

# *The* **Demale Society**

## *Training Manual*

Stories & Pics  
Testimonials  
Notices

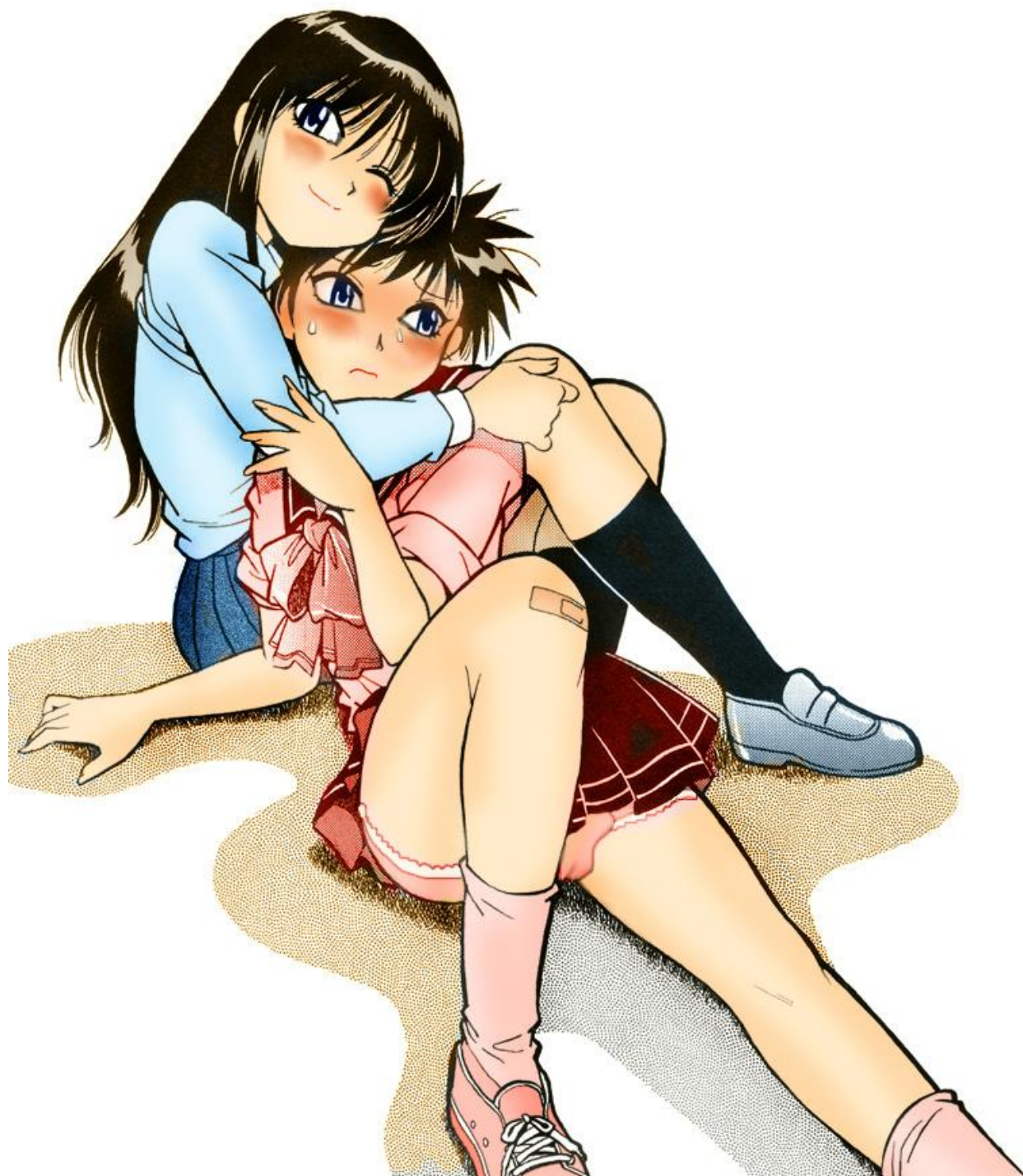
### **Volume #31**

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



*Fantasy Entertainment*

*Adults Only*



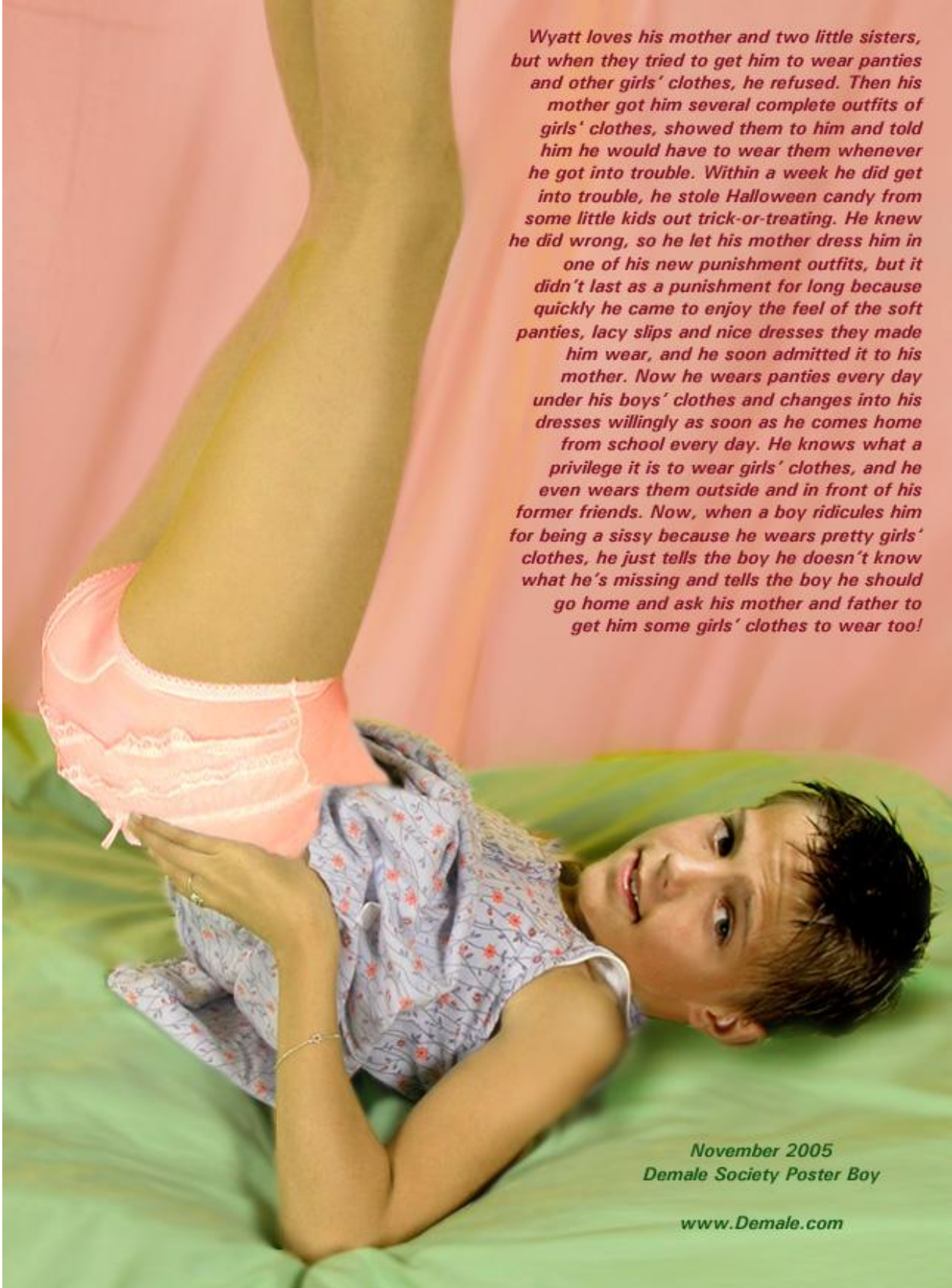


*Unknown to his father, Jody's mother feminized him from the time he was born, starting with pink blankets and a baby girl wardrobe that she dressed him in whenever her husband wasn't around. Several times he discovered his son in girls' clothes, but his wife simply explained they were some hand-me-downs and said it was no big deal. Jody is five years old now and only plays with girls and girls' toys. He has a big closet full of pretty dresses, slips and panties. His daddy has resigned himself to the fact that Jody is a complete sissy who will probably grow up to be gay. He already has a little boyfriend! Here Jody is shown in one of his party dresses with his new Barbie cosmetics kit as his mother teaches him how to apply his own makeup.*

October 2005  
Demale Society Poster Boy

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





*Wyatt loves his mother and two little sisters, but when they tried to get him to wear panties and other girls' clothes, he refused. Then his mother got him several complete outfits of girls' clothes, showed them to him and told him he would have to wear them whenever he got into trouble. Within a week he did get into trouble, he stole Halloween candy from some little kids out trick-or-treating. He knew he did wrong, so he let his mother dress him in one of his new punishment outfits, but it didn't last as a punishment for long because quickly he came to enjoy the feel of the soft panties, lacy slips and nice dresses they made him wear, and he soon admitted it to his mother. Now he wears panties every day under his boys' clothes and changes into his dresses willingly as soon as he comes home from school every day. He knows what a privilege it is to wear girls' clothes, and he even wears them outside and in front of his former friends. Now, when a boy ridicules him for being a sissy because he wears pretty girls' clothes, he just tells the boy he doesn't know what he's missing and tells the boy he should go home and ask his mother and father to get him some girls' clothes to wear too!*

*November 2005  
Demale Society Poster Boy*

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

**Demale Society  
Stories & Pics**

**Added 10/19/05**

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## *Much to her wimpy slave's horror and over his objections, Carol panty trains his younger brothers*

At 5' 11", I am pretty tall for a woman. I tower over most of the guys I know. A lot of girls who are tall like I am wish they were shorter, but I love it! Height DOES make a difference in many female-male relationships, and I use my height to advantage over guys.



My current boyfriend – panty slave would be more like it – is just 5' 8", so I tower over him, especially when I'm in my 6" heels, which I wear most of the time. When I'm out and around, a lot of guys stare at me, but I'm always ready with my quick tongue to make them feel even smaller than they are! To me, men and boys are playthings. But am I just a big, tall bitch? Or do I like to submit to a guy and get fucked? Yes, I can be a bitch, and yes, I LOVE fucking, and I fuck guys a lot, but when I do it, it's more like the guy submits to me than the other way around. And one more thing, I never get fucked by Curt, my wimpy boyfriend. I keep him around to give me money, do my housework and, in general, be my playtoy.

I had fun last weekend. Generally on the weekends, Curt stays over and we play – or at least I play with him and he does my dishes, laundry, cleaning, etc., and I even have him entertain my friends at times. But last weekend, he asked if he could come over and bring his two little brothers because their mom was going out of town for the weekend, and the eleven- and twelve-year-old boys were more than he



could handle. He begged me not to pull any of my dominance stuff on them, but just act like a “normal” girlfriend – whatever he meant by that! I told him I'd be as sweet as pumpkin pie and give them no clue of our current mistress-panty slave relationship – unless they got totally out of line. He said he'd have a good talk with them and make sure that didn't happen. But shit hit the fan the moment the two boys walked in.

“Wow, you are one GIANT woman!” the eleven-year-old Justin said as Curt introduced him to me. Timmy, the older boy, was laughing too, and he mumbled something like, “What a big bitch!”

Curt immediately intervened. “Boys, remember what I told you. Be nice to Carol. She's letting us stay at her nice place for the weekend. Remember, you promised!”



I can have a short fuse with insolent little boys, and I could feel the anger swelling up in me.

“Curt, I thought you said they were well-behaved boys. Are they always so rude and foulmouthed?”

Curt tried to smooth things over, but my motor was running.

Both boys were small for their age, so I'm sure I did look like a giant of a girl to them, but like I said, I'm used to men and boys staring at me and making snide remarks; so at least this time, I decided to ignore what they had said.

But what I couldn't ignore was the way both boys were staring at me. Yes, my slinky miniskirt was short, and standing there they weren't much taller than my crotch. And both of the little perverts were purposely slouching down a bit, probably trying to get a peek under my skirt! I looked down and saw what was capturing their attention, a bit of the wide lace trim on my white satin half-slip was sticking out well below the hem of my black miniskirt. “Oh, my god, these boys are perverts already,” I thought to myself.

But I enjoy having men and boys not being able to take their eyes off me. So I liked their stares, and I didn't try to adjust my half-slip. I just let them look. I was burning up with desire to tease Curt and to make a fool of him in front of his kid brothers. It wasn't going to take much to get me to show them what a real woman was like!

“Well, I don't mind sharing my place with you, but there is a little bit of a problem.” I explained to the two boys, “Every weekend, your big brother generally does my laundry...”



“Curt does your laundry?” Justin said laughing.

I passed over his disrespect in interrupting me. “Yes, he does, but last weekend you had that family reunion of yours or some dumb thing, and he couldn't come over here, so my laundry didn't get done, and now I'm all out of clean clothes except what I have on. And I wore these on a date last night. I only kept them on to meet you, but now that I've met you and you seem like nice (!) little boys, I don't think you'll mind if I take off these clothes and just keep my lingerie on until your brother has the

laundry done. You don't mind, do you, boys?”

With their mouths wide open, both boys were a picture. Curt immediately said, he'd hurry and get the

laundry done if I could just hold off just a little longer.

First Timmy and then Justin said with gasping breath, "No! We don't mind!"

Curt wanted to protest, but I put my hand up to let him know to shut up. "Well," I said, "I'll compromise. I'll leave on my half-slip in addition to my bra and panties. That way I'll still be decent, right?"

I was thinking, "Now, it's time to tease you, you little jerks," as I took off my blouse. I pretended to have a little trouble unbuttoning it down the back, so I asked the boys to help me and I swear it took them a full five minutes to undo my buttons with their trembling little hands.

Once it was completely unbuttoned, I slipped the blouse off. "Look at you, Timmy;" I said, "you're shaking. Are you OK?"

He nodded 'yes.' I assumed he didn't have a voice to answer me. Little Justin was a sorry sight too, especially when I reached for the side zipper on my miniskirt.

Slowly, I unzip it but not all the way, so I had to wiggle out of it. First one side and then the other; I struggled to pull my tight skirt down over my big hips, covered with my white satin half-slip. Finally it slid all the way down and fell to the floor. Both boys gasped as they lowered their eyes to stare unblinkingly at my big nylon half-slip. It was a little transparent, and I know they were looking at the pink glow and the outline of the panties I had on underneath the slip. And for the longest moment, I just stood there in the middle of the room, dressed in my 6" heels, nylon stockings, half-slip and big, old-fashioned pink brassiere with circle-stitched cone-shaped cups. It's a throwback to the 1950s, and I'm sure the boys had never seen a bra like it. Perhaps they never had seen a woman in her bra, at least not one in person and only a couple of feet away from their sex-crazed little boy eyes. In my bones I could feel it: I was making them into lingerie fetishists at THAT VERY MOMENT. I could feel it in my pussy too. MY pussy was drooling, not just from the recent fuck I had that morning with one of my neighbors, but also from the fresh juices being spawned just by looking at the goggle eyes of these no longer not-so-innocent little boys. It's a kind of power that turns me on like no other! And bingo! Both boys were sprouting little bulges in their shorts!

I looked over at Curt. He was shaking his head, and he was almost in tears. He's a computer nerd and he makes good bucks on his job, and I know his kid brothers look up to him, but in my presence, Curt's a pathetic wimp. He seems so insignificant, standing in front of me like a humbled and embarrassed little-boy standing in front of his mother after he has done something wrong. I don't think Curt's submissiveness was missed on the boys.

"You promised," he mumbled. I told him to "shut up" and get working on the laundry or I'd be wearing just my lingerie for the entire weekend. He immediately sped off to collect my dirty clothes and do the laundry.



I've never had kids, but with these boys, I felt like what I thought a mother would feel like as she looked down on her boys while she displayed all her charms in miles and miles of dick-pulling lingerie.

"So my little baby boys like to look at Mommy's pretty lingerie, don't they?" I said as I put my hands on my hips and spread my big thighs so far apart that they almost split my half-slip, making it hug my body even tighter and causing it to be even more transparent as it clung tightly to my hips. My extra-large half-slip caressed me and slid teasingly over my big, old-fashioned nylon panties as I slowly walked up to them. I could tell the swishing, silky sound of nylon sliding against nylon excited them. "At least they aren't queer," I said to myself almost loud enough for them to hear. "But I can change that in a minute," I said with a laugh.



First one step, then another and another, as I paraded before them, and then turned and let them look at me from every angle at close range. My panties and nylons slid sensuously against my half-slip. Panties touching slip, nylon caressing nylon. Their tiny bodies trembled as they looked up at me towering high above them.

"Lie down on the floor boys."

They almost fell all over each other as they rushed to comply.

"Good. Now look up and see more of what you want to see."

I walked right over each of them, pausing as I did, so they could get a good look at my panties covering my wet pussy. In turn, I crouched down over each of them, right over their faces, close enough so they could get a good whiff of my wet panty crotch.

"Take a deep breath, Timmy. That's it. Nice, huh? Now you know what a woman smells like."

"And now it's your turn, Justin. It's nice, smelling my panties, huh? You are lucky boys. Most boys never get to smell a woman's panties – at least while she's wearing them until they get much older, but I have to tell you that once you smell a woman's panties, believe me, you will be hooked on that aroma for the rest of your life!"

Curt came walking down the hallway with another load of laundry to be washed. He gasped and just

about dropped the basket when he saw me doing panty training on his kid brothers, but I just looked up at him and gave him a “don't interfere” look, and he hurried on his way.

I leaned down and looked at my captured prey, “So little Justin, thinks I'm a GIANT lady, huh? And you think that's funny.” I looked down on this puny excuse of a boy. My god, he looked so pitiful and weak. “My slip is so tight and thin against my powerful hips that you can easily see my giant pink nylon panties right through the silky material, can't you? And when I stoop over you like this, you can see up my slip. You can see everything. My long black stockings go all the way up my thighs to my garter belt. You can see them too. You're so little compared to me that your head is tiny compared to my big panties. I bet you I could open my pussy lips and swallow your head right up inside me!”

He's crying now. “Oh, please, no! I wouldn't like that!”

“How do you know? Maybe you would like it. You sure seem to like looking at my big panties covering my pussy. My pussy is only inches from your face, and it's all wet and gooey and your head could slip right in!”

The little wimp began crying so hard, even I felt a little sorry for him. I was coming on strong. After all, I was used to dominating boys much older than these two little sissy scamps.

I stood both of them up and now put Timmy into a bear hug and held him against my silky half-slip-covered tummy rubbing against his chest. I could feel him trembling as he looked up past my brassiere and into my eyes. But he could only stare into my all-powerful eyes for a second, and then he had to look away. Surely, it was too intimidating for him to stare at me for anything longer than a moment. I giggled a bit, and told him, “It's OK to cry before a powerful woman.” And then I surprised him and his brother as I lifted my half-slip up over my waist. I lifted it so high that its hem was far above his head and far above my waist, fully revealing my nylons, garter belt and giant silky panties to both boys.

Their mouths dropped open as they stared. My slip was like a giant silken tent held high over Timmy's head. My muscular thighs were like two nylon-covered tree trunks, and my garter belt and panties were stretched to the breaking point around my big hips. I left my slip bunched up around my waist as I took his hands and placed them on each side of my silky panties.

“Like my panties, little one?” I said as I rotated my hips and purposely kept bumping him in the face and chest with my pantied stomach. “I can see your weepy face, sissy boy. I can feel your pathetic little hands moving all over the front of my big silky panties. Look at my panties while you touch them. I'm making this moment last forever in your mind. Now it's time to seal this memory forever in your weak-willed little brain.”

As I said that I could see Curt, in shock, standing in the doorway. He knew better than to interrupt me. And without any warning, I pulled my half-slip down over Timmy's head and upper body. He looked

incredibly tiny as I held him completely encased inside my giant, white nylon half-slip. His gawking little brother couldn't believe his eyes.

I then pulled the waistband of my half-slip away from my body and pulled it down over his head and took my time carefully arranging the slip, smoothing it out over his upper body. Now he was held inside my slip and tight against me. Only his head was sticking out above the waistband of my silky half-slip, the rest of his little body trapped inside and up against my panties, garter belt and nylons, his tiny hands holding onto my panties. His teary face a picture of total submission.

"Hey!" Curt finally found the words to speak out and plead with me. "Carol! What do you think you're doing? Those are my kid brothers!"

"Timmy, you get yourself out from inside her slip right now, or I'll give you the spanking of your life."

Timmy was trembling, but not from Curt's threat.

I looked at Curt and said, "And if anyone is going to get a spanking in this house, it will be your big brother for interrupting us. Now, Curt, you can stay and watch, but if you do, keep quiet!"

I stared down at the little boy locked together with me in my half-slip. "Little Timmy likes being so close to Mommy in her big, nylon slip, don't you, girlie boy?" I purred as I stroked his body gently through the silky nylon slip.

"He took a gulp of air, and then said, "Yes, I like it, but I'm not a girlie – not a girlie boy."

"Oh, but of course you are, honey. I can tell your little brother is a girlie boy too. Only a girlie boy would love to be inside a lady's big silky slip and stare like you boys are staring at me.



"And do you know what? I'll tell you a secret, your big brother, Curt, is a sissy girlie boy too! He just loves to play girlie games, you know like putting on my makeup and dressing in ladies' clothes so he can pretend to be a girl. He does that with me every weekend. Don't you, Curt?" I said as I looked in his direction. He had the look of defeat on his face. He had no ability to resist me.

I pulled my half-slip off of Timmy, slid it down and off my legs and then just stood before them in my pink bra and panties, garter belt and nylons.

"Boys, if you didn't know it already, I want you to see just



how much of a weak little-girl your big brother really is,” I said as I grabbed both the boys in my arms and hugged them to me, easily lifting them up into the air, their heads jammed up against my bra cups. I think they were struggling just to breathe, hanging like rag dolls from my strong arms.

“OK, my little baby girls, stop your crying. Mommy will let you down now,” I said as I kissed them each of them on the forehead and lowered them to the ground.

“But I’m not a girlie boy!” Timmy protested. “And Curt and Justin aren’t girlie boys either!”

His defiance surprised me a bit. “Well, I guess I’ll just have to prove you wrong.”

By now I could hear the dryer beeping, so Curt ran off to get the laundry. He brought back a set of my workout clothes, and pleaded with me to put them on and cover up my lingerie. I asked the two boys if I should put on the very unsexy looking workout clothes. They both were confused, probably not wanting to go against their big brother. They shrugged their shoulders but otherwise didn’t answer.

“I’ll tell you what, Curt; I’ll put those things on if you let me put lipstick on you.”

“Oh, baby, I don’t think so...”

“It’s either that or I play some more lingerie games with the boys!”

“OK,” he mumbled.

“See, boys, your big brother is a girlie boy. He’s going to let me put lipstick on him!”

The boys stared in disbelief as I lipsticked Curt’s lips. I added a little blusher and eye shadow too! Then I said to him, “Tell you kid brothers that you love being a girlie boy!”

He told them, “Yeah, she’s right, sometimes I play those kinds of games with her, but it’s no big deal, they’re just games!”

Then I told him to run along and finish working on the laundry. Now I had the boys to myself and I started a long conversation with them about males and females and how much fun it was to be a girl. Most everything they said that was good about being a boy, I turned around into a negative. In the end, I got them to put on lipstick too! I was making a big game out of it, and I had them laughing and having a gay (!) old time. I got them some drinks, and in no time they were thoroughly relaxed. (A little bit of rum added to their soda pop did the trick!) Soon I had them wearing purple nail polish too, and after I told them how much fun girls have doing their hair up into a nice hairdo, I was moosing and styling their hair into girlish dos!

The sweat pants were making me warm, so much to the boy's delight, I took them off.

"The way you boys are staring at my pink panties, I can tell you are lovers of women's panties. You're both getting very excited just looking at mine."

The laundry was finished, and Curt came back into the living room with a basket full of clean clothes to fold. He saw me without the sweat pants on and complained. "I put on the lipstick for you...I thought we had a bargain..." then he abruptly stopped talking when he noticed the boys had on makeup and nail polish and I was styling their hair.

I gave him a mean look and told him to start folding the laundry and shut up, but for his sake, I did slide back into the half-slip. I think the boys were amazed at how easily I could boss around their big brother.

As he sat nearby folding everything neatly, just to get him madder, I spread my legs and kept them apart so the boys could feast their eyes on my pink panty crotch.

"Why, Timmy, you're shaking," I said, as I caught him staring. "Haven't you ever seen a woman in her panties before? I mean a real woman, a woman whose panties are right there staring back at you?"

Curt said, "Timmy, you stop looking at Carole's panties!"

"Yes, little one," I echoed. "It's not nice to look between a woman's legs when she's exposing her panties. Maybe your brother will spank you if you don't stop looking."

Regardless of the threat of a spanking, Timmy wasn't looking away. I don't think he was able to stop staring.

Curt kept looking at me in horror, so to quiet his nerves a little and to tease the boys even more, I did step back into the half-slip. I did a lot of twisting and turning as I pulled it up into place around my waist.

"Now, Timmy, would you like to come over and sit on my lap?"

He quickly approached.

"Now, first, Timmy, take all your clothes off then you can sit on my lap, and you can pretend I'm your new Mommy."



Reluctantly, he obeyed, stripping down until he's just in his underwear.

"Now baby," I said with my hands on my silken hips, "Mommy said she wants you to take off all of your clothes. So get your ugly little-boy 'panties' off too and climb up here on Mommy's lap right now or I'll give you a spanking far worse than any your brother could ever give you!"

His hands were shaking as he dropped his small cotton briefs.

"Now, I can see why you weren't in a rush to remove your undies. You got a boner on, but it's only about two inches long fully hard. It's the smallest penis I've ever seen on a boy. Now I know you are more of a girl than a boy," I said as I reached out with my fingers, grabbed the tip of his tiny wee-wee and manipulated it. I pinched the tip, and he let out a little scream. I held up his little tool, so I could see his balls. "Your little balls are no bigger than two marbles!"

I pulled off my workout jacket and top, exposing my pink bra to their hungry eyes once again, and then said, "OK, girly boy, grab onto Mommy's slip and climb up."

The material of my slip was slippery, and after sliding off a few times in his attempt to crawl up on me, I finally grabbed him by the shoulders and dragged him up onto my silken lap face down. His tiny, hard penis was positioned directly between my spread thighs and smashed into the tight material of my half-slip. As I moved my legs in and out, I bounced him on my silky lap, making sure my slinky slip and panties were doing their magic on his nakedness. I could see his dickie hitting my silky half slip with each bounce and getting even harder than before.

"I think Timmy's little cockie likes rubbing up against my silky slip and panties. I think I'll make you into my sweet little girl," I said to him.

"Does my little Timmy love his big Mommy?" I asked. He nodded that he did. I pushed the tip of my bra cup into his mouth and told him to suck on my nipple through my silken bra. He did it with his eyes cast lovingly upward toward my face.

"I'll bet at home, you like to look up your Mother's dress and slip every chance you get," I said as he continued sucking and kneading on my vintage brassiere cup.

"Does she cross her legs so you can get a good look at her silky panty crotch? Does Mommy get excited to see you sitting on the living room floor looking up her dress while she pretends to read the newspaper?"

"I'm sure that when she gets turned on, you can see her crotch get wet and dark as she leaks cum into her panties. I'll bet the wet stained crotch of her white, silk panties gets you excited."



"And I bet she makes you jealous when she spreads her legs and shows her stained nylon panties to your little grade school friends when they came over to play. And when she's in her bedroom getting dressed, I bet you love sitting on her bed and watching her as she puts on her big bra and panties. Does she let you help her put on her panties and slip? God, it must be great for you to pick out the exciting brassieres, silky slips, and lacy panties she wears each day. Does she pick you up hold you like I'm holding you, now, Timmy? Does she kiss you and make you feel good as she holds you tightly against her silky lingerie? Does she play with your little wee-wee with the lacy hem of her slip as you sit on her nylon covered lap? How does it feel when she lets you crawl up inside her half-slip and snuggle against her nylon stockings and panties? Do you feel safe hiding deep inside her slip? Can you smell the odors coming from her panties? I'm sure you have to hold on to her strong garter straps so you don't slide off her silky lap as she rubs your little wee-wee against her nylon slip and panties.

"I bet when your Mother leaves you alone for a while, you sneak into her bedroom and go through her lingerie and try on all her big bras and slips and panties. I bet her panties are so big on you that you have to hold them up around your skinny little body just to keep them on.

"And when she comes into the bedroom and catches you playing with yourself dressed in her slips and bras and sexy panties, I bet she takes off her dress, sits down on her bed and gives you a good spanking while you are still dressed in her bra and panties. And all the while, I bet your little peepee in your panties feels good rubbing up against her slip as she spansks the hell out of your saucy tight little ass cheeks in her silky panties that you have on!"

Of course, I'm sure none of what I said was true, but the fantasy was driving the kid crazy! He was jumping around on my lap in ecstasy.



"You know what I think? I think my little Timmy is a Mommy's boy, and I think my little Timmy wants to wear my panties even though they'd be really big on him just like his Mommy's panties are big on him."

I looked at Curt and pointed to the freshly laundered stack of my neatly folded panties. He knew what I wanted and picked out a pair of my silky pink panties and handed them to me. It was extra nice making Curt a party to my panty seduction of his little brother.

I held the panties up for Timmy to see. "Now, tell me the truth, little sissy boy. Wouldn't you love to put on my big panties? I bet they're even bigger than your mother's panties. Wouldn't you love to just snuggle up inside them and feel all safe and secure in Mommy's big panties?"

With his head down and tears in his eyes, he nodded 'yes.'

"Here," I said as I handed the panties to Timmy. I wanted him to willingly put them on himself. And he did, even though he looked away from both of his brothers. He hid his face away from me too. I was still making a game of it, and I got him to lighten up. The panties were so big on him that they came up halfway on his chest. With a laugh I handed him one of my bras. He nervously laughed as he tried to put it on. Justin was laughing at him out loud. Curt was still in shock, but he knew what I wanted from him, and he actually squeezed out the words, "See, Timmy, it's kind of fun to play girly games once in a while."

He was trying to make light of the situation and minimize the damage I was doing to this poor boy's mind. But I would have none of that.

"Once in a while?" I repeated his words. "Oh, no, once you're into girly clothes, you want to wear them everyday and all the time, right, Curt?"

He humbly agreed.

"Why don't you take off your slacks and show your little brothers the kind of underwear you wear every day."

Turning to the boys, I said, "Oh, yes, your big brother wears panties every day, just like a good little girly boy."

Totally humiliated, Curt took off his slacks and stood before us in his bright pink panties.

"And he wears a silky ladies' nightgown to bed every night, and he wears dresses every day he's over here, don't you?"

He just nodded his head. His brothers surely could see the tears streaming down his cheeks.

I looked over at Justin. He looked scared. I had Curt give me another pair of my panties off the stack, and then said, "OK, Justin, get your skinny little sissy ass over here. It's your turn to put on a pair of my panties. Get over here and get into these panties, now, or I'll make you suck your big brother's cock. "Come on, now, I know you want to do it anyway. Believe me, you're going to love it. Look at your silly brother Timmy; he can't keep his hands off his bra and silky panties."

Justin walked over to me and let me strip him of his clothes and dress him in one of my bras and a pair of my big pink panties.

Now Timmy and Justin frequently join their big brother Curt and visit me on weekends. Their mother is

glad to have them out of the house for a change, but she has no idea what little pantywaist sissies I turning them into!

***Panty Trainer Carol Z.***

***The Maine Panty Trainers Chapter, Portland***

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Demale

## Society Stories & Pics

Added 10/20/05

### *I just wanted to see guys making it together, but I turned it into a way of life!*

I've always been fascinated with the idea of a guy sucking off another guy. In fact, I'm greatly intrigued by a lot of kinky sexual things, but the thought of a guy giving another guy a blowjob really sends me. It was always my favorite fantasy when I masturbated. In high school I first got a chance to see a gay movie one of my girlfriends got from somewhere. It made me so hot! I had taken an audiovisual class, so I knew how to make video copies. I got the teacher to let me use the equipment one day after school, and I made a copy of that tape! I used that tape a hundred times to make myself cum. On my way home from school each day, just thinking about that video would make my pussy drool unbelievably into my panties.



But I wanted to see more such videos and my ultimate dream was to see it in person!

Well, I got friendly with Dirk (all the kids in the neighborhood called him "Dork"), a nerdy computer wiz kid who lived next door to me. He was only thirteen at the time, but he already knew how to access every imaginable sex site on the Internet, and the pay sites he could usually hack into within seconds. He was pretty much in love with me, so when I confided in him I wanted to see gay guys in action, he took me into his room and we downloaded some gay stories, movie clips and fag pictures by the dozen.

He hinted that he wanted to do sex things with me, but he was just a little runt and he wasn't my type, and I told him that, but I did tell him that when nobody else was at his house, I'd strip down to just my lingerie while we sat at his computer and surfed the Internet, and I told him it was OK for him to pull on his cock while we sat there looking at all that sex stuff.

The first time we did that, I brought along a pair of my panties and told Dirk he could jerk off into them. I told him I knew my big brother stole my panties all the time and shot off in them, so I knew guys liked to do that kind of thing.

I gave him a pair of my black satin panties, and the kid blew his wad into them about fifteen seconds after he opened the zipper on his pants and started touching himself with my panties.

Anyway over the next few weeks, we surfed hundreds of sites, and I had accumulated so much gay boy material that I was having a hard time finding places to hide it all at home. I became very interested in shemale sites. Seeing guys with tits and a cock fucking around with other guys was a great turn-on. We also found tons of female domination web sites, and I liked them a lot.

Another thing we did was to order some sex toys over the Internet. We got some French tickers, a big black dildo, some Ben Wa balls, a fake pussy (for Dirk), etc. We didn't really use this stuff, we were just curious and wanted to see them, and of course, I had a lot of fun taking some of them to school to show off to my girlfriends.

And we found the Demale Society website. Wow! That was something. I got a lot of ideas there. This whole panty training thing really got to me. I knew panties drove guys wild from how they turned on my brother and Dirk. And I loved the idea of taking straight boyfriends and getting them into gay sex. It was like I had died and gone to heaven!

I loved the whole idea of women and girls dominating men and boys and making them meekly submit to their whims. Dirk and I had a long discussion that night that ended in our mutual agreement that females were indeed superior to males in just about every aspect but that they had been robbed of their dominant status by a male conspiracy based on caveman ideas. Looking back, I warmly remember the many nights we spent huddled closely together in front of his computer screen fascinated by the things we read and saw. We would sometimes laugh at the seemingly impossible and crazy things we saw and learned about, and soon we started to experiment. Other than Dirk jerking off into my panties, we had never been intimate with each other, but we felt we knew each other and trusted each other enough to play with me dominating him a bit. We started as a harmless experiment, a game we could enjoy together and end whenever either of us gave the word, no harm done.

Anyway, we started out simple with him giving me sensuous back rubs, letting me sit on him like he was a stool, and having him kiss my stockinged feet and things like that. Then I had him take off all his clothes. He was totally humiliated for me to see him completely naked, especially when I kept on all my lingerie – bra and panties, stockings or pantyhose, and I usually wore a slip too, even though I almost never wore a slip except when I was wearing a fancy dress. I liked the idea of wearing a half-slip or even a full slip with him. I made him hold up his cock and penis for my inspection. Compared to what we saw on the Internet, he had a little boy's genitals, and that made him feel extremely submissive right from the start! But as ashamed as he was of his lack of size, he was constantly hard. So I knew he loved what we were doing. I started to mock his little penis, like I had read about in those domination stories, and I found a direct connection between how abusive I was toward him to how excited he got! He was a born submissive! I laughed at him and teased him, and the more I did it, the more he liked it! Wow, that was

fun, but I wished I could have that in a macho guy I could play with like that, not some little teenage wimp like Dirk. I had a really frilly apron that I had gotten as a joke gift once. It was pink satin with tons of lace and ribbons, and one day, I brought it over to his house and made him wear it while he served me a Coke and some cookies. I choked with laughter seeing him wearing it and totally naked underneath, and guess what? As he held the tray to serve me, I grabbed his crotch through the apron just to tease him, and the little nerd instantly shot his cum right into the frilly pink satin apron!

That one instance taught me the power a girl can have over a male when she forces him into girlie clothes. I had seen guys in girls' clothes on those female domination sites, but I always thought it was just to be funny and to make the guys look ridiculous, and of course, the clothes did that, but with Dirk in the apron, I instantly gained a new sense of the weird combination of shame and sexual submissiveness girlie clothes do to a guy. I got it!

Throughout all this, I was dating and just starting having sex with guys. I wasn't too crazy about sex, but a girl has to at least give a guy blowjobs if she wants to keep him as a boyfriend. And as much as I love watching videos of boys giving each other blowjobs, I don't like doing it myself, so I figured it was just much simpler to go on the pill and let a guy fuck me.

I tried a few ideas I found on the Demale site on the guys I was dating, like getting them to let me put some nail polish on them, or put a bow in their hair. A couple of guys went along with it for at least a few minutes while we were making out, but I knew they were only doing it with the idea that it might get them into my panties! Yeah, I wanted them in my panties too, but I wanted them wearing my panties! But I didn't have any success getting guys to wear my panties just by asking. Then, I met Tom, a great guy that all the girls loved. He was a prize, and I loved being with him, but sex with him was a bore,

he liked sex rough, and I couldn't get any of that female domination stuff going with him. And the more I wanted it, the more he resisted. He just wanted to fuck me and then go do other things. I knew he was going to be a challenge.



So I contented myself with doing femdom type stuff with nerdy little Dirk. It didn't take me long to discover Dirk's humiliation could be enhanced by dressing him in my lingerie, and from then on, he had to always wear a bra and panties in my presence! It always embarrassed him to death but it wildly excited him too! I couldn't wait for Halloween because I was going to dress him up completely like a girl and take him to every costume party in town!

On Halloween, I dressed him up like a maid – his mom loved how he looked! After we did a lot of parties, I took him to my boyfriend Tom's house. He had told me that dressing up for Halloween was kid's stuff and had refused to go out with me that night, so I went out with Dirk all

dressed up, and much to Dirk's embarrassment, I showed him off to Tom. I even made Dirk lift up his skirt so Tom could see his white lace panties. Poor Dirk (as usual) had a little hard-on in the panties, and I know Tom noticed it.

But I wanted to dominate Tom, so I went back to the Demale web site and had Dirk print out a bunch of material for me. I read all that stuff and came to the realization that my macho Tom was probably a sissy at heart. He acted macho and abhorred anything feminine, sure signs they said that he was probably a good candidate for panty training or maybe even feminization or turning gay, all things that I thought were just a big fantasy, but the more I read, the more it all made sense. And to have my dream of watching Tom suck another guy's cock — whew! That would be unbelievable! So I emailed the Demale web site with a photo of me with the sign “Demale my sissy boyfriend” along with a plea for them to help me. I didn't get too much in the way of an answer except encouragement plus they directed me to more material similar to what I had already read. They did tell me to maybe start with a man or a boy who was already a bit of a sissy and push him over the edge for practice, but I wanted to go right for Tom, the big prize. Dirk and I were inspired to start our own Demale chapter!

Well, two days later, I broke up with Tom and ran over to Dirk's house crying. I was angry. He tried to calm me down.

“What happened? What did he do to you?”

“I tried to make him wear a pair of my panties and do some other things, but after two hours of arguing about it, we ended up breaking up!”

Dirk gave me a hug and let me cry on his shoulder.

“I was only trying to teach him a lesson. You remember I told you how he hurts me when he fucks me?”

“Yeah, you said you were going to tell him you didn't like to be treated rough like that.”

“Well, I did, but he just laughed it off, said he was a man and that was how men did it, tough luck if I didn't like it.”

“He's a jerk!”

“So I decided I was going to teach him a lesson. So I took that strap-on penis we bought online, and I was going to give him a little taste of his own medicine, only we never got past the damn panties. I needed him in panties. I figured it would help him to feel more like a girl while I was fucking him. All he had to do was put on the damn panties!”

“I'm sure he didn't mean to...”



“What do you know? You guys are all the same!”

“Woe, wait a minute. You can't...”

“Am I going to get lip from you too?”

“No, but don't take it out on me. It wasn't me who dumped you.”

“Dump me? He didn't dump me! I dumped him, OK? And I can take it out on anyone I damn well please!”

I have a short fuse, and I felt was feeling like even nerdy Dirk was an asshole of a guy.

“Boys are such pigs! They think they own any girl who looks at them twice! They don't even ask you to suck their cock; they just grab your head and ram it in your mouth!”

“Guys take girls for granted. And I look at these web sites where the females get their way – all the time, and I say ‘why not?’ So I wanted my dumb old boyfriend to wear some panties and let me fuck him for a change, but woe, NO! Now just what the fuck is the big deal? For once I wanted to be in charge, and I wanted him to know what it felt like to get fucked.”

I was ranting on and on, and poor Dirk was just kind of lost. He didn't know what to say.

I had a loose-fitting dress on, and I pulled it over my head. Dirk did a double take because I was wearing some fetish-type lingerie I had dug out of storage. My mom saves everything, and she had a lot of old-fashioned stuff from way back when that these days are like fetish gear. So I had gotten this garter belt and nylon stockings, and old-time brassiere and full-cut black panties, just like a lot of the women wear on those female web sites. And I had the harness on for the strap-on dildo that we had bought over the Internet. I was all prepared for Tom, but he would have none of it! What an insecure macho jerk! So Dirk was going to be the subject of my terror.

“I'm going to show you, ya little pip squeak! Come, here!”

Dirk was frozen in place as I took out the dildo and screwed it onto the harness. I'm sure he knew what to expect, but he couldn't move. I half ripped his clothes off. The little sissy was wearing a pair of my panties! I loved it.

“So you've taken to wearing my panties now. God, you're just like those wimps on those web sites!”

“Get down on your knees.”

I had to grab him by the neck and push him down. Then I shoved the dildo right in his face. He didn't resist. He opened his mouth and took it in. I rode him. He was crying, probably because I was hurting him, as I rammed the hard pecker deep in his mouth. He was gagging because I'm sure I was banging him all the way down into his throat.

And I was getting off on it. It made me feel so powerful even if the guy I was fucking was just a crying, pitifully weak thirteen-year-old nerd in pink panties.

I pulled the dildo out of his mouth, and shouted at him, "Bend over the bed, sissy boy!"

"Oh, please, don't do that to me," he begged.

"Shut the hell up, panty boy. I'm going to fuck your virgin asshole, so get ready for it!"

He was really crying now, but I didn't give a shit. I needed to do what I needed to do. I needed to get even with all the boys who ever fucked me around, and I needed it at that moment!

"Oh, please, Maggie, it's – it's so big!"

"Of course it is. That's the whole point. If I'm going to fuck you, when I get done with you, you're gonna know you've been fucked! Now, cut the complaining! You guys are such pussies.

"As long as they're in control, they have no problem, but when a girl starts being in charge, wow, do they get scared!

"Stop you whining, here it is!" I yelled as I pulled aside his panty leg elastic and shoved the dildo up against his asshole. He was tight. I had to back off and ram up against him at least a dozen times before I got into to any degree. For a while I was even wondering if I was doing it right. But then all of a sudden, his asshole relaxed and opened up for my assault. He screamed so loud I wondered if the neighbors could hear. His mom wouldn't be home for another hour, so I had the time, but his screaming might make somebody try to come to his aid. So I took off my mom's old bra. It was big on me, so I could easily slip it off, and I shoved it in his mouth and told him to stop screaming or I'd fuck him even harder – if that were possible.

I was calling the shots, but I wanted to give him a little pleasure too, so I reached around and massaged his dick in his panties. The little wimp was as hard as he had ever been. He might have been in pain, he might have hated it, but he loved it too!

I learned a lot about guys that day. And I'm now using it to work on Tom. Oh, yeah, I went back to him, but the scene between us had changed everything, and he wanted me to be with him too, so he's been

more receptive to what I want. He had good sex with me and he knew it, so I was in a better bargaining position that I had thought. I've got him wearing panties now while we have sex, and I think I'm on the road to one of these days having him suck a cock! He laughed when I told him about that fantasy of mine, but he didn't get grossed out! And I know he was kind of interested because he was asking all kinds of questions, even though he kept insisting that he'd never do it himself. HA! And I already got Dirk to agree to be the boy for Tom to suck off. Dirk is a dumb looking boy, but we've been experimenting with dressing him up and I got out a wig his mom has and put it on him and he's really getting to look hot as a girl. I could dress him up like a really sexy girl, and that might get Tom a lot more in the mood to suck his cock!

Stay tuned!

***Sweet Maggie & Dork, The Dirk to Dork Chapter, Pueblo  
(Submissive little Dirk now loves being called "Dork!")***

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**Demale Society**

**Pics**

**Added 10/23/05**





*Photos from the Manchester "Girls Go Panty Wild" Demale Society September meeting.*

- 1) Roxanne and Jamie won the prize for flashing the most of their big panties over low-cut slacks.
- 2) Ruthie's comic demonstration of how to put the "panty hex" on your boyfriend. He thinks it means "come and get it" but it really means "you're fucked boy!"
- 3) Nan won the "Gaudiest Boy Panties Contest" and she's showing off her homemade boy panties!

***Giselle B., Secretary  
The Poison Panty Chapter, Manchester***

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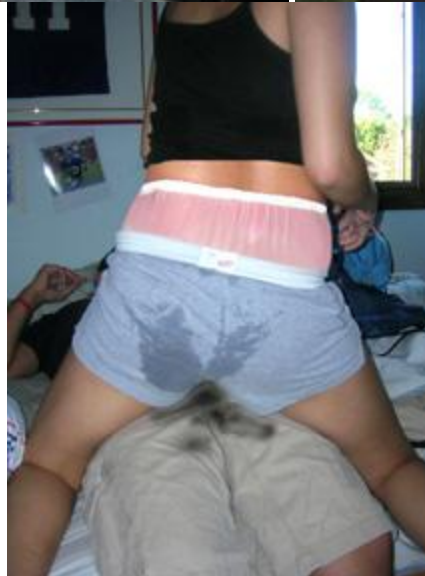
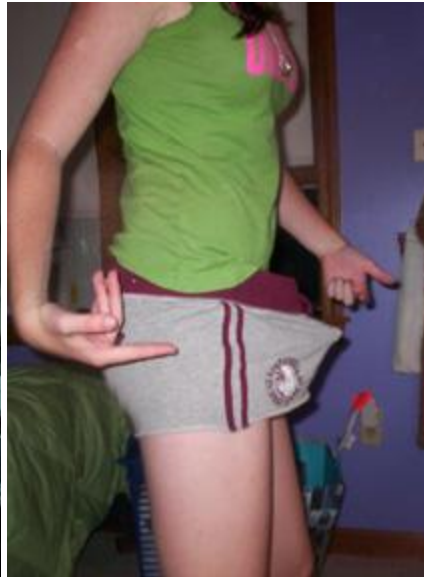






**Demale Society  
Pics**

**Added 10/25/05**



*Photos from the Boulder Dames "Girls Go Panty Wild" Demale Society September meeting.*

- 1) Trish on the bus on the way to the meeting gets an early start panty flashing a group of boys on a street corner.
- 2) Velvet demonstrates wearing her strap-on under a pair of shorts. She says when she comes up to a boy like that, it scares the hell out of him.
- 3) Barb brought one of her pussy boys along to demonstrate how she panty rides them to a cum and them pisses on them right through her shorts and panties!



***Giselle B., Secretary  
The Boulder Dames Chapter, Boulder City***

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