

# *The* Demale Society

## *Training Manual*

*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 life under female rule.*

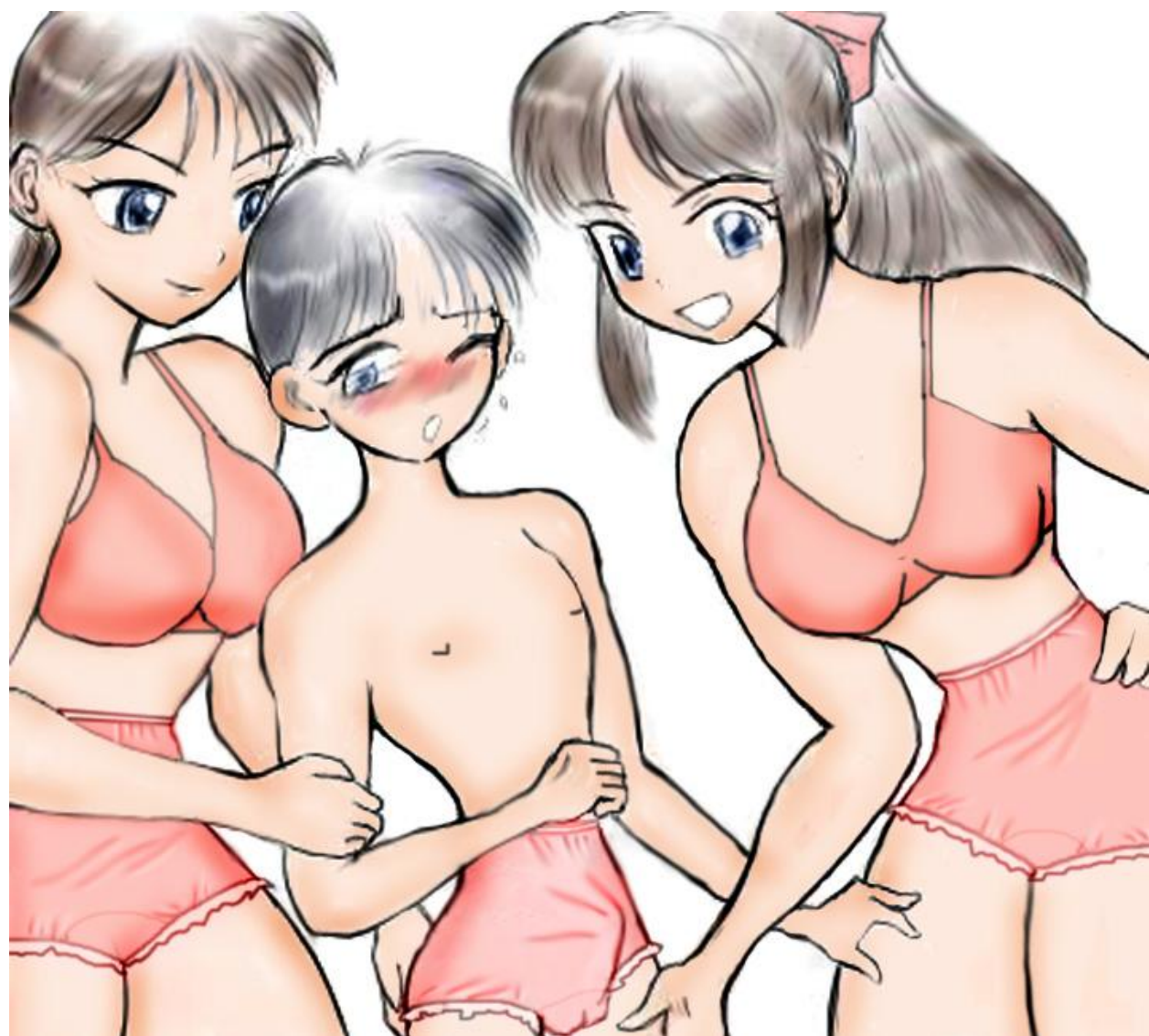
### Volume #17

*Testimonials, Notices,  
Stories & Pics*


*Adults Only*



*Fantasy Entertainment*







*July 2004 Demale Society  
Poster Boy*

*[www.Demale.com](http://www.Demale.com)*

*Christopher  
models all a  
sissy needs to  
wear on a hot  
summer day.*

# Demale Society Notices

Added 6/8/04

Part B



## ***Hypnosis and My Little Titless Wonders***

Even though I'm a lesbian, I love dominating males and currently own a half dozen whom I keep as servants and boytoys. I'm perhaps a little more aggressive than many Demale Society members. With my training process, I seek to own males, not just control them. They provide me with income and the cheap labor I need to do most every task imaginable. Currently, I have six full-time slave males living with me and Rosa, my lesbian lover, in a sprawling mansion just north of Malibu. The house belonged to one of my slaves, but he signed it over to me. Signing all personal property over to me without any strings attached is a primary part of becoming one of my slaves. Get a male to love you and what you are doing to him (feminization, panty training, sex slavery, etc.), and then get him to hand over ALL his assets to you. He is left without anything. He has to remain as one of your slaves and do your bidding because he probably has nowhere else then to go. (This is especially true of wealthy men. Once they give you all their assets, all their former "friends" -- and even their relatives -- have little interest in them.) Acquiring a man's money is one of the best ways to conquer him. A lot of women marry man after man, divorcing each one after a short time and taking him for as much as they can. I actually started out doing that until I realized I could do it a lot better by not marrying them, but making them my slaves and getting them to turn over everything they owned to me. That way I get it all and there are no exorbitant lawyer's fees!

Looking for males to add to my live-in staff is like looking for a new employee. I look for specific qualifications that would make them good for whatever job I am trying to fill at the moment, like chef, chauffeur, seamstress, maid, etc. And only after extensive training, a trial period and the assignment of all their wealth to me do I permanently take them into my fold.

Plus I'm always on the lookout for part-time (not live-in) slaves, nice young boys who'd make pretty girls (and who usually have few other qualifications) and can be summoned on a moment's notice to use as waitresses and for entertainment at parties or for any situation in which I need extra help of one sort or

another. These young boys I call my titless wonders, because I love to make them really girly with a wig, heavy makeup and frilly lingerie, but I usually don't give them breasts with female hormones or even falsies for their little training bras, because I love most of all a girly boy with a totally flat chest and a very firm cock in his panties -- the male/female dichotomy is delicious! Such males are fun to track down and train. Teenage boys are generally inexperienced (in most everything), in awe of dominant females, loaded with cum and quite sexually confused. They're a joy to train and use as sweet little sissy boys. There are few highs that can compare to panty training a naive young boy, putting him in a dress for the first time, teaching him how to pleasure me orally (and anally and in every other way!), watching his breasts develop, getting him to suck his first cock, etc.

When on the hunt, I look for boys with a slight build and a pretty face. Then I start a straight relationship with them but almost immediately begin with some minor demands. They usually do everything I ask since I'm a mature, experienced, sexy and beautiful woman (I can say that since my slaves have paid for my expensive cosmetic surgery plus eons of time at spas and beauty clinics). For starters, I have them do standard things like open doors for me, massage my feet, and light my cigarettes (just for show in my domination pose -- I don't inhale and I really don't smoke the damn things!). While this game goes on for a few weeks I gather information about their fantasies and fetishes. Most of all I build a bond of trust. Then I give them things and let them do things, like buy them nice (male but somewhat faggy) clothes, let them drive one of my expensive cars when we go out, etc.

From day one I tell him about my interest in a progressive relaxation technique and how it releases one's inhibitions and permits one to enjoy sex to the fullest. My secret is hypnotism. I'm an expert hypnotist. I use this supposed relaxation technique, but in actuality I hypnotize him, and before he knows it, I have him in a deep trance and then implant subliminal commands so I can have him enter a hypnotic state almost instantaneously thereafter. Then the programming starts. Using a beautiful woman (myself or Rosa) in only a fancy bra, frilly panties, stockings and high heels, I get him fully aroused. I get him to appreciate the fine fabrics and lace and elastics, etc., and then in his hypnotized state I have him concentrate on maintaining a firm erection throughout this examining process.

Then I playfully suggest he find out what it's like to try on some similar lingerie that (to him) seems to magically appear, but that of course I have had all laid out and ready for him. Over a sustained period we bring him to several long drawn-out orgasms in his panties (by hand -- I would never let a penis enter my mouth or pussy!), all the while making mental and physical connections between him and the panties and other lingerie to instill a strong lingerie fetish, and with a post-hypnotic suggestion, I cement the bond, so that whenever he sees lingerie by itself (not just a female in lingerie) he will get an erection and have a driving desire to cum.

Then I gradually up the demands, like telling him I'll give him a blowjob if he wears panties under his clothes for a whole day. Then that night I bring him into my home (careful to keep all my sissies hidden away) get him a little drunk and tell him I'm too tired to give them oral sex, and call on one of my sissyboys (who he thinks is a stunningly beautiful girl) to do the honors. From there I get the kid hooked

on cumming in panties, in a sissy boy's mouth, up a sissy boy's ass, etc. Of course, I constantly up the feminization and panty training and begin to teach him how to properly worship to me and Rosa. At the proper time, I reveal to him that the cute girl who has been his semen receptacle is actually a pretty boy.



In followup sessions, I have him dress in lingerie and introduce him to other pretty sissy boys dressed in lingerie and get him to appreciate them, on his way to being trained to have sex with other boys.

It's true that you can't force someone to do things under hypnosis that he normally wouldn't do in some other circumstance, but the secret is creating a situation in the subject's mind that makes him think what you want him to do is the right thing to do or the only way out of a particular situation -- such as "you're naked and it's cold and you need to put on some clothes but the only clothes available are girl's clothes," or "the boy over there has a rare disease and he needs get frequent doses of male sperm, give him some of yours so he won't suffer and die!" Under hypnosis you can tell your subject the most outlandish things, and as long as they seem logical and reasonable to him while he's in a trance, he'll do what you want. Hypnosis greatly speeds up the process of training a male to respond to fetishes and introducing him to a

homosexual life-style. (I believe all human beings are bisexual and it's just our puritanical and conservative culture that teaches us to be heterosexual is the only way to go.) Under hypnosis, a male is aware of what he is doing (unless I give him a post-hypnotic suggestion otherwise). He may not understand why he is doing what he is doing, but he does it because he loves doing what you ask, plus he is probably enjoying the greatest sexual pleasure he has ever felt. Without a post-hypnotic suggestion, she (he) remembers everything and feels degraded and ashamed, but so in love with his looks dressed up and thrilled with the pleasure he enjoyed that he wants to continue even when not hypnotized (after a little bit of breaking down of all those pent-up guilt feelings).

I use more than orgasms as a reward for totally obeying. I also reward them by taking them shopping for female clothes, giving them worn pairs of my own panties, having my chef create their favorite foods (that I have laced with their cum before they eat them, etc.)

The foregoing is a glimpse of things I do to train males for the new world order. Ladies, I hope I've given you some ideas. My recommendations: Learn and use hypnosis, it makes training males a lot easier. And get them into a position in which they give you all their money. Males are pitiful creatures and very

obedient when they don't have any money!

***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: Terri, one of my prettiest titless wonders, in bright yellow briefs and with nothing in his bra!***

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## 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.**

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**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.

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### Testimonials From Our Files

Posted 6/09/04



#### **I Got My Dad to Wash and Iron My Panties**

Getting to meet boys and then controlling them so they'll do things for you is so easy! I'm new to the whole superior female concept (other than rumored stories and school yard gossip). My friend's mom is a Demale member. Angie showed me some of her mom's books and brochures, and we have been reading them. We had a sleepover one night and spent the whole night talking about all those things you do!

I live alone with my dad. He's OK, at least compared to some of my friend's dads. My mom died when I was just six, so I don't remember much about her. Dad loved her a lot, and I know he misses her to this day. He told me she ran the house, paid the bills, etc. So, I'm sure she was in charge of a lot of things in their relationship. After

learning about Demale ideas, I tried to ask dad about how strong and aggressive mom was, but he gave me more funny looks than answers.

I was fascinated to read about how girls can control their fathers. I didn't know how much controlling I needed to do, because I thought my dad pretty much gave me everything I wanted already. But after reading the examples you gave, I was surprised when I realized just how much I could be in charge of our relationship and just how many things he could do for me.

I loved the lessons on panty ironing. They were outrageous! I just had to try it on my dad. Leading up to it, I announced to him one day that I needed new panties. Mine were all old, and besides there was a new fashion in panties. Well, I went out and bought a half dozen pairs of briefs in the little girls' section because I can still fit into their larger sizes. I wanted the little girls' style in pastel-colored nylon panties, you know, the kind with cartoon characters printed on them. The lesson said to go for the "little girl" look. Then I started wearing those panties around the house with my low-cut jeans and skirts. Of course, the high-waisted panties stuck out a mile above the waistband of my jeans and skirts, and dad noticed right away. After he did a lot of staring when he thought I wasn't watching (I swear I saw him with a hard-on several times!), he finally said something to me about it.

"Shouldn't you pull your jeans up or something? And not have your, uh, underwear showing so much?"

"Oh, it's the latest fashion, dad. All the girls are wear them this way."

He seemed satisfied for the moment with that for an answer, but I wasn't going to let it go, so I said, "These are the new panties I bought the other day. Remember I told you about them when I bought them? Aren't they cute?" As I said that, I tugged the waistband of my jeans down a bit more so he could see even more of my panties.

"But, uh, honey, aren't those, like for little kids?"

"Oh, you mean the little picture. Yeah, these are Barbie panties. See the picture of Barbie in front?"

At this, I could tell he was getting quite embarrassed. Red-faced, he kept trying to look away, but he was definitely interested. I decided to go for even more.

"Daddy, I just have one problem. Since the fashion is to wear the panties out like this, they can't be all rumpled up and ugly. They always have to be without any wrinkles to look nice and neat. So I was wondering -- since you already press your suit pants to look good for work -- if you could iron my panties for me. Then I could look good too. I mean, you're so good at ironing, and I'm not any good at it."

He didn't say anything. He looked at me with a wrinkle in his brow, but I got the impression he was holding back from indicating how shocked he was that I'd make such a request. Then, he did nod slowly,

agreeing to do it!

"Oh, great, daddy! Thank you!" I said with love and enthusiasm. "I was worried about ironing them myself. I was afraid I'd scorch them or do something stupid like that. I bought a half dozen pairs of these panties last week, and this is my last new pair. All the rest of them are in the wash. I'd love you so much if I could have my dirty panties washed and ironed so I could wear a pair to school tomorrow."

While I was doing my homework, I heard dad running the washer. (He always does the laundry.) And when I woke up in the morning, I found a neat stack of my panties, freshly washed and ironed, setting on top of my dresser. I was so excited, I jammed my hand down between my legs and masturbated myself right through my silky babydoll pajama panties before getting up and going to school! At school, when I told my friend Angie about it, she went wild with laughter. We were alone in the restroom and couldn't resist reaching under our pleated school uniform skirts and fingering ourselves while I told her about it all over again. We even rubbed each other's pussy through our panties, as I told her the whole story for the third time!

When dad came home that night, I ran up to him, kissed him and thanked him for washing and ironing my panties. I had my Pooh Bear panties on, sticking out above the waistband of my jeans higher than ever. You could even see Pooh Bear's head on the front. I stepped back, quickly unzipped my jeans, and gave my dad a full view of the panties he had washed and ironed for me.

"See, dad, you did a great job, thanks!" And as I said that I jumped up and gave him a big hug around his neck. I pressed my body into his, and I could feel him sprout a boner right through his suit pants! Then I asked dad if I could use my credit card to buy some more clothes and more panties. (I didn't really have to ask him because he lets me buy most everything, but as you said in your lesson, ask him anyway to put him in the position of saying "yes" to me.) The next day when he came home from work, I insisted on showing him the dress and two new skirts I bought. And after I modeled them for him, I lifted up the skirt to show him a pair of the new panties I bought too. Then I opened up a bag from the store and dumped the other eleven pairs of frilly, pastel-colored, little-girl panties on his lap, and together, I had us go through the panties one by one, as I showed him all the cute cartoon characters or little flowers and lace decorations on each pair.

I've been doing even more things lately; like it's standard for me to walk around the house now in just my bra and panties, and a lot of times without my bra on! Like it says in your manuals, be ready to take advantage of a situation. I started going around in just my lingerie when our air conditioning broke down and it was two days before we could get it repaired, but I kept on wearing just my bra and panties around the house after it was fixed. I know I'm getting to my dad and driving him a little nuts with what I'm doing. I'm following your panty training lessons, and he's reacting just you say dads will react in those stories. I have a lot more planned for dear old dad! From writing this letter, I just masturbated through one of my new pairs of panties (and really made them sloppy with my juices!). I'm not sure, but I think dad is already jacking off in dirty pairs of my panties. I going to change into a fresh pair of panties

and leave these dirty panties on the bathroom doorknob and see if he takes the bait!

**Kimmy**

**Member #100303 Santa Fe Sisters Chapter since September 2003**

***Today I have my pink Minnie Mouse panties on, with a picture of Minnie in her usual short red polka dot dress sticking up and revealing her billowy white bloomers.***

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### **I'm Teaching My Son to Be a Sweet Sissy and a Good Husband**

One of the most important things we can do is to train women how to make their sons into good husbands and train girls how to seek out and appreciate feminine males. It's difficult to teach old dogs new tricks, and therefore, we need to train boys when they are young to be in love with femininity, respect females, and turn away from typical masculine pursuits like violent and ego-boosting sports. My son turned out to be a lovely husband because from his earliest childhood, I gave him dolls to play with, taught him how to knit and sew, got him involved in dance, music and the arts, and played dress-up games with him on almost a daily basis.

By nature boys tend to have a great deal of curiosity, interest in how things work, and a sense of adventure. Bringing a boy into the female world feeds these tendencies. Boys want to know about the secrets of females. For example, they are very curious about how female clothes work, clothes like bras, garter belts, girdles, even tampons and sanitary pads! They wonder why females want to play dress up and house instead of sports, but if you explain the fun that can be had in girl-type play, you can get them very interested in female things. To most boys, females and their accouterments are very mysterious. You can accentuate this aura by doing things behind partially closed (but peekable) doors or in very dim light, whisper to him about "private" things, bring a boy in on supposed "secrets," and let him experiment with sexual things on dolls. Sex is a real key to use to get a boy interested in girl things. If you can see the sexual aspect of playing house, dress up, dancing, music, art, etc., you can excite him about these things and get him to completely forget about sports and doing guy things.

That's how I brought up my son, and I concealed it all from my highly uninvolved husband. (A photo of me with my son playing secret dress-up games while he was growing up is enclosed.) My son and I had our "secret" life when my husband wasn't around. He began to wonder why his boy wasn't very interested in the usual boy things. He got him to join little league baseball, but my son was the last guy on the bench. He couldn't hit or catch a ball worth a darn. Whenever my husband got our son to do something father/son, my husband would usually come home complaining that our boy just didn't measure up to other boys. Two of our neighbor boys were star baseball players and excelled at every





sport they played, but when they got caught stealing, including fighting and harming the store clerk, I asked him if he wanted our boy to grow up like them. Those same boys got into trouble repeatedly, and each time I asked my husband if that is what he wanted for our boy. Eventually my husband gave up trying to make a little man out of our boy and started to spend most of his time crying over his beer at the local tavern instead.

Now, today, my son is a beautiful man -- and I mean that literally as well as figuratively. To look at him, you wouldn't know he's a sissy, unless you look closely and notice his clear polished nails, his carefully groomed, somewhat longish hair, or slightly effeminate "male" clothing. Or of course, if you could see his lingerie under those clothes! But to most people, his femininity goes unnoticed, and he only puts on a little swish and shows his true colors when he's among females or safe company.

**Karla**

**Member #054920 of the Nashville Nellie Network Chapter, since Sept 1986**

**Me: Today I am wearing a beige satin teddy over my beige nylon panties.**

**In the photo, my son Clark is in a chiffon and lace wrap-around (which we made together) over his white nylon training bra and lace panties.**

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### **We're into Group Panty Training and Queening**

We hear a lot about panty training, but not enough about queening! I started sitting on boys' faces when I was just a kid. I was bigger and stronger than many of the boys in our neighborhood, and whenever I felt like it, I'd fight and wrestle with them just to prove that I was stronger than they were. The best part was getting them pinned on the ground with my legs on their shoulders. I soon learned that if I slid forward a bit, their face ended up right in my crotch and it thrilled me to feel them breathing right on my pussy. To heighten my pleasure, I started wearing skirts all the time, so I could really feel their lips and nose and breath on my pussy. Many boys complained that I smelled funny down there. That only excited me further so I forced them to smell me. I never gave up my love of physically dominating males, but it got more difficult to do as boys got older and stronger, and when they wanted sex stuff instead of just me sitting on their faces.



But in college, I found a lot of boys smaller than me, and I pursued them for dates. Of course, I finagled

it around so we could "play" at wresting and I'd get their face in my panties in no time at all! A lot of the boys liked it and came back for more and more! Eventually, I joined the Demale Society and three of us with similar interest in queening started our own chapter. We now have six members, and here's a photo from one of our meetings with several of us in action!

**Lisa**

**Member #077802 of the Long Island Lasses Chapter since February 1998, now of The Queen of Queens Chapter**

***Me: I'm wearing yellow briefs. All the members of our club wear old-fashioned, full briefs. We also have smother panties made for us by a private seamstress. They are briefs with a bag-like attachment in the crotch to fully accommodate a male's head. Some of our bloomer panties are lined with thin rubber and feature very tight elastics for when we really smother our victims. We can control the amount of air they get with a small valve, and we love to see them struggle a lot before we give them a breath of fresh air!***

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## Stories & Pics

Added 6/13/04

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*Males Trained with Frilly Bras and Rhumba Panties*

Compared to the number of females in the Demale Society, males like myself are by far in the minority, and therefore most of your testimonials about raising children in a home devoted to female supremacy are written by the superior sex. So I hope you enjoy my testimonial from the male point of view. I was brought up in such a home, and today I am married to a dominant female. After living in such an environment for my whole life, I have finally resigned myself to the fact that I couldn't survive any other way. For years I did resist, and periodically I fought to preserve some of my natural masculine tendencies, but now I realize that I have no control over any part of my life and, as much as I desire otherwise, I probably never will.

From my earliest childhood, I remember female rule was just the way things were, and I didn't know any other kind of arrangement existed until I went to school and started to mix with boys outside my mother's preferred circle of my friends, whom she had hand-selected for me since I was a toddler.

"Hand-selected" is a good term, because mother made sure all the boys I played with from other female-dominant families were sweet and obedient and wore lacy panties like I did. Stupid me, I thought all boys and girls wore pretty panties! Mom would always check the boys, not just if my friends were playing with me at our house, but also if mom and my sister took me to play with boys at one of their friend's houses.

Mom would have the boy stand before her as soon we arrived or our guests arrived. She'd unceremoniously unbuckle, unzip and pull down the boy's pants; she'd laugh a bit, flick the boy's panty elastic and finger the lace and trim, and then she'd skin down his panties to his thighs and handle his penis and balls, usually commenting on their size, saying things like how small they were, how girlish he looked between his legs, etc. This might seem strange to most people, but my family is from Cuba and there it is quite common for all women in a family to regularly check a young boy's family jewels, and when you add to the mix that our family and all of our closest friends were female-dominant families, such an inspection by a boy's mother, his sisters, aunts and even the females of other families was not that unusual.



Mother administered the discipline in our family and that included disciplining my father as well as me. Mother disciplined my sister too, but that was always very mild compared to what dad and I got, and my sister was also given privileges over my father and me. Even though she is two years younger than I am, she was given power over me from the start, and when she reached thirteen, she was given power over our father too.

Spanking was rarely used to discipline us, probably because all of us dreaded being spanked – mother could really hit. So we would go to great lengths not to break mother's rules. Mother and Gloria (my sister) ordered, and we obeyed. There were never any questions about it.

The rules we lived under were numerous but pretty fair. Father and I had to keep up the house, doing all cleaning, washing, grocery shopping and the like. It was also my job to clean Gloria's room, make her bed each day before going to school, gather up her dirty clothes and hand wash her lingerie along with my own camisoles and panties.

Gloria was in total control of me, and I was hers to use as she wished. The only rules she had to follow were that there was to be no intercourse between us and she couldn't do anything to me that would result in permanent physical harm. That left her a lot of room to play with my body and mind in any way she could dream up. Regularly kissing her feet, giving her oral sex, and dancing like a faggot for her and her friends, were just a few of the zillion things she had me do for her over the years. She never explained why she did things to me or why she made me do things; I simply did as I was told. With me as her slave, she was practicing to become a dominant woman. The things she had experimented doing on me, she often started doing to other boys.

Ironically, it was also Gloria who introduced me to the girl who would become my wife. Sally was a year younger than Gloria and had also been raised in a female-dominant household. They met at one of the Demale Society summer camps for training girls to become dominant women. Perhaps that was what made them such close friends. When the time was right, Gloria told me she had met my future wife. I had always trusted my sister to do what was best for me and was very eager to see whom she had found.

The day Sally arrived to meet me our parents were out. I prepared lunch for the two of them, and Gloria told me not to come out of the kitchen until one o'clock. At the appointed time, Gloria called me, and dressed in nothing but a pair of lovely pink rhumba panties and a see-through white chiffon pinafore apron, I went in to meet the girl my sister had chosen for me.

Sally was quite a sight at five-four with black hair and dark, commanding eyes. Her short skirt and tight blouse perfectly showed off her beautifully developed body. Her presence left me awestruck. She needed no coaxing to take control of me immediately. With a snap of her fingers, she had me kneel before her chair and hold a plate of sandwiches while she ate from it. When she was through, she took my chin in her hand and peered down at me with a knowing smile. It was surprising to find this kind of power in a young girl, but I later learned that she had two older brothers at her beck and call. Her effect on me was immediate, as my erection stood up and pushed out the front of my panties and apron as a tribute to her.

Both of them found my hard-on amusing, and Sally said she would have to teach me self-control before I

could become her property. Gloria found this even funnier than my stunned reaction and said she agreed; then my sister told Sally she could borrow her room in which to educate me.

Once inside, Sally ordered me to remove the apron, which wasn't doing much of a job concealing anything anyway. This was the first time I had ever served a female other than my sister or mother, and I found it to be highly erotic; there was no telling what she would do. She was totally uninhibited in her treatment of me. I felt like a piece of insignificant property after she had me kneel and remain still while she probed and explored my rhumba panties, all the while calling me a sissy, a pantywaist, and a faggot.

I spoke out of turn and told her, "Yes, I am a sissy and a pantywaist, Mistress Sally, but I'm not a faggot."

"Well, you soon will be!" she said as she hit me hard enough across the face to bruise my cheek.

She made me stand still while she wrote "sissy fag" on my chest with a big felt-tip pen in indelible ink. (That's something she's done repeatedly about once a month ever since then. She still does it to this day, and I have to be careful not to take my shirt off anywhere where people would see it! The indelible ink lasts from a few days to a week or more.) After she wrote that on my chest that first time, she took out a frilly, white satin girls' bra in a small size and put it on me. After having me kneel in front of her, she manipulated my penis to ultra firm hardness, and then slapped it down. She made it hard again and then gave it a painful whip-like snap with the tips of her fingers. She did this repeatedly as she tried to teach me to keep my penis soft and hidden in my panties even while she was jerking me off through my panties. But I kept getting hard; I just couldn't help it, especially in her lovely presence. Finally she had me stand up, and she stood up too and then kneed me in my crotch with all her might. I fell to the floor in extreme pain. I was thankful that she gave me a few moments to recover. She told me we'd have to do a lot of work to cure me of unwanted erections – unwanted when she didn't want them! This was a turnabout from what my sister had taught me that an erection was a tribute to her beauty and femininity. But that's the thing with dominant females: they can change the rules – even long standing and basic rules – whenever they want. And a sissy wimp like me just has to get used to it as quickly as possible and never protest.

Somewhat restored, she straightened up my pink rhumba panties and pulled them up high around my waist. Thank goodness my abused penis stayed limp. She looked down at the crotch of the panties drawn up tightly around me and smiled, satisfied that no ugly hard-on ruined the fine lines of my feminine panties. Then she lifted her skirt, pulled aside the leg elastic of her silky white panties, beckoned me with her finger, and put me to work. As soon as I began licking away, she dropped her skirt over my head. As I slaved away at her pussy, I could hear her talking with my sister, evaluating my performance. It was rather strange to be talked about in the third person while my sister stood over me and I ate this beautiful girl's pussy. I could tell when my sister lay down on the bed too. Soon she began jerking around and breathing heavily. I knew her style. Either Sally or she herself was fingering her pussy through her panties. As the two girls went through a series of cums, they talked about sexy things and then switched off and gossiped about boys and clothes and all kinds of other things, only to start talking



sexy things again and go for another cum. It was like I wasn't even there. But it was nothing unusual. I had been well broken in by my mother and sister. I knew I was just a pantywaist servant and humble little plaything.

Despite slapping my face and abusing my penis, I loved Sally immediately and begged to be her slave and future husband. She hit me across the face again (just for good measure, I guess), and said she'd have to evaluate me further before making that decision. I ended up spending a couple of nights at her house to learn to adjust to my new role as her pet and to get to know her family, especially her mother, who wanted to make sure her daughter had truly found an obedient husband. Part of their evaluation of me was sucking off Sally's two brothers and her father, so she did make a faggot of me in no time at all! And under the direction of her mother, the three of them fucked me in the ass too (a totally new and horrific experience for me), and then both Gloria and her mother fucked me with huge dildos and made me sit for hours on end on a stool in the middle of the living room with a big plastic penis sticking up out of the center of it that stayed firmly lodged in my ass! From that point on, I was Sally's to command, and there was little doubt that one day we would be married, and I would belong to her totally.

Being spanked and paddled was something that I had to get used to. In my home, corporal punishment was virtually unknown. Sally, however, had been taught that males were like children, and should be treated and disciplined accordingly, including being paddled for any transgressions. Ostensibly, that was the only time a spanking was called for, but I usually ended up over her knee at least once every time I we got together. I think more often than not, she just wanted to make sure I remembered who the boss was. And, as my owner, she was perfectly entitled to discipline me whenever I warranted it, or whenever it pleased her.

When we were both old enough and our mothers thought the time was right for us to be married, we did it with two ceremonies, a standard one in the church with all the trimmings, and another one in Sally's home with our closest friends from other female-dominant families. In this one, I was given away by my mother, and Sally's mother was her best woman. Sally was dressed in a business-type suit and skirt, and I was naked except for an empty D-cup pale blue bra and exquisite rhumba panties in a matching shade of blue. I promised to love, honor and obey her in all matters, and she promised to use me to the fullest to make herself happy. At the end of the ceremony, Sally kissed me on the forehead, and then I dropped to my knees and put my face under her upturned skirt to bring her to orgasm through her white satin wedding panties, which she then took off. Then she took my panties off, and we traded panties, she in my blue rhumba panties and me in her pussy-wet white satin panties; all this was done to the cheers and applause of all present. Afterwards, each male and female guest gave me a present. Each took off his or



her panties and stuffed them into the big cups of my bra!

We have now been married for almost seventeen years, and are happier than ever. My sister Gloria married a few years after we did, and lives nearby. We meet often, and whenever we do, Chuck (her husband) and I wait on our mistresses and do all sorts of things to amuse them. Gloria and Chuck have a son, Charles Jr. They already have him on female hormones, and he's sprouting very un-boy-like breasts. A little boy with developing feminine breasts pushing out his shirt front is a very erotic sight! Since Gloria is the head nurse at a nearby hospital, she was able to locate several doctors who are into female domination and can get the hormones and the medical support she needs to physically feminize her boy.

We have one boy, Dale, and one girl, Sadie, who is six years young than he is. Unlike my sister and her husband, we don't have Dale on female hormones. My wife wants to make him into a true sissy and a faggot and not make him into a girl. Until just recently, on the surface anyway, we had what most people would think of as a "normal" family. All of Sally's domination of me had been behind closed doors to our children as well as others.

Discreetly, she has been teaching Sadie to be strong over the years, but she has left Dale to find his own way in many things, letting him mix freely with boys in the neighborhood and at school. Over the years, she has only put the most basic restrictions on him. She maintained it would be much more fun and challenging to humiliate and dominate a tough little boyish boy than a wimpy little sissy. She wanted to make him into a faggot and a sissy by force, not by having him grow up in the life-style like I did and not know any other way.

Now his training has begun, and I am an integral part of the process. Sally knew male hormones were gradually starting to take over our boy's body, so she knew it was time. And on his last birthday, she told him we had a special present for him. She had him open a package and inside was a luxurious pair of pink nylon rhumba panties. He was puzzled when he was told they were for him and the kind of underwear he would be wearing from now on. After a lot of resistance on his part, followed by a heavy dose with the paddle, the kid agreed to put them on. Sally has always used the paddle on both of our children while growing up, but the intensity of this paddling was something new for Dale. It was a lot more severe than he had ever before received. My wife said she needed to show him how powerful she was and just how much she could burn his butt if she ever again needed to. He was crying like never before. We let him settle down a long time before we (or I should say I) gave him his next present. We had ice cream and cake, all the while Dale sat there in just his humiliating lacy pink panties. Sadie's giggling was nonstop, and even Dale managed a smile. He told us

he knew this was all a joke, and in true macho defensive manner, he put up his chin and was going to show us that he could take whatever we dished out!

Then Sally had me take off my sweatshirt and trousers.

Underneath, I was wearing a very frilly white satin bra on my totally flat chest and a pair of pink rhumba panties just like Dale had on. He laughed, thinking this was all part of this big joke. Then he read the words “sissy fag” written in indelible marker on my chest. His expression changed from smiling to looking puzzled, and then to looking scared. Taking advantage of his confusion, my wife twisted his arms and held him in a wrestler's hold; I got between his legs and held them securely as I started rubbing and then mouthing his penis through his soft nylon panties. His penis grew and grew. He was crying, but he was excited – no question about it. Then I had his little sister pull his penis out from under the legband of his panties and I sucked it into my mouth. He's not mature enough to ejaculate yet, but he had two strong non-ejaculating cums as I mouthed him. Sadie thought this was the greatest thing she had ever seen, and couldn't stop talking about it! We had to repeatedly tell her not to tell her friends, and thankfully, she hasn't.



Now, almost overnight, we have a female-dominant household (just like home for me!). Sadie is swiftly becoming the cutest little demanding mistress you have ever seen. To see her stamp her little foot on the floor and demand that Dale get down and lick the crotch of her panties is a sight to behold! Masculinity-wise, things are not going well for Dale. He resists us at every turn, but we have total control of him. We started taking photos from that very first night of his introduction to being dominated, and he's convinced we will use those pictures to totally destroy him with his friends, neighbors and all of our relatives who are not in the know. Since then, we have introduced Dale and Sadie to all our female-dominant family friends. Dale is getting along as best he can and is even showing signs of developing friendships with some of the sissy boys from those families because they are the only boys we now allow him to play with. His former friends are history. I think he'll turn out to be a nice sissy, an accomplished faggot and, in the future, a good husband for some lucky dominant lady.

**Carlos**

***Missy Males Chapter of Clearwater, Member #056670 since August 1986***

***Me: All the males in our family wear satin briefs or rhumba panties. Today I have on white rhumba panties with white ruffles both front and back and the ruffles are trimmed with a thing edging of red lace.***

Fantasy photo collages illustrate this story.

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## Testimonials

Applying for either full or associate membership in the Demale Society requires the applicant to submit a

testimonial describing their contribution toward the Society's goals. Prospective female members must describe what they did or are doing to demale males. Prospective male members must describe how they were demaled and/or what they are doing to turn other males into demales.

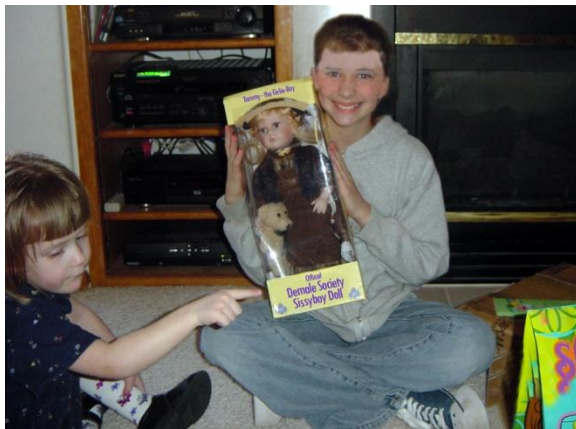
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**Note:** Many of the pictures here and throughout the Demale website are amateur photos of poor quality, but they are the only photographic evidence of the described events, and we include them here because we feel a poor quality photo is better than no photo at all. Especially some of the old black and white photos, we improve, colorize and enhance with our computer photo program.

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## Testimonials From Our Files

Posted 7/14/04



### **My Daughter is Now Demaling Boys!**

I've been a Demale Society member for a long time, so I'm writing this testimonial on behalf of my daughter, Aimee, who is getting an early start in the club. For years I tried, but I found it impossible to keep secret my life-style from our kids. I don't just run the house; I run the lives of everyone who lives in my house. I don't think you can run a female-dominant household in secret. I know I can't. I don't know how some of these women can rule their mate at all times except when their kids or someone else is

around.

I tired to do it, but our kids just kept finding out about things, like finding Demale Society literature around the house and watching my husband 24/7 run around for me like a slave maid. (No, he wasn't in his maids' outfit in front of the kids -- at least not in those days!) They knew other fathers didn't wait on their wives, polish their nails, wash the dishes, vacuum, do the laundry (even iron it!), etc.

Since it's my husband's job to do all the chores, and it's my job to shop, relax, enjoy the kids and plan our daily schedules, the kids see femdom in action every day, and they never have had any doubt I am

the one in charge. And they know the consequences of going against most anything I say. I discipline my husband as well as my children, (and I discipline and paddle him in front of the kids). Ever since they were toddlers, my daughter, Aimee, 4, and my son, Chester, 11, knew the score. They see what goes on in the neighborhood and in other kids' homes. I taught them that most men are egomaniacs, incompetent idiots, pathetic jerks and slobbering pigs. My daughter and even my son are constantly telling me stories about the stupid and selfish things they see men and boys do. It didn't take much effort to win them over to my point of view on males.

Of course, my son is a male and fully aware of his lowly status and limited usefulness to womankind. To compensate somewhat for being a member of the inferior sex, I make him join his father in a daily prayer to the God of the Universe to ask Her to help him be obedient and good to all females and help him make contributions to the world instead of abusing and stealing from it. I tell my son that it isn't his fault he was born a male, but since he is, he has to live with that original sin, and the best he can do is make himself as feminine as possible. He already wants sexual reassignment surgery, but he knows he can't have it until he's eighteen. He wants to wear girls' clothes all the time, but I put my daughter in charge of granting him time in his sissy and girlie clothes. He does wear a slightly padded satin training bra 24/7 as well as silky panties (the most god-awful sissified panties you have ever seen - I have them special made by a seamstress friend in our club, and I make my son sew on enough additional lace, ribbons and frills to make a princess shriek).

On the outside, I have my son wear the dumbest boys' clothes I can find. How do I do that? I buy him whatever is currently in fashion for boys his age! Have you taken a good look at the beltless, low-cut, low-hanging, super baggy shorts and shirts boys wear? Does anyone know that all those clothes are influenced by what gang members wear and patterned after what criminals wear in jail? So he wears stupid boys' clothes on the outside and frilly bras and silky panties underneath. He knows what a privilege it is for a mother to allow her boy to wear lingerie. And other than his lingerie, all of his other girls' clothes are used as a reward, and that includes his dozens of fancy dresses, two pairs of Mary Janes, bouffant petticoats, a miniature pair of high heels, black silk stockings, and a baby-sized garter belt. (I found it and a lot of other whorish bits of lingerie in tiny sizes while shopping in Mexico. They have such sinfully naughty and sexy fashions in sizes for very little girls -- and very little sissyboys!)

Anyway, long ago I nicknamed my husband (Chester) "Chesty." At the time, I had no idea I'd eventually have him wearing bras and falsies, so now the name really fits! He's a cocksucking cuckold. If he doesn't do all the chores around here, he knows I would have thrown him out of the house years ago. I have three regular remales to give me all the traditional sex I need, which at times is a lot! Can I help it if I like to fuck? And my cuck husband eats me out between fuck sessions with my guys. Two of my remales like to have him suck their cocks clean after fucking me too.

My other remale thinks it's queer to have another guy (even a sissy slut crossdresser like my hubby) suck him off even though most of the time he just gives my remales a tongue cleaning after they blast off inside me. Queer? What the hell is the difference? When it comes to sucking on a cock, can't any mouth



and tongue do the job, male or female? If it feels good to a guy and his cock gets nicely cleaned after straight sex, what's "queer" got to do with it for him? He's not sucking on a cock. Just because a queer sucks on a guy's cock doesn't make him queer too. Anyway, don't let me get on my soapbox. I'm getting ready to have my husband teach my son how to suck cock. I'm feeding the kids a lot of bullshit right now, prepping for the event. I tell my son it will be his feminine side giving guys blowjobs, and that semen is all protein and good for warding off colds and flu and making his skin smooth and creamy. "It takes cream to be creamy," I always tell him! I keep telling my son that he's a girl in training. He's not a queer! Like I'd give a fuck anyway, but as long as my son believes it, that's all that matters. He can't wait to suck his first cock. I know he's been tasting the little bit of precum he's already producing. Besides, as soon as my son can handle all the chores, including cleaning up my remales -- and even servicing them when I'm not available, then my husband's days would definitely be numbered!

Anyway, let me stop wandering off the subject. As I said, I'm writing on behalf of my daughter Aimee. She's just four, so she can't write yet, but she wants to apply for full membership (and perhaps be your youngest Demale Society member?). She's extremely intelligent. I know she knew fully what she was doing when she was just a two-year-old toddler and she'd wear her Sunday best rhumba panties and squirm around and rub her silky, lace-covered butt all around on her daddy's lap!

Now, the little minx is already a competent dominatrix. As I mentioned already, she is in charge of her brother's girlie wardrobe, and he has to please her and do just about anything she asks to be rewarded with time in dresses and his other pretty things. I've already given Aimee full authority over her father too. He can only be in charge when I'm not present and there is a safety issue or a time we have to be discreet with outsiders. She's gotten quite good at scheduling chores for her daddy and her brother. I may be losing that job to her soon!

A few weeks ago, one of my remales -- Lele, a beautiful black man from Jamaica, stopped by. He was horny as hell and needed relief, and since I wasn't there, he told my husband to go into the bedroom, put on one of my bras and a pair of my panties, and give him "some head." Aimee told her father to go do it, and as he walked to the bedroom, she said, "Don't let any of Lele's gooey stuff drip on the floor or on Mommy's bed." I had no idea my little daughter knew what "head" meant. I never told her! Girls grow up fast these days. Like I said, it's impossible to keep most anything from them.

And since she dominates her daddy and her brother (and I think some of the boys in the neighborhood) every day, Aimee already has more experience in taking charge of males than most professional dominatrixes who do it only for pay and then go home to their abusive pimps or asshole husbands!

The enclosed photo was taken on Chester's last (11th) birthday. We always called him "Chesty Junior," but now we started calling him "Chesty Two" because I just started him on hormones. My daughter came up with the nickname, and she laughs her head off every time she or I call him that. She's always making him take off his shirt so she can feel his "Two" little titties and pinch his "Two" enlarged nipples to see how he's developing. She can't wait for him to grow to nice big tits that push out the front of his

shirts, so he can really live up to his "Chesty Two" moniker In the picture, you can see he is delighted to have received as a birthday gift from his little sister, "An Official Demale Society Sissyboy Doll." The doll is actually quite cute. It's a boy doll in boys' clothes but with a removable long blonde wig and an additional set of girls' clothes are enclosed. And the doll -- whose name as stated on the package as "Tommy - the Girlie-Boy" -- is wearing a lace-trimmed camisole and panties under his boys' outfit. You can see how happy my brainwashed son is to receive this doll: it was on his wish list! Also, you'll notice that for the occasion, Aimee treated her brother to a full makeup application. She had taken him to the mall for a make-over at the Penny's cosmetic counter. He was embarrassed to have it done with all those people around, especially since he was wearing his shabby old boys' clothes not his girls' clothes and therefore couldn't fool people into thinking he was a girl. But after he had it done, he admitted he loved the result and said the kids teasing him in the store and on the way home didn't bother him that much.

***Aimee D. Member #100510 Minn(imize) Males Chapter, Duluth, since October 2003***

***Naomi D. Member #077108, since September 1998***

***Chesty D. Associate Member #077109, and Chesty Two D. Associate Member #077110, both since September 1998***

***Today I'm wearing peach tap panties with ecru lace dripping from the hems. My husband is in faggot lavender briefs with a butt plug up his behind and a Playtex longline girdle holding everything in place.***

***In the photo, you can't see it, but Aimee and Chesty Two are wearing matching pink rhumba panties for his birthday.***





### Having Fun with Panty Interventions

Since my girlfriends (Megan, Joan, Lizzy and Barb) and I are recent members, we're still heavy into reading all the training manuals and trying a lot of the stuff they talk about. One thing we're having a lot of fun with is interventions. We get two boys at a time to join us at a lingerie party. They think they're going to see us girls running around in nothing but little bits of silk and lace for their entertainment. We do walk around with our panties peeking out (usually above the top of our slacks or jeans since we don't wear skirts too often), so the boys get an eyeful from the moment they walk in. Then we go down to the rec room where we have bras, panties and all kinds of lingerie spread out all over the place. But the boys balk when we tell them that if they want to see us in some of this lingerie they have to strip down naked and then put on some of the lingerie first. Just the idea generally blows their minds!

We've had many boys let us dress them up. We never undress and model lingerie for them unless they fully submit to us. Once we get them in a bra and panties -- we usually add a dress or skirts and blouses too -- we do all kinds of things, like take pictures of them in bras and panties, threaten them with exposure to other boys, etc. If we don't like the way a boy is reacting, we pretend some kind of emergency came up and we have to end the party early. Most boys are so gullible they usually fall for it no problem. Since it's an emergency, we pretend we're in a rush to leave, so we don't let them change back out of the bras and panties and make them wear them under their boys' clothes as we push them out the door. We usually keep their dirty underwear as souvenirs, but we tell them we'll use their shorts and the pictures to blackmail them if they tell anybody what went on.

A lot of the boys don't want to dress up, so we then challenge them to a wrestling contest, five girls against two boys, we explain that is only fair since they are stronger and better at fighting (like I said gullible!). I'm enclosing three photos from one of our recent interventions. We're wrestling the two boys. One got a way from us and ran out the door, but then all five of us descended on the other guy and he didn't have a chance! As you can see in the picture, we soon had him tied up tightly and dressed him up completely. Once he was overpowered, he pretended like he was going along with us and allowing us to dress him, what arrogance! We're getting pretty good at forcibly dressing up boys. We want to start on

some of the sex lessons soon! We wanted to send you these pictures for you to add to our files along with our original testimonials.

**Rose**

**Member #099855 Coaster Flashers Chapter, Cedar Point\*, since July 2003**

**Note: Our chapter is made up of college girls who work during the summer at the amusement park.**

**Me: In the photos I'm the blonde. My bright yellow panties with the pink elastic are sticking way out of my jeans, so it's no secret what kind of panties I was wearing that day!**



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### **Panty Interventions 1950s Style**

We thought everyone would enjoy seeing two women ready to do an intervention in the 1950s. The Demale Society was doing "interventions" long before it became a tactic used to cure smokers, alcoholics, abusers, etc. Of course, the term "intervention" wasn't used in the 1950s; they called it a "panty attack," and it was a favorite way of handling a lot of problems, especially in handling problems a woman was having with her husband.

Today, women often just divorce a husband they can't control, but back then divorce was a lot less common and a panty attack was a standard practice used by Demale members to break a husband of various abusive macho habits, to prevent him from interfering with his son being feminized, to force him to hand the paycheck over to the wife each week, etc.

Standard uniform for a panty attack: The women would be naked except for a very fancy pair of silky, brief-style panties. (If they couldn't find panties fancy enough in the stores, they would sew elaborate bits of lace and appliqués on the panties because they believed the more feminine and the fancier the panties, the more traumatic the experience was for the male victims of their attacks.) With either the promise of sex or some other subterfuge, a targeted male was lured into a room where two or more females would strip down to just their fancy panties, and then attack the male, overpower him, dress him in panties, take pictures of him, force him to give them oral sex (front and back), urinate (and often times even defecate) on his face, etc. After the females told the hapless, humiliated male what his wife needed from him, the panty attackers would warn him to do what his wife wanted him to do or the pictures would be shown to his neighbors, boss, friends, etc. Then the attackers would leave the guy dressed only in panties and take with them the clothes the guy arrived in. It was a different social and sexual climate in those days, and such an attack and the possibility of the resulting humiliation was usually enough to get any husband to do anything his wife wanted him to do!

Enjoy this old photo we dug out of the files of two panty attackers ready to do their thing. Get a load of their fancy, self-decorated panties!

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