

# *The* **Demale Society**

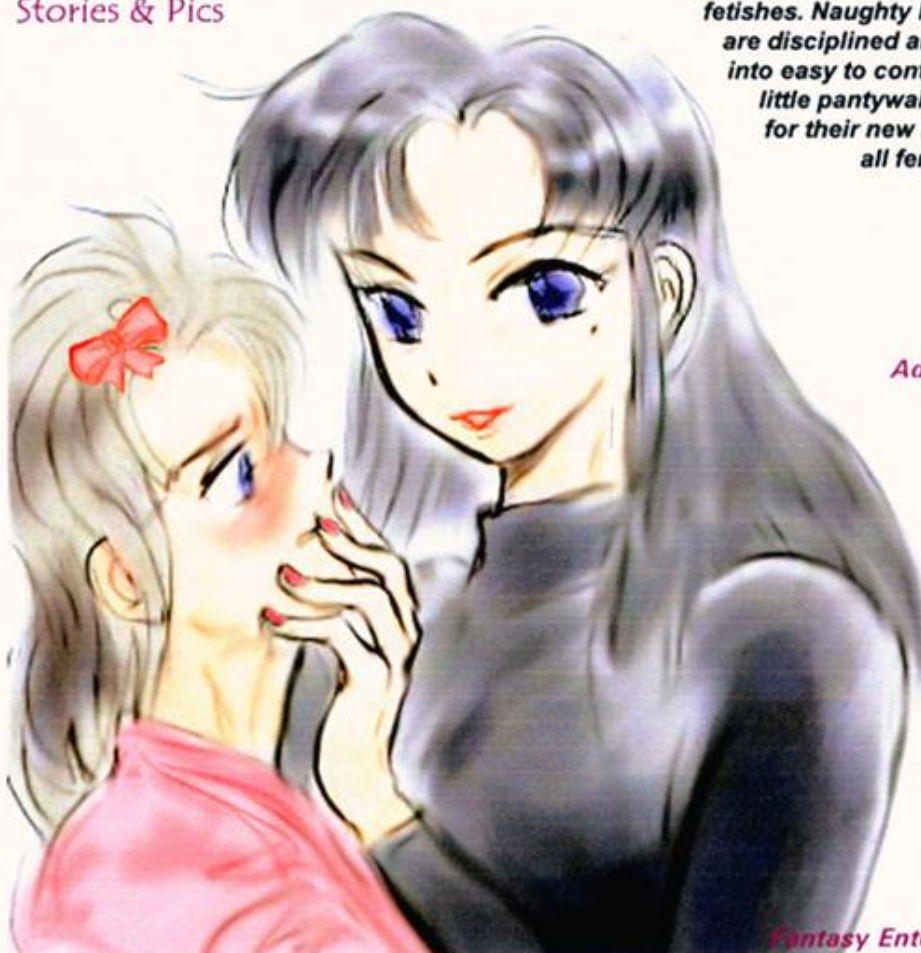
## *Training Manual*

### **Volume #19**

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 their new life under  
all female rule.*

*Adults Only*



*Fantasy Entertainment*





*Buddy has been trying hard all week to be a good sissyboy, so his mom will let him wear his wig when they go to the mall on Saturday.*

*September 2004  
Demale Society Poster Boy  
[www.Demale.com](http://www.Demale.com)*

## Demale Society Notices

Added 7/19/04

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## ***Chapter Messages***

### ***KC Girl Guides Chapter: Sissy Flower Girl and Bridesmaids Needed for KC Demale Style Wedding***

Chrissie and Patty (Patrick) of our chapter are getting married September 11 at 3 PM in a ceremony performed by Reverend Alice Ray, their Unitarian minister. Dinner and reception will immediately follow. The beautiful couple will be wearing matching dresses, except Patty will have the flower girl hold up his dress in back so everyone can see the back of his ruffled panties while he recites his vows.

Chrissie has no immediate family, and Patrick's family have all disowned him except for his older lesbian sister, and she will be his only family member in attendance and acting as matron of honor. Consequently, they need a flower girl and ring bearer (a boy who will wear a dress matching the flower girl, who will also be a girlie-boy). And they need bridesmaids (male or female), whoever would like to be part of the wedding party. Possible participants should contact the wedding couple, Mark D., or Kelly (me) as soon as possible to be fitted for dresses, etc.

We haven't had a marriage at our chapter in over 20 years, so we're all looking for this to be a most memorable event. The attached picture with the flower-girl-boy peeking up the bride's dress was originally published in our newsletter in 1979 and was from the "Kim and Tim" Demale wedding ceremony that took place in October of that year.

***Kelly, Secretary***





***Kane County - Your Time Is Up Chapter: Don't Kick the Cat, Kick the Tomcat Meeting, Wednesday, August 16***

Ballbusting has really turned out to be a very exciting event at many Demale Chapters. Since we're always looking for new ideas for the entertainment following each business meeting, we thought it was time we did it too! Join us for a night of fun (at least for us females) as we bring our sissyboys to their knees as we have a contest kicking them in the balls! The only protection the men and boys can wear is a silky pair of panties.

Before the contest begins, Marcia Edderton, a karate and kickboxing expert, will give a demonstration of how to make the most effective kicks to bring a man down. See the picture of her downing a macho male before a pile of pretty panties that he will be forced to wear as a tribute to her superior fighting ability.

In the contest, participating kickers will be grouped according to age and paired with same-age sissies: Seniors, Adults, Teens, Preteens and Preschoolers. Within each grouping, prizes will be awarded to: The female who can bring down the most number of sissies within thirty seconds. There will be a prize for the female who kicks the guy that stays down the longest. Also a prize to the male who can survive the most number of kicks and goes down the least number of times. Note: Any male who moves to avoid being kicked will have a hole cut in the back of his panties and he'll be forced to sit on a big, fat ungreased dildo attached to a bar stool and made to masturbate himself to hardness and stay that way for the length of the coffee and cookies social that follows the contest.

Ladies, please note: Ms. Edderton needs male members to volunteer for her kicking demonstration, and any female who supplies her male(s) will be given three free lessons in cock and ball kicking at Ms. Edderton's fighting school.

***Panty Boy Preston, Entertainment Director***

***Fags-a-Brewin Chapter, Gainesville: Popular Boy  
Belly Dancers Return***

Mark your calendars now. October 12, the Diana Boys are coming back to provide us with one of their remarkable evenings of entertainment. These teen and preteen boys belly dance like most females wish they could. Bring a lot of \$1 bills to stuff in their empty bras! Two years ago when they were here, a lot of our remales and many of our sissyboys were getting very excited by their sexy bumps and grinds. Hold onto your guys, ladies, these alluring little sissyboys just might steal them away! It's a BYOB night, and everyone should bring a side dish or a dessert, The club will provide burgers and hot dogs to be grilled with corn on the cob. The last time these belly bobbing boys were here, it was a sell out, so book your reservations early. \$15 per person to cover entertainment and food.



***Lucky Lucy and Happy Boy, Entertainment Committee***



***Morgantown Living in the Future Chapter: More Ballbustin! Hold  
onto Your Nuts, Boys!***

Start practicing ladies! Our annual ballbusting contest will be held September 9th at Jay's place. Participants need to call Jay or a member of the committee to register. Also, seating is limited so make reservations and purchase tickets for guests as soon as possible. I guarantee you'll get a kick out of this event, and your sissyboys will get a kick in the nuts! (Please note this is an open meeting night, so guests are allowed and no official business will be conducted.)

***Jill & Jake, Program Directors***

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## Stories & Pics

Added 8/11/04

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## *Castrated Pantywaist Cuckold Learns Joy of Servitude*

My wife, Salina, told me to write this letter to you about my castration to tell you in my own words how happy I am now that I'm neutered. To indulge her in all her wishes and to amuse her and her friends is now my greatest joy and only mission in life. The operation was performed on August 4, 1998 (our second wedding anniversary).

When I was still a man, I constantly worried about my cock. At five inches long, it was pretty close to a decent-size cock. And it was pretty thick too. But I had problems with impotence and premature ejaculation. Salina was very understanding during our courtship, and she said we'd work on it once we got married. But after just five days on our honeymoon, she realized my sexual problems were very serious, and she knew I was hopelessly inadequate in the physical love department.



That evening we got into a big discussion about my sexual problems over dinner. Neither one of us could finish our dinner since she was so upset, and I was so ashamed on my inability to perform.

After we got back to our hotel room from dinner, she said, "While I'm in the bathroom, go into my suitcase and get the corset I wore under my wedding dress along with a nice pair of panties. Then get undressed, and be quick about it."

I quickly got the items she requested, scrambled out of my clothes and waited by the bed until she came out of the bathroom.

"Did you get out the items of lingerie I told you to get?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, here is the corset and the panties you asked for," I replied as I pointed to them hanging over the back of the desk chair. "Do you want me to help you put them on?" I asked.

"No, stupid, they're for you to put on!"

My face quickly turned red as I realized what she had planned. She was going to embarrass me because I couldn't be a man for her.

"Here, put these on too," she said as she tossed me a pair of nylon stockings and black high heels.

My face got beet red. I was more humiliated than I had ever been in my entire life, but since she was so angry, I went along with her because I loved her so much and didn't want to upset her any more. So I pulled on the stockings after slowly rolling them up like I had seen her do. She helped me with the corset, pulling it as tight around me as she could since I was a little larger than her around the waist. It was designed with an underwired support for the breasts; she grabbed handfuls of her dirty panties and stuffed them into each cup and then showed me how to clip the garter straps to the stockings. The corset cinched in my waist. It was painful, I couldn't breathe, and I wanted to complain, but I didn't. I knew I deserved her treatment of me. The stockings fit smoothly and in the back of my head I had to admit that they felt nice on my legs, but I was in no position to even think about enjoying the feeling. The horror of what she was doing to me killed any possible tactile pleasure I could have from the silky smooth nylon stockings. With a big grin that she had difficulty stifling, she pointed to the panties and told me to put them on.

"I'd help you with the panties," she laughed, "but your first pair of panties you should put on all by yourself! You're not a man! You're not a woman either, but women's panties are the proper type of underwear for someone like you – a sissy boy who can't properly fuck his wife. You don't have the right to wear men's underwear. Now, get into your panties! Yes, I did say your panties. Silky, sissy, frilly little panties will be the only kind of underwear you will wear from now on."

I thought this was going to be a one-time thing with her, a one-time stab at my masculinity. But when she went over to my suitcase, pulled out all my boxer shorts and threw them in the wastebasket as she said, "You won't need these any more," I knew she was dead serious. I had no idea how I could make things up to her or offer her pleasure; all I could think of doing was to do what she was commanding me to do. If making a sissy clown of me would make her happy, I was willing to do it. These horrible thoughts went through my mind as I pulled the panties up my legs. God, were they ever thin and soft. My penis reacted by getting hard.

"Oh, my god, my little faggot husband is getting hard in his panties! You've never gotten that big or hard for me. What in the hell did I marry? Are you one of those freaks who gets off on wearing women's panties? Huh? Did you ever wear panties before? Tell me!"

I hemmed and hawed. Yes, I had worn panties once before. I didn't want to tell her about it, but I didn't want to lie to her either. I said nothing, but she could tell what my answer was to her question by my blushing and inability to talk.

"Holy, shit! You have worn panties before! I should have known. Now that I think about it you are kind of effeminate. Kelly and Patsy both told me as much one day over lunch. They said they thought you cute but kind of 'fem,' as they said. I was embarrassed to hear them say that about my fiancé, and they apologized because they realized they had upset me. Well, I guess they were right. But now it's my turn and I'm going to embarrass you and make you upset. Let's see how you like it! And now for starters, tell

me about you wearing panties. And no bullshit! Tell me all about it, and tell me now!”

I suppressed my sniffles and begged her to give me another chance to prove myself as a man to her, but she wasn't listening. She just told me to answer her question or she was going to go to the hotel bar and pick up a real man who could give her a good fucking. I began mumbling my answer, but she made me start over again and speak up so she could hear me.

“When I was seven years old,” I told her, my throat tightening and my voice cracking with emotion, “I still had problems wetting my pants once in a while. It happened when a neighborhood girl was baby-sitting me and my sister. When she helped me undress to wash me off, she laughed when she saw my small penis and told me I looked like a girl down there. And when she couldn't find any clean underwear put on me, she made me put on a pair of my sister's silky, baby blue panties.

“I hated it because the sitter and my sister laughed at me. They wouldn't give me any trousers to wear either and made me just wear the panties all night long so they could see them and tease me. And when my mom and dad got home they saw me running around in just the blue panties too. They didn't get mad at the baby-sitter for dressing me in panties; they got mad at me for wetting my pants again. Dad told my mom that she better buy me panties like girls wear because I was acting like a sissy panty-wetting little girl.

“Mom made me go to bed in those panties and warned me if I wet in them she'd buy me panties to wear all the time. I didn't wet myself that night, and in the morning, mom had me change back into my regular underwear, and that was the end of it. I never wore panties again until just now.”

Salina looked at me, just shook her head and said, “I wish I had known about that before we got married. I think it have shed some light on your sex problems and made me realize you had some pretty serious issues, but I was so happy to get married and I guess that clouded my vision from seeing the real you as the sissy boy you are. You know I was aware of some of your sexual inadequacies, but I was sure everything would be OK once we were wed. But now I know I was terribly wrong. Well, I got news for you. I'm going to get my share of good fucking, and since you can't do it, I'll get someone who can!”

She was angry, but she wasn't as nasty to me as I probably deserved for not telling her how I had never had satisfactory sex with any woman. But I guess I made the same mistake she had made and was thinking once we got married I'd be OK.

Before we were married, Salina said she had sex with a lot of men, and if I couldn't perform, she wasn't going to go through life without having a big cock in her with regularity. She kindly explained to me that her desire to have sex with other men was based on physical need, not some dislike for me. She did admit that she loved me giving her oral sex, and that would definitely continue, but she told me then and there that I'd never get a chance to try to fuck her again. I was beyond help. She knew I wasn't up to the job and never would be. I felt hurt that she only wanted me to give her oral sex. Then she blew my



mind when she said real men fuck pussies and sissies eat cream pie, and I would be licking her pussy after she had sex and licking her ass crack after she used the toilet. I had never done such a thing and I wanted to protest, but I realized then was not the time. She said I'd learn to like my sissy slave position, especially since I loved giving her oral sex so much (which was very true). By admitting to my sissyness, I'd be free of my marital obligation instead of worrying about trying to please her with my inadequate penis, distressing concerns for a groveling wuss like myself. I need only be concerned with licking whatever she offered me.

When I humbly asked what about my pleasure, she said I could masturbate in her panties all I wanted, but eventually I'd be better off without my balls, since without my testicles pumping male hormones into my system, I would be less of a threat to her female lovers and be much more amenable to her authority. Then she stunned me when she said I should be castrated and promised to look into it as soon as we returned from our honeymoon!

It took two years to find a doctor and then prepare me for castration. During that time I was on a regimen of female hormones and put through various sorts of training to be able to fully adapt to being my wife's cuckold, sissy, faggot slave boy.

Like most any other man facing castration, I was quite apprehensive prior to the surgery, and I worried about being permanently disfigured and altered into less than a man. But my wife said being a man had nothing to do with it since I never was a complete man to start with. Even though during our first two years of our marriage I had learned to enjoy being submissive and knew that my limp, five-inch cock made me a poor example of manhood, total removal of my balls and never again being able to achieve an erection firm enough to penetrate a woman, was a frightening thought.

I understood Salina's desire to have me emasculated so she could enjoy true dominance at a level of mastery impossible so long as I had my little balls. I was both terrified and perversely intrigued with the idea of castration. Once the initial shock wore off, my naturally submissive desires made castration appear more and more acceptable, plus I so wanted to please my wife. I could easily tell that Salina was extremely enthusiastic about having my nuts removed, and she convinced me that if I really wanted to be totally submissive to her, my castration was a reasonable step. After a few days of thought, I meekly asked to be castrated.

Salina has been wonderfully understanding and helpful, both before and following my castration. She helped me work through my silly, awkward phase, when I was so embarrassed about being emasculated and has encouraged me to be proud that I have been honest enough to openly and permanently acknowledge my impishness and her superiority by offering my testicles to her as the most endearing and personal gift I could tender. She even arranged to have my testicles preserved, so she could show her amused friends and lovers that I had given her my manhood as a completely devoted pantywaist husband.

I will forever be envious of those men fortunate enough to possess large, virile cocks and use them to make love to my beautiful wife for hours and bring her to repeated orgasms. With my castration, I have acknowledged that I am not a real man capable of pleasing my wife in one of her most basic needs. Women should waste time in bed with wimps who can't sex them properly. Wimpy men should admit their inferiority, be castrated and commit themselves to service females in any other ways that the females wish.

Salina has taught me that voluptuous and dynamic women will always seek out equally attractive and virile men as lovers, and that I was born to be a cuckolded wuss. Salina and her girlfriends unanimously agree that a satisfying lover must offer at least seven inches of hard cock and he should be able to routinely last for over thirty minutes of rigorous sex. Anything less is just a bothersome annoyance and an embarrassing waste of time for the female. Men who cannot meet this standard (I was one of them) are best castrated and kept in frilly girls' panties to reflect their natural status as well as to avoid wasting a woman's time and humiliating himself with his poor attempts to make love. A wuss can only please a woman with his tongue and his cock is useless for truly fulfilling sex. In earlier times, a subservient male wimp, like myself, could have been neutered against his will to reinforce his natural order in society and to enhance his subservience. I am happy that we live in an enlightened society, and I chose of my own free will to be castrated, forever deballed and forever destined to wear pink panties to reflect my proper position.

I love to watch my wife make love to other men several times a week and am never bored with quietly watching her enjoy herself with a virile man. After sex both of them love to tease and laugh at me standing at their service with my penis trying to make a decent size lump in my panties, and my panties fit nice and tight without my useless balls in the way! (Without my balls, I was able to drop back two panty sizes!) My wife is at her finest when lustily riding the horse cock of a real man. I'm still embarrassed that, prior to castration, I foolishly asked to father a child with Salina and am grateful that she made it clear to me that I was totally unfit to beget any children! She's being regularly fucked by two handsome remales trying to get pregnant. She hopes she has girls so she can train them to be dominant like she is. I secretly hope she has at least one boy because she said there are too many boys in the world already, and if she has a boy, she'll raise him to be a panty-wearing sissy faggot and start him on hormones while he's still in grade school! I asked her if the boy might grow up to be big and strong, especially since one of her big, strong remales fathered the child, but she remales are good for sex but little else, and she wouldn't have a male – even if it were her own son – challenging her authority within her own house. No, any boy she had would be raised like a little girl. She's already converting our spare bedroom into a nursery and decorating it all in pink – boy or girl -- that kid is growing up a girl! Salina has mused how, if all women took charge, most males were castrated, and only a few ideal, well-endowed males were selected to be sex objects and allowed to retain their balls, women would be able to have great female/male sex whenever they wanted it and be forever freed from the need to fake orgasms with poorly-endowed wimps.

Salina is very kind in letting me have half doses of male hormone pills several times a week. Though

even daily full doses of the pills are far less effective than hormone injections, I am quite pleased to be allowed to bark and wiggle my tail, like a good pet, to get my reward pill, two or three times a week. I cannot achieve much of an erection anymore, but my penis does swell close to its former full size and I really enjoy flaccid masturbation through my pretty silky panties. The fact that I still have some male sexual desires, even though I am impotent, definitely increases my enjoyment at being a castrated wimp.

In the last year, Salina has discarded all of my male trousers that zipped in front, replacing them with slacks that zip in back or pull on. She has also found a delightfully patronizing seamstress who has made nearly a dozen pairs of the feminine slacks for me as well as several housemaid outfits that are amply demeaning. To please my wife, I also always wear panty girdles over my panties so that my penis makes not even the slightest bulge in my crotch when I wear slacks. I rarely wear dresses even around the house. She doesn't want people to see me as a female; she wants everyone to know that I am not a woman or a man but her sissy pet.

By now, everyone at my office and all of my friends know I have been castrated. At first the kidding and insults were upsetting, but I have gotten to the point that I readily drop my slacks, panty girdle and panties to show my gelded crotch. I also enjoy Salina showing her friends and lovers my little bedroom, decorated with my favorite boy-girl pictures, and even though they snicker at my juvenile pride at covering my walls with jerk-off pictures, I really do like to openly acknowledge my wimpiness. I really enjoy the demeaning remarks when others snigger at my little bedroom with my testicles that have been bronzed and on display in a glass bell jar on my dresser. I've learned to be proud to be Salina's pink pantied pet wuss.

Lately, Salina has encouraged me to lick the feet, cocks and asses of her lovers, and though I had never had any homosexual desires, I do my duty and service her boyfriends. Going a step further, Salina and the senior partner at my firm, recently hired a male secretary for me. Salina was in on the interviews and carefully interrogated those seeking the job to make sure the firm hired a man to her liking and willing to do what she wanted as well as do his job! She took him to lunch shortly after he started and when they returned, she brought him to my office and she demonstrated what a well-trained pussy boy I am. Jack laughed himself silly when Salina had me strip my sissy blouse and slacks off to show him my pink bra and panties. Then she made me kneel in front of Jack and fellate him to a full erection. They both sniggered as they discussed my skill at cocksucking, and then Salina suggested he take my virgin asshole with his big cock. Jack agreed, and Salina handed me a condom to draw down over his big, stiff cock. Jack then pushed me up against my desk as Salina sat in my chair and held me firmly down against the desk. Jack stood between my spread legs, forced me into a wider stance and spread my ass cheeks before raping my ass. At first it hurt quite a bit, but as Salina watched and giggled, I went along with them and tried to enjoy being sodomized. I even wiggled my ass like a good slut to better please the man fucking me and to show my gratitude. Since then, I have serviced Jack with my ass or mouth practically every day. I'm getting used to the abuse and don't mind it so much anymore when Salina or other staff members come into my office to watch and snicker. Like it or not, I am learning to be a skilled



cocksucker and anal slut!

My actual castration operation was performed at a hospital in San Francisco, and I did find the post surgery time to be quite painful. However, within three days or so, the discomfort was quite bearable, and within a week, when the clamps were removed, I noticed no pain or discomfort at all. In the hospital I had to put up with a lot of teasing and abuse from the staff, especially the nurses with their condescending attitudes and the candy strippers, those teenage girls can be excruciatingly horrid with their debasing giggles and screechy laughs. I was the first willing eunuch that they had met, but my wife said their experience with me put a lot of ideas into the heads of those women and girls. Salina got a number of them to promise to invite her if they could get their husbands or boyfriends to follow my lead! Another weird thing: I lost about a dozen pairs of panties in the hospital. The nurses and candy strippers claimed they didn't know what happened to them, but I know for a fact that they were stealing them for souvenirs of my deballing operation!

For all of the couples who appreciate the exquisite fulfillment of a female superior relationship, I heartily recommend castration. A man can show no greater love for his mistress than to give her his testicles on a plate. By forsaking manhood and allowing himself to be altered, the emasculated wuss totally accepts his secondary and inferior role in the most profound manner possible. I suggest to all dominant women who indulge their wimpy men by letting them insert their little cocks into them, that they be honest and tell the wimps that they are faking their orgasms and find it impossible to get excited when a wimp tries to screw them with their ineffective penis. Women should tell their nellie boy husbands that they would rather have them tongued their pussies instead of trying to fuck them, and they need to find a real man to fuck them. The wimp may pout a bit, but will soon be grateful for the honesty and will then accept further subservience and emasculation. If a wimpy man isn't already in panties, his wife should immediately throw out all his briefs and shorts and take him shopping for the frilliest panties she can find, and she should thoroughly humiliate the wuss by holding panties up to his waist in front of salesladies and talking in a loud voice so anyone nearby can see that she is buying a wardrobe of lacy panties for her pantywaist husband or boyfriend. Weak men really want to be humiliated, forced into panties and castrated. They might not know it immediately, but a strong woman can usually do it all by herself by making the little pansy face up to his shortcomings. Once he admits his lack of masculinity, he won't resist very much when his wife hands him a pair of pink panties and tells him to put them on and never go without wearing panties 24/7.

I am pleased to have become a eunuch, and will be forever grateful to Salina for having me castrated. She had the wisdom to know what is best for me and to realize that I would be happiest when totally emasculated. I am proud to be Salina's living testimony to her dominance and superiority and she is so much happier with me as a eunuch.

Photo attached of me in transparent panties so you can see me without balls and my fully excited penis. (That's as hard and as big as it gets anymore.)

Humbly yours,

**Markie B.**

***The Mrs. Balls Chapter, Santa Cruz, Member #075801 since July 1996***

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## ***My How the Times Have Changed***

***Compare today's parties with a 1980s sissy slave boy sex party***

At the beginning of the 1970s, America and the world were more sexually liberated than ever before in recent history. Sex clubs and swinging parties were going on everywhere and all around us. In this climate, Demale Society chapters around the world regularly held parties that easily could have been called orgies. These affairs were usually presented as recruiting events to find people to join the Society. Members brought their sissy boys, slaves and remales and put them on display to show guests how women could take charge of the males in their lives. These meetings were quite open; members brought along most everyone they knew who might possibly have an interest in joining, and not just females, males (who were thought to be susceptible to being enslaved) were also invited to these meetings.



Since the Demale Society was (and still is) a very secret organization, guests invited to these open sex orgies didn't even learn the name of the society until they had been to at least one follow-up initiation meeting and seriously considered as membership material. During these recruiting meetings, the Demale Society was only referred to as "The Society" or "The Club." Demale Society members had learned long ago it was best to keep secret as much about the organization as possible because the male establishment could be very nasty when it came to having their power threatened.

A description of one of these recruiting meetings was included as part of a 1984 novel by Barry Cazlab. What he saw and experienced, he used as part of his book *Angie's Lovers*. His story was fiction, but many others present that night attest that indeed the visit to the Demale Society recruiting party was based upon a real event, and his description was a highly accurate account of what had taken place.

Keep in mind that being invited to sex parties (even if one only wanted to observe and not participate) was a common occurrence in Southern California in the 1960s and 70s. The actual meeting referred to in the book had taken place in the upstairs banquet room of a night club rented out by the Demale Society in a town near Santa Barbara. And as an interesting comparison to today's attitudes and conservative atmosphere, we present this excerpt from his book detailing the event. Parties this open and this wild

could not be held today in our sexually conservative times. On to the book:

At this point of the story, Carl Borden and his wife Angie were being driven to the party by Minnie Richards and her husband Donald. The four regularly played mixed doubles at their local tennis club and were well-healed, seemingly happily married and average individuals. In only small ways, Minnie had shown her dominance over her husband to the Bordens, but after attending this party, Minnie could show them just how much control she did have over him, and perhaps entice Angie to take similar charge over her husband. Minnie had secretly told Angie a lot about her dominance over and sex life with her husband and some of her boys laves. So on this evening, Angie was in the know, and Carl was in the dark. He simply thought The Richards had invited them out for a night of fun at an avant-garde sex club and the party was being put on by "The Society."

After nearly an hour of driving, we turned onto a wide gravel drive and stopped in front of tall wrought iron gates. Above them a sign in pink neon read BAMBOO CLUB – PRIVATE PARTY TONIGHT. A heavy-set man in a blue uniform and badge probed the car with the beam of his flashlight, then bent down and peered through the driver's window.

"Oh, it's you, Ms. Richards. Just a minute, I'll open the gate."

He hurried off, making a crunching sound on the gravel. The heavy gates swung wide and Minnie drove through. The road wound through tall pines. Rows of small amber lights lined both sides. At the far end it swung up a gentle hill in a long curving drive and Carl could see the silhouette of the club jutting out like the prow of a ship. The side toward them was dark but the part facing the sea glowed yellow against the sky.

More flashlights winked on and off as other cars entered and were waved into parking places. As they got out, they could see a couple dozen automobiles parked around them, and they could hear soft strains of dance music floating out of the club's open windows.

"Looks like there's quite a crowd here," commented Minnie as they climbed the broad steps and paused half-way to look across a wide expanse of the Pacific spread out like glittering black velvet before them. A half moon etched a path across the water and a warm tropical breeze moved the nearby palm fronds in the moonlit darkness.

"What a perfect night for love," Angie said softly.

When they went in, Mary Ann Greer, the party committee chairperson, was talking to a flaxen-haired hat check girl in pink panties and a totally transparent pink babydoll nightie top. The Bordens looked at each other without saying anything as they both noticed the hat check girl looked a bit odd because her babydoll top revealed her small nipples and complete lack of breast development. Angie guessed the girl



(whom they realized later was a boy!) to be about fifteen, certainly old enough to have some indication of growing breasts, but until she gave her husband a giggle and a poke in the ribs, Carl was staring at the girl (boy) with lust in his eyes regardless of her lack of breasts. The sexy girl was so pretty, Angie told herself it was a girl but then realized it was a boy as she recalled Mary telling her that many of the young girls she'd see tonight were actually boys. Mary and Donald also noticed Carl staring but said nothing to him that he was looking at a boy and not a girl.

The manager Mary broke into the momentary silence as she smiled broadly and said, "Glad to see you, Minnie. And this must be that charming little lady you were telling me about last night. Miss Borden, I believe?"

She took Angie's hand in both of hers and held them warmly while they chatted. "Welcome, to the Society's annual ball!" Mary Ann Greer said with a laugh. She was a tall, powerfully built woman, overly madeup for sure, but a striking beauty nonetheless despite her fifty-odd years. Her short-cropped hair was black, shading to gray; she wore a long, narrow skirt and business suit jacket, which seemed a bit out of place since everyone else there was in more festive and revealing garb that leaned to the provocative.

"I understand you're in pictures, Miss Borden. You'll probably see a lot of others from the film industry. We have a lot of them in attendance tonight. Angie – if I may call you that – you better keep a good eye on your husband. Some of these characters look like lean and hungry she-wolves." She grinned and winked, and they all laughed.

Carl had the strangest feeling that Mary could see right through him. Then he retracted the thought: she wasn't looking through him; she looked like she was mentally undressing him! In actuality, she was trying to picture him in as a six year old girl in a pink party dress!

"I'm sure you folks want to get a good seat for the floor show. It will be starting soon. Enjoy the Champagne and appetizers while you wait." Mary pointed to stairs near the check-in booth. She winked at Minnie and then glanced at her watch. "I'll see you all later."

After Minnie checked them in, they went to the second floor. An impeccably dressed hostess (Carl noticed she too had little or no breasts) met them in the hall.

"How many in your party?"

"Just the four of us."

"Would you like a table for four or would you prefer to be with a larger group?"

"Let's join a larger party," Minnie said. "The more, the merrier!"

Angie nodded. "It's okay with me."

"Would you follow me, please," said the svelte young girl, as she turned to lead the way down the corridor.

Carl tightened his grip on his wife's hand. There was no back to the girl's dress! Except for a pair of high-waisted but very sheer pink panties totally revealing a diminutive butt crack, she was entirely naked from her bare shoulders to the bottom of her tight little ass cheeks. Angie noticed a growing bulge in her husband's pants. She smiled. She knew Carl liked panties. And when she had imparted that knowledge to Minnie one day, Minnie followed up with an invitation to this party. After Minnie briefed her on what to expect at this club party and the potential of introducing her to a way to take complete control over her husband, Angie hastily agreed. And now, her husband was reacting like they had expected. Carl felt his penis quiver as he watched the girl's buttocks swinging along in front of them; her panties rippled and shook with her every step like they were winking at him. As they approached a door at the end of the hall, she knocked on the door, gave a secret password and then let them enter.

They walked into a low-ceilinged room lined with emerald drapes hung along the walls and illuminated only by candles on a couple of dozen large, half circle tables. Each table had chairs only around the curved side of the table and all facing a small stage. As their eyes grew accustomed to the dim light they saw most of the tables were occupied by groups of people talking in restrained voices. Everyone was seated on comfortable-looking, over-stuffed, zebra-skin low back chairs.

Out of nowhere another young girl appeared, as smartly dressed as the hostess in the hall. She motioned for them to follow and led the way to a table. This time the fact that the girl was also naked down her backside except for sheer pink panties didn't surprise Angie; but she saw Carl appraising her silkily pink pantied full rump as if he were about to reach out and pat it.

They joined a party of six near the stage. One of the men got to his feet and Angie recognized him at once. He was Rex Ryan, who had a major supporting role in "Too Late the Dawn," one of the films in which she had had a bit part not three months before. He indicated that he remembered her with a reference to the movie, though he apologized that he didn't remember her name. They exchanged introductions and proceeded to introduce themselves to all the others sitting at the table. Rex motioned for the hostess to bring more bottles of Champagne. Beside him was a pixie-faced blonde with pouting red lips and wide, innocent blue eyes. Definitely not his wife, but the smallish woman seemed to be directing everything Rex said or did. On her left was a dark-haired man with a weak face who looked more like an accountant than Ryan's big time agent, as he had been introduced. His name was Sark. His date was a tall, busty redhead. The other couple was a Mr. and Mrs. Fox. He looked white-haired and senile; she perhaps twenty years younger, but not enough to go with the black leotards, low-cut sequined yellow blouse and red sash outfit she was squeezed into.

Somewhere in the background there was music, soft, heady music that wafted through the room and set the atmosphere. Trays of food were being served off long silver trays by a bevy of girls. Angie thought they were real girls (at least she thought these were really girls since they had cute little breasts revealed enough to see that they were real and not padding) in half evening gowns also exposing pink panties in back.

Minnie leaned close to Angie. "Go easy on these," she whispered as she pointed to the appetizers being set down before them.

"What do you mean?"

"Mary Ann calls them 'party stimulators.' They're hors d' oeuvres mildly spiked with some kind of aphrodisiac, not enough to do any harm, really, but you can get awfully high on them." She nodded toward the big breasted red-head who was popping them into the mouth of her date like peanuts. "She's going to have her hands full once those tidbits hit him," he grinned.

Angie sampled several of the appetizers and found them slightly sweet with the flavor of some unusual liqueur. Following these came more trays and silver flagons of a bitter-tasting beverage, punch like concoction that seemed to tease every taste bud in her mouth, sharpening it for more of the same.

Long before they were finished, Angie felt a soft glow invading her entire body, as if she were being turned on a spit over a fire. She thought she detected the fragrance of jasmine in the room, and realized it was incense. She had been watching Carl popping the tasty little bites of food so temptingly set before them. For one who had little sense of rhythm, she was surprised when he started to gently swinging and swaying to the music. She knew the drugs were working on him. And another sign: he blatantly stared at just about every female in the place; his eyes darting from one to the other. As the bulge in his pants grew, he seemed to become more and more distant. Not wanting to lose him to the drugs, she urged him to stop eating. He complied without comment.

The effect of the drugs on the people around her was clearly evident. They were more relaxed, more informal. Ryan's arm was around his blue-eyed blonde and he was caressing her breast and purring to her like a kitten. The weak-faced manager was ogling the red-head's bosom hungrily and, at the far end of the table, Mr. and Mrs. Fox both seemed quite fascinated by the voluptuous panty-covered behind of one of the hostesses bending over a nearby table. Everyone in the room was gradually loosening up; they leaned back, drank slowly, talked in subdued voices, and savored the same delightful dream-like sensations that were flowing through Carl.

What a relief, Angie thought. Not a worry in the world. And she knew that no matter what happened to her husband from that moment on, it would seem like the most natural thing in the world. Everything and everybody was in a perfectly wonderful state.

Suddenly a blue spotlight illuminated the stage in front of them. Several of the zebra-skin chairs had been placed in a semi-circle on the raised dais. In the center was a gleaming white cushioned bench almost six feet across and decorated with a Moorish design in gold. The emerald drapes on both sides of the stage parted and a group of children made their way quietly into the audience. Carl almost laughed out loud. In their little French maids' outfits, they reminded him of little angels at a grade school Christmas show. He was almost expecting a teacher-like woman to appear on stage to announce that the children of grade such and such would now present their fairy dance. It was almost too much for Carl to bear. He had been told that sex would be abundant and free tonight, and now all these little kids show up. He couldn't resist leaning over and telling Minnie that it was a fine joke to pull on him to bring him to this sexy place with the nice music and food and drink and promise him sex and then bring on these innocent looking little fairy children. As the children approached, he noticed they were each carrying a little pair of pink nylon panties. As a snide remark, he asked her in front of everyone at the table, "Well, you got me here for a sex party, got me all worked up with sexy little girls running around wearing half dress, and now you throw cold water on me with these little runts dancing about with their panties in their hands like they're dancing around a Maypole. I this what you call a sex party? Is this a joke? Now just where in the hell am I going to stick my Maypole?"

Minnie grinned back at him. "Just sit back and relax. I think you'll like what you're about to experience. And as far as these kids, it looks like they're looking for Maypoles to play around with right now."

Dreamy eyed Carl looked at the kids and saw them crawling under the various tables that were covered by long table cloths that almost reached the floor. He looked as people moved back their chairs to peek at the children now under their table. Eight little girls in sweet black satin maids' outfits approached their table smiling. Each couldn't have been more than six or seven years old, and Angie knew they were all boys. Without a word, they scurried underneath the table as if they were playing a game of hide-and-seek. If Carl hadn't have seen them he'd never have known they were there. They made no movement, no sound. He leaned back, peeked under the tablecloth. Sure enough, they were there sitting closely and silently together in almost a mutual hug.

But something in the room was changing. There was a feeling of almost restless expectation as the music changed from a dance number to sexy middle-eastern like tune played softly on a flute. Then the blue light focused on the white leather bench in the center of the stage brightened. From the folds of the curtains at the back of the stage emerged a statuesque pale-skinned brunette in her mid teens. She was dressed in a filmy negligee that enveloped her body like a misty pink cloud covering her 1950s style pointy pink satin bra that completely covered her large breast and full-cut pink stain panties that rode high on her waist. She slithered into the spotlight, seated herself on the white bench and stretched languidly. Through the sheer silk of her negligee the dark round orbs of her brassiered breasts rose and fell as she simulated a yawn. As if it were a signal, two other girls of similar age materialized beside her wearing nothing more than black silk stockings, pink pointy bras, pink full panties, tiny white maids' aprons and small white-winged caps perched jauntily on their heads.

With slow, delicate movements they gently slipped the negligee from the brunette's sculptured curves. This done, the girl lay full length on the bench, arching her body and flexing her long legs. Her hands, pressed against her sides, moved caressingly up her thighs to her stomach. Repeatedly, she snapped the elastics of her pink panties. The music had stopped, and the snapping of her waist and leg elastics could be heard cracking throughout the completely quiet room. Everyone was looking at her snapping her panties and beginning to breathe heavily. Her back arched. She was exciting herself. Her moans purred forth, as her long fingers touched and stroked each of her pink pantied curves around her butt, along her thighs and hips and then down between her legs.

Kneeling beside her, one of the maids produced a silver flacon of oil. Each girl poured oil onto her hands and then applied the oil to the girl's body as if they were polishing a Greek statue. In the blue light she glistened with a rich silver sheen as the maids aroused each sensitive nerve of her exquisite form with pressures and manipulations of their own invention, while the brunette herself continue to busily play with her pink pantied crotch.

Hardly had they finished when a man entered the spotlight. Instinctively, Carl remembered pictures he had seen of Greek gods. The man was the model of a Greek god, but he was as black as well as handsome and powerful looking. His body was lithe and muscular with curly black hair and facial features that could have modeled the intaglio of an ancient coin. As he moved toward the girl, Carl had never before seen such a sensual expression on a man's face. With a deft movement, he whipped away his loincloth. The girl sucked in her breath as she gazed at the man's fully erect penis, a throbbing, rigid rod that looked to be ten inches long.

Suddenly Carl felt small warm hands touch his legs. He jumped back a bit and looked down in surprise. Then he saw one of the little children who had crawled under the table. He naturally assumed it was a girl (no one told him to expect boys that looked like girls), and the especially small child was trying to push his legs apart and undo his pants.

Embarrassed, Carl glanced toward his wife and the other people at his table. The expression on Angie's face puzzled him at first. She was staring through half closed eyes at the stage, her breath whistling between clenched teeth. Then he saw why. Just below the edge of the table cloth there was a movement. Angie's skirt was up around her thighs and the movement under the edge of her skirt made it obvious that her pussy was being rubbed up and down by a small child's hand. Beyond Angie it was difficult to tell everything that was happening around him; however, he noticed Rex Ryan had pulled the tablecloth well over his lap and the lap of his little blonde date. From the hypnotic way they were watching the stage Carl had no doubt that two of the children were administering to them, as he saw the edge of the tablecloth flying up and down over their laps barely covering the sex acts being administered to them.

Carl almost choked. "What in the world..." he whispered to himself. Of course, that was why the children were there; they were masturbating the guests.



Half smiling, Carl could think of no reason not to go along with it! He spread his legs and the fervent little hands moved into his now opened pants and began seeking his cock. He moved around to help the kid ease down his pants and release his manhood. Then he looked down questioningly as the little kid's hands held a pair of pink panties, little girl baby-sized panties, and the kid wrapped those panties around Carl's penis and then began jerking on it, little baby-size hands rubbing silky panties up and down his cock. His cock looked so big in those tiny hands, and looked so funny wrapped in baby girl pink panties.

On the stage, one of the maids was applying oil to the man's body as he half reclined on one of the zebra skin chairs. His tool had never slackened in its immensity; rather it had grown with the incessant massaging the girl was giving him. It stood out like a flag staff, its base concealed in a bush of black hair. In the center of the spotlight the brunette was receiving her final anointing for love; her maid was lavishing her ripe body with kisses and tongue lickings. The she undid the girl's pointy brassiere. It dropped away revealing that the girl had no breasts.

Carl wasn't a breast man but he did enjoy seeing a nice set of knockers on a girl. So he was a little disappointed to see that the girl on stage was flat chested. But he was being thoroughly excited by the little hands jacking off his cock in girlie pink panties, so the breastless girl on stage didn't detract from that.

Then the maids on stage assisted the man in fucking the girl. They held his penis and guided it into her, but they didn't put it in her pussy, they held the girl's legs up high and put the man's penis it in her ass. Carl was watching the performance through drugged and distracted eyes. He tried to focus a bit more on the stage when one of the maids leaned forward and started to give oral sex to the girl lying on the bench while she was being fucked in the ass by the big black man, but Carl was in for a shock when the maid pulled back with her mouth to reveal that she was sucking on a cock and not licking a pussy!

Carl had nothing against gay boys, but he had been fooled into think he was watching a pretty young girl getting the fucking of her life, and was disappointed, but he was in no position to complain, besides, the wanking he was getting from the little girl with her panties wrapped around his dick was something of amazing beauty. But then he began thinking, and that was a bit of a chore through the fog in his head, all of a sudden, he wondered, "Is that at girl or a boy playing with my penis?"

But then he felt head of the child pop up between his legs and bury itself on his cock. He eased back the tablecloth and saw the head of short blonde hair bobbing up and down on his penis.

"Oh, god," he thought! "I'm getting sucked off by a six year old, and..and..and..and it's great! He flinched. He loved the feeling but still had his agonizing question unanswered. The child's hair was medium long – it could have been a girl or a boy! He had to know! His whole body responded to the sensations moving through him. That kid sure knew how to suck cock! And now she was ticking his balls with those pink panties! Wow!

Carl pushed his hips forward, exposing more of himself, and giving the child even better access to him, hoping it was a little girl's mouth instead of a little boy, which he feared. But girl or boy, he was getting the blowjob of his life!

Beside him, Angie sucked in her breath and in muffled moans was flowing through a major orgasm. Carl looked down to see a little maid girl eating her pussy like it was made of candy. And it really looked like a girl. She had fairly long black hair. He was sure it was a girl. That helped Carl; after all if a girl was doing his wife, there was every reason to believe that it was a girl who was giving him a blowjob!

But Carl had to know for sure! Besides, he had never thought of before in his life, but all of a sudden the idea of masturbating a little girl's pussy through her panties became extremely exciting to him. He lifted the tablecloth all the way up and looked underneath. The tense-faced child with a mouth full of his cock made an effort to conceal what he was doing with his other hand between his own legs Carl reached down and felt between the child's legs. He caught hold of the boy's excited little peter, it was covered with pink panties, but no doubt about it, it was a little penis. And in his state of high arousal, Carl drugged into lassitude, gave little thought to the whole scenario, all he knew is that he loved it. Carl, who had never had a homosexual thought in his life, began rubbing the little boy's stiff peter through the pink panties the boy was wearing. With both hands unencumbered, the boy then used them both to work on Carl's cock and balls and the kid worked those silky panties over Carl's genitals as Carl masturbated the boy through the silky pink panties he was wearing. The little boy cock thrilled and stiffened to the touch of Carl's hands.

Angie had come down from her orgasm, and now was just sitting beside her husband watching Carl and the boy masturbate each other through pink panties. Minnie had told her it would end up like this, but she had a difficult time imagining it, and now she was seeing right beside her. She was ready to hold this little homosexual sex act with an underage child against her husband forever after.

Minnie motioned for a hostess with a camera to get several shots of Carl engaged in homosexual panty sex with child barely old enough to go to school. The pictures would be Angie's ticket to sexual freedom and her way of forever after being in total charge of her husband. Angie squirmed in triumph as the flashbulbs went off one after the other. Carl was in a sexual fantasy world, but it was the real world, and he'd realize that all too soon, but for the moment, he didn't even know that those flashes of light were recording his own destruction.

Carl did notice his wife sitting there, smiling, but he was so far gone that he couldn't fathom the repercussions of what he was doing, engaging in mutual masturbation with a six-year-old panty-wearing faggot boy child!

The action on stage had finished. The black man had pumped the boy-girl full of his semen and then made him lick his monster cock clean, but Carl had lost interest in what was going on stage. He was now

exploding his own semen down the thought of that queer panty boy swinging from his cock. The blue light on stage slowly dimmed, the stage was once again in darkness and music began playing lightly in the background.

“G-o-d Damn!” Minnie exclaimed. “That was great!”

Carl withdrew his hand from under the table and closed his legs, hoping the boy would go away, so the other wouldn't know a boy had just given him a first-rate blowjob. All around them, the children were quietly leaving the room the way they had come in. Carl felt it first, then discreetly held his fingers close to the candle and examined them. They were covered with a colorless sticky mucous. He stared at the evidence in his hand. As he wiped it on his napkin in disbelief, he wondered if it were actually possible for a little child of that age – six or seven -- to have an orgasm.

As the book continues, Carl does become a slave to his wife, and he spends the rest of the story trying to undo the harm he had done to himself. In the end, he kills Angie to get out from under her thumb, and even though it is a perfect crime and there is nothing to link him to the murder, he cannot live with himself, goes crazy commits himself to a mental institution! The book is kind of a lesson to scare husbands into taking care of their wives (Angie had felt neglected by him for years, and that supposedly was the reason she wanted sex (love) from others as well as control over her husband.)

The 1970s were a time when sexual liberals were becoming more liberal, and straight-laced people were becoming more conservative. But as the decade went on, things began a swing toward more conservative views of sex. And with AIDS coming on the scene in the early 1980s, things began to turn in an even more conservative direction. This book was published in 1984, but even by that time, the party it described was already something that would probably never again be able to be presented, at least in as open of an affair as it was described. Yes, folks, the times are a (constantly) changing!

***Linda Lange, Secretary***

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## Demale Society Notices

Added 8/16/04

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## *Chapter & Central Committee Messages*

### *The Female Hormone that Enslaves Males*

Scientists doing research on a female hormone called copulins found in vaginal fluid discovered it makes males submissive to a specific female. Most commonly, males ingest it during oral sex. But the hormone is so strong it can even penetrate the penis of a male if he leaves his penis in a woman's vagina for an extended period. Copulins can even become airborne and affect males who simply breathe in the hormone.

During tests, a male fed a large dose of copulins became quite submissive towards the female he received it from. Most commonly, the male went into a light trance and acted as if in a hypnotic state. The female in charge of that male could change, remove, or even insert memories; tell the male what he sees, hears, feels, smells, and tastes; insert subconscious thoughts that would later surface as an ideas or behavior the male thought he originated. The males were even susceptible to post-hypnotic suggestions.

Read more about this at <http://www.copulins.freesevers.com>

### *Using Hypnosis to Panty Train Males*

While on the subject of hypnosis, many people have asked for more info about it and want to know how we use it to control males. For me, I look for a male between 20 and 25 with a slight build. Then I start a straight relationship with him but from the start, exert some minor demands, such as pleasing me orally first, getting him to do chores for me, denying him intercourse and making him jack off for me, etc. While this game goes on for a few weeks I gather information about his fantasies and fetishes. Most of all I build a bond of trust.

Right upfront, I tell them about my interest in hypnosis and how it releases one's inhibitions and opens the doors to the ultimate sexual experience. Usually by the third or fourth time we go out, my date allows me to hypnotize him.

During the first three or four sessions I implant subliminal commands so I can have him reenter a hypnotic state almost instantaneous. Then the programming starts. I get him to





develop a fetish for panties. (Most males have a strong attraction to panties and it's not difficult to increase their interest to full fetish status if it isn't already one of his fetishes.)

While he is under, I place several pairs of panties on his lap and have him examine and feel them and concentrate on their smallest details. I undress and let him examine me in my panties. I let him know it's OK to get an erection over panties whether or not I am in them. When he gets to the point that he erects whenever I talk about panties as he lovingly touches them, I go to the next step and get him to admit that he really loves panties. Then I tell him it's OK for him to put on a pair since he loves them so much. I tease him miserably in the panties but I try my best to keep him at fever pitch but not allow him to cum. Then I have him take off the panties and tell him that I'll let him cum in the panties if after he awakens from the trance he asks me if he can wear a pair of my panties. I drill into him the idea that he will love wearing them, but I will laugh at him for asking me to wear panties and keep on laughing at him after he has them on. But I tell him that my laughter will excite him as well as humble him. Then I plant in his mind a post-hypnotic suggestion that will prompt him to ask me for a pair of my panties to wear. I also tell him that he cannot cum unless I am laughing at him!

At this point, a male can get quite confused, and I will let him dissent just enough to make it interesting, but as long as my post-hypnotic suggestions have been well placed, he will submit to my will every time.

Once he's had enough sessions to follow all those commands, I get him to wear panties everyday and make him think it was all his idea, and I am doing a big favor to him to allow him to wear my panties and be a sissy for me. From there on, I introduce him to stockings, garter belts, corsets, pantyhose, slips, training bras, and so on. I also begin with playful spankings. Then I gradually increase the severity of the spankings, and eventually, I convince him he gets an especially big charge out of wearing panties after he has had an intense spanking or paddling. I make him admit to me whenever he does something wrong, and I get him to ask me for a spanking.

The great thing about hypnosis is that it works extremely well with males with strong will power. You'd think just the opposite would be the case. But many he-men type guys with an intense adversity to wearing female clothes crumble under well-placed hypnotic suggestions. The trick is to make the suggestions sound playful and fun, convince them that dressing up is a reasonable and smart thing to do. Suggestions must be precisely phrased in such a way that wearing my lingerie is enjoyable and very logical. Under hypnosis, most of a person's defenses are down, so getting them to do some of the most ridiculous things is very easy. You can't get them to do something against their basic moral code like commit murder, but it is amazing how many things you can talk them into doing that they never would do when they are fully awake. Since your subject's mental faculties are centered in the subconscious mind and not the conscious mind during hypnosis, your subject is totally aware of what he is doing but does not understand or care why he is doing whatever you are having him do. All he knows is he loves it and only feels good fully dressed my panties and obeying me.

Upon awakening, he remembers everything he did under a trance unless you have given him a post-

hypnotic suggestion to forget all or part of the experience. In the early stages, it is good for him to forget many of the things he did in a trance. But in later stages after you develop him into an excellent subject that you can re-hypnotize with a snap of your fingers, then generally let him remember what he does in one of your trances and in his awakened state he will feel properly degraded and ashamed for being such a sissy, but at the same time he knows he is in love with himself and how he looks in bras and panties and other pretty clothes. And he cannot stop wanting to do it!

At all times I use orgasm as a reward for totally obeying me and admitting his complete servitude and sissy status. To reinforce a new slave I produce custom CDs they play when they are not able to be with me each night at bedtime.

**Patty**

***California Dreamin' Chapter, Member #075229 since Jan 1996***

***Me: Old-fashioned double-back full nylon briefs, usually in pale green or pale blue my favorite colors.***

***In the photo: Chucky, a cute but slightly loss sissy males with his pretty pink panties down his thighs after receiving a good spanking!***



## ***West Hollywood Ladies Chapter***

### ***Subject: Hot Sissyboy Halloween Orgy***

Hi members and friends of our members! You are invited to party and play at the Hot Sissyboy Halloween Orgy on Saturday, October 30, 2004, in the upstairs loft at Sal's Backlot Bar in West Hollywood. Appetizers and soft drinks provided. BYOB. There will be music, dancing, and of course many sexy young sissyboys, lovely ladies and select remales engaged in most every type of sex. Everyone MUST attend in costume. No private rooms, no dark corners, all sex is out in the open in the well-lit room (but you can keep your mask on!). Come join in the all-night fucking, sucking, and other kinky sex! If you can't quite handle this evening of costumed public sex, you're welcome just to watch, but odds are you'll be part of the action before the night is over!

If you have attended one of our three previous Halloween orgies, you know how decadent and erotic the night will be. If you haven't yet been to one of our annual parties, ask other members and they'll convince you to attend and fulfill all your fantasies. All full members can bring up to three guests of their choosing (male or female, member, associate or non-member). However, associate members (females, sissies and remales) should submit their request to attend as soon as possible, since room is limited and priority seating is given to full members and their guests. Associate members can bring one guest.

Admission \$25 per full member and their guests. \$35 for associate members and their guests. Be sure to dress in your prettiest, most exotic, and wildest costumes, but do remember, if you think there is any possibility you are going to have sex (plan on it!), your costume should be easy to wear and maintain while you are having sex. At 11:30 p.m. all the women and sissies will be asked to undress down to their sexy lingerie and remales will be asked to wear just very thin white nylon bikini panties to show off what they have to offer!

Your hosts,

***Party Co-Chairs: Emma B. & Mina C.***



## *Ladies Don't Dread Having a Sissy Husband, Son or Grandson*

*I have all three, and love it, but at one time I hated anything effeminate in a male*

I had all but given up on my marriage after discovering my husband masturbating while wearing my lingerie one afternoon. I considered him a fag of the worst kind. He was so ashamed and I was so upset we couldn't have sex much less even talk to

one another for almost a month. I was on my way to a divorce, but dreaded that experience having gone through the horrors of it once before.

With only a sissy of a father to look up to, our son was developing into a sissy, not a regular thoroughgoing boy. He read books a lot, drew pictures, went to movies instead of getting involved in sports, etc. I never realized the extent of his lack of boyishness until this incident with my husband. All of a sudden I wondered, why me? Why was I saddled with two very unmanly males? My lawyer advised us to visit a marriage counselor. I went there with a chip on my shoulder. I thought I wanted a divorce, but this nice woman doctor explained to me that a man with a lingerie fetish most likely wasn't a fag. She told me I might be surprised, but my husband's lingerie fetish could well be used to stabilize our marriage, help me feel more secure than ever, and keep us together, and she said things to me that changed my outlook. Before that meeting I had little knowledge about

anything like a sexual fetish. I realized I had a lot to learn about males and sex. She also made me realize how much I did love our son despite my disappointment in his lack of maleness. He's a sensitive type who is so devoted to me, and I just took him for granted. The doctor got me an invite to a Demale Society open meeting. Against my better judgment I agreed to give it a try.

What an eye opener! I never even dreamed that a sex life with (or without) involving a sissy-type male could be so wonderful. The meeting was a catharsis for me. It all hit home with me, and in one evening, I felt like I had been released from my stupid Catholic upbringing. Now things made sense. What I had learned in Church was fine for when I was a kid, and I'll be eternally thankful for the great education I got at the hands of nuns (a lot of them were super dominant female role models!), but the religion just didn't work for me as an adult. After my first Demale meeting, I went home and right away started thinking about how I could use my husband's fetish to make him devoted and subservient to me. He was owing to me big time for keeping me in the dark about his fetish all the years of our marriage, and I didn't let him off the hook. His guilt was the key to my taking charge of him completely. Now he is very feminine. I've had him on hormones for the better part of a year and his greatly enlarged nipples and little mounds are so very exciting!



I thought this was the greatest thing ever, so I got our son involved. Now, he's turning out to be a grade-A swish. By using the peek/no peek, touch/no touch, pleasure/pain and other basic techniques, my son took to the lifestyle. I was amazed when I got Gretchen (my husband) to suck Teela's (our son's) little dickie for the first time, and soon after I had Teela's head between my legs learning how to eat pussy.

Not long after, I had them sleeping with each other every night while I pleasured myself with males I picked up whenever I so desired.

Thanks to you, I now realize that whatever Gretchen and Teela do when dressed, they do emotionally as females, except when they have sex with me -- then they are just pleasuring me with sissy sex. Maybe they are dressed and look like females, but their feminine, lipstick-kissed mouths and ribbon-decorated penises sure rock my soul!

The three of us go out to the mall almost every Saturday night now. Most every time we pick up two or three guys and bring them home. We sit around for a while and then I drop it on them that Gretchen and Teela are TVs. Never has any guy complained.

We try to get our guest guys into lingerie too, and most of them are willing to give it a try, especially knowing they are going to have some hot sex if they do. Usually my husband and son do each other to entertain us, and then I have them suck off the guys to get them ready to fuck me. Then I have sex with our guests, with my feminine husband and sissy son doing creampie cleanups in between. I've trained them to love going down on me and cleaning up my lovers too. I always have multiple orgasms and don't let them wash their faces off. The sheen of my and our guests' juices on their faces keeps me highly aroused, and after a night of eating me, the caked-on cum on their cheeks is testimony to the fun I've had.



Attached are photos. One shows me feeding cum from one of my lovers to him. The next photo shows my son in jeans a fully padded bra under his sweater. He's ready for one of our weekly trips to the mall. The third photo is my seven-year-old grandson (from my daughter from a previous marriage). I'm working on him and he loves dressing up. In the picture he's literally jumping for joy after getting dressed in a pretty princess costume for Halloween. I'm so proud of him. The picture is from one of the first times I got him completely dressed up.

His mom and dad know I often have him wear pink panties when he visits us on weekends. My daughter thinks I'm crazy and more than a bit eccentric, so she and her husband just chalk my pantying of their son as one of the weird things I do. Boys in panties aren't a big deal to most people anymore! And why not?

Pink panties are so pretty and feel so good to wear. Why is it taking so long for all men and boys to learn that? Anyway, they don't know that my little grandson Andy now spends almost the entire time with us dressed as a girl, and he gets along famously with my feminized husband and son. My daughter thinks both of them are queer and has let me know as much. I'm now starting to enlighten her about feminized males and will soon tell her all about the Demale Society. Her macho husband needs to be taken down. He's bound to fuck up sooner or later and when he does, I'll be there to show my daughter how to feminize him.

Now, I spend a lot of time helping other women who are having problems with a feminine husband or sissy son or a problem spouse. Once they see the benefits, especially a greatly improved sex life -- they wonder why they had so many misconceptions and were so prejudiced against queer males and girlie boys. Ladies if you have a sissy in the house, embrace the opportunity, you are one lucky lady!

***Sincerely, (Mrs.) Arda K***

***Member #097071 since November 2001, The Forwarded Male Chapter, Chapelhill, Indiana***











