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

Volume 8

SELECT LETTERS FROM THE 8th & 9th YEARS OF CHRISTIAN HOME ISSUES #37 APRIL (issued in December) 1999 - #39 issued AUGUST 2000

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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 PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

Letters to Miss Sofia

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 contained in *Christian Home*, the newsletter from the Chicago-based organization of the same name, that was published bimonthly starting in August 1992. For the first three years, the correspondence section of the newsletter appeared under the banner "Letters to Julie." Julie referred to Julie Wilson, the organization's leader and newsletter writer.

But 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. The letters section of that final issue is included here. We think the *Christian Home* letters are some of the most entertaining and exciting ever published on female supremacy and feminization of the male.

07355-N *Christian Home* #37 April 1999

Pantying Husband with Wondering Eyes

My husband of eight months subscribes to *Christian Home*. I found it in his secret stash of porn that he has kept hidden from me. I read your publication and loved it. I'm writing because I need your help. My husband has pictures young girls he found on the Internet and female domination stories. The pictures and books don't bother me, but the fact that he wasn't honest does.

Whenever we're out he stares at every attractive female we pass. Two weeks ago we had our last sexual encounter; I had my last compliment and heard my last "I love you." If I flip through a fashion magazine, he'll catch a glimpse of a model and ask, "Who's that?" in an unusually loud voice. I tell him he is mentally cheating on me, but he denies it.

We are both about 20 pounds overweight, yet he holds a double standard: He keeps pushing me to lose weight and wear sexy clothes for him so he'll possibly find me attractive, but he thinks it's OK for him to dress like a slob in a stained T-shirt and sweat pants while I'm supposed to fall all over him. What can I do? He claims to be as pro female supremacy as am I, but when it comes to his wife—I'm a slave! Please help. I'm sick of being treated like dirt by an alleged feminist. Our marriage has not yet been consummated except for futile attempts at oral sex.

Krystin in IL

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Example of a cheating husband who has been sexually manipulated into a playtoy for his wife and her friends.

Dear Krystin:

Yes, we know who your husband is. He's been a subscriber to Christian Home off and on since its early days. So he ought to have a submissive streak somewhere in his psyche.

Right now it sounds like there isn't much left of your relationship. If you want to save your marriage, it will take some work. It isn't your fault; your husband was less than forthcoming about what he wanted before he married you. He should have worked out some basic ground rules with you first. His disappointments with you are of his own making.

Your husband does not seem very interested in your marriage right now. The first thing to do is to get his interest up again. He is not likely to do anything you ask until he begins valuing you more highly than he has been.

You could start by teasing him sexually. He has told you how he would like you to dress, so do it! Yes, this is unfair, with you dolling up for him while he goes on being a slob. This is teasing. The goal is to get his sexual energy, his libido, up, not to have sex with him. So put him off for a while if he wants to

have sex. He won't appreciate you otherwise.

If he starts to take an interest in you again, move on to stage two. With his porn collection, you have an idea of what he likes sexually. So suggest you do some of those things with him. If that works, keep it up for a couple of months. By then he should be dependent on what you are doing for him sexually. Then the crucial turning point. Tell him you don't want to be dominant just in the bedroom; you want to be the boss all the time. Tell him that if you can't be the boss, he won't get any more kinky sex sessions. If there is any hope for him at all as a submissive husband, he should go along with you. If he does agree for you to be the boss, choose your initial objectives carefully. Emphasize having him do things for you that are at least a little humiliating. You should tell him to throw out all his underwear and begin to wear panties at all times. Plus have him do housework, for example. Humiliation will help break down his male ego and make him more docile. You should also be networking with other dominant women about what to do, both through the Christian Home pen pal club and on the Internet. You also should read all those past issues of Christian Home you found in your husband's collection for more pointers.

That, I think, is what it will take to make your marriage work. If you don't think that it is worth all this trouble that he's too unfair to you for some reason, then perhaps you should consider cutting your losses and getting an annulment. Not a divorce, an annulment. Many other men would love to have a woman be their boss.

Boyfriend Makes a Sissy of Himself

I've just read your packet of material, and I agree with most of it, especially about how "power dressing" makes it much easier to sway men to my will and how using their fetish can and usually does work wonders to make them submissive.

My boyfriend was already much more appreciative of women than other guys I had previously dated. His way of treating me like a princess and calling me his goddess earned him a special place in my heart. I absolutely love teasing him and making him beg for sex. He actually will get down on his knees and bow to me if I tell him to; it's incredible!

Sometimes I enjoy having him wear some of my things. He's not all huge and ape-looking like some guys, so if I instruct him to put on my nylons, lingerie or fancy dresses, they actually look very nice on him.

When we watch TV I always control the remote. If he gets irritated I just tell him we won't be having sex that night. So he usually submits quite willingly. Otherwise I lay my feet in his lap and have him massage them, which he does well.

Now I can make him wait on me even while my girlfriends are over. He serves us drinks and lies at my feet as my footstool while my friends are all amazed. I tell them they can have the same happiness if they choose the right man or can train their current ones. If not, dump them and find a guy who will respect and cater to your every whim. Heather, my best girlfriend, is just starting to take charge of her current boyfriend, and it is going well. I'm giving her all the advice I can from my own experience.

It's surprising how much we can control a male. When we walk through the shopping malls or department stores, my boyfriend



My boyfriend has really gotten into being a big sissy.

carries my purse and packages. If I'm feeling particularly domineering, I'll have him walk two steps behind me as well.

Usually I dress similar to Cher because it makes me feel superior and most attractive. It definitely makes my boyfriend a puppet to however I choose to be, whether acting like royalty or just a bit sadistic. I was so amazed when I first dominated him in bed, literally walking over him in my black spike heels and velvet dress. I stepped on his manhood and stuck my other foot in his talented mouth. Then I felt particularly powerful by making him lick clean my sweaty foot as I kicked his penis around with my other foot. He didn't resist in any way. Ever since then, which was our first night together, he has worshipped me totally, even kissing my feet in public if I simply tell him. Very rarely he gets out of line, but if he does, I slap him a couple times and he remembers his place.

Three weeks ago I had a very babyish dress in pink and old-fashioned bloomer panties custom made for him complete with all the girlish accessories. He finds it shameful to wear, but he gets so hard in those panties that I know he loves it! I could go on about my guy and also my ease at controlling men at my work, but I'll just say that it was good reading intelligent work

by other women. Yes, the Jesus invented by a group of men was brought into this world only at the grace of a woman. He was a pawn given from the Queen of Heaven. Girl Power and in Goddess we trust, as man one by one is brought to his knees.

Jessica in IL

Sissy Taming Boys

As I was going over your collection of articles on teenage violence, I noticed you missed one point. In the essay entitled "Why Girls are Yucky," you showed proof that boys in groups of three or more quickly become disruptive. Yet you don't pursue that idea any further. Knowing that, I suggest using it to help reduce violence in our society. This behavior becomes most evident staring at about kindergarten age and seems to pose the most problems for their teachers. Perhaps boys should be taught not in the normal classroom setting but at home.

With home schooling boys would be either under the influence of their mothers or a woman similar to their mother, perhaps a friend willing to act as their teacher and able to meet the state's minimum educational standards. Here they would not only



Not many boys would let his older sister put a bow in his hair and then sit still for a picture!

receive an education without the disruptive influence of other boys; they could also be trained in the domestic arts as part of their education to make them more helpful around the house.

Medically speaking, the prefrontal cortex, just behind the forehead, has been shown in animal research to be involved in inhibiting the limbic system, a region much deeper in the brain that produces aggressive behavior. "The prefrontal cortex is a bit like the emergency brake on the deeper areas of the brain that are involved in aggressive feelings," researcher Raine said.

Animal research also has shown that the right orbitofrontal cortex, just above the right eye, is involved in fear conditioning—the subconscious association between antisocial behavior and punishment that in humans is thought to be key to developing a sense of "conscience." Sometimes keeping boys apart isn't enough. Boys have a natural tendency toward aggressive behavior. From my own experience, I know one set of parents who tried to raise their boys not to be aggressive. They bought their sons only toys of a nonviolent nature: such as a complete plastic kitchen, musical instruments and Barbie dolls. The boys broke all the musical instruments, turned the play kitchen into a fort and the dolls into fighting soldiers. I find aggression and violence is innate in the male from birth.

Since the preponderance of violence is by males, it would seem that more males are born with defective prefrontal and orbitofrontal cortices than females. If the 19-to-one ratio of males to females in our penitentiaries is accurate, then violence is a genetic fault in the male.

Just being male, if left untreated, will naturally lead to bad behavior, and in groups, boys become even more disruptive and destructive. Smart parents need to take control of a boys' upbringing and not leave him to his own devices. Most boys need to be trained in feminine ways. Plus they need to be kept away from the aggressive influence of other boys and be kept in the company of girls as much as possible.

In my own experience, I am a sissy male, and totally submissive to my wife and our twelve-year-old daughter. We also have a nine-year-old son. He has been brought up to appreciate female things and rarely if ever plays with boys, but still, he has gone through aggressive streaks completely on his own. I lead by example and try to help in his proper training. We let him be a typical boy in most ways but he knows he is (like me) a second class citizen to his mother and sister. He has to let them do any sissy thing they want with him from having him play with dolls to dressing up, even if they want to take him out in girls' clothes. He's worn girls' clothes frequently since he was born and has come to enjoy them. Everyone in our neighborhood knows all about it and no one bothers him because they've known him his whole life both in girls' and boys' clothes. For the enclosed picture, his sister stuck a bow into his hair at the last minute just before I photographed them. He didn't mind in the least!

ROBERT OH-330

Husband & Stepson Must Obey the Rules

My husband serves as the family maid and is very submissive to me and Cindy, my daughter from a previous marriage. I have him on female hormones and we love to pinch and irritate his little titties. Despite his growing breasts that he hides with loose shirts and sweaters, he is also a highly paid corporate executive who works long hours. Consequently, he can't do much of the housework, and my daughter and I end up doing them. The only other member of our household is my stepson, Donald, and for years, he never offered to help around the house. He thought it was 'women's work' and disrespects his father as the feminized family maid. Prior to marrying Harold, I agreed to limit domination of his son and let him develop freely until he was eighteen. In exchange, I would be in charge of family affairs.

However, by the time Donald turned 11, I was fed up with his lazing around and constantly being sprawled in front of the TV while my daughter and I did the chores. I told his father it was high time Donald pulled his weight at home. I wasn't asking his permission, I was just informing him that I was going to make his son do some of the work too. His father begrudgingly agreed it would help Donald become a good and responsible person. This is how my daughter and I did it.

The next morning, as the kids were about to leave for school, I told them to be sure to come straight home afterward because I had something special planned for them. When they came in the door that afternoon, I sat Donald down on the couch with me and laid out how things were going to be.

"Your father and I discussed it, and I told him I decided you should be doing some of the housework. He agreed it would do you good. You think that just because you are a boy housework is beneath you. Well, that is going to change. Now come upstairs. You can't be wearing your school clothes while you're cleaning house. I'll show how to be properly dressed to do your chores."

I took him up to Cindy's bedroom and told him, "Now I'll show you what you will be wearing," I told him as I went to the closet and picked out a white blouse and a grey skirt and laid them on the bed. Then I opened Cindy's lingerie drawer and took out a pair of white nylon panties with ribbon bows. I held them up for Donald to see and said, "You can start by putting these on."

An expression of fear appeared on Donald's face as he looked at the lace-encrusted panties. "Please no! I'll do the housework, but, please, don't make me dress like a sissy." I actually felt good and quite powerful as I saw tears well up in his eyes. I was surprised that he didn't protest even more, but I guess he decided that was not the time. He knew I was the boss, and at that moment, I knew he was convinced of it. Of course, he knew I made his father wear a maids' outfit at home and women's panties to work every day under his regular clothes to help keep him faithful and to remind him that I was the boss. Also, Donald's father like Donald and his sister had to line up each



We love to pinch maid daddy's growing titties.

just look where that attitude has gotten you!"

The next item was a lace-trimmed half-slip in white nylon. This was followed by the skirt and blouse, and then white ankle socks and a pair of Cindy's sport shoes. The last item was a frilly little apron and a maid's cap like his father always wears.

I put Cindy in charge of his domestic training. He did all right considering it was his first day, except that he spilled the Pine-Sol and made a mess on the floor. So I pulled his skirt and half-slip up around his waist and put him over my knee for a spanking on his panties. I positioned the chair so he could see himself in the mirror from the waist down. From that angle he really did look like a little girl being spanked.

That first outfit worked fine except that the shoes didn't fit quite right. So I bought him a pair of black pumps with two-and-a-half inch heels. Instead of ankle socks I put him in pantyhose or a garter belt and nylon stockings at times. Other than that, Cindy's hand-me-downs worked well for him while doing housework.

Today he is 15 and still does housework in a dress and heels. He now wears a bra, with the cups stuffed with dirty panties (his, mine and my daughter's), and sometimes I have him in cute little girl Mary Janes, but otherwise his routine is pretty much the same. His panties are always very frilly, high-waisted, brief-style panties and in a lovely pastel color -- the only style of panties he owns. I make his father buy the panties for him whenever he has to buy a supply of panties for himself. If Donald needs to be punished, we make him strip down to just his girlish panties, even if we have friends or relatives visiting.

week to receive any correctional spanking due to them. However, I had never made Donald wear girls' clothes. The fact that his father had to wear them drove a wedge between father and son, and Donald had no allies within our family. He was alone and in no position to go against me. And he knew in a hundred little ways there was no appeal from my decisions, only punishment if he didn't obey me.

Cindy and I helped him out of his school clothes and into the panties. I guided him over to the mirror so he could see how he looked in his new girlishly dainty panties. He cried. I felt good.

"So you think you're too good to do housework because you're a boy. Well,



Donald looks so cute in his country-style dresses. Here Cindy teases him by squeezing his padded bra and tells him we're going to put him on hormones too just like his maid daddy.

My stepson is a fan of singer Amy Grant, so we have taken to addressing him as “Amy.” I also bought him some very pretty party dresses (like country girls wear) for special occasions. This started several years ago when my sister invited us over for Thanksgiving. “Amy” received several nice compliments on “her” appearance, and I decided to do it more often. Now whenever anyone comes to visit, “Amy” is always looking “her” best. And as a treat, last Christmas, we took him to an Amy Grant concert with him completely dressed in his girlish togs. I don’t make him go out too often in his girlie clothes, so he was quite nervous that night, but despite his fears, he admitted it was one of the most magical nights of his young life.

After we dressed Donald up in a skirt, blouse and lingerie that first day, his father came home and saw what he had done. I could tell he was upset and thought this violated our marriage agreement, but I reminded he had agreed it would do his son a lot of good. I knew he didn’t like it, but he knew better than to start an argument, especially in front of the kids.

He is severely punished if he ever goes against me in any way with the children around. Also, I told Harold that having the boy wear his older stepsister’s outgrown clothes would stop him from disrespecting his father for doing the washing, cleaning and cooking.

In private, Harold grumbled about it to me without making a big stink. Soon after, Donald became pretty good at doing housework, much to his father’s surprise. Harold came to accept us dressing his son as a girl and keeping him busy working around the house. It also helped to keep him home and away from his friends that I was sure were having an increasingly bad influence on him.

Now, surprise of surprises -- Donald does not get spanked very often; his father gets spanked more frequently! The boy actually takes pride in his housework and he seems to really enjoy wearing his femmy clothes. Part of getting him interested in his girlie clothes came after I relaxed the house rules for Cindy and me in regard to modesty within the house. We began to regularly walk around in just our lingerie. Little Donald was all eyes. He still can’t help not to stare. His dad does too! We mildly admonish them for ogling us, but we do find it exciting to tease them with our sexy displays. Donald, like his father, is not very well endowed. Both have penises somewhat below average for males their own age (like father, like son), and both those little dicks stand at attention in their panties when they look at us in our lingerie. Their testicles certainly ache with all our teasing since I closely monitor any sexual relief they get and make them wait for long periods before allowing relief. Both of them have been caught masturbating in their panties.

My daughter and I don’t let them know that we find it funny and heartening that they are so well panty trained that father and son opt to spill their seed into lacy panties as their preferred method of sexual relief. It must be very humiliating for them to realize that this is now the most satisfying way to them to ejaculate. Instead, Cindy and I pretend it is a gross violation of my house rules and a great abuse of our marriage vows for

them to masturbate, and we show great displeasure whenever we discover it. Plus, of course, cumming without permission earns them a severe spanking. Recently, I decreed that if I catch either one of them pleasuring themselves, I will make them masturbate each other through their panties. For a second offense, I told them they would have to orally make each other ejaculate through their panties. I told them that just three days ago, so we’re waiting for one of them to fail. I’ll keep you informed. In line with their panty training, we have them french kiss each other every night at bedtime while rubbing together their panty-covered erections. Both claim they are not gay and hate doing it, but they’re so well panty trained they never lose their erections while they kiss in their pantyboy embrace! In any case, my stepson takes after his father. Both do what they’re told and we have a very happy and well maintained household.

Marcia in CA

Curing a Panty Masturbator

Not long ago my sister Linda called me on the phone. “Come over right away!” she said and hung up.

I hurried the two blocks down the street to her house. Linda had hired my son Johnny to haul some trash out of her basement, and all I could think was that something terrible must have happened to him.

“What happened?” I asked as Linda opened the door.

“Look at this!” she said and held up a pair of pink nylon panties.

“What’s that?” I said.

“I just found these in my dirty laundry hamper. I thought something was strange after he spent so much time in the bathroom, so I checked and this is what I found. Your son was masturbating with my panties! See—you can see his sex snot on them! He didn’t even try to clean off his slime!”

I swung around to Johnny and gave him a hard slap. “What’s the matter with you, playing with yourself like that? And with your aunt’s panties! How disgusting!”

Johnny staggered with the blow but regained his footing. “Why did you do it?” I asked him. “You know you’re not supposed to play with yourself like that! And using Linda’s panties too!”

I pulled down his trousers and undershorts, and Linda and I took turns spanking him. When his naked bottom had turned to a fiery red, I told him to get dressed because we were going home. “Lend me your dirty panties,” I said to Linda. “I have a use for them.” She handed me the panties and then shrieked as she saw me force them over his head with the cum stains right over his face. “How dare you violate females in this way. Here, enjoy the favor of the slime you deposited on these pretty panties.!” He tried to avoid the cum stains, but I hit his cheeks repeatedly until he stopped fighting me and let me rub the cummy panties all over his face.



Johnny hadn't even tried to clean his slimy mess off of my panties!

When I got home I called for my daughter Carol to come help me. I then took the panties off of his head and made him tell her what he had been caught doing at his aunt's house. When I made him undress, Carol saw the color of his burning bottom and told me he needed that for a long time, still she was horrified that he would actually use his aunt's panties to abuse himself. I agreed that he has been showing an increasing disrespect for females and would need spankings on a regular basis. I used to spank him a lot while growing up, but I thought he had matured beyond needing such punishment, but I then realized it was wrong for me to ever stop his corporal punishments.

I then said to Johnny, "Since you love women's panties so much, I'm going to do you a favor and let you wear them." Johnny struggled with us as I approached him with the dirty panties. "Mother! I don't love panties! I don't want to wear them! I'm a boy. Boys don't wear them!" I told him that I disagreed and that his actions spoke louder than his words, and after a barrage of intense slaps to his face, thighs and bottom, my daughter and I were able to get the soiled panties on him. "There you are!" I said. "I hope you now enjoy your Aunt Linda's panties that you dirtied. Maybe now you'll see how dirty it is to masturbate?"

Johnny didn't say a word, but he looked thoroughly ashamed. I explained to him that he would have to go about the house in the dirty panties until it was time to go to bed. Johnny looked as if he didn't like the prospect of wearing soiled panties for the

rest of the day but he knew he had no choice. He was the one who had spoiled them! Later that afternoon Linda came over and spied Johnny wearing her slimed panties. "I have an idea," she said. "Let me have Johnny for a while each week, and I think I can straighten him out." I agreed to send him over to her on Saturdays. I would drop him off in the morning and then pick him up before dinner. "What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to teach him to do housework," she said. "In this day and age, every boy should know how to do housework."

When I picked him up after his first Saturday at her house, I indeed saw he was doing housework. He was bringing the laundry up from the basement -- and he wearing panties! Linda had him in a pair of mint green satin panties with big lacy panels

and bows on each side. And nothing else!

I told Johnny to put on his regular clothes, but to keep on the panties. I told my sister how cute I thought he looked in her fancy panties. "You should get him his own panties to wear," she said. "You know he really does love panties."

I decided she was right. Now he wears panties every day under his school clothes and baby doll pajamas with matching panties to bed every night. At home his standard outfit is a miniskirt or his sister's old cheerleader uniform. And every Saturday he does housework for my sister wearing only his pretty nylon panties. This all started just a couple months ago. His panty training did require quite a few spankings to get him to cooperate, but he soon realized that he has nowhere else to go, so he gave in to our unique brand of justice. Today, Johnny is a quiescent boy who does what I tell him to do and doesn't cause a bit of trouble.

Sarah in FL

My Sweet Son is a Lingerie Peeker

I have a lovely nine-year-old son who is not one of those boys who is a bully and a brat. He's very sweet and such a good boy. He has taken dance lessons since he was four years old. I found that learning dance is very good for his personality. Most of

the time, he was the only boy in those dance classes. But I'm convinced that was good for him and helped to keep him from turning into a willful little monster like so many of the young boys we see today.

However, one day I caught Tony spying on me while I was undressing. I heard a noise in the hallway outside my bedroom and surprised him with his eye to my keyhole. I threw on a bathrobe, pulled him into my bedroom—I was in just my bra and panties and I sat him down on my bed. He was terrified. He had no idea what to expect.

“So you were peeking at me in my lingerie!” I said. “Feminine lingerie is so pretty. I can understand why you admire it. Girls and women are very lucky to be able to wear such pretty underwear, aren't they?” He didn't answer, just looked at me with his big sorrowful eyes. “That's it, isn't it—you just wanted to see my pretty clothes. Well, isn't it?” I gave him an out, and he took it.

Tony nodded in agreement.

“It's OK, Tony. Not every little boy gets a chance to appreciate the pretty lacy bras and panties. But you shouldn't sneak around like a naughty little boy. I'll let you see me and my clothes. Want to see more?”

I didn't wait for an answer. I just got out my lingerie catalogue and we sat together looking through it. I pointed out some of the different styles and explained the basic terms associated with lingerie. I told him about sizes, fabrics, styles and the fussy decorations that often adorn the various garments. Tony just sat in silence, staring at the pictures. Then I closed the catalogue and told him we would talk more about it the next day.

The next afternoon I picked him up from his after-school class at the dance studio and drove him home as usual. As we were getting out of the car, I said to him, “Come to my bedroom for a minute. I want you to help me with something.”

In my bedroom I turned my back and said, “Unzip my dress for me, Tony.” He did, and I stepped out of my dress revealing a white satin full-length slip with a large hem of ecru lace. I showed him how to put my dress away in the closet and asked him to bring me a blouse and skirt I had previously set out on a hanger and put them on my bed. As he crossed the room to bring them to me,



I recently bought Tony some cute girls' ballet outfits but he insisted upon wearing his pretty panties instead of the standard leotards.

I said, "Isn't this a lovely slip? It's so much fun to wear pretty clothes, but the fabric is a little thin. You can probably see my pink bra and pink panties underneath it, huh?"

Before he could answer, I grasped the lacy hem of my slip and pulled it up over my head. I had Tony lay the blouse and skirt on the bed so he could fold my slip and put it away in my dresser. Now I was down to my bra and panties, nylons and heels.

Tony watched intently as I sat on the edge of my bed and slipped off my pumps, all the while I talked to him about my slip, bra, panties, garter belt and nylon stockings. He watched every move I made as I unhooked my garter belt and slipped my nylon stockings down my legs and off. I had him get the lacy, pink half-slip I had set out on a side table and had him hold it open for me to step into. He was shaking a bit as I had him pull the half-slip up into position around my waist. Then he helped me on with my blouse, which I had him button up in back, followed by the skirt, and I had him zip up the side. Finally, I had him help me put on some girlish ankle sock with lacy tops (like little girls wear) and a simple pair of young girl-like, two strap, black patent leather Mary Janes. Then I took Tony over to my dresser, opened the various drawers and showed him all my slips, bras, panties, stockings, nighties and other lingerie. I made him not only touch them but pick up individual pieces, examine them and talk to me about them. I quizzed him on his new knowledge of lingerie. I even held a couple of bras and panties up to him and stood him in front of my mirror to let him get an idea of what he would look like as a girl in lingerie. I laughed playfully and he joined me with a nervous laugh, probably unsure exactly how to react. I thought that was enough for the day. We put everything away and went to the kitchen for a snack.

"You're a good boy," I told him as he sat at the table eating his sandwich. "And a very smart boy too. Most boys wouldn't have the nerve to admit that they like girls' underclothes, but it's a fact that almost all boys do like pretty lingerie; they just are afraid to admit it to anyone! And do you know what?" He looked at me blinkingly. "Quite a few boys actually wear girls' clothes, especially panties. Most of those boys steal the panties and wear them secretly because they are afraid people would laugh at them if they knew he liked girls' clothes. But girls' clothes are so pretty that it only makes sense that people like them -- even boys! They are made so nice so everyone thinks they are pretty. But in our mixed up world, men and boys think they have to pretend like they don't like them. But in truth, they are just afraid, not only of what people would think of them if they knew, but afraid of their own feelings -- they like pretty clothes, but think they're not supposed to like them and end up very confused. It's really pretty dumb -- and sad. But I'm so happy you don't feel that way. I'm happy you can admit you like them. Some boys are lucky enough to have loving mothers who understand them and supply them with panties of their own to wear. You appreciate lovely things. That's very courageous of you. If you wanted to wear girls' clothes, I wouldn't mind. I'd let you do it." I left it at that.

The next day I picked him up from the dance studio and drove him to a department store. I was shopping for new lingerie for myself. I talked to him about each item I was buying. I put a pair of panties in his hands and said, "Isn't all the lace on those panties very pretty? Do you think I should get them?" He apprehensively looked around to see if anyone was watching. His little hands trembled as he lovingly held those delicate panties. He tried to push them back into my hands, but I insisted he keep holding them and examine the fine lace, snappy elastics and double nylon crotch -- I detest those panties with a cotton crotch. Anyway, I finally let him put them in our basket after he said I should buy them for myself. I went on looking at various items, holding them up for him to see and having him examine them. We finished after I had settled on three sets of brassieres and matching panties, one set in purple, one in sunshine yellow, and the last in pale pink with tiny green and red rosebuds embroidered on them.

At home. I left Tony in the kitchen with a snack and went to my bedroom to change into my new purple bra and panties. Then I went back to the kitchen to show my son how I looked in them. You can imagine his surprise when he saw his mother walk in wearing only a bra and panties. He just stared!

"Well, how do they look?" I asked, pirouetting to give him a better view. "Don't you think they're pretty on me?"

I sat down at the kitchen table. "I enjoyed going shopping with you today," I said. "You're fun to shop with. We'll have to do it again sometime, OK?"

Two days later on our next shopping foray, I took him to the girls' lingerie department. We looked at all sorts of little panties, and I involved him as much as I could. "Who are they for?" he asked, since they were small in size, he knew they wouldn't fit me. "A very special little girl," I told him. "You'll see."

As soon as we got home I took him to my bedroom. "I have a nice surprise for you now," I told him. "These pretty panties are for you! You're going to wear panties just like Mommy does!" I took out one pair of the girls' nylon panties. They were pink with champagne lace trim. "These are the same kind that Mommy wears," I said, lifting up my dress to reveal the pink panties I had on. I kept holding my dress up so he could stare at my panties while I talked to him.

"But, Mommy, I don't want to wear panties," he said.

"Of course you do," I said, dropping my dress. "You know how pretty they are. You were peeking at me because you wanted to see my pretty panties. And deep down in your mind, I know you wanted to wear panties too. Maybe you didn't even realize you wanted to wear them, but I know all about boys who peek at ladies while they are undressing. Doctors tell us that such boys really want to wear panties themselves, and some of those boys even want to go to a hospital and get an operation to become girls themselves."

I helped him out of his clothes and into his new panties. "I have some more surprises for you too," I said. I had done a little

shopping on my own and brought out some of the things I had purchased. "Here we are," I said, showing him a girls' little white slip. "Isn't it so very pretty?" In a daze, he half-way nodded. I put him in the slip, and then followed it with a pink party dress that any princess would love. Lacy ankle socks and black patent Mary Janes completed his outfit.

"Now you're my little girl," I told him. "I think I'll call you Tonya. Now come with me, Tonya; you're —going to help Mommy in the kitchen."

In the weeks that followed, Tonya has been a big help to his mother. He changes into his feminine clothing as soon as he comes in from school or dance class. Sometimes we change clothes together. I know some people would consider that improper, but I never let him see me naked. In fact, he never sees any more of me than when we go to the beach and I wear my bathing suit. So what's the difference? And recently I got him some girls' dance outfits and I want him to get up the nerve to wear them to his ballet and tap classes. I already talked to his teacher about it, and she said she'd love it, and she is sure all the girls in his class would love it too because, she slyly admitted, "Tony is quite a big sissy and no one would be surprised!"

Peg in WI

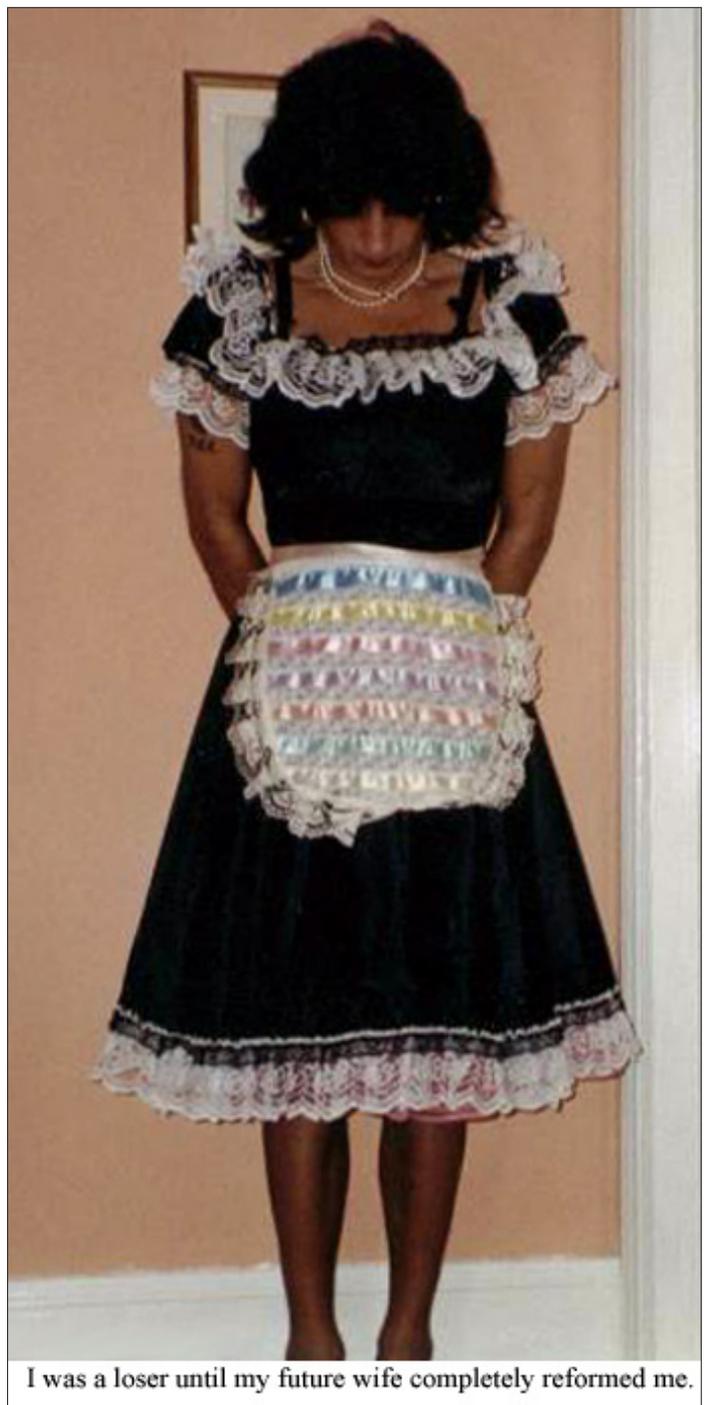
08160-N Christian Home #39

Women in Charge: A Great Example

I just finished reading *Angela's Ashes*, and if there ever was a book that manifests the indisputable need for the propagation of the Christian Home way of life and of courtship/marriage concretely based on the teachings of the Holy Spirit and Sophia, the Divine Feminine, this one is definitely it.

The autobiographer, in candidly writing about the immature, undisciplined, self-centered behavior of his father, clearly illustrates the great need for women to employ Christian Home's eight-point guideline to properly train their boyfriends or husbands and sons. Just about every page of this novel demonstrates the reasons why the wife must be the head of the household, fully control the disposal of earnings for the good of the family and have the final decision on all other marital, familial and home management matters as well.

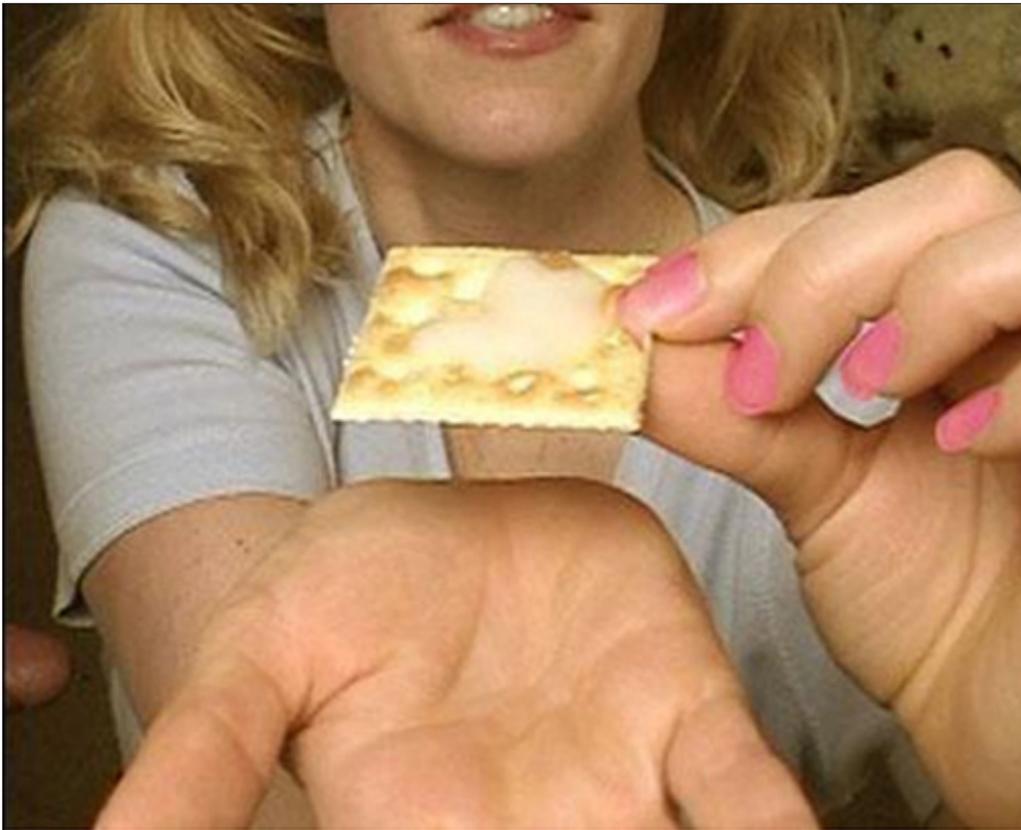
Every chapter is filled with incidents of male irresponsibility and leaves no doubt that many of the world's social problems and injustices can be rectified when women assert and utilize their innate superiority to train boyfriends, husbands and sons to adopt feminine virtues and gentleness and to strictly obey the mandates Jesus put forth to males in His Seven Beatitudes. Angela McCourt's immature husband is proof of the need to



adopt Christian Home's female supremacy movement and a blueprint for an orderly and peaceful world.

I say this because I was a total loser until I met my future wife. Like the father in McCourt's book, I drank too much, smoked too much, lived in a slum apartment, had poor hygiene and a host of other problems. Thankfully, Rosy saw a diamond-in-the-rough in me and made me shape up.

Today we live in a beautiful home and have three fabulous children (three boys who toe the line). Long ago, she made me give up all my dumb and despicable ways. I'm the family



“OK, Kenny, my little sweetie. Time to eat up your creamy sissy jism! Yum-yum!”

maid, and my wife dates ‘real men’ as she says. She does love me in every way except for sex. She says she can’t stand the idea of going to bed with a man who looks better in a dress than she does. No, I don’t look that good, but she enjoys saying it.

I am locked in a chastity belt 24/7. If I’m good and don’t rack up any demerits, my wife allows me to cum once every week, and she uses those rewards to further the panty fetish she forced me to develop. She removes my chastity belt and lets me massage myself through my panties, and when I’m ready to cum, she holds out a small plate for me to ejaculate on, then she scoops up my jism and feeds it to me on a soda cracker! The first time she tried to do that I refused. Well, she didn’t unlock me from my chastity belt for 30 days for that. At the end of that time and ever since I’ve never refused to eat the slimy crackers even though it still turns my stomach to do it.

My wife says I’m a great father because I do everything for our boys, who are being raised as ‘normally’ as possible. They obey their mother because I’m the example of what will happen to them if they don’t! In teaching the boys how to be men, my wife has her various lovers do that, like take the boys to ball games, watch sports on TV with them and support them in school parent situations. These are all men she has carefully selected over the years. Men who bow to her authority but are good, responsible adults in traditional male ways -- and they all are quite successful in business and contribute greatly to our household income. My sons are too embarrassed to be seen

with me anywhere people know us, so I usually stay home and keep myself busy while other men take over my fatherly duties. I love my wife and sons and willingly perform as the family maid because without Rosy coming into my life, I would now surely be on skid row, in prison or dead -- that’s how bad I was!

ment I felt he might need whenever the time came. I posted the rules in the kitchen. My husband and I each have a daughter from our previous marriages. We now have been married three years, and together we have a two-year-old son who is being brought up under female rule, and our girls are learning how to be in charge of males. At this point we are teaching our boy to enjoy both girls and boys’ toys and things. However, his clothes are mostly pink and bought in the girls’ department -- no dresses -- at least not yet, just girls’ shorts, tops, etc. He’s just about out of diapers, so I already told my husband that our boy will be put into panties like the sissy I’m training him to be. My husband tried to protest and wanted me to wait until he was much older, but I simply pulled out our marriage agreement and showed him that he already agreed that any boy children would be pantied and feminized on a schedule of my choosing. I’ve enclosed a photo of our darling boy. You can see he’s in shorts and a top and playing with a truck, but just about everything he owns is pink, like his clothes and even his toy truck is pink!

I have rules the children have to follow, so when I posted rules my husband had to follow on our bulletin board, it made it clear to the girls that he had the status of a child in our household. It was humiliating for him to be put on a level with them, but I believe such humiliation reduces the male ego and makes a man more docile. Posting the rules made it clear to the girls who the authority figure was in our home. It wasn’t my husband; it was me. Since they were posted the children have been more

with me anywhere people know us, so I usually stay home and keep myself busy while other men take over my fatherly duties. I love my wife and sons and willingly perform as the family maid because without Rosy coming into my life, I would now surely be on skid row, in prison or dead -- that’s how bad I was!

KEN NH-445

Submit or Leave

When I first persuaded my husband to accept me as his disciplinarian, I had him sit down with me to draft a set of rules he had to follow. By involving him in writing them, I drove it home in his mind that he had agreed to them. This made it easier for me to get him to accept any punish-



We already dress little Mickey in a lot of pink clothes, and most of his toys are pink. As soon as he's out of diapers, he'll be trained in pretty lacy pink rhumba panties.

attentive to my wishes and less concerned about their father's opinions. Of course there are times when he is in charge of them, but this is perfectly appropriate because he is in effect the oldest child. His rules cover the major transgressions he is never to commit, such as speaking to me disrespectfully, using a four-letter word, looking at pornography or stopping off after work for a beer with his coworkers. Any violation of these rules earn him a severe pink panties down, bare-bottom spanking with my wooden paddle in the presence of the girls -- even though he is not allowed to see when the girls get spanked. His spankings are severe enough that he does not want them repeated.

In addition there are unwritten rules for minor transgressions, usually mistakes due to carelessness or sloppiness in helping around the house. These can be any shortcoming whatever, and he commits them at the rate of one or two a day. For these I keep a notebook, recording the mistake and when it occurred. When he accumulates five of them, I read them to him and administer discipline, usually a dozen whacks with my paddle. This serves as a reminder of what is in store if he violates any more of the posted rules. More serious offences merit longer and harder paddlings, plus temporary loss of some privileges.

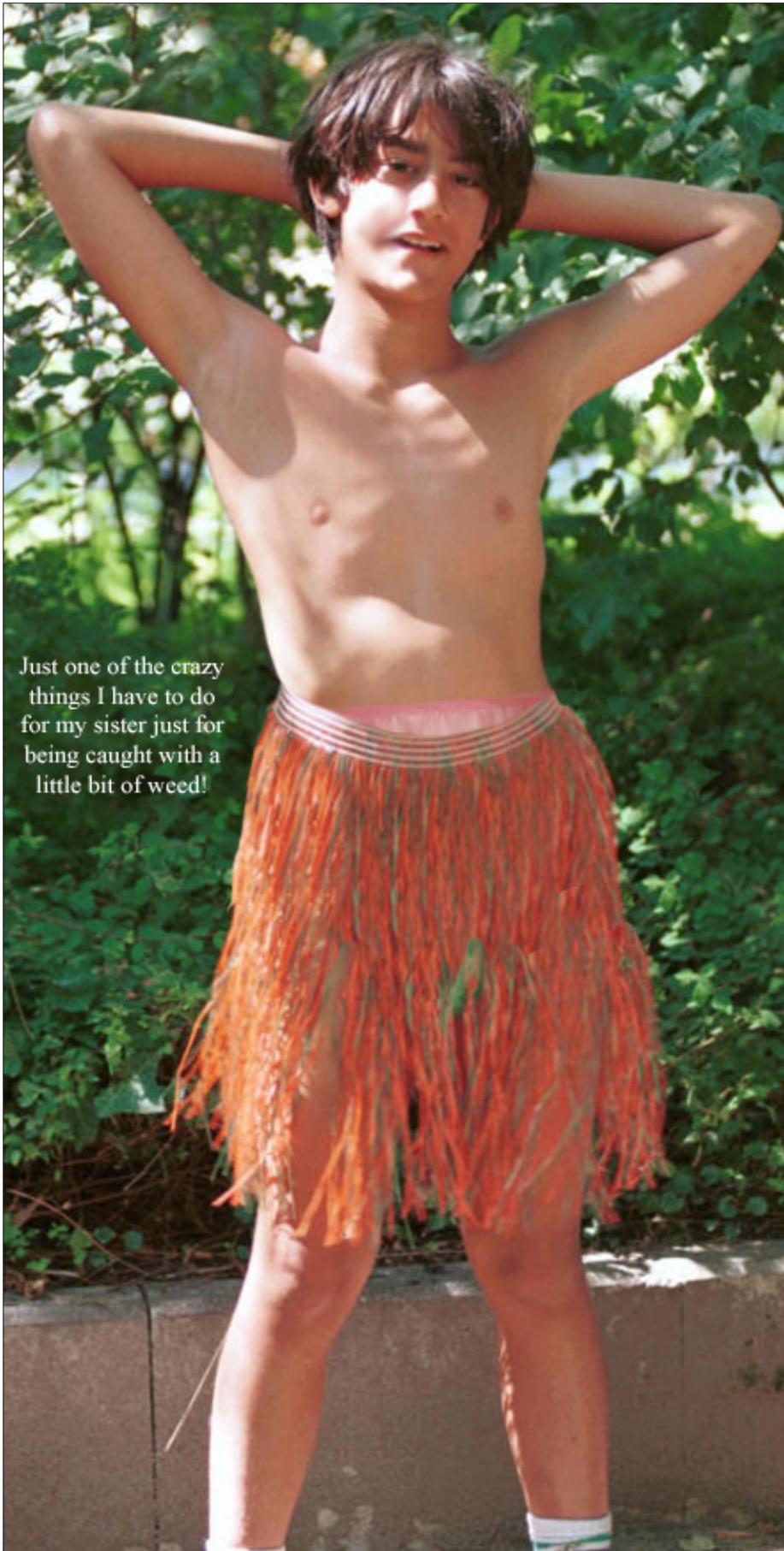
Beth in MA

His Sister Turned Him into a Wimpy Playtoy After She Caught Him with Some Weed

I'm a senior in high school. Four months ago my 22-year-old sister caught me with some weed, and in order to keep her quiet I agreed to do whatever she wants. I beg, but she won't let me off the hook just yet, but I can't have my parents know about the weed. Now I have to wear her panties every day, keep my toenails painted, clean her room, wash her car and shave her legs. I have to keep myself shaved too. It gets difficult trying to keep my panties and painted nails a secret from our folks and the other guys in phys ed class. I have to in early and leave late.

My sister calls me Joanie. She's stronger than I am and very dominant. She even spanks me with her sorority paddle when I don't do things exactly as she wants. Our parents think it's strange that I'm like a slave to her. She has a grass skirt from a play she was in. She has me wear just my panties under the grass skirt and then dance to music when her friends are over and mom isn't around. And she expects me to give them a lot of flashes of my panties under the skirt as I dance. I believe she is practicing on me. She controls her boyfriend pretty much too.

Jonnie in PA



Just one of the crazy things I have to do for my sister just for being caught with a little bit of weed!

Teaching a Boy About Lingerie

My sister's nine-year-old son Bill comes over to my house after school each day until she gets off work. Some time ago I decided to have a little fun with him, playing games that teach him about women's clothing.

The first game I devised was "Shoe Store." My bedroom served as the store; Bill, who played salesclerk, waited inside, and my daughter and I walked in and played the customers. We would tell him what kind of shoe we were looking for and he would go to my closet and look for them. Then we would sit down and he would help us try them on. I coached him on the characteristics of the various shoes so he could make little sales pitches for them. We would walk back and forth trying them out and then tell him that we wanted to see some others. Then when I thought the game had gone on long enough, I rewarded my little salesman with ice cream.

Bill learned about women's shoes this way, but he was also learning about other things. He would kneel down on the carpet to remove our shoes and slip on others, and I could see him looking up my dress, peeking at my panties. Usually I pretended not to notice, but once I teased him about it. "You like panties, don't you," I said. "I can tell because you keep peeking up our dresses."

Bill's face turned beet red. He denied he had been peeking, but of course he knew he had been found out. He looked so cute trying to peek up our dresses without being caught, so to give him a better view I began to forego my pantyhose in favor of gartered stockings. He seems to have found that even more interesting.

My daughter and I kept telling Bill what a good salesman he was, and our encouragement helped motivate him to play our game. I could tell how much he enjoyed explaining the various shoe styles to us.



Playtime: My daughter and nephew playing 'Bill's Lingerie Boutique.'

I also began to consult with him about our other clothes and have him looking through fashion magazines. Once he was proficient in the area of women's shoes, I move on to another game that we call "Bill's Lingerie Boutique." I told him he was such a good salesman that he could sell anything. "Let's pretend this is your boutique," I said, "and we will be your customers."

"What am I going to sell?" he asked. "I'll show you." I said as I opened my lingerie drawer. "Here are some lovely things for you to sell." My daughter and I then walked out of the room and came back in. "Good afternoon ladies," said Bill. "How may I help you today?" I said, "I would like some pretty panties." Bill stared at me dumbfounded. I took his hand and led him over to the lingerie drawer. "Here you are," I said. "Here's your merchandise." He stood frozen staring at the contents of the drawer. I reached down and picked up a pair of lacy nylon panties. I inserted his hands into the panties like a lingerie sales girl does and arranged his little fingers for him to show off all the features of the panties as he held them up for us to view.

I had to coach him in his sales pitch for the panties, but soon he was able to point out each of their features for us. Then I said they were nice, but could I see another pair? So he had to learn

another little panty presentation. After I made my selection it was my daughter's turn. "I want a slip," she said. So Bill started to learn about slips. Over the next several weeks Bill honed his presentations on ladies' lingerie. Then one day, when my sister came to pick up her son, I told her that we were going to play a game. We were going to visit Bill's Boutique.

We walked into my bedroom and Bill greeted us as his new customers. My sister was very impressed with his initial approach, but it was all she could do to keep from laughing as he extolled the properties of my lacy undergarments. "He's a good little salesman, isn't he?" I told her. "Yes, he is," she said. "He really likes ladies' clothes," I added. His mother responded by saying, at this rate he'll be wanting to wear slips, bras and panties himself pretty soon. I laughed and Bill blushed.

I continued to teach Bill about feminine clothing through these games. Then one day I saw my chance. It had been raining heavily, and Bill showed up after school soaked to the skin. I took his wet clothes off, towed him dry and then took him to my daughter's bedroom where she and I dressed him in her clothes. He put up no resistance. We started with white nylon panties in a floral print, then black stockings and a lacy-edged camisole and half-slip. Then I picked out a lovely white dress with a pink ribbon that tied in the back and a pair of black patent Mary Janes.

The clothes fit tolerably well for borrowed duds, and Bill spent the rest of the afternoon playing with my daughter in his pretty outfit. We both showered him with compliments, telling him how pretty he looked in girls' clothes. When his mother showed up her jaw just dropped. I explained that he had been caught in the rain and said that he could wear his cousin's things home for now. I suggested that since he looked so nice she should leave him in his outfit for the rest of the evening.

Not long after, my sister's hours were changed so she had to work both Friday evenings and Saturdays. Rather than have her pick up Bill late Friday night only to drop him off early the next morning, I offered to let him stay overnight. Then I went shopping. I visited the resale shops to find dresses, skirts and

blouses for him to wear. I did buy him new pairs of panties and nighties and picked out a couple pairs of inexpensive girls' shoes.

When he arrived that Friday, I had him change right away. He was reluctant at first, but I was firm with him and gave him lots of encouragement reminding him of how nice he had looked in his cousin's dress. So he spent the rest of the day playing with his cousin in a blouse and skirt. He was delighted with the panties and could tell they were new with the price tags still on them. His mother had given me a set of his pajamas to wear, but I just put them away in a drawer. At bedtime he found a lovely pink floor-length satin nightgown laid out for him on the bed. Bill also spent Saturday in a dress. I finally allowed him to change back to his regular clothes shortly before his mother was scheduled to arrive.

The following weekend I told him that I thought he should be learning how to walk in high heels and presented him with his first pair of pumps. I don't think Bill ever told his mother. He was too embarrassed. But I told her. And showed her photographs. It took a while to sink in, but my sister finally came around to agreeing that Bill was better off in panties. We went shopping together and she bought some nice new dresses for him to wear. Now he changes into a dress right after school every day and wears it when his mother takes him home. Bill's birthday is coming up soon, and he will get nothing but girls' clothing and feminine accessories. That's what he has asked for!

Shawna in IL

The Victorians Had Some Answers

Victorian society didn't so much feminize young boys as they thought young boys and girls should be treated exactly alike, even to how they were dressed. I know from writings of long dead ancestors of my own that our family used to dress all of their boys (under age 6) in their sisters' hand-me-down dresses and shoes. They had long curls and ribbons and the occasion for first haircut was always a cause for tears for mothers as well as the boys who detested losing their beautiful sausage curls.

Our family still dresses all our babies (of both genders) in frilly dresses for their baptisms. Some of these dresses (used in our family for generations) are made of fine linen and have intricate lacework that would be impossible to recreate today. Perhaps in the future our family will again raise its boys as girls during preschool years to encourage gentle and obedient behavior and pass down girls' clothing from generation to generation for both genders to wear.

My father was the last boy in our family to wear girlish things. I have a few photos of him in dresses when he was two or three,



Blurry old 1940s photo of my father in his punishment outfit.

but I do have one blurry old photo of him (attached here) from the 1940s when he was seven years old with him wearing a girls' blouse and a frilly baby bonnet! Dad always laughed when we'd pull out that picture and he'd tell us that was one of his punishment outfits that he had to wear whenever he would get in a fight with his sister and hit her.

Girls clearly outperform boys in the early school years. So why not make boys dress and act like girls until they reach a certain age to help increase their success in school. Perhaps as society becomes more tolerant and civilized, boys will again wear dresses and fancy lingerie. I can see the day when no one will question the wisdom of sending a second grade boy to school in a flowery dress with shoulder-length hair and ribbons.

As a school age child, Napoleon (future French emperor) in the 1700s was sent to an all-girls school in an attempt to tame his rambunctious behavior. Unfortunately he was not sufficiently feminized since he went on to plunge Europe needlessly into war. Perhaps if his mother had estrogen to give him, millions of lives could have been saved.

Bobbie in Indianapolis



Macho old Grandpa is so sweet helping his grandson learn to love being girly.

Panty Training Philosophy: Grandpa's Sissy

A friend introduced us to your publications well over a year ago. We love the work you are doing, are among your strongest supporters, and have recommended your publications to dozens of our friends. Since 1980, we have been believers in keeping males submissive under petticoat rule. Our philosophies are closely aligned with your ideas. We thoroughly believe panty training, petticoat punishment and feminization are the way to handle males of all ages in need of correction.

In all important areas of life, we believe women should be in control because they (as you say) are more moral and, unlike men, their decision-making is not corrupted by their sex drive. But we also believe greatly in the traditional roles of women and men. I don't think all men should be feminized to the point of physically feminizing their bodies. There are many ways to feminize and varying degrees of feminization. Each male is different and the best feminization for him should be tailor made to him if at all possible. Some males shouldn't be physically feminized in any way, as I will explain, but ALL males need to be morally good people accepting of female authority.

The males not designated to be feminized have to be good, strong and responsible. Physically and mentally, men have proven themselves capable of doing such things as fulfilling the labor needs of our society, including certain run-of-the-mill decision-making areas like middle management. But, as long

as a woman is at the top or the man at the top has to defer to a wise and responsible woman, a business, a family, a country has a much better chance of being successful. A great example is my father. He has always been a gruff man. His whole life he worked tough physical jobs in factories or on construction crews. Yet, he was totally devoted to his wife, my mother, and me. He respected females and held us all on a pedestal. He let us, especially mom, make all financial decisions and most every other decision affecting our family. His macho persona didn't seem to suffer from any feelings of masculine inadequacy. I bring him up as an example because even in a world totally run by females there will always be a need for strong, muscular males to do the hard labor jobs that most women have no interest in doing, but jobs that still always need to be done. He's proof that rugged traditional males can have a place in a female world as long as they are willing to defer to female authority.

It would make no sense to feminize all men with hormones and sexual reassignment surgery to make them physically into faux females. No, feminization of the male mind -- getting males to think and respond in feminine ways -- is sufficient for large numbers of males that should be left to be what we might call 'traditional' males with all their disgusting habits and primitive ways of acting. Such males can be held up as examples, ridiculed for their shortcomings and shown off to other men and especially boys -- examples of how stupid and pathetic they really are.

For panty training, petticoat punishment and feminization to work, society actually needs some ugly, macho male 'anti' role

models -- the antithesis of a male undergoing feminization. If all males were feminized, feminization would be neither a punishment nor a reward. Men must be rewarded for being good men. For a typical macho man, who is a good and wholesome person, that reward could mean he'd be spared feminization. However, for others, males who either are or can be trained to be lingerie fetishists, transvestites and transsexuals dressing in pretty female clothing can be a reward. They so adore females that they want to closely identify with them, so feminization would be a goal for them. It gives females the power to control males using feminine things and feminization as either a punishment or a reward.

Yes, as you claim, I too believe that a male, who does not respect females, is humiliated and punishes himself when forced to don feminine clothes and take on girlish pursuits. You also have made the point that humiliation is an ideal punishment. And the added embarrassment of being exposed to outsiders can be even more humiliating than simply having to wear girlish fashions in private. Even a male who is good and has respect for women will feel punished if he is put into very childish girls' clothes or exposed to outsiders. No one likes to be laughed at or teased, but that's how most people react to a man in female clothes in today's macho world. And that is good! Moral, responsible macho males who respect women should fear feminizing punishments. Even real girls and sissyboys who love their panties and dresses can be effectively subjected to petticoat punishment when they act up. They can be paraded before others in shamefully frilly, naughty sissyboy or little girl styles of clothing and made to act in embarrassingly sissyish or babyish ways.

Every male's sex drive should be kept under control by a female. Men and boys who masturbate to pornography presenting women as sex objects are selfish, childish and do not respect women. However—this is probably where we most dramatically differ from your philosophies—in certain situations, we believe it is a good thing for certain males to masturbate.

If you control a man's sexual impulses, you can control him and make him productive in society. The problem is that there are not enough women to take charge of the millions of submissive males ready to serve them. Sadly, most women wouldn't know what to do with a submissive male if one were kneeling before them ready to serve. Even a woman who wants to take charge of the males in her life usually has little idea how to go about it. The type of females who has the most success taking charge of males are females born with the right attitude and abilities, taught how to take charge or were fortunate enough to have been brought up that way. I applaud you for the encouragement and training you provide in your publications for females who want to take control, but I wish there were a million people like you and a thousand organizations such as yours. Yes, things are changing. Women are becoming more dominant and taking charge of males as never before, but still, there is a drastic shortage of such women.

Consequently, the limited number of females skilled in dominance have no problem in finding men willing to submit to them. Smart dominant females give desperate submissive men an outlet for their needs, as well as let them know that masturbation (for them) is OK -- a welcome relief that helps make life worth living.

Masturbation is a positive alternative for such males who need frequent sexual release. However, while some need it often, some others should be prohibited from ever having an orgasm or only rarely allowed that pleasure. No one solution works for all males. If a male is under the control of a strong female, she can use his need to masturbate to not only relieve his sexual tension but to reinforce her control.

A male in need of an orgasm is a male ready to be taken more deeply into servitude, but to let that need go unfulfilled for an extended period will cause some males to become very aggressive in search of an orgasm and may even lead to them being violent -- rape is a frequent result. Some sissy boys may be too bashful (a common problem) to or haven't had the right opportunity to find an understanding female. A male may have been dominated by a female at some point in his life but does not presently a female to serve, or he may genuinely want to serve a woman but has a wife or girlfriend who isn't interested in that type of relationship.

Such males should not stop looking for a woman to take control of them. And no, they shouldn't use pornography that denigrates women. Instead, they should masturbate to images of strong women, controlling males in what we would consider an ideal world (at least until they find a woman to serve).

I mentioned my father, a macho man if there ever was one, but a rugged man totally devoted to women. I have a son who is now six, but when Arnie, my husband, saw I was feminizing him almost from the moment we brought him home from the hospital, it was a bit too much for my husband; it led to many fights between us. My father stepped in and tried to explain to Arnie that it was best to let me feminize little Mickey. Dad tried to convince him that letting me have my way would make Mickey into a sweet kid to be proud of. I love my dad for trying, but the day Mickey told his daddy that he wanted to wear dresses instead of trousers, my husband disowned both me and our son and we got a divorce.

Little Mickey did miss his father at first, but my dad stepped in and became a surrogate daddy for my son. Grandpa and grandson are now a beautiful team. Grandpa never misses a chance to compliment Mickey on the pretty dress he had on that day. And the little imp is so proud of the fancy nylon rhumba panties I buy him that he's always pulling up his dress to show them off. Mickey has now made of game of making Grandpa guess what color of panties he has on each day. Mickey like to see how long it is before Grandpa gets a peek at his grandson's panties and correctly guesses the color. And once he does, Mickey then hoists up his dress until it's almost up to his shoulders and he dances all around showing off his old-fashioned rhumba panties with his dress up all the way to expose his bare belly above the delicate waistband of his frilly panties. Grandpa even takes Mickey panty shopping whenever he deserves a little reward! Panty boys -- nothing like them!

Linda in Chicago



Little Mickey loves to prance around in his makeup, pretty dresses and fancy little girl lingerie.