

A Boy's Transformation

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by Chris Bellows

“You have done this before?”

“Oh, yes ma'am, just as my advertisement suggests,” the words offered in the pleasant patois of the tropical islands.

A large ebony hand slides a folder across the formica covering of the kitchen table. The alluring woman of some 40 years, sitting opposite, accepts the offering, flipping open the unassuming cover.

“They are all so pretty... but they are boys?”

“They do not think of themselves as such now... but they were all born with a penis, yes.”

The woman flips again... and again... and again. On each page there is a picture of youthful vibrance... cute... little girls... bangs... pony tails... pink ribbons... glittery costume jewelry... the frilly neckline hem of a pretty dress. In viewing, a wry smile appears then broadens. Though attempting to cloak her awareness of the gender obfuscation, the woman's amusement is evident.

“It is painless?”

“Not entirely, ma'am. There will be some initial suffering... quick... such as that felt with the vaccines of youth. There will be a few days of aching, during which I can be of great comfort. After that... it is all emotional.”

“Emotional?”

“The pictures are intended to offer you a degree of comfort... that I can be effective... that results will be achieved. But more important is what the photos do not show... that they all think as little girls. The physical, though time consuming, is easily accomplished. It is getting the boys to not only think of themselves as girls... but to enjoy being so. That is the challenge.”

“And you can do this?”

“Nine successful transformations... over the past 13 years.”

“It is full time?”

“Yes. I will be your son's nurse and governess. He will be immersed in my tutelage. It is best for him.”

The woman reflects then nods.

“Your fee... it is high but if it is indeed full time then it is a bargain.”

“As I indicated in the ad, ma’am, I will be living here. So there will be no need for me to pay rent or to buy food. And when my father met his end, rest his soul, he left my mother with ample funds, which she in turn passed on to me. I am not rich... but I can afford to pursue my passion.”

“And that is transforming... boys into girls.”

“In so many cases it is best... I assume you agree.”

The woman nods... slowly... thoughtfully.

“So tell me about Randy,” the sizable woman of color settling back in the kitchen chair. “Why is it he needs to be transformed... and how will my efforts rest with your family?”

The woman also settles back... in continued pensiveness, choosing to respond to the latter first.

“Marital bliss ended with the birth of my second daughter, Evelyn. Jim was a great husband... initially... tried to be a good father... when not traveling. But the flame of romance just slowly died. By mutual agreement we separated when Evelyn turned school age. That allowed me to return to work... and offered a degree of economic independence. And it also put Jim in a position to travel even more... and he did.”

The woman arises and steps to the stove. A kettle of hot water awaits. Consumed with thought she grasps and turns.

“More tea... Ms....?”

“Lulana, Ma’am. But Lu is fine.”

“More tea, Lu?”

The handsome face nods. The woman steps to the table, leans and pours.

“Well, every woman has needs. Work every day... tend to children every night. The boredom seems to heighten the need. And so it came... the need. I met this guy on the train ride home... *Mr. Wonderful*,” the sobriquet offered with a sardonic snicker.

The woman sits, taking her time to dip her tea bag in silence as Lu does the same.

“It was only once. I know that sounds like the excuse of some concupiscent teen. But that’s all it took. I was stupid. Fell for the line that he’d pull out. Coitus interruptus. To make a long story short, Randy was conceived right there in the living room while my daughters slept upstairs.”

“And you chose to keep him?”

“Stupid again. We dated more. When I learned the results of the single night of oversight I thought another little one would bring joy... that I’d be sharing a new life with Mr. Wonderful, alleged multi millionaire investment manager.”

The woman sips. Lu joins.

“Well that was a lie... a big one. And I was in the third trimester when I learned that Mr. Wonderful was far from wonderful. A con man... but worse... I learned that the sex we had was probably about as vanilla as he ever had. With others... a predator... ruthless... heartless... aggressive. One sick son of a bitch.”

Appearing ruffled by her own words, the woman stands and steps to a cabinet drawer. Lifting a tray for utensils, there is drawn from beneath a newspaper clipping... not overly well hidden... but in an unlikely spot for easy discovery.

“A downright pervert. I tossed him out on suspicion and later learned of his suspected proclivities. He’s now serving time. Statutory rape. He’s finishing his third year on a ten year stint. I am ashamed I ever let him near Randy... ashamed I brought Randy to term.”

“And the solution is to transform?” the patois ever so consoling.

“He writes... from prison... says he wants to visit Randy when the time comes. Buy Randy his first beer. That is of concern... but I have seven years to plan... and when he’s released Randy will be into his teens. So when it’s time I’ll be able to talk to Randy as an adult... explain my mistake... his reprobate father’s sordid transgressions... at least I hope so.”

“So why? What is it my services will do for you?”

“Randy is approaching puberty, maybe already there. Getting stronger... and getting more aggressive with my daughters. They are older... able to hold their ground for now. But I cannot help thinking of the genetics... the propensities I am sure he carries within...”

Lu nods. The woman of size can bring comfort. Emotional... but at nearly six foot with broad shoulders and arms of steel... physical as well.

“You are afraid... for your daughters?”

There comes a fervent nod in response.

“They are first... number one... their well being placed well above the little bastard I am forced to raise. But I am concerned that his needs are soon to arise... perverted... filthy... I cannot sleep thinking about his father... that I will come home and find Randy on the living couch... with...” With the pause the huge ebony hand slips across the table, firmly grasping the forearm of the woman... her new employer.

“Mrs. Jensen... there is no need to fret. I will see to your daughters. They will very much enjoy having another sister...”

Calming from the dread, concern subsiding, Lu asserts herself. Mrs. Jensen listens, happy to place herself in the hands of the disarming woman of confidence and authority.

“There are some basic things I will need, Mrs. Jensen. Probably the most cumbersome is my own room with bath where I will stay with Jensen.”

“I can do that. I’ll move into the upstairs study and you may have my bedroom.”

“Good. He must first be displaced from his things. I am sure at his age there is the collection of boy’s stuff... the things that amuse... probably some giving rise to naughtiness.”

Mrs. Jensen nods and again arises to step to the drawer.

“I found this under the mattress the last time I changed his sheets.”

From under the tray of utensils comes a thin glossy magazine. Lu notes the wicked photo on the cover, the well bound nearly naked girl preempting the need to read the title, ‘Girls in Distress’.

“Oh yes, he is of that age. It is good that you responded to my ad.”

“You’ll not want to look inside the cover. It’s shocking. I know boys enter a phase of sexual curiosity but to satisfy it with this! He’s becoming his father.”

“Oh Ms. Jensen, Randy’s curiosity will be satisfied... in time. And we will need to keep his room locked until all is disposed of and the room converted.”

Ms. Jensen tucks the magazine back into the drawer, appearing to be repulsed in touching it.

“Disposed?”

“Everything must go. It will otherwise remind him of being a boy. So it is best.”

Mrs. Jensen nods, not to miss the raucous noise of violent computer games.

“You will need to inform the school authorities of Randy’s withdrawal, Ms. Jensen. Home schooling is becoming prevalent and there will be few questions. I will need to talk to your daughters. And do not be of concern, I have found siblings, particularly the girls, to be quite understanding of my efforts. How old?”

“Evelyn is 15. Joan will be turning 18 in a couple of months.”

“Oh, that is perfect. Girls who have attained puberty have much understanding of the planned transition.”

Ms. Jensen returns to sit at the table.

“And you will need to be tolerant of an occasional male visitor, Ms Jensen. I am not overly active... sexually. But the occasional visitor helps refresh. I will be astute... and somewhat discreet. It will come after Randy is... well... at a time when a visitor can help with the process.

Ms Jensen, nods, guessing at Lu’s age, early thirties, the need remains, not having experienced the her disheartening disappointments.

“When can you begin?”

“In two days. I have very few things to bring. And when I arrive, Randy must be separated from access to his clothing. So I suggest a sturdy lock be placed on his door. If possible make it large... symbolically daunting. I will need complete governance, Ms. Jensen. I am strict but you will benefit from the results. Soon you will no longer be changing sheets... and neither will Evelyn and Joan.”

The sly smile brings more comfort.

“Hey mom, what the fuck’s going on?”

The voice is young... the timber ranging between soprano and alto... but the words are crass and delivered with provocation.

“Randy, do not use that language with me. And do not use that language at all!”

““There’s a steel bar across the door to my room.”

“Yes, there is. We’re going to have some changes. I have decided you need a governess.”

“What the hell is that?”

Ms. Jensen just stands looking at her future delinquent son, moving her arms to stand akimbo. In a way relieved that the rising belligerence will soon be the problem of another.

“I have engaged someone to take care of you. She will be in charge and will be schooling you as well.”

“Bullshit.”

“We’ll see about the bovine excrement, Randy. Ms. Lu is due here shortly.”

“Great. I will be sure to welcome the bitch. Meanwhile, let me in my room. Want to play some Grand Theft Auto.”

“No more Randy,” Ms. Jensen waving the odd shaped key of a Medco lock.

With that, the doorbell rings, the verbal encounter ends.

“Your new governess, Randy. Do be a good boy and answer the door.”

“She won’t make it. She’ll quit.”

“We’ll see. Go greet your governess.”

With no where to go, steel bar and Medco lock separating Randy from his world of boy stuff, he marches with authority to the door. Being the only male in the household, having achieved some degree of masculinity, there is cockiness.

‘A governess’, his mind cynically mulling.

But then he opens the door. Ms. Lu stands before him at nearly six foot, towering over the prepubescent Randy. Yet as imposing as is her height, a hand the size of a ham hoc reaches forth. Before Randy can utter a word, stunned with the woman’s presentment, the wrist rests on his left shoulder and fingers work to toy with his ear as she speaks.

“Why you must be little, Randy,” Lu exclaims with seemingly genuine enthusiasm.

The gesture appears friendly, but when thumb and forefinger find the earlobe, such lock in place with authority.

“Ow.”

“Goodness, am I hurting you?” the question ostensibly ingenuous as she slowly increases the pressure. “I am your governess, Miss Lu.”

“Let go, bitch!”

“My goodness. Such a greeting. Well Randy, you’ll need to get to know me. For I am going to know you very, very well. Every inch of you. Now pick up my bag like a good boy.”

The voice is smoothly calm, but firm. The clenching hand lowers, the head must follow and Randy finds himself stooping to pick up the bag.

“The things in there are for you, Randy. You’ll soon learn Miss Lu is very direct. Very business like. And expects obedience.”

Miss Lu steps into the house where a smiling Ms. Jensen stands in wait, the scene of immediate capitulation quite satisfying. Doubts concerning the tendering of her son's tutelage rapidly dissipate.

"Up the steps, your room is at the end of the hall," Ms. Jensen advises as she hands over the Medco key. "You'll not have trouble finding Randy's old room, should you need anything."

"Not now. At some point we will return there and Brandy will be permitted to reminisce. But for now all he needs is in that bag. Come Brandy."

Led by his ear, Randy has no choice but to follow. Growing up with less imposing women, he is amazed at the demonstration of relative power.

"Did you say Brandy?" Ms. Jensen inquires with a snort of laughter.

"Oh yes. Pardon my slip. A little premature. You'll hear some noises while I give Brandy... er... Randy his bath. But not to worry, all will be fine."

The parade ends in entering the large master bedroom. Lu closes the door and latches it, gazing about at the more than adequate space. Randy continues his protestation. His insulting words, referencing Lu as a beast, are ignored.

"Remove your clothes for me Randy. I will give you a bath, inspect, and then I want you to wear something for me."

"You're a girl, I'm not taking off my clothes in front of you."

"I am your governess... and if I want you naked you *will* be naked. It will calm you. You're very excitable... and very belligerent. Such nasty words you spout."

"No, go fuck yourself."

Randy is shocked to see the glare. More shocked as Ms. Lu steps forth, picks him up like a doll and in a somewhat playful manner, but still demonstrating her inordinate strength, tosses her charge onto the bed.

"You'll remove your clothing or I will strip you. I have dealt with boys like you for a long time. Do you think you have something I have before not seen?"

With that, a hand reaches down and wrenches away the right shoe.

"You must wonder how this will feel on your bare buttocks," the words ominously offered.

Randy is aghast. He has not before been so disciplined. But he has been privy to sordid photos from his stash of lewd magazines. He has not come to grips with his desire for arousing material tinged with bondage, does not yet understand his developing sexuality. But pain he does

understand, and what he enjoys gazing at... and what Miss Lu threatens to offer... are two very different sides of a coin.

“Be a good boy for me, Brandy,” the name slips again.

“I’m *not* Brandy,” the tone emphatic.

“We will see. Take off your clothes. Now.”

Miss Lu removes her coat. Standing before Randy in a white cotton uniform, he is reminded of visits to the doctor.

“You’re a nurse?”

“I have much medical training. You’ll be well cared for, Randy. I will assure that you better come to understand yourself, your needs.”

Randy diverts his inner thoughts by talking, removing his other shoe and unbuckling his belt. Miss Lu smiles, offering a look of approval, then steps to the bathroom. The valves are turned. The tub begins to fill.

“How do you get along with your sisters, Randy?”

“They’re bitches. Always bugging me.”

“Yes, so it would seem for a boy of your age. Older sisters can annoy. Have you ever thought that perhaps they feel the same about you?”

Miss Lu returns, satisfied to see Randy bare to his undershorts.

“I suppose. But they are still bitches.”

“Well we will change that. Come now, take off your shorts.”

Little does Randy realize the relative gravity of the otherwise everyday act. He will never again feel male garments.

Finally naked, Miss Lu picks up all the clothing, shoes included. She unlocks the bag and begins removing items then replaces such with the collection of Randy’s garments. He quivers when the suitcase closes and Miss Lu makes a show of locking it.

“Done. You’ll not ever again need to worry about what you wear.”

Miss Lu sits on the bed next to the now naked Randy.

“This is now our room, Randy. When in here you will be naked for me... or wear whatever it is I choose. You’re going to very comfortable with your Miss Lu. As I said I am going to get to

know you very, very well. And in time you will come to enjoy my company. I have many things to teach and you have many things to learn.”

A sheepish Randy quakes anew. Alone, naked in a locked room with this amazingly powerful woman, but there is also strange comfort, a sense of protection.

“Now tell me about this. It is so tiny, does it ever get big for you?”

With the question, Miss Lu reaches to fondle the youthful penis. A woman has never before touched Randy there, not within memory, contact in infancy not to be recalled. And he is chagrined to note that, despite the shock, her touch is knowing... and it feels good.

“See, a nice hot bath and you’re all calmed down.”

Randy is embarrassed but indeed soothed as he sits in the tub and as indicated, Miss Lu gets to know him very, very well, laving sweet smelling soap everywhere.

“Your testicles are perfect, Randy. Tiny. Your mother has brought me here at just the right time.”

Randy offers a look of perplexity.

“Oh you will see. As they ripen your behavior is affected and we will need to change that. I will care for you and you will change for me. But we have some rules. Obeying the rules will make Miss Lu happy. And you will come to want to make me happy... and your sister Evelyn... and your sister Joan... and your mother.”

A huge hand slips under the surface, Randy once again feels the finger palpate his phallus. With the soothing heat, Randy no longer feels apprehension as the woman gently kneads.

“So you say this has occasionally gotten big for you. Is it while you look at pictures... from magazines.”

A chagrined Randy nods, somehow this imposing woman knowing of his stash.

“And so you play with it... like this?”

No longer kneading, the fingers gently stroke in a nimble masturbating motion.

“Yes.”

“Yes, what Randy?”

Yes, Miss Lu.”

“Good. Not good that you play here but good that you are respectful of your governess.”

Randy cannot find words to protest. The woman’s touch is better than his own. Indeed she has been with many boys... and knows what they like.

“And when you play, does it leak? Does anything spurt?”

A prepubescent Randy shakes his head.

“Just a little gooey stuff comes out.”

“Ah, that is good. Well Randy you will not play here any more... never again. I am going to change that.”

“But it feels good.”

“Yes, I know. But for boys like you it is best that you be denied the things you like... that which you most enjoy. Instead you will soon find joy in bringing joy to others... like me... and your sisters... and your mother.”

Despite the warmth of the water, Miss Lu brings her charge to a full stand, the surging hormones rewarding her efforts with a relatively firm erection limited in size due to age.

“Now I am going to dry and powder you and take some measurements. You will lie still on the bed. I also have something for you to wear. Some things for your wrists that you are never ever to remove. Do you understand?”

“But my thing... it’s...”

Veiled beneath the sudsy water, Randy becomes bashful in having to place his maleness on display before she who seems so knowing of his furtive habits.

“It wants to show off for me Randy... so we will let it show. I know boys, Randy. Come now. Stand up, display your thing for me. When we are together, you must not feel any shame... feel bashful before your governess. You will learn to enjoy my company.”

“Yes, Miss Lu.”

“But they are pink. Boys don’t do things with pink stuff.”

“That will change. You will come to like pink things... frilly things... soft things...”

Miss Lu smilingly explains as her hands work to encircle slim youthful wrists with foam lined strips of tightly woven nylon. Randy notes there are small holes, eyelets which reveal tufts of skin beneath. There is also on each strip a formidable ring of steel some one inch in diameter.

“These are never to be removed, Brandy... rather Randy. And I’m going add a little reminder for you.”

Adhered by a small patch of velcro, a mischievous Randy knows he’ll remove the hideous pink adornments in a minute. But then, as if reading his mind, powerful hands push his arms behind his back, then bring the wrists together. Randy hears the sound of a click and when Miss Lu releases, utilizing the rings he finds his wrists connected behind him.

“Now, just to assure a measure of obedience I am going to ensure that you don’t slip off my discipline bracelets.”

Miss Lu steps to the contents of her bag, now piled on the dresser. She returns, kneels on the bed and pins her charge to the mattress.

“Just some pin pricks, Randy. Stay calm, no real harm.”

In her hand, a curved needle, suturing thread. Randy indeed feels the stab of a pin prick as the needle is thrust through one of circular holes in the wrist band.

His new pink bracelets are to sutured to his skin!

He cries out, more in surprise than pain as the needle is pushed through the epidermis and exits through a second nearby opening. Miss Lu ties off the sinewy thread then quickly moves to a second set of openings where she thrusts the needle again.

“You’ll not too easily slip these off, my naked little ward. Yes, the sutures can be cut, but initially I doubt you’ll find anything sharp enough to complete the task... and eventually you will come to realize that I want you to wear these... and you’ll also come to very much respect the things I want.”

Left wrist and right, the foam lined bands of nylon are attached, the sutures penetrating the skin to make the bright pink nylon one with Randy’s anatomy.

“There now, that was not so bad.”

Miss Lu slides off the bed to stand.

“What’s this about?” a tearful Randy, now much more humble, beseeches.

“Just part of the process Randy. I want you obedient and I want you dependent. Everything now comes from me, your governess. You will eat when and what I want you to eat, move where when and how I want you to move. In your mind I will be omnipotent, Randy. It is important for you... important for your transformation.”

Will eroding, Randy futilely tries to bring his hands to his front. In watching the struggle, for the first time Miss Lu laughs.

“It will not be all bad little one. When here alone with me I will let you move about naked. Otherwise you are to be diapered.”

“I won’t need diapers!”

“I think you will. And in time the smooth soft comfort of thick cloth will be a source of enjoyment for you.”

As she speaks Miss Lu returns to her collection of items on the dresser. First she holds up indeed a thick white fold of absorbent cloth.

“For a large infant. I modify for my amusement, as you will soon find.”

Putting down the cloth she returns with a measuring tape.

“Now lie still, the measurements must be very precise. The emasculation harness must fit snugly, otherwise things we no longer wish to see will slip back into view.”

Not aware of the word ‘emasculation’ Randy lies as large dark hands measure first about the waist. Then the tape is strung from the lower abdomen down to the right of the scrotum, between the thighs and up to an imaginary place at the lower back. Lastly the penis is measured... length... and a most careful recording of the circumference.

“Your diaper will cloak the harness... so you can move about the house in front of your sisters.”

“I’ll not do it. I’ll not be diapered... and certainly not in front of Evelyn and Joan.”

The defiant words bring a smile... Miss Lu has so often heard them before. She silently measures the left side as well.

“Yes, I think you’re going to appear before whomever I decide. And if your sisters have friends you’ll be with them as well.”

“No.”

A hand reaches forth and taps the boy’s nose.

“You say no now. But soon, romping about in your diapers will be second nature... even become fun. You will learn to enjoy. I will condition you.”

There comes a knock on the door.

“Everything ok Lu?”

“Fine, Ms. Jensen. Randy and I are getting acquainted.”

“Well there are some men here to deliver something. It is large.”

“Oh yes, the playpen and his saddle. Have them bring it up here please.”

“Where’s Randy?”

“He’s with his governess dear. I made a decision. Randy’s become a little feisty lately. I think it is best he got more personal attention,” Ms. Jensen explains.

“About time, Mom. He’s been a pain in the ass.”

“Now Evelyn, that language will stop in this household. I know it comes from Randy, and I know he will no longer speak like that. He is approaching a certain time in life... boys go through it differently than girls...”

“Sorry.”

“Ah, here comes, Joan,” Ms. Jensen peering out the living room window.

“Miss Lu, Randy’s governess, would like to speak to you girls. Randy is now totally in her care... being acclimated. You may not see him for a few days.”

“He has a governess? A little old isn’t he?”

“It is best, dear. I think you will be happy with the change.”

Oldest daughter Joan enters. Ms. Jensen quickly explains and then moving to the stairs calls up to Miss Lu. Within moments her impressively massive form, dressed in crisp white cotton, descends the steps.

“Good afternoon ladies. I am Miss Lu. Can we speak? Perhaps in the dining room.”

The trio move together. At Miss Lu’s request Ms. Jensen does not join, instead moving to the kitchen to prepare after school refreshments.

“As I am sure your mother explained. I am your brother Randy’s new governess.”

The girls nod, sitting about the table.

“Randy will be completely under my charge... probably for many months as his attitude and outlook are transformed. I am instituting a protocol of complete dependence on the governing female. It is best for him, and I would ask your cooperation in reporting to me any belligerence or defiance. I want a very polite Randy for you. One who will very much respect and adore his sisters... as well as all women.”

The girls look at each and smile devilishly. Miss Lu continues.

“There are certain elements of establishing dependence on me that you should be aware of... so that you are not shocked... and certainly do not attempt to offer sympathy. So when you next see Randy, you should be aware that his only covering will be a diaper. He'll not again use the bathroom alone while I preside here. Initially only I will change him, as well as feed him, but in time, if you wish to help, I will show you what needs to be done when he soils himself. But for now, until we are further into his transformation, all care should come from me.”

The girls giggle and nod, the rascal finally encountering his comeuppance.

“You are not to feed him... anything... ever. His special diet will be offered only by me. But do feel free to offer him water... lots and lots of water. He will soil himself. It will humble him and the diaper will be changed... eventually.”

This brings wicked laughter, comforting to Miss Lu. Randy has been blessed with understanding siblings.

“As he transforms, he will come to enjoy a woman's touch. Feel free to tweak a nipple, perhaps tenderly pat his bottom. You'll find that initially he will protest... politely... but later caresses will cause him to blush... and in time he will very much enjoy any attention you care to offer.”

The smiles broaden.

“And I can see you will find joy as well. Whereas I understand Randy has come to display rebellion of late, I am here to change that... and I *will* change that.”

“What about school?”

“Randy's days of public schooling are over, Joan. The things he needs to learn are not adequately taught there. Home service... cleaning... doing laundry... helping about the house... serving meals... even offering manicures and pedicures... are skills which will better serve Brandy... I mean Randy. And I am sure you girls will benefit. You'll have more time to study... or be with friends.”

“Talking about friends, Randy will be romping about diapered. What about having friends here?”

“I will let you decide, Joan. If you want to bring them here, I think you will find that it will benefit Randy's transformation... it's a mental and emotional process... and outside contact will assist in the thinking we wish to imbue. You will see that in time... as his new diet slowly has its effect.”

Missing from the conversation, for now, is discussion of the ultra tight emasculation belt... currently under rushed fabrication... for express delivery to the Jensen home.

“For your feet, Randy.”

“More pink... no!”

“Yes, the shade perfectly matches your wrist bands. You will wear what I want. When you move about the house I want you in heels. Girls feel good in heels.”

“I’m not a girl!”

‘Not yet,’ she thinks, Miss Lu ignoring the outburst.

With wrists cuffed, Randy can offer little resistance as his feet are adorned. He notes the heels are of modest height, but any movement will still be awkward... initially. Then he spies rings similar to those on his wrist bands are at the heels. And as Ms. Lu entwines his calves with matching pink straps, he understands the footwear has more purpose than fashion.

“Now you’re going to ride for me. Many boys come to enjoy the emasculation saddle, Randy. I’ve added a nice little plug for you... to rub that male gland you boys so much enjoy having massaged. Come, it’s time to begin.”

Miss Lu leads to the odd piece of furniture delivered the day before with his ‘playpen’. He spent much of the prior evening staring at the device, wondering of its purpose as he lied naked with wrists bound, the soft mattress covering the entire surface of the pen, Miss Lu downstairs speaking with his sisters.

“Now you’ll be riding for me every day... until... well until there is no more need.”

Aptly named, the saddle resides atop a high stool. But as opposed to something upon which to ride, there are protrusions. One is a stout anal plug, two others jut from the front, at the left and right, rising from the otherwise smooth surface by a couple of inches.

“You’ll feel some discomfort, Randy ... a dull ache. But remember it is for me... and it is best for you as well. So today we’ll begin with an hour then switch to the harness when it arrives. Tomorrow a little longer. Then I will begin using longer protrusions.”

As she speaks, Randy is amazed when the woman effortlessly picks up his partially bound form to place his nakedness straddling the saddle. The protrusions greet his groin, right and left of the scrotum. Fingers align the anal plug. Well lubricated, it slips past his tight purse string muscle with ease.

“So here we go. I’m going to push those little balls of yours back into the inguinal canals from where they descended. The prongs will press and your cremaster muscles will begin to contract... in time holding such in place without the prongs. Each and every day, pushing further and further, I’ll be encouraging the little muscles to permanently hold your testicles well into your body. In time, you won’t ever see them again.”

Fingers work. Randy is amazed with the woman's knowledge of the male anatomy. He squirms as she works to press, push upwards and indeed make the small gonads disappear. He senses the feeling of a pop as his right nut is returned to its biological home. Then she works the left.

"Your body heat will eventually make you sterile, Randy. We'll work to lower that testosterone level which is beginning to make you into a nasty growing boy. And when it dissipates, the estrogen I will be feeding you will make you into a pleasant obedient little girl instead. You'll please me... and your mother... your sister Evelyn... your sister Joan."

Randy shudders with the ominous words. As he feels the second pop, Miss Lu chuckles.

"Yes, you're to be emasculated Randy... slowly... steadily... each and every day. Just think... at all times you'll fully know that you're slowly being transformed... into a girl... and at a woman's behest. You'll at first be frightened, alarmed. But as the estrogen works its magic... you'll be one happy little girl for me."

Randy looks down. His tiny balls have indeed disappeared. And he is chagrined to note his reaction to the anal plug... his penis has firmed. Miss Lu is joyful.

"And look at your reaction, Randy. A nice little stiffey for me as I end your masculinity. So nice of you to amuse."

Miss Lu stoops and Randy learns one function of his ringed shoes. Hands work to connect his feet beneath the stool, forcing him to ride the saddle, the evil prongs pressing, forcing his balls into the inguinal canals. But the anal plug... that brings the odd pressure which causes his penis to celebrate his emasculation.

"Please no, Miss Lu. It aches."

"I know. But it is good for you. You would not want to be emasculated without feeling anything would you?"

"Now Randy, I want you to ride your saddle as you have seen cowboys ride a horse. The anal plug will bring happiness as you buck. The emasculating protrusions will in turn work to make Miss Lu happy."

Yes, as Miss Lu is fully aware, the more Randy moves about, the more he will drive his own testicles well up into the sterilizing chambers of his inguinal canals. When she steps back, Miss Lu is pleased to observe that Randy is one happy cowboy... bucking away... pleasuring his prostate... ending his masculinity.

"It is important that you understand exactly what it is I am doing to you, Randy. You are to become a little girl. It may horrify right now, but as we proceed, you will become happier and happier, and you'll eventually have clothing... pink and frilly... and you will enjoy it."

“I don’t want to become a girl. And why do I have to take a shit like this?”

“Tsk, tsk. Such naughty talk. Basically you will empty your bowels for me every morning just like this. It’s demeaning for you, and I like to have you do demeaning things. It pleases me and you will learn that pleasing me will also make you feel good. Besides, you’re to be impaled with an electrified anal probe. Your colon needs to be empty.”

Randy is on all fours in the bathtub. Head down buttocks up, Miss Lu has offered a spritz enema, slipping a short tube into the anus and squeezing a rubber bulb... just a few ounces of soapy water to induce a full bowel movement.

“Now be a good girl and hold it until I say release.”

“I’m not a girl!”

“Hold!”

A meaty hand lowers to rub his bare abdomen, Miss Lu knowing to make contact as the otherwise intimate function is performed. Randy is to no longer to have privacy, not even during his bodily functions.

Feeling a rumble, Miss Lu turns on the water spigot.

“Ok, release for me, let all that nasty stuff go down the drain.”

Yes, the soap works just fine, Miss Lu notes.

Upon finishing, there comes more intimate contact as Miss Lu tenderly wipes him clean. Randy has not before been touched there by a woman, not since infancy. He is chagrined to find that the soft caring fingers feel good. He kneels in silence, soaking up the mild pleasure. Then Miss Lu’s fingers move to his scrotum, assessing the status of his two small but growing testicles. She smiles, knowing that soon she will make such disappear.

“And now I have some very special food for you and then you will ride for me.”

“I don’t want to sit on that thing. It hurts.”

“Oh Randy, in a couple of days that will stop. Your Miss Lu knows, so many boys have ridden for me, so many happy girls result. Now come, step out of the tub and Miss Lu will dry you.”

Again there comes subtle delight as the naked form of Randy stands and the mammoth figure of his governess pats him dry with a large fully towel. Total nakedness before the fully clothed uniformed Miss Lu. Yes, there are so many subtle indications of the exchange of power.

“In time this will feel better and better to you... you’ll come to like soft things,” Miss Lu noting the smile brought by the towel and her warming hands. “And you’ll also come to enjoy Miss Lu’s oatmeal. It is laced with hormones, estrogen and all the things that help a boy become a

girl. As your little balls wither and your testosterone level drops, the estrogen will calm you... you'll feel better and better wearing pink frilly things. And you'll so much enjoy being with your sisters and helping them... obeying them."

"I can feed myself!"

"Yes, you can... but you will not. You must understand what is happening to you... what I am going to do to you. You will learn to become completely dependent on me... for everything. I will decide what you do and when... what you eat... what you drink... what you wear... how you will act. You will not only obey, but enjoy obeying. The result is termed bonding... and I want you to first bond to me and then to your sisters. Then you will have a different relationship with your mother... and want to bond with other women as well. The estrogen will bring a degree of confusion. You'll feel the need for my governance and guidance and that of others as well. You will come to understand that you need them... their care... their attention."

Miss Lu offers another spoonful of oatmeal, the fingers of her left hand gently tweaking Randy's right nipple as he sits and pouts. But in feeling fingers tighten, he opens to accept her offering. Randy quickly understands that the gentle touch can instantly become painful.

Miss Lu smiles inwardly knowing that as suggested, her concoction is overflowing with that which will help transform. Initially the ingredients will have limited effect, but as Randy's little balls are stuffed into the inguinal canals for longer and longer periods, the heat of his body will begin to slow the production of male hormones. Eventually the cremaster muscles will contract and hold the tiny organs within. Such will shrink, stay longer in the canals, be subjected to body heat for longer intervals and the process will cascade.

She has supervised so many transitions... transforming belligerent young males into polite and obedient girls.

Such gratification!

"Yum, yum, lots of oatmeal for you... lots of estrogen."

Yes the mental side adds such amusement, all her boys cognizant, fully aware of what she is doing... that Miss Lu will make them into girls. It's all part of breaking the resolve, having them understand her power... that she can announce her intentions and against their will... initially against their will... do exactly as she intends. And then, as the male hormones subside and the female hormones thrive, such wonderful things begin to happen.

Yes, in time there will come little squeals of happiness with her tutelage... such heartwarming changes will occur.

"Good girl," Miss Lu gushes as a particularly large helping is consumed.

"I'm not a girl!"

Miss Lu just smiles, understanding that in time, the response to her compliment will be a demure smile.

“When will I be allowed out of the this room?” Randy’s question quite understandable.

“I suspect your harness will arrive later today. Then I will strap you in, diaper you and you can greet your sisters.”

“I’ll not wear a diaper, I will take it off! I don’t want them to see me like that.”

“You will wear a diaper and I think you’ll find that it is not to be removed. Randy, I have changed so many nasty boys into pretty little girls. All have the same reaction... and all have worn my diapers. It is best for you. And as for your sisters, they will be helping care for you. It is best that you be with other girls. You have much to learn.

“Now come. Time to put on your shoes and then I want you to ride for me. I am going to push your little balls back into your tummy. It is good for you.”

“No it hurts!”

“Yes, but it is best.”

Randy rides on the emasculation saddle. Miss Lu watches in satisfaction, knowing of the conflicting sensations. The prongs wickedly hold his testicles in place, well up into the body where her knowing fingers pressed, bringing the dull ache as they heat and begin to slowly wither. But the anal plug brings pleasure... faint pleasure... but pleasure.

And so to counter the pain, Randy rocks, his anus greedily swallowing her plug. Miss Lu always thinks of the male reaction as riding, manipulating his prostate gland, innately spurring the flow of endorphins.

But what Randy does not realize is that his action abets the process, helping to press the entombed testicles deeper into his viscera.

There will come a day when, after a lengthy ride, such will not descend and Miss Lu’s fingers will not be needed. Three days... four... it cannot be predicted with accuracy... but they all succumb at some point... the male organs meekly surrendering, never again to be seen... instead to forever reside in the inguinal canals, there to slowly wither, the production of sperm... the production of testosterone to terminate.

“How much longer, Miss Lu?”

“Until I decide it’s enough. I think you’re enjoying it.”

There comes a knock on the door.

“Lu, a package as arrived for you,” Ms. Jensen calls out.

“Can you leave it at the door, Ms. Jensen? Randy and I are a little busy. It is his harness and in a little while he’ll be wearing it and we’ll come to see you.”

“The girls are off to school I’ll be in the basement doing the laundry.”

Ms. Lu returns her attention to Randy.

“It’s here. We can begin your daily emasculation program.”

Ms. Lu glances down to spy the tiny erection. As Randy pleasures himself, rocking away to manipulate his anal insertion, the intense prostate stimulation has fostered that which will become most rare. The penis is only partially stiff, but even that is not desired. Yet inducing arousal by way of the rectum is. Ms. Lu reaches out and first kneads Randy’s right earlobe. Then her hand lowers to tweak the nipple, bringing a spontaneous squeal of delight, rewarding the fact that Randy is learning of a new erogenous zone. It is intentional, again adding to the delight of anal manipulation is part of the protocol.

“You see, Randy, you’re beginning to enjoy riding for me. But you’ll not become stiff... not unless I want you stiff.”

With that Ms. Lu steps to her collection, the paraphernalia from her bag. She unzips a leather pouch appearing to be a collection of precision tools. Inside are a set of finely milled cylinders of metal, shaped identically, the diameters increasing in size as would a set of wrenches.

“You’re going to wear a teeth bracelet for me, Randy. But not to worry, all the jewelry you’ll wear will not be this insufferable.”

Knowing Randy’s measurement, Miss Lu selects a very small tube. She opens it to show her charge. Lining the interior diameter are dozens of sharp points.

“Teeth,” Miss Lu declares. “Aptly named, don’t you think?”

She steps to the emasculation saddle. Randy, wrists restrained secured behind his back, helplessly watches as the bracelet is placed just beneath at the penis tip, where he has learned his fingers can offer much joy. Hinged, the two halves close. It is tight, a very snug fit. Miss Lu has measured well and she smiles with the grimaced reaction. A tiny tool, bizarre in its shape, ensures that the bracelet will not be unwantedly opened.

“Yes, you’ll still ride for me and knead that prostate gland, but you’ll learn to do so while completely flaccid. Only the women of the house permit erections.”

“But I do not want any more water.”

The words are tempestuous, but Ms. Lu notes that profanity has diminished.

“When harnessed and diapered you will drink for me... and Evelyn... and Joan... and your mother. It is best.”

Another full glass is consumed and Ms. Lu refills.

“You have not been out of this room for more than two days. You want to see your mother. You want to help her with chores. And besides you need to practice walking in your heels. And then your sisters will be home from school.”

“I don’t want them to see me like this!”

“Oh Randy, you’ll not be naked for them... not now. You’ll be wearing a nice fluffy diaper.”

As Ms. Lu speaks, she opens the package and the third glass is reluctantly consumed.

“Now come here.”

An increasingly obedient Randy steps to where Ms. Lu sits on the bed. She holds up for his inspection a collection of leather straps with firm rubber bumps attached. There is also a cylinder of smooth shiny metal.

“You are to be harnessed. All my girls have worn one similar. It’s been meticulously fabricated to the measurements I took. It will feel tight... but become tighter. And you’ll find it will offer you a degree of comfort. It will feel as if your governess is always pressing your little parts. Come lie over my lap.”

Ms. Lu hikes up the hem of her white uniform to expose massive thighs... smooth... warm... deep chocolate. Oddly, Randy finds the expanse inviting, the woman’s touch over the days has come to be welcomed. In being locked in the bedroom for so long, his only human contact with his giantess governess, fed and bathed, her hands palpating every inch of his flesh, laying his bare flesh over her warmth seems alluring.

“Come, be a good girl”

“I am not a girl,” Randy pouts... but he complies.

He finds the flesh to be soft yet firm, a wondrous layer of epidermis covering perfectly toned muscling. He fidgets, rubbing himself gleefully under the guise of positioning his nakedness. Ms. Lu smiles, fully aware of the propensity of boys his age to frottage their newly discovered organs.

“Part your legs for me.”

Randy feels his buttocks being splayed, fingers opening his gluteal cleft. Then the cylinder of metal is inserted into his anus. After two days of riding and the morning spritz enema, sensing Ms. Lu work there has become somewhat acceptable. The metal is pressed well within.

“And now your little balls are going to disappear again.”

“Please no Ms. Lu, it aches when you do that.”

“It must be done Randy. And you will learn to accept the ache for me. It will subside over time as your testicles wither in body heat.”

As she speaks, hands labor to encircle the waist with a belt-like length of leather. It is buckled... tightly. From the front, just inside the hips, dangle two shorter lengths. Each have attached the lump of firm rubber which will return Randy's balls to his inguinal canals, there to ache as when riding on his saddle.

“Goodbye little Mr. Gonad,” Miss Lu mockingly offers in a childish voice.

Yes, once again her right hand works about the pubes, the knowing fingers isolating the right testicle to press it into the inguinal canal. There comes the feeling of a pop. The left hand adjusts the dangling strap, instantly moving to compress the right testicle and hold into its tight overly warm chamber. The utility of the attached lump of rubber becomes apparent. As the strap is lifted and attached to the waist belt at the back, it nestles perfectly against the opening of the inguinal canal where Ms. Lu has pushed the right testicle. The strap is threaded up between the buttocks. She tightens... tight... tighter. Randy is alarmed.

“No, it's too tight.”

“It is best Randy. You are to be emasculated and I want your little nut as deep into your body as it can go. Plus it will hold in place your anal insertion.”

Miss Lu speaks as the left gonad undergoes a similar fate. The tiny organ is pressed into the canal, there comes the feeling of a slight pop, the rubber lump compresses, the strap is tightened... alarmingly.

“There, well harnessed. Except for riding for me, being bathed and sleeping, you'll will be wearing this at all times until it's no longer needed. No one needs to know about it unless you want to tell them. It will be covered by your diaper.”

Powerful hands slip Randy off her lap. He is disappointed to no longer feel her warmth, quite palliative as the ache returns, his balls constantly being squeezed by his own body

“Now, I have inserted something to help you become more obedient. It will bring instant pain when you are bad and then serve to calm you. Plus from time to time I will want a sample of your male discharge.”

Miss Lu stands and moves to the recently received box. Her hand retrieves a set of small black devices.

“Remote controls, Randy, for your anal insertion. With a press of my finger I can offer an electrical shock to your anus by way of that insertion. Quite a clever little device. It will cause your ejaculatory muscles to contract, those that you’ve just begun to discover... and will no longer need. So right now I need a sample. Other times if you’re a bad girl, you will be zapped... by me... by Evelyn... by Joan... by your mother.”

With her explanation, Miss Lu holds up remote control numbers one, two, three, and four. Every woman of the household offered the opportunity to discipline with the press of a finger.

“Another reason for the diaper. When you are disciplined you effectively will ejaculate... into your diaper. You will only feel the pain of the surging voltage... no pleasure. But with the change in hormones brought by the involuntary eruption, you will be made much meeker... just as we want you. Docile. Not thinking of male things. Over time it will become unnecessary as your psyche transitions to a more feminine state. But meanwhile, I think your sisters will have some great fun.”

Miss Lu steps to the bathroom and returns with a small glass jar.

“Hold still, Randy. A quick sample and then I will diaper you.”

Miss Lu is amused to see that though the sample jar is narrow, the tip of Randy’s little penis easily slips within. She then presses the remote, unleashing some forty volts, the metal cylinder inserted adjacent the prostate and small muscles which normally bring male ecstasy. As Randy lurches and cries out in shock and pain, his penis instantly discharges, involuntarily as noted... and most ignominiously. A splatter of discharge strikes the bottom of the jar and Miss Lu smiles, noting a degree of cloudiness which she recognizes as sperm. Her goal, over time, is to ensure his essence is only clear and viscous... that offered by the prostate and not joined by the fluid created by his soon to be shriveled testicles.

“Your mother engaged my services just in time, Randy. You are pubescent... it is why you have been demonstrating such belligerence. Male hormones... tsk, tsk. No longer to be tolerated in this household”

“Please don’t do that again.

“Be a good girl and I will only do it when I need a sample. How do you feel?”

“A little tired.”

“Yes, you’ve just been drained... by a woman... your governess... and you have no say in the matter. And I can drain you many, many times. Just remember that Randy.”

Randy sheepishly nods.

“Now for your diaper,” Miss Lu triumphantly announces as she carefully seals the sample jar.

“Come Randy, let’s visit your mother.”

“No, I don’t want her to see me like this.”

“I suspect she has before seen you in diapers.”

“But they’re silly looking.”

“Specially made for me, Randy. I like it when a girl shows her little cheeks.”

It is noted that Randy does not protest being referenced as a girl. ‘Progress,’ Miss Lu thinks to herself.

Yes, as opposed to most diapers, those adorning Randy have been modified such that much of his buttocks are displayed. And with her explanation, a large dark hand lowers and Miss Lu playfully pinches Randy’s right cheek... so exposed... so inviting... so vulnerable.

Miss Lu notes that Randy cutely teeters in reaction to her touch, almost falling from his perch atop his high heels, but he does not protest, curiously accepting of her touch, that his body is hers with which to toy, examine, palpate.

“But, Miss Lu, I can’t be seen like this. This sucks,” recovering to resume comically standing on heels.

“Little girls don’t talk like that, Randy,” Miss Lu ominously holding up the remote control. “It seems you need to be drained of more of that male essence that is much so affecting your behavior.”

Not wishing to add immediate sharp and intense pain to the dull ache of the emasculation harness, Randy instantly quiets. He can also feel the teeth of his penis bracelet, so effectively encouraging flaccidity.

“Come, to the basement. I want to give your mother her remote control and explain the diaper locks.”

Miss Lu smiles in noting the awkward walk, Randy needing to acclimate to his pink high heels. Also bringing a smile is the thought of Randy’s surprise when he found that the thick, fluffy expanse of white cloth covering his pubes... and his emasculation harness... is locked in place by clever magnetic posts... not by safety pins. As Miss Lu demonstrated, only she with the demagnetizing device can remove the diaper. And it is never to be Randy.. only the women of the house.

“I need to go to the toilet,” Randy announces as the duo step past the bathroom door.

“Go ahead and go, Randy. That is why I have you are diapered. Just as you will become accustomed to the dull ache of your emasculation harness, you will also need to tolerate the feeling of wetness... and you’ll learn that urine can be quite irritating to your sensitive skin down there. In time I will change you. But meanwhile, the moisture and wetness will cause your harness to tighten... leather does that. When wet... it shrinks. It will serve to better press those little balls of yours into their hiding place.”

How devious! Randy begins to realize the process of his slow emasculation will be abetted by his own excretions! All those glasses of water!

Miss Lu laughs with the look of horror.

“Yes, Randy, I think you will very much appreciate when a woman offers to change you. You’ll have new found esteem for the women who care for you... otherwise your harness will just get tighter... and tighter... and tighter.”

Down the stairs, to the kitchen. There, Randy pauses, and Miss Lu recognizes the quiet behavior. She just stands and smiles.

“Go ahead, empty yourself. It is why I have diapered you.”

Such a shameful thing to have to do, Randy thinks. But he can hold the many glasses of water no longer. He stands looking up into the sparkling eyes of his amused governess as his bladder opens and the warm wetness inundates the mass of absorbent cloth. Fortunately there is no sloppiness, no telling residue, but there is a distantly familiar feeling, the days before potty training returning.

“Good boy. In time I will change you. But I think you now need more water.”

“Why, hello Randy.”

After a glance from afar, Ms. Jensen returns to the task at hand, folding laundry, as Randy completes descending the basement stairs.

Miss Lu follows catching a wobbly Randy as his heels once again betray him. She playfully tweaks a nipple, offering her tantalizing touch to restore a degree of resoluteness. The digits also threaten, Randy fully aware that his governess is equally capable of dispensing pain.

The duo approach.

“And how are we progressing, has Randy been a good boy.”

“I am afraid he has already soiled himself, Ms. Jensen.”

“Well there are certainly enough hands here to change him. The girls will be home soon as well.”

“That will be my task for now, Ma’am.”

Ms. Jensen places one last garment on a tall pile and finally turns to fully appraise, not having seen Randy since Ms Lu’s arrival days before.

“Oh Randy, you look so cute in pink heels... and pink wrists bracelets as well. When your hair grows out at little, we’ll get you some nice pink hair ribbons.”

“Screw that. I’ll not wear them,” Randy’s pugnacity returning, the change of atmosphere fostering the undesired male brashness.

Ms. Lu just smiles retrieving a control box from the pocket of her white uniform.

“It is one of the reasons for my visit. You’ll need this... a wireless remote control. With a press of a button you can deliver a very quick but painful shock to his rectum.”

Miss Lu hands over the simple device as she speaks.

“In behavioral modification, quick and direct admonishment is best. The shock is harmless, but over time he will seek to avoid it through obedience. The electrical impulse will also cause his ejaculatory muscles to contract, emptying him of the male essence we are seeking to curtail. But not to worry, he’ll feel no pleasure and with the release of the undesired male hormones, he become more meek and docile. The fluids are absorbed into his diaper, so you can punish his behavior at any time... no mess... no fuss.”

Randy is amazed with his mother’s reaction... a thoughtful smile.

“How many times could I have used something like this?”

“As his emasculation progresses, his release will diminish of course, as will his bellicose words and attitude. But meanwhile, he’s to be controlled, by all the woman of the household. It is best for him.”

Ms. Jensen nods.

“Evelyn and Joan have been the recipient of Randy’s nasty words as well.”

Miss Lu’s smile broadens as she holds up the two extra remote control devices.

“He’ll need to be drained at least twice per day. It is important that ejaculation no longer be considered pleasurable... that instead, obedience to women and serving are the main sources of joy.”

Ms. Jensen nods again.

“I also should give you one of these. You’ll notice his diapers are secured in place a little differently. No safety pins. In Randy’s case by posts which are capped by magnetic knobs, only to be removed by this clever demagnetizing device. It is best kept tucked away. We’ll not want Randy to remove his diaper and prance about naked... not yet any way.”

The comment brings a knowing chuckle from Ms. Jensen.

“Now, if I may suggest, Ms. Jensen, Randy needs training in the laundry. He needs to be worked, then I will return him to his playpen.”

“It’s too tight, Miss Lu. Please, the aching won’t stop.”

“It will stop my precious little girlie boy... when your little balls are no longer functioning.”

Randy finds that Miss Lu’s fiendish harness indeed tightens as the wetness makes the leather contract.

“And I need to be changed.”

“I will change you if you drink lots of water for me.”

Miss Lu speaks as, with her inordinate strength, she picks up Randy and places him in his playpen, a floor level wooden fenced area... large for an infant, restrictive for an adolescent.

“Play time is over. I’d like to shower and take a nap.”

“But my diaper!”

“I’ll get you more water,” Miss Lu ignores his plea as she picks up her remote.

“Please no, I have been good!” Randy quaking in fear of a painful jolt.

“Calm yourself. I am setting the monitor, Randy. The top railing of your playpen has electrical sensors. They trigger your anal insertion. Should you try to crawl out, the system will deliver some voltage... slight as a warning at first. But resulting in a debilitating charge if you continue to disobey and attempt to escape.”

Button pressed, Miss Lu steps to a shelf.

“Something to keep you occupied. Borrowed it from Evelyn’s room.”

Miss Lu tosses a large stuffed furry animal into the pen, the toy of his sister as a toddler. Then she steps into the bathroom leaving Randy to his thoughts. The urine soaked diaper begins to irritate even more, gratefully offering distraction from the constant dull ache. Randy is

unfamiliar with the word ‘emasculate’, but he is beginning to understand governance... feminine governance... complete loss of power... the ceding of total control to a woman.

He cannot even move from his small enclosure, colorfully decorated for the amusement of young girls. His only diversion... a cuddly stuffed animal, again intended for children many years his junior.

He hears the running of water as Miss Lu prepares to shower. His bladder has again filled, before being diapered, the deluge of liquids vast. The sound brings another urge... not to be resisted. The cause is hopeless. Though he knows more fluid will bring added constriction to his emasculation harness, there is need, and his electrified playpen entraps.

He opens himself, again feeling the warmth, both soothing and depressing in knowing it rushes forth as a result of helplessness... all induced by a woman in control.

In midstream, Miss Lu steps from the bathroom, enshrouded on a large white towel, her massive breasts serving as an impressive ledge from which her sole covering hangs.

Nearing, she immediately notes the look of chagrin, the passiveness, the motionless stance as Randy lets his bladder wet himself.

She laughs, fully aware after so many transformations, extending her hand with another tall filled glass.

“It is best for boys like you, Randy. To be humbled... by a woman.”

Humbled indeed, Randy takes the glass and drinks, psychosomatically feeling the harness further tighten.

“Many of my girls found comfort in the harness... after the nerve endings of the testicles dull and the ache subsides. They said that ‘it feels like the hand of Miss Lu is holding me... down there’.”

Miss Lu takes the empty glass and turns to the bathroom. Randy gazes as more of her muscled body is exposed than ever, her uniform otherwise rather frumpy. Potent yet attractive, at least that is what Randy is coming to feel.

The bathroom door remains open and Miss Lu showers, Randy listening to the splashes of water, oddly fantasizing over the image of frothy white suds coating the ebony body of she who commands.

Then comes a new pain, his penis bracelet. Such thoughts bring attempted tumescence and the teeth dig into the supremely sensitive skin of his swelling penis tip, instantly taming the male organ, disavowing of what formerly brought curious delight when he stroked himself viewing sordid magazines.

Is his mother fully aware of Miss Lu's methods... that beneath his diaper he is cruelly harnessed, his balls being forced to return to their vestigial state? That his penis is encircled with a horrifyingly small and restrictive cylinder of metal?

Perhaps, given the opportunity, he will remove his diaper and show her. But alas, it is locked in place... only the demagnetizing device can release the fiendishly clever posts and magnetized knobs which, in place of standard safety pins, secure the folds at left hip and right.

With the boredom, calmed after a long morning and early afternoon of trauma and emotional distress, Randy lies down, forced to rest in his own excretions.

When will he be changed?

"How do you feel, Randy?"

"I'm soaked."

Miss Lu exits the bathroom after a long, leisurely shower, knowing that her defacto captive, imprisoned in his playpen, has lied in his bodily excretions while she brought herself great comfort.

"And the ache? Your balls still hurt?"

Randy arises from lying to gaze once again at a magnificent partially clad bronzed form. The white towel, disappointingly cloaking her charms, is joined by another wrapped about her hair.

"Yes, Miss Lu," his reply delayed by his gawking.

"Unfortunately it takes time for your body heat to deaden the nerves and for numbness to ensue. And your penis, have you tried to become stiff?"

Randy becomes bashful. Miss Lu, years of experience with boys... all turned into bashful little girls... understands.

"You can tell me Randy. It's Ok. Your bracelet will just make it hurt and return it to limpness. I just need to know. I am your governess. There is nothing I cannot... will not... know about you... and your little man."

"Yes, it became a little stiff... and then... well it hurt."

"Good. Why do you think it tried to stiffen?"

Again, the bashfulness brings silence. And as the enchanting Miss Lu moves about the room, arranging her clothing, stepping into the closet to select a fresh uniform, Randy's adoring gaze causes his penis to stir anew. He knows the answer, but cannot bring forth the words.

Miss Lu exits, a white uniform in one hand, a garment of thick black cloth in another.

“You’re bonding to me, Randy. All my little girls do. Curious is it not, to be so attracted to the woman who will forever end your masculinity?”

She places the uniform on the bed, presses a button on the remote control and approaches the playpen.

“The restraint system is off. I am going to change your diapers so you’ll be fresh for your sisters... coming home from school soon. But I’ll not befoul a fresh uniform and you’ll not be privileged viewing my charms... not yet.”

With that Miss Lu reaches out and slips the black garment over Randy’s head. His last glimpse is of the towel falling to the floor, the movement of her arms leaving her naked... so frustrating as the entrancing mounds of femininity are fully exposed yet escape his visual inspection.

“Hands behind.”

And obedient Randy complies and he hears the telling click as his pink wrist bracelets are connected. Then fingers work about the neck, connecting and tying cords to assure the hood will not inadvertently slip.

Hands reach forth, the powerful arms lift, no challenge for the impressive strength. The left arm supports the near naked youth under his diapered bottom. The fingers of the right hand tweak the nipples, bringing a satisfyingly girlish giggle. Then she draws forth to hug, fully pressing his naked torso against hers, drawing Randy into her massive bosom.

It feels wondrous after the hours of aching and the irritation of the wet diaper.

“To the changing table, Randy. And I hope your penis does not punish you for your indecent thoughts. Your Miss Lu is completely naked. And unlike those nasty magazines you peruse... I am up close, warm, soft where you’d like softness... but unfortunately for you... very much in charge.”

Indeed, Randy’s nakedness fully abrades that of his governess as she carries him without strain to a waiting table. His penis betrays him, attempting to stiffen with zeal.

“Lie still, knees to your chest like a good girl,” disappointed to be lowered to a broad padded massage table.

“I’m not a girl.”

The words are the same, but Miss Lu is satisfied in hearing them uttered with reservation... not at all combative.

“When I change you, you are to lie with your feet well into the air and well parted. You’re to expose yourself completely. You’ll have nothing to hide from your governess.”

The feet rise of course...and separate, Miss Lu pushing apart more than seemingly possible .

“Hold for me.”

Fingers work, the demagnetizing device removes the locking knobs, the folds of the wet diaper are drawn down to unveil the tiny penis, teeth bracelet gleaming in the room light. The mass of wet cotton is pulled out from under, and indeed Randy is fully exposed, the leather strands of his emasculation harness and high heels offering the only covering.

“We’ll begin some special stretching exercises for you Randy... make you more supple so you can better pose for a woman.”

Randy feels fingers inspect, Miss Lu taking particular interest in the empty ball bac, comically pressed between the two straps of his emasculating harness, his gonads pressed well into his viscera. Her palpation is caring... knowing... gently tugging at the loose flesh, marveling at the vulnerability of the male reproductive organs. Then the male appendage reacts as expected to the attentive touch, Randy grimaces.

Miss Lu is more than aware of the problem.

“You’ll not have trouble controlling it in a couple more days, Randy. Your little nuts are shrinking and it will become easier and easier for me to hide them away. Then the cremaster muscles will contract and in time the harness will not be needed, your own body keeping your balls from descending... and of course making you sterile. But I suspect you’ll still want to ride for me. All my girls like to ride in the saddle, the prostate gland so demanding of attention.”

While she speaks, Miss Lu steps to the bathroom, retrieving a warm, wet wash cloth. She returns and cleanses, Randy so grateful to have the irritating traces of urine sponged away.

Clean at last!

“Such a good girl, lying so passively for her governess.”

Task completed, Randy next feels tantalizing fingers diddle about his gluteal cleft, pushing aside the straps to brush the sensitive pink skin about the anus. The sensation is odd, but feels good. Then he feels tickling. Something tantalizes... and does so wickedly, spurring his penis to more fully tumefy, that which the penile bracelet denies.

“Once you’re completely emasculated... your balls dead and never to be seen, the inguinal canals never again to release your maleness... I’m going to transform this into a very sensitive erogenous zone for you. You’ll be feathered, awakening the nerve endings here... and at some point in your transformation you’ll thank me. After all, every girl enjoys having attention paid to her pussy. I would never deny you that.”

Randy strains, trying to reach forth with his secured hands. The touch of his governess is so enticing, bringing forth a great need... desire... countered by the extreme pain of the penis bracelet.

“Please no more, Miss Lu.”

She laughs. Well aware that despite the delight, the penis bracelet overrules, countering her teasing touch with painful swelling.

“Yes, when you’re good, fully transformed, I will remove the bracelet and play more here. And you’ll thank me.”

Fully cleansed, Miss Lu powders her faux infant. Then with the command of ‘down’, the feet return so Randy lies supine. Next the giant goddess lifts him from the table, to return him to the cramped isolation of the playpen, Randy soaking up the intensity of her warmth.

“Just another large glass of water and then I will nap. No diaper for the moment. *Do* try to control yourself, Brandy.”

Randy hears stirring. He has lain in silence as his governess slept, fighting the urge to urinate as his bladder fills anew. From the sound he knows Miss Lu has arisen. As clothing ruffles, he supposes she dresses. Footsteps suggest she enters the bathroom. Water gushes. More footsteps and within a moment the hood is whisked from his head. Randy blinks with the sudden rush of light. He looks up into the handsome face of she who controls all, disheartened to see she is no longer naked, attired in a fresh white uniform.

“Another nice big glass of water. Then its time to get you diapered and to meet your sisters, little one.”

“Please no, Miss Lu. Not while diapered.”

“You want to be naked? Want them to see your emasculation harness?”

The alternative is even more humiliating, and Randy decides to put aside his protest and drink in silence. Miss Lu observes, smiling in confidence as she works to assure a full bladder.

The button on the remote is pressed to deactivate the electrical rail of the playpen. Miss Lu leans and picks up Randy from under his arms, effortlessly swinging him from his enclosure.

“To the changing table. You know how I want you.”

He does. Randy glumly steps to the table, needing assistance to mount as his heels inhibit complete mobility, Miss Lu lifting with two large dark brown hands cupping his buttocks. He twists to lie supine then lifts his legs, knees to his chest, feet high and well parted. As Miss Lu demands... he assumes a humiliating pose of total exposure.

“In time, you’ll so pose yourself for your sisters and mother. I’ll not always be the woman to diaper you.”

The thought horrifies, placing Randy in a state of consternation as Miss Lu lifts and slips a fresh expanse of thick white cotton under his hips and buttocks. Then the hands rapidly fold over and draw up the lower segment. Small metal posts are thrust through specially made holes, at right hip and left, magnetic knobs are slipped into place to assure Randy will never escape from a wet and irritating garment.

“Good girl. See how easy that is when you’re obedient.”

Randy looks up into the smiling face. There is joy exhibited in diapering a girl... boy... he notes. The woman of size and strength is not only resolute in her desire to control... but her passion offers such delight.

“Stay.”

To the bathroom. Water runs. Another glass. To be consumed. Apprehension grows as Randy does not want to greet his sisters diapered... particularly in one he has soiled. Yet he knows the result of massive quantities of liquid is inevitable. He capitulates and drinks, fully aware of the pending results.

“So compliant for me...”

The glass is put aside. Miss Lu assists, giving the command to lower his legs and dismount the table.

“Come, let’s say hello and introduce Evelyn and Joan to their new little sister.”

No protest concerning the reference to his new gender, Miss Lu notes with satisfaction.

Descending the stairs, Randy feels the dire urge to urinate. Filled, he begins to fidget, trying his best to hold the contents of his bladder. Yet he knows the results are unavoidable. Such wickedness! Even if he were to dash off to the bathroom, somehow escaping the exacting tutelage of Miss Lu, he cannot remove his diaper to pee.

A hand lowers and playfully pinches his left cheek, highlighting the extreme exposure offered by the modified garment.

“You look so cute Brandy with your little heinie showing.”

He must somehow find a toilet! But then he reminds himself of the electrified anal insert and the price of disobedience.

Miss Lu leads into the den. There Evelyn watches an afternoon talk show for teens.

“Evelyn, meet you new little sister, Brandy.”

Evelyn turns her head. There comes a smile, gazing at the near nakedness of her half brother, he who has made such trouble... and was becoming so physically troublesome. She giggles. Randy blushes. Evelyn wriggles her index finger in a gesture of 'come hither'.

A once boisterously obstreperous adolescent boy awkwardly steps forth... cursing his high heels, cursing his newly ingrained obeisance to women... to stand before his reclining sister.

"Hello, *Brandy*, nice shoes. Very pretty."

A hand extends. The right nipple is tweaked. Just as Miss Lu had suggested, Randy protests.

"Stop."

But deep within, the touch feels good, bringing forth a never before felt frisson of delight. The nipples crinkle, he blushes. The encounter diverts his concentration. He is horrified to feel his bladder open. He rapidly steps back, awkwardly crossing his feet, clenching his buttocks to stop the flow. With his cheeks so well exposed, Evelyn notes the reaction, giggling anew.

She knows!

"Miss Lu said you were to be watered... a lot... and often."

Such humiliation, soiling himself before his teenaged sister... a girl... one he has so often tormented with his childish antics.

"Remember how I told you to stay out of my room... after you messed up all my things in the dresser? Well Brandy, you can come into my room any time now... diapered... or naked if you want. I understand you're being changed... into my little sister."

Randy turns crimson with the humiliation, now quite remorseful concerning his wicked prank, secretly switching all of Evelyn's clothing with sister Joan.

Holding his bladder closed becomes a losing effort. His urine gushes as he stands in silence, the wet warmth floods the absorbent cotton. An experienced Miss Lu, having diapered and transformed so many, recognizes the symptoms of motionless silence.

"Go ahead and let it all flow, Brandy. Entertain your sister. It will not be the last time. And just remember what happens as certain straps of leather become wet."

The women just watch, finding the intensity of the humiliation both deep and divine. Finally Miss Lu addresses the subject matter at hand, retrieving a remote control device from her pocket.

"This will help you control Brandy. Should she be disobedient, just press this button here and it will deliver a painful but harmless shock. Thereafter you'll find him to quite eagerly return to compliance. You have full authority over him, you and Joan... all the women of the household. It is best for the likes of Brandy... for boys being transformed into girls."

Is the emasculation harness tightening? Randy can feel the dull ache of his entrapped testicles. The pain is slight, somewhat tolerable, but in knowing it signals the slow end of his maleness, it is mentally horrifying.

“I have another remote for Joan. I won’t describe all the details, but do keep in mind that using the remote does no long term harm... and in fact the button should be pressed two or three times per day. It helps with his transformation, and makes him quite docile.”

Yes, draining him of male essence as the deluge of estrogen begins to work its magic, Miss Lu thinks to herself. But those details are not yet to be shared with 15 year old sister Evelyn. For now, she is to know that the remote punishes... not only empowering but speeding the process of having Randy think and act more effeminately.

“Won’t he look prettier with some make up?” sister Evelyn devilishly inquires.

“And some jewelry as well, Evelyn. I think Randy would be very grateful if you were to help him. You’ll note the wrist bracelets.”

“Yes, a very pretty pink, matches his shoes.”

“Yes, and they are rather functional.”

Miss Lu’s hand slips to her pocket.

“A ‘D’ clip. Cheap, quick to secure, quick to release, it immobilizes the wrists and therefore the arms and hands. Randy cannot release himself.”

Miss Lu gestures and Randy knows to place his hands behind his back. With the sound of a click, Miss Lu demonstrates, connecting the rings attached to his pink wrist bracelets.

“So, if he is disobedient, resists whatever it is you wish to do with him, just clip his wrists and you’ll find he will become quite compliant.”

Evelyn smiles, nodding eagerly, recalling all the contemptible pranks and interaction with the rascal Randy... soon to be the prettified Brandy.

For Miss Lu, it is comforting to know the sprite girl will so enthusiastically abet her task.

The athletic sister Joan is found in the basement. An affinity for dance fosters the need for exercise and stretching and over the teen years, faithful commitment to a daily regimen has brought a lithe, strong and well sculpted form.

Miss Lu reaches the bottom of the steps, a diapered Randy in tow. On the far side of the basement, sister Joan works to stretch, standing feet well parted on a room-sized exercise mat, bending with knees straight to lay her full palms flat. Of late, Randy’s burgeoning hormones, the

levels now plummeting, have impelled him to spy as his sister. Once thought of as a nuisance, with her nubile body blossoming into beauty, Joan has become sexually attractive.

Yes, with skin tight leotards her only covering, there is nothing else to veil her pulchritude. Randy has twice hidden himself while she showers, seeking to steal a glimpse as she exits the upstairs bathroom. On both occasions, an annoyed Joan, partially clad in hastily donning a bathrobe, caught him, verbally reprimanding to no affect.

And so as Miss Lu approaches Joan smiles in spotting her devious brother, naked but for diaper and gaudy pink high heels. She outright giggles when he stumbles and a large ebony hand reaches to deter a fall.

“Joan, this is your little sister, Brandy,” Miss Lu’s hand tweaking a nipple, her gentle touch bringing forth a girlish squeal.

“How cute,” Joan curtailing her stretching. “I like the way his little butt sticks out of the diaper. Now I can look at him instead of him spying on me.”

Joan steps forth. Miss Lu explains the remote control and once again demonstrates the ease of the ‘D’ clip, handing both to another woman who will aid in supervising Randy’s transformation.

“I will salt other ‘D’ clips about the house so such will always be handy. But the concept is that Brandy constantly be under feminine authority. A woman must always be governing.”

Joan nods in agreement, also reaching forth to likewise tweak a nipple.

“Will I get to change him? He’s been so eager to see me naked, I’d so much like to change the cards.”

“In time, Joan. But I would like to have Brandy exercised. Perhaps you can teach her to dance? And I’d like her ligaments and muscles to be stretched. Every girl needs to be supple.”

Sister Joan nods, her nose crinkling in reaction to odor.

“I think he’s wet himself.”

“Yes, remember to keep him well watered. There’s nothing that can be more humbling than prancing about in wet diapers. And we want Brandy to be well humbled. In time he’s going to be very meek and docile and eager to please... to be of service... isn’t that right Brandy?”

“But right now he’ll just need to endure the irritating wetness, won’t you Brandy?”

Miss Lu notes there are no words of objection, only a silent and disconsolate ‘Brandy’ looking to the floor.

“Guess we can start some stretching. But won’t the wet diaper chafe his skin?”

“That’s fine. She’ll be that much more grateful when I change her.”

Joan nods, and takes Randy by the elbow.

“Come, we’ll begin practicing some splits. It will be uncomfortable at first, but you’ll soon be limber.”

Miss Lu moves to the side to observe, marveling at how quickly the sisters have embraced their role in assisting with the overall dismantling of Randy’s male psyche.

He really must have been a handful for them to so facilely join her efforts.

A wet diapered Randy begins a stretching and exercise program, Miss Lu very much aware that with the dissipation of testosterone and the deluge of estrogen, Randy’s modified male metabolism will begin to much more quickly store fat. And though she fully intends to plumpen... another demonstration of her power and control... she’ll not tolerate outright obesity. Instead a degree of voluptuousness is desired. And Randy is to learn, what the governing woman desires... the governing woman shall have.

Thereafter Randy is taken to the kitchen, there to learn to prepare meals and otherwise assist Ms. Jensen in all matters domestic. Miss Lu also explains the remote control and easy use of the ‘D’ clip for any offered resistance to the matron of the household, so grateful even though Randy’s transformation is far from complete.

Finally, the long mentally wearing afternoon and evening end, Randy serving the evening meal, not permitted to touch a morsel. Instead, when others have finished partaking, Miss Lu steps to the kitchen and whips up a large bowl of mush, appearing as baby food, lacing it with estrogen and cyproterone acetate, to chemically castrate and augment the suppression of testosterone and ensure his little balls become even more tiny.

Then, before all the women of the household, Randy’s wrists are secured behind his back, and Miss Lu feeds, showing sisters Joan and Evelyn how a boy becoming a girl must learn to rely on his governess for everything, sustenance included.

Yes fed as a child, Miss Lu spoons the mush, Randy fully aware of the nature of the additives.

“You’ll soon be feeding your little sister, girls. I prefer to deny use of his hands. And if there is any reluctance, you just reach forth with your free hand and you’ll find these little pink nubs have wonderful purpose.”

Randy blushes with the four pairs of feminine eyes watching as he’s fed. And when the thumb and forefinger close over a nipple and pinch, he comically lurches in his chair with the demonstration of such easily applied encouragement.

“Everything must come from us. Total dependance on those in control. It is important.”

Meanwhile, the wet harness continues to tighten. Evelyn enthusiastically offers more water, and though the diaper irritates, the resulting fresh flow of warm urine oddly soothes.

When will he be changed? Romping about naked with Miss Lu seems to be so much preferred.

Finally returning to the bedroom, Randy expects quick relief. But it is not to be.

“Into your playpen, time for Miss Lu to relax.”

Randy is chagrined to find himself not only penned, but his wrists are restrained behind his back and his heels are secured together as well, completely immobilizing. Miss Lu’s powerful hands prod and shove to lay him on his side facing the wall. In total frustration, he lies bound while listening to Miss Lu remove her clothing, so desirous to gaze at her charms.

“How do you feel Randy?”

“There’s the constant ache, and down there... I’m all wet and it’s beginning to itch and sting.”

“Is the ache getting stronger?”

“No ma’am.”

“Well, when the end comes, the ache will get very bad. It will be as if your little balls are offering a final cry for help. So you let me know.”

Randy whimpers, his only response. And he does so quite meekly.

“So you’d like your governess to change you?”

“Yes, please, Miss Lu.”

“Suppose I ask Evelyn and Joan to come in and watch. I think they’d like looking at your emasculation harness... how the tight straps ensure that little scrotum of yours remains empty.”

“No please, Miss Lu. Don’t do that.”

“Well they are going to be changing you at some time. But I suspect when that time comes you’ll more appreciate their touch... just as you’re learning to appreciate mine.”

Miss Lu approaches as she speaks. The frustration heightens as her naked form leans over the playpen railing and, with only the briefest peek at her nudity, the hood returns, slipped over his head to again bring darkness. He would so much like to gawk, stare, assess every inch of her puissant femininity... she who controls all...

“Your magazines, Randy, such sordid material for a boy your age. And the manner in which you have tormented your sisters. How long have been fantasizing about girls in bondage?”

Randy is ashamed to learn that Miss Lu knows of his distraction, before alluding thereto, now bringing the subject out for open discussion.

“I don’t know... it’s just something that started.”

“Genetics, Randy. Your mother tells me your father has a past. I assume you’re not aware of it, but we’re going to make sure you grow up and mature differently... quite differently.”

Randy hears the rustle of clothing as Miss Lu dons a robe.

“Yes, you’ll soon prefer a different form of bondage... and many other things... cute stuffed animals... when permitted clothing you’ll want it soft, smooth... brightly colored... to make you look so pretty. I suspect sister Evelyn is quite anxious to spend time with you after school. Lots of make up... yes, some lip stick... and rouge. You’ll want to see what you look like in costume jewelry. We’ll let your hair grow nice and long. For you... pigtails. And sister Joan... I think she’ll soon have you dancing for us... naked... before all the women of the house... and you’ll like it... because it will please us... and you’ll learn that pleasing us is the most important thing.”

The words drive home the slow transformation. Randy’s whimpering turns to outright blubbing.

“Oh Randy, you’ll soon be squealing with laughter... just a few more days and when your balls finally surrender, your femininity will cascade like a water fall.”

Miss Lu reads. With her many years of working with troubled boys, those who cry out for attention... those who endure her custody and have their misspent energies converted to feminine care and desire to please, she knows to ignore the plaintive woeful sobbing. Fully aware that in time, Brandy will be skipping about the house, reveling in her nakedness, or perhaps effeminately attired, she calmly lets Randy stew in his urine soaked diaper.

Some of her charges have become maids, relieving overburdened mothers of household chores. Some just prance about, quite pretty, quite happy... and when allowed clothing, thrilled to be offered silk panties and flowery satin blouses.

Yes, happy little girls... or at least emasculated boys who think of themselves as girls. So Miss Lu understands that the long term results greatly outweigh the slow torment.

Years before, in her first transformation, she merely crushed the gonads, quickly but quite painfully, ending the wellspring of maleness between thumb and forefinger. Hormone treatment followed and the physical change was easily accomplished, but the bonding and emotional change... imbuing the deep need to please the female... was too time consuming. And so she

learned that slow emasculation is best, better able to instill the bonding which ensures obedient and abject compliance to the governing woman's desires.

Finished with her magazine, estimating that Randy's diaper has withstood three bouts of urination, judging from the quantities of water forced into him, it is time he be changed and bedded. Not offered in mercy, but in providing relief, delivering comfort after many hours of wet irritation, there comes an affinity for Miss Lu as governess... leading to adoration. The immobility helps, enhancing the feeling of frustration... all part of the process.

"Time to get you out of that diaper, my stinky little one" Miss Lu announces with aloofness.

She presses the remote to turn off the electrified railing and arises from the bed. Randy's heart leaps... finally to be relieved of the smelly paludal garment he has worn for many hours... and which has withstood many offerings of his bladder.

She leans, releasing the heels then lifting Randy from the playpen and standing him upright to balance on high heels. She slips away the hood, leaving the wrists secured.

"To the changing table, knees to chest."

Randy offers no resistance, instantly obeying, eager to be relieved of the foul mass of wet cotton. As his eyes adjust, he notes that his governess dons a white robe, fluffy, warm, strangely inviting. To be permitted clothing, covering, yes, but for some reason the thought of something soft, gently caressing his nakedness, enthralls even more.

Are the hormones working?

On the table knees to chest, feet high and well parted, a smiling Miss Lu uses the demagnetizer to release the knobs and unfold the irritating expanse of white. The smell offers little distraction from the glorious feel of the room air wafting over sensitive pink flesh chafed by hours of contact with acidic urine. Randy smiles.

"Thank you, Miss Lu. Thank you."

The wet mess is tossed into a hamper. A cloth moistened with warm water is retrieved. Tender knowing hands begin to dab away the excretions of a long afternoon and evening. It is heavenly.

Then the empty ball sac is examined. Warm fingers palpate, seeming to search for that pressed into the inguinal canals many hours before. There comes a snicker. The vacant mass of soft male flesh, soon to be female, amuses.

"Something missing here, Randy," Miss Lu mockingly suggests.

As the examination continues, Randy's revelry begins to turn as he feels his penis begin to react to the woman's touch. Yes, it begins to swell, fighting its barbed entombment. Miss Lu notes and smiles.

“I think you need to be calmed... and you need to be completely naked for me. I like naked little girls crawling about. Would you like to be naked for me... remove the harness?”

A well cleansed Randy must agree. He nods with enthusiasm. No harness!

Miss Lu steps to the bathroom and returns with the small sample jar which before preceded the quick but intense pain of the electrical anal charge.

“No please Miss Lu, I’ve been good. I have obeyed.”

“Yes you have, Randy, but I still need a sample. It will be quick. It always is.”

Yes, quick and unbearably painful. Miss Lu aligns the jar, the tiny penis tip pressed well within, then presses the remote. Randy lurches with the voltage and of course his ejaculatory muscles spasm with vigor, forcefully giving up the male essence which Miss Lu demands.

And then he calms indeed, experiencing the curious afterglow of expending male seed... yet without an iota of pleasure, his male hormones depleted.

Quickly capping, Miss Lu examines the jarred effluent. Just a trace of white, evidencing a paucity of spermatozoa, the comparative abundance of clear fluid brings a knowing smile.

“Very good, Randy. You’re slowly being emasculated. Now let’s undo your harness and see if your balls want to pay us a visit.”

Randy again experiences euphoria as he feels fingers loosen the straps of the devilish harness, greatly tightened with the wet of his urine. With the leather removed, Miss Lu’s fingers enshroud the empty scrotum, seemingly in wait. Embarrassing yes, but such wondrous touch.

Will his testicles descend?

Randy finds himself confused... does he want his little balls to slide forth... to return to his scrotum to be tormented another day. Or perhaps, if such remain snug in the canals, he’ll not again wear the wicked harness.

After a moment fingers work left and right of his pubes, finding the entrances of the inguinal canal then prodding to push and enter. Miss Lu assesses.

“I can feel your little nuts, Randy. Still there of course, but I want them higher in the canals. Tomorrow I’ll have you ride for me with extended prongs.”

Disheartening, but for now Randy is free! And when Miss Lu uses a small special wrench to open and remove the teeth bracelet, he nearly swoons with joy.

“Just for a little while, Randy. I want to see if you can achieve a hard on for me. Keep your feet high and spread for me.”

Miss Lu steps away and returns. The fingers resume. She works the scrotum, reaches to the nipples, caressing, massaging, kneading. Then a feather begins tantalizing his rectum. It feels good... but it teases. He needs to scratch... to itch... needs to play there. The delight is incomplete. He needs more. He struggles to reach forth, pulling his arms against his wrist bindings.

“Lie still. I’ll take care of you Randy. Just bring yourself to erection for me. Come on, a nice big stiffey for Miss Lu.”

Unaware, for the process does bring joy, the purpose is to awaken the nerve endings about the anus, bolstering the sensitive area as an erogenous zone as intended. Also she wants to gauge how, after several helpings of estrogen, his penis reacts to stimulation.

There comes more swelling but Miss Lu is satisfied in observing a degree of limpness, the process of emasculation is proceeding on course.

“I want you to push out the electrical probe, Randy. Make like you’re having a bowel movement for Miss Lu. Push, push, push.”

Randy complies. Though it is shameful, to have to perform such an act before a woman... it is his governess, she who knows all, to whom he must show himself, must always obey. Besides he is happy not to have the tormenting device within him.

“Good boy. Does that feel good working your rectum for me? I do believe you’re beginning to enjoy the humiliation, Randy.”

“Please Miss Lu, I need to itch there.”

“Suppose I insert my finger instead. Will that make it feel better?” the inquiry coming as the anal probe is placed aside.

“Many of my girls come to enjoy penetration here, Brandy,” the feather continuing to circle the puckered sphincter.

“Yes please, Miss Lu. It itches.”

Yes, as part of the transformation, Randy will frequently have his anus finger fucked... by a woman... and he will learn to take joy in the process.

“Now, doesn’t that feel good? Isn’t it nice of Miss Lu to please you like this?”

A single finger slips into the tight aperture. With her question, it wriggles about to announce its presence. Then it curls knowing of the precise location of the prostate gland. Then the digit withdraws and impales again, the minor friction satiating the need to itch. In, out, in, out, some wriggling about then curling up for the prostate gland, Randy is amazed at the level of joy. He feels oscillations, those that normally come when he strokes his penis, those normally fostered in viewing the filthy magazines hidden away in his bedroom. But his penis remains neglected.

And Miss Lu's question is answered when Randy blushes and moans. He wants her to continue yet he wants her to stop. His mind addled by hormones, he just lies and absorbs the pleasure after a long day of enduring aches and the irritation of his own bodily fluids.

Noting that full erection is not achieved despite the advanced level of sensuous caress, Miss Lu abruptly stops. She has learned what is needed. Normally the penis of a boy of Randy's age snaps to attention with zeal. Randy's manhood struggles to even achieve partial firmness.

"Ok, off the table, Randy. And I have a rule for boys I am emasculating. When not wearing heels you are to crawl. As I said I like crawling completely naked boys... not a scrap of covering for you... other than your pretty pink wrist bracelets"

Arms extend, hands slip under the supine form. Randy is lifted then lowered to the floor, there his wrists are freed of the 'D' clip.

He crawls, Miss Lu finds herself laughing with deviant delight.

While Randy celebrates his freedom and relief from the constant dull ache, Miss Lu cleans the highly sophisticated anal probe, then opens and replaces the batteries. When the voltage is applied, the energy depletes rapidly, and it is imperative that Randy always be susceptible to the disciplining press of a woman's finger.

Meanwhile, after a minute or two of limbering muscles held immobile for hours, Randy finds himself experiencing a not before felt modest thrill. As he shuffles about on the carpet, the flesh of his empty scrotum, though its size limited by youth, jostles and gently abrades his inner thighs. It is strange, having only weeks before become accustomed to the feel his small yet burgeoning, rapidly growing testicles dangling there.

He stops, moves to sit upright, and his free hands lower to feel and explore. He gazes downward... partly in amazement... partly in horror.

Miss Lu's words return to his mind, not fully comprehended as he laid on the changing table preoccupied with wet irritated skin and constant dull ache.

'Something missing here,' the mirthful, ostensibly playful words repeat in his mind as a finger toys with his sac.

Miss Lu exits the bathroom, clean anal prob in hand. She notes that Randy, having initially 'discovered' his maleness only months before, somehow obtaining and then stroking himself to glossy bondage pulp, is discovering himself once again... but now as a... girl? Boy? Hermaphrodite?

Miss Lu smiles, understanding that his confusion over gender will be greatly enhanced by the deluge of estrogen she has induced, the reaction of the male mind initially one of disarray.

It is part of the process. It is expected. And it is important. And that is why he is to be immersed in all things feminine... particularly feminine governance... the ceding of everything to she who commands. He needs to be made dependent.

Yes, the extent of Miss Lu's power dawns anew as the fingers of her charge smooth over the pulpy flesh of his empty scrotum.

"Feel good?" Miss Lu's words startling, Randy not aware of her observation. "Do you like it that I am changing you there?"

"I don't know Miss Lu... it's funny. And I'm... I can't think too well."

"It is expected, Randy."

Miss Lu returns to the dresser, opening the case containing the array of teeth bracelets. She selects the next smallest size. The bracelet she has removed has served its purpose. In order to offer proper tightness, Randy's organ shrinking with the infusion of transforming chemicals, she must assess regularly and assure discomfort if he attempts to stiffen.

"Here we go. Can't having you toying like a bad boy. You're going to be a good girl instead."

With that, Miss Lu stoops and Randy once again dons the evil prickly device.

"Come, let's take a little walk. I want you to show me something."

Miss Lu lowers her hand and grasps Randy's lengthening hair, using it as a leash.

"Let's take a look in your room shall we. And we'll talk."

Miss Lu opens the bedroom door. Randy is aghast, totally naked, crawling, his once rebellious form now so compliant.

"My sisters! I don't want them to see me like this."

"Long gone to bed, Randy. And in time, you'll be thrilled to display yourself to them. It is part the transition. Your obeisant nakedness will please them... and you *will* want to please them."

The duo shuffle down the hall, Randy crawling, Miss Lu firmly guiding. The bedroom door is prevalently secured with the formidable steel bar. Miss Lu has the key ready, the Medco lock yields and Randy is led into his once male lair, now access denied.

"Show me your magazines Randy. I want to see them."

Closing the door and releasing his hair, Randy crawls to a closet. He lifts a segment of rug. Then beneath, likewise lifts a section of floor boarding. Pubescent hands retrieve a pile of pulp... his stash!

Why is he doing this?.. revealing his deepest darkest secret to this woman!

“Bring them here,” Miss Lu moving to sit on his bed.

Randy obeys, shuffling forth on both knees, modest pile of glossy print in his hands. He knows to offer. Miss Lu places the magazines on the bed next to her.

“Come, up here. Let’s see if you still want to look.”

Miss Lu invitingly opens the folds of her large fluffy robe to bare her massive but impressively shaped thighs. The smooth chocolate warmth beckons and as Randy rises, the powerful hands prod and guide until he lies face down over her lap, her flesh indeed feeling marvelous on the pink chafed and irritated privates of Randy.

“So, pictures of girls tied up. This one nearly naked, but quite well restrained. Such excites?”

Unfolding one issue of ‘Girls in Distress’, Miss Lu arranges such that Randy can fully gaze. The pictures are somewhat redundant. Typical male pornography, Miss Lu thinks to herself. But procured and treasured at such a young age!

“Is your penis firming, Randy? Go ahead and make yourself nice and hard for your governess. You need not be shy with Miss Lu. I have seen so many... tamed so many,” the added words bringing a snort.

She pages, pausing to let Randy fully view each provocative shot... provocative for the demented male mind.

Randy indeed finds enjoyment. But something is different. Something about the way he thinks... about the fantasies such filth conjures. Then he feels a hand at his buttocks. His cleft is splayed, a finger glides in... where the wicked anal probe threateningly nestled throughout the day. The thumb of the same hand begins to press at the perineum finding then kneading the empty sac. It feels good, And when the penetrating finger begins to slide in and out, slowly, Randy senses a brisance of joy.

In inadvertently moaning in delight, the reaction brings a knowing smile from Miss Lu. Then his hips wriggle about, frotaging his tiny penis tip as best he can against the smooth warmth of Miss Lu’s inviting thighs.

“We can do this, Randy,” Miss Lu proclaims, her free hand pausing, a finger pointing to one of the more graphic and extreme photos. “You can be this girl right here. I think my morning meals are having quite an effect. Am I right? What to you visualize when looking at this, a young naked girl wearing leather cuffs and bent over like that?”

Randy remains silent, soaking up the physical input... the sensual input. He has before very much enjoyed his pornography, the eidetic male mind lustfully soaking up image after image... fantasizing that it is his imaginary adult arms and hands which strip and bind some vixen, some

deserving teenaged girl who has earned his revenge... on occasion picturing an older sister who has annoyed.

But now, he finds Miss Lu's words bring thought. And with the influx of pleasurable sensations, anus manipulated, penis reveling within the warm folds of Miss Lu's thighs, page after page of feminine nakedness unveiled to eager, once male eyes, there come oscillations in his loins... those that many times preceded the spurts from his erect penis.

Except he is not erect, and with Miss Lu having electrically drained him, he knows there is nothing to be offered, no essence to purge in climactic ecstasy. And he knows should he harden, the teeth bracelet will bring agony... and force a return to limpness.

"I like doing this to a boy... one I am emasculating... a nice thorough finger fucking. Do you like it Brandy? Do you like submitting to a woman's touch?"

The questions just linger... verbally unanswered. But both know the inner response. Randy is not the only one to feel the oscillations of ejaculatory muscles brought to complete submission. Miss Lu knows as well... that he would like to harden and erupt but cannot. That ultimate climax is denied... by the controlling hands and fingers of a woman. But she also knows that she is instilling a new form of pleasure... transforming the mind as well as the body.

"But I have to go bad, Miss Lu!"

"Then finish your morning meal. Lots of estrogen... lots of cyproterone acetate. Do you know what that is, Randy?"

"No," the filled bladder of Randy bringing comical fidgetiness.

"It is a strong antiandrogen which suppresses any testosterone in your body. With a twice daily dose, higher than recommended, it will end your male sex drive but more importantly cause your little testicles to shrivel. That means such will better stay in your inguinal canals where I have pushed them, and eventually your cremaster muscles will contract and keep those unwanted male organs permanently out of sight. Plus your penis, as small as it is, will continually shrink."

Heaping spoonfuls of laced oatmeal are offered with the explanation, most of which Randy does not understand. But the words 'penis' and 'shrink' register.

"But I don't want it to be smaller."

Miss Lu smiles warmly, the reaction, observed so often. Her will shall prevail. Randy's maleness will cede. It is inevitable.

"As my generous doses of estrogen become more effective, I think you will be very happy with that dangling little nub there. It will remain quite sensitive, perhaps become even more so, and there will be times when I will have you frottage it against my thighs, just like you did last night.

Did you like that? When you're fully transformed, you'll not have the teeth bracelet, there will be no need. So you'll very much enjoy rubbing me."

Randy masticates and swallows, eager for a morning trip to the bathroom. He contemplates the previous evening's odd journey to his room, the joint viewing of graphic sadomasochistic pictures of girls well bound, once a very private and furtive endeavor, now shared with a woman... one who added newly found physical enjoyment to the joyful fantasy.

Miss Lu smiles, the eagerness with which Randy partakes of his chemically castrating meal quite ironic. He dares not pee in his playpen, yet he cannot visit the bathroom until he consumes all his transforming oatmeal... offered one spoonful at a time by a governing woman... never again to feed himself.

"It didn't get hard like it used to," Randy laments.

"That's the way I want it Randy. It will swell a little... when you get excited. But it will never stand again. That I want to end. And as you know, what Miss Lu wants Miss Lu gets."

Bowl finished, large hands reach under bound arms to lift Randy with ease, his wrists clipped together behind his back as he slept. There will be no unsupervised touching of his privates under Miss Lu's tutelage. Even with the teeth bracelet in place, Randy sleeps bound and hooded with a simple length of rope tied about his waste, extending down about his pubes then up between his cheeks, assuring that during the night he cannot expel the electrical anal probe .

To the bathroom, Randy must crawl, his footwear not yet offered. He knows to proceed into the tub, and there to impatiently await Miss Lu to join and begin ablutions. Head down, knees well parted buttocks up, he needs relief.

"Go ahead, pee for me."

The words are pleasant but Randy knows such are a command, one which he will eagerly follow. As his bladder empties, Miss Lu unties the rope about his waste then prepares the spritz enema which begins his morning cleansing.

"Do you feel any aching, Randy?"

"No, Miss Lu."

Miss Lu is well aware of the process. His body is acclimating. And as she kneels next to the tub and inserts the short tube of the enema, her free hand slips between thighs to palpate the puff of once male flesh. Yes, the testicles have remained within the inguinal canals. The longer they reside inside the body the less likely they will ever again descend on their own merit, slowly shrinking, the muscles contracting to enshroud and continually pull until such become vestigial remnants of masculinity.

Caressing there, the most telling evidence of a boy becoming a girl, excites Miss Lu. She smiles warmly as her hand squeezes and the soapy enema rushes into her charge's bowels.

“Hold for me,” she commands, her fingers tenderly toying with the empty sac, adding sensuous touch to the humiliating process.

One moment, two, she slips out the tube and chuckles in watching the girlish buttocks clench in strict obedience. Then she turns on the tap, adjusts the water temperature and offers the command...

“Release for me.”

It is important that she control the most basic of functions. And Randy complies, his bowel movement gushing forth to be whisked down the drain.

Next comes his morning bath, perhaps a depilatory if during the process Miss Lu encounters any annoying body hair. And then will come an added step. In addition to the scented soap, quite feminine of course, today Randy will be perfumed.... then will come the disciplining anal insertion, his diaper and the high heeled shoes which will remind him of his forced femininity with every step.

“You’re going to ride the saddle for me for a couple of hours. Longer prongs will press those unwanted peanuts much further inward. Then you’ll be harnessed and diapered so a good little girl can help her mother with the laundry.”

Randy nods in agreement. His docile response brings a smile.

As the days of emasculation progress, sisters Evelyn and Joan gleefully assist. After school, Joan has Randy dancing, teaching a sultry girlish strip tease. Miss Lu observes, understanding that Randy’s reaction, his acceptance, is important. At first there is defiance, a press of the remote control necessary to involuntarily... and painfully... trigger the ejaculatory muscles, instantly draining him, what little male essence which can still be produced spurting into his diaper. Within days the defiance shifts to more of a vocal resistance... but it is in the form of that of a little girl... the stamping of a high heeled foot, and girlish cry of ‘No’. That attitude is easily modified with Joan waving the remote before quickly conceding eyes.

So... Brandy... as the girls have more and more come to call him... dances indeed.

Thereafter Evelyn takes charge, thrilling to place Randy in full make up... lipstick, eye shadow, rouge.

“You smell so sweet, Brandy,” Evelyn compliments, smiling in seeing her new little sister blush.

Thankfully the perfume masks the many offerings soaked up by the thick absorbent diaper. The tightening harness continues to bring the dull ache, reminding Randy that his maleness is slowly dissipating.

Both Evelyn and Joan know to constantly mandate glasses of water. Plus to toy with nipples and assure that Brandy is well aware of his childlike exposure, patting and gently pinching his bottom, protruding from abbreviated diapers. Both are sure to make note when it becomes necessary for Brandy to pause from whatever activity in order to release and empty his bladder, Evelyn and Joan offering mild words of admonishment as Brandy finds herself unable to hold, performing the demeaning deed before them, standing in humble silence as nature mandates that he humiliate himself.

He pees, ignominiously relieving himself in his diaper before them.

Then Randy ends the day serving dinner to his family and Miss Lu, with many playful smacks to his exposed buttocks.

Evenings, time is spent with Miss Lu and Randy has learned that being stripped naked by the imposing woman can be quite the mirthful happening... a long day in the irritating diaper finally ending.

During diaper removal and cleansing, freed of the teeth bracelet, Miss Lu continuously tantalizes the gluteal cleft and rectum, feathering to bring forth a plea from her effeminate charge, closely observing the reaction of the male organ... the once male organ.

It swells... but stiffens no more!

“Please no more Miss Lu, I have to itch.”

“Do you want me to finger you, Brandy? So many of my little girls have enjoyed being penetrated here.”

Sheepishly... and politely... Brandy finds herself requesting the insertion of a tender finger.

“Yes, you all so much enjoy being finger fucked,” Miss Lu chortles in ceding to the humble request.

In, out, wriggling, curling... Miss Lu knows exactly how to awaken the nerves, gleefully bringing joy to Brandy’s new erogenous zone.

And of course she also kneads the empty scrotum, reminding Brandy of her pending loss and also enhancing the pulpy flesh as another erogenous zone.

Then come new instructions, cleverly intended to bring more awareness... and compliance... to the degrading procedure.

“Now Brandy, when you feel my finger pull out, I want you to fully relax your sphincter. But you feel it return, begin to push inward, I want you to squeeze as hard as you can. In time, it will come natural to you, you’ll be able to pressure an impaling object without thought. But meanwhile, we’ll need much practice.”

Miss Lu smiles in feeling the exacting obedience to her commands... the tight little purse string muscle gripping well as she thrusts anew.

After much time 'practicing', Brandy is anointed with a teeth bracelet of smaller size and placed in his electrified playpen while Miss Lu reads and relaxes, on occasion offering the briefest glimpse of her nakedness as she changes into her robe and before the hood immerses him in darkness.

Some ten days into Miss Lu's close, strict and thorough governance Brandy is put to bed, reporting that the dull ache is nominally felt.

"Good, then you'll stay in harness for the entire night," Miss Lu summarily announces.

This brings a sense of gloom, Brandy learning that in the bedroom he is normally merrily freed of the tight strands of leather, crawling about naked to amuse Miss Lu.

On this night he is put to bed, bound with wrists behind as always. He receives a treat as Miss Lu, who sleeps in the nude, approaches displaying her puissant femininity, offering more than a brief glance of her well sculpted form. Brandy has come to envy more than gaze in lust. The breasts are mammoth and incredibly firm nipples invite, her mons of meaty outer labia offering a peek of pink inner lips. She smiles knowing of Brandy's thoughts, the bonding progressing. She pauses offering more, then leans, her breasts, in defiance of gravity, moving not. An index finger taps the nose, suggesting naughtiness, then the hood is slipped over Brandy's head.

In darkness, Brandy's sense of gloom swells, normally slumbering without the tight emasculation harness.

Still, he manages to sleep, having become accustomed to bound wrists, the harness eventually found acceptable.

One hour... two... he awakens with sharp stabbing pain... down there, where he has endured the constant dull ache. Yes, at the pubes, deep within, the throbbing has changed to unbearable sharpness.

"Please Miss Lu, it hurts. Miss Lu. I cannot wear it... the harness. Please wake up!"

He hears the rustling of the bed covers. His governess stirs. Then the powerful hands are felt, under his arms. She lifts, Randy aware of the irony... that the hands that torment are also the hands that can offer relief... mercy from that which slowly alters.

"Shush my little one. You'll awaken the house."

She draws Randy's form against hers. Once again the warmth, the well muscled, firm softness offer a brisance of delight. Miss Lu sleeps without covering and but for the wrists bracelets and leather emasculation harness, Randy is equally naked.

"Come to bed. You have more to learn... much to understand."

Her caring tendance staves, dulling the sharpness, more distraction then real relief. Still, Randy is carried like a doll to her large double bed, there to find himself drawn under the covers. Such wondrous comfort. Her arms encircle, her hands smoothing over his hairless nakedness. Randy can feel her fine breasts, cursing the hood and his blindness.

“The pain will subside soon, my little girl. Your nerves are sending a message... it is the last gasp of your little testicles. It is like a tooth ache, the nerves of your testicles sending out a desperate signal before they finally surrender to atrophy and die.”

Yes, having emasculated so many, Miss Lu fully understands. It is why she has mandated the harness stay in place... summoning the death knell of maleness for her soon to be feminized charge.

A hand tenderly cups his left buttock. Another moves to his pubes. Between the tight straps there is found the empty scrotum and Miss Lu knows to knead and caress, bringing further comfort. Then the hand at the buttocks slips further into the gluteal cleft where the leather straps serve their dual purpose, holding in place the electrified anal probe. Having worked daily to enhance the sensitivity... promoting the awareness as an erogenous zone... her touch, the nearness of her fingers bring further delight.

“I suspect tomorrow morning you will feel no pain. Your testicles finally conceding, the heat of your body rendering such useless, my doses of cyproterone acetate causing your balls to shrink to the point where the muscles will forever keep them snugly tucked away. You’ll never see them again, Randy. It is best for you.”

Randy snuffles, mourning the end of his maleness. Miss Lu takes pity. The hand moves from the buttocks and tweaks right nipple and left, Randy amazed with the newly acquired sensitivity there. It feels so good...

“Now, good girls know to please whenever they can Brandy,” Miss Lu’s words soft and pedantic.

The hand moves from the nipples to the hood, grasping the hem at the neck. Will it be removed?

She instead rolls it upwards to the nose, exposing Randy’s mouth.

“So let’s treat each other, Brandy. In celebration... to the demise of your testicles... to the beginning of your new life.”

The hand moves to the back of the head and guides. Greeting Brandy’s lips is one of the enticing nipples he has so often glimpsed. He parts his lips and his mouth engulfs... instinct?..

His tongue swirls bringing forth a sigh of delight. A knowing Miss Lu understands... it is not the oral caress of a lover... it is the need to be nurtured... to further delve into the role of the diapered girl Randy has become.

Miss Lu's fingers return the favor, the empty scrotal sac... the nipples... kneading... caressing... knowing that such inspires further suckling... Randy must satiate a new found need... not only for maternal authority... but to seek the reward of maternal care as well.

They sleep... mother and child.

Randy is disappointed to be awakened by a robed Miss Lu, the hood whisked away. He blinks, adoring the woman he suckled until sleep overcame. He did not awaken when she arose and departed for the kitchen, the exhaustion, the pain juxtaposed with the pleasure of orally serving, finally bringing deep sleep.

Yes, sometime in the night, as Miss Lu prognosticated, the sharp pain not only dissipated, but all pain subsided, despite the tight harness and the rubber bumps which constantly press against the entrances to his inguinal canals.

"Time for your oatmeal, Brandy... lots of estrogen. Less cyproterone acetate."

Brandy smiles. Something is different. In initially knowing that the concoction served to alter, there was reservation... to the point where on occasion a nipple had to be painfully twisted to encourage obedience and timely consumption. But on this morning, a hungry Brandy smiles and nods.

"You be a good girl for me and Miss Lu will have a treat for you."

Spoonfuls are offered and greedily consumed. Miss Lu notes the change in attitude and knows of the cause... the limited level of testosterone remaining is probably unmeasurable. Belligerence is not to be observed. Meek... docile... Randy is now definitely Brandy.

The curious tasting mass consumed, Miss Lu leads Brandy to the bathroom. There his emasculation harness is removed with Brandy offering humble words of thanks.

"And I will need a sample."

"Please no, Miss Lu I've been a good girl."

The self reference is a telling moment which Miss Lu knows to let pass without comment, Brandy's gender confusion... well, it is gone.

"I still need a sample Brandy. I have it tested for testosterone."

The jar is aligned, the remote control pressed, Brandy spasms, offering a girlish shriek as her loins involuntarily provide what Miss Lu demands. A dark hand holds the jar aloft, she smiles in noting that the contents are absolutely clear... not a spermatozoa to be produced. Yes, the only male gland remaining in operation is the prostate, forced to spurt its viscous fluid.

Next the wrist bracelets are freed, the teeth bracelet removed and it is into the tub where Brandy, buttocks up head down, works a trained rectum to offer the electrical probe and Miss Lu prepares the spritz enema which begins all morning ablutions.

“So, maybe this morning you’d prefer to be showered... like a big girl.”

The baths, though demeaning as intended, have become unobjectionable. Miss Lu’s fingers and hands cleansing and exploring everywhere, her touch has come to exhilarate. Thus there comes mental conflict, the humiliation of being bathed like a toddler strangely acceptable.

“Hold for me,” the hand squeezes, the enema brusquely squirts.

“A shower, Miss Lu?”

“Yes, you’ll not touch yourself. That will never change. But perhaps you’d like to touch me.”

The thought brings stunned silence as the enema tube retreats and Brandy must clench the cute buttocks until the command comes.

“You are to be trained to please... women... all women... and I like the idea of an emasculated little girly boy helping me.

“Release,” a governing hand twisting the water spigot to wash all excretions down the drain.

“Come... to the shower,” Brandy’s heart leaping as Miss Lu slips away her robe.

As predicted by Miss Lu, having emasculated so many, Brandy has learned to enjoy riding his saddle.

With the latest laboratory report suggesting a testosterone level even below most females, the harness is needed no more. Still, the anal insertion, a nice stout plug remaining on the saddle, prongs removed as superfluous, beckons each morning and after ablutions Brandy is given to request a ride.

“No touching,” Miss Lu unnecessarily forewarns as the wrists are clipped to together.

Yes, the prostate remains in need despite the hormonal assault which has terminated the normal male sex drive. And so Brandy is lifted into place and his rectum stuffed, the odd pleasure bringing a coy smile as she allows herself to be impaled.

So Brandy rides, bucking in a steady rhythm to pressure and knead the male gland. With teeth bracelet in place, Brandy must concentrate to remain flaccid, despite the pleasure. This is important, that Brandy feel joy but not attempt erection.

On this Saturday morning there comes a knock on the bedroom door, and Miss Lu immediately responds to invite entrance.

"No!" Brandy erupts, sitting astride in complete nakedness, his nude form only to be exposed to Miss Lu.

Despite the protest, the door opens. It is sister Joan, not before entering since her mother's bedroom became a lair for governess Miss Lu and her 'home schooled' younger brother.

"Need to borrow..." the words stop as Joan stares in amazement at her nude brother, now sister, straddling the curious device which has so effectively abetted his emasculation.

With mouth remaining open, Miss Lu interjects for the speechless sister Joan.

"Brandy has certain male needs which have yet to be completely quashed," she explains in stepping forth.

The shock passes and Joan, becoming rather emboldened in teaching her diapered sister to dance on many, many afternoons, also steps forth for closer inspection. A horrified Brandy blushes, her flesh turning crimson... yet she cannot dismount and the bucking involuntarily continues.

"She's leaking," Joan being quick to gaze at the once male organ. "And something's missing!"

"Your new sister, Joan. Not a speck of testosterone in his... rather her... system. Once that is depleted, the induced estrogen can effect rapid change. Notice the puffy, overly sensitive nipples. Also, upon changing his diet to higher fat content, he plumps much better. We'll be making Brandy into a very voluptuous little girl... a nicely rounded bottom."

Joan nods watching her sister squirm, the nipples crinkling in embarrassment. A hand extends and tenderly tweaks the aforementioned nubs of pink. Brandy squeals, more embarrassment, but very much enjoying the attention.

"What is that about his penis?"

"A teeth bracelet... to remind Brandy that erections are no longer his to nurture... not that much stiffness is possible. But it does serve as further symbol of my domain."

"And his balls?"

"Gone. Never to be seen again."

Joan continues to gawk in silence. Then she finally steps very close, leaning to whisper in Brandy's ear as her hand lowers and toys with first the empty sac then rises to diddle the tiny penis tip.

"I want you dancing for me... naked..."

Yes, though the emasculation harness is no longer donned and needs not be veiled from the family, Brandy has remained diapered when outside the bedroom, not to be exposed to his mother and sisters. Will that change?

Miss Lu hears the soft ominous words and smiles in seeing Brandy's reaction... there is apprehension... there is dread... but there is also a veiled level of joy with the thought.

"I'll show you how to use the demagnetizer to remove the diapers..."

"Calm yourself. I've already seen you naked, Brandy. Know what you have down there... or rather what you don't have down there. And I'm the only one here."

Kneeling over a supine Brandy, Joan replies to her cute but vociferous objections as the demagnetizer loosens the cap at the left side of his diaper. She/he lies in the basement, on the large mat where sister Joan daily practices her dance and stretches... Brandy joining for an hour or so each day to ensure muscular development and nimbleness.

Brandy never thought he/she would ever feel better wearing the infantile garment rather than not. But with older sister Joan, donning her skin tight leotards, his discomfort arises... and he blushes.

As a precaution against physical resistance, Joan used the 'D' clip to secure his wrists behind his back. Initially he will need to dance for her with hands bound. It is Joan's plan that as her new sister acclimates, Brandy will readily perform for her without need for restraint.

"But I don't want to be naked," tears beginning to stream.

Joan is not completely heartless, but she knows to ignore the entreaties. Miss Lu explained the surge of emotional duress and mental confusion, the deluge of estrogen now much more effective with the surrender of the testicles and the complete depletion of testosterone. His mind is muddled.

And so she ignores, her hand moving to the right cap to remove that as well. Next the diaper is unfolded and by rote, Brandy, having been changed numerous times by Governess Miss Lu, brings his knees to his chest, thrusts his ankles in the air and obscenely parts his feet.

Joan giggles in slipping away the wet absorbent cloth. Miss Lu has graciously supplied a fresh one... but that will wait.

Better exposed than when riding the saddle, Joan must inspect. There is no emasculation harness, Brandy forced to present his altered privates in full. And so Brandy's only covering, diaper removed, are the pink bracelets securing his wrists.

"What happened here, Brandy?"

With the question a hand extends, fingers unfurl the fleshy scrotum, the emptiness apparent.

“Miss Lu... she wanted them inside me,” Brandy not remembering all the terms used.

Joan must play, the pulpy flesh a source of feminine attraction. Her fingers knead and caress bringing a moan of delight from Brandy. Oddly grateful for the touch, her new erogenous zone offers waves of faint pleasure. But then Joan notes that the penis tip slightly swells, the organ pressing against the evil teeth bracelet.

In approaching age 18, Joan has some knowledge of the male anatomy and sexual functions... normal sexual functions. She smiles, knowing all too well from encounters on Friday night dates that her sister Brandy’s little thing seeks to be other than little. So her finger moves to diddle the exposed penis tip... so small... so vulnerable... so much under a woman’s control.

As she toys in wonderment... there comes a sense of exhilaration... and then an epiphany.

If Miss Lu can so abjectly control Brandy... change his thinking... his appearance... his maleness... what cannot I?

Sensing a degree of squirming, Joan realizes that her touch, intended to explore, is received as sensuous... and that such sensuous touch can bring desired enjoyment... but undesired swelling.

The teeth bracelet is incredibly tight and confining.

“This metal thing... it hurts?”

“Yes, Miss Joan. It’s lined with pointy metal things.”

“Spikes?”

Brandy nods and Joan has new found admiration for Miss Lu. The pubescent Brandy will never achieve erection... not while his organ is so entrapped.

“Come. You’ll dance for me... completely naked. Otherwise I will play here until it gets very hard for me... and painful for you.”

And so another threshold is crossed. Brandy not only presents herself naked before sister Joan, but dances for her.... a most sultry dance... designed by the mischievous sister Joan to highlight not only the girlish buttocks but fully offer enticing views of the charms naughty girls use to allure. Only with Brandy... it is not the pink lips of her love nest but instead the remnants of maleness... floppy scrotal sac...tiny entrapped penis.

“You look ravishing tonight, Brandy. Your sister Evelyn spent much time on your make up. I hope you appreciate her efforts.”

Miss Lu compliments a blushing Brandy as she lies on the changing table, feet high and parted as trained.

“And you danced for sister, Joan. You’re wearing a new diaper so I know she changed you. Did you enjoy being naked with her... showing your altered parts?”

A sheepish Brandy replies not, the intensity of the humiliation bringing much circumspection. Miss Lu begins the nightly feathering, circling the tantalizing plume about the anus, perineum and empty scrotum, each day awakening the nerves and causing frustrating delight. The teasing joy brings Brandy from her thoughts, she giggles peering at Miss Lu in adoration. Finally after several moments she makes the expected entreaty.

“Please no more, Miss Lu.”

“Do you want my finger? Does my little girl want to be finger fucked?”

Yes, part of the process is to make Brandy request the attention the feather exacts. Need... and the satiation thereof comes from Miss Lu and the women of the house.

A reluctant Brandy can withstand no more.

“Yes please, Miss Lu, your finger.”

“You know how I want you to ask.”

“Please fuck me with your finger, Miss Lu.”

Miss Lu smiles... so obedient... so compliant... and so changed from the bratty boy of weeks ago.

“Ok, expel the anal probe for me. Push it out.”

The stomach muscles contract and the probe glides forth into Miss Lu’s waiting hand. Then she steps away, puts aside the probe, retrieves a hand mirror and returns. Brandy has caught glimpses of herself in full make up, bearing the fruit of sister Evelyn’s hours of labor. Her hair is long enough to be styled... as a little girl, of course. And Evelyn has parted in the middle and gathered strands right and left to form pigtails. Pink ribbons, matching the wrist bracelets, hold the braids. And there is the de rigueur lip stick, rouge and much effort expended on eye make up and the plucking of the eye brows.

A manicure with pink nail polish completes the late afternoon of feminine primping. So as Miss Lu holds up the mirror and continues feathering, Brandy sees herself, for the first time peering at length. And in doing so while being sexually teased there comes an emotional connection... a message... looking pretty can be gratifying.

Miss Lu notes that the penis, teeth bracelet in place, has swollen about as much as the evil points permit. Thus, judging that it is time, her left hand continues to show Brandy her refection and the index finger of her right hand begins the slow satiating penetration of a rectum begging for attention.

Impaling slowly... Brandy sighs. Then comes a girlish little moan of delight. She must look at her own facial expression as her excited nerve endings transmit the signal of partial satiation. Then the finger exits and Miss Lu begins the mechanical process of bringing the only sexual gratification that remains, anal penetration leading to prostate manipulation. In, out, in, out, she wriggles, the digit curls to knead the prostate, bringing a soft squeal. Then it retracts and pauses. Brandy must beg for more, the fucking incomplete. And she must do so while gazing at the pretty face that is now hers.

“Please more, Miss Lu.”

“More what Brandy?”

“More fucking... with your finger.”

“Does that feel good?”

“Yes Miss Lu. Thank you.”

Offering a full body massage, Miss Lu’s hands rubbing and caressing everywhere, not an inch of flesh escaping her tendance, continues the message of thorough governance, plus just as with the morning baths, ensures that no body hair escapes the depilating cream. On this evening before being placed in the playpen, the massage ends with extensive kneading at the chest. The flesh there is soft... girlishly soft, Miss Lu’s hormones and a modified diet, high in fat, bringing unmanly layers of plumpness where a woman craves curvature.

The hands work about the right mammary gland circling, gathering up a large tuft and then pulling outward in a milking motion. With Brandy’s new found sensitivity there, the action, firm yet caring, brings delight.

Miss Lu works to loosen the flesh, her hand action intensifying the circulation. Then, satisfied that her efforts have engendered an untoward level of loose flabbiness, she reaches to the pocket of her white uniform and retrieves a length of ribbon. Holding the gathering of male breast in her left hand she encircles with the ribbon and ties, forcing the mound of flesh to protrude most effeminately, the ribbon holding to form a breast... one in early development. The left mammary gland is then worked and within minutes a second ribbon is tied to hold in place a sizable matching mound.

Brandy peers as best she can. In her lower peripheral vision she sees the abundance of epidermis, held in place by ribbons... pink as she has come to expect... and matching her wrist bracelets... and hair ribbons... and finger nails.

Miss Lu smiles in observing Brandy’s look of wonderment. She is perplexed. Her mouth opens to object... but then, in thought, no words emit.

“We’ll do this every day Brandy. All skin stretches and can be molded. Do you want to have breasts like a big girl?”

The silence is telling. Miss Lu knows that the estrogen, with the absence of testosterone, is now able to work its magic. For the once male mind it brings confusion... and with it a need for guidance. And just as there is physical dependence on the women of the house, there will be even stronger emotional dependence.

With the emasculation harness no longer necessary, Brandy’s gonads forcibly held well within the inguinal canals by contracting cremaster muscles, each night the simple length of rope encircles his waste and threads between his thighs, serving to hold in place the anal probe.

Wrists bound, Brandy cannot untie and instead she is happy that the rope is not overly tight, it’s only purpose is to ensure during the night that the anal probe is not expelled, that which offers a painful punishing electrical charge to the anus and prostate. So with wrists secured behind him, Randy sleeps knowing that any attempt to escape from her playpen will bring a warning jolt... and possibly more.

During the day, a well supervised Brandy dares not push out the probe. Yes, it nestles quite snugly within, awaiting the press of a woman’s finger on the controlling remote. And despite Miss Lu’s triumph over his masculinity, Brandy is forced to discharge twice per day... samples to be measured... evaluated for sperm... and possibly more discharges if sisters Evelyn or Joan find his behavior unacceptable.

His breast ribbons remain in place, modifying the shape of his chest, altering the circulation to his nipples and making him quite aware of his/her new found femininity. And just as important is the attention the binding length of pink brings... not only from the women of the household, her sisters tittering in amusement, but from Brandy herself.

Yes, highlighting the transforming glands serves as a constant reminder... that Brandy is becoming voluptuous indeed.

“You look forward to showering, being naked with me?”

“Yes, Miss Lu,” Brandy eagerly responds as, having consumed his morning concoction, Miss Lu turns off the electrified railing of the playpen, lifts to place Brandy on the floor and unclips her wrists bracelets.

“Well then hurry to the tub,” her dark hand offering a telling smack to the left buttock as Brandy scrambles to crawl.

The epidermis there is thicker, Miss Lu notes, and the increase in fleshiness is not by way of muscling. Offering a diet liberally infused with dairy products, the induced hormones mandate that fat be stored... now in the most effeminately alluring parts of the anatomy... breasts and buttocks.

Yes, morning ablutions have become a most desired interval of recreation and in the bathroom Brandy arises with zeal to step into the tub. The rope is untied, and Brandy expels the electrical probe. He urinates as the spritz enema is prepared, feminine fingers working about her nakedness no longer of concern.

The tube inserts, the rubber reservoir is squeezed, there comes the command to hold.

As he waits for the command to expel the soapy contents, he looks up adoringly to his governess, robed in white. She is her idol... such power... such authority... such a wondrous display of feminine strength.

“Release for me.”

Brandy’s bowels need no further encouragement. With a twist of the water spigot the excretions disappear.

“No teeth bracelet this morning, Brandy. I want to see if you’ll harden for me,” Miss Lu stooping to unscrew the securing bolt and remove the devilishly effective metal tube.

Then comes the moment of Brandy’s nightly dreams. Miss Lu steps to turn on the shower and doffs her robe to present her finely honed puissance in all its glory.

Yes, with all maleness deemed obliterated, there are no longer offered only teasing glimpses of her feminine charms. ‘Brandy you’re one of us now’ Miss Lu suggested when guiding her into the shower for the first time.

Miss Lu turns back, smiles and wriggles her finger. Brandy stares... in envy... in adoration.

“Come.”

Not other words are necessary. Brandy slips out of the tub and crawls, Miss Lu very much enjoying the sight of her nakedness... her subservience... her new found obedience to feminine authority.

Rules for the shower... Brandy is to remain kneeling. As the warm water streams, bringing an enticing sheen to the deep mocha of her succubus, Miss Lu reaches down and removes the pink hair ribbons then the ribbons serving to shape Brandy’s male glands into breasts. The circulation rushes, within the nipples, bringing a squeal and frisson of delight. Adding to the joy is Brandy’s view. In kneeling her face is inches from the well trimmed mons, the meaty outer labia at which she has been privileged to glance are now offered for full adoration.

“Clean first, then you can taste me,” Miss Lu chides.

Soap, tender yet powerful hands, Brandy feels like a leashed dog as she must patiently kneel while Miss Lu laves everywhere. It feels so good.

And yet, Brandy pines to offer her own care.

Finally the lengthening strands of hair are washed and as Miss Lu stows the shampoo bottle, she nods.

Brandy raises her arms. Hands extend to Miss Lu's hips gliding back to playfully touch then gently grasp the amazingly powerful, well sculpted globes. Her knees shuffle forth. Adding to the visual delight, Miss Lu permits the tiny penis to frottage against her right calve. With teeth bracelet removed... a rare treat... Brandy's emaciated, once male appendage revels, pressing the warm smoothness. Then Brandy's face presses forward and Miss Lu looks down in both pride and amusement as the tongue extends and the inviting labia are swathed.

"Such a good girl, Brandy. It is so nice that you want to please me."

Miss Lu's hands lower to the back of Brandy's head. With the governess of the house, there is no teasing oral caress. Instead, Miss Lu demands full cunnilingus, turning down the flow of the shower so she can better listen and absorb the thrill of an alacritous and attentive tongue.

Meanwhile Brandy's hips begin to buck, drawing as much penile pleasure as possible from the warm flesh of Miss Lu's leg.

"Like a little doggy that needs to be fixed," Miss Lu mockingly observes, as Brandy humps away.

Yes, she enjoys watching, the ultimate degradation of the once rebellious male, masculinity obliterated by her hand. She notes that the penis, despite its freedom, despite rubbing fervently against her leg, hardens not. Such pleases, the limpness a symbol of feminine triumph over undesired male feistiness.

"You're very eager this morning, Brandy. And your tongue is getting stronger and able to thrust deeper and deeper. But I think a little procedure and some practice will help. You do want to please, do you not?"

"Yes, Miss Lu."

"Good, I'm going to turn around now. You so much enjoy serving there as well... don't you Brandy?"

She does not, but will obediently lick between the massive globes as well.

She needs to please.

"Do I have to wear a ribbon there as well?"

"You, my little princess, will wear what I want where I want."

Miss Lu gently reprimands as, in addition to kneading and massaging to gather and tie the flesh of the male breasts, her digits work to offer similar but more modest finger action to the empty scrotal sac. The massage feels good, a new erogenous zone bringing faint joy, but then a ribbon of pink is tied about the loose flesh at the base of the tiny penis.

“And you need to have a smaller teeth bracelet. My goodness, Brandy, there is only one smaller size available. Your little penis is really no longer... it’s more of a clitoris... like what you so much enjoy sucking.”

Teeth bracelet in place, tightened with the special tool, Brandy’s sphincter welcomes the anal probe. Then she is diapered... ready to spend the middle of the day helping her mother with household chores.

“What about my hair?”

Miss Lu smiles, the need to be prettified, sister Evelyn daily primping and preening, has been girlishly ingrained. A comb parts the lengthening strands in the middle.

“Pig tails?”

Brandy smiles and nods. Miss Lu gathers, rolls into a braids and adds ribbons right and left.

“Now, Brandy you look very pretty for your mother. And later, when Joan has you dancing naked, I think she will like your new ribbon... the one under you diaper. It draws attention to your little boyish pussy. ”

Shoes in place, Brandy is lifted from the changing table. Then comes another glass of water... large... number four... the humiliation of soiling himself/herself to continue despite the absence of the now unneeded emasculation harness.

“Why do I always have to be diapered?”

“Well, now that you’re a big girl, maybe it is no longer necessary. You can go naked. Would you like that? Just as when sister Joan has you dance for her. We’re all girls here now.”

Brandy remains silent... in shock... in thought?

“Yes, you can wear nothing other than your shoes and pink ribbons and parade all about the house. Sister Evelyn and your mom will be just as pleased as Joan. And I know you like to please. But then, you’d need help if you have to go potty. You don’t ever use the bathroom unsupervised... those are the rules. Don’t want my girl playing with herself.”

The thought well implanted, Miss Lu shows Brandy to the bedroom door, patting her buttocks to send her to the kitchen and some tedious hours of housework.

Brandy hears voices. Sister Joan has returned home from school. But with whom is she speaking!

Another young female voice, Brandy steps to the swinging kitchen door and gently pushes part way open to peer out into the dining room and adjoining living room.

Joan has brought home a friend from school! Unlike the lithe Joan, she of accomplished dance, the friend is tall and broad shouldered. When she turns, Brandy spots her face, more handsome than pretty, even features framed by short dark hair. And the girl also spots Brandy! Naked... diapered!

“There he is now Joan, in the kitchen.”

Brandy immediately steps back, letting the door swing closed. The gender reference disturbs. With the brevity of the glance, how could the girl conclude boy or girl? Pigtails, hair ribbons, there was not displayed much of her near nakedness. Not enough to lead to a conclusion that would suggest maleness.

“Brandy, come to the basement. It’s time to dance and I have a friend who wants to watch,” sister Joan calls out.

No! A stranger! Brandy is still acclimating to his transition, to displaying himself diapered before mother and Sister Evelyn. In dancing for Joan, he is still learning to tolerate the forced display of his nakedness, the controlling remote nearby, a hand threatening regularly to ensure compliance.

Brandy needs to hide... but where? And what price to be exacted for disobedience?

Two other exits from the kitchen, out into the backyard... diapered, in high heels and adorned with pink ribbons... or down to the basement where, ironically, Joan wants him, but where there may be a place to hide.

“Come, Brandy, you probably need to be changed... and you need some exercise. I want you to dance for us. My friend Katie is here,” Joan calls out again, the rustle of clothing suggesting the girls remove their coats.

To be changed, Brandy is chagrined to have to agree, Miss Lu’s morning watering finally leading to a gush of warm wetness. He has worked in the kitchen for hours, glad that he has been well perfumed to mask the smell. But his acidic excretions irritate and chafe. So in a way, Joan’s afternoon tendance has come to be welcomed... but not with another girl!

So in envisioning the intensity of the embarrassment, Brandy decides it’s to the basement. She quietly opens the door and steps down, her heeled foot inadvertently plunking in her rush, closing the door behind.

“Katie knows about you and wants to see you dance. Do I need to use the remote?” the voice is calm but threatening.

Stepping down, Brandy curses his footwear, hoping his evasion cannot be heard. But then he hears footsteps in the kitchen behind and above, before reaching the basement. The door above swings open. Startled to so quickly be discovered, he instantly stops and turns to peer above, once again his gaze greeting the handsome face.

“He’s already in the basement, Joan. Such an obedient little boy.”

Friend Katie steps down, a mortified Brandy frozen at the bottom step.

“You look very cute Randy... Brandy... whatever you want to be called.”

The large girl descends to the bottom step, reaches out and tweaks the right nipple, brought to prominent display by Miss Lu’s milking massage and subsequent ribbon. Brandy does not mean to smile and emit a girlish giggle, but the touch excites, and though really unappreciative, his reaction suggests approval.

“I’ve been reading about boys like you... boys who prefer to be girls. I like the idea. So Joan said I should visit. Said you’re learning real well... to please.”

Brandy meekly smiles, remaining silent. For some reason he is unable to draw from his lexicon of vulgar abrasive words, those left behind in a prior life.

“I read somewhere that sissified boys are trained to curtsy. Do you know how to curtsy, Brandy? Can you do that for Miss Katie?”

Brandy shakes her head.

“Well I suppose you need to be in a frilly dress to do it properly,” Miss Katie informs with a chortle.

Joan comes down the stairs. She has quickly changed into her skin tight leotard.

“Where’s mom?”

“Shopping,” Brandy informs.

“Good. Miss Lu is reading so we have you all to ourselves, Brandy. I’m surprised you didn’t take a walk, show all the neighbors how you look in diapers and pink ribbons.”

The image brings laughter. Brandy knows that since beginning his transformation, all his clothing has been kept under lock and key. Depart in diapers... or purloin some girls clothing from the laundry... those are the choices in planning some awkward escape. And where would he go?

Joan sniffs and wrinkles her nose.

“Yes, you do need to be changed. You’ve soiled yourself again.”

In one hand is the demagnetizer for the diaper. In the other is the remote for the anal probe.

“Can you hold this, Katie?” offering the remote.

With that Joan reaches and grabs the right earlobe.

“Come to the mat. Get you out of that wet mess and then you can show Katie how my new little sister so much likes to show off and dance... naked... and with pink ribbons.”

Is there a choice?

Frog marched to where Joan and Brandy dance and stretch, a smirking Katie follows.

“What’s this for, Joan?” examining the remote.

“If he’s bad, you press the button and he gets shocked. Harmless, but effective. You should see how he lurches and spasms... and then becomes so calm and obedient.”

“Where does it shock him?”

“I don’t know. Never asked,” Joan replies as she directs Brandy to lie supine on the mat.

Brandy finds anger with himself, so obeisantly being directed about by girls. Yet the remote threatens, and deep within, the hormonal change has brought a strange need... not fully understood. Still he lies and Joan uses the demagnetizer. His knees go to his chest, his high heels reach to the basement ceiling and his feet part as the diaper is folded down and cooling air wafts over his moist pink parts.

“I see he is changed often...” Katie observes with a laugh, referencing the pose assumed.

“Can you get me a wet cloth from the laundry room, Katie. He’s really messy. Such a naughty girl... you need to be potty trained at some point,” Joan mocks, tossing aside Brandy’s only garment.

Then the eyes come to see Miss Lu’s new addition, the pink ribbon tied about the scrotum. Just as with the breast ribbons it brings the empty fleshy bag to prominent display.

“Oh you have to see this, Katie. Brandy’s governess has ribboned what she calls his boy pussy.”

Katie returns with a warm wet towel, eager to see the new girl of the house further degraded, forced to exhibit his transformed male bits. Lying supine, knees to chest, feet widely parted, nothing is to escape the examining eyes. And Brandy closes hers in shame as a gloating Katie stands above so authoritatively, handing the towel to a kneeling sister Joan.

“He’s blushing! Oh this is divine. Yet you can tell he enjoys,” Katie giggling as she glares with telling curiosity. “You told me about his missing parts. What’s that about his little peepee?”

“His governess is very strict. I am told it’s lined with spikes. No more hard ons for little Brandy. They’re now only for us. The bracelet is removed only when we want him stiff... that’s what Miss Lu says.”

“Wow, my little brother plays there all the time. Not yours!”

The girls laugh. Brandy squirms as his moistened skin is cleansed of his excretions, the warm and caring hands feeling so good despite the intense humiliation.

“Now Brandy, I want you to show Katie the dance I taught you. Your enticing little strip tease... she wants to see you perform... like a good girl... well... maybe more like a naughty girl.”

“So you enjoyed the afternoon visit?” Miss Lulu inquires in a smooth matronly voice.

“They made me dance. I had to show my... my stuff to a girl.”

“You must have looked very pretty... naked... in pink ribbons... your cute little butt now so round and smooth,” Miss Lu laughing.

On the changing table, once again knees to chest, feet high and parted, diaper removed, Miss Lu works away with the feather, forcing Brandy to relate the events of a most embarrassing afternoon as she awakens the nerves of the new erogenous zones... rectum and empty scrotal sac. She knows Brandy will so humbly beg to be finger fucked... and she wants him to feel the insertion and wriggling friction as he thinks about the long afternoon of clothed female, naked male interaction... dancing like a little princess.

“You just didn’t say ‘no’?”

“The girl... she used the remote.”

“Oh my, with your diaper off?”

Brandy sheepishly nods.

“It hurt.”

“And then what?”

“My stuff came out! My thing... it spurted!”

Yes adding to the afternoon’s entertainment was the use of the remote, more out of curiosity by ‘Miss Katie’, as Brandy was made to call her, than punishment for disobedience. And of course the surge caused the ejaculatory muscles to contract and Brandy’s working male parts disgorged that which remains being produced, prostatic fluid.

“How did the girls react?”

“They laughed.”

Joan had not before used the remote while Brandy was sans diaper. It was therefore a revelation for both girls, learning that the remote brought forced ejaculation... a process which seemed to bring great delight.

“And then you danced. How nice.”

“Miss Katie said she would use the remote again if I didn’t dance for her. Said it was best that I be rid of all the ickiness.”

Miss Lu reaches up to feather the breasts. Brandy giggles. With her wrists bound behind, she can only lie and absorb the tantalizing offering... and of course request the satiation of Miss Lu’s penetrating finger.

When the feather returns to the scrotum, Brandy can take know more.

“Miss Lu would you finger fuck me... please?”

“I like that you stay flaccid, Brandy. That’s a good girl.”

The ability to achieve erection stunted, Brandy as trained, as the teeth bracelet demands, remains limp despite the intense pleasure of Miss Lu’s penetrating finger.

“You’re having what is termed a dry orgasm. Pleasurable but no longer the reaction of a male. It’s more how a girl experiences sexual climax.”

Brandy is not sure, but the delight does seem reminiscent of occasions in youth when he would rub his penis. Nothing would spurt, but the feeling in his loins offered a curious nirvana. It seems Miss Lu’s altering hands and concoctions have served to return the sensation of years before.

“Perhaps you’d like to have something other than my finger here, Brandy. Maybe something larger... would you like that?”

“I don’t know, Miss Lu.”

“I think you would.”

Miss Lu’s free hand toys with the flesh of the empty scrotum as she finger fucks. She closely watches the encumbered penis and attentively feels for oscillations... that which indeed signal the dry orgasm she intends to induce. She wants Brandy calmed... she wants Brandy’s energy level depleted... and what Miss Lu wants, she gets.

Finally it comes, Miss Lu satisfied that the tiny penis has barely swelled despite the intense level of arousal. Next she retrieves the remote and cruelly presses, not permitting more than a few seconds of orgasmic glow. Brandy lurches in instant agony.

“Ow!” a surprised Brandy bellows.

“I want you drained, Brandy. I have to do something I promised.”

Miss Lu notes the paucity of fluid, Katie having twice forced ejaculation, once before and once after the afternoon exhibition of dance.

“One more, pretty girl.”

Brandy is horrified to watch the finger press again. He spasms anew.

“Ow! No more, please!”

“Now just settle back and let Miss Lu take care of you.”

Miss Lu knows that the jolts not only deplete what little male hormones remain but also greatly tire, as intended. She smiles noting that Brandy does indeed lie in repose, his energy drained.

“Legs down. Stay.”

Miss Lu moves to the bathroom than returns with various instruments.

“Just a little procedure that will help you please me. And I know you want to please.”

She moves to stand adjacent Brandy’s head.

“Now open wide. Miss Lu is going to make a little snip. I’m going to loosen up that tongue for you.”

“Please no.”

“Be good, Brandy,” the tone admonishing.

The mouth opens.

“Good girl.”

The fingers of the left hand pinch the tongue and lift.

“There’s this strange fold of skin under the tongue which tends to restrict its range of motion. It’s called the frenum. Some people need to have it incised because it impedes speech. And for some, like you my little princess, it somewhat restricts good cunnilingus.”

As she speaks, the right hand approaches with a scalpel. With a flick of the wrist, apparently having many times before performed the procedure, Brandy feels a cut under his tongue. The imposing Miss Lu has callously altered to improve oral satiation!

“Hold still, just a couple of sutures. Stop the bleeding and you’ll be healed and back to licking my love pot in two or three days.”

Miss Lu smiles, so thrilled with her empowerment... to alter the once male form for no other reason than to heighten her pleasure.

“Good girl. And tomorrow we’ll begin some special exercises. Do you like oranges Brandy?”

“My goodness, you’re so eager to ride this morning.”

Tongue healed, Brandy and Miss Lu showered together, the governess demanding oral attention from the loosened tongue. Adequate, but Miss Lu knows there can be better oral servitude offered.

So as Brandy rides, bucking away, anal plug massaging, manipulating his male gland, Miss Lu prepares an orange, to be savored by her charge whose diet is so bland. She slices to open slits in the peel, four vertical cuts, about two inches long, not penetrating the entire circumference.

“So my little princess, an orange for you. I will feed you as always. And you will need to draw out the pulp and sweet juice through the cuts... utilizing that newly modified tongue.”

Wrists restrained behind, the large dark hand must present the fruit, pressing such to Brandy’s lips. The tongue extends and thrusts pressing into the slit, the skin of the orange, the modest opening, offering a degree of resistance.

“Push harder and harder, Brandy. This is how you will eat oranges... each and every morning until that tongue is strong and sinewy... with much more range. Push inward and swish your tongue about to gather all the juicy pulp. This is how I want you to work that tongue... so I can feel you deep inside me...”

The slits are limited in length and Brandy must labor... but she does so with zeal. The sweet juice, the thought that she will better please, brings enthusiasm.

Many weeks pass under Miss Lu’s tutelage. Brandy is sexually reawakened, probably sexually rearranged a more apt term. Thoughts, the desire to stroke himself/herself, of normal male stimulation, attaining erection, spurring the male seed which Miss Lu and his sisters so ignominiously expunge with a press of the finger, are not to reoccur. Instead Brandy looks forward to his mornings of training... crawling about naked... enema followed by a shower with

his idol... extensive oral servitude. Such degradation... but the deeds are not mentally encompassed as such.

Sexual arousal, stimulation, however limited, is attained by way of his anal penetration, gleefully riding on his saddle... and thereafter while lying on the changing table. Yes, before being diapered for the day, Miss Lu feathers and caresses his empty sac and rectum until he begs for the otherwise demeaning finger fucking... the ultimate satiation to be obtained.... the ultimate in humiliation... for the male.

Plus there is acquired great emotional joy in pleasing others... the governing women of the household.

Middays are spent cleaning, performing housework, helping in the kitchen, being a de facto maid for a very appreciative and favorably impressed mother.

After school, Joan strips him/her naked and has him/her dance, on many occasions pressing the controlling remote despite exemplary behavior, laughing as his exposed male remnant spurts the clear, viscous... and useless... fluid still produced by his prostate.

Later, a calmed and well exercised Brandy sits while sister Evelyn prettifies, no longer hearing words of objection as Brandy is turned into an alluring yet sultry tramp. Yes, full make up, gaudy red lipstick and cheap but noticeably coruscating jewelry serve to feminize.

Much mirror time is afforded and Miss Lu smiles knowingly in seeing Brandy adore his/her ravishing presentment, modeling herself before a full length reflection, her footwork long from the ungainly efforts when high heels were first worn.

And so Miss Lu patiently awaits the expected quest. There will come a time when Brandy's now effeminate mind will find the diaper he/she is forced to wear to be indecorous, distracting from his otherwise pretty girl presentment.

Yes, Brandy is also deemed ready for another step in his transformation. Exiting the shower, the modified tongue having offered assiduous oral pleasure, vaginally and anally, Brandy expects to be dried... the hands of a completely naked Miss Lu coming to offer a thrill as a fluffed towel grazes over all parts pink... and then be placed in his saddle. There to ride while a smiling Miss Lu wickedly absorbs the exhibition of her sexual power.

Instead, Miss Lu dons her robe, quickly dries, picks him up, and carries him with seemingly little effort, directly to the changing table.

“But I want to ride Miss Lu!”

“I don't think riding is for big girls like you, Brandy.”

Supine, Brandy knows to obediently place knees to her chest, lift her ankles and part her feet. Miss Lu smiles in noting the complacent reaction despite the pouting, the many moments of self stimulation afforded by the saddle's anal probe coming to be a most welcomed diversion.

Miss Lu examines, as on every morning. She massages the developing breasts, gathers huge tufts of flesh, drawing her hands and fingers outward toward the nipples, the milking motion bringing delight, the hormones very much awakening the once male nubs. She knows this to increase the circulation, promoting growth and development. Then her attention lowers. The empty sac receives similar but less aggressive finger work, assuring it continues to be well exposed, enhance the sensitivity and to divulge to all Brandy's altered status.

Then Brandy smiles as there comes the feather.

Throughout the process, Miss Lu is very deliberate in observing the reaction of the tiny penis, now encircled in the smallest, tightest teeth bracelet, the sharp steel points instantly discouraging any engorgement beyond slight swelling.

And of course it hardens not!

Yes, Brandy demonstrates notable thrill and delight. But with no erection... not any hint of an attempt to achieve erection... his sexual transformation complete!

"I think a big girl like you would prefer something else. Something to make you smile and squeal," the words offered as the feather makes a most tantalizing encirclement of the sensitive pink of the puckered rectum.

"You enjoy penetration here," a teasing finger diddling the sphincter, "and you like having your boy pussy caressed," the thumb and forefinger raising to gently tug the empty sac.

A chagrined Brandy smiles. How can she disagree?

"So I have something... just for you."

Miss Lu briefly steps away, opens a drawer and returns.

"Specially desired for boys who I have turned into girls."

Miss Lu holds up an odd looking cylinder of rubber. Not having before seen a dildo, Brandy gawks... but quickly understands its intended use, having so often ridden the saddle.

"This part is for me, Brandy. It's termed a double dildo," Miss Lu's fingers rubbing over one end... bent at a curious angle and quite bulbous with ridges and bumps.

"And here I have added what most delights my little girly boys," a finger points.

At the top of the base of that which will penetrate, there is a collection of soft feather like attachments.

"For your boy pussy... that little scrotal sac I emptied."

Miss Lu leans forward.

“Lickey, lickey, lickey,” she encourages in offering her end of the implement to Brandy’s mouth.

The long strengthened tongue extends on command. While dutifully licking, fully aware that his/her tight aperture will appreciate the lubrication, once again Brandy’s heart leaps... now in expectation. Miss Lu slips off her robe!

‘Full fanny fucking’... that is what Miss Lu terms the thorough repeated penetration of Brandy’s rectum.

Brandy’s high heeled feet are positioned over Miss Lu’s shoulders, more firmly pressing his thighs to his torso, sister Joan’s daily dance, exercise and stretching apparent as the awkward pose is facilely assumed by a most limber transformed boy. Large brown hands rise, tweaking left nipple and right, bringing forth an initial brisance of joy. Then such lower to position the dildo.

A mesmerized Brandy lies gazing at Miss Lu’s nakedness as the double dildo is aligned. When the tip greets the entrance to her portal Brandy knows to tighten. The many evenings of finger penetration have trained her aperture to close for she who finger fucks, now bearing the dildo, the tightness to greatly enhance Miss Lu’s pleasure. Yes, the female end will oscillate wildly as strong hips press forth to counter the resistance.

With the slow penetration, Miss Lu smiles... wickedly. There is not only physical delight, but the empowerment brings such a sense of fulfillment, months of training coming to satiating fruition. And of course, as the smooth round bulbous tip enters to abrade the prostate gland, Brandy’s sole functioning male sex gland, there comes equal delight from she being fucked.

Yes, she squeals indeed.

For Brandy there is also the visual joy. Cunnilingus during the morning showers, long and exacting, deprives Brandy of the opportunity to ogle the naked form of his/her idol. Thus Brandy’s gaze is riveted at the breasts, large and firm, perfectly rounded glands which bring adoration leading to envy.

With the first full thrust, the feathery attachments brush Brandy’s male pussy, the empty sac which Miss Lu spent months transforming to develop the sensitivity of a girl’s labia. This brings a giggle, and a wriggling of the hips attempting to enhance the ephemeral joy, motion which in turn enhances the pleasure offered by Miss Lu’s female end.

As Miss Lu slowly withdraws, Brandy relaxes her anus, not a gesture of farewell, but more of an invitation to return and thrust again... and again... and again.

And Miss Lu does.

“Miss Lu, must I always wear the diaper?” Brandy lying on the changing table in wait, undergoing morning inspection and massage.

“You’re naked when with me here in the bedroom. I think you like that.”

Brandy nods, crawling about for Miss Lu, feeling her touch and caresses has come to not only thrill but is now more of a sexually addictive narcotic. And of course being permitted to taste her while showering... the pinnacle of delightful nirvana.

“But I mean about the house. It’s childish... and when I wet it hurts.”

“Irritates?”

Brandy nods.

“Well, would you prefer to be naked? Prance about in only your high heels?”

Brandy, hoping to be anointed with clothing, pauses in thought. It seems complete deshabelle is the only alternative to be offered. Still, with her constantly filled bladder emptying, forcing her to confront hours of itchiness and chafing, perhaps the embarrassment of nudity is not such an objectionable alternative. After all, sister Joan strips him daily for her dance and stretching exercises. Perhaps being equally displayed before sister Evelyn and mother is tolerable.

“I could wear some clothes,” a coy Brandy proffers.

“You have to earn clothing, Brandy. And what will you wear? I will not return you to boy’s clothing, you’re a little girl now. And it will cause you to think bad things... lead to being nasty... like you used to be.”

Miss Lu pauses, letting Brandy continue to lie on the changing table, knees to chest, feet parted above, the mandated position of full exposure when being cleaned and diapered.

The ‘full fanny fucking’ not only brought penetrating sexual satiation to Miss Lu, her end of the dildo perfectly shaped for feminine gratification, but Brandy joined her indeed, the prostate manipulation, the frictioning of the anus, eventually led to attaining the dry orgasm intended. Yes, an experienced Miss Lu, having transformed so many, knows... in feeling the twinges... noting the smile of satiation... observing the sudden pause... the glassy mesmerized look of joy... that for Brandy there is a form of climax not felt as a male when she is anally penetrated.

And such can only be achieved performing sexual acts as a female!

Mission accomplished... partially accomplished.

So in the glow of gratification Brandy becomes pensive, thinking about her status, diapered housemaid to the women of the house.

The breasts have been kneaded and massaged and tight pink ribbons force noted protrusion of the once male glands. In silence, an inspecting finger abrades the pubes at the entrance of the inguinal canals, right then left. The testicles are not to reappear, Miss Lu concludes. Now much smaller, sperm production and testosterone production curtailed, the cremaster muscles will forever keep the now useless once male organs out of sight.

The fingers next work the empty scrotum, gently pulling, slightly stretching, such fleshiness not permitted to shrink but instead to always be exhibited, evidencing Brandy's former gender. Then a pink ribbon is tied about the base, to bring chortling laughter when sister Joan strips him naked for dance.

Finally, as Miss Lu steps away to retrieve the day's large fluffy absorbent diaper, Brandy speaks up.

"I'll go without it please, Miss Lu."

Another milestone. Brandy has concluded of his/her own volition that, in being feminine, displaying his/her nakedness to the women of the house is now acceptable protocol.

Brandy's only covering... pink high heels and the crisscrossing straps at the calves which secure the footwear in place. There are of course his/her ribbons, forcing the flesh gathered at the breasts to protrude, drawing an amused eye to the boy pussy... the empty scrotum.... and the penis bracelet encircling the overly sensitive tip. Otherwise there is nothing to cloak his effeminate form, slowly being softened and rounded by the devious special diet and hormones.

The anal probe is inserted. Then the set of thin cords which hold it in place encircle the waist and are strung through the gluteal cleft, under and up past the pubes left and right. Miss Lu refers to it as a 'string harness', similar in shape and design to the emasculation harness no longer required. Next comes the sample jar and an immediate cruel and calloused press of the controlling remote. Brandy cries out with the surge of electricity and Miss Lu smiles in noting the small amount of perfectly clear fluid extracted.

The jar is capped, the contents to be measured and evaluated.

"Let's go help your mother," Miss Lu announces, noting Brandy calms as expected.

Out the bedroom door, Miss Lu grasps an earlobe, demonstrating her governance.

"You'll not soil anything in the house, Brandy. You will need to ask permission to go to the bathroom. Never, ever touch your little thing... your new clitoris. That task is for your sisters, your mother or me. Understand? That little thing no longer belongs to you."

Brandy tries to nod, his head partially immobile due to Miss Lu's firm grip. Though the diaper has been cast aside, Brandy has been well watered. At his own request, he will have a very

challenging day, he now realizes. In reflection, the diaper *was* rather convenient when his overflowing bladder gave rise to great need.

To the laundry room, Ms. Jensen awaits. She smiles in seeing her new little girl completely nude.

“She asked not to be diapered?” mother Jensen inquires.

Miss Lu nods, releasing the ear.

“Well, you said the time would come,” Ms. Jensen seeming to swell with pride.

Such ignominy, being paraded before her mother sans covering. Brandy blushes, his cherubic flesh turning pink as Miss Lu reviews the rules... bathroom privileges to be withheld, only offered at a woman’s whim. Oddly, Brandy feels her tiny penis slightly swell, the spikes of the bracelet suddenly bringing a prickly reminder that flaccidity is mandatory.

What is it that excites?

“Without the diaper in place, just be sure, if you must use the remote, to catch any fluid expelled. There won’t be much as I have forced the morning extraction. But even a little can be messy.”

Ms. Jensen nods in understanding and takes Brandy by the hand.

“Come Brandy, lots of clothing to be washed, sorted and folded. Your sisters have some very fine panties that need your attention. And if you’re a good girl, I’ll let you rub your little nub on the silk... though I think that metal thing may be a little constricting...”

The thought brings a curiously pleasant reaction... clothing! Yes, as prognosticated, things smooth, soft and gaily colored seem to attract.

Miss Lu smiles, noting Brandy’s level of enthusiasm. A large hand lowers to playfully pinch her well exposed buttocks, eliciting a girlish giggle.

“And Ms. Jensen, I’m going to have company tonight. That occasional male visitor we discussed a few weeks back. I think it is time... and I need a change.”

“No diaper today, Brandy. You’re getting to be a big girl,” sister Joan sarcastically comments, tweaking Brandy’s right nipple.

Brandy smiles and sheepishly nods.

“So you’ve been all day with mom... completely naked. Lots of laundry to do.”

Joan wears her tights, appearing as a thin coating of her fine form, leaving little to imagine. At the pubes, the thin stretchy nylon gathers to perfectly outline her vaginal lips. Firm crinkled nipples protrude at the torso. Brandy looks on with envy, his/her breasts, the flesh bunched by tight pink ribbons, are woefully underdeveloped.

“Let’s start with some stretching,” Joan more commands than suggests.

Soft warm hands guide Brandy to the mat. Despite the physical and chemical alteration, there remain male attributes which are a source of trauma and torment, one of which is the inability to replicate Joan’s leg splits, the once male ligaments impeding what Joan insists be accomplished. And so Brandy must endure a long afternoon with Joan insisting that various humiliating poses, most revealing when totally naked, be assumed.

One is to sit upright, legs straight out to the front, then slowly part the feet until, for Joan, the limbs fully extend to the right and left. Brandy cannot achieve the demanded angle of 180 degrees. Yet, Joan works her and works her.

After friend Miss Katie demonstrated that a press of the remote offered more than pain, Joan is given to use it frequently to encourage Brandy’s best efforts, the eruption of prostatic fluid dispensed harmlessly to the rubber exercise mat.

“Wider, wider, push harder,” a calloused Joan demands, threateningly waving the remote.

A thumb wriggles, ready to apply an encouraging jolt.

“No please Miss Joan, I am trying.”

Legs extended to the maximum... for the once male gender... Joan commands that the pose be held, knowing full well of the slow burning sensation as ligaments are stressed. She then moves to the rear of the sitting Brandy, pulls the pink wrist bracelets behind and clips together.

“Miss Lu says you enjoy bondage... girls in bondage.”

The sordid secrets of the sexually precocious Randy seems to be revealed to all! Brandy shyly lowers her head in shame as Joan’s hands smooth over her shoulders then lower to play with both nipples.

“Yes, Miss Lu told us about it. Why mom decided to have you changed.”

Joan steps to Brandy’s front and sits most proximate, placing her bare legs over the top of Brandy’s stressed thighs. Her warmth, her smoothness feels good. Then her hands lower and her fingers begin to palpate the tiny penis. More fingers gather the well exposed, ribboned flesh of Brandy’s boy pussy. Brandy senses the familiar twinge, that brought by Miss Lu’s arousing touch.

“I’ve been dating, Brandy. Getting to know boys. This thing of yours is uselessly small. What ever are you going to do when you grow older?”

The fingers tenderly caress about the tip, teasingly working about the encircling metal of the teeth bracelet. Brandy feels more twinges, but the sharp points remind of his/her encapsulation. The torment is deliberate.

Yes, sister Joan indeed knows boys. Despite Miss Lu's transforming hormones, the deluge of cyproterone acetate, there is arousal. But it is different than when Randy stroked himself viewing the 'Girls in Distress' porn.

"You've met Miss Katie, Brandy. She's a little different you know. She very much enjoyed meeting you. Did not give a second thought to having you dance for her... completely naked... and pressing the remote. Said the humiliation of dancing naked for us was good for you... that you enjoyed it."

Brandy lowers her head in shame. It was a horrible afternoon, dancing about, listening to the large girl cackle as he was forced to assume the most revealing poses. But yes, deep within, there came odd satisfaction... he was pleasing... and as Miss Lu explained weeks before, he/she would come to enjoy pleasing others... women of governance.

The burn of the ligaments continues as Joan speaks and Brandy listens in solace. Finally, Joan's internal timing suggests it is time for another pose... all limbs and as many muscles, tendons and ligaments as possible to endure the imposition of her commands and resulting stress.

"Ok, kneel, bring your legs beneath you," Joan assisting her partially bound sister.

Brandy is so positioned, kneeling upright.

"And down you go."

Hands guide, pressing backwards, pushing Brandy's upper torso until the back of her head touches the mat. With legs folded beneath, the pose greatly strains the thigh muscles. The burn begins anew... different ligaments.

"Part you knees for me," the calmly uttered words known to be a command.

Joan kneels nearby, greatly amused, rather thrilled with her thorough control and Brandy's obeisance. Fingers again work the nipples, playfully flicking the pink ribbons which daily serve to offer effeminate shape to the transforming male glands. Brandy can feel the loose flesh of her boy pussy dangling, the remnant of his maleness.

"So maybe you'd like to spend more time with Miss Katie. When I described to her the magazines you like, she seemed to be intrigued with the thought. She had a wicked little smile."

Again there comes a degree of horripilation. Not only do his sisters know of his deviant reading habits, but the imposing Miss Katie as well!

"Miss Joan, I have to go... go potty," a chagrined Brandy must finally announce, the need conveniently forcing a change of topics.

“Stay,” Joan commands in rising.

She returns with a basin. Brandy senses a conspiracy, the receptacle seeming to be waiting so near.

“Miss Lu told me what to do,” Joan pridefully proclaims, sliding the basin between the parted thighs.

Joan kneels, her hands reaching forth. Once again fingers grasp the tiny once male appendage. She aligns.

“Miss Lu said she may make it so you have to squat to pee. And I know she likes to alter boys. She suggested something about improving your tongue... that you would now be very good at licking Miss Katie’s feet...”

Brandy is disappointed in being summarily placed in his playpen early. Normally after dinner he/she is permitted to crawl about sans shoes. Anal probe removed, no string harness needed to hold it in place, he revels in being not only completely nude, but freed of various controlling and constricting adornments.

Miss Lu also is given to prop him before a mirror. There he/she indulges in self adulation, sister Evelyn having worked for much time to prettify for dinner... make up, jewelry, no pigtails but hair styled more rakishly.

So it is with a curious degree of remorse that Brandy finds herself placed in the playpen, wrists bound to preclude thoughts of escape while Miss Lu showers without him. When she steps from the bathroom, only a towel about the waist, Brandy finds herself salivating, so much wanting to suckle the massive breasts, the likes of which he/she shall always want but never have.

“May I lick you, Miss Lu?”

The question, the docile and humble nature of the offer, brings comfort and a smile. Such a difference in attitude...

“No Brandy. Your Miss Lu has a visitor this evening. But in time I will have you work that tongue.”

Miss Lu sits before her dressing table, leaving herself tantalizingly exposed as she applies modest make up and prinks. Brandy watches, gazing in adoration... and wonderment... of she who had the power to emasculate... and did so with such glee.

Expecting Miss Lu to dress, curious to view her presentment wearing other than her starched white uniform, Brandy is surprised when there comes a knock on the bedroom door and Miss Lu inquires.

“Who is it?”

“Sir Lancelot, babe.”

A male voice!

“Come in my admiring servant. Guinevere awaits... you and your mighty sword.”

Brandy is stunned when the door opens, Miss Lu remaining unclothed, a disheveled towel serving as her only covering. It is apparent that there will be limited attire required for her visitor!

Into the room steps a large man of color, both tall and broad. He glances at Brandy, scrambling to cower in a corner of the playpen, for the first time since his emasculation began, showing herself/himself to a man!

“Another one, Lu. How many does this make it?” a large brown hand pointing at a timid Brandy, naked, curled up and no place to hide.

“Think she’s number ten, Lance.”

“And just as shy as the rest.”

Brandy finds the term ‘shy’ to understate his sense of terror. So many weeks of acclimating to forced nakedness before Miss Lu... then sister Joan... then mother... then sister Evelyn. And now to be placed on display before a man! And so effeminately made up!

“It’s the hormones... and the missing balls. But it’s fun to observe is it not? Some obstreperous boy being so nicely tamed. You never complain, Lance.”

Miss Lu stands. She has limited her own make up, no where near the gaudiness which sister Evelyn has bestowed on Brandy. And Brandy is incredulous when her towel drops to reveal all to ‘Sir Lancelot’.

“Beauty and strength... I love it,” her companion’s look one of admiration and lust.

The duo embrace... the greeting of two lovers. And Brandy notes the powerful hug, Miss Lu’s arms squeezing with impressive potency. There is not a hint of submission to the male gender, despite the enormity of the man’s size and persona.

“Come here sweet cheeks. I want a better look at you,” Sir Lancelot turning and wriggling his finger.

Brandy hesitates. A smiling Miss Lu takes note and admonishes.

“Obey the man, Brandy. Crawl over here immediately... otherwise you’ll get a fanny spanking right now. Makes me sorry I don’t have you plugged with the electrical probe.”

Countering Brandy's fear and bashfulness is the enticing full view of Miss Lu, not only displaying all her feminine charms, but looking most handsome with the modicum of make up applied. With the hug of her lover, her nipples have firmed to evidence a degree of sexual joy, and the firm breasts seem to rise in both pride and thoughts of lust.

Brandy reluctantly crawls upright on his knees. In no longer assuming a protective decupitus position, more of Evelyn's efforts, an afternoon of girly decorations, come to be seen. Lance laughs, noting the pink ribbons about the breasts, crimson 'fuck me' lipstick, eye shadow, mascara.

"Made up to look like a little doll," he notes with a snicker.

Brandy reaches the near railing of the playpen where the impressive Lance stands, observing every roll of the plumped effeminate flesh. A hand reaches and grasps an earlobe.

"Closer little girl," the tone mocking. "Or should I say little boy," the eyes lowering to the tiny penis... the sight of the teeth bracelet and the pink ribbon about the empty scrotal sac broadening his smile.

The left hand lowers, fingers entwining in the long locks. Brandy is disheartened to have sister Evelyn's styling mussed. Then the fingers of the right hand smooth along the rouge covered cheeks.

"You've done his tongue?"

"Couple of weeks ago," Miss Lu divulges, stepping behind her beau to offer another hug.

As Lance continues to inspect, Miss Lu's hands wrap around his chest to caress. Then they lower and Brandy is shocked to see the fingers brazenly move to lower his zipper.

"It's nimble and strong. And it's getting longer and longer each day," Miss Lu offers in licking her own lips in a most sultry fashion.

The fingers demonstrate familiarity. With zipper down, the digits slip within, momentarily fumble about then withdraw, the immense 'sword' of Sir Lancelot tenderly drawn into the room light. It is long, golden brown and a sizable Prince Albert ring glistens.

"So little girl, an accomplished tongue, you've kept my lady happy?" Lance inquires with a sardonic snort.

Brandy has never before seen such an appendage. The man's feet slide forth. The hips thrust and the organ is pressed through the vertical wooden bars of the playpen.

"Can you get Lance nice and hard for me Brandy? Every girl needs good stiff penetration from time to time. Just pretend it's the dildo you so much enjoy lubricating when I fanny fuck your tight rectum."

Was it fellatio?

A disheartened Brandy idly kneels in her playpen as the potent duo engage in love making, though bare assed copulation may be the more apropos term.

Yes, while Miss Lu slowly removed the clothing of her gentleman caller, Brandy was made to lick ‘Sir Lancelot’ to an impressive full erection. Miss Lu insisted as well that he/she covet the massive testicles with his tongue, ‘balls you’ll never have’ she chided, before drawing the well muscled naked lover to her bed.

There she dims the lights, leaving enough illumination for Brandy to watch in envy... and frustration... flustered that it is not he pleasing the woman he/she now holds in such esteem.

“Lord, you’re doing me deep,” Miss Lu comments lying in the standard missionary position, the thundering globes of Sir Lancelot pounding like a piston.

Then, with a sigh of pleasure, Miss Lu suddenly presses her right leg well into the air and twists, turning over, impressively remaining locked in a love making embrace, the ‘sword’ remaining sheathed as Miss Lu repositions herself on top.

Brandy notes no resistance from her mate, who immediately calms, submitting his love making to she who emasculates boys. From there, the exhibition becomes even more impressive.

Yes, it is Sir Lancelot who is being fucked, an energetic and forceful Miss Lu seeming to drain him with strong muscular motions of her hips and thighs, the buttocks clenching to offer a tight grip of his manhood, the down thrusts assuring the deepest of gratifying penetration. Sitting astride his hips, her hands reach to the chest and toy with his nipples. As the thrusts become more animated, she twists. Sir Lancelot heaves for breath, Brandy imaging the combination of joy and pain to boggle the mind.

Finally, with an outright clawing, wrenching motion of the clenching hands, a gasping Sir Lancelot is brought to massive climax, Miss Lu crying out in ecstasy to join him in satiation.

A dispirited Brandy merely watches as his succubus is pleased by another, her torso slumping to lie on the sweaty chest of her lover.

The room silent, Brandy realizes that with certain twinges brought by the ribald exhibition, his encapsulated penis has attempted to engorge. Now noticeable with the stillness, he grimaces, the sharp points serving to remind of his new role, that he/she is to serve and offer joy... only to receive at a woman’s behest.

Both lovers bask in the glow of massive climax as Brandy feels tears begin to flow. Then Miss Lu finally rolls to her right side and the duo snuggle.

“That Prince Albert so perfectly kneads my fornix,” Miss Lu notes. “I’m so glad I pierced and ringed you.”

There can be heard a prideful chuckle from Sir Lancelot. With a woman of Miss Lu’s ilk, it as close to normal loving making as she will endure, she controlling the process, Brandy’s foreplay included.

Miss Lu stands in her fluffy robe, arms akimbo, as she supervises the cleansing of her lover’s cock. Explicit instructions, instantly obeyed, Brandy curses himself as Sir Lancelot’s penis again receives the attention of his/her tongue.

“I think we’ll next work on full fellatio, Brandy. Every naughty girl enjoys sucking cock... and you certainly like being naughty,” Miss Lu quips in noting that the unspoken exchange of power between intact potent male and he/she who has been emasculated causes Brandy to quiver... in anger... in frustration... in lustful enjoyment?

More licking of the balls, and finally Miss Lu proclaims the task to be complete.

“Next month?” Sir Lancelot inquires in donning his shirt.

“Perhaps,” Miss Lu coyly replies.

Pants on, shoes tied, Sir Lancelot steps to the playpen and tousles Brandy’s hair.

“Do you think she’s too tight?”

Miss Lu laughs.

“Right now, yes, Lance. But she’s being trained to accommodate. You know how much they come to enjoy, over time, the little sluts.”

Brandy turns crimson in shame, Miss Lu so brazenly disclosing Brandy’s new found delight in taking the double dildo.

“Wish I could stay...”

“Brandy’s sisters are preparing for bed. We’ll need quiet in the house.”

Lance nods and steps to the door.

“Until next time sweet cheeks,” Brandy accepting the words as a forewarning.

Door closing, Miss Lu approaches the playpen. A hand lowers to the kneeling naked feminized form. As finger brushes the wetness of tears from the right cheek.

“Your tears are smearing your sister’s make up, Brandy. You’ll soon learn that pleasing a man at my behest... a real man... will be as gratifying as pleasing me.”

With that, she reaches with both arms, her hands pressing under the shoulders to lift.

“Come to bed. I think you will enjoy more of Lance’s taste. He spent quite strongly. I can feel it. My quim is brimming. And I know where you’d like to explore with that tongue.”

She carries her charge like an infant. Strangely, Brandy is comforted by the revolting offer.

“I like having my little altered boys clean me like that. Did you enjoy Lance’s taste? He spends quite abundantly does he not?”

Added to the physically disgusting act, there follows Miss Lu’s psychological barrage over a breakfast of estrogen laced oatmeal. Her words drive home the dichotomy of the prior evening’s sexual feast... the deep manly penetration, performed under her exacting auspices... the humble oral service... Brandy’s strengthened and nimble tongue able to thrust well into her vagina and capture the spendings of Sir Lancelot’s sword.

It felt good to be once again welcomed to Miss Lu’s bed, Brandy’s plumped nakedness grazing against the soft yet firm warmth of Miss Lu’s amazing mass of flesh. But the circumstances!..

Another heaping spoonful and Miss Lu finds it necessary to elicit Brandy’s feelings.

“Your little clitoris swelled. I could feel it.”

Brandy once again curses himself, his encapsulated penis revealing the demented joy experienced in orally serving she who had just engaged in such torrid copulation. Miss Lu was coated with sweat, partially dried, making her entire form sticky. After a third orgasm, spawned by a well trained and altered tongue, she pushed away his head, desiring stillness in absorbing the glow, immersed in the narcotic of deep satiation. But instead of humble retreat, he/she servilely began to lick her saltiness, knowing full well that much of the moisture of her body had been exchanged with Sir Lancelot, that he/she was once again partaking in his taste.

Brandy’s tongue laved her entire slumbering body, exhaustion finally finding her with face wedged between well cleansed and suckled breasts.

The morning realization brings thoughts... of disgust... but also of pride. He pleased.

“I liked being with you, Miss Lu,” comes a lingering response.

“Yes, it’s such a curious bond, is it not? And all because you no longer have functioning balls,” Miss Lu offers with a beaming smile.

“I’m going to water you well and I have told your mother to deny use of the basin. Joan’s friend Katie is coming later. She’s taken quite a turn for you, Brandy. Seems she enjoys the company of boys transformed to girls. And she wants to govern your bathroom needs.”

Large and imposing, much like Miss Lu, Miss Katie’s irritating and mocking laugh replays. She watched him/her dance with particularly lustful glee. Brandy shudders with the thought of exhibiting herself once again.

“Can I lie on the table for you Miss Lu?”

“For me? Or for you. You want to be finger fucked?”

“I like it better the other way,” Brandy smiling bashfully.

“You mean fanny fucked, Brandy. No. I will decide when you get that treat. I am tired this morning. I think I will just feather you and leave it at that.”

A fidgety Brandy actually finds himself/herself looking forward to the visit of the annoying Miss Katie. Having been well watered, Ms. Jensen has denied both bathroom privileges and use of the basin for the entire day. And so Brandy’s concentration is distracted by the intense need and the demand he puts on himself to not heedlessly urinate, soil the floor and endure some unseemly punishment.

But the more he/she thinks about it, the more the need seems to grow.

Scrubbing the kitchen floor, Miss Lu steps into the kitchen to check. Normally she relaxes on afternoons when Brandy is placed under the supervision of first Ms. Jensen and later Joan and Evelyn.

She notes the pink ribbon of the boy pussy teasingly shifting about between the soft thighs as Brandy, on hands and knees, scrubs. She leans, not able to resist, the bright strip of color so alluring to she who has altered. Brandy lurches as fingers caress, gently tugging at the male remnants, draping beneath the perineum between the cords of the string harness.

It feels good! The touch so tender yet so soothingly commanding. Brandy giggles.

“Do you have to go potty?” the hand shifting to palpate the abdomen.

“Yes, please Miss Lu. I am filled.”

“Good. It’s good for your concentration,” two fingers pressing the tummy to advance the intense need. “Don’t you wish you were diapered?”

He does.

“Katie will be here soon. School time is almost over.”

With that, Miss Lu slaps the buttocks, noting the deep resounding tone of the splat and the resulting jiggle of fat layers, flesh she has also chosen to transform, chuckling as she steps away.

“Lots of homework, Katie. Can you supervise Brandy for awhile. Give me a head start on all these assignments.”

Katie needs not a second invitation, nodding with enthusiasm, gleefully accepting the remote control for the electrified anal probe.

“You’ve taught her how to dance. I’ll just watch.”

Katie responds as the duo step into the kitchen where Brandy finishes cleaning the floor. Once again the swinging pink ribbon draws the eyes of the governing female, the pouch of flesh veiling the tiny braceleted penis.

“I think your sister is getting smaller and smaller there, Joan,” both girls repressing giggles with the sight of plump girlish buttocks and the empty scrotal sac below.

Joan nods in agreement.

“Lu says it’s the hormones and other stuff in her food. Makes the male organs continuously shrink. She calls it his... rather her... clitoris.”

The girls laugh, bringing their object of discussion, Brandy, to pout in dismay.

“See you later,” Joan bids adieu.

Brandy begins to stand, the cleaning completed, scrub bucket to be emptied. His need is dire, so much water consumed throughout the day, both use of the bathroom and basin denied. The shifting of position brings renewed stress to his bladder. In righting himself and bending to pick up the bucket, the urge becomes overwhelming. He draws strongly on his pubo coccygeus muscles, his cute buttocks clenching. A closely observing Miss Katie takes note.

“Do you have to go potty, Brandy?”

“Yes, Miss Katie,” Brandy sheepishly nodding, the ribbons of his pigtails flopping about.

“Well how do good little girls ask permission?”

“Miss Katie, may I use the bathroom please?” the words haltingly offered, Brandy’s discomfort with the imposing friend of sister Joan evident.

Standing in a commanding pose, arms akimbo, Katie smiles with the humble beseeching words.

“You’re to be supervised when emptying yourself, Brandy. You’re not allowed to touch yourself... down there.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“So how can I help you? All the bathrooms are locked.”

“Well... Miss Lu, my sisters... mom... they make me go in a bowl.”

The words are difficult, admitting to this outsider that sans diaper, Brandy must seek assistance. But such are the rules of the house.

“And how do they help?”

“They hold it for me. Make sure I am neat. Make sure I don’t play.”

“Like you used to do when looking at your magazines?”

The mention of the sordid material brings an inner stab of guilt... ‘Girls in Distress’. Such nastiness. So much discrete viewing. Now seeming so sinful... so wasteful.

Miss Katie approaches, standing most proximate. A large hand moves to the tummy, the finger gently pressing to add stress to a bulging bladder and bring forth a rush of urgency.

“Please, Miss Katie, I am bursting.”

The playful reaction brings a sardonic chortle.

“Empty the bucket, Brandy. It’s not too cold outside. We’ll go there.”

Puny, flabby arms struggle to lift to the sink. The sound of the gushing water adds mental duress to the physical.

“No, not outside, please.”

“Oh Brandy, so shy about your nakedness. It’s the middle of the afternoon. Who’s going to see a cute little naked girl squatting to pee.”

From somewhere a ‘D’ clip finds the ring of Brandy’s left wrist bracelet. By rote Brandy knows to push his/her hands behind him where Miss Kate connects right and left to immobilize the arms.

“You be a good girl.”

The earlobe once again serves as a convenient handle, Miss Katie both pinching and lifting to establish her authority.

“Come outside. Best place to go. You’ll not be sloppy in the house.”

Brandy is shocked when the brash girl marches him to the back door, opens and tugs him into the mid afternoon sun of a bright Spring day. Brandy hesitates with concern. The property is fenced, but the adjacent houses of neighbors are close by. Fortunately the yard has nooks and crannies where a boy/girl can conceal his/her nakedness. But such is not to be utilized, Miss Katie leading to swing set in the very center of the expansive lawn.

“Girls squat to pee,” Miss Katie summarily proclaims in lowering herself onto a swing.

Brandy must follow the controlling tug, bending at the knees as Miss Katie sits, displaying in her free left hand the controlling remote.

“Stay and hold your bladder,” Miss Katie commands in releasing the ear.

The right hand moves lower and tweaks the left nipple, the delightful touch adding to the urge to release. Then she bends further, the hand slipping between the thighs to find the clitoris, the once male organ, the sensitive prepuce encircled in harsh steel.

“Such a cute little thing you have, Brandy. I like it small like this. But handling bigger boys can be fun too.”

Miss Katie diddles the tip, smiling in feeling it begin to swell.

“Part your knees... further... further. Good girl.”

For a squatting Brandy, feeling the ribbons flop about with the cooling wafts of Spring breezes, the warmth of the sun on vulnerable flesh, brings the excitement of potential discovery and not before felt exhilaration. The nipples crinkle, the penis swells, Miss Katie diddles away, his/her full bladder distracts from the onslaught of sensory input.

Finally, Miss Katie, in delaying, maximizing the sense of exposure, gives the command.

“You may urinate for me.”

Brandy has no inclination to disobey, feeling Miss Katie’s thumb and forefinger move to hold the enshrouding cylinder of metal and direct. Squatting, outdoors, possibly under the eyes of curious neighbors, a naked Brandy concentrates and his/her flow begins.

Miss Katie chuckles, her manner surprisingly confident despite the potential for intervention. It is not she who will bear the brunt of shocked gawking eyes if the duo is discovered.

Instead, her hand directs, moving the tiny organ left and right as Brandy’s full bladder produces a streaming flow, the lawn absorbing.

“I think you enjoy being outdoors, Brandy. The excitement of possible unknown eyes peering at your feminine nakedness, made to perform by a woman, those cute ribbons fluttering in the breeze... yes I can feel the swelling... in your clitoris.”

“So you danced for Miss Katie?” Miss Lu inquires making conversation as she lifts Brandy into her playpen.

“Yes, Miss Lu.”

“And how did you feel, dancing for a stranger, without your sister Joan supervising?”

“It was... it was strange.”

“Strange good... or strange bad?”

Having transformed so many, Miss Lu is well aware of the propensity, as acclimatization sets in, to develop exhibitionist tendencies. Brandy is pretty and cute... and she is beginning to not only enjoy being pretty and cute, but under certain circumstances to offer herself for display as well.

Though Brandy was initially quite shy with her visitor, Sir Lancelot, there came a telling level of comfort by evening’s end. And so Miss Lu needs to elicit Brandy’s thoughts concerning Miss Katie... being made to dance naked for her... to perform... for a woman outside the protective zone of comfort in which Brandy has been enveloped.

“I think she liked it... looking at me.”

“That was not the question, Brandy. Girls like Katie always enjoy having control over altered, feminized boys like you, making them show off. How did *you* feel?”

As Miss Lu speaks she reaches into a dresser drawer, retrieving a moderate sized dildo. She then approaches with a cloth in hand.

“It was okay. It felt good after a while... I suppose.”

Miss Lu nods.

“That’s because you were pleasing her... and you now enjoy pleasing a woman of authority.”

Brandy nods in thought as Miss Lu wriggles her finger, gesturing to step to the railing. Brandy knows what is to come.

“Please no, Miss Lu, I’ve been good. I will obey.”

Miss Lu just smiles, lowers the cloth to the penis then presses the button on the controlling remote. Brandy cries out with the sudden surge, momentarily lurching as once again the anal probe jolts and his penis involuntarily gives up an offering of fluid.

“Good girls don’t want any of this icky stuff inside them,” Miss Lu flippantly proclaims capturing the limited resulting splatter with the cloth.

Calmness ensues, a drained Brandy becoming even more complacent.

“Now, whatever would you like me to do with this?” Miss Lu mockingly inquires in holding up the dildo.

An accustomed Brandy recovers from the second of his mandatory twice daily electrical jolt and draining. She smiles coyly. Then replies.

“I’d like to lick and suck it.... and then you can...”

Bashfulness inhibits the completion of the thought.

“And why is that Brandy?”

“Because it will please you, Miss Lu.”

“Good girl,” Miss Lu kindly offers as the long, specially strengthened tongue extends and begins to flutter at the underside of the faux penis tip.

“You altered boys make the very best cocksuckers. I never have to explain where the friction and warm wetness is most appreciated.”

Yes, a long and meticulous evening of training in fellatio begins.

“Make it nice and moist, Brandy, and then maybe Miss Lu will fanny fuck you,” the ultimate completion of Brandy’s thought bringing a giggle.

Miss Lu comes to understand that the physically and mentally imposing ‘Miss Katie’ is ‘one of us’. Not passive in her penchant for governing feminized boys as are, Evelyn, Joan and mother Jensen, but instead quite proactive, actively seeking to spend time with she in pigtails and pink ribbons... often joining Joan in entertaining afternoons of strenuous stretching and humiliating dance.

Knowing that her term as governess is to expire, that Brandy... not only looking and acting like a little girl, but so much enjoying looking and acting like a little girl... will no longer need the constant and intense governance which Ms. Jensen desired to imbue, Miss Lu engages Katie in an exchange of thoughts.

“You are here again Katie, So nice of you to stop by and visit. It is important for Brandy’s development that his new sexuality... er... her new sexuality... be fully unveiled to others.”

Katie nods, Miss Lu noting that it is difficult for the large girl to take her eyes off Brandy as Joan has him/her stretching in a most obscene pose... the emaciated penis and tiny empty scrotal sac well offered for viewing.

“I’d like to show you something, Katie, if you can take a moment. Joan, don’t let Brandy go potty until we return,” aware of Katie’s penchant of toilet control.

Sister Joan nods and smiles, knowing that Brandy’s full bladder adds a particularly challenging level of stress to the demanded exercises.

Miss Lu leads from the basement. Up to the kitchen and then up the main stairway to Brandy’s well secured room, the key to the Medco lock offering entry.

“We’ve alluded to ‘bad boy’ Randy and his stash, Katie. I think it is important for a girl such as you to delve into the details... to understand what motivates.”

Randy’s pile of ‘Girls in Distress’, lurid cover photos spurring a clucking of the female tongue, remains lying on his bed.

“Motivates?” Katie innocently inquires.

“Hopefully what formerly motivates...”

Miss Lu smiles knowingly, picking up one issue. On the cover, a young damsel, barely clad, bends over a padded leather punishment bench. The arm and hand of roguish unseen male is portrayed as about to push aside the frilly undergarments covering her derriere.

“This is what in turn drives women like us, Katie. The need to correct behavior... modify insufferable male desire... such as this,” Miss Lu politely smiling in gesturing at the girl’s plight.

“This augurs badly. Imagine if Ms. Jensen had not reached out to me... a young scamp like Randy growing up with sisters when he has this in his heart... his desires... his sexual needs. Imagine the balance of power in this household had I not altered his hormones... instead let male brawn develop. This hand could be Randy’s! And this girl in plight?... Joan... Evelyn?”

Katie nods in understanding.

“You do wonderful work, Miss Lu,” the girl compliments.

“A woman must do what a woman can. But it is nearing time that I move onward. There are others needing the guiding hand of a firm woman... along with sizable helpings of estrogen and cyproterone acetate, of course,” Miss Lu adds with a mischievous smile.

“I am going to give you the key to this room... once Randy’s domain. It is important that should he be rejoined with his male things... not only this filth, but boy stuff in general... that he/she be permitted to do so only under the auspices of a governing woman. That returning to this world... the male domain of a future sexual reprobate... is not to occur by his determination.”

Katie nods in thought, picking up an issue of ‘Girls in Distress’.

“These magazines... such could be useful...”

“Yes, immersion. You’ve read my mind, Katie. You are definitely one of us,” Miss Lu smiles wickedly in handing Katie the key to the Medco lock.

“And there are other things to discuss. It is apparent that I have transformed Brandy’s sexuality. I also need to make you aware of certain manifestations I have induced... of how he/she now derives sexual pleasure...”

Katie stays for dinner. Having watched with gleeful eye as Brandy practiced her dance, the sizable friend of Joan joins the family in pinching Brandy’s rounded well exposed buttocks as she labors to serve the commanding women of the house.

“She so much enjoys her servitude,” Miss Katie observes over coffee.

Yes, it becomes evident as Brandy’s transformation progresses, the mind and body deluged with hormones, that she shakes her cute butt and deliberately brings her pink ribbons to flutter in attracting attention. The giggling is telling, the playful pinches apparently more than welcomed.

Yes, Brandy serves in complete deshabelle, his/her only covering, other than her ribbons, the string harness which veils nothing but serves to assure the electric anal probe cannot facily be expelled. She’s in heels, by now moving quite adeptly, somewhat pridefully strutting about, aware that the audacious pink footwear offers girlishly alluring shape to her calves.

The penis teeth bracelet remains in place. Though full erection is highly unlikely, probably impossible, it serves as a reminder... that certain naughty thoughts can bring swelling which... if not abridged at some point... leads to pain where the once male form derived so much pleasure.

“Katie, do you have time for a visit with Brandy and me?” Miss Lu inquires.

Katie, her unwavering eyes merrily surveying either Brandy’s penis and ribboned boy pussy in approach, or the soft girlish buttocks in exodus to the kitchen, nods enthusiastically.

Dishes cleared, it is homework time for sisters Evelyn and Joan, quiet time for Ms. Jensen, and normally ‘bonding’ time for Brandy and Miss Lu.

“Come Brandy, I think you need to go potty.”

She does. And Brandy is usually eager to accompany Miss Lu to the master bedroom where such delightful antics ensue... the bonding. But with Miss Katie?

Brandy is expecting to assume the diaper position and be feathered... anus and boy pussy. Then perhaps, given Miss Lu's mood and if Brandy responds acceptably, she will be finger fucked... better... perhaps even a full fanny fucking... offering his governess the joy of his/her well trained sphincter as she rhythmically squeezes to maximize tension and pleasure at Miss Lu's end of the clever double dildo.

But with Miss Katie watching?

Humiliating enough to have been guided to the backyard and commanded to urinate. But to be placed on display while he/she is forced once again to revel in her new found sexuality?

The notion disturbs!

"No, please Miss Lu. Just us. Not in front of Miss Katie!"

Miss Lu wriggles her finger. A pouting Brandy approaches. Her wrists are quickly brought behind her and clipped together. As the hands are encumbered, Miss Lu leans to whisper.

"You will perform for me when and how I want, little girl."

It is then Miss Katie's meaty hand which grasps an earlobe, Miss Lu's words bringing a smirk. The two women of authority march Brandy to the stairs, then up, then into the master bedroom, once considered by Brandy as sanctuary, a place to frolic alone in Miss Lu's company.

But now there is Miss Katie!

"There is a basin in the bathroom, Katie," Miss Lu notes, suggesting that she supervise Brandy's excretions. "She'll perform for you on the changing table," Miss Lu adds as she moves to a dresser drawer.

A reluctant Brandy knows to position himself/herself, with wrists secured allowing the powerful hands of Miss Katie to lift and assist. When Brandy lies back, knees to chest, high heels to the ceiling, feet well parted, Miss Kate outright laughs.

"I've trained her to assume what I term the diaper position," Miss Lu notes. "It mandates complete exposure, forcing Brandy to offer herself for examination. Brings forth a sense of vulnerability. It places her in an innately submissive pose... that in which she was changed as an infant."

As Miss Lu explains, Miss Katie retrieves the basin and aligns, her free hand moving to again control the once male organ by its emasculating cylinder of steel.

"Now there are many things to learn, Katie. Girley boys like Brandy need special care, right down to a good firm breast massage. The glands will never naturally shape as well as a

woman's, but in each day kneading and enhancing the circulation, the sensitivity is heightened. And should we ever decide to undertake implants, the flesh will be supple and more easily accept the augmentation."

A chagrined Brandy endures. Though bashful, the massage is welcomed as always. And when the equally strong hands of Katie join, the naked, plumped hermaphroditic form basks in the firm kneading grasps of both.

And then comes the feather, forcefully bringing forth squeals of delight as Miss Lu lectures, explaining the new erogenous zones of the altered male... the rectum... the empty scrotal sac. Brandy soon begins to beg... just as she does when alone with Miss Lu and is permitted to gaze at the puissant uncovered sculpture of his succubus.

Not in front of Miss Katie... please... he mentally pleads. But he also mentally pleads for more... and he gets it... Miss Lu momentarily slips away to return with a dildo.

"A nice fanny fucking for Brandy..." she teasingly coos as Brandy notes the look of rapt fascination on Miss Katie's face.

"Put your fingers here Katie and you'll feel what a dry orgasm is like... Brandy is no longer pleased as a male..."

A horrified Brandy idly laid on the changing table while Miss Lu tantalized and teased, explaining every detailed facet of Brandy's protocol... the daily spritz enema... the tongue operation and subsequent training... his new found enjoyment of consuming oranges.... tongue swirling vigorously, lips arduously sucking the pulp from stubborn slits incised into the skin... showering together... his advanced level of oral servitude... the intentional twice daily... minimum twice daily... electrified draining of his male essence... the lab reports monitoring his depleted testosterone level.

Over the course of the evening, Brandy had the sense of a baton being passed. Young Katie, age that of his oldest sister, was enlightened with all, antics of which not even Ms. Jensen has been aware.

Yes Brandy was psychologically stripped, brought to mental nakedness... all was unveiled for the equally demanding... and equally appreciative Miss Katie.

Ending the visit, Brandy was stripped of his/her shoes, wrists released and Miss Lu had her crawling about like a little doggie. Miss Lu showed Katie how to remove the teeth bracelet, the first offer of relief from the tormenting spikes of steel in weeks.

"Come girl, over here," Miss Katie gesturing as if summoning a canine.

Brandy crawled indeed to the sitting Katie, both joyous and chagrined to be offered a leg, a smooth expanse of warm flesh. With penis freed he frottaged, Miss Katie encouraging, his/her tiny once male nub to absorb the pleasure of friction.

An enthused Katie watched, delighted with her level of control and governance, laughing, finding such joy in the complete subjugation.

“Will he come doing that?”

Miss Lu joined in the laughter, both women watching the cute soft and rounded buttocks ripple with the frustrated motion of faux copulation.

“Brandy cannot even get that little thing hard. He’s just trying to bring forth another dry orgasm.”

“Sir Lancelot is visiting again, Brandy. Remember to be polite... just as I have trained you.”

Brandy can look. But on this evening not touch. Not yet. Yes, once again he is placed in his playpen, wrists secured, high heels connected, anus stuffed, electrified railing set to offer a debilitating jolt should he attempt escape. Kneeling, he looks on with envy and frustration as his idol exits the bathroom. She lets her robe slip away to fully display her puissant feminine charms. He would so much like to suckle the breasts, to have those powerful thighs clench his head as he laboriously and endlessly services her...

Sister Evelyn spent inordinate time before dinner assuring his/her prettiness. Finished, Brandy pridefully gazed into a mirror, very much aware of his/her youthful allure... very much satisfied... his psyche so thoroughly feminine.

As Miss Lu applies her own make up, only moderate prinking before beginning the many hours of unbridled sex, there comes a brawny knock on the bedroom door.

“Sir Lancelot, babe,” the manly voice announces once again.

Covering deemed an annoyance for what Brandy knows to be a lustful tryst, there comes in reply the unabashed command to enter despite Miss Lu’s nudity.

“Come in by all means. I’m eager and will want it real deep tonight, Lance. Tongue work from a pretty sissy boy is good, but an occasional firm cock offers friction where even my little oral servant can’t please,” the frolicking words offered in an inviting sultry voice.

“At your service, my lady,” soft laughter resonating as Miss Lu’s bull stud steps within.

“And how are you to greet my gentleman friend, Brandy?”

Kneeling upright, well placed on display, shyness returns, exhibiting his/her transformed charms to a man... a real man. It appalls.

“Do I need to use the remote?” Miss Lu forewarns.

Brandy bows her head. The greeting, ingrained for many days, finally comes.

“Good evening, sir. May I suck your penis for you?”

The humble words bring forth raucous laughter.

“So, a little trollop,” Lance proclaims, his hand moving to his zipper.

“I’ve had her practicing. You know that boys made to think like girls offer the best fellatio, fully aware of where the tongue best pleases.”

“Never pass up the opportunity,” a smiling Lance responds in stepping to the playpen railing.

Sir Lancelot rummages within his zipper. The hand withdraws, the enormous brown ‘lance’ of Miss Lu’s vaunted knight already beginning to firm.

“Crawl a little closer, pretty baby girl. I’m long but not that long,” a large pair of hands extending to grasp Brandy’s well coiffed head.

A reluctant Brandy obeys, shuffling his/her knees as the engorging organ is pressed through the wooden bars of the playpen. There is disgust... there is envy... to understand that this wholly intact male will be bedding she who Brandy so much adores brings despondence. Why is it not she to offer the desired deep penetration. If only Miss Lu had not altered... not diapered... not forced the heaping spoonfuls of that which slowly transforms...

By rote Brandy accepts the offering. Warm, relative softness rapidly metamorphosing to rigid hardness... somewhat mindful of that which Brandy at one time stroked in ogling his magazines... Brandy’s tongue extends to teasingly flutter just below the Prince Albert ring. Yes, the underside of the tip. Miss Lu never has to explain where to impart the most joy. Brandy knows. That segment of each lesson was brief...

Miss Lu arises from the dressing table to watch. There is pride, there is a subtle but devilish level of enjoyment observing the results of many months of tutelage... of supreme governance. Forcing change... physical... mental... emotional... on the otherwise recalcitrant male. She senses the warmth of revenge... ‘Girls in Distress’... triumph over such nastiness.

She begins to undress her beau as Brandy presses forth her face, lips engulfing, Lance grunting with the surge of pleasure as the tip of his manhood is thrust to the back of the throat... the warmth... the slippery smoothness... the depraved joy of being served by a subjugated male...

“Naked, baby. All the way,” a playful Miss Lu tossing aside a shirt.

The sizable Prince Albert ring greets the very back of the throat to prompt slight choking, ironically increasing Lance's delight, a well practiced Brandy quickly bringing his/her reaction under control.

"Don't bring him to climax, Brandy. You'll share later in his seed. On that, I have first bidding."

"Please no, Miss Lu."

Having watched from the playpen in dire envy as Sir Lancelot lanced away, with Miss Lu once again demonstrating the athletic somewhat acrobatic roll, gaining top position and thereafter controlling all penetration, Brandy receives the command to lie on the changing table.

"Still so shy, Brandy," Miss Lu offering a full view of her nakedness as she approaches the playpen.

Her bronzed form is moist with perspiration, her fragrance reeking of steamy copulation as she lifts her bound charge from the enclosure, releasing the high heels. Brandy feels a brisance of joy as his nakedness abrades hers. She is hot!

"To the changing table. Be a good girl for Miss Lu."

"Not with him, please Miss Lu."

"Oh Brandy, I promised you a taste. And I think it's a good challenge for that nimble tongue of yours. I can feel the seed all so deeply implanted. Lance, you hit my fornix again you big boy," Miss Lu complimenting as she assists Brandy to the table.

Placed supine, Brandy knows the position. So humiliating yet so ingrained... knees to chest, high heels to the ceiling... feet well parted.

"You've got some cleaning to do. Men like having their penises cleaned by a pair of docile obsequious lips. And you'll have a little taste of me as well."

Lance knows to move to the head of the changing table. Miss Lu pushes, sliding her charge until Brandy's head and face approach the edge. Lance offers his wet semi flaccid organ, well frictioned by Miss Lu's love nest. It also reeks, the musty smell of intense and heated copulation even stronger.

"Lick, lick, lick. Be a good girl."

Miss Lu looks on with a degree of pride as her transformed, once troubled girly boy opens to invite the worn manhood. Lance looks down gloatingly, the tender wet warmth found to be quite soothing after enduring Miss Lu's fervent riding of his joystick.

“Now take your time and get my knight nice and hard again, Brandy. Lance can perform for you as well.”

Brandy can no longer offer words of protest, mouth filled, the Prince Albert ring pressed into the depths. In being orally penetrated upside down, the massive shaft seems to much more easily slide toward his gullet. Yes, lying supine with Lance standing over him facilitates the deep throating men are known to covet.

“No gagging Brandy. Control, control, control.”

He/she does not indeed, Miss Lu so often invading his oral cavity with a long and stout dildo. Even Sir Lancelot is impressed. Brandy has acquired a knack for deep throating.

“You do wonderful work, Lu. And I do believe he’s enjoying,” a laughing Lance observes.

“You mean *she*’s enjoying. Brandy is now more female than male... and more whore than lady.”

The words annoy. But of more concern... Miss Lu removes the string harness holding in place the disciplining electrical probe.

“Push it out for me, Brandy... make room for Sir Lancelot,” tenderly kneading the pink ribboned boy pussy to encourage.

“Lord, he’s tight as an alter boy,” a heretical Sir Lancelot declares.

Cleansing completed, Miss Lu deems the shaft firm enough and lubricated enough for seconds... for her bisexual lover.

Just as when Miss Lu fanny fucks, Brandy’s calves press against Sir Lancelot’s shoulders, his/her high heels removed, feet remaining pointed to the ceiling. The ringed penis first smooths up and down the gluteal cleft bringing an unintended girlish giggle of joy. Then when it finds the puckered portal, the ringed tip begins to thrust in earnest.

“Remember how I taught you Brandy, tighten. Make your mate happy. You’re here to please.”

Thus Sir Lancelot’s crass observation, pressing into a rectum trained ad infinitum to tighten with each inward thrust, then loosen for release to both welcome and challenge for another go and certainly more depth.

Initial impalement completed, Brandy learns first hand of the intent of the large ring Miss Lu had mounted on her stud lover’s cock. He/she feels it deeply, seeming to invade the viscera. And when Sir Lancelot withdraws completely, the muscling of the sphincter closes, tightening to again challenge. With a second thrust, the purse string muscle loses the joust of course, but in so doing maximizes the pleasure of the pistoning manhood, evidenced by the grunts and moans of delectation offered with each renewed thrust.

Miss Lu stands and observes, reveling in the glory of another conquest... another complete transformation. From juvenile delinquent to cute and cuddly harlot. She knows that any protestations merely veil the bizarre level of delight she has suffused.

In, out, in, out, the fucking is brisk, the virility impressive for the well muscled lover. Miss Lu has selected her bull stud well. Finally she feels her own concupiscence renewed.

“I promised you a share of his seed,” Miss Lu proclaims.

Brandy’s sensory input becomes overwhelmed. In a most graceful move, his/her idol mounts the table, straddles his form and then lowers herself to sit facing the standing and anally copulating Sir Lancelot.

“Such divine decadence. But it’s the best form of menage a trois, wouldn’t you agree Brandy?”

There is no opportunity to reply as the fine love nest of Miss Lu smothers Brandy’s mouth, her fingers first removing the breast ribbons then beginning a most sensuous massage.

“Lance, do work her little boy pussy.”

Brandy is surprised to feel the gentleness of his/her lover’s fingers where there has been developed new found sensitivity... the empty scrotum.

Yes, senses overwhelmed, Brandy’s lips purse about the labia, the tongue work begins by rote. He is orally servicing she who is adored. Once again Sir Lancelot’s seed is difficult to harvest, but Miss Lu’s daily lengthening and strengthening become apparent as every drop of spending is eventually consumed.

“And Brandy, your little clitoris is not swelling one bit. How telling.”

Having offered a final penile cleansing, the chore rather repulsive in knowing that the shaft has been possibly sullied by his/her own excretions, Brandy obediently continues lying on the changing table as Miss Lu bids her lover adieu. He/she finds little energy to move, certainly none to expend in futile protest.

Yes, there is exhaustion... and with it a sense of satiation... an odd ennui. Brandy can feel within his loins the impressively large sticky mass which exploded from Sir Lancelot’s thrusting sword. In the end, Brandy had a sense of wanting it... to draw the essence of a virile male... that which he/she can no longer expunge.

As noted, Brandy’s ‘clitoris’ firmed not one scintilla. But there was some form of lustful pleasure felt within, Miss Lu once again referencing oscillations she felt about his/her pubes. ‘Dry orgasms’, she declared, those which Brandy felt when first he/she viewed the sordid magazines many months before. Later, within a month or two, his penis spurted while perusing and stroking and then... well then Miss Lu arrived to govern.

“Come to bed, Brandy,” Miss Lu proffers in closing the bedroom door behind her bull stud.

Remaining in total nakedness, Brandy gapes in adoration as Miss Lu effortlessly picks him from the table, hugs and draws him/her to the beckoning warmth of the large double bed.

They lie together, once again entwining as mother and child. Brandy knows to begin suckling the breasts, engulfing and swirling his tongue about the radius of the brownish pink areolas. Strangely the gooey mass, felt within his rectum, brings a sense of fulfillment.

“You performed well for me... and you enjoyed as well,” Miss Lu notes, stifling sighs of delight as her nipples are most adroitly licked and sucked.

Brandy begins to frottage his braceleted penis against Miss Lu’s intense body heat, the firm muscular thighs so inviting. She smiles knowing the attempt to derive pleasure there is futile, normal male arousal long robbed under her tutelage. Instead Brandy will assuage his/her sexual frustration with arduous oral servitude, finding dichotomous joy in feeling her nakedness subtly writhe and spasm with orgasm after orgasm.

The night has just begun...

“Your sister is graduating, pretty girl,” Miss Lu reaching to playfully tap the nose of her naked charge.

“And she has a birthday coming. 18 years old. Party time. I hope you’ll be a good girl and help.”

Brandy giggles and nods, then becomes concerned in thought.

“A party?” the timbre of the voice remaining prepubescent with the constant deluge of hormones.

“Yes, a girl’s stag party. It’s the new thing. Much more fun without worrying about the attention of guys... either getting it or avoiding it.”

Miss Lu’s hands knead the breasts as Brandy lies on the changing table, feet high and parted.

“Feel good?” the fingers of both hands tenderly tweaking each nipple.

“Yes, thank you, Miss Lu,” a polite and meek Brandy indeed enjoyably absorbing the commanding maternal touch.

“Help? How?”

“There will be lots of guests... from school. They’ll need refreshments... need to be served.”

Brandy ruminates.

“Other people?”

“Of course. Many of her classmates. They are graduating. A combined party. Everyone will be in a festive mood.”

Miss Lu gathers a mass of flesh at the left mammary gland, significantly larger than when her daily massage began months before, and ties a frilly pink ribbon. She works the right then deftly ties there as well.

“What about clothing?” Brandy finally blurts as the hands lower to apply equally diligent care and massage to the ‘boy pussy’.

“Girls like you feel much better on display, Brandy. Deep within you know that by now.”

Yes, there does come a bizarre brisance of delight when made to exhibit in complete undress. Realized... but not fully understood.

Though concerned, Brandy smiles as Miss Lu expertly works the newly developed erogenous zone, the loose pink flesh at the pubes which once was a symbol of developing maleness. Her tendance feels good, pulling, as she does each and every morning, to assure the nerve filled pouch does not wither. Brandy peers downward to note that, as always, a watchful commanding feminine eye observes the reaction of his encased penis... his/her clitoris. Miss Lu is mindful, gauging the reaction, any undue swelling countered with an increase in the estrogen dosage... any outright attempt to harden countered with a liberal infusion of cyproterone acetate.

On this morning she diligently works to smooth her fingers along the hairless thin epidermis and segments the sac into two tufts, left and right, parting at the seam, where during gestation what would otherwise be vaginal lips closed to form the male scrotum. Then come two shorter pink ribbons and a set of small spherical bells. Miss Lu threads one thin strip of cloth through the loop of a small bell. The sphere of some one inch in diameter peels as the right tuft is captured, ribbon tied and the task is completed, encircling the right portion of the flushed sac, the circulation rushing in response to inordinate feminine attention. The left side is similarly entwined, the second small bell likewise peeling to announce itself.

“Now you not only look pretty, but you sound pretty too,” a finger jostling the bells to bring forth a continuous shrill chiming.

Anal probe, string harness, shoes, Brandy never dresses herself. Just as she does not feed herself.

Lastly comes the sample jar. Brandy now has resolve. There are no longer verbal protests as the penis is aligned, the controlling remote pressed and with raucous peeling of the new bells, plus an uncontrollable shriek of pain, a sample of prostatic fluid is paroxysmally forced from his loins. Clear, not a trace of spermatozoa, Miss Lu smiles in satisfaction.

Finally Miss Lu lifts from the table and with a swat to the buttocks sends Brandy on her way to begin the household chores. With each step, he/she can feel the sonorous spheres dangling between his thighs, causing to wonder if the sensation is similar to having a set of balls.

“Oh Brandy, stop pouting. It will just be us girls,” sister Joan admonishes. “Plus the dancer, but he doesn’t count. So don’t ruin my party.”

A sullen Brandy has been told of his/her duties. With the main party site to be the basement, someone needs to bring refreshments from the kitchen and make sure all guests are properly served. Mother Jensen has found an excuse not to be home. With most of the girls attaining age eighteen, it is time to trust and let girls be girls. Thus the hiring of a male stripper.

Ms. Jensen’s initial reaction to the libidinous form of planned entertainment was negative. ‘Oh mom, most of them are bisexual to the point of being outright gay. Nothing will happen’, Joan, in response, explaining the preferences of males who strip. Added was the notion that all festivities would be in a private home, and the dancer... gay, straight or in between... would be greatly outnumbered. Permission granted.

Yes, Mother Jensen conceded, but only for a late afternoon party. The antics were not to go into the night.

“And you’ll get to wear clothes, Brandy! Doesn’t that excite?” Joan notes with enthusiasm in holding up the brief garment.

Contrived by Miss Lu, the planned covering is simply a thong, nothing more than a set of strings with a small patch to cover the braceleted penis-turned-clitoris. It will serve to hold in place the anal probe and is intended to allay questions. Brandy’s male mammary glands are passable as the undeveloped breasts of a girl. And if the empty scrotal sac peeks out of the thong?... so be it. The male stripper should divert most roving female eyes.

So the kitchen is filled with catered food, covered trays of hors d’oeuvres waiting to be served. Sister Evelyn spent hours coiffing, applying makeup, manicuring, pedicuring, Brandy has never looked more alluring. And he/she did spend some mirror time smiling in self adulation. But then came the realization... the entire world will be at the Jensen home!

The thought of exposure... to so many... totally naked... but for the thin set of strings which is really not more than the string harness he/she dons daily!

“Your tassels are cute. How does they make your nipples feel?” Joan bluntly inquires.

Added to the ribbons forcing the plumping male breasts to prominence, Miss Lu spent inordinate time on the nipples, pulling each pink nub into a small and tight stretchy cone of rubber bringing such to greatly protrude. The very tips of the compressed nipples are forced through the open ends. In constricting the circulation such appear as bright red cherries. Attached and dangling from the cylinders are bejeweled colorful feathery plumes, swinging about and gently teasing the otherwise useless once male nipples, brought to great sensitivity by abundant hormones.

“They tickle,” Brandy bashfully replies, knowing that the wickedly tantalizing baubles have forced the nubs to crinkle in constant arousal.

“Makes you look very pretty... and sultry,” sister Joan compliments pinching the well exposed buttocks. “Do you want to wear your bells?... down there?”

Gratefully Brandy has been given a reprieve from donning the recently added scrotal bells, the less attention drawn to once male tidbits the better. He/she shakes her head vigorously, the shame of appearing attired in nothing but a thong before so many considered to be challenge enough.

“You’ll hear the guests arrive, Brandy. Most don’t know I once had a brother, so just be the girl you’ve become... and bow your head and curtsy when you serve. A nice little subservient dip at the knees when you offer food or drink,” dancer Joan gracefully mimicking the demanded gesture.

Joan steps back to admire brother turned sister. The breasts are particularly attractive, the body of each gland encircled in pink as always but the yellow and crimson feathery tassels appear to be cherries perched on deliciously edible mounds of flesh. The ornamentation is intended to distract... and it does. Only the most promiscuous set of eyes will overly wander to the pubes where the tiny braceleted penis/clitoris rests beneath a brief patch of pink.

The door bell rings, the first guest arriving, ending the brief visual inspection.

Brandy’s afternoon of the ultimate mental torment begins.

Much laughter, the initial reaction of each arriving girl is to squeal in delight, particularly those few who remember the once troublesome Randy. Katie of course knows of the gender transformation and Brandy can hear whispered comments bringing him/her to blush as word of his alteration spreads. Finally Joan initiates some music and though the gossip continues Brandy’s comfort level rises as he/she prances on high heels from group to group, offering canapes, bowing and humbly dipping.

Having graduated high school after many years of academic drudgery, the girls are festive. As the group acclimates, comfort rising in being served by a nearly naked hermaphrodite, some reach to brazenly pinch the buttocks, Katie beginning with the gesture cascading to many others. At first Brandy is shocked but in having been fondled there so often, the touch of so many hands and fingers becomes oddly acceptable, a girlish giggle is offered in response.

Yes, the basement fills, Brandy dashes up and down the stairs with food, tassels flopping about to bring new found delight to glands brought to heightened sensitivity.

Well into the festivities, Brandy is in the kitchen when the door bell rings again. Emboldened in being accepted by the many girls, the tray is stowed and Brandy bolts to the front door expecting another guest. Opening, Brandy is alarmed to be greeted a tall youthful male!

“I’m Todd. Think I got the right address. A bachelorette party?” the words somewhat falter as the eyes take in the bizarre sight, a pubescent girl, underdeveloped breasts decorated to allure, nipples protruding and tasseled, naked but for the flimsiest of pink cloth patches.

Other than Sir Lancelot, a transformed Brandy as not before been exposed to a male. He/she does not understand her own reaction. She dips, the right foot drawing back, the knees bending, the head bowing in humbleness.

“Yes sir. In the basement. Please come this way.”

Brandy curses her own truckling reaction. Todd is a guy! But he’s handsome, virile, young. Thin but muscular. Is there attraction?

What is happening?

Meanwhile Todd visually examines the plumped and uncovered buttocks as he follows to the basement stairs. Something attracts. Dancing for girls, removing his clothing before jeering women has become mundane, his sexual preference obviates any sense of arousal when so entertaining. It is a job... merely a source of income.

But Brandy? What is it that brings the stimulation he has not before felt?

“I’ll need to change. Is there a bathroom?”

“Yes sir, but it is locked and I am not permitted the key.”

Entering the kitchen, Joan is present and overhears.

“Hi. I’m Joan, Brandy’s sister. We spoke on the phone. I’m the hostess here and I have the key. Brandy is not to use the bathroom without supervision.”

Brandy blushes, his flesh reddening.

Joan leads to a door and unlocks.

“Discipline. It’s good for a girl like Brandy. He... rather she... has special needs. Please lock it behind you. We’re down in the basement when you’re ready to perform for us.”

Somewhat bewildered... the denial of bathroom privileges, the verbal slip concerning gender.. Todd, gym bag in hand, steps into the small bathroom. Many months of stripping have not before brought real excitement, his interest in women feigned, the money more welcomed than any feminine attention.

But now there is Brandy...

Joan changes the music, a sultry jazz piece blares. She must speak loudly.

“Ok guys, the afternoon entertainment. Todd will dance for us!”

With that cue, Todd, stripped to nothing more than a jock strap, descends the basement stairs, high stepping to the rhythm of the music. Brandy glares. The form is masculine yet almost pubescent, not a strand of body hair. Smooth, remindful of Brandy’s depilated flesh, a lithe Todd has sinewy muscling... not overly bulging, but apparent. There is graceful masculinity, that denied by the cruel alteration of Miss Lu’s knowing fingers... her emasculation harness... her demanded diet of hormones... a sullen Brandy becomes envious.

All eyes, Brandy’s included, roam over Todd’s form and of course complete the visual inspection at the pubes, the male organs covered in a baby blue pouch of silk, the thin material leaving nothing to the imagination. Strings hold the sole garment in the place, much like Brandy’s limited attire, except the covering strains in veiling virility, sexual puissance... Brandy’s cloaks the feebleness induced by a woman’s whimsical transformation.

The girls become collectively giddy, their sexuality incited. An experienced Todd senses the rising concupiscence and begins suggestive movement, the body language more and more sexual, his hips mimicking forceful copulation. There come cries of ‘take it off’, the brevity of the blue pouch deemed too visually obstructive to that which arouses.

Brandy, tray in hand, feels fingers first pinch his/her right cheek then remain in place. Music loud, he cannot object. And when he feels a finger hook through the string of his thong, he dares not step away, any motion threatening to rip away the sole covering. The digit jostles his only attire and Brandy feels the folds of his boy pussy, neatly tucked under the brief pouch, slip out into view as he turns to view his/her molester.

A cute girl, Brandy vaguely recalls her from a sleepover at the Jensen household years before. The girl steps more proximate, whispering directly in Brandy’s ear to be heard over the music.

“You can take it off too, Brandy. We all know what’s under there... or what’s not under there,” the girl sarcastically adds.

The hand, restraining so simply, slips down over the buttocks then between the thighs. There the fingers capture the pink flesh of the empty scrotum, teasingly diddle and gently pull downward to better reveal the remnants of Brandy’s former gender. Exposed!

Simultaneously, Todd responds to the numerous catcalls demanding his total nudity. In a balletic motion, hands roll the waist band down, his feet momentarily press together, and his thong drops to the floor... there to be kicked in the air. A prize for the most aroused attendee, a half dozen girls clamor.

Brandy gawks as does the entire gathering. A mischievously smiling Todd remains dancing, a long penis flopping about most enticingly, his pubes also devoid of hair and found to be most attractive by hormonal teens.

In the raucous milieu, Brandy manages to free himself from the one fingered grip on his thong. But in stepping away he feels the fleshy tufts of his boy pussy flopping about. Holding the tray, hands occupied, he curses the forced display his vestigial maleness. But there is nothing he can do... no place to put down the food and right himself.

Sister Joan notes his/her dilemma stepping to Brandy's front as the music begins to wind down.

"You're flashing, Brandy," Joan smiling wickedly.

A feminine hand once again lowers. The fingers first palm the fleshy mass then begin to knead and caress as Joan leans to also whisper in his/her ear.

"Why not just take it off, Brandy. Word is out. The girls know. And you can dance too... just like Todd... just like I taught you. Miss Lu says you are to become more and more of an exhibitionist... showing off for women. And you look so pretty in pink."

The stirring words, the knowing touch, Brandy's flesh turns anserine with odd delight. The shocking thought, the potential for such humiliation, sexually stimulates. He/she does not want to dance... but something within beckons... there is something which arouses beyond the physically stimulating touch of sister Joan.

"But my thing, Miss Joan..." the steel encased penis of concern.

"It's so small Brandy. Who's going to notice?"

The question is answered when Brandy glances Todd's way. In completing his show, the naked performer gawks, attention focused on where sister Joan toys. Joan follows Brandy's eyes. She smiles, noting Todd's interest and steps aside, her hand cupping to more fully expose the boy pussy.

Todd smiles... for the first time, a lascivious smile.

"You're so eager to be fanny fucked this evening, Brandy."

Lying supine, Brandy did indeed prance to the changing table, lie back and assume the knees to chest position with notable enthusiasm. He/she patiently awaits as Miss Lu gathers her large feather and double dildo.

"Could it be because you have become stimulated in dancing for all those girls? Joan said you took off your thong... your only covering."

"Yes ma'am," an abashed Brandy responds.

"So you performed... totally naked... doing your dance..."

“Yes, Miss Lu.”

“And how did you feel?” a smiling Miss Lu approaches.

Kind hands reach and untie the breast ribbons. Then the fingers work to remove the stretchy rubber cylinders of the tassels, firmly encasing right nipple and left. Brandy giggles, the rush of returning circulation bringing the once male nubs to tingle.

The breast massage begins, the intensity of relaxation brought by the surge of endorphins causing Brandy to lie in stupor. Table and Brandy become one.

“It felt funny.”

“Good funny... or bad funny? Your little penis and its steel bracelet must have made quite the impression,” Miss Lu softly laughing.

“It felt exciting.”

“So you enjoyed dancing for the all the girls, your tassels swinging about... tickling your nipples... bet they got all hard.”

Brandy smiles. The colorful feathery baubles proved to be more than decorative. As he/she libidiously performed, the well ingrained footwork of Joan’s choreography devised to project and exhibit all of Brandy’s new found feminine charms... buttocks rolling, breasts flopping, empty sac flinging about... Miss Lu’s devilish baubles brought a most tantalizing sensation. This seemed to incite more exaggerated motion, Brandy’s tiny penis thrusting forth along with his/her boy pussy when he/she emulated Todd’s copulating motion.

The girls cheered wildly, the laughter most boisterous, and Brandy found himself/herself even more eager to perform and please.

“Yes, Miss Lu,” Brandy’s voice barely audible, the kneading hands so comforting.

“All Joan’s friend now know you have a little clitoris... which is kept well controlled. It must have been incredibly humiliating for you Brandy... dancing with your little thing flopping about.”

As she forces the recollection, Miss Lu smiles in noting the reaction. Brandy blushes... a girlish blush... the reminiscence acceptable... pleasantly recalled.

“Lick,” the command tendered as the double dildo is offered to the accomplished tongue and lips.

As Brandy prepares for penetration by the much sought faux phallus, the caressing hands move lower, bringing forth a muffled sigh as Miss Lu begins to work the boy pussy.

“You see how I do this, Brandy? First I work to increase the circulation by massaging all your new erogenous zones. Then I feather... endlessly... nipples... boy pussy... anus... awakening all

your sensuous flesh. And then... if you beg me enough... I may fuck you. So you see... being a girl isn't all bad. And being a *bad* girl can be fun."

"Time to rearrange your room, Brandy," Miss Katie declares with a smug smile.

Charged with supervision of the hermaphroditic household servant, Miss Katie takes Brandy by the hand. Sister Evelyn has prettified as on every afternoon. And Brandy will be given a reprieve from the exhausting hours of dance and stretching under sister Joan.

Climbing the stairs, the bells attached to Brandy's boy pussy ring sonorously, bringing another smile from Miss Katie.

"You've got a lot of stuff in there you'll no longer need. Have to make more room for stuff I think you'll enjoy more."

The bedroom door yields to the key of the Medco lock. Brandy enters, alarmed to see the bed has been removed, further alarmed to note there has been some 'redcoration'.

"You like the panorama?"

Brandy is both horrified and intrigued in gaping at new wall decorations. Someone has taken the time to unbind his many issues of 'Girls in Distress' magazine. Framed, the many full page photographs have been mounted on the walls. Much time, much effort, Brandy's bedroom is now a gallery of smutty photos... girls... limited attire... all in bindings or about to be bound... many in suggestive poses... all hinting of, if not outright evidencing, sadomasochistic endeavors.

"We need to rid of much stuff, Brandy. Make more room. You see this girl here... straddling a horse, wrists and ankles bound to the legs, her little butt begging for attention?" Miss Katie leading to a lurid full page photo of a young girl about to undergo a paddling.

Brandy nods.

"Well I have acquired a padded horse just like it... to be placed here in your room."

Brandy quakes. Miss Katie smiles in noting the reaction... a quiver of dread... fear... or a quiver of excitement? Of arousal?

"And I'm sure this one has been particularly stimulating for you," Miss Katie taking Brandy's hand and stepping to the right.

Within a frame of wood, a girl dangles. Donning the elaborate rope bindings of Shibari, hogtied, she helplessly hangs from a single thick cord, unseen feet and hands secured behind her back, appearing almost comfortable as the envisioned long and slow torment of suspension bondage begins.

“This one I am sure brought forth many furtive strokes of your little penis,” Miss Katie mocks, pausing to let Brandy excogitate.

Ironically it did, a somber Brandy recalls. Miss Katie seems to be so much aware of the nature of his former sexuality.

“And this one...soooo nasty,” stepping again to the right.

Brandy peers anew. A particularly buxom girl, wrists tightly secured behind her back, forcing a most prominent display of her breasts, has been garnished with clothes pins about her torso. Brandy knows it to be the ultimate picture in a montage, photos snapped one after another as an unseen hand slowly applied pin after pin, culminating with excruciating, judging from the girl’s face, clothes pins to the nipples...

“You’ll count thirty photos, Brandy. Spent lots of money getting them framed for you. Also spent lots for equipment. Every item of bondage depicted in these photos I have acquired and will be accessed here... in your former bedroom. So each day of the month, after you’re finished with the household chores, you’ll be placed in equivalent distress. Yes lots of rope, benches, wooden frames, chairs... the clothes pins were easy... and certainly not to be overlooked,” Miss Katie reaching to tweak a pink ribboned breast.

Brandy squeals, the commanding touch bringing delight despite the introduction of such disquieting thoughts.

“Now let’s go empty that closet shall we? All those clothes! And pants! Cute little girls don’t wear pants. And whatever is a girly girl ever going to do with a baseball glove and bat? Hm? And all these horrid computer games? I don’t think little girls like playing with stuff like that...”

“It is time to move onward, Ms. Jensen.”

The matriarch of the household is saddened but understanding.

“You do such wonderful work, Lu. Brandy is such a treasure... so eager to help... so eager to please.”

Miss Lu beams with pride.

“Katie will continue the process. She is truly one of us. But she greatly appreciates the funds to purchase some things... for Brandy’s room. It will help with her... with Brandy’s continued subjugation. It is best for boys transformed to girls.”

Ms. Jensen nods.

“A good investment I am sure.”

“This boy Todd, the ‘entertainer’ at Joan’s party. Joan suggested that he call the house. He’s taken a liking to Brandy. I understand he enjoyed watching Brandy dance,” Miss Lu informs.

Ms. Jensen smiles. Never involved in the sexual hijinks, there comes a look of Schadenfreude in ruminating over the bastard child, the fate of his conniving convict father, and now over the incongruence of a potential relationship with Todd. Though contrived, Brandy’s father will find consternation when indeed it is time for him to buy his son his first beer.

“And where will you be going, Lu?”

“To California. A family in great need. A son who has a penchant for setting things afire and masturbating to the flames.”

“A pyromaniac?”

“So it would seem. But he’ll not long take pleasure in it... the proclivity for enjoying things which burn will end... when I emblazon my initials into his buttocks. Branding can be wonderfully traumatic... and therapeutic... it sends a strong message... and one of permanency.”

Ms. Jensen smiles warmly.

“You’ll not feminize?”

“Too old. At that age branding along with a heavy and elaborate set of irons and shackles will disavow of any notion to play with matches.”