

FEMINIZERS & EMASCULATORS



Fantasy stories for adult sissyboys who dream about savagely aggressive women taking control of them through the use of devastating humiliation, panty training, hormone treatment, castration and forced feminization

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

Jonathan Lee's Legacy

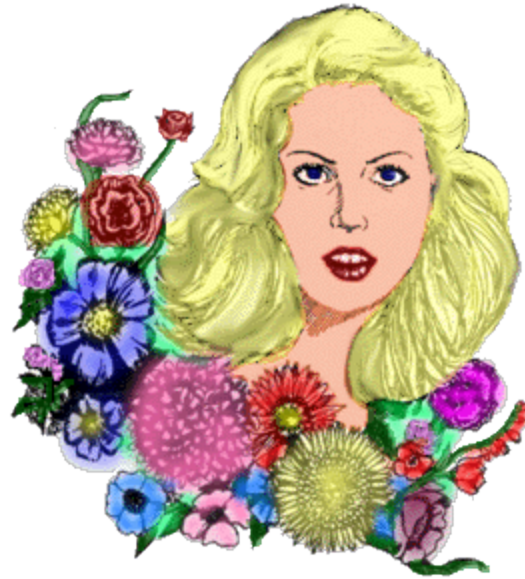
Dear Sissies,

If you are new to Feminizers & Emasculators, you are about to enter a dark, strange world where males are teased, captured, terrorized, humiliated and agonizingly feminized.

If you have read one or both of the first two volumes of this publication, you have a good idea what to expect; except this time, rather than a number of short and medium-length stories, we feature one long, very detailed story that takes you through the many stages a male experiences as he is being enslaved, sexually ravaged and forcefully feminized. The long story format allows us to highlight both the subtle mental changes as well as the more shocking and profound physical changes to the hapless victim. Aggressive females have a unique relationship with the males they are attacking, and such a relationship is fully illustrated here for you to closely scrutinize. This is a rare behind-the-scenes look into secret feminist experiments and the radical research that is being done on unsuspecting and unprepared males.

This story is based upon the exciting yet often disturbing writings of Jonathan Lee, who wrote some of the most unusual and original stories ever created about dominant females panty-training and feminizing males. Lee didn't simply hope for a female dominated world; he was convinced that it is a soon-to-be-achieved reality. He wrote about using extreme humiliation, sexual teasing, barbaric rituals, female hormones, chemicals and drugs as well as surgical procedures to take the maleness out of males. By feminizing males in mind and body, Lee didn't advocate changing males into females (like in a sex-change operation). His approach was more of a neutering operation that would eliminate men's natural inclination toward evil by removing their genitalia and turn them into harmless, easy-to-manage slaves for females.

This story is based upon our favorite excerpts and characters from Lee's writings, totally reworked and given a treatment that I hope would please him. The illustrations are inspired by his original sketches or upon ideas expressed in his stories. Hold on to your penis, boy! Tuck it away in your panties for safekeeping, or a feminizer just might come along and cut it off!



Happy stroking,



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Feminizers & Emasculators #3

Clair Randall

and Her

Fillette Fils Sorority* Part 1



During the 1950s, it was not unusual for some schools to employ petticoat punishment to tame rowdy boys. Boys' schools in particular found it an effective discipline. During that time, Clair Randall was a teacher at an all-boys' school in Connecticut that used petticoat punishment, and it was the first time she had any experience with it. The standard process was to force the miscreant into a lacy pink slip and a simple lace-trimmed pink smock, which barely covered a ridiculously frilled pair of pink silk panties. A matching pink bow was pinned in the boy's hair. The boy had to attend classes so attired and stand at attention during lunch period, while the other boys were free to peek up his skirt, touch his panties and tease him without mercy.

Clair marveled at the power of petticoat punishment. It easily turned even the toughest boys

into submissive penitents. Something else, she learned: Many of the boys that had been subjected to such treatment became addicted to silky feminine panties. She had heard rumors that panty fetishists abounded at that school, and even though it was rare for such a boy to be found out, Clair, like other women teachers, who lived on campus, knew the rumors were true since she was frequently the target of panty raids.

Clair was so fascinated by the effectiveness of petticoat punishment and the 'accidental' development of a panty fetish that often resulted that she went back to college and got a doctorate in psychology. That was during the mid 1960s and the feminist movement was surging in popularity. As one of the early supporters of the movement, she met other women who wanted to expand the role of females in society. But many of them wanted more. Beyond getting women to change their outdated ways of thinking, it was even more important to change males, but how to change them and how much to change them was much debated.

* Fillette Fils (pronounced fee-yet-FEEZ) is French and means girlish son.

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Feminizers & Emasculators #3



Clair Randall

and Her

Fillette Fils Sorority* Part 2

For sure, males weren't going to change on their own. Women were going to have to change -- hence 'control' -- them, and how to do that was of great interest to Clair. She knew that things like panty fetishism and petticoat punishment could play an important role in controlling males. She sought out other women with similar ideas and encountered the 'feminizers,' so-called because they advocated feminizing males. These women embraced a wide range of ideas that spanned from feminizing the way males think (counteracting their competitiveness, overblown egos, need to control and degrade women, etc.) to actually physically feminizing males, as advocated by the more radical feminists.

Women universally acknowledged that males had to be completely reprogrammed, and they liked the idea of feminizing the way males think. But physically feminizing males was much more controversial. And even the most radical feminizers accepted the fact that all males are not alike, and physical feminization was not practical or even a good idea for all males. Many males would have to be put to use in a variety of other ways.

But the mental and physical feminization of males is what most interested Clair Randall. She started her Fillette Fils Sorority* in 1971, and it has grown into a worldwide grassroots organization of women, aggressively feminizing males quietly and effectively in most every community. But changing the world is a long-term process. Most feminists ascribe to the Cordellian theory that states it will take at least two generations (approximately fifty years) to fully achieve a truly female dominant society.

Large-scale feminization efforts are needed, but there will never be enough resources and training centers to reprogram large numbers of males. Experts agree that mothers are the foot soldiers in the war on problem males, and the home is the battleground. The females in families, especially mothers, need to take control of the males in their own homes. A mother's naturally dominant position in the family is the key to success. Some say that training boys should start at birth. Others say the most important time is just prior to and during the early stages of puberty. And that is why so much research is focused upon mothers and feminizing young boys and adolescents. It is much easier to train a boy before his mind is perverted by prevailing macho attitudes than it is to reform him if he is brought up in a traditional family setting.

In this publication, we document some of the most radical research into feminization, and therefore feature the innovative work of women like Clair Randall and Martha Wilson and pay tribute to the superb contributions by small independent groups like the Black Skirts.

If you are a woman, a lot of the information in these pages will be an object lesson as well as let you know what is expected of you. And if you are a male, especially one who thinks this is all a bunch of crap and some deranged female vision of what's going on in the world, just sit back, relax and read the stories. You may think it's a bunch of hogwash, but don't be so surprised if some day soon, your wife grabs you by the balls, hands you a frilly apron and tells you to lick the toilet clean!

* Fillette Fils (pronounced fee-yet-FEEZ) is French and means girlish son.

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Feminizers & Emasculators #3

**Feminization
From a Male**



Point of View

Martha Wilson is a wealthy widow who uses her money to pursue her goal of feminizing the world. When she first expounded her views during the early 1960s, many people thought she was a crackpot out of touch with reality, but she did develop an unusual cross section of support among members of the women's movement. She spread her influence through her newsletter, "The Feminization of Society," a simple, typewritten, irregularly published pamphlet devoted to her radical research.

In the 1960s, Clair Randall was studying psychology in graduate school when she first came across Martha's newsletter. She loved what she read but at first thought it was just fantasy. Despite the amateurish layout of the newsletter, the information it contained was very detailed and in line with what Clair knew to be psychologically accurate, and that eventually led her to believe that, at least in part, it was based upon actual experiments.

In 1969, Clair was working on her thesis about how women could improve the world by taking control of men in key decision-making positions in business and government. She called Martha and interviewed her as part of the thesis. These like-minded women formed an immediate friendship, a friendship that would change the world. During their conversation, they realized that they were both going to be in New York City to attend an upcoming women's conference, so they agreed to meet in person.

They bonded quickly and firmly. Clair learned for sure that Martha's writings were not fantasy. Her research was for real. Clair ended up revising her thesis to incorporate a lot of the information she got from Martha. That thesis eventually led Clair to establish her Fillette Fils Sorority in early 1971.

"Feminization from a Male Point of View" is actually the story about Michael Olson, one of the first boys Martha physically turned into a boy-girl. He is singularly important in the annals of feminization because he kept a well-written diary, complete with detailed drawings, documenting everything from the very beginning to the end of his feminization. In the diary, he explained in nontechnical terms what Martha and her young Black Skirt associate, Wanda Jimerson, were doing to him, including how he barely survived a harrowing near-death experience and how he was frequently on the verge of going insane. His diary was not discovered until his treatment was complete. And when Martha did find it, she realized that it was an amazing look at what was going on in the mind of her victim as he was being feminized. Martha serialized Michael's diary in her newsletter. Clair read it and was so impressed that she incorporated many of Michael's descriptions into her training manuals to give women an idea as to what goes on inside the head of a boy, who is being attacked and forcibly changed into a boy-girl.

The following story is based upon Michael's 1970 diary with observations and details supplied by Clair Randall, Martha Wilson, Wanda Jimerson, Betty Landola and others. But before going onto the story, a little information about the Black Skirts is important to know.

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Example of a Black Skirt in action, casually, innocently and 'accidentally' exposing her pretty panties to a male she has selected to attack. If the male responds positively and is tempted to draw near, he'll see that she is rummaging around inside her little suitcase, which is filled to the brim with sexy panties! (Photo from the Black Skirt Training Manual)



An example of a Black Skirt in action, casually, sensually and 'accidentally' exposing her pretty panties to a male she has selected to attack. If the male responds positively and is tempted to draw nearer, he'll see that she is manipulating around male sex into submission, which is tied to the love with very positive effects from the Black Skirt Training Manual.



Feminizers & Emasculators #3

The Black Skirts

The Black Skirts are an organization of very aggressive women, all extremely intelligent, young, and beautiful enough to be supermodels. They use their physical beauty to attract men and boys and then trap them for fun and profit! They recruit males to be used in experiments for feminization and emasculation research and force males into slavery of every sort. Most of them have a true love-hate relationship with males that dates back to negative experiences with their fathers or brothers. These women are trained to be merciless. They have no compunction about using and destroying males,

physically and mentally.

The Black Skirts Association is very loosely organized; most of the members do not even know each other's name and identity. They usually go by code names amongst themselves and keep in contact with notices published in the classified sections of newspapers that announce meetings and provide other information of importance. However, this is changing, now with computers and the Internet, a website is in place that is replacing the need for the newspaper ads. These ads have no meaning to anyone who does not know how to read them.

The term Black Skirt comes from the original official "uniform" of the organization, a short, flippy black satin skirt that makes a teasing, tantalizing backdrop for exposing one's panties to males under attack. The skirt also signifies to others in the know that a woman is a member of the organization. But there is a downside to that. It is becoming increasingly risky to wear the trademark skirt, since many frightened men know of their organization and their black skirt uniform. Such men will go after a girl in a black satin skirt, hoping to discover her as a member of the association and then do anything to prevent her from accomplishing her mission. Such men have even physically attacked some of the girls. Therefore, the girls are careful when they wear their 'uniform.' But that is also changing because, in actuality, any skirt will do, and some of the girls even wear slacks and a midriff top and tease males with the panty waist elastic sticking out above the top of their slacks.

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Feminization From a Male Point of View Summary of Chapters 1 through 7

(Previously published in Feminizers & Emasculators #1 and #2)

Michael Olson is one of the first boys Martha physically converted into a boy-girl, and he kept a detailed description of what was happening to him in his diary as he went through the feminization process. This story is based on that diary. Martha serialized the diary in her newsletter, "The Feminization of Society," and Clair Randall used excerpts in her instruction manuals to teach women what went on in a boy's mind during forced feminization.

Martha is a wealthy widow who looks more like a sweet little homemaker than an aggressive feminizer. She lives in a beautiful cottage surrounded by a small apple orchard on the edge of a nondescript New Jersey town. From the outside, no one would suspect her of conducting perverse and astounding experiments inside that little, innocent-looking cottage.

Wanda Jimerson, Martha's young Black Skirt associate, first became attracted to Michael because he was an orphan, living with a large foster family, the type of boy who could easily be dismissed and forgotten. And at thirteen, he was at the ideal age for some of Martha's experiments. Wanda attacked Michael by boldly showing him her panties while he was on his way to school one day. She followed that up by anonymously sending him a pair of her sweetly perfumed panties in the mail. Then the next day, she flashed him again. She worked on him until he developed a frustrating passion for her and a maddening fetish for girls' panties. He struggled with panties, even hiding in the girls' locker room at school so he could see girls in their panties, and he raided the laundry hamper in the house where he lived. His foster mother caught him and thoroughly humiliated him as punishment.

Wanda Jimerson continued to tease and lure Michael with her panties, and she even held him down and injected into his testicles newly developed drugs that Martha was testing to supercharge him sexually and hasten development of his fetish for panties, a good prerequisite for the feminization process.

One day, Wanda invited Michael to visit her at Martha Wilson's cottage, and when he got there, he was shocked to find panties strewn about everywhere and a girlish boy running around in a dress. Visiting Martha at that time was Betty Landola, who was writing a book about females taking control of males. Michael became the point of debate and the subject of experiments as the women discussed ways best to ensnare males into a life of female servitude.

As we rejoin the story, the three women have gotten Michael dressed up in frilly panties. They are teasing him and talking about training him to eat pussy.

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Feminization From a Male Point of View

Chapter 8



September 15, Monday (continued from F&E #2): "OK! OK! I'll be gentle on him," Wanda said flippantly as she escorted Michael to the upstairs bedroom, and then stretched him out on the bed and tied down his hands and feet.

Michael was in a daze from having the three women spend over half an hour teasing his penis and bottom through the thin pink nylon panties. He didn't want to wear girls' panties, especially in front of these powerful, bossy women. The way they mocked and constantly belittled him made him feel shamed and worthless. But he felt weak in their presence and was afraid of defying them in any way.

Of course, he could hear everything they said and knew exactly what they were doing, but he had no ability to concentrate on what was really going on. He really heard only about every tenth word, having temporarily lost all sense of time and reality, and he had no idea of what Wanda was about to do to him. Once he was securely tied down, she snapped her fingers a couple of

times to wake him up and dispel the glazed-over look in his eyes. She didn't want him eating her pussy in a trance. Finally, she slapped him hard across the face -- twice! He gave a start, and then blinked his eyes. He was back. He immediately looked to his hands and feet and realized that he was tied down, an outraged look came over his face, but Wanda couldn't be bothered.

"Now, Listen, Michael. I'm going to teach you how to eat my pussy, and you'll do a good job of it or I'll smother you, and you might even die!"

"Wanda," Betty complained, "surely you wouldn't . . . "

"Shut the fuck up, lady! Michael is my boy, and I'll do what I want with him. And if I happen to kill him, so the fuck what!

"Now, Michael, I'm just going to give you a little injection to help you get and stay real excited."

Michael stared wide-eyed as she produced an unusually large hypodermic needle with a long, thin plastic hose instead of a needle. He struggled as she pulled aside the leg opening of his lacy panties, jacked his cock to make it stand up hard and then inserted the hose into the opening of his penis. He trembled as he felt it slide home, and a tingling sensation followed as she slowly pushed the plunger and released the contents. His dick stood up hard like never before.

What Michael didn't know is that this was another one of Martha's experimental drugs. It did several things, including make his penis rock hard and pointing upward, and its upward angle reflected just how excited he was at any particular moment. And, when he became excited beyond control, he would not be able to ejaculate until the effect of the drug wore off! Instead his penis would just vibrate like a wobbly child's top, his body wanting to shoot out his cum but the path was being blocked by the fluid injected into his balls.

In addition, to making the penis into a kind of applause meter for sexual excitement, the purpose of the drug was to make the penis stay hard for hours on end for women who wanted to fuck a male, but never give the male complete satisfaction. Each time the drug was administered, it lasted for a longer and longer period of time. But Martha had added a second, slower acting chemical to the mix, a drug that would physically start the feminization process by gradually numbing the boy's balls and stopping the production of sperm. He would still be able to cum for several weeks, but soon his balls would turn hard like they were made of stone and his cum would change to the consistency of maple syrup and stink with a fishy aroma.

Next, Wanda climbed on top of him and straddled his face. Michael found himself staring straight into the glistening pink panties between Wanda's legs. She had been drooling heavily into her panties because she always got extremely excited when she was conquering a boy. Her musky pussy aroma permeated his nostrils. She was a young girl, but her well-used and overwork cunt emitted a very ripe, mature smell. The pungent odor both excited and repulsed him. He was fully in touch with his senses as Wanda lowered herself down over him. He watched in terror; closer and closer her very prominent and dripping wet girlish panty mound descended upon his face.

She rubbed his face with her smelly panty crotch and smeared her wetness all over his mouth and nose. He tried to shake his head loose, struggling to pull away from her, but there was no where to go, and she was a strong girl, and once she had him in position, there was no chance of escape. His gurgling, choking and panting motions tickled Wanda and made her laugh.

Martha watched intently and motioned for Betty to watch Michael's penis bob up and down, showing the degree to which he was excited. Betty seemed alarmed for the boy's sake, but Martha simply told her, "So what if he's terrified! He's an expendable male!"

Betty was fascinated but what she was watching, but she was also growing upset that Wanda

was being so aggressive to the already weakened and confused little boy. If things went too far, Betty knew she'd have to protest.

Wanda momentarily eased up on Michael and maneuvered herself into the right position so he could tongue her clit through her panties, which were so wet now that she could feel everything through her panties just like she didn't even have them on! But for Michael's benefit, she wanted to keep her panties on. That was an important part of her panty-training program, to more firmly than ever make him associate panties with her, females of all kinds and the most astounding sexual pleasure it was possible for a male to know.

"OK, pay attention to me, Michael. Do what I tell you, or I'm liable to kill you!"

At that, Michael felt the full pressure of her weight on his face, and he didn't doubt her threat!

Betty was getting noticeably more and more upset. But Martha grabbed her by the hand and told her to relax.

"Use your tongue, Michael," Wanda continued shouting out instructions. "Flick it back and forth . . . stick your tongue in me . . . with my panties so wet, you can stick it way up in me . . . good! Now, pull your tongue out, move up a little higher and softly lick there . . . yeah, go-o-o-od. Now flick it in and out. Faster. Just a little lower, there, there, THERE! Th-h-h-h-at's it! Right there . . . go around and around with your tongue . . . ah-h-h-h!"

"Don't stop, stupid!" Wanda yelled and tightened her legs around his head. "Get your tongue back to work, you fucking little pantywaist sissy or you're dead meat!"

"This is what we call queening, my little pansy, and you're going to become an expert at it, or I swear to God that I'll kill you teaching how to do it right!"

Michael got the message and hurriedly went back to teasing her panty-bound clitoris with his tongue, which was already getting sore from the workout. Her clit got big and pushed itself out of her little mound, tenting up her panties a bit, like she had a little penis. The thoroughly confused Michael thought that maybe she did have a little penis. He had never seen a girl between her legs up close. He had no idea what to expect. Fearing Wanda, he concentrated eating her pussy, and she didn't leave him loose until he stirred her to a seemingly endless series of orgasms. When she finally loosened her legs gripping his head and eased up on him, he thought it was over.

Then she laid down on him to momentarily catch her breath, and he felt the full weight of her body on his. He needed to take a deep breath and shake loose the fog he was in from a lack of oxygen, but with her collapsed on top of him, he was barely able to get any air at all. Then she sat upright on him and completely covered his mouth and nose with her sticky, pantied pussy. The wetness formed a good bond and she put her full weight on his face and then wiggled herself down a bit more to make sure she was completely cutting off his air supply. It took only a few moments for the soon-out-of-breath Michael to begin suffocating.

When his arms and legs shook in tremors as he fought desperately in a struggle for air, Betty stood up and shouted, "Stop it! Stop it! You're smothering him! You're going to kill him! How can you do that to a sweet little boy like that!"

But Martha pulled Betty back down and tried to assure her that everything was going to be OK. They watched as Wanda had an explosive orgasm. To her there was no sex like blowing out your cookies on the face of a young boy crushed up against your cunt and on the verge smothering to death!

Michael's dick was throbbing away, twitching spasmodically as he twisted and heaved and tried his utmost to break loose of Wanda's smother. And when his arms and legs fell limp, Betty jumped up and tried to pull Wanda off him, but Martha once again was able to pull her off and

get her to sit back down.

Wanda's orgasm finally ended and she collapsed full force on the boy, and then took her time rolling off him. He appeared dead. Betty was in horror as she watched him turning blue!

Martha leisurely got up and rolled a small oxygen cylinder and pump into position. She clamped the mask to the boy's face and started the machine, which pumped away, forcing fresh air in and out of the near-dead boy. He woke up slowly then his body jolted and shook as oxygen got pumped into his system. For the longest time, Michael didn't even know where he was and what was happening. His lips were blistered and bruised, his face was coated with Wanda's sex juices, and instead of washing them away, his tears intensified their aroma in his nose and the flavor trickling down his throat.

But his memory came back to him. He remembered what he had done, but he didn't believe it even after having done it. He had heard about such things as a guy putting his lips on a girl's pussy and making her feel good, but he didn't believe people really did such things, and now, even after he had done it, eating pussy wasn't like anything he could have ever imagined. The way Wanda did it was so humiliating and terrorizing. It was disgusting. He cried, coughed and tried to spit the nasty secretions out of his mouth, tried to get rid of the strange, stomach-churning taste.

"What the hell are you doing, sissy boy?" Wanda yelled at him as she hit him twice more across the face.

"Are you trying to spit out my precious juices, you ungrateful little girlie-boy bitch! That's my heavenly nectar, the sweetest stuff you'll ever taste! Well, if you think that's bad, I'll give you something to think about! I'll give you something to compare it with!"

She was back on him in a flash and quickly pulled her pink panties down in back. The next thing he knew, her well-round buttocks were descending upon his face. He was too much in shock to fight back. She expertly nuzzled her asshole directly over his nose and lips.

"Lick, you sorry little sissy! Lick or I'll reach inside your panties and rip your little cock right off!"

Michael obeyed. Wanda screamed out with the moans of pleasure only a truly dominant woman can appreciate, and she rewarded him by blowing a thunder clapping of farts in his face!

Michael was now really coughing and choking. Wanda rolled off him laughing and feeling like the queen of the world. Martha and Clair knew that Wanda could be cruel; playing with a hooked male was one of the unspoken benefits of being a Black Skirt. Still, Martha was a bit surprised by that last little demonstration, which wasn't part of her experiment. Betty was absolutely dumbfounded, especially since Wanda had initially said she was going to go easy on him!

But Wanda was a wild woman, and once she had his face between her legs, she forgot about any concern for him or anyone else. Her only goal was to dominate him silly, and she couldn't stop herself! She had been planning Michael's total domination for weeks, the moment was at hand, and she was not going to allow anything to stop her from wallowing in her glory now that she had him totally at her mercy.

When it was over, Martha and Betty untied Michael and helped him up into a sitting position on the side of the bed.

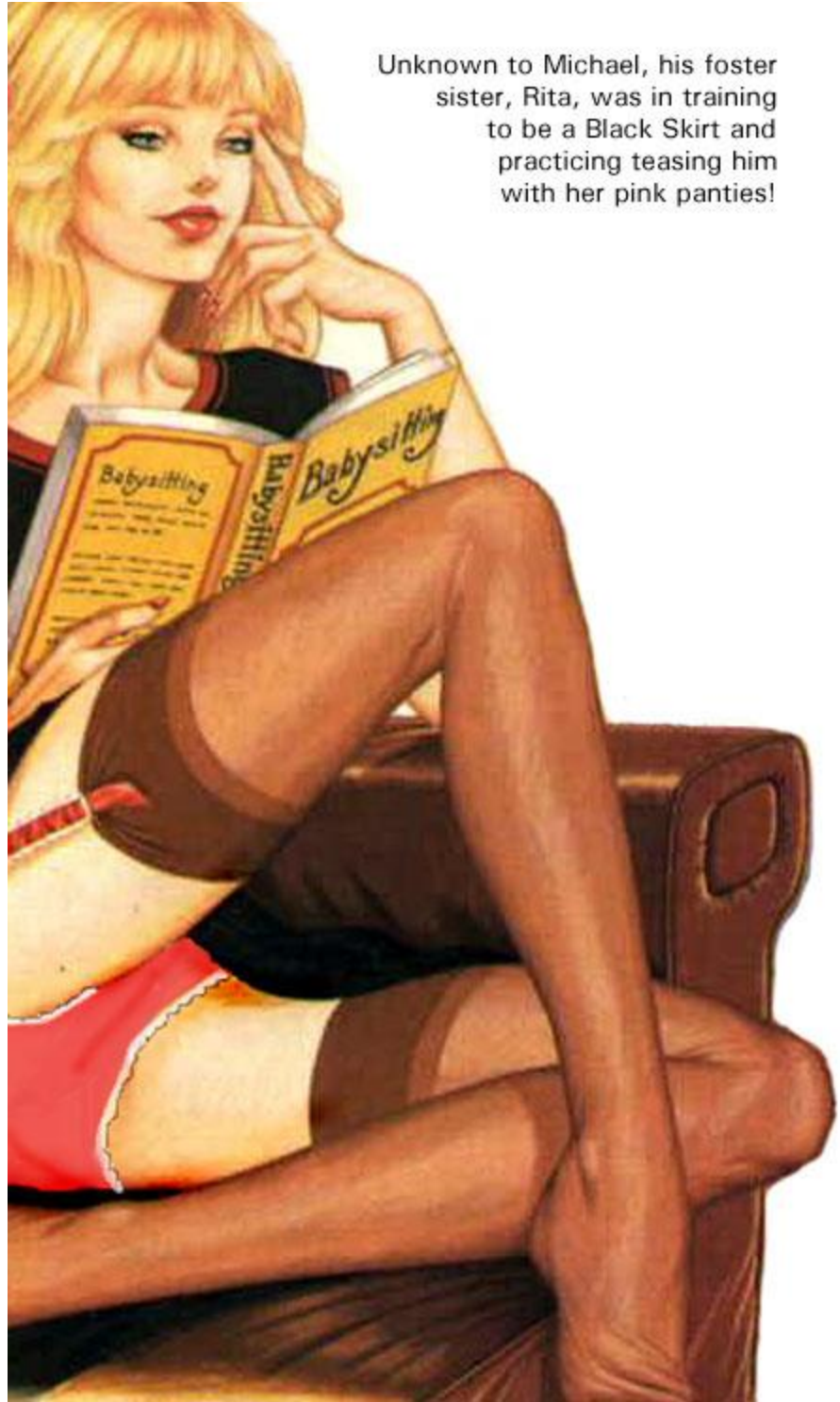
Sexually satiated, Wanda languidly stretched and clawed her way off the bed and up to a standing position. Reaching under her short skirt, she pulled her pink panties (with her trademark three little white satin bows) down her rubbery legs and handed them to the still stunned Michael, but when he reached for them, she pulled them back, did a spitting laugh in his face, opened up the waistband of the panties and pulled them over his head. With his vision obstructed

by the smelly wet panties, he stumbled and reached out for anything to steady himself, but Wanda just grabbed his arm and hurriedly walked him downstairs. Then like a whorehouse bouncer giving the bum's rush to an ungrateful patron, she propelled him right out the front door and sent him on his way.

"Leave my panties over your ugly face all the way home," she yelled after him. "You're my cuntlapping sissyboy now. If Mrs. Millison is still up when you get home, tell her you're a panty boy now, and you'll need a lot of panties to play with every day. Sleep with my panties over your head and masturbate yourself silly. Pretty soon you'll be able to shoot your cum again. And in the morning show your foster brothers and sisters that you wear panties now. Ask one of the girls if she'll give you a pair of her panties to wear to school tomorrow.

"And you better be wearing panties, you sick fucking Nellie boy! If I meet you on the way to school tomorrow and you're not wearing some pretty panties, I'll be very angry with you. Now, go home and don't come back here ever again unless I tell you that you can. And make sure you're wearing panties every day -- and no fucking plain old cotton panties -- silky ones with some lace on them! Got it?"

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Unknown to Michael, his foster sister, Rita, was in training to be a Black Skirt and practicing teasing him with her pink panties!

Feminizers & Emasculators #3

Feminization From a Male Point of View

Chapter 9

September 15, Monday (continued): As Michael stumbled out of the house, he was so confused he didn't know what to do. He sat down on the ground under a big apple tree and cried as he tried to sort out all that had happened to him. He pulled the pink panties off his head and threw them to the ground. Then he looked down at himself. He was dressed in nothing but the thin silky panties the women had put on him! He was about to take off those hateful panties, but realized he had nothing else to wear! All his clothes were still back inside Mrs. Wilson's cottage. He didn't know what he was going to do, but he wasn't going back into that cottage even to reclaim his clothes. Yet, even though he had been thoroughly humiliated and even brought to the brink of death, he was amazed that he had an agonizingly powerful erection, a huge one, pushing out the front of those stretchy panties. Having been teased and tormented all night long just short of releasing his cum, he needed relief. He grabbed his hard organ through the thin nylon panties and jerked himself off violently. His very sore penis gradually built up to a fever pitch, and it was horrifying as he felt that he just couldn't get his penis to release its load. He cried and got severely angry with himself as he pounded away like a horny monkey in a cage. The he exploded, and for a long moment an incredibly immense and satisfying orgasm shook him to his soul. If it hadn't been for the chemicals they had shot into his scrotum, he would have spurted long before that moment, but the effects of that drug had finally subsided. Of course, Michael had no idea what the chemicals were doing to his body, but even after he came, he was still excited and still erect. But the cum did give him a temporarily measure of comfort.

Luckily for him it was a fairly warm fall night, still too cool to be out and about wearing only a skimpy pair of girls' panties, but in that he had no choice. He picked up Wanda's pink panties that he had thrown on the ground. He didn't know why, but he thought he might be able to use them in some way to help cover his pantied nakedness. They had been so saturated with her juices that they now were drying and becoming stiff. And regardless of what Wanda had told him to do, he was not going to tell Mrs. Millison about his fetish for panties and he certainly wasn't going to expose himself to his foster sisters and ask them for panties to wear to school! How dumb did Wanda think he was? Michael swore to himself that this was the end of all this panty nonsense. He never wanted to see Wanda again. How could she have done such horrible things to him!

And now that his panties were saturated with his boy juice, the sticky wetness quickly became cold and clammy, adding physical discomfort to his mental anguish. He discreetly made his way home, hiding behind trees and buildings every time a car passed by. Even though the temperature was dropping and he was getting colder by the minute, he waited outside his house still dressed only in his cum-filled panties until Mrs. Millison was in bed and he was sure she was fast asleep.

September 16, Tuesday: That next morning, he did not tell his foster mother that he was a panty slave -- 'panty slave' what a stupid name, he thought. And he didn't ask his foster sisters for panties and didn't put any panties on under his clothes, so he was very happy that he didn't run into Wanda as he cut through the cornfields to get to school on time, which he had to do that day because he had overslept once again. His sleep had been filled with dreams of Wanda and the other women doing unspeakable things to him.

For weeks now, Wanda and Martha had been planning every detail of Michael's destruction and relishing every step as they pushed him further and further along. Now, they knew they needed to distance themselves from him for a bit. They needed his body and the chemicals they had put into his body to do their work for them now. So they just waited until all would come to a peak

and his mind and body would kick in and throw him over another cliff in his downward fall toward total feminization. They needed his body to build up a good wad of cum in his balls, one that would gnaw away at him and drive him crazy when his developing fetish for panties was triggered into action. The women had figured correctly that he had masturbated himself to relief soon after leaving their cottage that night, and now they needed his teenage hormones to pull him back down to where they wanted him.

Michael made a promise to himself that he was going to forget all this girls' panty stuff and concentrate on being a man; this pervert stuff that Wanda and Mrs. Wilson were trying to do to him was wrong. He was determined to be strong and be above such disgusting things. That day after school, he took out to the trash all of Wanda's panties that he had stuffed away in his closet. He was proud of himself for being strong enough to do it. But what Michael didn't know about himself was that it was easy for a boy to take such a position when his balls were empty, but as they refilled, he'd find his mind had less and less control of what he thought he wanted, and his body would take him back down the exciting and upsetting new roads that had been opened to him. Also, he didn't know that Wanda enjoyed her cruel games even more when a boy fought back.

As Michael put the panties in the trash that day, a chill ran up his spine, and he momentarily considered not throwing the panties away. He thought, maybe he should save them just to remind him of all those crazy things he had experienced, remind him never to get involved with such repulsive women again. But he said 'no' to himself. He was not going to save those panties. Then as he walked back inside the house, he thought of going back and maybe just saving one pair of panties, perhaps the white ones that he first had seen Wanda wearing. But he said 'no' to himself again, maybe a little bit less sure of himself this time, but he was determined to remain strong. Michael was very proud of his ability to resist Wanda's panty dominance that had so thoroughly infected his mind.

In the following days, Wanda discreetly monitored Michael's actions. From a distance, she watched him as he walked to and from school, and once again, pretending to be a counselor from school, she stopped over to see Mrs. Millison and got reports on his behavior at home and made sure his foster mother was giving him his daily 'vitamins,' which were actually a strong hormone and chemical combination that was stimulating his breast growth as well as working to increase the frequency and intensity of his hard-ons.

The pills were having an effect. Wanda was thrilled when Mrs. Millison said that he had come to her because his 'chest' hurt. She was finally able to get out of him that it was his nipples that hurt, and they were so sensitive that he couldn't stand how his cotton undershirts irritated and inflamed them. Of course, when Michael's foster mother told her about that, Wanda wanted to laugh out loud and jump for joy, but instead, she pretended to be quite concerned, and in a very serious and professional way, told Mrs. Millison that perhaps she should offer to get Michael a training bra to wear, or at least some silky camisoles, since they would certainly help protect his sensitive nipples.

Mrs. Millison laughed heartily at that suggestion and Wanda had a hard time keeping a straight face.

That night Mrs. Millison did ask Michael if she should get him some bras or camisoles, but he was still steadfastly committed to 'being a man' and highly offended at the suggestion. He did squirm under her scrutiny when she reminded him about the panty-masturbating incident for which she had punished him, but he assured her that he must have had a temporary bout of insanity and had no idea why he had done it. He now assured her that he was not like that at all

and had no interest in stupid girls' clothes.

September 20, Saturday: Michael's confidence in himself was building. He was so proud of himself for being strong, and the fifth day after being humbled and ravished by those bad women seemed no different than any of the past four days, then it happened. He came home from playing baseball with some of his old friends and found Rita, his oldest foster sister, sitting on the living room couch thoroughly engrossed in reading a book on baby-sitting. But what stopped Michael dead in his tracks was that she had her legs propped up on the couch and slightly spread open, fully exposing her lacy pink panties to his view. Rita was very pretty and it always made Michael feel good just to look at her, but to see her like that, with her skirt up revealing her silky panties, was too much for him. Unknown to him, Wanda had befriended Rita and was suggesting that she join the Black Skirts, and the book she was reading was one of their basic training manuals, which explained in detail how girls could feminize boys from babies to puberty while they were baby-sitting them. Wanda had told Rita all about Michael's training and was now using her to hasten Michael's downfall.

And it worked.

Rita didn't look up from the book for a second. She pretended like she was so consumed with her reading that she didn't even know he was there. Then just at the right moment, she opened her legs a bit wider and took her fingers and began slowly rubbing them over her warm panty-covered cunt.

Michael swallowed hard. He was gone! He stared and stared. His breathing immediately escalated to a racing pant. He tried to get a hold of himself, but he was totally unprepared to handle this instantaneous surge from his severely repressed hormones. He raced upstairs, being as quiet as possible, and snuck into Rita's bedroom. Then, like a madman, he grabbed a handful of her panties. Racing back to his own room, he wasn't even aware that he had nosily slammed the door shut, stripped off his clothes and put on all six pairs of panties he had taken. In an uncontrollable, trembling trance, he lay down on his bed and masturbated himself into oblivion.

As he blew out his cum, he didn't even hear his bedroom door being opened -- or he did heard it and didn't care. By the time he turned to look toward the door, Rita and his stepmother were standing there screaming at him. Rita was putting on a big act, crying about him being a pervert, stealing her panties and doing such evil things in them, and Mrs. Millison was berating him like he was a criminal.

Not knowing what to do, Michael had enough sense to grab his jeans and a shirt and struggle into them before running out of the house under the verbal assault of his foster mother and sister. Barefoot, he ran as fast as he could to Mrs. Wilson's cottage. He didn't know where else to go. He feared going there but knew it was the only place where he might find some answers even if it meant dealing with the strangest women he had ever known.

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Feminizers & Emasculators #3

Feminization From a Male Point of View

Chapter 10



September 20, Saturday (continued): Mrs. Wilson was not surprised to see him. She was alone at the time; at least he thought she was. Then while he was sitting in her panty-strewn living room sipping hot cocoa, he heard sounds -- screams!

"Oh, don't let the noise bother you, Michael," she said. "Nick, my handyman, is doing some work."

He wondered what kind of work involved someone screaming!

A few minutes later, Wanda came in the front door. When she saw him, she didn't even greet him, she simply came up to him and said, "Do you have lace panties on, twerp?"

Meekly, Michael nodded that he did.

"Let's see 'em."

Michael took off his pants and shirt. The two women laughed out loud when they saw he had on six pairs of panties and the they were filled with fresh cum. Plus he was sporting another

erection!

In their minds, they knew the drugs and their panty training were working. Wanda reached out and pinched both his nipples, making him halfway collapse from the unexpected pain. The two women looked toward each other and nodded, acknowledging that the drugs were indeed working. But it had been almost a week since he had an injection in his balls, and Wanda ever quick with her hypodermic, had one in her hand and ready to go in a flash. Michael didn't even realize he was getting another 'treatment' until Martha was holding him tight, the big needle was sunk deep into his balls and the contents were zapped into him. Michael was crying. He wondered to himself why he had ever decided to come back to this insane place. Yet, he offered no resistance as Wanda took him by the hand and led him toward the basement. He heard cracking, slapping noises -- someone was being spanked! As they started down the stairs, the increasingly loud screams became muffled and were replaced with other sounds. At the foot of the stairs he saw a very strange sight. A huge macho man in leather with a hood covering his face had a well-bound boy stretched out before him. The boy's bright red thighs let Michael know that the man had obviously been spanking the boy, who was bound securely with ropes and wearing only a garter belt without nylons and a pair of very feminine, mint green panties. And most shocking of all, the boy was being force-fed the man's huge cock.

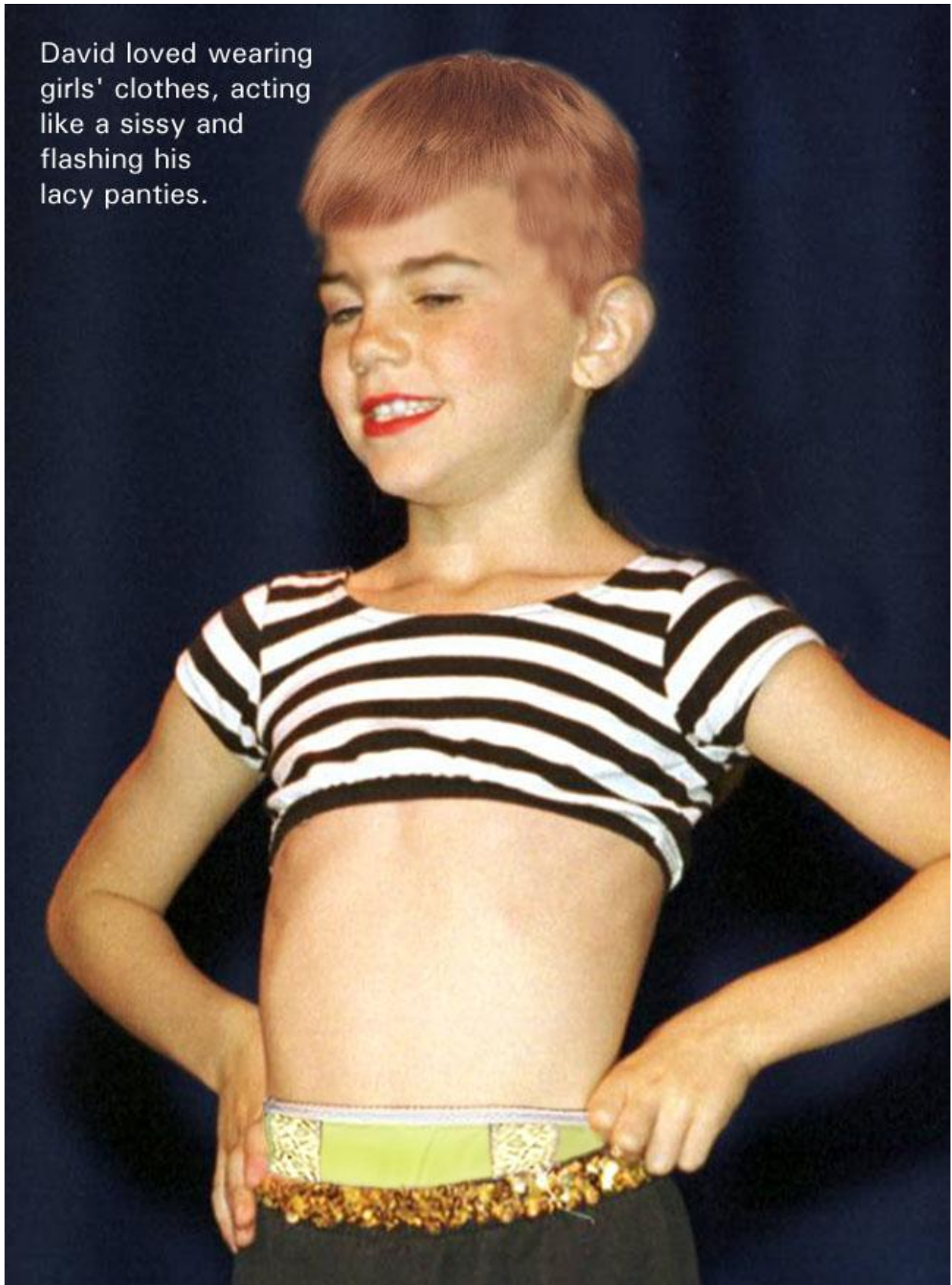
"Michael," Martha said, "this is Nick. We don't know his last name, and it's of no importance anyway. We call him 'Mr. Fix-it.' He's our handy man! Even in our completely feminine house and surroundings, we have a periodic need for an old-fashioned male. Nick does any heavy lifting we need done around the house, and he fixes anything we need fixed, like naughty little boys that don't want to do what we want them to do.

"Oh, by the way," Wanda cut in. "Do you recognize that miserable little sissy chomping down Nick's manly cock? It's Joey Gallagher. I think you know him. He plays football or some stupid sport at your school. Joey told Mrs. Wilson that he wasn't going to lick her smelly old pussy anymore, so we called in Mr. Fix-it to let him suck some cock and see if he preferred to do that instead. You see, anytime a boy in this house refuses to do anything we tell him to do, we call in Mr. Fix-it! Now, the same goes for you, so you better mind us, do everything we tell you and do it quickly. Otherwise, we'll make you into a big time cocksucker too!"

Then the two women led the stunned Michael upstairs to a second floor bedroom and put him to bed in a sissy pink canopy bed after dressing him in a flitting dainty purple babydoll pajama top. They left the six pairs of cum-filled panties on him, just to remind him of everything that had happened to him when he woke up in the morning. The drugs they had shot into his balls were especially strong and sleep overtook him easily. They knew he'd dream about sucking cock!

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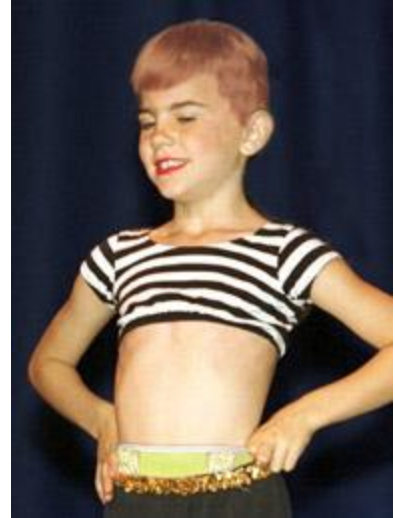
David loved wearing girls' clothes, acting like a sissy and flashing his lacy panties.



Feminizers & Emasculators #3

Feminization From a Male Point of View

Chapter 11



September 21, Sunday: In the morning, Wanda went to see Mrs. Millison again in her guise as a school counselor and told to Michael's foster mother that he had suffered a nervous breakdown and needed a long rest. She explained that the kindly old Mrs. Wilson, who lived in the cottage in the orchard down the street, had volunteered to take him in until he got better.

Well, Michael's stay at Mrs. Wilson greatly hastened his downfall. At first, he thought Martha and Wanda were just teasing him when they kept telling him that they wanted him to make the ultimate male sacrifice: they wanted to cut off his balls and then his penis! But as time went on and his breasts kept getting larger, he feared that maybe they weren't joking. His penis was almost always hard, but orgasms were becoming less satisfying and even painful. He found himself wanting to masturbate almost constantly, but his penis was so sore from so much manipulation that it was thoroughly inflamed and hurt a great deal to release his cum. And his jism was becoming thick and ugly smelling. And if he even looked cross-eyed at one of the women, they force-fed him his own disgustingly putrid cum.

But ever fearful of being forced to suck Mr. Fix-it's cock, Michael was careful never to step far enough out of line for that punishment. So since he couldn't release his fears and the maddeningly powerful constraints on his mind and body, his defense took the last ditch form of detailed descriptions of what was happening to him in his diary:

October 19, Sunday: I was helping Mrs. Wilson with the dishes tonight, and she told me I would make a lovely girl.

"A dress is nothing to fear," she said, "and I have a lovely country-style party dress with full tiers of petticoats that would fit you just fine. I'll put it on you later."

I had only worn panties and a slip and nighties up to this point. I knew I'd look stupid in a dress even if I was growing girls' breasts and fill it out. Speaking of dresses, little David regularly shows up now with his mother. He has been fully trained, but trained in a different way than Martha and Wanda are training me. He wears all these fancy girls' clothes and really likes them. I think he's just ten years old, but he wears makeup and lipstick all the time. He's always begging his mother and the women to let him grow his hair long and to let him have titties like I'm getting. He acts so much like a girl all the time; I had been wondering why they don't let him have long hair and titties because he does look pretty dumb in girls' clothes.

When I asked Mrs. Wilson about it, she said that David was a little faggot and was never going to be a nice little girlie-boy like I'm going to be. She said his mother has been training him since he was born to suck cock. As a newborn baby she started him out sucking on his father, using his cock like a pacifier. She told Mrs. Wilson she did it because gay boys are so wonderfully

dedicated to their mothers, and she wanted to have his companionship for a lifetime and not lose him to the first floozy that came along. I'm not even sure what a floozy is, but I suppose it's some kind of bad woman. Still, I think they should give him long hair and titties if he wants them. They'd look good on him, not stupid like they would on me. They're turning me into some kind of nutty looking clown. I better stop thinking about that or I'll start to get so mad that I'll want to run away. And I can't do that until I can figure out a plan and a place to go to. Every day now, my chest starts looking more and more like a girl. I know it's that stuff they are injecting into me, but they're too strong, I can't stop them from doing it. Even at this point, I don't think anyone would want me. They'd just laugh at me, a boy with titties, and probably send me back here. Then I would really be in trouble! Mrs. Wilson would surely make me visit Mr. Fix-it for doing something really bad like running away!

When David comes around, his mother usually has him on a dog leash like he's a little pet or something. He's always dressed in very sissy clothes. It makes me sick to look at him, and the women often make him kiss my penis and usually make him suck on it. I'm getting used to shooting my cum in his mouth, even though my penis is always so very sore and tender. I hate to admit it, but his sucking is the least painful way for me to cum. His mouth is warm and soft and he is very good at it. I, of course, could never do that to a man or boy. I'm glad Mrs. Wilson hasn't forced me to do anything like that.

I know she and Wanda want an excuse to cut off my penis and balls, but I'm not going to give it to them. If I always do what they want, maybe they'll just let me keep living here like this. It's not so bad. I do love to shoot my cum, even if it hurts a lot. Wanda was here tonight, but she was reading an article in the paper about how sexual problems in teenage boys leads to so many social problems. While I was helping with the dishes, I heard her talking out loud about it to Mrs. Wilson, who was saying boys get so frustrated about sex these days and girls have all the fun and nice clothes. She said girls like to make boys get frustrated and then laugh at them, and that being a girl was a lot more fun.

Then David and his mother came over, and we took a break from doing the dishes and had some hot cocoa and an upside-down cake. Mrs. Wilson had David come over and talk to me about how much fun it is to wear fancy party dresses and all kinds of other girls' clothes, not just lingerie. I pretended to listen, but I had no interest in such nonsense.

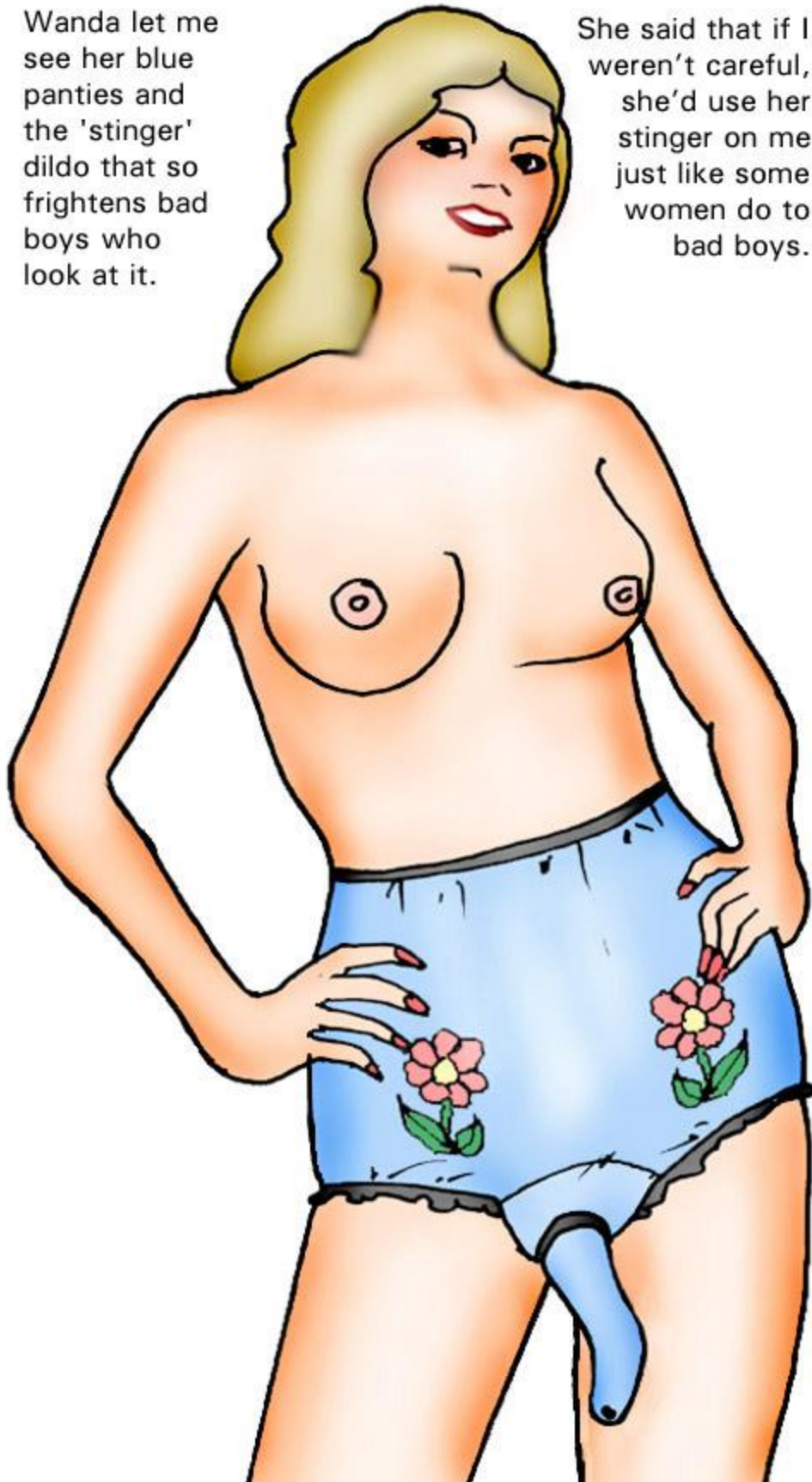
He was wearing this really dumb little top that wasn't much bigger than a girls' bikini bathing suit top, but David has no titties so it was all flat on him and pretty stupid looking. He also had on a black mini skirt with a gold sequin belt, and there was a big part from his waist to his bikini-like top where his stomach was bare. And as he talked to me, he pulled his yellow panties out of the top of his skirt and kept telling me to look at them and he wanted me to feel them too because they were so silky. I resisted doing that, but when I saw Wanda getting upset that I wouldn't touch the kid's panties, I decided to do it. The yellow panties were silky just like the ones I have to wear, and they had white elastic around the waist and a wide strip of pale yellow lace that went up each side. Well, enough about his daffy panties.

I was happy that we finally finished our little dessert and David stopped talking. For a faggot cocksucker, he certainly isn't embarrassed about what he is, and he sure talks a lot too! Why in the hell is he so damn happy? I'd like to know. I do know that he sure gets off on sucking on my penis. Anyway, David's mother put his dog leash back on him and took him home. I wonder if she walks him down the street like that with his dog leach on and him dressed in those sissy clothes she has him wear

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Wanda let me
see her blue
panties and
the 'stinger'
dildo that so
frightens bad
boys who
look at it.

She said that if I
weren't careful,
she'd use her
stinger on me
just like some
women do to
bad boys.





Feminizers & Emasculators #3

Feminization From a Male Point of View

Chapter 12

October 19, Sunday (continued): Wanda went back to reading the newspaper, and now that we had the dessert plates and forks to wash, I went back to doing the dishes with Mrs. Wilson. She started talking again with Wanda and me about the differences between boys and girls. She told us that girls went home at night and had an easy time getting good sleep, while boys stayed awake all night, thinking about dirty panties and how sexy girls looked in pretty clothes and their underwear. She said it was much nicer being a girl because you could laugh and joke about boys and sex things, and then go right to sleep, while boys stayed awake all excited about bras and panties and what girls are like under their bras and panties, and even if boys do go to sleep they often have nightmares about girls in their bras and panties.

Wanda was still sitting in the living room reading the paper with one leg over the arm of the chair, and since her chair was right by the kitchen door, I could see her every time I turned in that direction. Her skirt was stretched between her thighs but dipped down between them so I couldn't quite see her panties. But I knew she had special panties on because one day I heard her talking on the phone about doing experiments with special panties that Mrs. Wilson had designed for her with a 'stinger' in them. She said she wears those new panties now every time she goes out hunting bad boys. And before Wanda came to the house today, Mrs. Wilson told me Wanda was out hunting for bad boys.

Wanda hasn't let me see her panties for a long time now. She says I need to switch my focus from her panties to my own and concentrate on the time when I'll want my cock taken off. She often tells me her theories about how she makes boys think about her panties until they can't stand it anymore, go crazy and want to be girls so they could wear pretty panties too without a silly looking bump in front-and finally get some sleep!

I asked her if that's how she was handling me, and she just laughed at me and told me I was making myself into a girl. I don't know what she meant by that, but I'm certainly not going to turn myself into a girl! Wanda seems to get bored with me quickly now, and I don't know why. That makes me sad because I'm in love with her, but she insists that she's pretty much done with me. She said a boy's cock was designed to drive him crazy, and I was well on my way to being there. Pretty soon, she said, I would begin to hate my cock because it was just getting too painful to have attached to my body anymore, and I would ask her to cut it off.

Well, it hurts all right, but I don't care how painful it gets; I know I'll never feel like that. I love to shoot cum. Still she says I'll get to the point that I can't do even the simplest things because I'll be in so much pain and realize that I need to get rid of my cock so I won't go insane, but I can't believe it.

Wanda moved her leg a bit, and I dropped a dish as I tried to bend forward and get a peek, but Mrs. Wilson didn't get mad. After I picked up the pieces, Wanda had her legs separated even more but I still couldn't see anything. Mrs. Wilson said my cock was getting a lot of exercise and since it hurt so much of the time, she said I'd feel a lot better if I learned how to suck cock. She said it was a great way to take my mind off the pain in my own penis. I don't believe her. I think she's just trying to trick me or something.

Wanda told me it's about time I went back to my foster home with Mrs. Millison and that I should proudly wear my panties in front of my foster brothers and sisters. When I told her that if they saw me in girls' panties that they'd do horrible things to me, and that the boys might even try to fuck me in the ass and make me suck their cocks. But Wanda just laughed and said I should have been sucking dick a long time ago because I am a just a silly little sissy boy anyway, and other boys should use me and make fun of me.

I pleaded with her to stop teasing me, but then she pulled back a bit on her skirt and I could see up under her skirt to her shiny blue panties with flowers and black lace trim, and I could see the 'stinger,' the thing she said bad boys look at and get so frightened that they think about it all night long instead of going to sleep. She said that if I weren't careful, she'd use her stinger dildo on me like women do to bad boys. She said she could snake it down a boy's throat and choke him, cut off his breathing and even kill him if she wants. I don't doubt her for a moment ever since she almost smothered me to death. She said it had a battery-powered stinger in it, and that she could give a boy a shock either in his throat or when she had it squirming around up his ass, fucking him like a little girl. She told me she knew a place to take me to be ass raped with her stinger where nobody can hear my cries, no matter how much noise I'd make, since she said the stinger makes boys cry like prissy little girls.

Wanda made the stinger coming out of her cunt in her nylon panties dance by constantly swinging her leg. She let me come up real close to it and showed me how it was covered with the same silky nylon as her panties, and that when the nylon covering was wet, it would slide easily into a boy but then tend to cling to the sides of his throat or the inside of his ass, so no matter how hard he fought, it would only go in further and be very difficult to make it come out, unless the boy relaxed, and a boy getting raped cannot relax. I certainly believe that! And once the panty-covered dildo was all the way in, she could activate the stinger as many times as she wanted. The stinger really helped her to scare the boy and drive the dildo in as far as possible. Even a fake cock in a girl's panties, especially one made to dance around like she was doing, got a boy so nervous and excited that he couldn't sleep at night, wondering about it, because a boy has always been told that girls don't have a penis but only a hole down there. Seeing a big cock on a girl, even if they know it's fake, scares the hell out of them. They wonder why a woman would have a thing like that between her legs. And since it's bigger than his own penis, it is very upsetting to him and makes him feel emasculated. And if he thinks that's bad, when a woman puts a stinger dildo in him, then he'll really find out what feeling bad is all about!

Soon, she says she's going to show me something else, something in the bathroom, but it's only for really bad boys, an awful thing to even look at and only real bad women ever use it. She says she wouldn't want to use it on me unless I was really bad and didn't put on the new rhumba panties and chiffon dress that Mrs. Wilson had for me.

I had no idea of what she was talking about, but I have learned not to doubt what she says. She was scaring me, so I didn't want to get her mad. I let Mrs. Wilson put those baby-girl looking ruffled panties on me along with three big petticoats, and then the flowered yellow dress. I could tell it was new because it was scratchy and stiff but still very smooth and silky to touch. She insisted upon putting lipstick on me too. Just then Mr. Fix-it came to the door. I wanted to run and hide when he came in, but they made me stand there so he could see me. I was crying, and I really got embarrassed. When he saw the bright red lipstick I was wearing, he said he liked girlie-boys to wear a lot of lipstick when they sucked his cock. He asked Mrs. Wilson when I'd be sucking his cock, and I was happy to hear her say that it wouldn't be until I wanted to suck it, unless I was really bad and didn't do everything she said.

Mr. Fix-it just said that he'd be ready whenever I wanted or needed to suck him off! Then he went down in the basement. I guess he was going to fix some things.

Well, I got news for him; he's going to be waiting for a long time. I'm never going to suck that ugly dick of his. Besides, it's so big; I don't even think I could get in my mouth. A few times, I do admit that I had nightmares about sucking him, every since seeing Joey sucking him that day in the basement, but that will never be me!

Wanda says she can destroy me any time she wants. When I asked her what she meant, she said, she could put something on my cock so it will stay big all the time, twenty-four hours a day, even when I don't think about her panties. I don't see how my cock can stay hard any longer than it does now, but she said it would stay harder than ever and make me beg her to cut it off.

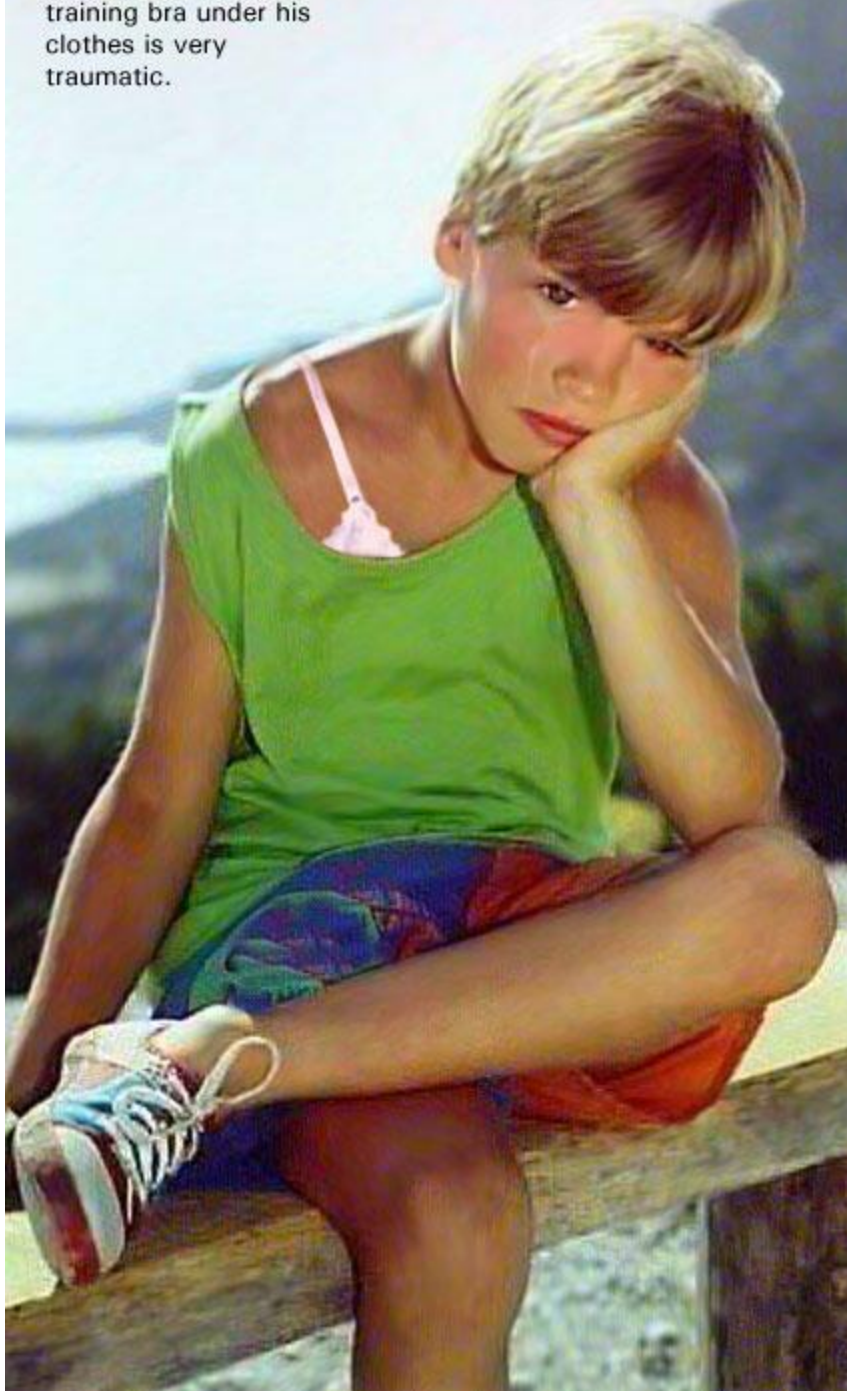
Already I can't wear trousers anymore because my cock won't stay down. It's just slips, panties, and girls' nighties for me. That's all I've worn since I moved in with Mrs. Wilson. Oh, yes, and now this stupid dress! But I'm going to get out of it as soon as Mrs. Wilson will let me.

Wanda got out a little jar and came after me, asking if she could put some of that stuff on my penis. She told me it would feel cool and good on my sore penis, but I didn't trust her. She promised that she'd masturbate me so much that I'd be willing to cut my own cock off to stop the pain. I told her, 'No thanks!'

She loves to tease me. Then she moved her legs apart real wide; I saw her special blue panties pull tight. In the middle of her panties was that stinger. It looks like a big penis. I just stared, and she kept wiggling around so that dildo danced like crazy. She laughed at me and told me I better watch out. I can see why that stinger disturbs boys, especially boys who aren't used to being around girls like Wanda. It's scary to look at.

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Getting a boy with developing breasts to start wearing a training bra under his clothes is very traumatic.



Feminizers & Emasculators #3



Feminization From a Male Point of View

Chapter 13

October 24, Friday: Wanda's teasing got progressively worse, and she once again put a halt to letting Michael peek under her skirt at her panties, and before long, even the usually cathartic long, detailed descriptions he wrote in his diary failed to give him relief from her unending attack on his boyhood, and that led to him having screaming nightmares with increasing frequency.

So Mrs. Wilson took Michael to Dr. Lila Coleman, a close personal friend and colleague, to help alleviate the nightmares and to give him a thorough checkup prior to surgically feminizing him.

For his visit to the doctor, Michael was given a pair of trousers to wear for the first time in weeks. Actually, they were an old, rather roomy pair of Wanda's slacks, roomy enough to fit her full hips and big enough to somewhat cover his constant hard-on. The doctor had no sympathy for panty-crazed sissyboys. She took one look at him and his jutting erection pushing out the front of the pink stretch pants, and laughed at the emaciated, exhausted little boy. She asked him what kind of underwear he had on.

He promptly replied, "Pretty new panties, ma'am. Nice pink panties with little blue elephants and white lace on them, ma'am, I mean, doctor."

Lila let out a horselaugh and told him to pull down his pants so she could see them.

With his cherub little face red from embarrassment, he lowered his trousers. She pulled up his shirttail and told him to keep it pulled up high around his chest. Then she made him dance around on tippy toes like a faggot, and that made her cackle out another belly laugh. She pulled him close to her and ran her hands all over his skinny little body, both inside and outside of his panties. He moaned when she pinched his penis and took in a deep breath when she took his balls in her hand. He thought she was going to crush them in her grip. He lurched forward when she shoved her hand down the back of his panties and stuck a dry finger up his butt hole. She wiggled it around to feel his prostate. He had no idea what she was doing back there, but it made him feel like he was going to cum, but then she took out her finger before he did. She stood him in front of her and with her hands rubbing his narrow hips and tight bottom through the frilled silk panties; she stared at his face close-up with her piercing, dominating, laughing eyes.

"God, what sissy panties you're wearing. Faggot pink! With all that fancy lacy trim! Holy shit, just look at the way you're ready to cry. You're a little queer boy if I ever did see one."

"Martha," she said as she felt all around his sprouting titties, "Get this boy some bras. He needs to wear a bra every day."

Michael looked at her in horror as she said that.

"Don't give me any shit, boy! Get used to a bra now while your breasts are developing. I can tell they are very sensitive and cause you a lot of pain. A bra will eliminate most of the pain. That will help you sleep a little better."

When she was finished with her examination, she said to Martha, "To get rid of his nightmares, get him feminized more quickly. Taking off his overworked little cock is the only way he'll get relief."

Then turning to Michael, she said, "When you're ready, I'll cut your dick off for you. That won't make you a girl, but kind of close to one-kind of a cockless, cuntless sissyboy dick sucker."

"Don't worry. It won't hurt half as much as keeping it attached to your body!"

"Now is the time for you to get into the swing of things. Let Martha and Wanda teach you how to suck cock. You're really a lucky boy. Just wait until all the boys in the neighborhood start buying you pretty little bras and panties so you'll fall in love with them and suck 'em off.

"That reminds me, I better give you a standing prescription to help with the bellyaches because in the future, until you get used to it, you'll be getting sick to your stomach almost every day with all the cum you'll be swallowing."

Michael's eyes grew to be as big as a new mother's nipples as Dr. Coleman spat out her scary, teasing, taunting words, which only further humiliated and emasculated him. He was in a frightened daze as he left the office. On his way out, he saw David and his mother waiting to go in. Michael did a double take because Michael was wearing a simple girls' blouse and shorts, but the shoulder of the blouse had slid off his shoulder and Michael could see that the boy's bra strap was showing.

Mrs. Wilson saw Michael stare at David's bra strap and guessed what he was wondering about.

"Oh, yes, David is wearing a training bra now. He's going to get his wish. Even though, he's just ten years old, his mother has started him on hormones and she's going to have Dr. Coleman operate on him and give him big silicone breast implants for Christmas.

When Martha and Michael got back to her house, she gave him a little gift-wrapped package. Inside were three lacy B-cup bras, one each in rose pink, periwinkle yellow, and white with little rosebuds. After that, he didn't resist wearing his bra along with his panties everyday.

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Michael's foster sister, Rita, was putting her Black Skirt training to good use, milking Michael's overworked penis every day into his silky, sissy girl panties.



Feminizers & Emasculators #3

Feminization From a Male Point of View

Chapter 14

October 27, Monday: Following a conference Wanda had with Mrs. Millison, Michael moved back into his foster home. Since the experimental drugs he was on were making his breasts grow at a record pace, they were getting much too large for him to return to school. Wanda told Mrs. Millison and her children that Michael was now addicted to wearing bras and panties, and he had a glandular disorder that was making his breasts grow, which was part of his problem. She lied and said he was going to a psychologist to help him mentally and trying to reverse the breast development with drugs. But in the meantime, Mrs. Millison should keep him supplied with lingerie and allow him to wear it.

When Mrs. Millison explained that her foster children would certainly tease him about it, Wanda said that was fine. Perhaps some teasing and humiliation by the kids would help to cure him of his need to wear girls' clothes. Wanda only asked that they keep it a secret within the family.

Really, she only said that because she wanted to be the one to humiliate Michael by exposing him to people in his bra and panties!

Michael was now going over to Mrs. Wilson's house every few days for 'treatment.' He would have gone there everyday if she would have let him, but she insisted that he stay in his foster home and do his home schooling. She had plans for him, but right now she wanted him to fend for himself amongst the other foster children. She knew the world was a very cold and cruel place for a sissyboy, and it was important for him to learn how to cope with people who didn't understand and learn some survival skills, since Mrs. Wilson wasn't always going to be there to defend him and help him out of difficult situations.

Both Mrs. Wilson and Wanda wanted to totally feminize him, but not without a lot of pain and humiliation. Mrs. Wilson wanted to be somewhat gentle on him, but Wanda was ever the troublemaker, she loved nothing better than to totally fuck up a boy's mind and body!

Now back at home, Michael's foster sister, Rita, began wanking him daily into his panties. She loved doing it and was quickly becoming quite expert at draining cum out of him. Michael thought it was her own idea to do it. He didn't know that she was being trained by Wanda. Rita jacking him off provided great relief even if it hurt his penis terribly. Still, he was in love with Wanda and needed to feast his eyes on her and especially on her panties with great regularity. To be denied the sight of her taunting, teasing, dominating panty crotch was even more torturous than the pain he felt in his worn-out penis.

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Even though David had no interest in becoming a girl, he was always showing up in the wildest girls' clothes. I don't think he even owned any boys' clothes!



Feminizers & Emasculators #3

Feminization From a Male Point of View

Chapter 15



October 30, Thursday: Michael was at Mrs. Wilson's, stretched out on the floor watching television. Above him, sitting on a low-slung chair was Wanda in one of her typical flitty little skirts. Over ten days before, she had cut him off from looking up her skirt. Until he was ready to have his cock cut off, she said he didn't deserve a look at her panties.

He couldn't take it any more. He pleaded on his knees before her. She had her legs spread but her skirt neatly tucked down between her thighs. Michael only got a tiny flash of white lace and pink nylon panties every few seconds. He wanted to have a long loving look up her skirt because it so excited him even if it aggravated the nightmares, which continued to plague him.

Wanda put her foot on his chest and shoved him back to the floor, telling him to stop bothering her.

A few minutes later, she happened to look down at Michael. He had twisted himself around and had his hand pumping himself under the beige nylon nightgown he was wearing.

"Michael! What are you doing?"

"Please . . . Wanda . . . please . . .!"

"Martha, look at this! Michael's jacking off while he's trying to look up my skirt again."

Martha stopped her knitting, looked at the boy and laughed, "Yes, I noticed. Wanda, it doesn't hurt to give him a little peek, after all, you're the one who made him that way. Besides, you know how much fun it is for him."

"No doubt, but I'm saving looks up my skirt for the BIG day! Besides, I know he steals my dirty panties from the hamper, takes them home and jacks off in them all night long.

"Mrs. Millison says Michael has terrible screaming nightmares every single night now."

"Well, I guess you and your panties have really done a job on him, a textbook example. He is at the right stage for it," Martha said.

"Well, even so, now it's his problem if he's so messed up that he thinks about my panties so much he has nightmares like that."

"I guess his cock gets so hot he can't help it," Martha added.

"I'm sure, Martha, but if he'd just let us cut it off, he'd sleep like a baby every night."

Wanda pulled her skirt up a bit and gave him a good look. Her shocking pink panties were pulled up tight between her cunny lips, and they were puffed up like they get when she is excited. She had a stinger wedged deep in her cleft and when she started flexing her urinary muscles, the slippery cock began flopping around.

"You want a look at my panties, cum face?"

"Why not get real close. Come on in, let me slide this nice big stinger down your throat."

With a pained expression, he stared. He panted rapidly and grabbed her knees to steady that fake cock from jumping around so much. It really bothered him.

"Don't! Don't, please! Please," he pleaded. "Wanda, I love you. I want to see your panties, but I don't want to suck on your stinger and I don't want you to cut my cock off!"

Wanda looked at him again, "Martha' this is getting impossible! Look at Michael! . . . Get up on your feet, boy!" Wanda pulled his stretched out panties aside and took hold of his penis.

"Look at this. It's all hot and throbbing, and it's sore and all red. It's in a terrible state!"

Martha came over to inspect it, "You know, Michael, if it stays hot like that all the time, it will get infected, diseased and fall off all by itself. Then we won't have to cut it off!" she said with a laugh.

Wanda turned over the organ in her fingers.

"Yes, it's already getting bright red and even raw and bruised down here and by the head."

"It would be better for Michael if we had Lila remove it."

"It sure would be better, and his panties would fit real nice and pretty, and he would no longer have all those horrible nightmares."

December 3, Wednesday: Once Wanda had Michael trained to crave the slightest view up between her legs she could do almost anything with him. She and Martha increased their drug regimen, injecting all sorts of drugs and chemicals into his penis and balls. Some of them made him crazy with sexual excitement, and others numbed his genitals and began to shrivel them up so it would be easier amputate them when the time was right. The chemicals started a premature aging process that was irreversible. Wanda loved doing these injections because she got a great kick out of having the sissy kid at her mercy on the needle. The drugs fought each other in his body, and the numbness reduced his pain. He still desperately wanted to shoot cum, but his body usually wasn't able to deliver. But then at certain moments, his male hormones did build up to the breaking point and sent him into sexual orbit.

Wanda cooed and purred as she inserted the needle, "What's wrong, Michael?"

"Don't put it in any further. Don't. Don't!"

"But it has to go in a lot further. There, how's that?"

"I can't! Please, I can't stand it!"

"Good. We're done. Pull up your nice new virgin white panties now and straighten out your sweet little babydoll nightie. Your genitals are getting a lot smaller. Have you noticed? Panties look so much nicer on you now. Things will be so much nicer after we've cut off those male things for you. If you didn't have them, you'd be really happy and in peace, and bad girls like me wouldn't be able to torment you."

"But I want you, and I need to see your panties. I don't even care if you're good or bad to me. I love you, Wanda! Please let me see your panties!"

"Oh, that's sweet, baby, but I know you'll feel differently once we have your boy toys off and we get you trained to sucking cock."

"Oh, I don't know, Wanda. You make it sound good for me to let Dr. Coleman make me into a big sissy boy-girl, but I'm still scared a lot. Why do I have to suck off boys?"

"Well, let's not worry about that now. Get some sleep, and I'll let you watch Joey Gallagher suck off Mr. Fix-it tomorrow. Joey really loves to suck that big cock now. Remember, how he used to fight it? Well, he can't wait to do it now. He'll tell you how good it is to feel hot cum shoot down your throat and swish around in your tummy."

Persuading Michael to willingly take further steps toward feminization was getting easier. The

teasing by his foster brothers and sisters and people who saw him on the street -- a boy who now had C-cup size tits! -- was horrific, but he was able to relax and forget about that torment in Mrs. Wilson's thoroughly feminine little cottage. The hormones that made his breasts grow so fast also feminized his mind and made it easier for him to cope with the narrow-minded people who taunted him.

David visited Michael regularly to keep him company as the day was quickly approaching for his castration and then penis removal. David always came over in the most outrageous outfits, and he couldn't stop talking about the silicone implants he would be getting for Christmas.

When Michael asked him if he was going to have his balls and penis removed and turned into a girlie-boy too, David said that since was gay and would never be a threat to women, he was allowed to keep his genitals as toys for his little boy friends.

December 12, Friday: As it got closer to "D Day" (the day he'd lose his dick), Kelley, Wanda's hairdresser, was thrilled about Michael's upcoming transformation.

"I can't do anything with your hair, Michael. When do they take your balls off?"

"Next Thursday! I don't think I'll be too afraid!"

"Well, something has to be done-if I'm to set your hair right. You can't stay half way between like this. That cock of yours in those stretchy silk panties looks ridiculous, and we've been having a terrible time keeping you fitted with a bra with your breasts changing all the time. Things will be fine when your body stops developing and you are just like a sweet little girl.

"Wanda tells me that your genital amputation has to be done slowly, so your mind will fully understand that you are becoming female, or at least as close to a female as a boy can be. It will be your last pain as a male. After that I know you'll be swooning with happiness for having done it."

"And then you'll be able to fix my hair?"

"Yes, and you'll feel nice and warm inside, instead of frustrated and crazy like a dumb little boy," Kelley happened to glance down between his legs.

"Michael! What on earth?"

"I can't help it, Kelley! You make me feel nice!"

"Well, that doesn't mean you can have that ugly little thing sticking up at me in those feminine panties! I thought the hormones had made your erections go away. Stand up!"

"Don't be mad at me, Kelley. The hormones stopped me getting hard a lot, but I still get hard sometimes, especially when I get real excited by a strong woman like you."

"Where's my facial tissue?" Kelley asked one of her fellow beauticians as she grasped Michael's penis through his soft frilly bubblegum pink panties. She milked his shaft, aggressively banging it up and down in her fist.

The girl doing the hair of a lady in the next chair just rolled her eyes, smirked and handed Kelley a box of tissues.

"Hold still," Kelley instructed Michael.

"O-o-o-o! Don't do it so fast, Kelley! That, ah that, ah, it . . . hurts. Ooooo!"

"Look at that disgusting little thing! You fucking pantywaist! It's throbbing and thrusting like mad!"

"Not so hard! Oh, please! Kelley! Please. Please! O-o-o-o-o-o-o, ah-h-h, e-e-e-E-E-EEE!"

"Look at it! Shooting all over inside your panties! Sure a lot of cum for a fem boy like you, and it's sticky as all hell. Hand me some more tissues. God, what a mess a penis makes! And you spunk really stinks! For god's sake, you little priss, get that nasty thing cut off!"

The other beautician stood by Kelley's side now with the box of tissues and looked on, as did

the woman she had been working on with her hair up in curlers.

Michael collapsed, holding Kelley and kissing her wherever his mouth happened to touch. She pulled out his panties and used tissue after tissue to dab up his smelly semen, then waded the tissues up and stuffed the smelly mess into his mouth.

"Swallow!"

He chewed a few times to further moisten the paper tissues and then gulped them down his throat.

"Have you got any more in you?" Kelley asked, his panties pulled wide open once again as she inspected the head of his red hot penis before coaxing out the last few drops of his jism with several long, firm strokes.

"I don't think so, Kelley!" he pouted, thoroughly embarrassed with the other two women staring at him in disdain.

"Well, we'll see. If that thing gets hard again, I'll take you in the backroom and have Maxie pump you. She's a fucking cock nut. She knows how to do it better than I do."

"It won't get hard."

"I hope not, Michael. Hold still. Maybe I can do something with your hair before your castration. Let's put a bow in it to match the bows on your fucking frilly panties.

"After they cut your balls off, how long before they come back for your penis?"

"Wanda, told me about a week," Michael said. And just the thought of it made him cry.

(Kelley's disdainful removal of sperm from Michael is typical of what mothers, aunts, sisters and other females do to boys in their care all the time. Such women get to vent their anger against males by making them into sissies, and they get a feeling of superiority over males when they milk them of their cum in a non-erotic, businesslike manner. And a lot of women and girls love to see a male collapse into a depleted heap of wasted masculinity as they drain them of their juices!)

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