

Sissy Tec

by Missy Crystal

While we're waiting, did I ever tell you about our new line of SissyTec Domestic Training Products? No? Well, take a look at the new catalog. See, they are all based on our SissyTec micro-motion sensor. It's the same technology that we use in the baby products Stephie is going to be demonstrating, but adapted for those mommies who want to punish their sissies by turning them into maids. I wish that we had thought of that for Stephie, but she is too far gone into babyhood now. Then again, she's served her purpose in promoting the sissy baby line. Isn't iddle widdle Stephie wephie the cutest piddle poo ever.

Eww, Mom, she's got a load in her pants again! I should speak to our lab about putting something in the formula to cut down on the smell. Oh, I guess you're right. Having a stinky diaper makes being forced to be a sissy baby even more humiliating. Maybe I should have them work on making it smell even worse? Hah!

The idea came from one of our clients. It seems that her husband was the president of a big company. One day she went to his office to bring him some papers she needed signed. His secretary wasn't at her desk and his door was closed. She didn't want to walk in on him, if he was in a meeting, so she pushed the intercom button on the telephone to tell him she was there. Instead, she got an earful of his grunting like a pig while his secretary screamed for him to fuck her in the ass harder. She went home in shock and called her sister. After she calmed down, they decided to get even with him. Turns out, her sister was a doctor, a plastic surgeon, who specialized in gynecological reconstruction for women who had undergone cancer treatment. She had her own bad experience with her ex-husband and hated men, so she was more than willing to help.

Their first idea was to castrate the bastard, but they needed a plan to get away with it. The sister suggested they check the internet to see if there were any other women who had similar experiences and see how they handled it. That was when they found our SissyTec website. The sister called me and they flew out here to meet with us about creating a plan to transform the macho man into a simpering sissy girl. The doctor came up with the idea of using an experimental cancer drug she had read about that causes temporary memory loss. It could be given orally and had a cumulative effect, so he would get more and more demented, until his wife could have him declared incompetent. Then she could get appointed as his guardian and take over control of him and his company. After that, they would use our products to train him.

The plan worked perfectly. The wife mixed the drug in his coffee before he left for work. At first, it just seemed like he was distracted, but by the end of the week, he was so disoriented that he couldn't get himself dressed and after a few more days, he was a zombie, unable to feed himself and with no control over his bladder or bowels. Just like the women wanted, he was reduced to a drooling baby who had to be kept in diapers. The doctors were all baffled. The drug didn't show up on any of the tests they ran and all they could come up with was that he had some type of nervous breakdown. They recommended that he be institutionalized, but the wife and sister pretended they could care for him at home.

The best part of the whole plan turned out to be the wife's discovery that her husband had been stealing money from the company and hiding it in secret bank accounts. There were millions, ironically which allowed her sister to give up her medical practice and devote her considerable medical talent to making him a sissy. They discharged his own doctors and her sister took over his medical care. Now he was totally in their power. First, she performed surgery on his bowels and bladder to make him permanently and irreversibly incontinent. He would have to be in diapers for the rest of his life. Then she altered his vocal cords so that he would have a high pitched little girl's voice and reconstructed his tongue to give him a sissy lisp. The sister wanted to turn him into a bimbo, with big collagen filled pouty lips and huge boobs, but, on our recommendation, they kept him looking masculine. After all, a sissy is a male who has been feminized. However, they still wanted to go through with their original idea to cut his balls off. After all, those nasty male hormones are not good for sissies. That was when we developed the SissyTec DollyMaker.

The doctor was a wonderful addition to our technical staff. Together, they came up with a modification of the neural stimulator implanted in patients for pain control. It keeps the sissy's cock in a permanent - and frustrating - erection. Without balls, the sissy could never come, but a stiffy in her panties, or in this case diapers, morning, noon and night, would be a constant reminder of her infidelity and her lost manhood. How perfect. Actually, with some further development, the doctor has been able to implant the device under the skin and run electrodes to the nerves that control ejaculation. It can even be radio controlled, so mommies can make their sissies get a hard on and come whenever they want to be amused or set it on automatic and have their sissies spurting like Old Faithful to keep their panties soaked with cum.

I wish I could have been there to see his face when he woke up and found out what his wife and her sister had done to him, but they did videotape it for me. His expression was priceless. After the shock of finding himself restrained and being told that he was now completely under their control, he started cursing them. Of course with the adjustment that was made to his vocal cords and tongue, it came out in a little girl lisp that had the two women laughing at the pathetic sissy. They warned him that from now on he was to address them as Mistress and if he said one more word without permission, they would fill his mouth with liquid soap, showing him a

large bottle of Joy. Of course, he kept cursing them. His wife pinched his nose closed while her sister poured in the soap. He bubbled and frothed as he was forced to swallow it. There's nothing like a tummy full of detergent to shut up a sissy.

Once he quieted down, the women told him about their plan. He was going to be their sissy maid and any attempt to escape or even the slightest disobedience would result in immediate, severe and excruciatingly painful punishment. The soap was just the beginning, as he was about to find out. And by the way, they taunted him, you won't be needing you balls anymore, so we cut them off! But, don't worry, because we put something in their place that will make you have a permanent hard-on. Wont' that be so nice for your bimbo secretary who likes to get fucked in the ass? Oh no, wait a minute, according to the police, she disappeared. Actually, we used some of your money to have her kidnapped and sold to a brothel in Asia. They assured us that her hot little butt hole and all of her other openings will be kept quite busy. Aren't you just so happy that at least one of you will be having sex morning, noon and night? Now, now, don't look so sad. Big girls wouldn't want to have sex with a little sissy baby who makes poopies and pee pees in her panties.

It turns out the wife and her sister were quite creative. They wanted her to be in diapers, but not to deal with the mess. We suggested a disposable pull up training pant that the sissy could change herself, but they thought it would be too comfortable and convenient. Instead, we developed the SissyTec PottyPanty for them. Here it is in the catalog under baby wear. See, we combined the tight elastic leg cuffs and waist band of a panty girdle with a transparent vinyl panty. It is loose fitting, so it can hold quite a load. The fun part is you can watch as the sissy baby fills it up and then moves around with the disgusting brown liquid sloshing back and forth. Not only that, but the sissy is constantly exposed to its irritation. If the mommy wants to punish her sissy, all she has to do is make her sit in her own potty contents until she has a wicked case of diaper rash. Either as a regular routine or when the mommy finally does want her sissy to be cleaned up, the mommy can make her sissy empty out her potty panty, wash it and put it back on.

Even better, check out the next page. These women were determined to spare no expense in punishing their sissy. They had us add a vent at the back of the panty with a tube which runs up the sissy's back under her costume, behind her neck and under her hair to a Y which passes over each ear and ends in clear plastic piece that fits in her nose, so she constantly gets to smell what's in her panty. Then, to top it off, we modified our baby formula to make the sissy bloated and gassy. That way the sissy not only waddles around with the nasty load in her panty, but she's treated to the constant noise and smell of her bubbly farts. Ickle widdle baby sissy Stephe should be very happy that her Mommy Penny keeps her in real diapees.

Once the sisters had broken down their victim, they proceeded with the intense sissification program we had devised. You are no longer a man, they told him. You are a sissy maid whose only purpose in life is to please her mistresses. From now on your name is Pansy. You will walk, talk and act like a sissy girl at all times. You will not

speak unless directed by one of us and you will obey us instantly and without question or suffer the consequences. You have already seen that we have complete control over you. If you think that a mouthful of liquid soap was bad, imagine what else you could be forced to swallow. And the surgery I have performed on you, that is just a small sample of what I can do, if you don't behave. Do not even think of escaping. The Sissy Tec company that developed the training devices also sold us an automatic spanking machine that we can put you in and turn your ass into raw meat.

Or perhaps you would prefer a good old fashioned enema. Actually, it is a new fangled enema, because SissyTec also sold us its EneMatic. I am sure that you will get a chance to become acquainted with it. After being strapped into the enema seat, a great big inflatable nozzle is shoved up your ass. Then the solution is pumped in. We can set the amount for a cleaning or to expand your insides until the pain is unbearable. We can also set how long you have it in you. SissyTec tells us that an hour two of wracking cramps is enough to turn the most resistant sissy into a little lamb. Even better, the pump can be set to drain and refill the enema solution multiple times. "Set it and forget it," is what SissyTec tells its customers, although as a doctor I wonder how many times a sissy can stand to have her intestines inflated and deflated before there is permanent damage. Then again, who cares, she laughed.

The doctor took out a hypodermic and filled it from a vial while the sissy watched in terror of what was in store for her. Pansy, knew better than to speak, but shook her head and looked imploringly at the sisters. Oh, don't make such a fuss. It will do you no good. Besides, this is just a tranquilizer to keep you quiet while we complete your transformation. With that, she stuck in the needle and pushed the plunger. Almost immediately Pansy's eyes glazed over and she went limp. Now then, said the doctor, lets get her PottyPants on before she makes any more of mess and then the rest of her maid's costume.

After having been fed intravenously while she was drugged for the last few weeks, Pansy's weight had dropped and she had lost a lot of muscle mass, so she already looked girlish. Even so, the doctor decided to start her on a high dose of injected female hormones. Without balls, they would make him even more docile and also be very effective in keeping him slim and feminine, with nice little breast buds and sensitive nipples that the women looked forward to torturing. They got him up easily and began to dress him. First came the SissyTec ControlCorset, an ingenious device we have developed to use in place of the conditioning butt plug that little Stephanie so dearly loves to have up her ass. Don't you Auntie Jessica's darling sissy baby girl?

The conditioning corset is the foundation - hah, that's a SissyTec joke, get it, corset, foundation? - anyway, it's the basic unit of our high tech Sissy Development Initiative or "SDI" - hah, that's another SissyTec joke, SDI, starwars, sissy? Really Mom, you need to stop changing poopy diapers and get out more.

Here it is on page 5 of the SissyTec catalog. See, the corset is form fitting spandex and lycra material with metal boning that goes from the hips to the chest. The

closure system is a unique SissyTec design. We use heavy duty fiberglass strapping, the same as the packaging material they put around boxes, which wraps around the corset. The ends have teeth that lock into a buckle in the back. A hex key fits into a winding mechanism in the buckle which pulls the two ends together. There are six straps which can be easily tensioned to tightly constrict the corset. This system is so much easier and quicker than hanging the sissy from a bar while yanking and tugging to lace her corset. In fact, the key wind system can exert so much force with so little effort that we have to warn our customers about suffocating the sissy by making the chest too tight or causing abdominal damage from nipping in their waist. Another great feature of the closure system is that once it is tensioned, there is no way for the sissy to release it without the key. That's important for the training function of the corset.

The metal boning sits against the skin and acts as a conductor for the built in neuro-stim unit. The control module is molded into a silicone breast form that fits in one of the bra cups and the other cup has a matching silicone breast form with a high capacity rechargeable battery pack. You know, we believe that sissies shouldn't have real breasts. Otherwise, they are transsexuals and not sissies. The breast forms are only B-cups and give them a nice girlish figure. At SissyTec, we are always trying to adapt the latest technology. In the old days, training a sissy meant spending hours and hours with a crop, whipping the sissy to modify her behavior. We incorporate the same TASER that the cops use instead of guns. The unit produces a high voltage electric current that shocks the subject. On full power, it will disrupt the nervous system and cause temporary paralysis. At lower settings it produces anywhere from a painful sting to writhing spasm. You can see how effective the corset can be in training.

The mistress has a small radio control unit that activates the neuro-stim in the corset. She can set it for any level of pain for any duration. We also have perimeter sensors for doors and windows that will drop the sissy in her tracks if activated. That lets the mistress control where the sissy goes and eliminates the possibility of escape. Even better, the conditioning corset can be used with our SDI computer to direct the sissy through a pre-set routine. For example, see on the next page of the catalog, you can order the Swish program, the Swallow program, the Self-Abuse program and a whole bunch of domestic training programs. Very expensive, but effective. Of course, the sisters, being very rich, bought them all.

The sisters continued to dress their tranquilized sissy. Of course, they had purchased a large wardrobe of SissyTec's finest outfits. For Pansy's coming out party they chose a bright pink taffeta baby-doll dress. It had a lacy white nylon ruffled collar and short puffy sleeves with matching lacy white nylon ruffles at the openings. Underneath the dress was a short white nylon ruffled petticoat that puffed out the dress. The dress was A-line and very short, coming to just below her hips, so that the PottyPants were fully exposed. Of course, sparing no expense, they had the front of the dress embroidered with "Pretty Sissy Pansy" in a flourish script and decorated with little red hearts and white flowers.

What to do with a sissy's hair is always a problem. In the stories the mommies and mistresses take their sissies to the beauty salon, but really, how many women would be willing to go to jail for helping to transform a helpless man or, even worse, a child into a sissy, if what they had done was discovered. Even if you could find such a woman, she couldn't be trusted not to blackmail you or betray you. The best solution is to remove the sissy's own hair and dress her in wigs. Wigs also allow the mistress to have a wide variety of different colors and styles without the muss and fuss of hairdressing. The sisters agreed.

SissyTec makes it easy. We have developed a cream that not only removes the hair, but kills the follicles so it doesn't grow back. The sisters shaved Pansy's head and then applied the cream. Next they used a permanent surgical adhesive to attach three wide velcro strips to her scalp. A beautiful strawberry blonde shoulder length human hair wig with large ringlet curls was secured on her head and a pink hair band with a large pink bow on top was added. She was beginning to look more and more like a precious little sissy girl dolly. The sisters smiled at each other.

Next they applied the cream to Pansy's arms and legs. The massive doses of female hormones the doctor was going to inject into her would keep her face nice and smooth. White opaque nylon knee high stockings with lacy white nylon ruffles at the top were pulled up, followed by pink patent leather Mary Janes with a large gold heart buckle and four inch stacked heels. Finally, white nylon wrist length gloves with lacy white nylon ruffles at the cuffs were put on her hands. We can also supply mittens, but the sisters wanted Pansy to be able to use her hands to do housework. Besides, with the neuro-stim corset, there was no worry about her getting into any mischief.

Finally, the doctor used a surgical needle to pierce Pansy's ears and put in studs with large pink hearts while the wife applied Pansy's makeup. Dark pink lipstick in a cupid bow, dark eyeliner, pink eye shadow, finely plucked eyebrows in a high arch, a pale foundation, large pink spots of blush on her cheeks and long feathered black eyelashes completed the sissy girl dolly look. Oh, and of course, pink nail polish and toe polish. The sisters stood back and admired their work. They smiled again with the thought that nobody would ever recognize this pathetic sissy as once being a big, important executive. He would spend the rest of his miserable life being punished and humiliated for what he had done. The doctor then injected a stimulant to wake Pansy up to her new life.

While the stimulant was bringing Pansy around, the two women guided her to a chair and sat her down. Since she no longer had bowel or bladder control, her PottyPants had been filling up while they were dressing her and the collected mess made a delightfully disgusting squishing sound as she plopped down on the seat, smearing it all over her backside and coating the clear vinyl with a brown film. Both the noise and the feeling produced a wonderful surprised expression on the sissy. Yes, the sisters reminded her. You have quite a load in you pants. Get used to it, because that is the way it will be from now on.

At first Pansy struggled against the tightly constricting corset, then, when she realized that her efforts were futile, she spoke out, asking the women why they were doing this. Of course, with her surgically altered tongue and vocal cords, it came out in a silly lispy little girl voice. The wife told her that it was a fair question and she was entitled to an answer; but for speaking without permission she would also receive a punishment. As to why, it was because as her husband he had betrayed and hurt her, for which she fully intended to get her revenge. As to his punishment, she would be given a demonstration of how the control corset worked.

The doctor came forward and showed Pansy a small digital remote control. At SissyTec, everything is the latest technology. The corset, she explained, was wired to produce an electric shock, from painful to excruciating and, at its highest setting, would completely disrupt his nervous system. To demonstrate, she set the control on level 1 and pushed the activation button. Pansy jumped. That is the conditioning setting. There are 10 levels, each more painful and more disabling. This is three, she said. Pansy's eyes went wide as she saw her finger press down on the button. Instantly, she was shuddering and twitching as the charge hit her and after a few seconds, slumped down in the chair. The two women held her up, while the doctor revived her with an ammonia capsule under her nose. Would you like to find out what a higher setting feels like, the doctor said menacingly.

Of course, it was a trick. Pansy was so dazed that she forgot she was not supposed to speak with out permission. As soon as she said no, the doctor increased the level to five, laughed and hit the button. Pansy went into violent convulsions, her muscles in agonizing spasms. When she was again revived, her will was gone. She just sat with a completely blank expression. Good, said his wife. You have learned your first lesson. Instant and complete obedience. Now then, she went on, my sister and I both have control units. Even the slightest resistance or even hesitation will be dealt with severely. Do you understand? This time Pansy figured out the trick. She nodded her head. Good, said the doctor. Look at the windows, they are all barred. And look at the door. That device above it is a SissyTec security system. The red light means that it is armed. If you try to open the door, it will automatically activate the highest setting on your control corset. You are free to find out for yourself, but I assure you that it will be more agony than you can bear. Accept the fact that escape is impossible and that your only hope for even a tolerable existence is to please us as our sissy maid. Now, it is time to start your training.

The two women lifted the limp sissy to her feet and steadied her. Walk, the wife ordered. Pansy took a hesitating step, only to discover her high heels. She immediately lost her balance and toppled over. The two did nothing as she fell painfully on the floor, losing control of herself and sobbing like a baby. Get up, you silly sissy, the doctor told her. You cared for nobody but yourself, and now we care nothing for you. Get up immediately or you shall suffer. Still sniffing, Pansy struggled to her feet and stood wobbling. You liked women in high heels, his wife reminded him. Now the shoes are on the other foot aren't they, she laughed. These are only the beginning. When we are finished with you, our mincing little sissy will be

wearing much, much higher heels. Now walk. This time the sissy managed to keep her balance as she was guided along.

The sisters had us install video cameras throughout the house, so they could always keep an eye on Pansy. As with all of our SissyTec products, they were state of the art. Both the cameras and the security system are activated by a microchip that the doctor had implanted under Pansy's skin when she performed her other surgery. Once the small incision healed, there was no way she could find it, even if she knew she carried the key to her captivity, or avoid activating the systems by her presence. All of the sissy's activities were recorded on videotape, so that the sisters could enjoy watching her at their leisure. They have been kind enough to send me copies as an expression of their appreciation.

Pansy was brought into a bathroom. This is your new home, she was told. Against one wall was a sink and against the opposite wall was a tub. The floor was covered with white rubber tiles and the walls and ceiling were mirrored. There is no toilet, the doctor told her, because you use your PottyPants. There is no bed either, said the wife. You will sleep in the tub. Your comfort is of no interest to us. Besides, by the time you finish your maid's work, you will be too exhausted to care. If not, we can always find more for you to do, added the doctor. You will see that there is a large drain in the tub and a hand held shower for you to use to clean yourself up. The ammonia from the shit and piss in your pants will give you a terrible diaper rash if you sit in it long enough. If you please us, we will allow you to empty your PottyPants and clean yourself. Otherwise, you will find the itching and burning to be very, very uncomfortable.

You can't see it, but the PottyPants have a vent in the seat. It can be connected to a breathing tube that is inserted in your nose, so that you constantly get to smell the stinky mess. Even better, she was told, the vent can act as a drain. Sissy Tech thinks of everything. Instead of a breathing tube, the PottyPants can be clipped on a pole and a feeding tube can be attached. Wouldn't you like to eat a pantload of your own shit and piss? No? Are you sure? One of your favorite expressions used to be, "Eat shit." Perhaps you should have been more careful about how you spoke. The doctor stepped forward. Do not move if you know what's good for you. She pulled out the waistband of the PottyPants and stuck her hand in, swishing her fingers around in the thick brown mixture until they were coated. Then she pulled her hand out. Lick it off, she ordered the sissy. Lick this disgusting mess off my fingers right now or else. She held up the control unit. It is still set on five. And after your recover, we will start again, although double the amount. Pansy looked imploringly at the wife, who stared back without pity. Then she turned, closed her eyes and stuck out her tongue. The smell and taste made the sissy gag, but with the doctor's finger on the control button, she had no choice. Keep going until every drop is gone, the doctor directed. Finally, the fingers were cleaned to the doctor's satisfaction. I should let you enjoy the taste longer, she told the sissy, but I have to spend more time with you and I don't enjoy potty breath, so you may brush your teeth and rinse your mouth. You

will find a toothbrush and toothpaste next to the sink. Pansy rushed over and scrubbed her mouth out.

Now then, said the wife. Each night before you retire, we will undress you. We will remove your control corset and replace it with a control collar. It is not as sophisticated as the corset. It has only two settings, 1 and 10. The training level will wake you up at the required time and direct you through your chores, until we refit your corset and select your outfit for the day. You know what the level 10 is for and what it will do to you, so be very careful. The SissyTec computer that manages the sissy development program can't distinguish between intention and accident. Once you trigger the system, you will suffer the consequences regardless of how or why it happened. There are no excuses and no second chances.

Each morning at eight o'clock, the wife went on, the collar will wake you up. You will have thirty minutes to get yourself ready. You must empty your PottyPants in the tub and then use the shower to clean them and yourself. There is baby lotion and protective ointment in the medicine cabinet above the sink. Our kindness in providing these soothing preparations depends on your good behavior. You will then put your PottyPants back on. At the end of the thirty minutes, the collar will give you a reminder and the alarm will be deactivated. You will have one minute to leave. If you do not leave within that time, the alarm will reactivate and you will have to wait for one of us to release you. Of course, you will be punished. For your first offense, you will spend ten minutes on the SissyTec PaddleWhacker. Each time after that, another ten minutes will be added. SissyTec tells us that after thirty minutes, a sissy's butt will be so badly bloodied and bruised that she can't sit down for a month. We are looking forward to finding out if that is true, said the doctor with an evil grin.

The doctor whispered in her sister's ear. Oh my goodness, the sister said, I almost forgot the most important part of your morning and night time routine. The SissyTec AutoDildo!