

Trained to Panties #2

"OK, Todd, are you going to put on your pretty panties, now, ya little sissy?"

Todd's whole world is conspiring against him!

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

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Trained to Panties #1 ended with Todd being dominated by his much stronger step-sister, Deana, who wrestles him to the floor as she tries to make him wear a pair of her pink panties. When he refuses, she holds him down while she has Merry, Todd's kid sister, raise her dress and sit on his face in her panties until he agrees to put on the panties. Then they make him change into the panties in front of them.

Trained to Panties #2

To Todd: It Seems the Whole World is Against Him

Characters:

Todd Granger – 11 years old
Betty Granger – Todd's mother
Chuck Granger - Betty's now divorced 1st husband
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
Tracy Brewster - Todd's sister, 9
Mrs. Brewster - Todd and Tracy's mother
Janny Willis - Girl at church, 9

Summary of Part #1

After her divorce, Betty Granger married Craig Dunken. Betty along with Todd, her son, and Merry, his kid sister moved into the Dunken house with Craig and his daughter, Deena, a very bossy girl two years older than Todd. Much to Todd's dismay, his little sister quickly befriended Deena and turned against him despite how she had idolized him for years up until then.

Deena wasn't happy with the arrangement either. She didn't like having Todd living in 'her' house and tried to establish herself over him and used every opportunity to get him in trouble. She began to sit around carelessly, intentionally giving him peeks up her skirt so she could complain that he was a nasty boy peeping at her. She further got him into trouble by planting in his room a picture from a magazine showing a young girl in just a bra and panties saying he was a sissy preoccupied with girls' lingerie.

Todd is a very smart boy but didn't know how to deal with the conflict he was having with Deena. He wasn't a fighter and at school that created problems because the bullies loved to beat him up. Craig, his new stepfather, is a macho construction

worker, and he has no sympathy for Todd, demanding that the boy stand up for himself and fight back. Deena called him a sissy, and Craig began to wonder aloud if his new stepson was a sissy. Deena insisted that he was a sissy and she'd be happy to give him some of her panties to wear, claiming that sissies love to wear girls' panties. Todd was then shocked to hear his stepfather say he would make him wear panties if he didn't toughen up and start acting more like a regular boy! He even told Todd's mother to buy him some frilly panties to be kept in the boy's underwear drawer as a reminder for him to shape up.

That evening, Deena burst into Todd's room to give him a fancy pair of her pink panties as a way of teasing him of things to come, and they argued. Todd's mother broke it up and was angry with Deena for taunting him like that and told her son to ignore her.

On his way home from school each day, Todd began cutting through the woods to avoid the school bullies who wear out to get him. He tried his best to stay away from Deena as much as possible too to minimize the conflicts in his life.

After school the next day, he came home and found three pairs of new panties in his underwear drawer. His mom explained that his stepfather demanded she buy them and keep them there to scare him into standing up to the bullies. Todd was further surprised that his stepfather had even gone with his mother to buy the panties to make sure she got the fanciest panties available. Todd's mother explained it was just Craig's crazy way of motivating her son and she was sure he would never really have to wear the panties. After that and whenever the kids were away from their parents, Deena would tease Todd about those panties in his room. Then, Todd caught Deena and his kid sister smoking cigarettes. He threatened to tell on them, and in response, Deena agreed to stop teasing him about the panties and being a sissy.

Todd's life immediately got better. He avoided the bullies by taking the shortcut home through the woods with his friend Bobby. Then, one day, while going through the woods, the boys had to take a piss, and after they did, Bobby said they should compare penis size. Todd was hesitant but allowed Bobby to put their two eleven-year-old penises close together. In the process, Bobby grabbed Todd's penis to put them side-by-side, and his handling made Todd's dick erect, much to the surprise of both boys. Embarrassed by the incident, the boys quickly closed up their pants and went home.

When they got home, Deena again began teasing Todd about being a sissy, and he wondered what had happened to their truce. She then revealed that she had been following him a lot

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to catch him doing something wrong and that day she had seen him and Bobby playing with each other's penis in the woods. Todd told her it wasn't true and they began to fight.

Betty came in and saw her son very upset, and instead of telling her about Deena or Bobby, he complained to her that he wanted her to get those silly girls' panties out of his dresser drawer because they were driving him crazy.

His mother had him take a shower and when he came out of the bathroom with just a towel around himself, she tried to assuage his fears by sitting him down and explaining to him that panties were nothing to fear. One-by-one, she took those panties out of his dresser and told him that they were just underwear, underwear for girls of course, but just fabric and elastic and some fancy trim, simply underwear and they were nothing to be upset about.

It was surreal for him to be sitting there with his own mother as she talked in great detail about panties in general, girls and even her own experiences with pretty panties. But, suddenly, all that talk about panties got him excited and with him squirming around, the towel on his lap slipped down and exposed his hard penis. His mother had been holding a pair of the panties, and in a rush to try and cover him up, she grabbed his penis through the panties. Much to the surprise of both of them, Todd reacted by instantly spurting into the panties. In stunned disbelief, Todd grabbed the panties and held them against himself to cover his throbbing dick as he ran to the bathroom to clean himself up and then throw the panties into the laundry hamper.

It was then dinner time, and even though he was embarrassed to the core, Todd went down to the dining room with the family. During the meal, Deena started a fight with him. Her father became angry with her and sent her to her room. On the way to her room she went into the bathroom and discovered the cum-soaked panties. With screams of shock and joy, she came back into the dining room to show everyone the stained panties!

Craig wouldn't listen to Betty trying to explain what had really happened, he simply assumed Todd was now a confirmed sissy so he punished him by shoving the cummy panties into the boy's mouth and making him suck them clean! Craig then stormed out of the house and went on a drinking binge.

In the morning, Craig recovered from his drunkenness and had finally cooled down. Betty was then able to explain to him what had really happened. He apologized to Todd and made his daughter apologize to the boy too. To make it up to the kid, they were going to take him out to McDonald's for dinner that night and then at church on Sunday, the next day, his mother was going to find some woman with a daughter who would love having those brand new pairs of Todd's fancy punishment panties.

At McDonald's, Deena was the only one to notice that Todd had become obsessed watching three little kids in the play area. Two little girls were lifting up their dresses and proudly showing off their ruffled rhumba panties to a boy who seemed to be very interested in them; he was even touching the giggling girls'

panties. Other people all around them didn't seem to notice the children's innocent play, but Todd, with all that he had recently been through with panties, was stunned at the sight. On their way home, Deena shocked Todd when she told him she had seen him staring at those kids and what they were doing. Todd knew she was going to make life hard for him once again.

On Sunday, there was an interruption during the church service and Todd's mom didn't have a chance to talk to any of the other women about giving them Todd's panties.

A few days later, Bobby came to Todd's house for a play date and while they were playing, Bobby revealed that he loved trying on his mom's panties. Todd was amazed but also felt a need to talk to someone about his plight and felt Bobby might understand. He told him about his punishment panties. Bobby thought being forced to wear panties was a pretty strange punishment. Then he stunned Todd by telling him that his mother had even bought him some of his own girls' clothes and she let him dress up in them at home whenever he wanted. Bobby asked to see Todd's punishment panties, and when he saw them, he went loved them. Even though Todd tried to stop him, Bobby put on a pair of the panties, then raced into the girls' room and put on one of Merry's short dresses that left the panties peeking out from underneath.

Then unexpectedly, Todd's mother came home to find Bobby in the dress and panties. She accepted their explanation of what had happened and was surprised when Bobby told her that his mother let him play dress-up all the time. She then sent Bobby home, but when he asked if he could keep the lavender pair of panties he had on since Todd hated them, she let him have them.

The children's parents had to go shopping the next day, Saturday, and the kids were left alone. The girls had Todd come into the kitchen where Deena demanded that he put on a pair of her pink panties. He refused, and then he was shocked when she told him that his mother had told her the whole story of Bobby coming into their room in the lavender panties and putting on one of Merry's little girl dresses. Deena again insisted that he put on the panties. He refused again, but Deena was much bigger and strong than Todd and she wrestled him to the floor and then sat on him. Then, as she held him down, she had Merry lift up her dress and sit on his face in just her smelly panties until he agreed to wear Deena's pink panties for the weekend, including wearing them to church the next day. After he tearfully agreed, the girls made him change into the panties in front of them as they laughed at him. Then his evil stepsister said she would be checking to make sure he complied or she was going to tell everyone in school on Monday that he was a queer with his friend Bobby and both of them loved to prance around doing queer stuff while wearing dresses and girls' panties. Furthermore, she said he had to promise to wear a dress and other girls' clothes in addition to the panties whenever she decided, but she would keep it a secret from their parents.

Now, Todd is ready to continue telling us his story.

* * * * *



"Deena, I'll do it! I'll do it!"

"Do what, Todd?"

"I'll wear your panites."

"Do you promise? Tell me exactly what you will do?"

"I promise I will wear your panties anytime you tell me to. I promise!"

"OK, Merry, you can get off his face."

"Now, Todd, get up and put on these panties. Do it now, sissy! Or I'll have your sister sit on your face again and then have her pee in her panties."

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Chapter 20: Gasping for Relief

I gasped for air as the queening ended. I was crying as Merry got off my tear-soaked, pussy branded face. Deena giggled as she pointed to the deep red lines crisscrossing my cheeks, a lingering impression left by the pressure of the elastic leg bands of my little sister's pantied butt crushing down on my head! I moaned. I felt violated; I pleaded, "Deena, don't make me do it! I'm a boy; I'm not supposed to wear girls' underwear!"

"Todd, shut up and get into these nice pink panties right now! You promised. And don't call them 'underwear;' they are panties. If you ever call them underwear again, I'll make you wear them all the time, not just for the weekend and maybe I'll let other people know what a pansy you are. Now, put on my panties or I'll make things a lot worse for you, like telling the kids at school about the queer things I saw you doing with Bobby!"

I wanted to keep on complaining but feared my wretched step-sister, so I picked up the panties and started out of the room."

"Todd, where are you going?"

"I'm going into the bathroom to change like you told me to."

"NO! Stay right here. Change right here, and now!"

"But ... but ..." I tried to protest but the indignation I felt made me choke on my words. I wasn't able to speak. My head was spinning! Up until now it was all just threats; I was so sure it would never really happen. After all of this nonsense about panties and the threats to make me wear them, I now knew it

was about to really happen! I had been beaten up by bullies — that got all this crap started in the first place. Then my dominating step-sister kept panty flashing me to get me into trouble — and it did. It was weird being panty teased with threats of being forced to wear panties; even my own mother innocently worsened the whole panty terrorism thing — I hate to even talk about that! But until now I had never been made to actually wear a pair of girly panties. But my boy world was caving in. Deena was actually going to make me wear her panties and I had no way to stop it.

When I paused undressing to rub the tears out of my eyes, Deena slapped me silly hitting both of my cheeks. "Hurry up, you little creep! Or I'll have Merry sit on your face again in her stinky panties and have her pee into your mouth this time!"

I trembled as I dropped my pants

and underwear. I wobbled unsteadily on my feet trying to keep my balance as well as keep one hand covering my naked penis. Words I couldn't say, but with what had to be a horrified look, I begged with my eyes for her not to do it, pleading to be spared this desecration to my boyhood.

Fed up with my stalling, Deena grabbed the panties and held them open for me to put on. "Put your hand down, Todd! Nobody cares about your stupid little toy penis." I stepped into the panties and hoped this humiliation would go away quickly, but she was in no hurry. She left the pink panties stretched between my ankles as she slapped my hand away from my penis. Fresh tears trailed down my reddened cheeks; why did she want to do this to me? I had never been so humiliated. No one before had ever made me show then my penis, especially girls!

Deena returned to slide the panties up and up, only to stop their ascent just below my penis and nut sack to say, "Wow, Todd, your penis is so-o-o little! I don't know why you even want to wear boys' underwear; your tiny pee pole belongs in panties."

Merry laughed. Then she asked, "Deena, why are you putting your panties on Todd? Why don't you put him in his own panties? They are so much more girly and fancy."

"Well, honey, I'm making him wear my panties because we are going to keep his panty wearing a secret — for now. As long as it's a secret, you and I will be able to do whatever we want with him. I agree my panties aren't as fancy as his punishment panties, but if we made Todd wear his own girly panties, his mother or my dad might find out, and then we wouldn't have

as much control over him, and having control over him is what is going to make it a lot of fun — besides, keeping a secret makes it even more fun!”

“But it’s so-o-o hard to keep a secret!”

“Well, you have to do it. Don’t disappoint me now!”

“OK,” she moaned like it was going to be painful to keep quiet.

Deena pulled the panties up over my butt and hips and then kept pulling them up. Her hot pink panties were a bit large on me and she kept tugging them up as high as she could. I knew she was trying to crush my penis and balls in the tight crotch. “Ouch!” I screamed, “That hurts! Stop it! Please, don’t hurt me!”

With a laugh, she said, “Oh, sweetie, I wouldn’t think of hurting you. Sorry! Those little bits between your legs are so small I didn’t even think it was possible to hurt them. You mean to tell me that I’m hurting your little boy parts with my flimsy nylon panties?” They both giggled and that made it much worse for me to stand there like the ultimate sissy boy wearing only a ticklish pair of my nasty stepsister’s dinky pink panties. Now crying, I moaned, “May I put my clothes on now?”

“No!” Deena shouted. “You can go to your room, but stay in just your panties. I want you to get used to seeing yourself in silky panties, get used to knowing how nice they are to wear, get used to feeling the power of girls’ panties over your simple boy brain as they convince you to want to be a sweet like a little girl instead of dumb like a stupid little boy. When you hear your mom and my dad pull into the garage, you can put on your drab old boys’ clothes, but you must keep the panties on underneath or I’ll have to tell them the truth about what a naughty pussy fag you are.”

Chapter 21: Nightmarish Night

As I sat in my room, I tried reading a book, tried doing a crossword in my puzzle book and tried practicing my card tricks, but sitting there in just my big stepsister’s pink panties made doing anything almost impossible. I couldn’t keep a thought in my head for more than a few moments. Those horrid panties were just too distracting — their silkiness, their snug elastics, and the way they looked and felt kept intruding into my thoughts. ‘How could they be so damn distracting?’ I wondered. I tried to use my mother’s simple logic, ‘They’re just plain old underwear, girls’ underwear, yes, but just fabric and elastic ...’ But even that seemingly innocuous reasoning began bouncing around inside my brain shouting back at me, ‘But, stupid, they’re GIRLS’ PANTIES! If you’re wearing panties, you’re not a boy; you’re either a girl or a SISSY ... so now there’s no doubt what you are!’ Gees, what could I do? I had on panties — I dared not take them off or cover them up. Deena could barge into my bedroom at any moment to check up on me. I had to keep this nightmare a secret, not give her a reason to tell anyone, and find some way to stop her from forcing me to wear girls’ clothes.

With my mind in a whirl, I didn’t hear when my parents pulled into the garage from shopping. Thankfully, my loud stepfather

made so much noise putting away the groceries that beleaguered little me had just enough time to pull my boys’ clothes on over the panties before I heard my mom walking toward my room. I was so self-conscious, so afraid someone would be able to see my panties that I pulled my trousers way up high and belted them tightly. I felt like a dork and probably looked like one of those old men who wear his pants up high on his chest.

As I yanked on my pullover shirt, my mom pushed open my door. I was glad to see her but feared that somehow she’d know I had Deena’s crazy panties on underneath. Immediately, she noticed my tear-stained face and wanted to know what my problem was. “Mom, I fell off my bike and it hurt a lot.” I wasn’t good at lying, especially to my mom, but I was pretty sure I was very convincing this time. She wanted to know where it hurt; I pointed to my knees. Terror struck me when she told me to take off my pants so she could see. I insisted that wasn’t necessary and just pulled up my trouser legs to show her that the fall didn’t even leave any marks; it just hurt a lot. I breathed a sigh of relief when my explanation assuaged her. Then she noticed my pants pulled up high above my waist. “Todd, why are you wearing your trousers like that? It looks weird, here let me help you fix them.” I stood horrified as mom started to unbuckle my pants. I grabbed her hands to stop her. “No, mom. I’ll do it!” Thankfully, she then let me readjust my pants without fully opening them up and dropping them down. Yikes! What a close call!

I feared having dinner with the family, but I did get up the nerve to go out to the kitchen when called — after snugging up my trousers once again, but not quite so high this time. I was so afraid my volatile, macho stepfather had some kind of magic power to look right through my pants and see me wearing his daughter’s panties. Amazingly, as it turned out, dinner was rather uneventful despite the fact that I sat at the table throughout the meal with those slithery silky panties on under my trousers. Sure Merry giggled a lot whenever she looked at me. It had to be a chore for her to keep my secret, but I prayed that she would. Except for a couple of snickering sneers in my direction when no one else was looking, Deena kept a fairly straight face the whole time. I guess she thought my own mind doing somersaults was quite enough torture for me to deal with at the moment.

The panties did make me squirm a lot as I sat on the hard wooden chair. My mom noticed a couple of times, and at one time, she actually said, “Sit still, Todd. Do you have ants in your panties?” She actually used the word ‘panties!’ I was about to panic. The girls were laughing their heads off. ‘Did my mom know I had panties on at that moment?’ Just then, Craig began to laugh too and said, “That’s very funny, Betty, ‘Panties,’ that’s very funny.” With all of them laughing, I forced myself to laugh with them too. It was getting very crazy around here.

Once the big joke was over, I had had enough. Crestfallen and ready to break, I told my mom I wanted to skip dessert, and I was greatly relieved when she let me go back into hiding in my room, eternally happy that this time I could keep my trousers on. That helped a lot in my being able to concentrate on other things, like my card tricks. I had practiced my card

manipulations so often in the past that now my hands raced automatically through my routines, but my mind dared not wander for a second or my fingers would miss a move and the cards would go flying in every direction instead of ‘magically’ appearing, disappearing and jumping through the air from my one hand to be miraculously caught by my other hand.

I’m a good juggler too — I can do four balls in all, and compared to flipping playing cards around, I found I needed to concentrate even harder while practicing some of my more difficult juggling routines. At least momentarily, I could almost completely forget about the panties, but then if I moved or twisted my body or slid around on my chair, the silkiness of those boy-killing panties barged back into the front of my mind, and if I were juggling, I’d drop my balls. [Oops! What a Freudian slip!]

Luck was on my side that night. I feared the worst, but everyone left me alone the whole evening. To get my mind off the hateful panties constantly teasing my beaten down boy parts, I practiced my juggling and card manipulations ad infinitum. At bedtime, Deena came into my room and made me open my trousers to show her I still had the panties on. She then reminded me to keep them on under my pajamas and wear them again in the morning when I got dressed for church. It made for a nightmarish night. I lay awake for a long time constantly aware of the silky panties wrapped around my body and my mind. I was exhausted; finally I fell asleep. Somehow I survived the night.

Chapter 22: Sunday: Bedeviled By Girls!

I woke up to find my stepsister standing over me yelling at me to get out of bed. She yanked down the front of my pajamas to make sure I still had on her panties, and when she saw that I did, she announced, “OK, you miserable pussy boy, take off my pink panties and put on my purple ones today. Merry will help you.” She pointed to my kid sister, standing there bright-eyed and bushy-tailed flagging a pair of Deena’s nylon panties.

“Ca-can I do it myself? I don’t want her doing it.” I begged. “No!” Deena almost shouted. “Let Merry put them on you or I’ll have her sit on you again until her panty elastics leave marks on your faggot face long enough for your mom or your dad to see.”

“OK! OK! I’ll let her do it, but please don’t talk too loudly and hurry up before my mom or your dad wakes up.” Merry, the little devil, smiled sheepishly. I think she was remembering how much fun it was sitting on my face; I remembered her saying it made her tight little pussy feel so good when her big brother had been forced to nuzzle, kiss and lick her pussy in her panties. When did my little preteen sister learn the word ‘pussy?’

“Not so fast, little boy. Beg your sister to put these panties on you ... and make it good.” How much more torment can a guy take? I’m not a crybaby but tears were coming to my eyes so easily and so often these days. Tears from being spanked or beaten up are one thing but these were tears of shame and submission and so disheartening for a kid like me who wanted nothing more than to be just an ordinary boy. I was beaten and I knew it. Maybe I could run away. It was getting to that point,

but that wouldn’t help me right now. I knew what I had to do, so I gagged on my words. I needed to comply and comply quickly. “Um, Merry, would you let me, I mean would you put those panties on me?” I was ready to cry out loud. “Not good enough, pussy boy. Make it better, Todd. Tell us how much love pretty girly panties and describe the panties you are dying to put on. Tell us you’re a sissy pussy boy, and mean it!”

As Deena and Merry laughed, I struggled. “Oh, I’m sorry; I really need to let you ... Please let me wear those pretty panties. I need to wear your pretty purple panties. They look so (choke), um, so fun to wear. Oh, the silkiness is so good ... Can I please, pretty please, wear those panties? I will wear them for you and like it, no, love it and never take them off until you say I can. I’ll be a sissy pussy boy for you or whatever you want. Please be nice to me and keep this a secret.”

“Wow!” Deena giggled, “That’s outstanding. You are becoming a well-trained submissive pussywaist, aren’t you? I always knew you were just a simpleton pussy and now that you’re begging to wear girly panties, we know it for sure. Sure go ahead, Merry help your silly sissy of a brother into his panties — oh yes, those will be your panties now, just like the pink ones you had on. Both of them are yours now. I’d never wear any pair of panties after you’ve had your disgusting little boy bits in them!”

Merry advanced toward me with the panties held wide open. “It’s pussy time, Todd!” she said with delight. She took her time pulling them up my legs and leaned in close to get a good look at my boy toys in the process. She was so close I could feel her breath wafting over my exposed dick and balls. I sighed and hoped she’d hurry up, but she didn’t. Once the panties were up all the way, she kept yanking up on them like Deena had done the day before. Much to my consternation, she seemed to be doing everything like Deena these days.

I was happy to hurry into my boy clothes. The panties — out of sight, out of mind — well, not by a long shot, but covering them up did help ease my tortured mind. After I was fully dressed and out of the bathroom, mom came out of her room still sleepy-eyed. She seemed surprised to see I was already up and in my Sunday best — if she only knew! She greeted me with a simple smile. I cleared my throat and asked her, “Um, mom, you’re going talk to some lady at church about giving her those underwear for some girl, huh?” “Yes, dear,” she assured me.

Like I didn’t have enough bothering me, my swaggering stepfather then came wondering out of the master bedroom. His loose-fitting pajama bottoms didn’t hide his morning hard on! It was huge! I knew all about having a hard dick upon waking up. It happened to me often, especially recently, but seeing his monster cock bobbing around in his pants made me stare. Just the size of it made me feel like my own dick was just a tiny bottle topper in comparison and since I had the panties on under my trousers, his big boner made me feel like an even bigger sissy. I lingered too long. He caught me staring, “Hey! What you looking at, boy?” His booming voice snapped me back to my senses. I replied, “Oh, nothing!” He then looked at me strangely before we each went separate ways with him frowning and shaking his head.

Chapter 23: Church Held No Salvation for Me

Just after we moved in with Craig and his demon daughter, mom got them to start going to our Baptist church. Our Reverend Hasset always gave me the creeps. He'd look at me like I was on his dinner menu. I'd swear he'd lick his flapping lips at me!

Anyway, on this day, as we left the house to drive to church, Deena ran ahead of me and as I approached the car, she jumped into the front seat and her short dress crept up in back to give me a flashing peek at her panties. I looked away, but I shuddered as it reminded me of Deena's panties that I had on under my pants — as if I needed reminding!

After we arrived at church, mom stopped to talk with a couple of the ladies at the front door, just part of the whole boring deal of going to church. As I waited, I sat down on the church steps. "Oh yeah! Goodie! Mom was probably talking to those ladies about giving my horrible panties to them for one of their daughters," I thought to myself. Great! Yeah, it did spook me out having Deena's icky panties on under my pants, but knowing mom was making those arrangements brightened me up.

As I sighed a small breath of relief, I saw this girl in a summery yellow dress standing near the entrance. I started staring at her because her dress was so thin you could see through it, and with the bright sun behind her, I saw she had on yellow panties. It was like I had X-ray vision. I could see them in great detail! Her panties had a lot of lace on them. Of course, immediately, it also reminded me of the panties I had on, yuk! But she was so pretty, like an angel! But was she sent down from heaven by God or up from Hell by the devil to terrorize me?

Now, I felt like not only the whole world was against me but the supernatural too. Why was everyone and everything teasing me with panties? Before now, I was barely aware of what women and girls wore under their dresses. What was making people do this? "OK! OK! I'm wearing the damn panties," I whispered and almost said aloud to myself. "What more do you people want from me? Does everyone just want to torture me until I give up wanting to be a boy?" I didn't think anyone else saw me ogling that girl. I turned away and tried to concentrate on something else, and when I looked

back again, she was gone. A mirage? An angel? A devil? Who in the Hell knows! I thought I was going bonkers!

I got up off the steps and wandered over by mom to get a hint of her conservation. I heard her say, "OK, I'll bring them and see next Sunday." Great! I think she found a taker for the panties.

I fell asleep only once during the service — that was a record for me. As usual, mom quickly awakened me with a poke in the ribs. I'm sure I would have drifted off even more if it hadn't been for those damn silky panties on my butt. I kept looking around to see if anyone was looking at me and laughing. The panties are so sleek and slippery. I found it almost funny how I could so easily slide across the hard wooden pews even with the panties on just under my trousers!

I had almost forgotten: this was the day Deena was going to be baptized. Having joined our church, Craig revealed that his daughter had never been baptized, so it was going to be carried out right after the regular Sunday service. Boring!

A tributary of the Missouri River runs behind Craig's house and that same river runs right behind the church — so very convenient for baptisms, so that's where we headed for the baptism. All I could hope for was how nice it would be if the minister dunked her into the river and she never came back





family on Deena's baptism. Then as mom and Craig continued to talk with him, Deena pulled me way off to the side and asked me, "Todd, what color are my panties?" I shrugged my shoulders like I didn't know. "I know you know. I saw you staring. Now, tell me what color are my panties?" I whispered, "Pink. So what? I'm sure everybody could see them right through your wet dress."

"Yeah, I knew you'd notice. I wore them just for you, sissy."

"I'm not a sissy!"

"Oh, no? I saw you staring at Janny Willis' panties too."

"Who? I don't know any Janny ... whoever."

"Of course, you do. I saw you staring at her on the way into church. You were looking right through her thin yellow dress at her lacy yellow panties. Like it or not, little panty faggot! You're going to be loving and wearing panties for a long, long time."

"Oh, yeah? I'm going to get even with you somehow so you can't make me wear them ever again. My stomach is sick like I'm going to throw up because you made me wear your stupid underwear here to church."

"Todd Granger, what did you call them? I'm going to my dad right now and tell him you have my panties on under your clothes! I'll tell him to make you take off your pants right here so everyone can see." I yelped, "No! No!"

up! Well, I wasn't so lucky, but something did happen: he said his words, then pushed her down into the water and right back out, and guess what? The water made her dress completely see-through, and I could see her panties, they were pink panties — just like the ones she had me wear yesterday! I actually prayed at that moment for the Dear Lord to protect me, 'Oh, dear God, this panty terrorism, please make it end!' Surely other people must have seen her panties through her dress. No one made a comment. Were they all blind to it? Did they see the panties and not think anything of it? Was I going wacko? Even after Deena's dress was dry — it was so thin, it didn't take long to dry — in my mind's eye, I couldn't look at her without still seeing the pink panties under her dress!

On our way to the car, Reverend Hasset waved us over to congratulate our whole





on the beach and some sand blew into my eyes that's all." I was becoming a pretty good liar in my attempts to keep my shameful panty life a secret.

Back at the house, mom saw me moping around with nothing to do so she told me to get my baseball and glove and go over to Bobby's house to see if he could come out and play. I was NOT anxious to see Bobby again, but I went along with mom's suggestion. It was a good way for me to get out of the house.

Since all my sports equipment was in the closet in Deena's room, I barged into her bedroom without knocking because I was sure the girls were outside playing. I flung open the door and then froze. Deena and my kid sister were sitting on the bed ... and they were kissing — not those silly little greeting kisses on the cheek like stupid girls do all the time ... they were hugging real hard, kissing on the lips and ... yuk ... they had their mouths open and sticking their tongues into each other's mouth! They saw me and broke apart but it was too late and they knew it. Merry started to cry. Deena got up and chased me. I ran to the bathroom.

I know what queer girls do. Bobby's older brother, Brad, had told us all about it. He said they kiss and lick each other between their legs and stuff like that. His talking about it was both weirdly exciting and sickening ... and now, I see my sister and my new stepsister doing disgusting stuff like that! I knew what I had to

I'm sorry. I forgot. They're pa-pan-panties. Please don't tell your dad." "OK, but this is your last chance. If you do it again, my dad will know, everybody will know. Now, tell me more: are the panties you have on, nice panties?" She was milking me out of being a boy. I had to answer her. "Oh, yes, they are very pretty panties. They are purple with white elastic and very silky." She scowled, "I bet you wish you had a lot of lace and bows and ribbons decorating those panties?" "Oh, please, Deena don't ..." "Talk to me about your panties or I'm telling!" "Oh, yes, Deena, they are such wonderful panties you gave me to wear, but ... but I do wish they had some nice girly ribbons and bows and lots of lace on them like little girl panties." I was now crying. I couldn't hold back my tears, especially with her staring at me with a look of triumph.

Chapter 24: My Prayers Answered — Briefly!

On the way home everyone was going on and on about Deena's baptism and none of them noticed my teary eyes until my mom said, "Todd, have you been crying?" I answered, "No, mom, it was windy down



do and I wasn't going to wait another moment. Deena was gently knocking on the door asking me to open up. She wanted to talk to me. I ignored her and hurriedly took off my pants and those dumb girly panties. It felt so fabulous to get them off my body. Wearing them had felt like they were made of bugs crawling all over me. Yuk! I dug around in the laundry hamper and luckily found a pair of my dirty boys' underwear. After almost a whole day in sissy panties, it felt like gold to put on boys' underwear. I never had thought much about my old boys' shorts, but they sure were making me happy at that moment.

I put my trousers back on and then opened the door and threw Deena's panties in her face. "I am not wearing your stupid girls' underwear ever again. And that's what I'll always call them — stupid girls' underwear and I won't call them by that dumb word you like to call them that begins with a 'p!' Never again! And now I'm going to tell on you and my dumb sister."

I walked away from her on my way to find my mom, but Deena is a lot stronger than I am and she hauled me into my bedroom with her hand over my mouth as I was trying to call out to my mom. Keeping me quiet, she held me down on my bed as she tried to talk to me.

"Todd, what you saw is not what you think you saw." She then took her hand part way off my mouth.

"What? You're nuts. I know what I saw, you and my sister are queer lessies."

She looked crazily at me as she continued holding me down on my bed. "Lessies? What in the Hell are you talking about? And then she giggled, "Do you mean 'lezzies' like in lesbians?"

"Yeah, that's what I mean. I know what you queer girls do. Bobby's big brother told us all about it. He said everybody hates girls like that. So I'm telling. You both are in big trouble."

"Well, you're wrong. Merry doesn't know much about boys and the things boys and girls do together when they start dating. She was very interested in knowing about kissing boys and wanted to know what it was like. It might be hard for a dim-witted boy like you and that even dumber Brad Stole to understand, but girls help each other in this way. Your little sister just wanted to know about kissing so I was teaching about it and I was pretending to be a boyfriend for her. We weren't doing any 'queer' stuff like you said. Your mother would understand completely about such things girls do so if you want to go and tell her we were kissing, I'm sure she wouldn't think anything of it. Besides, if you tell, I'll just have to tell her about you and Bobby playing with each other's penis in the woods. Now that was QUEER!"

Deena isn't just stronger than I am, she can easily outtalk me. I lay there on my bed with her on top of me, crushing me with her weight. I didn't know what to say next so I didn't say anything.

"I'll tell you what, twerp! I won't make you wear my panties anymore and each of us won't say anything to our parents about all this stuff, OK? Do we have a deal, a truce?" I nodded.

She got off me and left with her panties in her hand. She added, "And never come into my room again without asking!"

Deena, like usual, made me feel so dumb, but that couldn't lessen the joy I was feeling from winning this battle and no longer having to wear those damn girly panties. Now, to make my day complete, I was going to ask my mom if she had been able to find some mother willing to take those embarrassingly awful panties that were still in my dresser drawer. I found my mom in the kitchen making a big Sunday dinner.

"Mom, did you, uh, you know, find some lady ..."

"Oh, yes, I did, Todd. To the mother of a girl in Merry's class at school. I know her from the PTA meetings. I asked her if she wanted two pairs of some really nice, fancy new panties for her daughter. She asked me if they belonged to Deena or Merry and wondered why they didn't want them if they were still new. I told her they were too small for Deena and then Merry spoke up and said she didn't want them. I'm sorry, but then your sister said they belonged to you."

"Wha-what! No mom, she didn't really say that, did she?"

"Yes, she did. She said it laughing too. I gave your sister a mean look, but it was too late. So then I had to explain to Mrs. Brewster the whole thing that they were punishment panties for you but had never been used, so now you wanted to give them to some girl who could use them."

I yelled, "Mrs. Brewster! No, mom, no! You're not kidding? Tell me you didn't!"

"Yes. I'm sorry how it all came out. Anyway look at the bright side; next Sunday, after church, I'm going to give them to her."

"Oh, mom! You couldn't! Mrs. Brewster! Of all people! That's Terry Brewster's mom — he's the one with the gang of boys who beats me up all the time, and now he's going to know ..." I was screaming and yelling and crying. I was so miserable I had no idea what to do. "Mom, I'm never going back to school again. Everyone in school is going to know!"

I was carrying on so wildly that Craig yelled from the living room wondering what was going on and a moment later he arrived in the kitchen. He wanted to know what all the noise was about. As my mom explained the problem, I ran outside. I ran down the street as I tried to get a million horrible thoughts — all with humiliating and deadly consequences — out of my head. I ended up in Gilson Park where I play baseball with Bobby when the bad and older kids aren't around. That's where I saw Merry playing in the sandbox with Deena watching her.

I now hated them more than ever, especially Merry. I ran up to her, grabbed her, and shouted in her face, "Why did you tell Brewster's mom those girls' panties belonged to me!" I knocked her down and slapped her all over. Deena then jumped on me from behind. I turned to fight both of them at once, hitting, punching and slapping, all with a lot of screaming by the three of us. They finally fought me off and ran toward home. I was crushed. My mind was about to explode. I lay there crying until I saw some older boys coming toward the park. I didn't want them to see me lying there and crying like a baby so I got up and trudged toward home.

Chapter 25: Sentenced to Panty Hell!

Upon entering the house, everything was eerily silent. Good! Peace and quiet for a change! Ever since moving in with Craig and his daughter, I couldn't believe how noisy it is living here. Our old house was so quiet by comparison. I guessed everyone was out or busy or something so I just headed for my room. I needed time to think. God, how was I going to deal with all this shit with Brewster? His mother or sister would surely tell him those were MY panties! Maybe everyone would leave me alone long enough to die in peace! I looked out the back window to see if they were out there because I knew we were supposed to have a cookout to celebrate Deena's baptism. The four of them were there just lounging around while things cooked on the grill.

I was about to turn and go to my room, when mom spotted me in the kitchen window and shouted for me to come out and join them. Something in her voice told me it wasn't just a suggestion but a command.

Mom and Craig were sitting on a big old weather-beaten lawn chair with Merry and Deena sitting on their laps. I wondered why Deena had sunglasses on since it wasn't all that sunny out. As she got off her dad's lap, she stared menacingly in my direction. Craig leaned forward with a dour look, like he was trying to hold back from blowing up. "Well, Todd, so you want to tell me about what just happened at the park?"

"Um, like what do you want to know?" I stammered.

"I want to know why you were fighting with the girls. You know what I think about boys who hit girls."

"Yeah," I said.

"Yeah, what? What do I think of them?"



"Um, that boys aren't supposed to hit girls."

"Righto, and what else? What have I always told you?"

I was getting choked up now. He was undoing his wide leather belt. I groaned, "Boys who hit girls are sissies."

"Righto again, boy. Just look at your sister and her red face from you slapping her. And she has bruises and scrapes on her arms and legs. And look at what you did to my daughter," he said as he told her to take off her sunglasses. Oh, damn! She had a huge black eye! I knew I was in for it! My mother saw the belt in Craig's hands and said, "Oh, dear, please don't hit him."

"I don't know how else to deal with a sissy? Woman, take the meat off the grill until we're closer to eating."

"Right now, I have to deal with this pantywaist kid of yours." And before he was even finished saying it, he was lashing at me with his belt, hitting me on my arms, legs, butt, anywhere and everywhere until my mom jumped on him, held his arms and screamed at him to stop. But he continued to hit me with his fists, hitting me in the face as he said, "I'm going to give you a couple of black eyes too!" My mom was crying by then so he eventually stopped. "Well, Betty, if I can't beat the sissiness out of him and make him into a real boy, what do you propose I do with him?" I was on the ground crying in pain and curled into a ball to fend off his blows. Then my asshole of a stepsister had to say, "Well, if Todd is a sissy and you can't do anything about it, maybe you should make him wear his punishment panties like you wanted to do before."

While still groaning in pain, I yelled at her. "Shut up, you lezzie! You're a queer girl." Craig yelled at me, "What did you call my daughter?" "She's a lezzie. She kisses girls. I saw it!"

Craig charged toward me but my mom was holding him back.

She said to me, "Todd, don't say such stupid things about your new sister. I never want to hear you say anything like that again."

Deena said, "Dad, he's just saying that because I saw him in the woods with Bobby and they were playing with each other's penis. Just ask him and tell him not to lie to you."

My mom asked, "Todd, is it true? And don't lie."

"Mom ... gees, it, um, it didn't happen exactly like she said!"

Craig said, "Holy shit! The boy is a fag! Now, Betty didn't you just tell me you got some lady at church to take those punishment panties we bought him?" Mom nodded. "Did you give them to her already?" She said, "No, I told her I'd give them to her next Sunday at church." My stepfather then said, "Good, so he still has them. After all his lying, the real truth finally comes out. He's going right into panties where he belongs."

Mom, tried to reason with him, tried to slow down his making me march to the death of my



boyhood. “Craig, dear, can’t we talk about it? We don’t want to do anything while we’re so angry...”

“Sorry, Betty, but your boy is a fag. There’s not much hope for him, so I command you to put him into those panties right now and I want him wearing them permanently. I don’t think he can ever prove to me that he’s not a fag. Unless he can do that, I’ll never let him wear boys’ underwear again. We got three pairs of those embarrassing panties for him so that should hold him over until we can buy him some more.

“And if he dirties them all up with his gay boy juice like he did before — shit, I should have known then that he was a queer — damn, cumming in girls’ nylon panties — that should have told me he was a lost cause. And if he can’t stop juicing those panties, he’ll just have to wear them smelly and sticky until we get him some more.” Craig was still ranting and raving, but my mom got him to be quiet for a moment as she explained, “Well, I should tell you, Todd, has only two pairs of those panties left.”

“What?” Craig questioned. “Dear, I didn’t tell you about it because I thought my son was innocent, but last week I came home and found that Todd’s friend, Bobby, had put on a pair of those panties along with one of Merry’s dresses and was running around the house. It seems his mother allows him to dress up in girls’ clothes at home whenever he wants, so when he found out about Todd’s punishment panties and saw them in my son’s dresser drawer, Bobby wanted to try them on. Anyway, Todd didn’t dress up or anything and he said he couldn’t stop Bobby from doing it. So I told Bobby to go home. I couldn’t believe it when he said he loved the panties and asked me if he could keep them. Seeing how he was already wearing them, I told him to keep them. That’s why Todd now has only two pairs of those panties, the pink ones and the yellow ones. I know it

all sounds weird and that’s why I didn’t want to upset you by telling you about it.”

“Christ Almighty, woman, don’t you think I should know things like that? So that damn Bobby Stole is a faggot running around in dresses, and he’s your son’s best friend? Well, that proves more than ever that he’s a fag too.” Then he stared at me with evil in his eyes, “You’re disgusting. Todd, I forbid you from ever seeing that queer kid again unless you want me to cut your dick off — then your panties will really fit you nicely! And I am commanding that you are to wear lacy panties from now on!” The girls laughed hard at that.

My mother said, “Todd, I’m so disappointed in you. Now, just go and get your panties and come back here or I know Craig will keep beating on you until you do.”

“You’re damn right I will, woman. I don’t care if he is your son. I hate queers. I saw enough of them those years I was delivering fresh orange juice and eggs to restaurants — all those damn queer waiters! I’m so happy I’m now working construction where I deal with real men not swishy sissies. Now, woman, didn’t I tell you to go out and take the meat off the grill until it’s closer to the time for us to eat?” Mom hurried out the back door.

I begged him, “Oh, ple-e-e-ese! Don’t make me wear panties! I’m not a queer. I’m not! I’m not! And I don’t want to ...” Craig backhanded me across the face and told me again to shut up. “Now boy Gees, I can’t really call you a boy anymore, you god damn little queer. Go to your room and bring back a pair of your panties — the pink ones. Sissies love pink.”

“Oh, please, no!” I moaned, covering my cheeks to protect him from hitting me again. “Shut the fuck up, faggot! Now, get those panties and bring them back here. You’re going to put them on right here, right now and right in front of all of us.” As I dragged my feet slowly heading towards my room, he said, “Hurry up. I’ve no patience with queers!”

When I shouted back at him, “But I’m not queer!” he yelled, “Get those panties on the double unless you want some more black and blue marks. Then I heard he command Deena, “Go get one of your nice dresses, a cute girly-girly one that will fit him. Get him all of those underthings that he’ll need to wear under the dress too. I’m going to make him wear dresses and make him sorry he ever wanted to be a sissy queer. Hurry along, now, so I can soon be done with this little pussy boy and have him all fixed up by the time Reverend Hasset arrives for dinner.”

Chapter 26: Our Creepy Minister

I ran to my room, crying harder than ever. Shit! I had forgotten that our creepy minister had been invited to our cookout in celebration of Deena’s baptism!

My body ached all over from the beating I barely survived. I paused in front of my mirror. I struggled to stop crying and wipe the tears from my eyes so I could see my reflection. Damn! Both my eyes were swollen, bright red and probably going to turn black and blue. I felt pain with every movement I

made. My arms ached just opening my top dresser drawer. Yep! Those damn panties were still there, staring at me cheerfully and brightly like they were laughing at me. “OK! Have a good laugh,” I said to the panties, “but I’m going to find a way out of this shit. Even if I have to run away!” But now, resigned to my fate, I gingerly picked up the pink panties trying my best to avoid even looking at them. As I hustled back into the living room, Deena was coming back at the same time and draped over her arm was a black and white checkered dress and some shiny white nylon girly stuff that I didn’t even want to think about. Mom came in from out back. “I moved the meat to the warmer. When we’re ready, it’ll take only about ten minutes to finish cooking.” She then saw Deena with the dress and lingerie. “Oh, dear, a dress ... Craig, you’re not ...”

“Damn right I am, woman. It’ll be dresses from now on at home and panties all the time. If that doesn’t shame the sissiness out of him, I’ll send him to school in dresses too.” Mom looked worried. “But should you do it right now? Isn’t the Reverend going to be here in a few fifteen minutes? He’ll see ...”

“Betty, if we’re going to punish this sissy son of yours, we can’t wait. Showing him off to the minister is a great way to start. The kid needs to be shamed. Now, I don’t want any back talk from you.” He then growled at me, “What are you waiting for sissy? Get your clothes off so we can put you into your nice dress and punishment panties. Or do you want to wait until the minister gets here and let him see your tiny little penis and let him help you get dressed up all nice and girly?”

What else could I do? I ripped the clothes off my body. The less I was exposed to the minister, the better. With my eyes half closed, I stepped into the panties. By humming to myself I tried to block my ears from the laughter and screams of the two girls as well as Craig’s catcalls and whistles, like I know he does when pretty girls walk past his construction site.

Deena’s panties that she had forced me wear were well-worn, soft and silky, but these panties were brand new, stiff nylon and crisp lace around the legs that scratched my legs as I pulled them up. Deena, the little bitch, had to come right over to me, and as she laughed in my face, she needlessly fumbled around with the panties like she was checking the fit. She rubbed her hands over the sleek nylon making me cringe. She inserted her fingers under the leg and waist elastics and ran her hands all the way around from back to front and back again, each time letting go of the elastic with a stinging snap. “Stop it!” I screamed.

Craig yelled at me, “Hey, ya little sissy, don’t complain, you asked for this. Secretly, I bet you really love it now that you can wear pretty girly panties without sneaking around to do it. You can’t fool me, pretending you don’t want to wear them. Oh, another thing, I take back my prohibiting you from seeing Bobby. You can have him come over for a little girly-girly play date. I want to be here to see it! I just might bring some of my construction buddies along too — they love having fun teasing sissy gay boys. Now let Deena put the other stuff on you.”

She had me hold out my arms and as she slipped a training bra onto me. She pulled it so tight it hurt. I closed my eyes. I didn’t

even want to see it! She then took a long white nylon slip with big lace all over the top and bottom hem and slid over my head before dropping it down to fully cover my body. I recoiled from the feel of the slinky nylon and lace and she shrieked in delight. The checkered dress then followed. She spent a lot of time adjusting it, repeatedly reaching up underneath to straighten out the slip and frilly panties, which I’m sure was completely unnecessary, but she insisted on doing it anyway. Some lace-topped white ankle socks and shiny black patent leather Mary Jane style shoes were then put on my feet. They must have been hers because they were a little big on my feet. Just then, the doorbell rang! I knew it was that damn weirdo, our minister.

As Merry ran to answer the door, mom pulled out a tube of lipstick and insisted upon putting some bright red goo on my lips! Reverend Hasset appeared as scary to me as ever. He barely even looked at me as he engaged my mother and stepfather in conversation. They were falling all over themselves to appeal to him. The girls and I stood at attention waiting to be addressed. Finally, my mom said, “Oh, sorry, Reverend, let me introduce you to the children. As you know, this is Deena, our daughter. “Of, course, Deena, how are you? I’m so glad you got to be baptized today. You know, you can’t get into the kingdom of heaven without being baptized.” Deena smiled broadly and curtsied as she nodded a greeting.

“And this is my daughter, Merry. I’m sure you know her well.” He grinned, “That I do. You look so lovely today. How are you, my sweet?” My idiot sister fawned at him and looked at him like he was Christ himself.

I stayed in the background as much as possible, but I knew I was next. “And here, I’m sure you remember my son, Todd,” mom said, as Craig roughly grabbed my arm and pushed me to the fore. The Reverend leered at me, “Uh, Todd? Yes, Todd, how nice to see you, um.” Craig said, “You’re probably wondering why he’s dressed like this, huh?” The creep said, “A costume party or joke or ...”

“Oh, no, he’s being punished. He’s been acting like a sissy, and I sure he’s gay ... anyway, I’m fed up with the little queer. Let’s talk as we walk out back where we have a cookout set up for dinner. In fact, I don’t even like to talk about Todd. He’s such a disappointment. My wife will explain it all to you over dinner. However, this is Deena’s day and we don’t want to take away from that. We don’t want to spend our precious time talking about a boy in a dress and lacy panties, now do we, Reverend?”

“Um, lacy panties, oh, really? Oh, yeah, right. Right. Not to waste time on that. But I do find Todd’s outfit quite interesting. Craig, I’m glad to officially welcome you to our congregation. Betty and her kids have been coming to my church for a good seven or eight years. You married yourself onto a lovely family. Except for Todd here. His kind of problem I often run into. I’m sure I can help. I can’t wait for Betty to tell me all about it. Actually, I’m quite an expert in the use of humiliation as a punishment. I was the vicar at a boys’ school for nine years. I have a lot of experience with these kinds of old-fashioned punishments that are far superior to today’s ‘spare the rod’ approaches that just don’t do the trick. I’ve cured some hard core

cases, queer boys probably much further along that your boy. I'm willing to help you take the boy in hand ... so to speak."

"Did you hear that, honey?" Craig was speaking loudly so my mom could hear as she was putting the meat back on the fire. "The good Reverend says he is willing to help us deal with this poor excuse of a boy we have on our hands. He says he's cured much worse cases."

I stood there dumbfounded but even more surprised when my mother said, "Oh, Reverend Hasset, I hate to have you take away from the more important things you do rather than dealing with the wickedness my boy has been into." I had never noticed it before, but my mom was mesmerized by this dumb minister, who kept looking at me like he was trying to see the panties through my dress. His bulging eyeballs made me feel like I was undressed down to my training bra and panties for his pleasure.

I couldn't eat. No surprise, huh? Well, I did force some food down my throat after Craig and my mother kept pestering me to "eat something." So I did; I certainly didn't want to risk having my panties exposed for a spanking in front of the creepy, googly-eyed reverend.

At dinner, I had been seated next to him. He had requested it. While sitting there I did a lot of blushing, even some tears filled my eyes as my mother told him all about my new panty-filled life. I didn't want to hear it, but then I did want to hear the crazy shit she was saying about me. I couldn't believe that she had no doubts that I was queer! Throughout that horrid conversation, the minister put his hand on my thigh and gave it a rub several times as he tried to say some reassuring like, "Don't worry, my boy. I think everything will turn out fine in the end." His hand on my leg seemed to send sparks up and down my body. Eventually, I had enough, finished the little I had to eat and got up and sat on the back porch steps.

I was glad when the minister left the table to talk with Deena. I guess he felt it was his obligation. I took the opportunity to talk to mom. "Mom, all that stuff you told him about me. Mom, I'm not queer. I don't have to be cured. Can I get out of these dumb girls' clothes? I feel so stupid. I'm a boy, mom, not a girl!"

"Now, listen to me, young man — at least I think you still have the potential to become a decent young man, but with what has been going on lately, I have my doubts. You should be thankful our Reverend happened to be here today. I don't know why, but he has taken an interest in you and is sure he can cure you of being a fag, a sissy or whatever you are. Later, he wants to talk to you alone. Craig says it's the best news he's heard about you in a long time. You should be very happy. And those are not 'dumb girls' clothes' as you called them. They are very nice clothes, but you have to learn how to wear a dress. As you were sitting on the porch steps, everyone could see right up your dress to your pink panties! Now, I want you to thank Deena for giving the dress and lingerie to you."

"Wha ...!" I complained.

Mom then called out, "Yoo-hoo," to Deena who was finished talking to the queer holy man. "Deena, hey, come here a sec."

She approached with a look of scorn directed at me. "Yeah, what, ma?" she spat out. I had my head down. She's calling my mother 'ma' now! "Todd has something he wants to say to you. Todd, tell her what you have to say. Make it nice and get your head up! Look at her when you say it."

I looked at her steely eyes for a second, and then kept my head facing in her direction but looked off to the side of her. I tried my best. I didn't want any more trouble. "Deena, I just want to say thank you for the nice clothes you let me wear today."

"What clothes!" my mother griped. "Tell her all about the nice clothes she's letting you wear or I'll have Craig take his belt to you again. I'm not putting up with your foolishness much longer." Deena laughed, "Yeah, tell me all about them."

"Um-m-m-m, Deena, thank you so much for the dress. It's a cool design ... and it fits me nicely. The slip is so very pretty with all the lace around the top and bottom. Mom said it's made of nylon like my panties and that makes it feel so yummy to wear, but it does tickle my legs and body a lot ... but I'm getting used to it. And the bah, um, ah, the bra. I never wore one before. It's very tight and makes me so much aware of my chest and stuff. Thanks for all of it."

I wasn't crying out loud, but tears were furiously rolling down my cheeks. Deena was laughing as much with her eyes as with her cackling voice. I could feel my mother grinning without even looking at her, but when I did look at her, she was laughing at me too just like my piggy stepsister.

Chapter 27: Our Minister is NOT a Holy Man!

Deena got control of herself. "Oh, you're welcome, Todd. I don't wear the dress anymore; it's too small for me. You can have it. You can have the bra, the slip and the anklets too. I don't wear slips anymore. In fact, you can have all my slips as well as all my training bras. I outgrew them a year ago, so I'll give you the other two I have. The shoes I want back. I still wear them for dressy occasions. However, you can wear them whenever you want if you ask me nicely!" she said that with a giggle.

Mom also made me thank her for the additional clothes even though I told her that I was sure I wouldn't need them. As I walked away, more dejected than ever, mom said, "Todd, go find Reverend Hasset. He wants to talk to you for a while."

Dreading any contact with him, I didn't want to find him, but he soon found me. "Oh, hi, Todd. I was just looking at the beautiful flowers in your garden, and seeing you today, you're dressed up as cute as a flower." I gave him a funny look. What a crazy thing to say to me, a boy! I firmly announced, "You know, I'm not really queer like everybody says. I'm just a regular boy."

"And a very pretty one at that, pretty enough to be a girl."

"But I don't want to be a girl. I don't know why ..."

"Now, Todd, just look at the way you are dressed. It's such a pretty dress you have on, right?"

“Um, I guess so ...”

“I do have to tell you that the dress is a bit thin. I hope you don’t mind me saying, but I can see you have a cute little bra and a lacy slip on under the dress, right?”

“Yeah, but ...”

“But nothing! You’re in a girls’ dress, a pretty one. You’re also wearing a dainty bra and a frilly slip, even fancy-topped ankle socks and girly Mary Jane shoes. They’re all pretty and you like wearing them, right? Aren’t they pretty?”

“Yeah, no, I guess, but ...”

“Now, I told you, there are no butts. So we’ve established that all those clothes are very pretty girls’ clothes and you love wearing them. I’m glad we got that right.”

“Oh no! I don’t love wearing them.”

“Now, hush, boy. One minute you do love them and the next minute you don’t. I think you’re a very confused kid and need some help. Well, I’m here to help you. So let’s start again. No, I’ll tell you what — I’ll take a different approach. All the clothes you have on are girls’ clothes, right?” I nodded. And they are very pretty girls’ clothes, right?” I nodded again. “Now, we both know that real boys don’t wear clothes like this, so who does wear clothes like what you are wearing?” I was feeling cornered; I answered, “Um, girls.”

“Of course, girls. And who else wears clothes like these.”

“Um, gees, well, uh, maybe, I guess, maybe sissies?”

“Righto, my little friend. Sissies! So if boys don’t wear clothes like these, just girls and sissies wear them, what are you? We know you aren’t a girl, so that means you are a ...”

“Oh, no, I’m not a sis I’m really not!”

“But you are, Todd. You are. Now tell me what you are, Todd.”

I was crying, “Ah, a sissy.”

“Great. We’re making progress already. I told your parents I’d help you, and I’m convinced we can lick this thing and get you back to being the boy you want to be. Here, let me give you a hug, my boy. I’m sorry if I made you cry.” He hugged me. It had been so long since anyone had showed me any kind of affection that I let him hug me for a long time even though I still thought he was mighty weird. “Let’s take a little walk together. Is there somewhere where we can go for a bit of privacy?”

“Uh, down by the river. It’s just past those trees and bushes.”

“Great.” He took me by the hand and led me there. As usual it was deserted. We were very alone and I felt it. He just stood there and hugged me for a long time. He rubbed his hands up and down my back. I could swear he was enjoying feeling the straps of my bra and slip. As he pressed up against me, I could feel a bulge in his pants against my hip. I thought maybe he had something hard in his pocket that was poking me. He pulled his head back as he slid his hands over me and gave my butt a good rub. Wow, your slip and panties must be pretty silky. I

can feel the fabric sliding all over the place. How does it feel to wear such silky girly clothes?” His hands went down further, to the bottom of my butt as he traced the outlines of the lace and elastic around the legs of my panties. I had no doubt that was exactly what he was trying to do. Your panties feel nice, very frilly. Are you embarrassed to wear panties so frilly? You know only girls wear panties like this, oh, in addition to girls we know who else wears silky, frilly panties don’t we?” I nodded, knowing what he wanted me to say. “Tell me, Todd. Tell me ...”

“Sissies,” I barely said louder than a whisper.

“Righto, my dear girly boy — sissies. And now that we know you are one — a sissy boy who loves to wear girls’ ...”

“Oh, but I don’t! Please help me so I don’t have to wear frilly girls’ clothes like this. I was forced to wear these clothes.”

“But, Todd, we already determined that you are a sissy, and you agreed that sissies wear girls’ clothes, so it is OK for you to wear them, and I forgive you for enjoying wearing them. Don’t feel bad about it. Since you are a sissy and you love girly clothes, wear them all you want and love every minute of it without feeling guilty. However, you say you don’t love them. Well, let me give you a little test to see whether or not you really love them or hate them. First of all, any normal boy would never be caught wearing girls’ clothes. He would be willing to die first! No real boy, no matter what — even if he was forced to do it would never do it. No, he would rip off the clothes at the first opportunity. He’d run away. Fight until his dying breath. Scratch, claw and batter anyone and everyone who tried to make him do it. But I see you sitting around peacefully all day. You weren’t fighting anyone. You’ve made no effort to take these clothes off. I think you know in your heart that you really are a sissy, right?”

“Oh, please, help me!”

Chapter 28: The Faggot Test

“And I will, Todd,” he assured me as he sat down on a big rock and had me stand before him. “Here’ a little test I give boys like you just to see how much of a sissy they are. Your mother told me you are wearing some very special, very fancy nylon panties. I do have to confess I did get a peek at them when you were sitting on the steps. They’re pink, right?” I grimaced at him instead of answering. “Your mom said that after she and your stepfather bought those panties for you, he declared that they weren’t frilly enough so he had your mom buy some lace and ribbons to sew onto the panties. Is that right?” I nodded. “No, don’t just nod, Todd, I want you to answer all my questions with words, OK?”

“Yes, sir,” I groaned. I felt like he had total control over me.

“Now, this might sound weird to you, but for this test, I need to see those panties. Lift up your dress and show them to me.” I knew I’d be in trouble if I refused him, so I reached down and pulled it up. “Oh, that’s a very nice white nylon slip, Todd, with a huge row of fine white lace, but I need to see your pant-

ies now.” I was blushing heavily. I had to do it or face a brutal beating from my stepfather. With my cheeks burning, I looked around to make sure no one was nearby to see. I then reached down and pulled up on the lacy hem of the slip. When my panties came into view, I heard him gasp. “My dear boy, those ARE fancy panties. In fact those are the frilliest, most garishly decorated panties I’ve even seen in my life, and I’ve seen a lot of girly panties, believe me! And in pink too! Oh, yes, pink is THE color for girly girls and flaming sissy boys. I bet these panties make you feel like a sissy, don’t they?”

I shrugged my shoulders, and then I remembered that he wanted me to speak my answers. “Well, I guess so.”

“I guess so, what, Todd? How do they make you feel?”

“Um, I guess make me feel like a sissy.”

“You don’t seem too sure. Are you a sissy or not?”

“Reverend, I don’t think so.”

“Well, then I guess we better find out. Now you just stand there and close your eyes. That’s good. Keep your dress and slip pulled way up I want to see your bare belly above the waistband of your panties. ... Oh, yeah, that’s good. Very sweet. Now, your panties are sagging just a bit; here, I’ll snug them up for you — make you nice and comfortable for this test. Oh, wow, these are very high-waisted panties, the most sissyish kind of panties. No, keep the dress up. Good. I need to see your bare tummy above the panties as I judge how your body reacts to being pantied. By watching your tummy, I can see the rhythm of your breathing and that tells me a lot. Now, keep your eyes closed. Don’t mind me; I just need to see how snug these elastics are.” I felt him put his fingers in the waistband of the panties on each side and then run both hands at the same time completely around my body from front to back. He gave the elastic a little snap as he let go of it. “Nice and snug. Now, I have to test the legs. He then ran his fingers around my elastic panty legs. I tickled as he did it. Then he gave each leg elastic a quick, hard snap as he pronounced them “just right.” I felt my penis getting hard. Oh, damn, not that! I opened my eyes and looked down. “Todd, didn’t I tell you to keep your eyes closed? It’s very important for this test. You’re doing fine. Now I have to check the frills. Um, nice crisp white lace above the legs, a good two inches wide — this kind of big lace would make any boy feel girly. And these three satin ribbon bows, wow! Your mom did a great job of decorating them. No wonder you feel like a sissy and haven’t even tried to take them off. Some people say panties like these must come from the devil because they are so emasculating to a boy. Other people would say they are a gift from heaven because they are so divinely girlish, and nothing is more heavenly than a sweet little girl. I’m going to help you decide how you feel about

them.” I tried to say something, anything to have a break from this maddening, one-sided conversation, but he hushed me up and told me to be patient. “Now, I have to check the fabric.” I lurched when he put his hands on my butt cheeks and started slowly massaging them. “These panties are top quality made from heavy gauge nylon. Your parents didn’t skimp and buy you cheap panties. I bet they feel mighty good on your bottom and your front too.” That is when he moved one hand to the front of my panties up by the waist while continuing to massage my pantied butt with his other hand. He was breathing heavily. “Yes, this is great quality panty nylon throughout.” I wondered, no I just knew, he was going to move his hand lower — and he did. He then rubbed his hand over my erect penis through the panties. Gently, then a bit harder.

“Todd, this is the most important part of the test. To see how your penis reacts to these sensationally frilly panties. As I touch you, your penis might become so hard that it might even hurt you, but don’t worry that is absolutely normal for sissy boys, painful but very pleasurable. I think you’re getting very excited; it’s another sign.” I groaned as his hand in back dipped down between my legs and gently grasped my balls from behind. He delicately massaged by nuts without hurting me. I could feel them tightly drawn up against my body. Damn, what he was



doing to me felt so good, jerking on my dick through the silky panties at a maddening pace. The way he was holding my penis made it feel better than when I wanking myself. My breathing was coming in gasps. It felt really weird when his hand in back slipped under the leg elastic of my panties and he rammed it upward and started penetrating my asshole. I opened my eyes wide and yelped, “Oh-h-h-h-h!” and squealed as my penis slimed my panties with spurt after spurt of my juice. I was crying. I knew I had failed the test. He wanted to see how I reacted to the panties. Well, I reacted all right — like the world’s biggest sissy! And I knew it! And now, he knew it too! “Don’t cry, Todd; you did fine.” “Uh, but, I flunked the test, right?”

“Well, I wouldn’t say that. I never said this was a test that you’d pass or fail; I just wanted to confirm that you are a sissy — and now know it for a fact. You are a sissy panty boy to be exact.”

“Oh, Reverend, I’m so sorry. How can I do better?”

“Todd, there’s nothing to be sorry about, but you can do one thing. My hand is quite sticky and wet. You sure did shoot a lot of sissy panty boy cum. I don’t have a towel; you can clean it off for me.”

“Sure, Reverend, but how, I don’t have a hankie or ...”

“OK, that’s OK; just lick it off with your tongue.”

“With my ...”

“Yes, my dear boy, you made this mess; now clean it up!” He said in a very commanding voice. At this moment, more tears were dripping from my eyes than when I was getting the worst spanking imaginable, but I wasn’t making a sound, just crying quietly as he thrust his hand into my face. “Eat it, Todd. I know you’ll like it.” I was beaten. Now after the best cum in my life, I was now faced with a horrid task. I gingerly snaked the tip of my tongue out of my mouth and touched it to his hand. I tasted the slime. It was gooey and cold on his warm hand. It had that sex smell that I’d smell in my room after jacking off. It was the worst thing I had ever tasted, but I knew I had no choice but to lick it all up, and that’s what I did. Now, I was a cum sucker. Boys at school used that word. I didn’t think anyone ever really did that, but now, I was doing it. Yuk! As I lapped away, he talked to me, not as sweetly as when he was jerking me off, more like my nasty stepsister.

“Todd, you have a very small penis for a boy your age, but I’m sure you know it. It probably won’t grow much as you get older. I’m sorry to inform you that it’s just one more sign of a sissified boy and possibly homosexual one as well. No wonder you’re comfortable wearing girls’ nylon panties. I’ll bet the other boys make fun of you. And, now, you sucking up your cum off my hand. No normal boy would ever do anything like that. Not even if they were forced to do it, but you did it without complaint.” I had to argue back, “But, but I only did it because you told me to do it!” He sighed, “Now, Todd, I know the truth is difficult to accept sometimes, but ... Maybe look at it this way, if I told you to jump off a cliff to your death, would you do it?” I said, “No! Never!” He smiled, “See, that’s what you’re supposed to say. But when I told you to eat the cum off my hand, you did

it without balking in the least. Shall I list more of the reasons that tell me you are a sissy?” I was crying audibly. “I guess not,” I squealed. “But we don’t have to tell anybody, do we?”

“Well, of course, I have to tell your parents. They’ll want to know what a little pantywaist little sissy boy you are. Better they know now than later. The sooner they know; the sooner we can do something about it.”

“Oh, no, please, no-o-o-o-o!”

“Todd, your parents are counting on me to help you. Just, relax, everything will be OK. I’ll help you, but no matter what you turn out to be, I’ll teach them to love you as you are, be that a good, God-fearing boy or a panty-wearing sissy faggot. By ending the strife in your home, all of you can live as one big happy family.” As he said that, he used the front of my dress to wipe his hand clean of the remaining traces of my cum. He then pulled me along back to the house.

Chapter 29: Being Exposed as a Sissy

It was weird enough walking along with the minister and me in a dress, slip and panties, but even crazier were my panties clinging to me all smelly and sticky with my cum. Everyone had gone inside to watch television, like we always did on Sundays from late afternoon until supper time and then again until bedtime. Then our parents would stay up until the end of the eleven o’clock news. As we approached them all in the TV room, I was red faced, sure that they could tell what I had done in my frilly panties. I cringed when Craig asked the Reverend, “Well, did you find any redeeming qualities in the little fag?”

“Todd is a remarkable boy,” he started out by saying. “I’m positive I can help him adjust to wherever he is headed in life.”

“So, he’s a fag, right?” Craig said with venom in his voice.

“Well, we can’t say for sure just yet. He is a sissy that’s for sure. I had a nice long chat with him and conducted a number of physical and psychological experiments, and my preliminary assessment is that he’s a panty-addicted sissified boy, and possibly a homosexual as well.”

“See, Betty, I told you your boy is a fag.”

The Reverend said, “Mr. Dunken, let’s not jump to conclusions. In actuality, most crossdressers are heterosexual.”

“Not in my book. Any guy in a dress and panties is a fag.”

“Well, that maybe your opinion, but if we are to help Todd, we have to divorce ourselves from preconceived notions. The lad is going through puberty, an often confusing time when a boy is trying to sort out the direction in which he is headed in life.”

My mother jumped in. “Yes, Craig, please, give my son the benefit of a doubt. I think we’ve jumped to too many conclusions about him lately. He deserves better from us.” I thought: Wow! That was the most support anyone had shown for me in ages.

Craig was stressed. “I’m sorry, but I can’t take much more of this. Having a sissy boy living in my house is downright creepy!

I'm going to ignore him unless the Dear Lord performs a miracle and makes the kid grow some balls so he'll turn out 'normal.'"

The Reverend cleared his throat and said, "Oh, that reminds me. During my testing, Todd did make a mess in his panties. Betty, maybe you can help your son get cleaned up."

With that revelation to the whole family, I instantly became sick to my stomach. How could he say that! The goo in my panties felt colder and clammy than ever! The girls gagged trying to hold in their laughter. Mom's eyes got big; she was speechless. However, Craig blurted out, "What the hell? A mess in his panties? What kind of a test ... Gees! So, the kid IS a fag! Proof enough for me! Betty, you know how I hate fags. Keep the damn sissy out of my sight." My stepfather, then as frustrated and confused as ever, started out of the room, but he paused, turned and said, "So the little pantywaist is down to just two pairs of panties. Betty you better get him a truckload of panties. Get him some girly dresses and all the other frilly stuff he'll need too, but keep him out of dresses whenever I'm around. I don't think I can't take too much of that shit. I give up on him. Let the little sissy go hang around with that faggot Bobby. Have him play with the little cocksucker all he wants. Let them play at Bobby's house since his sicko mom seems to like having a girly-boy instead of a son. That will keep him away from me. I got some thinking to do about this. I don't know how I can live with a preteen, panty-wearing queer around here. Oh, and I insist he gets punished. He's lied to us constantly, misrepresenting himself as a real boy. I got sucked into believing the little fruit once too often. I'm sure the good Reverend will agree that Todd needs to be punished for his sins. A good start to his punishment would be to make him call that woman, you know the one you had offered Todd's punishment panties. Well, make YOUR SISSY BOY call her and tell her HE has changed his mind and HE wants to keep them because he loves to wear girls' panties and can't give them up. My mom said, "Oh, Craig, that's cruel. You're not really going to make him do that, are you?" "Betty, you're damn right I am! Shit — oh, sorry, Reverend — I'm outta here. If I'm around him too much, I just might kill the little shit! I'm going down to the gin mill for a couple of beers and to watch some football. Betty, give me a full report later on how the phone call went. I can use a few laughs."

My stepfather is an asshole! He's an idiot! He's so wrong about me. And I gotta call Brewster's mom? It would be better if Craig did kill me! And the minister: What the hell am I supposed to think of him? He just gave me the most intense cum I had ever felt, but he did it while jerking me off through my panties and with his finger up my butt! Just looking at him still makes me sick. He has big wet lips like he's ready to eat me at a moment's notice. His eyes are beady, but then he ogles me and they get real big. I've heard of 'hungry eyes' — well, he's got 'em!

Chapter 30: Freshly Pantied

Then Mom said, "Deena, Merry, take Todd up to his room, help him change into his other pair of clean panties. You can then

let him put on his boys' clothes over the panties. I think we've had enough of him in a dress for one day. Then take him into the bathroom and show him how to wash out his soiled panties while I keep on talking to the minister. Then bring Todd back here and we'll all watch as he calls Mrs. Brewster."

All day long, the girls hadn't stopped laughing at me, and they didn't stop now. My overloaded, tortured mind helped me cope with their ongoing ruckus. Their teasing and taunting droned on and morphed into something like background music that your ears get so used to hearing that you don't even know it's playing anymore. So the frolicking girls were talking and laughing but I wasn't listening as they took me by my hands and tugged me along to my bedroom. Then Deena demanded my attention. "Todd, you're such a sissy, spurting in your panties! I love it that my dad is making you wear panties plus dresses and everything else little sissy girls wear! Now, there are no more secrets. I told you nobody would care or believe you calling me a 'lezzie' — you're so stupid. And it's so funny: you came in your panties for our queer minister — I love it." I snapped my head around and looked at her. "Queer? Think our minister is queer?"

"Oh, yeah. He probably wears panties too?" I stood there with my mouth open. She added, "Next time he wants to feel you up in your panties ask him if he wears panties too. Then you sissy boys can compare who has the nicest panties before you give each other a sissy blowjob." I started to ask, "Blowjob? A blow what? ... Oh, never mind. There isn't going to be a next time."

The girls had the dress and slip off of me and Merry was giggling wildly as she pulled down my sticky panties. I was embarrassed for them to see me naked again but I was now getting used to it. I was glad to get out of those girly clothes. The bra coming off was a big relief. It had left big red marks all around my chest and shoulders; it had been so tight and painful to wear. Deena came back from the bathroom with a wash cloth and towel and washed me completely around my penis and balls and all over my front. Her handing made my dick stand up. I couldn't even fight them. I closed my eyes and wished my boner away but that didn't work, so I let them do whatever they wanted. It's easier that way. Then they had me step into my yellow panties — MY PANTIES — it hurt to even think those words, but I'm dead meat anyway. Both girls did what was now becoming a typical ritual — pulling the shameful panties up real high and tight and then repeatedly snapping all the panty elastics like they were checking the fit but were just doing it to torment me and cause me pain. Finally, they let me put my boys' clothes on over the panties before taking me to the bathroom where they taught me how to hand wash the cum out of my pink panties. Deena then handed Merry a couple of clothespins and had her peg the panties up on the towel rod to dry! I complained to Deena, "Aw, don't put them up there. Your dad might see them and get even madder at me." She answered, "Are you kidding? Like my dad doesn't know these are your panties — he helped your mom buy them for you, da-ah! And he knows you shot your goo in them too. No, I don't think he can get any madder at you than he is already."



Chapter 31: The Killer Phone Call

Beaten down once again, they led me back into the TV room where mom and our slobbering fag of a minister sat waiting. He said with smiling venom in his voice, “Oh, there’s the boy I know so well — and looking like a boy this time. Todd, do you miss having your girly clothes on?” I yelled at him, “NO!”

Mom scolded me, “Son, don’t be disrespectful to the Reverend. He’s just trying to help you.” I scowled at her as she continued, “So, do you have on your clean panties?” I nodded with a flaming red face.

The minister smiled, “Betty, I heard you say they were yellow. I’d like to see them ... it will help me understand Todd better ... you know, to help him.” Instead of saying anything, mom just undid the front of my pants. I tried to push her hands away but she just slapped my face and made it burn even more.

“Todd, you’re still being punished. Don’t give us cause to spank you.” She now had my trousers unbelted, unzipped and yanked wide open. Through that gaping V-shaped opening my bright yellow nylon panties shined like a spotlight, prompting oohs, aahs and giggles from them. Reverend Hasset suggested, “Well, since this is his punishment time, I suggest Todd leave his trousers open while he makes that phone call.”

“Great idea, Reverend. What a stroke of genius,” my mom said while opening the phonebook. He said, “As I mentioned, I’ve had a lot of experience with humiliation punishments. Some people say I’m an expert at it.” I was about to heave my guts out. That asshole. He just had to brag.

Mom dialed the phone and started a conversation. A moment later she handed me the phone. “You know what to say, son. Tell her you want to keep your panties and why you want to keep them. Mess up and I’ll have the good Reverend give you a royal hiding over your panties. I’m sure he would agree that a spanking is next for you if you screw this up.” The damn faggot minister leered at me and nodded. The bastard was drooling!

With my trousers now down to my knees and my yellow panties fully exposed, I

waddled over to mom and took the receiver. “Oh, hi, Mrs. Brewster ... um, yeah, I know Terry ... yes, I do need to ask you something. You know, at church my mom told you she’d give you something ... something of mine, uh, next Sunday ... yeah, the pa-panties. ... Why am I asking? Well, you see, I changed my mind; I need to keep them.... Oh, you were going to give them to your daughter, Tracy ... yeah, I know her So my mom can’t give them to you because I need to wear them (mom poked me) I mean, I want to wear them myself ... (mom poked me again) I love wearing them ... because why? They, um, feel nice ... yes, I know they are for girls ... oh, Mrs. Brewster ... yes, I guess I am a sissy ... yes, they are pretty and lacy and I know only girls are supposed to wear panties, but, but ... (mom was about to poke me again) I really love wearing them. I’m a sissy ... (I was crying gently — I tried to hold back the tears because mom told me she wanted me to be convincing on the phone, not like I was being forced into wearing the panties — (I gathered my courage) ... please, Mrs. Brewster, Terry doesn’t like me, please don’t tell him about ... you already told him!” I really started to cry hard, so mom took the phone from me. She apologized for promising and then not being able to give Mrs. Brewster the panties. Mom then told her that she would bring me along and Mrs. Brewster could bring Tracy, her daughter, and we’d all go panty shopping together and I would apologize and buy her daughter some panties out of my allowance! Mom then hung up. I yanked up my trousers and ran to my room.

I had no idea where I could go, but somehow, I had to run away. I only hoped I could stay alive long enough to figure out how to go about it and then have the courage to do it.

To be continued in Book #3