

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Volume #18

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pics


Clever females expertly replace traditional male interests with fetishes. Naughty little boys are disciplined and turned into easy to control sweet little pantywaists ready for a new life under female rule.

Adults Only



Fantasy Entertainment





After spying on his mother while she was undressing, Hans suffers the humiliation of being forced to wear her bra and panties, leaving him crying in shame and finding it very hard to take his punishment.

*August 2004 Demale Society
Poster Boy*

www.Demale.com

Stories & Pics

Added 7/15/04



Gay Boyfriend

Harper is the best boyfriend I've ever had. I'm sick and tired of the football heroes, the weightlifting idiots, and all those other macho boys that so many girls flip over. I don't have any brothers. It's always been just my mom and me since my mom threw my dad out years ago. Sorry to say it, but he was a pig, even when I was very young, I didn't look up to him like most girls look up to their fathers. He did as little as possible for mom and me, and he didn't know anything about love. He was just selfish and into his own things. One good point about him: He has a good job at a big software company and makes good money, and mom got him for a lot of alimony plus child support until I'm eighteen.

Anyway, mom joined the Demale Society, and she really got into helping other members feminize their sons, husbands, brothers etc. I started reading all the books and things she brought home. It didn't take a lot to convince me that most males are jerks. Mom got me to be a member, and she introduced me to Harper. Actually, I did know him a little from school. He was gay, and most of the kids gave him a hard time. They were always making fun of him, beating him up and stuff like that.

My mom knew his mom from the Society, where she's the chapter V.P. She had raised him to be gay! Actually, he turned out bisexual, but those things are just labels; they don't tell you what a person is really like. And I have to tell you Harper is the sweetest guy ever! Sex for us is usually oral, but a lot of times I have him masturbate himself in his panties while I watch and play with myself in my panties. Since we've been going together, the kids at school don't know what to make of us. They wonder if he's now going straight or if I'm a fag hag. Like we give a shit! In fact, it's fun having them guessing. We had a costume party at school, and we went as two fairies! Kind of slutty ones at that! See the photo.

Girls take my advice. Get a gay boy for a boyfriend. If he doesn't want to try the bisexual route and try to have regular sex with you once in a while, he surely won't object if you go out and get laid by some

macho jerk whenever you feel the need. And of course, if he feels like making it with some guy, you should have no problem with that. But always use condoms -- keep it safe! And when he's making it with a guy, ask if you can be invited! Most of the gay guys Harper hangs out with love it when I join them. A lot of them enjoy experimenting with a girl, and they are very unselfish lovers. They want to make sure you have a good time. My sex with Harper and his friends is so much better than making it with a sweaty, smelly jock! Try it girls.

Lynn

Sneaky Girls Chapter, Mountainview, Member #084369 since January 2001

Contest to Get a Stranger into a Skirt and Panties

Our chapter has a subgroup for us teen members. We have a lot of fun and don't take anything too serious. Our mentors think it is best that way as we find out things for ourselves in the world. We try to be creative with the feminization we do. And we love to challenge each other. We had a little contest a few weeks ago! Each of us took a skirt, a blouse and panties (of course) and went to a park where a lot of kids were playing. Each of us had to approach a boy (limited to a boy of about our same age) and convince him to put on the female clothes then and there! The first one to succeed won! And that was me!

The guy I chose had just lost a game of chess with some other kid. His name was Camillo and I don't think he was too experienced with girls because I could tell he really liked it that I came up and talked to him. He was pretty nervous talking to me. (I don't suppose my bright pink panties sticking out way above the top of my low-cut jeans had anything to do with it!)

I told him I felt bad for him losing the match, but he had played a very good game right up until the end, and he appreciated my compliment. Bullshit! I don't know a damn thing about chess. Anyway, I fed him a bunch of other shit, like how cute and smart he was, etc. So when I told him we were having this contest and he had to dress up. He gave in to me. He wanted to keep his T-shirt on, so I let him put my top on over it. I had him put the skirt on over his slacks. He started to have second thoughts when I told him to undo his pants and slide them off from under the skirt, but he did it. Then when I pulled out the pink panties and told him he had to put them on too for me to win, his jaw dropped. I simply told him to reach under his skirt (I love saying "his skirt!") and change his underwear for the panties, I thought he was going to panic, but I fed him some more shit about how much fun we'd have later, etc. etc., and moments later he put the panties on in place of his underwear! In the photo, I'm dancing around and



waving around his Jockey shorts! It's amazing how much you can do with a guy just by asking (with just a little bit of manipulation)!

Celia

Brooklyn Belles Chapter, Member #083002 since September 2000



Luring Males with Panties

Thought you'd like to see my girlfriends and me ready to go out on the town to hook some males! I'm in the middle. My friend Jenna is in the white camisole and tap panties, and my other friend, Dani, a post-op transsexual (now a woman!) is in the black see-through nightie with black bra, panties and stockings. I'm in the low-cut top and shorts showing off generous portions of my pale blue bra and high-waisted panties.

We generally go out to clubs cruising for guys to hook at least one night a week. A lot of the girls in those places call us sluts, but we don't care what they call us. At the end of the night, we're walking out the door with their guys, and a condition to going home with us is that these guys have to do something publicly to let everybody know they are gaga over us. Sometimes we lead them out with a dog collar and leash around their neck, sometimes we put bows in their hair, sometimes we ride out of the place like on their backs like they're our horses, sometimes we get them to kiss our pantied butt in the middle of the dance floor, etc. etc. -- whatever we can think up!

Shakira

Vegas Vixens Chapter, Member #077444 since November 1998

Panty Inspection Anytime, Anywhere!

I've got total control of my boyfriend, my brother and my dad. In the picture here, I'm with my older brother, Andy. (Now, I call him Andrea.) He makes a pretty good looking girl, huh? I take him shopping with me all the time. Here we are at a bus stop, and I'm



making him lift his skirt so I can check his panties! All three guys I have taken control of and feminized know I expect complete obedience, and that includes inspecting their panties at anytime and at anyplace. I especially like to make them pull up their skirts or pull down their slacks in public, so I can see not only what kind of panties they have on that day, but also if they are hard or soft, and if they have left any forbidden stains in their pretty panties.

I have trained them to respect their panties and forbid them from depositing their slim in their panties. My dad is the worst one. He's always hard, and his short fat cock is always leaking and leaving nasty pecker tracks in his panties! I like to keep all of them horny with constant teasing, giving them peeks up my skirt at my panties or flashing them my breasts. It doesn't take much to drive them wild since they go for long, long periods without relief. I've become quite expert at cupping their balls and weighing them in my hand to tell how it has been since they've had relief. When I do allow them to cum (once a month max!), I inspect their jism for viscosity and how rancid it smells, good indications that they had been celibate for a good long time. The guys know the penalty for cumming without permission. The guilty one has to suck off one of the other two, whoever I feel is most deserving of relief.

My dad was the first one I took control of. Let's just say he tried to make a move on me sexually. Well, that put him forever in my debt, and thank goodness I was smart enough to take advantage of the situation and not let the incident send me to a psychiatrist for the rest of my life. If my girlfriend's mom hadn't shown me some Demale brochures and told me all about the Society, it could have been very bad for me, but as I said, it worked out, and I had learned just enough to turn my father into my slave. Mom wondered what was going on when all of a sudden, dad started waiting on me and doing every foolish thing I asked him to do. It didn't take mom long to figure it out. She just shook her head, and said he had always had eyes for young girls and no doubt tried to proposition them many times, and that pissed her off, so she was glad that he finally got just what he deserved.

Shelly



Mister Mom Chapter, Balto, Member #076602 since December 1997

Me: Low-rise bikinis or nothing at all! All the males in our family wear satin briefs or rhumba panties.

Turning My Son into a Hooker

I love fooling men! My latest game is to dress my youngest boy like a call girl, and put him to work! He's so small in size

and so feminine, that the guys who hire him never have a clue that he's really a boy! It's a long story how this all came about, but I divorced my husband when I walked in on him one day, and he was having our baby son sucking on his cock while he was watching a porno tape.

I later found out that he had been having our boy do that to him for a long, long time, and the kid got to like it! I discovered that when I kept getting calls from women in the neighborhood screaming at me that my pervert queer son was caught sucking off their boys! Sometimes the heat just got too much, and we had to move a few times. We finally moved to a big city because it was easier to get lost in a crowded section of the city where most people don't know each other.

So you can appreciate that I don't have a very high opinion of most men. I met other women and that's how I got in touch with the Demale Society. They let me know that having a gay son is a blessing. Gay boys are very loving sons, usually very devoted to their mothers, plus they suggested I put him to work giving guys blowjobs! I immediately saw that it had several benefits: 1) My son would get to do what he loves to do! 2) He'd make money for us, and 3) I'd get a charge out of pimping for him and then fooling these men into thinking he was the cutest little girl they had ever had swinging from their cocks! Nice work, and we can get it! In the picture, I'm sitting with a john, with whom I just made deal to enhance the family finances! The cutie with us in my darling little boy Jason (Janey his professional name). Isn't he the most beautiful little girl you've ever seen! I usually take pictures with my Polaroid -- a guy having his cock sucked by a young beauty is in no condition to protest! As my son is getting the guy to unload his jism, I pull my hi's wig off and tell the guy that he's just been sucked off by a gay boy. The look on a guy's face when that bit of news penetrates his brain is "priceless" as they say in the commercial. If the guy wants nasty about it, I tell them my son is underage (even though he isn't any more), and that revelation plus the photos keeps the guy from causing any trouble.

Selma

Missy Sissy Chapter, Springfield, Member #082500 since June 2000

Hey, Sissy, Here I Cum!

Just wanted to share this picture with you. This is how my husband and I play on the beach! We have a summer home on the shore, just north of the city. It's in a secluded area, so I go swimming and sunbathing in the nude, and my husband's standard outfit is a nice pair of silky panties. Sometimes seeing him running about like a fag in those panties gets to me, and I have to put on my strap-on and fuck the daylights out of him!



Sheila

Stroke the Bloke Chapter, Sydney, Member #056670 since August 1986



Sissymaker Tattoo!

I just have to show off my new Sissymaker tattoo!

It's so popular these days to have a tattoo on your lower back just above your panty line. Well, since I'm always flashing the back of my panties, I decided to have "Sissymaker" tattooed there. I love it! It's a real conversation piece. People ask about it all the time, and gives me a great opportunity to talk to complete strangers about the Demale Society, flashing panties, panty training males and all related subjects.

Elle

Sweet Sis Chapter, Santa Fe, Member #096567 since September 2001

[Note: If you click on the picture, there's an enlargement and a close-up shot of the tattoo.]

Spanking Added to Husband's Panty Training, Girdle Control and Hormone Regimen

My husband is five inches shorter than I am, and with his very boyish face, he looks like kid. That's one of the things that made him so attractive to me. I wanted a guy I could boss around, but when we married, I had no idea how far I'd eventually bring him under my thumb. I've been a full member for just a year, and what a year it has been. Through the Society I learned about feminization, something I had known very little about before joining. But once I got into panty training, full domination, and then feminization, I was driven to take things further and further. Since I could so easily overpower my boy hubby (he's 14 years younger and 18 pounds lighter than I am), I never had to use too much force to get him to do whatever I wanted. He just accepted my dominance over him. But then several women told me that if I wasn't spanking him, I was missing out on a lot of fun. They told me it was a great high to treat a husband like a naughty little child. So let me tell you about what happened when I used spanking for the first time. This incident illustrates how far I've come with my now



thoroughly pussy-whipped husband.

A week ago last Saturday, I arranged everything perfectly. First I locked the door and pocketed the key. I positioned my chair directly in front of the mirror. I placed a stool next to the chair. On top of the stool I placed a hairbrush with a hard back; a short black strap, and a wide wooden paddle. Richard watched me with a frown on his face. I sat down and tugged at my skirts. Richard's eyes were drawn to my stocking tops. I wear old-fashioned nylons, fifteen denier stockings with a thick seam. The wide white suspenders of my garter belt were clearly visible. I pointed to my lap saying, "Come. Bend over my lap."

Richard shook his head and backed away. But we both knew he wasn't going anywhere. Not dressed as he was. In a girls' blouse!

"That blouse is creased!" I told him sharply. "And I warned you what would happen. Now I'm going to spank you."

My words hung in the air. Richard paled. He looked down and stroked the front of his petal blue blouse over the little mounds on his chest. The blouse was a simple but expensive garment made of sheer silk.

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "Do you want me to change?"

I shook my head, "It's too late for apologies. I'm going to punish you!"

Our eyes locked, but then my husband lowered his eyes.

"I won't do it," he muttered. "I've done everything you asked of me. I wear your clothes. I let you give me hormone pills and shots. I do the housework. But this...this is going too far."

I waited patiently for him to look at me, and when our eyes met, I said, "Open your blouse."

Richard looked flustered, but he immediately reached for the top button of his pretty girlish blouse. It was made of filmy blue silk with capped sleeves and tiny crystal buttons. I watched with mounting excitement as he unbuttoned himself. He parted the sheer silk material to reveal his gorgeous blue and white brassiere; an old-fashioned, full-cup creation that emphasized his small but very real breasts. The pre-shaped and lace-covered cups, the lightly boned side inserts and the wide-set shoulders straps all combined to enhance what nature plus high doses of female hormones provided. The shimmering white satin cups were overlaid with the softest, palest blue lace. It was eminently practical and yet undeniably pretty. As we both stared at his obviously female chest, Richard's face went a deep pink. Almost as pink as his painted lips! I saw his eyes fill with tears.

"Do you remember what I told you the first time I bought you a bra?" I asked, my voice thick with excitement. "I told you it was a symbol. You agreed to wear a bra as a symbol of your status, just as your

growing breasts are a symbol. This punishment is also a symbol. It will symbolize our new relationship. I am the giver of pain, and YOU are the recipient."

He bit his lip and then asked, "But why a spanking? Surely you can think of some other punishment? It's so...so degrading!" he whined. Then he shook his head firmly. "I won't do it!"

I sighed, "I could FORCE you to bend over my lap. I'm bigger and stronger than you, but that would be counter productive. I didn't FORCE you to wear a bra. You agreed because you knew it was inevitable. And you will accept my punishment for exactly the same reason. Now, remove your skirt ... and lie down across my lap."

For what seemed an age, he simply stood there. I said nothing, and the tension mounted.

Then he whimpered, "Where is all this leading to Sally? What do you want?"

Tears rolled down his powdered cheeks. I almost felt sorry for him. I leaned forward and said, "You KNOW what I want. I want a WIFE. And YOU will be my wife. But it all takes time. You have a lot to learn about being a woman. This moment is very important...after I've spanked you...after you have ACCEPTED my spanking, we'll both be different. You'll never feel like a husband again. You'll be my wife! Now....step out of that very smart skirt...and lie yourself down on my lap!"

Our eyes met and locked. As he crumbled, I felt almost faint with excitement. My husband licked his soft pink lips and walked slowly towards me. I had won!

He was in a bit of a dither, perhaps he sensed my excitement. I held my breath as Richard unzipped the side of his skirt; he was wearing a smart pencil skirt made of sleek white nylon, so thin and without a lining so hints of his pastel-colored lingerie showed through from underneath. I sighed as he lowered the skirt and it whispered sensually as it slid down over his smooth blue half slip. He stepped out of his skirt and moved even closer to my side. My hand absently caressed the ruffled hem and shimmering satin of his slip, a calf length creation with a large row of white lace at the hem and a kick pleat at the back. The slim sheath of candy-blue satin emphasized his ever-widening and now womanly hips and full round buttocks. I ran my palms up and down the silky slip...caressing his legs, hips and round bottom through the filmy nylon garment...exciting him. SHAMING him! My hands and fingers implied ownership.

My gaze met his...and he saw the glitter in my eye. His face went a bright pink. He knew I wanted him. He KNEW I was going to make love to him!

"And your faggot baby blue slip;" I whispered thickly, "take it off!"

He meekly obeyed, dipping his fingers inside the elastic waistband of the ultra feminine satin slip. I bit my lip as it slid down to join his skirt. He was wearing a pair of old fashioned high-waisted panties; filmy

white nylon trimmed with candy-blue lace and decorated with pink ribbon inserts. The panties were sheer and I could see the faint outline of his tight satin girdle, a blue, pink and white girdle that perfectly matched his long-line bra. A bright pink ribbon bow was set in the middle of the waistband and its six wide elastic suspenders were covered in the same shiny ribbon, each ending in a bow. His stockings were sheer white nylon. And his shoes were blue court shoes with three-inch heels.

He looked so VULNERABLE, so helpless and girlish: wearing nothing but his sexy lingerie, standing uncertainly on his high heels, wondering and awaiting nervously for my next command.

THIS is what I love...his meekness; his total submissive desire to please! And my POWER!

"Pull your little girl panties down...just as far as your knees," I told him. "I want you to clamp your thighs together so your panties stay just above your knees, understand?"

Tears roiled down his face. He sniffed and nodded. I watched with throat-choking excitement as my husband pushed his blue, white and pink panties and girdle down over his wide girly hips...and held them with his knees! He was sobbing uncontrollably now. But I was far too aroused to care. In fact his shame and embarrassment THRILLED me in the bizarre way it always did, especially when I did like I am doing now and taking him one step further down the road to complete feminization and total servitude.

"Now...lie over my lap."

He obeyed. My sissy husband leaned forward awkwardly across my thighs. It felt WONDERFUL. I made a mental note to have my mother here next time. Now THAT would be fun! She saw the sissy in him long before I did. She would always ask him if he did sports or other manly things, even though she knew he didn't. She made fun of him sitting all day long on his fat butt working in an office, taking orders from a female boss. Mother was old-fashioned. She had no respect for a man like that. Many times, she called him a pansy to his face. She was the one who first put the idea in my head to make him MY wife!

I wrapped my left arm around Richard's trim girlish waist. He shivered as I caressed his naked thighs and ass cheeks. I picked up the wooden hairbrush, a formidable, elegant thing made of enamel. Hard...and very heavy. I took a deep breath and said softly, "Look up darling...I want you to watch what happens...in the mirror."

I stared at our reflection; I saw Richard's tear-streaked face look up in shocked surprise. I saw a woman holding a sissy male...I saw a man holding his knees together like a terrified virgin; I saw pure white panties shaking from his trembling, nervous anticipation, the panties locked between his pale thighs. I saw a bare rump. And I spanked him. I repeatedly brought the brush down with a sharp, vicious swipe!

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK!

My husband wiggled and squealed...and watched himself in the mirror. I held him tightly, put down the brush and switched to spanking with my bare hand. SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK. Somehow this was more satisfying than the brush. SMACK SMACK SMACK!

Richard sobbed and watched. Life would never be the same...for either of us!

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK!

That was an excellent start. He bent to my wishes once again, but I wanted more – more ritual, more feminization, more punishment. I said to him, "I bought you a lovely punishment outfit, and I want you in it now before I continue your spanking. You'll find your new outfit and all the accessories laid out on your bed. Change into it and be back down here within fifteen minutes if you know what's good for you."

He stiffened under my hands, but we both knew he had no choice.

"Yes, Mistress," He answered.

"Then hurry," I said, grinning as I struck him with a firm slap across his buttocks, through his girlie girdle and prissy panties.

My sissy she-male housewife scurried away.

I undressed in the lounge. I drew the curtains...and sat down to wait.

When he walked in the door I gasped. He was SO pretty. He was wearing a specially made flared satin frock that came to mid thigh. It was white with purplish-pink piping trim. A long row of white buttons held it together. He stood awkwardly, teetering on six-inch stiletto heels, pink patent leather shoes with tight ankle straps that bit deeply into his shapely ankles. But it was his pinny that made him blush!

A tiny heart-shaped tea apron made of a wisp of frothy pink lace. A ridiculous maids' pinny ... and he was holding its edges and spreading it wide, letting me see the finely crafted lace and frills of the male-killing apron. His face was on fire!

I nodded silently...and the show began.

Richard took a deep breath, and then whispered, "Naughty Richard is ready for his spanking, Mistress."

And he curtsied!

Yes. He bobbed his pretty head; he bent at the knee and pulled the skirt of his apron tight. Our eyes

met...and I saw the first glimmer of fresh tears in his eyes. How he hated these sessions! How I LOVED them!

I tried to keep my voice steady saying, "Very good, pretty maid. You may continue!"

Richard bit down on his painted lower lip. And he untied his pink tea apron. Then his trembling fingers unbuttoned his white satin frock.

I sat and stared; I was mesmerized by the sight of this handsome youth, who was prepared to humiliate himself in this way...for me!

He was wearing a sheer silk chiffon petticoat, a tailored opera top full slip that failed to hide his old-fashioned high-waisted panties. His slip was pale pink; his panties were snow white. The shimmering white frock slid easily from his shoulders...and as it fell to the floor I said, "Bend over!"

He obeyed! He leaned over exposing his delicious female butt in the flimsy panties. The hem of his ultra short full slip was pulled upwards as he bent himself over...and the material of his shiny white satin panties was stretched taut over his truly marvelous bottom!

I stood up and slowly walked towards him. This was what I enjoyed most: watching his fear and shame. I took hold of the lace-trimmed skirt of his petticoat, and as I lifted it higher and higher, I whispered, "Hold it!"

Richard reached behind himself to hold the slip's skirt away from his rump. I swallowed painfully. It was a stunning sight: Tightly stretched white satin full panties over hard round girlish buttocks. I caressed him through the heavy white satin panties. I closed my eyes and ran my palms all over his sissy panties slowly, teasingly. Then I tugged at those beautiful satin panties and dragged them down...down to his knees.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK!

After fifteen minutes my hand was sore and my limbs ache. Then I gave him another fifteen minutes with the hairbrush. Then, I reluctantly released him. He rolled off my lap onto the floor. The enclosed photo shows him thoroughly shamed, abused and beaten in his prissy feminize outfit. We were both strangely silent except for his moaning and panting breathing. I pointed to his virginal white panties and girdle and he knew I wanted him to pull them back up around his burning bottom. He winced repeatedly and let out a few more tears as he worked the slippery silky panties and heavy satin girdle back up his legs. He struggled and groaned until they were finally high up on his waist and firmly packaging what little is left of his manhood.

Remembering the supposed reason for his punishment, I pointed to the ironing board. Sniffing and

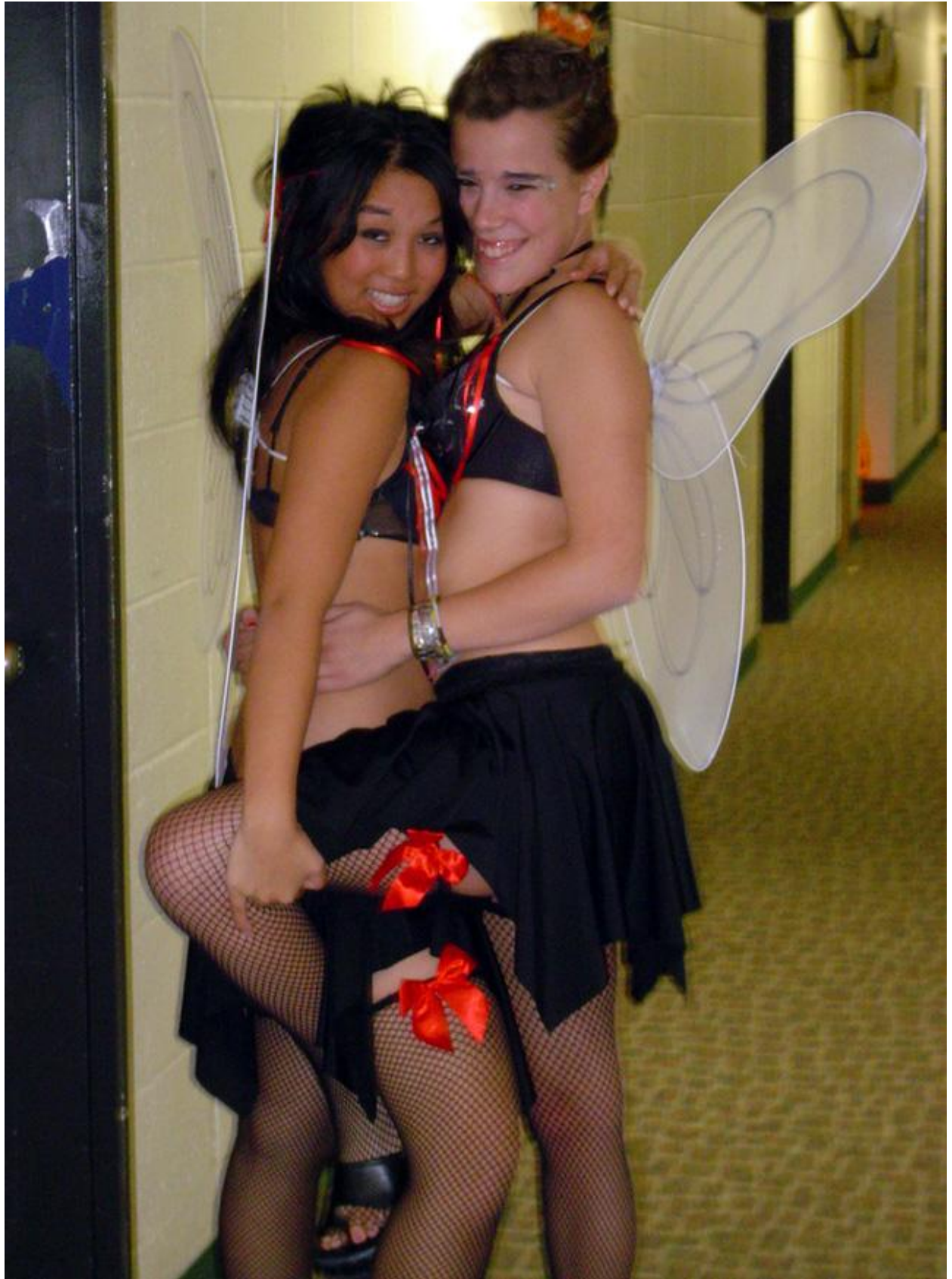
trying to regain his normal breathing pattern, Richard took his creased blouse to the ironing board and proceeded to iron it! He's good at ironing. In fact, he's good at most domestic chores. He's a perfect housewife. He slid his iron easily over his pretty silk blouse. I stood behind him. I reached round his slim frame and slid my hands over his lace-covered bra. He sighed softly...and froze. I moved my palms higher...the bra cups were cunningly underwired; they shoved his small breasts upwards...and I gently cupped and squeezed his firm girlish mounds. They felt marvelous. I felt my panties getting very wet. I needed his face between my legs.

"Forget the ironing darling," I whispered....

Sandra

Buttons & Bows Chapter, Calgary, #98808 since January 2003 (Also frequently in Toronto and attend the New Justice Weekly Chapter)

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Demale Society Notices

Added 7/18/04

Thoroughly Feminized Sissy Wants to Help Females Improve the World

Hi, I live in Houston, and let me start by saying I love women!! I think all men should curtsy to every female and offer themselves for service to show respect to the strong, smart, superior sex! The problem is, outside of going to Demale meetings and similar functions, I run into very few truly dominate females. I know that our world is currently run by males, and I can't wait for that to change. Look what our world has turned into so far!

Early in my relationship with every female I meet of any age, I offer to serve them. Why does that make so many women and girls giggle? I'm serious but not overbearing in my need. I want to contribute to the world, not play games. I want females to use me for their own betterment and for the betterment of womankind.

So many times, I feel like I'm the dom in relationships because I have to show females how to use me. They try it and usually like bossing a guy around, but then they ask me if they are doing it OK, like they don't get it -- whatever they want from me and want to do with me is FINE. I can't think of anything (short of something like murder) that I wouldn't do for most any female. That attitude of mine has put me into some pretty crazy situations.

One time, I was in a bar and approached an attractive woman and offered my services, I don't think she believed me, so when her husband came back from getting them drinks, she told me to get down then and there and give him a blowjob. I got right down on my knees, I think the guy thought I was joking, but when I reached for his zipper, he got up and ran away. I chased him in and out and all around that bar for almost an hour before his wife called me off. The man looked at me in fear and his wife looked at me laughing every time we exchanged glances for the rest of the night.

Another time I was on vacation on the Gulf, a six-year-old girl told me to jump off the dock into the water, and I did it even though I'm not a very good swimmer. She laughed her head off when I stripped down to my pink training bra and panties. I jumped in and then someone threw all my outer clothes into the water and there was no way I could get them! A big crowd had a good laugh at me by the time they fished me out of the water and I walked back to my hotel dripping wet in just my bra and panties.

I was married once to a dom, and I did everything for her, which is fine, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. She cuckolded me, and in addition to keeping the house clean, she made me give her macho guys blowjobs, made me dance the cancan in full drag for her friends, etc. any humiliating thing she could think up I did. My sexual relief was always the last thing in the order of things (as it should be), and that relief was generally in the form of me jacking off in my panties for the entertainment of her, her friends and her



lovers.

My problem with my ex-wife is that I was only a sissy slave for her. I wish she would have also used me to advance the cause of females. She should have had me handing out fliers, recruiting males and females to the cause, used as an example to teach other females, etc. She divorced me because she simply got tired of me. I'm very petite and completely feminine (see photo). I can easily pass as a girl in everyday society, but my ex said good-bye to me when she found someone new, younger and cuter to dominate! If I have one complaint, it is that I believe dominant females tend to be easily bored. My wife never asked if I would mind having another live-in male maid to work alongside me. I know she knew I would go along with that. She cleaned me out of a small inheritance and all the money I had at the time before sending me on my way, but that's OK, I considered everything I had belonged to her anyway. Forgive my insolence, but I'm sure if my wife was less selfish and more involved in the bigger and more important issues like promoting female dominance as a worldwide solution, that both of us would still be together and happier than ever. I would have been a tireless worker to further the cause. Just the thought of being used so productively gives me an instant boner!

My point is, please, everybody, please, we need to train a lot more females and train them a lot faster and more thoroughly, and let them know there are a lot of guys like me willing to not just be their play toys, but willing to help them improve their lives and help them improve the world. Females need to know the power they have and need to know that they are the salvation of our world. Governments have failed us, religion has failed us, and most organized philosophical movements have failed us -- usually because all those things are controlled by males. Females have to know they are the only option we have to surviving the downward spiral males that has the potential of destroying the human race.

Linda (aka Little Limp Dickie)

Up Your Yellow Rose Chapter, Member #073209 since July 1995

Gallery of Old Photos from Our Files



1 The kind of lovely young lady panty fetishists dream about.

2 Woman greets her lover as her cuckolded husband has been reduced to a little boy sissy maid to wait on them.

3 Pantywaist sissy wearing pretty panties with a pair of his girlfriend's panties over his head.

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Testimonials

Applying for either full or associate membership in the Demale Society requires the applicant to submit a testimonial describing their contribution toward the Society's goals. Prospective female members must describe what they did or are doing to demale males. Prospective male members must describe how they were demaled and/or what they are doing to turn other males into demales.

Note: Many of the pictures here and throughout the Demale website are amateur photos of poor quality, 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 improve, colorize and enhance with our computer photo program.

Testimonials From Our Files

Posted 8/13/04



Mother & Now Wife Control with Enemas, Petticoat Punishment and Sexual Slavery

I am not yet a member of the Demale Society, so my wife is having me write this account of my life so far to be entered into her file to add to her testimonial that she submitted to obtain her membership. And at the same time, if you would be so gracious, I am submitting this testimony as my application for

associate membership since I am now a totally demaled male.

Growing up, I was made to stand in a corner, received spankings, was sent to my room without supper, had my mouth washed out with soap – all the usual childhood punishments. My mother was very loving but strict. I was never a ruffian or hooligan, but I had my moments. My mother often related my acting up to illness. She thought when I got out of line I was constipated or sick in some way, so most punishments included having my temperature taken rectally, plus an enema and then she'd personally give me a sponge bath, as she inspected every inch of my body to make sure everything was in good shape – and that included my penis and balls. She'd inspect my penis, lovingly jerk on it and sometimes even take it in her mouth until it erected and then she'd examine it in minute detail, making comments all the time about her “little man.” She'd cup my balls to determine if my testicles had fallen yet, and after they did, she'd still cup my balls, but then do it to ascertain how much semen I had built up, and if I needed a good motherly cum to make me feel and act better. This went on throughout my teenage years and until I left home.

If I really did something out of control or reckless, Mom would dress me up like a girl of thirteen or fourteen. I would have to be dressed like this from the time I got home from school until bedtime. Even then she would put baby dolls or a negligee on me for sleeping. Of course I would remain in the house not daring to go out to play or to see my friends. Please understand that there was nothing kinky about this. It was punishment to control my behavior. Depending on what I did, this punishment would be for a night or two or for as long as a week. It did have a remarkable effect on me because the older I got, the less I put myself in this situation. I do remember that at age fifteen some of my friends and I got caught doing some pranks on Halloween night and mother had to pick me up at the police station.

Even at that age, I received a week of petticoat punishment; only I wasn't dressed as a little girl, but as a woman. Immediately after school mother would make me get naked then she would dress me up completely as a woman from makeup to wig to polish on my finger and toe nails. I would even have to wear high heels. Underneath, I wore lacy panties, nylons, garter belt and padded bra. I was constantly reminded to act like a woman, even when I had to go to the bathroom. Mother would follow me in to make sure I sat on the toilet. I received a spanking every single night and if I got an erection that Mother saw, she would give me a punishment enema followed by a session with a long but thin vibrator that she would turn on and shove up my ass. Needless to say, mother never, ever had to pick me up at the police station nor did I ever have to be dressed again.

This is not the end of my story. I am 27 now, married for five years. About a year ago I had started going out a bit more at night and spending less time with my wife. I was not fooling around or anything stupid, just simply spending lots of time with the guys.

My wife and I frequently fought about the amount of time I spent away from the house and her. She wanted me there to do things around the house and to pay more attention to her. I did and I still do love my wife, but I needed time with my buddies too, but she didn't understand that. We had words over this and eventually she ended up told my mother about it.

When I we first got married, my wife and my mother were very cool towards each other and that was fine with me, hoping to keep my childhood punishments a secret from my new wife. But over the years they did develop an increasingly close relationship.

My wife often saw how I quickly obeyed my mother whenever we were all together. And often wondered aloud why I didn't obey her like I did my mother. Then one day, she complained to my mother about me staying out late several nights a week. My mother told her about how she used to discipline me to keep my behavior acceptable. I was completely humiliated to have my wife know this about my childhood. In front of me, mother went into great detail, going over everything from spanking me to giving me enemas, to dressing me like a girl. She even told her about using the vibrator on me. My wife was intrigued then asked my mother if she would spend a couple of nights with us to show her how to correct me.

Even though I wasn't sick or hadn't done anything wrong (except for going out too often with the guys), mother had me take my pants down, pulled down my underpants and showed my wife how to take a rectal temperature. Then she spanked me on my bare butt with a ruler and made me stand in the corner. If my wife ordered me like that, I would have refused, but since it was my mother, I obeyed instantly. Suddenly I felt like I was fourteen years old again, and I got an erection. My mother pointed it out to my wife and they both had a good laugh over that. I stayed in the corner for 30 minutes, while Mother and Karen made a shopping list.

Then they went out and mom told me to stay in my room, which I did for about three hours. I don't know what came over me, I felt like such a child.

When they finally returned and I saw what they had purchased, I felt as though I was still living with my mother.

In the bags were a bunch of fancy panties, several complete sets of matching lingerie, dresses, skirts, pantyhose, high heels and even a wig and makeup. There were also some negligees and a set of babydolls. That is not all either. They had also purchased an enema bag, a new rectal thermometer, a paddle, long handle hairbrush and several dildos from a secret shop for ladies that handles such things.

My friends did not see me for the next three nights. Immediately after work, I would have to go home and undress in front of Mom and Karen, be put into a full set of female clothes and made to present myself for punishment. Karen would spank me under Mother's direction then I was sent to the corner for 30 minutes. I was always so afraid one of my pals would show up.

Since I was dressed completely as a woman, they laughingly and constantly reminded me to sit and behave like one. I was also followed to the toilet. Twice I had to be given an enema and had to face a vibrator in my ass for getting an erection. Mom jerked me off once during the three nights, and Karen

masturbated me twice, each time aiming my penis upward, and when I was about to cum, they'd yank down my panties and let my jism fly up in the air. They made me keep my mouth open as they tried to get some to shoot up into my mouth. A couple of times a ribbon of my cum did get splattered across my lips. They really liked seeing that. I also had to sleep in the pink babydolls.

Mother left after three days with orders to behave and to obey. I knew she meant it and she only lives 90 minutes away.

My life is very different now. I am allowed one night a week out with the guys, but I must return no later than 11:30. I still have my bowling night and on that night my curfew is 10:00. On my nights before I leave, I get a spanking and have to wear lacy panties under my street clothes.

I am punished much more frequently than I was by my mother and for little things. I try very hard to behave and most times I come home before I am supposed to. Even if I am three minutes late, I am subject to being dressed and punished for a day or two after work.

Mother punished me to make me a good boy. Karen now constantly makes me feel like a sissy instead of a man. She has lost respect for me as a man and doesn't let me fuck her anymore. She even told her girlfriends all about disciplining me, and from a friend of a friend, she then learned about the Demale Society and started going to meetings. She even has taken my mom to some of those meetings. Now she has taken on a male lover – a remale – and they both love to humiliate me. In the enclosed photo, I'm sitting between Karen and her remale Justin. Even though all of Karen's girlfriends have seen me dressed up, spanked and punished, Justin is the only male who has ever seen me in drag. But my wife says if any of my buddies ever happens to come by during one of my punishment periods, she will let them in and won't let me run off to my room.

Louis,

In the photo I am sitting between my wife and her remale Justin

My wife Karen is a member

Dickless Dolls Chapter, Portland, Member #098717 since May 2002

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