

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Fantasy Entertainment

Volume #23

Testimonials, Notices,
Stories & Pics

*Clever females expertly replace
traditional male interests with
fetishes. Naughty boys and
macho males are disciplined
and turned into easy-to-control
sweet little pantywaists
ready for life under
female rule.*



Adults Only



Demale Society
Stories & Pics

Added 1/31/05



The Amazing Transformation of

Nicholas Nicholson

“Miss Killian, let me explain my plight. Soon after I married my new husband, I discovered his son was completely undisciplined. I took over his upbringing and immediately acquainted him with the cane, which I administer with his pants down, of course. You follow me, don't you?”

“Please feel free to call me Katherine, but I find it most comfortable to call you Mrs. Nicholson.

“So, Mrs. Nicholson, indeed, I do follow you and agree completely. It is my view that a little boy benefits from strict measures soundly administered. I also find that adding humiliation to punishments is the fastest way to make a boy contrite and submissive. Mrs. Nicholson, if you hire me to be the governess for Nicholas, he will learn his manners over my knee, as I have taught other boys in my charge.”

“Excellent, Katherine! I have great confidence in you, my dear. Judging from your letters of reference that I studied last night, I'm sure you're the type of woman who can handle Nicholas. Consider yourself hired. I give you a free hand with my boy. You can take charge of him immediately upon moving into your quarters, which is soon I hope. As I mentioned, my husband and I are going abroad two weeks from next Thursday. It would be helpful, I believe, to have you in residence well in advance of that date, so I can help you become accustomed to Nicholas as well as the running of the household since you will have domain over the cook and the maid while we are gone.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Nicholson, for the offer, but before I accept, I'd like to know your opinion on petticoat punishment. From my references, I'm sure you noticed that I like to emasculate a boy. I start with feminine articles of clothing that help him act girlishly and teach him to be sweet and subdued. Do I have your permission to so handle your errant son?”

“Absolutely! I had never considered such an alternative, but from those testimonial letters you gave me, I was much impressed with the examples of what was referred to as sissy training and petticoat punishment. In fact, it is one of the reasons you came to the top of my list of the governesses I was considering. I'm much intrigued with this organization you belong to, the Demale Society. I had never heard of them before, but since you described them in your resume as a secret society, I suppose they wouldn't have been too secret if I did know about them. Just the same, I did a search on the Internet and found a lot of references to them. They even have a website! I read everything I could about them, and if their ways of feminine training for a boy really work, I'm sure I'd like to have you sponsor me as a member. Reducing Nicholas into a soft and silly little sissy much appeals to me.



“I must say, his father objected at first when I mentioned how you like to reform little boys by feminizing them, but I convinced him it would be for the boy's own good because if we let him continue in his undisciplined ways, he will surely be a discredit to our family, and we certainly can't have that. We have a status and family tradition to maintain. My only request is that, at least initially, you do this sissification out of sight of his father, who was most embarrassed by the idea. But if it works, and I'm confident it will, I'm sure even his father will come around and accept a feminine son. God knows he has given up on Nicholas as a decent boy. He has repeatedly defied his father and often embarrassed him in public. It's gotten so bad that even my husband agrees the boy needs drastic measures to reform him.



“Katherine, you can act with full authority, and both my husband and I will back you up. You are a lovely woman, as I'm sure you're aware, and Nicholas is at that age in which he is attracted to pretty females. That will help you master him. I'm sure he'll blush just being in your presence.

“As you know, we hired you to watch over my stepson while his father and I will be spending the summer in Switzerland. Nicholas is off from school starting on the sixteenth. If you can make yourself available then, it would be good to move into the house and be here at least a full week before we leave, and sooner would be even more ideal. I realize that is several days before I had originally stated, but I think it would be good for you to use that time to familiarize yourself with our household routines and to establish early control

over our boy. It will also give me an opportunity to see you discipline him, as I am most anxious to see you begin him on the way to being a sissy. Do you have any questions?"

"Yes. I'm sure you realize a boy his age has certain urges."

"That he does. Almost nightly he dirties his bed sheets. Caning and paddling him have worked fairly well on improving his overall behavior, at least for limited periods of time, but it has not curbed his nightly emissions."

"Then I suppose you will permit me to take his urges in hand – so to speak," she said with a malicious smile. "I find a routine of associating corporal punishments with ejaculations while a boy is dressed in girls' clothing works well. The method is to confuse the boy and estrange him from his own hormones. I'll train him to erect only on my – or your – command, not when he wants. We can fondle him at will, but he will be strictly prohibited from ejaculating by his own hand. He'll only expel his semen when either one of us so decrees. Feminizing him will pervert the boy's entire sexuality until he willingly gives us control because he'll soon learn that when he cooperates, he'll be rewarded with a powerful orgasm. Any unauthorized ejaculations will result in both mentally and physically painful punishments."

"Oh, Katherine, it sounds so delicious. I can hardly wait! And just so he won't argue that I wouldn't approve of what you have planned for him, I myself will tell him that you have full control. In fact, it might settle things at the start if I attend your first serious correction of him."

The young governess said she would be able to join the household on the coming weekend, and the agreement between them was settled with a handshake. Katherine then asked Mrs. Nicholson to get a few supplies in preparation of her arrival, and then added, "In addition to those things, please buy him three pairs of nice little girls' panties in his size. Make them silky and in pretty pastel colors with just a narrow trim of lace, distinctly girlish but nothing too fancy just yet. Upon my arrival, I'll be able to use those panties to introduce him to girls' things. One of my first tasks will be to take all of his measurements and get them to my seamstress, who will start to make lovely things for his new wardrobe."



Four days later, Katherine arrived and settled in. From the boy's clothes, she got his approximate measurements for her seamstress and had a special nightgown, a super-sissified little girl dress, and several pairs of panties ready for the boy. Katherine had a long association with the sewing lady since she had contracted with the woman as a governess to the boy she took care of in her previous position.

Nicholas would surely rebel at these sissy clothes made of double-ply pink satin, reinforced and double-

stitched, and festooned with row upon row of pink and white lace. The panties were voluminous and high waisted. The gown was a pullover style nightie to more thoroughly encase the boy in a satin cocoon.

“With these on, your boy won't be getting into much mischief, will he, Miss?” the seamstress commented with an admiring wink.

“That's the idea,” the young woman answered as she paid for them and left the shop.

“A cool one, she is!” the seamstress muttered to herself as she envisioned the boy in the sissy-making satin dress and lingerie she had just created.

Katherine looked forward to the clothing discipline that would take Nicholas to an unparalleled level of shame and humiliation, leaving the boy in no doubt of her power over him. She'd have him addicted to satin lingerie in no time at all.



Three days later, Nicholas came home from school and was introduced to his new governess. She escorted him to his room and took his measurements. The boy objected when she completely undressed him and touched him intimately as she measured even his private parts. She served him notice that he would be punished at bedtime for his insolence.



Then after dinner and a full three hours before his regular bedtime, Katherine led her pupil to her own room, where to his acute embarrassment, he found his stepmother waiting for them. What ensued fully settled her employer's trust in her choice of governess and gave the boy a foretaste of what he could expect under his new governess's diligent management.

Disregarding the boy's protests, the young woman simply rapped the point of his elbow smartly with the edge of the large wooden hairbrush she produced from her dressing table. The blow, totally unexpected, demoralized Nicholas instantly and rendered him quite pliable to her management. She pulled off his pajamas and tossed them aside. She held open something for him to step into.

The tears in his eyes prevented him from getting a good look at what she was putting on him. It wasn't until the pink nylon panties with a thin lace trim were on their way up his legs that he realized what they

were. He blinked to squeeze the tears out of his eyes and clear his vision. He stared down in amazement. He could barely believe what he was looking at. Panties! Girls' panties! Panties with lace trim! And he was wearing them! He was wearing panties! "What kind of a joke was this?" he thought, but looking from the stern expression on his stepmother's face to the smirk on his new governess's face made him realize that being made to wear these panties wasn't a joke; it was part of his punishment.

He tried to pull off the panties and struggle out of them, but another quick and expertly placed smack of the paddle on his other elbow made him immediately stop and prevented him from trying to take off the panties. He was stunned with having to wear these sissy panties; he wanted to protest, but words failed to come out of his gasping mouth.

These panties were rather plain in style. It was going to be exciting to see how he'd react once his new governess got him into the heavily frilled double-thick satin panties she had specially made for him. Katherine ran her cold, strong fingers around the lacy leg openings of the simple pink panties, adjusting the fit of the flimsy garment and teasingly flattening out the delicate lace trim before pulling him over her lap and delivering a respectable, though not severe, hairbrush spanking over his new panties while a fully approving Mrs. Nicholson comfortably sat nearby in a boudoir chair. Nicholas thought the spanking was surprisingly intense, but Katherine explained it was mild compared to what she was capable of delivering. She went onto explain to his stepmother that she didn't have to spank him all that hard because the simple addition of the

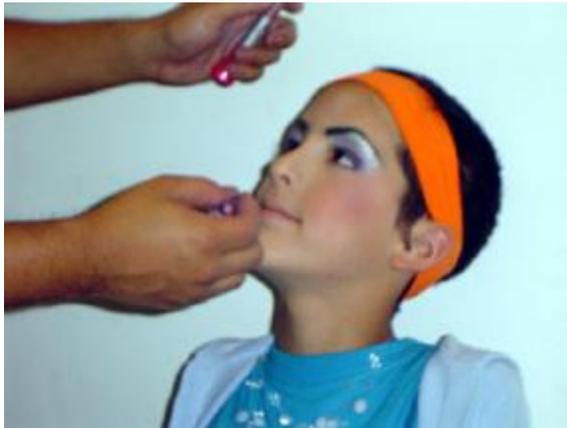


panties humiliated the boy and intensified the punishment. Katherine then told the boy that unless he toed the line, he could expect a lot harder spankings and many other surprises. But if he followed her rules, she'd give him nice rewards.

Once Nicholas' wailing had subsided and he lay submissively across his governess' lap, his stepmother ordered him to look up at her. "You see how it is, Nicky. Your governess has disciplined you in a quite satisfactory way and will continue to do so as she sees fit both while I'm in the house, and while I'm away. I recommend you try to be a good boy for her. Now thank her for correcting you, get up, come close and model your new panties for me. I bought them for you. They will be your new underwear from now on unless your new governess or I tell you to wear something else."

He cringed as he felt his stepmother's hands smooth the silken panties out over his tingling bottom.

"Oh, they look so nice on you!" Katherine cooed as she ran her hands over his hips, sending shivers up his spine and making him wobble.



"He certainly does look very smart in shiny pink panties," his stepmother squealed. "He's looking quite girlish already!"

Nicholas turned to see Katherine placing her vanity stool up on top of a small side table, and he was surprised at her strength when she picked him up with ease and set him in the chair. Having already experienced a smart hairbrushing and the embarrassment of being forced to wear girls' nylon panties, Nicholas had little stomach for rebellion. On

top of the table he was in the spotlight for both of them to stare at with glaringly wanton eyes. Seemingly powerless against these intimidating strong women, Nicholas thought he could be humiliated no further. But just then, Katherine took his penis in hand. She methodically began rubbing it up and down within the folds of his panties until it got painfully hard, and she didn't stop until he was groaning in pain and pleasure as he shot a fountain of stick white cum right through the nylon panties and high into the air. Katherine and his stepmother laughed heartily at him, and their laughter rang in his ears like giant church bells as he jerked through each pulsation of his emission.

Katherine was ready with a damp cloth. As she cleaned the boy up and put him into a fresh pair of his new panties, pale blue panties this time, she said, "That my dear boy is a sample of the kind of reward you can expect from me. Now that you have a little sample of my punishments and rewards, I hope you have the incentive to obey me in everything.

"Now, go get a goodnight kiss from your stepmother and then go to bed wearing just your new panties and this new nightie," she said as she helped him into the long, pink satin waltz-length nightgown fresh from her seamstress. The stunned and sexually drained boy didn't resist. Then she added, "I know you play with your little cockie every night. Well, we won't have any of that any longer. From now on, you can only shoot that smelly snot out of your little baby cockie if either your stepmother or I masturbate you or if we direct you to cream your panties for us for our entertainment. And just to make sure you follow that rule, every night I'll be inspecting your panties throughout the night as well as in the morning, and if I ever find the slightest



spot from your nasty penis staining either your bedding or your sissy panties, you'll get a punishment that you will never forget. Understand?"

The boy cried through an affirmation. As he turned and walked away, his bottom glowed with a pinkish hue that could be easily seen through his thin blue panties. The two women watched his twitching, pantied bottom go out the door and nodded to one another in mutual congratulations.

Nicholas' stepmother knew the boy would be in capable hands.

Two days passed. Nicholas tried his best to behave. There were minor infractions, but his stepmother and new mistress overlooked them. They realized he was in a constant state of fear, utterly self-conscious and unnerved from having to wear his new lace panties. Just to remind him of his plight, both his stepmother and new governess periodically opened his trousers to inspect his panties and make sure he still had them on. And there were no stains in his panties or on his bed sheets. His stepmother was delighted with these early results, and wondered what other surprises were in store for the boy. She was anxious to see him completely dressed up like a little girl.

And this was the day.



Nicholas was led to Katherine's room by his stepmother. Katherine produced the pink satin little girls' dress she had made for him. The dress was lined with stiff petticoats and stood out from his sides. He knew he looked ridiculous. And when they made him stare at himself in the full-length mirror, he complained that he looked just like a boy in a baby girl dress. But his spirit was broken and he agreed not to fight them and stay in the sissy dress all day long.

Then in the late afternoon, Katherine wanted to show him that she'd reward him whenever he was good and cooperated with her, and he had already been so cooperative that day that it was time for a reward. So to ease his shame about having to wear the fussy little girls' dress that made him look like a toddler, and to make him feel better about not looking like a girl, Katherine surprised him with some new clothes like a girl his age would wear and told him she'd show him just how much she could make him look like a real girl. He stared at the denim mini skirt, a slightly padded training bra, a colorful T-shirt, and clogs. She was starting him off with some not-too-feminine outer clothes, the really fancy and frilly stuff (like that sissy party dress) she'd have him wearing again soon enough. The dress and other more sissified fashions she'd use as punishment devices.

After they had the thoroughly humbled boy strip off his party dress and stand naked except for his darling lacy pale yellow panties, they slipped the flimsy little training bra on him. His stepmother

delighted in snapping it closed and adjusting it for a proper fit. The T-shirt, denim skirt and clogs followed. He had cried throughout the process of being dressed in girls' clothes, but a stern warning to stop crying or face even greater punishment made Nicholas arrest his sniffles and dry his tears. If this was a reward, he wondered just how much more painful and humiliating his other punishments would be.



"I had some of these clothes from my last position," his governess commented to his stepmother. "The boy there out grew them, so I just wanted to see if they'd fit dear Nicholas here. I'm happy to see that they do fit. Maybe just a size too large, but he'll soon grow into them."

Katherine's hand up his skirt massaging his penis within his light yellow panties excited him and gave her a chance to dry his face and prepare it for what was to follow. On and on she talked about how much fun it was to be a girl, and how good she was going to make him feel. His tiny cock bobbed in her fingers as she toyed with it through the nylon. She even got him to manage a few faint smiles. She knew she had him.

Once all the fight had gone out of him, they sat him down and started applying makeup to his angelic face; his boyish innocence was covered with whore-like swaths of garish makeup. He knew he was powerless to fight them off.

Just as Katherine was adjusting a long blonde wig on the boy's head, his father inadvertently walked into the room, stared at his feminized son for the first time, and nearly tripped over himself making a hurried exit. As he ran from the room and descended the stairs he felt his penis surge and leap to life. Upon entering the den, the maid who was exiting the room at the same moment almost collided with him.

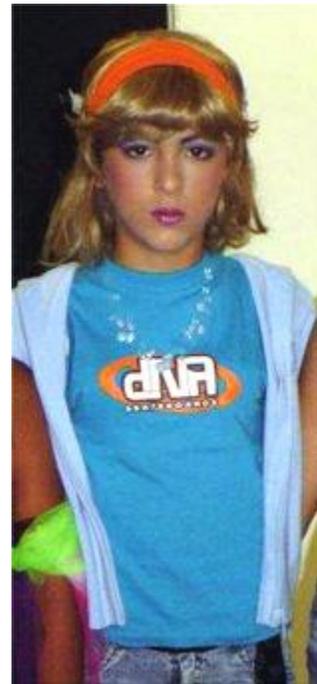
She looked down and undoubtedly saw the lump in his trousers because she let out a girlish giggle as she excused herself and ran on her way.

That same evening, his governess did her nightly duty of supervising his evening bath, and after toweling him dry, Katherine powdered his legs and bottom by hand as nonchalantly as she would a baby. She spent a lot of time powering his limp little penis and tight little balls. He was getting used to being so intimately handled by his new governess, but it embarrassed him to be touched like that, especially when she ran her fingers up his ass crack and poked at his asshole. Her handling made his little cock grow, and that embarrassed him too. Despite the humiliation, it also made his head swirl with excitement. With him in a sexual daze, she showed him many of the new additions to his wardrobe. The boy's reaction was what she had hoped, immediate embarrassment and dismay at the sight of the frilly clothes.

“Oh, Miss, I can't wear those! They're all for sissy girls!”

“Don't be afraid, little one. I'm going to let you in on the secret feel of satin, known to every girl but unknown to little boys,” she said as she wiggled her hips and tugged up her pencil-thin mini skirt. Wide eyed and staring intently, Nicholas saw her sparkling white satin nylon half slip appear from beneath the retreating skirt. She reached under it and drew down her white satin panties by grabbing them at the sides in a way that prevented him from seeing any more than a momentary flash of the treasure between her legs. She sat on the bathroom bench and smoothed her lace-edged, nylon-satin slip across her thighs, preparing her lap for him. She drew his naked, powdered body over her legs, his penis in full contact with that wickedly feminine half-slip. His trembling made her feel powerful and caused her pussy to moisten. He was unnerved and had difficulty staying still as she began to stroke his neck, back and bottom with her warm, recently worn satin panties.

“Doesn't satin feel nice, my boy? Even better than the nylon panties you have been wearing, right?”



Nicholas could only groan with a mixture of pleasure and confusion as she dragged the panties up and down his back, his sides, even his ears and face. She repeatedly held the panties to his nose and commanded him to inhale her perfume and womanly secretions. Then she had him slide off her lap and positioned him in a kneeling position before her. She lined both her hands with the silky panties, using them to fully cup his penis and balls. And as she stared into his eyes, and made him stare back into her eyes, she wanked his little cock into her panties until he unloaded his pent-up, hot wet cum. Despite having repeatedly warned him never to masturbate to completion, she wasn't disgusted at him for spurting. In his confused mind, he guessed it was okay to cum this time because she did it to him instead of him doing it to himself. In fact, she giggled and told him it was a fitting tribute to her and the girlish secret of satin. She said he was falling in love with her, satin and panties. He told himself he had no interest in girls' panties, but he also had to admit that he was turned on by the panties so recently removed from her sexy body, and yes, he was falling in love with her too. She was beautiful and exciting.



But his thrills were short lived. Still staring into his eyes, she brought the wettest part of the panties up to his mouth and shoved them between his lips. He tried to seal his lips and turn away to reject them, but she slapped him mightily across both cheeks.

“Is this the thanks I get for pleasuring you and revealing to you the secret of satin? Now, open your mouth and suck your filth out of my pretty panties, boy. Now, you know how good satin feels. Suck! Suck away! You are a sissy boy, my sissy boy, and it's time you know it. Only pantywaist sissy boys shoot off in satin panties. I know what you are now. You will forever love satin. You are my satin-loving sissy boy, and you'll be one forever more.”

Tearfully, he sucked on the sperm-loaded panties. His cheeks burned; he didn't want her to hit him again.

After a few minutes, she removed the panties but took a moment to rub his

face with the saliva and cum-coated panties. With his cheeks red from her slapping and now glistening with his own disgusting juices, he was drained and defeated. Then she held up the heavy pink satin panties that went with the new nightie. He was most reluctant to get into the soft satin trap. He hesitated as his governess calmly told him to step into them.

“Don't resist me, Nicholas. It won't hurt you to try on your new nightie. I want to make sure it fits properly. These underpanties go on first.”

“Please, Miss! Don't make me wear those! They look like child's things, and they're so girlie,” he pleaded blushing, as he stood before her naked and powdered in her exquisitely feminine bedroom.

“I shall tell you only once more, Nicholas. Put these panties on, and do it now!”

She still held open the scary looking panties. To him they looked like a satin shell that would forever strangle his boyhood – and they were!

Muttering protests, the boy stepped into the panties. He closed his eyes and that caused the wateriness in his eyes to form cold tears that slid down his burning hot face. His smiling governess drew the ornate panties up his thin legs with deliberate slowness to make him feel their silkiness and shameful girlishness. As she drew them up and settled them high on his waist, he sucked in his breath in abject anticipation, fearing he was a boy no more. She fussed with the fabric to properly fit him and repeatedly smoothed the spine-chilling satin over his panty-clad hips and ass. Through the layers of satin panties she carefully stroked his



recently spent manhood and smiled as she felt his penis begin once again stir to attention.

“They feel so horrible, Miss! They tickle so. They hurt! The elastic is too tight! At the waist. And at the legs. The lace is scratchy too!”

“Nonsense, boy. A good tight fit will do you no harm at all. Now put on the top. Come on, don't dawdle.”

Nicholas held his arms out and reluctantly let her slide the cool silky smooth top over him. He cringed as the slinky fabric was drawn over his arms. His head reappeared as he wriggled into the disturbingly feminine garment flowing over his body. Such sensuous silkiness was never meant for a boy to experience, never intended to cloak a boy's body in these forbidden frills. The boy stood timidly before her, his face flushed, his mouth pouting.



Katherine smiled faintly at him, her satisfaction obvious.

“Yes, Nicholas. Quite a good fit, I think. And I'm sure they'll be very comfortable to wear to bed every night. Turn around; I want to see how everything fits in back.”

The dark-haired boy slowly turned his back, though looking apprehensively at her over his shoulder as he did. His governess surveyed him for a moment, hands on her hips. Her neat woolen skirt had fallen back into position over her half-slip. She stepped forward to demonstrate the convenience of a nightgown and how easy it was to lift to access his boyish bottom. He anticipated her intention and shot his hands around back to prevent it. The young woman couldn't have asked for a better chance to use her hairbrush. A quick smack across each of his palms made him drop his hands.

“You are a foolish boy, Nicholas. And now you see why it is ideal to put you in a nightie instead of stupid boys' pajamas,” she said as once again she smartly slapped both sides of the boy's face with an open hand. He flinched and then yelped. “And you shall soon feel this hand elsewhere, young man!” With one quick flip, she instantly exposed his pantied behind.

“There you are, Nicholas. Quite a pretty sight you make too. Bend over on the bench, you foolish boy!”

She assisted him by yanking up forcibly on his arm from behind. The boy was whimpering not to be smacked as he hinged forward from the hips, his bottom now protruding. Katherine, her own lovely face a bit flushed, stepped back to look at her captive pupil.

“A shameful position for you with your panties all exposed for my view; I trust you realize that, but not nearly so bad as it will be if you continue to defy me. I'm sure you know better than to move from that bench. Shall I fasten your legs to this bench so you won't thrash about while I take my cane to your backside? Do you want that, Nicholas?”

“No, Ma'am, you don't have to tie me, but please, don't cane me! That hurts terribly! I'll be good, I promise, Miss,” he moaned from his doubled-over position, the cheeks of his face throbbing hotly from her slap.

“Yes, Nicholas - you should have a wholesome respect for the cane. You're fortunate since I plan to usually correct you with only my hand or the brush, as one does a child. Your bottom needs some color however - to match your face. Maintain your position - I'm going to lower your



new panties and smack your bottom for you.”



The slender young governess eased down the waist elastic of the frilled panties until they exposed his bottom but kept his little penis and balls tantalizingly enveloped in a silken pouch at the front of his thighs. With her cool hands she cupped one of his bare bottom cheeks and then the other. Nicholas experienced again that unnerving medley of excitement and fear that she so frequently aroused in him. Although he certainly didn't will it, he felt his impulsive boyish member continue to rise and stiffen against the soft satin of his nightie and lowered panties. He worried that her cool fingers exploring his ass and rosebud would reach around and discover his increasing excitement, unsure whether she'd welcome that development at this time or be angry because of it. She did slide her hand down between his legs, over his silken balls and then touched his hard cock. After the

slightest touch, she instantly withdrew her hand.

“You are not only a very foolish boy, but an impertinent one as well. Aren't you, Nicholas? It hardly seems timely for you to give way to your sensual nature. A boy like you cannot be corrected by hand for fear it will provoke a lewd response. You're completely disgraceful! I see I am obliged to employ the hairbrush.”

The diminutive young governess stepped back to distance herself and made him beg for forgiveness. He could hardly promise her he would never again have an erection, since he developed them so frequently in the intimacy of contact with her and went to sleep each night with one to accompany his thoughts of her in the private darkness of his



Nicholas still liked to do boys' things like climbing trees, but his governess gradually got him to lose interest in such things. Besides, it was difficult to climb trees in dresses and girls' shoes.

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bedroom. Sometimes she reprimanded him for it but at other times calmly permitted it.

Now she was scolding him for getting an erection, threatening to punish him more than she had ever punished him before. He was confused – and very sexually aroused at her teasing and game playing.

Since the boy couldn't plead one way, he had to the other. With genuine conviction and in a whimpering voice that he recognized as childish, he pleaded, - "Please, Miss, don't! Don't use the hairbrush! It hurts too much!"

"You are a sissy, Nicholas! Begging me not to use the cane, and now not to use the brush. Shall I correct you with a feather! No, I'm afraid you have earned yourself a proper smacking, my boy, with my hairbrush."



"Here we are, Nicholas - the two of us once again. It seems you have a limitless capacity to be naughty. I think maybe you want me to punish you. Is that the case? Do you want the comfort of childish punishment? I should think you feel ashamed to have your bottom bared and spanked like a seven year old! Tell me, Nicholas, is that the case? Are you a brave big boy who's going to try not to cry or are you going to weep and thrash about like a little child? Tell me before I begin with you?"

Nicholas found he could never respond decisively to questions of this kind that his governess put to him. Her questions always confused him; they offered him so many different paths, stirred up in him so many mixed feelings, he could never

settle on just one. What he most wanted to say to her, he couldn't bring himself to blurt out - that he adored her, that she was very beautiful, that the curves of her slender figure aroused him, and that he hoped most of all she might again undress herself with him in the same room and permit him a glimpse of her body in her lingerie before putting on her dressing gown -- for such a privilege he would accept any humiliation, any punishment.

Several days earlier, when she had first put girlish underpanties on him to emphasize his harmless status in her eyes, she crushed his budding masculinity when she giggled, "You're no more than a little sissy, Nicholas." That night she had permitted him to see her lifting her skirt, and when she put him down across the silken covering her lap, she pulled his panties tight between his cheeks and spanked him into unabashed



howling. "A brave big boy determined not to cry," she mocked. He certainly wasn't brave and couldn't pretend to be! It was a taunt, and he knew he would be whatever she wanted him to be, and in the process it might hurt very much. So he told her all he knew is that he was a naughty boy and should be punished, adding, "But not too hard, please, Miss!"

"We shall take care of that impertinence, I promise you!" she said. "Well, little boy, at least you have some sense to recognize you are naughty. But trying to negotiate with me as to the severity of your spanking will never work. You will be chastised as I see fit. We shall have tears again this time. Shall we begin, Nicholas?"

He didn't know how to answer.



"But first, have a look at yourself in the mirror. Your new nightie and panties look lovely on you. Tomorrow, I've invited a lady friend over to see you in your pretty new nightie and panties. But that will be tomorrow's spanking...this is tonight's!"

She reached behind her chair and picked up the familiar wooden-backed hairbrush she most enjoyed using and ...

Thwack! Splat! Splat! Katherine began coloring in her pupil's round cheeks with the brush she expertly slapped down on his sissy butt. He melted into tears as her lovely face glowed with the satisfaction of duty.

As the spanking progressed, he turned to see himself reflected in the large, oval, freestanding mirror. He looked to the side, and he noticed his stepmother standing in the doorway, her arms folded, a confident

look on her face, but worse than that, he was horrified to see his father standing there too, and he had a scowl on his face that was most menacing, but since the man made no attempt to come to his son's rescue, the boy felt more alone and more emasculated than he ever thought possible. His outcries sounded throughout the house. There was no one to help him. He was going to be alone with this beautiful and thoroughly dominating governess for the summer, a summer sure to be filled with firm spankings and sissy clothes.

Her mix of pain and pleasure, rewards and punishments, sexual teasing and sexual relief was taking hold of him down to every fiber of his being. The young governess looked at him standing there in the nightie and panties she had designed. Katherine had an ironic look in her eye at the sight of the boy's springy penis that poked out the front of his satin panties.

And for the next three months, he was humiliated and punished on a daily basis. His allowance was used to purchase a wardrobe any young girl would die to have. And every day Nicholas was made up and dressed in these thoroughly feminine, silky and satiny creations. And when his parents came back from their European vacation, they were stunned by the control Katherine had over him and were wowed over how much he looked like a real girl when made-up, bewigged and fully dressed.

But when they thought he needed to be knocked down a peg, they subjected him to the added humiliation of being forced to appear before his father and others without his wig and makeup. Being dressed as a girl was bad enough, but without a complete disguise, the ridicule was intense because he couldn't even pretend to be a girl to escape the attention of strangers. Even his father treated him nicely when he was fully dressed, but without his wig and makeup but still wearing girlie clothes, his father always called him sissy and faggot names and made nasty comments about him that struck a blow to the core of the boy's fragile masculinity. In crossing paths with his father, Nicholas didn't know what treatment was more horrifying, his father's comments when he looked like a boy in girls' clothes or seeing his father's hard-on poking away at his trousers whenever Nicholas appeared before him fully made up and bewigged in one of his girlie outfits that really made him look like a real and very sexy young girl. The photos here show you just how lovely Nicholas is as a girl.



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*Nicholas Nicholson on the
eve of being feminized.*





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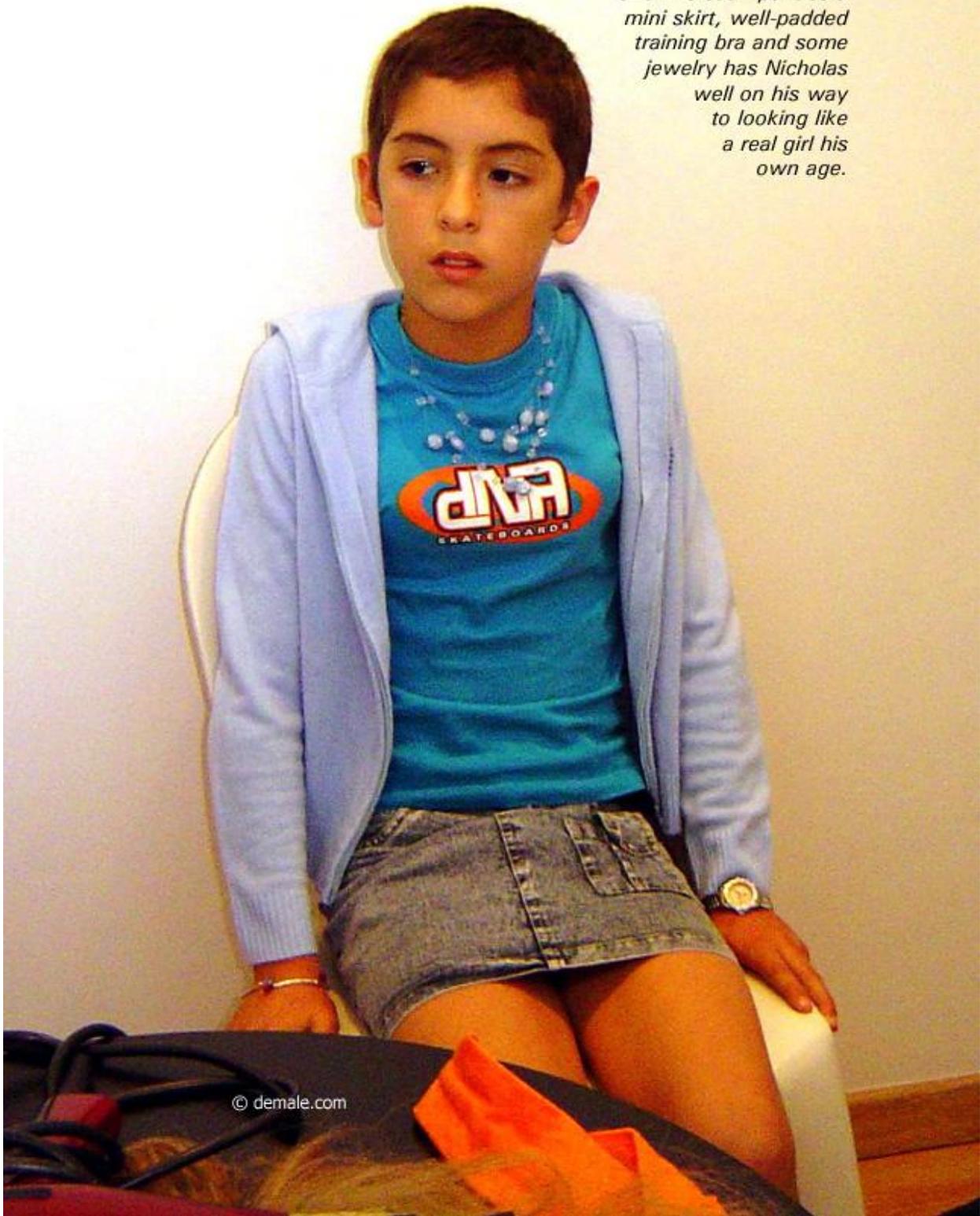
*His first taste of satin is
this lovely nightgown.*



The satin party dress

© demale.com

Over his satin panties a mini skirt, well-padded training bra and some jewelry has Nicholas well on his way to looking like a real girl his own age.



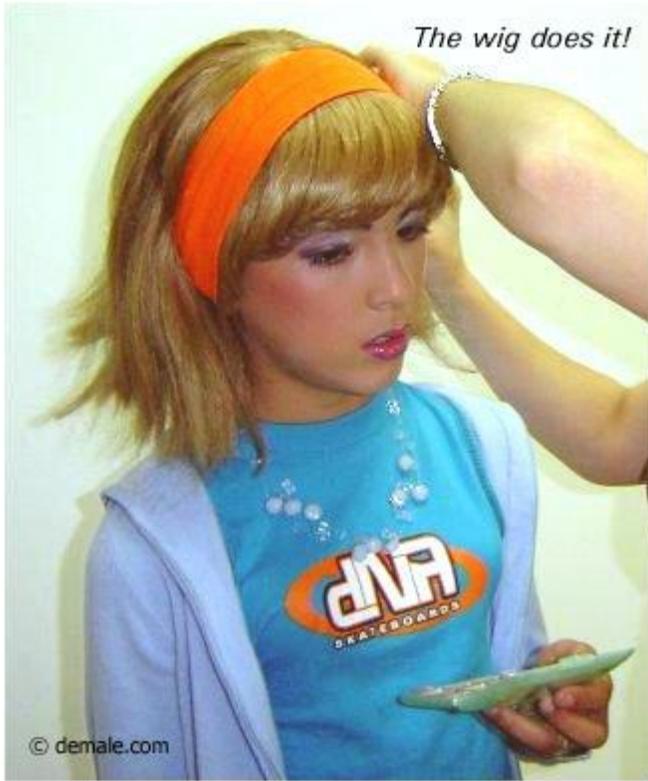










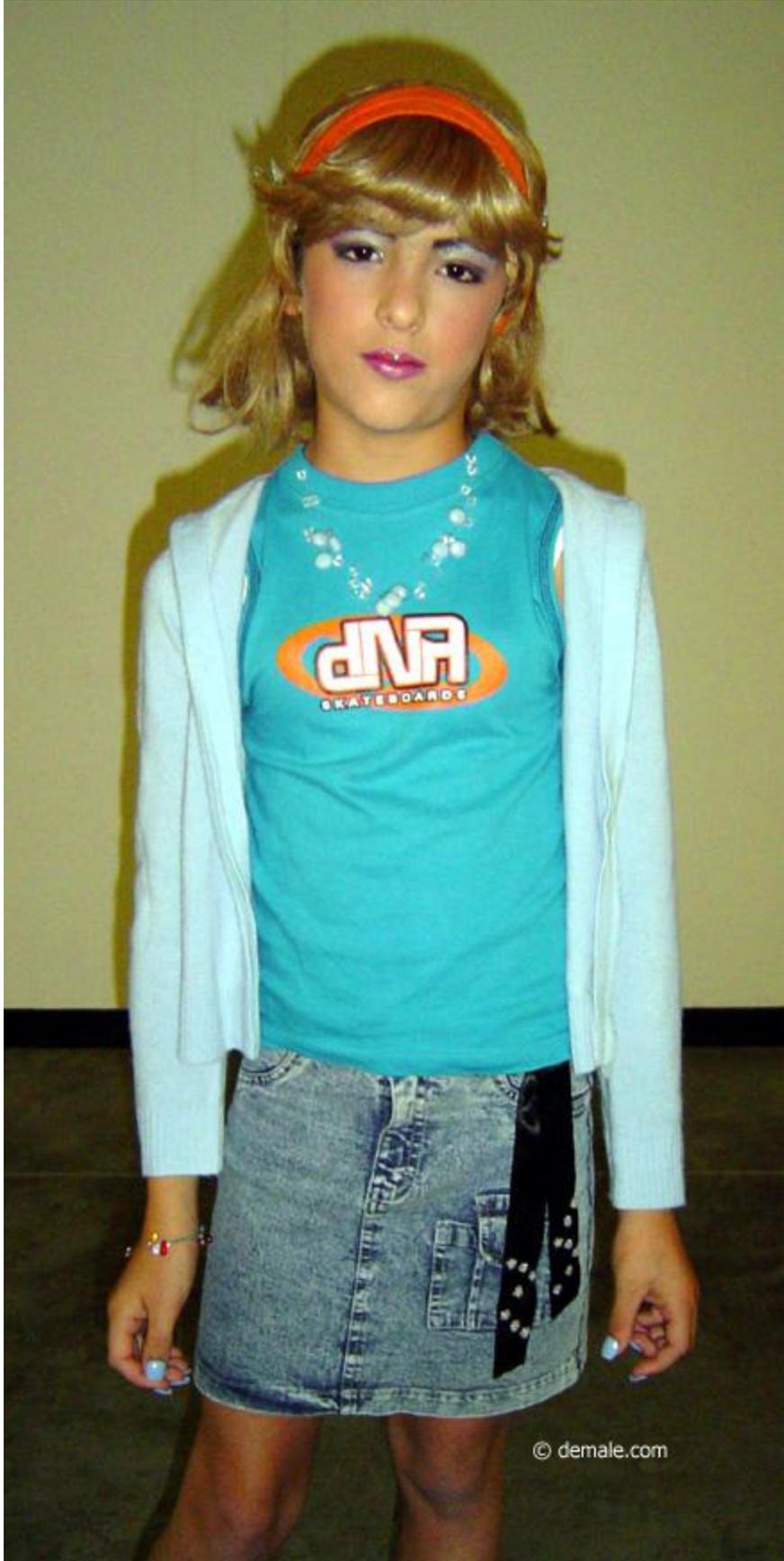








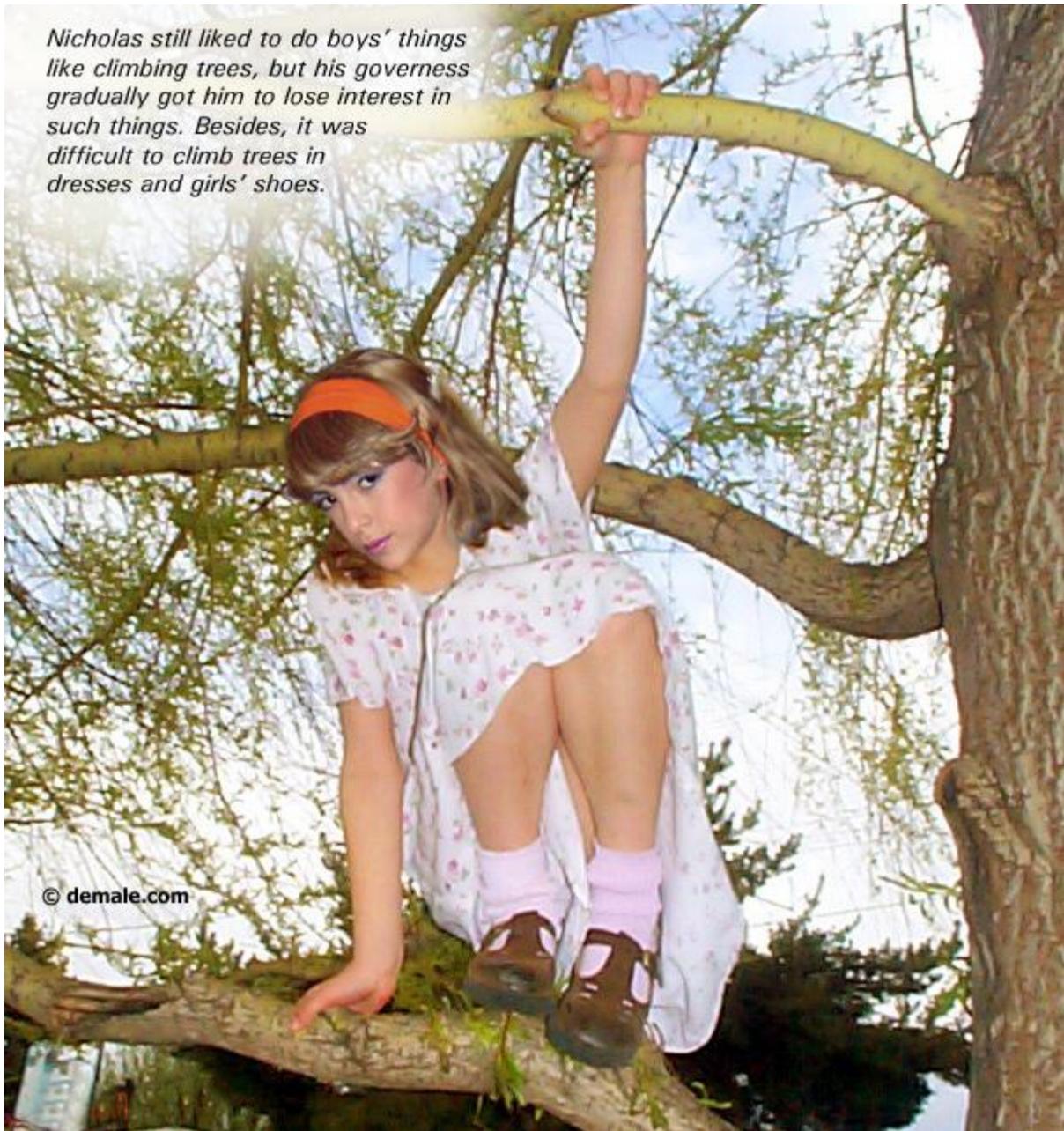
*Great fingernails
make him look
so girlie!*



Nicholas in one of his satiny nightgowns, a childish babydoll with matching panties, with makeup on and one of his many wigs, he looks very girlie. But oops! A little bit of his real hair is peeking out from under the wig!



Nicholas still liked to do boys' things like climbing trees, but his governess gradually got him to lose interest in such things. Besides, it was difficult to climb trees in dresses and girls' shoes.





Nicholas' peek-a-boo dress is just the right mix of sexy and innocent as it lets us have a peek at his padded training bra and the virginal white panties he's wearing underneath.



In this outfit, Nicholas is a little trashy but very nice!



*Here Nicholas gives us his
All-American girl look!*

