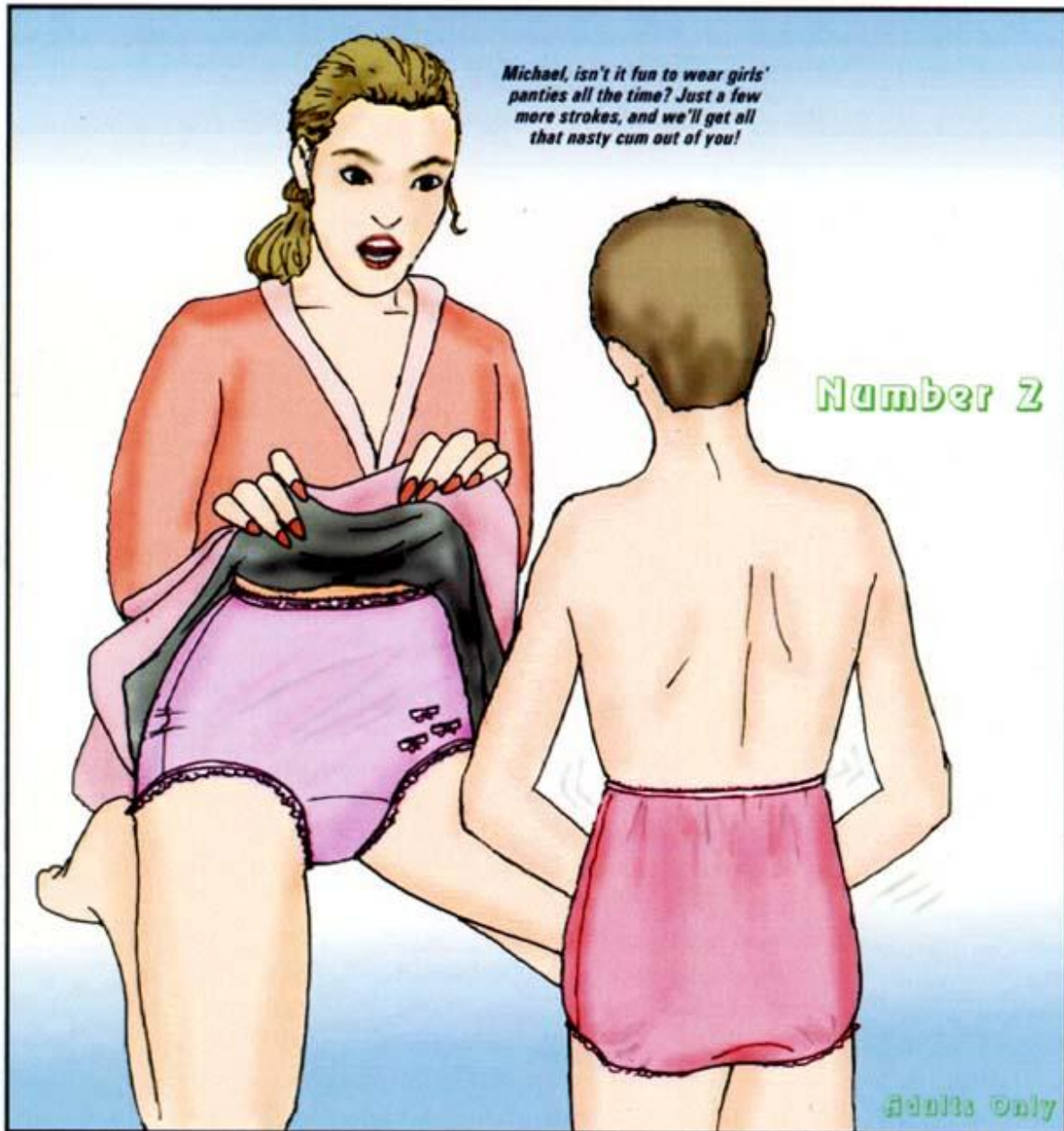


# FEMINIZERS & EMASCULATORS



Stories for and about adults who dream that they are little sissyboys under the domination of aggressive women who take control of them through the use of panty training, hormone treatment, castration and forced feminization

**A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION**

## *A Message from Princess Lacey*

### **The Changes Have Begun!**

Dear Sissies,

This issue of Feminizers & Emasculators takes you deep within Clair Randall's Fillette Fils Sorority, how it was conceived and started, how it operates and helps women. Examples of the organization's goals and methods are illustrated with success stories from the group's meticulously kept testimonials, minutes and other records.



If Ms. Randall didn't start this organization, some other woman soon would have because women have become enraged in ever-increasing numbers. Totally dissatisfied with how males are destroying our world, mothers and female leaders everywhere are refusing to sit back and watch our civilization come to an end because of the selfish, outdated and ignorant ways of machismo males.

It's amazing that men haven't already blown our world to bits. Since 99% of the thinking they do, they do with their pricks and distorted attitudes, it is obvious that men do not have the ability control most anything! Part of the big lie men promote to keep females in line is to say that females are too emotional and, therefore, poor decision-makers. As an example, they point to how easily women cry and how excitable and effusive they can be. Yes, women do cry easily. Crying is a great way to cope and relieve frustrations. Crying releases emotions!

The truth is: Males are much more emotional than females! Men often pretend to be unmoved in dealing with the vicissitudes of life, afraid that expressing emotion (crying) makes them appear weak. Any psychologist will tell you that bottled up emotions are like raging waters behind a too weak damn. In one way or another those feelings will have to be dealt with; somewhere and at sometime that damn will break. Such a person is emotionally unstable.

In addition, a male's sexual makeup contributes to his emotional instability. Males are easily sexually aroused because of the exterior location of their genitals, quick responsiveness to even the slightest sexual stimulation and their powerful inbred drive to procreate. Many studies have shown that the vast majority of a male's daily thoughts and actions are dominated by his sexual desires. Sex is the most intense of all emotions. A male's preoccupation with sex and his trained response not to cry make him a very emotional individual and make a woman's emotional ups and downs pale

in comparison. Is it any wonder that a lot of males have a screwed-up perception of reality? And that they lose control at a rate ten times more often than females? Look at the men who go berserk, like the men who engage in road rage, take family members hostage over some imagined wrong, and shoot up strangers in fast-food restaurants. And the more insidious examples, the men who make fools of themselves like the far right-wingers and religious fanatics.

Women are much better equipped to make decisions than men. The faster women take control of all important areas of life, the sooner we will live in a much safer and happier world. Get ready for some earth-shaking changes, boys. Start gravitating toward femininity and you'll be ahead of the crowd. I feel sorry for the frustrated, old-fashioned males that won't be able to change. Their 'family values' are about to be turned inside out!

Happy stroking (a great way to relieve pent-up emotions!),

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Princess Lacey". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letter of "Princess" being a large capital 'P' and the last letter of "Lacey" being a long, sweeping tail.

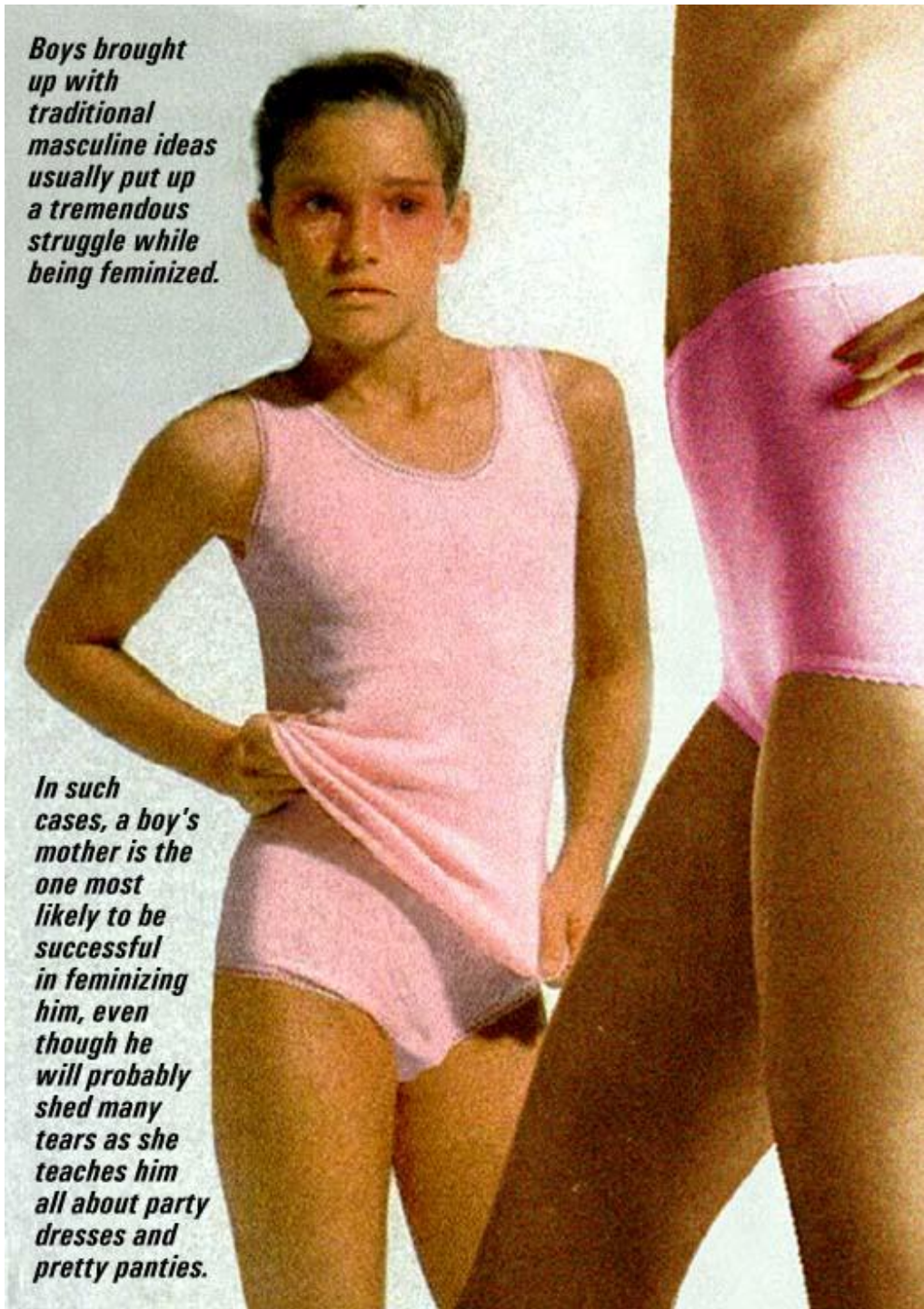
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*In such cases, a boy's mother is the one most likely to be successful in feminizing him, even though he will probably shed many tears as she teaches him all about party dresses and pretty panties.*



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## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

**Clair Randall  
and Her**

## **Fillette Fils Sorority\***

During the 1960s, Clair Randall and a number of other highly educated, influential women extolled the benefits to the human race if women ruled the world. Many of them even proposed ways to transfer important decision-making powers from men to women. Their objective was to prevent men from destroying our world with their destructive macho attitudes and stupid wars.

Many of those luminaries conducted experiments to test their theories. Independent researchers as well as teams of experts did field work to study the feasibility of incorporating those ideas into real-life situations. These innovative activists prepared detailed plans, created instructional manuals, and established working models. Some began actual training courses to prepare women for the new world order.

However, these activities weren't well organized and lacked recognizable leadership. It was a patchwork of theories and actions. Many women, convinced their own ideas were how things should be done, went off on tangents and at times even worked against with one another. For the most part, women had been under the control of males for thousands of years, and it showed; moves to unseat male dominance were inept at times and change was slow in coming.

But progress was made, and many traditional ways of doing things changed or are on the verge of major change. In an ideal world, it would have happened much faster, but we don't live in an ideal world-they were trying to make one! The women's liberation movement which blossomed in the 1960s did make a difference in both subtle and profound ways. Beyond working toward equal pay, sexual freedom and leveling the playing field with men, the movement generated a lot of new and intensely aggressive philosophies. Gynosupremacy, Mistress/Sissy Syndrome, the Goddess Movement, Feminization of the Male, Female Supremacy, and Emasculation Therapy are just a few of the ideas and actions that can trace their origins or major impetus back to the those brilliant women during the 1960s.

Clair Randall was one of those early innovators. She was a prime organizer and motivator. Her early work, along with the work of other practitioners, is detailed in this series of booklets, which primarily focus on Ms. Randall's Fillette Fils Sorority, a secret society designed to aggressively put female supremacy theories, especially Randall's theories, into practice.

From the start, the sorority's meetings were held in ordinary homes in ordinary neighborhoods across the nation (and now the world). Modeled loosely after the popular Tupperware® and Avon® organizational and business methods, small groups of average women and girls learned from their friends and neighbors. They were shown how easy and rewarding it was to take control of their own little corner of the world by gradually taking control of the males in their life.

Today these chapters are flourishing. If you don't already know about them, don't be surprised if one day you discover a chapter has been quietly operating in your own neighborhood for years. The society's members are sworn to secrecy, so news about it tends to be very limited; however, occasionally a story will appear in a local newspaper or even a major publication. These stories often contain a mix of truth and fantasy, and at times are filled with extreme ranting and wild claims. Most are written by paranoid males who happened to have gotten a peek into the future then got very scared.

The Fillette Fils Sorority is a nonprofit organization (even though they are not so chartered to prevent making public details of their operation) that is funded by member dues and the sale to

members of a wide range of instructional booklets created to advise women on most any female/male problem area. The organization seeks no publicity because articles written by outsiders tend to muddle the facts, ignore the organization's accomplishments, and misstate their objectives. Instead, the society prefers to lead a quiet existence as they go about their business of snaring one male after another to advance their cause. The society's goals are spread out over a two generation period that spans almost fifty years. Their leaders claim to be right on course and in perfect tune with the events of our day.

Simply put, the society's goal is to put females in charge of all important areas of life, both public and private. Their approach is to take the decision-making power away from men by controlling them sexually. A basic tenet of the Fillette Fils Sorority is that males are severely hampered as decision makers because they are preoccupied with sex. Their sexual drive influences almost every decision they make! The longer it has been since they have had sexual release, the more prone they are to making a bad decision. Conversely, immediately after satisfying their sexual cravings, males swing back too far in the other direction. Their temporary lassitude also makes them poor decision-makers. Complicating the situation, most men fear appearing weak or wishy-washy. Their usually boundless male egos prevent them from admitting they have made a mistake even when they know that they made a wrong decision.

Ms. Randall's goal is to supplant males in decision-making positions with women. First, it will be done one-on-one, usually from within the home. As women gain power, they will make more and more of this world's decisions or at least be pulling the string of the men who do make those decisions. We have already seen some of this with the influential wives of Reagan, Clinton, and Gore! I don't know about George W. Bush, but from the way he talks, it sounds like he needs a woman behind him telling him what to do! Eventually, men from all walks of life will willingly give up their positions to their women, the puppeteers will emerge from behind the drapes and take their rightful place on the world stage.

Already, many of Ms. Randall's techniques have been refined and are in practice, affecting how the world runs every day. But it is on the personal level that Ms. Randall's ideas have the greatest impact. Her methods of seizing control of males include sexual teasing, panty training, fetish slavery, female domination, feminization and drug and surgical therapy. Her goal is not to feminize all males, but feminization does work for the vast majority.

Originally, Ms. Randall advocated drug therapy and surgery for males to stop the flow of their harmful hormones. This approach has many followers and even Ms. Randall still recommends this approach in many instances. However, she now believes that sexual conditioning and feminization are much more effective ways of controlling males. Besides, most women find these methods not only fun but loaded with practical benefits. Feminized males are very useful, trustworthy, and easy to control. They are dedicated servants that can be used and abused or loved and cuddled-then discarded like a piece of trash: fitting treatment for the way males have dealt with females over the centuries.

But feminization is not the answer for many males. Many are so rough and crude and have been so thoroughly imbued with the worst of traditional male attitudes that feminization only makes them into clowns. The most aggressive male prison inmates are good examples. Most of them fear feminization more than the death penalty! For them, the threat of forced feminization can be used as a great deterrent to further crime. But even these brute males have a place in Ms. Randall's vision for society. They are needed for manual labor and lowly duties most women and feminized males would find repulsive or difficult to do. These most disgusting types of males will be controlled with drugs and surgery or be retrained to be satisfied sexually by shemales

(whenever a female doesn't care to do it).

Part of the Randall program is training feminized males how to please macho males as well as their female superiors. Since most of these sissyboys were once 'normal' males themselves, feminized males know what men want and how to please them. Once broken, it usually takes very little training to make sissyboys as experienced and efficient as 8th Avenue hookers. Surprisingly, getting most macho males to accept the probing hands, warm mouth and hot asshole of a faggot sissyboy is easily accomplished, especially with a sissy who is very beautiful, extremely feminine and willing to perform the most outrageous sex acts.

Plans are already underway to give extra special training to the most convincing shemales. They will be reserved for trapping, recruiting and breaking particularly resistant macho types. Top sissies are remarkable in their ability to pour on the charm. They can transform most any heterosexual male into a bisexual or a homosexual within a very short time. In the future, like the boy toys of ancient Greece and the Kabuki performers in modern Japan, top ranking shemales will be highly prized. The best of them will be (and already are) in great demand.

After a macho male has been broken by one of these ravishing sissyboys, a traumatic period usually follows as the macho male fully realizes that he has just had great sex with another male- and loved every minute of it! As time goes on, it will be increasingly easier to use a sissyboy to service that macho male's sexual needs. Training macho males to be bisexual is important because once they are so trained it is easy to keep them sexually satisfied. Keeping macho males sexually drained is the secret to keeping them out of trouble!

A female who has control of any male must carefully monitor his ejaculations and keep a record of the type, frequency, viscosity, etc. It is up to her to make sure that his need to ejaculate never escalates to the level that he is a threat to women or society in general. A male is considered in line with the society's policies once his female superior has established total control of him sexually and she can demonstrate her expertise at one of the sorority's weekly meetings. Such demonstrations consist of carefully administered tests to determine her degree of control and the level of progress in a variety of areas.

Of course, women can have sex with a male whenever they want, but those sessions are to be at the whim of the female. Many women still like to have a husband or a boyfriend in the traditional sense, but such a male must be monitored daily by his wife or girlfriend. It is her responsibility to keep him sexually drained and under control.

If a female does not care to tend to that chore personally, she can call upon a feminized boy to satiate her lover's needs. Sissyboy whores are becoming increasingly available and cheap. Many work for free or are paid by special funding from various women's groups. So cost or availability are not an object. Another option available to controlling females are the numerous drugs which eliminate a male's ability to achieve an erection or ejaculation for varying lengths of time.

Even after women have conquered the male world, there will still be a few macho men who have resisted every attempt to be controlled. These few holdouts (many of whom are already forming small groups and moving to remote areas to escape the feminization of society) will probably not be enough of a force to make a difference in the world at large so they will probably be left to fend for themselves. However, such men will certainly be required to obey all laws, and status checks of their condition will probably be mandatory. Failure for them to comply will probably result in their being hunted down, captured then sent to a special facility to be reprogrammed to accept the new world order. Repeat offenders will probably be castrated, force-fed female hormones to suppress their masculinity and administered other drugs which will make them as docile and helpless as babies.

Ms. Randall believes that men and boys can serve society best by serving females. Women have a natural ability to govern and flourish without the traditional male-oriented need for competition, aggression and destructiveness. The salvation of the human race depends upon redefining male roles, and there is no easier way to do that than for women to take charge of men's sex organs. Ms. Randall likes to say that God certainly must be a female since she made it so easy for females to control males, but just to be challenging, she made it difficult for females to figure it all out!

It's important to remember that Ms. Randall and others like her are not proposing an Amazon-style world without males. On the contrary, males are extremely important in this new world order, but they will not be in any positions of power or importance. Even if a male is not trained as a house slave, lady's maid, feminized robot sex object or other new-style position, he will have a place in the world. Even many 'traditional' males (like the exceptionally physically strong and athletically gifted) will be tolerated. They will be put to practical use doing physical labor or participating in new types of entertainment and women's sports,\*\* some will be groomed as playtoys for women who are still attracted to the 'old-fashioned' male. However, these males will be sterilized so they cannot procreate since all babies will be born exclusively from sissyboy sperm.

So that's the past, present and future. Ms. Randall's approach is detailed in this series of booklets. By examining her early triumphs and defeats and following the development of her techniques, both males and females can gain understanding into the coming world of female supremacy and learn that there is a place for everyone.

In this issue we examine specific case histories, especially ones that were pivotal in the development of new and more effective training and treatment methods. These stories are based upon the records of this society, which today still operates in relative obscurity.

These chapters meet on a weekly basis. The women report to other members their successes and enter detailed written statements into the club's official records. With information from Ms. Randall's booklets and under the guidance of their local leader, they learn from each other the latest techniques, help each other with problems situations, and at times, exhibit their docile male slaves. Each member is required to discreetly spread the word among her acquaintances and encouraged to invite them to special introductory "open" meetings with the hope of recruiting them. To join the society, there is no age limit or any requirement beyond being a female. As each group grows, it divides and new chapters are formed. Today there are over five hundred chapters of the Fillette Fils Sorority, spreading their wings and ushering in the matriarchal new world society. Incidentally, males are allowed to join special affiliate groups, but nothing official ever takes place at their meetings, which tend to be something between a coffee klatch and a sissyboy orgy!

If you're a woman and already a member of Fillette Fils, you might be reading about your own successes in these pages. If you are a woman and have not yet heard about this organization, brace yourself for some of the most exciting fantasies turned into realities you have ever encountered. If you are a sissyboy and already know your place in the newly developing female dominated world, you'll learn more about what is expected of you. If you are a male 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. They'll give you a good laugh, but they'll also prepare you for the future, and maybe you won't be so surprised when some day soon, your wife grabs you by the balls, hands you a frilly apron and tells you to wash out the toilets or you retire to bed some night only to find that your daughter 'accidentally' left a pair of her dirty panties on your pillow!



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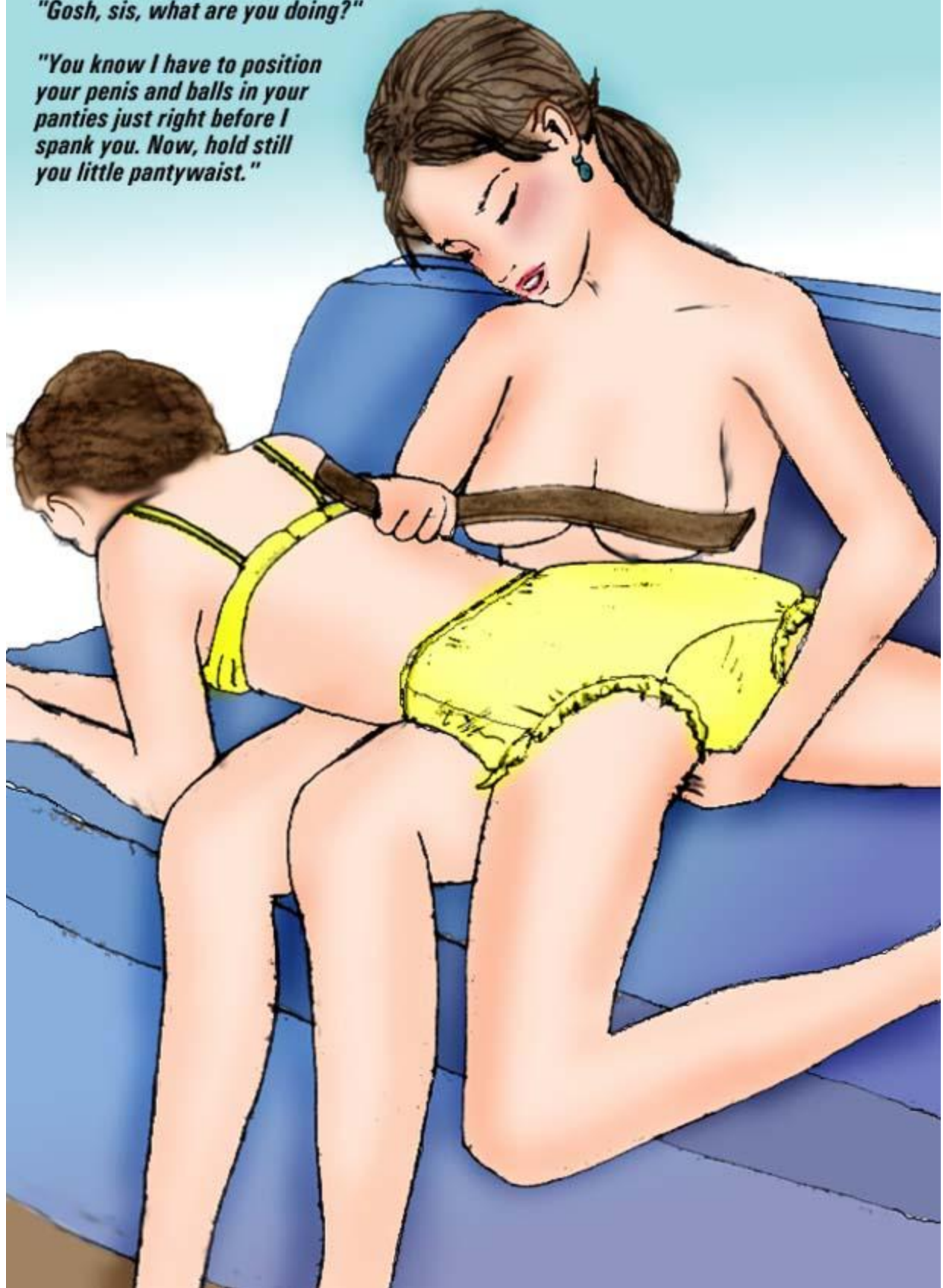
\* Fillette Fils (pronounced fee-yet-FEEZ) is French and means girlish son.

\*\* In the future, today's sports will be replaced by "Women Sports," which are based upon traditional games like baseball, football, soccer etc. but reinvented to give a physical advantage to females and make a mockery of male physical characteristics and limitations. For example, most sports will be done with the males in pretty lingerie and wearing butt plugs to diminish their masculinity or in the nude so their sex organs are readily available for teasing and abuse by female players. Such games will be dominated by sexually clever females and focus upon a male's ability to resist being teased and ravaged by these exciting women-a great mix of sports and sex. Winners will be treated to mind-blowing sexual release, televised for the world to see! For the viewer, it will be like a pornographic Super Bowl. The ladies who always thought it was impossible to get their men away from the television during Monday Night Football, will now be able to shut off the television at halftime and tell their couch potato husbands to go next door to butt fuck the lonely old neighborhood faggot then come home and go down on the family dog! And they will do it, just so they can watch the second half of the game!

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*"Gosh, sis, what are you doing?"*

*"You know I have to position  
your penis and balls in your  
panties just right before I  
spank you. Now, hold still  
you little pantywaist."*



## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

### **The Panty Training of Calvin by His Big Sister**



"Please! Sis! I HATE wearing a bra and panties! The boys would laugh me out of school if they found out."

"Who's to find out?"

"Until you've got me half a girl!"

"They look lovely on you. A beautiful shade of yellow . . . matches the streak down your back! I just love the nice lace and sissy little bows."

Calvin looked down at himself, "I, gee, I, ah, . . . hate them!"

Janet laughed, "You don't sound so sure as you did a week ago?"

"I mean . . ."

"You mean you're beginning to like them," Janet said as she adjusted the waistband again.

"No! No! I didn't say that!"

"Didn't you, Calvin? All right, over my knee."

"Please, Janet! Isn't it bad enough putting panties on me? Mom says you're not supposed to feminize me so much."

"Calvin! Now you know you're not going to tell Mom. Besides, she'd just laugh at you and then go and tell Dad!"

Calvin lay face down over his sister's lap. "Oh, don't let Dad know. I'll take my spanking like a good little boy, but don't tell . . ."

"Good little boy?"

"I, ah, yeah, I forgot, . . . I mean, like a good little girl. Please don't let Dad know you make me wear your bras and panties."

"Well, you know it's all your fault. If you weren't sneaking around peeking in my bedroom while I was dressing . . ."

"I know. I told you I was sorry, sis."

"Well, you have to be taught a lesson, and I think it's going to take a long time to cure you."

"And I don't see you improving very much. Every time while I'm watching TV, I see you trying to sneak peeks up my dress!"

"You know, Dad would probably understand. Remember when you were little and Mom used to put you in my old dresses and panties and stuff? And Dad used to make you sit on his lap . . . Hold still, until I get ahold of your thing."

"I hated when Dad did that! He used to do that just so he could tease me. Gosh, a boy doesn't have a chance anymore!"

"Would you like me to buy you a dress?"

"You wouldn't!"

"No? Come home right after school tomorrow, and just see if I wouldn't! I saw a beautiful First

Communion dress in the window of LaSalle's. It was all frilled with ribbons and lace and puffy petticoats. There, it's getting nice and big. I like it when you start to throb."

"How can I help it, with you talking about such things? I hate all this girl stuff, but you make me so, so damn crazy talking all about it. God, sis, if you keep teasing me like this, I'll come all over the place."

"I just checked your balls through the back of your panties. You can't be ready yet, they aren't pulled all the way up."

"Sis, it sure feels like it!"

Janet made one hit at Calvin's buttocks.

"Ouch! That hurts!"

"It can't hurt too much. Your cock's throbbing inside your panties."

"No wonder! What you're doing! Why do you want me to be a girl or something?"

Janet hit him a little harder, twice.

"Don't! Don't!" But Calvin's breathing was getting short.

"No. I don't want to make you into a girl. You're already a sissy. I just want you to admit it to yourself. I'm going to help you be what you're destined to be - I'm going to turn you into a faggot cocksucker, dear little panty boy brother."

"Please, sis! Not that! I . . . I can't . . ."

Janet stopped moving her fingers and let his organ, which was thrusting against her leg, subside slightly. Further slapping with the strap while she poked around his asshole and tickled his balls through the thin panties brought Calvin back to the verge of ejaculation. She stroked the soft nylon panties on his lower back approvingly.

"Do you like the feel of these panties, Calvin?"

"I'm so excited; I'd like anything!"

Janet fitted the smooth nylon of the yellow panties around his penis, sheathing his manhood in the tantalizing folds of sexy silkiness. Stroking, caressing, teasing.

"When I get through with you, you'll like a lot more than just panties!"

"I'm not going to that place in Pennsylvania, if, if that . . . that . . . that's what - God! Janet! What are you doing?"

Her fingers stroked his sweet candy ass in the frilly panties, and then she hit him with the strap again.

"I'm buying you a ticket to Pennsylvania, Calvin. How do you want to go, by train or plane?" Faster and faster she hit his silken ass with the strap as her fingers worked the panties over the dewy end of his cock.

"God! Janet! Janet . . . Jannnnnn . . . Jan . . . Jan . . . et!"

Janet kept plucking the waist elastic and stroking the nylon panties on Calvin's back during his ejaculation. Finally, he fell limp and exhausted over her lap.

"Isn't that a hundred times better than going around like a Peeping Tom and masturbating yourself silly in the bathroom?"

"And doesn't it make you think of panties and bras and wishing you were a girl or at least real feminine so . . ."

"No, no!"

"No? We'll soon find out. Stand up."

Calvin got up and Janet unsnapped his bra and lowered it so she could feel around his nipples.

"Everyday are you eating some of the candy I bought you?"

"Why? Is it special?"



"Yes. It's sexy candy.

"Your tits are developing nicely. I think it's time I get you a bigger bra. This training bra is for little girls and you've outgrown it."

"Is it that candy that's making my chest hurt? I'm not eating anymore!"

Janet laughed as she stood up, "Be home right after school tomorrow. We're going shopping for your first real bra. Afterwards, we can go over to LaSalle's and you can try on that First Communion dress. You'll just love it. Stacey Oshansky works there. If she's there, we'll have her help you try it on. I know you've always liked her."

"No, sis! Please! I don't want another bra . . . and no dress. Stacey, Stacey, she, uh, . . . No! Don't make me do that!"

"Sure. It'll be fun. Now, here's your daily piece of candy. Take two pieces. I talked it over with Mom, and she thought it was time to double your dose. So eat the two pieces while I watch, and from now on, I'll give you two pieces everyday after dinner and watch you while you eat it. No complaints! If you refuse, I'll tell Dad that you steal my panties and play with yourself in them while you peek at me undressing.

"But you leave your door wide open!"

"So what? That doesn't mean you have the right to peek at me. I like my door open because my room is so small. With the door closed, I get claustrophobia. You have to learn that a girl has to have freedom to feel secure in her own home. And if I feel best with my door open, that's my right. And nosey brothers should stay away."

"I'm sorry, sis. But I just can't help it. You drive me crazy by making me do all your stupid chores like washing out your panties and cleaning your room with you clothes all around. I see your panties and things all the time.

Sometimes I'm just curious and wonder what kind of a bra and panties you're wearing that day."

"Well, it's not natural for a brother to hunger after his sister and try to peek at her in her lingerie. But as long as you're addicted to my pretty little clothes, I might as well take advantage of the situation and train you to be of some good to the world.

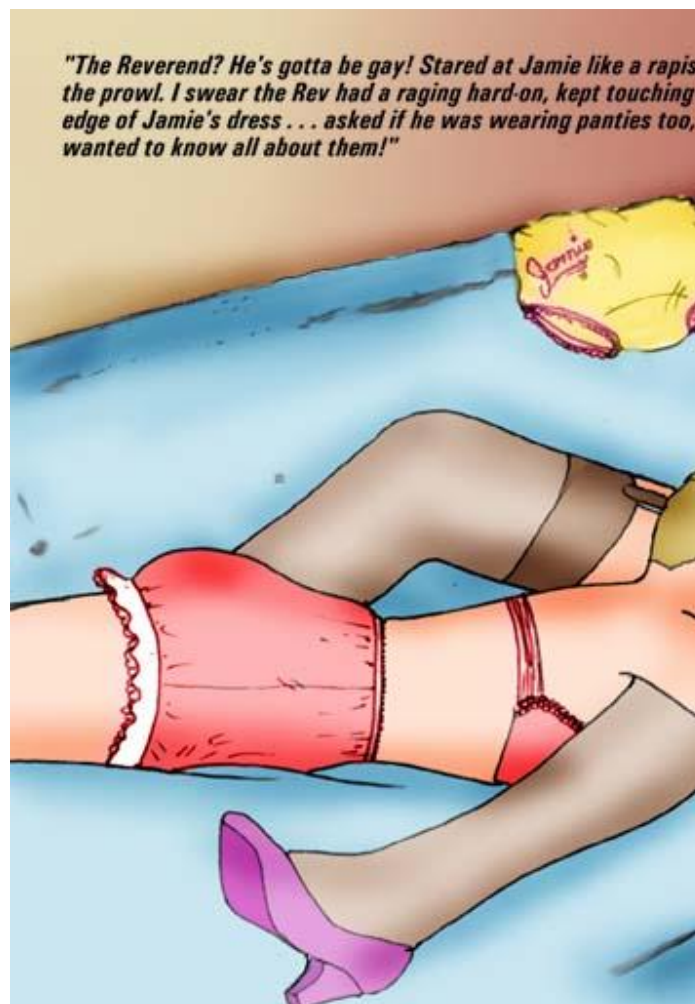
"God forbid, if some strong girl came along and discovered your fetish for panties, she'd have you drinking piss and eating shit not to mention having you suck off her boyfriends just for laughs. A woman like that would wreck you for good. Now, here I am just trying to make the best of a situation that I've been thrown into. I have to train you in a way that you can be of some good to us. Mom thinks you are lost already. I don't think Dad even wants to know what's going on with you. When he saw a long line of your panties on the clothesline the other day, he asked Mom who they belonged to because he guessed that they were too small for her or for me. When Mom asked him if he really wanted to know, he just shook his head and walked away."

"Oh, God! Dad knows already?"

"He'd have to be an idiot not to.

"But what's the big deal? I love you little brother. I'll take care of you. I know when I make you squirt your juices into your panties that it's better than when you do it to yourself. I'll keep doing it until you've had enough and beg me to send you to Pennsylvania so we can hack off your cock. Then you'll be able to lead a lot more peaceful life without that bothersome cock of yours.

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## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

### **Women Helping Women: The Feminization of a Wanker**

#### **Part 1**

"Hold on a second, Marge. Jamie isn't getting enough air . . . There, he's okay . . . What? . . . No, no, he doesn't suffer that much . . . well, sure he suffers some. After all he is smothering . . . I'm feminizing him. I've been doing it for over a month. Yeah, I know what they say about it. So what! Do I care? He's just a wanker. I'm sick and tired of him shooting his juice all over the place. At least now, I'm in charge of when he cums. Looks really cute in his sissy clothes too. . . . I don't give a damn if he turns into a faggot! In fact, I'd be glad if he did. Gay boys are so sweet, so devoted to their mothers. Last Tuesday, he



finally broke down and bought himself the pink panties at Sears that I told him to buy. I watched from across the aisle. Selma Engleson works there. You know her? . . . Yeah, well, you should have seen it. When she asked him if he needed help, he told her he needed some panties but didn't know what size to buy. She asked him who they were for. Well, after stuttering and stammering around he finally admitted that they were for him, just like I told him to say. He broke down into tears because she laughed right in his face. She even made him stand up straight as she held up various pairs to size him up. It was priceless. . . . I told you I was going to stop his wanking. I'm perfectly willing to feminize him to stop him from spunking up the place. . . . Your, boy, little Timmy? Just started wanking? . . . Get him to wear panties. . . . Jamie's friends? I don't care who finds out. Alice, you know the little girl from next door to me, well, she saw Jamie's panties on our clothesline. She asked me whose they were because she knew they were too small for me. When I told her they were Jamie's, she fell off her bike laughing. She asked me right out if he was a sissy? I told her I was making him into one right quick. You've got three boys; you ought to feminize Timmy then make him help you panty train and feminize the other two! . . . Get 'em suckin' each others' cocks too. . . . Oh, sure, they resist, but if you train them right to your panties, get them hooked real good, they'll never disobey you. Embarrass them a lot in front of their friends like the next time they have to write a story for class, make them write something like "Why I love wearing girl's panties." Or stand beside them and make them phone all their relatives and tell them they want fancy lingerie for Christmas then have them read off a list of their lingerie sizes! . . . Sure, they'll cry! Jamie goes to pieces whenever I make him wear Big John up his butt. But it doesn't hurt him. Larry's at that stage where he curls up like a baby and starts sucking his thumb whenever I approach him with a pair of his panties. But boys do all sorts of crazy things like that. I'm going all the way with Larry. He'll be a girl, well, just like a girl, real soon. . . . Marge, of course his penis eventually has to be removed, but you prepare them for it, make them want to be a girl so they can wear party dresses, training bras and silky panties. Jamie's in panties all the time now, and he loves 'em! . . . Marge, did I say it wasn't painful? It has to be. . . . A boy has to be brought to hate his cock . . . Only three days to take off a cock, but a mother can stretch that out for weeks or even months if she catheterizes her boy's penis once a week and injects 10 ccs of Villiloxin. It shrinks his balls and makes it very painful but also super exciting when he cums. He'll be howling and spunking up his panties like a prom queen on Spanish fly. Hold on, Jamie is about to drool his spurt again and he's all twisted around. I don't want him to spot up the couch. I've got an extra pair of his panties here. Hold on a sec while I wrap them around his penis to catch his juice.

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*"OK, wanker! You've got exactly  
thirty seconds to jerk off into  
your panties. Otherwise, I'm  
telling Dad you peeked at me!"*







## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

### **Women Helping Women: The Feminization of a Wanker**

#### **Part 2**

"Now, where was I? Oh, yes, you let him know that you know how much he's jacking off. Tease him about it! Challenge him to cum in record time while you watch! There's lots you can do. You feed him special pills too. . . . Sure his cock will get big from constant stimulation, but his balls dry up since he's jacking off into his panties nonstop and little or nothing comes out. They say a boy gets so crazy, so desperately needs relief from his overworked dick and balls that he pleads to have them cut off. Hold on a second, Jamie's going into delirium. I have to put more stuff up his cock so it burns . . . hello, . . . hello . . . Jamie's really got it this time. He'll hate his cock pretty soon . . . That's right, and he won't even know why. He won't remember anything - except when he comes out, and then he'll be looking down his panties at a pretty little boy cunt . . . . Sure he'll go crazy looking at it. Why shouldn't he? That's right. Of course it's cruel. You have to make him love wearing panties and hate being a boy, escape into the female world . . . . But it's so easy to get a boy wearing panties. If you like whipping I suppose you could whip him until he agrees to put them on. Georgie? How old is he now? . . . Perfect! That's right, start real slow. Hook him on your panties first . . . . Haven't you ever teased your boys with your panties? . . . It's not a big deal! Boys are easy to hook, once you get them started . . . try putting a really silky pair on him while he's sleeping. Sure, he'll be embarrassed when he wakes up. Or make him put them on for punishment, then make him wear them under his boy's clothes and send him over to his girlfriend's house. Sears at the mall has some good panties that will do the trick. Like I said, Selma works there. She's helped other mothers buying panties for their boys. Take Georgie in to see her and she'll cajole him into panties in no time flat! . . . Marge, of course he'll fight when you do it, but Selma won't put up with any nonsense. She'll break him! . . . Marge, if you want, come over and put some of your panties on my Jamie, just so you can get an idea of what it's all about. He gets so embarrassed in front of anyone who sees him in panties. It's great! Even more so when he's in one of his nice dresses too. . . . Yeah, he's got a lot of dresses. Bought them all from the money he saved up for college. . . . Marge! He's fuckin' panty nuts! He's not going to any college. I almost forgot to tell you. A couple of weeks ago he was so distressed that he visited our minister. The poor boy was so confused. Well, he can't keep a secret from me so when he broke down and told me he went to the minister asking for his help so I'd stop trying to make a girl of him, well, I fixed him all right. That following Sunday, I took Jamie to church wearing a dress! Hold on . . . Jamie, suck a little higher . . . ah, ah-h-h! That's good, go-o-o-od . . . . Still there, Marge? . . . Sure, he was embarrassed . . . . The dress? It was one of Linda's old ones, real pretty, you

probably remember it, the white satin one with the little flowers? That's right, the one she wore for the pageant . . . uh huh, . . . Well, Reverend Kitwell even complimented . . . No kidding! . . . The Reverend? He's gotta be gay, stared at Jamie like a rapist on the hunt, I swear the Rev had a raging hard-on, and he kept touching the edge of Jamie's dress . . . all smiles that bastard! Asked if Jamie was wearing panties too, wanted to know all about them! Well, I made Jamie tell the kind, the color-they were some pretty yellow ones I got last week on sale. Real nice ones with rows of lace down each side. About as girly as you can get! The Rev was drooling! . . . But of course, it's good for him. So what if he gets so confused . . . Guess what? Before long, I'm going to have Jamie sucking on his daddy's big cock. Tom's all excited about having a complete sissyboy for a son. He can't wait for me to turn our little wanker into a cocksucker . . . Bad? No! Not bad like whipping a boy that can do some permanent damage. . . Marge! A boy with a hot cock is ready to be panty trained . . . A hot cock really responds to sissy silk and tight elastics, then you get him his own sassy panties, next it's party dresses, teen bras-it's easy! But do take your time. . . All right, Marge, I'll be talking . . . No, no, don't make a big deal of it the first night. I'd buy him some nylon panties with pretty ruffles, pink is best, boys know pink is just for girls, it makes them that much more forbidden and exciting, and get a penis-shaped dildo, you'll have him sucking on it very soon, use it for punishment if he resists putting on his panties. Jamie's teacher saw his panties sticking out of his pants. He cried when she laughed at him but then she apologized. I told her it was good for him to be laughed at . . . MARGE! Only really bad women do things like that! Well, okay. I suppose you have to do it your own way. Call me back and tell me all about it! Remember you can practice on Jamie anytime. . . Of course! Good luck! Bye."

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*"I told you a dress  
was nothing to fear.  
You look absolutely  
adorable! When I'm  
finished draining you,  
would you like to  
wear it home?"*





## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

### **Feminization from a Male Point of View**

#### **Introduction and Summary of Chapters 1 & 2** (Which appeared in *Feminizers & Emasculators #1*)

"Feminization from a Male Point of View" documents important early research on aggressive feminization and emasculation techniques by Martha Wilson. This story is about Michael Olson, one of the first boys Martha completely converted into a boy-girl. The techniques she used on Michael were eventually adopted by Clair Randall as a model of how to turn boys into useful pawns for the new breed of females.

Martha was a wealthy widow who used her money to pursue her goal of feminizing the world. Many people thought she was a crackpot: a rich, middle-aged lady not in touch with reality. But she did have an unusual cross section of support amongst those in the early 1960s women's movement. Most of her followers discovered her through her newsletter, "The Feminization of Society," a simple, typewritten, irregularly published pamphlet devoted to her radical research.

In the 1960s, Clair Randall was a graduate student studying psychology when she first encountered Martha's newsletter. She loved what she read! Even though much of the information was very detailed and in line with what she knew to be psychologically accurate, Clair guessed that some of it was based on reality, but most of it was fantasy.

In 1969, Clair interviewed Martha several times via the telephone for her thesis about how women could control men, especially men that were physically stronger than them. The two women formed an immediate bond, and a close friendship resulted that is changing our world. During one of their conversations, 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.

During their New York visit, Clair realized that Martha's writings were not imaginary rambling. And shortly thereafter, Clair was able to visit Martha in the rural New Jersey community she lived and conducted her experiments. While there, she was able to confirm for herself that Clair's writings were based on fact. She was even able to meet and talk with many subjects involved in Clair's ongoing experiments as well as study photographic and written records of her previous research.

Up until that time, Clair had been dealing mostly in theory; however, with this new information, she radically revised her thesis. She appreciated the strides Martha had made but realized that the information was not being put to use because most women thought Martha's writings were entertaining stories and not an actual prescription to take control of their world. Compounding the problem, there was no organized effort to teach women about the power available to them, and since there was no media exposure beyond Martha's own simple newsletter, there was no way to disseminate this information to women since conventional



publishers and journalists spurned such stories as female fantasy. But Clair was a creditable source, did have influence, especially within the women's liberation movement, and had good organizational skills. All attributes that led her to establish the Fillette Fils Sorority in early 1971.

The sorority based a lot of its training methods on Martha Wilson's research. And Michael Olson is of great importance in her research because he kept a detailed diary, complete with first-rate drawings, which documented everything that happened to him from the very beginning of his enslavement to females (through panties) to the end of his emasculation and feminization. His diary was not discovered until he had been put completely through the boy-girl process. But once discovered, Martha realized that his secret writings were a textbook summary of her techniques from the boy's point of view. She turned it over to Clair to be used as a basis for her training manuals.

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.

### Summary of Part 1 - Chapters 1 and 2

While Michael was on his way school, he first encountered Wanda, who exposed her pretty panties to him and started his fascination with lingerie. His fascination almost immediately became a strong fetish. He couldn't resist hiding himself in the locker room to see the girls undress. Panties quickly became an obsession with him. He spent hours drawing pictures of them and describing them in his diary. Michael received a mysterious pair of panties in the mail. They were from Wanda. He struggled with them and became increasingly obsessed. In his urgency to find more panties, he raided the laundry hamper in his foster home and played with the dirty panties belonging to his foster mother and sisters. His foster mother caught him and thoroughly humiliated him as punishment.

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## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

### **Feminization from a Male Point of View**

### **Chapter 3**

September 10, Wednesday: In the morning, when Michael awoke, he immediately realized that the dirty panties that his foster mother had forced him to wear over his head were gone. Mrs. Millison was dressed and urging him to get up and get ready for school.

Back in his own room, he found himself staring at Wanda's panties still hidden in his drawer. He stared at them so long that he was almost late getting ready for school. He tried to hide the panties in several places in his room, but that didn't work because they were so strongly anointed with her perfume that they could be smelled wherever he put them. He didn't know what to do with them. Finally, he stuffed them into his pocket and ran out of the house, hoping no one would smell them as he ran through the living room on the way out.

He knew he couldn't take them with him to school so he went into the garage and put them in a small bag then stuffed the bag into a box of old clothes.

On his way to school, Michael saw the girl again. This time she was wearing a purple skirt. She was sitting on a bench at the far end of Cleveland Road, the twisting back road that he took every day to school. As he passed her, she looked right at him, parted her legs and held her skirt up.

"Are you ready to tell me what you think of my panties now, Michael?"

"No, I . . . I . . . ," frozen in his tracks, he stumbled with his words.

"Yes, you are. I know I've gotten to you."

"Gotten to me?" He stared at the panties. The pair she was wearing were bright blue and real shiny. He wanted to look away but he couldn't.

She got up and came close to him.

"Did you get something real nice in the mail yesterday?"

Michael didn't answer, but by his expression and the tears welling up in his eyes, she knew he had gotten them.

"Did you like my panties?"

When he didn't answer, she continued

"Did you try them on? I hope so! I can't wait to see you wearing my panties!"

"Na . . . no . . . no . . . never! Never!" he answered in an outraged, squeaky voice. He started to breathe heavily. He choked and coughed to clear his throat.

"Oh, Michael, you're so cute. Don't worry. Before long, my panties will get to you real good. You won't be able to fight me, and you'll wear a pair of my panties any time I ask you to."

"No, I won't!"

"Come with me, Michael."

He wanted to resist but found himself powerless as she led him over to some bushes and made him kneel down in front of her. She swished her purple skirt back and forth then pulled it up slowly like the curtains going up in a movie theater. She pushed herself toward him until his face was only inches from her panties. They had three very little blue bows on them just like the bows that were on the white panties she was wearing when he first saw her. He couldn't move.

She held him close then let her skirt down over his head. She smelled so good under her skirt, like flowers and spices and all really good things, that same perfume that was on those panties he had received from her in the mail.

"There, I knew you'd like them," she said in a naughty whisper, "and I know where you can see a lot more panties."

She stepped away from him and her skirt floated away from him and off his head. She bent down and kissed him on the forehead.

"You know the cottage at the end of Central Street? The blue one with the apple orchard around it?"

He nodded "yes."

"Well, go there Saturday morning. Mrs. Wilson lives there. Tell her that Wanda sent you. She'll do nice things to you. If she likes you, she'll show you all the panties you could ever dream of. If you're real good, she'll even let you put on some pretty panties, . . . and if you like that, maybe she'll even put you in a party dress and make you look like a real pretty little girl.

"Do you think you'd like that?"

"No. No! NO!"

"Why are you so sure? Come on, now. I think you'd like to know what it's like to be a girl. Panties are really fun to wear. They feel so good. Do you want to feel mine some more?"

He shook his head "no" because she was making him very nervous with everything she was saying and doing.

"I'll come over and watch her as she dresses you up like a girl. Would you like that?"

"No. Uh, . . . n-no! . . . No, I wouldn't."

He could feel her laugh. He was dizzy with her perfume.

"You don't sound too sure, Michael."

She saw the huge bulge in his trousers and reached down to give it a light massage through his pants as she put her heavily lipsticked lips close to his dry quivering lips.

"O-o-o-o-oh! Feels nice, huh? I know a lot about boys, Michael," she whispered. "And Mrs. Wilson and I do certain things that they love! I'm sure you will love wearing pretty panties . . ."

With him still kneeling, she turned around, pulled up the back of her skirt and rubbed her panties with her hands. She pulled at the material and snapped the leg elastics. She turned a little to the side and pointed to the tiny little pale blue bows.

"There are three of them, Michael. All of my panties have three little bows on them because I get cute little boys for Mrs. Wilson. She pays me really well to get her boys, who will look real pretty when she dresses them up.

"I suppose it's naughty, especially the way Mrs. Wilson does it, but it's really fun too and the boys end up really liking it. She buys me these really nice panties too. Pretty, huh? The fabric is real sexy feeling. You felt them. They're nice, huh? Well, she has her sissyboys sew the bows on them for me."

Wanda slid her womanly body down beside him, trapping her skirt up between them, rubbing her pantied loins against him. In a hush-hush whisper, she continued talking to him.

"Three tiny little bows because of all the little boys that I've sent to her, she has turned three of them completely into girls, or I should say boy-girls. She got them to like wearing panties and dresses so much that they asked her to turn them into girls. She herself cut their cocks right off and had them stuffed by a taxidermist.

"Now, she loves to put one of those stuffed little cocks in her own panties as she parades around in front of new boys and teases them as she tells them where the little cock in her panties came from. She really looks funny with a little boy cock bulging out the crotch of her stretchy panties. You should see it . . ."

Michael was getting sick from what she was telling him. He wanted to run again but realized she was holding him tightly. Just then he felt something like a bee sting him in his balls. Wanda pulled back from him and was holding a big dripping hypodermic needle and smiling.

"I just gave you an injection that will help you relax. You seem to be so nervous. Don't worry. I used to be a candy striper at Walton Memorial. I know all about giving shots and helping troubled boys like you."

"Who was this girl, this monster? How could she do that to a boy?" Michael wondered as he



jumped up and started to run. He had to get away from her. She was bad. He ran and ran then finally realized that he was going toward home instead of school. He turned around and very cautiously headed back toward school.

When he got back to where she had been, she was gone. He stayed away from the bushes just in case she was hiding there ready to grab him. As he passed the bench where she had been sitting, he saw something. It was the pair of pale blue panties she had been wearing. He remembered the sting in his balls. It hurt. He looked all around expecting her to jump on him at any minute, but she wasn't there. He pulled himself away from staring at the panties, hugged his books real tight and ran as fast as he could to school. He knew he could run faster than any girl so he knew she couldn't catch him.

At school, he couldn't keep his attention focused on class. The shot must have been taking effect because he was getting very tired. But as he fought to stay awake, he wondered why he couldn't get his mind off her panties. He wondered why he hadn't taken those panties she had left on the bench; they really felt so good to touch. But then he really got mad at himself for thinking of something so stupid. Those panties of hers were getting him into a lot of trouble. And they smelled so strong of her perfume that there was no way to hide them. All day long, at any minute, he expected her to jump out of nowhere and grab him. He knew he was going crazy now.

That night Michael didn't eat supper. Wanda's combination of warm motherliness and stories of wickedness drove him into an orgy of drawing and writing, staring at and playing with Wanda's pretty white panties that he had brought in from the garage.

Michael finally convinced himself that Wanda was just telling him stories to scare him. She must have thought that he was just a dumb orphan boy that would believe anything that a smart girl would tell him. Eventually, he knew that was it. She was just making a big joke, probably had made some kind of bet with her girlfriends or something. Thoroughly believing that, he finally laughed himself to sleep.

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"Your tits are developing nicely.  
Your hair is getting shiny and  
long. And you'll be getting all  
new panties - two sizes smaller  
- and we take your cock off.  
Aren't you a lucky boy?"

ts are developing nicely.  
r is getting shiny and  
d you'll be getting all  
ties -- two sizes smaller  
re take your cock off.  
ou a lucky boy?"



## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

### **Feminization from a Male Point of View**

#### **Chapter 4**

September 11, Thursday: Michael woke up in the morning well rested. Wanda's panties were spread out on his bed next to him where he had left them before he had fallen asleep. He was getting more comfortable around the panties. And their perfume was not so strong anymore. So he casually folded them up and hid them in the back of his closet.

He didn't see Wanda at all that day. He wondered if she had tired of her little game and decided to leave him alone. Friday was a test day so he tried to study. It wasn't easy because he couldn't get his mind off of panties or Wanda's, half expecting her to spring out at him at any moment--but she didn't. That night, as he got ready for bed, he was drawn to Wanda's panties like a magnet. He got the craziest idea. He stripped completely naked and held the panties out in front of himself, he was on the verge of trying them on when he caught himself and fell on the floor in a heap crying. He actually started to talk to the panties.

"Panties. Panties. Panties! Why are you driving me crazy? I don't want to put you on. I'm a boy, not a girl. I don't wear panties. Please, please stop bothering me. Leave me alone. You look so nice and feel so smooth. I love you panties, but I love panties on girls, not on me!"

On and on Michael went. He spent more than an hour pleading with the panties before falling asleep from exhaustion. He dreamt about being dressed like a girl, growing his hair long and growing breasts.

September 12, Friday: Michael was just waking up as Mrs. Millison came to his room to tell him to get ready for school. He plucked up Wanda's panties and stuffed them in his shirt just before Mrs. Millison opened his door. She almost caught him.

At school, Michael was worried because he had spent the night studying Wanda's panties instead of his schoolbooks. He wasn't ready for the tests that were scheduled for that day. As it turned out, he didn't do as badly on those tests as he thought he had. That night he was very tired so he went into a very deep sleep holding Wanda's panties cupped in his little hands directly under his nose.

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## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

**Feminization from a  
Male Point of View**



## Chapter 5

Sept. 13, 1970, Saturday: When Michael awoke early in the morning, some of his fears returned. He was afraid of Mrs. Wilson's cottage just in case Wanda was telling some truths, but at the same time he couldn't stay away. He walked down Central Street then strolled into the orchard and pretended to be playing catch in a clearing amongst the crab apple trees, but he didn't have much interest in tossing his ball up in the air to himself and catching it. He kept looking in the distance toward the small harmless-looking cottage that looked very fairy tale like. Through an open window, he noticed a boy's figure come into view. Michael quickly hid behind a tree trunk and stared because the boy was wearing blue panties and a matching bra. The kid danced around the room with a lusty, enraptured smile on his face, stroking himself in the lingerie like he loved wearing it. Michael tried to tell himself that it was really just a girl with short hair, but he could swear the girl had a bulge in her panties.

Michael was sure he hadn't been noticed so he got closer. From behind one of the trees he looked closely at the dancing girl. She seemed to be in a trance more than simply doing a dance. Then a tall woman, with a stern, non-nonsense expression on her face, came up to the girl and reached under the leg elastic of her panties. After a bit of fumbling the woman pulled out a skinny little penis from underneath the panty elastic. It was a boy! Michael let out a sobbing moan as he watched the woman boldly stroke the boy's cock before slipping it back into his pretty blue panties, where it pushed out wildly against the silky fabric in a strange looking way. The panties the boy was wearing were shiny, real shiny, just like Wanda's, except the panties this boy was wearing had a lot of lace around the legs. That boy started touching himself through his panties, teasing his hard-on until he collapsed and sank out of sight. Then the woman's back crossed the window just before she pulled a cord and the blinds came down.

Michael started running out of the orchard to get home and try to make some sense out of what he'd seen, but as he came through the gate he ran straight into Wanda, knocking himself down. Laughing, she bent down and plucked some burrs off of his clothing.

"Michael, you're always running into me.

"You're such a bad boy; I think I should punish you right here."

She took the hem of her short skirt and tucked it into the waistband. He stayed on the ground as he looked up at her satiny mint green panties.

"Now tell me what all this running is about."

Michael looked at her panties then tried to look away, but he had to look back again. Wanda opened her bent knees.

"Do you want to put your face in there, Michael? Three little bows, Michael. Remember?"

"No. No! I don't . . . !"

"But you do! I can tell by the way you look in there."

She slid down beside him, hugged him and rubbed his cock and balls through his jeans.

"Three little bows, Michael. Are you going to help me get my fourth little bow?"

"No . . . I, . . . I . . . !"

Out of nowhere, Wanda pounced upon him and held him securely. She produced a syringe and shoved the needle right through Michael's jeans and into his balls.

"Ouch! That h-u-r-t-s! Let me go! Let me go!"

Michael was crying. Wanda stood up and packed the syringe back into a small case.

"Gosh! Don't act like a sissy, a big strong boy like you . . . now that didn't hurt. Did it?"



"Uh, huh!"

"Somebody watching would think I already turned you into a boy-girl! The shot is good for you. Now, didn't you sleep real well the night after I gave you your first shot? Come on, let's talk to Mrs. Wilson."

Fear gripped Michael as Wanda's hand grabbed his arm. She led him toward the cottage. He resisted.

"Michael, whatever is wrong with you?"

Instead of waiting for an answer, she slid her free hand down over his crotch again.

He panted, "Don't! Please, I . . . I . . ."

Wanda drew him to her breasts while she undid his pants and worked her hand inside.

"There, now doesn't that feel good, Michael? Did you dream about me last night?"

Michael's voice was muffled because her soft breasts were pressed up against his face.

"Yes . . . I . . . ah, I did . . ."

"Were they nice dreams?"

"Yes, . . . they . . . were nice . . ."

"Good," Wanda said. "Now come along like a good boy. Nobody's going to hurt you."

Once he stopped resisting, she took her hand out of his pants, let him get up and started leading him up the path.

"Mrs. Wilson and I are very good friends. She's wonderful, and you'll dream about her too."

"But no more shots! I hate them! They hurt really bad."

"Okay. No more shots. You won't need another one for a while anyway."

His apprehension about meeting Mrs. Wilson lessened when he saw her at the door. She was both pretty and cheerful, a classic mother type. She appeared so sweet and so harmless, but he also recognized her as the woman whom he had seen in the window. But something caught his attention, something fancy-a hint of purple and black peeking out between the undone bottom buttons of her pale green quilted housecoat. Michael began to fantasize about what she was wearing underneath.

Mrs. Wilson took his arm.

"My, what a lovely boy. Come in. Come in."

As Mrs. Wilson said 'boy' she looked at him up and down like a hungry lion ready to attack. He might have panicked again, but something was very warm and friendly about her. She drew him in like an enticing dream, drew him into her cute little cottage decorated in pretty pastel colors and filled with soft, sweet smells.

Michael watched Mrs. Wilson go ahead of them, inviting them all the way into the living room. As she made a quick turn and beckoned them to follow, the bottom half of her thin housecoat flowed wide open and exposed her purple nylon slip. It was edged with black lace. Michael thought it was very pretty.

The inside of her little cottage was dollhouse neat with all the traditional little feminine touches like doilies on the furniture, fancy draperies and dozens of plants and candles everywhere you looked. The living room of the cottage was pink, filled with frills and a musky perfume. But what made Michael uncomfortable was an exotic, multicolored cancan slip hanging casually over the back of a chair-and panties were everywhere. Panties! Panties! Panties! -- On doorknobs, over the backs of chairs, on cushions, on tables. Panties! There must have been hundreds of pairs. But they were neatly displayed, not like they were just thrown around-they looked like they belonged there.

He looked at Wanda. Even looking at her with her skirt down where it should be made him

think about the panties she wore beneath that skirt.

"I've got some nice cake and milk here for a growing boy. Have some while Wanda and I'll have some coffee and . . . ."

Wanda jerked her skirt up in the back as she sat down in a soft chair covered with flowered satin. She wiggled a bit as she took her seat. Michael swore he could actually hear her sleek panties swish against the satiny fabric covering the chair.

Michael stood in the middle of the room, but he didn't know what to do because no matter where he walked or looked to sit or stand, panties were staring at him from every direction. Wanda saw his confusion and invited him to sit down next to her.

"Michael's afraid to get dressed up in panties and other girls' clothes," she said.

Martha turned her face to him as she poured milk from a carton. "That's hard to believe, Wanda. Most boys love to get all prettied up in girlie things."

"That's what I keep telling him," Wanda said as she reached to Michael's belt and unbuckled it. For some reason he did not understand, he let her reach into his pants right in front of this strange woman. She pulled open his trousers and underwear to expose his genitals. Martha looked steadily at his penis and balls with a broad smile. She poured Wanda and herself a cup of coffee then pulled a chair up close to Michael and sipped her coffee as she took another good close look.

Wanda stroked him lightly to keep him fully erect.

"My, my, for a boy so afraid of putting on panties, his cock doesn't seem to be scared! He has an awfully big cock for a boy his age! I'd like to have it in my collection," she laughed.

"I've been letting him have some nice peeks at my panties, and he's been dreaming about them every night,"

Wanda said as she sipped her coffee and talked like she was discussing the weather.

Martha handed Michael his milk. The milk tasted unusual, but Martha's smile and the black and purple frills sticking out of the edge of her housecoat consumed his attention and made the taste of milk the least of his concerns. Martha looked again at his penis, which remained erect. She picked up a pair of satiny white panties with some pretty green lace on them and rubbed them on his penis. Michael's dick jumped and surged under her panty frigging fingers.

"I think Michael is ready to stay the night with me. Can you arrange it, Wanda?"

Michael looked in horror at Wanda. "No, no! I can't stay! I . . . can't," he pleaded.

Martha put both of her hands on his exposed penis; her fingers went slowly around it and adjusted its position under the panties. She got closer and closer to him until he could smell the warm, sweet perfume rising from the open neckline of her housecoat. She kissed his cheeks and started licking his ear.

"You'll like staying with me all night, Michael," she cooed.

He squirmed trying gently to back away from her hold but he stopped resisting when he looked down and noticed that her housecoat was now completely undone, exposing her ripe, mature body in her pretty black lace-trimmed purple slip.

He could see a bulge pushing out the front of her slip over her panty crotch. She gently rubbed it. He was sure she had one of those stuffed boy penises in there. But he really didn't want to know.

"Some people say I'm a wicked woman, but you can judge that for yourself. I don't think it will take you long at all to learn to enjoy wearing panties. Your penis throbs nicely in the nylon. Just think how nice they will feel to wear. I might have to spank you a few times until they get to you, but they will! They are so-o-o-o pretty, and soft! You're a lucky boy. Soon, you'll be asking

your foster mother to buy you some panties of your own!"

Michael looked at her with pleading eyes. His torment and sexual excitement were all mixed up. He was confused. Wanda had taken a pair of panties in each hand. She began rubbing them on his face, under his shirt and all over his body. She tweaked his nipples through the panties and shoved them down into his underwear. Both women worked to pull his pants and underwear down. They rubbed his penis, hips and butt with their panty-covered hands. Michael was crying but also breathing heavily with a thrusting hard-on. Mrs. Wilson explored his virgin asshole with her pantied fingers. His body jerked as she wanked his pantied pecker up and down, teasing him to the brink of orgasm then letting his urges back off only to repeatedly bring him back to the brink.

"Panties. Pretty panties. They feel so-o-o-o good. Are you ready to put on panties yet, Michael?" Mrs. Wilson teased.

He completely broke down and cried as he pleaded with them that he didn't want to wear panties and be a sissy.

With him in tears of excitement and frustration, the women brought the session quickly to an end. They stuck a pair of frilly pink panties into his pocket and ushered him out of the house, sending him home to think about what they had done and said.

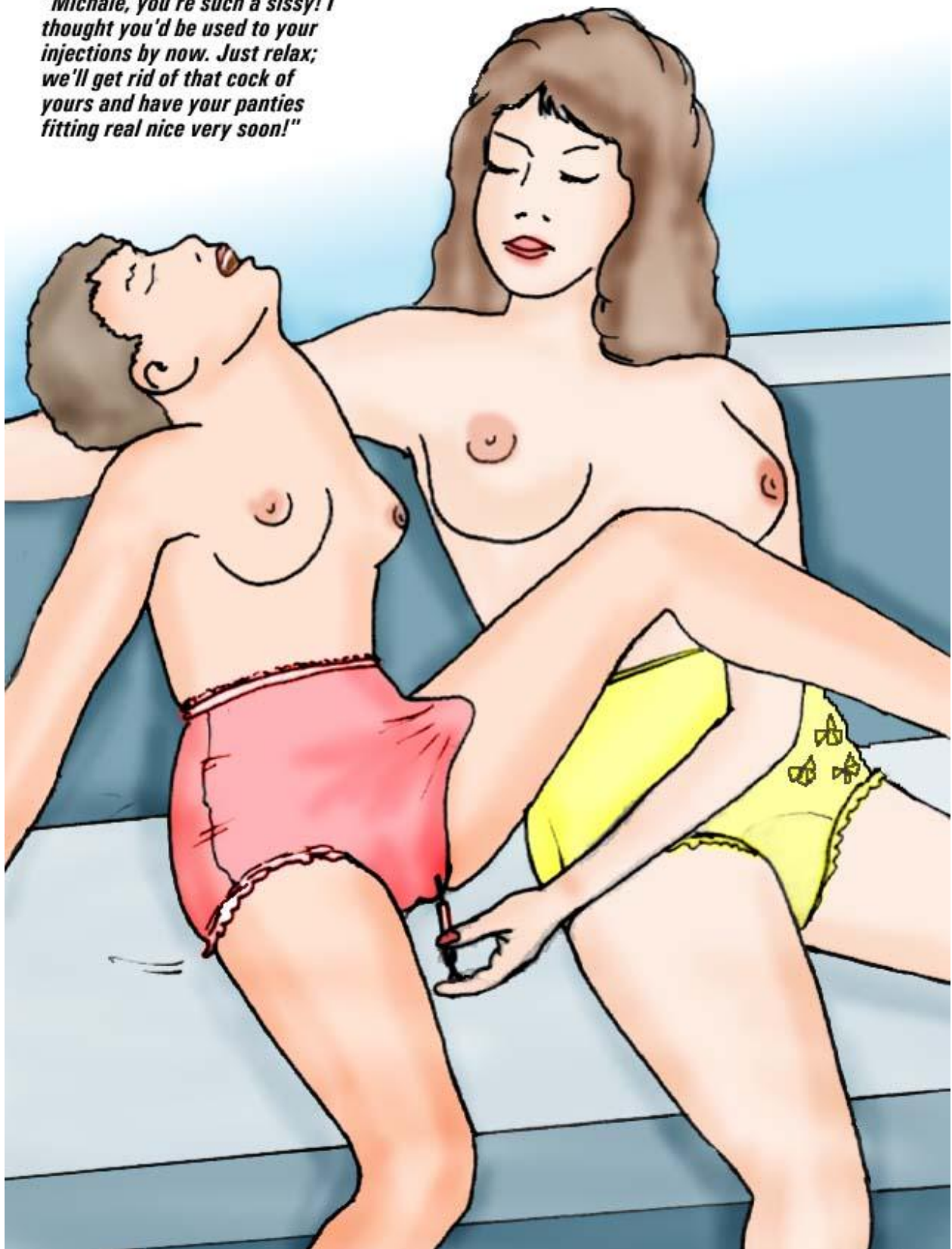
As he walked away from the cottage in a daze, he turned around for one last look. Once again he saw the little boy in the upstairs window with one hand on his little girl training bra and his other hand playing in his shiny panties, all the while swishing around like a crazed sissy. But this time the boy was wearing all pink lingerie.

Michael went home. He fell asleep just like Wanda said he would. But after a short nap, he took the panties out of his pocket and just stared at them for the longest time. His mind started working overtime. He got very confused. He slept little more that weekend, and when he did sleep, his mind was filled with wild dreams about spanking, wearing nylon panties, the boy in the window, having his cock cut off and other strange things.

In his diary, he could not fully describe on paper his jumbled emotions. His intricate fantasy stories were augmented with desperate attempts to draw nylon-clad buttocks and penis-filled panties. His erotic scribbling went on for page after page. At the end, in dozens of different colors, he kept writing the word, "Panties, Panties, PANTIES!"

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*"Michale, you're such a sissy! I thought you'd be used to your injections by now. Just relax; we'll get rid of that cock of yours and have your panties fitting real nice very soon!"*





## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

### **Feminization from a Male Point of View**

#### **Chapter 6**

September 15, 1970, Monday: After supper, Michael went to Mrs. Wilson's cottage because he couldn't stay away any longer. Mrs. Wilson and Wanda had a visitor by the name of Mrs. Betty Landola. She was collecting information on a

book about female domination and had been recommended to visit Mrs. Wilson to study what she was doing.

Within minutes of being inside the house, Mrs. Wilson simply handed Michael a dirty pair of pussy pink panties and told him to put them on. Michael was dumbstruck but automatically, turned away from them, lowered his pants and underwear and stepped into the panties as the three women smiled brightly and watched intently. With the panties in place, the mixture of perfume and body odors saturating the shiny fabric wafted up to his nostrils with an entrancing effect that left Michael light-headed. All three of the women stroked the soft nylon, smoothed out the fabric and plucked at the elastics to adjust the panties for a perfect fit over his thin little hips. Through the tingly panties, Martha fully cupped his penis and balls with one hand. Michael was shocked as he realized that his penis was erect.

"Is our panty boy's boner fully up yet?" Wanda asked.

"No. Not quite," Martha answered. "Finger fuck his boy pussy. See if that does it."

After Wanda stuck her middle finger in her mouth to moisten it, she reached behind Michael, pulled open the waist elastic of his panties and shoved her hand down between his ass cheeks. The moment her wet finger with its long sharp fingernail started probing, he jumped in horror and started to struggle only to realize that he was completely immobilized as the three women had him securely in their grip.

But Michael wouldn't hold still as Wanda finger fucked his asshole, so Mrs. Wilson made him get over her lap and gave him a dozen quick, powerful swats with the palm of her hand across the rear of his thin panties. Michael stopped resisting and stayed still after he was put back on his feet. A tear ran down his cheek as he rubbed his hands over the ass of his sissy panties to ease the sting.

As Michael watched, Wanda pulled off her skirt and blouse revealing her matching yellow bra and panties. She slipped into a yellow negligee and joined the other two women who were sipping their coffee.

Betty was in a conservatively styled but short-skirted red knit business suit. Her low-cut blouse, seamed black nylons, ultrahigh heels and two inches of lacy pink slip sticking out from beneath that skirt made this business suit the perfect outfit for the business of snaring young boys. And



Michael took full notice of what she was wearing. The women gathered around him again. Martha cupped his pantied genitals and Wanda thrust her hand down the back of his panties and fingered his asshole. This time ramming her finger in and out of his asshole, going deeper with every stroke. The full feeling in his butt made him dizzy and scared.

"His dick just jumped up about three sizes!" Martha laughed.

"I'm not all that deep inside him yet! Here goes!"

"The candy ass little sissy loves it!" Martha laughed. "Now it's hard enough to shove it up a virgin boy's butt. Bring on the faggot."

Wanda snapped her fingers and a boy, a year or two younger than Michael came sashaying into the room wearing a very full-skirted white and yellow flowered party dress. The boy was a disgrace to his gender. He danced around like he was on a cloud. He couldn't stop twirling around and alternately flipping up the front and then the back of his dress to expose his bright white cancan petticoats and his heavily frilled sissy yellow panties.

It was the boy that Michael had seen in the upstairs window on Saturday. The boy in the ridiculously girlish dress embarrassed Michael. How could a boy let himself be dressed like that! He was also embarrassed because he felt like a fool standing there in nothing but the pink panties he had on. The sissy boy in the dress staring at him made him feel even more embarrassed than just the three women staring at him. The women all laughed and introduced the boy to Michael. His name was David.

"David," Martha commanded, "kiss Michael."

Michael prepared himself to resist. He wasn't going to be kissed by a boy! But he was surprised when David quickly got to his knees in front of Michael and started kissing and sucking on his penis right through his stinky perfumed pink panties. Martha pulled back the leg elastic. Michael's penis leaped out. The boy swallowed it in one gulp, latching onto it with a high vacuum sucking motion.

Michael was in a daze. He had heard about such things, but he didn't think anyone ever really did anything like suck on a boy's cock. The whole idea was revolting to him, but at the same time, the pleasure of being expertly manipulated in the boy's mouth sent waves of chilling thrills over his entire body. Michael was in tears of pleasure, pain and torment.

"That's enough for now, David," Martha said. "If Michael's real nice, I'll let you do some more to him real soon."

The boy got up on his feet and danced out of the room, all the while licking his chops and smiling like a toddler with ice cream all over his face.

"You have good timing," Martha told Betty. "It's not too often that a woman gets to be present when a boy puts on his first pair of panties - and gets initiated into faggot sex too! Should be good for your research. I'm surprised he didn't put up more of a fight."

"But I knew he'd do it without a problem. I told you," Wanda said. "You should have seen him when I first showed him my panties; he nearly went out of his mind!"

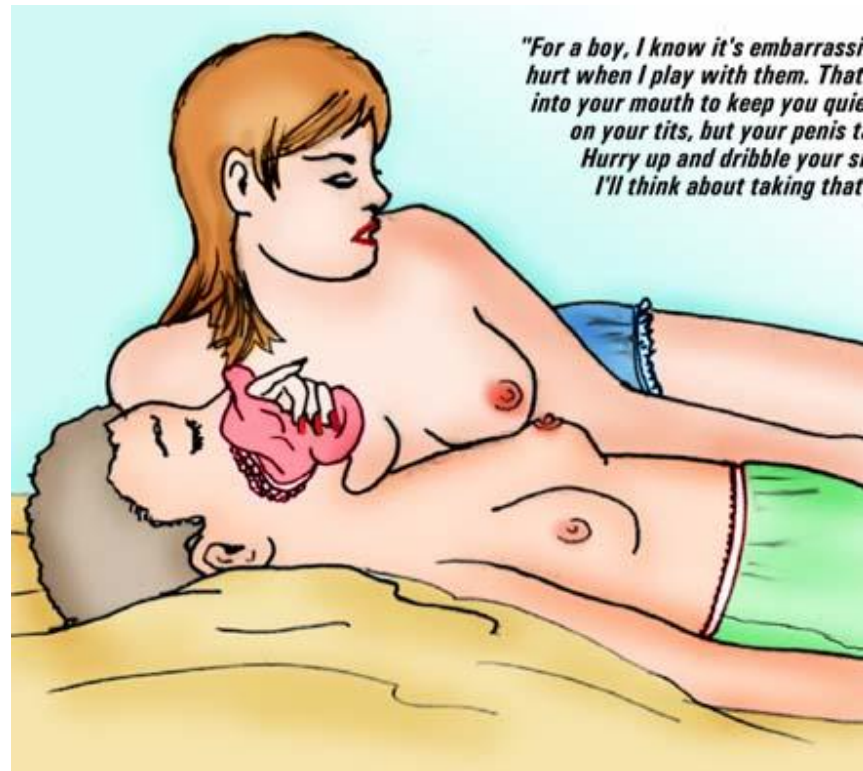
"What kind of panties were you wearing?" Betty wanted to know as she periodically jotted down notes for her book.

"A new pair of Lurate. White ones with my three little trademark bows. I like to wear similar ones all the time, just different colors. Michael saw them for only a moment, but from the expression on his face, I knew he was hooked perfectly."

Throughout this conversation, Wanda and Martha kept touching Michael in his panties. They had pulled their chairs together with him imprisoned in the middle. Betty was all eyes. She finished her note taking for the moment, and at Martha's insistence, joined them as they touched the boy's

pantied ass cheeks, snapped the tight elastics and tickled his hips through the soft panty nylon. The women's teasing hands sent him into a dream world. He closed his eyes, squirmed and moaned. They kept up their methodical stroking and teasing touching. Only periodically did they 'accidentally' touch his penis or asshole through the tantalizing nylon.

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## *Feminizers & Emasculators #2*

### **Feminization from a Male Point of View**

## **Chapter 7**

September 15, 1970, Monday: Continued

Knowing that he was lost in a world of panties, they didn't hesitate to speak about him as if he weren't even there because they knew his sense of hearing was practically inoperative while his body was being activated to the sensations of full panty slavery. Yet, if they so chose, they could activate his hearing to peak performance by simply whispering directly in his ear, especially if they whispered something about panties. But Martha wanted to show off her feminizing

techniques to Betty at this moment.

Martha and Wanda talked about feminizing boys and told Betty what they were planning for Michael as they put him through their well-practiced routine of touching and teasing, which kept him sexually at fever pitch. Betty watched and understood why these women were so successful in turning boys into boy-girls.

"Just look at his eyes, all red from lack of sleep!" Wanda said. "We better put him on an accelerated feminization program. He's probably already worthless as a male. At this point, if we did nothing else to him, he'd spend the rest of his life chasing girls for their panties, stealing them from clotheslines, and jacking off in them until his dick got raw and probably even infected from playing with himself so much. The poor bastard would probably end up in jail or the nut house. We better do him a favor and make him into a sweet, loving little boy-girl as soon as possible so he can at least be of service to someone."

"It's no wonder the boy can't sleep with both of you working on him while he's so impressionable," Betty commented. "I almost feel sorry for him."

Wanda stared at her in disbelief. "Betty, you're not serious? Michael is a male. It isn't our fault if males can be hooked for life on a little piece of sheer nylon!"

Martha diverted the conversation to less controversial ground, "If we do it right, in a few weeks he'll crave panties completely and hate his own masculinity. An escape into quasi-femininity will be the only tolerable thing for him. It's been only a week since Wanda first trapped him, but we've already started him on concentrated hormones. His breasts will start to develop very quickly, and they'll show him what the escape is."

"But isn't that awfully fast for such a sensitive boy," Betty said. "How do you give him his hormones and much do you have him on?"

"I've got Mrs. Millison giving him two grams a day in his food. I stopped by her house Friday while he was in school. I told her I was the school nurse and told her that we thought Michael was not getting enough sleep. I told her they were vitamins to help him rest better. I had to laugh when she told me that she had caught him in the wee hours of the morning the night before, stretched out on the floor of the bathroom in a pile of panties from the laundry hamper, crying and drawing pictures of panties!

She said she rubbed his face in a handful of dirty panties and paddled him real good to teach him a lesson.

I couldn't hold back a laugh when she told me that. It's like she was continuing his panty training at home. We couldn't have done it better ourselves! It was like we were providing him with panty slavery schooling and she was giving him homework!"

"Some women, especially strong, naturally dominant women, do things like that instinctively," Betty said referring to her research. "They don't even realize that their reactions, their hastily created punishments - intended to cure a boy from his attraction to panties - actually are a powerful reinforcement.

"I remember Clair Randall talking about it in one of her lectures once. She said such punishments, because they are so innocently done, could play havoc with a boy's mind. Many panty slaves can trace their compulsion for panties, not to an aggressive, seducing woman, but to such an incident, a defining moment in which a female close to him attacked him psychologically, unexpectedly and in a very simple way. It's so effective because it shakes the boy's foundation. Destroys his comfort zone. He starts to believe that all women and girls are part of a secret conspiracy to feminize him. It can end up being the point he always looks back upon as the turning point of his life."

Wanda took this conversation personally. She broke in, "Well, I wouldn't go that far. She doesn't deserve that much credit. I'm the one who drove him crazy with panties first! It will be me and my panties that he'll never be able to forget."

"Maybe, but probably not," Betty interrupted. "It's a well-known fact that most panty slaves, the ones who really get it bad, remember in perfect detail the particular pair of panties that first put them over the edge and they usually remember the buildup to what happened quite well, but many times they barely remember the woman who did it to them."

"Oh, that's not true!" Wanda nearly screamed with fire in her eyes.

Martha put up her hands to restore control. "Yes, a lot of what Betty says is true, but so what? Let's not forget why we're here. We're all interested in gaining control over all males. So what if you're the poster girl for one or a thousand boys? So what if none of them remember you! The point is: Tease them and hook them on your panties - in any way that works. Then dominate them into wearing panties, degrade them, fuck the machoness right out of their brains, then castrate them and move onto the next one! If we do it right and they take it well, they'll be sweet little sissies, little faggot puppets that will be of service to all women. If they don't . . . well, then . . . fuck them! Let them die in the loony bin or jail --their quest for panties having driven them to some unbelievable lengths!

"Now, let's all stop fighting. We have different views on things. So what! We all want to feminize and enslave all the males of this world so let's stop worrying about how to do it and who's going to get credit for what. Let's not miss this opportunity to have some fun bringing Michael here to the peak of sissyness."

Betty started slowly, trying to get the conversation for her research back on track.

"Are you doing anything more to Michael like . . . anything to intensify your panty training?"

"Wanda has also given him two booster shots of what I call my "sissyboy cocktail." The booster includes both male and female hormones, a sedative, Raditol to keep his cock hard all the time, and Micaloroxin to make it painful when he does shoot cum."

"Why give him male hormones?"

"Oh, that's one of the keys! We want to keep his penis hard and fully functioning as long as possible. It creates a special type of terror that makes a boy very easy to control when the female and male hormones are simultaneously pulling his body in two different directions. The terror of an unbridled urge to masturbate while at the same time seeing and feeling feminine changes taking place in his body eventually puts a boy right over the edge.

"We should have him completely broken in no time at all. You can see how he didn't resist very much when we told him to humiliate himself and put on his first pair of panties in front of you, a total stranger. And did you see how little he fought us when we had David come over and suck on his cock? Shall I see if he's ready to taste a little of my piss?"

"Ready?" Betty asked.

"Sure. Why not?" Wanda insisted. "If I wanted to, I could have him eating shit sandwiches before the night is out."

Betty said, "Isn't that going too fast? He could go insane. There's no point in that! I think you'd better go easy on him. He's just a weak little boy."

Wanda did not like that and fire showed in her eyes again. "I hook a boy good, and you want me to slow down when he's ready for more! Where's the fun in that? By the way, aren't you supposed to be taking notes on what we're doing - not trying to tell us what to do?"

Martha made peace: "Betty, Wanda, wait. Why don't I try a little gentler way of handling him - to slow him down a little bit would be good. It will give us more time to have fun with him as he

goes through the throws of forfeiting his manhood."

Betty shook her head. "Michael seems to be a very smart boy. That's why I'm concerned about him. I've seen too many women needlessly damage a boy's brain by either going too fast or needlessly prolonging his torture."

Wanda complained, "Why take your time with a sensitive boy when you can railroad him to castration? Results are what are important. Right?"

"Okay, Wanda, Betty!" Martha interjected, "You're both right. We do want results. And quick results are good because there is only so much time and so many boys. But at the same time, we need to be responsive to each boy's ability to handle what we're doing to him. We want lots of boys trained to do our bidding, but we want as little long-term damage to their brains as possible."

"Okay, Wanda, you can start him on licking your pussy, but control yourself. Don't just do it for cruelty's sake."

Wanda ran her forefinger along the waist elastic of her sheer panties and flashed a pouty smile,

"Why, Martha, since when have I been cruel to a boy?"

Martha continues, "Betty you can take your notes. Wanda's really good and getting a boy trained to eat pussy."

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