

MODERN GIRL PUBLISHERS

By Patti Ruth



ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

“MODERN GIRL PUBLISHERS”

By Patti Ruth

CHAPTER ONE: THE START OF SOMETHING SPECIAL

The special meeting was just coming to order. The new owner, Pam Toomer, was about to speak.

“Welcome to all of you. I’m Pam Toomer. According to the newspaper, I’m the fool who bought your company, even though I surely don’t *consider* myself a fool. After spending nineteen million dollars on this quote, ‘sinking ship’, unquote, I *do* intend to make money. Of course, to do that, we will be making a *lot* of changes. You either are with us, or at the unemployment line. This publishing company is going to change its format entirely. I just wanted the company for its assets, and not for its ideology and product. Starting *immediately*, this company’s dying magazines will be revitalized with a new format, and a new target market. Modern Girl Magazine will no longer focus on young girls being pretty and trying to catch a boy.

“We are going to jump into the 21st Century, and make Modern Girl Magazine *truly* modern. Girls are into sports, and being smart and independent. They no longer see themselves as being trophies for the boys, being cheerleaders, and sweet submissives, ready to jump at any male’s whim. We need a magazine that focuses on self-improvement and accomplishment. A magazine that makes girls *want* to be all they can be. We will focus on female athletes: Basketball players, baseball players, body-builders, soccer players, tennis players and hockey players.

“Then, we will focus on women business people, and what they’ve accomplished. We will then focus on the other end of the spectrum. Instead of emphasizing beauty and fashion for girls, which is what the magazine has been doing, and why it has been forced to sell, we will focus on fashion and beauty for *boys*! We will interview transvestites and female impersonators. For example, we will look for instances of males in “traditional” female roles, such as hairdressers, cheerleaders, nurses, receptionists and such. If you take notice, young girls like feminine males; ever notice how they endorse the Rock n’ Roll groups who dress effeminately, and wear makeup? *This* is the future! *This* is where we are going. Who is going with us?”

The room was silent, then the editor, Jan Stevens began to speak. “Ms. Toomer, where we will get our ad revenue from? Most of our advertising is from cosmetic and fashion companies. We only have a few ads from non-beauty companies. Where will we get the money to operate?”

“Well, Jan, I’m coming in with front money and, once the advertisers see what concepts we’re pushing, they will come aboard. The sports companies will want to be in our magazine, which they aren’t now. The “hygiene” companies will still want to advertise with us, and we will have a new fashion company advertising in our publication,

TG Fashions, a new mail-order company. They specialize in the new “outdoors” look for girls and women, and “refined” fashions for men and boys. I also own a stake in that company, so we are assured its advertising. I need to know at this point, who is with the program, and who is not?”

The five staff members, with Jan as their spokesperson, said they’d need time to make their decision. They did not know if they were cut out for such a radical change in their philosophies. Pam said she understood, but needed to know their answers by tomorrow. If they didn’t think they would fit in, they would be given a fair severance package, and there would be no “hard feelings”. Meanwhile, Pam had other matters to attend to, and would meet with them tomorrow, Tuesday, at 9 AM. The meeting ended.

After Pam left the office, the five staff members expressed their dismay over what this “butch” woman wanted to do to their beloved magazine.

Deb Brinker, the assistant editor spoke up.

“I can’t *believe* she wants to change our magazine. Fashion and beauty are paramount to a young girl. I can’t believe she doesn’t want to enhance this image.”

Jan answered, “You know our readership is half what it was ten years ago. Maybe she’s got a point. Our problem is that we’re all from the old school. We’re all close to retirement, whereas she’s only in her 30’s. If we would stay, I don’t know how we would adapt. I think that I’m going to take the severance and be gone. This woman will be making a lot of changes. I read an article on her.

“Did you take notice of her manner of dress? Those were basically men’s clothes she was wearing, nothing like our business suits. She wasn’t even wearing nylons. She had no makeup on, no jewelry, and she wasn’t even carrying a purse. In fact, you could see she had her wallet and keys in her pockets. Supposedly, she is married to a guy who took her surname, and gave up his. To top it off, they had one of those “Transgendered” weddings. She and her attendants wore tuxedos, and he and his ‘men’ wore gowns!”

“That’s disgusting!”, retorted Helen, “I can’t work for someone like *that!*”

The others agreed. Tomorrow they would all resign!

While the staff members were making their decision, Pam was on her way to TG Fashions, to meet with Susan Rift, the head of the company. Susan was an independent, “macho” type of woman, as was Pam. The two believed in female superiority and dominance; and wanted to spread the philosophy throughout the land.

When Pam arrived at the office, of TG Fashions, Susan was waiting for her.

“Come on Pam, let’s go into the studio; we’re shooting the ads for the first issue,” said Susan.

The two women went into the photo studio, where the models were to be photographed. As the two women sat down, the models came out, dressed in the “outdoors” look; this was the teen girl group. The three girls were wearing similar outfits. The first wore jeans, with a long-sleeve polo shirt, cotton socks with hiking boots; the second wore cotton twill pants, woven cotton shirt, cotton socks and leather oxford shoes; the third wore fleece pants, reverse fleece top, sweat socks and basketball shoes. All three

girls had shortly-cropped hair, no jewelry and no makeup. The female photographer, herself dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, shot the girls, then when they were done, asked for the boys to be sent out.

As the boys came out, a smiling look of approval shot across Pam's face. Susan knew Pam was going to like what she saw.

The first boy had on a cotton denim shirt with a plaid wool-blend vest, and wide-wale cotton corduroy walk shorts, with cotton blend tights and leather penny loafers! The second boy had on a white weskit blouse, flat-front stretch trousers with side zipper, a tailored jacket, textured nylon crew socks, and black cross-strap slip-on shoes. The third boy was wearing a ribbed bodysuit, twill pants, with no pockets, white nylon tights, and black high-heeled patent leather Mary Janes! Each of the boys had backpacks and wore earrings, and each had long hair, one past his shoulders.

After the individual shots were taken, the three girls came out for group photos of the six. The image portrayed in these group photos, was of tomboys and sissies, the new image of Modern Girl!

After the photo shoot was over, Susan and Pam reviewed the day's events.

"How did things go over at the magazine?" asked Susan.

"The five of them will resign," responded Pam.

"Is that what they said?" asked Susan.

"No, but I could tell by their reaction to what I told them, that they will, indeed, resign," answered Pam.

"Well, that will pave the way for us to bring our people in," responded Susan.

"Yes, it will," answered Pam, "and we won't have to fire anyone, which is what we wanted. Now, back to the ad for the first issue. I liked the girls' outfits, as well as the boys', but do you think we're rushing a bit, by advertising the "shorts and tights look" for the boys?"

"No, not at all", responded Susan. "I think it's important that we push the idea of boys showing off their legs from the get-go, with our target market. After all, a lot of our young FSA girls will be subscribing to the magazine, and a lot of them are already used to seeing boys in skirts and dresses, so shorts and tights will be no problem."

The "FSA girls" are members of the Female Superiority Association, which Susan Rift is the founder of. The association is dedicated to the concept of female superiority, and male submissiveness. The goal of the organization is to create a transgendered society, in which females have the political, economic, physical and societal power, and males have no power at all! An ambitious goal, to say the least.

Then Pam stated, "Our first issue is going to feature Gwen Stevens, one of our FSA girls, from Portland Maine, who is the quarterback for the undefeated Portland Bucs, the champions of the southern Maine midget football association. They played eight regular season games, and three playoff games; winning the championship game by 21 points! In addition to Gwen, there are ten other girls on this team, and they are coached by Samantha Barnes. "Sammie", as she is known, is one of our members; she is divorced with two kids, twins, a boy and a girl. Tammy is the fullback on the team,

and her brother Tommy, is on the cheerleading squad, along with another boy, Dale Preamer, who is Gwen's boyfriend. This article has the potential of really going places!"

"Wow! I'll say!" stated Susan.

"Well, we need to make everybody understand that women have the potential for great accomplishment; at the same time, we need to drill into people that submissive, non-threatening males are what's best for society. Too many males with high testosterone levels have screwed up society for too long. We need only to look at the crime rates. Over 98% of violent crime is committed by males. Juvenile violent crime has the highest rate of increase of all crime, with males committing the vast majority of it. We need to create a society where males want to look pretty, and be submissive to females. To do this, we must create strong, dominant, physically superior females, and we must start with the *young!*"

"Well, that has been our goal all along," Susan retorted, "But, I can now see that we are getting on the fast track!"

"Yes, we *are*," answered Pam.

After their discussion, the two women called it a day and decided that tomorrow, after receiving the resignations of the old staff of Modern Girl, they would begin the process of moving in their new staff, and get ready to publish their first issue. The printing equipment would also be able to be used to print the monthly newsletter for FSA, as well as the *new* magazine they were planning.

CHAPTER TWO: STAFFING, AND THE AGENDA

When Pam arrived home, she found her husband and stepson exercising in their home gym. She always loved to see her two boys doing their aerobics, in their leotards and tights. Today, her husband Jim was wearing a green leotard, white tights and white aerobic shoes; and her stepson Jimmi was wearing a pink leotard with white tights, white aerobic shoes, and pink legwarmers. Both boys had their long hair pulled back in ponytails, so it wouldn't get in their eyes, as they danced and moved. When Pam came into the gym, Jimmi ran over to his mother and gave her a hug and kiss. Then Jim came over, and Pam planted a deep French kiss on his painted lips, as she caressed his little sissy ass!

Jim was an out-of-work construction worker, whose wife had just been killed in an auto accident, when he and Pam met. Pam liked the idea of turning this macho man, and his son, into feminine submissives. After they started dating, Pam started Jim on "vitamins" to help his chronic colds and illnesses. Actually, the "vitamins" were muscle relaxers and a special type of estrogen, developed by FSA scientists, which feminized the male body, but still enabled it to have an erection, a magnificent breakthrough. This made it possible for a woman to use a male's sex-drive against himself!

As time went on, Pam supported him, and made him very comfortable in a life of luxury; the only thing it cost Jim was his masculinity! The once muscular construction worker, who was also an all-star football and basketball player, was now a 6' 0", 135 pound "sissy boy" who couldn't compete in an aggressive sport if his life depended on it. Likewise, his 14-year-old son, who just two years ago was the all-star linebacker on the local midget football team, was now the first boy "Twirler" in the bandfront, for Cressant High School, a local private school. Yes, Pam knew how to get the things she wanted, and the thing she wanted most was females in control!

Jim asked, "How was your day, Honey?"

"Fine," responded Pam, "In fact, I think we're going to have a job for you down at the magazine."

"Oh, really!" said Jim, "I thought you didn't *want* your boys working."

"Well, I think a job as secretary for Denise would be right up your alley, Honey."

Jim cringed. Denise was a good friend of Pam's, who had gone to school with Jim. When they were in school, Denise was a "jock", whom Jim had always given a hard time, because she was so boyish. She always wore pants to school, never carried a purse or wore makeup. When graduation came, she was forced to get dressed up in a dress, nylons, high heels, and makeup.

When Jim had the chance, he flipped her skirt in front of the whole class, which humiliated her to the max, especially since several of his friends got pictures of the "event", and distributed them among the males in the class. Now that *he* was the feminine one, Denise had the upper hand. If he had to work for her, he knew he was in for a problem!

"But, Honey, I don't think that will work out," Jim pleaded.

“Why not, Dear? Denise is a very successful businesswoman and she *does* need a secretary. Anyway, I’m tired of you just lazing around the house all day. It’s about time you go out and work in the “New World”.

At that point, Pam looked over at Jimmi, and told him to go get showered up, and put on something nice to go out to dinner in. She did not want to debate with Jim in front of their child. Jimmi dutifully obeyed his mother.

“Now, as far as I’m concerned,” stated Pam, “You’re going to work as Denise’s secretary, and that’s *final!*”

Jim once again tried to plead his case, but by the look on Pam’s face, he knew he lost; it seemed as though he *always* did with her. As he started to cry, which was his usual reaction anymore, Pam put her strong arm around him, and told him it would be all right.

“Go up and get showered, so I can take my boys out to eat,” said Pam. “How about wearing something sexy, so we can play around later? *That* will make you feel better!”

Jim didn’t know why he had the reactions he had. He remembered years ago when he would face problems head-on. After meeting Pam, it seemed within months of dating her, he had no “fight” to resist her whims. He would just get flustered and start to cry when they argued, and she was always so strong and steadfast. Of course, Jim didn’t realize the “vitamins” he took were specially produced by the FSA organization. The male formula contained the muscle relaxers, the estrogen, and tranquilizers.

There was another FSA breakthrough, The “Mind Trainer”; a special drug formulated to open the mind to female suggestion. Information recorded on tapes, and played while the subject slept, programmed their minds to suggestions concerning “proper” lifestyles and habits. The “male” tapes programmed into the subject’s mind submissiveness, the importance of being “pretty”, non-competitiveness, adoration of strong females, and an obsession with being thin and small. This was linked with the reward of sex, further driving the males to be as feminine as possible so they could get “laid”. By using their strong sex drive against them, the program taught them how to “snap to”.

It would be this same program which would turn many a “macho” male into a sweet “sissy boy”, and Modern Girl Magazine would be the vehicle used to spread the Gospel of this New World Order!

There was also a corresponding opposite set of “vitamins” and programmings. These were the female “vitamins” containing testosterone; small amounts of steroids, and the “Mind Trainer” drug. These were designed to promote aggressiveness, toughness, physical muscularity, and a sexual desire for effeminate males. These were the “vitamins” taken by the women and girls of FSA, and they were producing fabulous results! The first issue of the new Modern Girl would give testimony to that fact, with the interview with Gwen Stevens.

While his father was getting dressed, Jimmi came out to his stepmother to see if she approved of his outfit. Jimmi was wearing a white silk blouse, a tan sleeveless jacket, tan pleated trousers, beige pantyhose and black, mid-heel T-strap pumps, with

matching shoulder bag. He had on full makeup with earrings, and. he had just repainted his nails with a clear glaze.

“Why no skirt?” asked Pam.

“I wore a skirt to school today, so I wanted to change into pants. It’s a little chilly out tonight, and I’d like to stay a little warmer,” said Jimmi.

“Okay. That’s fine,” responded Pam.

To school that day, Jimmi wore a cute little black miniskirt, with white sweater, white tights, and black patent leather Mary Janes with 3-inch heels. A couple of the male students in his class, who were new to the school, taunted him for being such a sissy, but the teachers (all female) came to his aid, and punished his harrassers.

After the school day ended, Jimmi’s girlfriend, Tanya Peters, drove him home, all the while running her hand up the feminine boy’s nylon-encased legs, getting him wonderfully excited! This was the first time he had worn a skirt to school, but by his girlfriend’s reaction, he knew he’d be wearing a lot *more* skirts in the future!

When Jim came down the steps from the bedroom, he was a vision of sexiness to Pam. Jim wore a sand-colored sweater, with a brown corduroy mini-jumper with scoop neck and side zipper, which barely covered his ass, brown tights and double-strap low-heeled pumps, with matching shoulder bag. Full makeup, earrings, ankle bracelet and freshly painted nails completed the picture. Pam was getting horny just looking at her “pretty boy”.

The three went to dinner and talked about the upcoming Thanksgiving holiday. Pam was going to have the three new staff members and their families over for the holiday, and Jim and Jimmi would serve as hostesses. The new staff members were very successful women who shared Pam’s philosophy. They would be bringing their daughters with them, except for Denise, who had no children. The other two women were Cheryl Nance, who was divorced and had two girls, aged ten and nine, and Jill Moyer, who had a thirteen-year-old girl. She, too, was divorced. The two guys said it would make for a busy holiday.

After dinner, they went home and got their night clothes on. Jim and Jimmi always slept in a leotard and tights, and Pam always slept in a T-shirt and sweatpants. After they were dressed for bed, they got together in the Family room to watch a movie. After the movie, they went to bed.

The next day, Pam went to the office and accepted the resignations of the old staff. She was very cordial, and gave the five women an extremely generous severance package. There were no problems, the staff would finish out the year, and the new staff would be in place by the first of the year. In seven weeks, the new Modern Girl would be in full swing. In the meantime, the new staff would be getting acclimated, starting the next week.

With this assignment finished, Pam was off to Cressant High School, to talk to her good friend Dianne Billings, the school administrator. The school was in its second year of existence. It is a private school founded by Pam, Dianne, and the heiress of the world’s largest shipping company, accounting for the seemingly endless flow of cash.

This “silent partner” was the only child of the shipping magnate, himself a trans-vestite and male submissive, who believed strongly in the power of women. At the time when he built his fortune, men basically ruled. Now, however, things were changing, and it was his daughter, and his fortune helping to reverse the gender roles!

As Dianne and Pam exchanged greetings in Dianne’s office, Chris Martin, the school principal, joined them.

Pam started the meeting, “Okay, girls, how’s our enrollment situation?”

Dianne answered, “We now have three hundred twelve students in our classes, two hundred eighty-seven of which are female.”

“Well, that’s very good,” said Pam. “We were targeting three hundred for our second year, so we are ahead by four percent. How’s our sports program going?”

Chris responded, “Our basketball program is in full swing, competing against the other female teams. Our wrestling program is now cleared by the state athletic commission, and our schedule is set. We start the season next week. We have a representative in every weight class, and we are ready to compete!”

“Excellent!” responded Pam, “Now, on to other matters. How are the twenty-five boys fitting into the program?”

Dianne responded, “Some are doing very well; basically, those are the ones in their second year. The first-year boys are still rebelling a bit, but they should be subdued by the time the Thanksgiving break comes along.”

“Well, what’s the problem with these boys,” asked Pam.

Chris answered, “They keep fighting the system. They think they are tough, but it’s becoming more apparent that they are becoming sissies. We talked to each of their mothers, and they have assured us that their sons will comply with the school’s rules. I think when their mothers force them into skirts and dresses, then they will have been defeated. It seems while they still wear pants, they still have some macho bravado in them, but that should soon be gone.

“I sat in on their Home Ec class the other day, and enjoyed watching them learn how to sew. It’s *great* watching these brats become perfect little sissies. I also sat in on the girl’s gym class, and was very impressed with the raw athletic talent of some of our girls. You should see them play football, and wrestle! They are tough! In the weight room, I watched one of our Ninth graders bench press 200 pounds; she is awesome!”

“That all sounds marvelous”, stated Pam. “It seems like we’re getting what we want. Let’s keep it up!”

After she was done at the school, Pam met with the ad agency which represented Turnabout Toys. The Account Manager, Deb Starr, presented the first ads to run in the magazine. First there was the Super Racer miniature race car set. The ad had a picture of two tomboys, in jeans, T-shirts and sneakers, wearing baseball caps with racing logos on them, sitting on the floor, with remote joysticks in their hands, racing the cars around the track. A caption above them said, “Feel the power and excitement of real car racing, the recommended and approved toy of Raye Miller, 1999 winner of the Conestoga 500”. There was an insert of Raye’s picture in the middle of the ad.

The second ad was for a boy's toy. The caption read, "Don't forget your brother's or boyfriend's birthday, get him what he really wants, The Bobbi Doll!" The picture showed two young boys, about ten to twelve years old, one dressed in a pink short set, with white Mary Janes and white tights, the other boy in a pair of black "hot pants" and black sports bra, tan pantyhose and "slip on" sneakers. Both boys were wearing makeup, and had long hair adorned with ribbons. They were on a plush rug playing with their new "Bobbi Dolls" which were dressed in the latest "sissy" fashions; short skirts and mini-dresses!

"What do you think of the ads?" asked Deb.

"I like them very much!" responded Pam. "These are the images we need to push!"

"I thought you would be pleased," retorted Deb, "After all, this is our agenda. Right?"

"You hit the nail on the head," answered Pam!

CHAPTER THREE: THE CHALLENGE

Now that the pieces were coming together for the new magazine, Pam felt the need to get a newsletter out to the FSA membership. The newsletter would inform all the members of the successful take-over, and new philosophy of Modern Girl, along with a challenge to all the members.

The challenge read like this:

WE, THE LEADERSHIP OF THE SOESA ORGANIZATION, HEREBY CHALLENGE TRUE BELIEVERS OF OUR PHILOSOPHY TO RECRUIT AT LEAST TWO NEW MEMBERS IN THE NEXT THREE MONTHS. THAT WILL SWELL OUR MEMBERSHIP TO 300,000. ALONG WITH THAT, THE YOUTH GROUP, NOW CONSISTING OF HALF OUR MEMBERS (50,000 TEEN AND PRE-TEEN GIRLS), NEEDS WE OLDER MEMBERS TO MAKE PROVISIONS FOR THE FEMININIZATION OF AT LEAST 50,000 TO 100,000 TEEN AND PRE-TEEN BOYS, SO THERE ARE SUFFICIENT "PARTNERS" IN THE COMING "NEW WORLD ORDER". THE FUTURE OF OUR ORGANIZATION *REQUIRES* THAT THESE GOALS BE MET! WE LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR COMMITMENT.

The newsletter went on to give various examples of people who had feminized the men and boys in their lives. The first example told the story of a divorcee, who was having a problem with her thirteen-year-old son. Two years earlier, Brenda was a lesbian mom, living alone with her son, Jerri. (Since this time, Brenda had become a FSA member, and gotten engaged to a twenty-eight-year-old transvestite).

Jerri was becoming very unmanageable, as most thirteen-year-old boys do. One day, in the laundry room, while Brenda was ironing some of her work clothes, which at that time were dresses and skirts, Jerri was bored, making a bunch of smart remarks. Suddenly, he asked the question which would change his life. Because she was wearing jeans and an old flannel work shirt, Jerri blasted, "Why do girls wear men's clothes like you and Vanda Smith do? Men don't wear *skirts!*"

Immediately, Brenda shot back, "I guess men aren't very brave." That took Jerri by surprise. The reference to Wanda Smith, who was a thirteen-year-old girl in Jerri's class was an eye opener, as well. Wanda was a tomboy's tomboy. She made a habit of beating up all the boys in her class, including Jerri; all the boys insisted that she should be forced to act feminine, which she refused to do. Linking that with the fact that Jerri took an unusually keen interest in the clothes she was ironing, Brenda thought that maybe Jerri would like to try on some feminine things himself.

The idea excited Brenda, so she decided she would give Jerri that chance! As the current frustrating day went on, Brenda amused herself with thoughts of feminizing her smart-mouthed brat of a son, who spent the rest of this day degrading girls and women. Although Jerri thought he was really getting under Brenda's skin, she just went about her day planning the task that lay ahead.

The following week, Brenda went to a thrift store and bought several skirts, dresses and blouses she knew would fit Jerri. This was an easy task, because Jerri was a slim kid. Then, Brenda talked with her friend Marsha, who was Wanda's mother. She told Marsha of her plan, and Marsha offered her assistance. The women sat down and talked with Wanda, after Wanda came home from Teener League practice.

She was one of eight girls on the local team; a team that Jerri was not good enough to be part of! They made Wanda aware of their plan and Wanda squealed with delight! Then Wanda offered “all that prissy stuff” her Dad and his new wife had sent her, which she refused to wear (Wanda wore ONLY male clothing, including jockey shirts, and never, ever carried a purse, or wore makeup and jewelry). “I think they sent me three packages of nylon panties, six pair of pantyhose, two slips, a makeup kit, a purse and a dress. There’s no way I’m EVER going to wear them. Take them for Jerri!” she said.

Brenda readily accepted!

This was May, school would be ending in a few weeks; that was when Brenda vowed to have Jerri in skirts for good. She stored the clothes in Jerri’s closet, after removing the panties and pantyhose from their packages and putting them in a grocery bag. Wanda had also given Brenda a pair of white ankle-strap high heels, which she never wore; Brenda put them in Jerri’s closet with the new clothes. When Jerri got home from school that day, he demanded to know what the clothes were doing in his closet. Brenda told him she was collecting for charity, and the clothes would be there for only a few weeks. He accepted the explanation with almost no fuss, just a few smart remarks.

During the next few weeks, she watched the closet closely, and was delighted to find her suspicions confirmed. Jerri was taking the clothes out, and putting them back, all the while trying to make it appear that they had not been tampered with. She had absolute proof he was wearing the clothes when she found a semen stain on a pair of pink nylon bikini panties! At this point, school was almost over and the Plan proceeded.

On the second Saturday in June, which turned out to be a gorgeous day, she told Jerri she was going out to visit some friends, and wouldn’t be back until late in the afternoon. She actually went to Wanda’s baseball game with Marsha. After the game, around 11 AM, Brenda and Marsha, dressed in jeans and pullover shirts, with sneakers and sweat socks, along Wanda with two of her teammates, who were her and Jerri’s classmates, dressed in their baseball uniforms, went to Brenda’s house.

When they got there, the curtains to Jerri’s room were drawn, even though it was a beautiful day. They very quietly let themselves in, tiptoed to Jerri’s room, then barged in. They couldn’t have asked for more! Jerri was lying on his bed wearing the soft pink chiffon dress, with sheer skirt and back zipper, with a delicate bow on the front; he had on pantyhose and the white ankle-strap high heels; a slip and pink panties! Brenda looked at him with his hand on his crotch, and his skirt bulging, then told him to get up. Jerri meekly obeyed. Then, Brenda began to speak.

“Well, Jerri, it seems that you want to be a sissy.”

Wanda interrupted, “He *is* a sissy!”

“Well, that’s undeniable at this point”, stated Brenda, “But I think it’s great. The “Big Man” who has been putting down girls and women is the *real* pussy! One can certainly tell that Wanda, Kate and Ann aren’t prissy sissies They were out playing baseball; beating the so-called “tough boys”, while our pretty pansy here has been playing

dress-up. That's super! That's the way it's going to be! Girls, what do *you* think of our pansy?"

Wanda answered first, "I think he's adorable, especially with his little hard-on bulging out his skirt."

Ann responded similarly, as did Kate.

Brenda continued, "I *was* collecting those prissy clothes to give to charity, and today was the day that I was going to give them away. But you look so good in your dress, that I don't think I'm going to give those clothes away. What I *will* give away is your male clothing!"

At that, Jerri started to protest. He went to stop his mother as she opened his closet, and put the contents into a huge box, which Kate had brought into the room. As Jerri was walking toward his mother, Wanda grabbed him and threw him onto the bed. As he tried to fight against her, Wanda easily pinned him to the bed. He was no match for her! Brenda and Marsha laughed at Jerri as he squirmed under Wanda's weight and superior strength. Then, Brenda began to speak.

"What's the matter, Jerri? I thought males were superior to females. Why can't you overpower this 'inferior', as you have been calling women and girls?"

At that statement, Wanda began to chide Jerri.

"Well, Sissyboy, you couldn't even make the baseball team. You CANT compete with me, or Kate or Ann. *You* are the REAL pussy. You had better NEVER call one of us a pussy again!" (When he could, Jerri would always berate the girls in his class by calling them "pussies"!)

After this statement, with the helplessness of being pinned, the disappearance of all his male clothing and possessions (which Brenda, Marsha, Kate and Ann were packing up, and removing) being dressed so femininely, and all the women dressed so masculinely, Jerri began to cry! The women enjoyed this event enormously! Brenda began to speak.

"It's alright to cry. You are a full-fledged sissy, and it's all right for sissies to cry. You are on this Earth to please women. You are to be pretty and submissive. You are not tough, and you are never *going* to be tough. So sit back and enjoy the fact that not much is expected of you, except for being pretty!"

At this statement, Jerri was defeated. He lay there sobbing, as he watched ALL his male clothing disappear. After the clothes were packed up and taken out of the house, Kate and Ann started to pack away all the other masculine possessions. Out went the model airplanes and cars. "Bye-bye" to the football and baseball cards and posters. "So long" to his pocketknife and fishing rod. But, as all these things were being carried out, Brenda told Jerri that she would replace them with some cute stuffed animals, and collector's dolls!

With all that done, the women and girls went downstairs with Jerri, and they all had a little talk. Brenda informed Jerri that from now on, he would wear panties and nylons ALL his waking hours, and nighties when he went to bed. For the next six months he would wear ONLY skirts and dresses. After that, *if* he were sufficiently

feminized, he could occasionally wear shorts, slacks and jeans, but only if they were clearly feminine in design. He would always wear lipstick, nail polish, makeup and a feminine hairstyle. Then, she added that she would send him to the beauty salon tomorrow for a cut and perm, nail care and waxing and sign him up for a class on makeup and deportment.

At that point, she expected him to be responsible for his own grooming. In the fall, he would enroll into a new school, opening for its first year, and he would be signing up for the cheerleading squad! When Brenda stopped talking, everyone noticed a bulge under Jerri's skirt; His cock was rock hard! Ann spoke.

“You're going to LOVE your new lifestyle!”

As time went by, Jerry grew into his new way of life, and really enjoyed being feminine. He and Wanda started to date, and became very close. Today, Jerri and Wanda are fifteen-years-old; Wanda plays football, basketball and baseball, and Jerri cheerleads and does ballet. Brenda works as a package delivery person making excellent money, and keeping in superb shape. She is engaged to be married to a guy who works as a bank teller, who makes substantially less money than her, and he is quite docile; of course, he's been trained! The other benefits of this transformation is that three other members of the local FSA Group have followed Brenda's example, and have feminized their sons; like Brenda, they are delighted with the results. All the boys have assumed a passive role, and have become traditionally feminine, while the girls in the group have become quite assertive. This example could easily be duplicated.

The second example was a dominant woman who feminized her husband.

About five years ago, Cathy Smith joined a group of women who believed in the superiority of the female species. At that time, she made the determination that females should be in control, based on her experience as a nurse, treating patients as they came into the hospital. Her observation was that men and boys were much bigger “babies”, typically, when dealing with an illness or injury.

She thought of her husband of two years, and what a coward and sissy *he* had become. *She* was the breadwinner, while *he* couldn't keep a job. She and a couple of her friends “worked out”, and stayed physically fit, while her husband “lazed” around. At that time, she joined the group known as WOT (Women on Top), which later became one of the FSA Chapters. She took a new job as Manager of Nursing Operations, in a different city, about a hundred miles from their home town of Tibbville.

When she made the announcement to Tom, he was very upset, and went into a fit of anger. It didn't make sense, since he was not working, and had no income, benefits or anything else for that matter. The most stupid thing that he did, though, was take a swing at Cathy! She promptly responded; even though Tom was six feet tall, and with his “beer belly” 185 pounds. Cathy, at a muscular and trim 5'8”, and 150 pounds quickly and efficiently subdued her husband. She was stronger than he, and in much greater shape.

As she had him “pinned”, sitting on his chest, she forced him to admit that he was a sissy, weaker and totally inferior to her. At first, he would not admit it, so she reached back and unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his jeans, and pulled his fly down. Then, she pushed his pants down and grabbed his balls through his jockey shorts.