

Trained to Panties #1



*Todd is Terrorized at
Every Turn*

Adults Only

Caught in a web with nowhere to turn, a boy is mentally and physically attacked from all sides in what seems like a conspiracy in which everyone tries to dominate him and feminize him by training him to frilly girls' panties.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

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Todd is Terrorized at Every Turn

Characters:

Todd Granger – 11 years old
Betty Granger – Todd's mother
Merry Granger – 9, Todd's sister
Bobby Stole – 11, Todd's best friend
Brad Stole – 16, Bobby's older brother
Angel Stole - Bobby's mother
Craig Dunken – Todd's stepfather
Deena Dunken – 13, Craig's daughter, Todd's stepsister
Reverend Hasset – Baptist minister
Mary Ellen - 14 Deena's neighborhood friend
Lizzy - 15 Deena's neighborhood friend
Terry Brewster & his gang, 10 yr. olds - Todd's enemies

Chapter 1: Changes to My Life

"Mom, I don't think I'm going to like it here. This room is half the size of my old room. No place for all my stuff!"

"Oh, Todd, it's not that small, but if you need more room, put all your old sporting equipment in the girls' bedroom. They have two huge walk-in closets; I'm sure they won't mind." I wanted to complain some more, but Mom held her hand up to quiet me. "Now, Todd, you're going to love it here; the backyard is three times the size of our old backyard and you and Bobby will have a lot of fun endlessly exploring the woods outback."

My kid sister, Merry (like 'Merry Christmas' because she was born on Christmas), was OK for a girl but got on my nerves a lot. Mom said Merry loved me to death and idolized me, but I always thought of her as an intruder. I was king of the heap until she came along. Even though I was just a toddler when she was born, Mom said everything changed for me the day she brought her home from the hospital. I've been angry with her ever since.



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But, now, with my mom recently remarrying, Merry had changed. I guess she finally grew tired of me spurning her over all these years, and now she latched onto Deena, our new stepsister. I didn't like Deena, much too bossy for a girl. Merry now followed her around like she was glued to her. That was fine by me. I just wanted both of them to stay out of my way.

I guess Deena wasn't too happy about all of us living together either. She did have a very large bedroom but now had to share it with Merry. Deena is an only child and always had wanted a little sister, but I know she wished Merry was a little closer to her in age. Deena made it obvious that I was an intruder in 'her' house and said I was like most boys and acted 'too big for my britches.'

Chapter 2: Incriminating Evidence

Not only was Deena unhappy with me living there, later I found out she was upset with all my stuff jammed into her second closet. She complained about me to Lizzy and Mary Ellen, her two older girlfriends who lived in the next block. To keep me at bay, the girls told her and Merry to get me into trouble at every opportunity so I was always on the defensive. Merry giggled at the idea. They assured Deena that would knock me off my perch and keep me down. "Ya gotta get him under your thumb. Get something on him to hold over his head."

Lizzy said, "You said his mom put all his sports stuff in your closet because he doesn't use them very much. If he doesn't play sports much; maybe he's a sissy." Deena laughed at that, but then said, "Oh, he's no sissy; just a little jerk." Mary Ellen's eyes lit up. "Maybe that's the solution. If your parents think he's a sissy, it will shame him and make it easy for you to boss him around." My stepsister then asked, "Gees, so how do I do that?" Lizzy thought for a moment and then picked up a girls' teen magazine. She thumbed through it until she found an ad showing a girl in bra and panties. She pointing to the photo as she said, "Here, put this picture someplace where his parents will find it so they'll think it's his, and they'll start thinking he's a sissy." She then tore that page out of the magazine and gave it to Deena. Mary Ellen added, "And flash him your panties a lot. You know boys like to look up our skirts. Well, wear dresses a lot and make it so he can see your panties a lot. Pretend like it's an accident or that you don't even notice, and it would be great if you make it so your parents catch him peeking at you."

Deena's dad picked her up from her friends' house, and when they got home, I was outside by the car, and when she got out, she had her legs spread wide open. I couldn't help it. I stared, but I didn't think she even realized she was showing me her panties.

Then the next day: "Todd, come here." "What, Mom?" "What's this doing in your underwear drawer?" Mom was holding up



that advertisement of a girl in her bra and panties. “Son, I was putting away clean your underwear and I found this in your drawer.” “It’s not mine, Mom. I swear. I don’t know where it came from. It probably belongs to my dumb sister or something. It ain’t mine!” “Todd, don’t call your sister ‘dumb.’ Honestly, I don’t know what you want with a picture like this. I know you’re getting to that age when boys get interested in such things, but it’s not healthy for you to look at girls in their underwear.” That night on my way to bed, I walked past the girls’ room; their door was open and I saw them in just their panties. They screeched and I ran to my room. Then I heard them trying to hold back their laughter as Mom called from the kitchen, “What’s going on in there?” I wondered, ‘What’s all this shit about girls’ underwear all of a sudden? Is this what it was going to be like living with my new stepsister?’

Chapter 3: Thursday After School

I’m not a fighter, but I’m also not a sissy.

As I sat in the kitchen my mom was brushing the dirt off my clothes and I held an ice pack against my cheek, my new stepfather, Craig, walked in the door. His workday ends at about the same time as my school lets out. He looked at my dirty, tear-streaked face and said, “Don’t tell me you got beat up again!”

I nodded.

“That Brewster kid again?” he asked. I nodded. “Well, you did fight back this time, didn’t you?” I shook my head ‘no.’ Fresh tears formed in my eyes knowing he was disappointed in me.

“Son of a bitch! Didn’t I tell you that you have to fight back; otherwise, he’ll beat you up every time he sees you.”

“I don’t like fighting. And it wasn’t just Brewster; it was his whole gang,” I said as I pulled the ice pack away to show him the scrape and nasty bruise on my face.

My new stepfather is a macho guy and works construction on the gas pipeline east of town. Craig was increasingly on me to ‘man-up’ like I wasn’t enough of a true-blue boy in his mind. My best friend, Bobby, and I play soccer all the time and we’re both on our junior high track team, what more does Craig want from me?

Deena, Craig’s thirteen-year-old daughter and my new stepsister, and Merry were sitting next to me at the kitchen table having Cokes. Deena wrinkled up her nose and looked at me with disdain. In my own limited way I had been trying to get along with her, or at least avoid her. I sensed she thought I was a nuisance. (I suppose I should have understood her feelings of being imposed upon after all those years

I felt that way toward my kid sister – but, of course, I didn’t!) In a snotty way she informed her father, “You know, dad, Terry Brewster and the two kids he hangs with are just in the fifth grade, two years behind Todd.”

“But, they’re pretty big and they’re so rough and ...”

Deena continued, “Dad, they’re just little kids. Todd you’re much bigger. You must be a sissy if you can’t fight them off.”

My little sister giggled at the word ‘sissy’ and grinned at me. She sided with Deena. At that moment, I realized she no longer idolized me.

“Mom, make her stop saying things like that. I’m not a sissy. I just think fighting doesn’t prove anything.” I had skipped 2nd grade in school, so now I was in the seventh grade and that made it seem like there was even more of a difference in my age compared to Brewster’s 5th grade gang, even though, they are just one year younger than I am.

Craig jumped in, “You’re wrong on that count, my friend. If you don’t fight back, it does prove something to those boys. It proves you’re a wimp. I didn’t know the kids pestering you are smaller than you. And you can’t fight them off? Are you a sissy?”

“No, I’m not!” I halfway screamed.

Deena was grinning at me. “Oh, yes, you are, Todd. You are a big sissy! Daddy, should I give him some of my panties to wear? Since he’s a sissy he should be wearing panties, shouldn’t he? I’ll bet he’s very interested in girls’ panties — so interested that he wants some for himself! I got some nice pink panties he can”



**Deena, my stepsister with
my little sister, Merry.**

I jumped up, ran toward Deena and yelled, “You’re so stupid! I bet you put that dumb picture in my room.” But before I could get to her, Craig grabbed me and pulled me into a bear hug. I struggled but was unable to free myself. “Damn, boy! You won’t fight boys but you’re ready to fight a girl – you must be a sissy!”

I turned to my mom. “Mom, make them stop teasing me. I don’t want to fight with anyone.”

“Craig, Deena, let’s give Todd a break. He had a rough day today,” she said.

“Betty,” my stepfather said in a commanding voice, “Hell, no, I’m not going to give him a break! Do you want your son running away from every fight? I got him those York Barbells so he can develop some muscles on that skinny body of his, so he won’t run away from fights. I don’t think he has even started lifting those weights, has he?”

“Yeah, I’m reading the book how to ...” I defended myself.

“Don’t read the damn book, boy, just start lifting those barbells. Betty, your boy has got to learn to defend himself. He better fight those kids next time or I’ll take my daughter’s suggestion and see to it that he wears panties.”

Mother looked a bit startled. “Oh, Craig, you wouldn’t ...”

“Damn right I would. Deena, you have the right idea. Give your new brother some of your panties. Todd, you put them in your underwear drawer, and the next time you don’t fight back, I’ll see to it you start wearing them.”

My mother was on the verge of screaming. “Stop! Panties for Todd? That’s ridiculous. Besides, our children shouldn’t be sharing underwear. It’s not sanitary.”

In a booming voice, Craig said to my mother, “Oh, OK, then, you go out in the morning and buy him some girls’ panties – nice, really girly ones – nylon panties in pink with lace and bows and stuff – panties fancier than Deena wears — real sissy panties then he won’t have to use Deena’s. Make those panties frilly and girly enough to scare him into racing home from school each day to lift weights and whip himself into shape.”

Mother said, “You can’t be serious?”

“Oh, yes, I am! Betty, the kid needs a lesson ...”

Even though I was sure my macho stepfather was just teasing me about making me wear lacy panties to motivate me in a crazy kind of way, I was so upset I ran to my room and slammed the door shut because I was about to cry and I didn’t want to cry like a sissy in front of him. I hated fighting and most sports. And I wasn’t going to lift barbells like a dumbbell! I could barely lift just the steel bar without ANY of the weights on it! I had no interest in becoming a muscle-bound freak, and I wasn’t going to fight those little monsters who loved to beat me up. I told myself I was going to go out of my way every day on my way home from school just so I wouldn’t have to pass by Brewster’s house where those boys always hung out.

I didn’t feel like eating so when mom called me for dinner, I told her I wasn’t hungry and wanted to stay in my room. A half hour later, while I was pouring over my history book, Deena walked into my room. From her cackling laughter, I could tell it was her without even looking. “Hey, man!” I shouted as I kept my nose deep in the chapter about the Civil War. “It’s polite to knock, you know. Don’t bother me. Can’t you see I’m studying?”

“I’m bringing you something to study,” she said. I then looked in her direction. With only my desk light on, my room was otherwise dark, and I saw her coming in the doorway and emerging from the shadows holding a pair of pink panties and waving them around like a matador. “I thought you’d like a preview of things to come. Sissy boys like you love panties. You should try them; I’m sure you’d ...” At that I threw my history book at her and yelled at her to get out of my room. She dodged the book. As she laughingly retreated, I saw my mother coming into my room with a tray of food. “Hey, what are you up to...” Then she saw the panties in my stepsister’s hands. “Deena, are you teasing him? Shame on you. I’m going to tell your father. Leave Todd alone. He’s been through enough today.”

Mom then set down the tray, picked up the book and handed it back to me as she told me to ignore Deena and forget those nasty, roughneck boys who haunted me. She brought me a sandwich, milk and some oatmeal cookies she had baked that afternoon. She said she’d make sure I had some peace and quiet so I could study before going to bed.



Chapter 4: Friday After School It Goes Beyond Teasing!

The next day I asked Bobby to walk home with me because I didn't want to run into Brewster's gang. I suggested we take the long way around through the woods to avoid them because it's a good way to go as long as it wasn't wet and rainy.

As soon as I came into the house, Mom was relieved to see that I hadn't gotten into a fight, then she reminded me to take a shower because she knew I had gym that day and she wanted me all cleaned up before dinner. After my lightning-fast shower, I went to my dresser for some fresh Jockeys and froze in position the moment I opened the drawer. There on top of my underwear was something pink and shiny. 'Was it? No, it couldn't be,' I asked myself. With my heart pounding, I gingerly reached into the drawer and touched the pink thing. It was shiny and smooth and . . . and . . . I didn't have the nerve to pick it up to confirm my worst fears. All I could do was give them a quick flick with my fingertips to unfurl them to see them better. Panties! Pink girls' panties! And under that pair of panties was a pair in sunshine yellow and another pair in faggoty lavender, all in that same shiny fabric! I was so angry. I knew my horrible stepsister had done this! I'd get even with her! I went to my bedroom door, opened it and with a pained squeal in my voice I called out toward the kitchen, "Mom, can you come here, right away?"

She yelled back that she'd be in to see me as soon as she finished mashing the potatoes. I left my dresser drawer wide open with those offending panties in full view and then hugged my bath towel around myself, sat on my bed and waited for her. A few minutes later she entered smiling and wiping her hands on her apron. "Hi, hon," she said, "good. I see you've had your shower."

"Mom, you're not going to believe this. Deena was in my room and look what she put in my dresser. Right there on top of my underwear. Look. See? See what she put in there? Mom you gotta stop her and her dad from teasing me like this." Mom approached my dresser, looked inside and then in silence picked up each pair of panties, neatly refolded them and carefully put them back in my drawer. Then she sat down next to me on the bed. "Todd, honey, Deena didn't put those panties in there. I did." I jerked my head around to look at her eye to eye in disbelief. "Wha . . . what? Why?" Mother put her hand on mine and said, "Todd, dear, I had to. Those aren't Deena's used panties. I bought them new for you. Craig demanded that I go out

this morning and buy them for you. They are YOUR panties. In fact Craig took off work this morning to go with me. I guess he wanted to make sure I picked out the fanciest panties we could find. You know I love you very much. And I love Craig a lot too. He's just trying to help you grow up. He's wants to make a man out of you. He means well. He just has a crude way of doing things. He demanded that I buy you panties to teach you a lesson. So I bought the panties and put them in your drawer. It's not a big deal. Now, I'm sure Craig will never make you wear them, but I can see his reasoning. I'm sure he thinks if you have to see those panties every day when you open up your drawer to get clean underwear, they will remind you to be strong and scare you enough so you won't run from fights. Like you, I don't like fighting, but I think Craig knows better about raising boys. Your stepfather fears you will back down from fights your whole life if you don't start fighting back kids now. My advice: Do your best to avoid running into those boys. Don't get yourself beaten up, and you'll have no problem with your stepfather."

"Yes, Mom, I did that today. I took the long way home through the woods with Bobby to avoid them."

"Good for you," she said with a warm smile. "Craig is a good man. I love him so much, so I bought those panties. But don't let them worry you; I think he just wants to scare you. Just ignore those panties in your drawer. Pretty soon, I'm sure your stepfather will forget all about them."

Chapter 5: No Interest in Lingerie

At this point in my young life I had absolutely no interest and very little knowledge about female underwear. If someone would mention bras or panties, like most young boys, I would blush, giggle or laugh out loud. Beyond their potential as a



punch line to a juvenile joke, they held no fascination for me whatsoever. Other than the occasional lingerie advertisement or window display, my knowledge of such garments was limited to my mom's big old-fashioned bras and panties and my kid sister's simple vests and brightly colored cotton panties usually decorated with Disney princess characters. And I only knew anything about those items of intimate apparel from seeing them drying on the clothesline. But the day after mom bought those panties for me that all changed.



Chapter 6: A Week Later - Saturday Afternoon A Chance to Level the Field

During the week after Craig had forced my mom to buy me those panties, Deena was teasing me about them. She probably wanted to avoid angering our parents so she mostly did sly little things whenever she saw me like giggling, pointing menacingly, rolling her eyes or sticking out her tongue along with a 'na-na-na-na-na!' When she did say things, she'd generally say the word 'panties' or 'panty boy' just loud enough for me to hear and whenever Mom or Craig weren't within earshot. Deena was bad enough, but what surprised me even more: My kid sister Merry was now starting to tease me too. I finally asked her, "Hey, kid, I thought you loved me. Why are you bugging me?" She snapped back, "I don't love you anymore; you're not nice to me. You're never nice to me. Deena is really nice to me all the time. I love Deena now." That jolted me a bit because for years Merry loved me no matter what I did against her and no matter how much I ignored her. I guess I couldn't blame her; I knew I had been a lousy big brother to her for a longtime and it was finally catching up with me. I complained to mom about the teasing and how Deena was always sitting around with her legs open so I could look up her skirt. Mom looked at me funny when I said that. She said I was probably just imagining it and I should work on learning how to live with my new stepsister.

"I suppose with all of us living together, you are bound to see your new sister in just her lingerie at times, but don't let it bother you." Mom added she'd talk to the girls – like that would do any good!

But then, suddenly, on Saturday the tide turned in my favor. I usually loved to play and do my homework in my room even if it was so much smaller than my old bedroom. But now, with those panties in my dresser drawer, I hated being in there. On this day, it had been lightly raining, but then the sun came out and it turned into a beautiful day. I decided to get my soccer ball out of the closet in my sister's room and go over to Bobby's house, hoping he could come out to play. I was sure Deena and Merry had gone out to play too, so without knocking I went into the big room they shared. I opened the door and was halfway in the darkened room when I suddenly saw a fiery glow and the girls on the bed – my thirteen-year-old stepsister and my nine-year-old sister – and they were smoking cigarettes! Deena started screaming at me to get out, but I just stood there and yelled back, "I'm gonna tell! I'm gonna tell!" I was thrilled to catch them, but strangely, I thought to myself that I sounded like a prissy little girl repeatedly saying, "I'm gonna tell!" in a giggly, singsongy voice. I was about to turn and leave when Deena jumped up, grabbed me and said, "Todd, we were just goofing around. Merry wanted to try cigarettes. No harm done. My dad doesn't need to know. Please, don't tell."

I could see she was scared. I relished that. I had never seen her that way. "OK, I won't tell, but you have to stop teasing me about the stupid underwear your dad made my mom buy for me." I guessed her father would have paddled her butt royally for smoking. "OK!" she quickly answered. "We'll stop teasing you, won't we Merry?" My little sister was about to cry; she immediately nodded her head in agreement. "Well, OK, but you two really have to be nice to me or I will tell. Plus, I might want

you to do other things for me too. Got it?” They both nodded. I got my soccer ball out of the closet and left the house with a huge grin on my face.

Chapter 7: The Following Friday Afternoon No More Fights, Something Worse

The next few days were pretty good. No one bothered me. The girls kept to themselves and Craig incorrectly thought I was working out with my weights. Those damn panties in my drawer still scared me, but I thought about them less and less. It hadn't rained last Saturday, so Bobby and I were able to go home through the woods to avoid passing by Brewster's house.

Then on Friday, as usual, we went through the woods on our way home, Bobby said, “Hey, man, I gotta take a piss.” I said, “Me too.” Then as we stood in the cool autumn breeze peeing noisily on a multicolored pile of dry, fallen leaves, Bobby looked at my dick, and said, “Hey, Todd, let's compare and see who has a bigger wiener?” I was surprised but didn't back away once we finished and shook the remaining drops off our dicks. He boldly came close to me, our penises almost touching. Both of our eleven-year-old dicks were similar in length – each about four inches, his a bit fatter. I was further surprised when he grabbed my penis out of my hand, pulled it and me closer to him and tried to measure our cocks alongside each other. “Yeow!” I screeched at the invasion and the slight pain of him roughly yanking on me. I yelped, “That's queer!” Bobby just laughed, “Hey, buddy, your peter is getting hard!” With his cold hand holding my dick, I was getting hard! No one had ever touched my penis before. I felt an instant onset of shame; my blood boiling in my veins, a bright redness lit up my whole face! All I could think was, “Boys aren't supposed to touch other boys 'down there!'” Bobby just laughed and finally let go of me. “Nice boner, Todd.” As I fumbled to put myself back into my jeans, he mused, “I guess we're about the same. Someday, let's get a ruler and measure, OK?” I didn't answer him. I just zipped up, picked up my books and started walking. Together, we had done a lot of crazy things over the years but that was definitely one of the craziest.

Chapter 8: Friday at Home My Luck Runs Out

Deena came home from school a few minutes after I did. I heard her come in, but as she passed my open bedroom door, she stuck her head in and said loudly, “Hi, faggot!” I flew my head around and said, “Hey! I thought we had a truce.” She laughed and said, “Not anymore, queer boy.” I was dumbfounded. What had happened? Nervously, I told her, “Cut it out or I'm gonna tell your dad you were smoking.” She looked at me like she was daring me to do it. She paused for a long moment. I was ready to go on a tirade against her, but she just put up both of her hands like a ‘stop’ signal. Then she said, “Well, if tell you on me; I'll just have to tell on you.” “Tell what, asshole?” I was mad. “I'll tell your mom and my dad that you are queer. I saw what you two did in the woods just now.” What she said hit me

harder in the gut than Brewster had ever punched me. With the wind literally knocked out of my lungs, I squeaked out, “What? We didn't do anything? You're crazy.” “Oh, no, I'm not crazy. I saw you two playing with each other's little dicks!” And with that announcement, she turned and walked away. I dissolved into near hysteria and fell facedown onto my bed.

Ever since I had caught the girls smoking, Deena was trying to get something on me to even the score. I didn't know until then that she had been following me around a lot, and on this day, she had followed Bobby and me coming home through the woods.

Chapter 9: Friday Late Afternoon Forced to Learn About Panties!

Mom came into my room and saw I was distraught. She thought things had been going well, so she wanted to know what was troubling me. I couldn't tell her! But I had to tell her something so she wouldn't be suspicious. I blamed my mood on the panties. “Mom, those things – the girls' underwear in my dresser is driving me crazy! Please, get rid of them! I've been good.” She tried to assuage my fears. “Yes, Todd, you have been good. Great as a matter of fact! But the panties have been in your drawer for a week and just now they're spooking you out?” “Yes, Mom, it's been building up. I just can't take it anymore. I don't want them in my underwear drawer. When I see them there, they give me the creeps. They scare ... I mean, the thought of wearing them is so scary.” That was the truth. I hated having to see those panties every time I went to get clean underwear.

“Oh, Todd, you're scared of panties!” she said as she tried to stifle a giggle. “Hon, they're just underwear. Girls' underwear for sure, but nothing more – just fabric and elastic and a little bit of decoration. No big deal! They're nothing to fear. Here ... let me show you.” In contrast to my distress, she was making light of the situation as she bounced over to my dresser and whisked those panties out of my dresser in an instant. She brought them over to me and dropped them on my lap! I would have jumped up to escape them landing on me if she hadn't held me down with an arm around me as she sat down next to me on my bed. I was sitting there naked with just a towel wrapped around me. Just that thin towel separated me from those panties on my lap. It was so weird sitting there nearly naked with girls' panties on my lap and my mother sitting next to me talking about them!

“See, Todd,” she purred as she held up the pair of lavender panties, “girls' panties are nothing to fear. They're pretty and soft and silky, that's all. Go ahead touch them ... they won't bite you.” She was happily giggling now. I sat frozen in disbelief. She took my hands and put those panties in my hands. I don't know if it was my imagination or if it really did happen, but the instant my fingers touched those panties I felt a sharp static shock. I thought, ‘Holy shit! Do girls feel a shock like that every time they put on panties?’ Despite my mother making light of the situation, those panties did scare me. I am a boy and while boys shouldn't be interested in girls' panties; I didn't think boys should be scared of them either, but I was scared of them!

“Son, you’re shaking. You ARE afraid of them! Well, I’ll help you get over that. Let’s just take a good look at them. I’ll show you they’re nothing to fear. Here, look at the nice white lace on these purple panties. Cute, huh? The lace makes them so pretty and so feminine. Craig insisted that the panties have a lot of lace on them. We went to three stores this morning before we found panties fancy enough for his tastes. Here, feel the lace.” She made me run my fingers over the lace. I wanted to pull my hand away but she kept it there. “The lace is a bit stiff and scratchy. That’s how lace is on new panties, but once you wash them, the lace becomes much softer. I’ll tell you a little private info about myself. I don’t know if you ever noticed my panties, but I like panties with lace that goes around the leg openings because when they are brand new and I put them on for the first time the scratchy lace tickles my thighs and makes me aware of them every second I have them on! I guess it’s a little quirk I have about panties. And do you know what? I always keep a few pairs of new panties on hand ready for me to wear at a party or an important event because wearing them makes the event even more memorable as I experience the joy of the ticklish panty lace; it makes me feel so girly and feminine. The lace lifts my spirits and makes me feel good all over, like even my panties love me! I suppose you think that’s all pretty silly, but it’s just a little thing that I like to do that makes me feel special.”

All I could think about at the moment was how weird it was to be sitting here with my mother like this. Surrealistic? I don’t think there is a word for how I felt. Has any boy ever had such a discussion with his mother? I couldn’t imagine any other boy in this situation. Our family is very religious and we go to our Baptist church every Sunday. And one thing Reverend Hasset often says, ‘When in a situation in which you don’t know what to do, ask yourself, “What would Jesus do?”’ Well, that thought lasted about two seconds in my mind. What would the boy Jesus do if his mother bought girls’ panties for him and then sat him down and started talking with him about those panties! OK, that approach wasn’t going to work. What a ridiculous idea. That’s how ridiculous this whole scenario seemed. But I did try to think about other boys. What would other boys do? What would that jerk Brewster do? I couldn’t even imagine that roughneck being within a mile of a pair of girls’ panties. So I thought of my best friend, Bobby. The fact that I could actually picture him in a similar situation wowed me! At that moment, a thought came to my mind. Bobby WAS kind of a sissy! I think that thought was always in the back of my mind but I never consciously thought that about him until this instant. I recalled one instance. That asshole Brewster teased him at times too, and he’d say things like, “Hey, Bobby, is that Bobby with and ‘i’ or a ‘y’ ... you’re a lot like a girl, ya know,” or, “Isn’t your real name Roberta?” Brewster and his buddies would then laugh, but they never seemed to beat up Bobby, probably because he has an older brother, Brad, who’s the biggest tackle on the high school football team. But I had no big brother. No one to defend me against bullies. Just a prissy kid sister and a nasty, smart-aleck big stepsister who would never come to my aid for any reason. It was so weird ... I really could picture Bobby sitting with his mother talking about girls’ panties! His mom

was so pretty, so cool. Somebody like her would be so super to have as a girlfriend. And Bobby loves her so much that he’d do anything for her. He’s told me as much. Wear girls’ panties for her? Probably, I thought! Yikes! I forced those dumb thoughts right out of my mind. How stupid! My buddy was no sissy. How could I think such things? As I sat there with my mother with her talking about panties, which I had no interest in, I tried to tune her out and think about other things. I know my mom was trying to be nice to me and calm me down but I just wanted all this girly business to end. As she droned on and on my thoughts continued to wander. I tried to think about playing baseball and soccer and watching the Saturday morning cartoons I love, but my thoughts kept coming back to panties. Then that comment she had made about her own panties popped back into my head. She had said, “I don’t know if you ever noticed my panties, but I like panties with ...” Yes, I had noticed her panties! I calmed myself with that admission. I rationalized, ‘Well, what boy hasn’t noticed his mother’s panties?’ Not like in a situation where you wanted to try them on, do anything stupid like that or have any real interest in them at all, but just living with someone your whole life, you are bound to see and learn things about their underwear. Bam! Another thought flashed into my head, ‘Wear them!’ Was I going crazy? No, I had never thought of something so dumb, but I did wonder ... damn, I had to get my mind off all this stuff! I think Mom suspected my inattention. She nudged me, and to be nice, I tried to tune back into what she was saying.

“These yellow panties are so sweet. Nice and silky smooth, huh?” I looked down saw that I now had those yellow panties in my hands and I was unconsciously rubbing my hands all over them and the lace on them. I then realized she expected an answer to her question. I didn’t know what else to do, so I just nodded my head in agreement. She went on, “Girls are lucky to wear panties that are so smooth and silky against their skin. I think it’s too bad that boys can’t have the same experience. But boys try to be so macho and even if they tried on a pair of silky panties and secretly liked how they felt, they probably would convince themselves that they didn’t like them.” Inwardly I was saying, “Mom, you’ve got to be kidding. Why would any boy want to wear girls’ underwear no matter how good they felt?” Mom’s voice broke through my reverie once again.

“Todd? Are you listening to me?” I nodded my head. “Now, here are the pink panties. Pink is the most girly color, isn’t it? Oh, so pretty! Craig wanted to get all of your panties in pink, but I got him to get the three colors for a little bit of variety.”

“Mom!” I yelled. “Mom, you said these are MY panties; they’re NOT my underwear! I’m a boy and I don’t wear girls’ underwear! I’ll never wear them. Only a sissy kind of boy would ever even think about wearing girls’ underwear!”

“Oh, Todd, settle down! Yes, I’m sure you’re right. I’m sure things will never get to the point in which you have to wear these panties. I’m just trying to be a good mother and help you here. I’m trying to show you that panties are nothing to fear. They’re just simple clothing – just ordinary clothing. ... Well,

maybe not that ‘ordinary.’ These particular panties are very fancy even for a girl. Most girls don’t wear panties this fancy except maybe on special occasions. For example, your stepsister, she doesn’t like fancy panties. She likes her panties made from nylon or nylon satin but she doesn’t like them with much lace on them. I guess she’s different from me in that regard, huh? Like I said, I love the lacy legs on nice panties. But Deena is a bit of a tomboy, huh? Oh, I guess I shouldn’t have said that. Oh, well ... in fact, I don’t think she would even mind me saying that about her. She is on the girls’ basketball team at school and pretty strong, much stronger and more athletic than most girls.

“Anyway, son, back to the panties. Take a good look at this last pair ... oh, by the way, you keep calling them ‘underwear,’ let’s clear that up right now. ‘Underwear’ is kind of an ugly work. It’s OK for boys’ underclothes, but not these; these are panties, and whenever you talk about them I want you to use the word ‘panties.’ OK?” I’m sure I was staring at her like she had gone totally bonkers. “Mom, when do you really think am I ever going to be talking about them?” “Oh, come on, son, just say it. Say ‘panties.’” Then she said it increasingly louder, “Panties! Panties! Panties!” This crazy conversation was getting stranger by the moment. So just to appease her I said, “Pan (I then had to clear my throat) ... Pan-ties! Panties! PANTIES!” I was almost shouting it at the end. “There, that wasn’t so hard to do, was it?” She was laughing now. Yes, this whole mother-son talk was completely laughable. I even smiled and then laughed a bit at the absurdity of what we were doing.

Mom went right on: “Now, these pink panties are super special. Like the other pairs of panties, these are what we call brief-style. They are fully fashioned panties also known as ‘deluxe’ panties when they have a lot of lace and frills on them like these that go all the way up to the waist as compared to low-riding panties made like a bikini, but I don’t like those. I didn’t think you would like them either. Bikini-style panties tend to bunch up or feel like they are always ready to fall down. Not a comfortable sensation at all, wouldn’t you agree?” I stared at Mom like she was loony. “Sorry, son, I was just trying to teach you a little about panties from someone who has worn them her whole life. See here. Todd; see the lace on them? Nice, huh? And notice the satin ribbon and the satin bow on each hip? Touch the satin ribbon. Satin is so super silky and so utterly feminine.” She was now rubbing the satin ribbon decoration over my fingertips. I nodded like I was agreeing with her. Actually, I just wanted this whole thing to end!

She droned on but she got my attention back when she sprightly said, “Guess what? The satin ribbon and bows – they were Craig’s idea.” I looked at her questioningly. “Craig insisted that the panties have bows on them, and after going to three stores, we finally did find panties with nice lace on them but couldn’t find any panties with some bows on them so your stepdad had me buy some satin ribbon so I could sew some ribbon decoration and bows onto these pink panties. He knows I make some of my own clothes so he knew I could add the lace. And I did. But I only had time to add the ribbon and bows to this one pair. I’ll decorate the other two pairs tomorrow while you are

at school. Then, your panties will probably be fancier than the panties worn by any of the girls at your school.” She could see I was blushing and probably guessed that I was ready to scream out again, objecting to her referring to them as ‘my panties!’ “Oh, come on, Todd, you know what I mean. These are the panties your stepfather made me buy for you. Well, so, I guess, in a sense they are YOUR panties. Big deal. How else am I going to describe them? When Deena got home from school, she knew I had gotten them for you and wanted to see them. When I showed them to her, she said she’d never wear panties that sissy looking! So I guess there’s no chance of passing these panties onto her once your stepdad gets over using them to threaten you. So I guess they are YOUR panties!”

“But, Mom, I don’t even want them ... I mean uh, um, panties in my underwear drawer! I can’t stand being near them!” I took a deep breath; I’m sure she could tell I was totally exasperated. But BANG!

Now there was another problem: All of a sudden I felt something really strange on my dick! The bath towel wrapped around my hips had gaped open and the nest of three pairs of nylon panties were now in direct contact with my penis! I took in a huge breath reacting to my dick erecting. I jerked and bent halfway over. Mother saw me and looked down at my lap. Her mouth opened with a simple “OH!” The panties in my lap were moving – up! My penis in contact with the silky panties was jumping to attention! I was rock hard. I saw it. Mom saw it. I couldn’t move the panties without exposing myself. I didn’t even want to touch those panties again, but what could I do? I was breathing incredibly hard. Huffing and puffing. Mother grabbed the panties and in the process grabbed my penis too! I jerked and shook and shot an intense wad of cum into the panties! I was in shock. My mom was in shock! The two of us sat there stunned in silence. The only sound: My rough breathing echoing off the walls of my bedroom.

“Oh, dear,” was all my mom could say. Her words broke the spell. She bunched up the pink panties that had taken the brunt of my ejaculate. The yellow and purple panties had fallen to the floor and avoided being slimed when I had spurted into the pink panties. Mom probably wanted to take the pink panties away but knew I was naked underneath, so she just left them. I struggled to pull my towel back into position to modestly cover myself but to no avail. “Go to the bathroom and clean yourself up,” she said. All I could do was grab the pink panties, clutch them against my drooling dick and run out of the room with head hung low. I looked down the hallway to make sure my no one else was around and then dashed into the bathroom.

With my mind in a dither, huffing and puffing, and wondering exactly what had happened, I threw the panties into the laundry hamper and then pulled down the toilet set, sat down on it and slumped over in misery. I was mentally trying not to think. My strained brain needed a rest! I stayed in the bathroom for a long time and didn’t come out until Deena started knocking on the door wondering why I was in there so long and complaining that she had to use it. Sheepishly I ran out past her. She looked at me funny and probably wondered what was going on.

Chapter 10: Friday Dinnertime

Panty Explosion of Another Kind

Soon after, Mom called me down for dinner. I knew my face was still a blushing mess as I took my seat at the table. Out of the corner of my eye, I peeped at Deena who was looking at me strangely, probably thinking I was red in the face and acting strangely because she had caught me comparing penises with Bobby. That's all we had been doing—in fact, I didn't even want to do it, but Bobby had just gone ahead, grabbed my wiener and did it. I could only imagine what it looked like to Deena.

My stepdad noticed something too. "What's up with you, Todd? Why the red face?" Mom came to my defense. "Oh, I think Todd was up in his room lifting weights. He is happy you bought them for him. He's trying to build up his muscles like you said. You know how exercise gets your blood going."

Deena mocked, "That sissy pumping iron? I doubt it. More like he was pumping something else!"

Surprisingly, Craig spoke up. "Deena! That's no way for a good Christian girl to talk. Apologize to your brother. Then let's eat."

She said she was sorry. They all ate and I tried to eat but couldn't. Craig went on and on about how great mom's ragout tasted, and he was right. I had always loved it but I wasn't having very much on this evening. All was quiet as we ate until Craig noticed I wasn't eating and reminded me that eating a good wholesome foods like my mom had prepared was just as important as exercising to develop a good strong body. Then he continued, "Todd, I'm glad to hear you're now lifting weights. Nothing like it to make you good and strong. You'll be able fight off those little monsters in no time. By the way, you're not red in the face because you had a run in with those boys today, did you?"

"No, sir," I said.

Mom said, "He took an alternate way home to avoid them." I wished she hadn't said that. I didn't need my stepdad to know I was acting cowardly to avoid those boys.

Craig sat back and thought for a moment, and then he said, "Well, I guess that's all right ... for now. But that's not a permanent solution. You can't go around avoiding a fight when someone wants to pick on you. You have to stand your ground and fight back. It's the only way you will ever gain anyone's respect, plus gain your own self-respect. Now, for this next week, you can take that other way home, but after that, I want you to come straight home even if you do have to pass them. And if they want to beat on you, I expect you to fight back. OK?"

I nodded.

"Good. I don't want to have to punish you for acting like a sissy and not fighting."

Deena spoke up. "A week, dad? What good is a week going to do him even if he lifts weights every day? He's a sissy, and he

will always be a sissy. Even if you punish him, he'll still be a sissy. He still hangs around with that faggot Bobby Stole." Her dad jumped in and said, "Deena, that's enough. It looks like Todd is trying to do the right thing."

"But, dad, it is true. Todd is a sissy and Bobby is a queer. A lot of the kids at school call Bobby 'Roberta' ... everybody knows he's a sissy."

"That's not fair," my mom said. "Bobby is a sweet kid, but I don't think he's a sissy. He's been my son's best friend ever since kindergarten. They play soccer and baseball together and do a lot of boy things together."

Deena was being a bitch. "Yeah, like tongue kissing each other like fags."

I then jumped up with my fists swinging and was ready to hit her even though she is two years older than I am and a lot bigger and stronger. "Hey, bitch, I could tell your dad all kinds of things about you, ya know." Craig stopped me. "Todd, don't use language like that under this roof! And don't you dare hit your stepsister ... ever! You know what I told you: Boys don't hit girls, especially in this house. That would be a sissy thing for a boy to do. Now sit down, both of you. Deena, why did you say that? Do you really think Todd and his friend are queer?"

My mom said, "Deena, that was so mean to say. It's not true. Now apologize."

Craig appeared now about ready hit his own daughter. "Damn, you, girl! Are you aching for a spanking? I haven't done it to you in years, but you're getting close to getting a paddling again. I get married to this wonderful woman who turns our house into the best home we have ever had and you insist upon making trouble. Now, can we all get along in this house? Why are you being so mean to your brother? What's he done to you?"

"I'm just telling you what some of the kids say. Mary and Lizzy down the street say Todd and Bobby are gay. I'm not making it up. Believe me; I don't want to have a queer brother. It would be a bad reflection on me. Dad, if you think you can make him into a man, you have your work cut out for you. By the way, Todd, how are your new panties? I saw them. They are so-o-o-o pretty ... so-o-o-o girlie! I bet you can't wait to wear them and show them off to Bobby."

Craig threw his hands up in the air at that. "Deena, that's enough! Go to your room. I'll deal with you later."

Now, I was crying. I knew it made me look like a sissy to my stepfather, but I just couldn't take it anymore. My mom came over and hugged me.

"Damn it!" Craig said, "I go and try to fix something and all hell breaks loose. Todd, maybe it was the wrong thing to do to get you those panties. I'm sorry. That was mean of me. But, now stop your crying. Boys don't cry! Pull yourself together, son, or I'll change my mind about having you wear those panties. Now, I think you understand the lesson I'm trying to teach you. And I know I'm right. We got you those panties, and they obviously

scared you — and now look at you — already today — you are lifting weights — good job, boy. Stop crying, now, and Betty, don't go and keep hugging your boy every time he has a little problem. It only makes his crying worse. No more running to mommy, Todd! Be a man!"

Chapter 11: Friday Dessert Time My Panty Problems Get Much Worse

Just then, as we were each having a dish of chocolate chip mint ice cream for dessert, we heard a scream from the other room. It was obviously Deena yelping, but at first we couldn't tell if it was a scream of laughter or terror. We all jumped out of our seats to investigate, but then the giant ruckus she was making turned into giant cackles of laughter and she was getting louder and louder as she came closer to us in the dining room.

Her dad got up, pointed his hand at her and was about to tell her to go back to her room or something. He started to say, "Deena, I told you to ..." and then his voice trailed off; he stopped cold and his face turned pale. He didn't say another word. Then Mom and I saw Deena and saw what had stopped Craig like a Mack truck had hit him. Deena was holding up the pink panties stained with my cum! Globes of my dick juice on the panties glistened in the late afternoon sun streaming in through the window. "Look at this, daddy," she squealed, "Todd shot his smelly boy juice all over his new panties!"

Craig regained his voice. "What in the hell is going on here? Those panties ... all dirty ... how did they? Oh, god, how ..." He was shaking. I couldn't stand to look at him after he saw those panties but I couldn't look away from him either. He was a mess and quickly building into a rage. The expression on his face would have been a good model for a gargoyle.

Mother ran to Craig. "Honey, let's just stop everything for a minute. I need to talk to you. In private. Please! Deena, please go to your room. And put those panties back in the laundry basket. Todd, you go to your room. Merry, you too. I have to talk to Craig for a minute."

Deena couldn't stop laughing like an old witch. Her laughter bounced around the house and down the hallway. It didn't stop. I hurried off to my room, more embarrassed than I had ever been in my life. The end of the world couldn't come soon enough for me. As I went past Deena, she giped at me between burst of laughter, "Todd wears panties. Todd wears panties," in a singsong voice like a five-year-old prissy little girl.

Merry was right behind us and I could hear her now laughing too. I pushed past them and slammed my door shut. How could things have gone so wrong! It had to be a bad dream, but I knew it wasn't. I buried my head in my pillow to drown out the laughter, the teasing, and now the screams that I heard coming from the dining room with my mom and stepfather fighting. I blocked out most of the outside noise but I couldn't stop echoes of all those voices, the taunts and the laughter flying around in my head.

It did take a while, but finally Deena stopped laughing and Mom and Craig quieted down. Then I heard heavy footsteps pounding down the hallway and getting closer. I heard doors banging and my mom obviously chasing after Craig and telling him, "Stop!" Moments later, he burst into my room. He had the pink panties in his hand. "Damn, you boy, I get you panties for punishment, and this is what you do! You shoot off in them. Motherfucking sissy! Holy shit, what kind of a fucking freak are you? Wearing lace panties and getting excited in them. Faggot! Queer! Here, boy, if you want to be a faggot, I guess you better get used to the taste of cum. Suck on these!"

As he said that he held me tightly and force-fed me those dirty panties. He was so strong and so enraged. I didn't have a chance of evading him. "Taste good, ya little sissy? I bet you want more. What a fag I have for a stepson." He also had his belt off and started slashing at me with it. Swinging wildly hitting me anywhere on my body he could get the belt to land. I screamed and yelled for him to stop. My mental pain was being taken to a new level with the physical pain now being heaped on me. Then my mother was pulling him off me. She kept trying to explain things. Kept trying to explain to him that what he thought was not how it had happened, but the expression of disgust on his face told me he wasn't listening. With my mother and me both crying, he finally threw down his belt and stormed out of there. Mom hugged me tighter than she had ever hugged me before. I looked up and there was Deena standing in my doorway, chewing gum, twirling a curl of her long blonde hair in her fingers and staring at me like the demon queen who now ruled the world. My kid sister Merry was standing next to her and grinning at my shame like only a little girl can grin.

Chapter 12: Saturday Morning Terror Reigns

It was a horrible night. I cried. My mom cried. Craig obviously couldn't take it. He stayed out. I later learned he had raced to Benny's Tap, the local gin mill, and buried his woes in shots and beers until they closed at 4 AM. Then he stumbled home drunk. Mom, fearing for me, and wanting to protect me, slept in my double bed with me that night. We didn't even get out of our clothes. We didn't know what to expect if and when he came back and we wanted to be ready for whatever might happen.

Mom and I woke up a little after seven AM and cautiously went out of my room to look around to see if he had returned. We smelled a strange odor and then looking around, we found Craig fast asleep and snoring loudly on the living room floor. He obviously had been drunk and thrown up all over the carpet. The putrid smell was disgusting.

Mom told me to get dressed and go out. She told me to go see if Bobby was up yet. Since it was Saturday, there wasn't any school, so she told me to stay out until at least noon, and when it was OK for me to come home, she'd put the porch light on even though it was now daytime. She was going to try and talk to Craig, hoping to find him in a more understanding mood.

Chapter 13: Life is Not Fair

Talk about feeling cheated out of life and feeling that things are so unfair. Those feelings couldn't compare to how violated I felt. It was a travesty, and I wondered if things would ever return to how they were. Somehow I felt that would never be possible.

Chapter 14: Bobby and His Fab Mom

I knew Bobby didn't usually get up until between eight and nine in the morning on Saturdays, so I waited in the park for close to an hour. Then in the distance I noticed what looked like Brewster and his gang coming toward the park with their baseball gear so I ran to Bobby's house. Luckily, Bobby and his mom were up. She answered the door. Damn, she was so pretty! Just looking at her brightened my day. She was surprised to see me so early but was quick to welcome me in and invite me to join them for breakfast. After oatmeal, toast and three glasses of orange juice I felt better than I had in ages. Bobby's mom was named Angel – yeah, I know that seems like a dumb name for a grown woman – a good nickname for a little girl, but kind of weird for a woman. But on the other hand, if any woman should be called Angel, it was Bobby's mom. Her whole name 'Angel Stole' always made me think she had 'stolen' all her beauty and loving ways from an angel — that's how awesome she is. Despite that, like a good boy, I always called her Mrs. Stole and never addressed her as 'Angel' even though that's how I always thought of her.

All during breakfast I looked at her whenever I could. It's funny how certain experiences open your eyes to things you had never really noticed before. I looked at her and noticed her short white robe made of thin nylon. After the experience I had with my mom teaching me about panties, I knew all about nylon! I tried to remember now she looked most mornings. I was sure she usually dressed this way in the morning but I guess I had never before given her clothes a second thought. But I was surely noticing them now!

Her robe was loaded with lace all around the cuffs, the collar and all down the front. It was pretty! It was like my panties, only a robe. "My panties!" Just thinking those words sent a chill down my spine. And her robe had a white satin ribbon around the collar and another one around the waist instead of buttons, just the two wide white satin ribbons tied loosely to hold it together in front. Oh, yeah, I now knew a lot about satin and ribbons too! Remembering how my mom had told me she had sewn the ribbons onto my panties (am I ever going to get out of the habit of calling them MY panties?), I wondered if Mrs. Stole had sewn those ribbons on her robe. Maybe she then sewed some ribbons and bows on her panties too. Maybe women sewed ribbons on a lot of their things. What did I know? One other thing about her robe: it was thin! I could see through it pretty clearly! I could see a pale pink slip kind of thing that covered her top half and the intriguing mounds on her chest, but it was short and tucked into her panties. Pink panties ... just like my

... No I wasn't going to say it! Not even in my own mind! So her slip thing was tucked into her panties, and they were high-waisted panties like the panties Mom had put in my dresser, not bikini style like a lot of girls wear – yes, I admit that now I did know a lot about panties. Mrs. Stole's panties had lace on them, a lot of lace down each side. I could see some colorful little designs on the lace too but I couldn't quite make out what they were – flowers maybe.

I actually had a fleeting thought in my mind — somehow, someday, I'd like to sneak into her room and check out her bras and panties close up. Shit! Why would I think of something weird like that! I guess all the things that had happened to me were making me go a little bonkers. Of course, I'd never want to peek at my best friend's mom lingerie collection!

Mrs. Stole sensed something was wrong because she kept asking me if everything was OK. Finally, I said I had to get out of the house because my mom and stepdad were having a fight. She accepted that and then told us to go play. We decided to go up to Bobby's room and play on his new computer. This was 1996, so it wasn't very big or powerful and fairly primitive compared to today's computers. Still, he did have one neat game that we played. There was one weird moment when Bobby took a break to use the bathroom. I sat in his room and stared out his open bedroom door. Just down the hallway was his mom's room and her door was open too! Yes, you guessed it; I did have that crazy little thought come back into my mind. For one quick moment, I actually thought about sneaking into her room to check out her panties! But just as quickly I was able to toss that silly notion out of my head. How embarrassing it would be if Bobby or his mom caught me doing something like that!

Mrs. Stole had me stay for lunch too. She made us fried bologna sandwiches with lettuce and mayo on buttered toast along with homemade potato chips. Man was it good! I love my mom to the moon and back but Bobby really had a super mom, and with no father or stepfather hanging around, I knew his life was a lot nicer than my life, but at this point I felt everyone in the world had to have a better life than I have! After lunch, I ventured over by my house to see if the porch light was on. It was.

Chapter 15: Saturday Noon Some of the Truth Comes Out

As I slowly approached the front door, I looked around, not really looking for anything in particular, just looking in case anything seemed not quite right. Everything was in order; the only thing out of kilter was the growing sourness in my stomach as I eased open the front door as quietly as I could. The vomit had been cleaned up off the floor but some of that horrible smell and the odor of carpet cleaning fluid filled the air. Even though it was chilly that day, the living room windows were wide open; I guessed to air out the place. Not really interested in running into anyone, I thought I'd just quietly go up to my room, but as I passed the dining room, I saw them all sitting around the table talking. Craig was having coffee. They heard me.



“Todd,” my mom called out, “come in here.” I dreaded this! The coffee must have been strong because I could smell it long before I entered. With my face redder than Santa’s on a bitterly cold night, I kept my eyes to the floor and walked into where they were gathered. I was ready to run at a moment’s notice if I thought my stepdad would start to get up. I can run pretty fast, and I was sure I could outrun him, especially after he had been drunk sick that morning. My eyes were ready to shed tears. Mom, Merry, Craig and Deena were all there, and they all knew I had ejaculated into a pair of girls’ panties. I knew I was going to be tagged as a sissy by them forever and ever! My life was going to be hell forever and ever! I was ready to flee and never come back, but I wasn’t ready for what followed.

“Todd, hon,” my mother said, “I’m sorry the way things happened. Your stepfather meant well when he had me buy you those panties. It was a pretty crazy thing to do. As you know he came home filthy drunk last night and made a mess, but that’s beside the point. After you left this morning and he slept off his stupor, he was in pretty bad shape sobering up. But as I filled him with coffee and told him how unfair was his reaction, I was able to keep him calm enough so I could explain to him what had happened. Yes, I explained everything, even to the girls. I even explained how you accidentally got excited and juiced those panties. Deena scowled. Merry giggled. I got them to understand that it was an accident, and more than anything, I was to blame. I told him you had shown me that you wanted nothing to do with girls’ panties, but I had forced the whole situation, thinking I was being helpful. And your stepdad understood, he felt

bad about how he yelled and treated you, calling you names, beating you with his belt and putting you down. So go over to him, I think he wants to tell you something.

I had a hard time lifting my head up to look directly at any of them. I shuffled myself over to my stepfather. I flinched when he put his heavy, hard hand on my shoulder. “Todd, I’m sorry. Your mom tried to explain it to me, and I admit I don’t fully understand how it could happen. I mean, your mom said the panties were silky and soft and probably felt good on your ... your penis. I guess I get it, I know when I was your age; it didn’t take a lot to set me off. I would spurt at any ...” Mother cleared her throat surely to suggest he take a different tact. “Anyway, I overreacted without waiting to get all the facts. I’m sorry. Maybe I can make it up to you. Maybe I can take you fishing next weekend, OK?”

“Uh, no, thanks, but, no. That’s OK. What happened with Mom really scared me. I never ...” “It’s OK,

Todd,” he said. “I understand how you thought so bad of me. I’m so embarrassed, but, um, but I’ll pass on the fishing. I really don’t like fishing.” I felt stupid at that moment. I felt that I should have accepted his invitation. I knew I was turning down something most any other boy would be thrilled to do. All I could think in my mind was, ‘Sissies don’t like man-boy stuff like fishing.’ I felt like he saw me as a sissy for not wanting to spend time with him fishing. I questioned myself. ‘Am I sissy?’ I said emphatically, to myself, ‘No!’

I looked up at Craig for a moment. He looked like a beaten man. He shrugged his shoulders like he accepted that I hadn’t wanted to slime those panties. He had made his best offer to apologize and I had turned him down, but something in his look told me he probably still thought I was a sissy, especially now for not wanting to go fishing. Then he said to Deena, “Honey, you were pretty hard on Todd too. I think you should apologize too.”

“Sorry, shrimp,” she said. “Apologize nicely,” Craig said his temper rising.

“OK, OK! I’m sorry, Todd. I really mean it. Sorry I teased you and called you those nasty names and sorry I found your sticky panties and showed them to everybody. I was just about to toss my dirty tennis socks into the hamper and there they were! Those panties were right on top, spread out like they were waiting to be found. I knew you had just gotten those panties and just gotten home from school and they were already in the wash. Then when I picked them up, o-o-o-o, icky – they were so icky...”

"That's enough, Deena," my mother said. "We get the idea. There were a lot of mistakes we made by all of us jumping to wrong conclusions and thinking the wrong things. It's time to put this all behind us. I'll tell you what. Why don't we all go out to dinner tonight? And Todd, why don't you pick the place?"

"OK, mom, how about McDonald's?"

"Um, I was thinking of something maybe a bit fancier ... oh, well, I know how you love Mickey D's, so sure, why not. We'll all go for dinner." Merry cheered happily. Deena groaned and Craig raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. "I was hoping maybe a nice steak or good Italian food or something ... but if Todd wants to go to the Golden Arches, I guess I can handle it for one night." He then got up so we all knew it was time to move on, but as everyone was leaving the dining room, I said, "Mom, can you, ya know, uh, take those things out of my room?"

"What? What things?" She paused, "Oh, you mean the panties? Sure, hon. Oh, and by the way, be respectful to girls and their 'things' ... and please remember that they are not 'things' like you called them ... they are ..." she waited for me to answer. I started to whisper and then I cleared my throat, and said, "Pa, pa, panties, Mom." "That's right, panties, son. Sure, I'll take them out and give them to Deena." But Deena was still standing there with her eyes glaring at me. She snapped, "Oh, no, I don't want those sissy panties. Too girlie-girlie for me. Besides I'm sure they wouldn't fit me. They are about two or three sizes too small for me. No, let him keep them. Maybe our little sissy boy will change his mind someday and decide he'd like to give into his girlishness and start wearing his panties. You never know. Stranger things have happened. Or maybe dad will change his mind and still decide they are a good punishment for Todd when he does something wrong."

Mother said, "Deena, you should be ashamed of yourself after all your poor stepbrother has been through. Stop teasing him like that. Or I'll get panties that girlie and that old-fashioned for you and have your dad make you wear them. I'd like to see what your friends would think of you and say to you once they find you have to wear such fancy panties."

"OK, OK, sorry, Mom! Sorry, Todd. I'll do better."

"You better," Mom said to her and then turned to me. "I'm sure those panties are too small for her, so just keep them in your drawer for the time being. Tomorrow when we go to church, I'll ask around. I'm sure one of our friends has a daughter about your size who would be happy to have them."

Mom did the laundry that day – oh yes, including the panties. I was studying for my upcoming math test in my room when she came in carrying them. It unnerved me just to see her advancing towards me with those slinky panties swinging from her hand along with some of my regular laundry. Inwardly I groaned as I looked out of the corner of my eye and saw her ever so neatly fold them and put them on top in my underwear drawer. Then she took out the yellow and lavender pair. Why, I don't know, but she did, and I didn't care."

I finally got bored with studying, grabbed my ball and glove and came out of my room. I was going to go out to see if I could find Bobby and play some catch with him. As I passed Mom sitting in the living room watching an old musical movie on TV, I told her I was going to go out. Then I noticed she was sitting there sewing those panties. I looked and wondered what she was doing. She saw me looking at her quizzically. "Since we're going to be giving these nice panties away, I decided to use up the rest of this ribbon as I had planned and sew the ribbon and some bows on these two pairs of panties too. Then all three pairs will match. I think they'll make some little girl very happy."

"Whatever," I groaned like I was bored to death. I really didn't give a damn. All I knew is I wanted those panties out of my dresser drawer as soon as possible.

Chapter 16: Saturday Dinnertime Panty Haunted at McDonald's

McDonald's was packed and the only place we could find to sit was in the playland area. Little kids were running all around and climbing all over those tubes and monkey bars and ladders on their way up to the slides and into the nooks and crannies in that elaborate play area. Two little Mexican girls caught my eye. They were about six or seven. They were very cute – as far as little girls go. Anyway, they had matching outfits on – white blouses and dark purple pleated skirts with suspender-like shoulder straps that went up over their shoulders. The outfits looked like a Catholic schoolgirl uniforms and I wondered why they were wearing them on a Saturday. I couldn't help but notice that the girls' panties kept peeking out from underneath their very short skirts. While the girls had on identical outfits, their panties appeared to match in style but were different in color, one girl had on white panties with a lot of pink lace and the other girl had on pale yellow panties with naughty looking black lace.

The girls were playing with a boy on the ground in front of the play area and pretty close to our table. I caught myself staring at them for some strange reason, like I gave a damn about little girls wearing short skirts and showing off their panties to the whole world! I then blossomed with a hefty blush when Deena caught me staring at the girls. She gave me a wrinkled nose look.

I just shrugged. As I chomped into my second Quarter Pounder and slowed my eating, I watched the girls as discreetly as I could. They were huddled with the boy and whispering something. I saw some movement and had to take a good look. Wow! Both girls were holding up their skirts toward the boy, laughing and obviously showing him their panties! I kid you not! They were faced away from my line of vision, but I knew that's exactly what they were doing! And the boy was touching their panties, one hand on each girl's panties! The boy was about eight, maybe a year older than the girls, and he was grinning and looking like he was having a great time feeling up these girls. I wondered if he was just playing with their panties or putting his hands inside their panties and trying to touch their pussies. This was no quickie. They sat there for two or three minutes with kids running all around, parents and grandparents sitting at tables

and talking with each other or chasing their kids around, but no one seemed to notice this boy and two little girls having a panty playdate! For the craziest reason, I envied that kid! I wished I could sit there on the ground with them and touch those girls in their panties! Then the three of them got up, and when they did, the girls with their skirts askew gave me a quick but great view of their panties. Man-oh-man! Their panties had rows and rows of lace across the back, fancy panties like little toddler girls wear. I didn't know girls as old as seven or eight wore such panties; I thought only toddler girls wore panties like that.

I watched them get up and chase after each other down a hallway leading to the restrooms. By then I had finished my burger so I announced, "I gotta go to the restroom, Mom." I didn't wait for her answer. I just got up and left, hoping to see where those kids went. As I went down the hallway, I saw them huddled in a shadowy nook off to the side that had a door marked 'employees only.' The three kids were too busy continuing their game to notice me as they stood there feeling each other up! The girls had their backs to me, and I don't think I was imaging it, but I could swear the boy standing in front of them had his pants open and the girls had their hands in his pants and were touching him! The boy had his hands under the girls' skirts going at their panties. I could see a lot of the fancy ruffles on their sweet rhumba panties. They were giggling and whispering to each other. The boy did look up and notice me but he had a glazed over expression on his face. I felt weird standing there staring at them, so I quietly went into the men's room. I was breathing heavily and had a tremendous hard on! After Mom had so methodically introduced me to panties the day before, I was highly sensitized to girls' panties.

I was convinced that mom's panty lesson was the driving force behind the unusual interest I was taking in these kids and panties. Or was it? I don't know what excited me more: Those girls playing with the boy's penis ... or the girls' pretty panties with the boy freely touching their silky panties all over, front and back. In the men's room, I struggled to slow my breathing. Honestly, I thought I was completely nuts! Getting so turned on over Shit, I now thought of myself as a basket case. Had something happened to me to literally make me go insane? Luckily, I calmed down, pulled myself together and went back out to the table.

Everyone was finished and Mom was picking up and throwing away all the garbage. Then, for another shock, as we walked out to the car, Deena, pulled me aside and said, "I saw you staring at those girls' and their panties. Damn, if you aren't a little sissy pussy boy after all." I wanted to say something in my defense. I wanted to tell her she was mistaken, but my thoughts were all scrambled and words totally failed me at that moment. Mom said, "Hey, Todd, why are you looking so glum. I thought you'd love it since we came here just for you." I snapped out of my nightmarish thoughts. "Oh, yeah, it was great, Mom. The burgers were great. Thanks, it was super. Just what I wanted." Then Deena had to pipe up, "Oh, yeah, Todd had a great time. I can vouch for that!" What a bitch she is. I knew she was going to be a big problem.

Chapter 17: Sunday – Church Fails Me

The next day, at church I was smiling happily knowing Mom was going to find someone who would take those stupid panties and they would finally be out of my dresser drawer. Then, just as the service was ending, the fire alarm went off, and everybody had to immediately exit the church. We found out later that some kids had set off the alarm as a prank. The only problem, after church every Sunday, everyone would go into the annex to mingle and have sweet rolls, juice and coffee. I knew that's when Mom was going to ask around – discreetly I hoped – to find a parent with a daughter who would like to have the panties. But instead, I found myself with the rest of the family loaded into the car and on our way home. Mom had no chance to talk to any of the other ladies. When we got home, I still had to ask her because I held out hope. "Ma, did you talk to any ladies; you know about ...?" "Oh, no, dear, with the alarm going off, I didn't have a chance. I'll do it next Sunday." Damn! "But, Mom, could you at least move them out of my drawer to somewhere else." "Todd, what did I tell you? They are not 'things' – they are not 'them' they are what? Tell me their name correctly." "Oh, ma, they're panties, Mom. Panties! Please Mom, don't make me say it. I hate even the word! P-l-e-a-s-e take those panties out of my room." I surprised myself as to how easily I was now able to say the word panties – at least to my mother's ears. "Todd, no, I don't think so. It's not going to hurt you to leave them in your dresser for another week. It will be a good reminder for you. They'll remind you to call them panties. I don't want you to forget that lesson. So, let's not hear another word about it. You're a good sport. You can do it."

Chapter 18: The Following Friday Bobby Comes Over for a Play Date

The next few days passed without any life-changing incidents. Deena and I had something on each other, and that kept us in our place: I could squeal on her about catching her smoking and I knew she surely thought I was some kind of crazy boy obsessed with panties. But I wasn't! Lately, so many things had just come together in such strange ways and everything had happened so quickly. Deena and Merry did flash me their panties often; I was sure it was on purpose and not accidental as they were pretending. And having to look at those gaudy girlie panties in my dresser drawer every time I had to get myself some clean underwear continued to be quite unsettling. I was expecting Deena to give me some problems but I guessed my new trump card was working, and I pretty well adjusted to what was shaping up to be my new 'normal' life. Then something very weird happened.

On Thursday, we had a near record amount of rain fall the night before and part of our school got flooded so school was closed for the day. Like every kid with a free day off of school, I wanted to make the best of it and was dying to do something. Bobby's mom called my mom and asked if he could come over for a playdate. Ever since Deena had seen Bobby grab my penis in

the woods, I had been steering clear of him, at least when my stepsister was around. I didn't want him to come over, but my mom accepted on my behalf and Bobby came over. And since it was so sloppy outside we had to play inside. I took him up to my room and we played with the neat Mysto Magic Set I had gotten for my birthday. I purposely left my bedroom door open so the girls could easily see in just to prevent Deena from imagining we were doing anything queer together. I certainly didn't need that! I was happy when Mom got the girls to go over to Lizzy's house for their own playdate because Mom had to go to her part-time job at Michelle's Bakery where decorates cakes. With the heavy rain, my stepfather's construction crew didn't work on this day either and he was home, and he usually didn't bother me as long as I kept myself busy.

One of the tricks from the magic set was a tube about the size of your forearm that looked completely empty but it had a double wall and silk scarves were stuffed in between the two walls so you could show the tube empty and then reach in and pull out a half dozen nylon scarves in assorted colors that I tossed into the air one-by-one. Bobby caught most of them as they floated to the ground, but then I nearly choked when he said, "Hey, these scarves are cool, silky like my mom's underwear." I laughed a bit nervously. Then he said, "Hey, man, did you ever play with your mom's underwear?" I was too dumbfounded to answer, but he guessed the answer. "Oh-h-h-h, oh, yes, you have! I can tell! Don't worry; I play with my mom's things all the time." Now, I was more than stunned. "You do?" "Sure, man, I even like to put her panties on and wear them to bed sometimes." "No way!" "Oh, yeah!" "Bobby, does your mom know you do that?" "Uh-ha, she thinks it's funny and tells me I look cute." I just dropped back and plunked myself down on my bed. I halfway whispered, "Gosh, I could never do that. I'm a boy. I just couldn't." "Of course, you could. Your mom took your sister and stepsister shopping. Your dad is in the den watching some old western on TV. In fact, he had some bottles of beer there and was fast asleep in front of the couch when I went out to go to the bathroom. Who would ever know, and so what if they do!" I said, "Gosh, Bobby, I couldn't do that." "Why not?"

I took a deep breath. "Bobby, can I tell you something and you promise never to tell anyone else?" "Sure, man. What is it?" "Well, I'm kind of glad you told me about that – you know about wearing your mother's things – I mean her panties – that's what you're talking about, right? You wearing her panties." "Yeah, man, I do it all the time. They feel so super to wear."

I then paused, took a deep breath, one of the deepest breaths of my life, and then started slowly: "Um-m-m, over the last couple of weeks some really weird things have happened to me. You're my best friend. I didn't think I'd ever be able to tell anyone, but after what you said, I want to tell you. I hope you'll understand. I need to tell somebody who won't laugh at me because I've been having such strange feelings about it." "About what, Todd? Come on, tell me. I won't laugh or anything. I promise."

"Um, well, gees, two weeks ago, remember when Brewster and his gang beat me up again? Well, because I didn't try to

fight them off, my stepdad started calling me a, uh, a sissy and was going to punish me in a weird way. Craig got pissed off at me and wanted to teach me a lesson, so he and my mom went downtown and got me some girls' things – I mean, um, you know, like panties. And he was going to make me wear them"

"He bought you girls' panties and ... I don't get it ... so that was supposed to be some kind of punishment?" "Oh, yeah, Bigtime! Craig saw I got really upset being called a sissy so he thought making me wear panties would scare me into trying to be a macho boy and fight those boys whenever they picked on me. But a lot of really weird shit happened since then and I never did have to wear them. But still the thought of having to wear girls' panties scares the shit out of me." "Todd, I don't get it. I never heard of a punishment like that, but I guess if you didn't want to do wear them, it would kind of be a punishment." He laughed and continued, "But it wouldn't have been a punishment for me!" I answered, "Well, man, we are definitely different! I have absolutely no interest in wearing girls' panties or even just trying them on. I don't even want even want to touch them. They didn't just buy me one pair; they bought me three pairs, all lacy and frilly like. Really sissy. I have to look at those three pairs of dumb panties every time I open up my dresser drawer to get out a clean pair of my boys' underwear because Mom insisted on putting them there." "So Craig and your mom got you those panties to punish you but then they never did it? That's seems kind of crazy." "Oh, it's a long story, maybe I'll tell you sometime, but for now, thank goodness it's over with. Mom is going to give those panties away to some mother at our church next Sunday."

"So, Todd, right now, those panties are still in your underwear drawer?" "Uh-ha, why?" "Can I see them?" "See them? Gees, well, uh, I guess so ... but I don't know why you'd want to. Here, look," I said as I opened the top drawer of my lowboy dresser. Bobby stared in. He was looking at the panties, and I was looking at him. His face lit up like a little kid getting a big surprise. He brushed me aside to get to them. He pulled out the three pairs of panties, unfurled them and studied each pair, relishing their fancy lace and trim. "Wow, Todd! These are neat! Cool, man! These are the most beautiful panties I've ever seen. Where did your mom buy these panties? I've got to have my mom get me some just like them!" To say I was shocked at his interest in those panties is an extreme understatement. How could we be so different? How could our lives that seemed so much alike for so many years in reality be so different when we were not together and in our own homes? He was cooing and humming merrily. Then he started taking off all this clothes. Instantly he was naked in my room and hurriedly began to step into the lavender panties. "No, Bobby, no! Don't put them on! And sh-h-h-h, be quiet, you'll wake up my stepdad."

I could only hope Craig's beer-induced nap would keep him asleep on the couch for hours. "Oh, please, don't do it! Take them off! Take them off!" I nearly screamed. "Why, man? These are so cool! I love them, Todd. Hell, if you don't want them, I'll take them. O-o-o-o! Do you have a cute dress I can wear too? My mom lets me wear dresses at home whenever I

want.” That news just about made me flip out. I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He certainly wasn’t serious, was he? “No! I don’t have a stupid dress,” I said quietly even though I wanted to shout it out. Then to my amazement, he ran from my room to my sister’s room. He went into one of the closets and a moment later came out wearing one of my kid sister’s dresses, an orangish-red one that was way too short on him, leaving the lavender panties he had on in plain view. He was prancing around like Tinkerbelle sprinkling pixie dust, embarrassing me to death. In shock, I couldn’t move, then I became terrorized when I heard sounds of someone moving around in the house and coming towards us. With a muffled scream, I yelled out to my crazy friend, “Bobby! Bobby, someone’s coming! Run! Hide!” A moment later, I fully expected to see my stepfather at my door, but it was my mother instead. She obviously came home early from work. She looked quizzically at me. I had my mouth open and nothing was coming out. Then she heard a sound behind her, went into the girls room and saw Bobby in the dress and panties trying to run and hide!

“Bobby, Todd, what’s going on here.” Bobby came walking back into my room and not even attempting to take off the dress or cover up the fact that he was wearing the lavender panties from my dresser drawer. “Hi, Mrs. Granger. We’re just playing around,” he said. I countered, “Not me, Mom! I told him not to do it!” Bobby then calmly explained to her how he loved trying on some of his mother’s clothes, and she didn’t mind, but her clothes are too big for him so she bought him his own supply of dresses and panties and other girls’ things. Mom took it all in, but then she tried to bring the conversation to a close,



saying, “Bobby, you better get out of those things and go home before my husband or the girls see you. I have to talk to my son about this.” Thank goodness, Bobby offered, “Todd didn’t want me to do this. I hope I didn’t get him into trouble. He says he doesn’t like girls’ clothes — at all!” Bobby stood right there and took off the dress. He wasn’t in a hurry! As he stood there



in just the lavender panties he said, "Hey, man, what's the big deal about dressing up in girls' clothes? They're just clothes." Mom said, "Yes, Bobby, that's what I told Todd. They are just clothes and nothing to be ashamed of, but my son, like most boys, don't understand that." My mom was agreeing with him! He said, "Yeah, what's Todd so upset about?" I looked at both of them with terror on my face. "Bobby, hurry up! Just, leave! Go home!" As he continued to stand there, he playfully snapped the waist elastic of the panties as he asked, "Hey, man, if you really don't want these panties and want to give them away like you said, can I have them?" I looked at him like he was an alien from outer space. "You kidding me? You actually want them? Sure! Sure, take them! I never want to see them again!" Mother said, "OK, Bobby, you can have the lavender panties. But Todd, I want you to keep the other two pairs in your dresser drawer. I can pretend one pair got misplaced; I'll think of something, but if all three pairs are gone, your stepdad will want an explanation."

Bobby then pulled his jeans on over the lavender panties, put the dress back in my sister's bedroom and finished getting dressed. As he left, he told me to call him later. I told him, "I don't know, man, you like all that stupid girls' stuff. I don't. I never knew we are so different." Mom assuaged me by telling us she would keep this all a secret from Craig and told me she'd call Bobby's mother later and have a long talk with her. She also told me that after she talked to Bobby's mom I should call him and talk this out some more. I tearfully told him that if I didn't call, I was probably dead ... and I meant it! As soon as he left, I hugged my mother and cried. I cried in relief, realizing that if my stepfather or the girls had seen this, my life would have over for sure! I had a great mom, and I only wished we lived on our own with just her like it was before she got remarried. I was even willing to promise forever and ever to be the best big brother my kid sister could ever have if I could just have time turned back!

Within the hour, my stepdad woke up and the girls came back home. Mom was still in my room when the girls went back into their room. Then we heard shrieks. Deena came running into my room, "Who was in my room!" she yelled. "It's all messed up!" Mother tried to fend for me. "Oh, Bobby was over and the two boys were just going through the closet looking for some of their baseball gear." Deena, "Well, then what were they doing messing up our clothes?" I bet those two little sissy fags were trying on our clothes!" Mother said, "Now, Deena, you know boys are very messy. They're just very careless. I'll have Todd help you put things back in order if that will help make up for it."

I had to say, "No, I wasn't in your room. I didn't do it. Bobby did it." but Deena said, "See that! He's lying right there! I can believe that little

sissy Bobby did it, but I know he wouldn't do it without you, sissy. Next, you'll tell me the bogey man did it! Todd, I never want you in my room again for any reason whatsoever! I don't care if your sports stuff is in there. That stuff is all covered with dust. You never use it. You and your little sissy friend Bobby can't fool me. Mother told her to stop and go back to her room and she would be in to help her clean it up.

Once again I skipped dinner. I just couldn't stomach eating. Mom brought up some of her pot roast and boiled potatoes that I usually love, but with the vicissitudes of my battered life pressing on my mind, I couldn't eat more than a couple of bites.

Chapter 19: Saturday Not a Good Day for Being a Boy

On Saturday, I stayed in my room as much as possible. I hadn't yet called Bobby, and I didn't know if I ever would. I didn't know if Mom had yet talked with his mom, but I suspected she had; I didn't care either. All this panty crap was getting to me.

Mom told me she was going to the store with Craig, and the girls would be home, but she had warned them not to bother me. For lunch, she said I could help myself to some of the leftover pot roast in the fridge, so at noon, I went to the kitchen. Deena and Merry were there. Deena whispered something to Merry, who then ran out of the room and came back a moment later with a pair of pink panties in her hand. Deena took the panties, threw them at me and told me to put them on like a good pussy boy.



I threw the panties on the floor and told her that if she didn't stop teasing me I would tell on her. She just laughed at me and then knocked me to the floor. A moment later, she was on top of me calling me a sissy and yelling at me for messing up her room yesterday. I tried to tell her I didn't do it but she said my mom had told her Bobby and I had done it, and she also told her about Bobby wearing one of Merry's dresses and a pair of panties! I kept trying to tell her that was not what had happened, but she just calling me a liar. She asked me if I had been wearing a dress and panties too but just had escaped getting caught. I yelled 'No!' She then asked if I had a pair of my panties on under my pants right then. I yelled at her, "I hate panties! I've never worn stupid girls' panties and I never will!"

Merry just sat to the side with her dress pulled up giggling and watching Deena beat me up. Deena told me I was a sissy whether I could admit it or not and that I needed a lesson in panties. As she held me down, she told Merry to stand over me with her dress up so I could see her panties and then she said, "OK, Merry, sit down on your brother's face so your panties cover his nose and mouth just like Lizzy told us to do." Merry eased herself down. I struggled, but Deena held me still until Merry was sitting on my face. "Make him smell and kiss your panties, Merry. Todd, lick your sister's panties right between her legs. When Merry gets up I want to see her panties all wet from your sloppy kisses or I'm going to beat you up, give you a black eye and blame it on Brewster and then my dad will then make you wear panties all the time, so kiss and lick her panties good!" Merry was wiggling around on my face, crushing my nose and lips. Deena asked, "Merry is he kissing your panties?" She giggled and moaned 'yes.' "Does it feel good?" Deena wanted to know. My sister kept saying, "Yes, yes, yes!" When Merry couldn't take it anymore, she rolled off my face. I was crying.

Deena then issued this ultimatum: "Todd, I want you to get undressed, put on this pair of my panties and wear them under your clothes for the whole weekend. Even tonight when your mom and my dad come home, and even when we all go to church in the morning. I'm going to check on you, and you better have them on or I will beat you up on Monday after school and blame it on Brewster and you know what that means! Now, here's the deal, I don't want you to wear the panties in your dresser drawer because our parents will know that you are wearing them, but I do want you to wear my panties that I will give you whenever I want you to wear them. I might make you wear them even to school at times, not just here at home, and you better do it. Otherwise, like I said, I'll let my dad think Brewster beat you up and he'll make you wear your own panties 24/7. So the



choice is yours — wear panties all the time, or just wear them when I tell you to wear them, OK?" When I didn't answer, she slapped my face three quick times in a row. "OK, I'll do it! I'll do it!" "Do what, you little sissy." "I'll, I'll wear your panties whenever you want me to." "That's better. Now, one other thing, I'll want you to wear dresses for us at times too. I won't make you wear them in front of our parents, but I want you to have Bobby come over so we can dress both of you boys up in panties and dresses at times when our parents are out. Now, get up, put on these panties and show me you can be a really good pantywaist sissy and follow directions!" I got up, picked up the panties and started to leave the room, but she made me strip down and change into the panties right in front of her and my giggling kid sister.

To be continued in Trained in Panties #2

