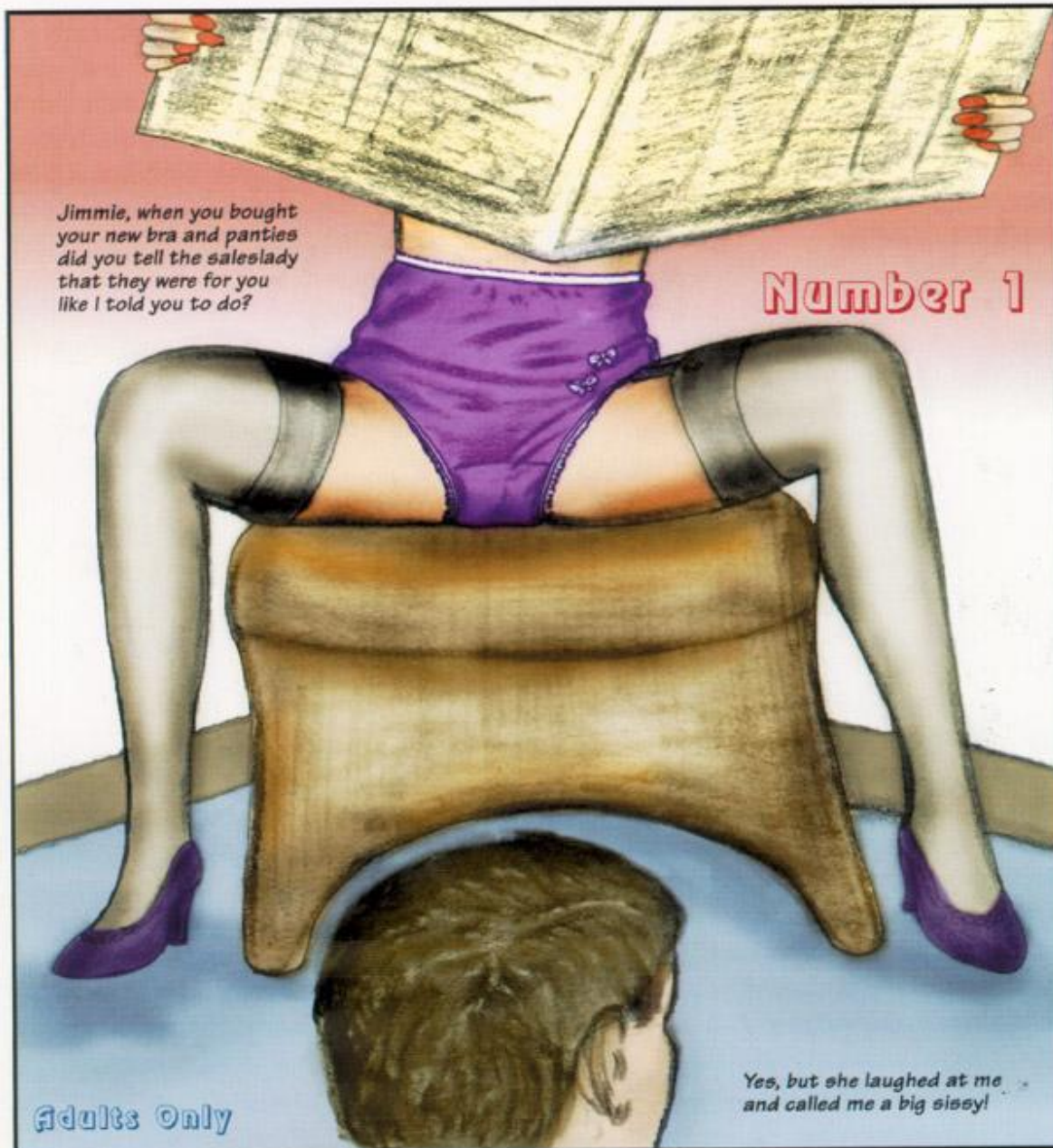


FEMINIZERS & EMASCULATORS



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*
**Making the World a
Better Place for Sissies!**



Dear Sissies,

Feminizers & Emasculators is a tribute to Jonathan Lee, who wrote some of the most exciting and original and stories ever created about dominant females panty-training and feminizing males. During the fifteen years his company, Skye

Publishing, was in operation (approximately 1970-1985), Lee wrote and distributed over one hundred forty-page booklets containing his unique stories and teasing drawings. He was primarily interested in dominant women, submissive men, panty training, face sitting, forced castration and toilet sex. His story themes centered around a growing female conspiracy, that was becoming an organized effort to overtake the male world. Total female supremacy was the soon-to-be-achieved goal.

Lee's illustrations were extremely simple line drawings. While quite ordinary technically, his drawings did capture a lot of the spirit and sensationalism of his unique stories. Many people probably saw Lee's writings as extreme and weird, but he had thousands of followers, who have not had any similar material since. For me, Lee had a tremendously fertile mind, however, I wish he would have produced so much more, especially more stories with a focus on feminization of the male. Therefore, I have produced this publication.

The stories are based upon my favorite excerpts and characters from Lee's works, totally reworked and given a treatment that I hope would please him. The illustrations are all fresh artwork based upon his original sketches or upon ideas expressed in his stories. Hold on to your skirts sissies because once you start reading this publication, you'll be in for a wild ride!

Happy stroking,

Your Princess of Panties,

Princess Lacey

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Welcome

Hi, boys! I'm Clair Randall. Put on your prettiest pair of sissy panties and play with yourself through the silky fabric as you read my stories. But I want you to stay hard, keep stroking until your balls ache before you cum. Only then do I give you permission to lose control and spunk your panties.

If I were there watching you, I'd laugh. Think of that while you're shooting your wad, sissy! Now start pumping and don't stop until you shoot, faggot!

P.S. When you're finished, lick up your mess!



Clair Randall's Philosophies and Her Fillette Fils* Sorority

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

Clair Randall is on a crusade to keep men from destroying the human race. She is organizing women and showing them how easy and rewarding it is to take control of the males in their lives. Her philosophies are based on the fact that women, not men, are much more levelheaded when it comes to managing time, people, resources, and most anything else. And that's because males are constantly distracted by their sex drives. It gets in the way of most every thing they do and clouds most every decision they make. With a severely limited ability to concentrate, most males are not good

owners, managers or functionaries. And the males who are good in those positions are usually good because in some way that position satiates their sex drive. With their wantonness properly channeled, they can be brilliant. Some say that's why most of the world's greatest artists, chefs, scholars, and business, financial and creative geniuses are men.

Some would argue that few women are in such heralded positions because throughout history, they have been oppressed and not given the opportunities available to men, and there is some merit to that argument. However, for every Joan of Arc, Eleanor Roosevelt and Madame Curie, there are thousands of men. For men, their sex cravings are both a blessing and a hindrance. Men can attain extraordinary heights, but they are a select few. Conversely, it is mostly men who populate the lowest echelons of humanity: compulsive rapists, serial killers, depraved ogres, and the entire list of the most despicable human beings. They have channeled their sex drive in a highly negative way. But the truth about most men: They have little control over their sexual appetite. It rules them. The problem is that the human race has to live with the consequences of the bad decisions and actions of the ones who channel their sexual hunger negatively and the other 99% who have almost no control over their sexually distorted thinking. Such men hold back the human race. It is time for women to take charge. Men can be tamed and trained to be great. Women are good at finding those exceptional men and helping them attain even greater heights. But men need to be strictly monitored and managed if the world is to survive. All men, even the greatest of them, need to be completely under the control of at least one female.

The greatest example of the insanity and bullshit of screwed-up male thinking is war. If you study the various wars throughout history, you'll discover that most wars were fought for absolutely ridiculous reasons. If you analyze warlords, dictators and evil egocentrics, they tend to be sexually screwed up. Their thinking process is heavily flawed, and their ideas are twisted, but they get others to follow them because they are great communicators and very adept at influencing others. These megalomaniacs are even able to convince their subjects to gloriously give up their lives for their cause. What would it take for you to give up your life? Study the wars of the world then decided if you would give up your life for the same reason millions of others have sacrificed theirs. Almost without exception, you wouldn't. I suppose during each of those wars "you had to be there" to get swept up into the irrational thinking of the crazed, charismatic leader, but from our perspective it's so pathetic and such a waste.

Men are lousy at a lot of things, especially at being in charge of things and especially at running the world! A lot of people make the argument that women wouldn't be good at controlling most things because they are too emotional and their emotions would get in the way of their decision making. We've all heard the jokes about women during their menstrual cycle, going through menopause or having a bad hair day. But do you think for a moment that any of those forces can alter a person's

thinking process and judgement one one-hundredth as much as the all-powerful, insistent and pernicious male sex drive? No doubt about it: A woman on her most emotional day is still more levelheaded and a better decision maker than a sex-on-the-mind male. What about the male whose every action is not in some way sexually motivated? Well, that guy is probably in a nut house, a nursing home or in some equally untenable situation. You wouldn't want that type of man in charge of any part of your life either.

Women not only generally think clearer than men, they have added pluses: They have superior communication skills, which is all important for settling disputes and getting along. When men have a dispute they quickly escalate the conflict to a physical fight because they are inadequate talkers and have been taught that violence is the way to subdue and control. When women have disputes they are much more apt to talk it out. They have been taught to express their emotions, not bottle them up like most men do until it is too late to work out an intelligent solution. Women also are much more open with one another. And instead of competing with one another on every level as do men, they bond with one another, especially in times of crisis. And we do live in a time of crisis. The biggest advantage females have over males is their morals. Women are intrinsically better people. A man with sex (either consciously and subconsciously) on his mind is much more apt to ignore the rules, fight the system and harm others. Whereas most females find it much easier to work together, live within a system and reach out and help others.

Since the beginning of time, many women have used both subtle and profound ways to gain control over men. Many of the world's most powerful women we don't know anything about! To accomplish their goals, they have had to let their men appear to be in charge. Many powerful men are almost completely under the influence of a woman. Emasculating a male does not necessarily mean taking away his power. Instead, a woman can take control of her man and then work through him to use his power. A woman like that usually exerts herself at key points in a relationship. Most every man needs to be periodically taught a lesson. He needs to be emasculated in a very profound way, a way which dramatically demonstrates to him that he is both mentally and physically inferior to the female who owns him.

Most people assume that males are physically stronger than females. After all, that's why women can't compete with men in most sports and tests of physical strength. Right? Wrong! This fallacy is based on the fact that most females are smaller in size than males. But when males and females are of equal size and weight, the match-up is much closer than most people realize. And if the female is fit and in shape and the male is out-of-shape, the female can easily be stronger. And in some areas of physicality, like the bone-crushing power of their inner thighs, females are far superior to males. However, the most unrecognized part of this equation is that physical strength and its importance are mental concepts. For example: Elephants are physically stronger than human beings, yet if properly trained, they actually

PHYSICALLY fear the puny little human who leads them around. They could squash their trainer in an instant, but they have been taught to fear him; therefore, they implicitly obey him. Intelligence wins over physical strength. Mostly by using sex, women are training males in the same way.

A clever woman can convince even the strongest male that he is inferior to her, both mentally and physically. She does this with sex and by outthinking the sex-always-on-his-mind male. Do you realize that most men who are in charge in their family situation, are in charge only because their women allow them to be? But especially in today's world, a powerful woman is not seen as the negative as in years past. And many powerful women are taking on the role of a leader, and many of them are doing it in a public as well as private way. By using both subtle and profound ways to emasculate them, women are putting men in their place (where they can do little or no harm) and taking charge. Feminization of the male can take many forms, and it can effectively control the formerly uncontrollable male.

It's refreshing to have bullies, pigs and know-it-alls adopt old stereotyped characteristics long attributed to the defenseless little female (submissiveness, weakness, timidity), and it's also fun to force arrogant males to act like simpering little sissies and have them adopt the clothes (like dresses, lingerie, Maryjanes) and ways (like curtsying, wearing makeup, getting beauty treatments) of the "inferior" female. Feminization of the male has been around since the beginning of time, and it is more evident today than ever before. Most any male can tell you one or more stories about how his wife, girlfriend, sister, aunt, neighbor, teacher, nurse, baby-sitter or even his own mother tried to feminize or emasculate him at some point in his life. Often it might have started like a game, such as dressing a boy in girls' clothes, putting a bow in his hair or getting him to try on lipstick, but the unspoken effect was usually a deadly serious attempt to usurp the male's power. While petticoat punishment, forcing a male to dress and act like a female, is a much more frontal attack on masculinity, most feminization in the past has been much more subtle.

For example, a teacher may have her students put on a play in which some of the girls' parts are played by boys. Innocent enough, but she probably knows that putting boys into dresses and lingerie can mentally castrate them and draw them into a lifetime of submissiveness to females. Another typical example: an aggressive girl catches her brother peeking at her while she is undressing. Instead of reporting him to their parents, she seizes the opportunity to humiliate him as well as bring him under her control by making him dress in her lingerie while she peeks at him! Sisters rarely miss an opportunity to take a stab at their brothers' burgeoning manhood.

Secretly wishing for a daughter, many mothers have playfully dressed their young sons in fancy party dresses and lace-trimmed panties. Vamping aunts and dominant cousins have been known to tease an impressionable boy until he agrees to dress up in pretty little girls' clothes as a joke at family parties or for Halloween. Millions, if not billions, of females have "innocently" exposed their feminine charms or "accidentally"

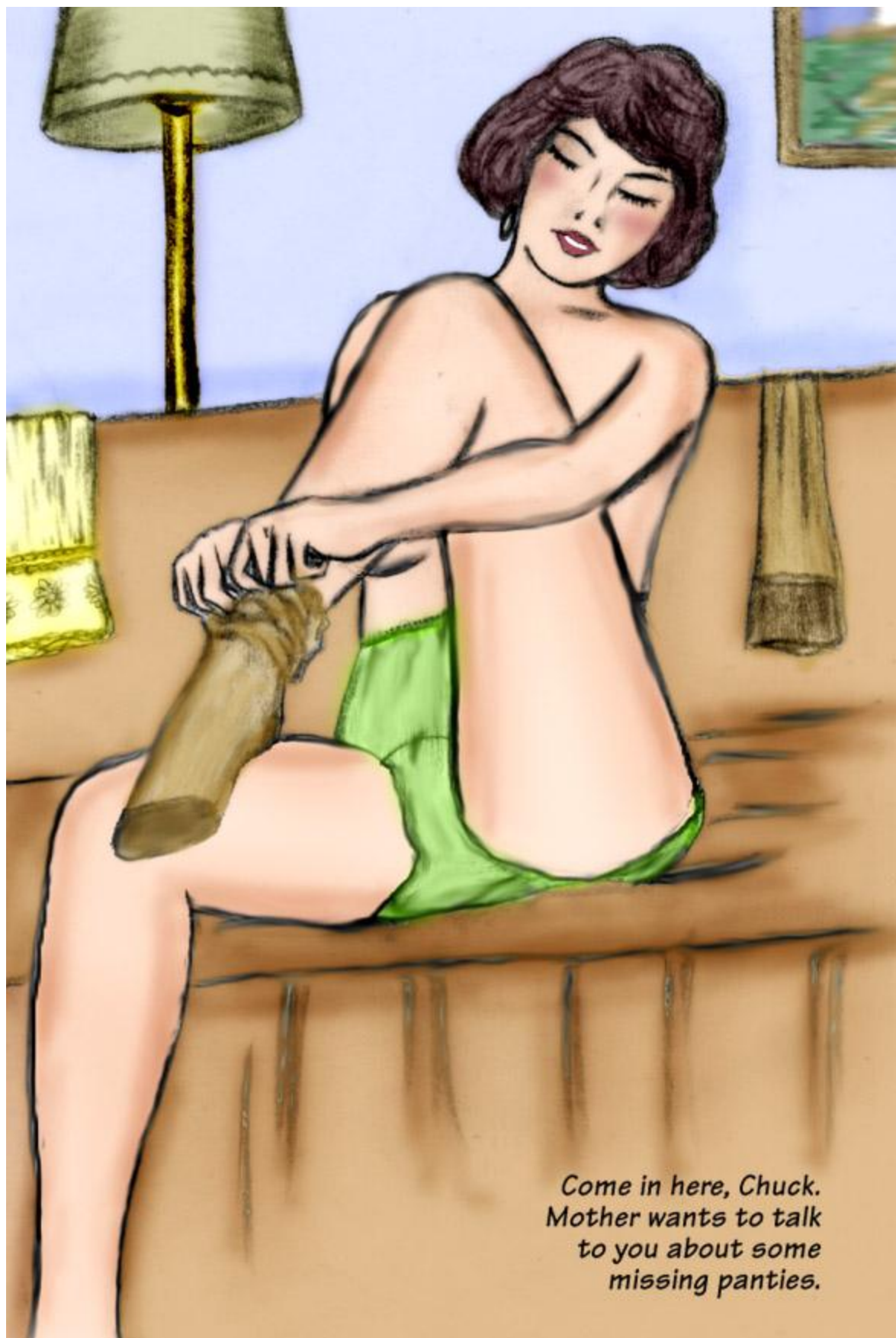
pranced around in their skimpy lingerie as a way of exerting some control over the males in their lives. Most of the women and girls who have used feminine clothing to tease and tame males know such treatment can turn a boy into a submissive little puppy boy. They tend to treat it like a game, but Clair Randall believes that these women and girls have no idea how far they can go with such fun and simple methods.

By refining these macho-crushing games into a comprehensive physical and psychological attack, Clair has demonstrated how easy it is to gain total control over most males. Her techniques combined with her superb training and organizational skills are quickly yielding an army of dominant females around the world who are taking control of their homes and most any man or boy whom they choose to attack.

Clair uses panty training and feminization to turn males into unselfish, devoted and obedient little toys. A drill sergeant seizes control of his troops by demoralizing them to the point that they are stripped of their pride, identity and individuality. Once those minds have been wiped clean of their preconceived notions, the drill sergeant sets the foundation and builds the ideas that will turn those raw recruits into a fighting machines willing to do whatever they are ordered to do. Through her Fillette Fils Sorority,* Clair is doing the same thing. She has taken innocent dress-up games and girlish teasing turned them into an aggressive attack on masculinity. She teaches females how to use sex and humiliation to invade and control the mind of any male. The goal is to totally dominate men and boys and train them to be houseboys, body slaves, ladies' maids, feminized robot sex objects or anything else the woman in charge of them desires. Clair believes our male-dominated world will be conquered one man and one boy at a time. Every male so trained means that there is one fewer male left in the world to screw things up!

Clair's approach is to develop chapters of her organization in neighborhoods throughout the country and eventually throughout the world. These informal gatherings are purposely kept small, ten to fifteen female members is usually the maximum. Typically they meet at the same time every week to learn from one another how to assert themselves over the males in their lives. They discuss the fine points of Clair's system, the organization's materials, methods, step-by-step instructions and goals.

Each chapter is kept small so the group can meet in each other's homes on a rotating basis and so each member can become fully involved at each meeting. Within such an environment, the host member is able to illustrate her particular family dynamics as well as show off male members of her family that she has in training. The women are encouraged to recruit their friends and neighbors, and as the group grows, it is broken up into smaller groups and additional chapters are formed. The following stories and reports are from the official record of the Fillette-Fils Sorority.



*Come in here, Chuck.
Mother wants to talk
to you about some
missing panties.*

Excerpts from the minutes of a Meeting of the Fillette Fils Sorority

Clair Randall, founder of the Fillette-Fils Sorority, personally starts each new chapter of her organization and works closely with individual members until the group is fully operational. Then she journeys elsewhere to start another chapter or to revisit and assist existing chapters.

Women and girls new to the process of training and taking control of a male need support, ideas, information and solutions to their individual problems. This report on Clair's work begins right after she has delivered a lecture to one of her newer groups. This typical meeting illustrates how the sorority helps women help themselves by bringing them together to share ideas and learn more about feminization and emasculation.

The Erie, PA chapter has been in existence just over a year. These wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, teachers, nurses, professional women etc. are typical of women everywhere.



Chapter 147 Erie, Pennsylvania October 20, 1979

Part 1

"Mrs. Randall, I'm Carol Slatter. I'm new here and I want to be sure I've got this right. With this technique you're describing, you say we're supposed to create sex-related guilts in a male then discipline him when his sexual obsession builds to the point that he loses control."

Clair nodded in agreement.

Carol continued, "Well, I've been taking every opportunity to train my boys that sex is naughty just like you say in your books. I get after them whenever I catch them doing things like touching themselves or peeking at me while I'm changing clothes, but what should I be looking for in them that will let me know that the time is right to advance

my training, to move from teasing and tormenting them to taking sexual control of them?"

"Knowing what to do and when is critical," Clair answered. "The ideal way to capitalize on a boy's guilt is to catch him in the full act of masturbation. Even gentle teasing can usually get them going. There are a hundred reasons why a boy doesn't masturbate at any particular time, but you must be aware that some boys are very clever. They masturbate in great secrecy and are extremely careful not to leave any telltale stains.

"Let me put it this way. Maybe all boys don't masturbate, but I've yet to meet one who doesn't! Even if a boy's not old enough to cum yet, they still masturbate because it feels good for them to touch themselves. It's a well-known fact that just about every baby boy masturbates, so it's not a question of whether or not a boy is masturbating. Take it from me: He is!

"Your initial goal is to make sure he knows that touching himself is very, very naughty. Furthermore, you must associate yourself with his 'naughty' pleasurable feelings. That's where your panties come in. They're a powerful symbol of you and of all females. Use them effectively, and you'll be in the driver's seat. Once you have established yourself as the source of his forbidden desires, you can do most anything with him. He'll be your slave for life!"

"But I'm not even sure that my boys are all that interested," Carol complained. "A couple of times I've left a pair of my panties lying around, but I don't think they even notice them!"

"It's probably time that you get a little bolder. Leave your door wide open when you are changing clothes and walk around the house a lot in just your lingerie, complaining that you're hot."

"My husband would have a fit. He already gets on me for even walking around in my floor-length nightie. He complains that the boys can see right through it."

"It sounds like your husband is much more aware of the effect you have on your boys than you do.

"Carol, does your husband like having sex with you?"

"Are you kidding? He's always after me."

"Well, there's your key. Cut him off unless he lets you decide for yourself how much you want to be dressed (or undressed) in your own home. Cutoff a sex hungry man and he's very easy to sway."

"I'm sure you're right. At times when I'm really not up to it, he starts purring after me like a lost kitten. At those times, I can do most anything . . ."

"See? You've had the power all along. Don't fret about your husband. Use sex to control him. Why don't you get more aggressive with your female things? Start leaving your used panties around lot more. Make sure that they're nice and dirty and heavily scented with your perfume. Put them on door knobs, all over the bathroom and even put a pair on their pillow once in a while just before bedtime. That's a fun

situation. You just leave them on one boy's pillow or the other. When the boys see the panties they'll wonder why they were the one who did or didn't get the panties that night. Even if a boy is gay, he'll probably react to them."

"Oh, my boys aren't gay . . ."

"I didn't mean to imply that they were. I just wanted to say that even if a boy is gay, he can be trained to your wishes. It's a surprise to some, but gay boys can be easily hooked on a woman's panties-and hopelessly hooked on them! They may abhor the idea of having sex with any female, but that's not the issue. They are still extremely vulnerable to being panty trained. Gay boys in particular are ultra sensitive to their mother and her things.

"If your husband complains about you leaving your things all around, simply ignore him and shut him out that night. The next night have your pretty things still strung all over the place. Believe me, he'll be much less apt to complain about them."

"Mrs. Randall, . . ."

"Clair. Just call me Clair."

"Well, Clair, you make it sound so easy."

"Well, often it isn't easy. Especially at the start, because you're trying to change patterns of behavior that have existed in your house for years. You're making a move to take over control in your family. And you're going to do it with your femininity, something none of the males in your family can really defend against."

"You make it sound so natural. I'm getting all excited just listening to you and dreaming about how ideal everything would be in our house if everything would work as you say."

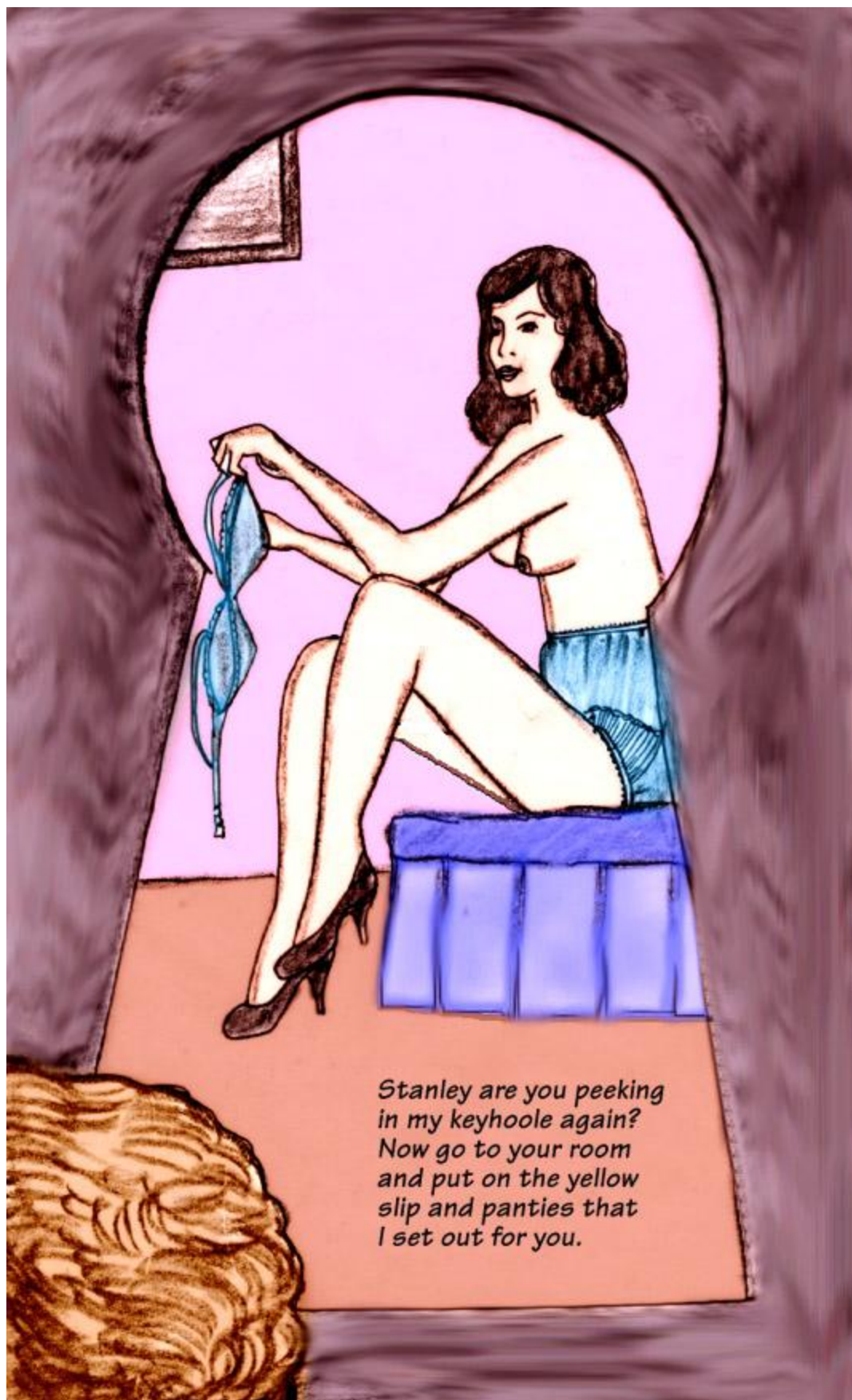
"Carol, it's not necessarily easy. But from what you told me, you definitely have a start and you should be able to keep your husband in check. Now you have to start moving in for the kill."

"Well, Clair, quite frankly, I'm not so sure about that either. I mean, getting my boys to wear panties and girls' clothes. Wow! Don't get me wrong. I love the idea. I've even dreamt about it, but, but . . ."

"But, but nothing! Have you bought them panties yet?"

"I've been looking. I don't know what kind to get. Maybe I'll start them on some plain ones."

"No. Go out and buy some really pretty fancy panties for them so you can force them to wear them for punishment when you catch them jacking off. Be bold. Put those panties right in their dresser drawers alongside their regular underwear. Show them to your boys and tell him why they are there! In addition to that, show them to your husband and tell him that you won't have your boys staining up the sheets and their pajamas and everything else with their semen. Tell him you're going to make the boys wear them as punishment if you catch them masturbating!"



Stanley are you peeking
in my keyhoole again?
Now go to your room
and put on the yellow
slip and panties that
I set out for you.



Excerpts from the minutes of a Meeting of the Fillette Fils Sorority

Part 2

"I don't think my boys will start doing it by themselves. It's hard for me to think of them, um, in a, a sexual way like that. I don't think they know anything about masturbation yet."

"Believe me, they know! You'd be surprised. Test them out. Show them what panties feel like."

"How do I do that?"

"Mrs. Manchester, here, can probably explain very well," Clair said as she laughed and turned toward a red-haired woman sitting on a piano bench. "She's initiated all five of her boys over the past year or two. Debby, would you?"

Debby took a quick sip of her coffee then smoothed out the hem of her short woolen skirt as she stood up to address the sixteen women in attendance.

"I found out that you have to be creative, take opportunities when they are presented to you. When I first learned about panty training, I was anxious to get started with my boys, but I waited for the right opportunity to present itself. Then one night Johnnie, my oldest, had been rough housing it and ripped his pajamas pants right down the front. Without hesitating, I reached into the hole and grabbed ahold of his naked penis. I playfully jerked on it as I admonished him for being so careless. As I held out the hem of the baby doll nightie I was wearing, I told him that I'd bet he'd take better care of his clothes if they were all silky and lacy like mine. Then I rubbed the crisp lace and silky fabric of my nightie all over his penis."

"What did he do then?"

"He squirmed and became very embarrassed with me touching him so intimately. I followed Clair's instructions . . . like the 'first-time contact' scenarios in her basic training book. I held his privates firmly with the index finger of my right hand in the groove on the underside of his penis. He really felt it. I could tell by the spaced-out expression on his face as I gently stroked him and rubbed his little dickie against my soft nylon baby dolls."

"It was quite late on that particular night, he had had a long day, and I knew he was completely exhausted so I let him get into bed, but not before I stripped him of his

pajamas and had him snuggle up close to me so I could stroke his entire body against the soft nylon of my silky baby dolls. He moaned in terror as I made him tell me how nice they felt. I'll never forget the pleading expression on his face, like he was torn between desperately wanting more and fear of such intimate contact with his mother.

"Still naked, I tucked him into bed. I turned out his light, stripped off my baby doll top and panties and gave them to him. I told him he could snuggle up to them and pretend that I was right there in bed with him all night long. He was hesitant about touching my nightie and panties, but it wasn't long before he willingly embraced them alongside his body. In the dark, I played around with him and kept stroking his little body through my nightie. When I noticed his hands were cold, I told him I'd warm them up real quick. I put his hands on my naked breasts then put them right between my legs - actually right in my crotch! Even though he had been quite exhausted, his eyes immediately lit up. It took him almost an hour to get to sleep that night!

"I kept checking on him, and once he did fall asleep, I did other things to him . . . I think doing things when a boy is asleep is a great way of making progress quickly."

Clair interrupted, "Yes, boys get awfully tired sometimes. Don't think you've failed because they get irritable and want to go to sleep. A very tired boy will go into a very deep sleep. That's important because you don't want him to wake up just as you get things going right. Take your time, get everything ready. And, yes, it is important to get your fingers in the right place on a boy when you grab his cock."

"What exactly did you do to him in his sleep?" Carol asked.

"I draped my baby doll top over his chest like a blanket. The panties were drenched with my bodily aromas so I rubbed them under his nose to start training him to my personal perfume. Then I stroked his penis with the panties. Just gentle teasing, rasping his dick against the nylon. I tried to be very gentle so I wouldn't disturb him because I wanted to establish sexual contact with him on a subconscious level first. But after about ten minutes of very gentle touching, he started to wake up. When he saw me there, I pretended to be hunting for something in his dresser. He smiled at me and seemed to be in a very pleasant dreamlike state then quickly went back to sleep. I started touching him up with my silky panties all over again."

"Did you make him cum?"

"Oh no. I just wanted him aroused, frustrated, so he'd start doing it himself. Once Johnnie went back to sleep, I did some more. I kept doing it more and more. At breakfast the next morning, in front of the whole family, I asked him if I could have my nightie and panties back. Everyone stared at him. He became so embarrassed. My daughters couldn't stop laughing when he promised to put them back in my bedroom. That was great.

"That night, after he had gone to sleep, I brought in those baby doll panties (still unwashed) along with a pair of panties I had worn while playing tennis that day. I always wear one of those silky pairs of tennis panties with all the ruffles on the ass. Well, these were white with bright yellow lace and ruffles, and they were really ripe

with my essence! I had worn my tennis outfit all day long and made sure he had plenty of peeks up my dress as I bent over before him and sat around the house with my legs sexily parted. Well, as he was asleep, I put those tennis panties up to his nose while I stroked his penis through the baby doll panties until I was able to get him to touch his panty-wrapped penis himself without waking up. I left him teasing himself with my panties. I don't know if he teased himself to climax or not that night because I left his room while he was starting to go at it pretty strongly. I didn't want to be there if he blew his wad because that would probably wake him up and he'd see me. I wanted him to think of himself like a helpless little pervert alone and unable to stop himself from jacking off into his mother's panties. If it worked, I'd have plenty of opportunity to catch him playing with himself once he was addicted to playing with my panties.

"The next morning he was red-faced when he came down for breakfast. As we ate I made a reference to my tennis panties, saying that I couldn't find them. I looked him in the eye and asked him if he knew where they were. He blushed heavily, didn't say a word. He shook his head 'no' and kept his head down as he ate his oatmeal. Everyone looked at him, but no one said anything.

"After he went off to school, I went looking through his room for my panties, but he must have hidden them because I couldn't find them anywhere. I figured that was a good sign because it meant he was feeling guilty about getting himself all worked up with his mother's panties."

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Johnnie, when you're finished looking
up my skirt, go suck off the dog.
He's been howling all morning. Then
masturbate on your cereal and eat it.



Excerpts from the minutes of a Meeting of the Fillette Fils Sorority

Part 3

The women laughed, but Carol still had questions, "But how do you tell when a boy is ready for it?"

Clair stood up. "Use the guilt-desire balance that I discussed in the lecture. There's also a chart in my book on "Hooking a Boy" that you might find helpful. It gives a long list of signs to look for at each stage of development.

"Remember, it is most important to start early, build up your boy's guilt about sex by constantly telling him everything associated with sex is bad. For example, tell him sexy things he sees on television are naughty, tell him not to look at them but don't turn the channel! And when he touches himself to make himself more comfortable like boys do, slap his hands and tell him that's naughty too. I've heard that some women have their boys wearing the same dirty underwear day after day until they get so dirty they start to chaff and become very uncomfortable. Doing that will make them touch themselves all the time trying to get relief. Then when these mothers catch their boys scratching themselves, they accuse them of masturbating.

"Leave panties directly in your boy's path, like on the door knob to his room so he has to touch them to open the door. Then make cutting little remarks and associate the panties with naughtiness when he does touch them. Panties, of course, will be much more exciting if he thinks looking at them and touching them is naughty. Believe me, when he's ready, it will be obvious."

"Is there such a thing as coming on too strongly?" Mrs. Slatter wanted to know. "I mean, one day when my husband wasn't home, I put a few pairs of my panties in the boys' bedroom then made them go in there to do their homework. I stripped down to my bra and panties, a nice matching set in light purple, and went into their bedroom, only covering myself with a thin peignoir. They tried not to look at me. They complained to me about not being able to concentrate and pleaded with me to let them go outside and play. Thinking I failed, I gave in and let them go outside. Should I be more direct?"

"I don't think you were a failure at all. Didn't the boys admit that they couldn't concentrate! You and your panties were getting to them even though they were fighting it and trying to ignore what you were doing. Boys try to appear disinterested especially with their own mother in such situations because there is so much guilt associated with incestuous feelings.

"Remember it's very important for your boys to see panties on you as well as lying around the house -- a lot of panties, even dozens and dozens of them! And every day if possible. Especially if, as in most families, lingerie has always been hidden away in dresser drawers and only talked about in whispers. For all of a sudden to have intriguing things like wispy little bras, silky petticoats and fancy panties draped all over the place, it will have a marked effect on a growing boy even if he pretends like they don't exist. He'll try to ignore them and make like they don't mean anything to him, but they'll start to occupy more and more of his attention. He'll find them interesting to look at, especially if you've primed him with a lot of panty displays up your skirt as you sat casually around the house.

Then in the privacy of the bathroom, he'll probably start to spend more and more time so he can secretly study them. So make sure you always have plenty of interesting bits of lingerie hanging on the shower rod, in the laundry hamper and draped over the edge of the bathtub. And have some of them well stained too!

"One way to tell when he's ready is that he'll start staying in the bathroom longer and than he should. Best to use a full-cut brief style panties, soft and feminine with lots of pink lace. They provide a lot of silky material, interesting seams and puckery elastic for the boy to study. He won't be able to leave them alone."

"What does a boy do with panties?" Carol innocently asked.

Debby and several of the other women burst out laughing.

"That is something every woman should see!" Clair said with a chuckle. "First he usually just looks at them. It's so funny, because he'll keep trying not to look!"

"And his penis gets big?"

Debby could hardly control herself. "With panties hanging in the bathroom, it doesn't take long. His cock will get HUGE, and if he went to the bathroom to urinate, he gets so excited, he won't be able to go. Then he can't come out of the bathroom. Most likely, he won't be able to help himself. He'll have to break down and touch them. Many women like to leave them hanging in a certain way so whenever their boy touches them, they can tell.

"And when a boy's ready, he has to touch them!"

Despite Debbie's raucous laughter, Carol continued to ask her questions in a cold, scientific manner. "Will a boy masturbate right away the first time? I mean, should I have the strap and a nice pair of panties ready for him wear?"

"Absolutely! Maybe have a dress ready for him too! Once you know the boy is touching the panties, you can accuse him of masturbating with them and he'll turn every shade of red with embarrassment if he's been well conditioned into thinking

what he was doing was naughty."

Clair detailed many of the different ways one could train bold, very masculine boys compared to the wimpy or sissy types. While she enjoyed the challenge of a tough boy ready to fight, she obviously relished training shy boys much more.

"A boy goes through periods when he doesn't have much confidence in himself. At such times, panties confuse him even more. Even a bold boy can be shocked when he experiences his first ejaculation over a pair of panties. He probably doesn't even know exactly what he just did, all the more important for him to associate that first sexual experience with you and your panties. It's the easiest time to gain unconditional control. During those formative years, make sure you touch his penis frequently with your panties (like in his sleep) and with your bare hands (like pretending to tuck in his shirt and straighten out his clothes. But remember, your goal is to get him to masturbate himself with associations to you and your panties. Most of all, don't be in a rush with the panties. Let the boy struggle with them a few weeks, even months.

"Then he will really get to appreciate female power," Clair added. "Some boys quickly get to the point where they can't resist trying on a pair of the forbidden panties, even if his mother is a lot larger than him and her panties are very big on his little body."

"I'm not so sure about being able to do things like that. What about having girls his own age give a boy his first exposure to panties?"

"Well, any woman or girl could do it, but we've discovered that nothing is as strong as the incestuous guilt a boy feels toward his mother."

"What's an easy way for him to me in my bra and panties without being too obvious?" Carol asked. "And how often should I do something like that?"

"Start out by just giving him teasing little peeks up your dress or leave your door open a bit when you're changing clothes. Increase or decrease the time you let him look according to how interested he is. The more interested he becomes, the more opportunities you give him but the harder you make it for him to see you.

"In other words, tell him you have to change clothes, then make him get you some clean panties from the fresh laundry in the basement. When he comes back with the panties, you are in your room changing with the door almost closed. He'll probably knock to let you know that he is there. When he hands you the panties, let him get a good look at you partially undressed. Hold up the panties and inspect them. Thank him, then warn him not to peek in on you as you change into them or you'll have to punish him. Then start changing into the panties right in front of him without closing the door.

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Excerpts from the minutes of a Meeting of the Fillette Fils Sorority

Part 4

"A teenage boy fighting to establish his independence is especially responsive to

the things his mother says even though he may pretend to ignore her. In his rebellion, he is on very shaky ground. He doesn't know what he really wants. He just knows that he wants to rebel against the world, and his mother represents all authority. Therefore, his mother's positions on certain things are very important to him. He's constantly listening for concepts and searching for symbols. By knowing what his mother doesn't like, he's always tempted to do the opposite.

"A smart mother can take advantage of that situation. For example, she could make

up a story about a boy who had recently been caught peeking in windows and stealing panties. Then she could launch into a tirade about how disgusting and evil it was for the boy to invade a woman's privacy by looking at her while she undressed and by using her lingerie to rub himself to ejaculation! She would then tell her son that it would be the most upsetting thing that could ever happen if he did something like that with her panties! It was a sin against nature for a boy to think of his mother in such a way and use her lingerie for his sexual satisfaction.

"Guess what? Even if a boy like that never had such an idea, the very fact that his mother is so strongly against it firmly plants that idea in his head. Often a boy like that can't wait for an opportunity to steal a pair of his mother's panties. At first he might not even know why he is so tempted to take them. He tells himself that he just wants to look at them close up and see what all the fuss is about. Then as he holds them in his hands, smells their perfume and thinks about them hugging his mother's body, he'll probably become erect. (Young boys entering puberty get erect over everything!) Most likely, he won't be able to stop himself from working himself up to a climax. That boy is well situated in his mother's trap.

"Other boys might need a little prompting, so then the next day, his mother 'innocently' leaves her lingerie all over the place then tells him that she's going to be downtown all day shopping!"

"Every boy knows it's very wrong to think of his mother sexually, but it's easy to get a rebellious boy so he can't stop such thoughts from dancing around in his head!" Carol said as she restated the concept.

"Exactly!" Clair said emphatically. "When that mother puts a pair of her panties in his path, she's throwing down the gauntlet.

Especially if he suspects that she put them there on purpose, the boy's inner conflict between sexual desire and incestuous guilt will drive him crazy! Since he's ripe to challenge every traditional concept, he can't resist! Some boys may fight such thoughts for a long time, but it's important to keep baiting and teasing them until they break down and shoot their wad into a pair of your panties. Am I right, Debby?"

Debby was still grinning wildly and on the verge of laughing.

"My first boy fought the panties for weeks! I used some beautiful pink ones on him. I bought myself a dozen pairs from K-Mart, all of them in pink but decorated in various ways. On the night that I bought them, I took them in and showed them to him when I tucked him into bed. I made it like it was something secretive and naughty. I whispered to him I shouldn't be showing women's panties to a boy like him, but they were so pretty, I just had to show someone. I put the stack of panties on his nightstand then, one by one, I held up each pair for him to see. I kept thrusting them right up to his face. I had already sprayed them all with my perfume, and I know he noticed that. I made him feel the soft fabric and starched new lace between his fingers. I told him that the panties made me so excited that I just couldn't wait to try on a pair. So pretending to be modest, I turned away from him, took off the white pair of Vanity

Fair briefs I was wearing and stepped into one of the new pairs of panties. I had carefully planned it so he could look at my reflection in the wall mirror and see every detail of me opening my housecoat and changing panties. I made sure I wiggled around a lot as I tugged the new panties up high around myself. I ran my hands all over them to smooth out the snug fit. Then I let my robe slide closed. I picked up the white panties I had been wearing and playfully rubbed the fragrant briefs into his blushing face as I accused him of peeking at me. Then I sat down on the edge of his bed, and we examined my stack of newly purchased panties together like mother and daughter. Each pair had a slightly different arrangement of lace and decorations. He looked at each pair with a mixture of longing and fear. He seemed to be very apprehensive about the whole situation.

When I got down to the bottom of the stack, I came to a smaller but similar pair of the pink panties. I pretended to be displeased as I told him that the saleslady must have made a mistake. Then, saying that since they were about his size, I playfully asked him if he wanted to try them on.

He started breathing deeply, his mouth gaping open in horror, tears welling up in his eyes. I set the panties aside. We talked for a while. Then, I left him to go to sleep, pretending to have forgotten both the small pair of pink panties and the white panties that I had taken off and left dangling over the edge of his bed. On the way out of his room, I closed his door, but less than a minute later, I could tell that he had switched on his light because I could see it shining through the gap at the bottom of his closed door. That first night was a knockout, but it had been months in the buildup, developing his fears and guilts with me, sex and panties.

He had nightmares that night. From outside his room, I could hear him screaming and crying. The next day, I started leaving my panties all over the bathroom. I know he tried to avoid using the bathroom after he saw them there. At one point, he went next door, pretending he needed to borrow something from his friend, but I know he used their bathroom while he was there. He fought the panties, stayed at his friends for long periods of time, even stayed after school and did his homework because he couldn't concentrate at home! Still my panties got him."

Debby snickered in her throat with womanly pleasure, "They really got him one afternoon when he came home from school and thought I wasn't there. He collected panties from all round the house, the clothes hamper, my closet, my dresser, every place for them! He made a huge stack of them on his bed then started to masturbate, rubbing them all over his body and swollen penis. I walked in on him carrying Dad's old leather belt, strapped him red and made him put on that little pair of pink panties.

He cried and pleaded with me not to make him wear those "naughty ladies panties" (as he kept calling them), but I made him strip on the spot, put them on and stand in the corner to think about his sins. I went to his sister Mary's room, got him one of her old training bras and made him put that on too. When his sister and four younger brothers came home, I made him tell them why he was being punished. They laughed

at him in the bra and panties and called him names. However, Dean, my next oldest, got a hard-on in his pants. Of course, I took the opportunity to call him a gay boy, made him put on a pair of his sister's lace panties and one of her old training bras too and made him stand in the corner alongside his brother. I didn't have to strap him because he's already a sissy. If I just raise my voice at him, he crumbles.

"Anyway, when their father got home for supper, I made the boys model their panties for him and tell him what had been going on.

Ray was totally embarrassed for his sons, but he knew better than to dispute me. He backed me up and told them they had to do what ever I told them to do. That's when I told them they'd have to wear the bras and panties for a week!" Debby sat down laughing.

Carol wanted to know, "Couldn't such drastic treatment totally confuse a boy?"

Clair explained, "Of course, but confusing the male mind is the best way of conquering it!"

"Dean used to protest that he didn't want to wear his sissy bra and panties, but I'd just pull his cock out of his panties and point out to him that he must want to wear them because his cock was always so hot and hard. He'd cry, but he knew better than to try to go without his lingerie unless I told him it was okay to take them off.

"Kurt, my youngest boy, was a very wild, macho type - all boy. He wouldn't sit still for panty training, and I didn't have much patience. I wanted to train him quickly and efficiently so I made him sleep in the nude with Dean, whom I made sleep in nothing but silky panties. Dean always had a hard on when he wore panties so with both those boys in a little single bed, I'm sure Kurt had a lot of accidental contact with Dean's pantied penis. In fact, Dean was really taking to his sissyness so I wasn't surprised when Kurt complained that Dean was always rubbing up against him at night.

I decided to accelerate Kurt's training because he was really resisting so I fed him female hormones that I ground up and put in his food. As his breasts started to develop, I frequently made a point of letting him catch me in just my bra and panties. Then one day, I left my bra off. When he saw me, he couldn't help staring. I grabbed his bulging erection right through his pants and scolded him severely for peeking at me. I pushed my breasts right into his face and made sure he got a good look as I fondled him, all the while belittling him for being a Peeping Tom.

After that I didn't miss any opportunity to tease him with my breasts. I wore fancy bras or low-cut tops without a bra or paraded around in just my panties and "accidentally" ran into him in the hallway. Whenever I caught him staring, I'd tell him it was naughty for him to stare at his mother's breasts. It didn't take long for him too become very breast conscious.

"When he complained to me that his breasts were itching and hurting (a natural result of the estrogen), I told him it was because he was always being naughty peeking at my breasts and God was warning him. I told him that if he didn't stop being obsessed with my breasts, God would make him grow breasts just like mine!

"You should have seen the shocked look on his face when I told him that. Then I made him take off his shirt. I told him I thought his titties were starting to grow (even though I couldn't see any development at that point yet) and offered to let him try on his sister's training bra to see what it felt like. He ran from my room in horror.

"About a month later, Kurt's nipples were already getting larger and his breasts were getting a little puffy as they starting to fill out. It was quite a sight to see girlish titties growing on such a little boy, especially since he was so thin and small and otherwise so boyish looking.

"After several more weeks, he had little mounds with distinctly enlarged nipples. I reduced his hormone intake from the high dosages I had him on. I wanted his to keep his breasts at this embarrassing, but not too obvious level. They were quite small, but to him they must have looked and felt like canteloupes. I had effectively terrorized his mind by manipulating his body. He was so distraught, disoriented and completely self-conscious.

"At our family reunion, uncle Ralph noticed Kurt's titties and wouldn't let him alone. He teased him unmercifully and kept feeling him up and trying to pull up his shirt to get a look.

"The next day I went shopping for a training bra. I got the plainest, smallest one I could find that would fit him. At home that night, I actually got Kurt to try on the bra as I talked to him about how his uncle had been teasing him. I told him that the bra was a tight one that would make his titties less noticeable, and no one would know about it except us. Kurt broke out into a never-ending flow of tears that night, but he did let me put the bra on him. Of course, I did it all with a lot of smiles. I let him know that I was laughing at him on the inside as I kept going over the fit of his bra and complimenting him because they were such beautiful little breasts, even if he was a boy!

"Eventually, he learned to live with his titties. He would wear his bra sometimes at home, but never when outside of the house. Instead he would always wear several layers of clothing (even in the warmest weather) while he tried to be very cautious to avoid any situation that would expose his breast development to anyone else. However, certain situations were unavoidable, like when we'd have weekend family pool parties at Grandma's house during the summer.

"But even there everyone got used to seeing him with his little titties, and it was an unspoken rule not to tease him about them. Even his uncle stopped his onslaught. Everyone was satisfied with my explanation that it was a glandular condition that he would eventually outgrow. The teasing had stopped but Kurt knew that everyone was still thinking about them! He tearfully admitted that to me one night.

"At school, things were not going well for him. All the other boys noticed because they had to take showers together after gym class. The boys didn't give him a moment's rest. They kept calling him 'girlie' and 'sissy' and asking him why he didn't wear a bra. It wasn't long before word got out to the whole school. And a few days

after that, two of the oldest boys dragged him into one the rest rooms, forced him to put on a bra, some lace panties and a little dress that they had stolen somewhere. Then they made him suck on their cocks as they made fun of him. A teacher who happened to go into the restroom caught them. The two boys were expelled, most of the other boys were disciplined, and Kurt, still wearing the dress, was brought home to me by the teacher.

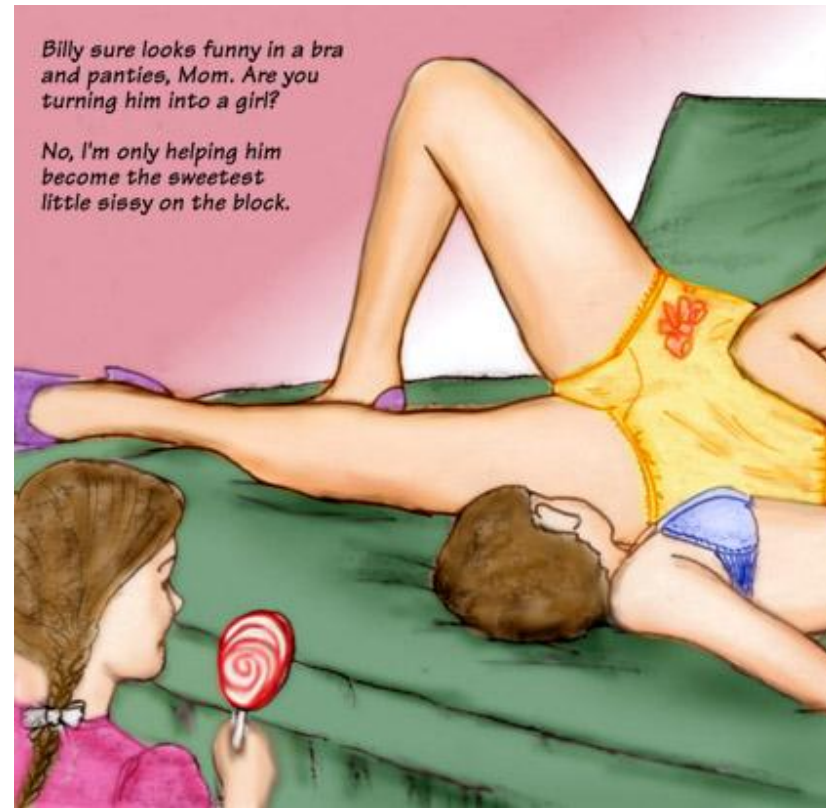
"I think the teacher was a little shocked at my attitude because I didn't make a big deal about it. In fact, I asked Kurt if he liked wearing the dress because I thought he looked very nice in it. When the teacher told me what they had caught the boys doing to him, I just shrugged my shoulders and said, 'Boys will be boys!'

"After the teacher left, I teased Kurt about sucking cock. I made it sound like it was a natural thing for him to do things like that with other boys! I also made him keep on the dress, bra and panties until his father and siblings all came home so he could tell them what had happened to him. When he said he was too embarrassed to ever go back again to school, I told him he could stay at home with me if he wore panties and dresses all the time and helped me around the house. He was horrified at such a suggestion, but when I told him that I was going to make him wear a bra and panties under his clothes every day now, even when he went to school, he was so demoralized that he barely made a protest. Then I took a bunch of pictures of him so we'd have a permanent record of his first day in a dress.

"Feminization is one of the most powerful tools women can use to take control of their males. If you stimulate the breasts of a boy with even a little estrogen, he gets terribly confused and so easy to control.

"Hormones are best used on younger and older males. Boys who are just entering manhood are going through a very difficult time. They are easy to hook because they are so vulnerable, but you have to be careful because the effect of the hormones is just too much for some boys. It can push them right over the edge. Then they're not of use to anyone. We want to use hormones to control and feminize males not destroy them. Breasts are a terrible shock to any male, aggressive or passive, but with hormone therapy, it's easy to lose control of them. Done wrong, it could take years to undo the harm. A mother's careful preparation makes any method of feminization go much smoother."

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Forced Feminization 101

Gentle but powerful, horrifying but inescapable best describe the feminizing control women learn at Clair Randall's lectures. That control is well illustrated by this story about Lydia Sheffield, who is in the early stages of forcibly feminizing her son, Billy. Here she has invited his bright

and curious younger sister, Judy to watch.

Judy let out a screech of laughter as she entered her mother's bedroom, "Gee, Mom, why is Billy wearing a bra and panties?"

"Like I explained, it's time I started training him to get rid of his nasty boy habits."

"But he's got a bra on! Is he growing titties? Is he growing titties?" she excitedly wanted to know.

"Yes, I started him on some special pills, but it will take quite a bit of time yet, honey. I've bought him three very pretty little training bras so he can get used to wearing them."

Judy was still laughing as she said, "His peepee looks funny in panties. I never saw it so big. Is Billy going to be wearing a bra and panties all the time now?"

"Of course. Boy things are history for him."

"But why did you dress him up in girls' things, Mom?"

"Well, I kept catching him sneaking dirty panties from the laundry so I knew it was time. Being fascinated with dirty panties is not unusual for boys his age."

"What did he want dirty old panties for?"

"Oh, boys are very curious about women and girls but afraid to admit it. Panties are a symbol of the mysteries of womanhood for them. Many of them can't resist an opportunity to secretly look at them, touch them, or even smell them. Panties are so female, so fascinating, so forbidden, so exciting to them."

"They're nice and pretty, Mom, but they're just panties!"

"That's how you and I think about them, but to a growing boy, panties are a substitute for women, a way of getting close to a sexy, unattainable female. Most women have no idea how powerful panties are to an impressionable boy."

"Why was Billy stealing panties? If he wanted them, why didn't he just ask us for some?"

"Oh, he would have been much too embarrassed. Boys like Billy think panties are very naughty, the type of naughtiness which is very exciting but also very embarrassing. Any boy who would admit to liking something as feminine as panties would be labeled a sissy. Yet, most boys find them irresistible to look at and touch when they think no one is around."

"But what good does it do to dress Billy in girls' things?"

"Well, pretty little bras and panties will help me to take full control of him, mold him into any type of devoted little sissyboy I choose to make of him."

"I told you about Mrs. Randall's seminar and the meetings I've been attending. Well, after learning about it, I realized Billy was just at the right stage. I mean, I learned that it is really easy to take control of a boy who steals panties. Such a boy it just at the right stage."

"At first I wanted to help him, but I didn't know too much, so I bought him panties of his own. But when I showed them to him, he was so embarrassed. He cried and told me he was sorry and didn't want them. I felt sorry for him. I didn't know what to do then, so I gave those panties to you. Those were the new ones I got for you last month."

"Oh, those ones that I told you were too big for me?"

"Yes, dear. Anyway, the next day I caught Billy going through the laundry hamper digging out pairs of dirty panties. He got embarrassed all over again, but kept insisting that he wasn't a sissy. That night I had one of my meetings. That's when I learned a lot more, like what he wanted really didn't matter. What mattered was what I wanted. When I told everybody that I wanted to make sure that Billy turned out to be a loving and devoted son, they told me to forcefully feminize him, so that's what I've been doing."

"Like dressing him up like you're doing?"

"Yes, dear, that and so much more. I think it's working really well. He has no idea what he wants most of the time, so I'm teaching him that doing what I want him to do will make him happy. That's when I took those panties I gave back."

"Oh, yeah, I thought you took them back to the store." Judy said in surprise.

"No, I gave them back to Billy, made him strip and put a pair on him right away. He cried something terrible, but I also noticed that he didn't try to take them off. One of the women in the club is a doctor. She gave me a prescription for Billy. The next day I got it filled then bought those training bras for him at the mall. Putting him into a bra for the first time was a trip and a half. I wish you could have seen it!

"With all that I thought he'd stop stealing our panties, but I still had a lot to learn. He's digging through the hamper and going through our dresser drawers more than ever. But he certainly has been tamed down a lot. Remember the other day when you told me that Billy has been acting very nice to you lately? So you noticed. Billy still doesn't know exactly what he wants, and I don't know all what I want of him, but I'm exploring the possibilities. Right now, he is in great fear that other people will find out what kind of underwear his mother buys for him."

"Is he going to be wearing bras and panties everyday, now?"

"Of course."

"To school too? Won't everybody find out?"

"Yes, he'll wear them all the time. I don't care if everyone finds out. It's his problem. He started it. Now he has to live with his punishment."

"Judy, you know the Casey boy from down the street? What's his first name? Tommy?"

"Yeah, Tommy."

"Well, his mother has been going to Mrs. Randall's seminars for a long time. I've kept in contact with her, and she told me Tommy's been wearing panties for over two months now. And he wears them to school too."

"O-o-o-o."

"Now you don't go blabbing it all around. I told Billy about him too. When I told Billy, it really bothered him a lot, but I think, he's going to get used to wearing pretty little panties just fine."

"He's staring so hard at your panties, Mom."

"Billy's a typical panty boy, Judy. He's hooked. He can't get enough of looking at panties."

"Would he look at mine like that?"

"Sure. Why not? When I caught him stealing panties, a lot of the panties he had taken were yours. One time I walked in on him he was trying on the blue cancan panties Grandma bought you."

"Did you spank him hard for putting on my good panties, Mommy?"

"I certainly did, but it didn't do much good because I caught him stealing them again. In desperation, I started asking some of my friends what I should do. That's

when Cecil's mother told me about the feminization lectures Mrs. Randall runs. After I went to one, I realized that I could train Billy to be a pussy slave to serve you and me. For us, my discovery of his interest in panties may have been the best thing that ever happened."

Judy took a lick of her lollipop. "But I think it's funny."

"Funny? Why?"

"I mean, a boy wearing girls' panties!"

"Many boys are like that. That's the way God made them. They get hooked on female things."

Judy took another lick. "Can Billy talk, Mom?"

"That's a silly question. Of course, Billy can talk. But right now, he's excited. Boys aren't much interested in talking, listening or even thinking about anything when they get excited."

"Cause he's too busy looking at your panties?"

"Yes, Billy's really hot in the cock. Look at it throb in his shiny new panties. See that?" she pointed to a ring of moisture around the tip of his pantied penis. "He's getting really worked up now."

"I didn't know Billy's cock could get big like that!"

"So now you know. Don't you?"

"Can it get even bigger?" Judy asked as she gave her lollipop a big long lick.

"I think so. Don't you ever get tired of asking questions?" she asked.

"Why is his peepee is all wet on the end! Is he going to wet his panties some more?"

"It gets wet when a boy gets real excited."

"How long are you going to keep doing that, Mom?"

"Maybe another hour or so."

Judy took a quick lick. "Will he look at your panties all that time?"

"Suppose so."

"Gee, Mom, it's wiggling."

As Lydia flipped the page of her book, she glanced at his jiggling penis, "Billy probably noticed something especially interesting in my panties."

"I don't see anything, Mom?"

"We don't see things the way boys do."

"Gee! You mean they can see?"

"Judy you're impossible tonight! No doubt Billy imagines things under the panties."

Judy seemed satisfied. She licked the lollipop several more times. But curiosity took over again, "Will it stay wet like that, Mom?"

"I want it to stay wet. I want Billy to be as excited as I can make him, without cumming."

"Coming? He's already here."

"J-u-d-y! Remember what I taught you? Cumming for a boy means ejaculation, you know, when a lot of sticky wet stuff comes out. Billy will go crazy for the panties

when I make it cum."

"Gee, Mom, will he kiss them?"

"I wouldn't doubt it. Males do a lot of funny things when they cum."

"I'd like to see that, Mom."

"You will, if you're here at about nine o'clock."

Judy liked learning about boys, but she also got bored easily, so she went to the apartment next door to tell Cindy, her girlfriend, about the things her mother was doing to Billy. Then, a few minutes before nine, she came back and sat on the edge of the bed, licking the same but now much smaller lollipop.

"Did you make him cum yet, Mom?"

"No, but I'll have to before long. His cock is getting hard to control."

"It looks bigger than before."

"It probably is. He's real close to cumming."

Judy fidgeted nervously on the chair. "I can't wait to see him kiss your panties, Mom."

Lydia flipped a page. "I didn't say he **WOULD** kiss my panties. He might, but I don't know what exactly he'll do this time when he cums."

The suspense was getting too much. "Gee, Mom, when are you . . . ?"

"Judy, how many times have I told you to be patient? Sit still until I have Billy all worked up just right."

Judy substituted fast licking of the lollipop for fidgeting.

"He looks ready, Mom . . ."

"He is almost, but I want it to last as long as possible," she said as she wiggled her hips to make the fabric of her stretchy panties dance across her body right in front of Billy's face.

"Gee, Mom, his eyes are going to pop out!"

She glanced toward her son's staring eyes. "Oh, I don't think so, Judy."

"He's breathing!"

"I hope so!"

For the first time, he found his voice, "Please! Oh, please! I . . . I . . ."

"Why is he crying, Mom?"

"He wants me to do it. He's frustrated."

"Frustrated?"

"Judy, I can't explain that now! I need to concentrate. Just stay quiet for a minute so Billy and I can fully concentrate and do this just right. He's right on the verge . . ."

"Ah, gee, Mom, how am I going to learn if I don't ask lots of questions? Boy, he's sure jumping around a lot . . ."

"Oh, Mom, he's going crazy!" Judy leaped up and nearly fell off the chair. "Look! Mom! He's sucking your panties right into his mouth! Yelling and jumping all over!"

Billy reached out and savagely hugged himself to his mother's panty-clad hips, burying his face into her panties. Kissing them all over wildly and passionately. He

sucked some of the waist elastic and fabric right into his mouth and moaned and screamed as he gnawed on his mouth full of panty nylon.

Once Billy was drained, his breathing slowed, and he began crying louder and louder.

Lydia looked at her daughter and said, "I told you boys did crazy things." Billy lay back totally exhausted. His crying settled down into evenly paced sobs punctuated with gasps for breath and incoherent mumbling.

Lydia put away her book. Judy knew she had to go to bed, but questions provided a means of delay, "Will Billy soon be a girl, Mom?"

"When he likes his pretty panties enough, I can do a lot more with him. Right now, I've got to intensify his love of panties. I've been trying to get him to tell Kelly that he wears panties . . ."

(Kelly was Billy's girlfriend from next door.)

"Kelly! Oh, Mom! She'd laugh at him!"

"Maybe. But it's one of my tests for him. Just like letting you watch right now is a test for him. He's very embarrassed with you here, but he knows he has to put up with such humiliation before I'll let him cum and make him feel good.

"You know I've been doing things to Billy because you told me you've heard him making all kinds of noises when I go into his bedroom every night after dinner. Well, now you know.

"Billy has told me that he's so afraid that you'll tell all your friends that I'm feminizing him. I assured him that you'd keep your mouth shut."

"Oh, Mommy! I already told Cindy! I went over there just a few minutes ago. I had to tell her. She's my best . . . I'm sorry, . . ."

With this news, Billy, for the first time turned, looked away from his mother's panties and stared at his sister in horror.

Lydia half shouted, "Judy! How could you? Well, . . . now you to go right back over there and tell her to keep it a secret. Part of Billy's training will be for him to expose himself to others, but as much as possible, I want those people to keep it a secret so Billy is forced to humiliate himself as he has to tell more and more people about his training. Sure, pretty soon everyone's going to know, but I want to delay that as long as possible."

"Then what happens, Mom?" "Then I'll put him in dresses. Then after a good long period of dress discipline, we'll take him some place and get his cock and balls cut off."

"Will Billy be a girl then, Mom?"

"No. Not really. He'll be a boy-girl. The hormones I've been giving him will start having an effect pretty soon. Once he's got sizable titties, it'll be easy to get him into dresses because he'll look so ridiculous wearing boy's clothes. But that will take months, maybe almost a year. In the meantime, we're going to have a lot of fun making his life a mixture of fun and misery. Pretty soon he'll be such a slave to us that

just whispering the word 'panties' into his ear will make him fall at our feet and beg for mercy.

Judy set the lollipop in a glass on the table. "Are you going to do anymore tonight, Mom?"

"Yes, but it's your bedtime, and you're too young to watch anymore. Now run next door and talk to Cindy before she goes to bed. Tell her it will be a lot more fun if she keeps Billy's panty training a secret. And tell her if she does, pretty soon maybe I'll let her see Billy in his pretty new lingerie."

Judy suddenly acted as if she were ten years older. She started toward the door. "Is it real bad, Mom?"

Lydia's fingers went slowly under the waist elastic of Billy's panties, teasing Billy's tortured penis all over again.

"For Billy, it's awful, Judy. Horrible!" she said with a wild grin.

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Feminization From a Male Point of View

Preface

"Feminization from a Male Point of View" documents important early research on the aggressive feminization and emasculation techniques developed by Martha Wilson. This story is about Michael Olson, one of the first young men Martha turned into a boy-girl. The techniques she used on Michael were eventually adopted by Clair Randall as a model to show other women how make boys useful by turning them into boy-girls.

Martha was a wealthy widow who used her money to pursue her goal of feminizing the world, hoping to rid society of the problems stemming from eons of male dominance. 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. She developed that following by writing and publishing "The Feminization of Society," a simple, typewritten, irregularly published newsletter devoted to her research.

In the 1969s, Clair Randall was working on her graduate school thesis about how women could control physically superior males. That's when she first came across Martha's newsletter. She loved what she read but was sure that it was just fantasy. Still, she was impressed with the detailed descriptions, and a lot of what Martha wrote about, Clair knew to be psychologically accurate. Clair began to wonder if some of the things Martha wrote about were based on actual experience.

Clair telephoned Martha to interview her for the thesis. These like-minded women formed an immediate bond, a bond 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.

Their friendship was immediate and complete. Clair quickly realized that Martha's writings were not fantasy. Her research was for real. Clair ended up revising her thesis to incorporate a lot of information she got from Martha. That thesis started Clair on a track which led her to establish the Fillette Fils Sorority in early 1971.

Michael Olson is singularly important in the history of feminization and emasculation because he kept a detailed diary, complete with first-rate drawings, which documented everything that happened to him from the very beginning to the end. His diary was not discovered until he had been put completely through the boy-girl process. But once discovered, Martha realized that the diary was a textbook summary of her techniques from the boy's point of view. She turned it over to Clair, who made it into a primer included along with 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.

Chapter 1

The First Attack

September 7, Monday: Since they were running late, Billy and Michael took the shortcut to school through the huge cornfield just west of their house. Michael didn't like going through the cornfield because he was afraid of getting separated from Billy and lost, which is exactly what happened.

When Michael heard someone noisily walking through the dried, dead stalks, he rushed toward the sound thinking it was Billy. But instead of Billy, Michael tripped, fell down and ran right into a very pretty girl. The girl's bright blue eyes flickered at him enticingly through the bangs of her long reddish-blond hair.

"Michael ! You nearly knocked me over."

"I didn't mean You know my name?"

"Yes, I know your name," she said as she stood there smiling at him in a way that scared him. The brilliant sunlight filtering through the corn stalks and over her shoulders made her look like a mystical vision.

"You don't go to St. Joan's," he managed to say as he struggled to get up off the half dozen stalks he had crushed in his fall.

"No, I don't go to your school, but I know you anyway," she said in a very womanly voice while fingering the hem of her short, flirty bluish-green skirt.

"Well, I . . . I'd better Do you know which way school is?"

"Sure, but I want you to do something before I tell you."

"Do something?"

"Yes, I want you to take a look at my panties and tell me if you like them."

"Your what?"

"My panties. I know you're an orphan. You probably have never seen panties while a girl was wearing them. Right?"

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

"Well then, take a look," she said as she jerked her short skirt all the way up over her tight little tummy, exposing her shiny white panties.

"Come with me, Michael. You can skip school today. I've got a lot of nice things to show you."

Michael got scared, sprang to his feet and ran as fast as he could, repeatedly tripping and falling through the corn stalks until somehow he found the road that led to school.

At school he couldn't concentrate, thinking about that mysterious, beautiful girl and the shiny panties she was wearing. And he wondered what she meant when she said that she had "a lot of nice things to show you." Michael decided that she was a bad girl. He had heard about such things. He didn't know what she wanted, and he told

himself that he didn't want to find out.

But the panties. They preyed upon his mind. He had seen them for only a second. He hadn't expected her to pull up her skirt. It almost hurt for him to think about those panties, but he couldn't help it. Michael had seen panties many times before on clotheslines, in stores, in advertisements. Mrs. Millison, his foster mother, had three daughters so he often saw panties around the house, but that girl was right, he had never seen them while a girl was wearing them. But of all the panties he had seen, he had never seen any quite like the panties that girl in the corn field was wearing. They were so bright and shiny, so rich and smooth looking. They glistened and reflected the bright sunlight. He had seen them for only a second, but he remembered them perfectly as if he had studied them in detail for hours.

Her panties were all white, kind of plain, not fancy like some of the panties he had seen hanging on Mrs. Millison's clothesline. But Michael kept remembering the shininess of those panties. They must have been very soft and silky, he thought, probably made of something he had never seen before. Those panties did have three tiny little bows sewn on the left hip. They were the only decoration. Just three very tiny little pink bows.

Michael's tormented mind led him to do something terrible that almost got him into real trouble in school that day.

On an impulse, he hid under the coach's desk in the locker room after gym class and waited because the girls had the next gym period. He couldn't help it. He just had to see some more girls in panties. He had never done anything like that before. So scared and excited, he even began gently crying. As the girls started to come into the locker room, he was very sorry that he had done it. He didn't know what had possessed him to hide himself away like that. He wondered if he was going crazy.

But his fear didn't stop him from looking. Through a crack in the front of the old desk. He watched as dozens of girls changed into their gym clothes. The boys had always joked about hiding under the desk to watch the girls, everyone knew the crack was there, and with the desk located right in the middle of the room by the main door, anyone under the desk would have a perfect view, but Michael didn't think any of the other boys had ever done it. While he was under there, he was sure someone was going to discover him, especially since he was making so much noise with his moaning, crying and moving back and forth to see all around through the thin crack. But the girls were making a lot of noise too so no one heard him and thank goodness no one decided to sit at the desk.

Michael had seen a lot of panties that day. All kinds of panties, and he didn't ever want to forget them so that night he drew dozens of pictures of the semi-naked girls in his diary and shaded the pictures with colored pencils. A lot of the girls wore plain white panties. A few wore pink. A lot of them had some lace on them, or ribbons and bows. Jill McPherson wore some great looking yellow ones. Her best friend Ellen wore white ones with blue lace. But Mary Beth Parker wore the fanciest ones. Her

panties were light pink with dark pink ruffles all around the legs and on the back like the panties little baby girls wear. They were really pretty. The other girls even joked and called her "baby panty girl." Michael saw a lot of panties, but none of the panties were like those worn by the girl in the corn field.

That's why he had hid under the desk in the first place. He wanted to see if a lot of girls wore panties like that. Those panties had to be special ones, so amazing, so shiny. Michael wondered if that girl in the shiny panties was some kind of dream or something. He had never seen her before, he didn't know her name, yet she knew his name. He figured that she was at least five or six years older than he was so why was she after him? Or did she go after all boys? And her panties were so shiny, and they moved, rippled constantly, every time she took a breath or moved in any way, her panties moved, twisted and stretched. Michael drew about twenty pictures just of those panties, but he wasn't satisfied with his efforts. He was a pretty good artist, but he couldn't come near to making his drawings look anything like that girl and her panties.

While writing in his diary, a chill went up his spine as he remembered how nervous he was after all the girls had left for the gym, and how his heart throbbed in his tight chest as he dashed out of the locker room to his next class. But those chilling fears were nothing compared to the mixture of fear and excitement that he remembered feeling while being confronted by that aggressive girl in the cornfield as she told him to look at her shiny panties.

Michael got confused when he started to think again about the locker room. He wondered why he didn't think of going through the girls' clothes to find some panties he could steal. He shocked himself the instant he thought that thought! He considered ramming his head into the nearest wall. He wondered what in the hell he was thinking. Was he nuts or something? What in the hell would he do with a stolen pair of panties? Just thinking about it made him all nervous. That girl in the shiny panties. It was all her fault. He knew it was her who had gotten him all crazy. He knew she was a dream, a dream he never wanted to see again.

Finally, Michael must have really gotten frustrated because the long entry and all those pictures in his diary about that day were scratched out. Yet, they weren't scratched out to the point that they couldn't be read. It was like he couldn't make up his mind whether to save those memories or destroy them.

Chapter 2

Un-male Mail

September 8, Tuesday: Since Michael had spent most of the night before writing in his diary and drawing pictures of panties, he had gotten very little sleep and was very tired all day in school. Whenever he ran into one of the girls he had peeked at in the locker room, he became embarrassed as he remembered them in their little bras and

panties. Then he'd become excited all over again. He found himself doing things he had never done before, like waiting at the foot of stairways to look up girls' dresses. And pretending to pick something off the floor so he could quickly turn and peek up the skirts of the girls sitting behind him in class. He even wanted to sneak into the girls' restroom to spy at girls while hiding in a stall, but couldn't get up the nerve, even though he spent almost his whole lunch hour waiting by the restroom door planning and debating about doing it.

By the end of the day, we was exhausted. When he got home from school, Mrs. Millison handed him a package, actually a large envelope, that had arrived in the mail. Outside of notices from state welfare agencies, Michael had never had anything sent to him in the mail. It was a bulging little envelope addressed to "Master Michael S. Olson" in very fancy script.

The package was somewhat strange because it smelled of a very strong perfume. In fact, the perfume was so strong that he had smelled it as soon as he walked in the door and before Mrs. Millison had even given it to him. Once she did give it to him, she joked about the perfume and said it must have been from a girl. She teased Michael about having a girlfriend. Michael denied having a girlfriend but gingerly took the envelope.

The little package was soft and squishy. He ran to his room, threw down his books and just stared at the package for a moment before slowly opening it. Once open, the perfume was stronger than ever. Whatever was inside was wrapped in tissue paper. He peeled open the paper like the petals of a flower to find something made of a bright white fabric, neatly folded. Across the fabric, handwritten in ink were the words "Love, Wanda."

Michael jumped back a bit and dropped the packet on his bed as he realized what he was looking at. It was a pair of panties. He knew they were the panties that the mysterious girl, the girl in the corn field had been wearing the day before. As the panties unfolded, he saw the three tiny little pink satin bows on the one side. That confirmed what he knew they were. But it also told him that that mysterious girl was not a dream!

Michael backed up to the wall then slid down its length until he was sitting on the floor and staring directly ahead to that ball of very shiny white nylon setting on his bed. He didn't know how long he sat there, but he didn't move until he heard Mrs. Millison coming up the stairs and calling out to him.

That motivated him into action. Quickly, he jumped up, picked up the panties, the envelope and tissue paper and stuffed them into the top drawer of his dresser, the drawer that contained his underwear. How was he going to explain the package to Mrs. Millison?

When she came into his room, she asked him what he had gotten in the mail. Michael changed the subject repeatedly until she realized that he wasn't going to talk about it so she went back downstairs and told him to take a rest before supper since he looked

so tired.

Michael lay down on his bed, but he couldn't sleep. Every few moments, he had to get up, pull open the dresser drawer and just stare at those panties thrown in on top of his underwear. Eventually, he got up the courage to spread them open and take a good look at them—the bows, the elastics, the shiny white fabric, and—the "Love Wanda" written on the front.

"Wanda," he thought, "that obviously was her name!"

Whenever he got close to the panties, the perfume was very strong. It all came back to him now. That was the same perfume he had smelled when she had pulled up her little black mini skirt.

At suppertime, he pulled himself away from the panties and went down to eat. But he couldn't get the panties off his mind so he complained to Mrs. Millison that he wasn't hungry and just wanted to go back to his room and rest. She excused him, but before he left the table, she told everyone that he had gotten a package, a heavily perfumed package, in the mail that day. Everyone started to tease him about that, saying that he had a girlfriend, was in love and that was the real reason he couldn't eat. Michael, nearly crying with confusion, ran up the stairs to his bedroom.

He went directly back to his dresser and opened it to stare at the panties again. Off and on, he fell asleep for short spells, then got up to touch and stare at the panties. A few times he got out his diary to write down what he was feeling. And he drew pictures. Pictures for him were a therapy. But then, he'd get very tired and fall asleep for a short while.

At one point, he woke up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. He took his colored pencils and a brand new sketch pad with him because he woke up with the idea that he wanted to see other panties. He wondered about Mrs. Millison and her three daughters—their panties! He wondered if he could find some of their panties in the dirty laundry hamper.

In the bathroom he was rewarded with a hamper stuffed full of panties, bras and all kinds and sizes of lingerie. Mrs. Millison must have been saving up all of the lingerie to wash together.

He had wanted to go to the bathroom. He urgently needed to go, but looking at and fingering all that lingerie made his penis so hard that it was impossible for him to take a piss. Tormented little Michael pulled every last piece of dirty lingerie out of the hamper then curled up on the little white throw rug in the middle of the room and started drawing. Frustrated, he started crying. Some time later, Mrs. Millison thought she heard a noise so she got up to investigate. She found Michael lying on the floor, crying and moaning to himself amongst dozens of his drawings and lingerie strewn on the floor all around him. He was wearing a peach-colored pair of her own panties and was stroking himself with a handful of panties wrapped around his hard penis.

Mrs. Millison became enraged and demanded to know what he was doing. When Michael refused to answer, she grabbed a handful of the dirty panties and rubbed them

in his face, then sat down on the toilet and pulled him over her lap for a brisk hand spanking. As she swatted away at his peach pink pantied ass, she accused him of being a pervert. Michael was a mild-mannered little boy, a weakling, almost a sissy. He cried very easily, but now he was crying from the embarrassment of being caught in this situation as much as from the pain in his butt.

Mrs. Millison took all the drawings. She told him that she'd show them to her daughters if he ever did something like that again. She scooped up all the lingerie and told him that she'd keep all the dirty laundry hidden from him in the future since he was such a perverted little boy that liked such things. Just to make sure that he didn't get into anymore trouble that night, she made him keep on the peach pink panties, took him into her own bedroom and made him get into her bed. She rummaged through all the dirty lingerie until she found what she wanted, an especially dirty pair of panties with peepee and poop stains. The panties were peach-colored nylon with frilly triangles of white lace on each side of the front. They belonged to her five-year-old daughter, Cindy. They were so dirty because she had had one of those little accidents in them that sometimes happens to little girls. Telling Michael that she was going to cure him from his interest in feminine lingerie, she pulled the panties over his head so the crotch of those dirty panties was right over his nose and mouth. Then she commanded that he go to sleep. As he lay there, she switched out the light and took off her robe before climbing into bed beside him. Some light from the street lamp outside streamed in through the window, enough light so Michael could peek through the leg opening of the dirty panties over his head as he watched Mrs. Millison in her thin, see-through, waltz-length blue nightie. Michael found it almost impossible to lay still. Shivers went up his spine every time he moved because every little movement teased the hell out of his penis dancing around inside Mrs. Millison's panties and she lay sleeping next to him. He was being driven crazy by everything that had happened within such a short period of time, but he was extremely tired. Eventually, he fell into a deep sleep.

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