high-heeled shoes. I was able to get into the shoes, but I couldn't walk in them, so we sat on the bed and looked at Mother's fashion magazines.

Another time Sandi wanted us to try on Mother's pajamas. First she picked out a set of red nylon baby doll pajamas for

herself. She took off her clothes including her panties and bra and pulled the nightie down over her head. Then she stepped into the matching panties and pulled them up into place. My sister had decided on a purple nylon nightgown for me to wear, and she helped me out of my clothes and into the waltz-length gown, that on my came all the way down to my ankles. The shoulder straps looked like ribbons, and the nightie fluttered as the delicate material fell down over my legs to the floor. "There you are, Katie!" she exclaimed. "Don't you just wish you could be a girl and wear pretty clothes all the time?" And yes, I really did want to be a girl just like my sister, whom I looked up to.

When I was in the fifth grade, I noticed the other boys in my class didn't move their hips when they walked. So I started practicing holding my hips still too. Sandi noticed I was no longer swinging my hips when I walked like she had taught me and got angry at me. "Why aren't you moving your hips when you walk?" she asked.

"The other boys at school don't move their hips," I replied, waiting for her to say that she didn't want me to be a boy.

"It's not natural," she continued. "You must have practiced holding your body rigid like that. It just doesn't happen otherwise." I had to admit I had been practicing just as she said. "Girls move their hips as they walk because that's the natural way for our bodies to move," she told me. "That is just a fact of anatomy. But the boys you know have trained themselves to be rigid when they walk. Do you know why?"

I shook my head. "It's because they think girls are inferior," explained my sister. "They don't want to do anything girls do or anything that makes them look like girls because they think boys are superior. So they walk in an unnatural manner just to prove they are different.

"I don't want you doing that any more, Katie. I know you are a boy, but I don't want to see you acting as if you thought girls are inferior. Now let me see you walk in a natural manner."

I was ashamed. I hadn't realized the way I had been walking insulted my sister and other girls. I tried walking across the room with my hips moving the way they had before. That's better," said Sandi. "Just remember I don't want to see you walking rigid ever again. Otherwise I will have to use this." She walked over to her dresser and pulled out a leather belt.

I tried to unlearn the stiff way of walking I had picked up from the other boys, but one day my sister caught me walking through the living room while barely moving my hips. "Come on," she told me, "I can see you are going to need motivation to swing your hips."

Sandi took me up to her bedroom and got out the belt she had shown me earlier. Holding it up before me, she ordered me to remove all my clothes and put them on a chair. Then she opened another drawer—her lingerie drawer—and fished out a pair of her lace-trimmed blue nylon panties. "These should help to get you in the proper mood. Now hurry up and put them on," she said, tossing the wispy panties across to me. I quickly put the panties on and started across the room, being careful to let my hips move naturally as Sandi demanded. At first I failed to get it right, and my sister sent the belt swooshing through the air and hitting the back of my panties. Finally she was satisfied and let me put my clothes back on except she told me to continue



wearing her panties under my jeans for the rest of the day, something that I didn't mind doing at all.

Sandi went off to college while I was still in junior high, so we didn't get to spend much time together after that. I think she had been a good influence on me. I was a good student while my brothers always seemed to be fighting and getting into trouble. I was the only boy in my family to attend college. Now I have a good career and a happy marriage, and I believe I have my sister to thank for this. And our two sons, now four and seven, frequently wear nylon panties to help them walk naturally and to remind them of the superiority of females and what a privilege it is to be allowed to wear pretty panties. There is nothing sweeter in the whole world and for our boys to come to my wife and me and beg us, "We've been good boys, can we wear panties to bed tonight?" My wife has already purchased some slips and dresses for them that are hanging in our closet and is waiting for just the right time to get the boys into them.

Casey in TX

## #5 I HAVE MY TWINS TRADE PLACES

I am the mother of twins. I have always thought one of the fun things about twins is that you can dress them in cute matching outfits. But when mine were born, it turned out I had one boy and one girl, but I decided to get them matching outfits anyway. I alternate them from one day to the next. Yesterday Tab and Tammy were both dressed in boys' clothes. They wore identical shirts, slacks and shoes. Today they are wearing matching pleated plaid skirts and white blouses. Tomorrow it will be back to boys' shirts and slacks.

They are now eight years old and play with children their age in the neighborhood. The mother of one of their playmates told me recently that her son wouldn't normally play with a boy in girls' clothes but he makes an exception for Tab because he's a twin. Another woman tried to tell me that I shouldn't have my son wearing dresses. I then asked her, "What about when my daughter dresses like her brother as a boy?" She answered, "Oh, that's different. It's OK for girls to wear boys' clothes, but not vice versa." And when I asked her, "Why is that? Are boys superior to girls?" she said, "Yes, it's a man's world."

Well, it is a man's world. That's what's wrong with it. But it is changing, and my children are part of the change.

Debra in WI

## #6 TAKE CONTROL USING STRIP POKER

Your literature says to control a man through teasing and denying him sex. I know this works because it worked for me and for my friend Jill. We are both married, and we along with our husbands usually get together at my house on Saturday nights. One day she and I were talking about how to get our husbands to do what we wanted, when I told her (that I had learned from you) we should tease them, get them turned on, and then leave them like that. "How do we do that?" she asked.

I told her we could play a game of strip poker. Jill wasn't sure she wanted to try that, but I kept telling her husband Todd would take her more seriously if we did. I knew the men would go for it. My husband Bret even made a passing reference to strip poker one night when the four of us were trying to decide what to do for the evening. I made the suggestion, and sure enough they jumped at the idea. I told them the ladies would have to make the rules, and they agreed.

The first rule was that the women were to be allowed to wear more clothes than the men. I told them this was fair because our husbands thought they were better at poker than we were, so this would even things out. The men would be allowed a shirt, undershirt, pants, undershorts and shoes and socks. Since items like shoes that came in pairs were to be considered one item of clothing (more about this in a minute), each man was allowed six items.

Jill and I, on the other hand, would be allowed to wear our three-piece business suits (a jacket, blouse and skirt), a scarf, a camisole, a half-slip, a brassiere, waist nipper, panties, garter belt and shoes and stockings, for a total of 12 items.

The strip poker game was the first thing we would do when we gathered on following Saturday night, and the game would continue until one person was completely naked. Then we would spend the rest of the evening dressed as we were when the game had ended. This was why paired items like shoes had to be bet together, to avoid having to walk around all evening wearing only one shoe or one stocking.

We played a variant of five-card draw. Each person had to play each hand; no one was allowed to fold. So the only element of skill was deciding how many cards to draw. Once everyone had drawn their cards, all the players would show their hands, and the one with the lowest hand would lose one item of clothing.

To make it even more interesting for our husbands, if one of us women lost, our friend's husband would remove our lost item of clothing and if one of the men lost, his friend's wife would help him off with his lost article of clothing. The men looked forward to this part of the game, as when Bret had to kneel down to remove Jill's high-heeled shoes or the time I instructed Todd to unclasp my bra and take it off.

The best strategy for this game is different from that of regular poker. Here the goal is not to have the best hand, but to avoid having the worst, so it is not a good idea to throw away one card of a pair in order to try for a straight or a flush. Also, it makes sense to keep an ace even if it doesn't go with anything else in the hand. This is not always the way that our men play, though. They keep trying to get the highest hand even when it means risking getting the lowest. I think that is because men are naturally competitive and want to win even when it's not a very smart idea, and also because they just want the chance to undress us. Bret gave up a pair in order to try for a flush. He got the flush, and it was the highest hand, but since Todd had the lowest hand, Bret's flush didn't do him any good.

The first time we played, Bret had to spend the evening without any clothes. Todd held onto his undershirt and shorts; Jill ended up in her bra, half-slip, panties, garter belt and nylon stockings, while I was down to just panties, stockings and garter belt. Jill had lost seven items, and I had lost nine, but my husband

lost the game.

After our game of strip poker, we decided to play Scrabble. The poker game had been played at a card table which partially blocked our view of the other players (although we did keep getting up to remove each others' clothes), but I set the Scrabble board in the middle of the living room floor so the men could get a close-up view of the scenery. Jill and I could see very plainly that our husbands were definitely excited about this new form of entertainment.

(After several weeks of playing this game, we had to add another rule. We noticed our husbands kept touching themselves. Jill and I told them we found it very irritating, and they would apologize, but then we would spot one of them doing it again. So we told them that if either of them were caught fondling himself again, the other man would have to give the offender's penis a few strokes as punishment. Sure enough, I caught my husband absentmindedly stroking himself. Todd was as embarrassed as hell to do it, but we finally got him to gingerly wrap his hand around my husband's dick and stroke it up and down, and when my husband erected, Jill and I laughed excitedly much to our men's shame. Bret had to spend the rest of the evening frequently blushing whenever we reminded him of his sin. Todd was very careful not to touch himself for the rest of the night!

Later that night, after Jill and Todd had gone home; my husband was in the mood for sex. The pressure had been building up in him all evening. Once we were in bed, though, I resisted his advances. I started talking about how the living room needed a new couch. I wouldn't let him have any until he agreed to get a couch. I also made him get up and put on a pair of my panties since I jokingly told him he had shamed himself with his homosexual display by getting an erection when Todd had wanked him.

I think women make a big mistake when they let their husbands have sex any time they want, without humbling them and getting whatever they want from them. I know the marriage manuals say not to use sex as a bargaining chip, but those books are written by men and from a male point of view. The right idea is to get your husband hot and then hold out for something you want for the house or the kids.

I continued to demand things for our home each time he wanted sex. Once he rebelled, but I told him he was being selfish and was spending too much on himself and not enough on home and family, and he backed down. That wouldn't have worked if I had been demanding things only for myself. It helps always to take the moral high ground.

After that he became more docile and started taking my advice about how to spend his paycheck. I am close to having complete control of our finances. The next step will be to put him on an allowance. I am making a list of times that he has spent money in ways I consider irresponsible. None of them is very large, but I am going to confront him with these incidents and demand he start signing his paychecks over to me.

Timing is everything. It wouldn't work to demand things every time a man happened to suggest having sex, but only when the pressure has really built up inside him.

Mary in IL

## #7 PANTY TRAINING A MASTURBATOR

I started masturbating when I was 12 years old. Sometimes I would borrow women's magazines belonging to my mother or sister and look at the lingerie ads while I did so. One afternoon I snuck into my sister Trudy's bedroom to find one of her magazines and I thought I'd peek in her lingerie drawer. I found a pair of pink nylon panties with lace trim that I just couldn't resist. I stuffed them in my pocket and went downstairs to spare room we had set up in the basement. There I opened my pants and stroked myself with the panties. But I was careless in ejaculating, and my sperm got all over the panties.

I wanted to wipe it off, but it had soaked into the material of the panties. I tried to think of a way to hide what I had done. Then I spotted a basket of dirty clothes next to the washing machine. I stuffed the soiled panties down the side of the basket. Then I went back upstairs to the living room.

A few minutes later I heard the voice of my sister Trudy. "Mother!" she said. "I can't find my pink panties."

"Maybe you already wore them," came the reply.

"No, I did them with my hand laundry just the day before yesterday. I know they were right there in my drawer."

"Well, look around. They couldn't have gone very far."

Trudy went in the bathroom.

"They're not in the hamper," she said. Then I heard her go downstairs to the basement.

"Here they are!" she called out a couple of minutes later. "Oh, yuk! Mother, come take a look at this."

My mother went down in the basement. I could hear them talking. Then I heard them come back up the basement steps.

"All right Mark, how do you explain this?" my mother said as they walked into the living room carrying the panties. I didn't say anything, so she said, "Oh, never mind explaining. It's obvious what you did. You are a dirty-minded boy to want to use your sister's pretty panties for your filthy habit. Whatever gave you the idea to do such a thing? Why did you go in your sister's bedroom to get her panties out of her drawer?"

"Mark likes girls' panties because he wants to be a girl," said Trudy. "That's why he went in my bedroom. He envies me because I'm a girl and get to wear pretty clothes."

"Well, we have to do something about that," said my mother.

"First let's see what you look like in panties. Now take off all your clothes."

I hesitated for a moment, and my mother and sister grabbed me and started to remove my clothes. Soon I was standing in the middle of the living room without a stitch. My mother held out the panties I had soiled. "Now put these on. Come on, you've done it enough times before. I want to see what you look like when you're wearing pink panties."

I started to put them on. They were still damp. I could feel it against my skin. "Well, look at this!" said my mother. "A boy who wears panties. Lacy pink panties. Just like a girl." I hung my head. "Since you like girls' panties so much, you are going to wear them every day. Now go help Trudy with dinner." I reached for my pants. "Oh, no you don't! Those panties are too



pretty to cover up. They are all you are going to wear for the rest of the day. Now get in the kitchen."

I followed Trudy into the kitchen. I was embarrassed having to wear only a pair of flimsy panties in front of my mother and sister, and the visible stains were especially embarrassing. Then at dinner, Trudy kept teasing me. "Bring in the mashed potatoes, panty boy," she said. "Or should it be panty girl? Yes, that's right: Panty girl. Because you want to be a girl." From then on she called me panty girl. "How did panty girl get that stain on her panties? Is it her time of the month? A girl should always be careful not to stain her panties." She turned to my mother. "Panty girl has been very bad. She has stained her nice pretty panties."

"Yes," said my mother, "she is a very bad girl. But we are going to train her to be a good girl; aren't we, Trudy. She will learn to be a good girl or suffer the consequences."

"I think panty girl would like a brassiere to match her panties. Then she would have a prettier silhouette. What do you say, panty girl? Do you want a lacy pink brassiere to go with your lacy pink panties?" And when I didn't respond, she added, "Of course you do!"

I didn't say anything during dinner. After dinner I had to wait in the living room while Trudy went to her room and then reappeared with a pink brassiere. She put it on me and then stuffed the cups with more pairs of nylon her panties. "There you are!" she said. "Now you do look like a girl and you have a ready supply of panties with you at all times just in case you can't help yourself and dirty the panties you have on!"

Mother laughed and said, "Oh, yes, you look so much more feminine in a brassiere." And when sis asked if I could wear the bra to school the next day, mom said, "No, Trudy, your new little sister can't wear her new brassiere to school, but, of course, she will be wearing panties to school every day."

Trudy had me play Monopoly with her on the carpet in the living room, and just before bedtime, mother took pictures of me with her Polaroid, the first of many pictures she would take of me in girls' clothes. Then as I was getting ready for bed, mother brought out her baby doll pajamas for me to wear. They were baby blue with white bows and ruffles with panties to match. The next morning, she gave me a pair of her turquoise nylon panties to wear to school under my regular clothes.

"What about gym class?" I asked. "The other boys will see I'm wearing panties."

She said, "I'll call and get you excused from gym." And after I left for school, she called the principal and told her she didn't want me taking a gym class where I would have to change clothes in front of the other boys because some of them might be homosexual. She promised to enroll me for classes at the local dancing school to compensate, but the principal still said no. Then my mother threatened to call a lawyer and sue the school if ever I were required to take my clothes off in front of other boys. Then when it came time for my gym class, I was told I had been reassigned to study hall. I had spent the entire day at school in women's panties without anyone having the slightest suspicion.

When I arrived home from school, mother was waiting for me with several shopping bags. "I bought some nice things for you to wear," she said, "and I want you to try them on." She



reached in a shopping bag and handed me a package. I opened it and found a sturdy white satin garter belt. "Now take off your shoes, socks and pants so you can put it on."

She helped me and as soon as it was in place, she brought out a package of nylon stockings and showed me how to put them on. When I had the sheer stockings rolled up my legs and attached to the garters, she led me over to the full-length mirror so I could see what I looked like. She pulled my shirt tail away so I could get a better look, and there I was—a boy dressed in panties and nylons. "Now I have a nice surprise for you." She pulled out a shoe box. I opened it and found a pair of girls' shoes, black with chunky heels. Later, when Trudy measured the heels with a ruler, she told me that they were two and a quarter inches high. "This is your first pair of heels. Now aren't you going to thank your mother for the hose and pretty shoes?"

Despite being fascinated with these new items of lingerie I was pretty devastated wearing them and having to model them before my mother and sister. "Thank you for the nice stockings and pretty shoes, mother," I said dutifully managed to say, fearing other woes if I didn't say what they wanted to hear. The shoes were a little tight and took some getting used to, but I was able to adjust. Once I had the shoes on and was trying to walk in them, she told me to take my shirt off. She brought out a black padded brassiere for me to put on. "I picked up some bras in various colors, but I want you to wear black today because it will be less noticeable with what you are going to wear over it."

She turned to retrieve another shopping bag. "It costs a lot to buy clothes for a girl, and now I have two girls to buy for. Those shoes cost a lot of money, and it isn't cheap to keep a girl in nylons. I would like to buy many nice dresses for you to wear, but I can't afford it. Sometimes you might be able to wear Trudy's hand-me-downs, but we are still going to have to cut corners. So instead of buying you any dresses today, I bought you these." She reached in the bag and pulled out a folded-up black garment. She shook it out and held it up so I could see that it was a slip: A nylon slip with thin shoulder straps and black lace at the bodice and hem. "We are going to pretend that this is a dress," she said. "Many dresses look like slips anyway. It's not a stretch of the imagination. In any case, it doesn't matter because you're only going to be wearing it in the house anyway."

I didn't think it looked like a dress, but I put it on. It was a full-length slip, and for the time being, a slip over my lingerie was to be my basic after school outfit—that and a frilly apron mother had bought me for doing the housework, as she informed me I would have to be of more help around the house, because I was a girl now and because it was going to cost her a lot more to keep me nicely clothed, so I had to help any way possible.

The next morning, under my sister's supervision, I put on a pair of nylon panties, the garter belt and nylon stockings before donning my regular school clothes. Panties and nylons were to be my standard garments no matter where I would go. Then when I came home, I'd have to take off my outer garments and put on a bra, slip and heels. If I was scheduled to do housework that afternoon, I would also put on my ruffled pink apron.

Mother regularly scrounged the thrift shops for more shoes until I had nearly a dozen pairs in assorted colors and with

heels in varying heights.

Once, when I was in my room reading in a petite-length purple slip, Trudy came in and said Mother wanted me to come down to the living room. She took my hand and led me downstairs. As we entered the living room, Trudy held my hand even tighter. I could see why. Sitting on the couch was my mother's sister, my Aunt May. "Here she is, May," said Trudy. "Isn't she cute? I call her panty girl because she wants to be a girl so she can wear the panties she loves all the time."

"Is this really my nephew Mark?" asked May. "He looks so different when he's wearing a slip. But did you say that he is wearing panties too?"

"That's right," said mother. "But now we call him-her Margie."

"Margie, pull up your slip; show Aunt May your panties."

I started to hesitate, but I could see Trudy was ready to come over and do it for me, so I reached down and grasped the lace hem of my slip with both hands and pulled it up so it was above my waist. Underneath I was wearing purple panties to match the slip and brassiere.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed May. "His lingerie is really cute. And a garter belt too! And it looks like he has on a bra too, right?"

"Yes, it is," said Trudy. "Margie can take off her slip if you want to see."

That's all right," said May. "He can keep his slip on. He does make such a lovely young lady, though. Do have him join us in our conversation."

I let my slip down and I sat down on a chair. The conversation lasted two hours, although I didn't say much. Aunt May kept looking me over the whole time.

A couple of weeks later, I could tell something was about to happen, but I didn't know what it was. Mother handed me a new garter belt—it was in pink satin—and insisted that I change into it along with my black full-length slip and a pink bra and panties underneath. Then my sister took me into her room and did my nails with a hot pink polish and put pink lipstick on me before sending me back to my room to put on my red heels. A few minutes later Trudy came in and said mother wanted me down in the kitchen. I was still a little unsteady in my three-inch heels so I held on to her arm as she escorted me downstairs. As we came to the kitchen, I could hear women's voices coming from the living room.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"It's the women from mother's church group. She wants you to serve them tea."

"In just my slip?"

"No, Silly! Put your apron on first."

I donned the apron while Trudy readied the tea tray. She handed me the tray and then pushed me into the living room I didn't want to resist her when I was wearing high heels because I was afraid I might fall. "Here she comes," said my mother. "This is my little Margie, the new daughter I was telling you about. I used to have a son named Mark, but he wanted to be a girl and insisted on wearing girls' clothes, lipstick and nail polish, so we decided to go along with what he wanted."

"Remember I said I can't afford new dresses for Margie right now, so we are pretending that this slip is really a dress."

"That's a very pretty dress, Margie," said one of the women.



"You look lovely in it."

I passed out the cups and saucers and circled around, pouring tea for each of the women. Then I went back to get the pastry tray. After that, I thought I would be done and could leave, but my mother had other ideas. "Let's have a fashion show!" she declared. "Margie, you're the model, so walk to the far end of the living room and back so we can see your pretty outfit."

She put on a record and I started across the room. I had to walk slowly because of the three-inch spike heels, and it took me a long time to traverse the room and return. As I walked, I was aware that every eye in the room was on me as I showed off my black nylon slip, red high heels and nylon stockings.

When I finished my walk, my mother said, "That was very nice, Margie," and started to clap. All the women in the room applauded my performance. Then she said, "For the next part of our fashion show, why I don't you show your audience what lovely lingerie you have on under your dress."

She and Trudy helped me out of my slip, and I walked back and forth in my pink bra, panties and garter belt as mother commented on the fabric and design of each garment. Halfway through my walk Trudy took a picture of the group of women with me right in the middle.

As soon as I had finished my lingerie walk, the women applauded again and my sister took my hand and led me around the corner to her bedroom. While I had been serving tea, Trudy had been busy bringing down my other slips, bras, panties and high heels and laying them out on the bed. Quickly she helped me change into another outfit, this time one that was all white. I had to walk the length of the living room, and then pull my slip up over my head to display my brassiere and panties and start walking back, finally stopping to turn around so the women could get a better view. I had to repeat this with two more of my outfits. Trudy had selected the shortest, frilliest slips as the ones for me to model—and finally my baby doll pajamas, for which I removed my garter belt and stockings but kept on my heels.

The women let me know they had thoroughly enjoyed my fashion show and told my mother it had been the best entertainment their group had in a long time. I had been extremely embarrassed by the whole episode but I didn't complain because I knew if I did, mother and sis could come up with even more severe ways to humiliate me. I didn't want to give them any reason to punish me and tried to be on my best behavior at all times.

My hair began to grow out over time because I no longer visited the barber shop, and my sister gave me a girls' hairstyle. Then, after weeks of wearing nylon slips every day, Christmas Eve arrived and I finally got some dresses of my own. Mother gave me two dresses; Trudy gave me one, and I received one dress each from Aunt May and from two of my other aunts. Two of them were fancy dress-up dresses for special occasions, but the other four were suitable for everyday wear. The one from Aunt May was in pink chiffon with a high waist and a delicate bow just under the bust line. I wore it on Christmas Day because Aunt May was coming to visit and she was bringing my cousins Jim and Susan.

Susan was one year older than I, and Jim was three years older; I had always looked up to Jim. My cousins had been

given no warning that I was being dressed in girls' clothes, so when they walked in they were taken by surprise. Susan wanted to know all about it and couldn't stop asking questions, and Trudy was more than happy to answer her in detail. Jim, though, didn't have anything to say and seemed to avoid looking at me. He had no idea how glad I was to be allowed to wear a dress after so many weeks of nothing but girls' slips for outerwear.

I continued to wear dresses at home every day until I was graduated from high school. I was allowed to wear a boy's shirt and trousers if I had some where to go, but I had to have panties, a garter belt and nylon stockings on underneath the trousers, even if I was out on a date.

I started to date in junior high, but none of those relationships lasted. After a few dates, a girl would hear that I wore a dress at home and would lose interest in me. If she didn't find out from her friends at school, Trudy would get out the family album and show her pictures. I had it out with my sister about her being a snitch. I told her she didn't want me to have a girlfriend; that's why she kept bringing out those pictures. "That's not true," she said. "I want you to have a girlfriend, but it should be a girl who accepts you for what you are, which is a boy who dresses up in girls' clothes." I asked her how I would ever find such a girl. "I'll help you find her," she promised.

Well, she did. I was in the ninth grade at the time. Trudy was attending the state university on the other side of town, but she still lived at home to save money. One day she pointed out a girl in my class named Cynthia and suggested I invite her out. I had never been attracted to Cynthia, but I tried it. Unknown to me, my sister had gotten to know her through a mutual friend and had told her about me wearing girls' clothes and the girl was extremely interested in getting to know me.

I knew Cynthia never wore a skirt unless she absolutely had to. Usually I would see her around town in blue jeans and one of her brothers' shirts and thought she would never understand about me wearing girls' clothes -- she hardly wore them herself! I took her to a movie on the following Saturday night anyway.

The next afternoon my sister invited her over without telling me. Trudy had me come downstairs, and I was surprised to see Cynthia there, and sure enough, soon Trudy had our family album out and was showing her pictures of me in lingerie and dresses. I was sitting between them on the couch with the album in my lap while they looked at the pictures. Cynthia asked me many questions about the things I wore, and I was surprised that she showed an interest in the frilly types of girls' clothes she never wore. Trudy made an excuse and left us alone in the living room. Cynthia became very affectionate with me. I could tell from the way she kissed me that she liked seeing me in my frilly dress. When I felt her hand go up under my dress, play with my garter straps and the lacy edges of my panties I had to take a deep breath and try to remain calm. Just as she put her hand over my panty-encased erection, we heard Trudy cough as she reentered the room, and we broke off our embrace.

Cynthia became my steady girlfriend for the remainder of high school. She liked to walk home with me after school and help me dress up in my feminine outfits. Sometimes she would come along when my mother and I went shopping. She helped pick out things "for Margie," she would say.



I finally had to admit to myself that despite those times when my mother or sister embarrassed me in front of others, I did like being forced in dresses, petticoats and panties. That was the end of my freshman year, and by then, my hair had grown quite long, and thank goodness the high school I attended let boys wear their hair long. I wore it in a long pony tail at school, and at home, Trudy would put it into a feminine style as we would frequently play beauty shop as she taught me how to manage and style my hair. I've enclosed two photos about a year or so apart showing me with my hair short and then long and nicely styled.

That following summer, I overheard my mother reading a story out of the newspaper to Trudy that reported that the police had arrested a boy who had been stealing brassieres and panties off clotheslines in our neighborhood. "This is why I had to treat your brother the way I did. A boy with his inclinations can get into a lot of trouble if he isn't given the silky lingerie he craves." The boy who had been arrested was a student at a nearby theological seminary, but after his arrest his hopes for a career as a priest were destroyed.

Cynthia and I were married right after our high school graduation in June. She insisted that I always dress as a woman at home, and I have gone along with her wishes. We have two fabulous daughters (each with a wardrobe to die for) who have no problem accepting that their daddy loves to dress up like a lady at home. We have been happily married for the past 12 years, and now she has kindly given me her permission to write you this letter.

Mark in IL

## #8 READY TO WEAR

I have been reading with great interest the letters you publish describing the ways some parents have devised to prevent their teenage sons from masturbating in bed at night. Your readers may be interested to know that one such device used to be available for purchase in this country, so that it was not necessary to make one's own.

The contraption consisted of a sheath that the boy's arms would be put into, one from each end, behind his back. Then the sheath would be laced up so the boy could not free his arms without assistance.

This device became available commercially sometime around the turn of the century. It does not seem ever to have been available in stores, but it could be ordered from ads in various magazines. The sheath was still available for a few years after World War II, but then disappeared, which is a shame.

Keep up the good work with your interesting publication!

Jim in AR

## #9 OPPORTUNITIES TO FEMINIZE

I can't tell you how happy I was to receive a copy of your excellent newsletter. I am so glad a girlfriend of mine informed me about the wonderful work you are doing in demonstrating the desperate need for and the importance of a universal recognition of female supremacy. One does not need to be against men to recognize the terrible mess that the male species has made of times past. Our only hope for the future is to encourage women and girls to take their rightful role as guardians of the morals of society or we will suffer a spiritual as well as a physical holocaust that will leave our world in ruins.

As the mother of two children, one 26 and the other now 24, I have long believed that dressing boys in a more gentle fashion contributes to better behavior on their part, as well as instilling in them a greater respect for women and girls.

Consequently, my youngest, a boy, I was able to periodically dress like a girl for Halloween, costume parties and school plays. I always did it in the spirit of fun and never as a punishment, but I know he realized how it was important to me that he went along with me on these occasions. Halloween was an especially big affair, with the planning of his costume weeks before as we decided on a suitable costume, shopped for the dress and accessories and had many sessions at home trying things on to "get used to wearing them" as well as experimenting with makeup and hairdos. His big sister was a huge asset during these times and was constantly begging me to dress him up so she could play with her "baby sister." On several occasions, I caught her dressing him up on her own. I never admonished her for doing it, and I don't think he protested very much either until I would catch them, and then the little embarrassed boy came out in him and he pleaded that he didn't really want to do it and his sister had made him dress up.





But now he appreciates, loves and respects women and girls, and has admitted to me that he enjoyed all those playing a girl sessions, even when his sister did it to him despite his weak protests. Even his sister let hi know that it was never considered a punishment but was done in love and with much affection bestowed on him by his older sister and me. Besides, he made a cute little girl. I've enclosed a photo of him in a princess dress from one those memorable Halloween costumes from years ago.

I finally got him to admit that he still prefers dressing prettily, or playing "dress up," with the support of his wonderful wife. They never miss a Halloween party or other event in which he has a chance to dress up like a pretty lady. His sister, who today is a successful attorney, is pregnant with a boy and has confided in me that she will dress her him in a similar manner as she has seen the favorable effect that it has had on her brother. Please keep up the good work and enter a subscription for me.

Susan in NY

## #10 ACTING LIKE A SISSY

My father abandoned us when I was little. My mother hired a girl named Shirley to baby-sit my sister, Cindy, and me while she was at work. I was very close to my mom, and when she left for work in the morning, I would stand at the front door and cry endlessly. Shirley tried to get me to stop by threatening me. "If you keep it up," she would say, "I am going to dress you up like a sissy. If you want to act like one, you can dress like one." But loving my mom (as I perceived it) didn't seem to me to be an act of sissiness, although at the age of six I wasn't thinking about such things, and in any case I didn't really care what she said and kept on crying.

Shirley's threats went on for a few weeks until one morning when she had enough, grabbed me and took me upstairs to my sister's room. A few minutes later I found myself in a plaid dress with white socks and slippers: the first girls' outfit I ever wore and Shirley kept me in it for the rest of the day. She even took me to the store that way.

After that I still cried when mom left each morning and I had to wear dresses every day. It was humiliating, and I cried even harder





when she kept calling me a sissy and a bad little girl. Shirley told us not to tell Mom, and we didn't because she said mom would punish me even more being a sissy and punish my sister for laughing at my expense. Besides, we were all afraid of Shirley's wrath because she had the authority to spank us too and she gave us very hard spankings. At first my sister thought it was funny, but after a while she felt sorry for me and talked me into telling mom. By then I had turned seven and I had been wearing my sister's clothes for the better part of the summer. Sis didn't have the courage to tell Mom, so it was up to me. One evening at the supper table after Shirley had gone home, I told her. I said Shirley punished me every day by dressing me in Cindy's clothes because I wouldn't stop crying when she left for work.

I didn't get the reaction I thought I would. Mom looked at me and asked if I thought she should be embarrassed every day when she put on her pretty clothes in the morning. I said no.

I told her I loved her and hated it when she left. But I didn't think I should be punished for it. She said in a nice motherly voice, "I appreciate the fact that you love me, and I love you too, but what bothers me is that you think having to wear girls' clothes is a punishment. That explained that it proved I looked down upon females and that had to change. She said Shirley had rightly guessed I was on my way to growing up into a boy with no respect for females and she was just trying to make me a better boy by dressing like a girl. I didn't understand that logic but you can't argue with your mom and win.

Mother told my sister to finish the dishes and told me to go upstairs and peel off; she would be up in a minute. I began to cry. She put me over her lap, spanked me with about a dozen sharp slaps on my bottom and then held me for a minute before sending me upstairs, crying all the way. She put me in panties, a pair of girls' jeans and a blouse. She told me Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday would be girl day, except for school. However, I did wear girls' underwear all the time. I wore my gym shorts under my jeans so no one could see my panties. My name for girl days became Brenda.

By the time the holidays rolled around I was getting used to dressing like a girl. My sister didn't laugh at me anymore. So it just became a part of our lives. That Christmas I received many items of girls' clothing and a doll. Mom loved to make up my face too and she taught me how to do it myself after a while. A picture of me in heavy makeup and being dressed by my mother is attached for your enjoyment.

Throughout my childhood, I would go for haircuts about once a month, and the barber would give me candy. But after I started high school, I never did go back to that barber. My mother would just hug me, give me a piece of candy and say, "Boys are wearing

their hair longer these days, you don't need a haircut just yet." By spring my hair was over my ears, and Mom started putting barrettes in my hair and teaching me how to curl it. When school let out for summer my hair had gotten quite long. Mom bought me many girls' clothes for summer, including a two-piece bathing suit.

I didn't socialize after school because of the way I had to dress. Instead, I would hang out with my sister. I learned to cook, do my hair, shave my legs etc., but I didn't have buddies or girlfriends. My femininity was a little hard to hide even when I was wearing my boy clothes to school. My hair was long, and my ears were pierced—and in the 1970s it wasn't status quo to have a little diamond in each ear. I was teased and called "faggot" and other such terms.

Brian in OH

## #11 MOTHER'S PANTY SHOPPING PUNISHMENT

The letters that you publish about boys who are dressed like girls are very interesting. My mother also had me put on my sister's dresses, but she did it only as a punishment. On one occasion she devised a somewhat different punishment. I was 12 years old, and she took me shopping for panties. We went downtown to a large department store. She stood back a short distance while I had to ask a clerk where to find girls' underwear. Mother followed me around while I searched for the department. Once I found the girls' underwear area (the department was huge), I had to ask a second saleslady for the particular panties that I was to buy. Mother had written out a description on a piece of paper and made me rehearse it and then say the exact same words to the clerk: "I would like to buy some girls' nylon panties in assorted colors that are in your newspaper ad."

"Oh, yes, the boxed set of days of the week panties," the saleslady said. She took me down an aisle to a big display. "What size do you want?" she asked. I told her the size mother had specified. "Here you are," she said, holding up a box of panties. The front of the box was covered with clear plastic so I could see there were six pairs of panties inside; one pair were white and the rest were all in different colors: pink, yellow, mint, blue, rose and lilac, and each pair had embroidered a name of the way of the week on them. The clerk then asked if I was buying them as a gift for my sister. I wasn't expecting that and didn't know how to answer. Instead tears just pooled up in my eyes and I knew she saw I was ready to cry. She just put the box in



my hands and said, "Oh, dear, I understand. Here you go. Have fun with these nice little panties."

My mother stayed behind while I went to the cash register to pay for the panties. I had to wait in line, and the ladies in the line kept looking at me with my intended purchase and smiling. While I waited I looked back into the department and I saw the lady who had waited on me talking with another saleslady and they were laughing and looking directly at me. The line was not very long, but it seemed to take forever for me to get to the register and for the clerk to put the panties in a bag. Then my mother and I went back downstairs and out the door.

As soon as we were out in front of the store, my mother said, "Give me the bag." I was happy to give it up, but then she took the box of panties out and handed it back to me. "There— now you can carry them like this so that everyone will see how pretty they are, and hold them out so people can see through the plastic



cover and see you are carrying this box full of your new panties!”

I had expected that we would go back home once I had bought the panties, but we stayed downtown for most of the day while my mother did more shopping. I had to carry the boxed set of panties around in full sight the whole time. Everywhere we went, women kept looking at me and my box of panties. On the bus on the way home, one man with a devilish sneer on his face kept staring at me any my box of panties for the whole twenty minute ride. It was unnerving.

We finally did get home. Mother opened the box and put the panties in my underwear drawer. After that, whenever she wanted me to dress in girls’ clothes, she would first send me to my room. I would have to take off all my boys’ clothes and put on the pair of panties with the name of that day of the week on them. Then I would go to my sister’s room, where my mother and sister would finish dressing me.

From then on I had a constant reminder of how I might be punished, for whenever I opened my underwear drawer, right in the middle I would see my little stack of nylon panties just waiting for me to step out of line and forced to put them on. Several times after that mother took me shopping for panties and sometimes she would even make me pose standing in the middle of the girls’ lingerie department holding the panties I was buying as in the picture I am sending with this letter.

Dave in IL

## #12 STRANGE FOSTER HOME

My mother died when I was 12, and after that my father began drinking heavily. Sometimes he wouldn’t come home until late at night. The neighbors began complaining about him, and a social worker named Miss Marquardt came out to see me. After she interviewed me and saw what a mess the house was in, she went to court and had me taken away from my father. I was then 14 years old.

Soon Miss Marquardt was driving me to my new foster home. Their family name was Hansen and they had no children of their own, but they had accepted a number of foster children over the years, and Miss Marquardt had known them a long time. She told me that there would be four other foster children living in the home, all teenage girls.

We arrived there Friday afternoon. My new foster father Mr. Hansen was a traveling salesman who sold farm equipment to other farmers, so it didn’t really matter where they lived, and they were able to get a large four-bedroom farmhouse for a very low rent. Mr. and Mrs. Hansen had one bedroom, the four girls took up two other bedrooms, and I was to have the last bedroom to myself. That evening I had dinner with my new family and then was shown around the house. My bedroom looked nice. It had a double bed and lots of space. I did notice that there was a girls’ dressing table against one wall, though. “What’s that here for?” I asked.

“Oh, we used to have a girl in this room,” explained Mrs. Hansen. “We don’t have many boys here, usually just girls.”

Nothing seemed out of the ordinary until early next morning

when Mrs. Hansen walked in the door of my new room and asked, “Which of these do you want to wear today?”

I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes. My foster mother was holding up a girls’ blouse in each hand. I didn’t understand this at all. “Why should I wear a blouse?” I finally replied. “I want one of the shirts that I brought with me yesterday.”

“Now Tony,” Mrs. Hansen explained, “you need those shirts to wear to school. We can’t afford to buy you many new clothes. There are a lot of clothes here the other children have outgrown, and they will be fine for you to wear around the house.”

“But those things are for girls,” I said, pointing to the two blouses she had been holding.

“Well, no one is ever going to know, Tony. We’re not going to tell. Are you?” I shook my head. “Then choose,” ordered my foster mother.

One of the blouses was pink with white lace trim; I didn’t want to wear pink, so I chose the other one. That blouse was sheer white with a lacy front, three-quarter sleeves and a peter pan collar. Mrs. Hansen laid my choice on the bed along with a pair of pale blue shorts and went downstairs to fix breakfast. When I got dressed, I noticed the shorts were pull-on with an elastic waist and no zipper in front. I was sure they were girls’ shorts, but I put them on along with the blouse and followed her downstairs. Soon I was seated at the breakfast table with the rest of the household wearing my frilly blouse. The first to take note of my feminine attire was the youngest girl, Barbie. “What a pretty blouse!” she exclaimed. “You look really nice this morning.”

Barbie was about my age, but the other girls were all older. Cindy, who was sixteen, was the first to concur in the younger girl’s assessment. “Yes, you do look nice in such a pretty blouse, Tony. Do you wear blouses every day?”

“He will now that he is here,” said Mrs. Hansen. “There are plenty of blouses stored away, aren’t there, girls. Hand-me-downs that have been outgrown and aren’t wanted any more.

“That’s right, Tony,” said Priscilla, who was also sixteen. “There are a lot of things you could wear, and not just blouses.”

“I’m sure there are a lot of skirts packed away that would fit you and go with that blouse,” added Rachel, who at seventeen was the oldest. A cold chill passed over me when she said that.

“We can take a look sometime when I’m not so busy,” said Mrs. Hansen. “Today I’m going to do laundry though.”

I felt relieved at that news. Maybe Mrs. Hansen would just stay busy, and things wouldn’t go any further. Meanwhile the four girls continued to compliment me on my pretty blouse all through breakfast. I kept glancing at Mr. Hansen, hoping he would object to what was going on around him, but Mrs. Hansen’s husband acted as if he hadn’t heard a thing.

Otherwise, the day was uneventful until late afternoon when Mrs. Hansen brought the clean laundry up from the basement. “Tony,” she called out, “your pajamas developed a tear while they were in the washing machine. They must have been pretty old. I had to throw them out. The tear was in the crotch, so of course it would be immodest for you to wear them. I will have to find you some other pajamas to wear to bed tonight.”

I was afraid she would find girls’ pajamas for me, and after dinner I went looking for whatever was left of my old pajamas.



I poked through the trash can behind the house. I peeked in the waste basket in the kitchen. I went down in the basement and rummaged around. Finally I found my pajamas in a box of rags. Sure enough, there was a big tear in the crotch. But as I looked at the remains of my pajamas, they were very worn, but I began to wonder if the tear had really come from the washing machine.

Later that evening when it was time for bed, Mrs. Hansen entered my room with the pajamas that she had chosen for me to wear. She held out to me a short purple nylon nightgown with spaghetti shoulder straps. This was just what I had been dreading, and as Mrs. Hansen approached the bed where I had been sitting, I told her pointedly that I wasn't going to wear it. "But Tony," the woman replied, "you know we have to make do with what is available. And it is such a lovely nightgown. Lots of little girls would love to have a chance to wear it."

"But I'm not a little girl," I said. "I'm a boy!"

"Well, it isn't going to hurt you to wear it, Tony. Now stand up so I can see if it fits."

As she approached the bed, I yelled at her to stay away. Soon the girls were crowding into the room to see what the noise was all about. "What's the matter, Mrs. Hansen?" asked Cindy.

"I picked out this pretty nightie for Tony to wear to bed, but he doesn't want to do what I tell him," Mrs. Hansen answered. "I think you're going to have to get the hairbrush, Rachel. He doesn't want to cooperate."

When Rachel returned with the hairbrush, Mrs. Hansen pulled my pants and undershorts down around my ankles and laid me across her lap. With all the girls staring at my nakedness, Mrs. Hansen began to swat my bare bottom with the hairbrush. After a series of stinging whacks with the hairbrush, I was pleading with Mrs. Hansen to stop the spanking. Finally she asked me, "Will you promise to wear whatever I give you to wear?"

"Yes," I muttered as she continued to hit me with the brush.

"Say it!" commanded Mrs. Hansen. "Say it!"

"I promise to wear whatever you give me," I blurted out.

Mrs. Hansen stopped. She pulled me up onto my feet, and then she removed all my clothes. I had to stand there before the girls completely naked as she took her time putting the purple nightgown over my head. It fit, but it didn't even go down far enough to cover my penis and testicles. My shameful exposure didn't stop my penis from thickening, and when Mrs. Hansen noticed it, she said, "Tony, you need to always be modest in this household."

"Barbie, go fetch me a pair of your panties to cover up this ugly little thing he has between his legs." Barbie bounced out of the room and returned instantly with a pair of white nylon panties with some pink lace around the edges. Mrs. Hansen held them open for me. I stepped into them almost glad for to be covered up. I spent the night in the dainty gown and panties. Next morning I slept in because my bottom was still sore, and everyone else went to church without me. I was still in bed when I heard them drive up later.

Soon I heard Mrs. Hansen's voice outside my door. "There's the naughty boy!" she said as she walked in the room followed by Rachel. "So, you thought you didn't need to go to church this morning, did you? Now I am going to have to punish you for your sin."

"What punishment are you going to give him, Mother?" Rachel asked. Mrs. Hansen seized my wrist and pulled me up on my feet. "I think it's time he had a spanking," she said.

"Should I get the hairbrush?" asked Rachel.

"Not this time," replied Mrs. Hansen. "I think Mr. Hansen should spank this naughty boy. She then had Rachel summon him, and he soon entered along with the other girls. Mr. Hansen chewed tobacco and the smell and his spitting all over the place made me ill until I got used to it. With his jaw full of tobacco and juice he never said much; he mostly grunted. But probably because he had just gotten back from church, but he wasn't chewing that morning like he did most of the time. He did grunt, "What's he dressed like that for?" as he stared at me in the nightgown. "We have to make do, pops. No sense spending good money on clothes for him just so he can strut around like he's something special. His wife bent me over his lap and then lifted the hem of the purple nightgown. When he got a good look at my butt in lace panties, he let out with a groan and a loud clearing of his throat. He pulled my panties down. He didn't yank them down like I would have expected but eased them down and neatly settled them around the tops of my thighs still cupping my penis and testicles between my legs. Looking down at me, he exclaimed, "What a mess your bottom is, boy! You must have done something very bad to have to have been spanked so hard."

His wife explained I had been very uncooperative the night before when she wanted to dress me in the nightgown. Then he began to spank my sore bottom. It hurt even worse than the night before and he was just using his big hand. I tried not to, but it hurt so bad that I finally started to cry.

"That's right, little Tony," Mrs. Hansen told me. "Go ahead and cry. 'Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Once you are truly sorry for your bad behavior, then you can start to become a better boy."

Because I had missed church, Mrs. Hansen wouldn't let me have any clothes to wear to Sunday dinner that afternoon, so I had to wear the nightgown. I made it through dinner, although I had real trouble sitting down due to the spankings. As we were breaking up, Mrs. Hansen announced that there was going to be a revival meeting that night in a neighboring town, and that all the girls would be going.

"Aren't we going to take Tony too?" asked Rachel. "He hasn't had the benefit of a religious service in a long time."

"That's a good idea, Rachel," agreed Mrs. Hansen. "Tony, going to a church service tonight will be good for you. I just wonder what we can find for you to wear."

"Oh, Mother! I think we can find Tony lots of nice things to wear," volunteered Rachel. "You just leave him to me."

"But I already have some good clothes for school that I can wear to church," I protested.

"Now Tony," said Mrs. Hansen. "We have already discussed that. You need to save the clothes you brought with you for school and other dress-up occasions. This revival meeting is some distance away, and no one there is going to meet you again. So it really doesn't matter what you wear."

"Tony, your problem is your haughty spirit. 'Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction.' This is

your third day here, and you still have not attempted to fit in to your new home. Now you had better let Rachel find some nice things for you to wear tonight. I am getting sick and tired of your constant rebelliousness.”

I went back up to my room. After a while Rachel came in with her arms full of clothes. She set the clothes on the bed and picked up a leather belt. “Mother said to show you this,” she explained. “She will use it if you don’t cooperate with me.”

She put the belt down and helped me out of the purple nightgown. Except for Barbie’s nylon panties, I stood naked before her. She sorted through the clothes she had brought. “You know, Tony, it’s really fun being a girl because you get to dress up in such pretty clothes. You shouldn’t fight wearing girls’ clothes. You could really enjoy this if you wanted to.”

Selecting an item, she turned and held it up in front of me. It was a pair of pink nylon panties. I turned beet red when she whisked down my white panties and then said, “Lift your foot.” I did as I was told and she slipped the pink panties up above my ankle. “Now the other one.” And as I lifted my other foot, the lace-trimmed panties were drawn up my legs until they were up around my hips, over my tummy and high on my waist. They fit me loosely but had snug elastic at the waist and leg openings. Next a matching pink lace trainer bra. I wasn’t crying audibly but tears were rolling down my face as Rachel showed me how to snap it around my waist, then tug it around so it faced front and pull up the straps until they were on my shoulders.

“Let’s see how you look,” said Rachel, and led me over to the full-length mirror. I wanted to scream as she gleefully explained, “Well, don’t you look sweet!” I looked at my reflection, a boy wearing only a pink bra and panties. “Don’t you just love pink?” she continued. “Pink is such a pretty color.”

She led me back to the bed. “Now normally I would suggest you wear a girdle to church. Wearing a girdle would show chastity and modesty. But you have been so bad this weekend, and your bottom is so sore I think it would be better to do without the girdle this time. So to hold up your stockings, you are going to need a garter belt.”

Rachel fished around in her clothes pile and pulled out the garter belt. It was white with white lace trim. She encircled my waist with the dainty item and hooked it together in back before putting her hands inside the waist and legs of my panties to feed through the garter straps that dangled on my thighs as she said, “Now for your nylons,” and handed me a pair of sheer stockings. My foster sister sat next to me on the bed and showed me how to gather up each stocking, insert my toes and unroll the wispy nylon up my leg. Then I had to fasten the garters to my stocking tops so that they wouldn’t fall down. “There!” she said when the stockings were in place. “You have such pretty legs. You should wear nylons every day to show them off.” I guess I didn’t resist because I was in shock. This whole experience was so incredibly unbelievable. How could I end this and get out of this place? I had no idea!

The next item was a white petticoat with pink trim. I was relieved to have it on because then I didn’t feel so naked. After that came the dress. It was pink with white ribbons and had a full skirt. I had the feeling people would be able to see my petticoat as I walked.

Now Rachel had to find a pair of shoes for me to wear. She took my hand and led me to the storeroom which was down the hall. As she unlocked the door and pushed it open, I could see that it was full of girls’ clothes. There were blouses, skirts and dresses, all hanging on racks and organized according to size. This was not a family closet, not even for a family with four daughters. I wondered where Mrs. Hansen could have gotten all these clothes. There were enough clothes there to start a thrift shop. At last I understood why the girls’ clothes they had me wear had fit so well. All they had to do was know my size, and they could have found something that would fit. I think they could have found appropriate skirts and dresses for any teenage boy they might take in.

The wall at one end of the storeroom had a huge rack holding girls’ shoes of all styles and colors. Rachel had me sit on a chair while she brought shoes for me to try on. After I tried several pairs on my feet and she watched me take a few steps in each of them, she decided on a pair of white pumps with low heels.

“These will be easier for you to walk in than high heels,” Rachel said. “It will take a little practice before you can walk in some of these three-inch heels.” Rachel always seemed to really enjoy seeing me in girls’ clothes. Now she was looking forward to my wearing high heels. I was still hoping that I would never have to, but I realized that in this strange household anything could happen.

The walls of the storeroom held shelves, one of which contained purses. There were dozens of purses, all of them secondhand but still presentable. Rachel chose a little white handbag that matched my shoes. One whole section of shelves contained long rows of clear plastic boxes, each box filled with pastel colored items that I knew were slips, panties and other items of lingerie. I got dizzy just looking at those boxes like they were waiting for me to wear every single bit of silkiness that each of them contained. Our last stop before we left the storeroom was to pick out a wig. The wigs were all on another shelf along the same wall, each with its own stand. Rachel selected a blonde wig (“This will look nice with pink,” she said) and then took me back to my room, where she styled my new wig with a little brush.

“I can teach you how to do your wig yourself,” she said, as I sat at the dressing table looking at my reflection in the mirror. “It’s really very easy to learn.”

She opened one of the drawers. It was full of cosmetics. She fished out a tube of lipstick and applied it to my lips. It was pink. “There— that color is just right for church,” she said.

Now it was time to go downstairs. Rachel gave me a little white hat with a pink ribbon that she had picked up in the storeroom, and we started down the stairs.

“My, what a lovely little girl!” exclaimed Mrs. Hansen. My foster mother was delighted with my appearance and kept commenting on its various details during the drive to the revival meeting. I was hoping just to blend into the crowd at the church that was having the revival, but some of the people there knew the Hansens and came over to say hello. “And who is this?” one woman asked Mrs. Hansen, looking in my direction. “Have you taken in another girl?”

“Yes,” my foster mother said. “She’s our latest.”

“What is your name?” the woman asked me. For a moment I was terrified. I had no idea what to say. If I told her my name was Tony, she might figure out that I was a boy in girls’ clothes.

After what seemed like a very long time, Mrs. Hansen spoke up. “Her name is Antonia,” she said. “She’s a little shy, what with having just moved to a new place.”

After that night, Mrs. Hansen and the girls all addressed me as Antonia. Rachel especially seemed to like my new name.

I found out from the girls that the reason some people at the revival knew the Hansens was that the church they regularly attended was in the same town. The woman who had asked me my name and the other friends of the Hansens had all come over from that church.

There were people at the Hansens’ church that had seen me dressed as a girl! What would they say when they saw me dressed in boys’ clothes? I knew that Mrs. Hansen expected me to attend church with her come Sunday, but I didn’t want people asking me why I had been wearing a dress.

I didn’t want to go to church with the Hansens, but I was reluctant to bring it up because churchgoing was very important to Mrs. Hansen. So I showed up for breakfast on Sunday morning wearing my Sunday suit, but inside I was afraid I would have to go with them. I couldn’t bring myself to talk to my foster mother about my fears, but then she was the one who first mentioned it.

“I wasn’t expecting to see my friends at the revival meeting,” she said. “I hope you realize that running into them there has created a problem. If we take you along in your suit, they will realize you are the same person they saw dressed as a girl, and the situation could become very embarrassing for you, which is the last thing that we want to have happen.”

I was relieved. I wouldn’t have to go to church after all! Or so I thought.

“There is only one way out of this problem, and that is for you to wear your dress and wig to church. Rachel and Priscilla can help you change. Now hurry! We will have to leave soon.”

I was stunned, but I didn’t have time to sit around stewing about it. A few minutes later I was back in my room getting into my wispy panties while the two girls dashed about gathering up the rest of the feminine garments that I was to wear. They had me dressed and ready to go in less than half the time it had taken before. I was miserable the whole time and never said a word in the church. On the way home, Mrs. Hansen said I looked so sweet dressed in girls’ clothes that I was not to change until it was time for bed.

Things got a little better a few weeks later when school started. Mrs. Hansen had kept insisting that my good clothes had to be saved for school, and now I finally had to wear them. But my other boys’ clothes—jeans and such—kept wearing out and getting replaced with girls’ clothes. After a few months, I had no boys’ clothes left except for my school clothes and my Sunday suit, which hung in the closet unused. As soon as I arrived home from school, I had to change into a skirt and blouse. And every Sunday, I had to wear a fancy dress for church.

I thought about running away, but where would I go? Mrs. Hansen had told me that my father had moved to another state, and I doubted that he wanted me back. Even the nearest

farmhouse was a mile down the road.

I also had to think of something fast. I was the only member of the Hansen household to go to school. All the girls were schooled at home by Mrs. Hansen, and when I started my second semester, she told me that she intended to do the same with me someday—when she thought I was ready. I was sure that if I didn’t go to school, I would never wear boys’ clothes again.

I finally decided to get my nerve up and talk to my home room teacher about how I was being treated. Miss Galloway seemed to like me, and I hoped that she would be sympathetic to my situation.

Once I started to explain my problem, Miss Galloway wanted to know all about it. She had me recount every step that had led to my dressing as a girl every day. Then she wanted to know how I had come to be living with the Hansens, and I told her about my drunken father and about the social worker Miss Marquardt.

“I think what we should do,” she said, “is contact your social worker and ask her to visit the Hansens. I will get in touch with her for you and let you know when she will be coming.”

I could hardly wait. By now it was spring, and I had spent most of the school year in girlish panties. I just knew I could persuade Miss Marquardt to me put in another home once she had seen my predicament for herself. The day finally came. Miss Galloway told me after home room that she and Miss Marquardt would be driving out to the Hansens’ that afternoon. My classes that day seemed to drag on forever. Never had I found school more boring. All I could think about was meeting Miss Marquardt again and telling her my story.

The school day finally ended, and I took the school bus home. I went up to my room and put on a bra, panties and half-slip, a beige skirt and a frilly white blouse, white socks and black Mary Janes and finally my little blonde wig. All the time I was dressing, I kept going over what I wanted to say to my social worker. Then I went outside to join the girls who were playing croquet on the front lawn. We were still playing our game when Miss Galloway drove up with Miss Marquardt in the seat beside her. Mrs. Hansen saw them turn into the driveway and came out to invite them in for some coffee. The girls and I filed into the living room behind the women. After everyone made themselves comfortable, Miss Marquardt turned to me and said “Tony, you look different.”

“Yes,” I replied. “Mrs. Hansen has me wear hand-me-down girls’ clothes whenever I’m home. I also have to wear a dress to church every Sunday.” Miss Marquardt took out a camera. “I want to get a record of this. Now please stand up so I can get a good shot of you in your outfit.”

I did as she directed. She took several pictures, and then had me turn around so she could see how I looked from the back. Then she asked, “Do you wear panties too?”

“Yes, I, and I have to wear nighties to bed at night too.”

“Let me see,” she said, indicating with her glance that she meant my panties.

I didn’t want Miss Marquardt or my home room teacher seeing me in panties, but I realized I had to do it so my social worker would realize what I was going through. So I reached down, grabbed the hem of my skirt with both hands and held



my skirt and half-slip up out of the way so Miss Marquardt could see my panties. I remember to this day that the panties were yellow nylon with a white lace trim.

"You may put your skirt down now, Tony," she said.

Miss Marquardt was silent for a moment, and then she spoke. "Now Tony," she began, "I had to come a long way to be here today. I did it because Miss Galloway told me you felt you were being abused by your foster family. But I come here and I see no signs of abuse. I am a social worker for the Family Services Department. Almost every day I see children with scars, bruises, cigarette burns, or even broken bones. I have seen children who were being starved to death by their parents. I have seen the apartments of alcoholics where the garbage has not been taken out in years and where all the children ever get to eat are hamburgers from McDonald's.

"And now I come here, and what do I see? This house is clean and tidy; you certainly look well fed, and you do not appear to have any bruises. So it looks like I came all this distance for nothing."

"But what about the clothes I have to wear?" I asked.

"Oh, that. Why do you let that bother you? Your clothes appear to be in good condition and even pretty. I think you have the makings of a lovely girl."

Then my home room teacher Miss Galloway spoke up. "Tony, you did a very bad thing. You were telling stories about your foster family. From now on I will be keeping my eye on you, and if I find out that you have done anymore of your blabbing, then Mrs. Hansen and I will take steps."

"But the stories are true!" I blurted out.

"That doesn't matter. The fact is that you were disloyal to your foster mother, who is only trying to help you."

"Help me?" I asked.

"That's right. Your father was a drunk who did not take an adequate interest in you. Had you gone on living with him, there is a good chance you would have started hanging out with bad companions and grown up to be antisocial or even a criminal. That's why Miss Marquardt had you taken away from your father and brought you here to live with the Hansens. Here you will be kept out of trouble during your dangerous teenage years by being trained to be a girl. Right now you may despise the things you have to wear, but that will change, and you will grow up to be a gentle, loving sissy boy and not a blight on society."

"That's an awful thing to do to me," I said.

"Whatever else you might think about it, being a sissy is not as bad as being a delinquent, and before you came here, you were in real danger of becoming a delinquent. Many parents don't care what their sons grow up to be as long as they are not effeminate. That's why our prisons are so crowded. But don't worry. You'll get used to wearing feminine clothing. In fact you will come to enjoy it. And someday you will thank Mrs. Hansen for what she has done for you, just as all the other boys who have come here have done."

"You mean there have been others?"

"Of course there have. This is Mrs. Hansen's personal mission: to rescue boys from dangerous home situations and set them on the straight and narrow path. That's why all the children she accepts are boys. She has never taken in a girl."



"But what about—" I turned and looked at Rachel, then at Cindy and Priscilla and Barbie. They all just looked back at me without saying a word, and in my heart I knew it was true.

I turned back to Miss Marquardt. "But what about your report? What's going to happen when you file your report?"

"Report!" she exclaimed. "You thought that I was going to file a report? I don't see anything here to report."

"But the pictures you took—weren't they so you could document my situation?"

"Oh, heavens no. Those are for my personal use. I keep a scrapbook of photos of boys that I have placed with Mrs. Hansen. Sometimes I share some of my pictures with certain other social workers—all of them women of course—who get a real kick out of them and admire the work she is doing.

Miss Galloway then suggested it was time to go, and she and Miss Marquardt got up to leave. As soon as they had driven off, Rachel invited me up to her room. "I can help you with your makeup," she said. I told her that I didn't feel like doing makeup but that I would like to have someone to talk to. We had a very long talk, the first of many. Rachel helped me adjust to my situation, and over time I did come to accept it. Looking back, I can see now that Miss Marquardt, Mrs. Hansen and Miss Galloway did have my best interests at heart.

Tony in NE

### #13 HUMILIATING AN IMMATURE MAN

A woman in my office named Karen had a problem with her husband, Tom, who refused to do any housework, spent most of his time with the boys and was unable to account for all of the money he spent. Karen's frustrations built up over time until finally she left him to live with a woman friend in a neighboring town. This was a tactical maneuver; the plan was to get him to cave in once she was gone.

It worked. Within a week he was calling her at work wanting her to come back. He wanted her to meet him at a romantic night spot for dinner and to discuss the situation, but she refused. After some time had passed, she finally agreed to meet him, not at the nightspot, but at the office after hours. Karen came prepared for the meeting. Her black dress, high-heeled shoes, immaculately manicured nails and the absence of her wedding ring said POWER. She waited for him in a conference room and motioned for him to sit down when he entered. He presented her with flowers, but she only threw them on the floor. Within minutes, 5'2" Karen, weighing all of 115 pounds, was completely dominating the 6'2" I brute, stating her demands and soliciting his agreement. And demand she did. He would be responsible for some of the housework, but not without close supervision. He would be permitted only one night out with the boys each month, and then only with those of whom she approved. He would turn his paycheck over to her, and she would administer the family finances. She then reviewed their agreement with the tact of an attorney and presented him with some forms.

First, he was given a form for his paycheck to be directly deposited into an account she had opened in her name. Second, she had him sign a form transferring ownership of his beloved Corvette to her—she would sell it if he ever got out of line. She then gave him a detailed list of his domestic responsibilities.

Tom was completely humiliated but still expected her to then return home with him to resume their life together. She refused. She told him that she would return home after his first paycheck was deposited in her account and after she received the title to his car. He left pale and beaten but ready to comply. Since this episode Karen has worn the pants in the family and Tom has become the docile—and extremely happy—husband.

Dennis in PA

### #14 BEGGING MY WIFE TO SPANK ME

After I had been married for about three years, I started having fantasies in which I would be spanked by a woman. I started going to adult bookstores to get magazines on this topic. For years I kept my interest in spanking a secret from my wife, Carol, but as time went on I wanted to do more than just read about it. I wanted a woman to give me a real spanking.

I decided to leave some of my magazines out where Carol would find them and see if she brought the subject up with me.

I checked periodically to see if the magazines had been disturbed. Sure enough, they had been. Then they disappeared entirely. But I had to wait several more days before my wife said anything about them. Then one afternoon she turned to me and said, "I found some magazines about spanking in the basement. They're yours, aren't they?" I confessed they were. "You should be careful where you leave them. What if the children found them?"

I hadn't thought of that. All I had wanted to do was drop a hint that I wanted to be spanked, and now I was going to have to apologize for having left some adult magazines where the kids might have found them. Apologize I did.

"I put them in the closet in our bedroom," she told me.

Then she changed the subject. "Why did you buy them?" she asked. "Do you want to be spanked?" I had thought that this was the question I wanted to hear, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to say that yes, I wanted to be spanked. I finally said that I found the idea of being spanked exciting, but that I had never tried it. "I'm glad to hear that," she said. "I wouldn't want you doing anything with another woman."

Carol asked me some more questions—when did I first get interested in spanking, where did I find the magazines and so on. But she offered no hint that she shared my interest or that she would be willing to spank me. She did continue to read my magazines, and after a few days she brought it up again. "I know you want me to spank you. I've thought it over, and I am willing to try it. But you will have to do it my way. I want the spanking session to go how I want it. Agreed?"

I was so happy to hear those words and readily agreed. Carol explained we would try it on Saturday, after the children had been given their allowances and left for the day.

I could hardly wait, and once the children were out the door, my wife led me into the bedroom. First she told me to remove all my clothes from the waist down. I did as she directed, and then I stared in amazement as Carol took off first her dress and then her slip. She stood there wearing only her bra, panties, pantyhose and pumps. Then she walked over to the dirty clothes hamper and retrieved a pair of her blue nylon panties. On her way back she pulled out the desk chair and sat down.

"Come here," she commanded. I walked over and stood in front of her. I was so excited that I had developed an erection. "So—you really do like being spanked," she said, giving it a swat with her hand. "Bend down," she directed and pulled the panties down over my head. I could tell by the odor that they had been worn. Pulling me down by the hand, she said, "Now

lie down on my lap.”

I did. It was humiliating to be wearing my wife’s panties on my head, but at the same time it felt good as my genitals rubbed against her nylon-sheathed legs. This first spanking was done with her leather belt, which she wrapped around her hand to adjust its length. In a short time I was well spanked. I asked her to stop, but she reminded me of our agreement and it was her decision as to how long to spank me. Finally she stopped and said I could get dressed. My bottom was burning.

That night my wife and I had the best sex we’d had in years.

My bottom was sore for days, but as the week went on the pain subsided and I started thinking about how exciting it had been. Late in the week I asked Carol if she would do it again, and she agreed.

That Saturday we made our second trip to the bedroom. Apparently Carol had gone shopping, for she changed into a pair of black stiletto heels. “How high are those heels?” I asked, and she said, “Four inches.”

Then when she took off her dress I discovered she had done even more shopping. She was wearing a low-cut black lace bra and matching panties, a black garter belt and black seamed stockings. My erection was even stiffer than the time before.

“How do you like my punishment uniform?” she asked. I told her I liked it very much. “I can see you do,” she said, looking at erection.

That became our pattern. She would spank me every Saturday and then that night we would have dynamite sex. But the following Saturday she came up with another twist. When we got up in the morning, she said, “Here—put these on. Today is your spanking day, and I want you dressed in an appropriate manner.” She brought out a package of pantyhose and a pair of her pink lace nylon panties. I tried to protest, but she pointed out that she had the right to spank me any way she saw fit.

So I wore my wife’s panties and the pantyhose under my trousers that day. All morning they kept reminding me of the spanking I would be getting. Wearing them didn’t even stop with the spanking session; Carol said that having sex on Saturday night was now part of the arrangement and that I would have to wear these feminine items until then. The only time that the panties were off was when she pulled them down to give me my spanking. The Saturday spankings became regular part of our routine. Every Saturday morning I would don panties and pantyhose in anticipation of what was to come. Then one Friday night Carol turned to me and said she was getting bored with the spankings.

“You don’t want to stop, do you?” I asked.

“I want there to be something more in it for me. There aren’t very many wives who would do what I have been doing for you, and I think you owe...”

“You want something in return? What is it?”

“I want to be the boss all the time. I get to be boss a little bit on Saturdays, but I want to be in charge every day.”

I agreed that my wife would be the boss in our home and that I would do whatever she said.

The new arrangement began the next day. As soon as our children were out of the house, Carol sat me down at the kitchen table and showed me a housework schedule that she had drawn

up. The schedule specified what household tasks I was to do on each day of the week. Then on the way to the bedroom, she informed me that, since I would be doing housework every day, it would be appropriate for me to start wearing women’s panties and pantyhose every day as well.

“So every day will be like Saturday,” I said.

“Not exactly. I still want to make Saturdays special. Here I’ll show you.” She brought out a couple little packages. One contained a frilly garter belt and the other several pairs of gartered stockings, which she helped me to put on.

Every morning (except Saturday) I would put on my panties and pantyhose and then put my street clothes over them. I kept worrying that someone at the office would notice what I was wearing, but no one ever said anything about it.

One evening I looked in the drawer and noticed all my men’s undershorts were gone. “What happened to them?” I asked.

“I threw them away,” said Carol. “After all, you’re not going to need them any more. You have all your nice pretty panties to wear instead.”

Soon my wife was insisting I sign over my paycheck to her each week. Carol also took away my credit cards. She put me on an allowance, which she gave me on Saturday morning. Now I have to stand in a row with our two children as Carol gives each of us their allowance for the week. The children can see who it is that is the boss in our home.

The Saturday spankings have continued. I always found them stimulating and usually got an erection. Then the day came that I lost control and ejaculated. The stuff was on my wife’s legs and on the bedroom floor. She told me to get a towel and clean it all up. When everything was tidy again, she said “If you ever do that again, you will have to lick it up.

I didn’t have to worry about that, though, because beginning the following Saturday she started putting a condom on me before my spanking session begins. But I wasn’t completely off the hook. Carol told me I had “a problem with self-control,” and that I would have to work on my problem.

She informed me that we would be having sex only once a week, on Saturday nights. “That’s the only time you’re really good at it anyway,” she said. “And if we don’t do it during the week, your sexual energy will just build up and make it even better on Saturdays.”

Not having sex during the week did build up my sexual energy, but it also made it harder for me to control myself when I was being spanked. And if I lost control, the spanking was more severe, and yes, she did make me lick up my spunk. Yuk! After a few such sessions, I did learn to control myself. I was also able to accommodate my wife’s demand and go longer with her on Saturday nights.

Today my wife is the boss in our home. She controls the finances and our sex life too. Sometimes she even dresses me up in a maid’s uniform with spike heels. If any of you men have fantasies about being spanked, you should look at my story and see what you could be getting into. Our kids now know I wear panties and pantyhose; my daughter loves it, and it doesn’t seem to bother our son, but I sense he has lost respect for me.

John in NY