

Princess Online

The
New

No. 2

Forced
Feminization
Special Issue

January 2016
Pictures, and Stories
from the
Princess Productions
Website

David, curtsy and show daddy
how nice you look, and tell him
you're going to be a very good
little girl from now on!



Adults Only

Originally featured on our Internet website, these are our best letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult pantywaist sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A PRINCESS PRODUCTIONS PUBLICATION

A Message from Princess Lacey

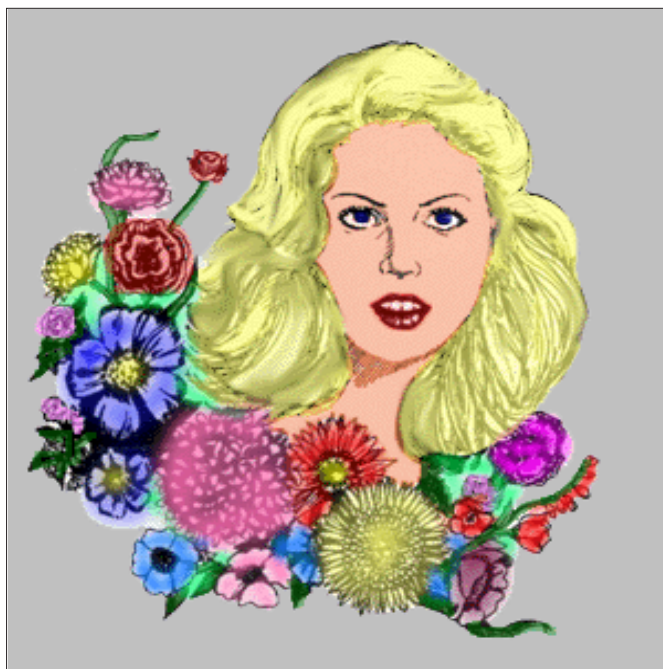
Does Feminizing Males Mock Females?

Dear Sissies,

At first glance, uninformed individuals may think the feminization of males is an affront to females, but the process and results are actually a testament to the superiority of females. Furthermore, sissified males are not inferior to other males. Males have been brought up with a perverted sense of reality, and only in their minds is femininity thought to be something less than masculinity.

But are females inferior to males? Other than sheer physical strength, females tend to be superior to males in most all other mental and physical qualities. Even a male's strength lies more in the fact that males tend to grow bigger and taller than females, but pound for pound, females are almost as strong as males, and in some physical ways actually stronger. For example: women have much more powerful thighs muscles, are better able to handle repetitive physical tasks and nearly equal to males in their endurance. The real difference comes down to male hormones, and all humans have a mix of both male and female hormones, in varying quantities. Many females are much stronger physically than many males. Often, the difference is not as great as most people perceive.

In many ways, females are definitely superior in a host of admirable characteristics such as trustworthiness, fidelity, ability to love, hatred for violence, strength of character, nurturing, tolerance and understanding. So has a feminized male been demoted in some way? More likely, he's been improved! Most females don't think turning a male into a sissy or even a completely



feminized male as anything but good. To women and girls, it's also fun to knock a guy off his imagined perch; they know the so-called male superiority is a sham. Just pump up a guy up with female hormones and he changes for the better in a dozen different ways! After all, just how superior is a male who can be toppled by simply forcing him to put on a dress or a pair of fancy panties?

When females feminize males; it's not a slap to their own sex. It mocks his masculinity not her femininity, and it rights so many macho wrongs. So, go girl!

We hope you enjoy this issue of the "New Princess Online: Feminizing Males." And please do send us your contributions, your favorite stories, pictures and other material related to crossdressing, lingerie fetishism and the sissy lifestyle. You are the source of our best material so do share with us and your sissy sisters.

Love,
Princess Lacey

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HEALTH

LIFESTYLE

HEADLINES

Special Issue: Forced Feminization



Town women feminize all males

Lopped Peak, PA: The females of this city got fed up with the high rate of crime committed by their males, so systematically, they started giving huge doses of female hormones to males even suspected of a crime by putting the drugs into their food.

Of the three doctors in town, only one was male; he died of a testosterone overdose. Obviously, he was trying to counter the onset of secondary female sex characteristics he had been developing, unaware he was being drugged.

The women promote female clothing and girly things for all males. Some of the guys go along and find enjoyment in sissy things, but the criminal types who resisted were hypnotized, blackmailed or even forced into having sex change surgery!



After a girl made her little brother dress-up, his dad was so disgusted that he made the boy keep wearing skirts and panties to humiliate him.

Then his mother so loved him as a girl and wanted to keep him that way, and since his dad had lost all respect for the boy, he told his wife put their son to work as the family maid.



Boys who lose forced to dress like girls

Silken Slope, OR - Boys who lose their wrestling matches are paired with this school's best girl wrestlers and if they lose to the girl, they are forced to wear a bra, petticoat and lacy panties and then paraded around town. The idea was to motivate the boys to win but the result is that the town now has a record number of crossdressers!

Survey: Why do mothers force boys to put on girls' clothes?

Want a daughter - 8% Sexual thrill of dominating a male - 10%

For punishment - 7% Hate males - 6% All of Above 69%

OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

Tired of her long-haired toddler son being called a girl, stressed mom puts him in dresses and says he's a girl

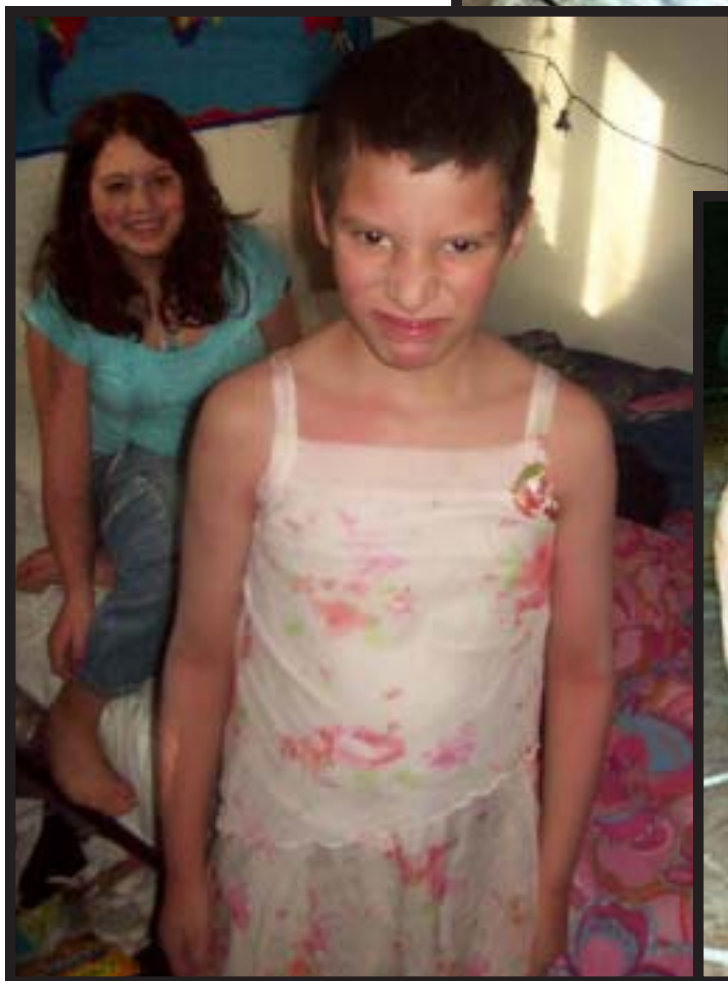
Boy who laughed after pulling up a girl's dress to see her panties was forced to wear panties and laughed at
Boy who hated all females was forced to dress and act like a girl for a month, now wants to become a real girl

When a boy's pet dog saw him in a punishment dress, the dog tore off the dress exposing the boy in bra and panties

Girl put mom's birth control pills in brother's food: Mom got pregnant, the boy grew breasts and now nurses the new baby

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*Photos from the
Pantywaist
Weakly.*



Mom Turns Jack the Wimp into Jill the Schoolgirl

Jack's life began to unravel just after his older sister, graduated nursing school and announced she was getting married. He loved his sister but soon developed a distaste for the upcoming event because his daily routine was constantly interrupted by plans for the wedding. He got short shrift whenever he needed some quiet time to do his beloved artwork, wanted to be driven to some event, or asked for some help with his homework.



Since his father, who was a construction crew foreman, died when Jack was a toddler, the boy lacked a strong male model and he grew up with interests in drawing, cooking and excelling in school

work instead of more typically masculine interests like sports. He wasn't a sissy, wasn't even a 'mama's boy' but more of a 'gentle boy' on his way to becoming a gentleman who loved his mother and big sister and minded them without complaint.

Even though he grew up immersed in a female environment, he had no special liking for female things. He had no interest in female clothes but, once when one of sister's friends couldn't make the fitting for her bridesmaid's dress, he found himself pushed into putting on the dress, but only at his mother's insistence and after intense lobbying by his sister. For him, it wasn't a significant experience; it didn't change him, but he was more than happy to shed the gown once the giggling seamstress finished hemming it.

However, for his mother, it did strike a nerve. "Why, Jack, you make an exceptionally beautiful girl!" was her surprised comment. The seamstress added, "I agree. Not many girls are as pretty as he is." That comment coming from a complete stranger was particularly humbling for the twelve-year-old boy.

Immediately after the wedding, Barb was off with her new husband, an up and coming heart surgeon; they moved to San Diego, over 900 miles away. Almost immediately, Lois severely missed her only daughter. They had been best friends in addition to being mother and daughter. Lois kept thinking about Jack in that bridesmaids' dress. It excited her. Then she recalled seeing an article in a supermarket tabloid about a mother who had changed her son into her daughter. At the time she read it, she remembered laughing at the thought, but now she began wondering. Lois was an avid tabloid reader; she loved the celebrity gossip and sensationalized stories, and she kept stacks of old ones in her bedroom. With Barb gone and time on her hands, she kept digging through her collection until she found that old issue of *The Weekly Star*.

The article said this woman was sued by the State for child abuse because she had fed him female hormones and forced him to wear girls' clothes, brainwashing him into actually wanting to be a girl. However, at the trial, the jury acquitted her because the boy now said he loved being a girl and was grateful his mother had done it. Even under intense cross-examination, the boy-girl did nothing but express love for and gratitude toward his mother and pleaded not to have her found guilty. He said he was happier than he had ever been before and now wanted a full sex change operation.

Lois wanted that for Jack because she missed Barb so much and wanted him to take her place. What really ignited the idea was seeing him in that bridesmaids' dress. And now, she wondered just how long it would take to get Jack into actually wearing dresses. She stayed awake nights putting together a plan to have him replace her daughter! She watched many talk shows about crossdressers and boys being turned into girls and she wanted it for her son.

Lois was convinced that it would be good for Jack. She rationalized it by telling herself that Jack was already quite feminine in his interests and got along so beautifully with her girlfriends and their female relatives. She kept going over that old article and tried to read between the lines. She discovered the key factors in changing the boy into a girl were taking control of his sexuality and getting him to develop a fetish for lingerie and then feeding him heavy doses of female hormones to kill his sex drive and mold him into a female physically.

Lois did additional research on the Internet and learned how to use a boy's own sex drive against him to effect the transformation by first seducing him with the sensual pleasures of silken lingerie to make him into a thoroughly addicted panty wanker. She would not let him touch himself; she herself would aggressively masturbate him into the satin panties she'd make him wear to take charge of him sexually. Once under her dominance, she'd then put him on big doses of female hormones and watch his breasts develop and his sex drive wane. In the meantime, she'd retrain his mind and practically take control of his soul. Eventually, he would see no possible end except to let himself be turned into a faux female.

Lois was more excited over the idea than anything she had ever undertaken. She made her plan, and then, less than a week later, told her son to move into his sister's old room. Jack thought it was great to have a bigger place with his own private bath. But when he started to move into his new room, he asked his mother where to put his things because Barb hadn't taken most of her things with her; her drawers and closet were almost completely full.

"Oh, just leave her things where they are until I can go through them with you. I'm sure you'll be able to use a lot of the clothes she left behind."

Jack looked at her in disbelief. "You mean her girls' clothes?" Lois calmly said, "A lot of her things are very serviceable, and no I'm not talking about you wearing her dresses," she laughed, "unless you want to, of course." He rolled his eyes at her! "Ha-ha, nice joke, Mom!" But she wasn't laughing when she added, "Barb has a lot of expensive clothes; you're close to her in size, you can wear a lot of them, at least just around the house. Jack, clothes are clothes, and it would help me save money not buying you clothes every time I turn around since you go through your boys' clothes at an alarming rate. Besides, wearing nice clothes will be good training for you. You need to learn about taking care of expensive clothes that need special care. Son, these days, people wear most anything and no one much gives them a second look."

"But, Mom, girls' clothes?"

She shook her head, and let out a sigh. "I'll have you try on a few things and you'll see it's no big deal. Now, get busy moving your stuff in. Just push aside Barb's things in the closet and drawers. There should be enough room since you don't have all that much."

Jack always strived to do whatever his mother asked. He loved her, plus, he had a hard time saying 'no' to her. The wedding was over, Barb was gone and things had settled down, and now his mother was spending most of her time catering to his needs, and that was great. He tried not to fret about wearing Barb's old clothes as he busied himself transferring his things into his new digs. The Italian provincial bedroom set was very femininely styled in white and gold. Lois told him to put his pajamas, socks and underwear into his sister's dresser. To him, it looked funny and smelled funny because the drawers were lined with pink satin and scented with a floral sachet.

It was unnerving for him to move aside the many stacks of frilly panties to squeeze in his few pairs of boxers and briefs. Soon his T-shirts were with the camisoles and brassieres. His pajamas were bunched

in with Barbara's nightgowns. His shirts, trousers and suits were hung up, crammed in amongst skirts, blouses and dresses. The boy didn't know it, but Lois had already augmented the lingerie with items she bought new in exactly his size and made sure to buy items even fancier than her daughter usually wore.

The next day she told Jack to take a shower, and while he undressed in his room, she drew water to fill the tub and added bubble bath soap and floral-scented bath salts. When he entered the bathroom he was surprised with the flowery smell and the mounds of bubbles. She told him she was so used to preparing a bath for Barb that she did it without thinking. Lois insisted he use the bath. "I'm sure you'll really enjoy relaxing in the tub. I don't think, you've taken anything but a shower for years. Get in; you'll love it; just like your sister used to love it." He thought about saying, "But I'm not like Barb, I'm a boy," but he decided to keep quiet. After all, it was nice to have this much personal attention from his mother, especially after he had been neglected for months. So, being the dutiful son, he turned away from her, took off his robe and did his best to shield his nakedness from her as he got into the bath without complaint. She smiled, "Now, I want you to stay in the tub for at least 30 minutes. I'll be back in a while to scrub your back."

After a relaxing bath he had a rather fitful rest since he did a lot of tossing and turning being unused to sleeping on the satin sheets on Barb's old bed.

While Jack was sleeping, Lois went into his new bedroom and set out a lovely pair of white satin panties and a matching, lace-edged camisole for him to wear the next day. In the morning when he awoke, Jack picked up the lingerie and went looking for his mother to ask why she had set out girls' underwear and a fancy undershirt for him to put on. She explained he could get some good use out of the panties and camisole before he outgrew them.

"But, Mom, these are girls' underthings." His mother simply said, "I'm well aware of that, young man. We talked about this yesterday. Remember? In this day and age of unisex clothing, you shouldn't be so afraid of a few items of lingerie. They are so pretty; it's a



Jack had weird feelings about wearing Barb's old clothes, but his mother's arguments were very convincing; besides, he always tried to please her.

shame to waste them to nonuse. I'd wear them myself if I could, but your sister was quite small, petit is the word, and her things don't come close to fitting me. And by the way, we call them 'lingerie' not 'underthings' or 'underwear' -- and more specifically, they are called a camisole or cami, for short, and panties. Now, I want you say it. Say 'lingerie, a camisole and panties,' OK? Go ahead, it won't kill you to say it." He bit his tongue, but bolstered himself up and said hemming and hawing, "Um, yes, Mom, lin-jer-ee, and um, a camel-sole and ah pa-panties."

"Good, now get out of your robe and pajamas and put on your new camisole and panties. Don't worry, honey. It's Saturday; we'll just be around the house today. We have no plans to go anywhere, so, it's a good day for you to wear them for the first time. Do you want me to help you?" He scowled at her and quickly answered 'no' as he went back into his new bedroom to put them on.

As he pulled the soft panties up his legs and settled the snug elastic around his waist, the lace-trimmed legs caused him to involuntarily squirm just as his mother walked into the room. "Fancy nylon panties do that to you; they feel nice, don't they? Did you notice the satin bows on each leg? Bows make a girl know she is wearing something special."

When she saw him confused about how to put on the camisole, she showed him while pointing out the bows and delicate lace decorations. He lurched a bit as she adjusted and then kept readjusting the fit of his new cami and panties. She even tweaked his penis through the panties. "Mo-o-oo-o-m!" he screeched.

"Oh, don't be such an old fuddy-duddy, I can touch my little boy's thing if I want. I'm your mother, after all. I just want to show you how exciting super soft panties are to wear." Then she put her hand over his penis and balls and gently massaged them altogether. He gasped; then she let go. "Jack, if you don't mind

me saying. I noticed your penis is rather small. You probably have noticed other boys your age have much larger penises." He blushed and turned his head. "Oh, well, it's nothing to worry about. Penises come in all sizes; I guess you just happen to have a pretty small one. If you think it's a problem, I can take you to a doctor and see if anything can be done. But from what I've heard, a small penis pretty much stays a small penis for the duration of a male's life."

With his mind turned upside down, Jack was anxious to finish getting dressed. The camisole and panties were uncomfortable to wear because he wasn't used to the silkiness of lingerie. It was like wearing the satin sheets that he had slept on the night before, but even more unsettling. Once he put on his shirt and slacks, he let out a big sigh and relaxed. He thought, "Out of sight, out of mind!" But he soon realized that was not the case. While he sat and ate his corn flakes, the slinky lingerie covering his butt made him slide around a bit on his chair. It felt strange, actually kind of fun he thought to himself until he remembered it was girls' satin lingerie producing the sensation. "No wonder," he thought, "girls always seem to be bobbing around when they sit; now, he thought, he knew why they aren't able to sit still."

Lois got him to help with the dishes, and when he splashed some water on the front of his shirt, she said, "Now you see why girls wear aprons. Here, this will help to keep you neat and dry. Without any fanfare, she produced a ruffled, yellow, over-the-shoulder apron (in his size!), put it over his head and tied it on him. He stood there dumbfounded. "OK, it's all better, now. Get back to washing and I'll start drying the dishes." Of course, he did as she commanded.

Jack spent the morning drawing pictures of horses, one of his favorite subjects. It went well, but the snug elastics on his panties and the lace on his lingerie never let him forget for long what he had on under his shirt and trousers. After a light lunch of grilled cheese sandwiches and butterscotch pudding for dessert (his favorite), Lois calmly said, "Hey, it's so lovely outside. Let's go for a ride. We can drive up to the park at Barron's Lake.

Jack mumbled that he didn't want to go out. When questioned as to the reason, he told his mother he felt uncomfortable being seen in panties and camisole.

"Oh, dear, no one can see them. Now get into the car, mister." He gave into her like he always did, and they were off. They had a pleasant conversation and stopped frequently to take photos of the scenery. The park was well maintained with wild flowers and clean facilities. Lois had brought along his chess pieces and they played a game on a checker board set into the top of one of the old stone tables. Lois used to let him win, but these days, even when she tried her best, he usually beat her, so she didn't hold back and he beat her anyway! She wanted to get home before dark, but since it neared dinner time, she pulled into a roadside restaurant. Faced with going into a fairly busy restaurant unnerved him. He didn't want to, but he was starving and with his mother cajoling him, she got him to go in. Throughout most of the meal, he kept his head down and scarfed down his food much to his mother's amusement despite her repeated insistence to put his chin up and slow down. Other than his self-conscious fears, the meal was uneventful.

After they left the restaurant and on the drive home, Lois said, "Now, all your trepidation was for naught, wasn't it? No one even noticed you, right? All except the waitress, when she called you sweetie and said you were a 'very cute boy' -- which, of course, you are. No one had X-ray eyes to see through your clothes down to your pretty camisole and panties, right?" He nodded. "Oh, no, you're not getting off that easy. Tell me you know no one could tell you were wearing a satin camisole and a matching pair of lacy panties. And say it just like I said it." He sighed at the thought of using those girly words but to save himself from being kowtowed into it, he said without too much hesitation, "I guess I worried needlessly. I thought everyone would somehow know how I was dressed underneath, but no one apparently knew I was wearing a satin camisole and, uh, lacy panties under my clothes." She patted his thigh through his trousers, and then rubbed his pantied penis through his pants and smiled, "Good, I'm glad you see it wasn't a big deal to go out in public wearing lingerie, sweetie."

In bed that night, she made him keep on the cami and panties "to get used to them," and she talked to him. "You know, for most of the time today, I'll bet you didn't even think about wearing your panties and camisole except when you moved about and the lace tickled you or when I commented about them."

Jack didn't admit or deny it; however, he knew it was true. "She put her hands on his panty-covered penis. "I'm going to show you just how wonderful panties are." And she started stoking him. Just thirty seconds later he squirmed, shuttered and had a dry cum. As she suspected he hadn't yet started to ejaculate. That fit perfectly into her plans. Beginning the next night, her panty wanking him became a nightly affair. She'd jack him off in his panties, and she did it while talking to him about the fun of girly things and the undesirable aspects of boy things until his toes would curl and he'd gasp and yell out in relief. She'd usually say cutting things as he orgasmed like, "Your penis is awfully tiny, but it does get very hard." And, "Wow, for a boy, you really are so girly and get so excited in pretty panties. Most boys would hate to wear panties like a sissy like you."

Over the summer, Lois had him wearing camis and panties every day on the premise that they were much nicer than his boys' underwear (that had mysteriously disappeared out of the dresser drawer). And once he got over his initial fear of them, he begrudgingly agreed that they were nice to wear and very comfortable. Within a week, she got Jack to wear an outgrown pair of Barb's powder blue shorts and a simple peach-colored shirt for a walk in the nearby park. It wasn't a boy's shirt but it wasn't a fancy girls' blouse either. Jack wasn't in a position to rebut his mother, so he didn't complain. The blouse was thin and if one looked closely, his camisole could be seen beneath. Of course, Lois didn't bring that fact to his attention. Over the summer, more shorts, even short-shorts, girls' slacks and increasingly fancy blouses he was pushed into wearing. Lois noticed how some people stared at him but since he kept his eyes glued to the ground most of the time, he didn't know that some people might be wondering if he was a girl or a boy, especially since she let his hair grow out over the summer and his satin lingerie did make him

sashay a bit as he walked and twitch and wiggle around while sitting.

Just days before the start of school, Lois had him get a haircut to comply with the school's rules and his old boys' underwear suddenly reappeared in his dresser drawer. However, after he got home from his first day back in school, his mother had laid out a girls' play suit for him, an all-in-one top and shorts like rompers, along with panties and camisole. He put them on without protest. He once again realized just how nice lingerie felt against his skin. However, the shorts were very short and he knew the lacy edge of his panties would peek out if he wasn't careful, so he was very mindful wearing them to the park. They lived on a rather secluded cul-de-sac of homes spaced far apart, so they rarely encountered people on their walks through the neighborhood. The park at the end of their street wasn't usually busy either, but his fear of flashing the lacy edges of his panties made him mince about more than usual.

Lois was now well into her plan to replace her lost daughter with Jack. He wore girls' clothes every minute he wasn't in school, and those clothes included sweaters and girls' coats and modest shoes. At times, he tried to protest but was reminded of his agreement to help his mother out by getting use out of Barb's expensive clothes. He had no problem in public because Lois kept him out of situations where he would run into anyone who would question his appearance. Eventually, he only lacked a skirt or dress from his being fully dressed as a female.

For sleeping Jack was now wearing a waltz length nylon nightgown every night with generous lace and ribbon trim. He had stopped objecting even mildly to wearing Barbara's hand-me-downs. His mother knew he finally did really love his silky clothes and he hungered for her nightly panty wanking sessions. She made him admit as much and got him to say he loved pretending to be a girl. He still had plenty of fears and doubts, and he certainly didn't want to become a girl, but she was inching him closer to that end every day.

Nothing bad had happened when he wore decisively feminine outer clothes, even simple scarves, girlish

ski pants, short-shorts and tops out in public. People would stare, but he never had any problems with his formidable mother beside him. One cold Sunday afternoon in December, Lois made Jack put on a skirt. He finally did protest but his objection fell on deaf ears. She told him the skirt would keep his legs warm and it would be completely hidden under his coat for their daily stroll in the park. Besides, they hardly encountered anyone even in good weather.

So he caved in and was soon wearing skirts and sweaters outside as well as in the house. And underneath, instead of his usual camisole, Lois insisted he wear a full slip as it was more appropriate under dressy clothes. She capped off his lingerie by having him wear a training bra. Tears rolled down his cheeks the morning she first had him put it on, but she hugged him and comforted him and ran her hands all over him in just his full satin slip, panties and girly training bra. And then she wanked him into his panties as they stood there in a close embrace.

He shuddered with sensations running through his body; she sensed that with all the past months of wearing lingerie, he was becoming thoroughly addicted to its sensuous appeal. And then he shot a wad of boy cum for the first time! Lois was overjoyed. She put her hand into the puddle in his panties, scooped some up and stuck out her tongue to taste it; she also made him taste it and then lick up all his slime on her hand.

"You'll get used to the taste. Pretty soon, you'll be pressuring boys for a taste of their cum!" Jack wasn't quite sure what she meant by that, but before he could think about it too much, she was going on and on about his need to pad out his training bra to make his sweaters and blouses look nicer. As she talked, she inserted little 'cheaters' -- little falsies to give him a decisively girly figure. He cried that night as Lois cradled him in bed and stroked his butt and penis through his nylon nightgown and panties. He shot another series of boy juice jets, much thicker this time, and once again she had him lick her hand clean, then change into fresh panties before having him suck the cum out of his soiled panties.

Lois carefully watched as he began developing secondary male sex characteristics and from research she had done she knew he was changing and she needed to seize the moment. She had already taken control of him sexually and was getting him into feminine ways of thinking and acting, but she needed to begin the real process of physically turning him into a female.

Lois obtained a prescription for birth control pills and began feeding him one pill every day to slow down his masculine development. She knew the pills wouldn't be strong enough to stop his oncoming masculinity, and for the moment, that is how she wanted it.

Jack was getting more and more animated when he ejaculated; he loved his mother's loving touch. He had no complaints; he would wear whatever she wanted him to wear, dresses, garter belts, nylon stockings, anything and everything, as long as she jacked him off in his panties every night.

And she always did it with a stern warning for him never to do it to himself or she would stop doing it! He instantly became her puppy dog slave. Once, she knew for sure he was addicted irreversibly to his nylon panties and her loving strokes, she was ready to do more.

Jack was slowly filling the gap in her life caused by the marriage and departure of Barbara as her young son was being slowly sissified. It wasn't a big jump to get him into regularly wearing makeup and going along with her many lessons in how to act like a perfect young lady. Jack was finally dressed as she had hoped he would be, and on a Sunday evening, wearing a beautiful royal blue satin cocktail dress puffed out with petticoats and trimmed with all the accessories, much to his chagrin, Lois told him he was ready for his full debut as a girl and took him out to Cafe Rapheal, a fancy French restaurant. His objections were ignored as she pushed him ahead of her into the restaurant. She told him he had nothing to fear in public. He didn't need any rouge on his cheeks that day, his blushing cheeks were naturally rosy. The meal was a success; he passed without

anyone suspecting he was anything but female. Later, he even giggled at the success of his masquerade.

The Anderson School for Girls was less than eight miles from their home. Lois had sent Barb there years before for her 6th, 7th and 8th junior high school years. The school did a fine job of educating her as well as putting the final touches on her as a young lady. Lois had been preparing for this day, and now, she was ready. She wanted to send Jack there. She dialed the number.

"Mrs. Anderson, I'm Lois Powers. You may or may not remember my daughter Barbara who attended your school almost a decade ago..." Remarkably, the woman remembered Barb because she was such an exceptional student. The two engaged in a bit of small talk as Lois related how well Barb had turned out and that she was now happily married and living in California. Then Lois added, "Well, the reason for my call, I would like you to finish my other child. I want my son to attend your school and have you train him like you trained Barbara."

"I think I heard you say you wanted your son to attend here and be educated and finished as a young lady."

"You heard me right, Mrs. Anderson. I only had one daughter and I severely miss her. My son is a beautiful child very amenable to female ways and he needs to go all the way as my daughter for his sake as well as to fill the void left in my life."

"Personally, I know two boys who have been raised as girls. They turned out well, but I've never had such a boy in my school. I'll take your request under advisement, but I'll need to see the child quickly, as I have a few openings for our next semester that begins in three weeks. If I take him on, I won't cut any corners for him and I will require a free hand with him in regard to dress, grooming, academics, figure training, deportment and discipline."

"That's fine. I want to give you a sissy and get back a well-educated, finished young lady, an 'Anderson girl' if you will. He's a good student, very cooperative and knows better than to refuse anything you may ask

of him. I figured you would know how to achieve his total transformation. Perhaps you know of contacts who can then perform sex change surgery."

"If you are describing your son accurately. I am sure I can deliver a refined young lady to you. However, physically, turning him into a full female will require a skilled surgeon. I know they're doing such operations at the hospital over in Countryside, and together with you, I will help him through the process. Could you possibly bring the child to me on Thursday at 4 PM so I can determine if what you want is at all possible?"

"Yes, but he will be coming directly from school, then. Do you want him to stop home first and have him arrive dressed in his girls' clothes? He does wear lingerie full time under his male school uniform. He can't live without his training bras and panties."

"Whatever the child is wearing from school will be fine. If you don't have anymore questions, I will be looking forward to meeting you both Thursday."

"I do have resources and can help locating a medical doctor and a psychologist sympathetic to his plight. At the clinic, I mentioned, my friend, Dr. Conway can surely point you in the right direction."

After talking with Lois, Mrs. Anderson called her doctor friend and asked, "Rosa, I have been asked to finish a young boy as a young lady and if I take on the challenge, I'd need a support team of doctors as his mother wants to do a complete conversion for him. She also needs a strong female hormone prescription for the boy. She's been giving him her birth control pills but now he needs a powerful hormones."

Dr. Conway accepted the challenge and then so did Mrs. Anderson. Lois was overjoyed. Jack had no idea that he was about to go through a total transformation that would make him his mother's second daughter. Lois mused, "It's amazing but I haven't even spoken to Barb in two months! After the wedding we used to talk every day; then as I began feminizing Jack our calls were only a few times a week, and now, it's been months as I'm on the verge of having my new daughter, Jack, now, Jill is completely filling my needs!"

Macho Man Succumbs to Panties

"Slam, bang, thank you ... Sissy?"

By B. Sommers

Revised by Princess Lacey

"Hey, Margo, I wanna fuck," my husband yelled from the living room. I replied, "Sure honey," but what I really wanted to say was, "I don't 'wanna fuck' but I'd sure like to take our time and make passionate love." He yelled, "Great, go in the bedroom and get ready; I'll be there in a minute."

Brian is so gruff; it seems like he has to prove his masculinity in everything he does. Actually, I think he has fears of inadequacy. I wish he'd just let himself go; I know there is a gentler and sweeter guy under his virile front. I wish I could make him gentler and more romantic. Having a macho man for a husband wasn't all I thought it would be. To counter his overt masculinity, I like dressing in frilly lingerie with satin and lace bras and panties. "He notices and approves, so at least he has an appreciation for them, but I think the lingerie does more for me than they do for him," was what I was thinking as I slid my hands over the stiff lace of my bra and the smooth satin of my panties. I knew sex with Brian wouldn't take long; it never did. Foreplay was a rarity, and he never licked my pussy. "I don't like the smell of fish and I don't eat it," he'd say rudely. I wished I could have a thoughtful, sensitive man who wasn't afraid of his feminine side.

As I was daydreaming my fingers made their way between my legs, as they had hundreds of times before. And as I was feeling myself up through my lacy, cream colored satin panties, I began to get very wet and my pussy lips started to swell. I heard him approaching -- my clumsy, macho man you can hear coming from a mile away. I yanked my hand out of my cunt. I didn't want him catching me masturbating. If he only knew about my ongoing love affair with my panties and middle finger! I snuck a quick taste of my special sauce and smiled. Soon he came stomping in, dropping his clothes in a trail. He walked up to the bed in his ugly BVDs, grabbed his crotch and said, "You ready for some of this, Babe?" I nodded with a

big smile on my face like I couldn't wait. I heard the toilet seat bang up and him peeing. Soon he walked back in and wagged his penis in my face. He reached between my legs, felt my wet pubic hair and said, "Ya got hot thinkin' of me, huh?"

He didn't wait for an answer. Instead, he jumped on me, pushed my legs apart with his knees, grabbed his less than average size dick and shoved it into me. He started humping and grunting with his chin buried in my shoulder as I stared at the ceiling. Time to get this over with, I thought, so I moaned, "Oh. Oh. Oh, yes! Oh, Yes! Oh, you're so big and hard. Oh, yes, you're going to make me come. Ohhhhhh, yessssss," I screamed as I faked another orgasm! It worked; he grunted a few times then collapsed on me and within 30 seconds as his dick shrank and plopped out. He rolled off, got up and on the way to the bathroom he called over his shoulder, "You're welcome!"

When he came back into the bedroom I said, "I'm lying here in a puddle of your goop and you say 'you're welcome'?" He said, "Margo, it's a present for you." I said, "Thanks," sarcastically as he walked out of the room scratching his ass. I pulled the covers over myself and thought, "This shit has to end."

The seeds of a plan had been in the back of my head for a long time. I toyed with ways I could change him, and those thoughts started to develop in my mind. The more I thought, the hotter I got and the faster my fingers moved on my wet cunt. I knew I was building up to a big orgasm. I pulled the pillow over my head so he wouldn't hear me scream as I came and came. Then I heard him come clodhopping by again. He stuck his head in the door, "You say something?" I replied breathlessly, "No, I'm just lying here savoring that great fuck." He grinned and nodded. As he walked away, I licked my fingers clean. Actually his dick wasn't big enough and he didn't stay hard long enough to get my motor going. I had to do something about his selfish style of lovemaking.

The next day I got out of bed as soon as I heard his truck leave. I was excited about taking charge of him, making him into the husband I wanted. I knew women molded their men to how they wanted, and I



was going to learn how. But first, I had to have a quick orgasm. I grabbed a fresh pair of sunshine yellow panties with pink ruffles, put them on, stood in front of my full-length mirror and watched as I made love to myself. I've been watching myself masturbate in front of mirrors since I was a teenager. I love to watch, and I was going to make him love watching me do it too, I was thinking as I brought myself to a screaming orgasm.

For my research, of course, I went on the Internet. It was eye-opening when I entered searches like "how to tame and train your man" and "tricks a woman can do to get a man to eat her pussy." Wow, did I learn things! I was especially fond of the method called "The Blowjob Promise." It made so much sense: A woman can get a man to do most anything with just the promise of a blowjob. And best of all -- you don't even have to actually give him the blowjob, just the promise works fine! I also really liked the idea of feminizing him to

make him into a quiet, sweet and gentle lover more interested in my needs than his own. That's what I wanted! I read everything I could about doing it. I had shopping to do!

After a successful shopping trip, I unpacked everything and got things ready, and then poured myself a glass of chardonnay and reviewed my plans. As I finished my second glass of wine, I heard him pull into the drive and then the truck door slam shut. Under my breath, I said, "That's it Macho Man; come to Mommy."

"Hi, Babe," he said. "Can I get a beer?" "Yes, honey. The beer is the fridge." "Huh," he huffed. "The beer is on the bottom shelf, hon. Be a dear and get it yourself. I'm busy cooking up a quick supper and then I have a special surprise for you," I said with the sexiest smile I could muster. I was thinking, 'Buster, your life is never going to be the same.' I was anxious to set my plan in motion.

"Margo, what kind of surprise?" he asked grinning. "You'll see. Go shower and supper will be ready when you get out. Don't bother putting on lots of clothes." He grinned, "I know what's on your mind, you wicked little tramp." I giggled, "You may be right about the wicked and tramp part, but you don't know what your surprise is going to be. Now go!"

"Where's all my underwear," he yelled from the bedroom after his shower. "Just put on your robe, it'll make things easier later," I called back with a smile in my voice. He came strutting into the dining room grinning, and I thought, 'We'll see who is smiling in about an hour, Mr. Macho.'

After supper I said, "Have another beer while I do the dishes. Lie on the bed while you enjoy your beer and watch TV. It won't take me long to do the dishes."

When I entered the bedroom, he had just polished off his second can of beer and asked, "Now what?"

"I was thinking of giving you a blow job." He howled, "Hooooo weeeee! This is a surprise."

"You don't know the half of it," I told him as I climbed up on his chest still wearing my slacks and blouse. "Now let me have your left hand." He gave it to me (I told you it is that blow job thing.) I pulled it back over his head and reached under the pillow for the nylon stocking that I had tied to the bedpost earlier. As I started to tie his hand he said, "Whoa, girl. What are you doing?" But, he wasn't pulling his hand away, either.

"I'm preparing to give you your surprise, but I want to do it my way with you completely helpless, my big brawny stud. Besides, your penis seems OK with things so far!" I said as I looked over my shoulder at the hard, straining dick sticking out of his robe. I finished tying his left hand securely to the bedpost. With what I had planned, I needed him at my mercy and unable to get loose until I was done. "Now give me your right hand and quit being a wuss." I tied that hand with another stocking and without a protest from him. As I finished, he pulled on both restraints. I smiled at him. Immediately he understood his predicament and got a worried look on his face. "I'm not sure I like this," he said.

"Maybe another beer will help," I said as I headed for the refrigerator. "Let me help you drink this," I said as I poured the beer sip by sip into his mouth. As he finished it, I said, "You stay here, I'll be out in a minute," and then turned and sashayed sexily into my walkin closet. "Like I have a choice?" He sounded concerned but still with a lot of his bravado.

In the closet, I had laid out what I needed from my morning shopping spree. Then, I removed my outer clothes and let my fingers teasingly dance across my panties. God, my panties were already so wet! I licked my fingers and thought it a shame to waste all that good pussy juice. But, there is more where that came from.

"Margo, please, I gotta pee," my husband yelled! "Hold it for a few minutes," I yelled back. I knew he had to pee when drinking beer and that is exactly where I wanted him because from my research I knew that a guy who has to pee is very easy to dominate!

I changed into my new pink lace half-cup bra, new black satin garter belt with smoke colored stockings, and the matching pink satin and lace panties. I applied my new red lipstick. And since I had painted my fingernails fire engine red earlier I was now the wicked little tramp. I picked up the other things I had ready and walked out of the closet. My husbands jaw dropped to his chest. "Oh my God," he said.

"Do you like the way I look," I asked as I rubbed my hands over my lace bra and pulled on my hard nipples peeking over the half cups. "Uh huh," he groaned. "Which do you like best? My bra, garter belt, stockings or pink satin panties?" I asked as I climbed up on the bed, sat on his chest with my panty crotch now right in his face while I made sure to stay out of the reach of his hands. He liked me with my bra off so I knew what he'd answer.

He answered, "Panties." I giggled, "So are you a little panty boy, huh?" I asked with a sly smile as I moved to the side so he could touch the satin and lace of my panties with his right hand. "No," he said while stroking my ass. "We'll see," I said, "I think you really are a panty boy, and if you aren't, you will be soon. You see, I've decided that things are going to change, starting tonight. You will treat me and my body with respect. None of this 'How about a fuck, Babe,' stuff. I'm going to show you how to please me, and you better pay attention. You try to act like a macho guy, but I think that underneath you really are really nothing but a sissy panty boy. You're too coarse and rough in everything you do; I think you're trying to compensate for the pussy boy you are underneath. I don't like how you act, and you're at your worst when we make love. So I'm going to teach you how to treat me and the best way is to train you to be girly, a sissy panty boy.

"What kind of nonsense ... Honey, I gotta pee," he whispered. "Later," I stated flatly. "Do you like this outfit?" "Yes," he said softly. "I hope so because we're going to be twins." He just stared at me questioningly as I threw open his robe and tossed a handful of silky lingerie onto his lap. His penis bobbed up in the midst of all that satin and nylon. That made me smile. "I'm going to put all these pretty

things on you whether you cooperate or not. The more you cooperate, the more pleasure you will have later. You might as well get used to wearing ladies' panties and other lingerie because I've already thrown away all of your ugly Jockey shorts and replaced them with the most girly panties -- god awful panties to you, but your opinion is just temporary because I'm going to teach you how to love your panties, love them so much that you won't be able to live without them!" I got off the bed, pulled out my cell phone and took a picture of him with his erection sticking up through that pile of slutty lingerie.

"You'll wear only panties from now on, and tonight is your coming out party; it will be a night you will always remember, panty boy. Now, you know you can't get loose, so don't bother thinking about what you can do when I let you up. I'll be taking pictures all night long and send them to my secure cloud account before I let you up. I guarantee it will be very embarrassing for you if I need to bring them out at some point to make you remember your place. All of your family, coworkers at the dealership and even our neighbors I have on speed dial. I can text and send pics to any one of them or all of them with just a few clicks. Thanks for buying me my iPhone. It's the best present you've ever given me."

I then picked up the pink half-cup bra stuffed with satin-covered falsies from the lingerie pile mounded over his penis, climbed on the bed and when I reached under him to fasten it, he lifted himself up, probably because he wanted this over with so he could go pee. "What a good boy," I said. I strapped him into the garter belt and agonizingly slowly rolled the stockings up his legs. The higher I got the more his penis twitched. As soon as the stockings were securely attached, I snapped another picture. He groaned and complained, begging not to take any more pictures. I didn't even answer that. Instead, I picked up the pink satin panties matching my own that I had purchased in his size and dangled them up in his face. "O-o-o-o, aren't you a lucky boy? Look what mommy has for you to wear. Panties, soft, silky girly panties with lace and frills and made of satin, just like mommies! Get ready for the biggest pleasure you will ever experience, panty boy." I waved them about and swung the

panties to brush over his penis a few times before putting his feet into them. "Don't do this, honey. I'm sorry, but I don't want to wear these things. I'm your husband for god's sake, not some fruit!" He started kicking his legs but by then I already had the panties up to his calves and that hindered his kicking, "Stop it!" I said. "Brian, I'm not joking, you're going to be my sweet, loving little sissy boy or the whole world is going to see your erection in the midst of a pile of lingerie. I'll just tell people that I caught you masturbating with my lingerie -- you won't have a defense after they see that picture." Begrudgingly he stopped and lay still as I slowly pulled the panties up his legs and over his stockings. When I got just below his hips he willingly lifted up off the bed as I slid his panties into place. His penis made a twitching tent in them; I could tell he was quite excited, even if he would never admit it. He was straining his neck to get a look at his manhood in the femmy panties. He was so hard, I was careful to not touch it, fearing he might instantly shoot his wad.

"You don't have to say a thing," I said looking at his penis. "Your dick tells me you like wearing panties. That's good, panty boy, because ticklishly soft girly panties you will be wearing 24/7 from now on. From what I've read, wearing panties will make you much more appreciative of females as you fall in love with your own sissy lingerie. It will be a great start and then we will explore other areas of femininity for you to enjoy. Exciting, huh?"

He looked worried but I thought I could detect a bit of a smile on his face too. I got my phone out again and took a rapid series of pics of him in his new panties. His expression was filled with fear, knowing how ridiculous he looked. I laughed, "Maybe you work for a Dodge dealership, but you'll have a hard time dodging questions if I ever have to send them to your boss and the other salespeople."

I could tell that scared him because his penis immediately started to shrink in his panties. "Can I touch your pussy now?" he pleaded. "Not yet, I have something to show you first. You will be quiet and watch. I want you to learn. If you want to talk to me, call me 'Mommy.' Do you understand?" "Yes."

"Yes, what?" "Yes, Mommy." He moaned, "I drank too much beer. I have to pee real bad, Mommy," he whispered. "Hold it. You'd better not pee in your new panties! Mommy is going to masturbate and have an orgasm first with my pussy right up in your face. You need to learn how to treat my pussy. Watch carefully because you need to learn how to do it the same way but with your tongue. And you are going to be doing it to me as often as I want, every day, perhaps even several times a day.

With that I crawled to where I could straddle his deflated penis. I slowly lowered my pantied pussy to barely touch his pantied penis and I slowly rocked my hips. He got hard again immediately. I didn't want him to cum prematurely so I stopped rocking my hips and stretched my legs over his shoulders. I scooted my panty-covered pussy to about 8 inches away from his face and said, "Watch closely, Brian, how I give myself an orgasm."

I put my fingers down to my pantied pussy and slowly started tracing my clit through the panties.

"Oh, god, these panties feel good on my pussy," I moaned. I was already very wet and with a few circles, my panties and fingers became soaked too. I put my wet fingers out for him to lick, but he turned his head. "You may as well taste it now, because I guarantee you will be begging to later." He parted his upturned lips. I put my fingers in his mouth and had him suck off my juices." My panties were stuck to me. I went back to stroking and was getting very close to cumming, but wanted to prolong it. "See the outline of my cunt right through my wet panties? I have another little surprise for you. I knew you would want to see very clearly so I shaved my pussy."

With that I raised my hips and slid my wet panties aside and then positioned my hot twat right in front of his face. I pulled the lips of my cunt wide open and asked, "Do you like Mommy's shaved pussy?" "Yes, Mommy," he whispered. "Do you want to see Mommy cum?" "Yes, Mommy," he whispered again. My newfound power was so intoxicating. I rubbed my clit a few times and burst into orgasm. I looked him in the eye and said, "See my shaved cunt twitching?"

That is what an orgasm looks like. Do you want to see what an orgasm feels like?"

He nodded. I scooted forward and put my twitching cunt on his face. As he tried to get his face away I moaned, "This is what an orgasm feels like." I sat there on his face for a few minutes as my orgasm subsided. I knew I was cutting off his air supply; his face was turning red and his eyes filled with fear. I ignored his muffled screams. "You had no idea my pussy had such power over you, did you? Well, maybe now, you'll respect my pussy a lot more. I scooted back and looked at him. "Did you learn a lot about Mommy and making Mommy happy?" He nodded, now gasping for breath. "Now, Brian, that's not the surprise you were expecting, was it? Well, we have more to do so just hold on tight." He pleaded, "OK, Mommy, but now can I get up and pee?"

I got off the bed and walked to my package. "Mommy's little panty boy is not going to be able to get up and pee. Little boys pee in diapers. I can't let you get your new pink panties wet, so I'll have to put some diapers on you." I removed his panties and garter belt, leaving his stockings in place. I reached into the bag and pulled out a large diaper. I went back to the bed and unfolded the diaper underneath him. "Please don't, not diapers like a baby," he begged, almost crying. "Lift," I commanded! Reluctantly he lifted his hips off the bed, and I slid the diaper under him, pulled it around him, pinned it and patted his hard penis through the diaper. "This is so cute," I said, "hold on a second." I got my camera and snapped another picture. He looked horrified. As I looked at the picture I had snapped, I said, "Your bowling buddies are going to love this one! But wait, after all of that beer, you may leak a little," I said as I reached into my bag of tricks. Out I came with a pair of plastic panties, pink with lace. I held them up. "You need plastic panties so you don't leak and make a big mess, so I got these for you. Nice, aren't they, panty boy?"

"Pink?" he questioned, but he had to go so badly that he didn't resist as I slid them up to his waist without my having to tell him to lift his hips. I patted his plastic panties. "Good sissy, now go ahead and pee." I said as I took another picture. "But I don't want to

pee in diapers. Please don't make me," he said tears in his eyes. "You'll pee in your diaper all right. I'm not untying you until do you piss all over yourself."

I then climbed up onto him in the classic 69 position and put my naked pussy right on his mouth. "Oh, that feels good," I said as I slid my wet pussy around on his lips. "Eat my pussy baby. If you make me cum three times before you have to pee, you win, and I'll be your little fuck doll who never complains again, but if you piss your diaper before I cum three times, you'll have to wear either a diaper or frilly panties forever after and be my little pussy boy, got it?"

He really had to pee; he was already squirming around and squeezing his legs together. I knew he couldn't last long so I laughed to myself because he started eating my pussy like it was the finest thing he had ever tasted. He was trying desperately to make me cum, but with all my experience, I could hold out for hours. "You're doing really well, honey, but I'm not even close yet. By the way, I always tell you how big and hard your penis is while we make love ... well, that was all a lie. You have a little dick and can't stay hard for more than a few minutes. Did you think I don't know how much bigger most men are compared to your pimple dick? Go ahead and give up. Pee yourself, my little baby sissy boy." And he did pee as I put my hands together like you would for a Heimlich maneuver and pushed down hard on his lower stomach. It was more than he could take. I felt him blow air into my pussy as he groaned and I felt a long, hard, stream of pee hit the front of his diapers.

I knew all along that I'd win this one. As he relaxed, I reminded him, "OK, from now on, every day you will be wearing panties or diapers, sissy boy; the choice is yours. Which will it be? Remember, I have pictures." I lifted up off his face. "Honey, I don't want to..." "Choose! Or you're dead meat." "Panties," he said. "Panties, what?" "Panties, please, Mommy."

"Very good, but you should have said that the first time. Just for that, Mommy is going to have another orgasm before she cleans you up. OK?" I asked as I rubbed his penis through his wet diapers? He replied, "OK," since he knew he had no real choice in the

matter. "Good. I can do this myself again or you can lick me. Which will it be?"

"Mommy, lick you?" He answered like a question, but I pretended he was choosing to do it.

I smiled, "I'm glad you chose that; you still have a lot to learn about eating my pussy, but you did it well enough before to give me an orgasm. So do it again, and this time keep your tongue moving, if you stop I just might pee all over your face. I have this terrible urge to pee if don't quite reach an orgasm, so make love to me with your tongue like your life depended on it. You didn't know that about my orgasms, did you? Well, that's just one more lesson, and you have a lot more lessons to go. So let's call this day one of pussy eating school, huh? Do a good job and I'll put you in fresh panties and give you the best cum you've ever had. Now do it, my little sissy baby boy, Brian!"

I lowered my pussy onto his face and he started licking away with enthusiasm. "Slow down a bit and be gentle, I want to make it last." He licked my pussy lips, then my clit. When I moved a little forward, he got the idea and started licking my ass. I moved back again so he could get at my clit and started rocking on his face as I rubbed his penis teasingly.

"That's right little boy, you are turning out to be a good little cuntlapper. Oooooo here it comes." I sat down hard on his face and burst into orgasm. Afterwards, I removed his pink plastic panties and took another picture of him in his soaking wet diapers. I cleaned him up, put him in a fresh pair of fag purple panties with pink lace and then I took off my own very wet panties, draped them over his nose, shoved the crotch into his mouth and commanded him to suck them clean if he wanted me to make him shoot his cum into his panties like a sissy. He grunted he was ready.

I started jacking on his penis through his panties using a technique I learned while doing my research, putting my fingers in a claw-like grip on just the head of his cock through the panties, and used a combination of gentle pinching and sensuous stroking that brought him to the edge.

"Now, if you want to come inside your new satin panties, you have to ask me nicely. Now, tell me you want to cum in your pretty new panties."

He gasped, "Panties, may I cum in my pretty panties, Margo, I mean, Mommy pl-e-a-s-e-e-e-e," Brian screamed as he exploded with a massive climax, leaving him shaking as his orgasm thundered throughout his body. That was the start; he is my pussy boy now with a nice collection of lingerie, not just panties, but slips, babydoll nighties and training bras and diapers and plastic rhumba panties for when he's been bad. He's now a devoted, trained and tamed sissy panty boy. I recommend all women do it to their men and boys. Good luck!



"Danny, you may think changing you into a girl is the worst thing that could ever happen, but some boys actually learn to love it!

"Stop pouting and smile. I want a nice picture to send to your cousin, Jeff. Since you called him a sissy, I want to show him who the real sissy is. If you smile for me, I'll put you into a fresh pair of panties before I take this picture. Otherwise, I'll put this picture on our Christmas card this year."

