

The Demale Society

Training Manual

Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics

*Clever females expertly replace traditional
male interests with fetishes, and macho
men and boys are disciplined and
turned into easy-to-control
sweet little pantywaists
for females to rule.*

Volume #36

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment





Danny is a good example of what can happen with panty training. His mom started him on panties less than a year ago, and now he can't live without them even though he is embarrassed to admit it. Just the threat of taking his panties away gets him to do whatever his mother wants him to do -- like sitting still for this picture in his favorite panties. He was the fullback on his school's football team, but now he prefers to be home playing with panties, so no more football for this boy. Danny does have a big problem with being dressed completely as a girl. Whenever his mom makes him put on a dress, he just cries and gets very depressed. The panties are a great start but he has a long way to go to get over his fear of dresses.

June 2006

Demale Society Poster Boy

www.Demale.com

Demale Society Pictures

Added 6/13/06



1. Mildred D. doing her bit to keep truckers interested in panties! She loves feminizing macho guys like truckers, most of whom she says are just big sissies underneath and struggling to keep up a masculine front. She also says they are so relieved to be feminized and put aside their fears of things feminine. Most of them are homophobes too, so she takes great pride in making them into panty-wearing cocksuckers! Here she is flashing a trucker on I-75 in Ohio. And on the side of her van, she has the message, "If you like what you see..." with her phone number and CB number!

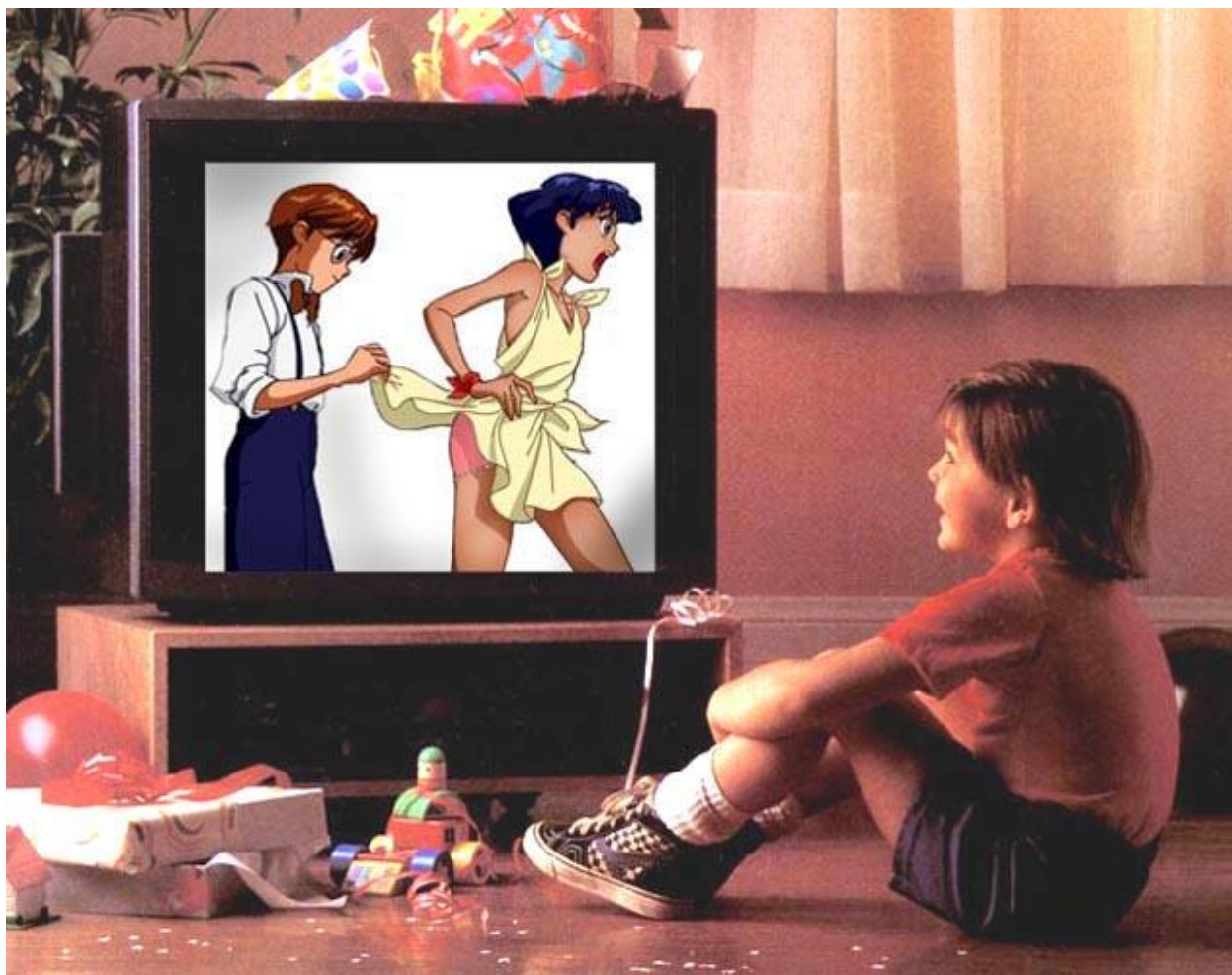
2. Angie from St. Louis taking her sissy son to Six Flags. The people around them don't even seem to notice the little sissy with a big butterfly bow in his hair and sucking his finger.

3 and 4. Tris and Abby, two college girls from OSU. Tris on the left has made David, one of her panty slaves, drop his pants and show her roommate, Abby, the lacy panties he is wearing, and Abby is really going bonkers over it! In the next picture, two other friends of the girls reacting to seeing David with his pants down exposing his panties. Tris has now formed a Demale Society chapter at OSU and signing up girls as new members at an astonishing rate.

5. Seven-year-old Teddy watching a video he got for his birthday, a video created by a member of the Boise Panty Raider Chapter. It's a cartoon designed to get boys interested in panties. The main character, Tommy Titless, loves to go around pulling up girls' skirts and peeking at their panties. He secretly envies girls, and one day he can't resist trying on a pair of fancy silk panties only to be caught by his mother and sister. They spank him and get him to admit that he wants to be a girl, so they dress him up in girls' clothes and have all the girls in the neighborhood be real sweet to him. Then they give him hormones to grow breasts and take him shopping for panties and girls' clothes. And they change his name to Tammy Titties, and he lives happily ever after!

6. Lee Ann is a very smart young girl and an amazing entrepreneur. At six years old, she can already read, and unknown to her mom who is a member of the Demale Society, little Lee Ann was reading her Demale manuals. She didn't have any brothers, but she soon learned how to hook boys on her panties, and her mother came home one day to find her as you see her here, counting out money she earned from selling her panties to boys in the neighborhood. She'd sit on their front steps and let boys peek at her panties, and then she offered them fresh pairs of her worn panties for \$10 a pair! She had already sold nine pairs of her panties, including one pair to the eighty-two-year-old guy who lives in the trailer next door. Lee Ann then asked her mother if they could go panty shopping because she was running out of panties to sell!

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**Demale Society
Story & Picture**

Added 6/17/06



Double Panties: How My Mother Panty Trained Me

My mother is having me write this to share with you how she panty trained me over twenty years ago after she joined a local chapter of the Demale Society that had their own method of aggressively panty training boys.

When I was little, I was like most boys, full of energy, always running, yelling, getting into things, and frequently messing up my mother's well kept house. I remember her saying time and time again, "I'm getting a little tired of you disobeying me, young man. I want you to calm down!"

But I continued on. I really didn't think I was doing anything wrong. I loved my mother, felt close to her, and wanted to make her happy by usually doing whatever she wanted, but I was a boy with boundless energy and wanted to do things.

Then when I was eleven years old, things began to change. Mother was going out several nights each week. I told her I was old enough and didn't need a babysitter, but she had one for me anyway, a high school girl named Mary Frances. I had never seen before. Mom explained she was the daughter of one of the women in her new club. She was a real girly-girl. I was just starting to notice girls and she was very pretty and wore very nice clothes, so I didn't mind her taking care of me.

I knew my mother had joined some new club and that's why she was going out all the time, but I didn't know she had joined the Demale Society. I don't recall her ever saying that name, but even if she did, I had no way of knowing what the Demale Society was or what my mother was doing with them. At first I didn't know what was different or why I felt things were different, but I distinctly remember mother having a lot of new women friends and seeing her spend a lot more time on the phone, and she was laughing a lot. For some reason, she'd look at me a lot while on the phone, wink and smile at me and then laugh, like she was talking about me to her friends on the phone.

Then, all of a sudden, I started seeing my mother's lingerie all over the place. Mother kept a neat and clean house, and even at my young age, I was aware of that, especially compared to the messy homes of some of my playmates. Mom's slips and bras and panties began showing up everywhere -- hanging on doorknobs, draped over the side of the bathtub, stacked up on tables and chairs -- and at bedtime on many nights, I'd even find a pair of her panties on my nightstand or even on my pillow. I should have thought all that was weird, but I just accepted it.

But I did start to take notice of those clothes. Without my being aware of it, the bright pastel colors, the silky fabrics, the lace and bows and ruffles were taking a toll on me until one night when I went to get into bed, I picked up the pink panties setting on my pillow and was about to set them aside as I had done a dozen times before but instead, for some reason, I just sat on the edge of my bed and held them in my hands. They were so silky, a satiny kind of fabric that felt wonderful in my little hands, and at that moment, I felt a pleasant itch down between my legs. I

don't know why, but I started to rub myself down there. Well, I got into bed and continued to hold onto the panties as I continued to rub my hand over my hard little pecker. That's how I fell asleep that night.

At breakfast the next morning as I sat across from my mother eating my Cheerios, she was reading the newspaper, and on the back page of that paper, facing me, was a large ad for ladies lingerie, showing several different ladies and girls in bras, slips and panties. I stared, fascinated. Then I remembered I had seen such lingerie pictures and ads all around the house too, but at least consciously I hadn't taken notice of them – until that moment.

As I stared at that lingerie ad, my eating had slowed to barely eating one milk-soggy little ring of cereal at a time. Other realizations dawned on me. My mother often sat across from me at breakfast reading the newspaper, and she usually had a paper with the picture of lingerie ad on the back page like this one did, and the fancy panties were what seemed to attract my interest the most. A couple of times my staring at the ad and woolgathering were interrupted when mother lowered the paper and asked, “What are you staring at? Why are you so slow this morning? Hurry up and eat your cereal or you'll be late for school.”

Then I'd gobble down the rest of my cereal and run upstairs to get dressed for school, but before I did, on that one day, I snuck into my mother's room and looked in the drawers where she kept her lingerie. I had never done that before, but for some strange reason, I knew exactly where she kept them. Immediately, I also felt that special feeling down there between my legs.

I looked at the neatly folded stacks of bras, slips and panties she had. She a lot of them! But it was time for school, so I quietly eased the squeaky drawer closed and then stealthily went to my room to finish getting ready for school.

After school that day I remember sitting with mother in the living room. She was busy reading a book, and I was lying on the floor watching television. I turned around to ask her something but didn't say anything because I had a perfect view up her skirt. With her legs spread wide I could see her lacy white slip, the tops of her nylons, and best of all, the crotch of her pink nylon panties. My little pecker got rock hard, and instinctively I began to touch myself.

“Jamie, stop touching yours penis like that. I'm your mommy and I can touch your penis anytime I want, and do whatever I want to do with it, but it's naughty for you to pleasure yourself like that, and good little boys don't do it. If you keep that up, I'll have to do things to stop it.”

Then she went back to reading her book, however, she didn't close her legs! In fact, I think she spread them apart even wider! And for the longest time, I stayed there on the floor looking up her dress, and I just couldn't help myself, I had to start rubbing my pecker again. That evening after dinner, I snuck up to mother's room while she did the dishes and took a lot of time looking through her lingerie drawers when I should have been doing my homework. Later, I went back downstairs and mother had gone back to reading her book, and she was sitting in that same chair with her legs spread. I got down on the floor and feigned watching television for a while but then turned around and just lay there looking up her dress and touching myself.

After a long time, she set down the book and asked me what I was doing, and innocently, I said, "I'm just looking at you, mother."

She talked to me all about girls and women, how pretty they are and how lucky they are to wear pretty clothes and perfume and to do their hair up nice, etc. She didn't say anything about me looking up her dress. She talked on and on and had me follow her up to her bedroom as she undressed and got ready for bed. And when she went to her dresser and opened the drawer to take out her nightgown, she said, "Oh, my dear. I wonder who has been in my lingerie drawer messing up everything." She didn't directly accuse me of anything, but whom else could it have been since my mother and I lived alone.

After school the next day, mother took me to her doctor and she examined me. Mother told the doctor that she thought something was physically wrong with me because I was always touching my penis. And she added that I had a strange interest in her lingerie. I know I was blushing while they talked about me like that. I felt those things were maybe somehow wrong, but it felt so good to touch myself and so good to examine her lingerie. I didn't think things that felt so good to do were bad in any way, but from the concerned looks and all the frowning the two women were doing, something told me what I was doing must have been bad. Before we left, the doctor took mother aside and had a whispering conversation with her, but I didn't think too much about it.

The next night after my bath and before my bedtime I was called into my mother's bedroom, she was sitting on her bed, dressed in a full-length white nylon slip with a wide swath of beige lace going around the top and the bottom.

"Come over here and sit with me dear, I have something to say and I want you to listen."

My mother had a soft and gentle voice, she never yelled, but at times, I knew that she was angry just from how she looked at me. I went and sat on the bed beside her, her arm came across my shoulder and my face was pressed against the softness of her breast. I could smell the fragrance of her perfume, nothing heavy, but light and fresh smelling ... a smell of things clean, warm and fresh.

"Jamie, you know you've been rather naughty to Mother lately; don't you, dear?"

I nodded my head not looking up.

"I've talked to Doctor Green, and she and I have decided on something that we think will help you to behave like a good little boy, dear."

She turned away and reached behind herself and brought her hand up holding a pair of white nylon girls' panties, plain white panties, but I knew from looking into mother's drawers that they were girls' panties. I wondered why she had them, and what were they for.

"Jamie, I want you to come over to me and slip your PJ bottoms off."

"What for Mother?" I asked in a whining voice.

“Because I said to, dear ... now, please, get them off.”

I heard the tone of her voice, soft, but demeaning also. I slipped down off the bed, still not sure what was going to happen ... in my little boy way, I started to turn from her ... embarrassed to expose my naked penis in front of her.

“No, turn toward me, dear. Now, off with your PJ bottoms.”

I looked down and slipped my PJs off, feeling funny inside.

“Take these, dear, and slip them on.”

I looked up and she had the panties in her outstretched hand.

“No-o-o-o-o, Mother! They're girls' underwear! No!-o-o-o-o! Please, don't make me.”

I felt tears quickly coming to my eyes.

“Jamie, I'm not going to say this again. Take these panties and put them on, now!”

There was that dreaded word “panties,” I had read so much in my mother's catalogs and sneaked peeks in store windows, and now I was having a sickly feeling in the bottom of my tummy, the same one I had whenever I looked in mother's dresser drawer and got excited, but I was confused and scared now. I began openly crying.

“Jamie, I'm waiting.”

“Please, mother, I'll be good, I promise.”

“Jamie, it's a little late for that now, dear,” she said as she held the panties just inches from my face. I now saw they had a little lace around the leg openings. She stuffed them into my hand and commanded, “Now quickly, get your panties on.”

“Your panties,” mother said, “your panties;” the words burned my ears. The silky panties in my hand burned my fingers.

“Mother, please, don't make me.”

“Jamie, this is the last time I'm going to tell you. If I have to say it again, I'm going to take you over my lap and give you a spanking until you agree to put on the panties.”

I looked at them and then back up to my mother, who nodded her head.

“For heavens sake, Jamie, give them to me.”

She took them and held them open by the waist elastic and then lowered them for me so I could step into them. Crying all the way, I placed one foot inside the one leg hole and then the other. Mother gently slipped them up around my waist, making sure they were snug and properly fitted.

“Stand over there by the light, dear; I want to get a good look at how they fit you.”

I walked over to the tall freestanding light and then turned to face her with my head down, frightened and embarrassed at the same time, tears sliding down my cheeks. Through bleary eyes I saw them drop by drop fall to the floor, and on the way down they passed close by the silky panties covering my hips.

“Turn around for mother, dear.

“Now, come back over to me, sweetheart; they aren't fitting properly in the back.”

When I turned around, she had pulled her long slip up and left it bunched up around her waist, I could see her pale green panties staring me right in the face, but she had a second pair of panties on, light purple ones, and I could see them peeking out below the legs of the green panties. I gawked at her, to see her beautiful panties on her and to be so close to them, and she had on two pairs of panties! But I cringed as I felt her slip her fingers underneath the back leg elastics, pulled them down ever so gently, running her fingers around back to front and back again, and then let each leg elastic go with a little stinging snap.

“Now go over to the mirror and look at yourself, dear. Look how pretty you look in your new girls' lacy panties.”

“Mother, I don't want to. Do I have to?”

“Jamie, mind me now! I said go over and look at yourself in the mirror. This is why I'm having so much trouble with you, dear. You don't listen to me, and you don't immediately do what I tell you to do. Now, no arguing; just do it!”

I walked over to the full-length mirror and saw myself wearing the girls' panties for the very first time. And as I stood there, mother approached me from behind and held a second pair of panties down by my feet and commanded that I step into them. They were pink and had a flower on each hip. The tears were still dripping from my eyes, but I stepped into them and a shiver went over my whole body as she slowly drew them up my thin legs. All the way up they went until she was pulling them tight and as high up as she could. The lacy white leg elastics of the first pair of panties I had on popped into view from under the bottom edge of the pink panties. Now I was wearing two pairs of girls' panties just like mother.

“Now take off your pajama top so you can see yourself in just your new panties.”

I was slow to react, so she unbuttoned my pajama top and pulled it off me. There I stood, not just pantied, but double pantied for the first time in my life. Looking at myself and me in those silky panties made me feel the tight pressure of the elastics on my waist and legs; looking at them

made me feel even more the coolness of the nylon fabric; and looking at them, I was surprised to see that my penis barely made a bulge in the double thickness of tight nylon panties. It was almost invisible ... but for some strange reason, I was thankful for that. To have it sticking out would look pretty crazy. But my penis didn't stay small for long because mother shocked me when she grabbed my penis through the silky panties and began massaging it in the cool nylon as she talked sweetly to me.

“Jamie, until you begin to listen and obey me, and you stop that naughty habit you have of playing with your little penis, I'll keep you dressed in girls' panties. Except when you go to the bathroom, I'm the only one who can handle your penis and give you pleasure like this. The juice inside your body can quickly turn you into a bad boy, so we have to get rid of it before it can do that, and I will jack you off in your girlie panties like this several times every day. That way I will keep you calm and devoted to me, as I make you into the good little boy I know you can be. I'm sure you'll make me proud of you. We will be spending a lot of time together now, dear, and we will do all sorts of nice things together. The panties are a nice reminder for you to be good, and the two pairs of panties together are extra silky and rub against each other and against you and your penis so you never forget you are a panty boy. It feels goo when I rub your penis in panties, doesn't it?”

It felt wonderful! I never wanted her to stop. I was wobbly legged and breathing in gasps. I couldn't even answer her. Then she stopped rubbing me and picked up something off the bed.

“Here, slip this on over your head. These are a pair of your new pajamas that you will be wearing to bed every night, and from now on, you will be sleeping with me each night, so I can keep close check on your pantied penis, and anytime I feel it get hard, I'll jack you off into your panties to keep you calm and sweet.”

She was slipping over my head a pink babydoll top that came down to the middle of my hips. It was as girlie as can be. I wanted to cry, but I was too sexually excited. I had no interest in wearing a girls' nightgown, but I had no ability to resist mother in any way. She started stroking my penis through the double layer of nylon panties again.

“Right now, I'm going to masturbate you in your first pairs of girlie panties, but first, reach over, hand me the phone and dial Martha's number for me.

“That's a good boy.”

As the phone rang, she talked to me while fingering my penis in my silky panties. “Martha is the one who told me about this new club that I now belong to, called the Demale Society, and that's where I learned all about putting you in panties to make you into a sweet boy, and I can see how wonderfully you are doing already. I just have to tell Martha the good news, how well you have taken to wearing sissy panties. Maybe this afternoon, she can bring Matt over and you two can play together, play dress up or dollies or some other nice girls' games.”

“But, ah, oh, mother, ah! But, Matt is a sissy! All the kids call him sissy. I can't...”

“Of course, Matt's a sissy. Matt wears panties every day. He even wears them to school. And you will too. So I think we need to get you two little panty boys tighter as soon as possible.”

Just then Martha answered the phone. Mother carried on a conversation with Martha while she jacked me off in the panties. I know they were talking about me, but I was so delirious with pleasure from my mother jerking on my pantied penis that I couldn't even pay attention to what she was saying.

“Now, doesn't this feel good? Mother knows how to make you feel good,” she said as she took a break from her conversation.

“Mother, uh, mother, uh, uh, uh, UH!”

“That's it, sweetie. Shoot your boy cream for me; shoot it into your nice new panties. Don't worry about messing up your panties; I have a whole big drawer full of panties for you, so you have clean panties always ready for you. You lucky boy! You lucky panty boy!”

I was still panting heavily and still gently crying, as she took me in her arms and hugged me close until my sobs had subsided. She continued her conversation with Martha.

“There, you heard it! My little boy is officially a panty-cumming sissy boy now. And I know he will love wearing panties every day just like Matt does.”

She finished her conversation and then produced two more pairs of panties in my size, both silky pink ones with a lot of lace and ruffles. She wiped me clean with a damp cloth and then had me step into them as she held them open for me. I was unable to resist as she took me downstairs, sat me on the floor of the den, put a little doll in my hands and told me to play nicely. Then she added that Martha and Matt would be coming over in about ten minutes, and she wanted me to be looking my sissy best for them!

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**Demale Society
Pictures**

Added 6/18/06





Pictures from Our Sorority's Chapter

We have never had so much fun as we are having now since Delilah, one of our sorority members turned us onto the Demale Society. She found it on the Internet three years ago and has been demaling her little brother ever since along with the help of her two younger sisters who she hs been training to be dominant females. I'm sure you'll love these pictures, just a few from our collection of doing fun things! Here they are:

1, 2 & 3. These are from one of our New Orleans Party Nights. We invite select guys, ones we are targeting for demaling, turning them into wimps, fags, panty nuts or sissies. The only requirement, the guys have to show up with panties on under their clothes, and the panties we send to them along with the invitation! And we check them at the door before we let them in. At the party, we put makeup on them, Mardi Gras style beads, bows in their hair, etc. If they're good, we masturbate them in their panties while they watch us make lesbian love -- and we take pictures and video clips of them with our digital cameras. It doesn't take a lot of effort to get these guys a little drunk, and then we try to get them to jack each other off through their panties, give each other blow jobs or whatever fun things we can get them to do!

4. A picture of Delilah clowning around with a bra on her head! Just one of the crazy things we'll do to get our parties rolling.

5. That's Delilah's little brother and two younger sisters. They came up one weekend to supply some entertainment at one of our parties, and they are shown here doing a three-way bra and panty hug. Her brother, Brent, is on the right side. Cute isn't he?

6. Brent in a dress showing his lovely slim legs and a bit of his white slip.

7. A party causality! It's not unusual for us to wake up in the morning after one of our parties and to find a boy passed out on the floor in some strange mix of boy and girl clothes, like this guy with his jeans open displaying his satiny pale blue panties with big rows of white lace.

8 & 9. Lina and Maria, two of our sorority sisters watering the lawn of our sorority house, which is next door to one of the guys' frat houses. Our girls take turns watering the grass in just bra and panties, with their back to the frat house and holding the hose like they are watering the grass with a penis! The guys in the frat house are hanging out the windows every time we do this!

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Demale Society Stories & Pictures

Added 8/9/06



A Summer School to Retrain Boys the Demale Way!

I wanted to tell you more about that very private elementary school I mentioned a few months ago. It's a real school, accredited by the State and everything. Mary Jo Angle (She should change her name to ANGEL – that's how good she is)

runs it; it grew out of a home schooling program she started in Santa Clara in the late 1980s.

The interesting part is their summer program. At the end of the school year, any boy (1st through 8th grade) who has flunked that year must attend their “Finishing School for Boys.” Also boys who have been a discipline problem throughout the year (like my Sam) are required to attend. It runs five weeks during the summer, and the boys must attend or get held back a year. If they successfully complete the program, they are able to move onto the next grade. What's interesting is that they don't teach any regular school subjects at this summer program. They only give the boys a test three times a week.

All the learning a boy has to do on his own. The only guidance the boys get is an outline of what they are expected to know for the next test to be administered. The boys can have family and friends work with them to learn the subjects, and at school they have many study periods, library time, and time they spend with each other in study groups.

Sam had a few too many demerits this past year, so he had to attend the summer program, and I'm glad he is in it because he was becoming somewhat of a discipline problem at home too. I had wanted to take action before he became unmanageable but didn't quite know what to do, so this program came up at just the right time.

I had heard really good things about the school, and that's why I sent Sam there starting last fall. I didn't even know about this special summer program for problem boys until I was notified about it and he was singled out to attend it or fall back a grade. I now know he had heard about it from the other kids and

knew about it as soon as he started going to the school but was too embarrassed to tell me about it. Embarrassed – why? Well, their methods are unconventional.

Ms. Angel believes the best way to manage a non-learning or rebellious boy is to take away the thing that makes him rebellious -- his boy-ness. You see, at the summer program, all the boys have to dress up in frilly, girls' clothes for the entire five weeks of the program! They are given female names, and kept under strict, around-the-clock petticoat discipline (isn't that a lovely term?) to assure they behave properly and obediently.

Sam has now told me he thought this program was kind of a big joke just after he first heard about it, but I believe he now wishes he would have studied harder and stayed out of trouble. He has been humiliated to the core and repents everyday for every misdeed he did during the year. You see, they have to do all kinds of things to focus on correcting the wrong they did. The school keeps detailed record of misdeeds, and these boys have to write letters (LONG LETTERS) to anyone they had harmed or abused in any way during the school year. Other than so publicly repenting their sins, they have to learn the subjects they flunked or did poorly in during the year -- but as I said that learning they have to do on their own. However, they do study some other subjects; some of their time in school is spent learning housekeeping skills as well as makeup, hair care, fashion, female deportment, etc.

The boys are expected to act like girls in every way, but they are not allowed to have long hair. They are given butch haircuts to show that they are boys and to purposely make them targets of humiliating taunts while dressed and acting like girls. In their hair care course, they learn how to style female hair, so when they are at home they can help their mothers and sisters with their hair. And while the boys have short hair, they can put a little style in it and color it, as you can see in the picture, Sam has colored his hair a lovely red!

At first, knowing Sam, I had misgivings, worried the whole thing might backfire, and he would hate me forever for sending him to this school. I wasn't allowed to see him the initial first two weeks he was in the program, while he was undergoing intensive training; after that he was allowed to commute between home and school. (He wanted to minimize his time outside in girls' clothes, where people would see him, so I drove him to school in the mornings, and he got a ride back home from one of the other mothers after school because I work at a flower shop until 6 PM each day.

During that first two weeks, Ms. Angle and several of the volunteer mothers met with me and told me about the Demale Society – the group who runs this summer program for Ms. Angle – she and these women are all members. Anyway, they told me about their society and the summer program and had to have me sign a lot of papers, giving them permission to do all kinds of things to Sam to get him to comply.

Well, some of their methods I'm sworn to secrecy not to divulge, but let me tell you what happened after that first two weeks when Sam got back home for the first time. Imagine my shock to open the

door to find Susan (that's the new name they gave him) standing on the porch dressed in a pink cotton summer dress with lace trim, white frilly ankle socks, and shiny patent leather Mary Janes. I was even more stunned when he opened his mouth: instead of the backtalk I had had to put up with over the last year or so, he just lowered his eyes, curtsied to me and said "Ma'am, I'm sorry for all the trouble I have given you in the past, and I'd like to serve you in any way possible to make up for my sins against you and Betsy."

Can you believe that? But wait, it gets better! Ever since then, 80% of the words out of his mouth have been "Yes, ma'am," or "Thank you, ma'am," to both me and his older sister Betsy, who just turned fourteen last month. And he's not just polite and respectful; he does most of the chores around the house without being asked. When there's no cleaning or laundry to be done, he's always right there to offer us his services. At first this was kind of unnerving, but after a few days, I just loved it.

It's ever so nice to come home from work and have him give me a foot rub or help me with a comforting bath. He also gives us hair treatments and even manicures and pedicures.

To be honest, the closest thing to a problem I'm having with this setup is his sister. Ever since Sam was changed into Susan, it didn't take Betsy long to realize she could walk all over him and he wouldn't fight back. She picks on him constantly, teases him, and bosses him around mercilessly, all without a single complaint from him. The two of them are often home alone while I work, and she never misses a chance to humiliate him or treat him as her personal slave. He cleans her room and does whatever other orders she gives him. I returned home one night to find Betsy had invited over two of her friends, and they were having a grand time tormenting Susan by making him put on a lingerie fashion show for them!

I didn't say anything at the time, but later I took Susan aside and told him that if his sister were treating him too rough at anytime, he should say something to me, and I'd have a word with Betsy. He just looked hurt and uncomfortable, lowered his eyes, and said "But... I don't mind. For a lot of years, I teased her horribly and was mean to her every chance I had. It's OK, mom."

The program is just about over, and after that time, he will go back to boys' clothes, but all of his girls' clothes I will be keeping for future disciplinary purposes. I now am a member of the Demale Society, and if Sam starts to go into the wrong direction again, the society has a wonderful support program with a 24-hour help hotline, and women and girls will show up at any hour of the day or night to help me in any way to do more training on him.

They do tell me that boys who have been in the program sometimes relapse, especially after they are allowed back into their boys' clothes – and they start getting those old macho urges, so they recommend that I keep him in at least lacy panties under his boys' clothes, just to remind him of what he has learned and to keep him on track.

I've got to run, because Susan has just informed me my bubble bath is ready. ;-)

Melinda

A Valley Full of Pansies Chapter, San Jose

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For Halloween, Millie got her son, Denny, to wear this fancy cocktail dress, complete with silky, frilly panties, a full-length, lacy black slip and black silk stockings hooked to an old-fashioned garter belt. It was her way of introducing him to female clothes, and beginning his full feminization. Then on "Take Your Daughter to Work Day," she had him dress in his costume again and go with her to her office for that day, as we see in this photo.

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Demale Society Poster Boy
www.Demale.com*

