Long before Vikki married him she knew that Chris was a born slave to the intimate, secret power of soft, silky, ladies’ panties. As soon as they returned from a non-too successful honeymoon she told him he would have to wear a pair of her prettiest panties to work each morning and in the evening show her if any shameful abuse of them had occurred during the day. If he refused she would deny him any normal sex and if there were signs of any abuse he would be punished.

After 3 months of this treatment she explained that she would no longer allow him to make love to her, but instead would subject him to an intense pantie session on the last Friday of the month administered either directly by her or by one of her girlfriends.

On the first designated Friday Chris returned from work with some trepidation but also secretly excited knowing that this was the day that his wife had scheduled for his first full pantie session. On entering his house his wife asked him sweetly if he was looking forward to the evening ahead and he demurely replied “oh yes”. Vikki told him to get undressed, bathed and to shave his hair from his legs and private parts. Once he was cleansed and smooth she sprayed a delightful perfume on him and Vikki explained that she had invited her friend Sally round to act as supporting ‘training matron’. Vikki stated “of course you will have to obey all our instructions and try to achieve the targets either of us set you: the overall aim will be to subjugate you to the power of panties and to destroy any sense of masculinity left inside your pathetic brain. I can guarantee that after 6 sessions you will be so addicted to wearing panties and so desperate to follow our commands that we shall be in total control of your mind and body. Today’s session will involve you wearing the panties we have laid out for you until 7 o’clock and then Sally will blindfold you and test your ability to identify different brands of some of her favourite panties by touch, smell and modelling them, later she will use her pantified hand to test your ability not to ejaculate until she gives you permission this will take until 9 pm….if you can score above 75% on the panty identification test and resist ejaculation when Sally strokes your penis with her hand wrapped in the white panties she has worn throughout the session, Sally will allow you to keep her panties as a reward….let’s begin but I doubt if you will be able to pass the test” (giggles)

Poor Chris failed his first pantie identification test with a score of 70% ! so his training matron Sally held out her panties for him to see before laughingly pulling them away and telling him he
would have to wait until the next month’s pantie session to have a chance to touch them! He was then put back into the chastity device Sally had brought with her.

Vikki decided to proceed with full feminisation and Sally was invited to help with his training. They decided to capitalise on his panty fetish and on the first weekend brought a dozen or so of my prettiest panties to add to Vikki's huge collection. While Vikki was giving him a bubble bath, Sally folded all the panties (over one hundred) neatly into the deep bottom drawer of her lingerie chest. Note Ladies, that the effect of neatly piled panties is stronger on the male brain than a higgledy piggledy mass. After dressing Chris in a pretty little girl party frock, they made him kneel before the chest and pulled out the bottom drawer. "My panties and some of Sally's panties," Vikki began. "Look at them, my little sissy and see how pretty and frilly they are." Chris stared in rapt devotion at the piles of delicious femininity and Vikki pressed his head down closer with her high heeled shoe.

"Breath in the soft silky scent sissy boy, let it enter your little brain...feel it overwhelm the male cells and make them feminine...now, in you go...into the panties...deeper into the panty drawer..." Vikki reached down to gather panties around his face and rub the silky softness all over his face. Sally took one pair of pink panties and rubbed them gently over the head of his rock-hard cock whispering into his ear “good girls wear pretty panties”. “Deeper into The Panty Drawer..." Vikki repeated, pressing harder with her foot as he spluttered and groaned in helpless worship of our panties. "Deep, deep into The Panty Drawer..." Vikki repeated as he wriggled and gulped for panty breath and began spurting an extraordinary amount of sissy milk into her silk pantied hand.

Chris never recovered from this first Panty Drawer Treatment. He was a fanatical Panty Slave afterwards and was as a result very easy to feminise. Sometimes he would beg them to open the panty drawer and they would agree and then laugh at his desperate attempts to bury his face amongst their lovely panties. Now he is Sophie, a charming and utterly feminine girl with no chance of losing his feelings of sissification but he is only allowed him to visit the panty drawer once a month if he has been a very good sissy. Needless to add he is not allowed any sort of conventional love making and his only satisfaction is the knowledge that instead of being her husband he has become her sissy slave.