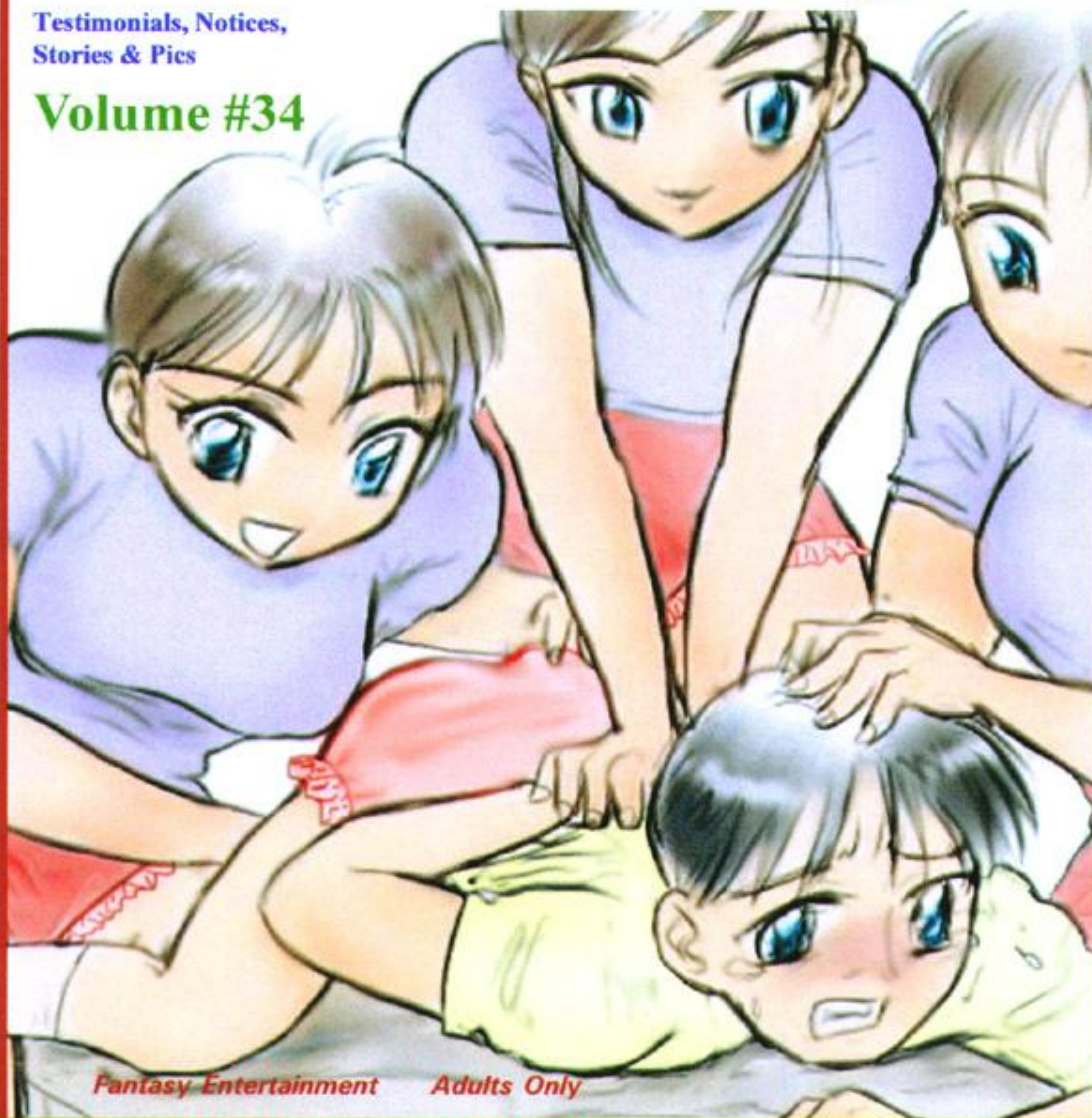


The **Demale Society** *Training Manual*


Testimonials, Notices,
Stories & Pics

Volume #34



Fantasy Entertainment Adults Only





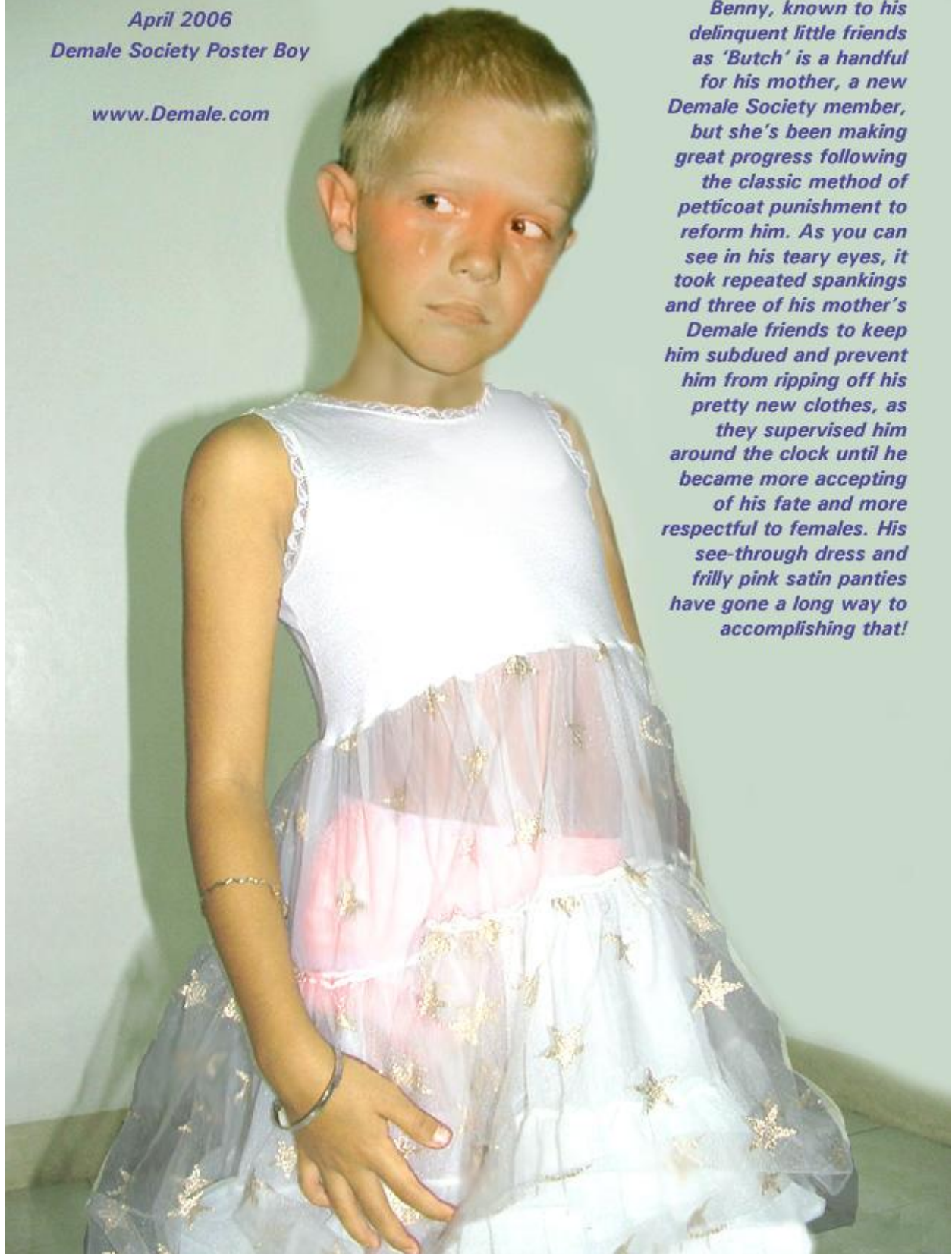
Roberto's mother is delighted with the progress she has made with her son in just four short months. He's already so feminine in looks and actions that even without a wig people simply take him for a girl with short hair. Almost daily he begs his mother to let him grow his hair long, but she's going to keep it short for a long time yet because she needs to maintain power over him until she knows he's fully committed to his new girlie way of life.

*March 2006
Demale Society Poster Boy*

www.Demale.com

April 2006
Demale Society Poster Boy

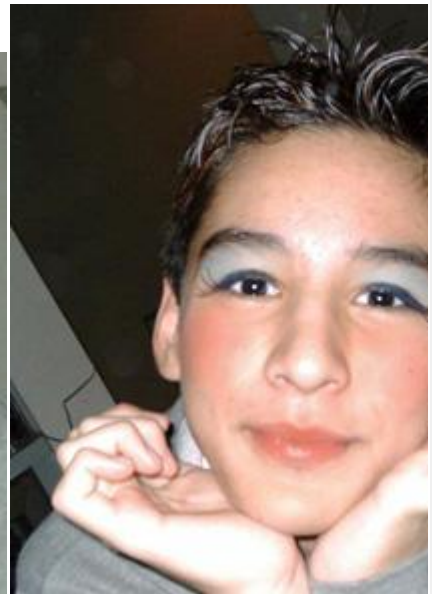
www.Demale.com



Benny, known to his delinquent little friends as 'Butch' is a handful for his mother, a new Demale Society member, but she's been making great progress following the classic method of petticoat punishment to reform him. As you can see in his teary eyes, it took repeated spankings and three of his mother's Demale friends to keep him subdued and prevent him from ripping off his pretty new clothes, as they supervised him around the clock until he became more accepting of his fate and more respectful to females. His see-through dress and frilly pink satin panties have gone a long way to accomplishing that!

Demale Society Stories

Added 3/5/06







My neighbor's daughter promised me a blowjob but I got dildo fucked instead

My neighbor Mary was and still is the horniest girl I ever met. When Mary was thirteen and I was twelve, we went to the same Catholic school and often walked home together since we were neighbors. A lot of times on our way home, she liked to have me come into her house. She lived alone with her divorced mom, who was a high school PE and health teacher. And when her mother had to stay at school to do some work, Mary would have me come into the house get me to play the little' kid's game of 'doctor' with her as a way for us to explore each other's body, and it eventually led us into petting and masturbating each other. Whenever we played, if we heard her mom drive into the garage, I was always ready to jump into my clothes and run out the side door before she came into the house.

Since her mom also taught the sex education classes to both the boys and the girls at her school, she had some sex paraphernalia and books on sex, and one day Mary took me into her mom's bedroom and showed me these things that were kept in big box in her mom's closet. Since Mary was in the eighth grade and I was in the seventh, we were at the age we thought these things were pretty funny. Her mom was a member of the Demale Society and had some of their books. We spent a lot of time looking at them, and a lot of the stuff they talked about scared me, things like castration and giving boys

medicine to grow tits. One of the things in the box was a vibrator shaped like a penis. We both laughed at it, and Mary liked to walk around holding it between her legs like she had a penis, but it made me feel funny because it was much bigger than my penis.

Mary showed me her mom's sexy lingerie like her fancy black and red lace panties and garter belts and silk stockings. She thought it was fun to jack me off by rubbing her mother's panties over my cock. Then Mary began putting makeup on me every time I went over there; she gave me a jar of cold cream to use to take off the makeup for those times I had to run out quickly because her mom was coming home.

She wanted to dress me in her and her mom's clothes, but I was slow to agree to that. I remembered those stories in those books, and I was afraid of what it would lead to if I let her do that. Eventually, she got me to put on one of her mom's bras and stuff it full with dirty lingerie out of the laundry hamper, but I still kept on my boys' outer clothes. Then one day, she got me to pull on a purple cancan petticoat over my clothes and dance around for her.

She even had me smell her mom's dirty panties once. Mary wanted me to know what a woman smelled like between her legs. She said women love to have men kiss them down there, so I should get to know how it smelled. She wanted me to taste the slime in the crotch of those panties too, but I didn't want to do that after smelling them. She said she wanted me to kiss her down there; initially I refused.

But after she teased me about girls giving guys blowjobs, I really wanted her to do it, so I told her if she sucked my dick, I'd lick her pussy. She said OK but added we'd have to wait until we had a chance to have a lot of time together, and one more thing, she wanted me to do something she had wanted for a long time: She wanted me to dress up in her clothes for us to play our sex games and then she'd give me a blowjob. She had been after me to dress up in her clothes. She said I was cute enough to be a girl, and I could look like a real pretty girl if I just tried on some of her clothes.

I finally gave in to her as she led me even deeper into her feminine trap. I knew she was doing a lot of those things described in the Demale booklets. I still don't know why I went along with her, except I just wanted to get my rocks off with her sucking on me instead of just jerking me off. It was wonderful having her make me shoot off in a pair of her of her mom's nylon panties while she ground her pantied crotch against my hand to make herself cum. It was great, but I had heard so much about how good a blowjob felt that I wanted to try it.

So one Friday night her mom had to be a chaperone at a high school dance, and Mary was home alone and not supposed to have anybody over, but she told me to come over to her house anyway. When I got there, she said tonight was the night, and she sent me to her bedroom and told me to get dressed in what she had laid out for me. On her bed, I found her pink lace-trimmed, white nylon Raggedy Ann panties, full-cut briefs, along with a matching training bra. Even at her age, she was still wearing these real little girls' style of lingerie. Along side of them were her white satin slip and school uniform, a blouse, sweater vest, and pleated skirt combination with knee-high socks.

As I pulled on the panties, I felt ridiculous and prayed no one would ever find out I had put on girls' clothes. My penis reacted to the silky panties and slip, and it was already hard, but I was happy the slip and skirt pretty well hid my hard-on.

When I was finished dressing, I went to her mother's room as she had told me to do, and there, she tied me spread eagle face down on her mom's bed with some of her mom's stockings, securing my hands and ankles to each side of the bed.

Since I was expecting the promised-for blowjob, I kept asking what she was doing, but she just said we were going to have a lot of fun. Still, I sensed something was wrong and kept complaining, so she got a big pair of her mom's panties and shoved them into my mouth as a gag. From the smell and the taste, I knew they were dirty panties. I tried to complain some more, but she just laughed and told me I was going to eventually get a blowjob, but she demanded I keep the panties in my mouth to make sure I didn't make too much noise because I was probably going to scream my head off because I was getting so excited!

Then, transfixed, I watched her undress down to her training bra and panties, much like the ones I was wearing but these had Disney princess characters on them. Then she slipped on my T-shirt and asked me if I thought she now looked like a boy. I mumbled 'yes' through the panty gag just to please her. From her mom's stash she took that plastic thing that looked like a penis and crawled up on top me. She told me she was a boy and I was a girl and she was going to fuck me!

Mary pulled up the skirt and slip I had on, held aside the leg elastic of my panties and tried to stick the dildo up my ass, but I was dry back there, and it wouldn't go in, so she took the panties out of my mouth and made suck on the plastic dick to get it wet, and then she tried again, and again, and again, and finally my ass muscles gave way and she shoved the cock in, little by little, more and more, deeper and deeper as she held the fake cock between her legs like it was her own cock that she was repeatedly ramming further and further into my asshole with each stroke. I was crying by then with the pain and telling her to stop, but she didn't.

Instead she just kept raping my virgin hole, and when I complained, she'd pull back from me but hold the dildo up my butt and then slap my ass with a Ping-Pong paddle. That really hurt! It was my first spanking ever, and I was trying to get free and get away, but she had tied me too tightly and I couldn't do anything to stop her except sob like a baby. I was shocked that my cock was hard in the nylon panties and I was thrusting it against the bed, like I was fucking it. She was spanking and fucking me and I was fucking the bed through the panties! I came without having my penis touched, just by rubbing it up against the bed through the silky panties.

After that, I was in no mood for anymore sex that night, and I just wanted to take my sore asshole home, so we didn't get a chance to give each other oral sex until several weeks later. And after she did give me

a blowjob, it was nice, but I realized she had jacked me off so many times with a pair of either her or her mother's panties that I preferred to shoot my cum into silky panties instead of her mouth!

Today, seventeen years later, we still live less than a block apart and still play our sex games whenever we can even though we are both married to other people and have to do it secretly. I still get hard wearing and cumming in panties while she spansks and dildo fucks me!

Story from Sanford L., Jr.

Mary and her mother are members of the Denver East Girls Before Boys Chapter

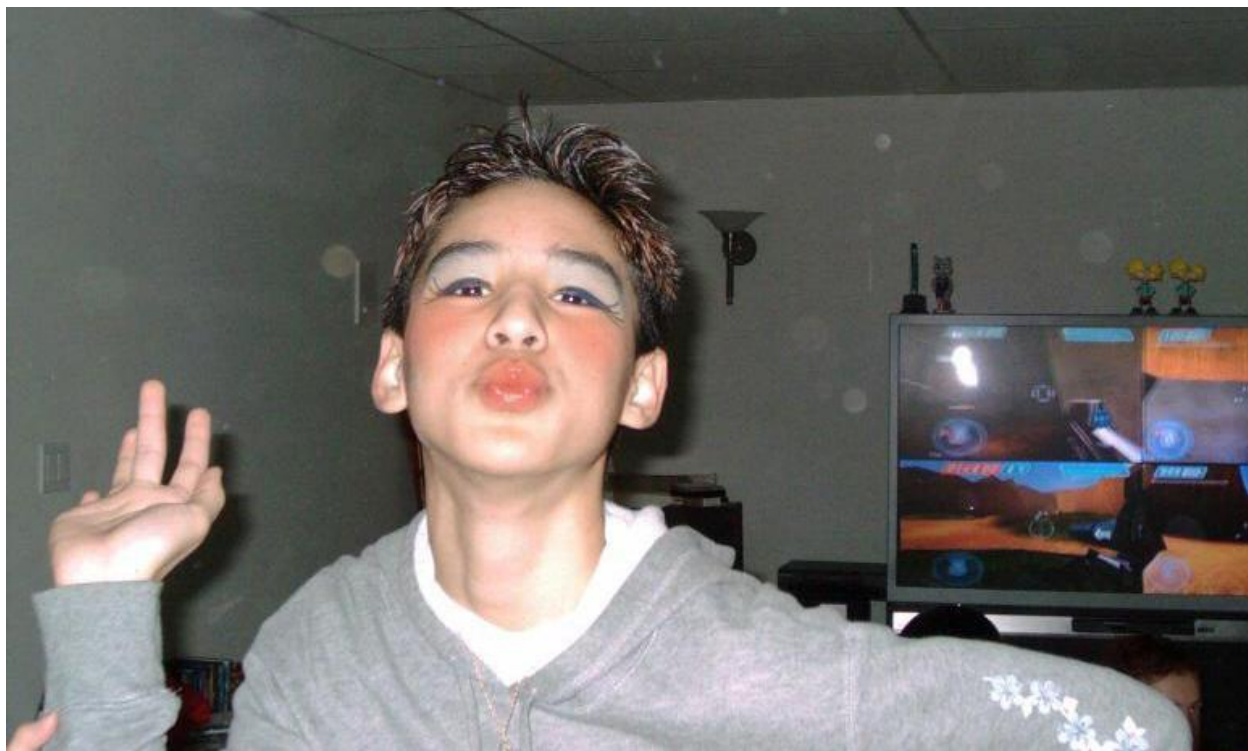
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Demale Society

Stories

Added 3/10/06



Back in the 1960s, I learned all about petticoating boys by watching my auntie take control of my cousin

Three cheers for the work you are doing! I'm glad I'm not the only female who realizes how important initial training is to establish female supremacy within not only one's family but within one's circles of friends and relatives. Petticoating (a boy) and petticoat punishment are very old terms that have stuck around a lot longer than most petticoats! Do any females even wear petticoats anymore? A skimpy half-slip worn on dress-up occasions a couple of times a year seems to be the closest most females get to anything resembling a petticoat. What a shame! In this sometimes hopelessly macho world, it's just one more badge of

femininity females have forsaken.

Petticoats are such lovely creations, so frilly, feminine – and so distinctly unmasculine. No wonder they were used for over a century to punish rambunctious little boys. Petticoating is a splendid treatment for deflating the male ego, as I know from experience. Once a boy is in petticoats he is much more amenable to feminine authority and putting boys into complete outfits of girls' clothes does an immeasurable amount of good.

When I was ten, my deadbeat father left us, and we were glad to go live with my aunt, who was a rich widow. There were four of us in the household, my mother and myself, my aunt and my cousin Neal who was a month younger than me. Neal was kept under very strict discipline, and in my aunt's house there was no question of his developing any ideas of masculine superiority.

When we first arrived at auntie's, I was surprised to see Neal wearing girls' clothes. And this being the early 1960s, as was the fashion for girls at that time, he was wearing a full-skirted dress puffed out with tiers of bouffant petticoats. I wanted to ask auntie about it, but mother told me just to accept it, as it wasn't any of our business. She said auntie had gotten tired of his boorish ways and was trying to teach him a lesson. It didn't make sense to me; nonetheless, I was mesmerized by his going about like that and wanted to know more. While observing him and his clothes on the clothesline, and snooping in his room, I soon discovered he had more girls' clothes than I had! Each day, he would be outfitted in black or white Mary Janes, white ankle socks or silk stockings held up with a garter belt, very frilly panties, and elegant handmade petticoats. But he only had to dress that way while inside the house.

Eventually, I had a moment alone with auntie and asked her why Neal had “to dress up to look like he's a girl.”

“Oh, no, honey,” auntie said, “Neal isn't dressed up to look like he's a girl. He's dressed up to look exactly like what he is – a boy wearing girls' clothes.”

I didn't get the subtle difference until auntie explained she didn't allow him to wear makeup or a wig or grow his hair long, even though long hair and Beatle hairstyles for boys were coming into fashion. She said Neal was kept in frocks and petticoats around the house to encourage him in good behavior. She said boys are uncouth by nature and keeping a boy in girls' clothes was a profound reminder to him to act properly at all times. He certainly was quiet, withdrawn, and as blushing sweet as any boy could be. I wondered how long he was going to have stay in girls' clothes, and she told me it would be years and he would probably stay in them until he graduated and moved away to attend college!

Auntie had two women friends who also petticoated their boys, but both of them limited it to punishment sessions, usually combined with a thorough paddling. And over time, I got to see each of those boys both in their boys' clothes and undergoing petticoat punishment, and I quickly concluded that auntie's method was better because Neal was constantly controlled by his girlish fashions. The other two boys would be well-mannered, properly contrite and sweet while petticoated, but once they were allowed to return to their normal boys' clothes, they quickly swung back towards their typical and often disgustingly boyish habits. I can attest that after a spell in petticoats, any unruly boy may seem to show improvement, but if petticoating is abandoned too soon, he will soon revert to his bad ways. No, the only answer is regular petticoating carried out over an extended period of time to properly instill in the boy docility and obedience, and so submissiveness to females becomes second nature, not just adopted to avoid punishment.

Usually Neal's frocks were far from plain and more of the style of flirty little girls' party dresses with elegant ruffled lingerie, always pretty and lace trimmed. He had been under such treatment for only a short time before we moved in with auntie, so he was very sullen when I first saw him all dolled up. I learned that when petticoat discipline is enforced, there is bound to be some resistance, especially in the early stages, and Neal was no exception, but any objection from him was swiftly dealt with. Whenever he broke one of auntie's rules, she would put him over her knee, lift his skirts and petticoats and administer a spanking across the seat of his frilly panties, and for more serious offences, she would pull down his panties in back far enough to use a wooden paddle on his bare bottom. After a few slaps from that, Neal would be yelling fit to be tied and ready to obey rather than risk further punishment. Having me around to watch was all part of his discipline, as humiliation is an important part of petticoat punishment. A boy must not be spared from others seeing him so dressed if he is to learn proper respect for females of all ages.

As well as being spanked, there was the teasing Neal had to endure from me and from other people when they came around and discovered him in his girlish clothes. This taught him a further lesson in humility as he found that the more he protested and tried to assert himself, the more conspicuous he looked, so he learned to avoid making a fuss when he was teased. One of my friends, a boisterous girl named Pauline liked to tease him about his dresses and shame him with her comments. Neal used to get sullen and sulky when she tormented him, but eventually,

he learned to bear it demurely, blushing, and sometimes with a tear rolling down his cheek as Pauline would make him pull up his skirts so she could inspect his slips, gartered hose and frilly panties and then discreetly pluck at his penis in his girlie nylon panties. The scared expression his face at those times remains one of the most precious sights I have ever seen.

All this was excellent training for my cousin and he learned submissiveness in other ways too. When petticoated he was always referred to as "Nelly," and he found that pretending to be a little girl saved him a good deal of embarrassment when meeting strangers. As a reward for his increasingly docile nature, auntie eventually let Neal grow his hair long, especially since other boys were wearing it that way and it was being allowed at school. He was most happy to let it grow, as it made him look even more like a girl while in his feminine things, but much to his dread that prompted auntie to start taking him outside, especially having him tag along while we went on our shopping expeditions. He even came to submit meekly to having his hair done up in pretty curls with my curling iron because with his hair curled, more than ever, he could pass for a girl and escape a lot of humiliation from strangers. That spared him a lot of grief. And usually no one except auntie's closest friends knew he was anything but a girl. Auntie also motivated him to act thoroughly girlish when outside by threatening to expose him as a boy if he didn't behave appropriately and conduct himself befitting his role.

My cousin was punished if his costume got soiled or showed any evidence of unseemly behavior, and as a further inducement auntie put him into training bras and a short corset which I strongly recommend in all cases of petticoat control. Having no choice in the matter, Neal came to take his petticoated condition for granted, and once my aunt had gotten him accustomed to girls' clothes, he learned to wash, sew and iron his things as any girl would. His costume certainly kept him out of trouble, and having him around the house was like having a well-behaved little sister. In fact, as he adapted himself to his situation; he became docile and willing to please, and all his former rebelliousness disappeared.

While in his boys' clothes, auntie did make him wear his girlish camisole tops and ruffled panties underneath, but on days he had PE at school, she gave him a set of boys' underwear he had to change into just before his physical education class and change back out of after the class, so when he undressed in front of other boys -- in those days the boys took a common shower after exercises -- they wouldn't see the lingerie he generally wore on a daily basis. Auntie thought it would do no good to expose him in his lingerie to his schoolmates, who would surely ridicule him and exclude him from typical pursuits beneficial to his education. She guessed such exposure would only work against what she was trying to achieve with him, and it appears she was right because he was eternally thankful on those days he had PE. Still, auntie did check him when he left in the morning and when he came home after school on each of those days to make sure he was wearing his proper girlish lingerie of silken camisole and lace panties.

One important aspect regarding bringing up boys is not often discussed, and that is masturbation. Daily, boys will masturbate themselves silly if allowed, and it's better to take a boy in hand -- literally -- as he enters puberty to keep him on the straight and narrow and control against any improper thoughts he may harbor against females. Boys can easily be seduced by pictures of naked or scantily clad, loose women and images of abuse, rape and domination of females and learn to see such images as sexually exciting. To counter this, boys have to have positive female

images and proper associations with feminine things while they are masturbated. And that is the key. Females need to take charge and masturbate boys and not let boys masturbate themselves to negative images of girls dancing in their heads.

My aunt had this problem well taken care of. As soon as my cousin was old enough to need it, she masturbated him frequently; usually daily. She would have him stand beside her with his skirts and slips bunched up around his middle as she manipulated his penis through his silken panties, and all the while she talked to him about female things, pretty clothes, sweet-smelling perfume, fancy hairstyles, how wonderful it was to wear such sexy clothes, how exciting it was to have her -- his own mother jack him off, etc.

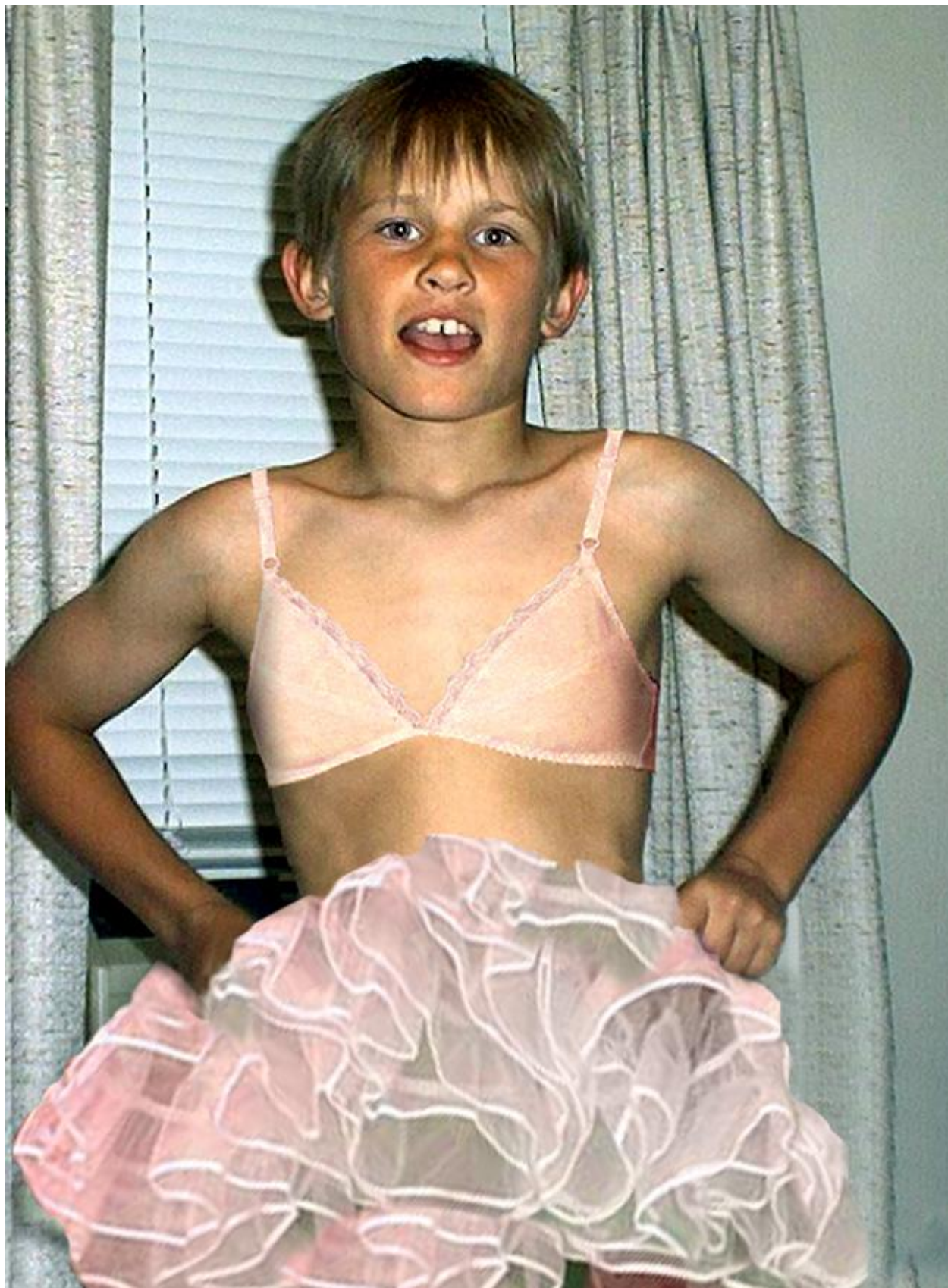
And she insisted on doing it whether he wanted it or not. This established an important principle: that it was not up to him when and where to spurt off in his panties but up to her. My mother and I were soon brought into the fold and administered to him in place of my aunt at times. Neal was strictly forbidden to practice masturbation on his own and on the rare occasion when my aunt discovered telltale stains on his panties, he was made to pay for his sins by being first spanked, then masturbated in quick succession by my mother and my aunt in turn, and sometimes followed by myself. This may not seem like much of a punishment, but having already cum once he was never wanting to do it so soon again. Repeatedly being roughly jacked off by female hands made him quite sore. Cumming again and again into his sodden panties left him in pain and willing to do anything we proposed. Being so aggressively and repeatedly masturbated within minutes is a lesson that teaches deference to females sexually, a desirable trait in any male.

My petticoated cousin eventually came to prefer his submissive role, which made him ideally suited for marriage to a strong-minded, dominant woman, and this is just what occurred when the time came. He married a girl brought up in a female-dominant family, and she knows exactly how to treat him.

Mary Lou Wagner

Montana Mountain Mamas and Mama's Boys Chapter

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Demale Society Stories

Added 3/16/06

My wife and I are from Brazil and applying for membership. We keep our two naughty sons in diapers and rhumba panties as well as baby and girls' clothes

I am from Brazil and newly introduced to the Demale Society. We start a chapter here with friends doing Demale things.

Today, I tell for you about my two naughty boys, eight and twelve years old. They are often naughty boys.

Our younger son is delicate, educated and polite, and

naughty but not naughty as often as our old

er son. The boys are from different marriages. Our older son is not Brazilian and I think that explains his misbehavior.

My wife and I did a lot of researches on Web, getting to know all about people with similar problems, and we learned their methods and ideas, and then my



wife and I decided to execute the petticoat punishment method.

As we searched for more information about keeping naughty boys in girls' clothes, we discovered the Demale Society and have learned so much on this site.

We learned that from the 1800s and until the First World War it was common to keep boys in girls' and baby clothes and diapers or panties and mouths shut with pacifiers and their hands tied to their beds or cribs to keep them from being naughty. We have found that today it is still a great method.

First we dressed our younger son as a little girl because little kids are easier to persuade than big kids. A candy, a chocolate and you obtain the consent of your little boy. You need to say just how girls' clothes will make him a nice boy and what you intend to do to him and he has no choice, so he accepts the candy and being petticoated. And then our son accepted. Then day after day, we got him to do the same, over and over. We got him into nice panties as well as sissy socks, beginning bras, ribbons in his hair and Mary Jane shoes. We used the same method to put him in diapers when he cries and acting like a baby. All no stress, just doing as he is told and we explaining he is now a girl-boy and no longer a naughty boy.



However, with our older son, we had some problems to persuade. It is not easy to get a big kid to wear girls' clothes, diapers, etc. So, the unique solution, after long and lost talks was to catch him doing wrong. That followed with lectures and a lot of spanks. We put him in diapers first and baby clothes, and he hated that 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.

My wife and I both work in offices, so our secret to keeping our boys in girls' clothes when we are not home is contracting a nanny who appreciates boys wearing diapers and panties. With this nanny, our boys became accustomed to their new clothes. She

loves making babies and sissies of boys. They are not going to school in girls' uniform. We would like it, but there would be some problems of understanding. Some countries are conservatives, and here in Brazil, we have the problem of the "macho," so only after school time, they must wear their pink party dresses with puff shoulders, Mary Janes shoes with sissy socks, hair ribbons, diapers, pacifiers and silken

slips and fancy rhumba under panties. If they are not wearing dresses, they wear other girls' fashions like Hello Kitty shorts or Powderpuff Girls smocks and Cinderella nightgowns.

At bedtime, they wear babydolls with cloth diapers with pins and plastic pants. Rhumba or frilly panties too. They still drink chocolate milk out of their baby bottles and sleep sucking penis pacifiers. Before bedtime and after shower, their nanny touches and caresses their genitals. The older boy is masturbated. And during the masturbation, the nanny introduces a latex penis in his anus, making the boy move his bottom and groan like a girl. He looks like he enjoys that. Of course, he has some cum. The young

er boy
does
not
cum
because
he's
still too
young
to do
that.
But the
nanny
still
tries.



Someti
mes,
the

nanny keeps a latex penis in each boy's bottom under nice panties during the day. And she often catches them rubbing their bottom on the furniture, maybe to feel some "magic" itching. We think letting them do anal stimulation of themselves is good for them and gets them more feminized. Nowadays, they are docile, obedient and feminized, as pretty little babies and girls. My wife and I believe in petticoat punishment being the best method to educate naughty boys.

We hope your readers enjoy this true history. We ask to you to put us in your wonderful website and we become Demale members because we love to meet peoples with the same history in family. Thank you very much for this unique and great opportunity. Now, I am sending photos of our youngest son and hope to hear your comments. We ask you wait for the photos of our older son. I'll send them for you as soon as possible.

Friendly hugs,
Cyro, from Brazil.

cyrobr@hotmail.com

Cyro from Brazil
Applying for Membership

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Demale Society Stories & Pics

Added 4/10/06



My daughter got an "F" on her college art project for painting a picture of her brother in a slip

Well, so much for liberal college professors! Our daughter April is an art major at a prestigious Christian college. She recently completed a painting for extra credit she had entitled "My Brother & Me," and it depicted her younger brother, Ashton, and her in slinky slip-like dresses.

As much as we in our family love panties, April also has a great fondness for nylon full and half-slips. She's a very persuasive girl, and as you might guess, she has our whole family wearing slips, including Aston, so why shouldn't she do a painting showing both her sissy little brother in a slip? But her stuffy old professor wasn't amused, he gave her an "F" on a trumped-up charge that she didn't follow the guidelines of the assignment, guidelines he changed after everyone had turned in their extra credit work. She thought maybe he had been forced to do it by the conservative governing board of the college, but when she asked him, he told her it was his decision alone. He had found the painting offensive (I thought you could do just about anything in art!), and he added he also didn't like the whore-like way she dressed and told her to dress more conservatively.

I should say that April is so in love with her slips that she just loves to constantly show them off. She always wears skirts and dresses, and always leaves a little of her lacy nylon slips sticking out for everyone to see and appreciate!

Well, in her writing class, she wrote a story all about the incident, including detailing everything the professor had said to her. She not only got an "A" on the paper, her writing professor got several other professors together and publicly attacked the art professor, who then reconsidered and gave her a passing grade on her art project as well as for his class. More than anything, the other professors probably feared a backlash because of his personal attack on April's appearance and manner of dressing and wanted to head off any possible legal action we might be considering. April has no interest in legal action, but since then she has focused her attention on that art professor. She followed him around a lot last quarter and discovered he's gay and carrying on with another professor, a bisexual married man. Knowing how persuasive April is, plus being armed with that knowledge on that Christian college campus, I wouldn't doubt that within three months she'll have him wearing lacy nylon slips and panties too!

Sally B, mother of April and member of the Marietta Mothers of Feminine Children

Our school adopted my daughter's punishment uniform idea!

When Chuckie Atkins, a boy at my daughter's school, got caught defacing school property, he was punished by being made to wear a girls' school uniform and sit with the girls in class. It was a fitting punishment since he had used a indelible marking pen to scribble graffiti very abusive toward females all over the walls of the school's main hallway. And without any prompting from me, the punishment was my daughter's idea!

It apparently all started after the boy got angry when a girl was picked instead of him to fill the last slot on a field trip to the zoo. The trip was limited to the top 20 participants in the school's annual spelling bee. He was knocked out of getting the last spot even though he claimed he spelled a word right but the judges didn't hear him correctly. He then expressed his anger by writing nasty sayings in bold letters on the walls while he had been excused from class to use the rest room.

Sister Mary Ellen happened to catch him. She was appalled at the things he wrote: "Pussy girls got eazier (he misspelled this word!) words than boys in the bee." "The sisters always make it easy for the girls." "Girls are whores." "All girls are sluts and lesbians." The principal wanted to expel him but couldn't since his parents are major financial supporters of the church and school. My daughter works as a volunteer in the principal's office, and she suggested to the principal that Chuckie should be made to dress up like



one of the girls to see how easy it was being a girl, and then he'd understand it really isn't any easier for girls. The nuns loved the idea and decided to do it, and when Chuckie's parents arrived for a conference on the matter, they were so ashamed by their son's conduct that they okayed the punishment.

Now, I'm new to the Demale Society, and I've only talked a couple of times with my daughter about the organization so she doesn't yet know much about it all, and I live alone with just my daughter, so we don't have a husband or brother to feminize, and I never even got to the point of telling her about the Demale Society's methods of feminizing males. I thought you and other members would find it interesting that, completely on her own, my daughter came up with the idea to punish Chuckie by dressing him in a schoolgirl uniform and making him take classes with the girls. It makes me feel that what you are doing is a very natural way of dealing with macho men and nasty bully little boys.

Elsie F., member of the Nuuanu Valley Nut Crushers Chapter, Honolulu



Smiley Face Panties

Our chapter is promoting Happy Face Panties. The first pair shown here with the small happy face is great for use under

low-cut slacks and skirts. Nothing like flashing a smile at your panty-watching victims while you give them a peek at your panties! The other pair use for walking around the house in just your panties to put a little smile on the faces of the males in your life!

Jan, member of the Girls Rule Chapter, Shaker Heights



Thursday is panty flashing day!

Julie, my daughter, has actually started a chapter of the Demale Society within her Sorority house on campus. She's got all the girls wearing big silky granny panties for fun and flashing. The girls do a lot of flashing, but especially on Thursdays, as they have organized and made their official panty flashing day.

When the college boys see these girls flashing them with their old-fashioned lacy panties, a surprising number of them immediately go "gaga!" I suppose the sight of those old-time panties bring back memories of mommy -- or maybe their little sisters! But a lot of the boys turn up their noses and make comments that the girls should throw out those out-of-fashion panties and start wearing thongs or at least bikini panties. But the boys don't realize it until it's too late that the girls aren't wearing them to attract guys in the usual sense of the word but to drive them crazy! And it's working! A lot of the other girls on campus are taking notice because these girls have tons of guys following them like hound dogs! Julie and her friends have more boys after them than they know what to do with, so they've made boys into their slaves and lackeys to do their bidding, everything from doing their laundry to getting them takeout food (and paying for it) as well as cleaning their rooms and giving them free tutoring among other things.

My daughter says some of the girls have explored the mistress-slave relationship much deeper and they have boys do things like hold their vibrator up against their pantied pussies for them while they masturbate. Afterwards, the girls reward them by allowing the boys to lick their panties clean of their girl goo! One girl claims she has one boy so well trained that she is going to have him dress in drag and give a blowjob to dates she brings back to her room and then complains of being too tired for sex but offers her 'roommate' up to relieve her date's tension! Clever these modern college girls!

***Tenley (Julie's mom) and member of New England Ladies for a Better Today Chapter
(Julie's sorority group is called the Panty Maniacs Chapter)***



How we panty trained our brother

Mom had a not-too-subtle but very effective way of getting my little brother into panties. Starting from the time he was just getting out of diapers, mom would take us all downtown once a week and buy my sister and me pretty panties, usually we were both allowed to pick out two pairs of panties. Mom made

these little panty shopping trips into a ritual, insisting that we touch the panties and talk about them in great detail as we slowly worked toward finalizing our selection. Patrick had to stay right there and watch us. Mom made a point of including him in the panty conversation, having him feel the lace and silky fabrics, eliciting his comments and opinions, and even getting him to hold various panties up to himself, supposedly so we could see how they might look on us.

Of course, at every opportunity, we also made comments about how ugly boys' underwear was and how uncomfortable they must be to wear, etc. We'd tell Patrick we felt sorry for him because he had to wear stupid boys' underwear instead of pretty silky panties that were so exciting to wear. At home, we kept the pressure up as mom and my sister and I always went around wearing just frilly panties and a camisole or a top.

Well, it wasn't long before we caught Patrick sneaking into our room and trying on our panties. Mom would make a big deal of it and punish him with a severe bawling out and a stinging spanking, and she always did it while making him keep on the panties he had stolen, calling him a panty thief, a sissy and a girlie boy. She did this to make the punishment as traumatic as possible, and then she made him wear the panties for the rest of the day including standing in the corner for a half an hour and then wearing them to bed that night. In the morning, she'd roughly wake him up early in the morning, make him take off the panties and hand wash them and hang them up in the bathroom as she would repeatedly berate him and make him promise never to wear panties again. Those panties would hang in the bathroom for days afterward, and he had to look at them every time he went to use the toilet. Mom said he might try to put those panties on again, so she made him keep the door open when he went in to use the toilet. Then she said that wasn't good enough and pretended that she suspected he was still playing with them and probably trying them on again. So thereafter, either she herself or my sister or I had to go with him to the bathroom and monitor him as he went to the toilet or used the bathroom for any other reason.

Of course, mom was quite knowledgeable about psychology, and the more she told him he couldn't have and wear panties, the more he wanted to wear them. Mom cleverly set little panty traps for him and to let him have free access to panties from time to time. Like she'd mix a pair of panties in with his

own underwear and make it look like a mistake when she did the laundry or she'd tell him to go play in the basement just after she had done a washer load of lingerie and it was all hanging up in the basement to dry, etc. And after repeatedly catching him with or wearing panties over a period of more than a year, she finally sat us all down one evening and made him admit he was unhappy wearing boys' underwear and wanted to wear girls' panties just like we did. Mom told him that would make him a sissy and everybody would soon know it and make fun of him, but he wanted to wear panties so bad, he said he didn't care. He just wanted to wear and have his own panties just like us and be loved just like she loved her daughters.

Mom said if she got him some of his own panties and let him wear them, she would have to tell all of our relatives, his teachers, our minister, and all of our neighbors that he had insisted upon wearing girls' panties and that it was his own decision, so they wouldn't blame mom thinking she was making him do it. Also it would prevent them from being shocked or surprised in case they ever discovered from some other person that he was wearing girls' panties. Mom said that then, since everyone would know he was a panty-wearing sissy, a lot of people would shun him and call him names.

But Patrick said he didn't care.

Mom also said that if he wore panties, he would not be a boy but a girlie-boy and there would be even more of a price to pay: He would not be as good as other boys and he would be beneath all females too. In fact, he would have to be subservient to all females to earn the privilege of wearing girls' panties, and that meant he would forever after be a slave to her and to us (his sisters) and do all our chores and do everything we wanted.

He was in tears, but he agreed, and over the next week a lot of things happened. First, mom took him as usual on our weekly panty shopping trip, but this time she let him pick out two pairs of panties for himself. She made him embarrass himself by telling the saleslady the panties were for him. Then mom took him around to the neighbors. He had to tell them he wanted to be a sissy and wear girls' underpants. Most of them didn't believe it, so she made him drop his jeans and show them. Over the next few days, she took him around and did the same with most of our relatives, his teachers and our minister. That old faggot was stunned; mom still loves to tell the story about that visit to the minister because she said the sicko pervert had an erection in his pants when she made Patrick drop his jeans and prance around in just the lacy pink panties he had on that day!

Today, Patrick is still our sissy slave, and as he waits on mom, my sister and me, his usual attire is just an apron and lacy pink panties!

Lizzy J., member Making Boys Happy Chapter, Auburn & Lewiston

What I did when my son's preschool teachers wouldn't let him come to school in a dress and panties

My three daughters are very girly girls, and when I joined the Demale Society and learned about feminizing boys, I asked them if they'd like their little brother to be their little sister sometimes. They really went for it, but when he got to preschool age, the teachers told him that little boys do not wear dresses and panties.

So I got together with two other mothers from our chapter of the Society and we started our own preschool! It has worked out great. Our State charter requires us to accept anyone who wants to attend our preschool up to the limit of 14 (due to the size of our facilities); however, we can set our own policies and require all parents who want to send their children to us to accept them. And our policies include a minimum of one hour each day for the boys and girls to crossdress "to level the playing field" as we say, and we've had very few objections from parents, and none of them have taken their children out of our school because of this policy. Moreover, we've turned a lot of boys onto girls' clothes, and a lot of them tell us that they often like to dress up in girls' clothes at home too! And sometimes as we get ready to send the boys home we forget to change them out of their silky little panties and send them home in panties! And if any boy wets his pants in school, we only have girls' clothes available for a change into clean clothes!

Enjoy the photos of my three daughters with their little brother!

Missy G., No More Males Chapter, Kingman





My daughter likes to put makeup, a dress and panties on her dad!

lone is my adventurous nine-year-old daughter who has really adopted the Demale life-style. My husband doesn't have a chance with her! She has always had him wrapped around her little finger, and he can never say 'no' to her.

So when she started reading the Demale material and going to meetings, she decided she wanted to feminize her father, and now she loves to put makeup on him and dress him in girls' clothes -- I should say LITTLE girls' clothes. We have a Society member -- a sissy demaled man actually -- who makes little girls'

clothes in adult sizes, so lone got me to have made for my husband some really pretty little girl dresses, princess-style slips and rhumba panties.

I do admit Raymond looks adorable in these clothes, and lone makes him dress up like this almost every day. She doesn't usually make him go outside like this, but we have taken him to some Demale Society meetings and other family functions. And if he ever objects, she puts her hand over his mouth and tells him to be quiet. And he does!

Casey Lee, Nothing Between the Legs Chapter, Grand Island

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