

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

Volume #35

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

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment





Eric is the star pitcher on his Little League team, but he's also the darling son of Andrea, a modern Demale Society mother who believes her boys should be allowed to complete with non-Society boys at every level, as long as they have proper respect for all females, and she believes the best way to foster that respect is to make sure a boy spends a great deal of time in girls' clothes. His girlie time can be mostly limited to time within the home, but there are times when he should be given a wig and made to appear outside for all to see him as a little girl. Eric does love his girlie time as you can see here as he obviously enjoys showing us the lacy slip and panties he wears under his mini dress.

*May 2006
Demale Society Poster Boy*

www.Demale.com

Demale Society Stories

Added 3/19/06

Firsthand account of a husband being Demaled: Things were changing, and I didn't realize it until it was too late. He's now a sissified cream pie eating cuckold.



Now looking back, I clearly see that my wife's behavior gradually changed over the last year. We had been married for four years and the glow was wearing off of our marriage. I thought, especially if I tried even harder to please her and let her have her way as much as possible, we'd get back to things the way they were.

After all, we're both still quite young: She's 28 and in great shape, and I'm 34, slim and still have most of my hair. At 5'11" Jan is tall for a woman with beautiful legs that look great in a miniskirt. In addition, she's drop-dead gorgeous and keeps in shape with regular aerobic workouts. When we go out, she turns heads!

At 5' 7" I'm short for a man. Our height difference never mattered to her until recently, and then for some reason, she started ribbing me about it. With a giggle, she'd jokingly say she could beat me up if she had to, and that is true. If we argue, in an instant, she can swing me around and twist my arm up my back and get me to agree to anything she wants. She also started calling me 'her little man' or 'shorty.' I don't like her calling me those names because I feel she is also mocking to my slightly below average five-inch cock that I always wished were a lot bigger.

I didn't know it at the time, but over the past year (coinciding with her loss of interest in letting me fuck her), she joined the Demale Society and slowly but surely began adopting their ideas and began a process of dominating me.

One remarkable physical feature my wife has is her clit – it's the biggest one I have ever seen on a woman, and it seems to be constantly erect, poking out the front of her thin nylon panties like a little prick. Her clit is almost as big as my cock! And she keeps her pussy neatly shaved, and that increases the prominence of her clit standing up in her panties. That little bulge in her panties mocks my manhood!

Anyway, as newlyweds, we had sex several times a week, but after the first couple of years, that

diminished to once or twice a week. I was working longer hours and not feeling quite as energetic or young as I once had. Then about a year ago, our frequency declined further as Jan began complaining of headaches, being too tired, having especially bothersome cramps, or not feeling 'in the mood.' I sensed something was wrong, but I didn't know what it was.

One thing she was enthusiastic about was her 'ladies' club' as she referred to the Demale Society meetings she attended. I had no idea what went on at those meetings, but afterwards, she'd often come home late, and if I asked her for sex, she'd usually deny me, telling me I could wait and not to complain. Sometimes though, she would relent, and she'd allow me to spurt my cum into her.

It was always a 'quickie' because I had usually been denied so long that I couldn't hold back, and she made it obvious she didn't enjoy it. She wasn't loving at such times and barely reacted. It was more like I was just rubbing up against her and masturbating into her pussy. No fun, not like it used to be when we first started having sex. Afterwards, she'd complain about the mess I made inside her that would leak out throughout the night and even the next day as it still drained into her panties, so she got me to eat her pussy right after we had sex. I really cringed the first time she had me do it. I had always loved giving her oral sex but was quite hesitant to do it right after shooting off into her.

But she got me to do it by making me feel guilty. She said, "You made this mess inside me, so the least you can do is go down there and clean it out."

The first time she said that, I reached for some Kleenex on the nightstand, but she grabbed the box out of my hand and threw it across the room as she yelled at me, "No, stupid! That's not good enough. Get down there between my legs and lick it out. Eat up every last drop of your slime that you put in me, and try to give me a little satisfaction while you are down there because your hair trigger pimple of a dick has left me up in the air and totally unsatisfied."

But her allowing me to fuck her happened less and less. She was always complaining of being too tired, so she gave me some K-Y jelly for a lubricant and started having me jack off while she watched. She wouldn't put up with any petting or touching to get me warmed up first. Neither would she touch me or help me get fully erect. I was just supposed to lube up my cock and spurt at her direction. After I came, she would then have me eat her out, and many nights she had me do it for what seemed like hours and she'd fall asleep with me totally exhausted still using every ounce of my energy to continue to lap up her pussy. During some of those times, I could swear I could taste man cum in her pussy, but I just couldn't believe she was unfaithful to me, so I pushed such scary thoughts out of my mind and tried my best to give her endless numbers of orgasms. Sometimes her pussy would get too sore and raw, and she'd kick me out of bed. Then she started keeping on her panties while she had me go down on her so she wouldn't get so sore, but I had to fight back thoughts of sucking cock because sucking on her big clit poking up in her panties seemed to be dangerously close to sucking on a cock. It was downright scary to pull my head back and see her throbbing clit sticking up in the front of her heavily stained panties like it was staring back at me. During those times, especially after she had gone to one of her weekly meetings, her panties were almost always quite heavily stained, and panties slick with stale pussy juices are quite different – and much more pungent – than supping the fresh juices directly from a pussy. And her dank panties had a aged stench all their own and an acrid taste that was quite

off-putting, but for her love I could stomach it, and once again I could smell and taste what in my heart I guessed to be male cum, but I just couldn't get myself to believe she was having sex with another man – and then making me suck those juices out of her. But eventually, I found out that's exactly what was happening, and when I did find out for sure, it wasn't a shock to me, the final hurdle was just me acknowledging to myself what I had known for a long time. All for her love!

Then one night, I couldn't find the K-Y jelly -- looking back I'm sure she had hidden it, so she took off her panties and tossed them to me, telling me they were silky and would slide nicely up and down my cock to get me excited. They did work! Especially knowing that they had just come off of her body, it was a little like fucking a little bit of her. She smiled at me the whole time, and that was better than her usual stone faced glare during my masturbation sessions. She even reached out and rubbed me a few times through the panties to see how hard I was getting. Her hand was an exciting experience because my penis was so starved for some direct contact with her in anyway. When she gave me a firm squeeze, I quickly erupted into her teasingly soft nylon panties, and then she said, “Oh, dearie, I think we've found something that your little boy penis really likes! He really likes rubbing himself off in girlie panties – how sweet! A panty boy are we?” And then she was laughing as I was still finishing off my orgasm with my cock throbbing away in her panty-lined hand.

That quickly escalated into her wanting me to make myself spurt into her panties every night, and she almost never touched me again. Night after night, she'd make me stand in front of her and jerk myself off into her panties until I orgasmed and collapsed on the bed. Then she went away to a skin care convention in Las Vegas for a long weekend with one of her girlfriends, and I had to stay home because of my job – I was a manager in a restaurant and rarely got time off on the weekends.

As she left, she said, “Try to be a good boy while I'm gone and don't go shooting your slime into my panties without me being here. Ta-ta!”

But by then I had been so well conditioned to jerking off in her panties every night that I just couldn't stop myself from raiding her panty drawer and masturbating into her panties at least a dozen times over those four days she was gone.

She came home and found all the panties I had soiled, and then saw the elastic was broken on one pair. She accused me of wearing them and then called me a pervert.



No, I hadn't worn her panties. I have no idea how the elastic got broken. I swore to her I had never worn a pair of her panties, but she said she didn't believe me and as a punishment, I was going to have to wear women's panties at all times. I know I was standing before her

with my mouth wide open in amazement, but I didn't say anything in my defense outside of blubbering a plea not to make we wear her panties. She then corrected me and said her panties would be too big on me so we'd have to go shopping to get me some of my own. Minutes later, I was still in a daze, but I was also being led through the mall as she took me into a store and bought me a handful of panties, lacy, decorated pastel-colored panties fancier than the panties she usually wore, and she shocked the soul out of me as she explained to the lady, "I need to get my sissy husband some ladies' panties because I caught him wearing my panties and doing disgusting things in them. So if that's the kind of little girlie boy husband I have I guess I should get him some pretty girlie panties in his size so he'll stop sneaking into my panty drawer and stealing my panties!"

The saleslady was stunned but quickly shifted gears and made it obvious she highly disapproved of faggot males, but then she did mumble to my wife something to the effect, "Woman's panties are suitable for such a disappointing example of a male. Way to go, girl!"

She made me wear my new panties not just for my nightly panty wanking but also in place of my regular men's underwear. I pleaded not to do it, but my giving into her wishes was by then an avalanche that buried just about every single thing I wanted, and I knew if I wanted to stay married to her, I had to do everything she wanted.

Through all of that I was sure most guys would have dumped a woman who had done those things to him and headed for the hills, but I still loved her – probably loved her more than ever. I had to admit she had been very clever. Even though she had humiliated me and destroyed my manhood, she had gotten me to love her and want her more than anything else on earth every

step of the way.

And with the nightly panty jack off sessions, she then got into the habit of getting me to come as quickly as possible, telling me, "Don't take too long, I'm tired," or, "aren't you almost finished yet?" She made it very clear that my pumping myself off had become old hat for her, and she wasn't getting any joy out of watching me do it. With her encouragement, I learned to bring myself off quicker and quicker. Sometimes I would even rub myself for a few minutes while she was in the bathroom getting ready for bed, so I would be ready to cum at a moment's notice and wouldn't bother her much. I became proud that I could lose my load so quickly. She encouraged this attitude, saying, "OK, panty fag, let's see how quickly you can cum this time," or, "Try to make it shoot as fast as you can, you naughty little girl playing with herself in her good panties," as if I were her toy or plaything and she was conducting an experiment. And then she'd make me sleep in my sticky panties.

Looking back, I realize she was subtly changing this routine over the course of several months. She became more dominating, and instead of acting bored, she changed her tune and appeared to enjoy being in control and giving me commands.

She seemed to enjoy the embarrassment I felt when I asked for permission to have sex, responding with a little smirk and clucking her tongue in mild disapproval, or saying something like, "So your little cock wants some attention? OK, we now know what a pathetic sissy you are, so we better get your little dickie nice and excited in your pretty panties. Go have your panty wanking fun, but make it fast and then get down her and suck my cock in my panties." She'd laugh as she said things like that.

Soon she started telling me how many strokes she was going to let me have. At first she would tell me how many strokes, maybe 30 or something like that, but she wouldn't count them out loud until near the end, when she would start giving me little news flashes: "OK, you got just ten strokes left," or, "Five left, little panty man, better make it happen soon."

Strangely, I found it very exciting to hear her commands. When she called me 'little man' now, I knew she was making fun of my five-inch cock, but I couldn't very well object, knowing it was short and she deserved a man with a much bigger cock one for her own pleasure.

As I adjusted to her increasing dominance and being told how many strokes to take, she steadily began decreasing the number of strokes she would allow me. And she started counting down each stroke, like, "I'll bet you can come this time in just 12 strokes," and then she would count down from 12, encouraging me at the same time: "OK, 12 . . . 11. . . come on, baby, you can do it, 9 . . . just a few more strokes now, panty wanker, 8, better make it happen for your little dickie, 7, I know you can't last much longer . . . 6 . . . just a few more, let's get it over with . . . 5 . . . juice your panties, boy, 4, . . . You're not getting any extra . . . 3 . . . OK, panty squirter, you're almost there, 2 . . . 1, OK, NOW! Shoot off, baby! Let your sissy cum out! Slime your lacy little panties, little boy! Shoot it!"

Then I'd spurt, saturating my panties, and she would add, "There, there, that's it. Your little cock is done. Now we can get to sleep."

I would always feel great relief after my ejaculation, but I'd also feel ashamed, too, recognizing how much control she now had over me, and how little I was doing for her sexual relief.

When I asked her one day how I could give her sexual pleasure and why she didn't let me perform like a regular husband and fuck her anymore, she just laughed, and over the next week, she brought home her lovers – she had three of them! And on each night that she had each one of them come around to the house, she made me stand before each man, lower my trousers and show him the panties I wore and made me tell him that they were my own panties and I wore them all the time. Then I had to get down on my knees and suck him off. I did that to each of the three men. With the first one I strongly objected, but the alternative was having my wife beat the shit out of me followed by me being thrown out of the house – for good. Besides, as she explained, I had been eating these men's cum out of her pussy for months already, so I was already a cream pie eating cum sucker, so what was the big difference to start getting some real man cum directly from the source. I did it, and I'm still doing it whenever they want a little entertainment at my expense. The things an inadequate sissy husband will do for love!

Stanley J., now legally with my named changed to "Sissy"

I wrote this under the careful supervision of my wife, Angela, a member of the Pennsylvania Panty Wankers Chapter, York/Lancaster

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**Demale Society
Pictures**

Added 5/1/06



My son in rhumba panties at the water park

I thought you'd enjoy these photos of our son Kenji (Kevin in English) at a water park while we were on vacation in the U.S. A floppy hat to hide his short hair as well as protect him from the sun and these cute little panties were all he needed for the day! While shopping, we found these cute white panties with ruffles and pink bows on the back. We bought several pairs, including these, and even though he is small for age five, we bought one pair in the largest size available (a girls' size six shown on him in the pictures) so he could wear them without any outer clothes and they would be full enough to hide his little bulge in front. His boy toys still showed a bit, but no one noticed!

***Akagi Keiko (I learned my name is Kay Andrews in English!), member Osaka Bouya Otome Chapter
(Translates to Osaka Daughter-Boy)***



My son loves to show off his new pink panties!

A lot of females have to fight to get their husbands, sons, brothers, and other boys into panties. Happily that's not the case with my son. He so loves his panties that he's always asking me for money to go buy some more, and he cheerfully goes into girls' clothing stores and buy them all by himself. He usually asks if he can try on the panties, and I know it's against the policy for a lot of stores to let customers try on panties, but they usually let him! I think so many of the sales ladies are so stunned or so curious that they simple tell him he can. I'm sure a lot of them just love the idea of a boy wearing lace panties and breaking a store's policy is no big deal! What's my secret? I started him young, but only gave them to him as a reward when he was a good boy and did everything I wanted. Now he is the most delightful sissy boy any mother could wish for, and he'll do absolutely anything I ask of him.

Kim Lee, Ball Playing Mothers Chapter, Kokomo

Feminized for not putting down the toilet seat

I have been coming here for a few years now and do enjoy the pictures and stories. I'm not presently a full crossdresser, but I do love a great pair of fancy old-fashioned silk panties. I was petticoated many times for a few days at a time starting when I was eight. It went on until I left home to go to college, but by then I was hooked on panties, and my mom had no need to force me into them. I now enjoy the stories and pictures about other boys meeting a similar fate. I know what they are going through, and believe me, I can assure you that time spent in girls' clothes will make them better boys!



Here's how it happened to me: Like most boys, I always peed standing up, and I wasn't too neat about it. I'd splash and dribble all around the toilet. One day, Mom had enough and demanded I do my peeing sitting down from then on. Well, I loved my mom and I wanted to do it for her, but I didn't like sitting down to pee. Besides, most of the time I was in a rush (another reason I was messy using the bathroom), and it was just so much easier to simply unzip my barn door, pull out my dick and let my pee shoot into the bowl. Mom would give me a good smack on my behind whenever she caught me doing it that way or suspected I had taken a piss without sitting.

Our neighbor was a member of the Demale Society, and she gave Mom a pamphlet with some suggestions to get me to sit down when using the toilet. She told me in front of Dad (he blushed something crazy) that she made him sit down to pee! Then she had him loosen the bolts on the toilet seat and move it back as far as possible so the seat wouldn't stay up by itself. She also had him replace the seat with one of those thick padded ones making it even more impossible for the seat to stay up without being held up. I sat down a lot after that, but if I thought I could get away with it, I'd simply hold the seat up with one hand and use my other hand to fish out my dick and pee.

Sis was passing by the bathroom one day when I was doing that and she could hear my pee splashing into the bowl, so she walked right in and caught me. She took me to mom and told her what she had caught me doing. Mom was furious. From then on, I had to leave the bathroom door open whenever I had to use the toilet for any reason, plus I had to ask permission to use the toilet, and then mom or my sister would go with me and watch me while I sat down and peed!

But Mom said I needed to be punished for disobeying her. So from then on, I had to dress up like a girl every weekend as a reminder to sit down like a little girl whenever I had to use the toilet. So for most

weekends from the time I was eight until I was seventeen, and even many times after that when I came home for visits, I had to spend my weekends dressed up in my sister's clothes. I would always stay in the house. Mom would have let me go outside, but there was no way I was going to let anyone else in the world see me like that. I've enclosed a photo from one of those times I was in my sister's clothes. The year was 1978. I didn't want to have my picture taken, but my sister was bigger and stronger than I and she held me while Mom had Dad take pictures of me. You can pass this idea onto the Demale Group.

Bob from Findlay



When I got married, there was no wedding cake for my cuckold husband, just pussy creampie and a pair of panties for him to wear and jerk-off in!

When I married Elek, he had already been well trained by his mother and two little sisters. So I know he was not surprised when he had to sleep on the couch in our wedding suite while I spent the night in the master bedroom with Jason, a beautiful black remale I have been fucking for months. Elek proved himself to be worthy of my attention by servicing Jason and me. Jason fucked me royally in my wedding dress within minutes of us arriving in the room. When we were finished, I just got up, called Elek into the bedroom, gave him a beautiful pair of pale blue lacy panties and then lifted up my wedding gown and showed him the nice batch of gooey cum dribbling from my pantied pussy. I hadn't taken my panties off to be fucked, simply pulled them side, so I could pull them back into position after sex to hold in as much of Jason's cum as possible. Still a lot of it cascaded down my thighs, and as you can see in the photo, that's how I greeted Elek when I had him come into the room. Oh, yes, I also had a glass of wedding punch, and I toasted our marriage as Elek ate my pussy clean and jerked off in the nice blue panties I had him put on for the occasion.

Nan, member of the Flagstaff Needy Newlyweds Chapter

I drive guys crazy with a bra and panty explosion in my dorm room!

My Mom has been a Demale member for as long as I can remember. She taught me all about panty training boys! I didn't have a brother or a dad to work on, but she guided me through those tough teenage years once I started dating. Thanks to mom, I had boys following me like I had a magic spell over them -- I did! Panties! Let me tell you -- oh, well, I probably don't have to tell you -- panties really work! It's really wild how sexy little pairs of lacy, silky outrageously fancy panties can make boys crumble! And boys are gaga over bras too! How do I break the ice with a guy? On our first date when he's trying to get into my panties, I invite him back to my dorm room. He thinks he's going to get lucky. I tell him I need to get comfortable and pull my T-shirt out of my low-cut jeans and let him see my big granny panties sticking out way above the top of my jeans. Of course, he can't take his eye off of them, so I tell him if he likes looking at my panties so much, I'll tuck my T-shirt into the top of the panties so he can get a good look. I do that. We talk about panties and bras and all kinds of girly clothes. I find out his likes in lingerie. I ask him if he had ever dressed up in girls' clothes, etc., and then, I go to my lingerie drawer grab a huge handful of bras and panties and throw them into the air and let them all come falling down on the two of us! Then we sit there for hours as I rub my bras and panties all over him as we make out. Nine out of ten boys leave my room wearing panties that night, and I will never talk to any of those boys again unless he first shows me he's wearing panties. I tell him he has to get himself a supply and show me after he gets them, and then we can have a second date. And I never let them fuck me. I go for girls -- and boys who can make love to me like a girl. He learns to eat pussy like a pro or he's out of there. If he's a goo cuntlapper and I want to keep him around, I'll let him jerk off in his panties for me and my girlfriends. That's the only release I permit a boy to have. College life is great. I have dozens of boys running around campus in panties!



Shelly B., I started our own Demale chapter here at school, State College Pussy Pets Chapter

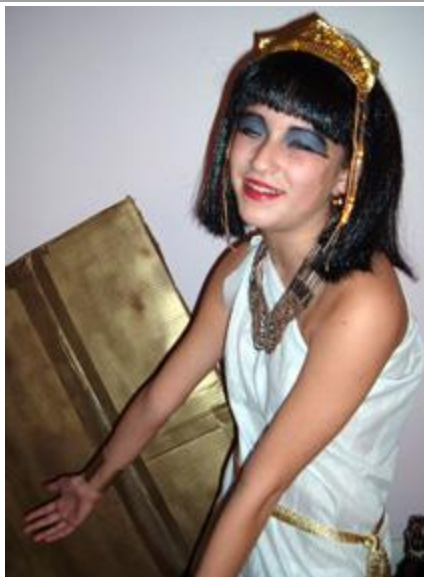


A photo of my son and me shopping for his first pair of panties

As a new Demale member, I'm quickly starting the feminization of my six-year-old son, Roberto. I'm attaching the photo I had the saleslady take of us while we were shopping for his first pair of panties at Target. He didn't know what was going on until I started to hold pairs of panties up to his waist to see what size he needed. Once he realized I was going to buy him girls' pink lace panties, he got very upset. He simply sat down in the aisle of the store and started to pout. That's when I had the sweet salesgirl take our photo. I bought eight pairs of lovely panties, and I made him change into a pair in the dressing room because he was being so stubborn! Now he wears panties every day, and the bad boys he had as friends stay away from him like the plague!

Maria De S. Raise 'Em the Way You Want 'Em Chapter, Lake Havasu City





My boyfriend as Cleopatra at our Chapter's Halloween party!

My pantywaist boyfriend makes a lovely girl as you can see in these photos from our Halloween party. And check out the picture showing the panties we had made up for our chapter's guys. They say "I've been Demaled!"

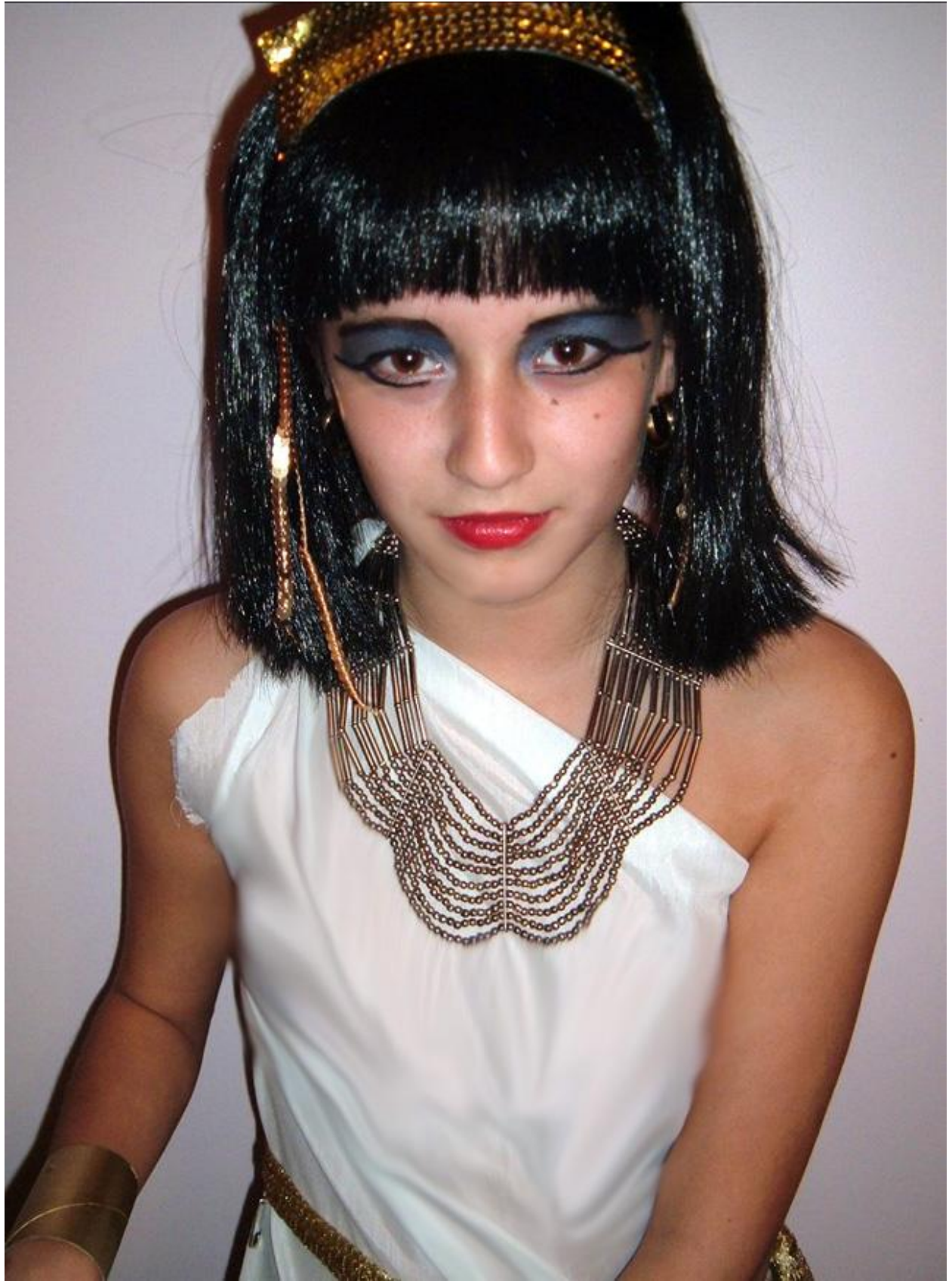
Cher, Girls with Balls Chapter, Toronto

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**Demale Society
Pictures**

Added 6/10/06



My Son Gets Caught Again!

For several months I followed the prescribed Demale methods as I teased Andrew, my fifteen-year-old son, with peeks up my skirts and doing things like leaving both clean and dirty bras and panties hanging up in the bathroom and placed in strategic places all around the house. I wondered if he was gay or something because he just didn't seem to notice. Millie, my sixteen-year-old daughter noticed and asked why I was leaving my lingerie lying around since I never used to do that. She knew I had joined the Demale Society but I hadn't filled her in on most of what I was learning at this point including my plans to feminize Andrew because she can't keep a secret, and I didn't want her to tip off Andrew as to what I was doing.

So, I didn't think he was taking the bait, but then, a few weeks ago, my daughter came home early and found him running out of her room. She soon noticed her bras and panties messed up in her lingerie drawer. She confronted him and told him she wouldn't tell me if he never did it again. He promised, and she didn't tell me. I wish she had told me! But then a few weeks later she happened to walk into his room and this time caught him actually wearing one of her bras and a pair of panties, and this time, he was playing with himself while looking at pictures of crossdressed boys on the Internet. Despite his begging, she immediately shouted for me to come upstairs and see what she had found him doing.

When I got there, he was struggling to escape, but Millie, who is a year older and much stronger than he is, was holding him down securely with an arm lock. Of course, I was surprised to see Andrew wearing her bra and panties and wanted to know what was going on. He was crying and promising he'd never do it again, but Millie told me how she had caught him before but promised not to tell me if he didn't do it again.

Andrew is kind of a sissy to start with, so he really did look quite girlish in the bra and panties, and I still wondered if he was gay. However, I now know that is not the case.

As we talked he told me he had found my stash of literature on the Demale Society. He said, "I know what you're trying to do to me! So now I'm in bras and panties -- isn't it what you want?" and then he broke down crying.

I was stunned he knew I was trying to tempt him into femininity, and my daughter looked confused since she had no idea what he was talking about. Eventually, he told us the whole story and admitted he had been sneaking around and dressing up in Millie's clothes every chance he got without letting us know what he was doing. And since he had read the Demale material, he was careful not to touch the lingerie I left in his path, or if he did, he knew how to put it back without making them look like they had been moved. And since my daughter was in the dark about all this, I never thought of keeping an eye on her lingerie too, and it was her things he was regularly using for his bra and panty masturbation sessions!

I had him stay in the bra and panties and sent him downstairs to wait for me while I talked with my daughter. I had to bring her up to speed on what I was trying to do. Andrew was waiting downstairs for over an hour as I told Millie all about the Demale Society and how I was trying to feminize Andy.

He was visibly shaking when I came into the living room, and I knew it wasn't because he was cold sitting there in just the thin bra and panties. He said in the Demale material he had read, that he feared most I wanted to turn him into a faggot. He said he just liked to dress up in girls' clothes, but he never wanted to suck cocks!

Whether or not he ended up gay, I didn't care, but I did need to have the upper hand with him since he knew my secret plans to feminize him. First, I told him I was going to tell his father that he was caught wearing his sister's lingerie, but his fervent begging got me to say I wouldn't tell his dad, at least not for the moment, but I made no guarantees. His dad always wanted him to be more masculine and pushed him to play sports and do "male" things, but unknown to Andrew, his dad was a wimp who just happened to be able to hide it to a great degree! My husband wasn't about to stop my feminizing of Andrew because I already had him eating cuckold creampie and wearing panties while he did it – and loving every minute of it! He knew everything I was learning at those Demale meetings and had proved to be a pantywaist pushover – but that's another story.

So to get the upper hand with him, I threatened Andrew saying I would tell his dad, and it worked. He still thought his dad was a macho nerd who wouldn't understand his need to wear panties! So I told my son, he had to do what I wanted if he wanted me to keep his secret. And then I told him I wanted to see him completely dressed up like a girl because I was going to take some pictures of him, and those pictures would be part of his punishment. And I knew I could hold them over him to make sure he did whatever I decided I wanted him to do in the future.

He tearfully agreed. I told him to go upstairs and have Millie dress him in one of her old school uniforms complete with makeup and all the necessary lingerie and accessories.

Once I had explained to Millie about the Demale feminization program, she was all for it, but still, moments later, Millie came running downstairs complaining about letting him dress in her clothes. I told her to put him in one of her old school uniforms, and everything else she put on him, I would replace them with new clothes for her.

About twenty minutes later, she came back down leading him into the room. Even though Andrew had his hands over his face, I could see his face was red hot with shame. But I had to admit, he looked exactly like a lovely young girl, except for his short hair. Millie had made him into a trashy version of a schoolgirl with a very short plaid skirt and a white blouse that was tied up showing a big expanse of his bare chest and belly. She had put him in white panties and had pulled the top of the high-waisted panties way up on his stomach so they stuck out several inches above the waistband of his low-cut skirt. When I reached to lift up his skirt, he jumped back, but I made him stand still while I lifted the skirt and inspected his panties. I simply told him I had seen it all before, and I just wanted to make sure Millie had done a proper job of dressing him like a schoolgirl.

He had on white knee socks; Millie explained she didn't have any shoes that fit him, so she had him put on his new white sneakers. She had even sprayed him with perfume, and he smelled divine (for a boy).

As I made him pose like a sexy girl and took photos, he then further surprised both of us when he admitted his biggest disappointment was that he didn't have a wig because with a wig he felt he would look like a real girl.

Millie stared to laugh. Andrew got anxious and angry. He shouted at her and told her to shut up, but I raised my voice and commanded him to be silent! He immediately went red and I told him to come over next to me. He was trembling with fear, sensing what was about to come as I bent him over my knees, raised his skirt, and pulled down his panties. I told him he had to be punished for violating his sister's privacy and stealing her clothes. He knew he deserved it, so he submitted. Spanking a boy in panties can be a very humbling and traumatic event for him that greatly furthers his feminization and your control over him, even if he wants to wear girls' things.

With my bare hand, and then with a long ruler, I came down on his bare bottom like a battering ram, and he was quickly moved to tears, sobbing and screaming for me to stop. I then said, "Stop crying, Andrea."

Through his tears, he looked back at me and sobbed, "Why did you call me 'Andrea?'"

I told him that he would now be called Andrea whenever he was wearing girls' clothes. Millie asked me what I was going to do with the photos I took of him, and I told her and Andrew I was going to send them to all his friends and our relatives and announce that our Andrew was now to be called 'Andrea!.'

He screamed and begged me not to, and then he foolishly said, "I'll do anything!"

I then announced, "Every single time your Dad is out and you step an inch out of line, you'll be back in these clothes. You'll also wear these clothes whenever you're cleaning upstairs, which you will do every week, including your sister's room under her direction! And I'll make you dress like this in front of your father if you don't mind me every inch of the way! (Fear of his father knowing he liked wearing lingerie was something I was going to use to control him for as long as possible.) Right now, you will stay in these clothes and do your homework until Millie and I get home."

Millie immediately asked, "Where are we going?"

To which I replied, "I'll tell you in the car," and I said to Andrew, "You'll soon see."

I had Andrew's body measurements from a recent tuxedo fitting for a cousin's wedding, so we were all set to go lingerie shopping – for him! At the store, we asked for and bought the most feminine and frilly pink bras, panties, and slips. We added some stockings and shoes in his size. For outer clothes, he'd be wearing Millie's castoffs until we had time to do more shopping.

When we got home, we dressed him in some of his new lingerie. The bra fitted him nicely, and then I slowly pulled the heavily frilled pink panties up his legs. His cock became hard! I then told him off and spanked him until his erection disappeared, explaining that girls don't have erections in their panties! (Of course, I knew that would make his sexual attraction to panties all that more exciting if he thought I didn't want him to get a hard-on in them!) I then attached the garter belt and Millie slowly pulled up his new stockings making sure he could feel how feminine they were. We put him in his high heel shoes and then stood him up. He wobbled a bit in the heels but didn't seem too embarrassed or upset. Then we got out one of Millie's mini dresses, pulled it over his head and zipped up the back.

We sat him down and gave him a full makeup job, and then Millie knew what was coming next and began to giggle. I told her to stop. We sat him in front of the mirror and had him close his eyes. I pulled a net over his short hair and attached a wig we had purchased. It was one of those that clipped firmly onto his head and was hard to pull off. Millie placed a pink Alice band into the golden blonde wig and we were finished.

Millie and I looked at each other and I could tell we were thinking the same thing: I have a new daughter and Millie has a new sister.

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Demale Society Stories & Pictures

Added 6/16/06



Our other son: Here is our naughty thirteen-year-old son in diapers and rhumba panties as well as baby and girls' clothes

I wrote to you several months ago and told you that my wife and I are from Brazil and newly introduced to the Demale Society and applying for membership. I included photos of our eight-year-old son but not our other son as he was away with friends being turned into a baby girl for us because he resisted us a lot about it and we needed more help. He needed intense help and we got it for him. So now we include photos

of him with this follow-up letter.

We have great excitement as we thank you for making us new members. We started a chapter here with friends who were doing Demale things. In the USA, I think the unique reason for boys wearing dresses is the freedom there in your country. In other places of the world, that doesn't work easily because the people don't have liberties to do things they want like in macho country like Brazil. Sure, anyone can get the son and turn him into a girl, but for other people to see him like that, the rest of the people around need to be able to understand that. And I think, as big kids wearing girls' clothes and diapers and panties, it's possible there in the USA only. When I lived there working in hospital, I saw big boys, till twelve years old and more, wearing diapers and girls' panties as underwear. Sure, in any part of the world, you find and buy diapers and girls' clothes for boys. But nobody is so free as in your country, to do that. The rest stay embarrassed or ashamed and keep it hidden, like Brazil where it is bad for boys to be like girls and babies.

Sometimes people think Americans are crazies. However, I think you are correct to have such freedoms, because you can to do anything not considered as a crime or anything else.

I also saw Americans laugh at older boys wearing girly clothes or diapers, but they did not hurt them just laugh at them and call them sissies or ignore them. Here some people would hurt them. So, I asked, where stay those kids turned into girls so they can live in peace with their freedom? I thought maybe specific places or towns, like a bedwetters' paradise and/or sissies' paradise. But I found out, they do have groups and things for them and in big cities schools just for queer kids and transgender ones and diaper boys can go there with the sissy boys and they tend to stay together out of school too. I still wonder what happens in small towns, maybe their boys as girls and babies have to stay inside a lot. Maybe the new generation of Americans and their kids think not like the old generation and understand a lot more. Peoples from other countries with sissy and baby boys probably come there to live there when they can't live well in their own countries. I know some countries of Europe it is permissive too, so this manner, does not just happen in the USA. But easier in USA because of the pride in your freedoms.

Because of Demale methods our two sons are lovable kids, due to this incredible, new and old method to educate boys as girls and keep them as babies. My total thankfulness for you and for all persons who works for you.

Below, the reasons to us why we put our boys in dresses and panties:

- they were fighting like dog and cat;
- they were breaking windows of our neighborhood;
- they were ignoring teachers in the school;
- they broke the windshield of my car;
- they were with injuries in their bodies;
- they were naughty boys to other kids;
- they hurt themselves being rough;
- they beat on many classmates;
- they were mistreating our pet cat, kicking the poor animal;
- they were splashing pee when they went in the bathroom;
- etc., etc., etc.

Now, after we knew it was all bad boy stuff we got information and knew we could make them like girls to make them better and to have good and docile boys, the unique solution was give them a big lesson with girls' clothes and make their minds like girls. My wife and I did a lot of asking about help for our boys and researches on Web. It was my wife who decided to execute the petticoat punishment method. We came upon the Demale Society and have learned so much on this site. We had two friends with boys who had problems too, and we all learned everything we could and started with panties and baby clothes and keep their mouths shut with pacifiers. We got motivated while looking for answers with these two friends who also had bad boys. We all liked the idea to make them like girls; we resolved to put them first in diapers and panties and then in more girlie clothes.

Today, I tell for you more about our two boys, 8 and 13 (he just had a birthday as a girl!). They are often naughty boys, but now better as baby girls.

We start with our younger son, more docile, first with a disposable diaper, just to bedtime. After that, during the day. Then, in full time. We buy baby dresses and frilly or rhumba panties. Also pink pacifiers, pins and plastic pants. Disposable diapers are expensive. So, we put cloth diapers and plastic pants. In the beginning, he cried. Now, he is happy. He said it was hard being a boy and being a girl is better.

Our younger son came naturally to being a sissy baby girl, but sissies can get into a lot of trouble too and he did, but that has lessened a lot now that we turned him into a complete sissy. A good way to keep him being nice is just bribing him with fancy girls' clothes! He so loves his silky rhumba panties. I think he'll do anything for us if we pretend like we are going to take his rhumba panties away from him. But our older son was a lot more naughty and very bad for us to handle. The boys are from different marriages. Our older son is not Brazilian and I think that explains his misbehavior. He was a lot more difficult, because his age was a problem when you try to turn an older boy into a girl. The same things were used. But the boy cried nonstop and fought us. Sometimes we needed a lot of force, to put him in his diapers and dresses. Most of the times we had to spank him too.

We had to tie their hands to their beds or cribs to keep them from being naughty. Our older son was at the age he played with his baby penis, so we tied him a lot. We made his nipples sore and then put silky training bras on him and tickled him a lot too. He didn't want to tell me but he liked his panties because he put cum spots in them. We got him nice panties and made him show his little brother his dirty panties all the time. Ribbons in his hair and Mary Jane shoes upset him but good for him. We put him in diapers when he cried and acting like a baby not wanting to do it. He was angry when we first made him get into diapers, but he cried and got thoroughly upset when we put locks on the bathroom and he knew he had to dirty his diapers. He fought not to be a girl-boy and still a naughty boy, so we sent him to stay with our friend in their house in the mountain so he could not run away and they were strict with him and their one boy. We also got him Gia, a strong local girl to go along with him to the mountain house and be his nanny. She is in the picture with him. She believes in making fun of naughty bully boys to change them, and she is strong enough to make him do her will. She loves the baby and girls' clothes and can make him wear them. Gia is good at sewing and sews by herself fancy panties for him, nicer panties

than you can buy with lace and ribbon all over. At the start she changed his diapers, but it was her idea and she got our two sons to change each other's diapers. That is so much fun to watch them wipe up stinky poopy and scold each other for making big messes in their diapers.

It was not easy to persuade a big kid like our older son to wear girls' clothes, panties, diapers, etc., and it took a lot of lectures, punishments and a lot of spanks. He hated diapers and baby clothes, so we made him beg us to let him grow up into girls' clothes and dresses. He shook nervously as we made him pick out very lacy panties and put them on himself with his little brother giggling at him, a good solution to impede his boy ideas. We then made him wear short dresses that show his nice panties all around.

Now that our son is back home, Gia lives with us too taking care of him while my wife and I are at work. We stopped our boys from going to regular school for a while until he is all reformed and a good girl. They are not going to school in girls' uniform even though we would like it. We have a teacher friend and maybe she can teach them at home, my wife is meeting with her to see if she would be okay with boys as sissy baby girls to teach. We will invite her over and let her see them first in Hello Kitty shorts before we show her them in dresses and diapers and fancy panties. See if she likes it.



At bedtime in their babydolls and cloth diapers with rubber and frilly rhumba panties over them, they suck on big penis pacifiers and Gia puts up their anuses plastic penises we got at a sex store, making the boys move their bottoms in and out and say he wants to be a girl. Gia pulls hard on their penises and makes them squirm and scream like girls until older boy shoots into his diapers and the little boy rocks in how good it feels, but with no juice. We know they like it. They then sleep good too with their dollies and toy animals and pacifiers still in their mouths.

Gia latex penis fucks each boy sometimes in the day and makes them hold onto and jack each other off through their silk panties while she pushes plastic penises in and out of their anuses, facing each other with penises in panties touching. Keeping pacifiers in their mouths so they don't talk only listen to her call them girlie names and tell them they are not boys anymore. We often catch them touching their panties and that is good and makes them more feminine wanting.

Now the older boy too is docile, obedient and feminized, both boys as pretty babies and girls. My wife and I love Demaling our boys and are getting medicines to have them grow breasts to fill their pretty little bras.

Nowadays, embarrassed and ashamed, they keep inside of our home, playing as two girls, both very friends. Gia baby-sits them and keeps them as good boys, changing their diapers, clothes, shower, feed, uniform, small chores at home, etc.

The reaction of our boys was a real world falling down in their heads. They were confused, no understanding of our reasons. After many long talks about their misbehaving, they understood why we are making them sissy baby girls.

Nowadays, they can wear boy clothes when they go outside, but diapers or silky panties underneath are obligatory. They dress full as girls in the house and principally during the night. They still suck pacifiers and drink of baby bottles their chocolate milk. They are docile and fragile boys, with good self-esteem. However, they know about how we punish if they turn into misbehaving boys again.

A worried mother from the US wrote to me, asking about my sons reactions when wearing their girlie clothes because she's a mother of an eleven-year-old naughty boy just starting and having a bad time with him. I simply said to her, that it really works even if you have to force him and spank him a lot. Now, we are friends and we have changed some letters by e-mail.

I'm all grateful to Miss Lacey and her wonderful web sites, giving lessons to desperate parents of naughty boys, as me, teaching what to do to stop misbehaving of both little and big boys, with simple solutions like making them sissies and insane over pretty panties.

That's all for awhile.

My thankfulness for all readers.

Cyro, from Brazil.

Friendly hugs,
Cyro from Brazil
cyrobr@hotmail.com

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