

Christian

Presented by the Demale Society

HOME

AKA Known as FemDom Home

Illustrated

TODAY THE WOMAN RULES THE HOME

TOMORROW SHE WILL RULE THE WORLD

**Female Supremacy • Feminization • Spanking
Panty Training • Petticoat Punishment**

Volume 1

**SELECT LETTERS FROM THE THIRD YEAR OF CHRISTIAN HOME
ISSUES #1 - 6 - AUGUST 1992 - JUNE 1993**

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Adults Only

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

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Letters to Julie

The
Demale Society
is delighted to present
FemDom Home
Illustrated

(formerly known as Christian Home)

Christian Home's
Letters to Julie
with Illustrations

We are pleased to bring you reprints of the letters originally published in *Christian Home*, the newsletter from the Chicago-based organization of the same name published bimonthly starting in mid 1992. 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.

Around 1995, 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 had not put out a new issue in several years, even though we maintained contact with the managing staff. And they assured us that they did want to continue publishing, but it has not happened.

We think the letters that appeared in *Christian Home* are some of the most entertaining and exciting on female supremacy, spanking, feminization of the male, panty training and petticoat punishment. These treasures deserve a wider audience than what they originally reached, and we at Princess Productions are happy to be able to bring them to you with the full permission to reprint them from the organization's owner.

In order to present these letters to you, we edited them for space and content, and for the first time, illustrated them to increase your reading pleasure.

Enjoy!

Princess Lacey

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A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Thank you for sending the material on the superiority of women. I have been searching for an organization like yours for some time. Sometimes I feel I must be the only one who believes women need to take control of society. It gets very lonely out here. I agree with you that our world is a mess and it needs to be changed.

I think a lot of men secretly desire to turn control over to the women, but their male egos will not allow them to do it. In addition, women have been conditioned to submit to men over the centuries. Given the chance and authority, women make the best leaders, and they have a natural talent for discipline and leadership. If women are going to achieve superiority, a change in attitude must occur, and it must begin early in a person's life.

The way children are raised will be the turning point. If young boys are taught that they are to respect women and accept their leadership and discipline from the very beginning, then most of the battle is won. Most boys are forever thankful once they get over the initial embarrassment of wearing pretty panties and dresses. Girls must be taught that they are not inferior to boys, and that they must take control of boys and channel their natural aggressiveness into constructive behavior. Toys like guns that promote aggressive behavior should be done away with. A good place to start would be to target young single mothers who are raising children. They should teach their children the principles of female superiority. It would take a couple of generations for the change to begin to occur, but I think that the change would be worthwhile and is very necessary if our world is to continue.

Bill in TX

EGO PROBLEMS

I feel women have victimized themselves by indiscriminate breeding. Part of society's troubles is a result of men with large penises. Ego problems. I have talked with my mother about this. She chose my father in part because he had a very small penis. She said it was tremendously more comfortable, and because of its smallness, he was very self-conscious (especially whenever sex was the topic of conversation). Plus he was very attentive in many other ways. I've noticed my brother is very small, surely a trait inherited from our father. One of the reasons I chose my mate is that he is



Teach boys it's a lot more fun to play with dresses than with guns.

extremely small—about 2-1/2" erect. Consequently, with me having a small father and a smaller mate, my boys are really cute and tiny. Whenever I let Matthew, 8, and Mark, 4, have the privilege of wearing lacy panties, you can barely see the bulge their penises make in the silky nylon. I know that since they are poorly endowed, they will be very attentive to future lovers.

One girl in our neighborhood has already seen their little penises. That made her feel superior to them and now bosses them around with impunity. She has also seen them in frilly panties many times, and has no trouble controlling them and getting them to do whatever she tells them to do with a threat of telling everyone they have baby cocks and wear girls' panties.

Janet in OR

LEARNING SELF-CONTROL

My husband and I have been married less than a year. And now I find out he's a jackoff! Before we were married, he once brought up the topic of masturbation.

"Why do you want to talk about that?" I said. I told him I had never done it and would never want to.

My fiancé looked me in the eye and said he had never masturbated either. But then a few weeks ago, I looked in on

my husband in the bedroom only to find him doing it while reclining on the bed with his trousers down around his ankles. With one hand he held a magazine I didn't recognize, while the other hand was busy stroking his penis with a pair of my nicest and most expensive silk panties.

"Ralph!" I shouted. He dropped the magazine on the floor and hurriedly pulled up his pants. I could see the magazine was full of women with their skirts pulled up and wearing fancy lingerie. "Why are you doing this?" I asked him. "You told me you never masturbated. What's the matter? Don't you find me attractive?"

Ralph hung his head and muttered an apology. But he could give me no explanation for doing such a filthy act.

"Well," I told him, "if you find touching yourself with my panties and looking at the women in this magazine more attractive than me, I guess all I can do is to let you have them." I picked up the magazine and held it open so that he could see the pictures. Then I had him pick up my beige panties with white lace he had been using and made him show me how he masturbated. It took



Since my husband liked pictures of girls lifting their skirts and showing their panties, I got him some nice skirts and lingerie of his own. Now he entertains me by lifting his skirt and showing me his little pink pantied penis.

some urging, but he finally relented and began stroking himself. Soon the head of his sex organ was squirting its snot.

That night Ralph tried to make love to me, but I wouldn't let him. I knew he was trying to smooth things over, but I was still angry and wanted to punish him some more.

Next morning, as he was getting ready for work, I brought out the magazine and handed it to him. "Here you are," I said. "These are the women you are attracted to more than me. So now you are again going to do with their pictures what you were doing yesterday."

Ralph protested, saying he wasn't interested in those women, and he really wanted sex with me, but I wouldn't listen. I just handed him another pair of my panties, a sweet aqua pair with black lace, and made it clear he would have to masturbate with the magazine and panties before he left for work or he could stay in a hotel for a week and think about it. As he started, I told him to stop and told him to put the panties on him before he did it. He had more fear in his eyes than I had ever seen in him, but he knew he had no choice if he wanted to save our marriage and have sex with me again. With tears in his eyes, he gingerly stepped into the silky panties.

All told, I made my husband masturbate with the magazine and a fresh pair of my panties every morning for two weeks. I even bought him some of his own panties, the really frilly, full-cut panties. He protested, especially the morning I showed them to him all nicely stacked in his underwear drawer. Then I started adding some old-fashioned full slips, cancan petticoats and sexy skirts to his wardrobe, and while he jacked off, I made him don these garments and dance around for me like those girls were shown doing in that magazine. And night after night, I didn't let him have sex with me. He would plead to let him make love to me, but I would tell him he didn't need me because he had that magazine and a nice supply of his own panties that he loved so much. When he promised me he wouldn't masturbate with the magazine any more, I replied, "Yes, you will! You will use it tomorrow and every morning before you go to work for two more weeks."

After two weeks, I told him his punishment was over and he didn't have to masturbate with the magazine any more. That night he wanted to make love. But before I let him, I made him put on a pair of his panties, shocking pink ones with a lot of pretty white lace. I told him I had gotten used to seeing him in panties, and for then on, he'd have to put on a pair of his panties and come to me with them on and nothing else, anytime he wanted to make love to me. I added that if I ever caught him masturbating again, I'd make him wear panties 24/7, and invite my girlfriends over from church to see him all dressed up and watch him while he does his silly little panty masturbation dance.

Sheila in FL

TRICK OR TREAT

My son Dennis used to be a nasty, foulmouthed little boy who mercilessly tormented his kid sister. But then I found a way to get him to show respect for my daughter and myself, and now he has developed a more pleasing personality.

Last October I caught him harassing his sister once again. She was in her room, and he walked in and kicked over her dollhouse. I gave him a spanking, as I had done so many times before. Then it occurred to me I would have to do more to make him change. If I humiliated him, that would put a stop to his self-centeredness, and since he despised girls so much, dressing him up like a girl would certainly humble him. I asked my friend Maria to go shopping with me.

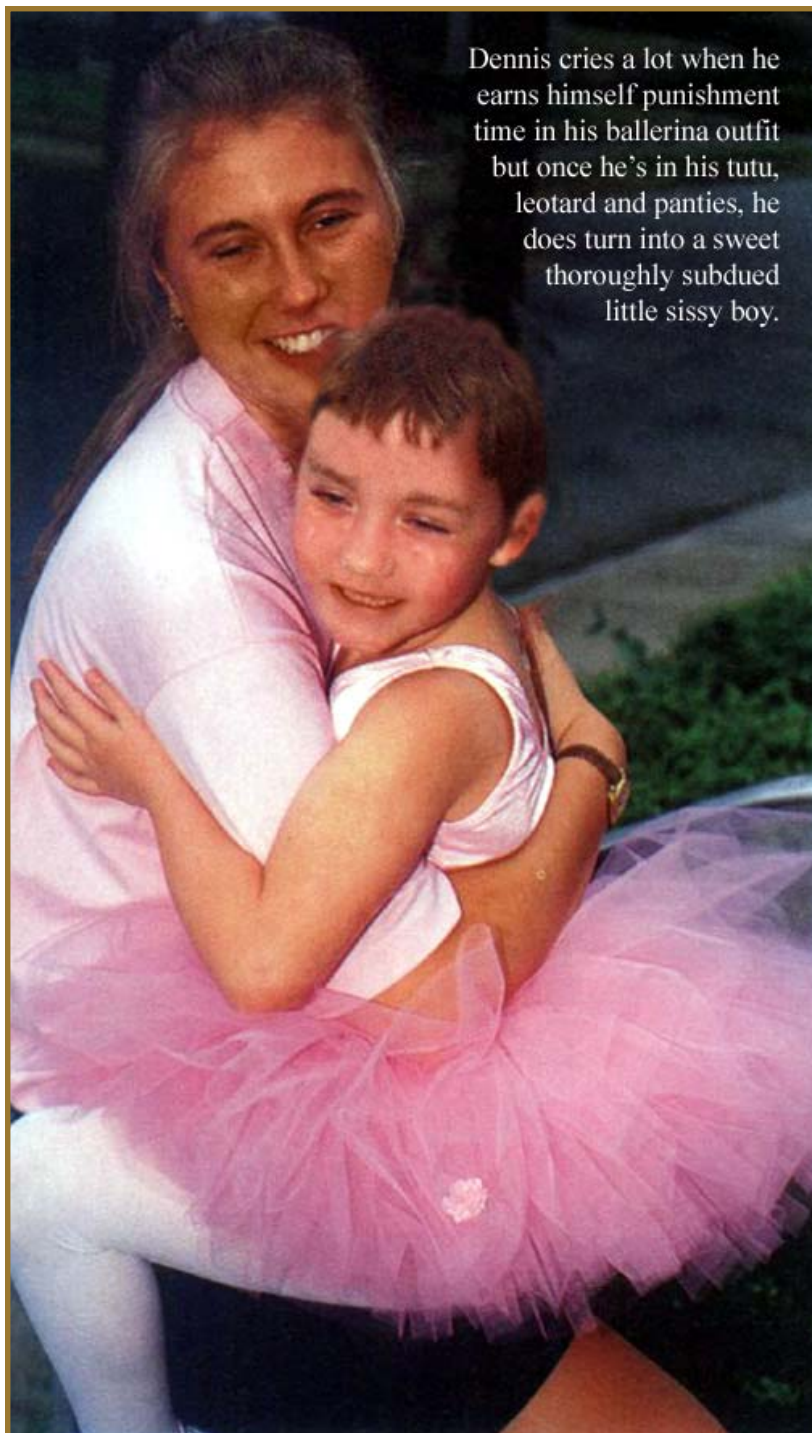
Halloween was coming soon, and I went shopping for a costume that would be humiliating for him to wear. After I told Maria of my plan, she did a lot of laughing as we sorted through frilly girls' clothes that looked as if they would do the trick. One was a miniature wedding dress; another was a Barbie costume, and so on. There were so many pretty, feminine outfits that I had trouble trying to decide. Finally I chose a pink and white ballerina costume with a tulle skirt and satin bodice.

Halloween arrived, and Maria came over to help dress him up. When we began to unwrap the packages, Dennis watched in silence as we laid out the ballerina costume on his bed. When I held up the pink lace panties that I had picked out to go with the tutu, he started swearing at us.

Maria was shocked by his dirty language, and I suggested we each take a turn spanking the little miscreant. Together we pulled down his trousers and under shorts. As I held him down over the edge of the bed, Maria waded in with one thwack after another. Then we switched positions, and I showed Dennis that Maria had been going easy on him. We let him up when he was ready to cooperate. Stripping him completely naked, we helped him into his dainty new pink sissy panties and followed them up with white nylon tights, the satiny leotard and pink tutu, all the while keeping up a steady banter, telling him how pretty he was going to be. We topped it all off with ballet slippers, a cute little wig and a rhinestone tiara.

We took him door to door and showed him off to the neighbors. He really did look like a lovely little girl, especially with the wig. People would answer the door and smile down at him. "This is little Denise," I would say. "She's a ballerina." Sometimes people would ask to see "little Denise" dance, and so I would make him twirl around. It was a memorable evening, especially when two people recognized him as my son Dennis.

For the next several days he was a subdued little boy. No longer did my daughter and I have to listen to his foul language. I kept the memory of his night as "little Denise" fresh in his mind by talking about it frequently. "That was fun!" I would tell him.



Dennis cries a lot when he earns himself punishment time in his ballerina outfit but once he's in his tutu, leotard and panties, he does turn into a sweet thoroughly subdued little sissy boy.

Helen in CA

TWO COMMUNITIES FREE OF CRIME

There is a community in the Australian outback that has been removing testicles for years, and there is a splinter group in Brazil also. The Aussies have giant sheep ranches, and they have families as large as possible to help with the workload. It isn't uncommon for couples to have a dozen or more children. Since boys tend to be aggressive, sullen and disobedient due to their hormones and passive, obedient help is needed, the ranchers started castrating their boys between one and two years of age, gelding them as simply as they emasculated their sheep. The practice was a success and quickly spread throughout the ranching community. Now they leave only about 1 in 20 boys fertile with his balls. And now as relationships develop, girls can indulge in as much sex as they want (even with their brothers) in complete safety, and if a baby is wanted, they contact a fertile boy to do the job without jealousy or guilt. Over time, a small society has emerged in which the crime rate is almost zero, and relationships are very stable. The females of the house decide if a boy is to be given hormones and in what doses, depending upon the degree of male development they want in their boy. The mothers determine when puberty starts, if they want it at all. Girlish boys, and the direct opposite, problem boys, are given female hormones to help them fit into the community.

"You looked so lovely dressed as a girl. I think it would be wonderful if you were to dress like a girl every day." I also started taking him along whenever I went shopping for clothes for my daughter or myself. I would hold up one feminine item after another and exclaim, "Isn't this pretty! You would look so sweet wearing it. Maybe next time (or for Christmas, or for your birthday, I would say), I will buy you some pretty clothes to wear." I also put up photos of Dennis dressed in the girlish ballerina costume over his desk as a reminder.

The Brazilian group is much the same, except more organized. They number about 700 families and have been in existence for three generations. In a simple outpatient manner, boys sometime between their first and third birthday have their testicles and scrotal skin removed and sutured to give a smooth appearance, leaving only a penis. This gives a nice appearance in sleek panties and bikini swimsuits, giving a natural penile outline instead of a bulge.

I have a friend in northern Washington (I haven't seen her for three years) who has a testicle-less husband. She couldn't be happier. She had

his balls removed in Mexico, and he has been much more patient, sweeter and calmer ever since. My friend is a lingerie nut, so now her husband looks sweeter than ever in his vast collection of frilly panties and other elegant lingerie.

I see castration as a simple and logical cure for population and crime, in addition to making women's lot easier. I know in the Netherlands a few clinics offer it as an outpatient thing. However, most of their customers are couples, and often the wives choose between complete removal and silicone replacements for cosmetic purposes. Depending upon the desired appearance, silicone testicles come in various sizes from very small to very large. I think in the future, almost all males will routinely have their balls removed as well as the removal of their penis if it's not needed.

Janet in OR

CONTRADICTIONS

I have studied the Bible for years and believe it provides us with excellent guidelines for good morals, but I also find it to be confusing and full of errors and contradictions.

You use the Bible to support the superiority of women by quoting Jesus, but Jesus also gave the Apostles the authority to speak for him and to bind things on earth. Paul was appointed an apostle by Jesus, and he wrote in Ephesians 5:23-24 "A husband is to be the leader (or head) of his wife ... Wives should put themselves under their husbands' authority." Your interpretation that Jesus meant for men to subjugate themselves to women is contradicted by Paul. By this contradiction, we can see that the Bible is unreliable as a source to base religious beliefs upon. I choose to go with what Jesus said.

Jim in CA

SPANKED BY WOMEN I

I was raised by two females, Mom and my aunt, who was very strong morally. My female cousins were also very moral, unless my male cousin or I could talk them into doing something against their better judgment. When we got them into trouble, the girls were usually very sorry and learned their lesson, but my male cousin and I did not learn such lessons as quickly.

I know you are right about boys receiving more punishment than girls because of their failure to cooperate. I am a perfect example. As a child, and especially as a teenager, I constantly tested my mom's limits. She always reacted the same, however, and I was punished every time I committed an offense. And the severity of the punishment increased for repeated offenses. I usually improved only after two or three "reckonings."

Mom and my aunt are both very strict Christians, and we were raised accordingly. I was frequently spanked from age 2-18. Mom always punished fairly but firmly. There were no sporadic slapping sessions or hit-and-miss child abuse techniques in our home. A spanking was a ritual. First I was dressed in a silky yellow baby doll nightie with matching lace panties that Mom had gotten from my teasing cousin, Emily. And after the spanking, I had to kiss the paddle, stand in the corner before getting a hug from Mom and forgiveness for my sins. The actual spanking was administered by Mom, always hard and always on my bare bottom and thighs, which I presented submissively, even as an older teenager. She used a variety of implements over the years, ranging from a small wooden paddle to a strap made from an old belt. Also, if my offense involved a guest, I would get my spanking in front of that guest.

That was very humiliating! Still, I always had the utmost respect for Mom. I always knew I deserved every lick I got, and I always felt relieved afterwards. I know Mom loves me.

Women in authority are usually more fair and more firm than men. I can cite an example from grade school, where we had a male principal. On one occasion I was sent to him for acting up in class. I had been disrespectful and deserved to be punished. He gave me a good talking to, and I went back to class feeling I'd put one over on him. Then I was sent to a Baptist school in the fifth grade where the principal was a woman. I tested my teacher, was sent to the principal, and after the same talking-to as before, I received ten whacks from her hardwood paddle. This time I returned to class, sorry and repentant, and I never gave the teacher a hard time again.

Fair but firm: The principal handled my behavior problem the same way that Mom would have. I felt relieved of guilt and learned my lesson. Mom knew of the incident, and so I learned another lesson in my babydoll punishment outfit that evening.

Tom in WA

TEACHING HUMILITY

The best way to teach a man humility is to humiliate him. Here are seven ideas for helping your husband, son or boyfriend overcome his self-centered arrogance through humiliation:

- 1) Have him purchase your sanitary napkins or tampons. If he shows up without them and says he forgot, send him back.
- 2) Have him rinse out your panties every night.
- 3) Have him kiss your feet and give you pedicures.
- 4) Have him put all his clothes in the closet and allow him to only a pair of your used panties and a bra while he does cooking, cleaning and laundry for you. This works best when your

children, roommate, best girlfriend, mother or sister is present.

5) Have him serve you dressed as a maid in a short skirt and some pink nylon tennis panties with all the ruffles on the back. Again, it is a good idea to have another woman present.

6) Have him stay completely naked except for a bell tied to his penis with a pretty pink ribbon while you have several women over to visit. Let them tease him. Any arousal on his part will cause the bell to ring, drawing attention to his condition.

7) Openly discuss his faults and everything he recently did wrong with your best girlfriend with him present.

Nancy in CA



My girlfriend disciplined me in front of her little sister by putting on me a party dress with crinolines and making me go outside and cut my own switches for a spanking.

SPANKED BY WOMEN II

Some years ago I had a memorable discipline experience with a girlfriend. The punishment, which was well deserved, was a life-changing experience. I had to remove all my clothes and stand totally naked before her while she remained fully clothed and explained in detail why I was being disciplined. But that was not the worst of it. She got out her square dance outfit and made me put on pink rhumba panties and an ultra-feminine full-skirted dress with crinolines. I then was sent out into her (fortunately enclosed) backyard to cut switches for the second portion of my punishment. As I came back in, my girlfriend's ten-year-old sister saw me in the fancy dress with the switches.

She followed me into the room and was invited to watch me being spanked by my girlfriend, who made me pull up the dress and slip and pull down the pink rhumba panties before being switched. I was horrified, especially in front of the little girl, who couldn't stop giggling at me in that male-killing way little girls laugh.

I had never felt as utterly humiliated as I did that night, especially after my girlfriend let her sister "have a turn." I went over both laps that night and ended up in great pain. After the spanking, I had to stand in the corner, skirt and slip up, ruffled panties down while the little sister kept up a running commentary on how cute and red my bottom was. I could not sit down for a long time.

Jerry in CA

HUSBAND TRAINING

I want to share how I got my husband completely dependent on my guidance. I followed the basic strategy which a woman must follow in order to induce a man to obey her—tease him and then deny him sex—but I introduced a new twist all my own.

When I first met Darrell, I made it clear I was a virgin and would be one until marriage. Then as soon as we began dating regularly, I began to tease him, always pretending to be innocent of what I was doing. One approach which worked well was to leave my girdle in the drawer—I thought I knew him pretty well by then and could trust him to behave himself—and wear fancy nylon panties, a lacy garter belt and sheer nylon stockings under my skirts. Then while we were sitting in my living room I would maneuver him so he was sitting across the room from me and

let him have an unobstructed view up my skirt. As we talked, I would twist around in my overstuffed chair and give him an eyeful of my stocking tops, garters and a little bare skin above the stockings. Sometimes I would let him have a peek at my pretty panties too. I pretended I didn't realize I was letting him see anything at all and didn't even notice the way his eyes were glued to my nylon-covered thighs.

This way of teasing him got results, and he seemed fascinated most of all by my panties, a fact which led me to a new tactic. We had started talking about marriage, and our physical involvement was in the petting stage. So I knew he would probably start pushing to have sex with me before marriage. It then struck me that I could head this off and at the same time make him easier to handle in general by taking advantage of his attraction to my panties.

The next time he took me home from a date, and I was letting him fondle me, I started to tell him that there was something I wanted him to do that would really excite me. I aroused more than his interest, as I said, "I find wearing panties to be really exciting. They turn me on just knowing I have them on under my dress. And I have this fantasy, where you cum in my panties. I think it would be a lot of fun."

He was unsure if he wanted to do it that way, but I urged him to do it for me, and he finally agreed. He watched intently as I

reached up under my dress to hook my fingers under the elastic waistband of my panties. I arched my body upward on the couch where we were sitting and pulled them down to my ankles, being careful to move so that my dress fell back down before he was able to get a glimpse of my nakedness. Then I eased my hips back onto the couch and pulled my little feminine panties all the way off. By this time he could see my panties were sky blue nylon with a lovely cream-colored lace trim. I helped him open the front of his pants and then wrapped the panties around the head of his male sex organ. In no time at all my stroking him through the panties led to an ejaculation, one that he obviously enjoyed. I pretended to enjoy it too as he shot his filthy snot into my pretty lace panties.

"Isn't that exciting!" I told him. "I just love panties. We're going to have to do this again sometime."

Which we did—every time we had a date! After a while I started stage two of my panty plan. I told him I wanted him to wear a pair of pretty silky panties whenever we went out on a date. We went shopping together, and I picked out some really dainty ones for him to wear whenever he'd come to see me. Then, when we were alone together, I would insist on having a peek at his panties. When he showed them to me, I would start giggling and tell him how lovely they were, and how much I loved seeing him in panties.

Over time I was able to add a garter belt and sheer nylon stockings to his wardrobe of lingerie, and I would have him strip down to his panties, garter belt and stockings, then remove my own silky panties and stroking him to climax through two layers of nylon panties, mine and his!

A year ago we were married, and he is now the most docile husband you could imagine. I regularly take him shopping for women's clothes, and he now spends his weekends happily wearing panties, nylon hose, high-heeled shoes, padded brassieres, skirts and blouses. He gladly does the housework, and he does whatever else I tell him too.

Mary in MI



While we were dating, I got my future husband hooked on spurting in pretty nylon panties.

BROTHER TRAINING

I loved your article on the superiority of women. I appreciate your sharing it.

My Dad drank to no end, and my Mom was a passive woman. She endured abuse as well as we children. I was taught men were stronger, more in control. But I never shared that opinion. I firmly believe that behind every good man is a good woman. A decent man cannot exist without a woman, wife, mother, etc. It's up to men to heed the women's advice, and if they don't, it's up to the women, by any means, to make them see the female way is best.

I grew up on a farm in Tennessee. I didn't have any sisters, and so I used to dress up Keith, my younger brother, as a girl. It wasn't for punishment; rather I wanted him to be a girl or a doll that I could play with. Most of my brothers grew up wild; if they had been taught and pampered like Keith, they would have been free of the bondage they endured as young teenagers. Now as a grown young man, Keith has very sweet, prissy, feminine mannerisms that he values. I am glad I helped instill those in him. He loves me for it.

Keith was three years old when I first dressed him as a girl. I put clothes on him that were in our home from nieces in the family. Mom and I used to argue about it, but she never stopped me. I used to love to pretend he was my doll. I put him in cute little ruffled panties and over them a little girly white slip with lace trim. Then I would pick out a frilly dress for him to wear. Once he was adorned in his pretty dress, I would put pink ribbons in his hair—his hair was naturally so full of curls.

As he grew older, he began to like playing dress-up, as he called it. Then around the age of ten, he began to notice the bulge underneath his panties. He would ask me to touch him, but I would tell him that wasn't good. I caught him several times playing with himself. I would scold him and tell him not to be so selfish. He would cry and tell me it felt good when he touched it. Also, he was curious why my breasts were getting larger and his weren't. I thought I might have confused him, but I straightened it out for him.



Whenever I turned my little brother Keith into my little sister, Ketrina, he would do anything I told him to do.

While Mother and Father were gone and I was in charge of the boys, I would send them out to play. Keith and I would go upstairs and dress up. He watched as I undressed, putting on my favorite clothes. I caught him stroking himself as he watched me. I asked him where he had learned such a thing, and he said he watched our mother do it with our father. Then I helped him dress in a baby blue nightgown with frills and lace and touched him to give him thrills. He enjoyed my touching him through the silk next to his skin and yielded to my commands.

I would make him brush my hair and tell me how he loved the feel of girls' long, soft, silky hair. I called him Ketrina. He liked the name—it made him feel even prettier. Several times I called him Ketrina in front of Mother, and she got on to me about it, but there wasn't anything she could do.

Ketrina would put on anything and do anything I asked of him. He told me he wished he were a girl and had breasts and long hair. I know some of his desire to be a girl was typical curiosity for a boy, but for the better part, he wanted to be what I was. The group to foster female supremacy you speak of, I'd love to be a part of it. I want the whole world to know that women are above all things God has created. Women are for men to adore and cherish, as God does His angels in heaven. I'm sure there are a lot of couples who would love to come out of the closet about their real feelings. I know many feel as we feel, but they're afraid to come forth about their feelings. I would have loved for Keith to have been a bridesmaid at my wedding and worn one of those pretty dresses — cool and soft, with sexy colors, soft silks, satins and nylons. The entire outfits were so beautiful. If there is anything I can do to help to you in any way, please let me know. I will do anything to straighten out the minds and weaknesses of men today like I brought into line my brother, who as an adult is a gentle and loving man.

Victoria in TN

POINT PROGRAM

I must tell you about the Christian Home posters I put up in this extremely biased, narrow-minded Bible belt town. Without exception, the posters were torn down by the end of the day. Tells you what kind of attitudes we have to contend with here in Texas. I have been able to place a poster in a feminist bookstore here in The Big D. The lady who runs the store is sympathetic to our cause and has been nice to me. Maybe the word will get out.

Please continue your series on the teachings of Jesus and the meaning of Biblical text. I had never thought of the First and Second Commandments in the way as you presented them. I encourage you to continue publishing your message.

I've written and enclosed some guidelines for men to follow in their relationships with superior women. I know in my heart these are the guidelines God wants us to follow. Perhaps you can find some Biblical support for them:

- 1) In all matters, the man should be subservient and defer to the better moral judgment of the woman.
- 2) In sexual matters, it should be the ultimate goal of the man to please the woman. His release should not come until the woman gives her permission.

3) The woman should make all financial decisions. She may consult the man, but she will decide how their money is spent.

4) All bank accounts should be in the name of the woman and only she should have authority to write checks. If it is necessary for the man to sign a check (when buying groceries or paying household expenses) the check must be cosigned by the woman.

5) All personal property such as the home, automobiles, boats, trailers, etc., will be in the sole name of the woman.

6) If the state of residence is a community property state, real property (land, houses, etc.) has to be in both names; however, a prenuptial agreement awards all property to the female if the male does anything to cause a divorce.

7) The man will do housework and will be responsible for most domestic duties, preferably while wearing female clothes, at least panties. The exact costume determined by the woman.

8) When the couple marries, the man will take the last name of the woman, showing his great respect for her and his submission to her guidance as a morally superior woman. (I feel this is important because of the deep psychological impact the loss of the man's name would have on him. And it would deepen his dependence on the woman for his identity.)

9) If there are children in the union, the man will provide most of the care and nurturing for them. Boys as well as girls will be raised femininely. Boyish behavior should be punished.

10) Education of the children is paramount. From birth, all female children will be brought up to be superior females, and all male children will be given a girl's or at least a neutral name, and from the crib will be taught to be submissive to females and conditioned to fetishes like silky slips, panties, and nylons. Boys will be given rewards like being allowed to go shopping and pick out their own pretty dresses and panties.

Bill in TX

FEMALE SUPREMACY

Ever since I was a child I've always felt women are superior. I didn't grow up in a situation where my mother was dominant; she was just the opposite—very, very submissive. My father was the dominant one, but I eventually came to realize that if a family wanted to live in harmony and be happy, the females had to be dominant and the males submissive.

It's true in nature. In the animal kingdom, the female is usually the more dominant of the two so that nature answers it right there—human beings seem to be the only ones that want to play roles they are not naturally meant to play. In any household where the female is dominant, you usually find harmony and

purity throughout the family, not just in the husband/wife relationship. All the children seem more secure as well.

I thought about you on Sunday at church when we were having an open forum discussion, and we were talking about how in many societies, women were the high priestesses and property owners. They had a definite, dominant role in society. Anything women had was passed on to their daughters, and men never owned or had any financial responsibilities their entire life.

I grew up Catholic and by choice left the church and went to a Protestant church for several years. But in those places you do not hear that women are superior. It's "honor your husband" and "be submissive to him." And I'm sure that's where the interpretation of the Bible was altered by men.

As far as females being superior to males, I've known this since I was a child. When men are or try to be dominant over females, there's obviously a security problem or they wouldn't behave that way. They seem to have to prove how manly and macho and domineering they are over females. Often, they can overpower females physically if they haven't been taught their true place mentally. Look in the paper every day and you will see grown men who have molested, abused or assaulted females. You see much more of this abuse by men than you do by women because men know they cannot mentally dominate a real woman, so they take physical control over defenseless females and children to feel powerful. Such men dominate a child often when they can't dominate a woman.



Sadly, there are women who allow themselves to be beaten or abused by men, but they are only adult females with children's minds. Typically, their mental growth has been altered by childhood abuse that programmed them for adulthood.

Men—in my opinion—shouldn't even have a say in raising children. Women can do it with a loving but stern hand, whereas men tend either to manipulate or abuse children, especially girls. And since males view females as sex objects, they don't know how to simply love and respect a girl without letting it get out of hand. Even as a child I saw this. Conversely, some little girls are very clever and at an early age, they learn how to dominate their father, 'wrap him around their little finger' as they say -- basically dominating their father, but you don't see that enough.

I was able to dominate my father from as early as I can remember. He was very abusive to all the children in our family (11 children) except me. I learned when very young how to control him: I simply rewarded him whenever he pleased me. So he was always serving me in one way or another. I would reward him with a kiss on the cheek or a hug around his neck. I'd tell him he was the best "daddy" in the world. I'd sit on his lap in my silky little nighties and panties, and knew he would discreetly sneak a feel of the lace on my panties under my skirt when he held me or picked me up. At those times, I'd look him in the eye, but he'd blush and look away. He knew I knew what he was doing. He knew I was letting him touch my silky panties. I'd let him touch me through the soft panties for a while, just long enough to partially satiate him before telling him to let me down off his lap (with a knowing stare). I knew how to make him feel good when he knew he was being bad and so managed to keep him under my control.

That we have so many cases of child abuse makes my point. Just stand back and look at the way the world is, and not just today but always. It's always been a true female-dominant world. But you're always going to have your rebel men who are so insecure that they have to bully their way into being the superior. But it will never work; it's not nature's way. Man will never find harmony and contentment, until he submits to a woman.

I'm sure you've seen this yourself with the men that you know. Anybody—just anybody—that would stop and look at just their circle of friends and family can see that the most contented families are the ones where the woman is dominant and the man is submissive. Whether it's a marriage situation or even a friendship situation, the woman should always be dominant

It's a big challenge for women to be responsible—we are responsible—for men's happiness, and if we can't be strong and stern

and really let men know where their place is, then they're not going to be happy, and women aren't going to be happy either. I have chosen to take this responsibility. It might be easier if I let a man who is actually incapable of taking care of me, try to take care of me. Being dependent on a man might be an easy way out, but I don't believe any woman can really find happiness that way.

I believe males sometimes need a physical hand taken to them, but only out of love and in order to teach them. Some males are more difficult than others—they can't relax and simply accept the world as it is meant to be; they fight it. Even a woman my size—I'm small, 5'2", 110 pounds—sometimes has to crack down on a male much larger than herself because she cares about that man and wants to save him.

I don't think I'm really in 'the scene,' this S&M, mistress/slave scene, but I have had males I've trained and then sent on their way because of what was in my heart for them. I cared enough about them to help them. Usually, I may not want the male for myself, but I want to save him from himself. I really don't know what that term 'mistress' is supposed to mean. From what I see, it's actually men dominating women, who are pretending to be dominant. But in actuality she is being submissive to please a man with fetishes.

I've seen ads for mistresses asking what the man wants, what he's into -- that female is being submissive. She's not in control, he is! But at the same time she is calling herself a mistress. I think these women are confused or more into financial gain, and the men who go to these women are not going to find any real happiness, not going to find what they're looking for. I'm sure some men are simply into the game, the fetish; but I also think a lot of men are sincerely looking for a superior woman.

I like to wear black, but I don't wear leather. Wearing boots halfway up my thighs and a tight leather corset is not comfortable attire for me. I like things made of velvet and satin. They're soft and comfortable. I don't wear them because that's what a man expects of me or wants from me; I do it because that's what I like to wear. So in a sense, because I do what I want to do, I am more of a true mistress-woman than the ones who run those ads. If I ever chose to put an ad in a magazine, many men would be disappointed if they wrote me because I would give them a dose of reality. I would let them know that my wants and ways of doing things are what are important, and their wishes aren't important and won't make them happy in the long term.

Maybe the women advertising in those magazines aren't living reality; my form of female domination is my every day life; it isn't a part-time interest. I don't want or try to make money off men—I don't write very many people at all—very few, actually. I found your ad interesting and wanted to know your point of view, and when you responded with your essay on the superiority of women, I read it and thoroughly enjoyed it.

I wish we could send flyers like that to everybody. We get tons

of junk mail every day, but it's nothing that matters. Something like your article, I wish we could send to everybody in the U.S. and give the whole country a dose of reality. What a powerful country this would be if we could get men back in the home where they belong and let women be the rulers.

I hope you're not misunderstanding me; I'm in no way bitter towards men; I *love* men, and I care about them. If I didn't, I probably would have no interest at all in any of this, but in fact I do, and I want to share myself with a few deserving men. I say a few because I only have energy enough to deal with a few men at a time. It takes a lot of time, energy, devotion, and commitment to love someone, and the men I do choose understand this and are very grateful and appreciative—and I don't mean in financial ways; I mean in loyalty; they know I care about them, and in return I feel their love for me is genuine.

Concerning the men I know, I am in no way interested in a marital commitment or anything like that, but just a true friendship with me influencing their lives, helping them be happy by giving them the opportunity to make me happy. And these relationships, I'm sure, are filled with more love and true intimacy than what exists in the vast majority of marriages. These men are just my friends; each of them knows exactly where he stands and is thankful I am not lying to him or simply playing immediate gratification games with him. I don't tolerate male egos, arrogance, and illusions based upon what a male has between his legs. A male's sexual equipment has value and purpose but not as most men think of it.

Rose in WA

SISSIFICATION

I was born a male, and my natural mother died at my birth. My father remarried a saintly woman when I was two, and I always considered her to be my mother. She went out of her way to bring me up correctly and understood quite naturally that sissification was the way boys should be brought up.

Whenever I pulled a stunt, she employed an array of disciplines, but primary she used what you call petticoat punishment. I was dressed as a girl in pretty clothes and trained in what she considered was proper feminine behavior. This was especially so when I was to receive a spanking. I was treated like a naughty little girl, bent over her knee with my skirt pulled up and my panties down. Such punishment certainly taught me humility.

Mother was quite concerned with sexual self-control and detested the thought of boys playing with themselves. I slept in a tight panty girdle over tight white satin panties that would show the slightest stain, and mother inspected my nighttime panties every morning. I often had to wear these garments during the day too under my boys' clothes.

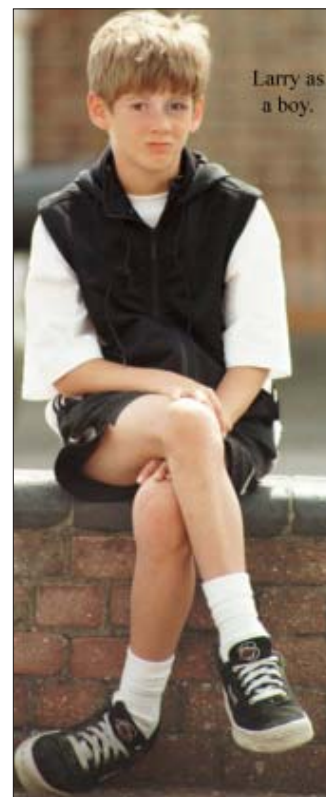


Shown here in a black wig, panties, leotard and net stockings, Larry's training as "Lucille" eventually helped him to grow up to be a good and loving son.

In spite of her caring, I was periodically rebellious. Once I lashed out at my teachers and was suspended from school. With my father's approval, my male clothes were taken away, and for several months, I was turned into a girl while training in how to behave femininely.

Actually, it was a good time for me. I did have to cook and clean as I had been taught, but mother also taught me a great many girlish pursuits like how to do a manicure, comb out her hair, and properly deport myself as a girl. As I became adept at this, I was treated nicely by my mother, father and my aunts, who renamed me Lucille. They rewarded my good behavior. It was a very loving situation.

Unfortunately, in my late teens, I didn't appreciate it. I had some bad companions, rebelled again and became a classic selfish and egotistical male. I remained in that state



as a young adult and made life trying for my understanding and patient wife and family.

But then after my parents passed away, I realized the errors of my ways. My original training let me know how wrong I was and how unhappy I was making people around me. It was too late of course to rectify the disappointment I had caused my parents, but I did begin to reform myself based upon those things I had learned as a child in pretty clothes and over my mother's knee. It has not been easy correcting the wrongs I have done to others, but my upbringing has saved me, and I'm eternally thankful for that. I do have some of my mother's old things and wear them whenever I can. Our young son and two daughters think it's funny when I dress up like grandma, but my wife is teaching them to understand. Our daughters call me Lucille at those times and love doing girly things with me like tea parties and playing with them with their big dollhouse, but my son gets embarrassed seeing me like that, so my wife has to put him in lace panties and a party dress to teach him not to feel ashamed, and that they are just pretty clothes and boys can enjoy them just as much as girls (and his daddy does). When I go to visit my mother and father's grave, I dress exquisitely in Mother's clothes and hope they can see me and are proud of me.

"Lucille" in NY

SOBERING EXPERIENCE

My husband, Doug, is an alcoholic, and it has been a struggle to get him to reform. Long after he promised me he would quit, I kept finding liquor bottles hidden around the house. I poured them down the sink, but he just got more.

Then one day I found a half-empty bottle of scotch—Doug's favorite drink—hidden in the garage. My first impulse was to empty it out as I had so many times before, but I knew he would only buy another bottle. Then I had an idea. I pulled down my jeans and panties, urinated into the bottle, wiped it off and returned it to its hiding place.

That night I kept an eye on him and followed him when he went out to the garage to get a drink. He got a funny look on his face after he took a sip from the bottle. Then he drank a little more and screwed up his face again. That's when I stepped into the garage to tell him how I had flavored his scotch. He threw up on the garage floor. After that there were no more bottles hidden around the house, but then one night he

came in drunk. He had stopped off in some bar. My response was immediate. I ran into our bedroom and fished out a pair of handcuffs that were in a drawer. Then I made him get down on all fours. I put the handcuffs on him, hooking him to one of the supports underneath our colonial-style couch. Once he was in a position where he couldn't get away, I pulled his pants and drawers down and began to whip his bare behind with a leather belt. All the time I whipped his bottom, he was choking and sobbing that he wouldn't drink any more if only I would stop the whipping. But I reminded him of how many times he had made that promise before and kept on with the whipping. Finally I told him I would stop but he was not to move or he would get another whipping. I went in the kitchen and found an empty jar and one of his old cocktail glasses. I brought them out and stood where he could see me.

While my drunken husband watched, I pulled the hem of my dress up around my waist and pulled my panties down around my ankles and stepped out of them. Then I positioned the jar up between my legs and began to urinate. Once I had the jar almost full, I dropped my hem and poured some of it into the cocktail glass. Finally I made my miserable husband drink my still-warm piss. At first he didn't want to drink it, but I sat on him and pinched his nose shut so he had to open his mouth. Then I dipped my panties into the piss and tied them over his mouth with one of my stockings and made him sleep that way. The next morning he said he couldn't remember anything from the night before, so I told him, and he threw up again.

That was five years ago, and since then Doug hasn't touched a drop of liquor. For my husband knows that if he is going to



I changed Doug from an alcoholic to a pretty little sissy hooked on my pissy panties.

drink, he is going to drink my hot piss, sleep with pissy panties in his mouth and be totally humiliated in front of his friends. I've threatened to make him wear panties and made him do it a couple of times, and since he's such a macho type that scares the hell out of him. I have pictures of him wearing sissy panties, drinking my piss and with my pissy panties over his mouth, so he does whatever I want because he knows I can make his life miserable by following through on my threat to expose him to his lifelong football buddies and his bitchy little sister.

Margaret in VA

MORE EUNUCHES

You recently printed a letter about castration. Turning males into eunuches dates back at least to Biblical times, and it's a practice that should return. If troublesome males were neutered, the crime rate would be lower. Some men are not fit or responsible enough to have their testicles, a fact realized by the ancients, and an idea we should revisit.

Who should have the authority to make the decision on what man or boy should become a eunuch? Women, for sure, because they are more moral than males and the ones who carry the babies. Women should have the right to decide which male is acceptable for reproductive purposes and which ones are not.

Gary in AL

REAL OPPORTUNITY

It's certainly about time for such a publication/organization as yours! I have been able to do a small part in spreading the word by making copies of your poster and posting them on public bulletin boards and windows. Also, I have changed my political affiliation to the Peace & Freedom Party and am currently applying to NOW for membership. I feel blessed to be able to experience this wonderful change in the world.

Walter in CA

QUESTIONS

I found the Ten Point Program submitted by BILL TX-123 to have some good ideas, but as a resident of Illinois, I wonder:

- 1) Is there a bank where I could have my check deposited automatically into a woman's account and be allowed to write a check (or make a withdrawal) only with her cosigning?
- 2) Could I have a credit card good only for emergencies?
- 3) If I'm required to work outside the home, even though I'm

still responsible for all the housework and childcare (as are many women today), and need a car loan, would a woman cosign? Could this be an exception to not having property in my own name?

4) Is it possible in Illinois for a male to adopt a woman's name? I think it would be great to be able to publish in the local paper and send out note cards saying for example: "NOTICE: I, Robert X, have accepted and adopted my wife's name as my own. Legally, from now on, I prefer to be known as and referred to as 'Mr. Linda Z.'"

5) I don't think the male should care for children because how can an immature, overgrown male child be responsible for other children? But since the male belongs in the home, shouldn't he be under the supervision of a female babysitter? She could have the same rights and duties as the wife or woman in charge of the male and the other children. In other words, she would be given authority to discipline.

Robert in IL

BOY BECOMES GIRL

When I was six years old, my mother told me that each summer I was going to be living with my aunt. I didn't understand why, but the day after school let out my aunt, who was a doctor, came to get me. While we were driving back to her home in Arizona, she kept saying, "Too bad you're not a girl; things would be so much easier if you were a girl; maybe there's something we should do to fix things." After about an hour, she pulled over in a rest area and had me take a pill. It was late afternoon and she told me the pill was so I wouldn't get carsick and throw up in the car while driving at night.

The next thing I knew my aunt was waking me up in a dark hotel room, and the only light on was the bathroom light. I was on a bed naked and my aunt told me I had sweated a lot and my clothes were wet so she had taken them off me. She helped me put on underwear, short pants, a button shirt, a sweater, shoes and socks. As we walked down the street to get something to eat, she asked, "Did you ever wish you were a girl? You would be so sweet if you were a girl. Perhaps we should do something about it. Wouldn't that be such fun?"

We came to a McDonald's, and she had me play on the swings in a dimly lit area outside while she got us food. When we got back to the hotel room, she turned on a small lamp that gave off only a small amount of light, so I still couldn't see clearly what I was wearing, not that I had any reason to be concerned.

"After we eat, I'll help you undress and get ready for bed," she said. Then she showed me a stack of clothes on the bed. "While you were sleeping, I laid out some clothes for you to wear until we get you to my home. I have a lot of new clothes and other



My aunt would hose me down with cold water and lock me naked in the basement unless I agreed to put on girly clothes and pretend like I was enjoying it.

nice things for you there.” She held up one item. “This is what I want you to wear tomorrow,” she explained.

“What is it?” I asked and then saw her holding up a dress.

“I’m not wearing that; I’m a boy,” I told her.

“While you’re with me you are not a boy; you are a girl.”

My aunt then led me over to the mirror on the back of the bathroom door where all I could see was my outline in the meager light. Then she switched the bright overhead light on and told me again, “You’re not a boy; when you’re with me, you’re a girl; now look in the mirror.”

When I looked at my reflection, I thought there was someone else in the room with us because I looked like a girl. I was wearing pink short pants, a white blouse with a lacy collar, a pink sweater with flowers, and white ankle socks. My hair was combed differently and there was a small pink ribbon in it. I didn’t know what to do.

“See?” my aunt continued. “The only difference between a boy and a girl is the way they talk, act, dress, and comb their hair. Now take off everything except your underpanties.” I did what I was told and saw I had on pink lace panties, which she told me to leave on. She then had me put on a short pink nightgown and climb into bed. “You are going to like being a girl,” she said. “We are going to have a lot of fun, and now that you are a girl, your name will be Heather Marie.”

Sometime in the morning I woke up to find my aunt putting something in my mouth, handing me a glass of water and then telling me to swallow. Then she let me go back to sleep.

The next thing I knew my aunt was waking me up and telling me to get out of the car because we were going into a restaurant for lunch. I remember being real groggy. About 15 minutes later, when we were seated and starting to eat, I began waking up and noticing my legs felt funny. I looked down and saw that I had on white tights and a pink dress, the same dress my aunt had shown me the night before. I looked over at my aunt in fear and moaned, “Auntie, I have a dress on!”

She said, “Of course you do, and you look lovely in it, Heather. Just sit there and eat. Don’t say anything and everything will be all right.”

After eating, I ran back to the car because I was embarrassed and didn’t want anyone to see me. When my aunt got back to the car, she told me “You did really well! Now I have something for you,” and handed me a package with a doll inside it.

“That’s right, it’s a doll. You will take it everywhere with you, when we go out, when you play and when you go to bed.”

We then left the parking lot and headed down the road. After about an hour we stopped for gas. My aunt wanted to know if I had to go to the bathroom. I told her no. (I really had to, but I didn’t want to get out of the car the way I was dressed.)

All of the time we were driving, I just clung on to that doll and stared

out the window. I was scared and didn't know what to do. My aunt kept talking to me about how much fun we were going to have and how I was going to love being a girl. After a few more hours of driving, I told her I had to use the bathroom, and she pulled into a restaurant. She said we could take a break, get something to eat and use the rest room. I told her I wasn't going in wearing a dress. She told me I could stay in the car, and when I was ready to come in.

About half an hour later I couldn't hold it any more so I went in to find her. She took me to the ladies' rest room and then to her table, and I had something to eat. Afterwards we left.

Several hours later we got to her house and unloaded everything from the car. Then she showed me my room. It had a pink canopy bed, frilly lace everywhere, girly pictures all over the walls, a TV, dolls and a dollhouse, a closet full of dresses, skirts, blouses and at least a dozen pairs of shoes. Inside the dresser were stacks of panties, tights, sweaters, short pants, socks, slippers and nightgowns. Hanging on the back of the door were two jackets. Since my aunt had to work, she told me to make myself at home, not to answer the door and to get used to wearing my clothes and not to get taking them off or I would be punished.

I tried fighting my aunt about turning me into a girl, but she always won. To get me to cooperate, she'd soak me down with cold water, lock me in the basement soaking wet with no lights or food until I put on the clothes she left near the door. My aunt would throw me into a cold shower if I took off my girls' clothes or found my boys' clothes and put them on and then force me to go down the basement stairs and stand there in the dark until I agreed to get dressed and be a girl. The first few times this happened she would let me out and then I would refuse to get dressed and then I would be soaked again with cold water and put back down there. Later, after the first few such instances, when I agreed to get dressed, the light would go on and I would find what I was supposed to be wearing hanging there.

Later on, she taught me to sit down to use the toilet, how to sit, walk, stand, play with my new toys, get dressed and comb my hair like a girl. Then she started taking me out and showing me off to her friends. I met several real girls my age, including one we had over for a weekend. I couldn't get over how everyone thought I was a real girl. The girls I was introduced to and I would play house, play with dolls, and watch TV. We even had some slumber parties, where all of us wore fancy nightgowns, told stories and slept in sleeping bags on the living room floor.

My mother enjoyed having her summers free of me to do some traveling and charity work. I didn't think she knew about my girlhood summers with my aunt, and I was too embarrassed to tell her about them, but when I was ten years old my mother told me she had known about auntie raising me like a girl and she fully approved, saying it had made me into a very sweet, loving and cooperative boy. She showed me a photo album filled with photos of me at different ages at my aunt's house. Then she said, "Come on, we're going out to dinner. I'll help you get

dressed." In my bedroom she opened my closet door and said, "These are for you to wear when you get home from school each day," as she showed me a full wardrobe of girls' clothes. Then she had me put on pink panties, a slip, a pink lace dress and shoes. She redid my hair, put a bow into it, had me put on my new pink jacket, and then took me out to dinner. At night I was made to wear nightgowns all the time. I was still confused and frequently went against her trying to make me into a girl, but when I resisted, I got beat with a belt across my bottom.

When I was at home, as Heather, Mother and I would go out on walks (usually after dark to avoid running into someone who knew me), go to the movies and shopping. We would also go to Reno, Carson City and Sacramento a lot, so I was able to spend quite a bit of time out as a girl. At my aunt's it was easier because I never had to worry about avoiding anyone.

At my aunt's, when I got to be twelve, the girls and I would go to the mall, go to movies and the video arcade. One time at the arcade, I was with two girls and some boys hit on us. I soon learned that if you lead a boy on just a little and let him do something little like let him touch your hand or arm, he'd get you something to eat or drink or even pay for your games.

Then one morning as I was putting on the clothes auntie had laid out for me, I picked up my pink nylon panties and realized I was very lucky to get to wear such lovely clothes. Once I had my panties on, I looked over at the lacy slip and felt grateful to my aunt for giving me girls' clothes to wear. After I had finished dressing, I spent several minutes in front of the full-length mirror admiring how I looked. From then on, I truly enjoyed dressing up and spending my summers with her.

The hospital my aunt worked at had a 4th of July party and dance every year. Starting when I was twelve. I had to go to the dances with some of the other girls I knew. I was told that if a boy asked me to dance, I should dance with him or I would be in trouble. So I always danced when asked to. My aunt also set me up on double dates starting when I was sixteen. She told me that if a boy tried to hold my hand or kiss me good night, that I was to let them do it but nothing else. I had a few close calls at times with frisky hands, but nothing I wasn't able to handle.

One time when I was seventeen and out on a double date, the guy with my friend, Debbie, put his arm around her, and the guy I was with did the same with me. (I didn't see anything wrong with it since Debbie was doing it.) We were at a drive-in and I was in the back seat. The guy I was with scooted closer, held me tighter and started sliding his other hand up my leg and under my skirt. I was barely able to push him away in time. He tried it several more times. When I got home he wanted to give me a good night kiss, and I said OK. I figured the sooner it was done, the sooner I could get inside. He put one arm around me, put a hand behind my head and forced a french kiss on me. Needless to say, I never went out with him again. That was how I got the reputation for being "a stuck-up bitch that won't put out." That was one of the bad dates.

WAYWARD YOUTH

On one of the better dates, the guy always opened the door, showed a lot of manners and never made a move on me. When I got home, he wasn't even going to kiss me good night, so I gave him a quick little kiss on the cheek as I was thinking to myself, "This guy is really going to make some girl happy." We went out a few more times before he went off to college.

While a teenager, I used to take care of neighborhood children. One, a little nine-year-old boy, thought it was fun to sneak up behind me and snap my bra strap. I didn't like it, but I didn't want to say anything to my aunt because for some reason I was embarrassed. One afternoon he snapped it again and I told him he had better stop or I'd make him wear one of my pretty dresses. He didn't do it anymore that day. Before he came over the next day, I got out some of my outgrown clothes just in case. Later that afternoon, he did it again.

I grabbed his arm and dragged him into my bedroom, saying, "Remember what I said yesterday? Well, I'm going to make you do it." I made him sit on my bed as I pulled out a silky pair of girls' nylon panties, a slip, white tights and a yellow dress. He wouldn't put them on, so I held him down, took his clothes off, and while still holding him down, I redressed him and made him look at himself in the mirror. I told him if he told anyone I would tell him or her why I did it and then he would be in big trouble. He never told anyone. About an hour before my aunt got back, I let him put his own clothes back on. I told him that if he ever snapped my bra again, I would put him in a dress and panties again and send him home to show his mother and father how I was punishing him for being a bad boy. He never did it again, and whenever he acted up and needed a reminder, I would pull out some panties and tell him to behave or else.

After I graduated from high school, my aunt wanted me to come live with her while I saved up money for college. I stayed with her for two years, all the time dressed as a young woman. She got me a job as a waitress and later a nurse's aide at the hospital where she worked. I learned a lot from both jobs. When I was a waitress, I didn't like wearing the short skirt, but it was a job. I had guys lean on me, hit on me, pinch and rub my bottom and even a couple of guys rub themselves on me when I was bending over. Boy, did I develop a lot of respect for waitresses who had to put up with that kind of treatment for years on the job! The hospital was easier; I got to wear decent length dresses, and I met a lot of interesting people.

While in college, I dressed as a man every day. Now I have a good job and always wear men's clothes. I only dress in feminine clothes while at home. Sometimes, though, I wish I were a nurses' aid or a waitress again so I could dress as a woman all the time just as I did when I lived with my aunt.

"Heather" in WA

Down the street from us lived a boy named Gary who was in my seventh-grade class at school. His older brother Bill was the captain of the football team at the high school and highly admired. What I and other people didn't know was that both of them were homosexuals.

One day when I was over at Gary's house, Bill said he had some sex magazines we could look at. I knew it wasn't right since in Sunday school they had taught us it was wrong, but Gary convinced me to look at them. The magazines had naughty pictures of women. I said I liked the one picture of a girl in sexy lingerie, so we went to their mother's room and explored her drawers with slips and panties in them. I got turned on. Then Bill said we should all masturbate while we looked at the pictures.

I had started masturbating about six months before, and I didn't see anything wrong with doing it alone, but I didn't want to do it with them watching. Gary said masturbation was a natural thing to do and if I wasn't going to do it, maybe I didn't know how. I didn't want them thinking that, so I opened my pants, and we all started playing with ourselves.

A few days later I was over at Gary's house again, and we were looking at more sex magazines. This time when we started masturbating, Gary said, "Here, let me help you," and reached over with a silky pair of his mother's purple panties and began rubbing my penis through them. I hesitated for a moment but then let him do it because doing it with the panties sure felt good. Plus, I figured it was just his hand, and what difference did it make whether it was my hand or his?

The following Saturday Gary called up and said he and Bill would like to come over because they got some new magazines. Both my parents worked on Saturdays, and I was alone in the house, so I said OK. They showed up along with another boy, and while we looked through the magazines, the new boy brought out some marijuana cigarettes and passed them around. I had never had anything to do with drugs before, but I didn't want the other boys thinking I was a sissy, so I tried one. Then one of the magazines showed guys in dresses and lingerie doing sex things together. I had no idea such magazines even existed.

My mind was in a fog from the marijuana, but when we all pulled down our jeans to masturbate, the three of them were wearing pairs of panties! I could see Bill and the other boy fondling each other on the other side of the room. I laughed but didn't resist when Gary helped me off with my clothes and put a yellow pair of his mother's panties on me and began playing with my organ through the panties. I lay back and let him do it for a while, and it felt great, but then I watched amazed as he took my penis out from under the leg elastic and sucked it into his warm mouth. I was surprised by how good it felt, and when he was through he said it was time for me to do for him. I bent down and put his dick in my mouth, but when Gary pushed me

away, I looked up to see my parents standing in the doorway. The boys ran out, leaving me to try to explain everything to my parents. They told me that I was never to see those boys again, and they would have my mother's sister, Aunt Denise, watch me on Saturdays when they couldn't be home. The following Saturday my parents took me by her house on their way to work and explained that in exchange for having my Aunt Denise keep an eye on me and provide me with lunch, I was going to be spending each Saturday cleaning her house. Then they took me to our minister, and Reverend Chastane and it was embarrassing because he made me confess to him everything I had done with the boys. He explained to me why sex with boys is wrong and made me feel horrible for wearing girls' panties.

I didn't like the idea of doing housework, and while I was mopping the kitchen floor I escaped out the back door. On the way home I ran into Gary, and we stopped off in a place for a

hamburger. He wanted me to go to his place to look at dirty magazines again, but I said I didn't want to and went home. Aunt Denise told my parents I had run away, and one of my mother's friends called up to say she had seen me with Gary. Dad gave me another spanking and we all went to our minister's house again. He then had a private talk with mom and dad and said he had an idea how to stop me from running off again.

That next Saturday my parents took me to Aunt Denise's house again, but this time they came inside and made me take off all my clothes and locked them in the closet. Then Aunt Denise held up a pair of robin's egg blue nylon panties with pink ruffles. I didn't understand what they were up to until my father said that since I was turning into a queer and fascinated with girls' panties, I'd have to wear them all the time while at my aunt's house. I told them I had just been playing around with those boys and wasn't a queer. I insisted I didn't want to wear panties; I hated panties

after our minister had explained to me how evil they are. I pleaded with my father. He told me it was good that I hated panties because now I'd surely not run away again. He told me just to obey the two women. Then Aunt Denise helped me into the thin, lacy panties, and I was crying as I started cleaning as my parents left to go to work.

That was three years ago, and I still spend every Saturday at my Aunt Denise's in fancy nylon panties. She lets me wear one of her daughter's old dresses if she has me do any work out in her yard. About two months after that first time, Cathy, her daughter, came home from college for the weekend. I didn't know she was there until I walked into the living room to vacuum the rug wearing only a pair of pink nylon panties with lace trim. My cousin laughed and said, "My, what pretty panties you're wearing! Mom told me you were a fag now, so no wonder you love wearing such pretty panties." I didn't want to reply to her, so I started up the vacuum cleaner to drown out her teasing, but for the rest of the day she kept sneaking up on me to snap my panty elastics and make nasty comments to tease me about my panties. After that, both Cathy and her mother had a steady stream of lady friends over to chat, and these guests never failed to comment on how I was dressed.

I don't enjoy spending every Saturday doing housework while wearing panties, but one Saturday morning when I was slipping on a pair of mint green nylon panties with delicate white lace trim, I suddenly came to understand that my mother and father and aunt make me do this because they loved me, and they want me to grow up to be a moral person. Now, whenever I say my prayers, I thank the Lord for giving me such a loving family, one that cares enough about me to make an effort to keep me out of trouble.

Tommy in MS



To pay her for watching over me to keep me out of trouble, I had to clean my aunt's house wearing only panties and sometimes a dress.