

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Volume #22

Testimonials, Notices,
Stories & Pics

Adults Only



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

Fantasy Entertainment



A year ago, before Tommy's mother and father joined the Demale Society, he was a troublemaker of the worst sort, but now he races home from school each day to help his father with the housework and gets rewarded once a month when his daddy takes him shopping and lets him pick out for himself a half dozen pairs of pretty panties.



*January 2005
Demale Society Poster Boy*

www.Demale.com

Demale Society Notices

Added 12/15/04

(Continued from issue #21)



Ballroom Dancing Classes A Great Way to Indoctrinate Young Boys into Sissydom

Potential Remales are Taught How to Act too!

Without the support and involvement of local chapters of the Demale Society, many mothers, aunts, sisters and other female relatives would have limited ways to ways and resources to use in bringing up their male charges to be productive members of the new world order. And since there is an endless variety of types of little boys with different backgrounds and dispositions, there is a constant need to find new ways to train and dominate them.

Helga from our chapter owns a dance studio, and early last year she began taking young boys and teaching them classic ballroom dancing. She had mothers and guardians submit applications for their boys, and from them, she selects an equal number of effeminate types as well as potential remale-type boys. (Since there is such little training for boys who may well grow up to be remales, this is really a breakthrough.)

After three months of three-times-a-week instruction, the boys put on a demonstration of their skills at one of our monthly meetings. Members are delighted with the training the boys receive, and numerous accolades applaud the great advances the boys make as the sissies dress to the nines in wigs, stockings and lovely traditional ballroom dancing dresses and the boys being prepared as remales show the new face of masculinity as boys demonstrate maturity and respect as they attend to their faggots-in-training partners.

We just thought we'd bring this to everyone's attention, and chapters with similar means should considering doing something akin to these dance lesson. They really do bring out the boy and the girl in your boys!

Posted by Fran from the Little Snickers Chapter, Key West

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Demale

Society Stories & Pics

Added 12/17/04

Girly-Boy Tells How He was Brought Up to Revere Females

From my upskirt picture here, you can see that I love being a naughty, teasing little girl, a way of life I was drawn to by my mother, the most exciting person I have ever known. She taught me that if I couldn't be a girl, at least I could have fun pretending to be one while being her little trained maid boy. For me, submitting to superior females has been the only logical approach to life. I had always slept in the same bed with Mom. That and my breastfeeding on her big titties well beyond the normal time for kids to be nursed were two of the things Dad always complained about and led to Mom divorcing him.



So from an early age, I was raised by a single mother, who taught me what an asshole my abusive father and most men are. She taught me these things by comparing everything that had been his to things that were hers. The female/male comparisons went on daily as Mom convinced me that everything about her and females was much nicer than everything to do with my dad and males.

She had me smell an open can of stale beer (that was like my father's breath) and then a spray of her perfume. She had me smell a dirty ashtray and his clothes saturated with smoke (another odor I associated with my chain-smoking father) and then a whiff of the sachet in her lingerie drawer. She went through his clothes making comparisons with hers: His ugly, hers pretty. When she held up a pair of his dumb Jockey shorts next to a pair of her elegant lace panties, I touched the silky panties and told her how pretty they were. I think she was joking when she asked me, "Do you want to wear pretty panties like Mommy's too?"

Of course, I nodded my head 'yes.'

She tells me that my answer surprised her, knowing how boys hate girls' things, but she didn't realize how completely different I was from other boys. So once I said that was what I wanted, she got me

panties!

That afternoon we were in the little lingerie shop on the corner by our house buying a stack of panties in my size. Mom came right out and told the young girl behind the counter that the panties were for me, and the girl got really excited about that. She even took my mom and me into the dressing room and let me try on all the panties to decide which ones to buy.

Not long after, Mom got me to wear little satin pajamas that we bought on a second trip from the girl at the little lingerie boutique. I wore them to bed along with the panties that I was already wearing daily.

One early morning, we were in bed together, and I was lying with my head on her stomach. I noticed the strange, exotic aroma wafting up from between her legs. I liked what I smelled, so I got closer and snuggled down between her thighs and began kissing her panties between her open legs. She began mumbling in her sleep and then started rocking her body and pressing my face hard against her warm, fragrant pussy. She woke up breathing hard and telling me to kiss her more and more with my tongue and an open mouth. She slid aside her panty leg elastic and had me lick her deep between her pussy lips and held my head and moved it back and forth using my little nose to gently massage her clitoris. Her banging up against my face as she had a monumental cum scared me a bit, but she let me know that she didn't want me to stop. I was her pussy slave ever since.

She became involved with some dominant women hookers because we live near Broadway in San Francisco and they were always walking around looking for tricks. Finnochio's, the famous female impersonator bar, was just steps from our door. Mom and I got to know this big fat guy, who used to sit outside in front of the place almost everyday. Years later I found out he was part of the show. He noticed how effeminate I was and jokingly mentioned it to my mom. She agreed and took it as a compliment, admitting that she had always wished I had been born a girl. The fat guy said he could help with that, and the next thing I knew we were all in the dressing room of the club and they had me undressed. When the man saw my purple lace panties, he laughed and said something to my mom about me already having a start as a girl. They made me up like a cute little girl with a wig, a lot of makeup, and a pink cancan slip that the man cut armholes in and had me wear around my neck like a dress.

Life was great with just Mom and me, but (even in very tolerant and open-minded San Francisco) the outside world was cruel to me, a little crossdressing sissyboy wimp. I spent a lot of time with an old, retired hooker who baby-sat me while mom worked as a cashier in a greasy spoon. She's the one who told Mom about the Demale Society and sponsored her to join. The old lady loved dressing me up, but the kids in the neighborhood always made fun of me. Just to survive, I had to really tone down the dressing up once I started school. Mom even got me boys' underwear! She was trying to protect me from being beat up by the nasty boys and teasing girls. I did have a few friends in school who didn't have a problem with my feminine ways and desires. And as often as I could, I'd wear a pair of my panties and a lacy camisole under my boys' clothes while at school. Those days were so wonderful. Being in panties put me in a euphoric state of mind. I'm convinced I learned a lot more on those days than on the days I

had to wear boys' dull and scratchy underwear that I found continually distracting.



Every morning and night, the high point of each day was cuddling with Mom. She nursed me until I was in the second grade and only stopped because her milk had totally dried up by then, but I still latched onto her nipples every chance I got. I can still perfectly recall those intimate moments we shared as I sucked on one of her big red nipples and stared across at her other hard nipple as I played with it between my little fingers.

Growing up, I did identify more with girls my own age than boys. While I hated it when boys harassed and bullied me, I found it very exciting when girls bossed me around and dominated me in some way. I was always curious about my slave-like desires with girls and would try to get them to use me however they wanted. I always wanted to know how far was too far, but I never found out! I don't think there is anything I wouldn't do for a woman or girl. I find that I'm still learning ways to debase myself and serve females. I know that is what I am on this earth to do!

Enclosed is one of my favorite pictures from my childhood. I'm holding up a beautiful doll I just got as I am opening gifts on my 9th birthday. You can see the makeup kit, stack of bras, panties and other female clothes, including the great party dress behind me. The great thing about this picture is my eleven-year-old cousin, Danny, sitting in the middle of the floor watching me. He was the only boy at the party. He always knew I was a sissy, and we didn't see each other very often, but he found out that day what a true sissy boy I was. This picture makes me recall how shocked he was as he sat there watching me opening all my girlie-girlie gifts!

Carol the Sissyboy (Carol is my real name. My mother wanted a name for me that was both male and female but more identified with females! It was one more thing that my dad had complained about, but Mom went ahead and did it anyway!)

In the photo you can see my silky yellow panties. Yellow is my favorite color in lingerie! It's so pretty! Sorry about the slight bulge in my panties, but I do love my panties and dressing up!

Mom has been a member since 1970.

I've been an associate member since 1974 and a full member (I'm a bus station recruiter for our chapter) since 1988.

Sub Miss Chapter, San Francisco, Member #03116 3





Demale Society Stories & Pics

Added 5/01/01



Feminized demale finds lifetime of answers on our website

Hello, when I was first browsing the web and came across your website, I was so struck by what I saw that I froze for a moment as lots of memories and images flooded my mind because when I was nine years old, my mother joined the Demale Society. I didn't know that until several years later, but at the time, I did notice

that things in our household were quickly changing. What I remember most is that my mom and my sisters let me see them in their lingerie a lot and they left the door open when they were changing clothes, using the toilet and taking a bath. Of course, I noticed. I pretended like I wasn't interested, but I was! Nobody told me, but mom gave my sisters the job of feminizing me and secretly taught them how to do it. Mom stayed in the background and pretended like she barely knew what was going on. But (under her direction) Ruthie, my older sister, and Della, my younger sister, and three of Ruthie's girlfriends got me to dress up in girls' clothes on a regular basis.

At first I was reluctant and didn't want to do it, but I liked my sisters, and it made me feel badly to disappoint them, so I gave in. Mom acted like it was no big deal, so I did it. They never had me dress just halfway. They made sure I put on their panties, shoes and even a nice long blonde wig. They never made fun of me and never laughed at me, and after a few times of all of them telling me I was pretty, I inwardly began to enjoy these dress-up games.

Then one day I was out of clean underwear, and Mom gave me a pair of my sister's pink panties to wear under my clothes to school. I cried and didn't want to do it, but my mom just reminded me that I had been wearing panties every few days during our dress-up games, and this was no different. Besides, she said no one would know because they would be safely hidden under my trousers. She pushed me further on the subject and got me to admit to my sisters, that I loved wearing their panties and that the panties made me feel pretty. So Off to school I went that way. I was terrified all day long that someone would find out. No one did, but my older sister did check on me a few times during the day and at one point talked me into lowering my trousers to expose my pink panties to one of her girlfriends who was involved in our dress-up games.

After that day, I seemed to run out of clean underwear about once a week, so periodically my mom gave me a pair of my sister's panties to wear while going to church, to school or to play outside.

For months this went on and I got very comfortable in girls' clothes, and I had even amassed a huge wardrobe of my own from clothes Ruthie and her friends had outgrown. Then one Christmas Eve I got a gift of a dozen pairs of new panties, and my mom got me to admit in front of my sisters that I wanted to wear girls' panties all the time. She said she knew that I was sometimes putting on pairs of the panties I had for dress-up, wearing them to bed and sometimes even wearing them outside when I did have clean boys' underwear in my drawer. I cried, but my sisters hugged me and told me it was OK to be a sissy boy and wear panties. Through all those months of wearing panties and dressing up, none of them ever called me a sissy or any other names like that. Of course, I knew what a sissy was, but I never thought of myself as a sissy. I played baseball and basketball; I was a boy not a But then as I thought about it, I knew in my heart that I was a sissy. I had just been exposed for wearing panties secretly and I had just admitted to my family that I did want to wear silky little girls' panties all the time.

Mom sent me to wash the tears off my face, and then took a pair of pink panties out of the box, handed them to me and told me to take a little rest before our relatives were coming over that night to exchange gifts. She told me that when I got up from my nap, I should change into my new panties and

put on my good pants and one of my new shirts to be ready when company arrived.

With all these months of dress-up games and panty wearing, Mom was setting me up for disaster.

About two hours later, my grandparents (my mom's parents) and a couple of my aunts and uncles and their kids came over. We all exchanged gifts, and things went well until Ginny, a little seven-year-old cousin knocked over my gift box of panties I had gotten earlier and they spilled out on the floor. She commented what pretty panties they were and wanted to know whom they belonged to. (Years later I found out this was all a set up.) My sisters giggled and pointed to me. Everyone looked at me, and when my mom confirmed they were mine, everyone really started laughing and calling me names, like sissy, nanci boy, girlie-girlie, etc. I wanted to run out of the room and hide, but when I tried, my sisters grabbed me and made me stay there. Someone wanted to know if I was wearing panties at that moment. My mom and my sisters said nothing, but just the expression on my sisters' faces answered the question. Aunt Selma, a big heavyset woman, grabbed me. She was really strong and I couldn't get away from her. She easily held me tight and undid my pants at the same time. When my trousers dropped down and everyone saw the new pink panties I was wearing, the laughter, giggles and name calling was so loud, I thought the noise would break my eardrums. When things quieted down a bit, mom made me admit that they were my panties, and that I wanted to wear them. She made me admit that I was a sissy too – a name no one had ever called me until that day! The worst thing happened as my aunt took me around to each and every person there for a close-up look at me in panties. She even made me step completely out of my trousers and pulled my shirt off, so I was waltzed around to each of my relatives wearing nothing but my new pink panties. They all got a good look, and a lot of them couldn't resist touching the panties. My grandfather was the worst; he grabbed my little cock through the silky panties and held it real tight as he asked me what it was that I had in my panties. All the while he laughed so hard he got tears in his eyes. Before he let go of my pantied penis, he gave it a real hard pinch that made me scream and collapse in my aunt's arms.

As if that wasn't bad enough, the next day, Mom had a number of her lady friends and their daughters over for a visit (unknown to me all of them were members of mom's Demale chapter). Mom exposed me to them in my panties and the whole humiliation thing was replayed all over again. Those women and girls were vicious with their laughter and name calling, and things didn't stop until my sisters had me all dressed up in a party dress and made me spin around to show off my panties underneath. Then it was revealed to me that three of the little girls there were actually little sissyboys in dresses too, and they each accepted me as one of them with long, open-mouthed french kisses.

After that I not only wore panties every day, I regularly played with those other boy-girls. I didn't want to, but they had plenty to blackmail me with, so I had to do whatever my mom told me to do. There was no more baseball or basketball in my life, only sissy stuff. Putting me in dresses and panties and making me play with these other sissyboys with our sisters and mothers dominating and overseeing us was their way of training us to femininity. Actually, they wanted us four boys to become faggots, and eventually they forced us to learn all about making love to each other including cocksucking and butt fucking. Two of the boys turned out gay, real flaming queens. Another one of the boys ended up just a panty fetishist

who lives in the cottage behind his sister's house, and he jacks off every day all day long. That's about all he does when he's not sexually servicing his sister. She makes him jerk-off into his food before she lets him eat it, and makes him eat her pussy as well as orally serve any of her lesbian friends who want to use him. Me, I'm straight, and my sister found a woman for me to marry, but we've never had sex. I'm her cuckold and maid. She uses me as a fluffer giving blowjobs to excite the guys who are going to fuck her, and afterwards, I have to clean her out and clean the cocks that have just exited her pussy.

I'm now 36 years old and as happy as I can be, and it all started when I was nine years old when my mom took me from being a typical little boy to being very sensitive, compassionate, and understanding of girls and within a few months a total slave to them, and I've been one ever since.

Jerk-off John

The photo of me attached is from those old days of dressing up in my sister's clothes. Even my lacy pink panties are sticking out of my miniskirt!

Mom has been a member since April 1978.

I've been an associate member since 1979, and since 1992, a full member (I helped to demale my wife's father and two baby brothers into the sissy lifestyle).

Provincetown Panty Boy Chapter, Member #03698 7

My
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My wife is a rather recent member of the Demale Society, but she's no stranger to dominating me and carrying on sexually with "real" men. She came from a real uptight religious family. They were Baptists, and she wanted to stay a virgin until we got married, so when we were out necking, she'd remove her panties and jerk me off into them.

It was unintentional, but after a year and half courtship, I was thoroughly hooked on her giving me a

handjob into her panties, and once we were married, we both discovered that I couldn't stay erect long enough to penetrate her and ejaculate unless she used her panties on my penis on me until I was ready to shoot. Then I had to hurry up and stick it in her before I went soft again. She got tired of doing that because she wanted to stretch out our lovemaking and concentrate on her own pleasure. But I'd get very excited and be ready to cum quickly at just the sight of her with her panties in her hand. Sex was disappointing for her because it was always over with so fast, and she had no time to build up sexually and enjoy it. So she started having me wear her panties while we screwed. That helped her a lot, but still I would come too fast even if she tried everything not to excite me too much. I was crestfallen with shame because I couldn't please her and had become so addicted to her panties.

She was pissed and getting angrier by the day. Finally, she reacted by replacing my usual cotton men's underwear with satin and nylon panties. She theorized that if I wore them all the time maybe I would get used to them and not become too excited with them on when we had sex. I begged her not to make me wear them every day for my regular underwear, but she's a strong-willed woman, and I knew if I wanted to keep peace in the house, I'd have to wear them, and I have worn ladies' panties ever since.

Now, I must admit I liked wearing a pretty pair of lace trimmed panties every day even under my suit to work, but I feared someone would find out. Luckily, it didn't happen. For a while we had sex with me wearing the panties because I could fuck her pretty well as long as I had them on and she was playing with my ass and hips through the silky nylon, and that's how we had sex when she got pregnant with our son. But I was still cumming too quickly for her satisfaction, and most of the time she complained that she could barely feel me penetrate her. She wondered out loud if my cock was big enough to do the job. I told her I always thought I was about average size, but in my heart, I knew my penis was probably a lot smaller than most other guys.

My wife started to give me handjobs and make me cream inside my panties whenever she thought I had been especially good to her and deserve it, but she didn't even allow me to try to fuck her anymore. She claimed that getting excited and then having a big let down because I was already finished was not her idea of fun. So we haven't had regular sex in over six years now.

I think her disappointment with me and frustration with sex was part of the reason she threw out a lot of her religious beliefs. A lot of her girlfriends were to blame for how she was changing too. Apparently all of them were sexually happy, and to my embarrassment, she confided in them about our sexual problems. She compared notes with them and discovered that my penis was small. She told me that she had even told them the whole thing about me being hooked on her panties and wearing them every day! The way she had explained it to them made it sound like my wearing of her panties was my own choice! I know they had a lot of laughs at my expense, and being around them with them knowing I had on silky panties under my clothes was thoroughly humiliating. They never said a word directly to me about it, but I knew they knew, and that knowledge along with their winks and smirks was totally unnerving. Her friends got her to believe I was pretty weird, so eventually she complained that having sex with me in panties was perverted and said all she had ever wanted was a real man to put his big cock inside her and make her feel like a complete woman.

At about that time, her friends got her to join the Demale Society, and she started going out on me. We never discussed it, but I eventually came to realize that she was cheating on me. She rarely gave me handjobs anymore. Instead, she'd usually throw a pair of her dirty panties at me and have me masturbate for her as she sat at her vanity putting on her makeup and getting dressed to go out for the night. She'd watch me in the mirror. The smile on her face hurt. I knew that inside she was laughing at me. She'd tell me she was going to a Demale Society meeting, but I knew they only met once a week, not the two or three times a week she used that as an excuse. She still uses that excuse, but now it's almost become a code word between us, meaning that she's going to go out and get herself royally fucked! But I don't say anything. I'm sure she realizes I know she has sex with other men on a regular basis. Some nights I can even smell the male cum on her! She doesn't bother to wash out her slimy pussy before she tells me she'd like me to give her oral sex, something she has developed an insatiable appetite for since she started her cheating life-style. I comply and faithfully attend to her pussy loaded with another man's jism. I look up as I'm doing that, and I see her smiling and moaning and having orgasms from my licking. She says she loves me going down on her, but I'm sure a lot of her pleasure comes from thinking about her cuckolded sissy husband lapping up her sloppy well-fucked pussy.

She stated years ago that she was definitely going to feminize our son at some point, the only question was to when she thought it was a good time to start doing it. He's seven now, and lately, she's been saying that she thinks the time is right. I've been begging her to wait until he's a little older, so he has a chance to have at least a few years of being a typical boy. The kid is already way below the curve when it comes to boyish traits and pretty much of a sissy since she raised him to be so sweet, gentle and kind. But she doesn't listen to me or care what I want. When I protest about most anything, she just gets me in bed and starts jerking me off through my panties, and within moments, she has me agreeing to everything she says and everything she wants.



It finally started. I came home the other day and found her in the bathroom with the door open, putting makeup on our son. As she was applying the makeup, I saw she had him sitting on the commode in a skirt and peasant blouse. I have no idea where she got those clothes because they fit him perfectly. And he was sitting there quietly and cooperating with her completely. Once she was finished, she marched him out in front of me. She didn't say a thing to me about what she had done. He was blushing and avoided looking me in the eye as she told him to watch a video she brought home until it was time for dinner. That's how things are going in this house, and I'm helpless to change it. I watched the video too. It was a tape of a beauty pageant for preteen boys that her chapter of the Demale Society held last year! I bet she's getting him ready to compete in this year's contest!

I'm writing this on behalf of other guys who are slaves to their wives and girlfriends, and I'm pleading with your membership not to start feminizing boys at too young of an age. The world needs regular boys too, not just fags and sissyboys!

Chuck the Cuck

I'm wearing pink briefs with butterflies and tiny little flower bows on each hip that my wife has custom made for me because she says she can't find panties sissy enough for me in the stores. I'm not a member, but my wife belongs to the Garden City Bloomers Chapter in New York. She wears full-cut briefs usually in pastel colors but often in naughty black or virginal white. She likes these big panties because they really cover my whole face when she makes me spend the night wearing a dirty pair of them over my head. She'll probably make me wear shit-stained pairs of her panties every night for a week after she finds out that I wrote this letter to you, but I felt I had to plead on behalf of defenseless young boy s.



Turned into a sissy maid after being caught with panties in my pocket

I've been a panty fetishist for as long as I can remember. I thought I had gotten away with it for years, but this is the story of what happened when I finally got exposed and got punished for stealing panties. I was fourteen at the time, and my oldest sister was twenty and living away from home with a very pretty roommate named Jilly, who came from a dominant female home. Even though she liked being submissive to most other females, including my butch but sexy sister Susan, Jilly was very dominant over men and boys. She along with her mom belonged to the Demale Society for years, and they got my sister to join too. After she told them about my panty perversion, they decided to bust me and train me to serve them. Here's how it happened:

“Empty out your pockets, David,” Jilly said. I looked at the tall blonde in bewilderment, not believing what I heard. I turned to my sister Susan for help, but she had her arms folded with a determined look on her face.

Jilly snapped “I have lost at least three pairs of panties since you started coming around. Yesterday, I know you took a very expensive blue lace pair from the top drawer in my room. They're my favorite panties, and I want them back.

"Now, don't try to lie to us. Susan told me how you used to steal her panties when she was still living at home, so today I set a trap for you, and the pink panties I put on top in the laundry bin are missing. Give them back to me."

I did indeed have Jilly's pink panties in my pocket, and back home I had nearly a dozen other pairs of panties I had stolen from my sister and her roommate since they had moved in together. Totally frazzled and blushing terribly, I hung my head low as I dipped my hand into my jacket pocket, pulled out the ball of pink panties and handed them to Jilly. Hurriedly, I mumbled, "I'm sorry," and turned to run out the door, but my big, tall sister was blocking my path!

"Not so quickly, you little faggot," Susan said. "Jilly, phone the police! I don't care if he is my brother, this has been going on for years and it's got to stop. He's stolen over a hundred dollars worth of panties from us, so let's press charges and get this little panty pervert locked up!"

I was shocked that my own sister wanted to call the cops on me, but she was a no-nonsense babe, and I didn't doubt her for a moment. Suddenly a desperately embarrassing moment had turned hellish. I contemplated fighting my way past Susan and fleeing, but Jilly snapped that if I tried to force my way out of the apartment, I would be charged with assault as well. Jilly had the phone in her hand and was ready to make the call as I kept repeating that I was sorry and pleaded with them not to do it.

Jilly paused and asked my sister if she should go ahead and call the police or should they punish me themselves.

I roared in with my pinion, telling them I'd do whatever punishment they set for me if they didn't call the cops.

They decided to talk it over, and with the proviso "stay the hell out of our panty drawers," they locked me in their bedroom for a few minutes while they discussed what they were going to do with me.

About ten minutes later, they opened the door and came into the bedroom. My sister said, "You are a deplorable pervert. Are you going to be stealing panties for the rest of your life? I should tell Mom and Dad. Mom knows already anyway, but Dad would beat the shit out of you. Why can't you be like normal boys and chase after girls instead of chasing after their panties? Well, you're ours now, and we've come up with a punishment that's either going to make or break you."

Jilly continued, "Ever since your sister told me about your disgusting panty stealing habit and we started losing panties here, we've been wondering if you'd ever grow up and get over this obsession, but it doesn't look like that is going to happen without putting you through some traumatic sort of punishment, so this is what we want from you."

My sister was always hitting up our parents up for money so she could buy more clothes, so I stared at them in dismay and assumed they wanted me do something like clean out my piggy bank and hand it

over to them. But I soon found out they didn't want my money.

"I know the law," Jilly said, "and if we turn you over to the cops, you'll get three months for your repeated thefts of our panties, and you deserve it. However, an alternative to going to the juvenile home would be to serve the rest of the summer working for us here. That's almost three months before you have to go back to school."

I interrupted and readily agreed to work for them for the summer.

"Well, you might not be so hasty once you know what kind of work you'll be doing, but you have little choice. I'm sure you realize what would happen to you in the juvie home once word got out that you were there for stealing girls' panties. Those tough delinquents would treat you like a faggot girlie-boy and have you sucking cocks every day and getting fucked in the ass every night."

"I'll work for you! I'll work for you! I'll do whatever you want!"

"OK, then, this is what's going to happen," Susan said. "I'll call Mom and Dad and tell them you're moving in with us for the summer to help us redecorate our apartment. You will not have any time for your friends because you will be here full time working for us. You will only be allowed out to do the shopping and run errands for us, but the rest of the time you will be our housekeeper and maid. We will empty out the storage cupboard and turn it into a little room for you, where you will sleep. I will explain your duties after you have told us your decision. Do you still agree, or do I call the police?"

"I agree," I said, woefully pondering the consequences, but confident that they'd let up on me after a while, and I'd have free time and be able to get together with my friends. Besides, what other choice did I have? I certainly wasn't gay and didn't want to be the fuck doll for all those perverts in juvenile hall. I had already spent one night there for getting caught drinking with my buddies until my dad was able to get me out.

"OK, but you have to do everything we tell you, or we will call the cops. And I mean everything; we aren't joking. You are in serious need of a mental health tune up, and we plan on giving it to you."

They took me out to the living room and pointed to some clothing laid out on the couch.

"Here is your uniform," they said in unison.

I flushed, suddenly realizing the full extent of what they were intending. The pile of clothing contained a short black dress with white lace that I recognized as the French maids' costume Jilly wore last Halloween, and next to it were stockings and suspenders, a white slip and a pair of her black high heels!

She tossed the panties I had tried to steal onto the pile and snapped "Since you like these pink panties so much, you will put them on now and wear them for your first day of duty."

I considered trying to bolt and run, but I knew I had no choice, so I picked up the clothes and turned to go into the bathroom to change, but my sister insisted that I undress right there in front of them. I asked if I could change in private, but she refused. I think she already knew why I was so reluctant. When I had everything off except my trousers, I tried to push them down together with the pale blue panties I had on underneath, but they stopped me and told me to just pull my trousers down and leave my underwear on. And when I did so, the panties I was secretly wearing came into view.

Jilly hissed, "Those are mine too! Those are my good blue panties!"

Susan snapped, "I thought so. For that you get punished. Get your pants all the way off, bend over the sofa and then don't move."

I did it and then waited. Trembling, I had wondered if she was going to spank me, but I almost smiled at the thought since that seemed so ridiculous. I had never been spanked in my life by anyone, much less my sister. But I gasped when she returned and heard a swooshing sound. She was carrying a crook handled bamboo cane and slicing it through the air with practice strokes. It was a cane like teachers used to use to punish kids in school. I wondered why she had such a thing, and over the next three months, I discovered that Susan often used it on Jilly. I learned other things about them too, like the fact that they were lesbian lovers. Lesbians were something the guys would joke about in school, but it was difficult even imagining such females existed, much less that my own sister was one. But I had no time for such thoughts at that very moment because I was just appalled and terrified that she was going to use that thing on me.

"Now, don't you dare move off the arm of this sofa. The two of us are going to give you fifteen smacks with the cane, and with each one we'll give you one of our fifteen rules you will have to obey while you are in our service."

Fifteen cracks! I always thought six was the most anybody got for anything! Shaking with dread, I pushed my face down into the cushion and waited.

Jilly started my punishment. I heard her say, "You will be punished whenever you go against us in any way. Now, listen closely; here are the rules." The cane sliced in, and I squealed as my virgin butt in her pale blue panties received the most stinging blow I had ever felt. "One. You will not touch our clothes at any time except with our permission and under our supervision.

"You seem to like going through our laundry, well, now you can." The cane hissed down, driving a second blaze of pain across my backside. "Rule number two: Saturday is laundry day. You will take all of our dirty clothes down to the laundry room and put them in the washing machine, sit and wait for them and then put them in the drier and wait for them to dry before bringing them back up to the apartment. For this job, you can wear an old pair of my jeans and one of my crop tops, but you have to keep your panties and training bra on underneath. It's too bad if someone sees you. Most of the people

in our building will probably find out about you being a pervert sissy panty thief before your sentence is up. We already plan on notifying all the women and girls in the building that we have a panty thief serving his sentence with us and will ask them to report to us if they ever are missing any panties from their wash.

“After you are finished downstairs, you'll come back up and, under our supervision, iron all the laundry and then fold and put away everything except our panties. The panties you will put on a silver platter and take to our bedroom. There we will watch you as you say a prayer to each pair of panties, kiss them and ask them to forgive you for being a panty pervert and plead with them to release you from their grasp. Then you will fold that pair, place it in the dresser drawer and then repeat the entire process with each of the other pairs of panties as you lovingly put them away one by one.

“Throughout the entire process of doing our laundry, don't you dare let us catch you unnecessarily handling our panties and other lingerie. I think you know what I mean by that.”

Susan hissed, “My turn!” And the next thing I heard was the swish of the cane as it came thundering down across my blue pantied ass. “Are you aware that when you go to the toilet here, you dribble and miss? So from now on you must sit down when you pee and you must leave the door open so we can see that you are sitting and not standing when you take a piss. Rule three: You will scrub the bathroom and toilet daily.”

Crack!

Excruciating pain! I frantically rubbed my throbbing bum as Jilly spoke.

“Four. You will wake up each morning, dress in your maids' outfit or whatever else we put out for you to wear, put on makeup, fix your hair and fix us breakfast. I hope you can cook because you'll be making most of our meals, and if you can't cook, you'll be punished for not knowing and you will learn quickly unless you want to be caned daily.

“Take your hands off your bum,” Jilly yelled. “Rubbing is not allowed during punishment.”

I put my hands down on the cushion. The next stroke came quickly, as she said “Five. You will learn how to apply your own makeup and how to arrange your hair into a sissy kind of style, and you will learn quickly or more punishments will be added.”

The cane sliced in again, and I tried to hold back the tears, but my bum was throbbing.

Susan spoke. “Six. You will never sit in any of the chairs in this house. When we are not here, you may sit on the floor, but when in our presence you will stand or kneel.”

I heard Jilly giggle as she added, “...except when you are bending over like this,” and she hit me with the

next stroke that cut in low along the crease of my butt and made me kick my heels desperately. “Rule seven is that you will keep a punishment book, in which you will record any mistakes or errors that you make, whether seen by us or not. On Sunday morning of each week, you will be punished for every misdeed in your punishment book.”

She ran her hand over my throbbing, welted bottom before giving me the next stroke, hitting me with great gusto. “Rule eight, you must wear your girlie clothes, makeup and jewelry expertly and endlessly practice looking, behaving and talking like a girl. We will be bringing boyfriends and girlfriends around, and you will be punished severely if they discover you are not a girl.”

Susan waited a long time before giving me the next stroke and then waited again until I stopped bawling and was still before saying, “Rule nine. For you, no sex! We'll lock you in a cock cage every moment you are not in our sight. When one of us is with you, we'll let you out of the cage, but never leave you alone to play with your penis. Since you aren't allowed to masturbate or cum in any way without our permission, your cock will certainly be erect a lot, but that's OK, we feel it is a tribute to our femininity and our dominance over you. When you are around our friends, we'll keep you dressed in sexy full skirts that will hide your little boner inside your silky panties.”

Another savage cut stopped me thinking about that.

“Ten.” Jilly's voice had amusement in it as she announced, “A lot of our girlfriends we will let know that you are a panty faggot, and we'll give them full permission to play with you in any way they want, and you must obey them completely – no matter what they want you to do!”

Crack!

Behind me, I heard her say, “Now that you are living here all the time, you will find out that we often like to walk around in just our lingerie or even naked. Rule eleven is that you are to keep your eyes lowered whenever we are not fully dressed.”

Next, Susan struck me with a savage stroke that made me clench my burning hot bum and holler out in pain.

“This should be obvious,” she said, “but just in case temptation clouds your common sense, rule twelve is that you must not touch us without permission. Even accidental contact — for instance when placing food before us or handing us anything — is to be recorded in your little book. Any touching will be dealt with immediately and severely.”

Jilly added, “There are some exceptions to those last two rules. Like any lady's maid, you will be required to assist us with our toilette and dressing. I like to have my back scrubbed in the shower, and will require you to do it. We shave our pubic hair, and from now on that is your job. Obviously you will be required to look at us and touch us when doing these things.”

Crack! I howled and hooted, and she waited until I was quiet.

“Good boy. So rule thirteen is that, when ordered, you are to touch us, but only as instructed.”

She took her time before placing the next stroke right in the crease where my bum and thighs join, and the pain made me fly off the sofa and fall onto the floor, frantically clasp my blazing butt. I looked up at Jilly and saw that she had her left hand up under her skirt! She kept it there while I recovered, her fingers moving slowly, her eyes glazed, and her voice was low and soft and sweet as she murmured

“Come on, David, you little panty wearing fruitcake. Pull your panties up and get back over the couch; we haven't finished yet.”

My blue panties had sagged and fallen a bit during this abusive punishment, but somehow I got the strength to pull my panties back up, groaning as every fiber of the panties touched my aching behind before I fell back onto the sofa and back into position.

Jilly gently caressed my aching bottom before I felt the cane again, but her touch imparted as much pain as relief. She lifted the cane high above me yet again and let out with a triumphant squeal as it sliced down upon me. Since she was often on the receiving end of a caning, she was really enjoying dishing it out to me and hitting me as hard as she could possibly muster. As the cane hit, I wondered if three months in juvenile hall might have been a better option.

“Rule fourteen, David, is that I like to be watched when I masturbate. That will be your job, but this only applies to me. Also remember rule twelve that you are not allowed to touch me when I play with myself in my panties.”

Susan took the cane.

Crack!

“David, this is the last rule – for now. Rule fifteen is that you will sometimes be required to massage Jilly or me in any way that we want a massage, either sexual or nonsexual. And we often like a very stimulating massage just before we have sex, and that will be your job. We'll teach you how, and you better learn fast and learn to do it well. And after the massage and we're ready for sex, we'll have you go stand in the corner with your face against the wall.”

I turned to look at them. Susan and Jilly were looking longingly into each other's eyes and had their hands under each other's skirt and folding each other through wet panties. It was then that I realized that when they said they wanted me to massage them before sex, they meant before they had sex with each other! I was so shocked but so erotically turned on that I involuntarily began humping the sofa and my cock started shooting cum into my pale blue panties.

They saw what I was doing and just laughed as they sent each other into orgasm.

Once we had all quieted down, Susan said, "Those are all the rules for now, David, although we may add to them at any time. "Now, get up and take Jilly's panties off."

I stood up to do so, and found that I left a wet spot on the arm of their sofa.

"You'll get punished for that," my sister said pointing to the spot of my cum with the tip of the cane. That will be the second entry in your punishment book. The first entry will be cumming without permission."

I wiggled out of the wet blue panties. My cock was still hard. They looked at me and laughed.

Jilly smiled as she looked down at me. "Hmmm, I see why Susan always refers to you as her 'baby' brother! Go wash yourself off, pantywaist, and then you can put on my pink panties that you tried to steal, and we'll see how nice you look in your penis cage and new maids' uniform. You're going to love servicing us, you little panty-wearing pervert!"

Of course, they didn't cure me of my panty fetishism; they only reinforced it and made me into a panty slave, which was their intention all along. In addition they made me into a crossdressing sissy maid totally devoted to all females, and I learned to love my life with them. Since that summer, I spent every possible minute at their apartment as their sissy maid, and I moved in with them permanently after graduating from school. It's now six years later, and to me, the Demale way of life for a man or boy is the only way a male can achieve any significant degree of real happiness in this world as he serves females instead of himself and stupid male ideals.

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Thanks, Mom, for
the new pink rhumba
panties. Wait till I
show Danny! He'll
be jealous and want
some just like them.



Demale Society

Notices

Added 1/6/05

To: Slutty Sissies Chapter Members

***Subject: Weekend Valentine's Day Party & Slutty Fashion Show
Sat & Sun, February 12-13, 2005.***

Sat: Cocktails 6:30 pm. Buffet Dinner 8:00 pm. Slutty Fashion Show 9:30 pm.

Sunday: Continental Breakfast 9-11:00 am with a Cupid's Fashion Show for teens and preteens.

See attached photo of Austin Berkmeier, last year's Cupid Fashion show winner.

We've reserved a block of rooms across the street from the hall at the Residence Inn. Reserve now. We can only guarantee room availability until Feb. 1. For more info, leave me a Yahoo IM, or if I'm not online, e-mail me (you know the address). Our drag sisters from NYC's "Boys Without Balls Chapter" will be waitressing and partying with us.

From June S. Chapter Secretary

"A pantywaist slave boy with too much time on his hands isn't spending enough time on his knees!"





Nightly prayer for sissyboys in training

From the time they can talk, make your sissyboys in training recite sayings and prayers that you make up to reinforce their self image and place in our world. To inspire you to create your own sayings and prayers, here are some of the things I make my boys say after they say their prayers every night:

"I am here to serve all females!"

"I'm inferior because I have a cock!"

"I wear lace panties because I am a sissy!"

"I will eat my cum if I spurt without permission!"

"I'm a sissy gay boy because all men and boys are born homosexuals."

"I'll always carry extra pairs of panties in my purse, and at church, in school and when playing, I let other boys see I am wearing girls'

panties and try to get them to wear panties too."

"If a boy calls me a faggot, I'll tell him that I am and I'll give him a blowjob if he wants it."

From Meg in Winnipeg

Master Baiter Boybuster Chapter

I've enclosed a pic of my youngest, already well on his way to sissynood .



Meet a teenage girl with a panty fetish who feminizes Navy boys and trains them to panties too!

I'm not a black leather-wearing bitch of a broad. Actually, I'm quite an ordinary teenage girl-next-door type, but with a slight difference. I have a panty fetish! After my dad or brothers do the laundry and leave a stack of my freshly laundered lingerie on my bed, I personally put them away in my dresser because I have always had a special way of folding my pretty underthings and putting them in my drawer.

And when I put on a pair of panties, it's a ritual. I hold them up, inspect them to make sure they are neat, clean and without any tears or other blemishes, I give them a little kiss and then take a full five minutes just slowly pulling them up my legs and lovingly settling them into position to perfectly encase my body front and back. I

never get over the thrill of pulling them up high while gyrating my hips to increase their silkiness against my every nerve ending that they touch.

I know you thought only men were panty fetishists. Wrong! A lot of women have all kinds of fetishes, but they can indulge themselves in their fetishes (shoes, furs, lingerie, hair, makeup, nylon etc.) without most people being the wiser. Women are more discreet about their fetishes than men because they can 'perform' sexually without them, but a hardcore male fetishist is lost without his beloved sex object!

So I'm a panty fetishist, and I've made a lot of males into panty fetishists too. Some I've totally feminized. And some I let cling to being a macho male on the outside while wearing their pretty little panties under their he-man clothes. I insist that even the manliest of men I date occasionally wear a pair of panties (preferably mine if they can fit into them) as a token of their love for me. I'll have nothing to do with a man who thinks it is beneath him to wear female clothes, even if it's just a pair of my panties and even if he's not effeminate, a panty fetishist or a sissy. And you may think it's weird, but I love to force my remales to wear my panties loaded with my pussy juice and soaked with their cum after I'd had sex with them.

I had a fetish for panties since I was a little kid. You've heard of women's intuition, well, what I have borders on psychic powers. I almost scare myself sometimes with the things that come into my mind out of nowhere—and come true! When I was six years old, on a lark, my mother took me to see a fortuneteller, one of those roadside dives you used to see along the East coast by the Naval and Army bases. It happened to be located next to a gas station. Our car had overheated so while the mechanics were working on it, Mom totted me over to this shabby little house and had my fortune told.

The fortuneteller wasn't very old, probably in her thirties or maybe early forties, but to me, at the time, she seemed ancient. Her skin was heavily tanned and weather-beaten. Her clothes were gaudy and wrinkled, but she had large brown eyes, and with them, she stared at me like I was the only thing left standing on earth. She started talking to me about clothing. I had mentioned that we had just come from shopping. Somehow she figured out that Mom had just bought me some new panties. I try to think back to that moment. Maybe I tipped her off somehow, but I honestly don't think so. Pretty soon, the woman, my mother and I were all laughing about it. I even opened up my bag and showed them to her. I really loved my pretty panties, and this woman surely sensed it. When I was little they were my pals. I loved to feel their silkiness against my skin, and I was forever sneaking my hand beneath my dress to finger the lace and silky fabric. If I were wearing shorts, I'd snake my fingers down the waistband or up the leg opening to revel in their soft and slippery feel.

When that fortuneteller woman saw those panties, she touched them and stared in my eyes, and her expression changed. She seemed to sense something very secret about me. She asked me if I loved my father and, enthusiastically, I told her I did. When I told her I had an older and a younger brother, she wanted to know if I loved them too. I told her 'yes,' but in a different way from how I loved my father. With the pairs of panties still in her hands, she told me that she knew that they were very special to me.

She even said that panties would define my life as I grew into womanhood. She looked in my eyes and said she was shocked to be able to see so deeply inside me, saying I was almost a fully mature woman already and that I had special gifts instilled in me at birth, gifts that would make me a queen. When I told her my dad already called me 'Queenie,' the woman got a very worried look on her face and asked to speak alone with my mother. The two of them talked for a minute out of my hearing range, and then Mom paid the woman fifteen dollars. Before we left, the old woman picked up the panties again and this time recited an incantation as she blessed them while holding them over some burning incense. As we left, the woman told me that one day I would be queen over a lot of males not just my father, and my panties would help me be strong and always make me happy.

After the car was fixed and on our way home, Mom told me that the old woman suspected that Dad and possibly my older brother were molesting me. Not knowing what to say, I denied it, especially since just the mention of the subject made Mom all crazy. But it was true, my father and my brothers had taken liberties with me for years, but seeing Mom's reaction let me know I had something that I could hold over my father and brothers if I ever decided to use it. Soon after that I turned the tables and started to assert myself over them by telling them that I might tell Mom and maybe even the police about the things they had done to me. That scared them, and I told them not to worry if they treated me nice. I wanted to be smart about this newfound power; I didn't simply want to take advantage of them and have them wait on me like slaves. I wanted to deal with more important things. No, instead I picked my moments and took charge of things when it was important to me. Otherwise, life continued on as usual. Mom was never any the wiser, even though she'd often do a double take when she saw my father and brothers do some of the crazy things I told them to do.

Another great fascination I have is for boy juice! Cum! Jism! I always thought it was so amazing that a girl could workup a boy to the point that he'd spurt! When a girl sees a boy do that and she knows that he did it because he was thinking of her; that's exciting! It gives a girl such a feeling of power. And after I matured a bit, I also discovered that there is a great feeling of power a girl can get by NOT letting a boy shoot off his cum. And if a girl knows enough about jism and the male body, that boy won't be able to cheat and get away with it! A smart girl, who really knows about boys, can accurately tell the last time a boy came by cupping his balls and feeling the weight of them in the palm of her hand. Also whenever she does allow him to spurt, she can tell how long it has been since the last time he spurted by examining his boy juice. Each guy is a bit different, and his age has a lot to do with it, but you can discover all you need to know by examining the consistency of his discharge: Thick or thin, clear or rich creamy white, smooth or clumpy: these tell you how long it has been since his last seminal discharge.

Tara Ann

Satin & Lace Chapter, Newport News

In the photo I'm holding open a beautiful pair of Vanity Fair panties for you to step into! There are a lot of Navy men in our city, and you'd be astounded how many of them I've gotten addicted to panties. At this moment, there are at least a hundred of them on ships around the world wearing a pair of my panties! Every week I send out pairs of my perfumed and cum-filled panties to my favorite

servicemen panty boy slaves.

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The Bashful Bow Boy
Austin Berkmerier
2003 Winner of the
Cupid's Fashion Show





