

The Demale Society

Training Manual

Volume #25

Testimonials,
Notices,
Stories & Pics



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

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment





Nicholas is learning the excitement of being a sexy thirteen-year-old girl in full makeup and all dressed up with a high-fashion hairdo.

Read his story in The Demale Society Training Manual #23.

*February 2005
Demale Society Poster Boy
www.Demale.com*



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

Testimonials From Our Files

Posted 1/8/05

My mom feminized me from birth

I'm a thoroughly feminized male and addicted to panties, and it's all my mom's doing. I know it's fashionable these days to blame your mother for everything, but believe me, my mom made me a panty pervert. Let me explain:

Mom had four boys, and when I came along, she decided to raise me as a girl. My mom had been a member of the Demale Society during her pregnancy with me. For some reason, she didn't do much to feminize my brothers, instead, she concentrated on me once I was born and saw she had another boy to raise. I was her last chance at having a girl because she had endometriosis and after she had me, she had a hysterectomy. My dad loved my mom so he didn't argue with her when she told him at the hospital that she was going to name me Alice and raise me as her daughter.



Mom had a thing for all lingerie and especially panties long before I came along, and her focus on them made my father and my brothers all panty fetishists to one degree or another. I don't think she ever made them wear panties, but with her exposing her panties all the time, talking about wearing them, buying them, and doing everything else with them, they would have had to have been deaf, dumb and blind not to have had it affect them.

She kept me well stocked with fancy panties from the moment I got out of diapers. She had a thing about checking my panties, always making sure my panties were always fresh and clean. For example, after she did the wash, she ironed my panties so they were completely free of even the slightest wrinkle! And Mom would pull up my skirt anytime and anywhere to check my panties. She didn't care if people were around or not. She'd smooth her hands over my pantied hip and butt, even between my legs – that always sent little chills right through me. If she wasn't satisfied that I had them pulled up tight

enough or that the lacy legbands weren't sitting properly on my thighs, without compunction, she'd make me stand there for minutes on end and keep holding my skirt up high above my waist while she tugged up my panties or carefully arranged the lacy hems. She did this as nonchalantly on a busy street corner as she did in our living room.

My dad went with the flow. He liked to have me sit on his lap, and in the process my skirt would fly up and he'd support my pantied butt with his big hands. He tried to pretend like nothing was going on, but I could feel him discreetly moving his fingers over the silk and lace of my panties. It seemed like whenever we went somewhere, he liked to carry me. Of course, time after time, my skirt rode up and I could feel his calloused hands sneaking feels as they cupped my silky buttocks.

And my brothers were extremely panty conscious too, always trying to look up my skirt. I couldn't walk up stairs or sit casually without feeling their eyes hungering to peek at my panty paradise, and Dad was usually right there with them, and he'd whistle and call attention to my panties whenever I accidentally exposed them. My bothers were holy hell as they teased me about trying to keep my skirts down. They'd make bets with each other as to who could see my panties first and discover what color panties I was wearing that day. They'd chase me around and try to pull up my dress until I cried and Mom would make them stop.

In preschool I could get away with wearing dresses and other girls' clothes, but when it was time for me to enter grade school, I had to go as a boy. I hated my boys' clothes, but Mom let me dress as a girl at home as much as I wanted, and she had me take ballet, where the instructor let me practice the girls' parts and dress in pink slippers, tights, and leotards (with pink panties on underneath of course).

Alice Boy

Boys Will Be Girls Chapter, Gainesville, Member #097710 since December 2001

The picture was taken when I was ten years old. Mom is behind me as I am in my all pink ballet outfit warming up backstage for a performance!

Mom has been a member since 1980.

Limp Dick tells how it is

Thank you for allowing me to join this group. It's taken me a VERY long time to fully give into being a sissy, and recently having prostate surgery ruined my self-respect and the little bit of manhood I did have and made me feel totally inadequate as a male. It's what has motivated me to submit myself fully to my wife.

I've always known I was submissive and inferior to females but have been fighting it all of my life. It all started in 1964 when I was ten years old and got into a fight with a tomboy of a girl a year younger than me. She beat the hell out of me including giving me two black eyes. My mom saw the tail end of that fight because she came outside when she heard me crying and pleading for the girl to stop hitting me. To all the kids gathered around, the girl made me say out loud, "I'm a sissy and I should be wearing dresses and have lace on my panties."



My mother heard it too. She asked what had happened, and the kids told her I was fighting because the girl called me a sissy and picked a fight with me because she said she was tougher and stronger than me. By then some of the other mothers had come outside, and my mother was really angry with me because this girl beat me up in front of the whole neighborhood. We lived in a low class section of Baltimore, and boys were supposed to be macho. My mom was embarrassed to have a sissy for a son. For punishment, Mom used to dress me up as a girl before I started going to school, but she hadn't done that to me in years. But on this day, Mom reacted by putting me in ankle socks, penny loafers, a white dress and lace panties she borrowed from a neighbor lady. Then she made me sit outside on a picnic bench for the whole neighborhood to see me with two black eyes, all beat up and wearing a dress. She wanted to shame me into growing up to be a strong macho man, but all the teasing I took after did nothing but convince me I was a sissy and deserved to be humiliated. I've enclosed a photo of me undergoing Mom's petticoat punishment.

I am now 50 years of age, and married to a wonderful woman for 32 years this month. She was unaware of my being a sissy when we met in high school because I was lifting weights and working hard to be macho and trying out for every sports team in school. Most sports I simply warmed the bench and was only brought into the game when no one else was left on the sidelines. I did excel in track and field since I was a pretty good runner – a skill I developed running away from bullies! I really worked hard to be macho around my mom and other people, but alone in my room at night, I knew I was a poor excuse of a male.

Over the years, my wife realized I was becoming more submissive as I started doing things around the

house, like washing the dishes, bringing her coffee in bed, and doing the laundry ... she really noticed the first time I hand washed all her dirty lingerie. One day she said, "Aren't you the dutiful little husband. My girlfriends are amazed at how helpful you are around the house. They all wish their hubbies would help them out. I just might get you a little maids' outfit to wear while you work."

I was still stuck into my macho self image, and I blew this prime opportunity to come clean. I protested that I was a man and didn't want to dress up like a maid. I told her I just enjoyed doing things for her. She thought I was hurt by her comment, but inside I loved her for it! I just couldn't get myself to tell her the truth and tell her that I'd love to be her maid in a frilly little outfit.

Next thing I knew, she began giving me orders, saying this or that had to be done, and many of those things were things she had always done before. And if I was slow bringing her coffee in the morning, she'd tell me that whenever she woke up, she expected me to drop everything and get it for her at that moment. She had never been very dominant, but since I was so naturally submissive, she evolved to be more demanding. Like while we were watching TV, out of the clear blue sky, she'd switch the channel to something she wanted to watch and give me a chore to do, like put a load in the dishwasher or give me a list of clothes that had to be sorted out to go to the dry cleaner.



I'm called "Limp Dick" because that's all I have. Prostate surgery took away my erection and my penis has shrunk to about 2 inches. Oh, I can still masturbate in my sissy panties and have a dry orgasm. Yes, no more of that white sticky cum males are so proud of. But my orgasms are intense. I do please my wife orally. I have always enjoyed doing it. No, she doesn't go down on me. She never has. Just the thought of it makes her ill. And when we used to have sex, I'd always go down on her first and bring her to at least one orgasm prior to entering her because I had a hair trigger and would shoot off almost as soon as she'd let me slide my penis in her.

Now more than ever, I really do feel she is my superior, and I want to be her complete slave. I met a girlie-boy on the Internet, and (s)he told me about the Demale Society and that is why I'm submitting this testimonial to join.

That sissy crossdresser convinced me I had to tell my wife all about my true self, and I finally did. My surgery was so emasculating to me physically, it is what really motivated me to tell her. I cried on her shoulder one night and told her I felt totally inadequate as a man and ashamed I couldn't have intercourse with her any more. And for the first time in my life, I told her about when I was a kid and gotten beat up by a girl and then petticoat punished by my mother. I told her I thought I became a sissy at that time and had been trying to hide it ever since.

She wanted to know about my innermost feelings, and I admitted that since the operation and my inability to get an erection, I no longer felt like a man, and instead I felt weak and feminine, and I cried when I admitted to her that my childhood petticoat punishment haunted me stronger than ever, and I frequently wondered what it would feel like to wear panties and a dress again.

My wife didn't laugh or get mad at me. She simply went to her dresser drawer, got out a pair of her black panties trimmed with white lace and helped me put them on. I was so happy that I cried even harder. She thought I was ashamed, and I told her I was ashamed because I wasn't the man she always wanted me to be, but I also told her I felt happy in her panties because I could be so honest with her, and she didn't get mad at me for it. Eventually we talked about every aspect of my lifelong feelings, and she was very understanding. She said she has grown to really love all the things I do for her, and how I have made her life a life of ease.

Throughout this change in our relationship, I began to notice a bit of condescension in her voice. I couldn't blame her. But there have been great benefits too. Exposing my inner self to her has opened her up in new ways, and she even has been entertaining a fantasy that she'd like to make a reality. She wants to have one of her friends over and make me serve them tea with me only wearing a fancy apron and a pair of ruffled panties. Even if she isn't admitting it to herself, I'm sure this fantasy is her subconscious wanting to lash out at me for all my years of deception, but I understand, and I'm only too glad to serve her in that way. So we are now trying to figure out which of her friends might be a good candidate, and it's going to happen! My wife has just started reading a lot of the Demale Training Manuals and other crossdressing material I have, and she is very interested in the life-style and is preparing to submit an application too.

Limp Dick

Today, like most days, I'm wearing lacy white briefs and (in the house) a white dress like the outfit my mother punished me in!

Pussy Boy Chapter, Baltimore, Member #105401 since August 2004

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Demale Society

Stories & Pics

Added 3/9/05

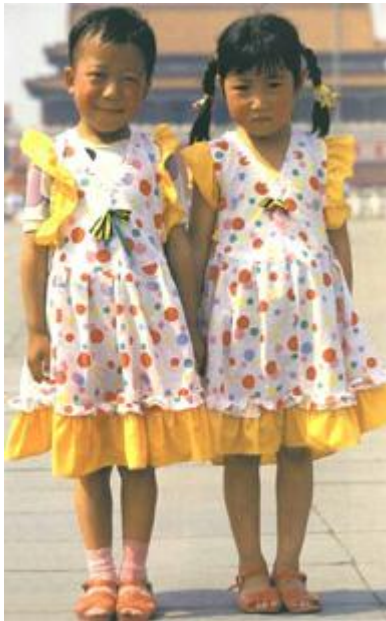


Mom already had a boy, so she raised me as a girl and Dad didn't complain

Here's a group of photos from our family album. Mom wanted a girl, so that's how she raised me. When I was two, she started out with sissy boy clothes and only dressing me up in full girls' clothes on Halloween and for parties, but eventually she couldn't resist making me into a girl all day long, every day. I understand the neighbors gossiped about me, and my brother complained that the other kids called me names, but he loved me as his little sister and protected me from the bullies.

No, I wasn't from a broken home. My dad was a cuckold wimp and never went against anything my mom did. He kept busy in his work and let my mom have boyfriends that she would have over to the house all the time. Those men thought it was funny that I was a little girl for my mom, and they never failed to compliment me on how pretty I looked, even though they always seemed to follow those compliments with a hearty laugh. But they were all good guys who would hold me on their laps and watch TV with us, play board games with me and treat us to McDonald's or take us out for ice cream in the summer.

Mom did keep my hair short because sometimes I had to go out as a boy (kind of), like to the doctors and to her parents house because they refused to accept me as a girl. That's when she'd dress me up in sissy boys' clothes like the ruffled all-in-one frilly outfit I'm wearing here at the zoo. But when it came time for me to go to school, Mom stopped dressing me like a girl. I cried a lot when she tried to explain that it was time for me to be a boy, and it did take a long time to adjust, and it took an even longer time for the kids in the neighborhood to forget about me being raised as a girl.



From China, twin boy and girl dressed alike

One of our members passed this photo onto to us. Just a little more evidence that putting boys in girls' clothes is truly a worldwide



At our church's annual Christmas show, they put me in charge of costumes!

At our church's Christmas pageant, I positioned myself to be in charge of the costumes. Keith, one of

phenomenon!

the angels in the show really seemed to enjoy my efforts!



When she goes panty flashing, she doesn't skimp

When Doreen goes panty flashing to hook some young, innocent boys and panty crazy men, she wears her biggest full-cut nylon brief-style panties under her skimpiest miniskirt and her panties can be seen from a block away as they stick out of both the bottom and top of her low-slug miniskirt.



Boys can go panty flashing too!

Carlos is being honored as the boy who recruited the most other boys for his local chapter. He said, "It took a lot of guts, but I knew I was doing it for a good cause, and I really wanted the mini portable TV prize. "

How did he win? He wore a mini-skirted dress to the mall and watched out for boys who began to follow him to peek up his skirt. Then he'd approach them and feel them out about trying girls' clothes themselves. He also found recruits by hanging around various department stores while watching for boys who pretended to mistakenly wonder through the section displaying girls' lingerie.



My son goes to the Demale summer camp for boys with developing breasts where they can go swimming and play without being teased

Even as a toddler, Lonnie's son started picking up bad habits from other little boys at the playground. The neighborhood was loaded with undesirables, and she feared as he got older that the rowdy and delinquent boys would ruin all the hard work she put into raising him right. But the worst problem

was at home. Dirk, her husband, was a drunkard and a typical repulsive macho male. He worked at a steel foundry on the graveyard shift that ended at 8 AM, and then he'd go drinking with his buddies from work. He'd come home at about noon, demand something to eat and fall fast asleep until it was past their son's bedtime. He rarely even saw the boy and never spent any real time with him. Lonnie pleaded with him to change his routine and be sober enough to be a good example for their son, but he ignored her.

She joined the Demale Society hoping to change her husband, but he laughed in her face when she stood up to him for the first time in their marriage and demanded that he become more genteel in his ways, respect her, stop his daily drinking and sober up and spend quality time with their son and be a good example to him. He didn't even try, and the conflict between them grew until the day he just decided to clean out their joint checking and savings accounts and permanently leave. Within a year his drinking became totally out of control, and he went on a binge and died of alcohol poisoning.

Lonnie swore she would not let her son grow up to be anything like his father. With the help of other Demale members, she began a gradual process to feminize her son. When he turned ten, she got female hormones for him from a sympathetic woman doctor, and he soon developed perky little breasts like a teenage girl! The enclosed photo is from when Barry attended a special Demale Society summer camp for boys on a regimen of female hormones. Here he is with his back to the camera, showing off his breasts (and his bra tan line) to two of the other boys also under hormone treatment. The camp is a wonderful place because these boys with breasts can play outside, go swimming and do other things without being teased about their little titties. One of my son's good friends is the boy in the blonde wig. His name is Chester, and would you believe it, his mother has nicknamed him "Chesty!"











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Testimonials From Our Files

Posted 3/10/05

Taught submissiveness to females at my group foster home

Back in the 1970s I grew up in foster homes, and I thought of myself as a fairly typical boy. At least I had no interest in anything feminine until I moved into a group home. Group homes were popular parking places for orphans back then. With kids coming and going, this home housed from one to two dozen kids at any one time. It was run by three women. They were lesbians and members of the Demale Society, but I had no knowledge of such things at that time.



The first day I was there, I saw a couple of boys in dresses. I thought they were simply girls with short hair, and only later that day did I find out the truth. I was told the boys were sometimes dressed in girls' clothes if they acted up and caused any trouble, but I was also told that once a boy was able to cum (I had no idea what that term meant), he had to dress as a girl for one week every month while he was "having his period." I was pretty ignorant about sex and female things, so it took a lot of explaining to get me to understand that whole concept.

I guess I was a little too rowdy and rambunctious for Madam (what we called the head of the house) and

her two assistants, so they immediately began sissy training me. In my eyes, Madam was a stunningly beautiful woman, and I instantly fell in love with her. I wanted to please her, and I tried to follow the other kids and stay on the right side of our caretakers, but I screwed up a lot.

I was ten at the time, and Madam explained she had to “smooth out my rough edges,” and the best way to do it was for me to spend some time in girls' clothes. It didn't make sense to me, but I wanted to follow the rules because I liked living there: the food was good, the kids were pretty nice to me, and I loved being around these women, especially Madam. I was not happy about putting on girls' clothes, but I did it for her. We were taught not to question our superiors. Those first few days in sissy clothes, I spent a lot of time looking at myself in mirrors and discreetly reaching under my skirt to feel the frills on my silky slip and panties. Madam made me wear the panties pulled up real tight with the panty legs wedged deep in my butt crack that imparted a wickedly weird feeling that caused me to walk funny. Madam said the tight panties would keep me aware of what I was wearing and help me be good.

When she directed me to do something I really didn't want to do, she taught me to use it as an opportunity to learn obedience to females. She said she wanted to make me into a sissy! I told her I didn't want to become a sissy, but she had clever ways of talking and bullshitted me into thinking it was good to be a sissy boy. The panties were a big selling point. She and all the girls kept telling me how nice they were to wear, and I couldn't deny it! They made me hard. In a loving way, she'd hold me on her lap, slide her hand up my skirt and gently rub her fingers over my hips and bottom as she teased me with the silkiness of the panties. Her tickling would make me laugh, and she'd get me to admit that I loved how wonderful it was to wear silk panties.

Madam and her assistants were always doing panty inspections and checking the state of my penis. They did it to the other boys as well. Several times a day they'd make me hold up my dress and note if I was or wasn't hard and then they'd do a close examination of my panties with my panties pulled down to my thighs so they could check the inside of my panties, and then they'd handle my penis and comment on hard or soft it was and always added a demeaning comment about its small size and babyish or girlish appearance. If I wasn't hard when they touched me, I became hard almost immediately. Usually, they'd just smile, drop my skirts and send me on my way.

But sometimes, when Madam did it, she'd spent several long moments massaging my penis and telling me she knew I loved wearing silky girls' panties, whispering in my ear things like, “Dillon, your little baby penis is hard because it loves being kept in your soft, silky panties; it's a sure sign you're now a real sissy boy.” She'd keep stroking me, and in no time at all, she'd have me swooning with pleasure and saying “yes” to anything she asked of me. She'd only do it for about 30 seconds to a minute or two, but then she'd suddenly stop and flick her fingers with a whip-like action that sent pain through my little cockie like a bee sting. My erection would deflate, and she'd tell me, “Now, be a good boy and don't play with your little peepee in your panties too much or it will fall off and you'll want me to completely turn you into a girl.”

Many times she pretend to tell me a secret and say that one or another of the little girls there used to be a boy until they asked her to be taken to the doctor to have his penis cut off.

I'm sure that never really happened and the girls she told me about were really girls to start with, but the other kids backed up these stories. That scared me and made me a little crazy because I couldn't keep my hands of my pantied penis and Madam knew it!

Even the girls she said once were boys played along with the game and said it was true. Then the girls would tease us boys and try to get us to want to have our penises cut off. Several times some of the girls even chased us boys around with a knife threatening to cut it off and "end our misery as boys," but they'd always let us escape at the last moment, but we did keep our distance from those girls until things cooled down and they lost interest in chasing us.

It's easy to obey when you are inclined to do so anyway, like I was, but Madam taught me it was even more satisfying to obey when I really didn't want to do some of the things she asked of me. She was always challenging me and the rest of the boys, getting us to embarrass ourselves or make us put ourselves in a subservient position to her and the girls. Here are a few examples:

"Tomorrow, you'll be doing lingerie laundry, and first thing in the morning, go to each of the girls' rooms and ask them for their dirty slips, bras and panties. Then Melvina will teach you how to hand wash them. Every Friday it's your turn to be the little sissy laundry boy."

"Every morning as you get ready for your bath, you must stand in front of me or one of my assistants, strip off your panties and hand them over for panty inspection. We will subject you to a panty check every morning. It's good you aren't old enough yet to cum, but when you do, we'll see evidence of it in your nighttime panties, and when you do cum, I'll get all the kids together and you'll have to stand before us, show us your soiled panties and tell us all about it."

And one of the most devastating was: "You aren't becoming a good sissy fast enough; so you'll sleep in the same bed with Harold every night."

Harold was the most sissified boy there; even the other boys teased him all the time. He wore girls' clothes every day, not just for punishment or during his monthly period. He had long hair that he put long ribbons in and always wore strong-smelling perfume. He was more of a girl than most of the girls. I knew he was the most shunned kid there, so I dreaded being put in bed with him, and my fears weren't unfounded. In bed he kept putting his hands on and inside my panties! It was weird to have him touch me in my panties. It was very different from when Madam did it.

When I complained to Madam that Harold made me feel funny touching my panties, she simply said, "Harold is just trying to be friends with you. Maybe you should play with Harold's panties too. You know it's important to get along, and besides, you can do it for me. Poor Harold is teased a lot by the other

kids, so you can be a really good sissy boy if you hug him tightly, touch his panties, and tell him what a pretty girl he makes.”

Boy was Madam stringing me along with a big dose of bullshit! And after I did do it, it wasn't so bad. Harold even taught me how to french kiss. He said it made him feel loved. I was so happy that I was being a good sissy boy that I reported to Madam about the kissing and playing with Harold's pink panties. Madam praised me and told me a secret: that I was her best sissy boy. But I'm sure she probably told that same secret to every boy in her care.

Another thing: Madam, her assistants and all the girls talked about the boys' penises all the time, and they always used terms like “little penis” “baby penis,” “toy cockie,” “panty stick,” “dinky dick,” and dozens of other derogatory terms meant to keep us boys embarrassed, feeling inadequate, and totally downtrodden.

For the most part, all the boys had to mind all the girls, including the biggest boys who had to do anything even the littlest girls told them to do. We were told it was the way boys showed proper respect for all females, and all females were in charge because they were born a lot smarter than boys.

One day, three of the girls wanted to give me a panty check, something the girls, especially the littlest girls, loved doing to the boys who were in skirts, so I dutifully submitted and raised my dress up. But these three girls were up to no good. They knelt all around me and were so close I could feel their breath on my thighs. They were smoothing over my panties and sticking their hands up inside the elastic legs and poking at my rosebud and my dinky through the panties. Little six-year-old Rosie thought it fun to repeatedly snap my waist and leg elastics. She did it about fifty times, and I was twisting and turning in pain and near tears. I complained that it hurt, so they let me lie down on a couch while they continued examining my panties and snapping my elastics, all the while laughing like it was a really fun game. With all that touching, my penis got hard, and the girls told me I was being bad. One of them squeezed it really hard and wouldn't let go, and I doubled up and spurted a little watery jism into my panties. I thought I had peed myself, but little Rosie (who knew ten times more about sex than I did) knew exactly what had happened, and she ran to Madam waving in the air her fingers sticky with my cum and screaming, “Dillon spunked his panties! Dillon spunked his panties!”

After the full impact of what I had done dawned on me, I was embarrassed to death. After supper, I had to humiliate myself in front of everyone by standing up in front of them gathered in the TV room with Rosie holding up my soiled pale green panties. I had to describe what I had done -- not what they had done to me! The other kids thought it was a laugh riot, and they kept me standing there forever asking me humiliating questions about how good it felt to shoot off in my panties, and wasn't I ashamed that a little six-year-old girl made me do it, and if I wanted to do it for all of them while they watched! I don't remember a lot of details about that day since I made a point of trying not to think about it because I was so humiliated and embarrassed. The other kids were really hard on me.

Anyway, starting on that day, I was required to have a “monthly period” like the girls, a week of discomfort, messiness, and fretting that all the older bigger boys had to go through. Yet, Madam convinced me that it was good training for me. By letting the women and girls control me (a good definition of submission), I became convinced I was happier and had purpose, and not just about sissy things. I believed that being a good, obedient sissy made me a better person. Yes, at times, I did feel silly and stupid in girls' clothes and cried. I felt picked on and bullied and ashamed for agreeing to it all. But Madam had taught all the girls how to be clever, bossy little girls, and their line of bullshit was too much for my young mind. I couldn't outtalk them. They always knew better, and I really did believe even the littlest girl was smarter than me and even smarter than the biggest boys. Whenever, I was feeling down and miserably inadequate, Madam would help me surrender to my feelings of vulnerability. She said boys were supposed to feel that way; then she'd tease me for a while in my panties, and I'd be in love with her all over again.

So how did a boy have a period?

Like the other boys during their monthly period week, I had to wear a big old-fashioned elastic sanitary belt with a huge Kotex pad clipped to it that went up my front and between my legs. In back, the irritating elastic straps went up my ass crack, and all day long it chafed me and made me terribly aware that I had it on. But worst of all, the Kotex pad was a used pad donated by one of the girls, and usually slimed with a generous stripe of sticky, smelly, bloody discharge that commingled with you penis and balls for the week and irritated the hell out of your privates.

That first night, after a long cry from the humiliation of being paraded before the others and being put into my Kotex pad to start my period week, I had to put on my prettiest pjs, a baby blue babydoll set with white lace and pink ribbons on the short top and extremely full-cut, balloon-like bloomer panties, and cuddle my favorite teddy bear. Madam herself rocked me to sleep with that sticky pad plastered against my boy toys. In an embarrassing way, the huge pad bulged out the front of my panty more than my penis did when it was hard. I felt very little, very embarrassed, and very sissified indeed. Wearing the sanitary pad and tight elastic belt wasn't erotic but comforting in a strange sort of way once I adapted to wearing it and getting used to the icky feeling of the bloody mess hugging me morning, noon and night. Instead of trying to put on a brave face, I was taught it helped to allow myself to look and feel vulnerable. I was encouraged to cry. It wouldn't change anything, but it did have a remarkable effect of making me feel better. That approach did make me feel more relaxed. I learned to adapt to my monthly period, and learned to feel good about doing something that was making me a better person. It was mind submission at the highest level!

After my “cumming out” (as they called it) and the physical and mental assault I endured in front of all the other kids after soiling my panties for the first time, all of them did try their best to be nice to me. All the older boys knew what I was going through, and they said they had no choice but to make fun of me; it was how boys became better sissies through teasing, pain and humiliation.

I was quickly indoctrinated into a daily ritual. Upon waking, we had to strip off our panties and hand them over to one of the women to be inspected, and after our bath, we had to get out a fresh pair of panties, lovingly hold them up and say out loud, "I love to wear these pretty yellow sissy panties," to all the other boys in the large dorm room where we stayed. Of course, each boy had to say it, and say it with meaning!

Madam and her assistants were always listening to the monitor in our room, and any boy who did not say it like he really meant it was in trouble, and moments later, one of the women would appear. She'd put a death clutch on the boy's penis within his silky panties and drag him screaming from the room. Hours later, he would show up again, murmuring to himself like he had seen a ghost. He just had been put through a little sampling of the ladies most aggressive brainwashing.

I did get spared that punishment all the time I was there, but I got into a lot of other scrapes that earned me many other humiliating punishments. Putting down oneself and being forced to say embarrassing things were standard punishments for me, like the time I didn't want to wear a thin see-through blouse because everyone would be able to see my bra and the top of my lacy full slip underneath. Two women were visiting that day looking for a child to adopt, and I had to go up to them and say, "I'm a boy but a sissy and that's why I am wearing these girls' clothes. Madam is so nice to let me wear my girls' clothes as a reward when I've been especially good. Would you like to see my panties? I love my pretty panties so much, and I'll be delighted to show them to you." I said it with tears in my eyes.

At that point Madam stepped in laughing and shooed me away, explaining to the dumbstruck ladies that I was a hopeless sissy, a boy who wanted to be a girl, so she was just humoring me by letting me dress up as a girl once in a while. And she convinced them that my tears were tears of happiness!

The enclosed old photo shows me and the other kids playing a game of tag out in the yard. I'm the boy in the dress being chased by the other sissy boy in a mini skirt, just one of the fun little sissy games that was standard fare at the home. I got this picture two years ago when I visited my former 'Madam.' She's in her seventies now, but still as dominant as ever. She smiled proudly when she got me to admit that I wear panties every day, and she was very pleased when I told her I volunteer to do all the cleaning up and dirty work at my church's home for pregnant teen girls and homeless single and abused women and girls. During that session, she admitted that she and her assistants were lesbians and all active members of the Demale Society. So that's how I found out about the group and I now understand why those women were so effective at feminizing all of us boys. And here I am now submitting my membership application.

Curtseys, Dillon

Boys No More Chapter, Huntsville, Member #10782 since November 2004

In the picture, I don't recall what panties I was wearing that day, but I can guarantee you that they were pastel colored (probably pink) and with a lot of lace trim because that's what all the boys in the home wore for everyday underwear!

Madam has been a member since 1968!



***I went overboard
buying a tennis
outfit and rhumba
panties for my
husband***

One day last month, I picked up my husband from work because I told him I needed him to go with me to get some things at the mall. He sensed I was about to add to his girlie wardrobe, so he pleaded with me not to expose him as a

sissy to the salesladies, like i do sometimes. I could tell he was nervous. He hated shopping for girlie clothes. I told him if he kept it cool, I'd try to spare him some of the embarrassment.

As I walked into the Tennis Girl store, I immediately noticed a sign advertising the special I was there to buy, a sale on old-fashioned tennis outfits complete with ruffled rhumba panties like the ones that were so popular during the 1970s and 80s. It was advertised as a limited time nostalgia sale. Unfortunately, I could only find one tennis dress and rhumba panties outfit in my size, a god-awful mod style in yellow, orange and red. My husband wears the same size as I do, and I'm sure he was rightly guessing I was really getting it for him. He was nervous and sweating already. So I just reached down the back of his trousers, grabbed hold of his panty elastic, gave it a sharp tug upward and let it snap, as I said, "Calm down, sweetie, this shouldn't take long."

I couldn't find a clerk on the floor, so I went up to the service counter. The moment I laid eyes on the girl working there, I should have smelled trouble. She was one of those surly, stuck-up teenage girls who thinks just because she's thin and pretty, she can get away with anything. She was sitting there writing on her school folder, and even though I was standing right in front of her, she pretended not to notice me. I looked down and saw she was writing

over and over again in perfect penmanship "I love Thomas L. Finch. I'm going to be Mrs. Thomas L. Finch." Right then, I knew this girl didn't have a clue. Forget the nostalgia of the 1970s; she was a throwback to the 1950s when females were barely second class citizens. Finally, she looked up at me, but didn't say a word. Not a single, "May I help you?" or anything. Her glassy eyes told me she was dreaming about being Mrs. Thomas L. Finch.

I pointed to the racks with the 1970s style women's tennis dresses and ruffled panty outfits, and asked her if they had any more of the extra large sizes and if they had any other colors in the storeroom. For a few seconds, she just looked at me without saying anything. Then she asked for my size.

"Oh, so you do have more in back?" I asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "What's your size?"

I'll admit I'm more than a little bit overweight, but telling this snotty svelte young thing my big size was hardly what I wanted to do. So I decided to make her day. I said, "I need an XXL Queen, but it's not for me, it's for my husband, here. Do you have any?"

The girl audibly snorted. "I hope not," she said.



My husband was cringing, looking at me with his big sad doggie eyes, aghast that I had gone back on my pledge not to humiliate him. But there was more important work to do. My husbandette is very understanding. I think he realized this girl needed a lesson, and I needed him to teach her that lesson.

I heard some snickers behind me. I turned around and saw a pair of teeny bopper cashiers making no effort to conceal the fact that they found our little exchange amusing. So I said that this is not the type of service I've come to expect from Tennis Girl (even though this was the first time I had ever been in the store).

Smirking, the girl replied, "And what type of service do you expect? This is a high class store; we don't cater to fags and weirdoes."

Wow, was I steamed! I gave the girl a dirty look and demanded to see the manager. After some minutes a squirrely little guy appeared with the bimbo girl by his side. As they walked toward me I heard her

explaining to him how they weren't interested in dealing with perverts. I took one look at this guy and knew he was mine. I gave him my evil eye and he folded; he apologized for the girl, and said he'd help us personally. He led us to the backroom away from the clerks, and sorted through their stock to find what I was looking for. He let us use his office for privacy, so my husband could try on the dress and panties (over the lavender panties he was wearing). I could tell this manager guy was used to obeying strong females, but I suppose that was why he hired those dumb little high school girls since they were probably the only kind of females he could feel superior to and exercise any control over.

We made our purchase, and on the way out, I was really going to give those clueless girls a piece of my mind, so I reached into my purse, took out a couple of pictures and tossed them down on the counter as I said, "Well, Mrs. Finch, I'll warn you right now. As soon as you get married and have a week or two of what you think is a great new life, your husband will gradually turn on you and start taking advantage of you because I can tell just by looking at you that he will have absolutely no respect for you. Take a look at these pictures of my husband taking care of me. He's my slave, and when you can get Mr. Finch to do things like this for you, maybe you'll have a chance at real happiness.

The pictures I left: One of Carl in his bra and panties cleaning out the toilet. One of him with his face deep in my ass licking me clean after using the toilet. And the last one, a shot of him holding up his skirt and doing a little dance to show my girlfriends his pretty panties.

I'm tempted to go back to the store to see if things have changed, like if those salesgirls now have a better attitude or if the salesgirls have been replaced altogether. And maybe I'll take a shot at turning that nice little manager into a sissyboy.



Here's a pic of Carl wearing the tennis dress and rainbow colored rhumba panties we bought that day. Also a picture of a feminized nephew and two pics of by little girlie grandson.

I guess I did get a little carried away that day, but we're all allowed to go a little bonkers every now and then, right? After all, why be normal? :)

Christie and Dickless Carl

I always wear big, full, pastel-colored, lacy briefs with a very high waist that I have custom made for me, and each day my husband has to wear the dirty panties that I wore the day before. The only exception to that is when I have him wear his pretty new rhumba panties under his new tennis dress! I think I'll take him back to the store dressed up and show those smart ass little girl clerks what they should be doing with their boyfriends!

The De-man-ding Ladies Chapter, Salt Lake City, Member #068993 since February 1994

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His smile is forced, he uses his hand to hide his embarrassing panties just a bit, even his toes curl up in shame as shy little fourteen-year-old Jared gives us just a peek at his flat little girl training bra and lacy blue satin panties. For sitting still and letting his daddy take this photo, Jared was rewarded with a gay video of little boys playing with each other in ruffled panties.



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Demale Society Poster Boy
www.Demale.com