

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

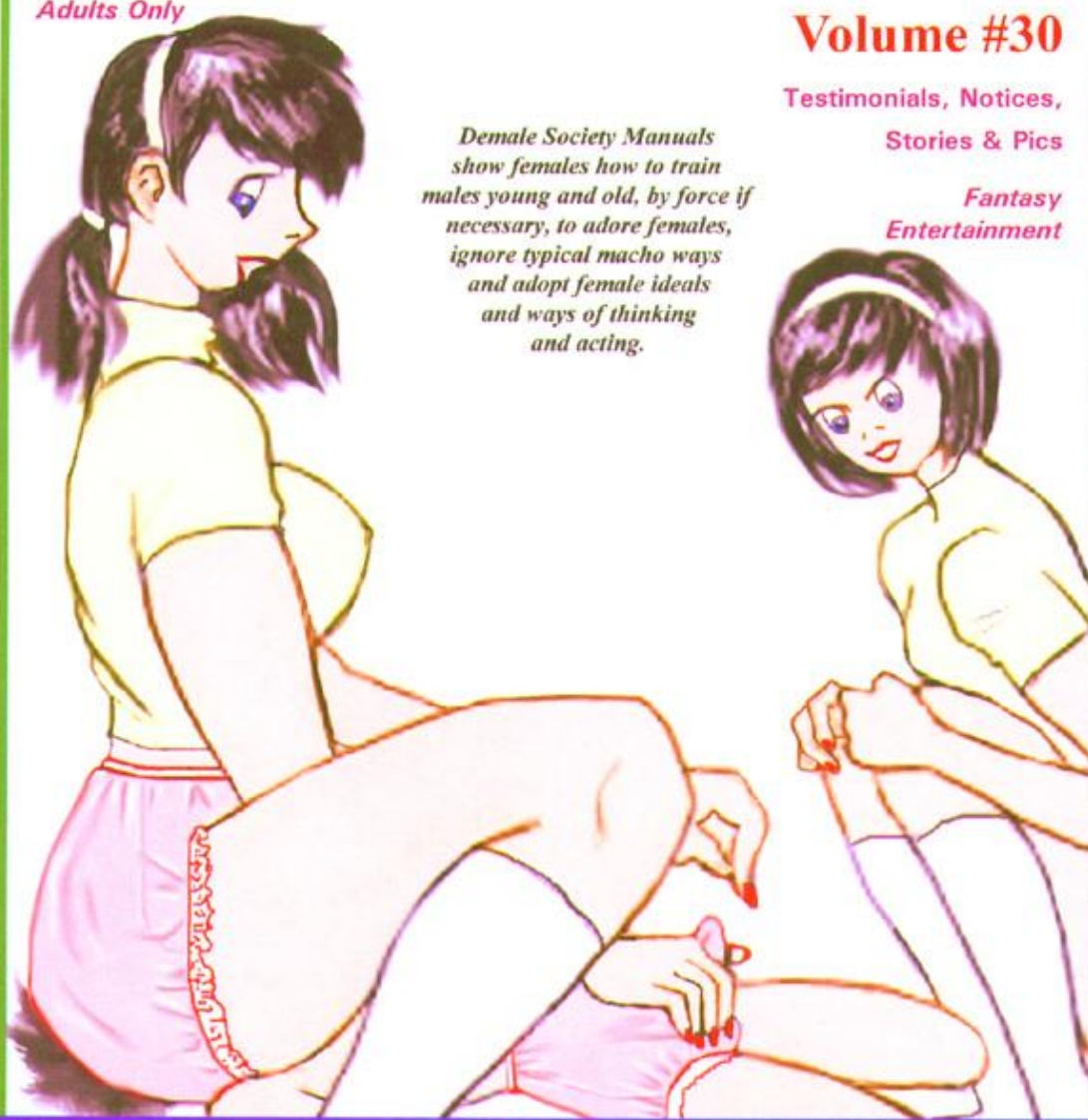
Adults Only

Volume #30

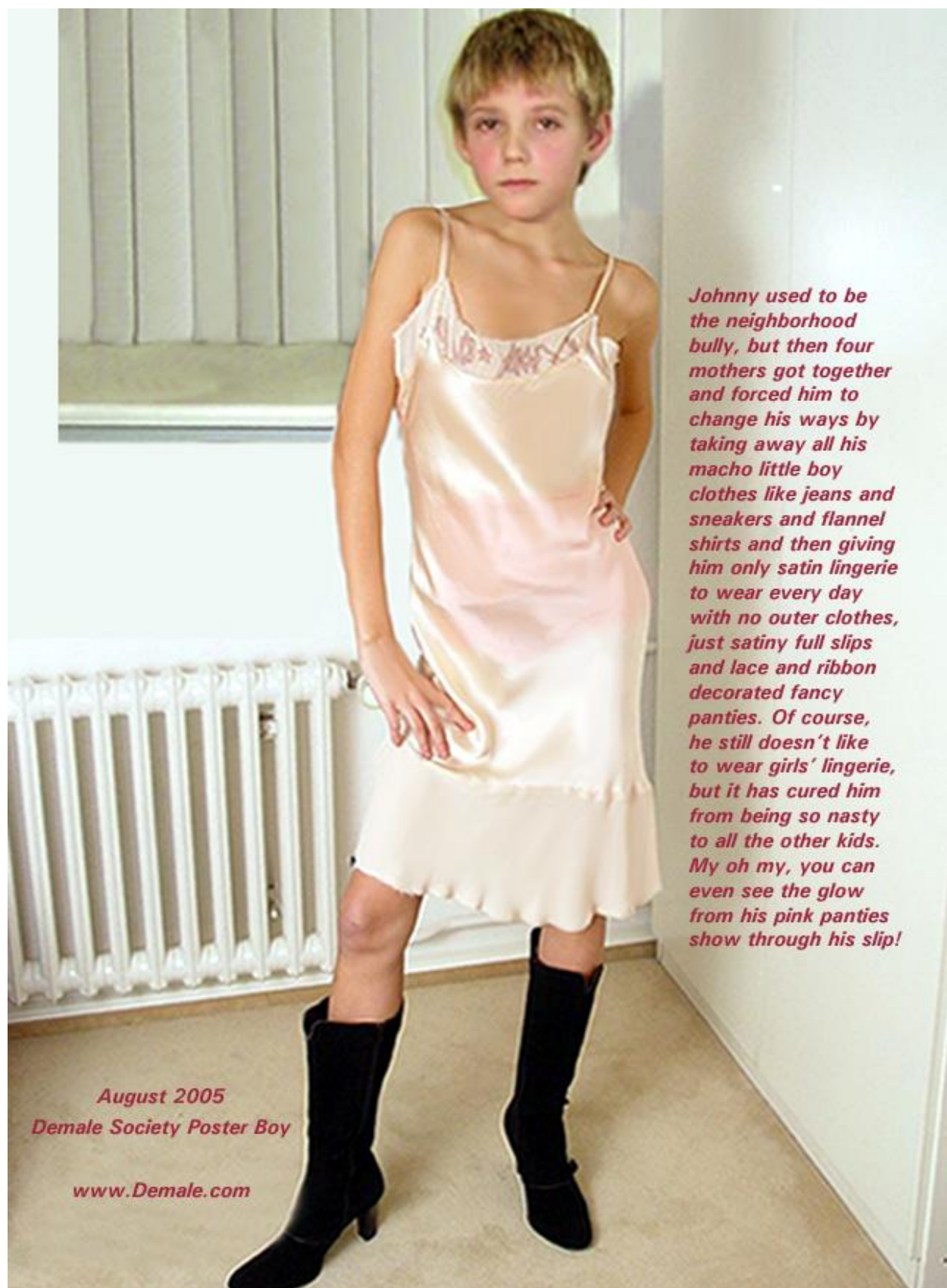
Testimonials, Notices,
Stories & Pics

*Fantasy
Entertainment*

*Demale Society Manuals
show females how to train
males young and old, by force if
necessary, to adore females,
ignore typical macho ways
and adopt female ideals
and ways of thinking
and acting.*







Johnny used to be the neighborhood bully, but then four mothers got together and forced him to change his ways by taking away all his macho little boy clothes like jeans and sneakers and flannel shirts and then giving him only satin lingerie to wear every day with no outer clothes, just satiny full slips and lace and ribbon decorated fancy panties. Of course, he still doesn't like to wear girls' lingerie, but it has cured him from being so nasty to all the other kids. My oh my, you can even see the glow from his pink panties show through his slip!

*August 2005
Demale Society Poster Boy*

www.Demale.com



Ronnie's mother feminized him by encouraging him to envy girls because they are so pretty, get to wear such nice clothes and do so many fun things like going to tea parties, collecting dolls and dressing up in their mommies' clothes. Ronnie knows he can't be a real girl, but his mommy lets him be her pretend little girl. He doesn't have any titties yet, but his mommy has started him on hormones and until his tits grow out, he gets to wear cuddly training bras, and when he's been an especially good boy, his mommy lets him wear a pair of her panties, like in this picture.

Demale Society Stories & Pics

Added 8/16/05



Wife of white cuckold has a black baby

I'm not going to label myself homosexual simply because I have no problem handling, even licking another guy's cock while it's fucking my wife. I recently did this with one remale who did not want his cock in my mouth, so when he pulled out he moved away and let her sit on my face. I prefer my wife to have sex with a remale who understands that putting his cock in my mouth doesn't make him bi or gay because I truly love to suck a cock when it comes out of my wife's pussy going soft and covered with both his and her juices!

And I like to challenge myself to see if I can quickly get it hard again. But either way, it's great!

I also enjoy "drinking from the spout" -- letting a man cum in my mouth, something else I have done and enjoy doing. I usually cum in my panties when I feel his cock swell and throb and then feel the hot, creamy fluid hitting my tongue in hard spurts! Of course, being a crossdresser and sometimes wanting to feel really feminine probably helps because there is nothing quite like the feeling of knowing you have just given a remale (a real man) one of the best feelings ever!

At a little over four inches hard, I always knew I was a little below normal size in the penis department. And being a little self-conscious about it, I was able to put off having sex until we were married. I believed the axiom that the size of a man's cock wasn't important; what really mattered was how expertly he used it. But I found out, that's not how my wife feels; she's a size queen and loves big cock.

The first time we had sex was on our honeymoon, and while I was pumping away on her, she stopped and said she could barely feel me inside her and made me show her my naked cock. She stroked it and then asked if that was all the bigger it got. I nodded.

She laughed and said, "You got to be kidding!"

She kept giggling. Then she picked up her discarded panties, her lacy white satin bridal panties, tossed them to me and told me to put them on. I was so embarrassed, but I put on her panties because she made me feel so bad when she said I had deceived her, and I should have told her before we were married that I had such a small cock.

She stunned me when she said she would have to have sex with other men to feel satisfied. I didn't have the heart to tell her no. She wouldn't let me wear men's underwear and made me wear feminine panties all the time. For sex, every day she made me jack off in her panties in front of her so I wouldn't

be tempted to go looking elsewhere for sex. And over the years, I not only got used to jacking off in panties, I've actually come to love wearing them. She started having sex with several men, and sometimes two or more of them wanted sex with her on the same night, and that's when she talked me into giving them blowjobs -- at least to any of her men who would let me do it. I did it because I loved her, and she let me know she loved me all the more for doing it. She told me I wasn't gay because I was doing it for her. But now that I realize I really love sucking cock, I'm afraid I might be gay. I haven't had sex with a woman since my wife shut my little cock out of her pussy five and a half years ago. Some people believe black men have bigger cocks than white men. I don't know if that's true, but my wife says it's much easier to find a black man with a big cock than a white guy with anything more than the average six inches. But she likes black men too because a lot of them try to be so macho, and she thinks that's funny. Of course, she doesn't laugh in their faces, but she always laughs as she tells me how these black guys she dates try to act so manly, when she says that most of them have severe doubts about their masculinity and try to overcompensate.

She recently had a baby by one of her black lovers. It's a boy and he's very black, no mistake about it. But my wife is raising him like a girl! She told each of her three current black lovers that the baby belongs to one of the other men, and she told them all it was a girl, even though it's a boy. The kid already has a sizable penis for a baby, so she's hoping he will grow up to have a great big cock that she'll keep in silky pink panties, just so she can have fun with the son of a macho man whom she can sissify and raise as a girl. Sometimes when the kid cries, she has him suck on my penis like a pacifier, and at other times, she has me suck on his baby penis to relax him and put him to sleep. In the picture you can see me in my pink rhumba panties, and my wife nursing her new baby boy, Tina, in a frilly dress and pink booties.

Little Dickie Jo.

Associate member, Cum and Get It Boys Chapter, Tallahassee



***He was
petticoat
punished,
and now
he helps
petticoat
punish his
nephew***

I got in girls' clothes for the first time at age six when my sister and a couple of her friends dressed me in their Sunday clothes. My mother

thought it was cute, and when she laughed at me, I wanted to take them off, and that's what gave her the idea to dress me in girls' clothes whenever I needed to be punished. I was never sent to school as a girl, but I did attend a lot of family outings in girls' clothes when one happened during one of my punishment periods, which would sometimes last a week or more. At first our relatives were a bit shocked, but they got used to seeing me that way. My mother used to tease me and make me lift my skirts, show them my lacy panties and tell them she was going to cut my thing off and make me a real girl if I didn't learn how to behave.

During those years, I hated dressing up, but when puberty hit, I began to like the clothes, especially the panties, because they were so soft and silky and made my dick hard. After mom found panties I had spurted in, she really laughed at me and made me feel bad. She showed my cum-stained panties to my sister and she told all her friends! I never lived it down. I got used to being called a sissy, but that worked out pretty well because at least mom let me wear panties all I wanted and bought me panties of my own. But she did make me hand wash them and leave them on the edge of the tub whenever I shot my snot into them, and of course being a horny teenage boy that was all the time. My sister and her girlfriends were always coming out of the bathroom laughing after they had seen my panties hanging over the tub waiting to dry.



As a teenager, I used to baby-sit and a couple of the mothers had baby boys. I got them involved in petticoat punishment for their sons. One of them even went as far as changing her son's birth certificate and sending him to another school as a girl! How she got away with that I don't know, and a little after that she moved away, so I never did find out what happened to that kid. As for now I'm in the process of working toward full membership in the Demale Society by helping my sister do petticoat punishment of my twin nephews. We like to keep them in really frilly old-fashioned clothes like rhumba panties, babydoll nighties and even corsets to trim their waists. The one boy doesn't mind it so much, even likes it, I think, but the other boy resists a lot, and my sister and I often have to tie him up in his silky clothes to keep him from ripping them off.

Emil "Millie" Mc., Docile Descendants Chapter, Owensboro

[Index](#)





Demale

Society Stories & Pics

Added 8/18/05

When this Demale Sissymaker goes on a date, she really does let the guy get into her panties!

I'm the mother of Jenny. She's a Five Star Demale Sissymaker and a supreme cock teaser. She recently went on a first date with this guy named Bob, and I'll describe what happened because it's typical of what it's like for a guy to go out with her.

Wearing her sexiest skirt, she invites him in after they had a night out to a movie. Of course, Bob wants to fool around. Jenny sits him down on the couch and gives him a sexy kiss. He tries to grab for her, but she pulls away and sits just out of his reach and licks her lips erotically.



"I think it's too soon for us to do you-know-what..." Jenny tells him as she plays with the hem of her skirt and lifts it up a little, innocently, like she's a bit nervous, showing off a bit of the lacy hem of her shimmering pink slip. "But I'd love to give you a good old-fashioned cock teasing," she says as she reaches up under her skirt, unsnaps her real silk stockings from the tabs of her white satin garter belt and agonizingly slowly slides them down and off her legs. He carefully lays them across his lap.

Bob can see her bare legs, but not what's under her skirt. He has to be wondering, "Am I going to get lucky tonight or not?"

Jenny gets a little bolder. She stands up and without showing Bob the goods, she reaches under her skirt, but leaves the skirt draped over her front so he can't see anything as she unhooks her garter belt in back, pulls it free and tosses it to him, adding it to the two silk stockings already laid across his lap.

She giggles and says, "Now I only have my thin little pink panties on under this skirt, but I don't think I should let you see them. Hee, hee! Am I a bitch?" She giggles again.

Jenny moves closer to him. I love to tease, but I like you, Bob. Maybe I can let you have some relief. But

since it's our first date, I don't think we should go all the way. But that doesn't mean we can't play around..."

"Take off your pants, and let me see how big of a problem you have!" she breathily whispers.

She has him hold onto her garter belt and stockings as she undoes his belt and pulls down his pants and underwear.

"Oh, my, what have we here?" she squeals. "Now I can do some real cock teasing..."

"Maybe just a little lick..."

"A little foreplay, but nothing more..."

As she gives his cockhead little butterfly kisses, Bob's cock throbs with excitement and he begs her to take it into her mouth, but she just giggles.

"Oh, it's so big, and it's only our first date.

"Oops! Is that a little drop of pre-cum? We mustn't have that!"

She takes the silk stockings from him and wipes off the tip of his penis. Bob tries to move his hand up her bare leg and under her skirt, but Jenny pulls away.

"No, no, no... You'll just have to imagine what's under there..."

"I'll just give you a few light strokes to keep you nice and hard..."

"Oh, you're so horny. Let me get something from my bedroom..."

Jenny runs away while Bob has to sit and wait. Minutes later she returns but with a couple changes. She's taken off her blouse and is now wearing a sheer lavender babydoll top with no bra underneath. And what's in her hand? A pair of her pink panties!

"Do you like what you see?" she says as she spins around and lets the babydoll top flare out around her hips, but she's still wearing her skirt, so he can't see anything except her perky little titties peeking through the thin nylon pajama top.

"Here, dear boy," she says, holding out her pink panties. "... No! These are not the panties I was wearing. I still have them on, but these are identical to the panties I'm wearing. I thought it would help if you could see what they look like. Go ahead and touch them. They're so soft and silky. I know you'll like

them. Touching them will help you get a real good idea of what I have on next to that thing you want so badly."

Jenny drapes the shiny frilled panties over his erection and gives it a few gentle strokes through the nylon panties.

"I could never wear this outside," she says holding up the edge of her babydoll top and spreading it wide, making it even easier for him to see her erect little titty nipples pressing against the pale lavender nylon, "but it's just right for tonight. Just right for getting you nice and frustrated... "

Bob tries to grab Jenny's breasts, but she says no.

"You can look, but not touch. After all, it's only our first date..."

"I'm going to keep you hard for quite a while.

"Oh, here we go ... just a couple strokes... Not too much...

"Have you ever had blue balls? You know, when a guy gets really turned on for a long time but never gets to cum...

"Oh, you're nice and hard... Just the way I like a boy on the first date...Are your balls getting tight yet, getting ready to shoot?

"Here, How about a few more nice long strokes... a little faster...

"Don't worry about cumming. I'll make sure it doesn't happen."

Jenny pulls her hand away just in time! "Oh, you were so close, weren't you? Oh-h-h...

"Well, for a first date, I think you did OK. Now let's talk about where we'll go for our second date... "

Not knowing what to say he says, "A movie?"

"We did that tonight; don't you think you can do a little better than that?"

Jenny keeps her hand on his panty-covered cock. "Nice, slow strokes... Maybe this will inspire you a little..."

"Um, dinner then a movie?" he says while breathing heavily.

"That's better... Maybe I should pick up the pace a little... Give your cock a good going, get you real, real close and then shut you down. That sounds like fun, doesn't it? Oh-h... I feel it... I feel it! You're getting close to cumming again... "

Jenny stops just in time again. "Hee, hee! How's that for cock-teasing? I'm pretty good at it, aren't I?"

"Besides, I don't want you to cum all over your nice shirt...and my nice panties! Hey! Do you want a blow job? I've never done it, but I might..." She giggles some more. "How do I do it? Just put my mouth near your cock and kind of... blow on it?"

She slides the panties down the shaft of his cock and lets the tip of his penis peek out from the surrounding pink nylon. She blows on his cock, but doesn't put it in her mouth.

He shakes his head "no," and nervously says, "You have to put it in your mouth ... the whole thing ... and suck on it, not blow..."

"Oh, my god, really? Well, maybe... Are you sure?"

He anxiously nods "yes."

She puts just the very tip of his cock in her mouth, then she coughs a bit and says, "Ew, it tastes and smells yucky!" She sits back like she's thinking about it. "Are you sure that how to do it? I mean do I really have to put your thing in my mouth? And, like wow, after all this is only our first date." She plays with her nipples through the thin nylon ... "What kind of girl do you think I am?"

He's breathing heavily and tongue-tied.

"Time for a little more. I want to keep you hard...I heard that's how you keep a guy interested. Give you something to think about while you plan our second date," she says as she lazily resumes stroking of his dick through her soft, pink panties.

"Hm-m... I think you're so close to cumming... Oh, if I just went a little faster..." Jenny keeps stroking Bob, but too slowly to get him off. "Now, you know it would be a lot easier if you just put my panties on. Then I wouldn't have to hold them. How about it? I can tell you love how they feel on your boy meat."

Bob looks at her, a little shocked at the suggestion. "I, uh, was, uh, just thinking about our second date..." he mumbles.

Jenny opens her mouth wide and moves it near Bob's cock.

"Oh, your big cock so loves the silkiness of my panties ... if you just put on my panties, I think I could just

eat you up! My panties feel good on your cock, don't they? Think how nice he'd feel if you had them on; you would feel their silkiness all over, on your cute butt, on your hips, plus on your big manly cock. I think I could really eat it up."

She keeps her lips just inches away from his penis, but instead of taking it in her mouth, Jenny just smiles and keeps stroking. Slowly.

"Just a movie?" she asks again.

"Dancing, maybe," he mumbles.

"Now that's more like it!" Jenny speeds up the pace a little. Oh, I love dancing... Oh-h, Bob, you are so sweet... I can't wait! Now let me help you put on my panties."

Jenny is stroking a little faster now. Bob is breathing heavily. "Oh, Bob, I feel it... You're sp close to cumming again... "

But she stops, sits back, unfurls her panties and holds them up to him. "Put them on, Bobby boy. Put my panties on, go home, jack off in them, wash them out and then wear them tomorrow night when you pick me up to go for dinner and dancing."

He's totally at her mercy; he lets her pull the panties up his legs and lifts up for her to pull them over his butt, penis and balls. She lets go of the waist elastic and it snaps with a loud crack as the elastic hits his body.

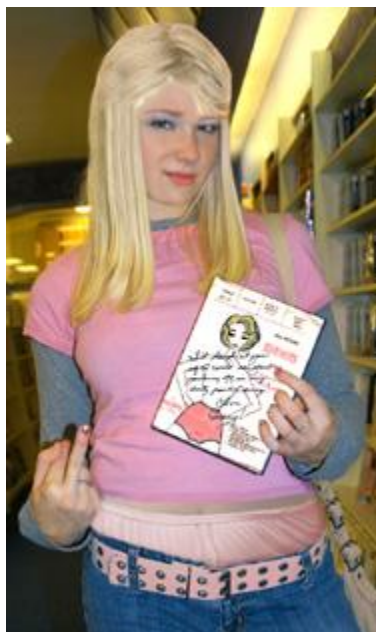
"Now that you're my panty boy, I think, I could give you a blowjob – maybe! Now, go home little panty boy. Jerk off in your panties and think about me eating your cock up! Think about how lucky girls are to be able to wear such beautiful and silky panties and how lucky you are that you're dating a girl who gives you the privilege of wearing her best panties."

Unknown to Bob, the panties she gave him are like all her panties. Imprinted across the rear are the words, "Demale Sissymaker." And he hadn't noticed but they are in a much larger size than what she wears, a size large enough to give him plenty of room to play with himself in the panties. If he shows up the next night without wearing the panties, she'll make him go home and put them on before she even lets him in the door!

See the photo of Jenny pulling down her jeans to show us a pair of her Demale Sissymaker panties!

Bertha (Jenny's Mom)

Boys Without a Chance Chapter, Toronto



Cuckold husband addicted to dirty panties

My sissy husband Fran doesn't hide from me his fascination with my soiled panties. In fact, whenever I come home after a long day shopping or after a night on the town, he's panting with anticipation until I let him take my panties off of me, press them to his nose and take a deep sniff. He especially loves if they are "morning after" panties and have nice cum stains in them after I've been out with one or more of my regular remales and a long night of fucking! My sissy husband gets further turned on as I walk around town with my waist-high pink panties peeking out above my skirt or slacks top, like in the attached photo.

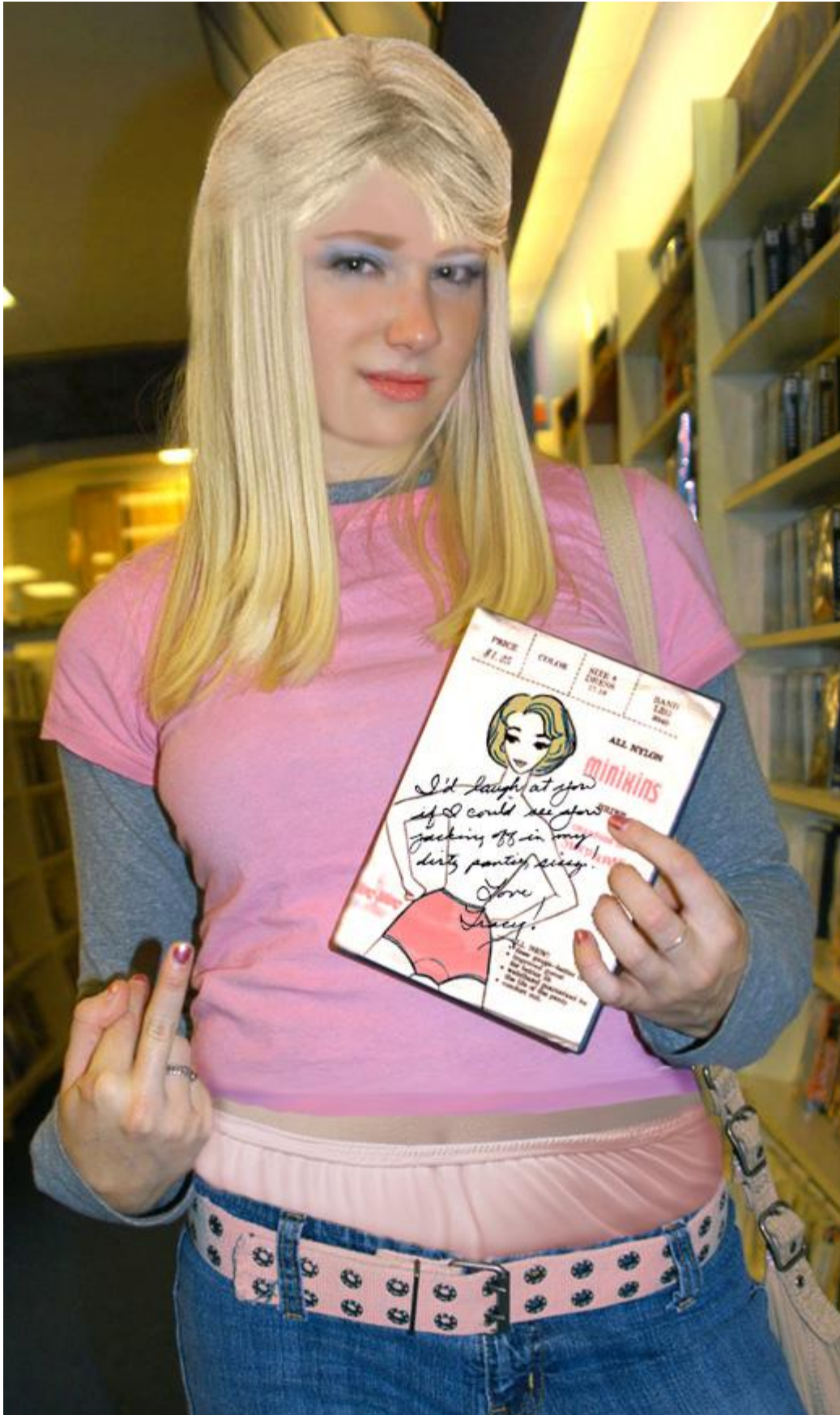
I know a lot of other submissives share this dirty panty fetish. On the subject of betrayal of our wedding vows, we worked it out long ago.

We love each other, but I have my nameless guys with big cocks fill me up periodically, and he has his addiction to wearing, sucking on and making love to my dirty panties -- a match made in heaven! Since he knows I don't love the men I have sex with, Fran doesn't consider my going on sex dates as being unfaithful to him. In fact, he admits he's hurt that another man has to take over his husbandly duties because he just doesn't have the size or stamina to sexually satisfy me, but he also admits he's turned on by the fact that he's a cuckold, further proving he's a real sissy.

I've also developed a side business selling my used panties. It brings in a few extra bucks, and you may be surprised to know that many females as well as males buy my used panties. We like doing dirty panty business because it turns us on too, especially when they want my creamed panties! (Although, of course, that means poor little Fran misses out on a nice pair of my creampie panties.) We sometimes get sent a pic of the guy or girl who has ordered them, so I can think about them when I'm having sex and making the creampie panties. We do get some other strange requests for panties soiled in every imaginable way, but to each his own! I especially love selling panties and creampie pussy popsicles to lonely sissies who are between mistresses or not able to find one.

In the picture, I'm holding up a pair of my creampie panties all ready to ship. I pack the panties back into their original wrapper and sign them on the front. On the front of this package, I wrote, "I'd laugh at you if I could see you jacking off in my dirty panties, sissy! Love, Tracy."

Tracy B., University Frilly Fellows Chapter, Carbondale



Female

Society Notices

Added 9/10/05



To: Everyone

Subject: Taking control of male ejaculation from OUR L.A.W. (Our Ladies Against Wanking).

Contrary to popular belief, a male does not "have to" periodically release his seminal fluid.

I think men and boys who play with themselves are disgusting. And every man or boy not tightly controlled by a female does masturbate, often daily! Females must be in charge of all the males in their home and be in total control of any ejaculations. Just because a male's balls are full and making him nervous is no reason to allow him to cum. While most females believe males should not be allowed to cum whenever and wherever they want, a lot of them believe a male has to periodically cum to lessen the tension that goes along with a buildup of semen, but this is a myth. A male

forced to go without cumming will eventually adjust to it, and whenever there is an excess of seminal fluid, the body will release it during his sleep with a "wet dream" even if he is wearing a restraint to prevent him from jacking off in his panties.

Some women like to use cumming as a reward for a male's good behavior. Allowing ejaculation during a training period can possibly make sense, but that is only until a male is secured and brought to the next stage of panty training and obedience. Personally, I don't think males should ever cum except in the least pleasurable way possible to produce semen to be implanted in a female to create a baby.

But whatever the case, a male's semen is for females to control. The world would be a far different and much better place to live if all male ejaculations were under the control of females. For overnight use or for when your man or boy is left alone, various types of chastity belts and locking devices for panty girdles, corsets, panties, etc. are available for sale on the Internet that provide control and ease of monitoring self-abuse and natural nocturnal emissions, and when combined with diapers, locking devices eliminate the need for trips to the bathroom when a male is naturally tempted to play with himself.

And of course, if self-abuse is attempted or even just suspected, the man or boy must be punished immediately with a severe paddling and then a formal spanking along with your typical

disciplinary routine formally administered at the next suitable opportunity.



So how do you check for any seminal discharge? Use the Checkmate Semen Detection Kit, which detects even the smallest amount of semen even if the garment has been rinsed out. As long as the article to be tested has not been thoroughly washed with soap, invisible traces of semen will remain present for long periods of time. Up to 2 years or even longer. After the Kit is used on a garment, if any semen is present, even the smallest trace amounts, a purple color appears within five minutes.

After cumming, a male continues to secrete and leak small amounts of semen for two or more hours, and these trace amounts can be detected with the Detection Kit. So if you catch your boy washing out his panties and think he may be hiding an ejaculation, immediately put him into a fresh pair of panties and test them an hour or two later for fresh trace amounts that will inevitably leak into his fresh panties!

The Checkmate 5 Minute Semen Detection Test Kit is available at (USA) <http://www.infidelitytoday.com/> or (Europe) <http://www.getcheckmate.info/index.htm>

One other note: Keeping tabs on your men and boys can be a full-time job! All men and boys masturbate, and most of them do it as often as they can. One sure way to eventually stop this ugly practice is to put your men and boys on female hormones. I've attached a photo of my husband. After three years on hormones, he rarely even has the ability to cum. Plus there's a nice side effect; his body has evolved to become softer and more feminine, and he now is the proud owner of a nice pair of titties!

OUR L.A.W. Chapter, Eastern Texas & Baton Rouge



To: Everyone

Subject: Tricky Girls girlify runaway boys!

They wake up one day to discover that their dicks seem to be getting smaller and softer and their nipples itch and get irritated from the slightest contact with any clothing, and they try to ignore the swelling in their breasts, but then they finally look in the mirror one day and realize they are growing titties!

That's the typical reaction of boys under attack from the "Tricky Girls" -- our little club here in Vancouver. There's a real problem with runaway kids here, and those kids commit a lot of crimes as they struggle to survive on the streets. They steal and vandalize and attack

people in packs like rats. They get into drugs and prostitution at an unbelievably young age.

We knew we had to do something, so we started our own little splinter group of the Demale Society. As the "Tricky Girls," we are solving the problem by befriending these kids and giving them a place to live as we take them into our own homes -- the only catch, we make the kids follow our rules: For the girls, no more prostitution, but we have them use their skills to keep the boys in check by keeping them sexually drained and totally mesmerized with their charms. A boy who has a full stomach and empty balls is not inclined to make any trouble. We make the boys take "vitamin" pills every day along with periodic injections. These are actually heavy doses of female hormones, and this treatment soon leads to the reactions described above.

The girls make sure the boys take their pills and injections as well as monitor any changes they notice in the boys' breast development or ability to perform sexually. The girls also panty train the boys and most of them have a boy wearing panties within a week of starting them on the program. They think it's fabulous to do all this to the boys! Most of them are pissed off at men, especially their fathers, who either molested them or fucked with their brains for years, so this is a big turn-on for these girls to take their aggressions out against boys. As the boys progress to another stage, they are moved to other homes where other boys are at the same level of development, so they don't tip off the incoming boys what will be happening to them. Eventually, we get the boys to admit that they are growing titties and have them beg us to wear a bra. That's a day that we all celebrate around here.

Dixie is pictured here with Desmond, a thoroughly trained panty boy who we now call Dessie. He in his garter belt, nylons and pink panties, crying and pleading with us to let him know what was happening to him. As you can see, he was a wreck that day, as he had to admit that he really had grown breasts like a girl. We made him beg us to wear a bra. We told him we would let him wear a nice comfortable bra and give him his own supply of pretty bras, but since he now had titties and would be wearing bras, we insisted he start wearing dresses too. Eventually, he gave in -- they all do!

Jesse B, secretary, The Tricky Girls, Chapter, Vancouver

[Index](#)



**Demale Society
Stories & Pics**

Added 9/12/05

Holly takes charge of her dad and big brother

I was brought up by my father since my mother had a stroke when I was born and died of another stroke two years later. I was such a sheltered little girl that I had no idea what was happening me when I had my first period, and my dad was at a total loss when he saw my bloody panties. I had never seen my dad so unable to handle a situation. He called a neighbor woman to help me.

She put me at ease and explained what was happening. She made me realize my dad was ignorant about a lot of female things. She showed me how to use a Tampax and gave me a supply of them along with a fresh pair of her daughter's purple lace panties to wear home. She was a Demale Society member and told me she had been watching our family for some time and wondering if I could use some help since I was the only female in my house with just my dad and an older brother. This was the opportunity she was looking for, if I wanted her to help. I did, especially when she explained that I could easily be the boss in my house if I did what she said! I stayed at her house for the weekend. She gave me a crash course in handling males, took me shopping for some new sexy clothes and a lot of really frilly lingerie.



That Sunday afternoon I came home in a mini skirt with my pink panties ready to peek out at every turn. My dad and brother couldn't stop staring! And they were both trying to hide the boner that kept popping up in their pants! I walked past my brother's bedroom and pushed open his partially closed door. He blushed seeing me there. I simply told him I had seen the erection in his pants and wanted him to show it to me. With my boldness, he just about died, but I finally did get him to drop his pants and underwear and let me hold his hard penis. Then I told him I wanted to see him squirt his boy juice. He was too embarrassed to do it, so I asked him if he wanted to see my new panties. He nodded that he did, so I took him to my room, opened my panty drawer and showed him all my silky new panties. He was confused because he thought I was going to show him the panties I was wearing. I told him I would let him see my panties a lot if he did all my chores every week. He was breathing real hard and hurriedly agreed. I had him pick up pairs of my panties and rub them over his cock. He was breathing like he had just run a mile so I knew he was really excited like Ms. Eschels had explained to me about men and boys. To really get him going, I pulled up my miniskirt and fingered the peach colored lace on the yellow satin panties I had on. Moments later he was spurting all over my new panties in my dresser drawer. I pretended to be shocked that he had slimed all my new panties and ran screaming to tell Dad. Jesse ran to his room and closed his door.

I brought Dad up and showed him the goo Jesse had shot off over my new panties. Dad stood there

flabbergasted -- but guess what? Dad also had a big boner sticking up in his trousers! I acted innocent and asked my dad why his penis was getting big in his pants. I asked my dad if I could see his penis. Like the lady next door had explained to me, I knew he wasn't thinking levelheaded. With my pouting way of asking that never failed to get my dad to do whatever I wanted, I asked him again, and he was almost in tears as he lowered his pants and underwear. Moments later I had him rubbing two handfuls of my sexy new panties over his penis just like I had Jesse do. Dad did cry just after he shot off and then yanked up his clothes and ran back downstairs.

That was the start. And I didn't let up. I then started leaving pairs of my panties on doorknobs and putting pairs of my panties under my dad's and brother's pillows at night. I wore my short skirts around the house, exposing my lacy panties as I sat around carelessly with my legs parted and as I bent over in front of them. With this kind of incestuous power over my dad and my brother, I took control of them and within weeks had them buying panties for themselves and wearing them. Eventually, I even got them to suck each other off! It took close to a year to get to that point, but it did happen.

These experiences, my first in controlling males with my developing feminine charms, were possible with a lot of ongoing advice from Ms. Eschels. Sex was a great game for me, but I got real serious about using it to control my pussy boys after I had my first orgasm. I still can recall every second of it, as it was so wonderful with my pussy exploding in my dad's mouth. I also remember how his penis ejaculated and his sperm shot right through his pink panties and splattered all over the rug. My brother was sitting next to us jerking off in his pink panties with a big butt plug up his asshole. It was a sight to behold. Especially for to a young schoolgirl.

With my pussy well satisfied, I ordered them from the room. With a hurt look, they quietly left, softly closing the door behind them. I lay back in bed and reveled in my newfound power. How far could I carry it? Would it work on other men and boys? At the time I did not realize it, but my female hormones were taking control of my body. It took me a while to learn that my wantonness must be tempered with intelligence.

The next day Daddy drove me to school in silence. He kept apologizing and saying he shouldn't be involved in sex games with me, and I shouldn't be doing things to my brother either. I told him I hadn't made him do anything he didn't want to do. And the same was true of Jesse. I asked him if he really wanted me to stop, and he just cried. A girl who can get her dad to cry so easily owns him!

At school, I found myself looking at my schoolmates in a different way. I was still a virgin, but having experienced my first orgasm, I wanted to feel a cock in me and intended to have my status as a virgin change quickly. I wanted to feel the heat and swelling of a hard cock as it drove home and spurted gob after gob after gob of hot sticky sperm into me. But I wanted to be in total control of the boy or man fucking me. I would never let my dad fuck me, I wanted to have him desperate to fuck me but then never let him do it, even after I would let him see other men and boy slaves fuck me. Would I let my older brother fuck me? I wasn't sure.

As I looked at different guys at school and wondered whom I should choose for my first fuck, they all seemed so young and silly. It was then I decided I needed someone more mature.

When I got home from school, I knew whose prick was going to be my first. Boy or not... brother or not... it had to be Jesse's prick! Wrong you say? Maybe? But not to a young girl entering womanhood! A young girl with emerging and uncontrollable hormones and a new sense of power over males!

And this was the night. Tonight my darling, pussy-whipped brother, whom I loved so much, would fuck me. I knew I could control him, and I would learn through him how to control other boys.

When I went downstairs for dinner, Dad asked me why I was so happy.

"I've just made a big decision."

"Oh?"

I knew he wanted me to tell him, but how could I say that I was going to force his son and my big brother to fuck me? So I just giggled and told him to set up the video camera and tripod in my room after dinner.

Dad shook his head as fathers do. I'm sure he thought it was all about a young girls' silliness. But he was stunned when I later showed him the video and had him jackoff in his panties as he watched my pantywaist brother Jesse fuck me!

Holly (This Holly does not go lightly!)
Brief Boy Chapter, Eagan, MN



Panty trained cuckold husband is being denied cumming more and more frequently, and now his wife is training his niece to handle boys!

Most people wouldn't think the insurance business would be a very high pressure job, but like any kind of selling, if you are striving to make your quotas, it can be very stressful. For years, my source of relief at such times was a good wank, but now Greta had me going for longer and longer periods of time without cumming and about nine months ago started making me wear silky panties to boot. She said the panties would make

me more humble and respectful of females.

All I knew is the silkiness of the panties and the scratchy bits of lace around the leg openings teased the hell out of me. The panties didn't reduce my need to cum in the least, even though initially she said they would. In fact, now I'm addicted to cumming in panties, and I'm beginning to wonder if I'm able cum without wearing them.

Ever since she made me start wearing the panties, she has promised me that she'll let me fuck her again, but it hasn't happened. A few times she has let me put the head of my penis up to the entrance of her pussy, but she kept my cock inside my panties stretched out crazily in front with my boner. Then she masturbated me in my panties that way without letting me penetrate her. And she always laughed right in my face and called me her little sissy panty boy when I did shoot off in my panties. She was driving me crazy.

On Tuesday, I knew I had no chance to make it all week. It was worse than Monday, and that had been worse than Sunday. I couldn't concentrate on anything, and now I was under a lot of pressure at work. I'd call her from my cubicle and beg her to let me go to the men's room and wank myself silly in my panties. Each time I pleaded like that, she'd just tell me to hang up and switch her call over to Gloria. I knew what that meant. It meant that she'd tell the head of the typing pool that I was wearing pink panties at that very moment. She'd probably even tell her that I had just gone off to the rest room to enjoy a good panty wank! No, I couldn't have that!

As soon as I walked through the door that day Greta wanted to talk. "Paul there is something I need to hear from you. You would never lie to me, would you?"

"Greta, you know I wouldn't! You know I never have, and I never will!" And I meant every word. I never would, no matter what!

"Paul, when did you cum last?" I was confused and taken aback at this question.

"You know very well the answer," I replied.

"Answer me!" she insisted.

"Okay, last Thursday night in my hotel when you had me masturbate in my panties as you talked me through it over the phone," I answered sheepishly.

She had begun to ask me this regularly. Knowing I wouldn't lie to her, she was taking charge of my ejaculations by asking me this question regularly. Not being able to shoot off can be difficult if not downright painful at times, but having her angry with me is something I want to avoid at all costs. She has threatened to tell my nine-year-old niece as well as the girls in my office that I wear panties if I jack off in

my panties even once without her permission.

Wednesday and Thursday, Greta was true to her word. Each night she made it harder on me, picking up where she'd left off the night before. Tuesday she made me stroke myself right to the point where one more stroke and I'd have splattered my cream-colored panties with my own load of backed-up cream. Then she'd let me rest just a few minutes and I'd have to do several more strokes of my aching wiener through the slick nylon panties. Greta had become extremely proficient at knowing exactly how much I could take without cumming, and she was pushing me to the very edge repeatedly. Thursday night was the worst of all. She put me through a panty wanking session before dinner and another one again right after dinner; both times with me jacking off to the brink a dozen times without release. By the time we retired Thursday night I was a complete mess.

Greta had definitely made her point. I'd spent much of each evening this week begging her to let me stop playing with my own cock. Keeping myself at the edge of cumming for long periods of time with my own hand, yet completely out of control. My cock had pulsed without cumming more in the past few nights than I could ever remember happening before. At this moment I felt like I never wanted to touch my cock again. That, of course, was exactly the point. I had managed to get through the whole week without having to stop before Greta told me too. At least this would end one way or another on Friday.

Friday at work was a total blur. I was close to my quota, and if I made it, Greta said she'd not just let me cum but let me fuck her, which I hadn't done now for almost a year! All I could do was think about that evening. Knowing it would be Hell for me if I didn't make my quota, I pulled every string in the book and pulled in every favor I could thin of, and much to my relief, I made it! Knowing what was waiting for me, I couldn't wait to get home.

The moment I walked in the door it was a near replay of our now nightly ritual. "Okay, drop your pants and let me examine your panties," were the first words out of Greta's mouth. Without saying anything I simply complied.

My cock was hard and stretching out my pink panty front before I even had my pants down. This brought a wicked smile to her lips. She gently cupped my balls and felt them. I became rock hard instantly.

"This is much more like it;" Greta said, "this is the way a cock that hasn't cum for a while should behave. We're going to both enjoy this evening."

I couldn't help but think that my "enjoyment" would be quite a bit different than Greta's.

My cock was already throbbing and my balls aching from their fullness. She continued to gently massage them through my panties, one hand on my pantied cock and her other hand on my pantied balls. She began to rub that most sensitive spot right below the head with her thumb at the same time. This is one

of her most frustrating tricks. Normally she can do this for rather long periods. It gets me right to the edge, but by altering the pressure and speed of her motion, she can continue this without making me cum, but keeping me right on the verge. In my current condition, however, I wouldn't last long!

Without ever letting go of my balls, she maneuvered us both so she could sit comfortably in a chair. Her face at the exact height of my crotch so she could intently study my cock as it pulsed within my panties. She gets a big thrill out of watching my penis jump around inside my silky panties like they're loaded with a big Mexican jumping bean. This was a bad sign for me, as it indicated her intent to keep this up for some time. I was soon shaking; if she didn't stop I was going to cum. I was so desperate to cum that it wasn't even that important if I fucked her! I just wanted to relieve the pressure churning in my balls and creeping up into my penis. Then, just as my cock started to spasm, she removed her thumb from the underside of my pink pantied cock. I groaned loudly. She kept up her gentle massaging of my balls throughout. No matter how horny I am, I've never been able to cum from just having my testicles stimulated, but it certainly makes them ache a lot and keeps me very close at the same time.

"Oh God, baby, PLEASE don't stop," I begged. "I need to cum so badly! Please Greta, I've learned my lesson; I'm your little sissy panty boy. You're right. I belong in panties, and for you, I'll wear them forever, no matter who finds out and no matter how much people laugh and ridicule me." I was saying that because I knew that's the kind of things she liked to hear. "Please make me cum!" I pleaded, truly desperate after the week I'd been through.

"Yes Paul, I can feel how full your balls are. You must really need to cum badly. But don't you want to hold off and fuck me? Or do you love your panties more than me now and want to cum in your warm cuddly pink panties more than you want to shoot off in my sweet hot pussy? And please do go ahead and beg; it excites me all the more! You never know, I might even listen and give in!" she giggled.

I started to plead even more and stressed I did indeed want to fuck her above all else, but her teasing me in my panties was driving me crazy and I doubted if I'd be able to wait very long.

She increased her assault on my nuts. As often as I could take it, she would again use her thumb in the same way, stopping only when I was within a second or two of cumming, and starting up again as soon as she knew I wouldn't shoot off.

I don't know how many times, nor how long this went on, but I was Jell-O when she finally stopped.

We took a break for a light dinner and then it was off to the bedroom for the rest of the night. Greta decided she wanted to secure me to the bed. She said she was afraid I couldn't control myself for what she had in mind given my condition. This sounded bad! Once I was secure, Greta told me she hadn't had sex in over a week. Her favorite lover was on vacation with his family, and now she was so horny she couldn't wait any longer, and that's why she was even considering having sex with me, her pet sissy panty boy. She also said the length of time I would have to wait before being allowed to cum would

depend on how good of a job I did with my tongue. That said, she straddled my head and lowered her pussy to my face. Naturally I did the best job I possibly could. I licked and sucked and teased and slowly but steadily built her to not one, but three orgasms. She collapsed more or less on top of me. She laid there for a while, her sopping pussy drooling over my face. With us in the "69" position, her warm breath caressed my pink pantied cock while I ached for more of her touch. She was lightly giggling down there as she eased down from each of her orgasms. Her close-up view of my pulsating pink pantied penis delighted her funny bone! As she began to recover, she slipped my cock into her mouth and just held it there through my panties. Occasionally licking the head, but mostly just holding it. It was so-o-o-o-maddening.

Finally she got up. "Okay, I think you've suffered enough, its time." I could hardly believe it. I was ecstatic. She knelt between my legs, and started to slowly stroke my very rigid cock. It felt wonderful. I was finally able to enjoy the sensations, knowing it was FINALLY building up to me cumming. "Don't let go! This is still going to last a while!" she giggled.

I didn't care, my balls were boiling by now and I could feel that wonderful build up. Oh yes, Greta was making it last and going very slow, but it was continuing to build. My God that woman can do things to my cock!

She was slowly but constantly pushing me toward my reward. At that moment, the week of suffering was worth it. I was so ready to cum. She was looking me right in the eyes and smiling. Most importantly she was stroking my cock nice and steady, and periodically punctuating her assault on me by pinching my panty waist and leg elastics, pulling on the bows and tickling me through the lace and ruffles. It was only a matter of a few more strokes. I was so very close.

The phone rang. She stopped and moved to answer it.

"NO! For God's sake, NO, don't answer that!" I was pleading with her and thrashing about, at least as much as I could tied the way I was. Three or four more strokes and I would have cum. DAMN! I was so frustrated I was quivering.

"Be quiet! If you interrupt me while I'm on the phone, you'll not get your reward, understand?" she said sternly. It wasn't a question. I bit my tongue and was quiet.

"Hello."

"Carla, how are you? I haven't heard from you for days, what's up"

I groaned softly. Carla was my little niece, a very sexy little girl well beyond her years with knowledge of how to control boys, thanks to Greta. I dreaded the conversation would be a long one, as it usually was when the two of them talked.

"No, nothing special. Paul has had a very stressful week and we're just relaxing this evening."

They chatted on for a while; it seemed like Greta was giving her advice about handling the three boys who lived next door to her. I felt sorry for those boys, but I really didn't care about all that. I wanted to fuck my wife!

Throughout the conversation, Greta was caressing my balls nonstop and would occasionally brush her hand over my cock. It was all I could do to keep from screaming.

"Oh, Paul thinks he's going to get lucky tonight, but I haven't decided for sure if he will. You know what a complete bitch I can be if I want," she laughed.

I actually started to panic. What if she meant that? What if she was going to make me wait after all? I nearly blacked out. And she was talking like that to my nine-year-old niece! Some of the things Greta said made it sound like maybe she had already told Carla that I wear ladies' panties. This conversation was scaring the hell out of me. If Carla knew I wore panties, it made me wonder if her mother, my sister, knew? Kelly always called me a sissy, and if she ever found out that I now wear lace panties, she'd blabber it to everybody and really make my world unbearable.

"Oh no, he's right here. You should see the look I just got. Do you want to say hello to him?"

My wife held the phone up to me, I quietly said hello. Carla answered with, "Oh, hi, Uncle Paul. Are you feeling in the pink tonight?" With that she giggled in that ballbusting way only little girls can.

It embarrassed me to the point I could feel myself turn bright red!

Greta took the phone back. "Honey, I really need to run. We were right in the middle of ... oh, you know. I'll talk to you in a day or two, bye!"

Later I would come to believe that this had been a complete setup. For one thing, the call came exactly on the hour. I'm sure Greta had put Carla up to it and I would later find out that Carla knew much more about our situation than I'd ever imagined.

Greta started to massage my nuts more aggressively. "Should I be a real bitch?" she asked with a huge smile.

I started to beg. "Greta, please DON'T put me off! Please let me cum, please!"

"Okay, Paulie panty boy. Now, I'm going to untie you and I want you to make love to me. I'd suggest you don't cum before I do however!" This last comment was made with a Cheshire cat grin. But I knew she

was serious.

Since she had already had two orgasms, I knew she'd hold off from cumming again as long as she could. I was feeling ill at ease. Could I keep from cumming the second I slid my cock into her warm, tight cunt?

She pulled my cock out from the leg opening of my pink panties, and I entered her immediately. I concentrated very hard to avoid cumming until she did. Fortunately for me, she was totally turned on by the whole scene and came rather soon. The second she did cum, I exploded inside her. It was one of the most intense orgasms of my life.

We just held each other, and were soon falling asleep, both with very large smiles on our faces.

Then, she said, "Rufus will be back on Monday. I can't wait to feel his big cock in me once again. Just to give you something to think about, maybe I won't let you fuck me ever again. Good night, my little panty boy."

And then Greta gave me the shocking news.

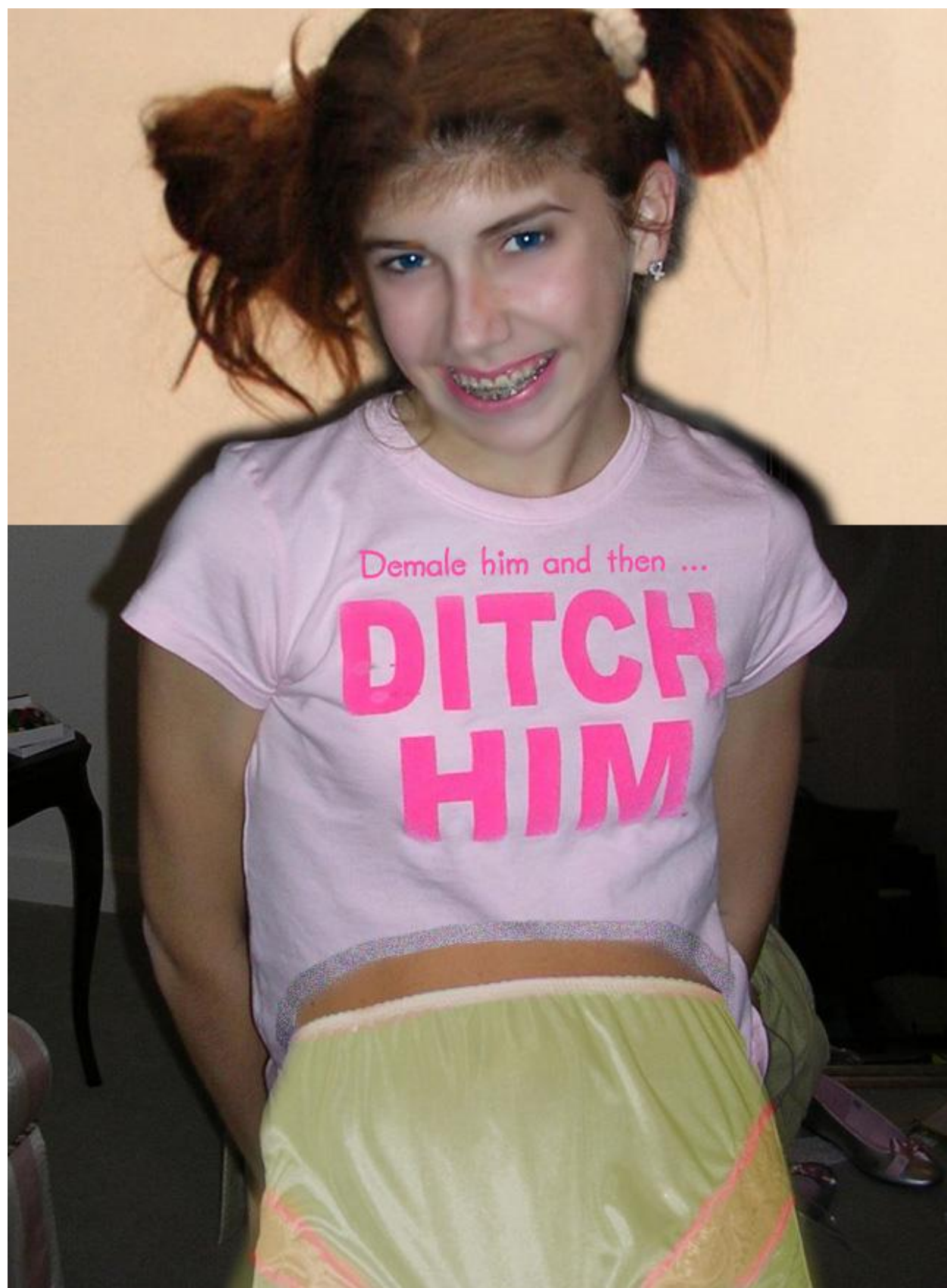


"Oh, and by the way, Carla is developing into a champion panty trainer, she and her mom have been going with me to the Society meetings. I understand Carla has a big collection of panties she teases the boys with. Little Dougie (Carla's brother and my nephew) is already panty trained. In addition to making him wear panties 24/7, Carla pins a pair of her dirty panties up on the back of the couch and makes Dougie's stare at them while she sits next to him and watches television for two or three hours every night! Carla says she can't wait to visit next week and see how well trained you are to my panties! Good night, my dear panty boy."

Paulie P.

Greta member of Sissy Cucks Chapter, Mannheim

[Index](#)







Demale Society Notices

Added 9/14/05



To: Everyone

Subject: My little sissy boy gets his first haircut

I thought you'd all enjoy seeing my little four-year-old Markie as he is about to have his first haircut. Losing his beautiful golden tresses made him (and me) cry, but I'm raising him to be a boy -- a sissy boy, so that's why it was time for his first haircut. I don't want him to be a girl or even think of himself as a girl, unless he grows up and decides to have SR surgery on his own. But from the time he was a toddler and out of diapers I've dressed him in lacy panties under his boys' clothes, let his hair grow long and gave him only girls' toys to play with. I told him

about gay boys and told him I wanted him to grow up to be sissy boy faggot. I told him that being a professional cocksucker is an honorable profession and something that he has a talent for. I knew that from the moment he started nursing on me. His adorable little mouth on my nipple sucked the milk out of me like a prize vacuum cleaner. He always looked cute in a dress whenever I let him play girlie-girlie dress up, but he looks even more beautiful now in a dress with his short butch boys' haircut!

Sally Jo, Boys in Bangles Chapter, San Jose



Before

During

After

To: Everyone

Subject: Turn your sissy boyfriend or husband into a cuckold and get him to pick a name for himself that describes what he really is!

'Pantywaist Sissy Bitch' is a fine name for any properly submissive male, and when you let others know your new name, it will more fully bring out your submissive nature. Pantywaist Sissy Bitch gives the female in your life three nice names to call you. These names will help you fully realize your real self. Pussy boy, pansy, faggot, prissy, and slut boy are fine names too. So pick one or more names that really fit you, or better yet, let some dominant female in your life pick a new name for you.

Now if your sissy life is secret from your wife, daughter, or any of the other females in your life, inform them of your new name now and let them spurn you, make fun of you, and take advantage of you in every way. Bow down and beg their forgiveness for trying to fool them into thinking of you as a man. You've known your whole life that you're not a man, so it's about time that you told everyone else.

So, bitch, let me know how it went after you reveal your true sissy self to the females in your life. Writing down how people reacted after you reveal your true nature to them will help you forever remember this important turning point in your relationship with all females you know. For many of you guys the best female to tell first is your mother, but don't be surprised if she's not surprised. Most mothers of sissy boys have known their sons were sissies since they were little boys.

If for years you've been suppressing your submissive nature from your wife out of respect for her, your marriage and your children, stop the lies! This self-denial is not admirable, bitch. The only way to show proper respect for your wife and children is to tell them exactly what you are. You can express your submission in nonsexual ways by simply waiting on your wife and kids like a slave and kowtowing to their every need. Sexually, withdraw totally from your wife and let her know she is welcome to have sex with other men and boys. If you are white, suggest that she have sex with black men since they tend to be very virile, masculine and well equipped. Besides, it would be a nice gesture since whites have been

so abusive toward blacks for centuries. Let her know you'd love it if she had a black baby by her lover. It would embarrass you to be out and have to admit to friends and neighbors that your wife had a black baby by her lover because you're too much of a wimp and sissy to give her a new baby. Tell her that now the most you can do for her sexually is to eat her pussy whenever and wherever she wants, even if it has just been freshly filled with another man's cum! This will help your wife, especially if she has been disappointed in your poor sexual performance that she has had to put up with for years. And this will help you emotionally. With no sexual signals mixed with your slave service, she will feel free to find physical love elsewhere.

Remember bitch: Your wife is your dominant woman, whether she is conscious of it or not. If part of your total and complete submission to her will is to embrace the cuckold lifestyle, then teach her how happy it will make you for her to be sexually satisfied with someone while you offer to wait on them. Best wishes, dear bitch.

Angelina

Sexy Single Wives Chapter, Ville Verde

[Index](#)

