

She Made Me My Mother's Daughter



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She Made Me My Mother's Daughter

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter I: Panties Felt Wonderful And There Was No Escape

My next store neighbor was Charlene, but we all called her Charlie. She was one of those tom-boys and we had always hung together. She was always cute, but boyish; and the older we got the more boyish she became. She wasn't a dyke...just boyish....with a short pixie haircut, and always in pants and a shirt and sneakers. I liked her a lot. I actually found her sort of sexy in a subdued way. And she was nice. We palled

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around, but that was it. When we were younger she liked to pretend to be a boy or a man and she liked me to pretend to be her girlfriend or her wife.... depending on the game. On occasion she'd even get me to play dress up along with the change in role playing. Then she would always liked to be the prince and for me to be the princess and she'd have me in one of those simple princes Halloween costumes. And I got to like the feel of the satiny costumes.

After that sort of dress up game I would go home really excited. And as I got older I would have to take care of that and I of course would find that enjoyable. At a certain point she had the goods on me and I was sort of under her control. As we got older she'd have me playing her wife and in a skirt or a dress and other nicer stuff that felt nicer than the costumes. We never got caught. As I got older the feel of that material became really nice for me. However, as we got older eventually the dress up games stopped. And as we got older I got attracted to her, but she never seemed to like me that way, that is after we stopped playing dress up.

Then her cousin Monique came to visit and stay for a while. Monique looked a lot like Charlie and like Charlie she was to me absolutely pretty. She was like Charlie, but feminine and I was fawning over her, and she sort of returned the attention. We went out together a couple of times and she seemed to really like me, but she became distant, a bit angry and not communicative about it. Finally Charlie told me that Monique felt that I was paying too much attention to other girls when we dated and that was it for her. And to make it worse for me, Monique found me arrogantly male about it and Monique did not like arrogant males.

I asked Charlie to intervene, but Charlie explained I really just had to apologize, and then be prepared to have to do something for Monique to prove my affection for her, and something that would embarrass me, and give her some control over me. Charlie explained that she should have warned me about Monique. She liked to control her boyfriends and embarrass them and I should prepare myself for the worst if I was going that route. Charlie told me I was probably better off just walking away, or if not I should be prepared to be embarrassed and controlled.

I asked for an example and Charlie told me, "Well if she likes you it will be something just a bit embarrassing, like putting on something girly for her under your male clothes and then taking her out on a date while wearing the panties or whatever. Sometimes panties, sometimes stockings, sometimes a bra-siere....who knows....but something girly to prove you would do anything for her. And that usually ends it. And if she asks you to do that she is ready to forgive you. But she can really get bad with that. There was the boyfriend she really liked and for some reason kept in panties, and threatened worse and he actually left town to avoid the public embarrassment. But if once asked you don't do it...that is the end. She will never ever forgive you."

Well I did not want to get back into dress up games again. I was afraid where it could lead; and so I thought that I could not do that and I didn't apologize....for a while. But then I could not help myself. I wasn't getting anywhere with Charlie and I was just as attracted to Monique. And so I eventually apologized to Monique and told her I would do anything to make it up to her and she looked at me like a cat looking at a mouse and asked me, "Anything?" and I told her, "Yes, anything." And I feared the worst, but I was pre-

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pared for the worst. And in the back of my mind I remembered the fun I had dressing up with Charlie.

Monique laughed and told me, well let's just test that. No one was around and she took me to her room and pulled from her chest of drawers a pair of panties, black satin and full cut, and she held them up to me. They looked a bit too roomy to have really been hers, but they still looked a bit small for me. And she told me, "Here, if you will do anything....put these on. I bought them by mistake. They are a little large for me. And though they are a bit small for you these panties should fit you. And they are mine, though I have not gotten to wear them. So wearing these panties should be a nice show of repentance. You embarrassed me and so now you can be a bit embarrassed."

Despite what Charlie had told me, I thought she was kidding and I was hesitant. Monique told me, "Just as I feared. You are really just too chauvinistic for me. I like a boy who is willing to be a bit feminine if I ask and who just pays attention to me. Usually the wearing of panties keeps a boys attention on his girlfriend and keeps him obedient to her...or so I've read in the magazines. It is also a nice way for a boy to prove he is really sorry about something....to wear his girlfriend's panties. But I guess you are really not so sorry. I guess it is always easier for a boy to say he is sorry with words than to prove it with actions."

So in short order remembering what Charlie had told me and not wanting to blow my only chance to get back with Monique as it became obvious she was not joking; and not wanting to lose her I told her, "Monique I would do anything for you." And I did as she asked, as embarrassing as it was for me. I took the panties and I went into her bathroom, removed my pants and my jockey shorts and hesitantly stepped into her....well my panties and pulled them into place.



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They were tight but they actually felt nice and a bit of a turn on wearing. It was like playing dress up again with Charlie and playing the girl part and wearing a satin costume. So I sort of fell into place. But I was not really fixed on the panties at that time, the panties felt nice but a bit uncomfortable...just a bit too small for me. I kept them on as I just did not want to lose Monique.

I came out of the bathroom wearing her panties and holding my jockey shorts for her to see. That was not enough. She told me to turn around and drop my pants. Well again I did as she asked...a bit hesitantly, but I did it. She was very happy seeing I had dropped my pants for her, and that I was wearing the panties. She came over and kissed me on the ear and at the same time ran her hand across my panty covered butt, which surprisingly just felt wonderful, and to my surprise I began to become a bit stiff.

Then she whispered into my ear that I was wonderful, and told me, "I just love when a boy wears panties for me. But you still need to be punished. Let's see if you can follow orders like a boy asking for forgiveness and is repentant or you have other priorities. I expect you to do exactly as you are told. If you have issues you can leave. I don't want any questions. You are either repentant and will show it...or you are not and are just playing with me."

She told me to bend over and I sort of knew what was coming, but with my pants around my ankles and wearing her panties and I needed to hide my stiffening and so I was pretty much in a do as I was told state and so I bent over. I could almost feel Monique smile as her control over me became apparent to us both. And she was getting hot and excited. She just loved having a boy in panties. Charlie really did not know the half of it, or hadn't known the entire story.

She told me, "Now I will show you what we sorority girls do to misbehaving pledges and I hope that is the real lesson to you. And if a girl can take it I am sure a fellow like you can take it, despite the fact you are now wearing girl's panties. And I expect you to take your punishment like a good boyfriend should when he has embarrassed his girlfriend in public by paying attention to other girls or it is over between us and there is no coming back. And of course if we aren't going together I have no obligation to not talk about the fact that you wore my panties. Is all that understood?"

Well I did not really know about having paid attention to other girls, but what was I to do. And I told her, "Anything you ask dear." And so I felt a smack on my panty covered behind, but not from a paddle, it was from a hand. And I told her that I was sorry and would do whatever she asked and I bent over. And then she switched to the paddle. She gave me ten of them. By about seven of the hits I was hurting and was letting out an involuntary cry with each smack. She seemed to enjoy that. Then she rubbed my behind and I knew it was over. I thought to get up but realizing this was a power thing and I had already lost and by then I was sort of stuck. I realized I should have listened to Charlie, but by then it was already too late. I just waited for her to release me and she did. And she seemed pleased that I had waited to be released from my position before moving.

She told me to straighten out and told me I could give her a hug. Well I did and she gave me our first kiss. My pants were at my knees and I was wearing her panties and she had just given me a spanking. I was embarrassed as all heck. And the kiss was long and sensual and wonderful and crazy me I sort of felt under the circumstances the spanking and the embarrassment was worth it. And she was really turned on

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and wet. She was turned on by controlling me and having me put on panties and me allowing myself to be spanked. I was in trouble. I did not realize she figured she had found the perfect boy with which to play her games while she was stuck up north.

Monique asked me, "Now did you like wearing my panties?" And I did not know what to say, but fearing the worst I told her that I did. I told her, "Yes Monique." That seemed to make her happy.

Then she asked, "Did you like your spanking? You know that a number of the pledge girls do." And again I did not know what to say, but fearing the worst I told her that I did, I told her, "Yes Monique I think I sort of liked you spanking me for having been bad, but it was awfully embarrassing and it did hurt."

Monique told me, "That is okay dear, it was supposed to be embarrassing and it was supposed to hurt. It will serve as a reminder to you not to embarrass me and to do as I ask like a devoted boyfriend should do for his girlfriend. No matter what she asks him to do. You embarrassed me and hurt me by paying attention to other girls. You are my boyfriend and you are mine and I expect you to only pay attention to me or suffer the consequences. Do you understand that? And if not, you can give me back my panties and you can leave. Otherwise, if you stay than you are to learn to do as you are told until your penance is over. Is that understood?"

Still standing there in her panties and my pants down I answered. It was crazy but I felt this was all some sort of test and I was afraid to pick up my pants until told to do so. I told her, "Monique, I don't want to be a bad boyfriend. I am so sorry I embarrassed you. It won't happen again."

Monique really seemed happy. She told me that my new attitude was a good start to fixing our relationship. And then she told me, "But I want you to keep wearing my panties until I think you have learned your lesson."

Well again I had come too far to argue with her. She had me totally embarrassed and I did not want the story to get out and so I agreed. I really did like her. I wasn't too sure how I had gotten myself into this fix, but I was in it. I figured I would continue to enjoy her company and when she returned home it would all be over. So I told her, that of course I would continue to wear her panties.

With that she gave me another hug. She told me, "Now will you please pick up your pants. You look silly!" And of course I told her, "Yes... thank you," and I did, and that was that. I had gotten myself pretty much under her control. She talked to me a bit and then told me she needed some time alone and we could get together again tomorrow.

I was sure she had gotten herself so excited by her control over me that she needed to take care of that, and she wasn't ready to have me do that for her. She found that she was really enjoying herself, once again having a boyfriend wear her panties and she did not want to lose her control over me by further intimacy. And she did not want to move things along too fast, or I might just leave town.

As I was going out Charlie was coming in. Charlie gave me a look and then a smile and told me, "Pauli your panties are showing." I turned all red and Charlie knew I was wearing Monique's panties. And she told me, "And don't worry your secret is safe with me....for a while anyway. But if I catch you wearing a princess dress for her I will be furious."

And that was that.

Chapter II – Getting MY Own Panties to Wear all the time:

So we made up, but the result was whenever I came over or we dated she wanted me in those panties. And somehow as soon as we were alone her hands would go to my crotch to check and then since I was wearing the panties she would play with me through my pants and typically get me excited. And so I found myself going home and using the panties to finish myself off, and then having to hand wash them and hide them away somewhere to dry before our next get together.

The panties felt nice but they were small on me and a bit uncomfortable. So despite all the pleasure I was getting from them I complained about wearing them...because of the fit. Monique told me that she liked me in panties; I was so much more attentive to her since I had been wearing her panties, and it brought out my feminine side which she liked. So if my only objection to wearing panties was that the panties did not fit me properly she would fix that.

So Monique took me panty shopping....for me. She told me I could buy myself several pairs in whatever size and colors and materials I liked and which suited me. I was terrified at the thought. I made some half-hearted objections. Monique told me, "Darling, you are already wearing my panties and you don't seem to object, except that they are uncomfortable. So as I need to keep you in panties I am being nice about all of this and I am willing to let you buy your own panties which will fit you properly. I don't see an issue here. That is unless you are telling me that you don't like me

enough to wear panties for me? Here you are telling me you will do anything for me and you are already wearing panties for me, which you seem to like. Or am I wrong about that? Certain body parts just don't lie dear. And I am willing to get you panties that fit you properly so I don't see the problem. Is there a problem?" So after that reasoning I had no choice but to give in.

In short order Monique had taken me to a lingerie store, fortunately one that was not too local, and introduced me to Marcy, her favorite salesclerk. Now I thought the worst case scenario was I would get stuck picking out panties with Monique. I was not suspecting to be introduced to staff at the store and the possibility of having a female sales clerk helping me purchase panties for myself. I wanted to run but there was nothing to do about it. I was stuck.

Monique then really embarrassed me. She played it as if I wanted to wear the panties and was not being forced. It was awful. She told Marcy, "I was hoping you could help my boyfriend pick out some panties for... well himself. My boyfriend seems to like wearing my panties. I had a large pair that I gave him to wear as a joke, but he just seems to love them and they are a bit tight on him. He is stretching them out so they don't really fit him well. I want him to be comfortable. And he seems to like wearing panties so we've decided he should get his own....." And then looking straight at me she asked, "Isn't that right dear?"

Well I thought I would die. My girlfriend just told the lingerie salesgirl I wanted panties for myself. And I really had no choice but to agree. And I told Marcy, "Well Monique likes me wearing panties and hers don't really fit me.....and she only gave me one pair."