

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

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

Volume #38

*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*



*Fantasy
Entertainment*

Adults Only



Demale Society Stories & Pictures

Added 8/15/06



Demale Mom has Her Husband Show Their Son How to Do It!

I was brought up in a female dominant household. My mom and later my sister were members of the Demale Society, but the chapter they belonged to was more of a social club for the women members than a real serious fem dom type of group. Most of the women were lesbians or at least bisexual and they had a lot of parties, the men and boys of these women just served as waiters or waitresses (the feminized ones) for the parties. The women were more into wanting to live in an all-female world, and just didn't have a lot of involvement with men and boys, except to have them wit on them, and training boys was left to demaled men in many of these families --

like in ours.

So one day when I was eleven years old, my father told me he wanted me to test myself with a pair of my mom's full-cut nylon panties. He explained it was normal for a boy to start exploring his sexuality at about my age and said that is how he also discovered about his own sexuality when he was my age, and his father had shown him how to do it with a pair of his mother's panties. (Yes, I am a from third generation Demale family!)

Simply, dad gave me a pair of my mom's pink nylon panties, had me put them on -- they were so-o-o-o silky smooth and exciting, my little dick stood right up in them, and then he held my penis in the panties and showed me how to masturbate using the silky soft panties. He said pink was the best color of panties to use because pink was so female and it would feel like fucking a girl, something I might never be able to do -- and this might be as close as I would ever come to having sex with a female.

After he jerked me off for a while, showing me different ways of gripping and stroking my cock to see how I best liked it, he had me do it to myself while he watched and gave me pointers. When he asked if one way or some other way of touching myself felt good, I enthusiastically told him it all felt good. he encouraged me to experiment with different ways of manipulating myself until i found what I liked best. I only had a dry cum that day, but he told me to keep on doing it and one day soon, I'd be shooting cum and get the biggest thrill of my life. As best he could, he told me what it was like to cum and shoot my jism, but he said there were no words to describe it, and a boy just has to experience it for himself when his body was ready.

He told me to put on some panties at least once a week or more often if I felt like it, jack off in them and see if anything came out. I asked him if I should use my sister's panties instead of mom's because mom's panties were big on me, and I had to hold them up, whereas sis's panties would probably fit me pretty good because she was just one year older than I was.

But dad said to use mom's because she couldn't get pregnant anymore, and if I used my sister's panties there was a chance she'd put them on with my jism in them and get pregnant. With mom's approval, dad kept me supplied with pairs of mom's pink panties, but mom never really talked about it. And nobody ever told Karen, my sister, about me doing it.

Then one day my sister saw a pair of mom's striped pink and white panties sticking out around my waist above the sweatpants that I had on that had slipped down my hips a bit. Karen thought it was funny and teased me for days about me wearing mom's panties, but by then I was thoroughly hooked on panties and was wearing mom's panties under my clothes most of the time I was at home. Sure, sis embarrassed me with her teasing, but I wasn't shamed enough to stop wearing the panties.

One of sis's favorite things to do was sneak up behind me, grab the waistband of the panties I had on and pull them way up and give me a panty "wedgie." Of course, she'd laugh like the dickens and call me every sissy name she should think of, and it was during one of those moments that my whole body shuttered and I shot my first load of cum! I have attached a photo showing her giving me one of her trademark panty wedgies. The experience was so fantastic that it permanently addicted me to cumming in big pink nylon panties. I still wear oversized women's pink panties every day, and I steal more anytime I'm in some female's house and get a chance to go into their bedroom or dirty laundry hamper. Both of our parents have died, and I still live with my sister who is very active in our Demale chapter. She's all lesbian these days and is pretty bored with me in panties. She keeps me around to do all the housework and to be the maid and entertainment for her lesbian friends when they have parties. Today I'm 34 years old, and I'm a wimp pussy boy in panties and loving every minute of my lowly life! What does my sister do for me? She is great making up stories and excuses when i get caught stealing panties from women in the club and even women who we know but who don't know anything about the Demale Society. To those women, sis makes up a story that I was traumatized when I was fifteen and forced to wear pink panties and teased about it by my schoolmates and now I'm permanently hooked on wearing panties. sis is clever, a fast thinker and a good talker, so she always gets me out of scrapes because she makes the people involved feel sorry for me. But sis has also let me fuck women! Dad had predicted that i might never be able to fuck a woman, and if I had been on my own, he probably would have been correct. But sis has fixed me up with some of her bisexual women friends who think it's fun to have me fuck them while I'm wearing big pink panties. the usual setup is that I'm on the bottom, they excite me in my panties and then stick my cock in them with the panties till covering my penis. My panties are all big and stretchy, so this works really well. I love it, but i do have to admit that my favorite way to cum is jerking off with my own hand, and I like another guy to jerk me off too. The biggest surprise: one of the women I screwed in my panties is pregnant with a baby boy. She got pregnant with my cum shooting through my panties into her! She says she is gong to raise the boy as a girl and at the right time, I can

teach him how to jack off in panties!

Clark S.

Girls on Girls Chapter, Carbondale

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Demale Society Stories & Pictures

Added 8/16/06

Demale Slut Piggy: Use Me and Abuse Me

My name as your willingly and obedient piggy sissy is Babette. I'm not a real man; I am a fat, obsequious sissy with a small cock. My little cock looks like a fat clitoris, and since I prematurely ejaculate, I'm not able to have sex with women. The last time I tried to have sex with a woman was in 1992, but I love women and they are so nice to me, especially the women of our local Demale Society chapter.



I am their little slut, piggy boy, fag, or whatever they want me to be. They love to have me entertain at their meetings, often wearing a cheap wig and a piggy nose and doing anything for them from sweeping floors to sucking cock as they jeer at me. They love to write things on my body with a permanent marking pen, like in the picture where they wrote on my chest : "Demale Sissy Piggy.". The things they write on my body stay visible for several days and greatly embarrass me when they write on a part of my body where other people can see it.

I can only satisfy females with oral sex, but I'm not even that good at doing that, since I have a low stamina level and can't do it for long periods of time without a rest, and a lot of women like their pussies eaten for what seems like hours. So I'm not good at satisfying females, but I can ejaculate my useless

cum in record time for their entertainment. That's why I'm a fat sissy to be used by females and real men. I am pretty good at sucking cocks, and I have even gotten to the point of enjoying swallowing their cum. I think cum rates as a pretty healthy food too, so it's good for me. A good source of protein, I think.

In our Chapter address book, my profile reads:

Born: 15.10.1977

Height: 5' 9"

Weight: 254 lbs.

Penis erect: 4.3" (but not very hard)

Other: low potency semen and poor erections, premature ejaculator, willingly submissive, obedient, obsequious, at all times wearing girdles, bras, panties and stockings, divorced because my wife took my money and then left me for being unable to have normal sex, now living alone and ready any hour of the day or night to be used (except on nights that I am working at my job as a bathroom attendant at Jilly's lesbian bar), humiliated, and exposed to others as a slut sissy, constantly masturbating myself into my panties (even in public), willing to be castrated and even having my penis removed, just to make my panties fit better is a good enough reason. I can be used as a cocksucker, an anal-slut, a creampie eater as well as drink urine and survive on just the scraps of food you throw in the garbage. I'll be your maid, lady, and do any chores for you. Will let you publicly humiliate me, and take as many incriminating photographs and videos of me as you want.

Chris,

Sissymakers Chapter, Evanston

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**Demale Society
Stories & Pictures**

Added 10/19/06

My friend's sister got me to develop a taste for boy cum

I developed my taste for cum with Bert, a young j/o buddy. We were best friends and discovered the porn in his parents' bedroom and explored how good it felt to rub ourselves and each other. We had been looking at pics of girls fucking and sucking guys and wishing we knew a girl who would do those things, but we didn't. I confessed to him I liked wearing girls' clothes, and in particular, I had an immense desire to play dress-up in his sexy older sister Mary's clothes.

The next time I went to his house for a mutual jerk-off session, his sister was there. He had told her of my desire to dress up in her clothes. She was all for it! While Bert waited in his bedroom, Mary took me into her bedroom and fixed me all up. She was a clever girl and she and her mom were new members of the Demale Society, so for her the timing was perfect – me, a willing subject to practice on and feminize.

She got me to talk about the sex things Bert and I did together, and I told her everything because I was so in love with her and her great clothes. She called us queers and convinced me that if I wanted to dress like a girl I should act like a girl as well ... which was fine with me.

Now, this was in the late 60s, in the days of foundation garments and big full slips and stockings ... lots of frills and lace. I remember vividly that first time with her. She let me to take my pick from all her sexy, feminine things ... they felt and smelled so-o-o-o go-o-o-o-d! My little cock" was hard before I pulled on the panties, a great pair of pink panties with musical notes embroidered on them and wide sections of lace on each side. Her things fit me pretty well, and when I was finally fully attired in a rainbow-colored cancan petticoat and full-skirted formal dress with a garter belt and nylon stockings and even shoes, I felt so-o-o-o-o pretty and sexy!

When I came out of the bedroom even my friend told me I looked like a girl, and "kinda pretty". He was naked and looking at porn and, of course, hard. I had never taken him in my mouth, but after the convincing talk Mary had given me, at that moment there was nothing I wanted to do more. I wanted to please him like a girl would. In my mind that would make me more "girlie."

He wasn't crazy about me doing it, but his sister held a lot of shit over him, so she made him give in.



I was right. It made me feel very much like a girl, so much so that after I made him orgasm (we were still too young to shoot semen) I just wanted to lie beside him and cuddle. Mary called us faggots, but I didn't care. I had loved every second of it. I didn't expect him to return the favor, and he didn't.

We repeated that scenario many times over the next few years ... every time we were alone at his house, especially when his sister was there. She insisted upon it! Their mother was one of the few working mothers in town. We didn't know that Mary had told her everything, and waited almost a year to join in. She had waited until both Bert and I were able to ejaculate.

That first time I was surprised when he began spurting into my mouth, and I almost gagged. But he was holding my head and I had no choice but to swallow or choke, so I swallowed. In the afterglow I could still taste the metallic flavor in my mouth, and decided I liked it. After that I think I looked forward to our times alone even more than he did! We moved on to experiment with other methods of satisfaction, including anal sex, and he even learned to take care of me on occasion, but I think that through it all we both preferred for me to get all dressed up and blow him.

Their mom then coordinated with Mary and one day pretended like she came home early and discovered us -- me with Bert's cum in my mouth and my own cum in my panties! She pretended to be angry, called us every queer name in the book, and blackmailed us into being almost slaves to her and Mary.

I married a friend of Mary's who also is a Demale member. We have never had sex in the traditional sense. She gets her sex from remales. She carries on with four of them off and on. I still love to dress like a girl, do all the housework and always on duty to please my wife's men friends like a classic cuckold cocksucking slut!

Fran

Slut Sissy Chapter, Indianapolis

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**Demale Society
Stories & Pictures**

Added 10/20/06



Our wives panty trained me and my two best lifelong friends

The three of us were the same age. We grew up together, played baseball and football and did all the guy things. So after we all got married, it was only natural that our three wives became friends too. Then my wife, Jada, found out about the Demale Society and joined. She got the other two wives to join too. Pretty

soon they were going out to meetings once and sometimes twice a week. My two buddies only knew that they belonged to some kind of women's club, and that was all we needed to know, especially since they held their weekly meetings on Sunday afternoons, so that was perfect for all us guys because we then got together and watched football or some other kind of sports, had a few beers, etc.

What we didn't know is what our wives were planning for us. The three of them went out and bought granny-style panties in large sizes to fit us three guys, like the panties recommended in the Demale booklets. When they got back from shopping, just for fun they tried on the big panties and had a bunch of laughs (see photo). Then each one of our wives worked on us separately, starting their panty training of us, and they compared notes with each other every step of the way. Within two weeks they were teasing us with panties, leaving them around the house, rubbing us with silky panties to masturbate us, then driving us crazy and cementing our panty-sex associations until they had us jacking ourselves off with panties while they watched. From there, it was a small step getting us to wear the panties while we masturbated, and then an even smaller step to get us to wear panties daily.

Of course, the three of us guys had no idea each of us was being panty training, but looking back, I did notice, a change in our demeanor. When we got together on Sundays to watch some games, we were less boisterous, softer spoken, just subtle changes like that. For me, I was a bit self conscious about wearing panties under my clothes in front of the other guys. I'm sure they felt the same. We weren't quite glued to the television as in the past. There was a bit of nervousness between us and a lot less male bravado.

Then one day, I caught my one friend in our master bedroom going through my wife's lingerie drawer after he had excused himself and said he was needed to use the toilet! He pretended like he was looking for clean towels. I let him off the hook with that explanation that I knew was a lie. Afterwards, I told my wife about it, but she just shrugged her shoulders like it was no big deal. She of course knew he was being panty trained just like she was training me, and didn't want to make an issue out of it. But the next Sunday, my wife had left two big stacks of freshly laundered panties on the dining room table just before my two buddies arrived to watch a playoff game. She left for her meeting, and I was distressed to

see that the panties were still there – a stack of her panties and a stack of slightly larger panties – my panties! I wanted to move them, but decided to leave them where she had put them.



Then during the game, each of my two buddies repeatedly got up to use the bathroom, and in our house when you go from the den where we were watching television to the bathroom, you had to go through the dining room. After they went to the bathroom a half dozen times between them, I went checking and saw those two stacks of panties had been obviously disturbed.

When my wife came home, I told her about it. She laughed in my face, called us all a bunch of panty fags! By then she had me so crazy about panties, she was ready for me – she told me that the three of them had been simultaneously panty training us and the panties she had left out were a little test for us. Then she rewound a videotape from our babycam that she had set up with it aimed at those stacks of panties. I was astounded as we watched it. She made me strip down to just my silky yellow panties, and she masturbated me in my panties as we fast-forwarded to the good parts of the tape, and we saw my two buddies each going through those piles of panties, even taking some out, holding them up to themselves, etc. Ted, my one friend even stole a pair of my panties from the bottom of the stack!

That night the three wives got together and my wife showed them the tape.

That was three years ago. And since then the three of us guys have been thoroughly panty trained. We're all cuckold husbands – and don't even mind! We're so gaga over playing in femme nylon lingerie that nothing else matters. The sensations of nylon undies gets us all excited and pumped up; frantic for good, continuous, wonderful feeling, spasming, messy cums. We now agree: It is better cumming into nylon panties than it is into women's hole(s).

Our wives have gotten us into playing with each other too. And they love to watch! Oh-h, it feels fantastic lying in bed with my buddies, all of us wearing big silky granny panties and other femme items of lingerie, rubbing and grinding our nylon cocks together, up and down, across, and against each other's. No embarrassment. No guilt. No hesitation. It's 'OK.' We want each other to be in panties. We want to help each other cum in our luscious panties. After doing a lot of rubbing our pantied cocks together, eventually, we just have to reach down and play with each other's hardness in our nylon panties. Recently, we achieved other milestones. We do 69 and butt fuck each other. I love begging one of my buddies if I can suck his cock, and I know they want to do me just as much. It feels so good sucking a cock thrusting itself up within sexy smooth panties.

We are just three ordinary guys who have been completely panty trained and happier than we ever thought we could be! I've also attached a picture of me showing off a nice pair of my pale blue panties, and as you can see I'm very excited about wearing them!

Filly Willy

Atlantic City Beauties Chapter

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Demale Society Stories & Pictures

Added 10/21/06



My panty trained brother became a nuisance

My brother Phil had been warned several times about his intolerable behavior, but he seemed to think it was a joke, never thinking I and my girlfriends would do anything to him, after all he was a young man of thirteen now and being influenced by his developing sexual urges.

I gave him a warning one day when he was particularly obnoxious to Sylvia, sneaking up behind her, pulling up her skirt and trying to see her panties. "If you persist in annoying my friends, we intend to teach you a lesson you won't forget."

Phil just laughed.

"You won't laugh when we show you just what it's like to be pawed and mauled about, so be warned for the last time."

The three of us were new members of Demale but already heavy into luring Phil with panties, and he was taking the avidly bait. But pulling up a girl's skirt was certainly unacceptable behavior, so we made plans to punish the annoying pig.

Over the next few days, he persisted. We caught him peeking through the keyhole when I was using the bathroom and sneaking up the stairs right after our little sister Wendy. I saw him bend over and look up her skirt. So our panty teasing was luring him and developing in him an obsession for panties, but he was acting like a horrible macho male oaf and not becoming the sweet boy we wanted him to be.

After getting more info from other members, we understood he was going through a phase, and it was actually good what he was doing despite how frustrating it was too us. But it was good because it showed how deeply our panties were getting to him. Then we learned how to take him to the next stage, and we had it all planned out.

We knew Phil especially fancied Annie, and that next weekend as part of our plan, I had her come to tea. We wondered if Phil was going to behave for once as he went and sat by her on the settee, but we had guessed right; he couldn't stop from making a nuisance of himself. I told them I was going out to prepare the tea, but actually I just went to the next room and kept an eye on them. Within moments he was boldly edging himself ever closer to her, his one arm across the back of the settee and his other arm on her leg but the edge of her miniskirt that had a good two inches of her lacy white half-slip sticking out to tempt him.

To his surprise Annie didn't seem to object to his antics this time but just talked on, commenting, "Oh, dear, my pretty new lip is showing. I hope you don't mind. This skirt is simply too short for this slip, and I didn't realize it until just now. I see you must like my slip. You keep looking at it and touching it. It is a nice one isn't it?"

He took that as a signal to be even more aggressive and pressed up against her sliding his hand under the edge of her skirt and touching more of her slip as he continued to push it and her skirt upward. She surprised him by suddenly giving him a kiss right on the mouth, laughing at the surprised look on his face. I don't think Phil had ever been kissed by a girl before and he just froze and didn't quite know what to do next.

I went to the phone, called Sandra and simply said, "It's on. He's falling for it. Get Edward over to my place and the other girls over to your place, and we'll get him over there as soon as we can."

I went back into the sitting-room where I pretended to be shocked at Phil mauling at Annie's clothes. I told him to stop it and apologize."

I was a bit startled, when he told me to, "Fuck off!" this bratty little boy was getting bolder by the moment.

"Oh, no, it's OK, Nancy," Annie said. "He'll stop pestering me and be good; won't you, Phil? Anyway, I'm going home in a few minutes." Then she turned to Phil, winked, and said, "You can see me home if you like, and then I'll see you get what you've been asking for. But let's have tea first."

Phil was wide-eyed and feeling proud of himself. He stuck out his tongue at me.

After tea, as Annie and Phil were leaving, they found Edward strolling past out front, as if it were a coincidence. He greeted them and told her; "If you're going home, I'm going your way. We can walk together."

I saw a look of relief on Annie's face. "Oh, thanks a lot. Phil is walking me home as well, but he won't mind you coming along, will you, Phil?" she said turning to an obviously annoyed Phil.

"We don't need you along, so why don't you get lost," said Phil.

Annie resolved the argument by linking arms with both and leading them down the path.

Relieved that Edward had shown up on time to make sure Phil didn't dry anything with Annie on the way to her house, Nancy grabbed her coat and ran the back way all the way to Annie's.

She lived in a big three-story terraced house that she jointly with her two older brothers, Bruce and Donald, since their parents had passed away. Nancy was able to get to the house just ahead of Annie and the two boys. She went in and straight up to an upstairs bedroom where she found quite a crowd waiting the arrival of our victim, Phil.

Annie's two brothers were there as well as Sandra, Silvia and my little eight-year-old sister Wendy, whom Phil had so miserably teased. When I went in they all wanted to know how Phil had taken the bait.

"It was laughable the way he fell into our trap," I told them. "As you know, Annie came to tea and the moment I left the room, Phil started his antics. You should have seen his face when Annie plunked a big wet kiss right on his mouth. That's when I rang you up. Edward showed up right on cue. They shouldn't be long. Annie got Phil to come by hinting that 'He'll 'get what he's be asking for!'"

One of the girls was watching out of the window and said that Annie, Phil and Edward were approaching the house. We went out onto the landing and a few minutes later heard Annie's voice. She was obviously having a bit of trouble with an impatient Phil.

"Don't be in such a rush. Phil" we heard her say. "You can see we have the house to ourselves, so just be patient and wait until we're up in my room. Then I'll have your clothes off you in double quick time."

We crowded back into the empty bedroom next to Annie's.

We heard them go into her room and waited a minute or two and then burst in on them, a surprised Phil turning to face us before he was overwhelmed by us girls and thrown to the floor, five girls piled on top of him and holding him down in spite of his furious struggles. He began to shout and curse as we spread-eagled him on his back and to silence his cries, one of the girls, Sandra, lifted her skirt and sat on his face in her bright lemon yellow silk panties. The three boys all despised Phil, and they stood by and watched, laughing at my brother's futile bucking and squirming as the girls began to strip his clothes off.

“I told you I'd soon have you stripped, didn't I,” Annie said. “I bet you didn't expect it to be like this though. You're in for another treat as well, as soon as we get you prepared.”

When we had finally got him naked, I opened the case we had prepared and began to layout a complete outfit of girls' clothes we had collected over the last week from clothes the girls had outgrown.

Phil began to lash out wildly and swear at us. Two of the boys held him while all of us girls undressed down to our panties to taunt Phil. Next, we got him into a tight training bra.

I picked up a saucy pair of pale blue panties and approached him, but then pointed to Phil's half-hard penis, I said, “We'll have to get rid of that little hard dick of his before we can put him in panties.”

“Here, let me get rid of it for him,” Donald said as he grabbed up a second pair of silky panties – smooth pink satin panties with roses on the front – and began to wank Phil off into the panties, not even giving him the satisfaction of having a girl handle it for him.

We all knew Donald was gay, but no one ever talked about it. Still we were a little surprised by his willingness to masturbate Phil in front of all of us, and even more surprised how quickly my brother exploded in the panties manipulated by my friend's gay brother.

Annie made us all laugh by removing her pink panties and slipping them up his legs, as she teased, “You've been trying to get into my panties, so here you are, get into them! I know you'll like them warm from my body.” Then she masturbated him into them as we applauded. He groaned in obvious pain, being forced to spurt into panties once more within such a short amount of time. “I'm going to let you keep them on as you look so pretty wearing them.”

After his legs had been wiped clean of his spunk, he cringed, begged, and sobbed out a forlorn plea, “Please, don't, don't do this! Oh, let me go, please. Please, let me go. Nancy. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't make me wear girls' things, please!”

We had him to the point we wanted him, so I said, “OK, if you promise to stay away from our panties, stop peeking up our skirts and stop trying to force yourself on every girl you take a fancy too. We'll let you go. You can put your clothes back on – but leave Annie's panties on. When you get home wash them out and dry them. Tomorrow, you can come over here and give them back to Annie.”

He agreed, but we knew he was too thoroughly hooked on panties, and he would mess up again, and then we'd really humiliate him.

Then, less than a week later, he screwed up again. Wendy got home from her dance class. She was still in her dance costume, and Phil made fun of her because he could see her panties peeking out from beneath her costume. Wendy ran to her room to escape his teasing. But about an hour later, I caught him in the bathroom jacking off into those panties just after Wendy had changed out of them!

I shooed him out of the house, sending him to get a haircut since his hair was getting long. Actually, I needed the time to think out and plan his punishment. Plus his hair was getting a little long, and I didn't want anyone to think he was a girl because I was going to dress him in girls' clothes and humiliate him in front of other people.

When he got back from his haircut, I told him I had thought about his punishment and he'd have to accept what I was going to do to him and cooperate, or I'd tell mom and dad what I caught him doing. Phil started crying immediately, but I took little notice of his pleading. He knew he deserved to be punished, so he didn't resist. I had Wendy get out a set of matching dance costumes for a recital routine, I do with her. It was made of a short skirt attached to a top. Originally it was worn with a leotard panty underneath, but I left them off and had him wear a regular pair of frilly pale blue nylon panties underneath it. I pulled him to his feet, and he now stood in the middle of the room looking really dejected and pouting quietly, resigned to his fate, tears of frustration starting to run down his cheeks now as he realized the helpless position he was in. He looked really pathetic in his frillies as I made him parade up and down with his silky blue panties peeking out from under his short dance skirt.

Phil caught sight of himself in a wall mirror and then screamed, "I'm not going to let you do anything more to me. Give me my clothes!"

I just stepped up to him and gave him a vicious slap across the face and told him, "You do as you're told from now on, girl."

Phil raised a fist and was going to strike me, but before he could, I gave him another backhander that staggered him to his knees. Going to my case I then got out a thick strap and came up to a groveling Phil and began to lash him across his behind, making him yell out and try to scramble to his feet.

His protesting quickly ended, and then I had Wendy force a pair of black satin dance slippers onto his feet and made him walk up and down the room, swinging his hips like a girl, encouraging him by my use of the strap whenever he hesitated. Wendy kept pulling at his short skirt as he walked by us as we laughed at this abject looking girlie-boy mincing up and down.

After parading in front of us for a few minutes, we made him sit down at my dressing table, and we lightly made up his face. He kept trying to jerk his head away at first but Wendy finally got hold of him by the ears and held him still while I got busy with eye shadow and fixed long 'Bambi' lashes to his eyelids, brushing mascara into them to make them stand out. His eyes were then outlined with eyeliner to make them appear bigger and then his cheeks were touched up with a bit of blusher on each cheek-bone. Finally his mouth was made up with a deep pink lipstick and a waterproof gloss put over it.

"What can we do about 'her' hair," Wendy asked. "It's not really long enough to do much with it?"

"Well, so what, we'll just tell anyone who stares that he's a girl with short hair."

When I said that, Phil realized we were going to try and take him out in public – and he was right! He pleaded but we paid no attention.

“We warned you many times not to be naughty, but you have continued to peek at us while were dressing and look up our skirts when we're sitting. You taunted your little sister after her dance class and masturbated in her panties – how disgusting! So that is why we have dressed you in a girls' dance costume. And since I caught you wanking yourself in panties, we know you like it, so you will be wearing pretty panties a lot from here on out, and we'll see to it that you have plenty of opportunities to spurt them full of your cum.

“You didn't take our warnings seriously, so we are taking you out to Wendy's dance class and you can practice dance routines with her. I called Miss Marston and told her of your punishment, and she thinks it will do you good to join the girls' dance class.

“You'll do exactly as we say or get an intense spanking every single day until you do. And don't think mom or dad will come to your rescue. Dad has given up on you, and mom has given us a free hand to make you into the sissy boy that we know you are.”

Phil was slow in obeying and got another couple of slashes across the back of his legs, making him yelp and hop across the room and out the door once we were all ready to go.

Since he has a car, we called Donald and he came by and took us to the dance school. A number of boys like to hang around the dance classes and watch the girls, and when we walked in with Phil, he tried desperately to keep his short skirt down, but there was no way he could keep it from exposing the bottom edges of his pale blue panties. The boys noticed immediately, and could probably tell that he was wearing real under panties and not a dance leotard. Several of the boys kept swarming around him and getting peeks and even a few feels of his panties under his costume. Twice Phil ran to the girls' rest room for refuge, only to be assailed by the boys again once he reentered the hall.

The dance class totally unnerved him. Of course, he was clumsy and horrible at dancing, but that just made it all the funnier for us and the more miserable for him. Back at home, mom and dad were there. When Dad saw him in the dance outfit, he quickly got up and went down to the local pub. Mom told him she was upset with his behavior and deserved what he was getting. She warned him that he better be a good girl as long as he couldn't be a good boy. Then with mom sneering at him, she told me I could do whatever I wanted with him, and I told him of his fate.

“You'll remain in girls' clothes and act like a girl, behaving in every way just like a real girl, and I mean in every way, walking, talking, sitting down and properly keeping your face properly made up without our help. It's up to you how long you stay as a girl – for the whole summer if



necessary – and longer if you don't drastically improve as a human being. Now then, from now on until you get your own clothes back, you are going to be called Joyce and you'd better get used to that name and answer to it promptly. Now give me a curtsy. You know how to curtsy, don't you?"

A whip-like crack from my leather strap and 'Joyce' jumped to his feet and tottered across to me and did as he had been ordered, curtseying to me. Wendy, mom and I laughed at his wobbly effort to curtsy as he lifted his skirts out and bent his knees, almost toppling over in the process.

Immediately beginning his full transformation, I made to parade up and down in front of us as I gave him instructions on how to comport himself like a real girl.

"Swing your hips more. Joyce. Don't take such big strides, girl. Hold your head up, keep your shoulders straight. Stick your boobs out and let them bounce." Soon I had him mincing up and down in a reel sexy walk, the liberal use of my strap being a good encouragement.

Then Wendy hung her handbag from one of his wrists and exclaimed, "Hey! She looks ready to go out for a walk, doesn't she, sis? How about it, do you think we could get away with it if we took her downtown with us. Maybe into a store to buy him some panties of his own? He'll certainly need more panties, won't he? Because I don't want him jerking off in to my panties anymore!"

Phil got a horrified look on his face as he stopped dead in his tracks. He began to plead with us not to take him out in public.

"Oh! No! Not that. Please don't make' me go outside like this. All those people, someone's sure to spot who I am. Please. Nancy. Please don't. Please!"

We didn't take him out that day. I thought he needed some more schooling in being a girl before we took him out in public, but within a week we did take him out, much to his horror and our delight. He went through the summer in dresses, and actually did improve, except he was so gaga over panties that we let him masturbate himself silly in them every day. At the end of the summer, we gave him a choice – go back to his boys' clothes but no more jerking off in panties – or staying in girls' clothes and being home schooled with three girls, daughters of a former school teacher who was a friend we met at a Demale meeting and teaching her girls herself at home. After a trial run, Phil couldn't even stay away from masturbating in panties for 48 hours, so he had to sadly admit his failure as a boy and go into a fulltime life in dresses and his beloved panties. What a fucking pantywaist he is: That's my brother!

Nancy Ann

Winnipeg TV Boys Chapter





Demale Society Pictures

Added 10/22/06

Punishment for an upskirt peeker

This boy we caught under the bleachers at a basketball game peeking up the girls' skirts. So we dressed him up like a schoolgirl, tied him up and then took turn teasing him and peeking up his skirt! We didn't let him down until he drooled his juice into the panties we had put on him. Then we forced him to drink shots until he was drunk, gave him a bumpy ride home on the back of a pickup truck, dumped him on his front porch and rang the doorbell. He hid in the bushes as somebody opened the door. It looked like his mother and a brother. They hauled him in the house with the brother calling him a faggot, and his mother admonishing him in case any of the neighbors saw him drunk and dressed up like a scaggy schoolgirl.

Trish & Diane

Helping Boys in Charlotte Chapter



Caught in my sister's dance costume

We came home unexpectedly last week and caught my brother Todd in my sister's dance outfit. I had my camera handy and was able to get this photo of him as he ran to hide from us.

Though he gets greatly embarrassed, our feminization of him is really working. Enjoy.

Daisy B.

Wenatchee Feminizers Chapter

He doesn't like his weekly hormone shots but loves the results

My brother was always very feminine and wanted to be a girl. We let him keep his hair long and dress in slacks and tops we bought in the girls' department. Then after mom and I found out about the Demale Society and joined, we discovered how to put a sissy boy to good use. And we were able to get him female hormones, both pills and shots, and as much as he doesn't like his weekly shot, he does love the results. After less than 9 weeks on hormones, he's already developing tender little mounds on his chest.



Marsha F.

Wilmington Women on a Mission Chapter



Dad buying his son a Barbie party dress for Halloween

It has taken me almost a year, but now that I have my husband under my thumb, wearing panties daily and thoroughly in his place, I decided it was time to begin feminizing our eight-year-old son. I made his dad talk him into dressing up as a girl for Halloween. Well, actually, he bribed him with the promise of a new bike. Nevertheless, it was a great high to have my husband trying to please me by doing this. The attached photo is not very good. I had to discreetly take it with a fairly old digital camera from the next aisle in the store. Still, I think it's a great picture. A real milestone for both husband and son.

Kate

Macho Falls Chapter, Sioux Falls

A vacation from school and boyhood

Our son feminization is progressing nicely. We recently had an opportunity to travel to Switzerland, and my husband and I convinced our little Georgie to live those ten days as a girl! Once we got there, we put him in his girlie clothes, and he stayed in them throughout our stay. Here's a picture of him with his little sister feeding some geese at a small river going through Lucerne.



Jan & Jackie (my husband Jack)
Raising the Right Chapter, Racine



Breaking in the boyfriends

My sister and I love breaking macho guys by making them feel inferior, and once you do that, you've got them. We're both blonde and pretty sexy, so we draw college boys like flies. Both of us together go out with a boy. They usually think they've died and gone to heaven, especially after we get them our clothes. Then we tell them can't find a guy with a cock big

back to our place, and we shed we're lesbians because we enough to satisfy us, and to demonstrate our point, we pull out a big dildo and engage in a little lesbian action. We tell the guy it's OK to take his dick out and masturbate while he watches us. Of course, we laugh at his small cock, and it's always small because no guy has a cock as big as our pink dildo. We give him a pair of our granny panties (we love our panties big!) to jerk off into and get him to pose for pictures pumping his juice into our panties. Pictures we then use to blackmail him into sissyyhood.

Nan & Jan D.

Bowling for Boys Chapter, Bowling Green

Boys love dressing up like girls!

People always talk about forcing a boy into panties and dresses, but in my experience, I've never had to force a boy to do it! If you approach them in a fun, non-threatening way, I've found they go along with it 100% of the time. Here's a picture of me with my eleven-year-old daughter, Angel, and my nine-year-old son, Ashton. He's in the white dress. We had him dress up to go into Cleveland to go shopping for girls' clothes. I call them his play clothes, and my daughter and I get him to dress up frequently and play dolls and girls' games. He loves it! Don't be afraid to ask the boys to dress up, I think you'll find they really want to do it, but never have had the nerve or the opportunity!



Mindy C.

New Girls Chapter, Northfield

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