

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Testimonials, Notices,
Stories & Pics

Volume #24

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

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment





Demale Society Stories & Pics

Added 2/20/05



Greg's Chronicle: Demaled Completely

When I was five years old, I got into my mother's things and ruined some of her makeup. I didn't try to put it on, I was curious and just opened up containers and mixed things together. I distinctly remember my mother's outrage as she carried me into her bathroom that fateful day.

She was furious! She screamed and scolded me, and — to my horror — she colored my lips with bright red lipstick. I knew boys didn't wear girls' things like lipstick, so I began to cry and struggle to get away, but she was much too strong for me. With the lipstick on my lips, she made me view myself in the mirror to shame me.

“You want to play with my lipstick, you little sissy? Well, tell me how you like wearing it! Sissy! Sissy! Sissy!”

She was angry, but she was also laughing. It was clear she found my humiliation amusing.

When I looked at myself, I cried. I looked horrible with tears streaming down my blotchy face and my lips smeared with a bright red lipstick. There was a flash of light as she took my picture. She made me stand in front of the mirror for about an hour before she wiped the lipstick off my mouth and warned me that she'd make me wear lipstick in public if I ever got into her things again.

Well, I promised myself to never again play with her cosmetics.

Mom wasn't a member of the Demale Society at time, so no one suggested to her to punish me with lipstick; she just did it naturally. I've learned that females love to punish males with feminine things, especially when that male invades their world.

Everybody knows most any boy doesn't like to be called a sissy, but a lot of people don't know just how traumatic it can be for some boys. My Mom learned a lot that day. After calling me a sissy and punishing me with lipstick, she realized how effective it was to punish me with female things, and she soon devised more punishments along those lines because she sensed the fragility of my masculine identity and my great fear of being anything less than a big strong boy.



Up until that time, Mom used various punishments on my brother and me including being sent to bed without supper, sitting facing the corner, washing out our mouths with soap, and switching our hind ends. But after I had gotten into her things, she increased our punishments by calling the culprit a sissy and putting lipstick on him to increase his shame. Whenever she put lipstick on Davy, it didn't seem to bother him much, but it always devastated me. So Mom rarely punished Davy with lipstick, but used it frequently on me.

Whenever one of us was due for a switching, the one to be punished had to cut a flexible young branch off the lilac bush in our backyard. If it was too thin or too short, she'd send us back to get a better one. Then we had to cut all the leaves and buds off the stick before handing it to her. After taking our pants and underwear down, she'd whip our butts and the backs of our thighs until we cried long and hard. Afterwards, she would hang the switch over the fireplace on two little hooks as a visual reminder of our punishment and warn us we'd get more if we didn't immediately correct our ways. But now, Mom began to put lipstick on me prior to being switched because the shame of it made me cry longer and harder!

That following Halloween, Mom got the idea to dress my brother and me up like girls for our costumes. I didn't want to do it, but at our age, she could talk us into anything, and we had little choice in the matter. Mom still has her treasured snapshot of me as a fairy princess. The following year, I refused to wear a dress, so she said I could wear pants – albeit they turned out to be the gossamer pants of a harem girl outfit! In the years that followed, I refused to wear any kind of girls' clothing. The only exception was one year at our church's annual Christmas show, Mom tricked me into playing the part of an angel and supplied me with a long gown and snow white lacy lingerie. I told her I didn't want to do it, but Mom told me I had to because I was already committed to do the role. She convinced me I had to wear the lingerie because even I could see that my colorful boys' underwear showed through the gown. On those few occasions, I hated being forced to wear girls' clothes, but my kid brother never seemed to mind. Mom has a stack of photos of him in girly costumes including Little Red Riding Hood, a ballerina, a cheerleader, etc.



Every Halloween Mom always tried to sissify my costume as much as possible, like making me wear tights and a leotard the year I dressed up as Robin Hood, and making me wear a ruffled blouse and silk knee-length britches the year I dressed up as a pirate. When I was ten and my brother was eight, she dressed us up like a ballroom dancing couple. She got me to wear a black satin blouse and pants, but at least she didn't try to get me into a dress. But under those satin trousers, she did get me to wear what she called “special” under panties that were black nylon and looked just like her panties but in a smaller size.

But for a change, Davy was embarrassed to be dressed like a girl on that night. Mom was punishing him for mouthing off to her, so she didn't let him wear one of her wigs. I guess he always thought it was fun to dress in girls' clothes when he wore a wig and could fool people into thinking he really was a girl, but on this night, she just combed his short hair into a girlish sort of mod hairdo before putting him into a lavender skirt and crop top combination that left a wide expanse of his bare tummy exposed. And worst of all for him, Mom made sure the skirt of his outfit was a little too big around his waist and it kept slipping down to expose the top of his very high-waisted yellow panties, much to everyone's

amusement, and people teased him unmercifully. Mom had made it obvious he was a boy and obvious he had silky girls' panties on underneath. A picture commemorating that night can still be found in our family album.

When I was in the seventh grade, Mom found four new packs of baseball cards in my backpack. She knew I didn't have the money to buy them, so she demanded to know where I had gotten the money to buy them. I tried to lie my way out of it, but eventually, I admitted I had stolen them from Gayzons, our local grocery store.

"Well, since you used your fingers to steal," she said, as she paused before going on, "I'm going to paint your fingernails, so you'll remember not to take things that don't belong to you."

I couldn't believe my ears. "Nail polish?" I complained. "Mom, you must be joking?"

As I pleaded with her not to do it, she got her nail polish and made me sit in front of her. I cried for the second time that night as she painted my fingernails a bright red. The polish had a distinctive odor that left an impression on me that I still associate with this humiliating experience.

"Pay attention on how I'm doing this," she instructed. "I'll put the polish on you tonight, but for the next two weeks you'll wear red polish on your nails every day, and you'll have to put a fresh coat on every morning.

To make matters worse I had to pose with my newly painted digits held high as a picture was taken to memorialize the occasion. And most of the time when it came to taking pictures of me while undergoing punishment, Mom made me smile. How I hated doing that!

"Smile," Mom ordered as she focused her camera. "The quicker you smile the sooner we can get this over with."

In bed that night, I realized that if I went to school in the morning with polish on my nails, everyone would see it. I lay awake for a long time that night, wondering what would really happen in the morning. I was sure Mom would have a change of heart and let me take off the polish before going to school.

When I woke up Wednesday morning, before I could even get the words out of my mouth to ask her to let me take off the nail polish, Mom made it clear I had to go to school with my bright red nails. What was worse, she had taken the time to sew closed the pockets on my school pants so I couldn't hide my hands in my pockets.



I asked her what I should tell people, and she said "Tell them the truth. Tell them you're being punished for shoplifting. Or make up a story and tell them you like having pretty red nails, just like your mommy. I don't care what you tell them. It's your problem."

Then I had to sit down in front of her and put a fresh coat of polish on my nails as she watched. I did a pretty sloppy job and got a lot of polish on my skin, especially while doing my right hand with my left, but Mom used nail polish remover to take the excess polish off from around my nails. Then she sent me off to school.

Junior high kids can be horrendously abusive, and that day was a total disaster. The boys taunted me and called me fag and homo. They weren't interested in why I had to wear nail polish; they just assumed I had turned into a queer. My three closest friends had a hard time believing my mother was punishing me that way. One of them said, if I was shoplifting, I probably deserved the treatment. But they all pretty much stayed away from me that day, like I had cooties or something.

Most of the girls reacted differently. Some of them put their nose up at me, but most of them wanted to see my red nails up close. They were sweet to me but did laugh when I told them my mother made me put a fresh coat of polish all by myself that morning. Their reactions ranged from, "Oh, isn't he just so cute?" to "Oh, my god, are you a fairy?" but most of the girls seemed to enjoy seeing me with red nails. More than once I heard, "Oh, Greg, you're so adorable!" and "So-o-o, Mommy's little girl got caught shoplifting, huh?" One girl said, "Is your mommy making you wear pretty little panties too?" That really got to me. I almost lashed out and hit that girl. Instead, I just ran away from her and her laughing friends.

Even Kathy Wade, whom I had a crush on and who I thought liked me, said in a teasing way, "Gees, Greg, would you like to borrow my lipstick?" that immediately reminded me of when my mom had forced me to wear her lipstick as a little kid. Kathy giggled when I blushed at her comment.

Surprisingly, the teachers said nothing to me, but I could tell they were discussing it amongst themselves. Their sidelong glances and amused smiles made me feel sick. I found out later that Mom had called the principal and told him I'd be coming to classes wearing nail polish and why I'd be wearing it.

When I got home from school, Mom made me tell her everything that had gone on and how everybody reacted to seeing me wearing nail polish. She didn't let me off with a condensed version of what it was like for me that day; she made me spend over an hour telling her every little detail. I was torn between not giving her the satisfaction of knowing how humiliating the day was and pouring my guts out in an attempt to get her to relent and suspend my punishment. I decided to give her the full details and followed that up with a plea for her to end my punishment. She said she would see how I behaved and maybe end my punishment on Sunday. That meant four more days of torment, but at least it wouldn't continue into the following week.



Thursday was a slightly less intense repeat of Wednesday. The taunting and teasing continued, but I stayed off by myself as much as possible, and all of my former friends avoided me.

On Friday, I found a bra clipped to the slots on my locker. It was white with blue lace trim and had big padded cups. Handling the delicate lace-trimmed bra with my red nails gave me a weird sensation. I took it down, and rather than throw it away, I folded it and put it in my locker. I didn't want somebody to take it out of the trash and tease me with it some more. At the end of the day, I stuffed it into my backpack and headed straight home.

When I got home I told Mom about the bra. She asked to see it, and I gave it to her.

"H-m-m-m ... This looks like it's been worn before. I'll wash it and then I know just the place for it." She hung it on the mantle over the fireplace using the fasteners where she usually hung our punishment switches. She pinned a paper label to it that read "Greg's Bra."

"This will help you remember your punishment," she said.

I didn't ask how long it would remain on exhibition, but I hoped it wouldn't be more than a week or so. I dreaded anyone coming into the house and seeing it. What shame!

Sunday night Mom let me remove the new coat of polish but she said the bra would remain displayed over the fireplace as my reminder that stealing would not be tolerated.

Upon going back to school on Monday, I had to put up with a lot of snide remarks, but within a day or two they had pretty much subsided, and I was nearly back to my old status with most of my friends. The bra came down from the mantle about ten days later, and I mistakenly thought that it marked the end of my mother's new form of discipline.

But two months later I was in an argument with my brother and Mom overheard me telling him to "fuck off."

"I've had it with you and your foul mouth!" she scolded. "Come with me!" She grabbed my arm, led me into the bathroom and pulled out a tube of lipstick. "Maybe if you have to wear some lipstick, you'll find that dirty words don't just come flying out of that cesspool you call your mouth."

"Mom, no, please!" I begged. I got a sharp slap on the face for my trouble.

"Hush up and pucker your lips. You don't want to make me mad, do you?"

No, I didn't, so I offered her my lips. After carefully painting my mouth, she handed me a white sheet of paper and had me blot my lips, leaving a perfect impression of my sissified red mouth. That piece of paper was hung on the mantle.

"You're to leave this on until I give you permission to remove it," I was warned. "And be careful you don't smudge it on your clothes. Here, you keep this tube, and if I think its fading, you're going to redo it by yourself. Here, let me find you a compact to go with it. It has a mirror so you can do it whenever and wherever I decide. Put these in your pocket and make sure you have them with you at all times."



"Mom, please, don't do this" I pleaded. Salty tears welled up in my eyes, which made me feel even worse.

"You're going to do it, and if I hear any more argument, I'll find you a purse to carry for your lipstick and compact. Now, maybe this will teach you it's unacceptable to use such foul language."

She left me standing alone, looking at my lipsticked lips in the mirror. I could smell and taste it, and amazingly, I started to get an erection! "What in the hell is happening?" I wondered fretfully.

When I got to my bedroom that I shared with my little brother, I knew he was going to tease me miserably, and he did. "Gees, Mom made you look like a girl!" I told him to shut up, and he said, "If you fight with me, I'll tell Mom. Maybe she'll make you wear a dress next, maybe give you some nice girls' panties to wear too. I'd like to see you in a dress so I could peek up your skirt at your pink panties. I should tell her to do that!"

I started to threaten him but stifled my reaction and just went to bed hoping to fall asleep and forget it all. He kept up his teasing, so I put my hands over my ears and tried to ignore him. I usually sleep on my side, but that night I struggled to sleep on my back because I didn't want to get any of the lipstick on my pillow. Mom warned me she'd get mad at me for that. It made for a sleepless night for me.

It was interesting that I didn't need to see myself in the mirror to be reminded I was wearing lipstick. The texture, taste and smell of it kept it on my mind most of the day. And when I couldn't feel it anymore with my tongue, I knew it was time to put on another coat. I think I did that about a hundred times that first day because for some reason, I was always testing it with my tongue and wearing it off.

At dinner I did a double-take after I took a sip of milk and my lips left a big red imprint on my glass. By the end of the meal, with all the eating and drinking, my lipstick was almost completely off. I didn't have to look into a mirror to know it. And as I started to leave the table, Mom ordered me to sit back down.

"We girls usually redo our lipstick after eating," she instructed. "So get out your compact mirror and lipstick and let me see how well you do it."

I fumbled for the tools of my humiliation, and she had me practice a half dozen times until I did it to her satisfaction.

Then thinking I was through, I again got up to leave, but she told me I had to help with the dishes. Out of the closet, she got an apron and put it on me. I didn't resist. I didn't want any more trouble with her. I'd never seen this apron before. She was reading my mind.

"I'm giving this apron to you. I got it as a door prize last month, but it's a little too frilly for me, so you can have it. Since you're going around with lipstick like a girl, you should do work around the house like

most other girls, and this apron will help protect your clothes.”

The apron was a pale shade of pink and had a long skirt that flared out from the waist and was tied in back with a wide sash. It was trimmed with a wide ruffle and lace. In back, she knotted the sash into a bow. I knew I'd have to have her help when she would allow me to take it off.

“Mom, I feel stupid wearing this,” I said truthfully.

“Well, you look very nice,” Mother said with an odd smile, “especially with your lipstick. All you need is for your hair to grow out nice and long, and I'd have the sweet daughter I always wanted.”

I caught the implication that the apron was almost like a dress, and I wondered if she was going to force me into dresses next. I washed and she dried, and when the dishes were done, she took a snapshot of me with her camera. I felt like an idiot, but I did as I was told. She then unknotted the apron and had me hang it in the pantry.

“Now your apron hangs right next to mine, and the next time I have you doing chores, it'll be there waiting for you.”

Over the following months, Mom had me in the apron every day helping her with the dishes. Gradually, she added other little chores for me to do, and while doing them, I had to wear the dreaded sissy pink apron. On one occasion, she made me wear one of her old dresses under the apron and pose for a picture. I wasn't happy about that and refused to smile for the photo. She didn't insist on it since I put the dress on for her as a favor and not as a punishment, but she took the picture anyway!

At bedtime, Mom said I didn't have to wear my lipstick during the night, and she showed me how to take it off with some cream, but even after it was off, I could see a lot of red color still on my lips. Mom said it was from wiping my lips so hard.



Greg is in full makeup and ready for his Mom to put his wig on, so he can look like a typical schoolgirl.

My lipstick punishment had started on the previous Friday and lasted the weekend, now it was Monday morning, and I pleaded with mom not to make me wear lipstick to school.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and explained, “I'm not going to make you wear lipstick to school – this time. But you do have to wear it each day after school and until bedtime. But if you get into trouble again, I just might send you to school with your little pink compact and wearing bright red lipstick. So be good!”

A month later, I got the lipstick punishment again. This time for lying.

Seeing me watching Star Trek, Mom asked if I had finished my homework because in our house all homework had to be done before you could watch TV. I said “yes” even though I wasn't finished and continued watching the TV. Later, Mom came by my room and saw me at my desk working on my homework.

“I thought you said you'd completed your homework, so you lied to me!” She told me to finish my work and then go straight to bed.

When the morning came, it was lipstick punishment again, this time for lying, and I was informed I would have to wear lipstick to school and then for the entire weekend. I knew from what had happened when she made me wear nail polish to school I was in for a hard time and no amount of groveling was going to get me out of it.

As soon as I was dressed, I was marched into the bathroom and handed a tube of what I thought was the same dark red lipstick that had been used previously. It turned out that it was a permanent type of lipstick that once applied wouldn't come off. She had me apply it and blot as usual. Then she said it was long lasting, and if I didn't try to wash it off, it should still appear freshly applied when I arrived back home. I was ordered not to try to remove it or else.

She handed me a sealed envelope with instructions to deliver it to my homeroom teacher. Then with an unceremonious push out the back door I was sent off to school on my bike. At school, the kids were brutal, especially the boys, like it was when I had shown up wearing the nail polish, but it was even worse this time. I was called “fag,” “fairy,” “queer,” and “homo,” and I got pushed and shoved around a lot. I ran into the school to be near the teachers in order to get away from the kids harassing me. I avoided the bullies as much as possible during the day and headed straight home as soon as school was out. I managed to avoid any fights after the first confrontations.

The reaction from the girls was more in line with what I had previously experienced. It was pretty much the same comments, like “Hey, cutie pie, love your choice of color!” and “Why aren't you wearing any blush, darling?” One of the girls went a little too far — in my humble (and frustrated!) opinion — when she said “Care for a little spritz of my cologne, honey?” and then proceeded to spray me with a big cloud of perfume.

I tried to explain to anyone who would listen that my mother was forcing me to wear lipstick as a punishment, but no one really cared. A few of the girls seemed sympathetic and listened while I explained my plight, so I chose to hang with them at recess and at lunchtime to avoid mixing with the boys or sitting alone and making myself an easy target.

I handed Miss Nelson, my homeroom teacher, the letter Mom had given me. It explained I was wearing lipstick as a punishment for lying about being finished my homework and asked her to watch out for me while I was serving out my punishment.

“So you lied about your homework last night?” she said in a mocking tone.

I woefully nodded. Her next question puzzled me. She wanted to know if I was wearing anything else as part of my punishment.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Oh, you know ... like silky panties or a nice little training bra or something?” The smile on her face shocked me.

I just hung my head down and softly answered “no.”

She dismissed me with a perplexing comment of, “Too bad. Well, perhaps next time. I think I'll call your mother and recommend panties as a punishment since you can wear them under your regular clothes and nobody would even know unless you told them or somehow word got out. Panties would have a calming effect on you as well as punish you for being naughty, and some nice lacy pink panties wouldn't cause the disruption in class that a more visible punishment does like when you have to wear nail polish or lipstick. You can return to your desk now.”

As I sank back into my seat, it hit me that she was enjoying my predicament almost as much as my mother.

When I got home, the lipstick had faded in spite of its supposed durability and Mom creamed what remained off my face. She then presented me with a small pink purse, telling me it contained some goodies, and she commanded me to carry it with me everywhere for the duration of my lipstick punishment.

She said my teacher had called her and they agreed a purse for me was a good idea. Hearing that my teacher had called brought fresh tears to my eyes, but Mom didn't say anything about putting panties on me, so all I could hope was that my teacher had just been teasing me about punishing me with panties and didn't say anything to my mom about it.

Now that my punishment included going around with a purse like a fag, I was getting a little crazy, but since Mom didn't say anything about putting me in girls' panties, I thought I'd tolerate the purse and hope that was the extent of this new phase of my punishment.

Mom had me open the little pink purse. It contained a fresh tube of lipstick, a small compact with mirror, and an odd tube of a different cosmetic that I didn't recognize.

“Remember how I showed you how to hold the compact and put on your lipstick?” she asked. Not waiting for me to respond that it wasn't my lipstick, she continued by ordering me to redo my lips with the fresh tube. The color was an iridescent pink tone, more fitting my age, I was told.

When I had complied and blotted with the tissue she handed me, she told me that the other tube was mascara. Now I was really confused.

“Go on, take it out of your purse and remove the cap. I'm going to show you how to use it to darken and lengthen your lashes. This looks much harder than it is,” she said softly. She showed me how to hold the brush and stroke it across my eyelashes. She demonstrated by using her own lashes and then handed it back to me. “Now you give it a try,” she encouraged.

“But, Mom ...,” I whined, “do I have to ...?”

I started to say something about all this being stupid, but a scowling glance from my mother shut me up. Rather than argue, I made contact with my lashes and stroked upward the way she had shown me. It was a lot harder than it looked, but she pushed me to continue. Mom told me to keep doing it as it takes several strokes to apply it evenly.

“Now the other eye using your other hand,” she guided.

I did and she seemed satisfied. I could feel the weight of the pigment on my lashes as I blinked. The face staring back at me in the mirror looked pretty. I felt sick to my stomach.

“Now put the cap back on the brush and put it back into your purse. I want to see that purse with you everywhere you go between now and Sunday night, even if you're just going to the bathroom or getting a snack in the kitchen. Be sure not to set it down some place and walk off without it or you'll still be wearing lipstick to school again come next Monday morning. Now tell me how your day went.”

I told her, “It went like hell,” and watched as her eyebrows went up. “Okay, it was a really bad day,” I corrected myself. “The girls talked girl talk to me; they asked me stupid things like what kind of lipstick I was wearing and offered to loan me their lipstick when mine began wear off. The boys called me a fag, a fairy, a sissyboy, and chased after me to make fun of me. I was lucky I didn't get beaten up.”

“You know my rule about fighting. If you ever get into a fight, you'll find out just how much of a sissy I can really turn you into,” she threatened. “And I want the name of any boy who harms you or even threatens you in any way. When I talked with your teacher today, she told me about some club she belongs to and she invited me to go with her to one of their meetings.”

Unknown to me at the time, she was talking about the Demale Society. I found out long afterwards that Miss Nelson was a member, and over the years, she had recommended feminizing punishments to the



parents of a lot of her boy students. Not long after that day, Mom joined the Society, and she gradually feminized me more and more.

Mom continued talking, "This group does a lot of things to train boys to be good and not fight. I'll phone your teacher with the names of any boys who give you a hard time. She knows how to deal with such hooligans. Now, freshen up your lipstick, we're going out for dinner."

I'm not sure which upset me more, knowing we were going out to dinner where people would see me wearing lipstick or knowing that Mom had talked with my teacher! God, I hoped she didn't talk to my mom about putting me in girls' panties! Yuk!

"Mom, please, don't make me go out in public like this!" I begged. "What if the guys see me again? They'll kill me! I look so goofy. Like an idiot, or a fag! I'll never be able to go back to school again."

"That's not my problem. Maybe it'll teach you not to lie in the future."

When I bossily told her, "Well, you can go out if you want, but I'm staying here."

WHOP! Her palm stuck my face with a powerful blow, and the next thing I knew I was sitting on the floor seeing stars.

"Don't," my mother said slowly and clearly, "don't you ever talk to me like that! I'm your mother. You don't tell me what you're going to do. I tell you what to do. If I decide to decorate you like the world's last sissyboy and parade you through the center of town, you'll do it and keep your mouth shut. Do you understand me?"

I rubbed my cheek and nodded. My fingers came away wet with tears and smeared eye makeup.

"Now, go clean off your face and start over again. When you're done, I want to see you in fresh lipstick and mascara with a pretty smile on your face. No go do it!"

I went to the bathroom and did as I was told. It took me a little longer than usual as I couldn't stop crying. I finally got my emotions under control, washed my face and reapplied my lipstick and eye makeup. When I was finish, I looked stupid and felt even stupider.

"Not bad. You're getting the hang of it, I see," Mom said as she inspected me. "Now, give me a pretty smile. Come on. That's much better."

Flash!

Mom, Dave and I got into our old station wagon. Mom gave me a knowing smile when she saw I had brought my purse without being reminded. My brother was staying in the background. He wasn't even

teasing me all that much. Perhaps he didn't want to take a chance on getting similarly punished.

For dinner we went to the McDonald's that was frequented by both our neighbors and kids from my junior high. The meal went relatively well. I saw several of my friends getting things at the drive-through and two girls from my school got a to go order from the counter without noticing me. In the next booth, a little girl of about eight and a boy of about six kept staring at me and laughing. Their mother apologized for their rudeness, but my mom told her it was okay. The kids really broke up and even their mother laughed when my mom told them, "My son was a bad boy; he lied to me, so I'm making him wear lipstick to remind him not to tell fibs, but now he loves wearing his lipstick and won't go anywhere without it!

Trying to stifle her own laughter, the woman said, "Daniel and Marcus, it's not nice to laugh at people, so stop it!" Then she looked at us and said, "Oh, please excuse my kids for laughing. I don't know why Marcus is laughing. He likes to wear my pink nail polish, and we've repeatedly caught him wearing his sister's pink party panties. I don't know what to make of it. Maybe I should just buy him some little girl panties of his own."

The boy immediately stopped giggling and looked quite embarrassed.

My mom told them, "Well, if he likes panties so much, you should get him some of his own. I hear training a naughty boy in fancy panties makes it very easy to control them."

I wanted to die. Now I was sure my teacher had said something to my mom about putting me in panties. I wanted to be careful so mom wouldn't escalate my punishment to that level. So at the end of dinner when Mom told me to take out my compact and reapply my lipstick and add another coat to my mascara, I did even though I felt ridiculous, especially with that little boy and girl watching my every move. My little brother pretended not to pay any attention to me, but I could tell he was having a wonderful time discreetly watching me suffer.

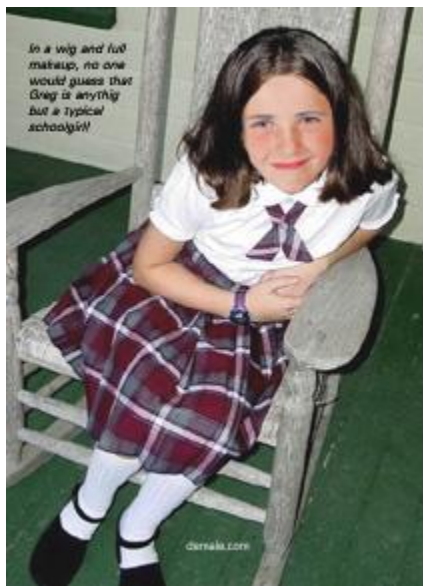
"That was lots of fun, don't you think?" Mom mused as we got into the wagon for our drive home.

My brother nodded. I didn't say anything.

"Greg, tomorrow, I think it's time we do some shopping."

"I don't need anything, Mom," I said.

"Well, I think a few simple additions to your wardrobe would let you pass as a girl and then you wouldn't be embarrassed to be seen in public while you're under lipstick punishment. We could make you look quite pretty."



My stomach did a flip-flop. I stared blankly at her in awe.

“Oh, just a little mother-daughter trip to Sears, a quick run through the teens' department, nothing fancy. Afterwards, I thought we could take in a movie. Doesn't that sound like fun? A nice mother-daughter day?”

My breathing became labored as I realized what she was saying. I took a deep breath and then pleaded my case. “Please, Mom, please don't get me any girls' clothes. Isn't punishing me with makeup enough? Please don't make me wear anything else.”

“Nonsense,” she came back. “If we get you properly dressed when we go out, people will think you're my daughter. They wouldn't laugh and make fun of you. I think you can be a very pretty girl. No, honey, you need some nice girls' clothes. You can pull this off!”

The rest of the evening was relatively unremarkable and at bedtime I was allowed to cream off both my lipstick and mascara. I lay awake in bed much longer than usual, torturing myself with the imagined possibilities awaiting me in the morning: Was I going to have to try things on at the store? Probably yes. Mom knew I hated shopping and trying on regular clothes. Would it include underwear? I had a cold chill as I remembered my teacher taunting me about wearing punishment panties. Was Mom now thinking along those lines too? If so, would I have to wear a dress or skirt instead of jeans or pants? I certainly hoped not, although after supper she still insisted I wear that dumb apron when I did the dishes. She made me wear one of her dresses under the apron again, that simple black one. It made me look like a maid. Knowing I was headed for a shopping trip to buy me girls' clothes made me cooperate 100% with my mother. I didn't want to take a chance that she would go overboard with girly things. If I was really nice to her, maybe I could get her to keep it simple. All night long, I wondered about the upcoming shopping trip: She wouldn't force me to wear stockings, would she? How about shoes? If she made me wear stockings, would she still let me wear tennis shoes? The possibilities were endless and so went my thoughts until I was mercifully overtaken by sleep.

The next morning I awoke and got dressed in my usual weekend uniform of T-shirt, jeans and sneakers and went into the kitchen for breakfast. Mom reminded me that not only had I forgotten my makeup, but that I had left my purse behind in my room. Immediately I went back, found my purse and put on my lipstick. The mascara took a little longer as I made a mess with the first application. Five minutes later I was looking back at my feminized face.

Yuck!

“Now that's much better,” Mom said upon my return. She gave me an approving wink and a hug. She wasn't done with me, of course. “Greg, why don't you put on your beige V-neck sweater and white tennis shorts? Go put them on.”

Rather than argue, I did as I was told.

When I got back, Mom handed me a familiar pearlescent pink bottle.

“Here, sweetie, since we're making a girly day of it for you, why don't you do your nails?”

“But, Mom”

“Not another word — unless you want more trouble.” The look on her face was hard for a moment, but then softened.

I was a little rusty, not having painted my nails for several months, but I thought they turned out pretty well as I sat and stared at them and waited for them to dry. I felt something twitch between my legs and I was mortified as I realized I was becoming sexually aroused. Something wasn't right about that, but there was nothing for me to do but sit still and hope Mom didn't notice.

As it got closer to 9:30 am when the stores opened, Mother called me back into the bathroom and dusted my cheeks with some blush and then had me redo both my lipstick and mascara. Seeing my shiny fingernails flickering before my eyes as I worked was unnerving, and by the time I was done, my face was as red as my mother's lipstick, and she said, “You look sweet, just like a girl with short hair.”

Especially since I was wearing boys' clothes, I protested that I looked like a boy with makeup on, and I wasn't going to fool anyone.

“Well, boys don't wear makeup and carry a purse,” she told me, “but a lot of girls have short hair and wear boys' clothes. You look fine. Besides, we're going to take care of getting you some ‘more appropriate’ clothes today.”

Mom pulled out a tape measure and measured around my upper chest, my waist and hips, as she said, “Now, we'll be able to get everything in the right size.”

As I stood staring at myself in the mirror I wanted to tell her that there was no way in hell I was going through with any more of this, but I knew she'd blow her top if I did. Instead I just did what I did best, which was nothing.

We left Dave on the couch watching cartoons. I felt bad enough as it was, but seeing him grinning as I paraded through the living room in my girlish disguise it worse.

“Nice legs,” he said, giggling like a fool. I shot him a dirty look, but in turn was given one just as ugly by my mother.

It just isn't fair! I thought as I sauntered along behind my mother to the car. If any of my friends saw me

like that, I'd never live it down. I considered running away from home, but there was no place for me to go, especially looking like a clown with my face and nails all painted up.

When we got to Sears, Mom immediately headed for the young teens' department. I'd always felt awkward following Mom into the women's areas when she was shopping for herself, and now here I was in the girls' department getting ready to look for who knows what. I wished I could just crawl away and die.

As it turned out, there weren't any other shoppers so early in the morning, which was both good and bad. There were no customers to witness my humiliation, but then we had the sole attention of the clerk, a woman who was about the same age as my mother.

Mom approached the saleslady and asked her to show us training bras for her "daughter." As we walked, Mom said, "What I'd really like for my little girl is some slightly padded size 32 Triple-A bras. The lady led us to a rack of boxes containing bras of different sizes, shapes and colors.

"Here we are," she said. Her face beamed as she produced a box showing a young girl wearing a rather fancy white bra with just a trace of development. She pulled it out of the box and handed it over to my mother to examine. "These are very popular with girls your age, honey," she said, tossing me a sly wink.

I had just assumed the clerk knew I was a boy wandering around in makeup with a pink purse, but judging from the way she was acting, it seemed as though she thought I was really a girl. I didn't know which upset me more: the likelihood that she knew the truth, or that I could be so easily mistaken for anything other than a boy!

Mom just beamed, of course. She knew I was miserable, but she was proud of the torture she was putting me through; I think she thought it was funnier than anything, and with each step she seemed to want to go a little further. I was doomed.

"Look here, sweetie," she said cheerily. "See how this bra already contains a layer of padding stitched into the cups? That's exactly what I was looking for. We'll get you three of these for starters. Now let's find something to go over it."

Browsing we came to an area with both tailored and ruffled blouses. Mom flipped through the hangers to find blouses in my size in a row of blouses in a style she seemed to have in mind. I looked away. I didn't really want to see what she was picking out. I just stood idly by as she was making her decisions by holding to my chest a dozen or more blouses. She also picked out three skirts, a pink ruffled one and two plaid ones, a red plaid miniskirt and a long one that looked a lot like the uniform skirts the girls wear at my school. I did look at them. The terror of having to wear skirts stunned me. A quick stop by a display of socks yielded several white and pastel pairs, some short and some that went up to the knee, and on a whim, Mom picked up two pairs of anklets with a big frill of white lace around the tops. Then it happened, she hauled me right up to a counter full of panties. She took her time sorting through them

and eyeing me at the same time. I shuffled around like a lost little boy. I had no idea what to do while she stood there picking out panties for me to wear! She picked out six pairs. I turned and looked the other way as she sorted through them, held them up and talked out loud about each pair she inspected.

I pretended like the obvious wasn't even happening, but jumped a bit and came back to reality when she let out a little scream and said, "Oh, my goodness! They have them! Greg, they have the three-bow panties your teacher was telling me about! They're all the rage with mothers in her club. She says they work wonders with naughty little boys!"

Since she had called my name, I glanced at her and saw she was holding up a pair of pink satin panties with three huge, god awful bows in front. Just as quickly I turned away. I wasn't making a sound but couldn't stop the big tears rolling down my cheeks.

She then led me to the counter. As she handed the saleslady her charge card, she said, "I'll take these things, but then I'd like to use the dressing room and have her change into some of her new things now." Once she signed the charge slip, mom set aside one of each item for me to change into before having the saleslady bag up everything else.

With all those purchases, I knew this was about more than passing as a girl for just this weekend.

Mom led me into a dressing room with a full-length mirror on the wall. She took the bra out of the box it came in and handed me the box to look at while she removed the tags and adjusted the straps. I got a huge chill as I looked down at the box and read the words "Her First Bra" and the description how this bra was discreetly padded to change any little girl into a young lady.

Mom had me remove my T-shirt and put my arms out. She slipped the bra on me, carefully positioning the cups on my flat chest and then hooking the two clasps in back before doing final adjustments to the shoulder straps.

"Mom ... no, please! Don't make me wear a bra!" I mumbled with a sniffing protest.

"Oh, hush up! You've got nothing to complain about. Would you rather I take you home and wear out your bottom with a switch?"

At that moment a whipping didn't sound like a bad idea. I started to say something smart, but the look in her eye caused me to think twice.

In the mirror I saw myself, a thirteen-year-old boy wearing makeup and his first bra. Unceremoniously, Mom whipped down my silly white tennis shorts and pushed me forward to step out of them. A pair of pink panties – the much acclaimed three-bow pink panties — danced from Mom's fingertips as she held them out for me to step into. I held up one foot and then the other but looked to the ceiling. I didn't want to see that first pair of sissy pink panties sliding up my legs and over my naked penis that I was

trying to keep covered with my hands. With my peripheral vision I knew they were embarrassingly frilly pink lace panties but I didn't want to think about it. She was going to put them on me no matter what I did, so I just let her do it. She was giggling as she pulled them up. I could tell she loved pantying me. She was making a prize pantywaist out of me, and I was letting her do it. All I could do was stand there and taste my salty tears as they dripped down my face and over my lips. Me — a boy in a training bra and pink panties! Yikes! Mom spent a lot of time adjusting my penis and balls in the panties. She had rarely touched me down there over the years, and it totally unnerved me. Then she really drove a stake into my heart.

“You really don't have much down there for a boy. You know your little brother has one that almost twice the size of this little pimple you call a penis, but having a tiny little dinky sure makes these pretty panties fit you nicely. The panties do a great job of covering up your little boy toys and really make you look like a girl. I don't think people would guess you're a boy unless they took your panties off and got up close for a good look!”



She slipped my white shorts back up. They didn't help much since they made my naked legs look like they were a mile long going all the way down to the lacy white ankle socks Mom was putting on me.

Shivering with a sudden chill, I saw in the mirror that my white shorts glowed with a hint of pink as the panties could be seen right through them! I had to admit that I was beginning to look more like a girl than a mere boy masquerading as one.

Mom then picked out a tiny pullover blouse that was white and made of soft, thin material. A narrow border of lace decorated the collar and hem, and the image of a kitten playing with a ball of string was embroidered on the front. She had me slip it over my head and then stretch it down as far as it went, which was just above my belly button.

“A kitten?” I whined. “Oh, come on, Mom ... that looks so stupid!”

“No, it doesn't. It looks very nice.”

In the mirror, I could clearly see my pink training bra show through the sheer white blouse. It shook me to the core to see myself like that, but I did admit to myself that no one would guess I was a boy dressed like this!

“This top is too small,” I complained meekly, tugging at the bottom of the cropped-off blouse that exposed my belly.

“No, it's not too small. This is the fashion. Just be careful that your high-waisted pink panties don't peek out above the top of your white shorts – unless you want them too! I can see the pink elastic waistband of your panties almost all the way around the top of your shorts.”

In the mirror, I saw myself standing there with my mouth open looking like a slutty but dorky little girl showing off her bra and panties through clothes that were much too mature for her age. I hurriedly tried to tug up the shorts to hide the offending panties but my shorts were about as high up as they would go. So I started pushing my panty waist elastic down all around to hide it, but Mom slapped my hands and told me to leave my panties alone. She didn't want me to have droopy panties beneath my shorts! Then she proceeded to grasp my panty waist and pull them up even higher!

“There, that's nice,” she said with a boy-killing giggle. “Come to think of it, a little bit of your pink panties sticking out above your shorts looks cute; leave it that way! Besides, it's the fashion. You know all the kids are wearing their underwear sticking out above their slacks.”

I was so confused. It was like an out-of-body experience, but what brought it all home to me was that I felt a strong tingling down between my legs again. I was getting another stupid erection!

“You can see everything I'm wearing underneath!” I lamented.

“Oh, that's the way it's supposed to look,” Mom insisted. Then she saw how subdued and totally tamed I had become, and worst of all, she noticed my erection. She began to gently rub her hands over the front of my shorts. “Oh, dear, I guess you really do like your new clothes. Your teacher was right. These three-bow pretty pink panties are really doing a job on you! I would have put you in panties years ago if I had known they'd have this effect on you.

“For the trip home, maybe you'd rather change into one of your nice new skirts. Either your pleaded skirt or the full, ruffled pink one would hide that little bump in your panties. What do you think?”

I just looked down and wished I would die. “Whatever you want to do, I guess,” I said quietly. It was useless to argue, and I resigned myself to her will, but fate was kind to me that day. The skirt was a good idea. It further disguised me as a girl plus hid my erection. Moments later, my shorts were off and the red plaid mini skirt was up around my waist but not before Mom had a good time stroking my hard little pecker through the silky, soft nylon of my pink panties.

“Pamela, you like me to do this, don't you my little panty boy?”

Excitedly, I moaned. That was answer enough for her. She had called me by a girls' name, and I didn't even object. Then all of a sudden, she stopped.

“Well, maybe I can finish you off in your panties later. We need to get going if we're going to make the

first showing of the movie.

As we drove to the theater, Mom told me about the movie we were going to see. "Romeo and Juliet," she explained, "is one of the world's greatest romance stories. She went on and on about it, but with the way I was dressed, I was totally distracted and worrying about other things.

When we finally reached the theater, we got two prime seats since the show wasn't very crowded.

"You may not know this, but in Shakespearian times, all the female parts were played by boys. So Juliet, for example, was played by a boy about your age, dressed and made-up like a young girl. Men in those days so totally dominated females that they wouldn't even allow them to act on stage.

"I like to imagine how much fun it would have been to be the mother of the boy playing Juliet as she had the pleasure of taking him in hand and teaching him how to dress and behave like a girl," she said with a broad smile.

The "taking him in hand" reference sent my small cock jumping within my silky panties.

"I think you'll enjoy this film, the producers tried to make it just like it was performed during Shakespeare's time, and they even have cast boys to play all the female roles."

Just then the lights dimmed, and our conversation ended. As we watched the film, Mom pointed out how authentic the costumes looked, and how the picture was filmed entirely on location in Italy. The moment the boy playing Juliet came on the screen, Mom put her hand on my bare leg and gently rubbed it. As the film went on, Mom's hand kept creeping up my leg until it was under my skirt and fiddling with the bows and lacy edges of my panties. Thank goodness a lot of people weren't in the theater because Mom began rhythmically jacking me off through the soft nylon layer of my panties. Then during a scene in which the boys playing Romeo and Juliet shared a passionate kiss, Mom stroked me to climax. I shot four spurts into my panties and onto my mom's hand! She acted like nothing unusual had happened, but the next thing I knew she brought her hand coated with my cum up to my lipsticked lips and commanded me to lick her fingers clean. I cried as I did it. It made me sick to my stomach, and I thought I was going to throw up.



As Mom passed me the Diet Coke to help me stop gagging, she said, "You need to get used to the taste of boys' cum. A girl never knows when she may have to swallow a mouthful of it. Throughout life, giving a guy a blowjob once in a while can reap all kinds of benefits for a girl."

Throughout the rest of the movie, I sat in wet panties and silently cried. I couldn't believe my own mother was talking to me like

that and that she had masturbated me in girls' panties and in public! I was in shock and completely humiliated. My sweet little mother, who was now the terror of my life, had gotten me so turned on that I didn't have the ability to stop her or even complain. When the picture was over, Mother asked if I needed to use the restroom before we headed home.

Not really thinking, I said "yes" before I realized she meant the women's restroom.

"Okay, just remember to sit down to relieve yourself," she coached. "Wet some paper towels and clean up that disgusting little mess you made in your new panties. Pull off some toilet paper after you finish and wipe off the tip of your little baby peepee. When you come out, I'll be waiting for you, and we can redo our lipstick together in front of the mirror.

"But what if"

"There won't be any 'what ifs!' Remember, if you act right, you'll look right and no one will notice or care. If you act like a boy in girls' clothes, you'll be seen as a boy in girls' clothes. Is that what you want?"

The look on her face frightened me and I shook my head no. As we walked, the distinctive smell of boy cum followed me like a cloud. Several people we passed stared at us. Two teenage girls laughed, and I heard them say something about a boy in girls' clothes. Did they guess I was a boy, or were they talking about the boys in the film? Then the one girl said in a voice loud enough for a lot of people to hear, "This place smells like a whorehouse." And the other girl came back with, "Or like my room after my boyfriend screws me."

"Oh, god," I thought. "They smelled my cum!"

Fortunately, the lady's room was almost empty. I wetted some tissues and took them into a stall. I took down my panties and washed myself and the panties as well as possible. It was unsettling to then pull up the wet pink panties and smooth out my skirt over them. I bit my lip, summoned up my courage and walked out.

Mom was gracious enough to realize that I wanted to get out of there as fast as possible. She could have dawdled around and further tortured and embarrassed me in front of the ladies in the restroom, but she simply helped me on with my coat and took me back to the car.

And that was my introduction to becoming a feminized boy.

[Index](#)

Greg as a fairly princess.



Greg as an angel.





*Greg as a
harem girl.*



*Davy as a girl
ballroom dancer
with Greg as his
male partner.*

*Greg is not too happy as a
maid in a dress and apron.*







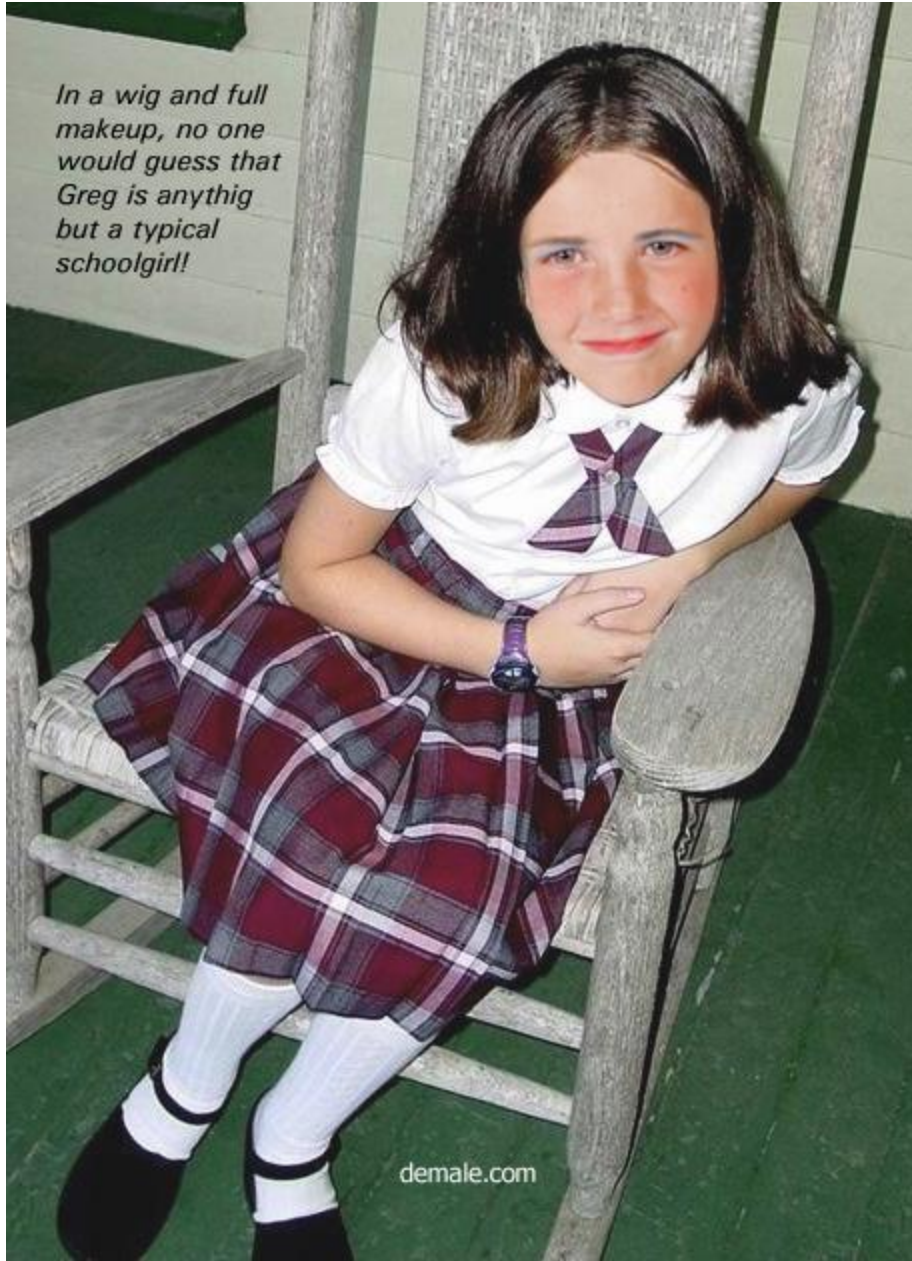
Greg is in full makeup and ready for his Mom to put his wig on, so he can look like a typical schoolgirl.



*With his wig on,
Greg can pass for
an average girl on
her way to school.*

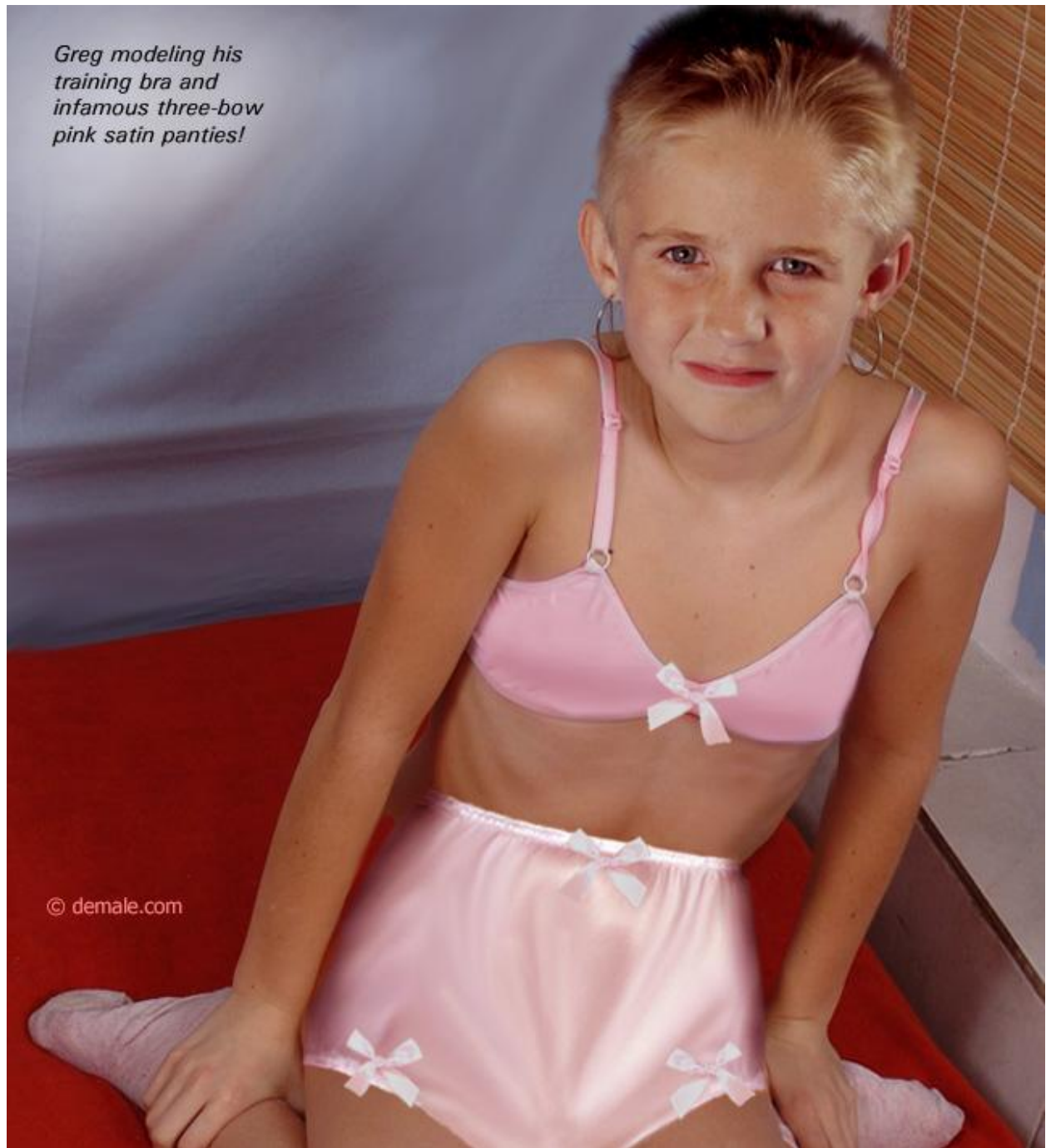
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*In a wig and full
makeup, no one
would guess that
Greg is anything
but a typical
schoolgirl!*

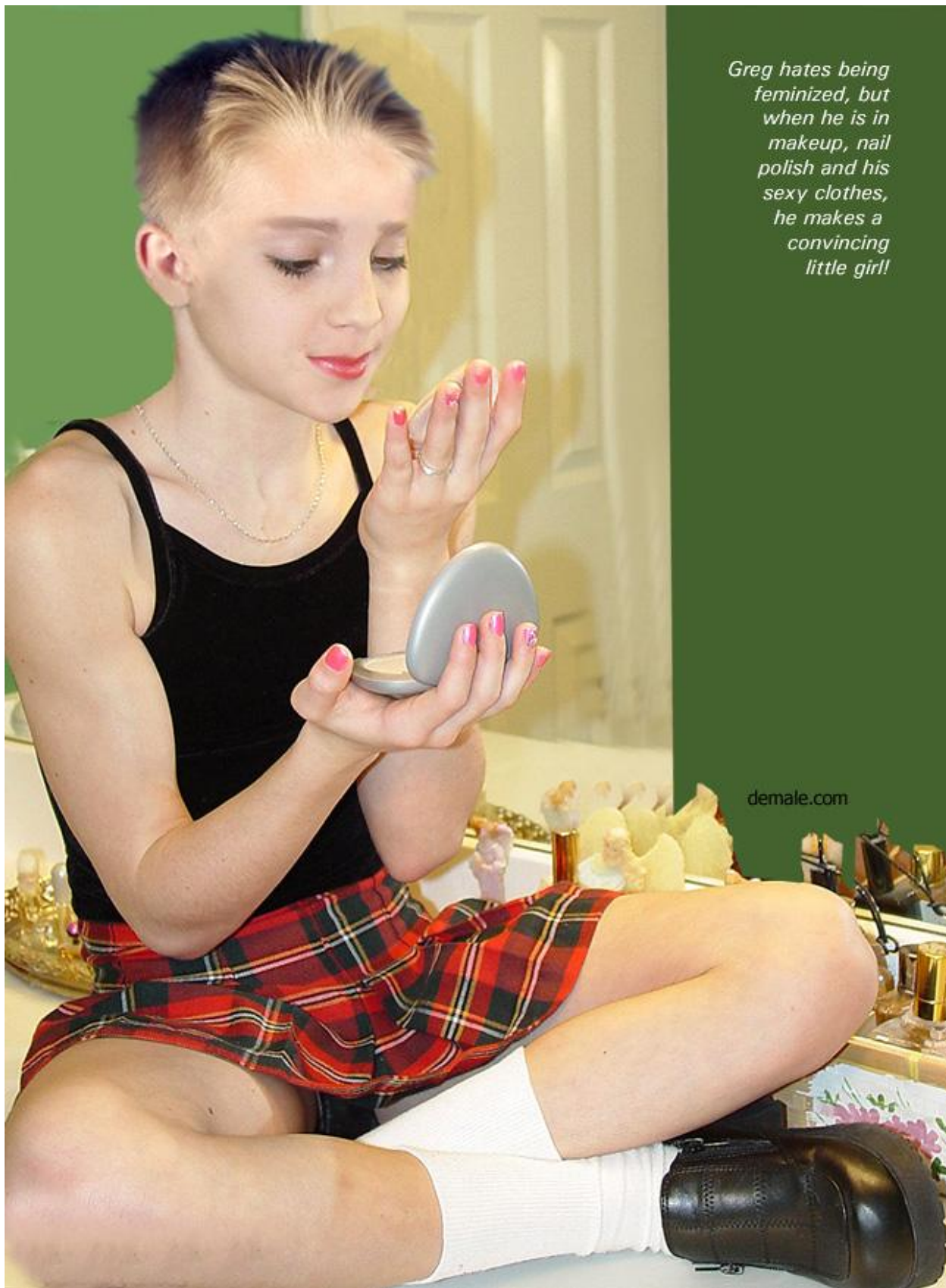


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*Greg modeling his
training bra and
infamous three-bow
pink satin panties!*



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Greg hates being feminized, but when he is in makeup, nail polish and his sexy clothes, he makes a convincing little girl!

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