

# The Way We Do It at Our House

By The Mule

*Known as "The Mule" this is one of the most famous early Internet authors of great female domination stories. He sent us stories years ago, and he had a web site until his death a couple of years ago. However, some of his fans keep his web site going but without anything new posted to it. The web site no longer contains his "Young Femdom" stories, which are some of his best and we are fortunate to have in our archives, and we include one of them here that we have updated and, of course, Princessized. We are unhappy to report that our old friend The Mule died in 1998.*

## Our House Chapter 1

Things you see every day seem normal to you and you never question that there is another way of doing it. Such was the case with my family. It wasn't until I was almost eight years old that I noticed that in other households, the men and boys didn't have to ask permission to go to the bathroom.

That's not the way it worked in our house; my father and brother had to ask mom for permission to go to the bathroom whenever she was around. Most of the time she said, "You can do it yourself, dear." However, she sometimes made them wait until she could go into the bathroom with them.

It never occurred to me to ask her why if she could go by herself, and if I could go by myself, daddy and Josh had to ask permission. I never understood why sometimes they "needed help" (as I assumed) and other times they didn't, and how my mom knew which time was which.

It never occurred to me to ask why my brother, Josh, who was already ten, needed help. I've been going on my own for as long as I could remember.

No wonder why my girlfriend, Christi, looked at me funny one day when I asked her, "How come your brother doesn't ask your mother if he can go to the bathroom?"

I asked this same question of my mother when I got home. "Mom, Christi's bother doesn't ask his mommy when he has to go to the bathroom."

I remember her telling me, "Not everybody does it the same way, Regina. This is the

way we do it in our house. Maybe they do it differently at the Squire's. Anyway, it's not polite to ask other people how they do it, so I wouldn't talk to Christi about it anymore." That still didn't answer why it was like that, so I asked, "How come Josh and daddy have to ask you when they can go?"

"Let me make you some ice tea and we'll sit and talk about it," my mother offered. "You know the difference between girls and boys, right?"

"Of course, mommy." I had seen my brother without his clothes on when we were both little.

"Well you know that thing that sticks out between their legs. Do you remember what that's called?"

"Their penis." I was proud of the knowledge my mother had taught me.

"Yes, that's right, dear," mom went on. "Well, penises give boys and men problems."

I was, of course, curious, "What kind of problems?"

"Men and boys feel like they have to play with it all the time."

I looked at her with a question written all over my face, so she continued, "Remember when Aunt Karen was pregnant last year and I told you that your cousin was growing inside her."

"Yes, mommy."

"Well, the baby just doesn't get there on its own. It takes two people to make a baby. The mommy who makes an egg, and a father who makes sperm..."

"Yes mommy, I remember reading about that in the book you gave me."

"Well, your uncle Frank had to put his penis inside your aunt and shoot his sperm inside her to make the baby."

I had never thought about how the sperm got to the egg. "Why did he do that?"

"Well, for two reasons. One, it's fun for both him and your aunt, and two Aunt Karen let him do it."

“OH,” was all I said.

“Men and boys like shooting sperm - - the correct term is ejaculating, and they would do it all the time if we let them.”

“Is ejaculating (I stumbled over the newly learned term), a bad thing, mommy.”

“No, it’s just that boys and men have to be supervised so they do it right and don’t do it too much or at the wrong time.”

“Is that what you do with daddy and Josh?”

“Sort of. I just make sure that daddy doesn’t do it when he’s not supposed to. Josh is too young to do it yet. I just watch him to get him used to being supervised.”

“This sounds like a lot of work, mom. What do you do when you supervise them?”

“Oh, it's not work, dear!” Mom laughed. “It’s fun!”

She went on, “Mostly I just watch them pee and make sure that they don’t touch their penises in a way I don't allow. With daddy, sometimes I make him ejaculate to see how much cum he produces. 'Cum' is what we call the stuff men and teenage boys shoot out of their penises when they get overly excited. I examine and measure it to make sure he hasn’t been a bad boy and doing it without me.”

I never thought that daddies could be 'bad boys,' so I asked, “How can you tell, mommy?”

“I can tell, honey. Boys can’t ejaculate all the time. If they do it, then they have to wait a while before doing it again. If they do it too much, then they don’t shoot as much the next time and each time they do it their goo is more clear in color and much more watery.”

My next question made mom blush, but it made so much logical sense to me. I knew Josh gets a spanking when he is a bad boy, so I asked, “Do you spank daddy when he’s bad?”

She finally gave me a small smile, “Yes, I do dear, when he really deserves it.”

I’ve seen mom spank Josh. I was glad my spankings were done in the privacy of my bedroom. I formed a picture of daddy over mommy’s lap and it excited me.”

“Can I see you spank daddy?” I asked.

“Not just yet, dear. When you get a little older.”

'When I get older' was the story of my young life. “Is ejaculating the only way daddy is bad?” I asked.

“No, dear, but it is fun to punish him for doing it without my permission. In addition to spanking him, I sometimes give him a special punishment.”

Mom must have read the look on my face again, because she went on. “Do you remember the time I caught your brother drinking out of the milk carton?”

“Yes, mommy.”

“Do you remember what I did to him as a punishment?”

"Yes, you made him drink the whole thing right there. Boy was he full; he couldn't drink another drop!" I laughed. “He never did that again.”

“Well, I do a similar type thing with your father. If he cums without my permission. I make him kneel in front of me and do it over and over again until he can't do it anymore. After doing it a number of times, his penis gets very sore and it's very uncomfortable, even painful for him to continue. By the time he gets to his last ejaculation, he cums while screaming and crying in pain. That teaches him to be good and not to break any of my rules.”

I was the typical inquisitive eight year old. “How do you make daddy ejaculate?”

“There are a number of ways, dear but most of the time I just give him a pair of my dirty panties have him jerk off for me.”

“Jerk off?” I asked.

“Yes, honey. The polite term is masturbate. It means to play with your sex organs to make them feel good. That's what daddy does. He rubs his penis with his hand in a special way and makes himself ejaculate.”

"What special way?"

"Well, if you must know, I usually make daddy play with his penis through a silky pair of my nylon panties, dirty panties I save for him to use, and when he cums, he shoots his slime into my panties. I save my dirty panties just for that purpose. You know that little pink canister I have by our bed in our master bedroom, the little flowered one? You've seen me take off my panties and put them in there, haven't you? Well, that's where I keep them. Inside that tight container, they mellow and stay fresh with the smell of my body."

"Does Josh mas-ta, uh, mastra-bate?"

"It's -- mas-tur-bate -- honey. Josh? I don't know. He's too young to ejaculate, but I bet he'll start soon," mom sighed.

"Are you going to make him masturbate for you too and make him use your panties?"

"I don't know, dear. It's so hard enough just keeping up with your father. Besides, I think Josh needs someone closer to his own age to supervise him. When the time comes, I'll let you help. As for the panties, maybe, I'll have Josh use them too, but I can only make so many pairs of dirty panties! And guys seem to like dirty panties better than laundry fresh ones. Men and boys love to smell dirty panties and rub them on their dicks. The panties excite a male's penis a lot faster than if he just uses his hand on his naked dick."

If I got to help, I realized I could contribute to the stock of dirty panties too, since I changed my panties every day. I had that thought but didn't express it to mother.

My birthday fell on a school day, so the party with my girlfriends had to wait for the weekend. But on my actual birthday, we had a private little party after dinner. As usual, daddy and Josh cleaned up the dishes, and when they were done, Josh came in and asked, "Mom, may I go to the bathroom now?"

Mom smiled at me and said, "Now it's time for that special birthday gift I promised you."

Mom turned to Josh and said, "Of course."

"Are you coming with me this time?"

"No dear, Regina will escort you. From here on out, she'll be my little helper, and starting today, you can ask either of us for permission." Josh looked at me and blushed. "But she's just a little girl," he exclaimed.

“She’s your sister!” Mom answered back. “She’s a female, and she’s old enough. You know the rules around here. Now just behave yourself and listen to her as you listen to me. Do as she says or you’ll have to answer to me. Understand?”

I had heard that tone from my mother before. It was the same tone of voice she uses just before giving Josh a spanking. My brother hung his head and meekly muttered, “Yes, ma’am.”

“Come on, Regina.” he said, waving to me.

“That doesn’t sound right,” mom interjected. “Call her ‘Miss Regina’ from now on. She deserves some respect if she’s going to be in charge.”

“Come on, Miss Regina,” he said a little woodenly. I felt a special thrill as I followed my brother down the hall and into the bathroom. He stood in front of the toilet and said, “Well?”

“Well, what?” I responded.

“Mom always tells me when I can unzip and take it out.”

“Oh,” I exclaimed, “You can do it.”

My brother pulled down the zipper on his jeans, fished into his fly and pulled out his penis. He had gotten so big since the last time I saw him a couple of years ago! I looked on in fascination as he peed. It wasn’t the simple act of a boy urinating that interested me. I’d seen that before. It was the idea that my older brother had to ask me for permission to do it that I found exciting.

When he finished, he looked at me again. “Mom also tells me when I can put it back.”

“Oh,” I said once again. “OK, you can put it away now.” I felt so grownup. I loved being in charge.

When I got back, mom sat my brother and me down and filled us in on my new duties. “Josh, as you know, your sister is growing up. She will soon have to take on the responsibilities of being a woman.” I felt a special thrill being referred to as a woman. “You, my son, will have to concentrate on your responsibilities of being a boy. Up until this point, I have been in charge of this house. From now on, Regina is going to help me. At least when it comes to you.”

“Regina will be in charge of your bathroom privileges from now on. You will have to ask her permission to go. If she is not around, then you can ask me. Regina will also be my eyes and ears around here. She will make sure you obey my rules, and will inspect your room every Saturday morning before you can go out and play. It is also time you help your father with some of his chores. You will clean Regina’s room on Saturday morning, and wash her clothes too.”

Turning to me, mom said, “This is a big responsibility for you. I want you to make sure your brother behaves and does a good job with all his chores, and if he gets out of line, tell me and I will deal with it.”

Turning to my brother, she continued, “Which reminds me. Since there are no secrets from your sister, now that she is in charge of your trips to the bathroom and can see your penis ‘on demand,’ your spankings will now be pants down.” She finished her speech. “Remember kids, not everybody does it this way in their house. Don’t discuss this with your friends. There are other moms who are running their families this way, and I will let you know who they are when the time comes.”

## Our House Chapter 2

After I had been in charge of my older brother for a while, it was getting increasingly difficult for me to keep it a secret from my girlfriends. I had known Christi and Nicole since kindergarten. We shared all of our secrets. Josh was now almost twelve and in the 7th grade, and my two best friends and I were in the 5th grade. We were getting to be big girls, and I couldn’t stand it anymore. Over that past year and a half, my mom gave me more and more control over my brother. It went a lot further than just watching him pee. For example, knowing that mom had my daddy jerking off in her panties sparked an idea in me, and to drive home the fact that Josh was under my control, I would make him play with me and play girls' games whenever I so desired. Then when I decided to play dress-up one day, I wanted him to pretend to be my sister instead of my brother, and I put him in a combination of my clothes that were mostly too small on him, and my mom's clothes that were mostly too big on him. Still, I loved it and he hated it. He then said he would never do it again, but I told mom and she spanked him and told him he would have to play dress up with me anytime I wanted. After a sound paddling, he tearfully agreed. Then mom said, "I'm going to take Regina shopping to pick out some nice girlie clothes for your dress-up games, and she will pay for them out of your allowance."

Ever since I became in charge of Josh, his allowance money has been given to me

each week for me to hold and supervise how he can spend it or I can withhold it anytime I believe he has behaved suitably.

Josh was aghast to hear that! I know he wanted to vehemently complain, but with his butt still blistered and fire engine red from his spanking, he said nothing and didn't complain. However, knowing his own money was going to go pay for girls' clothes for him to wear, made him shed more tears.

Mother added, "Regina only made you wear dresses, shoes and hats, but from now on, I think she should make you wear proper girls' underwear too -- what we call lingerie. So when shopping, we won't just buy you dresses and outer clothes, we'll buy you a selection of bras, slips and panties too!"

That made Josh shed even more tears!

My mom gave me permission to be in charge of his penis as a gift for my tenth birthday. "You're getting to be a woman, now," she told me. "You are going to have to learn to live up to your responsibilities. Josh has just started shooting cum, so I'll show you how to manage him." Then she called Josh into the bathroom and commanded, "Pull your pants down, and kneel before the toilet. Take your hand and start stroking your dick." Josh grabbed his erection (he was having more and more of them lately) and started rubbing it up and down.

Mom explained to me what was happening. "Josh is jacking off. From now on, you are in charge of him masturbating. He will have to ask you for permission if he wants to do it, and he must do it if you tell him to. You have complete control over his penis now. He is not allowed to use it to go to the bathroom or for anything else without your permission."

I watched as my brother pumped on his penis. I thought I had seen him big and hard before, but now he seemed to get even bigger and harder. I remembered what mother had told me about making daddy jack off with her dirty panties, so I said, "Mom, should I give him my panties?" She smiled and nodded. I stood up, reached under my dress, skinned down my white panties with blue and white lace on the edges and handed them to him. Josh looked at both of us funny and asked, "What are these for?" I said, "Girls' panties feel good on a boy's cock so rub your cock with them." He hesitated, "I don't know what you mean. Are you going to make me put them on?" That had not been my intention; I hadn't even thought of that, but I immediately loved the idea. "Yes, put my panties on and rub your penis through them." He began breathing very hard and looked to mom. "Oh, mommy, do I have to? Please, I don't want to wear Regina's underwear." Mom had been smiling, almost giggling at this turn of

events, but she sobered up and said, "Absolutely! You know you must do whatever your sister tells you to do, so put them on, and by the way, you are never to refer to them as 'underwear,' they are panties, and that what you must always call them. Now, get them on this instant or you'll be spanked again. You already should be getting a spanking for now complaining and not immediately following your sister's orders." He cried, "But, mommy, I wore that dress and stuff, but I'm a boy and I can't wear girls' panties!" BAM! Mom hit him hard twice on his naked butt. It made him jump to his feet, yank his shorts and underwear all the way off and then hurriedly step into the panties.

"That's better," mom laughed. "You look great, son, and by the way, you are not a boy -- at least not anymore. There is only one term of a boy who wears girls' panties -- sissy! That's what you are now, a sissy, your sister Regina's little sissy."

I was in hysterics. I loved the sight of Josh in my nylon panties with his penis sticking out in front. I was in heaven, saying, "Sissy! Sissy! Josh is a sissy! My sissy boy in my panties! How do you like my silky panties, sissy?"

"Mommy, make her stop teasing me. I put them on..."

BAM!

"John, not the 'them,' don't call panties 'them.' Anytime you talk about your panties, you must use the word panties! Not the word 'them,' not 'underwear,' not 'pants,' nor any other term, you must call them panties. Understand, sissy boy?"

Then I told him, "OK, not start jacking off, and to welcome you into being a real sissy, rub your dickie through my nice soft panties -- believe me, it will feel much better than you hand, and I want to see you shoot your cream into my panties, officially making you my panty sissy boy. Do it!"

And he did, slowly at first, but then after a couple dozen or more strokes, his whole body tensed, and he shot a jet of white liquid that surprised me as it shot right through the panties and into the toilet ... followed by another ... and another, each getting less in volume and force until the remainder oozed through the white nylon of my panties.

Mom took us back to the bathroom every half hour for the rest of the afternoon. I didn't have a supply of dirty panties, so I had to have him use clean pairs of my panties, but they seemed to help stimulate him just fine, except from the embarrassment of being made to shoot off like a real sissy in girls' panties. By the time Josh had masturbated five times, he was hardly making any juice anymore and

he was complained that his penis was very sore and begged for us to let him stop. Each time he ejaculated, it took him longer to do it, he had to pump harder, and the amount of semen he produced diminished each time. My mom told me to make note of it, as I would be able to use that knowledge to ascertain how long it had been since he had gone between ejaculations, as I would learn to instantly be able to assess his spend and know whether or not he was lying when I would inquire about the last time he had emptied his nuts. Mom said, "You see, that's how you can tell if a boy has been masturbating without your permission. He can't ejaculate all the time. He needs time to recharge and it takes days to build up to a big orgasms of thick creamy white fluid to be discharged. Check him at random and you will have an amazing amount of control over him."

After that, mom rarely accompanied me to the bathroom for Josh's training. She told me, "You're in charge of your brother now. If you need any help, just let me know -- all you have to do is ask, but I will not interfere with your training. By the way, honey," she whispered to me on the side, "I loved that you made him put on the panties to masturbate. That was genius. Are you going to make him wear panties often?" I smiled. It felt wonderful hearing mom so heartily compliment me. I just gave her a big grin and said, "Maybe I'll make Josh wear panties all the time!"

"Surely you won't make him wear them to school?"

"No, I won't do that UNLESS ... unless he doesn't do a good enough job of pleasing me. Making him wear his panties to school under his funky boys' clothes would be a great punishment." Mom nodded. The way she was smiling, I'm sure she was picturing him in panties, all she said, "When we go shopping, we better get Josh at least two dozen pairs of panties. I think he'll be needing them!" I added, and "let's get him the really frilly and lacy kind of panties, so he has no doubt in his mind that he is wearing real girls' panties!" Mom was really laughing now as she shook her head in agreement.

She kept her word. Occasionally, when I wasn't around, she would authorize a bathroom visit for Josh, but didn't go with him, except to randomly walk in on him at times to keep him on his toes. She was out of the business of disciplining him and monitoring his bathroom visits, that job was now mine.

That afternoon, mom and I went shopping, and we bought Josh a wardrobe sure to shame him, and mom added \$125 to his allowance to cover the purchases, and you should have seen Josh's face when he saw all we bought him, and his face went into horrid contortions when mom told him the additional \$125 he was have to pay her back out of his next several months of allowances!

We immediately had Josh in panties to wear under his clothes, but he balked. He didn't say anything but he was moody and slow to put them on, so I told him he couldn't put on his pants to cover them up for the rest of the day. He wanted to then run to his room to hide because dad was due home within the hour, but I made him sit on the living room couch with me and watch television until our father did get home.

When dad came in the door, as usual, I got up and ran to him to give him a hug. I told Josh to give his daddy a hug too, but he didn't want to get up as he was trying to cover his panties with his hands as he sat in crouched over position. Then mom came walking into the room, and I told him once again to get up and give his daddy a hug. Tears started flying out of his eyes like he had an inexhaustible supply, but he did get up and go to his father, who made him stop in front of him and ask, "Josh! What do you have on? Your sister's panties? Are you turning into a sissy?" I said, "Dad, Josh isn't turning into a sissy; he's IS a sissy, and he is going to be wearing nice little pairs of fancy panties a lot now. And those are not my panties. Josh," I said to him, "tell your daddy whose panties you are wearing?" My brother looked completely beaten, but he wasn't about to start any trouble. He spoke barely above a mumble, but he did speak clearly enough for all of us to hear, "These are my new panties, daddy."

In our house, dad knows when to back off. With a look to mom, his expression changed and he looked down at Josh and simply said, "Well, then, if they are your panties, you certainly must be a sissy boy, how nice. Let me look at you. Oh, yes, those are pretty panties. You are a lucky boy, and they fit you so nicely." With that, dad had his hands on Josh's panties, I'm sure because he sensed mom wanted him to react that way. Dad didn't ask how Josh got to be in panties, who bought them for him, any why question about them. He simply accepted his only son as a pantywaist sissy without question."

Daily panty wanking became the way of life like I chose Josh to lead, but then mom gave me a bit of advice, "Say no for a couple of days." I really enjoyed watching Josh ejaculate, so I asked her why I wouldn't want him to do it. "Try it and see what happens," was all she said.

Boy was she right! After just three days, Josh started begging me to let him ejaculate. After another day, he was acting crazy and really getting on my nerves he was asking so often. After another day, he was in really bad shape. "Let me jack off, sis - - Miss Regina. Please? I'll do anything. Just let me ejaculate."

When I told my mom about it she told me, "Now you know the principle on which female domination is based. Boys and men are controlled by their penises. Control a

male's penis, and you control the male. If Josh says he is willing to do anything for release, take him up on his offer. Get him to do even more for you."

I did. From then on, Josh did my homework, cleaned my room, attended to all my chores, was extra nice to all my friends, and bought me things at the mall with the little bit of money I did give him from his, left over after his huge payments back to mom to pay for his girly clothes. It was nice to have a personal servant, and all I had to do was say "yes" every now and then.

I just couldn't keep all these good things from my closest friends, especially with our peaking sexuality. Our lunchroom conversations used to be about TV shows, toys, clothes, and movies. Now, more and more, they centered around boys.

"Did you see Lenny Nelson?" Nicole asked. He was an 8th grade classmate of my brother, and was already 13 years old. "Did you see the way he looked at us when he came into the cafeteria? He gave us one of those little smiles he does."

"No way!" Christi added.

"Do you think he likes us?" Nicole asked.

I put in, "Did you look at his crotch?" Nicole and Christi just broke giggling and hid their faces in their hands. A couple of boys in our class who were sitting near us gave us a look, but had no idea what was going on. "Regina!" Nicole protested.

"What's the matter with you girls? Don't you know anything about boys?" I demanded

"Well, you're the one with the cute hunk of a brother, Regina." Christi observed. "My brother is lucky he's old enough to stand up to pee. Nicole's got two sisters."

"Let's go where we can talk," I suggested. We put our trays up, went outside and found a quiet corner of the school yard. Nicole and Christi were following me like my cat does when I have her food bowl, like they were afraid that if they lost sight of me, they would never find me again.

"Christi, what do you know about your brother?" I started. "Like what?" she asked back.

"Like what he looks like."

“Oh that! Well, there’s nothing much to see. I’ve used to help my mom diaper him when he was a baby. He has a boy thing just like the doll mom gave me before he was born. So?”

I pressed on, “Doesn’t he do anything with it?”

I got a puzzled look from Christi. “Of course, he makes pee out of it. I’ve seen that.” She laughed, “One time my aunt took off his diaper and he started peeing all over the table!”

Nicole spoke up, “So he looks just like your boy doll?”

“Yes,” Christi responded, “It’s no big deal.” She paused, “I wonder how boys find out what girls look like? I mean, I haven’t seen a girl doll ... one that looks like a girl ‘down there’ ... and even if there was one, boys don’t play with dolls and they don’t help their moms diaper their baby sisters. I mean, if I want to know what a boy looks like, I look at my boy doll or baby brother. Boys only know what boys look like.”

Nicole wasn’t finished with her question, “What do dolls and Christi’s little brother thing have to do with Reggie Nelson.”

It was time for me to explain. “Well a penis can do a lot more than make pee.” Nicole and Christi giggled when I said the word ‘penis.’ I had gotten so used to dealing with the names - - proper and improper -- for parts of the male anatomy that it didn’t phase me anymore. I went on. “When a boy likes a girl, he gets excited down there. His penis gets big and hard. If he really likes the girl, then he starts leaking this wet stuff.”

“You mean he wets his pants?” Nicole interjected.

“No it isn’t pee. It’s something else. It’s thick and slippery, and it doesn’t smell like pee.”

“How do YOU know?” Christi challenged.

This was it. I confessed, “Because I’ve seen it.” Conversation stopped. It became very quiet around us, and I could hear the other children playing further off. “How? Who?” came the jumbled responses from my two girlfriends. It dawned on them all at once, and they said as in one voice, “JOSH!” The bell ending recess rang. As we ran off towards our assembly area, Christi said to me, “but he’s a big boy. Does he look any different? How do you make it leak?” She seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of questions. We were getting in line and I had to shush her so no one else would hear.

For the rest of the day, Christi and Nicole didn't let me out of their sight. I could tell they wanted to know everything. The three of us sat together on the school bus like we normally did, but instead of constantly chattering away, we sat in silence. We all got off the bus a couple of blocks from my house when Nicole got off at her house.

After checking in with Nicole's mother, the three of us walked to Christi's house. This was our almost daily routine. Two of us were usually over the other's house after school and until dinner. We walked and we talked. Christi, as usual, started. "So, like, do you actually get to see it?"

"See what?" I teased her. She punched me in the arm and said, "His thing ... your brother's penis."

"Of course, I do," I announced proudly, "I can see it anytime I want." Both Christi and Nicole stopped walking and looked at me with their mouths open. Christi broke the silence and nearly whispered, "Do you think we could get to see it too?"

I was in a bitchy mood, and I decided to play with my girlfriends a little. "Why would you want to do that? You have a baby brother, Christi. You told me it's no big deal."

Christi waved her mouth up and down for a while but no words came out. Finally, she said, "I don't know. Josh is a big boy. That's different." I decided to follow up on this line of reasoning. It was different and I knew it, but I really wanted to know why. I wanted someone else to tell me to confirm what I already knew. "Why is it different? I mean, my brother is bigger, but so what?"

Christi shrugged, "It just is. Josh is a big boy." She brooded in silence for a while and added, "I think it's because he does it for you. The dolls just let you look at them. Little boys don't have a choice, but I think you tell Josh what to do and he does it." Nicole added, "Yeah, he's older than you. He's not supposed to listen to you. My big sister gets to boss me around when mom puts her in charge. I can't imagine it the other way around. Me in charge of her! But we've seen you with Josh. You tell him to do things, and he does them! It's so cool!"

We finally arrived at Christi's house and spent some time in her kitchen making small talk with her mother while enjoying milk and cookies. Her mom asked how things went at school today, and we all came up with some lame answers. Then we retreated to the privacy of Christi's room. She asked the question that I was sure would come. "So, how to you get to see Josh with your mom and dad around all the time?"

I dropped the bomb, “Oh, that’s not a problem. Mom and dad know about it. It’s OK by them. It’s just the way we do things at our house.” I felt a little funny making this proclamation. My stomach stirred and there was a tingling inside me. I felt like a big girl in front of my friends even if it meant giving away my brother’s secrets. I noticed that Christi and Nicole clenched up their knees as if they were feeling the same thing.

Christi asked her previous question again, “Do you think we could get to see it?”

I had backed myself into a corner. Mom told me to keep this a secret. Yet, if I didn’t deliver, Christi and Nicole would never believe me again. “I’ll see what I can do,” was all I said.

I set the plans in action that very night. At dinner I asked, “Mom, can Nicole and Christi come over this weekend for a sleep over?”

Mom smiled, “Of course, dear; if it’s OK with their moms.”

I escorted Josh to the bathroom after he and dad cleaned up after dinner. As I watched him pee, I thought about how embarrassed he would be this weekend with us three girls crammed into the bathroom watching him. I gave him something to think about. “I’m not going to let you cum, tonight. I want to save you for this weekend.” He knew my girlfriends were coming over; I was going to let him figure out what my plans were.

On Friday afternoon, we left Nicole’s house to trek on over to my house for the big event. Christi and Nicole, backpacks hiked high on their shoulders, stuffed with everything a girl could need for an overnight stay, seemed eager to arrive even though I told them that nothing would happen until after my parents went to bed. When we got to my house, the girls made themselves comfortable in the downstairs playroom while I went into the kitchen to get us some milk and cookies. Josh caught me alone in the kitchen and whispered to me as if the girls could hear him from downstairs, “Miss Regina, may I go to the bathroom?”

“Of course you can,” I replied sweetly, but I added my warning, “but don’t do anything. You do not have permission to masturbate. Do you understand me?”

Josh nodded a weak “yes” and moved off to the bathroom dejected. I hadn’t let him come for several days, and I know he was looking forward to my allowing him relief. However, I just gave him a very firm order, and he knew better than to argue with me when I am in one of my “strict” moods. Just before he too far away, I got an idea. “Brother dear, when you are done with your bathroom visit, take these cookies and

milk I'm setting out for my two girlfriend and me and bring them down to us in the playroom.”

Nicole and Christi already had some of their stuff unpacked by the time I got downstairs. “Where’s the goodies?” they asked when the noticed that I was empty handed.

“Oh, I'm having my little serving maid, Josh, bring them to us.” I laughed. They stared at me, probably not believing me. But then, several minutes later, my brother came down the stairs with the milk and cookies on a tray. Nicole and Christi looked at each other and licked their lips. They were right. This was delicious. Josh went to put the tray on the table. I interrupted him. “Josh, dear, please give Miss Nicole and Miss Christi their milks. Serve them their cookies too.” My brother did his perfect servant act, much to the amusement of my girlfriends. With his task done, I let him go. “You’re dismissed,” I told him. “If we need anything else, we’ll call.”

Christi and Nicole kept it together long enough for Josh to make it to the top of the steps, but still within earshot. They both broke out laughing. I looked at them with a raised eyebrow, and said, “Now are you beginning to believe?”

### Our House Chapter 3

We were still giggling over his servant performance when my dad came home about an hour later. “Daddy,” I called to him, “Come down and say hello to Nicole and Christi.”

When he came down, even I was surprised. He was bringing flowers for each of us. He was there when I made the arrangements with mom for the sleepover so he knew Christi and Nicole would be here, but I was excited that he actually remembered and decided to give us a little gift. I don’t know if he thought of it by himself, or if mom put him up to it, but I really didn’t care.

I ran to him, threw my arms around his neck, and kissed him. “Oh, daddy you’re so nice!” Christi and Nicole were so envious. I heard Christi say quietly. “I wish my dad would realize I’m a big girl and like flowers, too.”

Dad kissed me back and put me down. “You girls have a good time. I have to go take care of a few things for your mom.”

I knew what those few things were. Or at least I thought I did. Mom and I discussed

this when we made plans for the sleepover. “Don’t worry about your father,” mom told me, “I’ll make sure he’s discrete and I’ll take care of him this weekend. I’ll also take care of Josh for you if you want.”

“It’s, OK, mom. I think I can manage.” I answered. “I don’t want to let Josh masturbate, OK?” She knew that I wanted direct and close supervision when I had one of my “no masturbation” edicts in effect. “Boy, you’re really giving it to him this time!” mom noted. She winked back at me and smiled, “You’re the boss ... his boss, at least.”

Right now my thoughts were on how to show my girlfriends that I was his boss. I was able to distract myself with some TV and other “girl talk” with Christi and Nicole. After all, there was other gossip to catch up on.

Dinner, for us at least, consisted of pizza, and we were well fortified with chips, pretzels, cookies, cake, soda, and every other manner of junk food required by healthy, growing, young girls. We also had a couple of movies for the VCR.

My brother went to bed at 11 PM. Mom came down to check on us about midnight, and said, “Your father and I are going to bed now. Try to keep the noise down a little.”

The three of us giggled and promised her that we would. And we did! It was in our best interest that they not be disturbed or have any reason to come down to the basement. We hushed up a little and tried very hard to concentrate on the movie on the VCR. We gave my parents another 30 minutes to be settled in to whatever it is they were doing in the bedroom. It being Friday night, I know that mom had some sort of plans for dad, although I never figured out exactly what they did. Mom respected my privacy and I respected hers. The movie ended, and Christi and Nicole couldn’t hold it anymore. “WELL?” Christi asked. “When are we going to do it?”

I felt a knot in my stomach as I walked up the stairs to the first floor where Josh had his bedroom. I knocked softly, and then opened without waiting for an answer. The light from the hallway streamed in and hit my brother on the face as he was rolling over. He squinted, and I am sure all he could see was the outline of us three girls. “Wha .. what is it?” He asked. I didn’t have to force myself to get into my assertive mode. “Get up!” I commanded, “Come into the playroom. The girls and I need you.”

“Is anything wrong?” he asked, waking up slowly. “You’ll find out soon enough,” I responded. He got out of bed, took off the babydoll top I made him sleep in every night and then put his running shorts on. I decided not to make him appear before my

friends in his babydoll even though I almost blew my cookies just thinking about doing that. "Still half asleep, he moaned, "Why ... what do you want?" I just took him by the hand and led him out of his room and down the basement steps. As soon as he saw my two friends, he blinked and looked blankly at us. "But," was all he was able to get out.

I laughed at him. "Christi and Nicole are big girls and they're my friends. They are going to watch you put on one of your little shows. To start, tell my friends who owns your penis."

I could tell he wasn't happy about this, but he finally groaned, "You own my penis, Miss Regina."

The girls fell over themselves laughing. I told Josh he needed to be punished for being so slow to answer. My friends couldn't believe it as tears started trickling down his cheeks just for me telling him that. I already had a straight back chair setting in the middle of the room in preparation. I led him over to it. "What do you want to ask me, Josh."

He cleared his throat and said, "Um, Miss Regina, would you please spank me because I was naughty for not immediately answering your question. "Yes, I'll spank you, but first, "Tell my friends what you are." He was standing in front of me and sideways to the girls, one girl on each side of us. He was very nervous, not only because of what I was asking him but because I had my hands on the outside of his thighs and was slowly going up his legs with my fingers. I reached inside the little slit on each side of his running shorts and grasped the lacy leg elastic of the panties he had on and proceeded to slowly pull down on his panties until the lacy pink hem was peeking out of the leg openings of his shorts. I stunned him when I slapped him on each side of his face. "You heard my question, now, do you want me to double your spanking?"

"Uh, no, Miss, I'm sorry. I'm a sissy, Miss. I'm a sissy boy and your slave and you own my penis. I cannot use the toilet or masturbate without your permission."

Strangely, both girls were silent. I think they were simply dumbfounded, but then Nicole noticed first, noticed the lacy edge of his pink panties that I had pulled down to peek out from under the sides of his shorts. She didn't say anything, just started pointing at them and laughing. Then Christi noticed, and she yelled out, "Oh my god! Josh is wearing pink panties with lace on them!" Josh wanted to die; he was now crying as heavily as anytime I had ever given him a spanking, and I hadn't even hit him once. "Tell the girls what you are, what you are wearing, and why you are wearing them."

Gurgling through his tears, Josh quickly said, "Miss Regina, I am a sissy boy, your sissy boy. You own my penis and I can't do anything with my penis even touch it without asking your permission. And I wear girls' panties."

"Describe your panties to us, sissy boy."

Still crying he managed to say, "They are pink with nice white lace on the legs and a picture of a little girl playing with a kitty on the front of the panties, and the panties have two bows on them, one on each side by the leg opening."

"And why do wear girls' panties?" I asked. "Because I'm a sissy boy, Miss Regina, and as you say, all sissies should wear pretty panties." He knew how I wanted these now standard questions answered; I put these questions to him every day. However, he had never answered them in front of anyone else before. "Josh, do you like wearing girls' panties?" He tried blinking the tears out of his eyes. "Oh, yes, Miss, I love wearing pretty, soft and lacy nylon panties. I love wearing them." I kept a straight face. "Now, my sissy boy big brother, tell us, how often do you wear your panties." He gulped, "I wear them every day, Miss, and I wear pretty nylon babydoll nighties with my panties to bed every night." I hadn't intended going this far with him, but once I had started, the power I felt over him didn't let me back off.

Christi asked, "Wow! Does Josh wear panties to school too?"

I made him answer her, "Um, most of the time, I don't have to wear them under my clothes to school, but often Miss Regina makes me wear them to school if I am being punished."

I asked, and how do you feel when you don't wear your panties?" He took a deep breath, "I really, really miss my panties when I don't have them on. I love how they feel on my penis, and I never want to go without wearing them."

Of course, Josh hated wearing panties, but he knew the routine and to answer such questions in any other way would merit more humiliating punishments. Just then, I grabbed the waist elastic of his running shorts and yanked them down his legs, exposing him to the girls in his pink panties. "Oh, gees, he really is wearing lacy panties," Nicole screamed. "Of course, he is," I answered, "and now it's time her gets over my lap for a spanking, then we'll make a trip to the bathroom, making him show you how he pees and then how he masturbates and makes boy cream in his pink panties."

I quickly had him straddling my things, and I immediately started pounding on his

butt with my hand. He was crying, more from his humiliation in front of my friends rather than my hand spanking, I'm sure. Then I picked up my ready 15" ruler and started hitting him with it. He cried even harder then. I knew he could really feel the ruler.

After thirty smacks with the ruler over his panties, I had him stand up and led him by the hand into the small bathroom we had in the basement. "Now, make pee for us."

"I don't have to. Mom let me go just before bed."

"Yes you do have to go!" I insisted.

"Not in front of THEM," my brother complained.

I stopped and stood in front of him feet apart, one hand on my hip, and the other in his face waving a finger. I was vaguely aware that I was looking UP at him. "Look, you will do whatever I tell you to do. Don't forget your place with me." He protested, "But mom said that I didn't have to do it for other girls."

His argument held no water with me. "Mom put me in charge of you and that's all there is to it. You will obey me or else."

"Or else what?" he challenged.

"When was the last time you came, young man?" I reminded him. He mumbled something inaudible. I asked him again. "When was it?" "Tuesday," he responded.

"Tuesday," I reiterated. "I imagine your sissy balls in your panties are getting kind of full by now, aren't they?"

"Yes," he muttered.

"Yes, WHAT?" I scolded. "You use my proper title ... especially in front of my friends!"

"Yes, Miss Regina."

"That's better. Now, you haven't had a release since Tuesday. That was four days ago. Do you remember how long I made you go without cumming the last time I punished you?"

“Yes, Miss Regina. It was six days.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“No, Miss Regina. I hated it. It made me crazy.”

“Well, think about this. If you don’t obey me right now, I’ll make you wait another week on top of the four days you’ve already gone without cumming.”

I really didn’t want to make him wait because I so enjoyed watching him ejaculate, even though I had seen it dozens, maybe hundreds, of times by then. However, mom impressed upon me the importance of discipline. I learned how to play the denial game very well. Josh had his rebellious moments, but he always did what I commanded, eventually, and I usually make him wait a day or two more just to impress on him that I am in charge. He’s usually quick to obey my orders. Josh looked down at his toes. I knew I had won. “Come,” I said in a much softer tone. “Make peepee for us.”

Josh stood before the toilet. I opened the lid and he fumbled with his panties, pulling them down until they were around the top of his thighs but with the silky nylon panties still cupping his cum-laden balls. Christi and Nicole watched silently on each side of him with us crowded into the small bathroom.

The girls uttered a combined “ooh” as his slightly erected penis flopped out in front of him. Christi bit her lower lip, and Nicole put her hands up to her face touching her cheeks with her fingers. The four of us stood in silence for at least a minute until Josh produced a tiny stream that tinkled into the toilet. It wasn’t the most impressive piss I had ever seen, but I couldn’t blame him. He had just gone before going to bed. “Thank you, sissy,” I said to him. “Now, pull your nice panties backup and follow us back to the playroom.

I pushed him in front of me, and he led our small parade into the playroom. I couldn’t help noticing how Christi and Nicole were eyeing his behind wiggling in the panties as he walked.

Josh stood uncomfortably in the center of the playroom as we girls took our seats. Nicole, was normally quite shy, but she surprisingly asked, “Can I touch it?”

“Of course you can. Rub it through his panties. Sissy boys love that the best.” I responded. I gave my brother a stern warning, “Stand still, and don’t move.”

Josh stood at attention looking at the far wall in his shame as Nicole leaned forward in her chair, put out a tentative finger and ran it over the length of his dick through the panties, which were almost transparent. We could easily see his cock right through the sleek nylon. She handled it gingerly as if she were afraid she might hurt him, but even her slight touching caused him to start getting hard. The event was not lost on her as she exclaimed, "Look at what it's doing!" I said, "I told you it gets big and stand up when he gets excited. That happens to all boys. Now put your hand right around his cock and pump on it up and down, gently at first, and then a bit faster. That's what he likes."

The girls looked at me incredulously. Both of them giggled, and loosened up a little. "Keep playing with him, Nicole." I urged." Although Nicole had no experience with what she was doing, Josh rewarded her with a wonderful erection. I think it was the embarrassment of being naked in front of three fully clothed girls that got to him.

Christi would not be left out. "Let me try," she insisted. She grabbed his cock a lot more aggressively, and probed it and his balls with her fingers, arousing him even more through his panties. She enjoyed it when squeezed one of his balls. All of a sudden, she jumped back. "Yuck! What's that?" she said as she felt some moisture ooze out of the front of his panties at the tip of his penis. She wiped her hand against her skirt. "It's slimy!" I reassured her, "It's OK. It's called pre-come. It's normal. It won't hurt you." I tossed her a tissue box and she wiped the rest of the stuff off her hands nonetheless.

I acted as if I was frustrated with her, like one of our teachers did when a student couldn't get something no matter how carefully it was explained. "Come here! You too, Nicole. Look!" I pointed to Josh's penis. It had a drop of clear, viscous liquid dripping from the tip. "That's pre-come. That's the 'wet' I talked about when I said boys get excited. This is just a little sample of the load of his cum that will follow if we keep playing with his cock."

"Christi touched it. Is she going to get pregnant?" Nicole asked. I laughed at her, "No! You have to get the stuff inside you before that can happen. Besides, you haven't seen anything yet." I gave the head of Josh's penis a squeeze. Another drop of pre-come oozed out and sat on the surface of his panties, darkening the panties over the tip of his dick. I wiped it up with the tip of my finger and showed it to Nicole and Christi. "See? It can't hurt you." I put it up to my nose and sniffed it. I offered my finger to my friends. "Smell it." I commanded. They were reluctant and approached the task timidly; however they got comfortable with it after that first tentative whiff. "It doesn't smell like pee," remarked Nicole, "You can hardly smell it at all." Next, I encouraged them to feel it. Each took a drop between her index finger and thumb and

rubbed it around.

“It’s slippery,” Nicole noted.

“It’s sort of like raw egg white,” Christi said.

“I dare you to lick it.” I challenged.

“You first,” Christi answered.

I knew she didn’t expect me to do it, and I had never done it before myself, but having issued the challenge, I could not back down. Putting on a face that showed courage I didn’t have, I stuck my finger into my mouth and sucked on it.

I smiled at my girlfriends, “Your turn.”

Christi followed my example, and Nicole followed her, not liking the task at all. “Now what?” Christi asked.

“Now we have the main show.” Turning to Josh, I ordered him to his knees. “Jerk off, sissy boy. Show my friends how you jerk off in girlie panties. You want to do it. Don’t you?”

“Yes, Miss Regina. I love jacking off in my nylon panties.”

Josh went to work, and the three of us girls cheered him on as he started jacking himself at lightening speed. Having Josh jerk off for me was always exciting. However, having a couple of other girls in on the act multiplied the excitement. I couldn’t explain it. I had a tough time focusing. I didn’t know whether to look at Josh’s cock, or his face, or the faces of my two girlfriends. Each had a story of its own to tell.

Josh came with a wonderful splattering of cum that shot through his panties, some of it landed on Nicole’s arm because she had moved in so close to watch. Having made him go without cumming for four days paid off. Christi and Nicole were so impressed seeing him ejaculate. I heard both of them suck in a gasp of air through clenched teeth. When it was over, I got a very aspirated and hushed “Wow” from Nicole as she reached for a Kleenex. As she was about to wipe his jism off her arm, I yelled out, “No, Nicole, don’t wipe it off! Josh made that mess on your arm, so I think he should be made to lick it up. Go to it, Josh.”

The forlorn look on his face told me he really didn't want to do it, didn't want to humble himself in such a sissy way in front of my girlfriends, but he knew any other alternative would result in a punishment that would be much worse, so he did lean over and cautiously stuck out his cum before he tasted it and then quickly licked it up.

“OK, girls,” I proclaimed. “We have to let him rest for a while. We’ll do this again later.” Turning to Josh I commanded him. “OK, you can take off your panties and put them in your mouth to clean your filthy cum off of them, then wash up and go to your room. We will meet you there so you can show the girls all the pretty panties you have in your underwear drawer. I'll bet you have more panties and prettier panties than they do.” I laughed. He cringed. The girls were in awe of me and surely excited at this whole experience, but I wanted to top it off so I said, "Josh, after we inspect your panty drawer and get you into a clean pair of panties, the girls and I will have fun having you model a lot of your party dresses and other nice girlie clothes you have before we take make you show us again how you jack off and spurt your boy juice into your panties."

Nicole and Christi became obsessed with this “jerk off” phenomenon and invented a little chant that we did in singsong cadence when he jumped rope:

Joshie is a sissy boy  
Joshie has a brand new toy  
Pretty girls' panties he wears now  
And do what girls tell him with a bow  
He jacks off in his panties more and more  
For his sister  
She's his boss.  
One ... two ... three... four!

AKA "Our House" #07036-O

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