

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Testimonials, Notices,
Stories & Pics

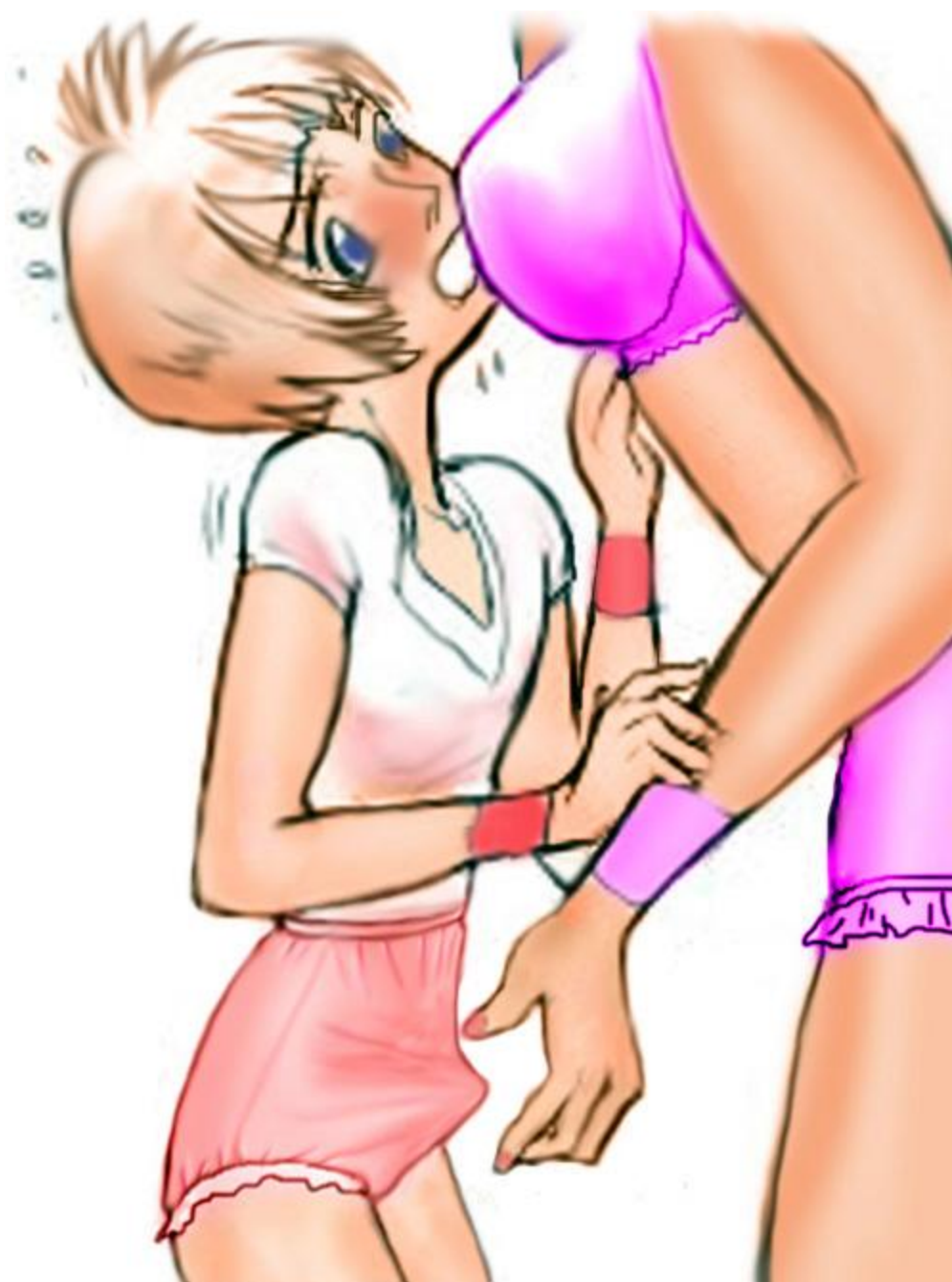
Volume #33

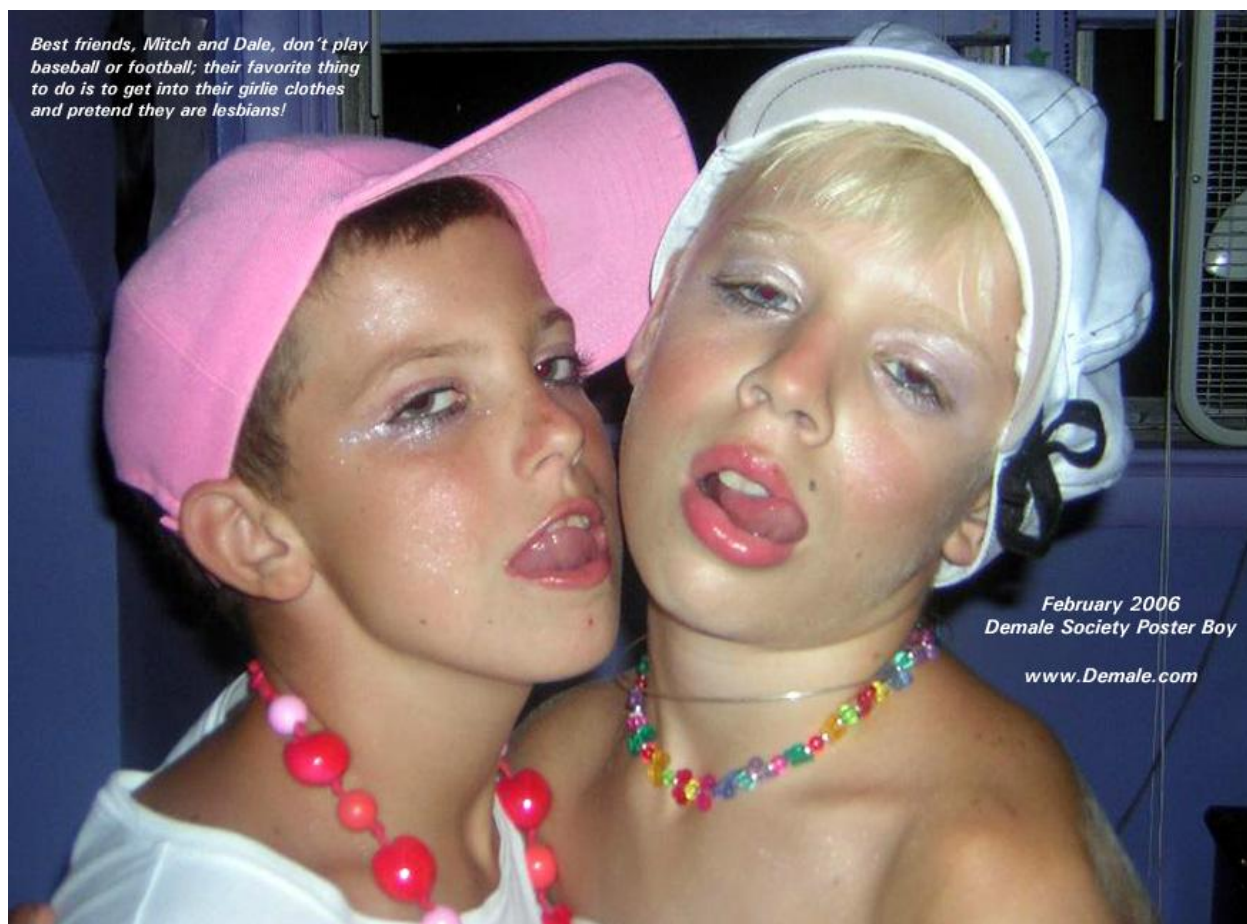
*Clever females
expertly replace
traditional male
interests with
fetishes, and
macho boys
and men are
disciplined and
turned into
easy-to-control
sweet little
pantywaists
ready for
life under
female rule.*

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment







Best friends, Mitch and Dale, don't play baseball or football; their favorite thing to do is to get into their girly clothes and pretend they are lesbians!

*February 2006
Demale Society Poster Boy*

www.Demale.com

Demale Society Stories

Added 12/17/05

My two sisters ushered me into sissyhood

My life in panties and girls' clothes started at the hands of my two sisters, Betsy, who is one year older than I, and Pam, who is a year and a half younger. Our parents owned a restaurant and Saturday was their big day, so both of them would spend that entire day at the restaurant, leaving my sisters and me to do the chores and fend for ourselves. Once our weekly chores were finished we were free to do whatever we wanted. But when one of us kids had something that we wanted to do, we'd make deals and trades to do chores for each other.

On one particular Saturday shortly after I began high school, both my sisters desperately wanted to go with their friends to stake out a hotel where some rock band was staying in hopes of seeing them and getting their autographs. This was in the early days of rock-n-roll, and I thought my sisters were nuts, but that's how boys often think of their sisters. They begged and begged me to cover for them, but I was holding out. I wanted something really big in exchange for doing all their chores as well as my own.

Then Betsy came up with an unusual idea. She said if I'd do their chores that day, that the following Saturday the two of them would do their chores wearing just their bras, garter belts, nylons and panties. I was a bit shocked at the suggestion – not that I wasn't thrilled at the idea. I pretended to take my time making up my mind, but then the both of them told me that they knew I peeked at them through the



keyhole in the bathroom door, and they knew I'd snooped around in their lingerie drawers. I protested that it wasn't true, but when they threatened to tell our parents, I told them I'd do their chores, and not because of their threats (even though they were true!), but because I was a good brother.

That following Saturday, they did follow through on their promise, but the erection in my pants made them tease me like crazy and before the day was out, they had me in not only panties but trying on a whole bunch of their clothes that they made me model for them! After that, Saturdays became girly days for the three of us, and that's how I became a lifelong sissy boy in panties.

Jim, associate member, Cedar Point Sissies Chapter, Sandusky

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Demale Society Notices

Added 12/20/05

A young woman gives a few of her ideas on feminizing and panty training boys

I love using dance lessons for boys. They provide a lot of opportunities to introduce a boy to feminine ideas and ideals. Even boys' dance costumes often feature a lot of girlish elements like ruffles, lace, sequins, beads, tights and dance slippers. Plus there are always some opportunities to get a boy to put on girls' costumes, either just for fun, to fill in for a sick girl in a production number, or a dozen other reasons. Dance as a training tool is best for boys of about four years old and up.

But dance requires muscular coordination and mental focus, and very young boys, toddlers through preschool age, often respond best to feminizing incorporated into play, like dress-up games. If they have a lot of fun while you are training them, they'll most likely learn what you are trying to teach them. Boys of that age need a lot of mental and visual stimulation as well as physical movement to hold their attention and make them receptive to your instruction, and dress-up games provide this.

Playing dress-up with older boys can work quite well too, but they are much more subject to negative peer pressure compared to very young boys who have a lot less regard for what others think. If preschool boys get teased for wearing fingernail polish or wearing a dress, they just tend to whimper and hide behind their mother's skirt rather than wanting to stop doing those things, whereas older boys will probably try to shed those feminine things as fast as possible after being teased or ridiculed.

Very young boys are intrigued by fancy clothes, bright colors and silky fabrics. Many of them are willing to dress up in girls' clothes with very little prompting, especially if you don't call them "girls'" clothes right from the start. Call them "fun" clothes, "fancy" clothes or some other term. But even if they realize these are girls' clothes, they can be easily persuaded to try them on. And after they try them on the first



time, you can build upon that and get them to try even fancier clothes and accessories in time.

A big part of starting to get a boy to dress up is to get him to notice girls' clothes, get him interested in them and then let him know it is okay for him to wear them. The first time a boy of any age plays dress up, it is probably done best with just you and him, or just with him and his sister. Once he is somewhat comfortable in girls' clothes, you can let others see him as well as tell other people that he likes to dress up. But to get started with very little boys, realize that they like to play a lot and they are often totally involved in their own little play world and impervious to things going on around them. You have to point out things for them to take notice of, and by pointing out silky, colorful, fancy girls' clothes in different situations you can start to get them interested in such clothes.

While watching television or walking down the street, point out girls in especially pretty, colorful and frilly clothes. In clothing stores, let him help you pick out your clothes and lingerie, always ready to joke about which ones would look cute on him, even hold clothes up to him -- and let other people see you holding clothes up to him. (You should gradually move to exposing him to the outside world with his girlish likes as soon as he is able to handle it.) While you are dressing and undressing yourself, let him play in your room and help you. Have him help you put on nail polish (even if he does it poorly and you have to secretly take it off and reapply it afterwards). These things can dramatically increase his interest in female clothes and accessories.

Recently, I did an interesting experiment. Little Chuckie, a little four year old from the neighborhood, often plays alone outside because all the other kids that live nearby are older than he is. He usually rides his tricycle up and down the block and passes by in front of our house. Well, I wanted to see what kind of influence I could have over him but still keep my distance. So I placed a pair of frilly rhumba panties on the ground right next to the sidewalk. I took a position on a chase lounge lawn chair with a big floppy hat over my face like I was sunning myself.

He rode past the panties once, twice and didn't seem to even notice them, and then on a third pass, I did see him turn his head and take a look at them. On his next trip, I saw him looking at them again, so I called out for him to stop. I went over to him and asked him if they were his (I didn't use the word "panties." I just pointed to them.) because I saw that he had stopped and looked at them. He shook his head "no" indicating that the panties weren't his, but I told him that since he found them they were his - you know, "finders, keepers." He didn't want to take them, but I did manage to get them into his hands and talk with him about how fancy they were and how silky they felt. I got him to agree that since they felt so silky smooth to hold, they must feel wonderful to wear. I told him they were his panties and he should take them, but after a lot of blushing, he put them back on the ground and got back on his bike. I told him I'd keep them for him, and if he ever wanted them, just to come by and I'd have them for him. And as he rode off I told him it was okay for him to like such pretty things, and I could tell how much he liked them because he had spent so much time looking at them and touching them. I also told him that I would keep it a secret. I wouldn't tell anybody else that he liked girls' clothes. (This time I did make it clear that they were girls' clothes.) I did add that whenever he put on any girls' clothes, he should do it in

secret because some people, especially his brother, would think he is a sissy if they caught him with things like pretty girls' panties. (This time I did use the word panties.) As he rode off, his mind had to be going a million miles a minute with all the bull I had just poured into it!

I didn't see Chuckie much for sometime after that, but the few times I did see him, it was from a distance, and I just smiled at him. He'd blush and keep on going. He knew what I was smiling about! And I knew why he was blushing! Then I did (literally) run into him when he was with his brother at the grocery store. He was running up and down the aisles and practically ran into me. I said hello to him, and in a whisper asked him how he enjoyed wearing the pretty panties. (I let him think that I thought he was already wearing girls' panties, regardless of whether or not he actually was.) He just looked at me scared and ran back toward his brother.

Then a couple months later, I heard he was making a pest of himself at the picnic our homeowners association throws each year. He was going around pulling up girls' dresses! I wasn't at the picnic but my neighbor (who knows I like to panty boys) was there and she thought I'd enjoy hearing about it! See what just one little incident can do to an impressionable little boy!

Elke, Sweet Girls & Even Sweeter Boys Chapter, Duluth

Remale boy loves his sissy brother

Hello members and friends!

I just thought you'd be interested in hearing about my two boys.

Marvin is seven and my oldest. He's 'all boy' in the traditional sense. I do get him to dress like a little girl each Halloween, and he always has a lot of fun doing it, but he has no real interest in female clothes. He's very strong and confident for one so young, so I'm going with his personality and raising him as a remale. I don't push feminizing him because he is so great with his younger brother, Todd, who is six. He's the beautiful little sissy in the family. He's taken to femininity with his whole heart and soul. But the best part of all this is how much big brother Marvin loves his little sissy brother. He holds doors open for him, holds his hand unashamedly whenever they are out walking, and loves treating him like a little lady.



Your hosts,

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



Such is the life of a real sissy

He watches his reflection in the mirror. There isn't much else for him to do but watch and wait, wait for her return. How long has it been? He has no idea but thought it's probably less than he imagines. He had long ago stopped wondering and now concentrates on how nice his sister's silky babydoll feels to wear. His mom and sis always keep reminding him how silky it is and how nice it is to wear something so sinfully feminine and frilly. And yes, he can tell it is certainly comfortable, if a bit chilly to wear something so skimpy in the dead of winter with the thermostat turned down low how his mom likes it. He has to shift his weight from time to time, and when he does, the silkiness of the chilly babydoll and cold, crisp panties tickle him. He doesn't have to look at himself in the mirror to be reminded of the sissy

silky clothing he has on. The babydoll top is like a short silky little dress or a fancy lace mini-slip. It looks so elegant, cuddly and comfortable, but it so teases his nerve endings as it tickles him mercilessly.

The hormones are making his breasts grow. Soon he'll need something larger than the training bras his mother buys for him. The face and body in the mirror are no longer his; the hormones have already softened his features and changed him from an attractive boy to a lovely girl – all except the hair on his head. His mother purposely keeps it short in a boys' haircut. His reward for acting like a perfect sissy is to be allowed to wear a wig when he is taken outside; his punishment from not acting like a perfect sissy is to be taken outside in full girlish attire, or even worse half male and half female attire, without his wig and paraded through the streets to be scoffed at and harassed as an obvious sissy. At such times, people tease him and call him a fag, but he isn't gay. He isn't attracted to boys, no matter what his mother and sister do to him, make him do or have planned for him.

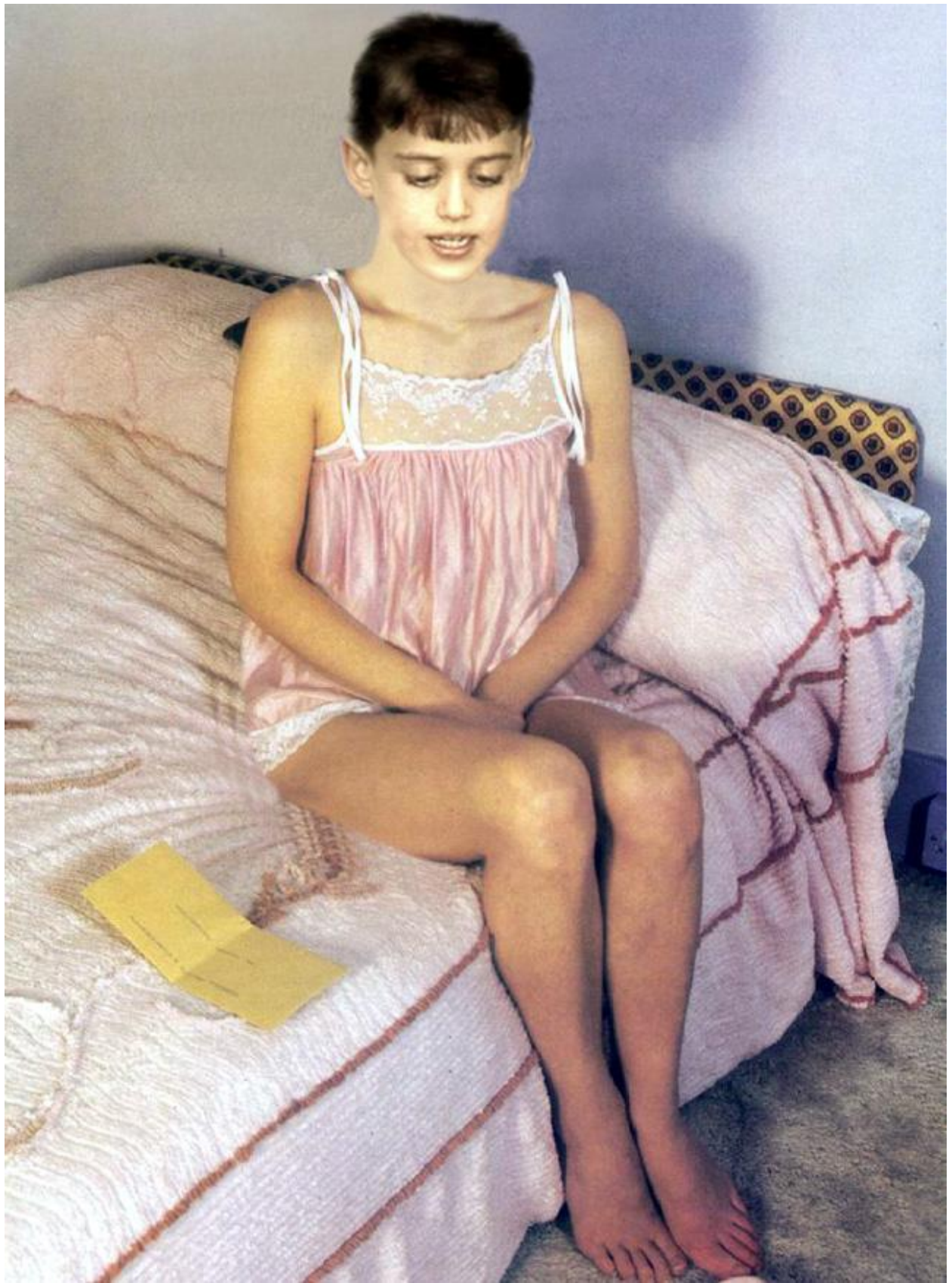
He feels a stirring in his crotch, something he seldom feels anymore. The hormones and the device he wears keep him flaccid and unable to erect. His forced impotence is something his mom and sis enjoy exploiting. They like to free him from the device and manipulate his member with their hands and mouths. He can still orgasm, and they time their manipulations until he is on the brink, then giggle, lock him up again and leave him in a painful, needful state. The device he wears is humiliation in and of itself. It's simply a semi-stiff plastic tube cut lengthwise to allow it to expand and retract. His penis is kept in a condom then placed in the tube, which holds it tightly but allows the head to protrude, so his sensitive

penis head can be constantly tickled by the silkiness of his panties. The tube is covered in pink satin resembling a little corset with a stiff lace ruffle at each end and decorated with a white satin ribbon with its ends tied into a cute bow. The whole thing is then drawn back between his legs and tied, and this is how his mom has managed to make his penis as feminine as possible. Over his little penis corset, he is always dressed in exceptionally pretty panties. Today his panties are in lavender to match his lavender babydoll top. His sis delights in selecting the panties he will wear each day. She always makes a fuss over how girly and soft he has become. Wearing only panties, his corset and of course the device, Teddy has to assist his mom and his sis with their dressing each day. His mom calls him her pretty one, and as he dresses her, she likes to take a periodic break, and with one finger she points at her feet, pussy, or bottom cheeks, and he immediately has to kneel and get to work.

As for his own clothing when going out, he usually has to wear the most feminine of dresses and shoes with his wig in ringlets and full makeup. He has to carry a handbag that matches his shoe color and his pierced ears are always adorned with dangling ear rings. Such is the life of a real sissy.

Observations *of Mickey by Cassidy J., Shaking Up the Boys Chapter, Shaker Heights & Cleveland*

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Demale Society Notices

Added 1/10/06



To castrate or not to castrate panty wankers

In our little chapter, we just have my two girlfriends and me and our three panty pervert husbands. We've panty trained our husbands together over the last three and a half years, and now the only relief they get is putting on faggot shows for us, sucking, butt fucking and mutually masturbating each other. I

think I would like my sissy husband castrated, but I don't want him to lose his ability to cum as both my black lover and female friends enjoy watching him wank along with the other two sissy hubbies. The female hormones I give him have shrunk his sissy dick, and I sometimes give him some extra doses just to watch him struggle to get a hard-on and vigorously wank his tiny dickette with thumb and forefinger for maybe half an hour before he cums and it doesn't shoot; it just drools out of his pink panties. We do put a rubber on him sometimes to measure his output, and it's usually barely a teaspoonful.

Then I like to leave off the hormones for a month and keep his sissy dick secured in a penis tube. When I let him loose, and he's allowed to wank again, he has to really struggle to hold back under my command. We really love to see him go half crazy squirming around rubbing himself off in his pink panties and trying not to cum until I give him permission to let it blow. Usually by then, he's so sore and distraught he's crying and promising me anything in the world (and boy do I take advantage of those moments to have him sign every little bit of his life away), and when he does cum, he can manage as much as a tablespoonful of rancid and smelly spunk from his semi-hard sissy dick.

He gets plenty of facials and butt fucking from my black lover and his buddies, so you see he is totally obedient. I would still like him castrated, but I hope that wouldn't put a hamper on his little jack-off shows for us because we so enjoy watching him debase himself like that. My understanding is that the removal of the testicles does not prevent an erection and of course the bulk of the ejaculation comes from the prostate gland and not from the testes. However, with long-term use, I'm sure the female hormones will reduce or eventually even prevent an erection. It's amusing for my friends and me to see him masturbating like the desperate panty pervert he has been made into, but I suppose it would be worth forgoing this minor amusement to achieve an even more obedient and presentable maid servant. So I'm undecided about the castration thing, but I'll keep in touch to report any changes on that front!

Nanci Jane, Funky Girls Chapter, Juneau

P.S. Here are two photos from one of our bi-monthly meetings. We love to all dress up sexy and funky, and then have the boys perform once we get the business meeting over with. My girlfriend's two husbands are the two with the outrageous, big blonde wigs. Georgette, my husband, is the one in the dark wig. He's kneeling on the floor in both pictures. We can't let the guys grow their hair long because all three of them work at desk jobs in the oil industry with a lot of macho jerks who would freak out! (Oh, well, maybe one of these days!). We all originally met because the three of them were drinking buddies and always got together after work on Wednesday nights -- now the only drinking they do is slurping down each other's cum or the cum of our remale boyfriends.



Petticoat Lovers Orgy Night April 22

Hello members and friends of the Petticoat Lovers Chapter! You are invited to cum party and play at our annual big bash that will be held on Saturday, April 22, 2006, in Provo at our usual place, the private room of "K" restaurant. (If you don't know the location, details will be provided after you are registered and approved to join us.

There will be music, dancing, and of course plenty of sex play for those lovely exhibitionists among us! A special added feature this year will be our own Bobby Big Boobies (and they are real!) providing entertainment. He'll do a skit with his wife, her remale and their son in their special interpretation of the classic fairytale (fairy-tale, no kidding!) Goldilocks and the Three Bears -- his cum is too hot, her cum is too cold, but baby bear's cum is just right! You get the idea! We saw a precum, I mean a preview, of the show and it's a laugh riot!

In addition, the evening will culminate in what has become a tradition, the petticoat orgy in which attractive play couples and select singles, all wearing at least a half dozen of the fanciest and most gorgeous petticoats, in a mountain of satin, lace, ruffles and frills engage in every variation of demale sissy group sex. Come join the all night doms and sissies fucking, sucking, and other kinky sex, including the usual dozen or so caged sissyboys on the sidelines who will be teased until they are crying and begging for mercy!!! Also not to be missed: A remale contest to see which macho guy gives his girlfriend's sissy the best cum facial!

If you are among those who have attended one of our decadent erotic petticoat orgy parties in recent years, you know just how exciting our members are. If you haven't yet experienced our sexy and provocative atmosphere and know one of our members, get an official invite from them, register and then get ready for a mind blowing, awesome night where you can fulfill all of your fantasies and attain agonizing sissy, dom and remale orgasms like never before.

Don't forget to bring your petticoats: bouffants, cancan, tutus, full-length slips, and half-slip and bra combinations are all acceptable, but EVERYONE attending MUST wear a petticoat of some sort, and that includes you big macho remales - let's see if you are man enough to wear a petticoat AND PANTIES BY THE WAY TOO (we'll be checking when you enter!) and be able to do your man thing with out being seduced into sissyness yourself as you spend the night swishing around in lacy, frilly panties, slips and petticoats!

Soft drinks and hors d'oeuvres will be provided. BYOB. Couples, select single males, and single females

are welcome to join us. Ask any of our members to supply you with our web address for full details.

Come join us for an evening of sensuous, intimate play. Members: Go to the usual website to register.

Your hosts

Jeana B. & Tommy "I Lost My Dick in My Cancan Petticoats" Tuck, Petticoat Lovers Chapter, Provo

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Demale Society

Stories

Added 1/12/06

A lifetime of submitting to females

Since losing my dominant wife last year, her chapter of the Demale Society has been setting me up with "blind dates" of females of various ages to try me out and see if they would like to take me on. I am a 49-year-old white pansy looking for a female who would love to have me as her sissy cuckold. I am trim, 5'6", 104 lbs, and thoroughly addicted to lapping up all female body fluids and trained to love male sperm!

Submitting to superior females has been the way of my entire life, even as a very young boy with girls my own age. I always became excited whenever a girl dominated to me in any way. I could never resist experimenting with women and girls as I tried to discover just how submissive I could be. I learned this from my mother, my older sister and their friends. My mother was a Demale Society member way back in the late 1950s when I was born. You can see the photo here of me in a pretty party dress puffed out with big bouffant petticoats, as was the style in 1960 when this picture was taken. Mother (she's in the middle in the photograph) taught me to love her every bodily fluid from the time I was born; consequently, female cum, piss, sweat, and saliva have been a way of life for me ever since.



My mother died when I was twelve, and my sister soon grew tired of feeding me her juices as much as I wanted. Like most teenage girls, she had her own interests and had limited time or tolerance for a kid brother. I was hopelessly bashful and timid, but I had to become bolder to try and get my much needed fluids from other women and girls.

Of course, I've worn silky panties my whole life -- mostly rayon when I was very young, but mostly nylon and silk now. Since I was generally too bashful to initiate a conversation with a female and tell her I wanted her to dominate me, I usually accomplished this by letting select females see my panties peeking out above the top of my jeans or out of the leg of my very short shorts. Of course, most of them would laugh, grab their girlfriends and have them all making fun of me. Some would even be bold enough to reach out and snap my panty elastic as they laughed like crazy, but a lot of them wanted to know more about what was going on with me wearing panties, so they'd start to talk to me, ask me questions and demand answers! Flashing my panties at them sure broke the ice. And quite a few times these girls would ask me out on a date. Of course, they just wanted to see more of me to play with me and expose me to their friends, and some of them wanted to show me off to their boyfriends too, who generally wanted nothing to do with me. Sure they called me queer and faggot, even after I insisted that I loved females only, but then they would laugh their heads off when I added that I would suck their boyfriends

off for them too if that would make them happy! When they finally would get around to asking what I wanted, wondering what was in it for me, I'd tell them how I adored all females and everything about them and just wanted to honor them by licking up their fluids. It grossed a lot of them out, but not as many as you'd think, and from time to time, I had all the girl juices I could handle because sometimes a girl would get me to lick all her girlfriends as well and sometimes a girl had me go down on a lot of guys too. I found out a lot of girls can't get enough of one guy sucking off another guy. I ended up being a male cum slut as well as an overall girl juice licker.

As I grew older, I got ever bolder, letting females do just about anything they want to do with me. Females are so smart and cleaver, but it's sad because many of them (as well as their families and people they know) have no appreciation for their intelligence and ability to manage things. I've found that if you give a female an opportunity, encouragement, and let them know it is OK for them to do things in ANY way they want, and do them in their own way, they flourish in many ways, and often they even surprise themselves!

I like females to be dominant in the bedroom, especially, but I'm not necessarily a wimp, just very caring and giving. I love a long-term relationship with a woman who wants a stable base with a man, who will love her and encourage her to frequently satisfy her sexual needs with other men and other females if that's what she wants. I love it when my dominant female desires other men, and then has me clean up her lover's cum in front of him. If she enjoys having sex with groups of men, so much the better, and I'll stand by ready to do clean-up service between each and every fuck. Plus I'll gladly suck the man who is next to get him ready for her. In just a training bra and silly, sexy little panties, I think I make a pretty cute cuckold, and I think I have developed some talent at giving blowjobs because I can usually get a guy's cock up to a full erection in record time. And of course, I'll orally clean off each guy's cock when he is finished fucking her. At times, she may go out on a date without me. But I know she loves me and is only out for the sex, and that she will bring home a well used, sloppy, cum filled pussy for me to clean, as I anxiously await her return on my knees in just my bra, panties and cum-stained frilly apron at the front door.

If she chooses to let one or some of her lovers to breed her, she knows I will love the children and raise them as my own. I love it when she asks me to lick out her lover's sperm in front of him. I love it when she teases me with her unwashed panties, and makes me beg her to lick them clean in front of her girlfriends and lovers. I love it when she and her lovers pee on me and in my mouth. I take pride in the fact that her lovers know they cannot replace me; their job is simply to fuck her and fuck her good. They are more than welcome to oblige themselves to a blowjob from me as well. And when her urges and needs are satisfied and her lovers leave, and she is sore and feeling a little used, I, her loving pantywaist, will change roles slightly to then cuddle, cradle and hold her to let her know how loved she is. I caress her from head to toe, occasionally licking her to an additional soft and gentle, yet powerful orgasm. After a night of raging sex, she loves me to lick her ravaged vagina to just one more peak, and then have her curl up in my arms, cuddle and fall asleep, safe, secure and satisfied.

In the interim, until that special woman finds me, I still love to play the role of cum slut to any and all the females in our chapter who so want to use me, and if a couple would love to have a little sex slave at their beck and call, I would love to fill the position. Most of all I want a long-term relationship with someone who can use all of the skills I have been trained for my entire life.

Miles "The Velvet Tongue", No More Dinky Dicks Chapter, Branson



I was always a wimp, but my wife has turned me into a pansy cuckold, a pantywaist nanny to our son, and a sissy ass licker with real hormone tits

As a young man I knew my future happiness depended on marrying the right kind of woman. I always dated outgoing girls and was attracted to the most assertive and even bitchy girls and women. One girl in particular used to slap me in the face – and slap me hard – whenever I said or did something she didn't like, and I was amazed to discover that whenever she slapped me I got terribly excited and got an instant hard on! I guess I was a born masochist. Even though a lot of people told me I was quite good looking, I was also shy, so a lot of times women asked me out before I could get up the courage to ask them. That is how my relationship started with Linda, the woman who became my wife.

I confessed my submissive desires to her early in our relationship, and she accepted me and even encouraged me to be subservient. She told me she was a member of the Demale Society, and I told her I had never heard of the organization. She just said it was a club for females who liked to be in control in relationships with males, and added she had learned techniques for sizing up males that appeared to be good candidates as a submissive, and that was how she picked me out of the crowd at a bicentennial party being celebrated in our suburb. Right from the start, she said she had developed a good eye for submissive males and was looking for a possible life partner to serve her. I was thrilled that she acknowledged that possibility with me even before we had started serious dating.

She told me I was on trial, and she started me out by having me clean her apartment and do her laundry before we had done much more than share a good night kiss. Doing those chores, she had to teach me how to do things her way. I blushingly admitted to her that I liked to be slapped in the face whenever I displeased her. She laughed at me and told me I was pathetic but she enjoyed me and my honesty and

that most males were submissive and liked to be punished, but most of them just didn't know it. She then introduced me to being spanked over her lap. She started out with her old bedroom slipper, but over time she would smack me with ever more punishing instruments.

She did set me back and make me cry the day she announced that while in her apartment all I would be allowed to wear would be a pair of her dirty panties. I was submissive all right, but I was dreaming of fucking her some day and saw wearing lace panties as a terrible blow to what little manhood I did have. Physically, I am quite a bit larger than her, so that first pair of her panties she had me put on were so tight I could barely squeeze into them.

On our next date, she gave me a present, three pairs of pink panties in a size big enough to comfortably fit me. I was shocked! Never did I think a woman would give me women's panties to wear, but with a tear in my eye and fire engine red blush on my face, I put on a pair right away at her insistence. I then openly cried; I have always cried easily, something that got me marked my whole life as a sissy, but I had never worn any female clothes before meeting her. Anyway, after I put them on, she masturbated me into the panties. It was a long, drawn-out masturbation session that seemed like it lasted for a couple of hours, all the while she kept diddling me lightly through the silky panties and talking to me about panties as she teased my penis in the humiliating pink panties as I sat next to her with all the lights on and with nothing else on except the panties. She talked on and on about me in panties, about us dating, about the fun of wearing silky panties, about what life would be like for me with her forever, about shooting my cum in soft MY elegant ladies panties, and on and on and on. She was panty training me! By the end of that evening, she had gotten me to promise to wear those panties every day, all day long.

I tried my best, but I had a difficult time wearing them; they were so emasculating, even though I wasn't much of a man and I knew it, wearing women's panties was just too much to bear. Two days later I showed up at her place not wearing them, and as soon as she found out, I begged her not to make me wear them. Well, she threw me out and told me never to come back. By that time I was hopelessly in love with her and realized how foolish it was of me not to do what she wanted.

She didn't see me for over a week, but she did let me call her, and we had long conversations on the phone, but she only would talk to me if I had on a pair of her panties. I couldn't lie to her, so I would put on a pair and let her talk to me for hours and hours about how great it was to wear those pink panties. It was my first experience with phone sex, and I ended up masturbating in those panties time and again until she had me wearing panties every day and wanking myself silly in them every night. She finally saw me again but only after she had forced me to go out and buy a dozen pairs of pink panties and tell the lady clerk that I was buying them for myself. It took me days and days to work up the nerve to do that for her, but I finally did it because if I didn't do it, I knew I'd never see her again, and I just couldn't live without her. And she made me tell her about every second of what went on as I bought those panties. Telling her in excruciating detail, made me relive every moment of that humiliation, and the way she kept on making me repeat every detail and answer her every question was even worse than when I had actually purchased the panties!

The night she did allow me back into her apartment, she had one of her women friends from the Demale Society there along with that woman's six-year-old daughter. The woman wore a well tailored, expensive looking business suit in pale purple, very conservative, but she did have a couple of inches of the pale lavender lace trimming the hem of her skirt constantly sticking out, and she either didn't notice or it didn't bother her that her slip was so obviously exposed. The little girl wore one of those Disney princess costumes, Snow White or Cinderella, I think. I don't know which one. And the little girl made a big show of gathering up and lifting her skirt up almost to her waist, fluffing up both her skirt and the puffy net petticoats she wore underneath, exposing most of her pink lace panties underneath, every time she either got up or went to sit down. After we were introduced, they all took a seat in the living room, but even before Linda allowed me to sit down, she made me drop my jeans and show Linda, her friend, and the little girl that I was wearing frilly pink ladies' panties that I had bought for myself from Mays department store. Having to do that in front of the little girl, especially, scared me. I gave Linda a horrified look, but she just told me to go ahead and continue undressing until I had taken all my clothes off except for just the panties. I was made to stay that way, with nothing on but my pink panties, for the evening while we sat around, had popcorn and drinks and watched some Demale Society videos that her chapter had made at some of their parties and other club events. I had a hard time paying much attention to the videos since I was so self-conscious about my panties-only outfit.

Once the lady and her little girl went home, Linda said she was seriously considering marrying me even though we had been together just a short time. That thrilled me to no end, but she then said that if we did get married, I would have to live according to her rules completely, and she could make up the rules and change the rules whenever she wanted. For example, I would be responsible for all the housework and cooking not just dusting around and doing her laundry like I had been doing. She could date other men and have sex with them if she wanted, and she could have sex with women too. I had never met a lesbian in my life, that I knew of, so I had no idea what that entailed, but I agreed that once we married, I would accept her terms without question or hesitation, and until then I would be on trail and she would be testing my love.

At that point, she got ever deeper into the Demale Society, and the more she learned about domination, the more she loved it. We got married, and my wife has been in complete control of our lives for over seven years now, and I mean complete control of every aspect of our lives. All of our assets have been in her name since we married. She has controlled the sex, money, and household from the very beginning.

Linda never liked sexual intercourse with me and rarely ever allowed it during our courtship, preferring my oral worship of her body instead. I really became endeared to her when she allowed me to spend endless hours running my tongue over her feet, legs, ass, armpits, and of course her pussy. The satisfaction I derive from licking and kissing my wife's beautiful tits, pussy and ass surpassed anything I could have ever hoped for. For my sexual relief, she allowed me to masturbate into my pink panties for her enjoyment, and that soon expanded to panty wanking myself for the entertainment of some of her friends and their children, both girls and boys; the boys were usually being panty trained or feminized,

and I was being held up as an example of what was in store for them in the future.

As I mentioned, Linda had started spanking and or whipping me for my shortcomings long before marrying me. I have submitted to spankings as she sees fit and for whatever reason, whether I've done something wrong or just because it pleases her to spank or beat me. Another of my greatest joys is the personal service I give my wife. These are things like bathing her, doing her nails, and brushing her hair. During the first couple of years of our marriage, we both had full-time jobs, and all of my free time at home was usually spent doing all my chores around the house.

But that all changed. Currently, I spend most of my time at home in just frilly panties plus one of the many chastity devices Linda has for me plus a frilly apron if I am cooking or cleaning. The apron she lets me wear wraps around my waist and ties in back in a big floppy bow. The shoulder straps have been cut off and she uses clothespins to clamp the front of the bib apron to my nipples. Also, I have to constantly have a pair of her dirty panties over my head with the dirtiest part of the crotch over my nose and lips. While out in public, she allows me to wear male outer clothing over my pink panties, but she often makes me wear red nail polish and a pair of her dirty panties over my head at places where strangers can see me, and she doesn't care how embarrassed I am about it or who sees me like that. I've attached a photo of me from our vacation last year. For her entertainment, I have red fingernail polish on and a pair of her panties over my head, and looking like a stupid dork, I'm crawling down the hallway of a hotel where we were staying.

At home (we always refer to it as "her" house because it is), I am never allowed to sit on the furniture, and I sleep on the floor in a knapsack by her bed at night.

Linda peed on me for the first time during our engagement. It was after a severe whipping I received for knocking a lamp off her bedside table while cleaning. She laid me over the edge of her bathtub and whipped me with a crop, ruining the pink panties I had on, causing open wounds and leaving me in a lot of pain. Then I had to crawl into the tub and she stood over me and pissed on my ass, back and head. Her pee burned my open sores, but that only made her laugh and call me names, like the pathetic sissy I am, getting the kind of treatment that I deserve. Of course I had to clean her pee off the floor and tub when she finished. After that she appealed to my masochism and used her pee as a reward for my obedience, and in time she started to pee directly into my mouth. It got to the point where she only did this to reward excellence in my behavior, and she soon had me begging and pleading with her to allow me to drink her piss.

For the last seven years I have been Linda's cuckold. During the last three or four years I have been kept in constant chastity, and all my emissions, which she only allows for health reasons, she totally controls. Once a month, if she is pleased with my overall behavior, she unlocks my penis and lets me spurt. Her chapter of the Demale Society has one night a month that is a reward night for good husbands, boyfriends, sons, etc., and on that night all the women who have preteen daughters bring them and let them have their way with our penises. It's a training session for them and a reward session for us good

males. All of the slave males have to wear only their panties, and the little girls explore, tease and get “hands-on” training dealing with male penises that to them usually make them laugh because our penises look so funny in female panties that stretch out the silky panties in very unladylike ways. Most of these little girls are real minxes, and we never fail to erect for them since they are so cute and sexy. They usually dress up in makeup and sexy lingerie just to tease the hell out of us, so as much as any of us are able, we quickly get as hard as we can get. It can be difficult for me since I've been on female hormones ever since I got married to Linda, but I still can cum after a long session of being teased, wanked, sucked on and even bitten by these little girls looking up at me with their mascara eyes, their ruby red nail polished fingertips exciting me with surprisingly expert strokes, and their bright red lipstick lips all over my dinky dick and sissy pink panties. Of course, the women and mothers make fun of us and call us every type of sissy pervert name they can think of for erecting in response to the little girls playing with our panties and penises.

At home I am the permanent live-in babysitter for our five-year-old son, Bambi (nice name for a boy, huh?). After our wedding night, my wife has never again allowed me to have sex with her, but she did invetro with my cum to have our baby boy by me. She hoped it would be a boy and it was, and now I stay at home to feminize our little sweetie 24/7. Even though he is now five years old, he still suckles on my hormone titties like a pacifier whenever he cries. I am most embarrassed by my little hormone titties, but I do love him sucking on me if he doesn't do it too often or too hard and he hurts me. But in a lot of ways I do love it, and I only wish I had milk in my tits to offer to him. Most people think he's a girl because we dress him in pink lacey dresses, fine silk pink panties and other girls' clothes, and we let him think he is a girl. At the right time, we will let him know that he is a boy being trained to a lifetime of

service to females – and according to my wife that will happen soon.

Just after we were married for two years, she was newly pregnant with our artificially inseminated son growing inside her, and that is when she announced to me that she was tired of married life and wanted to explore living single again. We had a couple of long talks about her desires, and I begged her not to get a divorce and cut me out of her life. After thinking about it for a couple of weeks we talked about our situation again. Linda told me she felt strongly about giving her desires a try. She told me I would have to accept it or leave. And if I stayed I would be nothing more than her sissy boy slave and full-time baby-sitter once the baby arrived. She told me I would then have to quit my job. I was a shipping clerk, not making all that much money, but an important part of our combined income. When I asked how we would have the money to live, she said that once the baby was born, she'd get her time off from her teaching job for new born baby benefits, and then keep me at home with the baby while she was going to join up with the escort service run by her Demale Society's chapter.

I was thoroughly shocked, of course, but I agreed. I had no other choice. Besides, I couldn't bear not being a part of our child's life even if I was going to be the kid's nanny and my wife's sissy pantywaist maid. I have learned to accept and even enjoy our present life-style, which is far different than the struggling couple we were when we started out. The money she makes is more than twice as much as the combination of both our salaries when we first got married. We can now afford to give our son everything any sissy boy could hope to have as we prepare him for life in our coming world ruled by females. A picture of him is also attached.



Of course my wife's tricks are allowed to penetrate both her pussy and ass, but she is on the pill since she doesn't want to get pregnant. I have seen her take a man's cock into her mouth, something she has never done for me in all the years of our marriage. Not that I would ever want her to, Linda is far above having my pathetic little cock anywhere near her beautiful face. While she has occasionally brought men and even some women home for sex -- the kinky tricks who enjoy having a sissy cuckolded husband standby and watch -- she usually has dates away from home, and I am left alone with Bambi on many nights to do my chores and wait for her return. One way she has trained me to better accept her dating is to allow me to worship her asshole and pussy after she returns home from her dates. She has used my inborn masochism to reason with me and gotten me to believe I am a worthwhile contributor to our family by having me cleaning up after other men have deposited their slime in her and paid dearly for the privilege.

In addition, Linda has had several female lovers and still does. I have been a domestic servant to them in the past and have been spanked by a couple of my wife's women friends. I am grateful that she never made me submit to being spanked by her male dates, and she never has made me engage in homosexual sex, even though she has me eat other men's cum from her pussy and ass. While Linda has pushed many of my limits I am thankful that she hasn't ask me to do gay sex, but if she wanted me to do it, it would be a horrifying experience for me, but she knows I would do it.

Linda gets her jollies by giving me one D/s session night per month. On these nights, Linda dresses in dark stockings, boots, black satin corset and black rhumba panties with pink lace on all her lingerie. She begins my evening with a harsh whipping, usually using either her riding crop or a cane, beating the shit out of my pink pantied ass and upper thighs. She whips me until I beg for mercy and am sobbing like a baby. She releases me and forces me to the floor on my tender ass and back. She then sits on my face and allows me to tongue her pussy and ass. With her full weight, she sits on my face and demands I deeply penetrate her asshole with my tongue, and she usually releases a number of smelly farts in my face as I service her. My face and jaw are aching by the time she is satisfied and my tongue is blistered. Linda drinks several glasses of beer during the evening while I am allowed only her beer piss to drink. We also have a long session with her strap-on dildo, and she delights in fucking both my sore mouth and ass. At times, Linda really gets off by standing me in the center of her bedroom and kicking me in the balls. Of course, I fall to the floor in pain. Repeatedly, she orders me to stand up and slaps my face if I don't stay exactly in position. I have to take three direct kicks without dropping to my knees before she stops. And she slaps my face repeatedly. Sometimes she may even take a shit on me if she is thoroughly upset with my ability to take her ball busting punishment. Then I am placed on my knees before her and she places clothespins on my nipples, cock, balls, ears, and nose. Then she verbally abuses me and humiliates me for being so pussy whipped by my wife. Finally she unlocks my penis and allows me to masturbate myself before her for half an hour, but I am not allowed to cum. Then I am locked up again without relief. If I do cum, I'll have to lick up my cum and am destined to have a shit sandwich for breakfast with Bambi looking on laughing at me as I grimace and try to chew it up and swallow it without losing it! As further punishment, I am denied that month's Demale Society reward night with the sexy young girls panty jacking me off.

Alex, now more frequently known as "Alice, the Sissy Cuckold Nanny" belonging to Cara B., Sugar & Spice Chapter, New Orleans

Note: This was written before Hurricane Katrina, and we are happy to report that Cara and her family are fine. They lived in Harvey, on the other side of the levy from the French Quarter, and the levy there did not break. Their home sustained severe wind damage but was spared from the flood waters.

However, just before the hurricane, they were evacuated several hundred miles north of the city and are now considering permanently relocating there.

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Demale Society

Stories

Added 2/2/06

My experience using a lesser well-known approach to petticoat discipline training

As the mother of Charlie and Scott, lovely (non identical) twin boys who have been brought up very successfully under a regime of one of the Demale Society's lesser well-known approaches to petticoat discipline, perhaps I may be allowed to contribute some ideas from my own experience.



In regard to panties: I completely agree that a boy should be kept in them from the time he is out of diapers. My own boys wore them every day until they went to school. I would have liked to have sent them to school in panties too, as I did during their kindergarten where the teachers knew they wore panties and tolerated it but then told me they would have to wear regular boys' underwear once they started first grade. I went along with that but still had them change into pretty silky panties the moment they got home from school. And I made a point of letting all their little friends, both boys and girls, know that my boys wore girls' panties. The reputation they got as sissies reinforced the feminization I was doing on them and that kept them properly submissive.

While I had them wear panties, I did not put them in dresses or any other girls' clothes. I did constantly extol the virtues of pretty girls' clothes (and subtly put down boys' clothes as dumb and ugly). I was manipulating them into wanting to wear girls' clothes as their own decision, not because they grew up wearing them. Raising boys as girls is fine for some mothers, but I wanted them to be sissies and inferior males and not think of themselves as girls in any way.

Another thing I did was to forbid them from using the toilet unless I or their sister, who is five years older than they are, accompanied them. We made sure they sat down on the toilet even if they just had to pee, and we made sure they didn't play with themselves. Also, we took the opportunity to compliment them on their pretty panties and make fun of their little penises.

I or my daughter also changed them into a clean pair of panties each night upon going to bed, so in the morning we could inspect their panties to detect any unacceptable stains. The slightest bit of soiling of any type was reason to

give them a good smack bottom over their panties and send them into the corner for at least ten minutes.



Of course, with the way I was raising them, they were curious about and envious of girls' clothes from a very early age. Repeatedly I or my daughter would catch them playing with a dress or a slip or even trying to put it on. But with our close supervision of the boys, they rarely had a spare moment out of our sight to get into such mischief. When we'd catch them, we'd give them a smack bottom and remind them that "pretty girls' clothes are not for boys!"

By the time they were six years old, they so envied their sister Monica and her clothes that they finally were brave enough to admit their desires, and both of them came to me with tears in their eyes asking if they could wear dresses, slips and other pretty girls' clothes at least sometimes around the house.

It so warmed my heart to see my little boys arrive exactly at the point I had been inching them towards for years.

I told them that only sissies would want to wear girls' dresses and things, but they both admitted they were sissies already. All the kids called them that for wearing panties, anyway, and they were used to it, so they were ready to come right out and accept the fact that they were sissies, especially if it meant they could wear girls' clothes at times.

I told them that they could dress up in girls' clothes one day each week, and we called that day 'Girlie Day' and it was usually on a Sunday. I wanted them to have a good taste of girlhood but made sure they knew they were not girls but given this great privilege to pretend to be girls for a little while each week. This way they did not get used to dressing up and taking it for granted. This way they so looked forward to each Girlie Day that they were brainwashing themselves into how wonderful it was to dress up and act girly! I've enclosed a couple of photos showing how much fun they were having during one of their first Girlie Days.

We made it like a game and had them do everything girls do like playing with dolls, experimenting with makeup, pretending they had boyfriends, etc. We let them pretend to be girls for the whole day, and Monica and I treated them as if they were. They thought it was exciting. I put Monica in charge of them, and she supervised dressing them in her old clothes that I had packed away waiting for this day!

Monica really liked playing school with them and as the teacher it gave her the chance to discipline them with a nice smacked bottom over their panties. It was a further expanding of her lessons in dominating

the boys.

The boys were perfectly accepting of her control over them, as I had been gradually giving her more and more power over them for some time. Charlie and Scott behaved as if they were girls and I had none of their usual boisterousness and rowdy behavior. Indeed, as the game was clearly doing them good, I encouraged it, but as they got older, they seemed to be less enthusiastic about playing the game. I realized that peer pressure was behind their feelings. Their sissy image among other kids was now taking its toll. They still loved their girlie play but were showing a great need to blend in with kids in the neighborhood and at school. But I wouldn't let them stop having "Girlie Days" and at this point I started using girls' clothes as a punishment, especially when other people could see them. This was a major change in my feminization. You would think that after wearing girls' clothes for years, doing so would be no big deal, but taking dressing up from a game to a punishment was just as effective of a punishment as if the boys had never before worn a stitch of girls' clothing.

And I started to put them in girls' clothes a lot more frequently than just on our weekly Girlie Day. Plus I introduced several new features to improve the discipline effect. One was to strap them in at meal times and make them wear a bib. Another was to lock them in their rooms for an hour after dinner to study teenage girls' magazines, and afterwards we'd quiz them on what they read. Also Monica frequently made them sit quietly for an hour in the sitting room while she read them a girls' story. Of course, the supreme punishment was to have others see them in their girls' clothes, or in the case of a couple of my closest friends, have them on hand while the boys received a good thrashing over their pantied bottoms. They especially hated it when I had Monica do the spanking. This was good for them, to be punished by a girl, and also for Monica in developing her ability to deal with males.

Another thing I did was introduce them to corsets. I fully agree with your members who advocate the wearing of tight corsets as part of a discipline regimen for boys. More than any other thing I believe corsets train a boy to feel submissive and force him to be well behaved, as well as make him look attractive.

At the start, my sons' corsets were not severe, but sufficiently firm to make them feel corseted and somewhat restricted. They protested because the corsets were uncomfortable and limited their movements, but after a while they accepted them, even after I upped the ante and added suspenders to their corsets and made them wear nylon stockings, explaining to them that the stockings were necessary to hold their corsets firmly in position at the bottom. They disliked the strange feeling of long nylon stockings on their legs, but they did as they were told and wore them pretty much without complaint. I know they disliked them in particular because they had to be so very careful not to put a run in the stockings, a run was reason for a thrashing, so they became even more submissive and less boisterous.

My method of raising my boys has resulted in two very attractive and nicely mannered sons who are now a great credit to me, and I'm sure they will grow up to be very good sissy husbands for a dominant female and fine pantywaist fathers who will be totally dedicated to their daughters and sissy sons.

He didn't like doing it, but he couldn't refuse his sister when she wanted to dress him in her clothes

When he heard the front door opening downstairs, Robbie jumped up and reached to pull off the stupid dress, but his sister told him to keep it on and just sit still while she went down to see who it was. He sat nervously, wanting to get out of the wig, pinafore dress, slip, satin panties, lacy ankle socks and Mary Janes his sister had dressed him in, something she made him do a lot lately. She said it was a game, but it wasn't fun for him. He didn't know why she insisted upon dressing him in the fanciest and craziest clothes in her closet; she knew he hated it, but he couldn't refuse to do what she wanted. He didn't understand that either. He didn't know why he couldn't refuse her. She was so smart, so clever. It was like she was getting smarter than him by the minute, and he felt like he

was getting dumber and dumber in comparison to her. He loved his sister, but she was scaring him. She knew secret things about him, like his stash of dirty pictures under his bed, the fact that he was the one who had broken a neighbor's window, and a dozen other things he didn't think anyone else knew about him, things he didn't want other people to know. She didn't really blackmail him into dressing up for her entertainment, but he was afraid not to do whatever she wanted. But why did she think it was so much fun to dress him in some of her most hideous clothes. Like today, she had him dressed up like Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz; she said it was a Halloween costume she had worn a couple of years before. Still the outfit was a little big on him because even two years ago, she was a lot bigger than he was now.



He flashed back to the present as he heard footsteps, his sisters and at least one other person walking around, and talking, muffled conversations – and laughter. What were they laughing about? Was there something to laugh about? He was nervous as hell. Was it his mother? She wasn't supposed to be home for another two hours. If it was her, Robbie was scared. He wouldn't want her to see him like this. If it was his father that would even be worse. To be seen by him in these little girl clothes would be a humiliation unbearable. He wanted to be tough like his daddy, not the sissy boy his sister was turning him into. He was a bit small for his age and unable to keep up with most other boys in sports and games; he was a poor excuse of a boy and he knew it. Maybe that's why he hated girls' things so much. They scared him. Girls scared him too. He was often mean to them. He didn't know why; he just did it. So he ended up not having many friends, no girls and very few boys. At school, he had earned the nickname as "the little runt" because one of the teachers called him that sometimes when he acted up in class. So without any real friends, he spent a lot of time at home, but that was getting to be something he didn't want to do very much, at least when his parents weren't home, because whenever they were away, his sister would make him come into her room and she'd dress him up.

He was thirteen and in the eighth grade, Ellen was three years older than him and in high school and could beat him up if she had to. So he had to do whatever she told him to do. It was embarrassing to live in the shadow of his big sister. He had to mind her, or she'd make his life even more miserable than how she now treated him. She was always embarrassing him in front of their parents, his friends, and even strangers. And now this latest thing of hers, making him wear her sissy girlie clothes. A lot of them must have been her old clothes because they would have been too small for her to wear, but many of them fit him perfectly. But he never remembered her wearing anything so gushy girlie as most of the outfits she dug up for him. Thank goodness she only made him wear them while they were alone in the house, but she was making him dress up more and more frequently now. Why was she doing it? Treating him like he was one of her dolls. She used to dress up her dolls for hours on end, but he hadn't seen her play with her dolls ever since she started dressing him up, like he was now taking their place as her favorite toy.

Downstairs, in addition to the sounds of talking and laughter, he heard water running and things being done in the kitchen, like someone was making coffee or tea. He wanted to get up and get out of that dress and panties, but his sister's command had been clear: He was to remain sitting on the bed in her room just like she had left him. Tears came to his eyes. He had never been dressed up at the same time people other than his sister were so close. He so feared the door would fly open and he would be exposed as a sissy boy in girls' clothes and then the whole world would know just how pathetic of a boy he really was!

He got up from the bed and opened the door a crack. He could hear Ellen's voice. She was laughing and doing all the talking. He waited patiently to hear the other voice, but his sister was telling some long story and no one else was talking, just laughing periodically. He couldn't make out what his sister was saying, but she had been gone for so long, he relaxed a bit, knowing that whoever it was, Ellen was

keeping them entertained and at a safe distance away from him. He just wished she'd hurry up, take a break, come up and tell him he could get out of those shameful clothes and sneak back into his own room so he could get back into his own clothes. Being careful not to make a sound, he closed the door and sat back down on the bed and waited, unconsciously and nervously fingering the filmy edge of the chiffon skirt of the sissy little pinafore dress he had on. He was all too aware of the pink panties he had on underneath. He pulled the dress and slip up a little and slid his fingers under the edge of the tight panty leg elastic, pulled it out a bit and readjusted it to a more comfortable position. His fingers brushed up against the satin and lace of the soft pink satin panties. He shivered with shame. The panties were tight but stretchy; they hugged his hips and went up high on his waist. Their silky coating teased his bottom, sides and front and bathed his hard little cock in sleek girly panty softness. The tears in his eyes bubbled over and trickled down his cheeks. It was cold in his sister's room. The coldness sensitized his nerve endings and made him ever so conscious of all those silky, lacy clothes. He kept debating with himself about taking off the clothes. Surely Ellen would be up to the room at any moment and release him from his misery, at least until the next time she wanted to play this silly dress-up game with him. If he knew she'd be OK with him getting undressed and sneaking back to his own room and his own clothes, he'd do it, but he wasn't sure. The only thing he was sure about is that when his sister gave him instructions to do something, he had better do exactly as she wanted or she might do something awful like expose him while he was dressed up in those humiliating clothes. NO! He better stay just as she had left him and stay there until she came in and released him from this prison of silky girly clothes.

It had been about fifteen minutes, but to Robbie it felt like hours. Then he heard a set of footsteps approaching. It made him nervous. Was it his sister coming back to release him? He hoped it was. He knew it was! Ah, relief at last!

A few moments later, the door knob turned. He jumped to attention, sat up straight, and looked longingly as the door slowly and creakily swung open. Ah, relief! He saw his sister's smiling face. He was about to ask her if he could undress and go back to his room, but then he noticed in the back light, two figures standing behind her. Oh, my god!

She was exposing him to ... too ... to his mother and his father! And behind them, two more people, Ellen's best friend, Sandra, and Sandra's little brother, Dean! And they were all now staring at him dressed up like some big sissy doll. He couldn't move.

Ellen stepped back and put her hands on her hips. With a proud expression on her face, she said, "Well, here he is. He's adorable isn't he?"

"This is perfect," their mother said.

"You really got him to do it, didn't you, honey?" their father said.

Sandra was crouching over and laughing.

Little seven-year-old Dean stared with his eyes and mouth wide open. He probably had never seen a boy dressed up like a girl before, especially his neighbor Robbie, and especially a boy dressed up like such a frilly sissy little girl. "Is Robbie a girl now?" he asked.

Ellen held back her giggling and said, "No, Dean, Robbie is not a girl now. He's just a sissy boy. You know what a sissy is, don't you?"

Dean nodded slightly, still in awe of what he was seeing.

Robbie was crying as he pointed to his sister, and said, "She made me do it!"

"And why would I want to do something like that?" Ellen said. "Oh, no, you can't lie your way out of his one, my little sissy brother." She turned to Dean and said, "Robbie has been begging me for years to let him wear some of my clothes, so lately I've been letting him put on some of my old clothes when nobody else was home, but it's about time that other people know how much he wants to be like a girl. So now you see him. And this is how sissy boys dress – they dress like girlie-girlie little girls every chance they get! And Robbie loves his pretty little clothes. Look," she said as she pulled up the hem of his chiffon skirt. "Look at the pretty pink lacy panties he has on. That's what sissy boys wear for underwear, Dean. Aren't his panties pretty?"

The little boy didn't respond, unless you counted his eyes opening even larger and focusing even more intently. With his cheeks burning with embarrassment, all he could say was ask his big sister, "Sandy, did Ellen make him dress up like this!"

Robbie's mother answered. "Now, how could that be? She was in the kitchen with us, and here he is all alone in her room like this. If she had made him do it, he surely would have gotten out of the clothes as soon as she wasn't here to overpower him."

"And I don't see her holding a gun to your head, son," his daddy said. "It looks like you want to dress up like this."

Robbie protested, but he knew they weren't listening to his excuses. They were too busy laughing at him and making comments about him to each other.

When things finally quieted down a bit, Mrs. Cunningham spoke. "OK, we've all had a little bit of fun with this, now I'll fess up.

"Dean, Ellen did have Robbie put on these clothes, but she didn't force him. Robbie has a problem with women and girls; he's always very mean to them, so we thought it was time we did something about it.

"You see, Robbie, I belong to an organization called the Demale Society, and your sister, Ellen, is applying for membership. The Society is made up of people fed up with the way the world is, especially males who have a great deal of disrespect for females. So the Society is preparing themselves and their families for our world of the future, a world ruled by females. Men and boys will not be running around doing everything they please in the selfish and undisciplined ways they do now. Men and boys are so destructive, so abusive, and waste so much time and resources on dumb things like sports, and they consume so much of what is precious on this earth and do so little good in return. Things have to change or we won't have a world left to live in.

"Robbie, I know you don't know what's going on in the world – crime, wars, corruption, injustice, abuse of females – and you probably don't care, but that's typical of most men and boys, and that's one reason why all these problems are worse than ever, and why females have to come to the front to save the world.

"Now, I must say, you look absolutely lovely in that pretty dress. No, it is not your sister's old Halloween costume, your father and I picked it out last week in preparation of this day.

"Yes, your father, as you can see, fully approves of the way you are dressed. He looks forward to having you not as another daughter but as a girlie-boy son. Your daddy is what we call a 'remale' in the organization, He's a man's man and he is in much demand for the specialized services he provides to females. You'll learn more about those things as you get older. He qualified as a remale because of his enthusiastic support of female rule and is very comfortable having females in charge of his life.

"You, on the other hand, have proven to be nothing but a bully in the neighborhood, totally consumed with only your own wants, and very abusive towards kids younger than you, especially the girls. Little Dean here is one of the kids you have been very mean to on many occasions. I'm sure you think no one knows how nasty you are to other kids when you're at the park or in school, but believe me, we know. We have been keeping a close eye on you and getting reports on you for many months now. And since your sister is so able to handle you with ease, she has been put in charge of your destiny. Sure she bullies you, but she's just giving you a taste of your own medicine. Now you know how it feels to be afraid of someone bigger and meaner than you are. Also, you are her pet project. She is feminizing you – that means making you wear girls' clothes and forcing you to be a sissy slave for her – she is feminizing you as her project so she can become a member of the club."

"But, mommy," Robbie complained, "please, don't! I don't want to be a girl, or a sissy or anything like that..."

"Precisely! But you are being turned into one. What is happening to you is happening to men and boys all over the world. Females are sissifying and dominating the men and boys in their families and retraining them to fill special needs in the New World Order. Get used to your girlie clothes because you'll be wearing them a lot from now on."

Robbie's dad cleared his throat and then spoke. "In fact, starting immediately, you're to throw out all of your boy's underwear because you'll be wearing pretty pink panties every day now for underwear, even under your boys' clothes when we allow you to wear them, like when you go to school. But in the house, most of the time, you'll be wearing dresses. You're not properly respectful of females to be allowed to wear boys' clothes, but like i said, we will let you wear them to school, but even then you'll still have your girlie silken panties on underneath just to remind you that you are not a worthy boy, but a boy who needs to be completely retrained. Get used to panties, boy! You're a panty-wearing sissy boy now!"

Of course, Robbie's mom had a camera in hand, and snapped a picture to capture this turning point in his life. And here's the photo! Enjoy!

Janey, Steve, Ellen, One More Boy Down Chapter, Palisades

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