

The **Demale Society** *Training Manual*

Volume #14

Testimonials,
Notices, Stories & Pics

Traditional male interests are expertly replaced with fetishes. Tough, naughty little boys are disciplined and turned into sweet little pantywaists easy to control and ready for life under female rule.

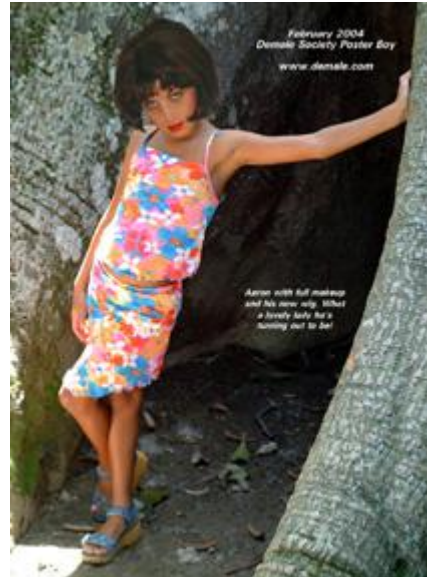


Fantasy Entertainment

Adults Only



The Demale Society Poster Boy - February 2004



Aaron as a sissy boy and as a sweet young lady!

Click on the photos for a closer view.

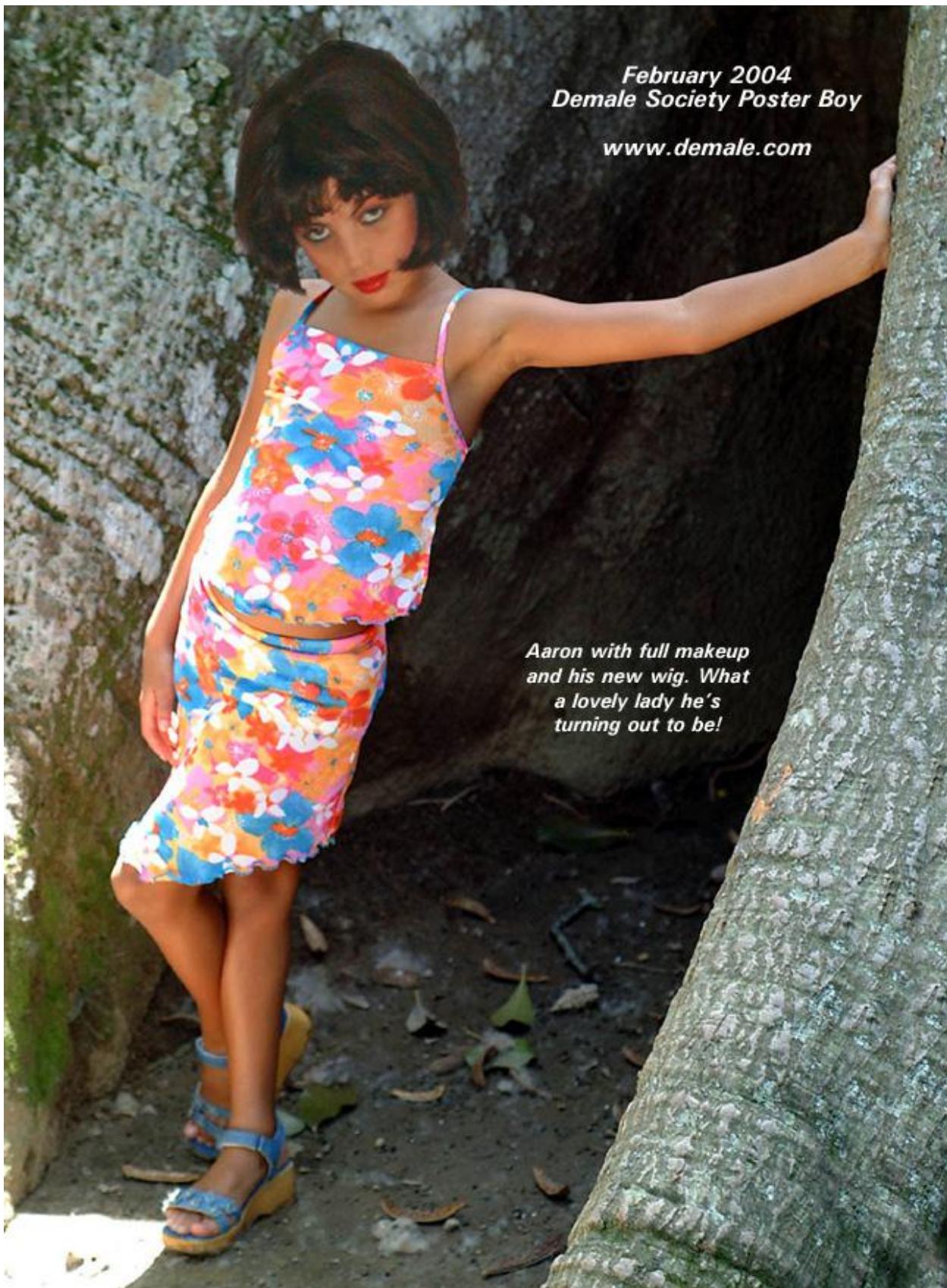
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*Aaron with
makeup and a
cute two-piece
summer dress!*

*February 2004
Demale Society Poster Boy*

www.demale.com



*February 2004
Demale Society Poster Boy*

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*Aaron with full makeup
and his new wig. What
a lovely lady he's
turning out to be!*

Stories & Pics

Added 1/22/04

Cuckold Believes is Training Bras for Boys

My wife demaled me almost thirteen years ago. I just wanted to go on the record and tell everyone that I now know it was the right thing to do.

For the first year of our marriage, I tried so hard to be a traditional husband for her. I loved her so much, but I just wasn't up to the task. You see, I'm pretty small in the manhood department. My penis is like a thimble when it's soft, and on a good day, it might get close to four inches fully erect. Whenever we'd try to make love, my penis would fall out of her as soon as we'd build up the action and start bucking back and forth. My dick just wasn't long enough to give her pleasure stroking in and out of her without disengaging. I'd get so excited that I just had to move, but every time I would end up falling out of her and spraying my cum on her instead of inside her. She hated it but put up with my inadequacy since we were trying desperately to have a kid.

Through one of her friends, she joined the Demale Society. At first I think she did it more on a lark than anything, but subconsciously, I know she was looking for answers. She told me all about the club at the time. She came home after one meeting and suggested we make a lot of changes with how we made love. I wanted to do anything for her so I was willing to go along with what she wanted -- that is until she pulled a satin training bra and pink panties out of a bag and told me to put them on. I was half in tears as she helped me into them, assuring me that what she was going to do would improve our sex life.

Then she had me lie down on the bed. She snuggled up along side of me and started masturbating me through the panties. She had me repeatedly stroking the bra and panties all over myself to intensify their silky feeling against my body. She made me admit that the soft bra and panties felt good. My penis was as hard as it had ever been. She was expertly masturbating me in a new way she had learned at the meeting. With her hand just over the head of my penis, she clutched it and held it in a loose grasp with her long fingernails encircling the head of my dick. The panties were fairly large on me (so I knew she had gotten them for me since -- she's quite petite, they certainly weren't hers), so there was a lot of play



in the silky nylon for my little cock to flop around in. Well, I could feel those panties and her sharp fingernails teasing and tormenting my penis like crazy. While we were doing that, she was using a vibrating dildo on herself. The dildo was about a foot long and very thick. It was black and very intimidating. It made my little cock seem smaller than ever, but she didn't let me dwell on those thoughts since she was keeping me very excited. When she thought the time was right, she eased my dick out of the leg hole of the panties, climbed on top of me and inserted it in her pussy. She was still wearing her panties too (that matched the pink panties I was wearing!) and had pulled aside her leg elastic so we could link up. Then, with her on top, she could control the action and prevent me from pulling out of her as she gently rocked me to one very satisfying orgasm and herself to four or five orgasms, even though she was getting her excitement from a combination of the vibrator she was stroking over her mons as she mashed her pelvic bone up against me to stimulate her clit. With a few variations, this became the way we made love from then on. And three months later she was pregnant! We had a boy, and named him Evan. So he was conceived while his father was wearing lady panties!

As time went on, my wife and I were having sex less and less. While sex was very satisfying for me, she let me know that it was not that exciting for her. She kept bemoaning the fact that my penis was so small. She longed to be filled up like that vibrating dildo of hers. I told her I'd get a penile implant, but when I looked into it, I was scared to go through with it. Besides, she didn't think it was a good idea either. To her, it would be like fucking with a dildo, but she was so used to her vibrator that we both agreed that the implant wouldn't measure up. So our sex lives evolved into her jacking me off in my panties and she masturbating herself with her dildo. She had me start wearing a training bra and panties 24/7. I admit that the bra and panties felt good to wear in bed when we were alone, but I had no interest in wearing them under my clothes outside and under my suit to the office. I tried to refuse, but she said she'd stop jacking me off if I didn't do it. Even so, eventually, she had me jacking myself off in the panties for her entertainment while she watched and did herself. She even made several videos of me starching my panties! She had me giving her oral sex a lot too.

A few times I asked for a return of the oral sex, but she'd just laugh and say, "Suck that little thing? You got to be kidding. You can't fuck me like a man so why should I? Besides, I don't like doing that to a guy!"

Evan was just coming out of diapers, and my wife started putting him in fancy girls' panties for underwear. I asked her why she was doing that, and she gave me one of her looks that meant "it's none of your business," then she added with a laugh. "Like father, like son!" I was sure Evan would get into a lot of trouble with his peers over wearing panties, but surprisingly, it never really was a problem! And even at that young age, my wife would tell him that he had a very small penis because he inherited that from me, his father, who had a very small penis, and therefore he should wear girls' panties like his daddy because they fit better and felt better than boys' underwear!

The worst day of my life was the day I came home and my wife was fucking our landscaping foreman on our living room couch. Nathan is a big black man with a huge cock. I guess that's what she wanted all along. Just looking at his big dick pumping in and out of her made my penis shrivel down to nothing in

my panties. My wife didn't even stop fucking him when she saw me standing there. Instead, she told me to go to the kitchen and clean up the dishes and the mess she made fixing the guy a snack. She said they'd be done in a few minutes, but before she resumed fucking him, she told me to come closer.

"Come here, Jason. Take a good look at a real man's cock."

I looked. There was a shitty grin on her face. I guess I had it coming. I turned to go to the kitchen.

"Oh, honey," she purred, "before you go, be a sweetie and slip down your pants and show Nathan your pretty panties and little cock. I've been telling him all about you."

I was in shock, but I felt like my marriage was on the line if I didn't do whatever she wanted. She knew I was so in love with her and our son that I'd never leave her under any circumstance -- even this! I knew I was a failure as a man. I had even verbally admitted that to her the day she had me start wearing a training bra and sissy panties for underwear. I was a failure as a father too. Sure I loved Evan and waited on him as much as I waited on my wife morning, noon and night, but what kind of a man would allow his wife to keep their baby son in silky little girls' panties? I knew I deserved all I was getting. In a self-hypnotic state, I undid my belt and zipper and dropped my pants down. My wife flicked her hand. She wanted me to lift up my shirttail so they could get a good look at my prissy pink panties. I did it.

"Damn, man, you weren't kidding!" Nathan said with a voice that sounded loud enough to ring throughout the neighborhood. "Yous got a fag for a husband. How'd he all get you preggers with a kid?"

"It wasn't easy," my wife answered.

Thank goodness they spared me the indignity of pulling down my panties to show them my little cock. They laughed at the mall bulge it made in my panties. Nathan said he had no interest in seeing it. He wasn't a fag. He didn't want to see any faggot's little dick.

We had a long talk after Nathan left. My wife took full charge that day, and I went along with it all. I didn't have a choice. I wasn't about to leave under any circumstance. I thought she was crazy when she started making me wear female clothes around the house and act like a fag in front of Nathan and our son. Evan thought I was funny and started calling me "Lady Daddy" or "Sissy Daddy" with my wife's encouragement. Nathan became a regular visitor. He'd often show up when I was at work. I'd come home, and Evan would often say, "Uncle Nathan was here today." My wife would just smile and discreetly rub her hand over her pussy and glow with a contented look on her face. I knew all too well Nathan's faux avuncular duties consisted of exhaustively nailing my wife with his mighty cock. I was even more shocked when a few days later I walked in on them and saw my wife deep throating Nathan's cock. She had never given me a blow job. The look on her face told me I didn't deserve her lips around my dick. She also began to compound my humiliation by having me eat her pussy right after she had sex with Nathan. As a loving, devoted husband, I did it. I always did like giving her oral. I just tried to stay

focused on her and forget about the fact that her pussy was oozing full of another man's cum. That led to cleaning Nathan up after they had sex too. Stupid me, the first time she told me to do it. I ran and got a towel, but when I got back she made me get down on my knees and clean his cock with my tongue. From there it became standard practice for me to suck on Nathan's cock before they had sex to warm him up. I did it all in the name of love. Several times I guess I did it too well, or Nathan was way overdue to release his cum because he shot loads either down my throat or all over my face. My wife never let me wash out my mouth or wash the cum off my face whenever that happened. Instead, she let Evan see me like that as she would tell him it was proof that I really loved her completely. Evan didn't know what the cum was all over my face. He'd just turn up his nose and make a funny face in disgust.

Evan is twelve now, and my wife has started making him wear a training bra too. She believes it is good for him even though he has nothing to put in it. After I have been wearing a training bra all these years, I believe she is right. I know the fact that I have a bra on under my shirt makes me very self-conscious and keeps me from doing a lot of stupid male things like I used to do before I was married. I know wearing a training bra will be good for our boy. I think it would be good for all boys to wear dainty little training bras. I'm sure it would make for a much more genteel world. The attached picture my wife took of Evan as he was taking off his pullover shirt; that's why it's a little blurry. He's quite embarrassed about wearing a child's training bra, so it was the only chance my wife got to capture him on film in his bra before he saw she was clicking away with the camera and ran to hide from her.

My wife has just informed me that she is pregnant again! I know Nathan is the father because I haven't had intercourse with my wife in over a decade. I love black people, so I don't mind the fact that the baby will probably be dark skinned, but I do dread being out in the world with my wife and a black baby. Everyone will know it isn't mine. I know my wife won't let me tell people we adopted it. If people ask, she'll probably make me tell them I'm a cuckold and she has a black lover. I know she'll do that because at times she already tells complete strangers that both our son and I wear bras and panties.

I was an associate member for years, but now that I'm helping Carol fully feminize our son, I've been moved up to a full membership. My testimonial details what my wife and I have been doing. [We will try to post Jason's testimonial in the near future. Ed.]

Jason

Lucky Ladies Chapter, Las Vegas, Member #063402 since Jan 1991

Me: Pink (always pink!) full brief-cut panties with white lace trim.

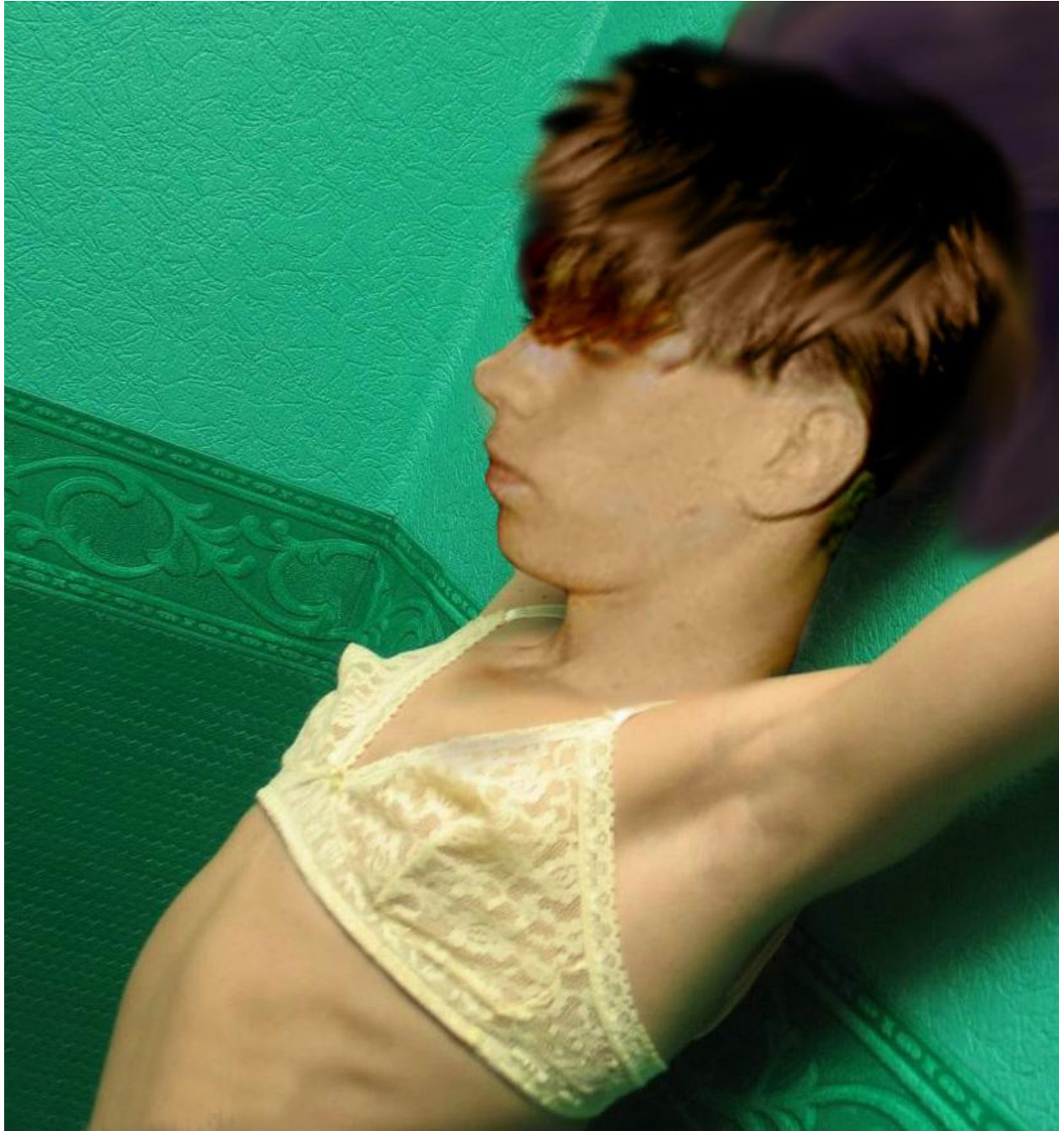
Today, Carol (my wife) is wearing red, open crotch, hi-cut brief panties (for Nathan's quick access!).

And Evan is wearing pink little girl panties with red and green little roses all over them.

Note: Many of the pictures that we post on this page are amateur photos, and sometimes the quality is rather poor, but they are the only photographic evidence of the described events, and we include them

here because we feel a poor quality photo is better than no photo at all. Especially some of the old black and white photos, we tried to improve by colorizing and enhancing with our computer photo program.

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Notices

Added 2/21/04

General Message to All

We're looking for input on the idea of having a national convention in 2005, probably to be located in NYC, Chicago or LA since we have large concentrations of members in these areas. We want your input about things you'd like to see and do at such a convention. Any and all suggestions will be evaluated. Give your ideas to your chapter leader so they can be forwarded to the Central Committee. New chapters with full certification pending (and therefore not yet provided with a direct link to the Central Committee) can send their ideas here and we'll post them on this website.

"A pantywaist slave-boy with too much time on his hands isn't spending enough time on his knees!"

Chris is Looking for Love

To All Dallas Fort Worth Dominant Females

Hello. My name is Chris, I'm twenty years old and I live in Dallas. I love women and think all men should get down on bended knee to show respect whenever encountering a member of the stronger and smarter superior sex! I know our world is made in the image of man, by man and for man, and look how it has turned out so far! I want to do my part to change things. I'm a member at large looking for females to serve. My problem is that in most of my relationships I've been the dominant one because that's what THEY wanted. I tried to introduce the idea of female domination with females I dated and get them to take charge of me, but most of them were stuck in the traditional role models we see on TV and in the movies. It's like they want to be the victim. Females need to know that the male body only has enough blood to run one head at a time! A lady who knows how to control her male and have no mercy on him when he gets out of line (tough love) is what I need. I've started many women on the road to dominating men, some with more success than others, but I'm troubled by the fact that women have been brainwashed by our culture to be submissive, and it's really hard to change that in them. I adore women but I just don't want to fall down for them the moment I meet them. I want to teach them to be truly dominant with me. So many of them think it's a game. That's okay for starters but



when they realize how serious I am about being their slave 24/7, a lot of them freak out a bit. Then the relationship generally sours. I guess real dominant women are few and far between. I have met a few – starting with my Ms. Weiss, my fifth grade teacher, who punished me by putting satin ribbons in my hair for hitting a girl (but that's another story). I've tried professional doms a lot. They'll do anything you want, but for them it's all a game to earn money. I was surprised to learn that when these pros go home, they often have an abusive husband, pimp or boyfriend who lords it over them and often beats the crap out of them! A lot of the pro doms are lesbians too. I guess they get off on being bad to men. That's fine for them, but serving them is not going to promote female rule. I've been married twice. My first wife tried to dominate me when I let her know what I wanted, but she interpreted that to mean I was her personal handy man. She wasn't into women's lib or interested in promoting womanhood, working for female causes, etc. those are the kind of things I want to be involved in. I already belong to a number of superior female organizations and work my pantied butt off for them whenever they need my help. My second wife really got into dominating me and things worked pretty well. She even cuckolded me with regularity. She brought home guys every weekend and even screwed half the guys I work with at the office! But once again, she was more of a sex addict than one to pursue superior female ideology. So I want a woman to serve whom I can help to promote females in our society in every way. I'm too well known in my particular field (physics) to publish an ad or do anything like that, but it's easy to find me. I do volunteer work for most every women's group in the central Dallas area. I'm willing to spend all my free time promoting female causes for the right woman who will have me. And making her happy either with or without sex or whatever else she wants I will consider my duty. Like I said, I'm not difficult to find. The groups I do work for know me by my nickname “Pinky” – yes, because I wear pink panties all the time! I did find a Lady in Boston who was a nearly perfect dom, but I hate the cold. She's the one who officially pantied me and introduced me to the Demale Society. A picture of her training me with a bit of face sitting smother is attached. She had lovers over all the time, doing stuff like that to give them a good laugh, and she was sexually adventurous so she was trying every new sex act she could think of; it was good even though she loved to embarrass the hell out of me out in public, like pulling my panties out of my pants so people could see them. And every time we ate in a restaurant, she'd find some way to get into a conversation with the waitress and tell her about me wearing a bra and panties. (She usually made me open my shirt and pull down my pants a bit to show them!). Then she'd try to get the waitress interested in the Demale Society and invite them to an open meeting. She kept me completely shaved and well spanked, had me entertain her friends, took me shopping for lingerie, had me cook and clean her house and pick up after her every day. I took a position as an assistant professor in the physics dept. at MIT to be with her, but the pay was a fraction of what I was earning down here in the private sector. She had me in panties and a bra all the time – even when I was teaching classes! I know there was some whispering about me on campus; I'm sure a lot of the faculty and my students knew about my lingerie, but I couldn't have cared less. I was wasting away there and my lady couldn't move to Dallas for family reasons, so it ended. We're still great friends, but she knows I have to find someone down here.

Chris "Pinky"

Member at Large, Dallas, Texas, Member #074211 since Jan 1996

Pink (real) silk brief-style panties I have custom made with white lace, bows and "Pinky" embroidered

on the hip.

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Stories & Pics

Added 2/22/04

Demaling in Action: Training a Husband-to-Be

Note: This is a copy of a letter June C. sent to her old college roommate Natasha, who lives out-of-state. In a phone call, June explained to her about the Demale Society and how she was training Robbie, the son of a wealthy family whom she was going to marry. Natasha was fascinated, so June wrote her this long letter and sent along some pictures (which are included here).

Hi Natasha,

Karin, my mother, is helping with Robbie's training. Last week, he spent forever on his knees cleaning her kitchen and bathroom floors, even though his knees were hurting like crazy. Once everything was in tip-top order for her, he was so happy to be finished. Mom had been so upset with him that she gave him a lot of demerits for screwing up the kitchen chores and breaking a vase. Robbie had to have a thousand positive points by the first of the week to jerk off to orgasm and he has to have a million positive points accrued — with no negative to counterbalance them — to be able to screw me on our wedding night in June. Robbie had really messed up that afternoon, but Karin was so nice; she allowed him to give her some "oral" to put her in a better mood. He's close to his thousand points now. Maybe Mom will let him jerk off for us soon, not even waiting till Monday! Robbie might be cumming tonight! That would be great because Sheryl and her scout troop will be here. They can learn a lot from him waiting on them and providing a little (and I mean little!)

entertainment.



It had been so long since Robbie has had an orgasm. Mom and I have kept good track of that. It's been 14 weeks. It's been so long because he's fucked up one thing or another. He begs her like crazy to let him cum during the dozen or more teasing sessions she put him through, tying him down while she and my kid brother and sister played with his engorged cock in his satin panties for hours with a pair of Dirk's or Margaux's dirty panties over his face. After all that time without

an orgasm, those teasing session had to be unbearable. Little Dirk is such a fag! He's adorable in those satin rhumba panties you got him. Where did you get them? I'd like to get him a few more pairs. Do they have those rhumba panties in a large size that would fit Robbie? They'd be nice for him on our wedding night. And Margaux is already looking like a runway fashion model or a high-priced hooker (is there much difference?). Anyway, Karin has been teaching my siblings how to do it just right. Her soft, effective fingers manipulate Robbie's cock and balls, touching just the right places to make him go nearly mad. It has to be hell for him -- though highly stimulating at the same time, of course.

The worst part was last Monday morning when Robbie didn't have his points and was overrun with demerits. Certainly the positive point Mondays were great when he would get to jerk off every few weeks. And his loads were huge, but he hasn't gotten his needed points for a long time, and so he hasn't been allowed to cum for over three months. He's just insane with desire these days. He cries when they tease him and leave him bound and groaning and begging to be allowed to shoot off, but after a good long tease, they lock his cock up again. It's been so long for him that sometimes his cum just leaks out drop by drop during those tease sessions. Mom and the kids are expert at driving him crazy but not allowing him to dump his load. The last time he came, it wasn't an authorized cum and Karin punished him severely. She caught him jerking wildly on his cock as he got out of the shower before she could get his cock cage on him. He had been so long denied that he spurted all over her nice blouse. For that, Karin's remale boyfriend Todd beat Robbie with a razor strop, and she gave him six thousand negative points to work off.

Robbie is allowed to masturbate if he has earned his points, but that doesn't happen to often. Standing in the corner with his skirt up and playing with himself in his panties while one of us videotapes him is not as nice as screwing me, or getting Karin to jerk him off to completion in his panties, but it's usually all he gets. Mom is a big tease, she always stops jacking on Robbie before he cums and says stuff like, "I think my skin might be allergic to your semen." And then she likes to remind Robbie how inadequate he is by talking about her remale. "Todd's jism is nice," she likes to say meditatively. "When he shoots on my face, it's good for my complexion. I think it might even prevent wrinkles. Robbie, your face has a few blemishes and I think I see a couple of wrinkles developing and you're such a young man. Maybe I'll

share the wealth and let Todd cum on your face once in a while!"

I think she is just kidding when she says that, but it always makes Robbie cry. And knowing Mom, I wouldn't doubt if she has Todd do it to him one day. He's already seen Robbie in just his lacy little panties. He commented once that Robbie's pantied butt looks like the tail of a teenage girl. He called him "a little minx." He said it with a laugh, but I think Todd could get it up for Robbie, if Robbie acted real girlie for him, danced around holding his skirt up and swished his pantied ass a lot.

When Robbie is allowed to jerk himself off, it has to be wonderful for him, cumming after all that time, especially if he had been working off a lot of demerits. Every Monday, Mom has him lie on the cold kitchen floor in his pink thigh-high stockings and pink panties and lets him start jerking off until he's ready to cum -- then she stops him. You see, Robbie never knows how many points he has. Mom and I keep track of the points and never let him know how many he has. If he gets to the thousand-point plateau, we allow him to finish jerking off until he shoots his penis snot into his nice panties. But that is a rare occasion. Most of the time, Mom let him get himself all worked up and then she snaps his penis with her fingers or kicks him in the balls and puts him right back into his penis sheath. Once he's locked up again, she continues to tease him with her long, well-manicured fingers skillfully tormenting his dick—swirling, trotting up and down the shaft, snapping his panty elastics, squeezing and tickling his testicles through his nylon panties, talking sexily to him about the lace and bows on his fancy panties. Sometimes she keeps him fully around for a half hour or more. It has to be painful for him with his cock bound up in the satin-lined penis sheath like that.

Last Monday had been especially brutal for Robbie. All seven pairs of his panties and stockings were in the wash, yes, even the magenta ones, so he was wearing a pair of mom's old nylons with one of her garter belts and an old-fashioned pair of her long bloomer panties. He looked ridiculous. It had to be horrifically humiliating for him with his silk-bloomered butt freezing on the cold linoleum floor as he stared up at me.

"Now start stroking honey," Mom told him as she bent over and unlocked his cock cage. Robbie gaped into Karin's big, heaving bosom as she bent down, fiddling with the lock. Oh, god, if he could touch her tits just once he had to be thinking. "One day, baby," Karin smiled. "I'll let you suck my candies if you ever get some serious points!" She was reading his mind!

I was dressed for school in a snug leopard skin top and a leather mini that Robbie had bought for me when we went to the Washington Folklife Festival this past fall. Mom had me stand over him to give him some peeks up my skirt.

Robbie is getting wiser. He's to the point that he knows about where his points are at, and when he knows he doesn't have enough points to cum (which is most of the time), he makes excuses to avoid being teased to total frustration.

"But honey, I've got to get to work," he whined that day, knowing he didn't deserve to cum. "I gotta dress and get to work," Robbie had said feebly.

Karin reached down and squeezed his testicles, huge from all the juice backed up in his balls. She rolled them around her fingers through the soft nylon double crotch of the bloomer panties.

Robbie screamed.

"You never use that excuse when you know you're going to allow to shoot," Karin said as she kicked him not so gently in the balls. She put a pair of her dirty panties in Robbie's palm and told him, "Start pulling! I want to see it throbbing and bounding around in your panties like a sissy faggot in heat. But if you shoot off in my panties, I'll make you cut them up in little pieces and eat every little scrap of them!"

Robbie touched his dick for the first time since the previous Monday, when he hadn't been allowed to cum either. In the past year and a half since Karin and I had introduced him to his cock cage, Robbie has orgasmed so infrequently that his penis inflated the moment he was unlocked. He pumped slowly at first, and then faster as Karin showed him her cleavage and had me stoop over him and give him peeks up the short skirt of his wife-to-be. Mom made a big show of refreshing her lipstick, making a sexy "mouth" at him. As the semen was building up in Robbie's penis and his legs began to shake, Karin grabbed his hand and pulled it away from his throbbing cock. "Calm down, panty baby."



As his breathing slowed, she'd said, "Start again." Robbie again began to pump feverishly, faster and faster... he was probably thinking, "Maybe I can cum before she pulls my hand away!"

The punishment for that would be unthinkable, but he had to cum.

Karin had stepped back and began shooting rubber bands into Robbie's crotch. Robbie ignored the stings and continued to stroke his dick as he stared at the Karin's yellow, ribbon-decorated girly panties she kept flashing at him up her skirt. Pump, pump, he started in a frenzy. Then Karin grabbed his hand again. "Stop, then start again, sweetheart." On the tenth time of the start-and-stop, Robbie had physically resisted Karin's pulling his hand away, and she had been forced to kick him in the balls to stop him from cumming. Robbie screamed in agony, and she'd re-belted him.

She got Robbie up and had him wash the breakfast dishes as he continued to wince and sob. When he was finished, he put the dishtowel back on the rack, and balancing himself precariously on his high heels, walked into the sitting room where Karin was reading Elle. She was chuckling silently, and that caused her breasts to heave up and down in her low-cut blouse.

Robbie's dick squirmed against his pink pantied cage.

"Miss Karin?" Robbie asked softly and then waited while she finished the page.

"Yes, honey?" Mom was all smiles now. She hated to be hard on Robbie, but this point system was a good way to keep his training on course.

Robbie smiled shyly. "Ma'am, is there anything else you need me to do before I go to work?"

"You know, Robbie," she said, "when your punishment-loving President was governor of Texas, my nineteen year old cousin got five years in juvie for stealing a lipstick -- boy is she -- I mean he -- changed! Thanks to your law and order Bible guys and their heavy-handed punishment system, Ricky went in a momma's boy and came out a flaming faggot."

Robbie is a fairly tall guy, and his crotch was just at Karin's chin level. She put her face very close to his pantied cock and began blowing on the head as she rolled the tip back and forth in her fingers. Robbie immediately began getting very excited and started panting.

"You sound like an obscene caller there, honey," Karin cracked. She took her other hand and with her long red nails and began lightly scraping and tickling Robbie's scrotum through his silky panties, alternately blowing and twiddling as well. Almost immediately, pre-ejaculate began dripping from the tiny hole at the tip of Robbie's penis, and Karin smiled. Karin began quickening her pace of her teasing, careful not to send him over the edge, which was pretty difficult to do with his dick bound up in that cage. It was painful for him to get excited while he was bound up. Mom loves to see him moan and groan.

I looked up from my magazine and saw what Mom was doing. "Oh, sweetie," I said to Robbie, "you're such a sexy, horny sissy boy...look at your boner! When you get your points and your man privileges, what a lucky girl I'll be."

Karin squeezed his pantied dick just below the head. "Think about it, boy! You'll be pounding this in and out of my daughter's pussy and maybe even her lips..." -- Karin was teasing him now, no way was I going to put his sissy stick in any part of me ever! Mom made a kissing noise "My sweet daughter's red lips around this panties pink pimple of yours! It'll just be so wonderful, huh, panty boy?"

Robbie's legs were shaking. Karin had given him about a dozen one-to-two-hour teases in the last three days. At this point, even the slightest stimulation caused his groin to experience a quasi-aneurysm.

"Look at that penis roar!" she squealed as her fingers traveled across the base of his shaft. She began pulling the skin back and forth along the base, tickling his frenulum, and Robbie gritted his teeth...oh he was afraid he'd burst -- and without permission that would mean big trouble for him! Plus the pain of

cumming while in the cage would be unbearable.

His cock was overloaded with semen and it was thrusting towards Karin's fingers, which she used to pluck and stroke and find every sensitive spot — oh, how she knew how to tease! Tickling the underside of his schlong again, stimulating the frenulum. She tickled the head and then made a ring around his nylon panty-covered penis with her thumb and forefinger, and pumped the ring up and down in measured strokes. When she got to the tip, Karin closed the ring, then made Robbie's penis squeeze his way in as she backed down to the bottom before letting go again.

“Look at you wave around honey, like you're conducting an orchestra.”

As his cock bounced desperately, Karin began to sing a perennial wedding tune, paraphrasing a bit: “You put your right schlong in, you put your right schlong out.” Karin blew a bit on the purplish head peeking through the dampening panties covering his cock. “You put your right schlong in, and shake it all about. You do the Penis Pokey, and you have a lot of fun.” I bet Robbie was feeling like his scrotum sack weighed about thirty pounds! “And that's what it's all about!” Karin could carry a tune and could sure carry his libido into overdrive!

Karin now began to pretend she was playing Robbie's frustrated rod like a clarinet—drumming the shaft with her nails and blowing on the tip. He complained that his balls were beginning to hurt. He said he couldn't remember the last time he got to shoot off his scum, and it must've been centuries ago. He looked down at her ruby lips blowing air and then stared directly into her gaping open blouse at her white satin and beige lace bra.

“The Viagra helps make this all better, huh?”

“Viagra?” Robbie looked horrified. “I'm not on Viagra! That would be insane since I'm not doing any fucking much less cumming. I don't need it, so why would I take it? I'm not on Viagra.”

“Yes you are, honey,” Karin chuckled. “I put it in your cum-shakes.”

Robbie prepared all the meals in the house, but Karin knew how to make a really good chocolate-vanilla milk shake, and she gave one to Robbie every day when he came home for lunch, usually spiked with her remale's cum from the night before.

Robbie rolled his eyes. No wonder he was so horny! He'd be horny anyway with all this stimulation and no release, but with Viagra, it would be of course much, much worse.

“Why—why do you have me on Viagra, Miss Karin?” Robbie asked, but of course he knew the reason.

“Well, I like it when you're a little horny, and when you're a lot horny, you are even more fun,” Karin giggled.

When Robbie got home from work, it was time for more teasing. First, Karin sat him down in the living room and showed him some of the lap dances she'd done in her late teens, working at the Cherry Forever club in St. Louis. Robbie had never been to places like that, because his mother had told him that they were vulgar.

Then Karin had Robbie hand wash all her dirty lingerie and took him in the Florida room and made him stand in the corner like a human clotheshorse, hanging all the wet bras and slips and panties from his outstretched arms and shoulders. While he stood there until they dried, she would whack him with various implements to help alleviate some of his sins, and work a few demerits off. She used a spatula, rubber strap, school ruler, razor strop and another one of those horrible hickory switches soaked in the tub -- but this one had thorns in it. She told Robbie he could kiss her bare breasts, but then told him she was kidding and gave him her bras to suck on instead.



Then most unexpectedly for him I'm sure, and while he was still standing with outstretched arms dripping with wet lingerie, I knelt before him and actually sucked the head of his penis for about forty-five minutes without, of course, giving him the release he'd begged for. I had never fellated Robbie before in the three years since he have been together. I wanted to show him that I, his fiancée, can give a wonderful blowjob, but it had to be horribly frustrating for him to realize that I'd kept this skill from him, while going out with all those blue collar guys on the side. He didn't have to wonder whether they were benefiting! It had to be bad enough for all the guys at work to tease him about wearing a bra and panties under his work clothes, they also tormented him about getting it on with me.

Next we had a handcuffed Robbie lying prone on the billiards table in the basement rec room. Karin had stripped to a lacy beige demi bra and panty set. Her boobs were bouncy and pressed against the thin material of her frilly bra. Robbie was probably praying that the well-stretched bra would burst wide open. She sat on the edge of the pool table, high heels clicking against the side. Her hair was tied back in a severe little bun, making her look like a stern but beautiful young governess. She was almost more enticing in this regalia than she was in her usual tube tops, short shorts, snug sweaters and belly shirts.

Now in his second hour on the pool table, Robbie's limbs ached from being cuffed so long and his legs were cramping. Karin had given his nipples an expert tongue tease, and then put binder clips on them. She had thoughtfully laid a long rubber sheet on the table before she'd put Robbie down, and it was slick from massage oil that she rubbed on him before slipping a small zucchini into his rectum.

"Miss Karin?" Robbie spoke. "When can I finish my penance so I can cum?" He sounded desperate. "What can I do—anything—so I can cum tonight, Miss Karin?" Robbie sounded close to tears. She rubbed a long nail across the ridge of his penis tip.

"Anything? You sure about that, Robin?" she said as she stroked Robbie's cock in a pattern now, ten slow and ten quick strokes. She ran her energetic little fingers from his heavy balls up to the tip of his penis, and then swirled around the head a bit, toying with the pee hole by poking a long nail in through the silkiness of his pink panties, while Robbie writhed in pain. "Oh, please, that hurts, Miss Karin." He was now weeping slightly. Karin pulled her hand away.

"I'm so sorry, Robin. I didn't know my massage was getting on your nerves, dear. No, there will be no cumming for you tonight. Not enough points. Too bad, maybe next week."

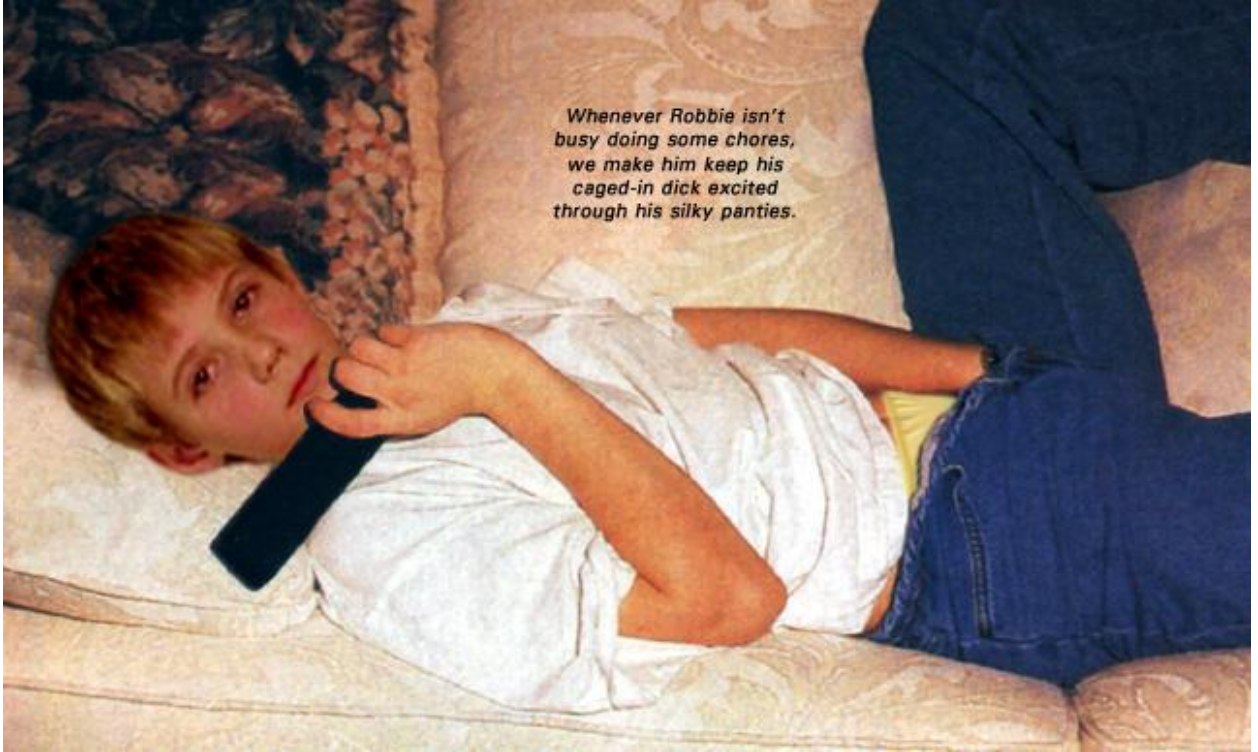
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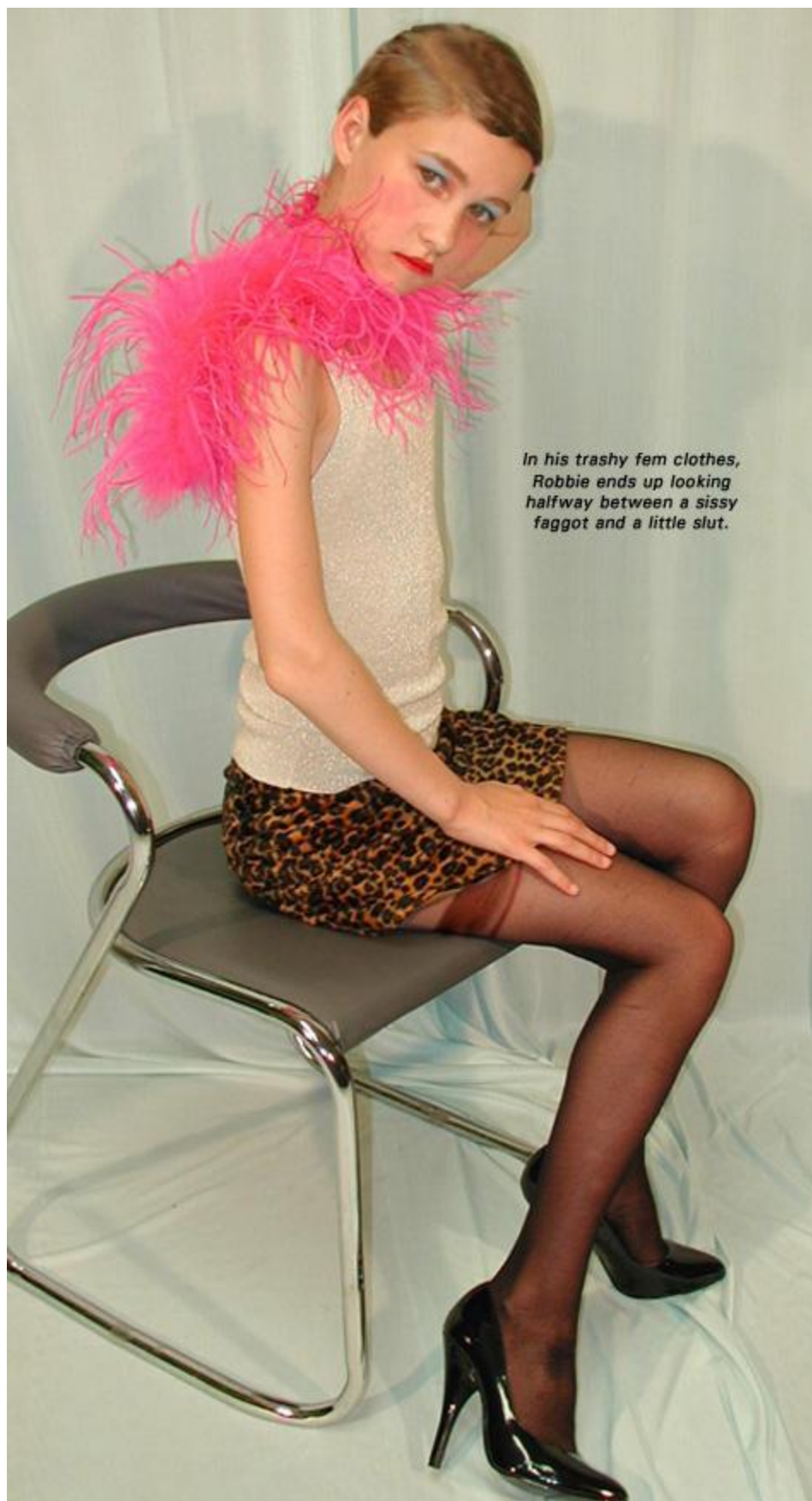
University Cybersissy Chapter, Madison, Wisconsin, Member #100732 since Nov 2003

Me: Black bikinis with red lace trim. Karin (Mom) usually wear tap panties or old-fashioned Celanese bloomers when she teases Robbie.

Robbie: Always silky briefs in pretty pastel colors. I like them pulled up high and peeking out above his trouser tops even when we go out! Today he has on yellow satin briefs with a lace butterfly on each hip and pink bows under the butterflies. He sewed on the lace butterflies and bows! Such a sissy!

*Whenever Robbie isn't
busy doing some chores,
we make him keep his
caged-in dick excited
through his silky panties.*





*In his trashy fem clothes,
Robbie ends up looking
halfway between a sissy
faggot and a little slut.*



*In his black wig and
maid's outfit, Robbie is
quite the little domestic!*

Demale

Society Notices

Added 4/02/04

New Haven Funky Friday Chapter

To All Chapter Members

Bi Swinger Party April 17

Luxury hotel suite in mid-town Manhattan

10 pm to 3 am

Open to both members and their friends who are bi-friendly male/female couples, single females, and restricted number of select bi-males and sissy slave boys. All attendees will be carefully screened, as we are a private club. Contact Rita at her pager number to apply to attend.

We have reserved a spectacular deluxe four-bedroom suite with a separate grand parlor room, three full bathrooms and two balconies with a spectacular view of Central Park. The Suite has a state-of-the-art CD/DVD stereo system and a film festival of videos of our previous parties will be running all night long. We will have a sumptuous buffet, beverages, and BYOB. Entertainers will include exotic dancer Dani, sensual massage by Milt (Millie), and music by DJ Misty. Waitress service by the Weeping Wimpy Boys, available for all your needs!

Also ask Rita about booking your own room for the weekend. She has special rates and info about a get acquainted Get-together Fri. night and a Survivors' Party Sunday night.



How This Twin Cities Sissy Learned to Love It!

My name is Sissy Lola and my girlfriend took away my manhood by forcing me to wear panties, my punishment after she caught me giving oral sex to a woman who worked in her office. At first I had to wear panties, garters, and nylons. She had me shave my legs and keep my toenails painted whore red 24/7. Soon she had me dressing up completely like a female every night when I got home and waited for her phone call. I never exactly when during the evening she would call, but once she did call, I had to do whatever she told me to do, like turn on my video cam and masturbate in my panties while she talked to me on the phone. Sometimes, she'd make me turn my speakerphone and then go outside and do whatever she ordered of me. Often it was to go to an X-rated bookstore and buy a dildo, crossdressing mags, etc. and all while I was completely dressed and people knew I was a guy if they got a good look at me. She'd make me talk at length with the



bookstore clerk while she listened on the speaker phone to make sure I humiliated myself enough by telling sissy stuff bout myself.

I learned to love her taking control of me. Our role-playing changed as she became more and more aggressive and demanded I become more and more submissive. I was made to reenact movies that she rented of sissies and their Mistresses. She videotaped me in very humiliating roles and set ups that appeared quite embarrassing if anyone were to view them. Strangely, because I felt safe with her, I enjoyed doing everything she told me to do. The more submissive I became, the more dominated and demanding she became.

Eventually, she removed all my male clothes, (I was really enjoying wearing sexy, lace and silk lingerie) and loved being made to wear them every day. But now she was making me wear women's slacks and blouses instead of men's things. She made me tell my boss and the people I worked with that I was a transsexual and changing into a woman, even though I'm not a TS, just very submissive. Since I work for the City, I was protected from sex and gender discrimination, so no one could do anything about it. Actually, almost all of them were very supportive. I didn't want to become a female, but I had to pretend that I wanted to! It was weird, but I was really getting into enjoying the submissive feeling of living this lie.

One day, she invited her girlfriend Sandy over and had me hiding in the closet completely dressed as her sissy slut and made to secretly videotape them having lesbian sex. Of course I was discovered and punished for "spying." Afterwards Nancy showed Elly all her tapes of me. Nancy never told her this was all her idea. Even to my surprise, the feeling of being humiliated by both women turned me on!

One night in a bar, a black guy name Lou tried to pick up my now "Mistress" and her girlfriend. She didn't want to be bothered, so she told him they were lesbians, He offered to pay them \$100.00 to just watch!

Nancy had us stop at home, and she got some of her "equipment," then we all went to a motel room (Lou popped for the room too), and the next thing I knew, my Mistress made me model my lingerie for him. He knew I was a guy but seemed to get a big kick out of my little strip show. I was shocked when my Mistress pimped me and told him for another \$20, I'd suck him off while he watched them do the lezzie thing. Lou agreed! She told him to slap me around if I didn't do it to his satisfaction! And for the first time in my life, I was forced down on my knees and made to suck cock. I will never forget the feeling of being forced to do what she commanded while the girls fucked themselves with their vibrators and dildo cocks. I was videotaped and even the verbal humiliation by everyone turned me on! Sucking him off wasn't so bad. No, I'm not gay, but if a woman commands me to do it, I will do it to please her and show my obedience to her. He pumped his load into me, and I was forbidden to swallow until I showed the camera the salty load of male sperm sloshing around in my open mouth.

My point is that thanks to my old girlfriend (who now lives with her lesbian girlfriend in Florida), I am

now a total sissy and learned to crave being a submissive sissy. Now I want to find another female who will nurture my sub passion. I'm easy to spot at our meetings; I'm the one with the short pink hair! All female members feel free to approach me and tell me what you need, and I'll try to make you happy. By the way this is 100% true, honest. I also like to date cute CDs. Feel free to be nasty and verbally humiliating to me. Test me to see if I'm submissive enough for you! I'd like to be a live-in maid for a superior lady.

Lola

Member All Sports Cheerleaders Chapter, St. Paul, MN, Member #081503 since Feb. 2000

Vanity Fair pink, lavender, or flowered panties (like in the pic) are all I wear --Ever! Opps! My panties seem to be a little damp. I wonder what happened!

Oklahoma Pansy Looking to be Castrated

Any females in any of the chapters in Oklahoma or nearby who would want to do a real castration on me using a surgical castration clamp like farmers use on cows, etc., please post a notice here or in the OK Society Newsletter. I live in NW Oklahoma, and I am looking for a woman or women who know what it is to be in total control over men and want to castrate them like dogs. You can even take pics or video if you want. I don't care as long as the castration is for real and permanent. I have a difficult time hiding my big balls in my pretty panties, and without them, I'd have nice "panty lines!" You can give me a penisectomy too -- take my useless penis, cut it off and throw it away. By the way, I don't want to be a female. I am not a transsexual. I just want to be a castrated sissy boy and be of service to women. But maybe you want to leave my limp little penis. It doesn't make a very big bulge in my panties and girls laugh themselves silly when they see such a small penis on a full-grown guy like me.



One of the things women could do with me is to put me on display before their husbands, sons, boyfriends, etc. to scare them into line by threatening to castrate them too. I'd be glad to go on tour throughout the area, visiting chapters and giving them all the information about castration and training males.

Sissy Ha-lee

Member Oklahoma at Large, Member 076322 since Mar 1997

White satin panties my favorite, big silky panties with a lot of room to swish around in -- the bigger the panties, the smaller my penis looks and feels!



***Server Boy to All in Dominant Divas in DC Chapter:
Angelboys Show***

April 27th meeting will feature Goddess Silvia and her "Angleboys." If it's anything like last year's demonstration, you'll never forgive yourself if you miss it!

Call Robin W. for details and advance reservations (because eating is limited). Full members have priority seating if you respond by April 1. And full members can bring a sissyboy in training. There's a lot of audience participation in this show, and this could be the night your tender sissy goes all the way! Being ready with several changes of panties for your sissy boy is recommended.

From Maria: Bisexuality in NYC Article
(Maria passed this article onto us.)

New York City has been experiencing a shift in the sexual zeitgeist, with an emergence of groups and events designed specifically for bisexuals. Apparently, a segment of the gay population, both male and female, have an interest - and fascination - in seeing the opposite gender having sex, which led to various pansexual clubs popping up, but since most of these clubs don't identify sexual preference as part of membership, there's no way to know if the people who show up are gay or bi, but one assumes they are largely bisexual, as is evidenced by the mix-and-match action at these clubs.



Locally famous Jeannie "The Dream" recently visited Manhattan and was a guest host at Our Love (an all-female sex and play party with food and miscellaneous services provided by a wild assortment of transsexuals, gays, crossdressers and other simpering sissy boys.

This private, pansexual, poly-proclivity play party resulted in assorted couplings of all preferences. It's typical of what is happening to the lesbian and gay gatherings, a lot more bi action is obvious. Just this one event sparked several follow-up events that were even more bi-oriented, and all of them were heavily attended with a minimum of promotion.

I met "Uncle" Tommy, a bisexual male in his 40s, after one particularly exciting evening in the summer of

2002. I was part of the lesbian entertainment at a party of "straight" couples. Tommy was partying with a female artist friend and lover who revealed that the while she had had several long-term relationships with men, she also had several female lovers. Then Tommy said, "I, too, am bisexual and his girlfriend of the evening was surprised even though they had known each other since grade school.

Uncle Tommy immediately started doing bi parties, realizing many other people were probably like them, knew each other for a long time but never knew the other was bi or had interests that could be developed along bi areas of sexuality. As that night went on, we got more horny and uninhibited, and we eventually experienced every imaginable threesome combination. We watched the sun rise, our lingerie-clad bodies pretzeled together. (Uncle Tommy had a big thing -- no kidding -- for lingerie on himself and on others, so his date and I were glad to comply! I get off on scrumptious undies myself! Who says a girl can't have a panty fetish?

Tommy's parties are always very successful, especially now, since he has developed a long mailing list. Tommy is now hosting parties for Demale Society chapters, and he does a great job, making sure that they are a big success.

There seems to be endless sexual permutations at his parties. He's very creative and he really gets attendees to try a lot of new things. Tommy is now an expert feminizer himself now. He can take a guy and turn him into a crossdressed fag in the blink of an eye. He's gotten more "straight" guys to suck cock in a shorter period of time than anyone I have ever heard of!

"New York is definitely becoming more bi," Tommy tells me. "Manhattan sex clubs tended to be wither completely gay or straight (or straight with some lesbian action), but now things are changing, and bi clubs are where it's at."

What is going on in Manhattan surpasses what has been called "swinging." Partner swapping and watching one's wife get jiggy with another babe goes back to 70's key parties and sex orgies, but it's been a while since the more rare public interactions between men who don't identify strictly as gay or straight has been generally acceptable. At an event just this past weekend, we witnessed two men enjoying the company of one woman - and each other! Both guys were in sexy drag. It was an electrifying lip-lock that is emblematic of this shift toward any and all sexual activity being acceptable.









Stories & Pics

Added 3/18/04

Teen Girl Describes How She Learned to Take Charge

My most cherished sexual memories are my “firsts”: My first period, my first bra, and how I jerked off my dear brother for the first time. I had caught him masturbating himself using a pair of my purple panties. He was so ashamed to be caught! I made him put on the panties, and then I jacked him off through the panties. It took a long time for him to cum because I didn’t quite know how to do it, plus he was scared and I was laughing at him for wearing my panties throughout the whole ordeal. I got it right after I made him show me how he liked to be touched. I was curious as hell about how boys’ bodies worked. I loved doing it, so what if he ruined a pair of my panties with his crud in them. I told him to keep the panties but to come to me whenever he needed a “treatment.” My horny teenage big teenage brother had the hots constantly! He was always asking me to do him. I did him a lot, and then I tired of doing it, and I started making him do it wearing my panties and standing in front of me. Soon I started doing other things to him that I had heard about, like shoving things up his butt and making him lick my cunny.



While learning about sex with my brother, I found myself looking at my schoolmates in a different way. I was still a virgin, but intended to change that quickly. I wanted to feel a penis deep inside me. I wanted to feel the heat and swelling as it was driven home and spurted gob after gob after gob of hot sticky sperm into me. I had masturbated my brother many times, and he regularly gave me oral sex, but I had never given him a blowjob. I thought about tasting his semen, but to that point I never did. I wondered how salty it was! I looked at different guys and wondered whom I should choose for my first fuck.

When I got home from school, I knew whose prick was going to be my first. Boy or not... brother or not... it had to be Danny’s prick! Wrong you say? Maybe? But not to a young girl entering womanhood! A young girl with uncontrollable raging hormones!

Yes. This was the night. Tonight my darling brother whom I loved so much would fuck me. I knew now that I could control him. I would learn through him how to control other boys.

When I went downstairs for dinner, mom asked me why I was so happy.

“I’ve just made a big decision.”

“Oh?”

I knew she wanted me to tell her, but how could I say that I was going to force her son and my big brother to fuck with his sister, her daughter? So I just giggled.

Mom shook her head as mothers do. I know now that she thought it was all about some teenage silliness. Some silliness!

That night, I gave my brother a pair of black panties, and told him to wear them to bed and nothing else. Then after our parents were in bed, I snuck into Danny's room and I let him fuck me. He claimed to have fucked two girls before me, so knew pretty much what to do, but he shot off quickly –even quicker than when he or I masturbated his cock. I knew there was more to it than that

I wondered about trying to have sex with one of the boys at school, but they all seemed so young and silly. It was then that I decided I needed a man. Not a high school boy, a man who could teach me about sex. Yes, I had seen fuck pictures, but they really told me nothing. We did not have home videos at that time, and a seventeen-year-old girl could not get into see blue movies, as they were called. Still, I knew I had to do something. That thing between my legs was driving me up a wall. I knew I needed a grown man to make love to me, not just a teenage boy, but most men scared me, so I needed a man I could control. I waited for a chance to do just that.

I hold a special place in my memory for my first experience in controlling a full-grown man (he was my chemistry teacher). He gave me my first opportunity to have a man. And he was perfect because he got himself into a position in which I could control him.

I had caught him peeking up my skirt and threatened to report him. He was scared as hell. Scared of losing his job, I made him take me to his office and lick my pussy. He did it expertly! I had taken off my panties – cute green ones with pink hearts on them – and while he ate me, I had him unzipped, and I masturbated him like I did so often to my brother. I remember how my teacher's penis ejaculated and his sperm splattered all over the rug; it was so cool, especially to a young girl in high school. I made him eat me some more. When my cunt was satisfied, I ordered him from the room. With a hurt look, he quietly left, hurriedly wiping my secretions off his face as he softly closed the door behind him. I lay back in his office and reveled in my newfound power. How far could I carry it? Would it work on other men and boys? At the time I did not realize it, but my female hormones were taking control of my body. I did not know that they must be tempered with intelligence.

It was my first really intense orgasm. My brother had never taken me to those heights. I can recall every second of it, as my pussy exploded in his mouth. I had thought about having intercourse with him, but this first session of him giving me oral sex and me masturbating him was safe territory for me. He had passed my test beautifully. Immediately afterward, I decided I was soon going to have sex with him!

I liked seeing my brother in my panties whenever we did anything sexual, so I went to buy bigger panties for my teacher to wear. While I was at it, I bought a dozen pairs of panties – from little girl sizes to big

heavyside lady sizes to keep in my car, so I was always prepared to panty a guy. While I was buying those panties, the salesclerk in the lingerie store asked me if I knew the panties I was buying were all different sizes, I told her I did. I was a crazy naive teenager, so jokingly I told her I was buying them to put on boys and men because I liked how wearing panties made them so willing to be my little play toys. The young woman's eyes lit up. She took me aside and told me about the Demale Society, and that's how I got involved. In less than two weeks, I had all their materials and had attended my first meeting! Wow! Was I amazed how much you can do with a pantied male, plus lots of other stuff! Of course, my brother and my teacher were my first ones to experiment on.

On the day I had decided to fuck my teacher, I had Danny drive me to school. This was the first time I made him go outside with panties on under his jeans. He had to go to work, and he pleaded with me to let him go home first and change out of them, but I told him I'd stop by his work after school and make sure he had them on, or some of his buddies might find out some "things" about him.

I found my teacher in his office and told him, I was going to fuck him after school. I pulled out a pair of pink panties I had bought and made him wear them under his clothes to class. The poor guy was in shambles that day. He couldn't concentrate on our lesson, and finally just had us study in class. Of course, my sitting in the front row with my skirt hiked up quite a bit I sure added to his inability to teach that day. We did have sex after school, with him in his new pink panties! Wow! He took his time with me, and it was great, even though he said wearing the panties while he did it made him feel like a pervert! I told him he was a wuss and pervert, so he should just relax and enjoy me giving him my sweet young (almost) virgin pussy. He did thank me profusely for that. His biggest problem was living in fear that his wife or someone else would find out about him having sex with me, one of his students.



No one ever did, but that didn't lessen his fears. In fact, I played upon them, and on many days I'd make him wear panties under his clothes while he taught class. On those days, unable to concentrate, he flubbed up a lot of stuff. The kids in class didn't know that he was wearing panties, but they did note that our "absentminded professor was having one of 'those' days!"

I had my teacher do it to me about a dozen times during my senior year. And I taught my brother all the things my teacher taught me about sex, such as how a guy should eat pussy and satisfy a female, plus a lot of other sex things. But I was hungry to try my new found power and sex knowledge on other boys

and men with all the stuff I was learning at Society meetings, and I've been on a road to discovery of the power of the female ever since! Watch out boys, if you're ever around me and get caught in my web!

Dinah

Border Crossing Ladies Chapter, Vancouver, Member #050003 since Aug 1984

Me: I always wear rhumba (tennis) panties under my skirts, dresses and slacks because they bulge beautifully with all their lace; they help me identify and go after men and boys attracted to my panty lines! Today I'm wear white tennis panties with yellow lace!

Danny, my brother (who now lives with me and my wuss of a husband) is wearing the lavender panties I laid out for him (matching the panties I laid out for my husband) this morning. The latest thing in our chapter is putting a lot of emphasis on turning boys and men into queers. My brother and husband are cumming a long pretty well! A current picture of my brother dressed in faggot drag, showing off his cum-filled panties is attached. I had my husband panty masturbate him for this pic. **My chemistry professor:** I haven't seen him in years because he lives across country from me, but we do keep in contact with periodic phone calls. He's on his third wife. I got him to tell her about the Demale Society and they are looking for a chapter in the Northern part of Florida. She'd still at the giggling stage with him in panties, but likes being in charge. One of these days, I'm going to visit them!

Note: Many of the pictures that we post on this page are amateur photos, and sometimes the quality is rather poor, but they are the only photographic evidence of the described events, and we include them here because we feel a poor quality photo is better than no photo at all. Especially some of the old black and white photos, we tried to improve by colorizing and enhancing with our computer photo program.

The end of Demale Society Training Manual #14

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