

SHE MADE HIM HER SWEET



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

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**SHE MADE HIM HER SWEET**

**SHEMALE**

**SISTER**

**By Janice Wildflower Gemini**

**Chapter I - It should have happened to a girl  
not to a guy**

I am a guy, but know one can tell that by just looking at me, as now I am dressing, acting and passing as a girl. It was supposed to have been a typical summer visiting with our aunt. One during which I would let my sister do all of the household work as our aunt typically, unlike our mother, was a bit old fashion, and treated males as princes. However, instead I had spent

a good deal of the working around my aunt's house as any girl would, and even worse wearing her lingerie, tricked by my step-sister into wearing my aunt's lingerie under my male clothes and forced by her to more than help with her household chores and worse. And things got even worse for me for I finished off the summer totally in girl's clothing, again much of it my aunt's stuff while learning to act and behave as a girl, under the tutelage of my step-sister as well as by my aunt. And now I am out and about while having to present myself to the world as a girl. My tomboy step-sister, Samantha, got what she had planned and wanted. She is now Sammie, only wears pants and takes care of the guy things around the house, while I have gone from Charlie to Charlene and do all the cooking and cleaning and all the other feminine chores around my aunt's house, and a lot more things that only a girl should have to do while I am attending college as a girl and a member of the cheer leading squad. I could die. But I am trapped and it is too late to run. And the truth of it is, if that lingerie wasn't so delightful I wouldn't be in this delightful fix.

It was all my stepsisters doing, in revenge for not helping her out with those household chores. It was all possible because of my attraction to her, we were not blood relations, and my boyish good looks, that were quite feminine, and the fact that under certain circumstances she could just wrap me around her fingers, as the expression goes, and the delight I eventually found in wearing nylon lingerie.

Now for my tomboyish sister a bit of feminization would have been okay, for if any one could have used a bit of feminization it was her and not me. It was her that should have been the recipient of our aunt's old clothes, the lingerie and dresses, and all those lessons

in lingerie washing and then manicuring and then housekeeping. But I wound up being the recipient of all my aunts old girlie girl clothes and the lessons in being a girl. That was just not right. I am the brother, a guy, or had been a guy, and so for me having been treated in all affect as a tomboy having been taught to dress and act like a feminine girl did not seem fair or to have been the best way to have spent the summer. And it didn't end there; as by the end of the summer I was still stuck in dresses and now I am actually living as a girl and it appeared going to have to be a girl for some time.

It hadn't been the most productive use of my time or so I told myself, though much of it had turned out to have been pleasurable. That's what trapped me! Unfortunately for my masculinity those pleasures had proved to hold me in a grip of femininity. So I had not put up the resistance I should have put-up to wearing the feminine finery I had been tricked into wearing. And I hadn't fought having to engage in all those feminine activities the way I should have fought. And I didn't put my foot down about having to act and behave as a girl and to learn how to do girl things, the way I should have put it down. And... by the time I realized what was happening... what had happened, it was too late. I was living more like a girl than a boy! And I am trapped.

And even with all of that going on I still thought it was just a silly crazy fun summer and that I would go back to being a boy by the end of it. I thought that when summer ended I would be on my way home and back to living like a guy. But it didn't happen that way. It got worse for me. At last with the summer coming to an end I thought my apprenticeship as a female would be over, but the effects of the female hormones my sis-

ter had slipped me were not wearing off and conveniently all of a sudden mom needed to spend more time away, and as long as sis and I were staying with Auntie the problem of my feminized body could be dealt with without having to rush the cure for it. And my sister had the opportunity to keep working on ways of preventing me from returning to pants and so.....But I get ahead of my self.

It's just that I really enjoyed my aunt's clothes and then the cosmetics and cheer leading in that short skirt and satiny stockings. And I did do rather well in school for the first time in a long time, though it was in the secretarial sciences and those commercial beautician courses....But again I get ahead of myself.

It all took place the summer before the September I was hoping to get a chance to return to college. My stepsister was a college girl as she had managed to stay in college while I had not done so. I was going to give it another try and mom had gotten together a bunch of stuff for me to study over the summer to try to get me up to speed. Mom and my stepsister were originally going to help. I had been a real goof off and had blown my first year and then floundered about a bit and was trying to make a return. So the idea was not to work a job but to spend most of my time at home and to study and get into the study mode over the summer. So I could not be left on my own, I needed some one to make sure I kept with the program. So when mom, who was the bread winner of the family as dad was gone, had to go trouble shoot for the boss in Europe, and how long she was to stay depended on how bad she found things, she shipped me and my step sister off to spend the summer with our aunt, who like mom was a toughie, and would have me studying.

My aunt, fortunately for me, or so I thought at the time, favored boys, and I took advantage of that to lighten my work load around her house and even avoid some of the house work that I would have typically helped the sister with if we were at home. My mother had so far brought us up as gender equals. But at my aunt's house things were not like that and so I pushed off onto my step-sister a lot of the household work that I would have done or at least helped with. I thought for once I would get the better of my stepsister, but I should have known better. Knowing my stepsister's abilities and pent for revenge along with her deviousness, I should not have taken advantage of the situation the way I did.

Again what really had ticked my stepsister off was that I typically helped out at home, and was not helping her with the household chores at Auntie's. But it wasn't just being lazy that had caused me to avoid that work. I had reached a time in my life when I was very attracted to my stepsister, who was an attractive girl, in a boyish way, and I just needed to keep my distance from her. Little did I know that there was some mutual attraction there, and that Samantha liked her boys sweet and soft.

Samantha had it figured out that if being a male at Auntie's house meant her brother could avoid his share of the house hold duties he would typically have done with her at home, then she would fix it so I just wouldn't have such an advantage any more! She had if figured out how she would turn her brother into a sissy for the summer, at least as far as appearance and mannerisms,, so that Auntie might be inclined to treat me less like a male and more like a female, and she could

fix it so that I would get my share of the household work, and more!

So my step sister had connived me into wearing my aunt's lingerie instead of my own male underwear and then slowly created situations where so dressed I was forced to engage in a number of feminine chores, hand washing lingerie, doing the dishes and performing manicures. Then she exposed me in my Aunt's lingerie to my Aunt; who then completed my change of clothing to dress me completely as a girl... temporarily. However, sis connived to make it last longer and with that as long as I was dressed as a girl from the skin out I should also learn to act as a girl. And with that she eventually had me take over all of my sister's chores.

And with that went my favored status at my aunt's home. And in fact it was worse for me because having fallen from grace our Aunt treated me as what she called her sissy-boy which put me on the lowest rung in her house. For although she treated me basically just like a girl, as a sissy- boy playing the role of a girl I was the second class member of the sorority and was treated as such, much to my step sisters pleasure.

So my step sister got me into panties, stockings and a camisole and some what feminized me and than thinking me the sissy, my aunt simply turned me into a full time girl, from the skin out, in every way but one. And the one male thing left to me was my weakness and that is how my stepsister got and continued to control me and kept me happy, learning to be the little sissy "sister" of the house.

So as a young man living with my aunt and stepsister I became one of the "girls", and obedient to my Aunt's directions and my stepsister's orders. I was given time to study, but that was the only time I had



off from learning to be a girl and behaving as a girl. And of course there was never any time off from the clothing. Once my aunt got used to the situation, having a boy feminized and dressing in her clothing, while helping around the house and learning to do what girls had to learn to do, she thought it was wonderful and enjoyed having her little sissy boy around for the summer as a helpful and obedient young lady rather than a male that had to be catered to and gave little thought to allowing me to return to my life as a male while I stayed with her until she would have to return me to my mother.

## **Chapter II – Into Auntie’s Lingerie**

I had always been very fond of my aunt and as I had gotten older one might say I had become infatuated with her. She is an attractive woman, and I found that a bit disconcerting, as she is my mom’s sister. And then I found that I had become somewhat upset with my aunt. I thought because she, like my own mother, had a tendency to treat me like a kid, and I of course thought of myself as an adult. My stepsister, a psychology major, picked up on my unhappiness and used it in her plan. She had a plan to get me to do what she believed was my share of the house work at our Aunt’s home, as I did at our own home, by undermining my masculinity with my aunt. The idea was to have my aunt think of me as less of a male and to think of me as a sissy so that she would have me helping my sister around the house with the traditional female chores that my sister had found herself stuck with doing all by herself.

I had been avoiding my stepsister and my aunt for that matter as the effect of either of them on me was similar, when Samantha cornered me to discuss that

situation. Her plan started with her explaining to me that I seemed upset with her and my aunt and was avoiding them and we needed to discuss it. She explained my psychological problems and the explanation was a real shocker but I sort of felt I needed to play along as I couldn't tell her that it was because I was attracted to her as well as to my Aunt and so I needed to go along with any explanation she came up with unless I could have come up with a less embarrassing and more workable explanation than the real one, and at the time I could not.

Samantha explained to me not only was I avoiding the girls but I seemed a bit agitated on those occasions that I saw Auntie dressed for dates, and perhaps I was being oddly attracted to my aunt on those evenings she went out on dates wearing certain outfits, and would act a bit strangely. She explained that it could be some Oedipal attraction to my Aunt or some kind of attraction to my aunt's ultra sexy eveningwear. I knew that the answer was just that I was hot to trot and seeing my aunt looking so sexy I had to go somewhere and do something about it before I gave myself away. So after some convoluted conversation about it I was forced to agree that my sister should dress in some of my aunt's evening clothing to test her theory, or give away the truth, and my stepsister had made it seem that it had been my suggestion that we play that game.

We raided Auntie's clothes closet and Samantha had me pick out some of "my favorite" of Auntie's dresses for her to try on and dress up as Auntie. At first I was a bit hesitant but eventually let myself get into the game of dress up as Auntie. Once I had picked out the dresses and taken them out of Auntie's closet, Samantha took me down to a basement storage closet where Auntie stored clothing she no longer fit for one

reason or another, but had not yet discarded. We went through the storage boxes and picked out sets of underwear, slips and support garments for Samantha to wear with the dresses I had picked out. Again Samantha had me touch the garments and move them around.

Samantha found a nice flounced apron among Aunties clothes and before I knew it she had it on me and knotted in a big bow on my back. Of course I objected, but she told me, "If we are playing dress up and I am Auntie, then you have to be my maid. And that apron looks wonderful on you. I think you can be Charlene. Now give me a curtsy and help me undress!"

Well the help me undress line got me to stop trying to unknot the sissy thing and I did give her my best curtsy, holding out the edges of my flounced apron like it were a dress, and it certainly looked like one, and told Samantha, "Yes ma'am," instead of stopping it then and there. Actually I was so turned on with her that I played along, and gave her that curtsy and a "yes ma'am" which seemed to cause a weird look on her face. I felt the fool, but I was really hard underneath my apron and at that point did not want to take it off and reveal the effect all this was having on me, which would have even been more embarrassing for me than the situation in which I had found myself.

True to her word Samantha had me undress her down to her panties and bra, having me unbutton and remove her blouse and then unzip and take off her pants, and then take off her camisole, until she was down to her bra and panties and panty hose. She looked wonderful, very strong and tomboyish, yet totally the female. And she was wearing the heaviest pair

of panties I had ever seen and a pretty substantial bra. She looked more like she was wearing a two-piece bathing suit then she was standing there in her lingerie. So I don't think she had any thing to be shy or embarrassed about, and she certainly wasn't. She treated those garments like they weren't there and dressed over them and thus maintained her modesty, while still controlling me. And regardless I still found myself staring at her and feeling some un-brotherly feelings.

Then she awoke me with, "Charlene you lazy girl, stop day dreaming and help me on with my corselet. You know the one, the black satin one over there. And be quick about it. Into my role I curtsied and told her, "Yes ma'am", which seemed to tickle her, and followed her instructions to help her get into it. I held it up and she walked into it and then I wrapped it around her and hooked her into it, as it fastened up the back. She smiled and told me, "Charlene you really do that so well. No wonder I keep you on, even thought you day dream so much." Again, playing along, not knowing what else to do, I again curtsied and told her, "Yes ma'am" and "Thank you ma'am."

The next article of sensual clothing was a pair of black silk stockings. She also had me help her put those on, and over the pantyhose she was already wearing. She instructed me to roll them up, of course one at a time, and put them over her pointed toes and then roll then up her foot and smoothing them out as she stood there. I could have died. Then she had me fasten each stocking in turn to the garters hanging from the corselet she was wearing. Was there any more humiliating act for a guy to perform while being treated as a lady's maid? I doubt it. Any way, she even had me help her with a pair of black satin panties that she stepped into, as I held, as if she wasn't already in pant-

ies. The effect was lovely and quite a turn on for me, seeing her there in Auntie's fine clothing, the black corselet, panties and stockings. She looked a bit like Emma Peel, for those of you who can remember the show the Avengers, in the Hell Fire Club episode. Then I helped her into a short black satin slip that felt wonderful and looked wonderful on her. She twirled and as the slip whirled she was absolutely breath taking. I was ready to explode. And I think I was actually ready to be her maid, if I could see her dressed in auntie's lingerie, and had to fight that impulse.

So dressed we returned to Auntie's room, Samantha in her lingerie and me in my apron-dress. Again following her instructions I helped her into one of Auntie's dresses I had picked out, and zippered her in to it. She looked wonderfully sexy. Very much like Auntie. Then she sat down on the bed and crossing her legs and pulling up the skirt of her dress in the most provocative way told me, "Charlene, get my black patent leather pumps from the closet and put them on for me. You know how hard it is to bend in this corselet." And I did exactly that, getting down on my knees to place the shoes on her feet.

Once she had dressed she whirled around a bit and sashayed around the room provocatively; and I did find her and the clothes quite a turn on. We spent that afternoon playing dress up and I continued in my role of her maid, undressing and dressing her and handling all of Auntie's clothes. Despite the implications of it all, I was enjoying myself, despite the apron and the role I was playing. And as far as the apron went, a growing wet spot on the front of my pants prevented me from taking that off.

Samantha was having a great time watching me react to the dress up game. I am not sure she realized my attraction to her, and may have actually thought it was just my aunt's clothing that was a turn on. In any case she had her fun with me and told me, "Charlie you make a wonderful lady's maid. I wouldn't have believed it, but you have a real talent for helping a girl dress. You really are sweet." I just stuttered not knowing what to say, she had pulled me out of character, hard and embarrassed as it was I told her, "Thanks sis, but it must be you who bring out the 'maid' in me, I don't think I would be as helpful and good at it with another person." Samantha seemed to think about that for a minute and just replied, "Why thank you! I guess I will just have to keep that in mind, won't I?"

She continued to dress up and acted as a model which continued to be a turn on for me. I thought it was more her effect, or the effect of my aunt on me, than the clothes, but I had to admit to myself the feel of the clothing as I dressed her was nice. But I couldn't tell her that, thought to my self I had to give in to her the fact that perhaps I was a bit turned on by the clothes! That is by the clothes, as well as by my Aunt and by her.

She modeled a couple of more dresses, all evening gowns, and I continued to help her in and out of the dresses, and she continued calling me Charlene and treating me like her lady's maid.

The game only stopped when she tore one of my aunt's dresses that she had been modeling, catching the hem on the heel of one of auntie's high heeled pumps that had been a bit too difficult for my sister to manage, or so she made it seem. However that was really all part of her plan.

Samantha became hysterical pretending to fear the dire consequences when Auntie found out. After much give and take we agreed... don't ask me why... because to this day I can't figure out how Samantha got me to agree to it, that if caught I would take the blame. After all it was really my fault that she had been parading around in our Aunt's clothing, as some how she had made me think it was my idea. The story would be, and only if we were caught, that I and not Samantha, had been trying on Auntie's dress and ripped it. Little did I know my stepsister had it worked out so that "I" would be caught, and where that story was going to lead me. In any case, after our little dress up game and my maid role playing, Samantha was ready for the second part of the plan, to trick and force me into wearing Auntie's lingerie and thus under her control have me help out around the house, and after having me playing the maid perhaps even as her cute little assistant.

Of course to make it believable, if caught I would have to pretend a fascination with woman's clothing that upon being found out by Auntie, I would swear off forever. And that was supposed to have been the end of it. After all my stepsister told me, that as she, a psychology major had already suspected such a fascination, so might Auntie. But to make Auntie believe it I would of course have to wear some articles of woman's clothing, so when found out my explanation would seem plausible. And of course a sinner returned to the fold was always forgiven. And after all, according to my stepsister that brief time in lingerie would also serve as a healthy exploration of my fascination with my Aunt's clothing. Again that was all news to me, though I had been finding the feel of Auntie's things very nice, especially in the context of seeing Samantha in her own lingerie and then in Auntie's lingerie and

gowns. But as I said, I did have an attraction to my stepsister, and when she presented all this in terms of saving her from our Aunt's wrath, I had to gallantly agree to "save her."

And of course convenient enough we already knew where Auntie had stored her cast offs, and Samantha was sure some of Auntie's old lingerie would fit me. And before I knew it she had convinced me and gotten me into a pair of auntie's panties, a camisole and a pair of her nylon stockings. All were of a delightful sensual material and felt wonderful on my naked skin. Fortunately I was not yet rising to that occasion, and the fix I was in had taken the sexual edge off the game with Samantha, which had been my real turn on; but the feel of Auntie's lingerie was still wonderful. However, still under the effects of seeing my sister in her lingerie and Auntie's finery I was not thinking quite straight and did not quite realize the fix I was getting myself into and that I should have backed out right then and there, but did not realize the danger of the attraction nor the trap into which I was falling. I hadn't felt any loss of masculinity at the time, by donning these pieces of lingerie and so let my step sister dress me up, not realizing the addicting potential of nylons, silks and satins to certain guys at certain stages of their development, and where that could lead.

Any way we returned to Auntie's storage room. I was still in my apron and, Sandy presented me with a pair of panties, a camisole and a pair of nylon stockings, the type that stays up on their own. I hesitated a bit, and Sandy knew this was it, she needed to hook me then, or her opportunity was over. She took the panties, which were of the finest heavy satin and rubbed them in my hands, telling me, that if I would just do this for her she would be for ever grateful and she



would do all the house hold chores and leave me to study. Well the panties felt wonderful to my touch, and I started thinking that all things considered perhaps having to wear panties under duress like this was not a sissy type act, and with that mental "out" I was hooked and agreed once again to at least give it a try. But, I told her that if it was too embarrassing I wanted out. And of course she told me, okay, but that a real man isn't embarrassed to wear panties under such circumstances, but sissies were always embarrassed to wear panties. I don't know where that logic came from, but if I where a real man I would at least give the panties a try, and so I just had to, the nice feel of them aside. After all I couldn't have my stepsister thinking that I was a sissy!

And she gave me one of those looks that I could not refuse. I guess the point was, to strike while the striking was good. To get me into the panties and used to her seeing me in my new female lingerie while I was still vulnerable, and latter I would be controllable.

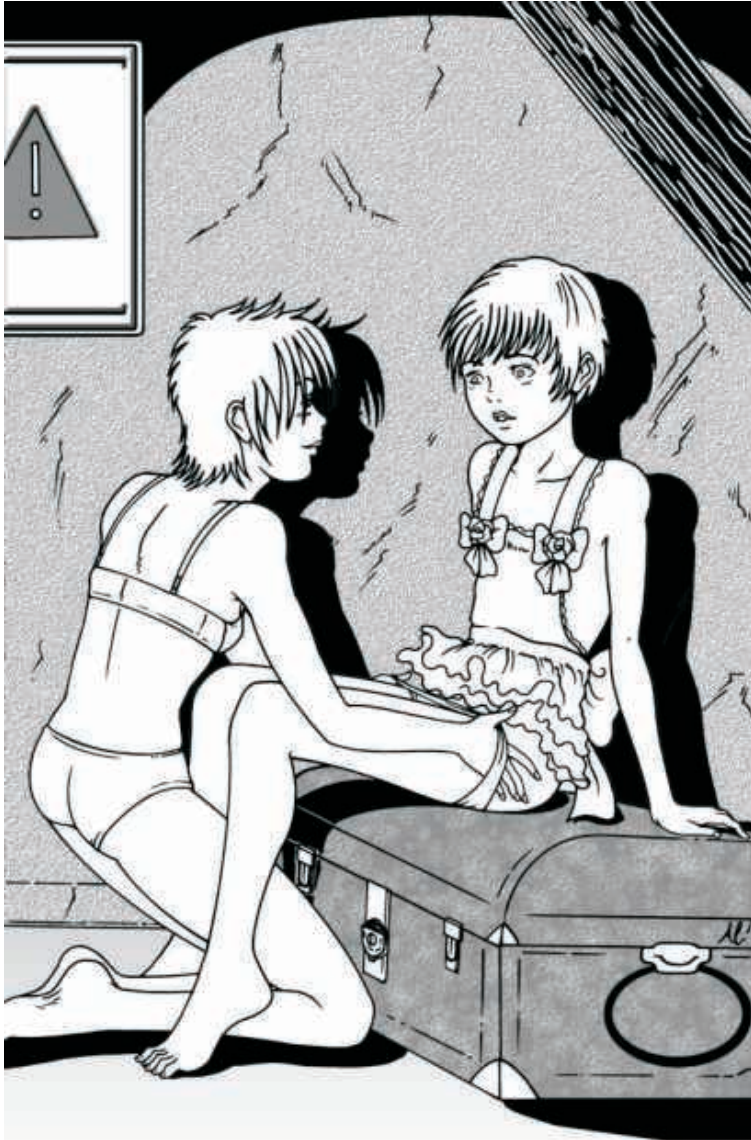
So I was hooked and she just reeled me in. While I was still dreamily touching the panties...my panties, she took control and didn't even let me change out of her sight. She changed me into my new panties, cami-sole and stockings right there in front of her. She slipped her hands under my apron and dropped my pants and then my briefs and in pushing me down to sit on a trunk, my apron just covering me I was sort of trapped there what with my pants and briefs down around my ankles, and fortunately so crumpled the wet spots on them were hidden. So she removed my sneakers and next came my pants and men's briefs. And just as quickly she slipped on the panties and having me stand, pulled them into place, covering my manhood in the soft tendrils of satin panties. I found they felt wonderful to me, unfortunately for me.

Then probably under the pretext of getting my new panties into place she let her hands smooth them against my cheeks for longer than was necessary. It really felt wonderful, having this girl I was attracted to touching me like that through those wonderful silky panties. The look on my face must have given me away and she smiled and told me, "You see, it won't be so bad wearing panties. I think you may even find you like wearing them. You know that some boys do?" We I didn't know what to say, and couldn't think of what to say to give her an answer or a denial, but she had certainly planted the thought of how enjoyable it could be to wear such things into my head; which was all part of her plan for me, if things worked out the way she had planned, and they had.

That done she had me and so confused I had stopped objecting and just let her have her way! So next she put me in the camisole. She loosened the neck strap from my apron and let the front fall forward and then after removing my shirt and t-shirt she slipped on my Aunt's cast off camisole on me, getting me to put my arms through the straps. It also felt wonderful. So the apron straps came back on, and the camisole was locked into place.

Finally she slipped the stocking on me...very tight denier, shiny and making my legs appear quite girlish. She had me sitting on the trunk again, and pointing my toe, and she put the stocking on my foot and rolled it up into place and then she put its mate on my other foot. The stockings also felt very nice. Samantha was obviously quite happy that she had managed to get her brother into their aunt's lingerie, but I could only judge based on the scenario she had set up and not on her hidden agenda. Any way, she came over and gave me a big hug and a kiss right on the lips, which was a first

for us and it was electrifying for me. And she paused for a moment afterwards and gave me a strange look, so it must have had some effect and an unsuspected one on her.



Any way, still holding me, and seemingly affectionately rubbing me through, first my satin camisole and then my satin panties, she told me that I was saving her life, and she would be forever grateful, while sending the most pleasant sensations along my skin below my satin camisole and satin panties, and she continued by telling me how much she appreciated the sacrifice I was making and how really manly I was acting in not being afraid to wear woman's lingerie under the circumstances.

Next while still in my aunt's or my lingerie Samantha had had me go through Auntie's cast off lingerie and pick out another panty camisole set and stockings, ones that I would like. I tried to make little of the "one I would like" comment, but was already in the hold of the lingerie and looked for another set in heavy satin rather than plain nylon. Samantha picked out a pair that I approved and was happy with herself and her reading of her stepbrother and her ability to manipulate me and the situation. But as it turned out, two pairs of panties would not be enough, as I would be having all sorts of accidents, as the satins became more and more of a turn on and more and more fun to wear.

### **Chapter III – Wearing lingerie and hand washing all the girl's lingerie**

Eventually I got to get dressed again, and I felt a bit strange, but not uncomfortable, and sort of nice. However, my sneakers were a bit loose and the panties did not have the same support that my briefs offered. Samantha convinced me that situation would only last a day or so, a week at the most, and that I should just stay away from sports for a while and just do the studying I was supposed to do, and help around the

house a bit, so that the loose sneakers and lack of male support wouldn't be a problem. So I stayed at home a bit more and I started studying and hung with Samantha, helping her out on occasion, waiting to be caught by Auntie.

Now as much as I was getting to like the feel of the panties, I just didn't feel right wearing them and knowing my tendency for easy addiction a day or so later I out of that lingerie and back in my male briefs, tee-shirt and socks. Samantha some how could tell and gave me the guilt trip and I of course changed back into panties, the camisole and the stockings. They did feel so nice, and of course having been forced into them and then back into them made every thing okay in my mind.

After that Samantha told me she could have no compulsion against checking up on me and from dropping her hand down the back of my pants to check I was wearing "my" panties. And it would not be a quick check. She would leave her hand there for a time while she thanked me. It was unnerving, but such a turn on, her hand massaging my cheek through the satin of my panty. And so she would put her hand there for a while to let its warmth do its magic, while thanking me so much for wearing the panties to save her. It drove me wild, her hand on my panty covered butt and her lips so close to mine while she looked me in the eye and offered me her thanks. I would go right to my room and do you know what, right in my panties, fixating on that sensual aspect of a guy wearing panties, as Samantha had planned for me to do.

And then just to make sure I was not going to forget to put on my panties in the morning Samantha wanted me wearing the panties to bed, as she explained, to stay acclimated to them. By that time I might have probably

done that any way as I was really getting comfortable wearing the panties and I had typically wore boxers under my pajamas. However, she would insist on checking on me, claiming I couldn't be trusted and because of the way I slept she eventually wound up grabbing me up front, instead of on my buns like she did when she checked on me during the day, and eventually she found me wet. The panties were eventually having that effect on me. Well it was all part of her plan and she loved that.

The first time she told me, "Why Charles you are a bit wet. I wonder if you are bleeding! I had better check?" I told her that I wasn't but was too flustered to explain and I couldn't make her stop, she played at being so worried. And she ran her hand over my panty-covered front, telling me, "Just think of me as a nurse as this may be an emergency and we can't wait", and grabbing me she got a bit of a squirt. I was too flustered to say a word. She just smiled, and said, "Why you are certainly wet, but it doesn't feel like blood, so I guess it would have to be your happy juice! Let's be making sure. I can't have you bleeding to death. Not in Auntie's panties any way." I tried explaining and tried to get her to stop, as good as it did feel, but she just told me, "Just be quiet and think of me as your nurse!"

I don't know where that description "happy juice" came from but it certainly made dealing with the situation a bit easier than if she had called it what it was. And she continued to play with me, which certainly felt wonderful and after a while I just couldn't bring myself to make her stop and I stopped squirming. Though I don't know where she got her nerve. And she told me, "Yes it certainly feels like joy juice. Now doesn't it?" Though she didn't wait for a denial but continued, "Why I think your panties are giving you a wet

dream? I guess that is better than bleeding, but I had better check on you regularly, just in case! I mean we can't let this go too far. Why you just may get hooked on wearing Auntie's panties. After all, lots of boys do, but I don't think it is some thing Auntie would approve of." And then letting that sink in, after the pause, she continued, "But perhaps if you helped around the house a bit more, Auntie might just let you have her old panties? If you like I'll ask her? Though, when you started all of this I never suspected this would happen."

Well I couldn't believe it and I just told her, despite the evidence, that, it was not the case, and told her I could stop wearing the panties at any time and would stop wearing the panties. However, she told me I couldn't do that to her, as she was still potentially in trouble with Auntie, and she needed me to protect her by continuing to wear Auntie's lingerie, as planned. But due to my apparent reaction to the panties she could not let the situation continue too long and now would have to check up on me; for she would have to take other measures if it appears I was too far gone with my reaction to wearing lingerie.

Her playing with me through the panties certainly felt nice and her ploy worked and after that she made no excuses and seemed to get a kick out of it and would always find me wet and would always play with the tip through my panties until she got me even wetter, and would then leave telling me, "Yes you are still okay, not too bad yet... Pleasant dreams sweat heart," and it started me off on the wildest fantasies that would typically end up with a wet dream and my panties all soiled. So again, letting Samantha clean them would have been embarrassing, not to say she didn't know what was happening, as she had started it

and did her best to ensure I continued with it. And it was working as I was finding my wearing of Auntie's satin and nylon lingerie, her panties, camisole and stockings more and more of a pleasure to which I was reacting more and more!

As Auntie didn't catch me right away the problem of soiled lingerie and nylons became an issue, especially due to the nature of some of the soiling. So when Samantha recommended I keep that particular wash of mine separate and taught me how to hand wash my lingerie I went along with it. Little did I realize that soon I would also be hand washing her lingerie and eventually even Auntie's lingerie, to Auntie's disbelief? Thought as I said it all started with me just doing my own lingerie, hand washing my panties, my camisole and my nylons a horrible enough thought at the time, and then progressed to me also hand washing Samantha's lingerie and then to me also hand washing Auntie's lingerie. And if that wasn't enough, to protect the lingerie from snags I wound up having to file my nails, polish them, and use hand cream. So there I was not only wearing the lingerie, with that effect on me, but also handling it, which together just made me feel oh so comfortable and relaxed, and turned on.

Samantha convinced me that my lingerie could not be washed with her and Auntie's lingerie or even separately in the washing machine as it might be found by Auntie and that if Auntie found them with Samantha's lingerie the entire charade of me wearing lady's underwear would have been for naught. Even though I wasn't completely in agreement with the logic of this, like every thing else, Samantha eventually got me to go along with it and do what she wanted me to do. So I had to wash, what had become my lingerie, separately from theirs and where Auntie would not notice her old



lingerie and the only way to do that was for me to hand wash what had become my lingerie. Samantha explained to me how it was done, and I would handle that chore when Auntie was away at work and have them dried and put away before she returned home.

Then of course once I had settled into a pattern and was comfortable about doing my special hand washing and convinced I would not get caught by Auntie Samantha worked it out so Auntie would find me in the process of hand washing the lingerie. Samantha delayed me in that chore one day when she knew that Auntie was coming home early, and when Auntie arrived home Samantha connived to get her up to the bathroom where I was doing my wash with out me realizing it was Auntie coming up the stairs. I thought it was Samantha. So Auntie found me doing that wash and was dumfounded. I was also in shock and I was unable to immediately offer an explanation, but Samantha was ready with a reasonable explanation and so I had to go along with Samantha's explanation. She told Auntie that I was hand washing her, Samantha's lingerie, after having lost a bet, and that I would be doing so for the rest of the summer. Auntie had only seen me washing the lingerie in the sink in soapy water, and so had not realized it was her lingerie, and not Samantha's, that I had also shamefully been wearing, that I had been washing.

Once that excuse was given an accepted I was really stuck hand washing panties and the rest, and correctly. For the time being it was only the lingerie that I was wearing and then with at least some of Samantha's lingerie. Auntie was not happy with me a male, washing any female's lingerie, but as it was the result of a bet, it was some thing that she would allow me to do, and actually had to be done by me. And she would be check-

ing up on me to make sure I was not fooling around and was taking my job seriously, whatever that meant. But what it did mean was Auntie taught me how to properly hand wash girl's "undies" and so that wash really did have to include at least some of Samantha's lingerie as when Auntie needed an item to demonstrate on or for me to wash as she washed, it would have to be Samantha's, not mine; and so Samantha soon had me hand washing all of her lingerie and to her specifications, which Auntie enforced when reviewing my work. And that was the simple easy stuff, my wash responsibilities would get even more complicated.

And Auntie was really tough the whole thing. Samantha would just have to mention in front of Auntie that I had not cleaned some pair of panties thoroughly, or not hung a pair of stockings up properly and Auntie would come the next time and watch me washing them to make sure I was washing them properly and not welching on my bet. I can't even describe how humiliating that was, having my Aunt teach me how to hand wash my sister's lingerie, and over and over again, each time Samantha made a complaint. Eventually Samantha had to stop that as I was doing such a fine job that my Aunt was complimenting me on the fine job I was doing and my abilities. Though even after Auntie was satisfied with that work she would still pop in on me to check I was doing it right and conducting myself properly. She seemed to have reached a point where she had accepted what I was doing, and was actually getting some satisfaction from me doing such a fine job with the lingerie, despite being a fellow, and from the fact that she had taught me to do that job so well. She always had a smile on her face when she was watching me and always complimented me and my work. It was rather embarrassing. But of course I

always thanked her, as I had been instructed to do by Samantha. And I pretty much needed to follow what Samantha told me, or she would complain to Auntie about me slacking on the lingerie washing which would just inspire another visit by Auntie to check up on me and instruct me, which was always an embarrassment.

And Auntie would tell me, "I just can't believe that you, a boy, could get yourself into such a situation, hand washing your sister's panties! I really shouldn't allow it. Who knows what could become of all this. But it was a bet... and bets must be paid off. And you have certainly been a good sport about it; and perhaps too good a sport? Some, times I just have to wonder. Though it certainly seems to have calmed you down, and kept you home studying. So I guess it can't be all bad. And according to your sister you do such a wonderful job."

And I did do a good job, but Auntie was right there were problems. After all it wasn't complicated stuff, and I was developing an attraction to the lingerie and so the handling of it while washing it became stimulating. At that point washing the panties, stockings, camisoles and bras, which Samantha had added as I started actually washing her lingerie, was becoming enjoyable. I was just getting deeper and deeper, especially with the added bonus of Samantha coming into my bedroom every night and checking up on me. It felt pretty nice and just enamored me more to the lingerie. And the fact that Auntie knew what I was doing then allowed me to take my time, no longer having to worry about being discovered, and that allowed me to luxuriate in what I was doing, taking my time handling my sister's and what had become my own lingerie and just enjoying the feel of it all.