



## Shameless Mothers 4

### Chapter 6

#### Maid for His Weakness

During the question and answer period, Ron Anderson was one of those outraged fathers who started yelling and carrying on about what a horrible thing this was. He said he was against it from the moment his wife, Sally, told him about it after she had spent an hour on the phone with a committee member who told her about the program and urged them to attend this meeting.

Sally thought it was a great idea, but as her husband vociferously denounced it, she knew he felt threatened and would likely prevent her from petticoating their son, Andy. Ron did agree to go to the meeting, but she knew he was only going to make a scene and try to get others to oppose this "foolish idea."

So Sally contacted the committee ahead of time and warned them her husband might make trouble. After a long talk with Sally, they created a plan to thwart anything Ron would do to disrupt the meeting, and when he got up and demanded to be heard, Minnie Olsen's daughter, Candy, went into action. She was sitting only about ten feet in front of Ron. As he hyperventilated and screamed out his protests, Candy quickly turned around in her chair and faced him, an action that caused her short skirt to twist high around her girlish hips. She casually spread her legs and exposed to his view a wide expanse of the front of her pink panties. From where Ron was standing, Candy's panty display could not be missed.

Ron did notice. In fact, he began to mix up his words and slur his speech because he was distracted by Candy's widely parted thighs. Ron's wife told him to stop complaining and sit down because he wasn't making any sense. He was enraged and wanted to fight this stupid petticoat punishment idea, but he was no match for Candy because he was hung up on young girls; her aggressive little panty show did the trick.

Candy was young but very experienced when it came to toying with male emotions. Ever since she was a little girl, she had been able to have her way with her father. She saw the way his eyes lit up when she would run around the house in her skimpy girlish lingerie and soon realized she could get anything she wanted from him. Strutting her stuff in just silky panties got his attention every time, and soon it was a regular occurrence in their household for her to spend the evening sitting on his lap while they watched television together. She then learned she could intensify her control over him and overcome any of his objections by cuddling up to him and wiggling around

in his lap as she sat on that big hard thing in his pants.

Mrs. Anderson knew her husband had a weakness for pretty young girls. She was sure he had never cheated on her, but she knew how he couldn't stop ogling the local girls. When she told the committee he was against petticoating their son, they asked if he had any weaknesses they could exploit, and she told them about his predilection for young girls, and that led them to recruit the temptress Candy to be ready stop him in his tracks if he did try to disrupt passage of the program.

And it worked. After Candy teased Ron with her legs and lingerie, he was tongue-tied. For the remainder of the meeting Candy kept up the show. He couldn't look away. On the way home, Ron complained to his wife that he wasn't given a fair opportunity to voice his opinion. Sally just smiled to herself. She knew what really had happened. She was amazed at how effective Candy was in neutralizing her husband and immediately made plans to use the tantalizing girl to occupy her husband while she started putting their son into petticoats and panties. Candy wasn't a long-term solution but a surefire start as she broke down her husband's resistance.

The question and answer session continued. One woman still wasn't convinced. She too wondered if dressing their boys in girls' clothing would make them turn gay. Mrs. McMasters responded by saying that inborn preferences, rather than conditioning, cause a person to be homosexual. Dressing the boys in girls' clothes was designed to get them to fall in love with femininity and make them easy to control. It wouldn't increase or decrease their chance of becoming homosexual.

One father, a brainy type, was curious about the long-term effects of petticoat punishment. The mothers on stage assured him that he would be delighted with the results. His boys would become much more sensitive, loving and extremely manageable. The man seemed to accept the answer. He added that he was fed up with the disrespect his sons had been displaying in recent years. He said he would wholeheartedly endorse any program that would bring his boys into line.

The Q&A continued and would have gone well into the night if Mrs. McMasters hadn't called a halt to it. She assured everyone that a lot of information would be circulated to parents in the coming days and a support network was being set up to handle all their questions and help anyone who needed it. She did add that parents who chose not to go along with the program would be allowed to transfer their son to other schools.

Sensing that the majority was in favor of adopting petticoat rule in school, a vote was taken. Moments later, the plan was passed, and since she had so competently demonstrated her leadership, Mrs. McMasters was nominated and then elected to coordinate the program. She promised to put all of her energy into making petticoat rule an effective solution to their disciplinary problems. She immediately took charge and introduced a few proposals to facilitate the program. The question and answer session revealed a lot of the parents would need assistance, so she divided the parents into a number of small groups, each under the guidance of a committee member. These group leaders would be available on an around-the-clock basis to assist during the crucial introductory period.

Mrs. McMasters encouraged everyone to immediately begin pantying their sons to introduce the

boys as much as possible to the program before returning to school on Monday. By that time, she hoped all parents had at least put their boys into panties. She decreed that on Monday an announcement would be made and silky lace panties would be the only type of underwear the boys at the Madison Street School would be allowed to wear. It was getting quite late, so the meeting was adjourned. Parents were requested to keep in close contact with their group leader and each other. As everyone was left the auditorium, they were given several booklets and printed material about petticoating boys.

One hundred percent cooperation was the goal, so group leaders were assigned to contact all parents who were not at the meeting. Also, the group leaders would be working together to solve problem situations as they arose, doing whatever had to be done to foil the resisters like Ron Anderson was foiled by pretty little Candy Olsen.

After the meeting, Ron was frustrated because he hadn't been able to get his point across. Sally, his wife, pretended to understand, but she light of the situation. She told him dressing boys in girls' clothes wasn't the end of the world, and petticoat and panty training would make him a better little boy. To help him get over being so upset, she gave Ron take a sleeping pill and told him to sleep in late in the morning.

Secretly, Sally was thrilled that Candy was able to distract her husband so easily. His weakness would be the key to manipulating him into accepting the petticoating of their son, plus it would help her gain control over him in other ways. As they went to bed that night, Sally told Ron she had hired a new maid, so in case he saw her when he woke up in the morning, he would know what was going on. Ron nodded his approval. He had always told his wife she worked too hard, holding down a job at the bakeshop and maintaining the house — she deserved a maid. But Ron would soon be shocked because the sexy little Candy Olsen was going to be that new maid, and she would be there to keep him occupied while Sally petticoated their boy.

Early the next morning, Ron awoke to hear a sweet, cheerful voice humming in the hallway just outside his bedroom door. Shaking off the last traces of his sound sleep, Ron opened his eyes and rolled over in bed. He discovered his wife was already up. At first he thought she was making the merry melody, but then, he realized it wasn't her voice. With his eyes barely open, he got out of bed in order to investigate. He blinked several times to clear his vision as he approached the door. He noticed something hanging on the doorknob, something in shimmering pale blue satin with white lace trim--then he recognized it as a pair of his wife's prettiest panties. He wondered why she had left her panties there. It slightly unnerved him as he took the panties off the knob. The panties were silky to touch and heavily anointed with her distinctive perfume. He held the panties in one hand as he used his other hand to twist the doorknob and ease open the door.

At that moment, he recalled what his wife had said the night before about hiring a new maid. He stepped out into the hallway in search of the source of the dulcet tones floating through the air. He half choked and then froze in his footsteps as he saw before him a delightfully feminine derriere encased in a frilly pair of purple panties. The beautiful bottom belonged to a svelte but well-proportioned female body. It was obviously the new maid. Her skimpy costume consisted of only a thin pink chiffon apron, seamed net stockings, high heels and those deliciously ruffled baby-style purple panties.

Ron must have made a sound, betraying his presence, because the young lady stopped humming and turned to face him. He was really shocked when he saw that it was Candy Olsen -- the little minx he couldn't stop staring at the night before. He was embarrassed to meet her face to face, wondering if she knew he had been staring up her skirt at the PTA meeting. He blushed and looked away. Candy broke the silence.

“Hi! I'm Candy the new maid. You must be Mr. Anderson.”

Ron wasn't able to organize his words and say anything sensible, so he just nodded and greeted her with a sheepish grin.

Candy dropped her gaze to Ron's hand and beamed brightly when she noticed the satiny pale blue panties dangling from his fingertips. Ron's smile faded when he followed her eyes. He remembered the silky panties he had taken off the doorknob and tried to hide them behind his back, but it was too late, and he knew it. To further complicate matters, his morning hard-on sprung up, bolstered from viewing the sexy sight of her pantied ass. Candy giggled when she noticed it poking at the front of his pajamas. He felt like an idiot. He could only shrink back into the bedroom. She boldly followed him, saying that since he was up, the room needed to be cleaned. As Ron quickly retreated to the adjoining bathroom, she told him she would be busy with her chores and wouldn't bother him.

He thought to himself--bother him! Was she kidding? She was almost haunting him. He closed the bathroom door. Just then, he realized he was still holding onto those blue silk panties. He threw them down in disgust.

Then, a moment later, he picked the panties up again. He studied them. His hard-on ached. Almost without realizing it he closed his eyes and pushed the panties down the front of his pajama trousers. He wrapped the electrifying fabric around his stiff prick. He dreamed about the pretty Candy and her fancy-party pants panties.

Just as he got close to erupting in passion, he became disgusted with himself for getting carried away with the situation. He yanked the panties away from his penis and threw them into the laundry hamper. He cursed at himself for using the lacy panties to jack himself off like a sex-starved teenager. He jumped into the shower, turned the cold water on full blast and waited for his sexual arousal to subside.

After he finally finished in the bathroom, he slowly opened the door and went back into the bedroom. Candy must have finished cleaning in there because she wasn't around. Ron quickly dressed and started downstairs. On the way down, he ran into his wife. He was a little surprised to see the way she was dressed. She was wearing a simple lacy white bra and very soft looking pink nylon panties. She greeted him with a 'good morning' and acted as if her being dressed like that was nothing unusual. She never walked around the house like that, but now she strutted past him and walked into their son's room without bothering to put a robe on.

The panties hanging on the doorknob, the sexy new maid, his wife running around in bra and

panties -- it all started to add up. Ron was a smart guy. He was sure it was a conspiracy. His wife was trying to get to him--but why? Then it occurred to him--she wanted him to go along with that radical feminization program at their boy's school. Well, he wasn't going to permit his boy to be involved in anything like that. He had some thinking to do. He made himself some coffee and took it to the living room. As he sipped from his cup, he noticed a slight movement in the next room, the den.

Then he realized it was Candy. She bobbed up and down as she cleaned and moved within his range of vision. He really enjoyed watching her nimble body displayed in the peeking baby girl rhumba panties. Without thinking, he adjusted his hardening penis. He kept fumbling with his prick. It was still in need of being relieved. He couldn't help himself. He just kept rubbing and gawking at Candy. He couldn't steady his coffee cup any longer, so he set it down. Unaware of his immediate surroundings, he kept fingering his prick as he stared. He jumped when he felt something touch his shoulder from behind. It was his wife's hand.

“I see you've noticed the new maid,” she said without saying anything about catching him playing with himself.

Ron grabbed a newspaper to cover the bulge in his trousers. He was blushing, so he avoided turning to face his wife.

“Ron, would you come with me up to the bedroom? I'd like to talk to you about something.”

He knew he had been caught ogling the maid. He was in no position to resist. He walked awkwardly in an attempt to hide his erection as he followed his wife to the bedroom. As they passed the closed door to their son's room, Ron could hear a couple of little voices humming a sweet, simple tune. He realized it was the same melody Candy had been humming earlier that day. Sally saw him looking in the direction of their son's room, and so she explained that Andy had one of his little friends over and they were playing nicely.

On the way up to the master bedroom, Sally was acting sweetly toward him. When they got there, she toyed with the lump in his pants and persuaded him to lie down on the bed. Then she straddled his body, opened his zipper and extracted his throbbing penis. She was still dressed only in her bra and panties. She undid the bra, slipped out of it and then started rubbing his penis across the front of her soft nylon panties. Ron winced because Sally's motion felt good but it also rasped against and began to irritate his now hypersensitive prick. He complained about the friction.

“Oh, I don't want to hurt your itty-bitty penis. I'm sorry. I got carried away because I know how much your dickie likes my silky panties. Candy told me how she saw you with them when you got up.”

As she spoke she pulled his penis through the leg elastic of the panties she was wearing and covered it with the sensuous fabric. His prick bobbed around under the pink panties she was wearing. Sally laughed because she could feel him throb with arousal against her body, causing a very unfeminine tent in the front of her panties. It was easy for her to pretend that the prick was

attached to her body -- not his. It was an eerie but very exciting feeling. She stroked the penis in the panties she was wearing like it was hers and masturbating herself.

Ron was thoroughly excited from her intimate handling of his manhood. He pleaded with Sally to let him enter her body. He was desperate to shoot his cum.

She just laughed and said, "Oh, I don't think you want to fuck me. I think you're all worked up because your cock is inside my silky panties. You see, I know how much you love my panties. I found these in the hamper, and they've got drops of your cum all over them!"

As she said that she held up the dainty blue satin panties Ron had played with that morning. He was shocked that Sally had guessed what he had done. She must have gone looking for the panties she had left hanging on the doorknob and found them in the hamper with the incriminating evidence. He had held back from cumming into the panties while he was playing with them, but a little of his precum must have dribbled out and stained them. He regretted not checking the panties before tossing them into the laundry hamper.

While nearing the peak of his sexual arousal, Sally called him a panty pervert. Her obvious disgust toward him and her now abusive stroking of his cock through her panties took their toll. The embarrassment and pain was too much, his abused cock softened. He had never failed to shoot off before in his life, even when the sex was hot and his cock was taking a thorough beating. But this was different. She was taunting, sexually terrorizing and teasing him. She had a lot of anger toward him because he was so easily excited over pretty little Candy. Now she was getting even by yanking harshly on his erection and turning his pleasure into pain without letting him cum. He knew he deserved it.

He was burning with embarrassment at his failure and pleaded for forgiveness, but Sally gave him an evil look and dismounted him, roughly extracting his shrinking penis from the binding scratchy elastic legband of her sexy nylon panties.

Sally had to look away because she couldn't hold back the mocking grin on her face. She had brought her husband to the brink of sexual frustration and then made fun of him. For her, this whole subject about petticoating their boy brought a lot of her pent up angst to the forefront. After attending the meeting the night before and seeing how much control other women had over their husbands and sons, she was jealous and wanted more control too. Ron had been lording it over her for far too long, and now was a good time to change things! She was pissed at him because he was so easily aroused by Candy. Things were going to change. That was for sure. She looked back at him on the bed. Flustered and ashamed, he covered his reddened face. Then she added to his confusion as she did an about-face with her mood. She pretended not to be upset with him.

"It's okay honey," she purred sympathetically. "I understand if my pret-ty panties get to you!"

With that she took off the pink panties she was wearing and playfully dropped them over Ron's exposed, limp penis. He went to move them away, but she told him to keep her panties there while she quickly got dressed and he watched. Once fully dressed, she teasingly touched Ron's

penis through the panties draped over it, but this time she touched him gently and lovingly, but she did it with a slight grin on her face.

“I've got to go out for a while, but just in case you get horny, you can whack off in my nice little pink panties. Now let them keep your little cocky warm while I'm gone. I know you can't wait for me to leave so you can pull on your penis through my panties. Don't worry. It's okay. Now that I know you like my panties better than you like sex with me, I understand. You're a panty fag.”

Ron wanted to loudly protest, but he knew he had it coming and didn't oppose her. He let her belittle him without argument. Then she strutted out of the bedroom. Ron just lay there and tried to organize his thoughts. Absentmindedly, he toyed with the soft panties covering his manhood that had been stirred into an erection once again.

[Chapter 7](#) | [Index](#)