

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Testimonials, Notices,
Stories & Pics

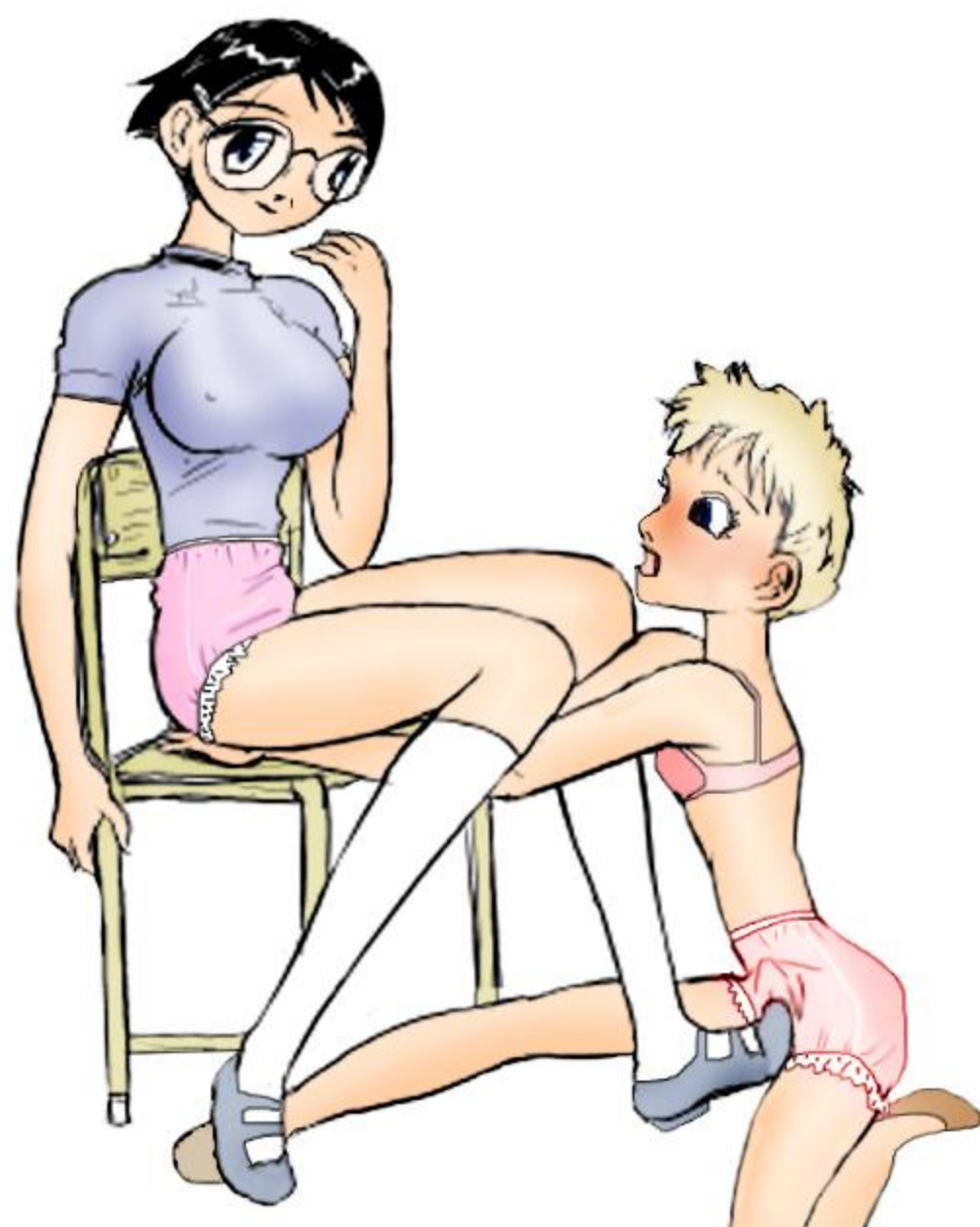
Volume #32



*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





December 2005
Demale Society Poster Boy

www.Demale.com

Craig's mother, a new member, has already made a lot of progress even though she has just started to feminize her 14-year-old son. He used to be a bully, now he's a babe!



January 2006
Demale Society Poster Boy

www.Demale.com

I took this photo of my four-year-old son Craig when I caught him trying on his big sister's skirt and pink panties. I was most amazed because I had just been to my first Demale Society meeting and I had not yet attempted to feminize him in any way, except I did have a nice little talk with him about girls and boys and how nice it is to be a girl, and then I took him into his sister's room and let him see her pretty clothes in her closet and let him look at and touch all her pretty silky panties in her dresser drawer. The next thing I knew, he had snuck back into her room and was trying on her clothes! Wow, the Demale stuff really works!

Demale Society Stories & Pics

Added 12/6/05

Clever daughter teaches boys to want panties!

As a longtime member I think I do my best to promote the Demale Society philosophy, and since I teach second grade in a public school, I've been fortunate to be in a position to influence a lot of developing young minds over the years.



I'm sure right wing conspirators were behind the recent reappearance of the popular "Dick and Jane" books, the ubiquitous series of children's books that most every school in America used back during the 1950s and 60s to teach reading to elementary school students. I think the people behind the re-issuance of these books were hoping for a return to the traditional ideas and simple life for those (thank goodness!) bygone days.

Well, my daughter Casey is very talented on the computer and she took one of those books, rewrote the text and altered the drawings and produced her version of the book that she called "Dick Wants Panties." She printed 40 copies of her book on her color printer and we distributed them to my students.

The kids loved them! Sure there were a lot of laughs, as the little boy in the story decides he wants to wear silky lace panties like his sisters, but the story also opened up all kinds of subjects for class discussion, and you'd be amazed at the insights and stories I heard from my second graders! Two of the boys in my class openly admitted that they wear their sister's panties every chance they can get -- and it's no big deal in either of their families. Many of the girls told about their fathers, brothers, uncles, cousins and neighbors that they knew had put on girls' panties or other female clothes.

A few of the boys did seem frightened and uneasy as we discussed these things, and after I introduced this book, I started getting calls from parents. Yes, I was braced for the worst, but every single call I got was either very supportive or very complimentary.

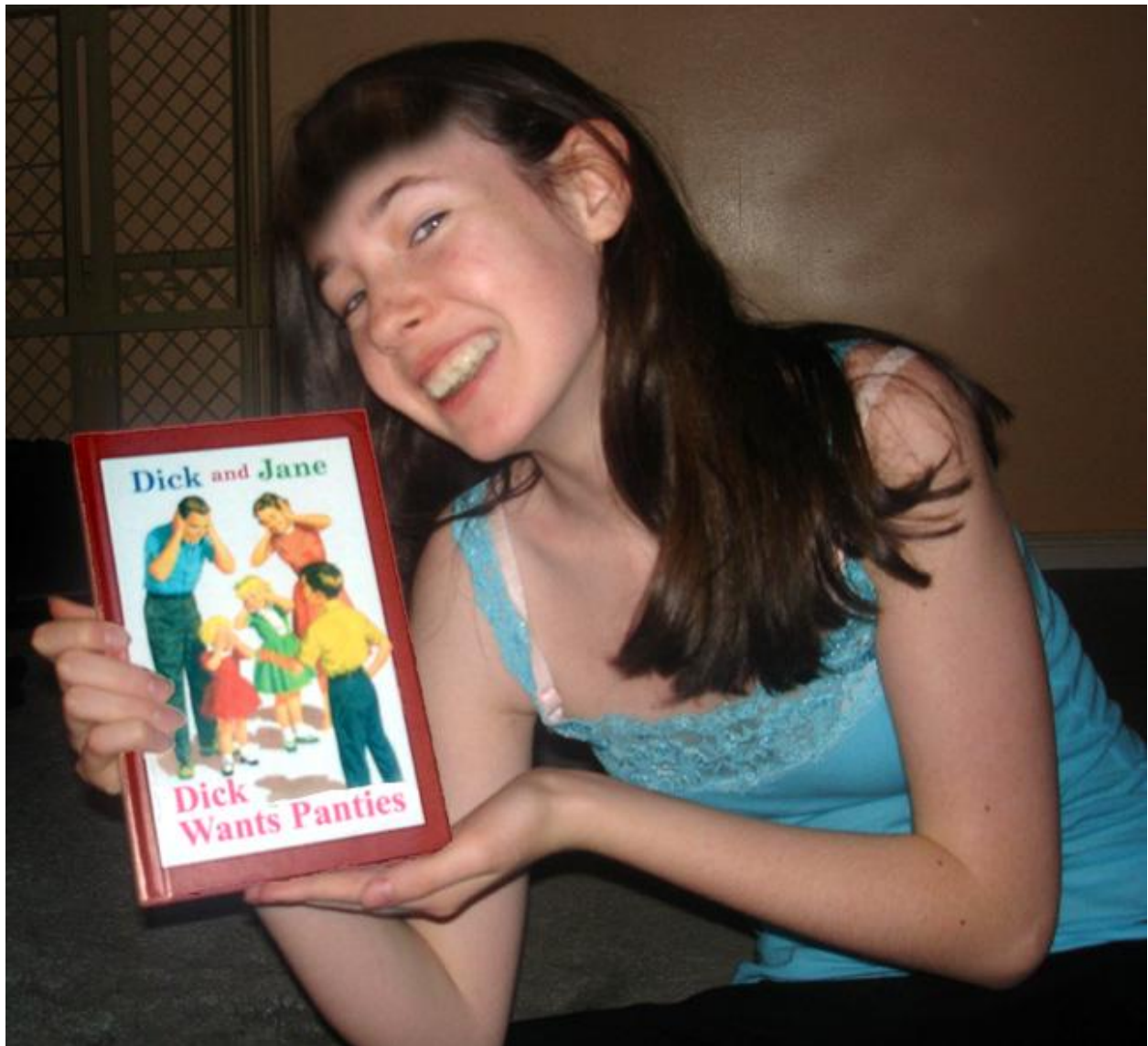
Here are some of the comments: "Something like this is really needed in our school"; "That's a great

book, your daughter should be given an honorary teaching degree!"; "I'm glad to see someone is feeding our kids some practical ideas instead of just the macho, male-dominated fodder that we have been forcing into them for centuries"; and, "It's about time that we let boys know they can wear pretty and sissy clothes like panties and dresses and not be ashamed."

Sometimes it's easier that you think to make a major contribution to the Demale cause.

Molly D., New Haven Lacy Angels Chapter

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**Demale Society
Notices**

Added 12/7/05

Panty flasher new member looking forward to causing havoc!

I've just joined, and for those of you who are not familiar with me, I am Miss Victoria Mayne. I greatly anticipate the relationship and havoc we will cause throughout the BDSM scene. Are you ready? Some of my favorite activities include, heavy CBT, ball kicking, trampling, spanking, role play, flashing my panties in public, teasing young boys, humiliation, torturing male nipples, cigarette torture/fetish, and water sports.

Here's a picture of me flashing my bra and panties at the big mall here!

Cheers,

Miss Victoria Mayne, Kill Them With Kindness (and Panties) Chapter, Clinton Township, MI



Real & Pretend Chapter Annual "Be Gay" Orgy Night, May 6, 06

Hello members and friends! You are invited to come party and play at our Be Gay Night party on Saturday, May 6, 2006, in the San Francisco east bay area. Everyone must arrive dressed as the opposite sex! There will be food, music, dancing, and of course some attractive play couples and select singles engaged in full on group sex. Come join the all night fucking, sucking, and other kinky sex!!!

Come play in a pile with some other hot and sexy couples and select singles.

If you are among those that have attended one of our decadent erotic "Be Gay" parties in past years, you know just how sensuous and attractive our members are. If you haven't yet had the pleasure to experience our sexy and provocative party, get ready for an awesome, mind blowing night where you can fulfill all of your fantasies and attain gut wrenching orgasms.

Couples, select single guys (demales and remales) and single women are invited. Everyone must arrive crossdressed, but everyone must wear lingerie under their outfits!

Wear your best lingerie because by midnight most everyone will be stripped down to their lovely bras and panties or in luscious nighties since this makes for a more relaxing and erotic mood. Soft drinks and hors d'oeuvres are provided. BYOB. Couples and single females are welcome to join us. Select single males can request an invite, and the party committee will review and approve as many as possible. Contact Connie or Max to receive an invitation.

Your hosts,

Sandy B. & Dari Mc., Gender Confusion Chapter, San Francisco



Newcomers Night at Bristol Boy Toy Chapter

Hello members and friends,

Six-year-old Ian Morrison stole the show at our annual newcomers' meeting. With barely any prompting from Alice C., Ian did a wonderful job as the emcee for the night's festivities. He especially shined as he introduced all new members in attendance who had joined since last year's newcomers' night. Ian is shown here doing the introductions, and then enjoying a cookie after the show. His reward for doing a fine job!

Diana Mc., Bristol Boy Toy Chapter, reporting

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Demale Society

Stories & Pics

Added 12/7/05



*Cuckold demaled, pantied,
humiliated and cumming
denied*

Cuckold demaled, pantied, humiliated and
cumming denied

Lonnie, my wife, experiments with how long I can go without cumming. For years, I would cum every day and often several times a day, so for me to go without spurting for a week, I think is a great accomplishment. She has gotten me to go for a week or more three times since she joined the Demale Society last summer and started panty training me; my record of not cumming is eight days. She wants me to learn how to go for a month at a time! I don't know if I'll ever be able to do that.

If I cum before she thinks I should, she has a hundred little punishments for me from things like sitting me on a dildo stool or making me tell a complete stranger I'm a faggot to eating a piece of her shit. And I endure her punishments and do anything she wants because I love her so much. She's the most amazing person I've ever met. She doesn't have to use a chastity device on me, believe me, I don't want to cum if she doesn't want me to. Besides, she knows me so well that she can weigh my balls by cupping them in her hand and know if I had recently ejaculated.

Of course, Lonnie keeps me in panties because they keep me hard for her and says that's a tribute to her. And she teases me mercilessly through those silky panties but always stops before I can shoot my wad. If I get too close to spurting, she does that penis snapping thing with her fingertips, a short stinging whip on the underside of my cock like nurses do to kill a patient's hard-on.

While she expects me to go for long periods of time without cumming, the same doesn't go for her. She can have all the sex she wants. She says wimpy males like me need to be trained because cumming for me makes me less loving and attentive toward her. Once I cum, I lose interest in everything, even her (she says!) and only want to go to sleep. In our marriage, I've left her unfulfilled too many times after sex. Since my dick is not very big and I cum too fast, she doesn't like sex with me, and now I'm paying for it. She's right. I know I deserve how she treats me. I'm a cuckold husband who has to standby while other men make love to her. Plus she thinks I have to be regularly humiliated and teased to pay me back for how I treated her for the past six years we have been together.

Right now, we're getting ready to go out to a private swing club for the night. While I'm taking a cold shower, I can hear Lonnie laughing since I have to keep the bathroom door open whenever I'm showering or using the toilet. She's laughing either at me or at some other guy because she's on the computer right now. She runs a nightly videocam program for her horde of pantyboy admirers.

I step out of the shower shivering, as she walks into the bathroom.

"HA-HA-HA. Hey, thimble dick, were you playing with that pathetic little thing of yours without my permission? You must have been. I see you took a cold shower to keep from spurting. What a shit you are! Now hurry up and get ready. My pussy is drooling in my panties; I can almost feel all those pricks getting hard for me down at the club!"

My body is shaking as I towel off and then put on the dirty panties she had taken off before taking her shower. They are elegant white panties inset with a wide band of pink and beige lace down each side.

They must have been made in the Orient because they have a wide double-nylon crotch whereas most panties have that stupid cotton crotch lining. (She does make her panty slaves cut the cotton crotch out of panties before they send them to her, so instead of a double crotch, they just have a single thickness of nylon or silk. But these have a double nylon crotch.) I look at the label -- sure enough it's all in Chinese or Korean or one of those character languages. It makes me feel even more insignificant because I know she has many panty slaves, probably hundreds, and they are from all over the world!

I snug her smelly panties up tight high on my waist; the double nylon crotch of these panties is wet, cold and clammy as her fuck goo is pressed up against my desperate-to-cum penis and balls. The slimy mess is about two hours old, the spoils left over from the fucking she got from Craig, one of her remales.

In just the white lace panties, I walk back into the bedroom to find her on the computer and talking over the Internet. She points to pair of pink panties in a plastic baggy. I know what she wants me to do. I open the baggy, take out the foul-smelling pink panties, hold them to my nose, inhale deeply and then stuff them in my mouth. I grimace a bit at the taste of the stale jism on those panties, maybe there's some piss and shit on them too! I never know exactly what is on those panties she makes me suck on. Other than cumming in them, heaven knows what her panty slaves have done in them or where the panties came from in the first place. Lonnie calls them my sissy boy pacifiers.

I look at her and see she is spreading her legs and giving views up her black skirt to the webcam she has by her computer, showing off her bright yellow panties against the background of her pulled-up frilly white satin slip.

I stand by munching on those repulsive panties as she talks to her panty slaves.

"Yes, I do enjoy controlling your cocks, panty boys. I love watching them grow hard and stretch out your panties as you stare up my skirt. You are pathetic sissies. Real men and boys wouldn't be caught dead wearing girly panties, but there you sit in your silky, lacy panties and keep rubbing your pathetic little dicks in your sissy panties like the disgusting perverts you know you are!

"You might be panty wanking weirdoes, but I love you guys, and you can look at my panties all you want, but you can't have me. NO sissy dicks ever penetrate my pussy. It's reserved for real men, my remales. I have seven current remales. Any time of the day or night, if I call them, they drop everything and run over to fuck me. And if they aren't here within thirty minutes of me calling them, they are forever after barred from my pussy. Great remales are so easy to replace. But you my little sissy boys can only jack off to my charms, and that's the way I like it. You are my entertainment, and I love you for that, but keep buying me new EXPENSIVE panties and keep sending me your cum-filled panties for me to feed to my jerk-off panty slave husband, here. Do you want to see him?"

She nods to me as she finishes typing that and then points the webcam in my direction. She's getting a lot of responses in her chat room. Questions are flying at her and requests for private messages are

hitting her left and right as well.

"I can't answer any of you privately," Lonnie types, "but, I'll try to answer as many of you as I can, here in my chat room, but I have to go soon. We just have about fifteen minutes left on tonight's session, so get jerking boys if you're not well into it already, my dear little panty boys."

She's laughing now, rapidly typing short answers to various questions and comments appearing on the screen. Looking back at me, she says, "Like what you see, pussyboy? I don't even have to be with them in person to control their pricks. I've got about forty of them online line right now in my three chat rooms. Their pricks are hopping tonight!"

She has them all wearing panties; that's the price of admission to get passwords to access her webcam and one of her chat rooms. They have to webcam back or email photos of themselves in panties. I'm sure all of them are jerking on their cocks in their pretty panties while they sit in front of their computer screens, and if they aren't, they will be in a minute.

"HA-HA-HA!" she laughs. "Bring me my big black dildo, panty face; I think I'm going to need it. I'm getting hot now."

I walk over to get it for her, but she stops me.

"No, not like that! Do it like the pantywaist dog you are, on your hands and knees; pick the dildo up with your mouth and bring it over to me. I'll tell the boys online what you are doing. I'm sure they'll all be delighted to hear! HA-HA-HA!"

As I'm crawling over and getting the dildo, I'm embarrassed knowing she is typing about my actions to her panty slaves. I'm ashamed even though I don't know any of her panty slaves, nor will I ever them. Still the fact that she is typing, and the fact that they are jerking off to her words and what she is making me do, makes me cringe. As I approach her with the dildo in my mouth like a dog carrying a bone, she pats my head, takes the dildo and turns it so the head is pointing in my face.

"Go on, get it wet, sissy doggie. Make it ready for my cunt. HA-HA-HA!! I'm telling my panty boys what you are doing now. Here, look into the camera and smile while you suck on that cock, doggie! All of my webcam panty boys are willing to do the same for me, isn't that amazing? Oh, look, I'm checking my mail. The guys with digital cameras are sending me their prick-in-panties pictures now, hot pics of their hard pathetic little dicks juicing up their panties. Look!! HA-HA-HA! See the power I have with my panties, sissy doggie panty boy?"

Lonnie shoves the dildo even deeper into my mouth, and then pulls it out, in and out she works it with one hand while she points the webcam on me with her other hand. She leaves the dildo in my mouth and turns her attention back to the screen, clicking on pictures of sicko panty boys spurting cum for her.

She studies them, makes laughing comments, and fingers her clit through her yellow panties.

She takes the dildo from my mouth, slides her panty leg elastic aside and starts fucking herself. "They ought to like this," she says. "The guys with a webcam link must be going crazy."

The messages are pleading with her to let them see more of her fucking herself, move in closer with the camera, play with her panties too for them to see, etc.

"Oh, such desperate little panty boys they are. HA-HA-HA! Just like you, panty mouth, only, they get to cum, jerking to pictures of me panty fucking myself with a dildo that your smelly panty mouth prepared for me. HA-HA-HA"

I just sat there in wonder, my own cock throbbing in my panties.

"My sissy boys deserve something for sending me all these pictures of their throbbing cocks. I'm going to cum again as they jerk and cum for me. HA-HA-HA! Oh, look at your cock, I bet right now you wish you were in that chat room and with a webcam looking up my skirt, don't you pussy face? If you were there, then you could jerk off that useless prick of yours and spill your smelly, sticky sissy juice into your panties!"

She starts furiously fucking her cunt with one hand as she tries to type with the other. I'm in a trance of lust and need as I watch. She rarely lets me be part of her nightly panty boy teasing shows. I don't know what she is typing. I can't see, but she's laughing and taunting me as she keeps getting mail, pictures of guys with her picture up on the screen beside them and their hands deep in their panties or over their panties wrapped around their cocks. She's laughing. "That's it boys, jerk on those pink pantied pricks, jerk them for me. HA-HA-HA!" She shouts as she brings herself to another cum, and without much of a pause to enjoy it, she turns, kicks my cock in my panties and yells, "Get dressed, I've got plans, LOTS of plans for tonight."

With a yelp, I fall back. There are tears in my eyes once more. I ask in a cracking, desperate voice, "Please, please, may I cum? I need to so badly right now. I just need some relief, please?"

"Well, sissy doggie, of course you can cum, if you want. I'll even let you hump my leg through your silky panties if you'd like." She likes to do this to me. She sits on a side table that is just the right height, crosses her legs, and says, "Come here, doggie, hump it." I move to her and straddle her legs and start rubbing my silk panty-covered cock against the smooth skin of her calf. "Of course, you realize that if you cum, you are of no further use to me tonight, and I will go to the club without you. H-m-m-m?"

I was in shock. I couldn't believe she'd do that, go out fucking other guys without me even being there. At least if I'm there, I'm part of her sexual excitement, but for her to have sex without me, even though she does tease, laugh at and humiliate me horribly while she has sex with other guys, in some small way

I'm still part of her sex life. But by the tone in her voice and the look in her eyes, I know she would go out without me. I force myself to stop moving against her leg.

"Oh, not so fast, doggie. You wanted to cum, remember? I didn't give you permission to stop humping, did I? Now you will hump my leg until I tell you to stop, and you will suck on my dildo while you do it. And you had better not cum! Next time, I hope you will think of my pleasure and not just your own selfish needs. Maybe this little lesson will help drive that home. Now, I'm going to finger my cunt until I cum, and if you cum, you'll stay home and you will not like the punishment I have planned for you. NOW, HUMP, DOGGIE, HUMP!"

I can no longer tell you what she is saying as she continues to talk to me and belittle me. I can't even tell you for sure what all is happening. I'm too busy biting my lip and trying to hold back from spurting as my silk-pantied penis teasingly slides up and down her nylon-stockinged leg. She's fingering her cunt and laughing at me. She's forcing the plastic cock in and out of my mouth, laughing. I'm crying in anguish, in desperation wanting to cum and not to cum all at once. I'm pleading with her to let me cum but still go out with her to the swing club. I'm delirious and desperate. Just as I think I can't take anymore and am going to shoot all over her leg, she moans, screams, and kicks me back onto the floor.

"Oh-h-h, that was fun, panty pussyboy. Thank you. Oh, look, you are all sweaty again. You have 15 minutes to take another shower, get dressed, and get in the car. If you aren't there, I'll be leaving by myself. HA-HA-HA!"

I ran to the shower once more. I put on the cold water and wait for my cock to go down before turning on the hot water. I hurriedly dry myself, and now put on the dirty white panties again, the same panties with the pink and beige lace on the sides. I'm ready. Twelve minutes have elapsed. I made it!

At the club, Lonnie sits down at a big round table between two of her big black remales who are there waiting for her. Right from the start, she has her hands down in their pants teasing their big cocks, and they have their hands in her blouse and up her skirt, touching her like crazy all over. She tells me tonight is my lucky night because I have been so good about holding off cumming, so she is going to allow me to cum tonight.

I'm thrilled with that news but disappointed as Lonnie tells me she isn't going to make me cum, but somebody else. Much to my embarrassment, she has me slide my pants down and off and sit on my chair in just my panties (still her dirty white panties with the pink and beige lace on the sides that I had worn before). Both of her remales lean over to get a look at my panties. They laugh in deep bass voices that make me shutter. One of them pinches my little penis in my panties. I yelp! My dick jumps to attention with his tweaking!

"Oh, my dear, are you gay, honey? Is that what happens when a guy touches you?" my wife asks as they all laugh.

"You know I'm not gay!" I protest.

I'm all excited now as my wife says I had waited long enough and deserve to unload my balls as she introduces me to a sexy young woman with a big head of lovely red hair named Denise, who has just waltzed over to our big round table. I'm stunned, she's so pretty and innocent looking, not like the well-traveled faces of even the best looking women that come to this place each week. This girl is a great beauty, and I'm embarrassed as hell sitting there in just my wife's dirty white silk panties. I'm too embarrassed to stand up as my wife introduces her to me. Thanks goodness I don't have to say anything. I'm totally tongue-tied. It's weird, but the younger, the more innocent looking and the prettier a girl is, the more embarrassing it is for me to be exposed in my sissified pantied condition. And even though it's pretty dark in the club, no place on earth can be dark enough for me in panties not to be shamed right to the core.

The girl doesn't sit down. Instead she crawls right under the table. I'm shocked as I see her sweet hands with their perfectly manicured red fingernails come up from under the tablecloth and start flitting over my panties. Now her full head of sexy red hair comes up from underneath and rests in my lap. She's licking my dick right through my dirty white silk panties! My panties aren't just dirty, they're filthy. How she can suck on me through these panties is unbelievable. Her beauty makes it all that much more humiliating. Yet I'm horny beyond all hell and ready to shoot my cum regardless of the circumstances! I respond immediately, and since my wife has told me I can finally cum, I just can't hold off.

"Oh, god! Ah-h-h-h-h-h!"

It's quick. I've waited so long to cum, too long. I've cum forcefully but swiftly. So quick, so little enjoyment! My evil-smelling, stale damned up cum glistens through my panties and it seeps through the nylon and spreads. I grab the lovely lady's head. I find myself holding a big red wig! Someone pushes the table aside, and I see the beautiful red-haired woman sitting along side me laughing her head off, and between my legs is the ugliest looking drag queen you could ever imagine, and now with his wig off, his bald head continues to bob all around my pantied hips as he is still avidly licking off my cum as it drips through and around my panties.

I'm so ashamed. I run out to the car and sit crying. I have to wait. I know I'll be there for hours waiting until my wife is finishing fucking guys. God knows, she'll probably fuck every guy in the place in celebration of so supremely shaming me.

I had let a faggot suck me off! I'm crying because I'm so disappointed in myself that a guy could get me off!

I awaken realizing my wife is driving us home.

Now in the house, I can't even look at her as she talks. "In my heart, I think I always knew you were a pantywaist wimp, but I looked beyond that. You were good company and made me happy in many little ways. You always did and still do have a lot of other qualities that I love about you, and that's why you are still here with me. You may think the only reason I put up with a slobbering pansy like you is the money you brought into our marriage. Yes, that's nice, but I know I could take all that money for myself in a divorce, so you see I do love you in my own way because I have no interest in divorcing you. It took the Demale Society to open my eyes to your true nature and to let me see how I can be at my best with you rather than without you. The whole Demale panty training thing is a masterpiece of female control. Once I got you into panties, the little bit of manhood you did have and your machismo facade totally collapsed. I don't know why it took me so long to figure you out. They teach us at our meetings that guys like you are faggots, but you just can't face up to it. That's why I had to pull the little trick I pulled tonight. I knew the time was right. Now I know for sure you are a faggot, all demaled males are, that's what I learned and what I now know is true. And it's time you admit it to yourself too."

I'm crying. She tells me to take all my clothes off, including her white silk panties. I do.

She pulls up her skirt and slip, tugs down her nasty slimed yellow satin panties and slips them up my legs, letting the tight waist elastic go with a big snap. She has been fucking around all night and now my shrunk penis and balls swim in her fuck goo. In bed, I fall asleep wearing these mucked up panties.

It's morning, and Lonnie isn't through humbling me. She bends me over and cuts a hole in the back of her sticky yellow panties I still have on and then dresses me in a white tennis dress with a full pleated skirt. She brings my punishment seat into the kitchen and puts it by the island in our kitchen. The punishment seat is actually one of the six bar stools that surround the island in our big kitchen, but this one bar stool has a greased up dildo permanently affixed to the seat. She lifts up my short skirt in back and helps position me over the plastic cock sticking up to greet my asshole through the slit in my yellow panties. I try to take my time sitting down on it, but she keeps urging me on.

"Come' on, panty boy, now we know you're a faggot, so you should be able to take a big cock like this up your poop chute with ease. Get you sissy pussy down on it. Hurry up, I've got things to do, and I can't stand here all day while you take your sweet time like a prissy little girl the first time she gets her virgin ass fucked."

I've been subjected to sitting on this punishment stool before, but today it is much more humiliating, and the plastic cock seems bigger and harder for my asshole to swallow. I grimace and wiggle a lot, trying to hurry it up. I want to get it in me as fast as possible, so she will stop talking, go do something else and stop saying those humiliating things to me.

The unforgiving dildo finally settles into place, filling my bowels. My butt hole is stretched out so much; it reacts by clutching the dildo in an agonizing deathlike grip. I feel like I'm stuck to the seat for life. Every movement I make sends weird and painful sensations through me that start in my asshole and spread to

my very fingertips. Just as I try to take one full, comforting breath, the doorbell rings!

It's Lonnie's sister Kelly, and her twelve-year-old daughter Jessica. Both of them know about me being my wife's pussy boy and how she keeps me in panties, but they have never seen me in a dress. I'm in tears as Lonnie leads them into the kitchen. They both go gaga over my outfit and can't resist lifting up my short pleated tennis skirt to see my yellow panties, but the smell of stale fuck juices on the panties causes Jessica to turn up her nose. Kelly looks at my wife like, "What's going on here?"

Lonnie tells them that she now knows for sure that I'm a faggot.

I cry. I can't respond. I try to keep my crying to a minimum, not just because I'm shaming myself before my sister-in-law and my niece by crying like a sissy, but because each crying sob causes my chest to heave and that makes the dildo send waves of pain out from my asshole to my whole body.

Lonnie reprimands me severely for being such a disgusting pervert and not even getting up to properly greet Kelly and Jessica. Responding to the odor that fills the room, my wife tells them that I repeatedly did naughty things in my nice panties and soiled them and that is what they smell.

Little Jessica asks if she can touch my cock since it's sticking up in the front of the panties and keeps jumping around under the yellow nylon. Lonnie tells her that of course she can, and when the evil little minx touches it, she jerks on it and I start spewing cum!

Kelly has never liked me and is very broad-minded, but I think even this is getting a little much for her. She told Lonnie that she should divorce me, but my wife said, no, that she felt sorry for me and was going to take care of me, even if I was a panty-wearing pervert whose favorite thing to do in the world was to shoot off in my panties.

Kelly is pretty wild and a believer in female superiority too, but she has had all she can take of me. She says Jessica knows a lot about sex and boys and how perverted they can be, but I'm a disgrace to even the lowliest of men and boys everywhere. Kelly says she can't stand the sight of me sitting there with a hard-on tenting up my tennis dress and drooling cum. She abruptly excuses herself and takes her daughter by the hand as they leave. "Get rid of that fucking pansy," is her parting words to my wife as they walk out the door.

I'm thankful for one thing: Thank goodness, they left without ever knowing I was sitting there with a nine-inch plastic cock up my butt!

Just one more shame day in my miserable life!

By Alex, jerkoff husband of Lonnie C., Olympic Panty Trainers Chapter, Atlanta

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**Demale Society
Stories & Pics**

Added 12/10/05

I was amazed at what this little boy wanted for Christmas

Every year at Christmas, I used to dress up as Santa Claus for the family, but when all the kids in our family started school and found out from other kids that there's no such thing as Santa, I stopped doing it. Now my daughter has two daughters, 4 and 5, so in recent years I've been pressed into service once again to play Santa to them, and I'll be doing it again this year.

My wife is a Demale member and has been for many years. She trained me to panties and female clothes over 20 years ago, and that's about all I wear around the house, even when the family comes to visit, and whenever I go outside, my wife makes me wear a combo of female and male clothes, not to fool anyone into thinking I'm a female, but she makes me do it to shame me and keep me in line. Every day she chooses what I am to wear that day, and that's what I put on without complaint. I do it because I love my wife above all things and would do anything for her, and I have to admit that after wearing panties and other female clothes for years, I've come to really appreciate the colors, styles, and fabrics of female clothes, and I've become a flaming panty fetishist. My wife knows nothing can get my old dick going more than the sight or touch of a pair of panties. I even go half crazy just at the mention of the word "panties!" Anyway back to the Santa Claus story.

Last year, the weekend before Christmas, my daughter had a couple of her girlfriends, their husbands and their kids over to her house the day she wanted me to make an appearance as Santa for all the kids.

Well, I showed up with a prearranged sack full of gifts, one gift for each kid as a teasing little preview of what they could expect for Christmas "if you're a good little girl (or boy)."

I had each of the seven little kids there sit on my lap and tell me what he or she wanted me to bring them on Christmas Eve. And, of course, I told each of them, that I thought there was a very good chance I would get them what they wanted. Well, this one little five-year-old boy, Joshua, broke rank, ran ahead of the rest of the kids, jumped up on my lap and without hesitating, told me at the top of his voice, "Santa, I want some pretty panties for Christmas, some pretty lacy panties like my sister wears."

Well, for starters, my cock in the pink panties I was wearing under my Santa suit jumped about a foot and got bigger and harder than I can ever remember! It tented itself right up in the red fleece fabric of



the pants of my Santa outfit and pushed right up against the bottom of that darling little boy! What the fuck was I supposed to do with him sitting on my pink pantied dick? And how could I answer him? Immediately, I was wondering how I could hurry over the situation, let him down from my lap and send him on his way, but then I'd be sitting there with my big boner sticking up in the center of my lap?

Finally, the noise in the room penetrated my senses: The kids were all laughing, pointing at Joshua and calling him a sissy; the two fathers who were there were staring in wide-eyes amazement; and the mothers were tittering, barely able to hold back from room-shaking guffaws.

I looked to the kid's mother for guidance. I'm sure she appreciated the predicament I was in. (Pre-dick-ament is a good word here!) She just screwed up her lip, rolled her eyes, and then with a look of resignation, nodded 'yes.'

Then I couldn't help myself. I had to tease myself some more. I just had to say it: "Joshua, why would you want pretty lacy girls' panties for Christmas?"

"Can I have panties, Santa...please, Santa? I've been real good!"

My mind was doing somersaults. Sarcastically, I wanted to ask him if he had been a good boy or a good girl, but resisted the temptation. Instead, I kept it going with, "But why do you want panties like your sister wears?"

"I need them, Santa, because I want to be a girl too."

"But you're a boy, Joshua, and boys don't wear pretty panties like little girls."

"That's why I want to be a girl, so I can wear pretty panties all the time."

Of course, I wondered if the kid had panties on under his boys' clothes at that very moment. As discreetly as possible, I put my one hand on his hip and my other hand at the small of his back. "Damn," I thought; between the white gloves that were part of the Santa outfit and his thick corduroy trousers, I couldn't feel anything.

My cock ached and precum was leaking into my panties. I had a big plate of shrimp for lunch, and whenever I do that, my precum smells like fish and stinks like hell, and at that moment the fishy stink was strong as hell. I could smell my precum leaking into my panties! I knew I'd have to keep my distance from the adults while I was there, so they didn't smell it too and recognize what they smelled!

Later that night, my wife and my daughter were laughing like crazy at me, and they explained that they had a pretty good idea the kid would say something like that because he had been getting into his sister's clothes for some time and had been asking for panties for Christmas ever since Thanksgiving. So

my daughter and my wife purposely set this whole thing up to frustrate and shame me and then let it all happen, and happen it did right according to their plan!

Then a couple of weeks later, my daughter gave me the enclosed picture of the boy, posing for Santa and thanking him for giving him not only a dozen pairs of lacy nylon panties but also a whole bunch of pretty girls' clothes for Christmas! That night, my wife had me stare at the photo while she wanked me off in my pink panties to one of my all-time great cums!

By Jackie the jerkoff husband of Corrine Z., The Depeg Gals of Winnipeg Chapter, Manitoba

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Demale Society

Pics

Added 12/13/05



Daughter & Son in Dance Recital Outfits for Halloween

I got my son, Mel, to wear one of his big sister's dance recital outfits for Halloween, and I thought you'd enjoy seeing the results!

Tristan D.
Cal City Classy Lads & Lassies Chapter

Daughter Imitates Panty-Flashing Mom

I don't have any sons, but I do have a three-year-old daughter, and she sees me go out flashing my panties to drive guys crazy, so she has taken it upon herself to wear her slacks, shorts and skirts pulled down in back to expose a lot of her panties. Here she is playing in the sand with her friends, and she's explaining to them how they should show off their panties too! You can't start too young!



Sally Anne J.
Forever Female Chapter, Houston

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**Demale Society
Stories**

Added 12/15/05

I learned early about petticoating boys

Long before I joined the Demale Society, my aunt was a member going back many years, and through her I became aware of the effectiveness of petticoating as a splendid way to deflate the male ego and bring down a boy and turn him into a delightfully humble and meek sissy. Once a boy is in petticoats he is much more amenable to feminine authority, and it helps prevent a lot of bad behavior. I discovered this when I was a girl.



When I was ten years old, our father had left us, and we were glad to get rid of him and go and live with my aunt, who was a widow and well provided for. There were four of us in the household, my mother and her sister, myself and my cousin Robert who was two months younger than me and kept under very strict discipline. I found there was no question of him developing any ideas of masculine superiority just because I was a girl. Quite the opposite!

Shortly after we arrived, I was puzzled when my aunt made some comment to my mother about Robert's panties. I giggled and just had to interrupt their conversation.

"Auntie? Do you mean Robert wear panties, I mean girls' panties?"

"Absolutely, my child. Pretty panties are the only kind of underwear he is allowed to wear."

"Panties, like panties with lace and ribbons and stuff?"

"Of course, my dear, what's the sense of wearing panties if they aren't pretty, silky and well embellished with pretty lace and frills?"

I was taken aback, and my aunt could see that. She offered an explanation.

"Keeping him in pretty panties makes him mind me and keeps him sweet and docile. You've noticed how sweet he is for a boy, haven't you?"

Indeed I had. I just thought he was quiet type of boy.

Auntie added, "I don't allow Robert any sort of rough play and he's not permitted to exercise to develop

his muscles. Annie, you're quite an athletic girl from what I understand. I bet you could easily handle my sweet little Robert, even beat him up if you had to."

Just then I looked to Robert, and he was as red-faced as could be. It looked like he was on the verge of tears.

"Robert," my auntie said, "do you want to show Annie the pretty panties you have on right now?"

He grimaced, and spat out his answer, "No!" He was shaking. I could tell he was scared.

"Oh, dear, I thought you'd like to show your dear cousin your pretty panties since I'm sure she'll be seeing you in them often now that she and her mother are living with us."

"No, please, Mommy!"

"Annie, let's try something. Go grab hold of Robert, hold him down and open his pants. I'm sure you can overpower my little sissy boy. Go take a look at his panties. Show him how strong you are."

I wondered if she was joking, but instinctively knew she wasn't. When I got up and moved toward him, Robert got up too. I sensed he wanted to run, but I got hold of him before he could get away. I wrestled him to the floor, and I surprised myself with how easy that was to do. I was laughing my head off as he tried to stop me from pulling up his shirt and pulling down his trousers. And sure enough there I saw with my own eyes the dainty white waist elastic attached to a rose-colored pair of delicate lace panties riding high across his tummy. I was laughing so hard and he was now crying like a baby! He reached out and tried to slap me, but I caught his hand and just laughed at him some more.

But his mother was appalled that he tried to slap a girl and immediately demanded that he stand before her. I let him go and he jumped to his feet and hurried to stand before his mother. He was now crying harder than ever and struggling to put his shirt back into his pants.

Auntie bawled him out and then told him to go change his clothes. And that's when I first discovered Robert was kept in frocks and petticoats around the house to encourage him in good behavior. I asked auntie how long he would have to go on wearing girls' clothes, thinking naively that it was merely a temporary punishment, but auntie only smiled and said as long as necessary and that would mean a long time yet.

I can see now how wise she was, the male nature being what it is. After a spell in petticoats, an unruly boy may seem to show some improvement, but if petticoating is abandoned too soon, he is liable to quickly revert back to his old bad ways. No, the only answer is regular petticoating properly carried out over a period of time, so that habits of docility and obedience are properly instilled and submissiveness becomes second nature, not just adopted as pretense to avoid punishment.

Robert had to wear childish frocks as a rule, with girls' nylon panties, always pretty and lace trimmed, and he tended to be very sullen about this when I first knew him. Of course, when petticoat discipline is enforced there is bound to be some resentment, especially in the early stages, and Robert was no exception, but any objection from him was swiftly dealt with. When punishing him, Auntie would put him over her knee and lift his skirt to administer a spanking across the seat of his frilly panties, but for a more serious chastisement she used a wooden paddle on him with his panties down to expose his bare bottom. After a few slaps with the paddle, Robert would be yelling as loudly as can be, and he was very penitent and ready then to obey any order rather than risk further punishment. Having me around to watch added greatly to his punishment. I soon learned he was frequently punished in front of others both adults and children and both males and females. An important part of petticoat punishment is the humiliation it involves, and any opportunity to humble the boy by exposing him to others is a great way to show a boy his inferiority to everyone else, especially females, who are in charge of him and his punishments.

As well as being spanked, Robert had to endure a lot of teasing when people called and discovered him dressed as a girl. This taught him a further lesson in humility as he found that the more he protested and tried to assert himself, the more ridiculous he looked, so he learned to avoid making any fuss when he was teased. One of his neighbors, a boisterous girl named Pauline particularly liked to tease him about his lacy panties and his mother would make him stand still while Pauline examined under his skirts and played with the lace and frills on his panties all the while belittling him for being such a sissy boy who had to wear the most ridiculously girlish silky under panties. Robert used to get very annoyed when she tormented him. He'd pout and plead to be spared but always ended up crying as he was forced to keep his skirts held high for her intimate panty inspections. But as time went on he learned to bear it demurely, blushing and completely red in the face but desperately trying not to cry as she pinged his panty elastics and asked him embarrassing questions about what it was like to wear such silky and sissy panties.

All this was excellent training for my cousin and he learned submissiveness in other ways too. When in dresses and panties, he was always referred to as Roberta or "Bobbie," and he quickly realized that when being taken outside, it was best to pretend he was a little girl because it saved him a good deal of embarrassment when meeting strangers. This was helped by the fact that my aunt let his hair grow, and in time it became quite long. By then he looked funny in boys' clothes with his girlish long hair, but perfectly fine in his dresses and petticoats. So he actually preferred to wear his dresses when being taken outside because it was less embarrassing for him to pass as a girl. He even submitted meekly to having his hair done in pretty close curls with a curling iron for the benefit of his girlish appearance. With his curls and dainty dress, no one who didn't already know him guessed he was a boy, especially since he learned to docilely conduct himself befitting his role. I laughed at his limp-wristed antics, as I thought he often tried too hard to be feminine and made himself look ridiculous. And as long as he behaved appropriately, his mother let him get away with his disguise and treated him like a girl in front of strangers, sales clerks, and the like. But if he ever angered her in the least, she had no compunction

about addressing him as a boy and telling people he was her sissy son who loved to pretend to be a girl.

In the past, it was girls who learned decorum through their dress, but nowadays it is only right that the male should learn to accept the restraints of being nicely behaved. My cousin was punished if his costume showed any evidence of unseemly behavior, and as a further inducement auntie put him into a child's satin corset which I strongly recommend in all cases of petticoat control. Having no choice in the matter, Robert came to take his petticoated condition for granted and once my aunt had him accustomed to girls' dress he learned to wash, sew and iron his things as any girl would. His costume kept him out of trouble and away from bad company, 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.

One important aspect in bringing up the young male is not often discussed, that is masturbation. Boys will masturbate themselves if allowed to, and it is a matter that must be kept under feminine control. My aunt had this problem well taken care of. As soon as my cousin was old enough to need it, he was masturbated frequently by her, usually at night when she tucked him into bed. She'd pull back his blankets, lift up his silky nightie and jack him off in his panties. She did it without looking him in the face, without comment, without emotion, and without ever saying anything about it to him. Then she'd pull down his nightie, pull up his blankets and tell him he was not allowed to change his panties but to sleep in the sweet panties that he had defiled with his filth. In the morning, she'd come into his bedroom, get angry with him for having soiled his panties with boy snot and make him change into a clean pair of panties while she watched. And then she'd unemotionally jack him off in his panties again! But at the last minute she'd decide whether or not to allow him to cum. It was part of her daily routine whether he wanted it or not. If he wasn't allow to cum, she expected him to go around the house with a prominent boner in his panties, and she would constantly inspect his panties and make sure he didn't relieve himself of the pressure. She'd make him beg her to masturbate him to completion, and at some point, after he had properly debased himself, she would jack him off in his panties in a very cold and distant fashion that ended up with making him lick his cum off of her fingers as she called him a simpleminded sissy and disgusting panty-wanking pervert.

Her methods established an important principle, that his sexual pleasure and ejaculation was not up to him but happened only when a female wished it, and to reinforce this idea, my mother or I myself frequently masturbated him in his delightful panties instead of my aunt. Robert was strictly forbidden to practice masturbation on his own and on the rare occasions when my aunt discovered the telltale stains on his nightdress 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 much of a punishment, but having already done it once he was not really ready to have it again so soon and being repeatedly masturbated by female hands made him very sore and was far from enjoyable after the first time. Being unwillingly brought to ejaculation in this way was a lesson to him in deferring to the female in matters of sex, a very desirable idea for any member of the male sex when it comes to teaching them their proper place in the scheme of things.

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 actually married an old childhood friend, Pauline, who knows exactly how to treat him, having known him in his petticoated days, and she makes sure he remains thoroughly under her control. My aunt gave Pauline a present on her wedding day: her wooden paddle, all tied up in pink ribbon. And I happen to know that it is still used just the same as before. But perhaps Pauline would like to tell you all about that one of these days. Of course, she's now a Demale Society member too and I'm sure I can get her to write to you about it.

Annie M., The Bristol Bitches Chapter

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Demale Society Stories

Added 12/16/05

Pre-op TS turning guys into fags!

I can't count how many times I have turned a guy from "I'm not into that stuff (crossdressing)" or "I don't wear panties!" into a cocksucking gay boy in panties begging to be butt fucked.

As a bisexual I have always found both women and



men to be sexually arousing, so as a pre-op transsexual. I'm the perfect answer -- the best of both worlds. I'm an associate member and looking forward to full membership once I have the operation. My specialty, I can quickly turn from Julie the submissive little girl into Mistress Julianna, the TV dominatrix. It's interesting how many guys are ready to turn homo as long as the guy looks like a pretty woman.

I'm small with big hormone and implant tits and easily pass for a female with a pussy, so I can pick up most any guy I want. But with any guy, as the night goes on, I get more and more demanding and dominant. I do it with a wicked smile, so the guys think it's all a game, and they're confident that they'll be getting a piece of my ass, so they go along with it, and when I just happen to have some large-size panties with me that will fit them and I tell them to put them on, they usually do it! After a lot of teasing, I stick a finger or two up their butt and they squeal, but generally love it! When they're ready to cum, I pull down their panties in front and pull down my panties in back and let them mount me. As they start to cum, I take their hands and have them reach around me and feel my little cock. They're too far gone to care; they're in the midst of cumming and my little cock isn't going to stop them from unloading their jism! After they cum in my butt, it generally hits them as to what they have done -- they react in many ways from tears to laughter, but once they've done it, it doesn't take much for them to want to do it again, and again, and again. And they're soon full-fledged homos or at least panty-wearing bi boys. And I make it easy for them because I look like a genetic female, good looking enough to take home to their mom! (And I've been taken home to a lot of boys' moms!)

Before long, I have them trained and it doesn't take much to get them going, I just show them my hard little cock in my panties and they go for it like the true sissies they have always wanted to be. Here in Mexico -- land of the macho male -- you'd think it would be hard to get these guys to go gay -- well it's hard OK -- hard like their cock is hard! Most of them can't wait and love fucking a good looking American chick even if that girl has a dick bigger than theirs! Enclosed is a picture of one guy I put in panties. I have him practicing sucking cock on a penis dildo I've attached to the wall in his apartment! What a great fag he's going to turn out to be.

***By Missie the Sissy, Chix with Dicks Chapter,
Guadalajara, Mexico***

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Demale

Society Stories

Added 12/18/05

Little Dickie: Like father, like son!

My husband's name is Luke, but his family always called him "Little Dickie," a nickname given to him by Karl, his younger stepbrother. I never understood why they called him that, and when I asked him, he simply said Karl started calling that shortly after his mother remarried,



and the name just stuck. I accepted that as one of those crazy little things families do for no real reason and left it at that. It was a long time before I realized that nicknamed referred to my husband's decidedly small penis.

I was a virgin when we married and had never seen another man's penis, so I had no idea my husband had anything but a normal size penis. Only in recent years have I seen other men's penises and realized just how undersized Luke is. Sure I had seen a few pictures of naked men with huge penises in magazines like Playgirl, but I thought they were freaks and not representative of typical males. And when my husband and I saw movies in which a couple was faking making love and the guy was pumping up and down like he had a long cock, I thought it looked strange, even funny. We didn't make love like that! When Luke made love to me, he had to put it in my pussy and just keep pressing up against my pussy to keep his penis in me, and then he'd move his hips around in a circular motion to excite both of us. If he attempted to pull back and stroke his cock in and out of me, he'd fall out, and then we'd both lose concentration as he'd fumble around trying to get his small penis back in me. But having sex with Luke was successful. After we were married for two years, we had a son, Luke Junior, whom we nicknamed "Little Luke."

Two of my girlfriends also had sons and when I helped them change their boys' diapers, I noticed both their sons had penises two and three times the size of our son. And that's when I started to think about penis size once again and realized both my husband and our son were very undersized in the penis department.

I told my husband about it, but he told me it wasn't important. Still I felt like our son was deficient and I avoided having my two girlfriends around when my son needed changing. But I couldn't keep them from knowing forever, and one time when my one friend, Kasey, did see Luke's little penis, she gasped and said, "Oh, my dear, what happened to Luke's penis?" I pretended like I didn't know what she was talking about. But then she giggled and said to me, "Do you want to borrow a pair of Janie's (her daughter) panties? I think little Luke is more a girl than a boy." She immediately regretted saying that to me, but I understood.

As that shows, Kasey is not the queen of tact, and she followed that quip with what she thought was a little joke and said, "Does little Luke take after daddy Luke?"

The pained expression on my face the moment she said that told her that her observation was right!

"Oh, Lilly, I'm so-o-o sorry. I didn't mean..."

That whole incident made me face up to the fact of what I had known in my heart for some time. And it pissed me off that I was stuck with a husband that was less than a man and a son who was less than a boy. After searching in books, medical articles and on the Internet, I learned a lot and that's also where I first came across the Demale Society. The more I read, the more I liked what I was reading, and since I

was so pissed off, I thought it was only right that I take charge of my husband and our son and feminize both of them! My husband was so ashamed that he didn't put up much resistance when I told him I was going to make him wear panties 24/7, make him wait on me like a maid, and turn our son into a panty wearing sissy boy.

Soon after that, I was shopping with Kasey and I had her stop with me in the girls' lingerie department and she about fell over when I started buying a handful of silky pink lace panties and told her I was buying them for little Luke. I then told her the whole story, explained about the Demale Society, etc. But then I stunned her again as I had her accompany me to the ladies' lingerie department and had her help me selected some bras, panties and a babydoll nightie for my husband!

Take a look at the attached photo and you can see how little my husband is, and that's him fully excited just after he has shot his few drops of semen in his pink panties. Panty wanking is just about the only sex for him these days. I usually only let him do it as entertainment for me and some of my Demale Society girlfriends, whom I like to invite over after our meetings.

Sarita, member at large, Dimple Dicks and Little Rocks Chapter, Little Rock

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