

The **Demale Society** *Training Manual*

Volume #16

Testimonials, Notices,
Stories & Pics

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



Fantasy Entertainment

Adults Only





Carla loves to dress Jimmie in skimpy dresses that expose his pink panties. Here you can see them peeking out through the thin black chiffon fabric attaching the top and bottom half of his dress as well as see his lacy panties peeking out beneath the bottom hem. His dress also features a totally flat open front to expose his flat bare chest and let people know he is a sissy boy and not really a girl.

May 2004
Demale Society Poster Boy
www.demale.com



Testimonials

Part of becoming a full member of the Demale Society includes submitting a testimonial. 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 tried to improve by colorizing and enhancing with our computer photo program.

Testimonials From Our Files

Posted 4/19/04

Future Husband Denied Cumming

Hi Natasha and all at Cybersissy Chapter, this is my testimonial for full membership. I've made a lot of progress over the past eighteen months and it's time I put in a full report. Karin, my mother, is helping with Robbie's training. I'll tell you about last week. It's a good example of what we're doing to him. For starters, he spent forever on his knees cleaning Mom's kitchen and bathroom floors and his knees were hurting like crazy. Once everything was in tip-top shape 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 us like crazy to let him cum during the dozen or more teasing sessions we put him through, like tying him down while my kid brother and sister play with his engorged cock in his satin panties for hours at a time with another pair of Dirk's or Margaux's dirty panties over his face. After all that time without an orgasm, those teasing sessions have to be unbearable. Little Dirk is such a fag! Natasha, he's adorable in those satin rhumba panties you got him. Thanks! 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 wears her boy-kill panties 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 in his pretty panties, 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. When we originally started his training, his positive point Mondays were great because he'd 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. He had just gotten out of the shower, and Mom went to get his clean lingerie. She caught him jerking wildly on his cock with a pair of her dirty panties he had taken out of the laundry hamper before she could get his cock cage on him. He had been so long denied that his spunk shot high into the air and some of his vile juice landed on her nice new 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 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. Robbie cumming is getting to be a rarity. Mom is a big tease, and when she does it, 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. Many times, he's seen Robbie prancing around like the fag he is in his skirt and blouse. Mom has even made Robbie model panties for Todd a few times. Todd once commented 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 girly 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 lets 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-fashioned long bloomer panties under his skirt and blouse in addition to a pair of her old nylons with one of her garter belts. When we made him lift his skirt and dance for us, he looked ridiculous. Then it was down on the floor to let him start to tease himself to orgasm. It always starts this way, and only after he gets himself fully worked up do we let him know whether or not he can finish himself off. Now for a long time of course, the answer has been "no." It had to be horrifically humiliating for him with his silk-bloomered butt freezing on the cold linoleum floor as he jerked away like a wanton pervert and stared up at us.

"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 last 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 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. She was rough with him.

Robbie screamed.

"You never use that excuse when you know you're going to be allowed 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 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 Karen's yellow, ribbon-decorated girly panties she kept flashing at him up her skirt. Pump, pump, he was 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 re-belted him.

She got Robbie up and had him wash the breakfast dishes as he continued to wince and sob with a swollen bulge under his skirt that wouldn't go away. 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 cock cage. It was obvious even under his skirt.

"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 tall guy, and his crotch was just at Karin's chin level. She lifted his skirt and 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 got even more 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, staining his satin penis sheath and panties. Karin smiled and 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's painful for him to get excited while he is bound up. He was screaming. 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 "Think about it, pansy. My sweet daughter's red lips around this pantied 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 went back down to the base of his dick before traveling up again.

“Honey, look at your dickie waving 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 turn your dick around and that’s what it’s all about!”

I bet Robbie was feeling like his scrotum sack weighed about thirty pounds! 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—tapping 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 said 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 was 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 on it. She told Robbie he could kiss her bare breasts, but then told him she was kidding and gave him one of 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 had my kid brother kneel before him and suck the head of his penis for about forty-five minutes without, of course, giving him the release he'd begged for. I had never felled Robbie during the three years we have been together. I wanted to prove to him that he is capable of being a fag. Dirk did a great job on him. Robbie was panting and groaning in unreleased agony. I reminded him that I did the same thing to all those blue collar guys from his work that I fuck on the side. It had to be bad enough for all the guys at his work to tease him about wearing a bra and panties under his work clothes, but they also tormented him about getting it on with me.

Next we handcuffed Robbie lying prone on the billiards table in the basement rec room. Karin stripped down 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 tied back in a severe little bun, making her look like a stern but beautiful young governess. She looked even more enticing in this regalia than she did in her usual tube tops, short shorts, snug sweaters and belly-exposed and pantywaist-flashing cropped shirts.

Now in his second hour on the pool table, Robbie complained his arms were aching 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. It's good she had laid a long rubber sheet on the table before she'd put Robbie down, and it was slick from the massage oil that she had 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 so desperate. "What can I do—anything—so I can cum tonight, Miss Karin?" Robbie was in tears.

She rubbed a long nail across the ridge of his penis tip. "Anything? You sure about that, Robin?" she said as she stroked his 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 at it through the silkiness of his pink panties.

Robbie writhed in pain, "Oh, please, that hurts, Miss Karin." He was now weeping audibly. 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."

After the zucchini was in him for more than an hour, she let him shit it out. He knew it would be on his dinner plate.

Kelly

Member #094400 of the Batavia Cybersissy Chapter, May 2001

Me: Silky red hiphuggers. They drive Robbie crazy, especially when I back up to him and rub them against his cock cage.

Robbie: He has seven pairs of brief-style panties in various pastel colors, and he had to hand sew a ton of lace, ribbons and bows on each pair of those panties. And whenever he does cum (that's very rare!), he cums in a pair of his panties. Immediately afterward, I put on those panties and try to get preggers. If I have a boy kid it will be in panties and swinging from dicks just like his fag father.

Otherwise , I'll get a big belly from one of the nameless studs I fuck, and any boy I have that way will still be brought up to be a faggot.

I Have My Dad Studying My Panties

Hello everyone, I'm new here, from New Jersey. My girlfriend, Marjorie, and I just formed our own chapter, and between us we have five guys in training, including my dad. That's him between my legs studying my panties. I make him do that for an hour or more each night while I watch TV.

Thank you Elly and Joy at Palisades chapter who showed us the ropes. We'd be members there, but it's just too far away and I'm new to driving. The videos they gave are really hot and gave us lots of ideas. Girls, thanks for the invite. Hey, I'm very interested in castration. I want to do it! Please people, post info about it here.

LeeLee

Member #102221 Vestal Virgins Chapter since March 2004

Me: I wear white bikini panties because I'm a virgin. My girlfriend's tongue is the only thing that gets into my cunny! Guys are sex playtoys but will never enter me! Yuck! I got my dad wearing panties around the house -- big old-fashioned tennis panties with ruffles all over



them (they were my mom's before she died). I think dad likes the panties, but he's scared to death to wear them outside. Give me a few more weeks; I think I'll have him in panties 24/7. He goes ape shit (his term!) when Marjorie lets him study her panties! With my dirty panties, I make him panty tea every night.



Daughter in Flashing & Hooking Competition

At our February Convention in Manhattan, we had a flashing and hooking competition for members' teenage daughters. The girls went about the hotel looking for guys to hook and bring back to our meeting room. The girls flashed boys their panties and walked around with their lacy slips hanging out beneath the hems of their dresses. Any boy caught looking was invited to "someplace special" and then she'd bring him in to our meeting room where a bunch of us women and girls were lounging around in just our bras and

panties. Oh my god, what we did to those poor boys!

Anyway, here's my daughter walking back to the meeting room (you can even see the Demale sign in the pic?) with a boy in tow, gaga over her peeking slip. I have her in training for membership and I'll have a full testimonial on her efforts soon. I thought you'd enjoy the pic as an early example of her natural "talents!"

Mandie

Member #070009 Try-State Chapter

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Demale Society Notices

Added 5/16/04



I Caught My College Roommate Jacking Off to Pictures of Me in Lingerie

I want to tell everybody about what my life has been like since my mother trained me to be a demale.

Having been raised in a female-dominant household, I was destined to be a wimp. In fact I was (and still am) quite effeminate. I'm not complaining. Since the female side of my personality has always been given preferential treatment, I have grown to love quality music, theater, and all of the fine arts as well as be a good conversationalist and a caring, loving person. The downside is that I'm no good at sports. "You throw a ball like a girl" has been said about me more than once. But that's OK; I don't see the point of most sports anyway. I think sports are fine for exercise and to keep one physically sound, but the competitive aspect of sports is lost on me.

Anyway, I want to tell you about when I first went away to college. I ended up with a macho roommate who was all sports. When we first met, he took one look at me and shook his head. He could tell I was a wuss. So from the start, we barely spoke to each other. He made all the decisions about who got the bottom bunk (he too it of course), who decided lights out and all the other

little things affecting our daily life. Other than that, he went his way, and I went mine. The few times he did talk to me, it was usually in a condescending tone. One time he told me that I walked and sat down in a chair like a girl, and he asked me to tone it down because he didn't want the other guys to think he was rooming with a queer.

If he would have asked me if I was gay, I would have told him "no" even though my mother had trained me for years with a dildo, how to suck it and how to take it up my ass. She was a Demale member and had prepared me to be ready to be sexually active with whomever I ended up being attracted to, no matter if it was a male or a female. At that point in my life -- other than with the plastic dildo -- I was a virgin with both males and females. In fact, I was a bit confused. I liked some guys and some girls, but

nothing serious in a sexual way. My roommate was a jock -- everything that I wasn't -- but I was attracted to him in a certain way. When I went home for Thanksgiving, I told my mom about my fascination with my roommate. She asked me if I was sexually attracted to him. I hadn't consciously thought about it very much until she had put the question directly to me, and after thinking about it for a moment, I admitted that I was. I told her images of my roommate crept into my masturbation sessions. As I did every night, I jacked off in my panties, something my mom had taught me to do and encouraged me to do ever since I was old enough to spurt. A growing teenage boy has a lot of cum in him, and I have to laugh when I think about it now because mom keep two drawers of my dresser filled with frilly panties, and it seemed like every time I turned around she was hand washing out my panties. She had taught me to wash them out too, but she was a loving mommy who had spoiled me, and she often said she delighted in hand washing my cum-filled panties.

Anyway, back to my story. Mom suggested a few things that might promote a sexual relationship with my roommate if I decided I wanted to pursue it. Yes, I decided I did want it.

Mom gave me some glamour pictures she had of me in sexy lingerie, and I stuck one of them up on the bulletin board in my room at school. Of course, my roommate, John, noticed it right away. He whistled and asked who the chick was. I told him it was my sister. He said that he then understood why she looked so much like me. He pressed me to fix him up with her anytime she would come to school to visit me. I led him on, saying, "Maybe." Of course, I have no sister, but I wanted to keep him interested. He wanted to know why I had such a naughty picture of my sister. He thought it was strange for a boy to have a picture of his sister in her sexy lingerie. I explained to him that my sister and I had a very close relationship, and we had seen each other in our underwear since we were kids and never saw any reason to stop doing it.

I even mentioned to him that I had a couple of pairs of her panties in my drawer to keep me company and help remind me of her whenever I felt lonely. John was turned on by all this talk. He couldn't do much about hiding the hard-on pushing up in his pants. I took a couple of pairs of panties out of my drawer and handed them to him. He was lost! I asked him if he had ever rubbed girls' silky panties on his penis and he shook his head "no."

I then became a bit bolder and asked him if he had ever tried on girls' panties. He wrinkled his nose looked at me in disgust.

I told him it wasn't a big deal. Panties are just underwear. I explained that in our house, my mom would give me a pair of my sister's panties to wear whenever all my boys' underwear were in the wash. I sensed I was overloading his mind with the things I was saying, and it was late, so I ended the conversation and went off to the shower, leaving him sitting there with the panties on his lap and the idea about wearing panties flying around in his mind.

When I came back to the room, he jumped when I opened the door like he had been doing something

wrong. He quickly tossed the panties onto the desk and went off to the showers. In the morning, I left the panties there on the desk and went off to my classes. After school, I took a few more of my glamour lingerie pictures and put them on the desk by the panties. And when John came in, I left, telling him I was going to the library to study for the night.

But instead of being out for the evening, I came back an hour later. When I walked in the door, he dived under the blankets of his bunk. The panties and the pictures were missing from the desk. I didn't say anything, and I assumed he now knew it was me in those pictures and not my sister because some of those photos showed me with a rather prominent bulge in the crotch of my panties! And since he didn't say anything or start beating me up or anything like that, I figured I had gotten over a major hurdle in exposing my sissy side to him. And I was terribly turned on! Knowing that he now knew about me was tremendously exciting! I pretended like nothing was unusual and started getting undressed and ready for bed. Undressing with him in the room had always been a cat-and-mouse game with me. I wore girls' panties all the time, but they were not unlike some of the racier boys' underwear available these days. No, my panties didn't have any lace or frills on them, but even so, I didn't flaunt them in front of him. I was always pretty modest around him. But in preparing for this night I had put on a lacy pair of pink panties that were unmistakably girls' panties. And when I took off my pants, I could feel his eyes on me.

"That's you in those pictures, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, I like to dress up sometimes. I don't see anything wrong with it."

I could tell from the expression on his face that he was trying to assimilate all this. I just went about my nightly routine but did nothing to disguise from his view the lace and bows on the pretty pink panties I had on. I acted like nothing was unusual. I wasn't going to push him in one direction or another. I wanted him to make the next move. At least he didn't seem angry, and I felt safe that he wasn't going to beat me up -- a fate I had suffered a number of times in my life because of my sissy ways.

Finally, he cleared his throat and asked, "How long have you been wearing those things ... girls' things?"

I looked directly at him and said, "My whole life. My mother started me on girls' panties and dresses as soon as I came out of diapers."

When he then said, "Oh, my god!" I thought things were turning for the worse in this conversation, but then I could see water in his eyes. He wasn't crying, but he was obviously emotionally moved.

He started talking quietly then. I could barely hear him, but he then admitted that when he was younger he had often tried on his mother's panties and things when he was home alone. She had caught him several times and threatened to disown him for being a fag. He said it wasn't like that. He just liked the pretty colors and silky fabrics of his mother's underwear and admitted he had been interested in them for as long as he could remember. He made me promise not to tell anyone about it. He really opened up

then. We talked for hours. Eventually, I asked him about the panties and the pictures that had been on the desk.

He admitted to jacking off into one pair of the panties while looking at the pictures. He said he was excited by the pictures even after he figured out it was me in those photos. I could tell that was a shock for him, masturbating to pictures of a boy in panties, but he said he had no control over it, and he did it anyway. He feared doing that might mean he was homosexual.

To that I promptly answered, "So what if you are!" That was a different attitude than what he had been used to growing up in a strict Baptist home.

He admitted to having the second pair of panties on, and with a lot of encouragement, he sheepishly slid back the blankets to let me see him in the panties. He admitted that he was jacking off in them when I came back to the room earlier than when he thought I would return.

With a laugh I asked what he had planned to tell me when I came back and the panties were either missing or full of his cum. He said he had planned on washing them out and then telling me he had accidentally knocked them on the floor and had gotten them dirty, so he had to wash them out. I told him that skullduggery alone proved he was already a panty boy, one so into his panty fetish that he was already scheming like an experienced sissy boy.

He was more than a little shocked when I explained to him that I didn't know if I was gay or not but then described to him how my mother had taught me to be ready to service both males and females, depending upon the person I wanted to spend my time with. I told him the sex of a person didn't matter. All that mattered -- as my mother had taught me -- was how much I liked or loved a person and wanted to please him or her.

Not long after that, I was showing John how well my mother had trained me. I put on my wig and a full set of silk lingerie (bra, garter belt, nylons and a nightie) that I had ready for just such an occasion. He let me take his penis in my mouth and I did my magic! My mother had taught me well. And since she had me frequently eat my own cum, the taste of his cum wasn't a surprise to me. He loved it and so did I!

John immediately started easing away from his macho friends and spent more and more time with me. At Christmas, he went home with me instead of going to his own home. He was flabbergasted to meet my mom. He had no idea anyone like her even existed. We spent the holidays in my girlie clothes, doing girlie things, and mom even got him a few girlie clothes as presents for Christmas!

I'm telling you this story to show what a Demale trained lady like my mom can do, and what I can do to demale the world after her years of training me. John and I have gone our separate ways, but we remain good friends. He's definitely bisexual (I am too) and has married a stern woman (I don't care for her too much because she's a real man-hater and nothing like my sweet, feminine mommy -- the type of female

I'm attracted to), but John loves his wife completely and is a hard-working guy during the day and an even harder working maid for his wife and her lesbian girlfriends at night. Let's keep on demaling the world. Demale guys have it better than traditional males have ever had it!

Sissy Alex(is)

Florida Manhandle Chapter, Member #064150 since Jan 1992

In the photo: Purple high-cut briefs.

I Keep Screwing Up My Chances with Female Partners

The problem is that I have been so thoroughly trained to submissiveness and panties that I'm too much of a sissy! You see, every time I start a relationship with a female, I'm quick to let her know that I'm submissive and I want her to be in charge of everything. That goes over pretty good with a lot of women, at least initially it's so different than what they get from most guys that they get into it right away.

Sometimes the novelty wears off before long. Having a sissy submissive to cater to a woman's every whim you would think would be her dream come true, but it's amazing how many females these days can't handle it! I do hope the Demale Society brings a lot of females into the fold quickly -- so many females need training to bring us into a new world that actually benefits (wo)mankind.



I'm asking you what my problem is and why I can't find a good woman to spend my life with, but I know the answer. I just come on too strong! I show a woman I wear panties on our first date! On our second date, I usually come to the door in a dress and lift my dress up to show her my pink rhumba panties before she is even in the door! I know I should take things a little slower, but I just can't stop myself. There's so little time and I want to make progress quickly with a female who will take me on to be her own.

And if a female lasts for two dates with me, she often goes packing after the third date when I tell her I want her to date other guys -- "remales" real men -- like you call good, really manly men -- and I tell these women, I'll wait on her and other men while they have sex. I then tell them that I am such a panty fag that the only sex I want is to jack off in panties. I'd do it 24/7/365 if I could. I offer to show them how I jack off. Some of the females stay for my little show -- and it is little! But all the females I have brought that far haven't showed any interest in having a relationship beyond that point. Having a personal maid for free should have females banging down my door to have me, but it hasn't had that effect yet!

I hate to think that I have to go back to putting on a manly act to attract females and then go through

long and drawn out process of exposing my sissyhood to them. I do wish the Demale Society would get so many more females into dominating and loving sissy males. I'm ready and waiting (with my pink pantied penis in hand!).

Dirk the Sissy Dick

Associate Member at Large, looking for a chapter to join in the New Orleans area, Associate Member #081277 Jan 2000

Me: Always pink rhumba panties!



Getting a Boy to Mind You

Spanking is the way I have always used to keep my son in line. After my husband and I had divorced, Skeeter, our son, got to be too much to handle. He took the divorce bad and blamed me. I tried to explain to him what an asshole his father had been, but the kid thought his dad was perfect and I was a drub.

I joined the Demale Society at the suggestion of a friend, who knew I was having problems with my kid.

I did hate my ex, but I longed for the feel of a hard cock in me, so I took to the idea of keeping a remale to fuck me on a regular basis. Through the club, I dated several guys and finally started going out with a guy named Chuck on a regular basis. His sister was the chapter leader, so he was well familiar with the organization and the role of remales.

When he saw the trouble I was having with Skeeter, he asked why I hadn't tried feminization, panty training and the other things aggressively promoted by Demale members. I told him, I wasn't sure if that was for me. Dressing a boy up like a girl seemed a bit weird for me. Hell, I liked the idea of having a daughter instead of a son -- or a sissy boy anyway, but I just had no confidence in my ability to accomplish it. Well, Chuck helped

me, and that very night, we attacked my boy. I put him over my knee in front of Chuck and gave him the spanking of his life. That broke his will at least for the moment, so we took the opportunity to show him his first pair of frilly pink panties. He spat in my face and screamed that he'd never wear sissy clothes.

Well, Chuck helped me get him over my thighs once again, but this time we forced the pink panties up his legs first, and then I beat the hell out of his pantied ass. He continued to struggle, so Chuck tied him

and we kept him that way as we put him in a bra, skirt and skimpy top too. Chuck encouraged me to masturbate Skeeter in his panties while he watched and made fun of him. He said we had to instill in the boy as fetish for panties and a sexual link to me.

I was laughing a bit throughout this because I thought my son looked cute but pretty stupid in a skirt, all tied up with panties and everything else on. I masturbated him -- three times in a row, until he was so sore and pleading for me not to touch him anymore. I let him rest for an hour and then jacked him off two more times. He's been very cooperative ever since, and whenever he does step out of line, it's a session of multiple masturbation in his panties until he's raw and in pain and willing to be good.

Kristen

Spanks You Very Much Chapter, Calgary, Member #098991 since Nov 2002

Me: Two pairs of silky panties at all times! Since panty training my son, I have developed a bit of a panty fetish too! I've worn nylon panties my entire life, but until recently, I never really appreciated how sexy they felt to wear and rub against my pussy lips. All my panties are heavy weight nylon briefs with a double back panel, though most are tailored and not too fancy. I save the fancy ones for my boy!

Skeeter (that's a horrible nickname for a boy, so we now call him Tiny because we keep telling him his penis is too tiny to interest any girl)! Tiny wears two pairs of panties at all times too, a frilly pastel-colored pair always over a nice white pair. I make him wear white panties underneath because they show every drop of dirt he deposits in them, and he gets a thorough spanking for the smallest drip or drop of his filthy juices!

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Stories & Pics

Added 5/17/04

Humiliated into Being Feminized

How did I end up being humiliated into being feminized? I was in a restaurant lounge and well on my way to being drunk. I saw three good looking women with a little girl sitting in a corner booth having dinner. I went over to them and politely asked if I can join them. When they refused, I got nasty and called them fucking whores. They got mad, especially since I talked like that in front of the little girl with them. She was about twelve or thirteen, cute for her age. I went back to my table and sat down. I saw them talking to some woman, who I guessed was the manager or something, but nothing happened.

I was crying in my beer, feeling I wasn't going to get lucky that night, and I was just about ready to leave when a great looking woman came up to my table and asked me if she could join me. I wasn't going to let this one get away from me, so of course, I invited her to sit down. After we talked for a while, she explained that her mother owned the place, and they lived in an apartment attached to the restaurant. I was feeling pretty mellow, but I still had my wits about me, and I asked her if her coming over to my table had anything to do with the trouble I had at that table of three females. She acted like she didn't know what I was talking about. She had me explain; I told her my version of the story, and I did admit that I had probably been a little out of line.

We were getting on nicely, and I was holding back on the drink, thinking if I were to get lucky, I didn't want to pass out before I could screw this lovely chick. She invited me in back to their apartment. It was a pretty nice place. She gave me a drink. It was pretty strong. Then she asked



me to get naked. After I did, she started touching me and until I was all crazy. She got down to her lingerie and admitted that she had a lingerie fetish, so she wanted to make love with her lingerie on. It was a bit of a shock when she asked me to put on some lingerie too! She said it would be so wonderful!

So I put on a bra, panties, and a full slip. I felt kind of foolish dressing up like that, but secretly I loved the idea. She gave me another drink and put a lot of makeup on me. I was feeling really great because she kept touching my randy cock throughout all this girly stuff. She took me by the hand and led me down the hall. She opened a door and pushed me through into a dark room, and closed the door. All of a sudden, the lights came on and a set of drapes were opened, and I was on the stage in the bar area of the restaurant. Worst of all, the three women and the girl I had insulted were sitting at the front table, and people started crowding around from the bar and restaurant to stare at me and laugh as I stood there inebriated and in shock in the utterly feminine getup. I was so embarrassed, and there was nowhere to go. That door I had gone through was locked!

The woman who did this to me told me she'd only let me go back into the apartment and get my clothes if I apologized to the women and the girl -- on my knees in front of everyone! Of course, I did. And after I went back into the apartment, the woman told me I looked pretty good in female clothes and since I stayed hard in the panties the whole time, she knew I liked wearing them. She asked me if I wanted to be her maid on weekends. It was all kind of weird, but she was so beautiful and the clothes were kinky but I liked how they felt on me and my penis really liked the panties too. I agreed, and soon I became quite familiar with the Demale Society because the local chapter holds their meetings in the bar on Sunday afternoons! I'm at most of those meetings, serving as a feminized, well-trained maid. And those two women and girl are all members too. And the little girl -- it's actually, the feminized son of one of those women!

Marty

Hissy Fit Chapter, New Orleans, Member #081159 since Dec 1999

Me: Black rhumba panties with white lace under my maid's uniform!



We're the Ones Who Got Him Demaled!

When Marty said he was going to put in the story about how he got demaled [see above], we wanted to send you our picture of us to add to his story. We're the three females he bad mouthed that started his whole undoing. And a warning to all you guys out there, if you see us, don't give us a bad time or you'll find yourself tricked into being demaled just like what happened to (now sweet little) Marty!

(Left to Right)

Janet: Pink full-cut brief smother panties. I'm always ready to make a guy have an extended stay between my legs!

Carolyn: Brazilian-hi-cut briefs. They're perfect for panty flashing above the top of my low-cut jeans.

Michelle: White, yellow or pale blue tap panties with a lot of lace around the legs are my favorites and what I usually wear.

***Two Boys Being Brought Up the
Demale Way!***

Thought everyone would enjoy an
oldie photo from our files.

Dated, 1965, this picture shows a
member's two sons being brought
up in a Demale Society inspired
home.

Enjoy!



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Demale Society Notices

Added 6/8/04

Part A

A Lifetime of Servicing Females

As a new member I'm writing this to let you know that some males, like myself, don't have to be trained, they come ready to serve! Submitting to superior females has been a lifelong need and desire of mine. The problem is that some females are reluctant to take advantage of me or very inexperienced in bossing males around. Females need to be taught to recognize males that are ready and willing to serve them.

It's very difficult for a submissive male to make his wishes known to some females, who have been brought up to shun sissy and wimpy males. Of course, once they know the advantages of having a relationship with a wuss of a male, they are forever sold on it! But getting females off the idea of wanting muscle-bound, abusive and disgusting typical males is something that females in the know should be teaching to other females. And females should be doing everything they can to make males submissive from their earliest age.

I've always been submissive; I probably got that way because of being raised in a single mother household with just my sister and female relatives to play with. Mom wasn't overly dominant, but she made it clear she was in charge and thought my younger sister more responsible than me, so she gave sis power over me. Mom explained it to me in that way, and I didn't resist. I just wanted to play, so whoever was in charge meant little me. Only over time, did I realize I had been turned into practically a slave to females -- especially sis, but by then, I enjoyed it!

Even as a very young boy with girls my own age, I'd do things to let them know I was theirs for them to use in any way they wanted. The excitement I felt between my legs whenever a female took any kind of interest in me, even if they abused me, always made it worth it. I always tried to get females to dominate to me in some way. I could never resist experimenting and playing games like wrestling with girls and letting them beat me, or doing little things so I would get teased or punished.



I purposely put myself in humiliating situations just so girls and women would laugh at me. I let my younger sister rule me; Mom wasn't too crazy about how sis making me do weird things for her. Mom wanted me to be tougher and more like other boys, but I didn't want that. I've enclosed a pic of my sister and her girlfriend laughing at me standing outside on our porch after they had me dress up in some of my sister's clothes with a wig on and a slave (dog) collar around my neck. My first ejaculation happened in such a situation while the girls were laughing at me!

I always wanted to more fully explore just how submissive I am and discover just how much power females have over me, and the Demale Society seems like the ideal place to have that happen! I find that I'm still learning something new every day and look forward to servicing females in even more and better ways. I love to please a female's sense of superiority and make all of her wishes and her fantasies of controlling males come true.

Sammy the Slave

Bristol Boyless Chapter, Associate Member #101780 Jan 2004

I'm quite small and can fit into little girls' panties, so that's what I wear all the time. Women and girls really make fun of me when they discover I'm not just wearing panties but little girls' panties! I have sweet pink ones on now with little flowers printed all over them and a nice little satin bow on the waistband in front. For Sundays and special occasions, I have some lovely rhumba panties that I found in girls' size 12 that fit me. Wow!

Picture Gallery of Vintage Photos



1 Photo (left) of one of our three Demale Society founders, Helen E., posing for a cheesecake photo in

1955.

2 Photo (middle) of Mic, a longtime Demale member. Here he is as a teenager in 1968 showing his mother and the camera that he is obeying his mom and wearing a flowered bra and panties under his boy clothes.

3 Another sissyboy member photo. This is Stanley from Mississippi in 1958, lovely girlie boy!

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