

*Christian*

*Presented by the Demale Society*

# H O M E

*AKA FemDom Home*

*Illustrated*

TODAY THE WOMAN RULES THE HOME

TOMORROW SHE WILL RULE THE WORLD

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

## Volume 6

SELECT LETTERS FROM THE SIXTH YEAR OF CHRISTIAN HOME  
ISSUES #29 - 33 - AUGUST 1997 - JUNE 1998

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*Adults Only*

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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 correspondence 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.

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

**Christian Home Letters 6<sup>th</sup> Year**

## #1 TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SPANKING

Here are MY TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SPANKING that I have found useful for disciplining my husband and children.

**I. THOU SHALT SPANK.** Spanking is not just something wives and parents find convenient to keep the peace; it is what your husband and children need. Remember that if you liberally punish for little violations of the rules, they will be less likely to indulge in more serious transgressions.

**II. NEVER SIMPLY THREATEN TO SPANK.** If you tell your husband or child that he is in danger of being spanked, he will think you are ambivalent about carrying out your threat. If his conduct has reached the level of meriting a spanking then do it immediately or set the time the punishment is to be carried out instead of threatening with a spanking if he continues.

**III. HUMILIATION IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF ANY PUNISHMENT.** When I spank my daughter, I always pull her panties down and bare her bottom. When my son needs to be punished, I make him put on a dress and panties for the spanking session and he has to continue wearing them until bedtime. Sometimes, I make him wear the panties for several days afterward. Just because he has school or is going to a sleepover at one of his friend's does not alter this part of his sentence. Of course, I spank my husband too, and he has to wear women's

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panties as part of his regular attire under his male clothes as a reminder for him not to stray from me sexually. My children know he wears panties and it is a reminder to my son that I will make him wear panties all the time too if I think he needs it.

**IV. SPANK YOUR CHILDREN FOR AS LONG AS THEY ARE LIVING AT HOME.** If they are living in your home, then they are not too old to spank. Of course, your husband should be spanked throughout your life together.

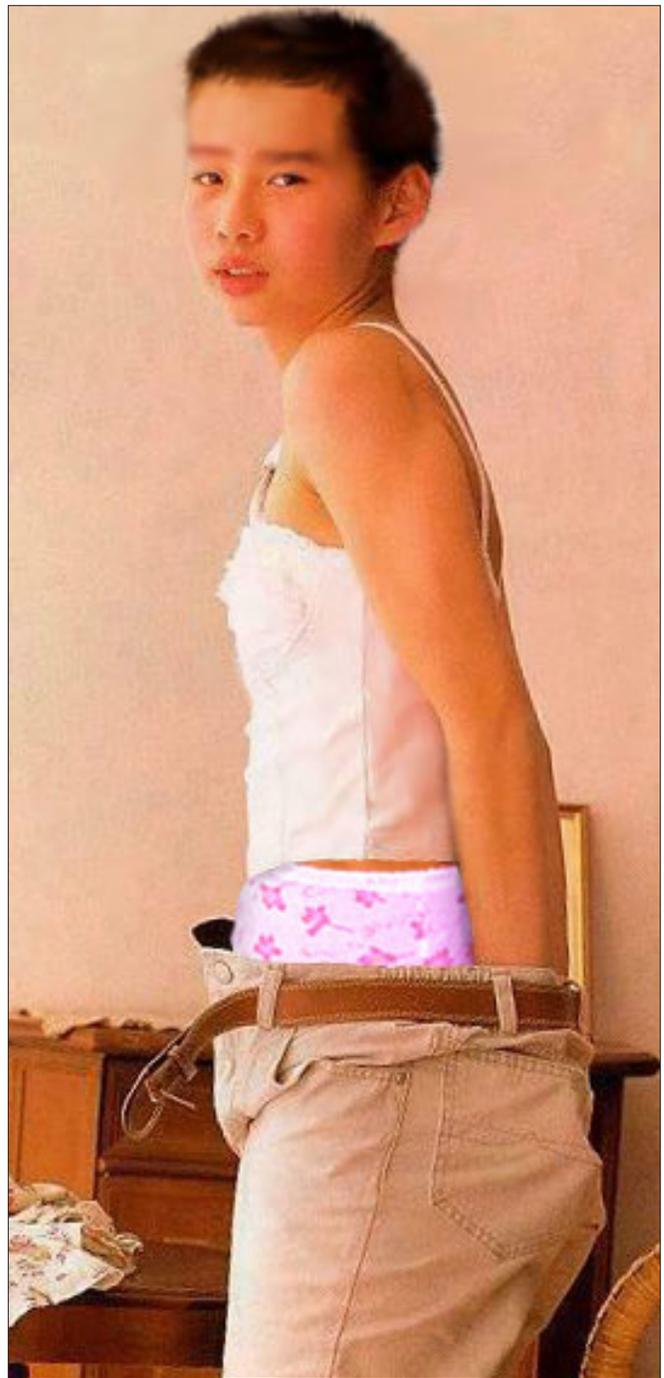
**V. FOR CHILDREN, THE SPANKING IMPLEMENT MUST BE APPROPRIATE TO THE CHILD'S AGE.** For younger children one's hand should be sufficient, but for teenage children you might need a belt. The venerable hairbrush falls somewhere in between.

**VI. FOR CHILDREN, YOU MUST BE LIMITED TO THE LEGAL SPANKING AREA.** If you strike a child too far up, it might result in damage to internal organs. What is the legal spanking area? It's the area framed by an old-fashioned garter belt, which by the way, is a humiliation unto itself — a boy has to be aware of the dimples and lines it can make through his trousers, especially white, light weight summer trousers — pink panties show nicely through such trousers too! In addition, a girl who has to wear a garter belt and stockings instead of pantyhose will surely be laughed at by her friends should they discover them.

**VII. NEVER POSTPONE A SPANKING.** If you wait to spank the offender, he will resent it if a lot of time passes between his transgression and his punishment. If it is not opportune to spank immediately following a offense, it should be carried out as soon afterwards as possible, and the culprit should know exactly when that is to happen. Of course, a weekly spanking at a regularly scheduled time is recommended to remind your husband or child to be good, and it should be carried out no matter who else may be present.

**VIII. HAVE WAYS TO REMIND YOUR HUSBAND AND CHILDREN THAT YOU ARE ALWAYS READY AND WILLING TO SPANK THEM.** I use a leather belt for severe transgressions, and in between spankings, I leave it hanging up just inside the front door where everyone see it when they go in and out. In addition, my son has to wear a frilly nylon babydoll nightie with matching panties to bed each night as a reminder that he will have to wear even more girls' clothes and for longer periods if he misbehaves. He has three such babydolls, one in pink, one in lavender and one in pale yellow, that are kept in his drawer next to his panties and boys' underwear to remind him of his sissy punishments every time he has to go into his drawer for clean underwear. For a growing boy, I believe periodically making him wear panties is more effective than having him wear them all the time like my husband does. My husband is an example to the children that one is never too old to be spanked.

**IX. TEACH THAT SPANKING IS DONE FROM LOVE.** Whenever I spank my children, they are required to say, "Thank you for helping me to be a better person," and then kiss me on the cheek as well as kiss my hand or the spanking brush or belt



that I used on them. They may not be truly grateful when they are young, but they will appreciate having been spanked when they are older. My husband must confess his love for me and my disciplinary methods to me every day. Otherwise, he must write 1,000 lines "My wife spanks me because I am an inferior male and it is a reminder to me of her deep love for me."

**X. READ THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.** This is the most practical book in the Bible, and it will strengthen you in your resolve to fulfill your parental duty to discipline your husband and misbehaving children.

Audrey in WI

Dear Audrey: You have come up with some intriguing ideas, and we have decided to reprint them in the new 1998 edition of *The Case for Spanking* under the title "Keeping Hubby Faithful." One of our dominant women readers from Australia wrote us the following in response to that article:

### CHASTITY DEVICE AS WELL AS PANTIES FOR HUSBAND

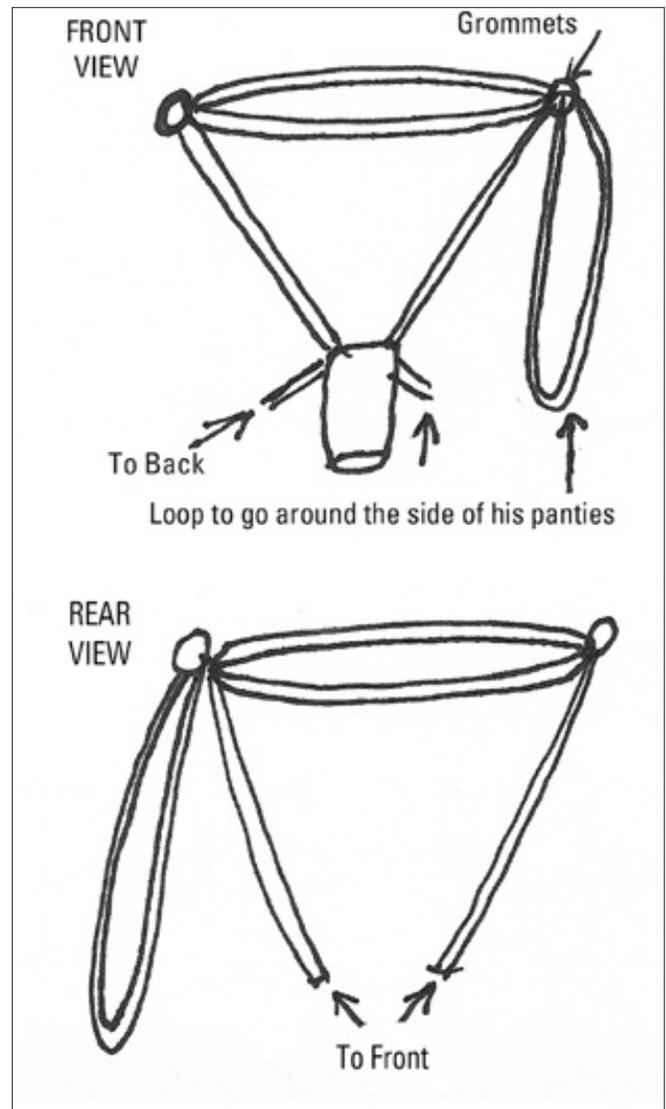
Having a husband wear women's panties under his male clothing is a good idea. However, I need something more to keep my husband from straying. I am a flight attendant and there is always the danger he will not wear his panties when I am out of town.

My solution has been to outfit him with a penis restraint that I made myself. He is not particularly well endowed and I used a simple piece of stiff rubber hose about 5" long that is more than adequate to accommodate him even with a full erection. I drilled two holes in it at one end and threaded it on a tiny strap made of a very narrow but very strong nylon rope (available at marine supply stores for sailboats). I fashioned the rope into a jockstrap type garment that goes between his legs and up to the waist rope on each side where they are secured to small grommets I had the store put on the rope ends. The ropes go between his legs and up to his waist in front and back. The grommets come together on each side and are held in place with a small padlock. A length of the small nylon rope goes from the grommet on one side and is looped through the side of his panties. He can take his panties down to use the bathroom (he must sit even just to urinate) but not completely off. The restraint he keeps on along with his panties at all times. When he showers, he washes his panties while wearing them and afterwards, his panties air dry as he walks around the house with his panties about his thighs — he's cute hobbling around that way!

The only way my husband can get the device off would be to cut it apart; something I would immediately notice, and he knows the spanking that would follow would be one of the most intense of his life. In addition, I would follow it with a panty humiliation, like making him tell one of his friends or a perfect stranger (like a waitress in a restaurant) that he willingly wears women's panties and loves wearing them — of course, he doesn't like wearing them! His failure to do that at my command would mean I would tell (and show) one of his friends or relatives he wears panties — of course, I have scads of pictures of him in his fancy panties so that would be easy to do! As long as he is wearing the penis restraint and panties, he cannot engage in intercourse or masturbate and that is how I not only keep him faithful but celibate!

I leave the device on him most of the time now. One time I made him wear the device for two weeks without a break, only periodically supervising him as I unlock him to change his panties. Toward the end of the second week, he was quite irritable, so I told him he had to wear it for an extra week because of his bad attitude. After that, he was much more pleasant.

I enjoy dressing in sexy clothes at home while he is wearing his



restraint. Sometimes I make a point of changing clothes in front of him so he can see me in my sexy lingerie. I also lounge around in my scanty baby doll pajamas or sit with him opposite from me while I watch television with my legs spread so he can see up my skirt at my especially fancy slip, panties and garter belt I wear on such occasions. He pleads with me to take the thing off and have sex with him, but I tell him he must be patient and learn self-discipline. Then when I finally do remove it, he is so grateful that he can't hold back his cum for more than a few strokes inside my pussy. I think that's funny, and that results in having him lick me to multiple orgasms as he eats his cum out of me. He's usually ready to go again within minutes, but instead of letting him shoot off inside me, I make him put on music and do a dance for me while he masturbates himself in his panties like a pantywaist pervert for my entertainment. So far, the longest I have left my restraint on my husband and denied him an ejaculation is just under a month. Right now, I am going for a new record. It's been three weeks, and I can tell he is miserable, but he knows to smile at me and be super nice if he doesn't want his sentence increased.

Janice - Queensland

## MY WIFE RAPES ME LIKE A GIRL

Do you have any material on punishing a misbehaving husband with spankings? My wife believes spanking me sets the tone in our marriage and shows that she is the boss. Sometimes when my wife-boss spans me, she becomes carried away with her dominance over me. My boss-ma'am is an ex-ballet dancer and very strong. I learned my submissiveness from her requests for foot rubs for her often sore feet. She loves to make me dress like a woman and then rip down my panties and be on top during sex as she talks to me like I'm a girl and she's raping me.

Nick in WA



## TAKING CHARGE OF A PROBLEM BROTHER

I saw your ad in *The Dating Page*. I'd love to get my boyfriend to wear my panties and dresses and serve me around the house. When we make love, I can tell he loves the feel of silk and satin because he plays with my lingerie so much. We've only been dating for three weeks, but I've already suggested he wear a pair my panties, but he refused. I'm sure I'll get him into them soon, and then he'll realize he would be happier serving me. I did that with my brother and it worked wonders on him.

When I was 16 and my brother was 12, my parents went away for a weekend and left me in charge. My brother, Richard, was a real pain, as are most boys. He would pull my hair and snap my bra and then run away. Then I caught him drinking dad's Jack Daniel's. He begged me not to tell, and I told him that in exchange he had to become my maid for the rest of the weekend.

He had no choice. I set his hair, and he wore my dress and heels all day as he waited on me. I plucked his eyebrows, had him give me a manicure and a pedicure, snapped his bra and made him sleep in the hair curlers and my best babydoll nightie and panties. He was my sissy maid for the next two days. He would never admit it, but I know he quickly came to enjoy being feminized and serving me. (See photo.)

Lisa in MA

## MY AUNT HUMILIATED ME IN FRONT OF MY NEW FRIENDS

I spent the summer after the sixth grade visiting my Aunt May. Next door lived two brothers, Greg and David, who were students in junior high. My aunt did not approve of them because she said all they ever talked about was sex.

Greg and David kept a stash of dirty magazines hidden in their basement, and the first week that I was staying with my aunt, they invited me over to look at them. Afterward I sneaked away to masturbate.

Aunt May knew I had been next door and gave me a spanking for it. She told me never to do anything with those boys again, but I couldn't resist, and the next morning I went back to look at those magazines again. We had a mutual masturbation party and we even took turns jacking on each other's penis. On my return, my aunt

confronted me. She smelled boy cum on me and slapped my face and called me a queer. "I told you not to hang around with those perverted boys and you disobeyed me again, so I've come up with a way to make sure they do not want you to pal around with them. After lunch, go up to your bedroom."

That afternoon my aunt came into my room and said, "Chris, I want you to wash my car today, and I have some things here for you to wear." She showed me a pair of black lace nylon panties and a matching black brassiere. I didn't want to wear them, but she threatened to tell my parents, so I let her undress me and put her bra and panties on me. Then she picked out one of my

white T-shirts and a pair of her thin white shorts for me to wear over the bra and panties. Thank goodness, she was small breasted and her bra was not too noticeable under my T-shirt.

I went outside to do the car. After a while I saw Greg and David along with Greg's girlfriend Pam, coming down the street. I didn't want them to bother me so I tried to look busy. However, when I turned on the hose to rinse off the hood, my mind wasn't on what I was doing and as I was spraying the car, I managed to spray myself too. My T-shirt got wet, and the black brassiere clearly showed through.

"Hey, Chris is wearing a bra!" said David and they gathered around me to look at the bra. I tried to explain to them I was being punished for going over to their house against my aunt's orders, but they didn't believe me and said I was one of those weirdoes who got off on wearing ladies' clothes.

"Do you think he's wearing panties, too?" asked Pam. Greg added, "Hey, Christine, are you wearing panties?" I didn't like being called Christine, but what came next was even worse. I ignored him, but he wouldn't stop teasing me. "Let's see if he's wearing panties," said Greg, and he and his brother grabbed me and pulled down my shorts.

Greg let out a wolf whistle when he saw the black lace panties I was wearing. "My, what pretty panties Christine has on. Don't you love her pretty panties?" he asked Pam. "Oh, yeah, and they match his lacy bra so nicely. What a fag sissy he is!" I pulled my aunt's shorts back up and ran into the house. Behind me, I could hear their laughter.

A few days later, my aunt announced that those two boys were going to a two-week summer camp. She was happy that they would be away and not a temptation to me during that time. But the temptation to see those dirty magazines was too much for me, and on a day when their mother was sunbathing outside and I knew the house was empty, I snuck into their house and went down into their basement with the intention of stealing those magazines, but their mother unexpectedly came into the house and caught me. My aunt told her how I was punished in lingerie and the lady told her she would love to see me like that. Then my aunt put me into a pair of her pink satin panties with a bar of black soap in my mouth and invited the lady over to see me. I wouldn't stay put, so my aunt had to spank me and bind me with rope so I wouldn't run away from being put on display. The boys' mother laughed so hard, I was thoroughly shamed and cried for hours afterwards. That cured me of making any more visits to their house, and needless to say, I steered clear of that woman, her boys and Pam after that, but for the rest of the summer, whenever any of them spotted me, they would call out, "Hey, Christine!" and say things like, "Hey, pansy, what color panties do you have on today?" or "Show us your panties, sissy!" As a further humiliation, their mother sent over a big box full of her lingerie for me to wear for my punishments as she told my aunt that she was close to my size and was getting ready to buy herself a whole new lingerie wardrobe.

Chris in NH





### **CUCKOLD IS AN ACCEPTED MEMBER OF A ROMANCE NOVEL READING GROUP**

I belong to a romance reader group that includes one man whose wife is a member and who initially insisted that her husband read romance novels to understand her desire to be loved like the women in these novels who are swept off their feet by men who are very masculine. However, Mazy and Lenny married very young, and she soon discovered her husband was a wimp and not the macho hero of her dreams. She realized too late that he was much too effeminate for her tastes, so she made him into a feminized cuckold. However, Lenny is now hooked on romance novels and is an enthusiastic member of our group. His participation has helped him understand that he is not man enough for his wife and accepts her need to have sex with real men, even when those men fuck her in front of him and laugh at him prancing around in his girlie clothes like a sissy faggot.

We meet monthly at the home of a hosting member who picks the selections of the month to read and discuss. The evening is always regarded as a “girls’ night out” with Lenny required to serve refreshments and generally be attentive to all the women as well as participate in the discussions. We engage in some lively “girl talk” that typically lasts until the wee hours of the morning. While the discussion always starts with our reading, our topics can vary widely, the only rule being that traditional

male interests such as sports are prohibited. Not that such a rule is needed since Lenny has long ago been thoroughly feminized and has lost all interest in such things. All of the ladies in our group encourage Lenny’s feminine side, and we all go gaga over whatever dress and lingerie is wearing on any particular meeting night.

Denise in PA

### **MOTHER TURNED MY PANTY FETISH INTO A WAY OF LIFE**

“Take these panties out of the box and put them on the table with the other panties,” said Valerie. It was Thursday, the day that all the clothing recently donated to the thrift shop came back from the laundry. I was the only boy working in the shop; all the others were ladies from our church, which is the sponsor of the charity shop. I was there because my mother was in charge of the store, and she had me help out several days each week after school.

However, mother never was in the shop on Thursdays. It was her day off, and Valerie was in charge when mother wasn’t there.

I took the box over to the lingerie table and turned it upside down so the panties fell out in a heap. “Oh, no!” exclaimed Valerie, running over to the table. “You have to sort them according to size and then display them attractively.”

I didn’t like the idea of having to arrange a huge stack of girls and women’s panties on the table. I looked around and saw that the panties already on the table were all in a mess. I asked Valerie why I should bother sorting the new panties that had been in the box.

“They’re mixed up because customers go through them and often leave them in a jumble,” she said. “You will just have to tidy all of them up.”

I went back to the table and began to sort the panties according to size. They were in assorted styles and made of various fabrics. I had to pick up each pair and look for the tag inside to find their size. As I did so, I noticed how soft and delicate panties are. I liked how they felt in my fingers, but I didn’t want anyone to notice I had any interest in them. Once I had all the panties sorted by size, I arranged them on the table by color and style with the smallest panties at one end and the largest at the other

end. Then for each size, I arranged them in an overlapping diagonal so each pair of panties lying underneath would peek out a little for the customers to see. After that, I had a box full of brassieres to sort and arrange, and I worked hard to make them into a nice little display on the next table. I set them out in little rows and was proud of the how I made them look.

Valerie complimented me on the fine job I had done and then had me sort and display a box of slips and nighties that had recently arrived. I spent the afternoon unpacking other boxes, but I kept thinking about the nylon panties, how good they felt to handle and how they excited me. I was still thinking about girlish panties when I went to bed that night with a raging boner in my pajama pants.

The next day I went with mother to the thrift shop early in the morning until it was time for me to go to school that was nearby, and my mother noticed how neat and tidy the lingerie tables were. "Who straightened up all the lingerie?" she asked.

"Your son, Luke, did," said Valerie. "I think he has a talent for handling ladies' lingerie. He did an especially fine job with the panties," she said with a laugh. My mother laughed too, and I burned up blushing.

The following Thursday there weren't any more panties that came into the shop, but Valerie told me to tidy up the lingerie table anyway. This time the feel of nylon panties on my fingertips was even more exciting. That night as I lay in bed I began to wonder what it would feel like to wear a pair of girls' panties. The next few days I kept thinking about what it would be like to wear silky panties all the time like woman and girls do. When my mother walked by I tried to visualize the panties she was wearing under her dress.

Then on Sunday afternoon, she went to visit an elderly member of our church, and I found myself alone in the house. I went into my mother's bedroom and located her lingerie drawer. As I opened it, I got a whiff of a heady perfume. In the drawer, I could see neat piles my mother's slips, brassieres, girdles, and pantyhose, and a garter belt and stockings on one side, but what stole my attention were the perfectly arranged stacks of her carefully folded delicate panties. I held up one pair and then another. Each pair seemed more wonderful than the last. I finally chose a pair of pink nylon panties that had a lace trim on the sides and leg openings. I closed the drawer and with my heart pounding, tiptoed out of the room.

I went down the hall to the bathroom. Locking the door behind me, I quickly got out of my clothes and I slipped on my mother's panties. I tried to see how I looked wearing panties by climbing on top of the toilet seat and peering into the mirror on the medicine cabinet, but I couldn't get a good view.

My mother's bedroom had a full-length mirror, so I screwed up my courage and decided to go back in there. I unlocked the bathroom door, listened for a moment, and then scurried back down the hall. I walked into her bedroom and turned to look at the full-length mirror. There looking back at me was a boy

wearing only a pair of lace-trimmed nylon panties. That boy was I! I turned one way and then the other to get a more complete view. I began to wonder what it would take to look like a girl. Maybe if I had long hair and wore a brassiere, I thought.

The following Saturday I was again alone in the house and decided to try it again. This time I knew my mother would be gone all day. I went to her bedroom and took off all my clothes. This time I picked out a pair of blue nylon panties to wear and quickly put them on. Then I went back to the lingerie drawer and started looking through it again. A blue nylon slip matched the blue panties I was wearing, so I decided to try it too. I had some trouble getting it on, but I finally gathered it together and pulled it over my head. It came down over my skin in a cascade of feminine softness. I spent most of the day in the slip and panties. Mostly, I watched television in the living room. When it was time for lunch, I fixed a sandwich in the kitchen, still dressed in the luxury of feminine lingerie. When it was time for my mother to return, I changed back to my regular clothes.

The next afternoon my mother left to visit one of the shut-in members of our church, and as soon as she was out the door I went back to her bedroom, took my clothes off and slipped into the blue panties that I had on the day before. This time I had the idea to go a step further and wear a brassiere and nylon stockings under the slip. I held up my mother's garter belt to get a better view. It was white with delicate lace trim. Then I looked for the gartered stockings to go with it. Mostly, she had pantyhose, but there were also three pairs of nylon stockings too. I held up a pair of neatly folded nylon stockings and watched them unfold before my eyes. I had never before imagined that anything could be so lovely and feminine.

As I held up the stockings to examine them more closely, I heard a noise behind me. I turned to see my mother standing in the doorway to the bedroom. She had forgotten some literature that she had intended to take along and had come back for it. So there she found me, rummaging through her lingerie drawer dressed only in a pair of her nylon panties, preparing to put on her garter belt and nylon stockings.

She stood there looking at me with her mouth open. I stood frozen looking back at her. Then she spoke. "So you really do like panties, eh? Well, if you want to be a girl and wear pretty panties, that's fine with me." She walked across the room and picked up my boys' briefs I had left on the bed. "I may as well get rid of these as you're not going to need them anymore. Now come with me."

I followed her out into the living room still wearing only her sleek panties. As we sat across from each other, she explained that she would be donating all my boys' undershorts to the thrift shop. Tomorrow after school, she said, I was to come to the shop and she would select a panty wardrobe for me. In the meantime, I could go on wearing her panties until she could assemble for me a stock of girls' panties in my size.

I was crying as I said, "But I don't want to wear girls' panties all the time," I told her. "I'm sorry; I was just trying them on."

“Oh, nonsense!” said my mother. “A boy isn’t going to put on his mother’s panties unless he wants to be a girl and go about in girls’ clothes. I understand you are too embarrassed to talk about it, but I will be giving you what you really want. So just be quiet and wear what I pick out for you.”

After she left me alone, I put my regular clothes back on over the panties. From then on, I realized I would be wearing female panties every day whether I wanted to or not.

That night, when it was time for bed, she came into my room with a set of babydoll pajamas she still had from when she was back in college. They were white nylon with a pink ribbon stitched into a big bow on the front just below the gathered bust. The matching panties were white nylon with a little pink bow on one side. My mother took away all my boys’ pajamas and undershorts and left me another pair of panties to wear to school in the morning.

It felt good sleeping in the babydolls, but the next day I spent the time in school worrying that someone might find out that I was wearing nylon panties. They weren’t plain ones either; they were mint green with a ton of lace. Nothing happened though.

After school, I went over to the thrift shop. As I walked in, I spotted my mother talking to Valerie. The two women turned to look at me, and I knew instinctively that they had been talking about me. “Come here, Luke,” said my mother. I walked over to where they were standing. “I have been telling Valerie about how you want to be a girl, and she has been kind enough to offer to help. Now come with us to the dressing room.”

They led me into the partitioned corner that served as a dressing room. Then they made me remove all my clothes except the panties. “My, what pretty panties!” said Valerie with a crazy lilt to her voice. “You’re going to be glad you’re a girl because you’ll get to wear such pretty clothes.”

They dressed me completely as a girl. I had to put on a slip, white lace tights, a black dress with a big, lacy pilgrim collar and lace trim around the hem of the dress plus a pair of black patent shoes with little heels. Then they gave me a little black purse to hold things because the dress had no pockets. All the items came from the shop, except for the tights, which my mother had bought new. She giggled with Valerie about how she had caught me in panties and standing there ready to put on her good garter belt and nylon stockings, and they laughed that I would have to earn my way to enjoy that feminine pleasure.

I had to stay dressed as a girl until it was time to go home for dinner. After that, I was required to come straight from school every afternoon and change into a dress at the shop. Valerie was always glad to help me. Most of the women who bought



things from our shop seemed to get a big kick out of seeing me in a dress or other girlish clothes. They just didn’t stop smiling once they spied me in one of my girlie outfits. Sometimes I wore girls’ slacks and blouses instead of dresses, especially while working at the thrift shop because slacks were easier to maneuver in when I was doing stock work. Of course, they chose the most feminine slacks they could find and usually they accented my outfit with a nice scarf or other girlish accessories. (See photo.)

Mother also bought me two pairs of new girls’ shoes so I wouldn’t have to wear the secondhand ones we had in the shop. Over time, I spent an increasing amount of time in girls’ clothes, including at home and when we visited mom’s friends and our relatives who she had told that I wanted to be a girl. I kept on telling mom that I didn’t want to be a girl, but she would make me admit that I loved the beautiful clothes and would tease me about how feminine I acted while wearing them and that convinced her that I wanted to be a girl no matter how much I objected. Yes, I did enjoy swishing around in skirts with silky lingerie underneath, and I had found the supreme joy of masturbating into nylon panties, but I was sure that was the extent of my enjoyment of my girlish desires. Mother knew about the stains I left in my panties, as she would laugh about

them when she did the wash. To her strange way of thinking, it just proved all the more that I wanted to be a girl.

However, I did want to wear a dress and panties every day and was secretly glad they were making me do it. Years later, I confessed this to my mother. “Yes, I know,” she said. “A boy who tries on ladies’ panties really envies girls and wants to join them. I knew you would not admit your true feelings, so I had to force you to do what I knew you really wanted.”

No, I never did surgically become a girl — I realized I love my penis in panties too much, but I do act as girlishly as I can every day even when I have to wear men’s clothes on the outside. Most people think I’m a queer, but I don’t care what they think. I am asexual; I have never had sex with anyone male or female except for one time when a gang of boys raped me and made me suck on their penises because they thought I was gay. It did feel good for them to call me sissy and girlie names and pretend to be sweet to me. I did not like giving them blowjobs, but their attack on me still fits into my fantasies as I masturbate into my lovely nylon panties. They said many exciting things to me when they discovered I had a slip, bra and panties on under my clothes. It was both exciting and horribly scary.

Luke in TX

## A CONVERT TO PANTY POWER

I’ve been reading Christian Home for over a year, but I never took seriously the articles about men wearing panties until recently. The change in my attitude started when a dominant girlfriend urged me to try wearing panties. I never before thought of myself as wearing panties. However, my developing submissive streak and curiosity led me to the intimate apparel section of our local Wiebolt’s department store. I had never been near such a place and I was breathless with excitement and apprehension. When the saleslady asked if I needed help, I amazed myself by blurting out that I was buying panties for myself at my girlfriend’s suggestion, and I didn’t know anything about them! I felt humiliated, and I turned beet red, stuttered and gasped for air. The saleslady had to bite her lip to keep from laughing, but she managed to maintain her professionalism and helped me pick out three pairs of lacy white brief-style panties—very frilly and feminine. Since then I have been back to see her and buy an assortment of colors, and at my girlfriend’s urging, the more feminine the better.

Wearing panties has greatly reinforced my appreciation of females, my understanding of female superiority and my desire to life under female rule. If this sounds hard to believe, no one is more surprised than I am. I don’t pretend to understand all the psychodynamics involved, but I worship womanhood as never before. I believe having my penis (the symbol of male ego/weakness/inferiority) restrained, confined and constantly petted by pretty panties has something to do with it. At any rate, I no longer scoff at the idea of “panty power.”

Tom in MO

## THE HALLOWEEN COSTUME THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

My first experience with wearing feminine clothing happened when in the 1960s I was in the second grade and dressing up for Halloween. My mother took me to visit my Aunt Betty and my two cousins Lucy and Mary who lived in a town 60 miles away from us. She dropped me off on Friday afternoon; Halloween wasn’t until Saturday night, but in their town there was always a parade and party with all the kids in costumes on Halloween, so everyone went trick or treating the night before.

After my mother had started back home, I discovered that she had neglected to leave the bag that contained my clown costume. By then it was too late to go buy another one, and for a moment I was afraid I wouldn’t have a costume to go trick or treating in that evening.

“We have another costume you can wear,” Aunt Betty told me. “Lucy has one she isn’t going to use this year. You can go trick or treating in that one.”

She went in the next room to get the costume. In a minute she was back. She held up a long white dress and said, “Here it is! Isn’t it lovely?”

“It’s a dress,” I said. “I can’t wear a dress!”

“It’s a fairy princess costume,” Aunt Betty explained. “It comes with a wig, a tiara and a magic wand.” She held up each item in turn: first, the blonde wig and then the silver-colored plastic tiara set with rhinestones and the silver wand with a big five-pointed silver star at the top. “It’s a costume,” she continued. No one is going to know it’s you. No one in this town knows you except us anyway.”

“But I don’t want to wear a dress,” I said. Even if no one else knew, I would still know I had a dress on.

“In that case, you can’t go trick or treating. We will have to leave you behind because only children in costumes can go.”

I didn’t want to wear the dress, but I didn’t want to miss trick or treating either. “OK, I’ll wear it,” I said.

Aunt Betty took me into her bedroom. She helped me out of my clothes down to my shorts. Then she put the dress over my head and brought it down over me. The dress was made of nylon, and it felt strange but good as it slid across my skin. I had never felt anything quite like it before. My aunt secured the button at the back of the neck and turned me around so I could see myself in her full-length I mirror. It was a pretty dress, and something about seeing myself in it, I liked. I think, however, that it was more likely the feel of the garment that attracted me; I liked the smooth feel of the material, and I was somehow associating that feeling with what I saw in the mirror.

Aunt Betty had me walk back and forth for her to see how the dress hung on my body. “No, that won’t do,” she said. “Your boxer shorts spoil the hang of the skirt of your costume and interfere with the smooth lines of the gown. You will have to



wear something that won't ruin the effect." I kept looking in the mirror while she went down the hall, but I still couldn't see why my shorts would be a problem.

"These are Mary's, but you can wear them with your costume," Aunt Betty said as she then held up a pair of girls' panties!

They were white nylon with white lace trim, and I was horrified that I might have to wear them. I told her I wasn't going to put them on, and she began to be cross with me. "Now, Donny," she said, "I have tried very hard to accommodate you. It's not my fault that you didn't bring your costume. I offered you a costume, the only extra costume we have so you can go trick or treating with Lucy and Mary, and it's not good enough for you. Now I am trying to make the costume look right, and you don't want to cooperate. You had better put these on and be quick, before I start to get angry."

I didn't want to anger her anymore than I already had, so I lifted up the hem of my dress and pulled down my shorts. Aunt Betty knelt down and held out Mary's panties so I could step into them. Then she pulled the elegant panties up my legs until they fit snugly around my hips. I let go of the hem of my dress, and it fell back down to my ankles. The lightweight, tight-fitting nylon panties made it feel like I was barely wearing anything, but I did feel them clasping my hips. The elastic waist and legs were particularly noticeable. Their embrace was tantalizing yet aggravating. I ran my hands over the dress as I tried to feel the panties underneath and was amazed by the way the nylon of the dress slid so smoothly over the nylon of the panties. These

clothes were delicate and feminine, and they made boys' clothes seem crude by comparison. I thought to myself, "Was this the way it felt to be a girl?" Maybe being a girl wasn't so bad after all.

Next came a pair of clip-on earrings— little pink hearts— and some pink lipstick for my lips. I held the magic wand in my lap while my aunt fitted a pair of silver stretch slippers to my feet. Her final efforts were to put on the wig and then the tiara. When I stood up and looked in the mirror, I could see that I really did look like a girl.

Aunt Betty led me out into the living room where my cousins were waiting. "See what a pretty princess we have, girls," she said. "Doesn't Donny make a pretty princess?"

Lucy and Mary crowded around me to take a good look. "You're really pretty, Donny," they told me. "You make a very pretty girl."

"That's right, Donny," said my aunt. "It's really too bad you were born a boy because you make such a lovely girl."

We went trick or treating with me in the costume of a fairy princess. Everyone seemed to assume I was really a girl. Lucy and Mary even introduced me as their cousin 'Dottie.'

The next day, my cousins wanted to dress me up in a flowergirl dress Lucy had worn for a family wedding, but I was afraid to let them and said no. But they insisted, and I gave in. They took pictures of me in the dress and holding a fake bouquet of flowers. That night was the Halloween parade and Lucy, Mary and Aunt Betty all insisted I keep on the flowergirl dress, and once again, I was outside and on display in a pair of frilly nylon panties, the white dress, lipstick and earrings. They kept teasing me, but at the last minute, they did let me disguise myself with the wig.

Being in the parade was exciting and happily, no one guessed I was a boy. Afterward, Aunt Betty took us all for ice cream. For two nights, I had been wearing my dresses outdoors after dark, but now I was in a brightly lit ice cream shop dressed as a girl. I was apprehensive, but I had no problems. Everybody seemed to think I really was a girl. Then we went back to the apartment where I was able to shed my feminine costume. The moment came when I pushed down my cousin's panties and stepped out of them, and my adventure in wearing girls' clothes was over.

The next afternoon my mother showed up to take me back home, and I put the whole thing out of my mind. I didn't think about wearing girls' clothes again for more than three years. But somewhere in my mind a seed had been planted.

Near the end of the fifth grade, when I was in the bathroom, I noticed a pair of my mother's panties in the hamper. I felt an impulse to reach out and touch them. As I fingered the thin nylon material, I was reminded of how it felt to wear my cousin's panties on that Halloween. I knew my mother was at work, and I went into her bedroom and looked in her dresser. The bottom drawer held her lingerie. I sat on the floor and examined her panties before I finally decided to try on a pair in pink nylon.

I took off all my clothes and stepped into my mother's panties. They weren't the right size for me and hung loosely from my hips, but I was determined to wear them anyway. Then I chose a nylon half-slip. It was pink with black waist elastic and black lace around the hem. As soon as I had pulled it on, I stopped to feel the panties through the material of the half-slip. The way the one garment slid so smoothly over the other felt good. It was the same sensation I had experienced for the first time dressing for Halloween years before in those fancy dresses.

I then pulled out a matching pink and black brassiere. I got the straps over my shoulders all right, but try as I might, I couldn't get it to hook in back. I finally gave up and took the brassiere off. Next, I went over to the closet and looked over my mother's dresses for one to wear. I spent a long time trying on one dress after another and I lost track of time. Then I heard a noise behind me. It was my mother coming home from work. She stood in the doorway for a moment just looking at me wearing her lingerie and then she spoke.

"Well!" she said. "So you want to be a girl! Let's see what you have on."

She crossed the room to take a closer look. "I see you had the sense to match up the pink panties with the pink slip," she said. "That's nice, but there is also a brassiere that matches the slip."

"I couldn't get it on," I replied, embarrassed by her probing comment and sneering smile.

"I can show you how to do it. Bras can be very tricky until you figure them out. My things don't fit you very well, though. Well, you really ought to have your own things anyway. We'll go shopping and get you a new wardrobe." She gave me a hug. "We're going to have so much fun together. We'll go shopping, read ladies' magazines and do girlie things together, and I'll teach you all you need to know about being a young lady."

She went to fetch the pink and black brassiere. "You probably don't remember, but once a long time ago you wore a girls' costume for Halloween. You were visiting Aunt Betty, and they took a picture of you in that outfit. I still love to look at it occasionally. It excited me to see you as a girl, and you have no idea how many times I wished you had been born a girl, so I'm delighted you decided to want to be one on your own. Your cousins named you Dottie. I think that's a good name for you. From now on, you will be my little princess. "Now come here, Dottie, and I'll show you how a girl puts on her bra."

Don in NY

## A PLEASINGLY PLUMP WAITRESS PUT ME IN HER PETTIPANTS AND MADE ME HER MAID

I often visit an all-night cafe after I get off work. Not long ago, I was sitting in my usual booth in the back listening to the waitresses who were in the booth across the aisle. They were discussing the Clinton scandal, and one said that men couldn't be trusted to keep their pants zipped. I have been a reader of *Christian Home* for several years, and I chimed in: "That's right. Men are immature. Women are more moral than men."

They seemed surprised to find a man who agreed with them, and they kept talking about how "Men are jerks," and "You can't let them out of your sight," and I agreed every time. "Men would be better off if they did what their women told them to," I said at one point.

They all noticed when I came in the next night. They must have remembered what I had said the night before. After I finished what I was eating, one of them turned to me and said, "Why don't you get a tray and clear your table." I went back and got a tray. As I cleared off my table, they all started to laugh. It didn't take me long, and when I was done, the same waitress pointed to another booth and said, "Now, go clear off that table."

It was late at night, and the tables didn't need more than one person to clear them, so the waitresses were able to sit and talk while I did some of their work. When I sat down in my booth again, I heard one of the waitresses say to another in a loud whisper, "Go on, try it!" Then that waitress got up, crossed the aisle and sat down across from me in my booth.

"Why don't you take me out to dinner on Saturday," she said. "Dinner and a movie."

I was caught off guard by her sudden proposal, and all I could say was, "Uh, OK." She said her name was Esther and wrote down her address. Esther was not what I would call beautiful. She was more the 'pleasantly plump' type. I could tell she wore a heavy girdle and a reinforced longline bra under her thin white uniform. She was supposed to work on Saturdays, but one of the other women was willing to trade off with her. I had the feeling that Esther probably had not had a date in a long time.

I showed up at her apartment on Saturday. She was wearing a blue dress and matching heels. From the way the dress draped over her body, I could tell that she was still wearing her heavy undergarments. In the restaurant over dinner, she asked me many questions. She asked me what I did for a living, how much money I made, what my educational background was, whether I owned any stocks, and whether I had a girlfriend (which I didn't). She didn't tell me much about herself, though. Then we went to the movie Esther had picked out, called, *One True Thing*, with Meryl Streep. It was a thought-provoking film, and I am sure that I would not have seen it had it not been for Esther.

On the way back to her apartment, she asked me, "Do you like high heels?" I said that I did. "I'd like to get some shoes with

really high heels. These I'm wearing have only three-inch heels. I'd like to get some shoes with four-inch or even higher stiletto heels. Would you like that?" I said I would. It was the first time she had asked me about my preferences. When we arrived back at her apartment she unlocked the front door, turned to me and said, "You may kiss me on my cheek." I bent forward and kissed

her as instructed. "Thank you, for letting me kiss your cheek," I said, blushing like a teenager looking at my shoes. "Uh, do you want to go out with me again sometime?" I asked her. Esther stopped in the doorway and said. "If you want to see me again, you can come by tomorrow afternoon and clean my apartment. Two o'clock." Then she closed the door.



The next afternoon I rang her bell at two o'clock sharp. Esther met me at the door wearing a blouse and skirt and a pair of black pumps. "You can start here in the living room," she told me. "The vacuum is in the closet." She stood in the doorway of the bedroom and watched me work. Occasionally she would interrupt to give me pointers. Then she gave me some polish to shine the furniture. Again, she interrupted me with advice. When I had cleaned the living room to her satisfaction, Esther sat down on the couch and looked at me. "You're not really a man," she told me; "you're a sissy."

I told her that, because men are inferior to women and because a sissy is a man who is like a woman, it was a compliment to say that I'm not a real man but a sissy instead. "So, thanks, for the compliment!" I told her.

"Do you know what sissies like?" she asked. I looked at her questioningly. "Sissies like to wear ladies' panties. I bet that when you were a boy, you tried on your sister's panties, didn't you?"

I shook my head. "I didn't have a sister," I said.

"Well, then your mother's panties, huh? You must have tried wearing them at one time or another."

I felt my face turning red. She was right. Once when I was in the sixth grade, I snuck into my parents' bedroom and put on a pair of my mother's lacy nylon panties. Then I looked in the mirror to see how I looked in her wonderful, soft panties. Esther could tell from my red face that she had hit the nail on the head. "That's what I thought," she said. "All sissies like to wear

panties, and you are a sissy. Now follow me.” She led me into her bedroom. “We’re going to have some fun. I’m going to let you borrow my panties to wear while you continue doing the housework. Now let’s take off your clothes.” She unbuttoned my shirt and had me take it off. Then she gently pushed me back on the bed and took off my shoes. After that, she unbuckled my belt and undid my pants. When she saw my jockey shorts she said, “Those are awful! You shouldn’t be wearing those; those are for real men to wear. A sissy like you should wear only panties. Now take them off!”

Soon, all my clothes were all in a pile on the floor. Esther opened a drawer and pulled out a pair of her nylon panties and a bloomer-like panty that she called pettipants. The panties were white satin with a floral print and the pettipants were peach-colored with long legs that came down to just above the knees. They were decorated with a two-inch band of lace around each leg opening. It crossed my mind that she probably wore them to prevent chafing from her girdle. Esther soon had me attired in her panties and pettipants.

“I’ll put your clothes in the closet,” she said, “do my bedroom now.” I cleaned the bedroom and then she put a frilly apron on me and I started on the kitchen. I could see this was going to take some time, as the sink was filled with a stack of dirty dishes. When I was about halfway through with the dishes, I heard Esther’s voice from the living room: “Hey, sissy, come here!”

I put down the dish I was washing and walked into the living room. There sitting on the couch next to Esther was one of the part-time waitresses from the cafe, whose name I was about to discover was Charlene, and when she saw me, she started to laugh. I couldn’t blame her because there I was wearing only a pair of Esther’s panties, the long pettipants, and a pink, ruffled pinafore apron, but it was doubly embarrassing because Charlene was the most beautiful of the waitresses at the cafe, a willowy blonde highschooler who was just seventeen years old. “My goodness, Esther, that’s some outfit your friend has on,” she said. “So you have a man that wears panties.”

“He’s not really a man,” Esther replied. “He’s a sissy, and that’s what sissies do: wear women’s panties.”

“But aren’t they your panties he’s wearing?” Charlene asked.

“That’s right. I’m letting him wear my panties because he neglected to bring his own. His name is Rick, but you can call him ‘sissy’ because that’s what he is.”

Charlene turned to me and said “Hello, sissy!” and then started to laugh again.

“I’m going to take him shopping,” said Esther, “to pick out a nice supply of pretty panties for him to wear every day. Then, he won’t have to borrow mine anymore.”

“It looks like you have everything under control,” said Charlene. “Is he cleaning your whole apartment?”

“Yes. After he finishes the kitchen, he will have only the bathroom left.” Esther then turned to me. “You won’t forget the

bathroom, will you, sissy? Especially the toilet.” I shook my head ‘yes’ as Charlene laughed some more. “Would you like my sissy to fix us some tea?” asked Esther. “Not today. I have to run home and get ready for work.” On her way out, Charlene paused, turned to me and waved. “Goodbye Sissy!” she said laughing and then disappeared out the door. I could hear her laughter echoing as she went down the hall.

Finally it was all done—kitchen, bathroom, everything. After Esther inspected the results, I put away the cleaning supplies and went back to the living room where she was waiting on the couch. “You did pretty well for your first try, sissy,” she told me, “so I will give you a special treat and let you kiss my feet. Now kneel down on the carpet and remove my shoes.”

I knelt down as she commanded and slipped off her pumps. Then, I bent forward and pressed my lips against her lovely foot. As I did so, Esther let out a sigh. I moved over to kiss her other foot and she let out another sigh. I could tell from the sound of the second sigh that she had thrown her head back; she was no longer watching me but was concentrating on the sensation of my lips upon her feet. I continued to minister to her feet, feeling the nylon texture of her pantyhose on my lips until after several minutes she told me to stop. Esther explained that she had to work that night to make up for being off the night before. She said I could stop by the cafe after I got off work on Tuesday and we would make plans to go shopping the following day. “I want you to go with me. I intend to pick out some frilly, feminine panties for my new sissy to wear. I also want to get myself a pair of extremely high heels. You will pay for them, won’t you, sissy?” I nodded my assent.

“That’s the right attitude. Now, go change into your clothes, and I’ll see you on Tuesday. Of course, keep wearing my panties and pettipants; they are your payment for cleaning my apartment. Leave your old underwear here. Just throw them in the garbage can. Moreover, when you get home, throw out all your male underwear. You’ll be wearing just panties from now on.”

That was my introduction to a truly dominant woman, and we are great friends now, and I am her sissy maid. I’m also her pussy cleanup boy after she has dates with real men who have sex with her. Originally, I thought she wasn’t very attractive and probably never had dates, but I was wrong on both counts. I now see how beautiful she is; a woman becomes more beautiful as she becomes more dominant! In addition, she dates men once or twice a week, most of them she meets at the restaurant, and each time she leaves his sticky goo in her twat for me to suck up as I bring her to repeated orgasms. With one man she dates, she likes me to suck on her toes and lick her sore feet while he is pounding away at her pussy. It’s somewhat weird but very exciting too. Right now, I have to stop because I have to be over at her place in an hour as she has a date again tonight. I want to thank you, Christian Home, because it was only by my having read your literature that I was able to join in the conversation the waitresses were having and connect up with Esther. This is the most exciting time of my life!

Rick in IL

## MY SISTER FEMINIZED ME

As a child, my mother let my hair grow long; I think she had wanted another girl even though she never actually said that. By the time I was six years old, I was a sissy and infatuated with my sister's lingerie. She enjoyed teasing and humiliating me because of my feminine feelings, but she also sympathized with me.

She shared her pink nylon panties and pink nylon slips with me. Our mother always smiled and told me how pretty I looked in slips and panties. Then one day sis asked me if I would like her to buy me some lingerie of my own. I was thrilled but had no idea what was in store for me. We went to Macy's and right to the lingerie department. I thought she would just buy me the lingerie and we would be on our way. Not so.

We went to the panty section where she chose a lovely pair and asked if I liked them. I swooned with delight. Then she took me by surprise and had me hold the pink nylon panties up to my waist while she went to get the saleslady to ask her opinion. I stood there in the middle of the store, all by myself, holding a pair of girls' panties in place in front of my pants. I was mortified; my face went flaming red, yet the butterflies I had in my stomach were, in a way, pleasurable. My sister returned with the saleslady, and they both smiled knowingly as they made me hold pair after pair of girlish panties to my waist to see how I would look in them. Then she picked the pink nylon panties and then went to buy a matching slip. I had to hold several nylon slips up to my shoulders while my sister made her choice. Then she *really* surprised me as she asked the saleslady if we could use a dressing room so I could put on the pink panties and slip because she said I wanted to wear them home under my boys' clothes.

Once I had changed into the slip and panties, they both came into the dressing room to see how I looked. They took a long time examining the fit and hang of my lingerie, touching me intimately through the slip and panties in the process. In the car, my sister made me take off my boys' clothes and ride home in just my slip and panties. I thought she would let me change back when she pulled up to our house, but instead, she made me dash to the front door wearing just my new pink slip and panties. Mother thought it was funny and insisted upon putting makeup and one of my sister's dresses on me as well as dressing my long hair and then making me pose for pictures!

David in VA



## MY PARENTS THOUGHT I HAD HOMOSEXUAL TENDENCIES AND HAD AN UNUSUAL WAY OF DEALING WITH IT

One day when I was 12 years old, I invited my friend Larry home after school. I knew my parents wouldn't be home from work for two hours, so I took him up to my bedroom where I showed him a copy of *Playboy* that I had found in the alley.

Larry and I sat on the edge of the bed, looking at the magazine. After a while, Larry suggested that we masturbate. "Let's see who can cum first," he said.

We both opened our pants and pulled down our shorts. Soon we were whacking away. Then there was a sudden flash of light. I looked up to see my sister Pam, who is a year younger than I am, holding our dad's Polaroid camera. She had taken our picture engaged in mutual masturbation!

I tried to chase after her, but I had to pull my pants up first, and by the time I had followed her outside, she had disappeared. Later when she did come back I grabbed the camera, but the picture was gone.

"Where is it?" I asked her.

"Where you'll never find it!" she laughed.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe show it around at school."

I didn't know what to do since I didn't know where the picture was. So I decided to let the matter drop, hoping nothing bad would happen.

I was still up in my room with Larry when I heard my mother get home. I hoped Pam wouldn't tell her anything, but then a couple of minutes later there she was in the doorway with the picture in her hand. She told Larry he had to go home. He couldn't get out fast enough. Then she turned to me.

"Why were you doing this!" she said. She asked me if I had masturbated before, and I nodded in the affirmative. I was so ashamed. "And right in front of your sister!" She turned to Pam, who had followed her into the room. "It must have been disgusting for you to see what your brother was doing."

"Oh, Mother, it was awful!" said Pam with her eyes cast down. "Please make him promise he won't ever do it again!"

"You know you are going to have to be punished for this," she said to me. I nodded again. "Now take off all your clothes and come over here," she continued as she sat down in an armless straight-backed chair.

"Do I have to take all my clothes off and in front of her?" I asked.

"Now, Ted, you were quite happy to pull your pants down for Pam to see, so why don't you want to take your clothes off in front of her again with me here?"

I could see it wouldn't do any good to argue, so I started to remove my clothes. When I was completely naked, I walked across the room to where she was sitting.

"Ted, I can see now that your father and I have spoiled you," she told me. "I stopped spanking you several years ago because I believed you were getting too old to be spanked. That was obviously a mistake. I now realize that you are too immature and too self-indulgent to be treated like anything but the dirty-minded little boy you are."

"I am going to spank you on your bare bottom. I am going to do this because I love you and because it will be good for you. Now lie down over my lap."

She grabbed my wrist and pulled me down into position. My head was down near the floor, but I could see in the mirror that Pam was watching me. Mother pulled my right hand behind my back with her left hand. This meant that I had to balance myself on the floor using only my left hand. Then she began spanking me with her right hand. It was just her hand, but it



really hurt. “Oh stop!” I said. “Please stop!” But she just kept going until every inch of my bottom had turned red and I started to cry. “There!” she said. “Are you ever going to do that again?” I assured her that I never would, and she let me up.

Later that night I complained to dad that mom had given me a spanking. “Yes, I know,” he said. “She did it because she loves you. You were doing a very filthy thing, something you must learn not to do.” He made me show him where I had hidden the magazine and then he took it away. That was the end of the matter for a few days, and I thought I wouldn’t hear any more about it. Instead of talking about masturbation or dirty magazines, my parents’ conversations began to revolve around homosexual recruitment. My mother said there was a real danger of teenage boys being recruited by older boys into a homosexual lifestyle. Now, this took place in the 1950s, when attitudes toward gay people were different from what they are today. Nowadays, my parents would be considered somewhat backward, but their views merely reflected the attitude of the times. Every time my mother mentioned homosexual recruitment or recounted a case of it that she said she had heard about, my father would get a worried look on his face. The more she talked about it, the more worried he looked.

Then on Saturday morning, I awoke to find my mother sitting on the edge of my bed. “Your father and I have been discussing what happened this week,” she began, “and we are both very concerned that you never again pull your pants down in front of another boy and play those dirty queer sex games. There is just no telling where it might lead. So we have come up with a reminder for you to keep your pants on.”

She reached into a shopping bag she had placed on the floor and pulled out a pair of girls’ nylon panties. “We feel that if you wear girlish panties every day, you will have an incentive not to open your pants when other boys are around. Now hurry up and put them on.”

I told her I wasn’t going to wear girls’ panties. “Do you want me to get your father and have him give you spanking then? It’s the one or the other. I thought the last spanking I gave you was severe enough to make you behave. If it wasn’t, then this time I can have your father tan your hide with his belt.”

I decided to wear the panties. They were pale purple with a darker purple lace trim. Once I had them on, I was allowed to put my regular clothes over them. Just before my mother left, she opened my underwear drawer, scooped up all my shorts and put a half dozen pairs of panties in their place.

I didn’t like having to wear lacy panties, but they did have the desired effect. I was scared the other kids would find out that I had panties on. It was especially worried in school; all of the panties mom got me were high-waisted briefs, and I had to be careful to keep my shirt tucked in so they wouldn’t show. Mother noticed I was doing a better job of tucking in my shirt than I had done before and rightly credited the panties I was wearing with the improvement. After the first few weeks of wearing nylon panties every day in a rainbow of feminine colors, my

mother came to me with another shopping bag. “Your father and I think we are on the right track in using girls’ panties as a way to prevent you from engaging in doing homosexual acts with other boys, but we think we can do better.”

She reached into her shopping bag and pulled out a little box and opened it. When she held the item up I could see that it was a garter belt — a pink garter belt! “This will hold up your new nylon stockings. With these dainty girlish underpinnings in place we are confident you will do everything you can to keep your pants on when around the other boys.”

She helped me get my pants off and then showed me how to hook up the garter belt. Then she took another box out of the bag. It contained four pairs of nylon stockings. I sat on the edge of the bed as my mother showed me how to roll on and hook on the stockings. They were very sheer and felt very dainty and feminine. Once my nylons were in place, she told me to look go to the mirror and see how I looked. My legs looked like a girl’s. If someone had shown me a picture of just my legs in nylon stockings, I would have thought they were the legs of a girl. My mother was startled by the effect of the stockings too. “My goodness, you do look like a girl in them, don’t you,” she said. Then she let me put my pants back on. But I was to wear the garter belt and stockings every day after that.

Some time after that, my father was laid off and he had to take a job working the second shift. This meant that he would leave for work before I got home from school and get home around midnight, after I had gone to bed. So I didn’t see him except for weekends; on weeknights I was alone with my mother and sister. One such weeknight, I was in my room listening to records and singing along with one of the songs when my sister appeared in the doorway. She watched me for a moment and then ran off. A few minutes later, my mother appeared and told me to come down to the living room and bring the record with me. I arrived in the living room to find my mother and sister sitting on the couch waiting for me. “Pam told me about your singing, and now I want you to sing for us,” said my mother. I put the record on the record player and stood ready to sing along. Then Pam turned to my mother and said, “I want to see him in his panties.” My mother then said, “That’s right, Ted, we want you to perform your song in just your panties and stockings.”

She made me take off all my outer clothes so that I was dressed only in my panties, garter belt and nylon stockings. Then I restarted the record and began to sing along. It was Doris Day’s recording of *Que Sera Sera*. “Will I be pretty?” I sang. “Will I be rich?” When the record ended, my audience on the couch applauded enthusiastically. “I want to hear some more,” said my mother, and Pam darted upstairs to get more records. For the rest of the evening, I sang along with the records Pam had picked out. My mother and sister both enjoyed it immensely. All the recordings featured female vocalists—Pam ignored my Elvis records—and many of them were love songs in which the singer sang about a man. After I sang along with a few of them, my sister said that since I was performing girls’ songs, it would be better if I looked even more like a girl.

“That’s a good point,” said my mother and they went into my sister’s bedroom to fetch a brassiere. They helped me put on the brassiere, and I resumed singing.

There were many other evenings after that when I performed for them in my panties and nylons and my sister’s brassiere. My performances became a regular feature in the household. Sometimes Pam would also put me in a dress and apply lipstick and eye shadow so that I would look even more like a girl. One day, my father arrived home unexpectedly. Mom made me stay that way and perform for him. He just turned around and said he was going to the local tavern, the Dew Drop Inn. He came home well after I had gone to bed, and it marks the time when he started drinking heavily.

Ted in MA

### MY MOTHER AND SISTERS FINALLY GAVE ME MY SISSYBOY COMEUPPANCE

I began to feel the “feminine touch” at a very early age. I was raised by a very strict mother and two older sisters in a small town in the Midwest. In our house, there was no such thing as “women’s work” because everything my sisters did, I had to do too. I washed dishes, cleaned house and did laundry from the time I was six years old.

When I was nine, I remember doing the laundry one day while everyone else was busy and enjoying the feel of my sisters’ pretty nylon lingerie. I was curious and put on a pair of panties and a girdle. After that, I often volunteered to do the laundry so I could sneak out of sight for a few moments and put on slips,

panties and girdles and bask the sensation of wearing those exciting garments. On one occasion, after bringing in the clothes from the line, I was down in the basement sorting the clothes to be ironed and stripped down completely and put on a pair of nylon panties, an all-in-one girdle and bra combination and then hitched on a pair of nylon stockings. I was almost caught as my mother came into the basement to go into the fruit cellar to check her stocks as she prepared a grocery-shopping list. She knew I was there and talked to me about having the laundry all sorted out before dinnertime, but amazingly, she never once looked in my direction. If she had, she would have seen me standing there in shock and shame fully outfitted in my sister’s best lingerie. It was an astounding moment that I’ll never forget.

I continued dressing up whenever I could find a bit of time to myself and that usually happened when my mother was out of the house and my sisters were left to watch me, but in those situations, they left me to my own devices and often stayed in their rooms doing their homework, playing records or talking endlessly on the phone.

One of my sisters caught me when I was ten. She told our mother and I denied it. Mother ignored it so I continued to dress up. Soon after, my sister again caught me and told my older sister about it. They both told on me repeatedly, but I lied and denied it, and mother let it pass.

After that, on several occasions, I was emboldened and would dress up in my sisters’ lingerie and even my mother’s and parade around in front of my sisters when I was home alone with them and dare them to tell mom about it. I continued to get away with it, but they got out our camera and tried to snap pictures of

me. One day, they got a photo of me in a skirt and sweater as I went running out of the room. I thought they had missed getting me on film, but they hadn’t and they showed the picture to mother. They then secretly made plans with our mother to catch me in the act. I was 13 years old then, and my mother announced she had to go to the next city to do shopping and would be gone for the entire day. While she was gone, I was to clean the upstairs and wash the dishes.

No sooner had she left the house than I stripped down and went into her room and opened her dresser and pulled out a clean pair of panties, a



pretty all-in-one girdle, a pair of stockings and a full slip trimmed in lace. I put on a pair of my older sister's high heels and helped myself to my younger sister's makeup. I put on lipstick and eye shadow and looked at myself in the mirror. I was pleased and began to do housework that way. I finished cleaning the bedrooms and was doing the dishes when the younger of my two sisters walked in and caught me again.

She didn't seem surprised but wasn't mad at me and said that if I was going to continue to dress up, at least I should learn how to do my makeup correctly. I was hesitant, but curiosity took over and I allowed her to do my makeup. She put fresh mascara, eyeliner, eye shadow, blusher and lipstick on me. She said that since Mom was gone for the day, it might be fun to paint my toe and fingernails as well. I agreed and she painted them a sexy red. She then suggested I go further and try on one of mom's dresses. After trying on several, I chose a red one that went with my nails. I felt electric and fabulously feminine and proceeded to help my sisters prepare a meatloaf and mashed potatoes for dinner. My sister showed me where the nail polish remover was in her room and told me to remove it at about five o'clock before mother came home at about five-thirty.

She also seemed to put aside our lifelong battle and was sweet to me as she agreed to help me dress up in the future whenever mom was away. I was ecstatic!

About an hour before my mom was due home, my sisters left to go out for the evening and told me to clean up and remove the makeup and polish pretty soon so mom wouldn't catch me. Now, home alone for a short time, I went into the den and stood in front of our big hall mirror and excited myself by feeling myself up through my pretty clothes. Suddenly, I realized I had very little time left before mom was to come home. I went to my sister's room and found it locked. I started to panic and went to my room to change into my male clothes. My room was also locked. In sheer panic, I attempted to remove the polish with soap and water only to find out it wouldn't come off.

I heard mom's car pulling into the driveway and ran to the laundry room to look for some of my dirty boys' clothes to put on. Nothing but my sisters and mother's clothes were available, and I couldn't reach the zipper in the back of the dress anyway. My mother came in with both of my sisters and caught me fully dressed. Mother came down hard on me and ordered me to tell her the truth about all the previous lying. I did and she got out dad's old spanking belt. I had to lie across her lap as she pulled up the dress and wailed away on my girdle and pantied behind. Then she took the dress and girdle off me but left on the panties for decency sake and beat my ass through the thin panties until I was crying and fighting to get up. When she finished, I had welts on my buttocks and both my thighs were flaming red.

She told me that since I wanted to be a girl, I would get my wish and wear only girls' clothes in the house from then on. Immediately, all of my male underwear was replaced with panties, slips, nylons and girdles. I wore panties under my boys' school clothes and dressed only as a girl on weekends, during the summer and on holidays. Over the following year, I received

several complete female outfits and all of them were exceedingly frilly and lacy. Under penalty of a whipping, I had to learn to walk, talk, act and even sit on the toilet to urinate like a girl.

I left home and enlisted in the Army as soon as I graduated from high school. I have since raised two sons of my own (both straight and heterosexual) and retired from the service after 20 years. After retiring, I started having thoughts of dressing up again and began doing it at home. I dressed up at a Halloween party and I met a couple there and they loved meeting a real transvestite. They were so fascinated with my crossdressing that they asked me if I would be interested in a part-time job working as a maid and a nanny in their home while dressed in women's clothes. I accepted their offer, and now I go to their house three times a week to clean and do laundry. I also baby-sit their two young sons, one is five and the other is three. They are an ultra modern couple and very open to radical ideas. They have an intense dislike for macho males and are raising their boys to be sissies! Both boys, Mandy and Lynn (they even named them at birth with names that could be either male or female), wear little nylon panties at all times and most of the time go around in dresses or skirts and blouses. I love it during the summertime when they are usually attired in little sundresses that are open in the back revealing the ruffles on their nylon panties. The boys go outside like that so, of course, the whole neighborhood knows and accepts how the boys are dressed. Wow, it would have been wonderful to be raised like that! In addition, the parents pay me very well for my maid work and babysitting duties. Both boys know I am a male in female clothes and have nicknamed me 'sissy mommy.' There's nothing like having two feminized preschool boys calling you 'sissy mommy' out in public! Both boys attend preschool in their girls' clothes, and when the older one starts regular school next year, they are planning to have him attend in a dress but not keep it a secret that he is a boy! Our State has laws that you can't gender discriminate so they have the law on their side! Amazing!

On my regular job, I work full-time as an executive secretary for a female boss. I don't dress in women's clothing at work but do wear panties, pantyhose and a nylon camisole under my suit. My boss is aware of the lingerie I wear and approves completely. She asked me to come to work on Halloween dressed as a woman and has given me the opportunity to travel with her on business trips out of town as her "female associate." I am paid extra for these trips.

Recently she has requested on several occasions that I give thought to coming to work every day as a woman. She is careful not to demand it but has suggested I would make more money if I were to begin living like a woman full time. I am not sure that living as a woman is a good idea on a full-time basis. I enjoy dressing up when I want to but only when I want to.

"Janice" in CA

Enclosed is a photo of me from my childhood. I'm running away from my sisters who had caught me dressed up and took the photo as proof to show our mother.



A Christian Home reader in Thailand sent us this photo of her daughter who gets her brother to dress up in one of her schoolgirl uniforms as she practices being a dominant female with him. She is shown with her hands under his skirt stroking his lacy panties and telling him how pretty he looks as she lulls him into a life of panty slavery to her and all females.