

The **Demale Society** *Training Manual*

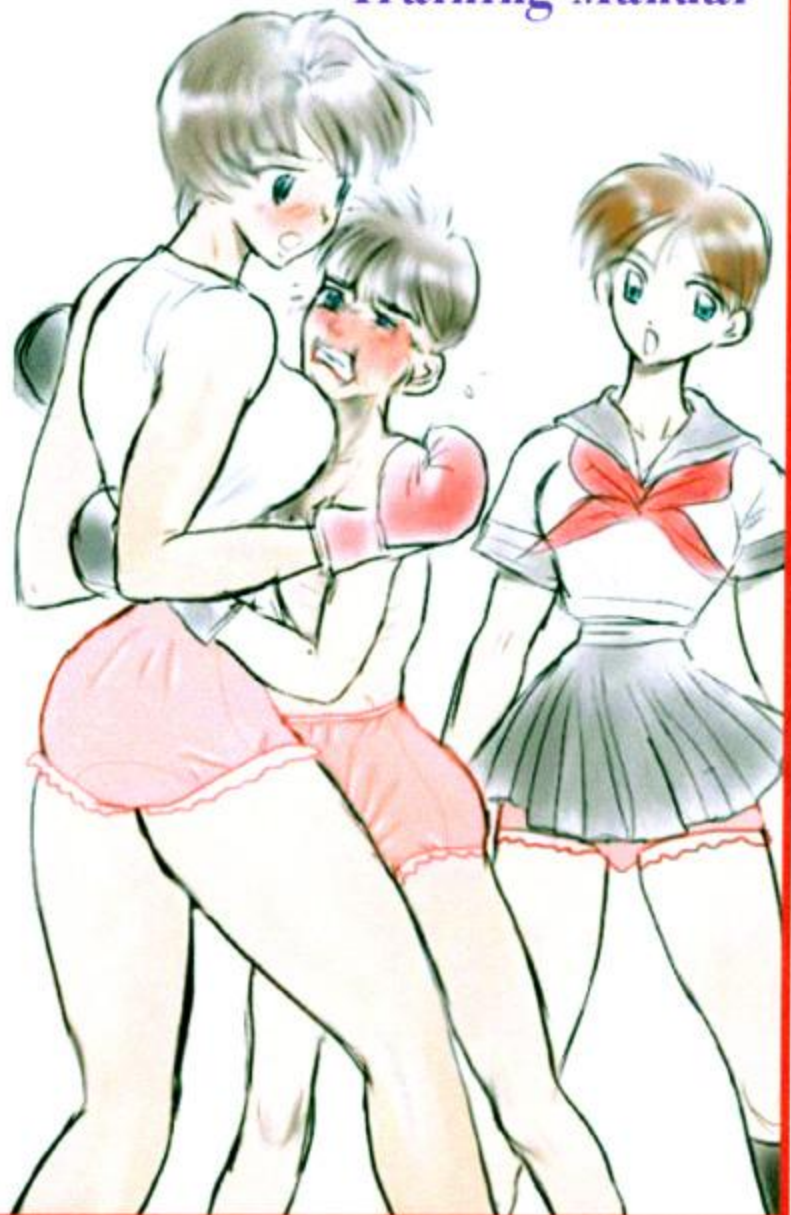
Volume #39

*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

*Clever females outdo males
at their own games and
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.*

*Fantasy
Entertainment*

Adults Only



November 2006
Demale Society Poster Boy
www.Demale.com

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**Demale Society
Stories & Pictures**

Added 8/18/06

I Panty Trained My Wimp Husband Right Out of His Ability to Fuck Me!

Following Demale Society guidelines, I had been dominating my sissy husband for close to a year. He was a wimp to start with, so it wasn't difficult. I trained him to panties in nothing flat and had him jerking off in them nightly. It sure took the pressure off me of his wanting to have sex with me all the time. Then he got so hooked on panties that he liked jacking off in them more than having sex with me. Of course, he never admitted that to me, but I could tell because he would willingly and unashamedly dance around in pink panties and wank himself silly every day, but when we had sex, it took him forever to cum inside me.



Like I said, it took the pressure off me to have sex with him, but I did want a baby. I just didn't want a baby by him; I didn't want to get impregnated by a sissy pansy. I wanted to get knocked up by a real traditional sort of man. The relationship with my husband kind of went weird at that point. I was sexually frustrated and wanted a good fuck, but I had never gone out with another man much less have one fuck me since I was married. So I was sex starved for some good fucking, my husband couldn't so it, and I didn't even want him to do it: His cock wasn't very big, it didn't get very hard (at least when inside me), and I knew he much preferred wanking into his panties. So, I went with it: I threw out all his boxers and replaced them with pretty pink nylon brief-style panties, and thereafter, that's all he ever wore for underwear. But in my sexually unsatisfied frustration, I constantly humiliated him, and it didn't turn him off! In fact, I know he enjoyed it. So one of my favorite things to do to punish him for any little thing (but actually retribution for being so ineffective making love to me) was to put his head into our toilet after I had peed or pooped, shove his face into it and then flush! He'd come up sputtering and spitting with that fucking blue water all over him! I'm sending a photo showing me dunking him – and in the background you can see clipped to the towel bar his freshly hand laundered panties drying from just that one day of pink panty wanking!

I didn't say anything to my husband, but I was preparing to find the right guy and have sex with him with the idea of getting pregnant. I didn't want a Demale Society remale, at least not for getting pregnant; I wanted a traditional kind of guy who knew nothing of our society. I thought that would humiliate my husband even more, and it was important to me to know that I didn't get pregnant by a sissy or some nameless stud who had been groomed just to satisfy women and not really have any interest in being a father to a kid. I'm a Demale member, but I did want my kid to have as normal of a life as possible (be it a boy or a girl) at least until he or she was old enough to understand and handle the Demale Society lifestyle.

Then when I felt everything was just right, it happened.

I noticed him as soon as we entered the museum. He was dressed impeccably in worn but washer-fresh jeans and a dark blue blazer over a tight white T-shirt. He was very distinguished looking, kind of like a college professor. His beard was gray with his hair cropped close to minimize his bald spot. He seemed to follow us around the exhibits always looking at the same photos we were looking at. It was an avant-garde exhibition of sexually explicit photographs by legendary photographer Tillman. I kept looking at this handsome guy as much as the photos, and he gave me a periodic smile.

At first he was just out of earshot but soon kept closing in so he could hear us. I could tell he was interested, especially as I kept mocking Sally, my husband, so the man could hear me. I called my husband a “sissy,” “no good in bed,” “a wimp,” and “a girlie-man” in addition to addressing him as “Sally,” the feminine version of his real name, which is Salvador.

Then this guy got close and asked my opinion about a photo. It was a picture of a guy jacking himself off in the woods, his action barely covered by foliage. I said it was a shame he had to be by himself, and if I were there, I'd gladly take care of that problem.

The guy laughed and said he wished he could be so lucky. He took my arm and we continued our way through the gallery. As usual, my out-of-it husband didn't even notice this guy closing in on me. (Sally had his hands down his pants pockets the whole time – and he had cut holes in the pockets, so he could feel and play with his pink panties underneath all day long!) He didn't know what was going on until we were lingering at the picture of Tillman's model with her boyfriend's head under her big skirt all puffed out with cancan petticoats, obviously giving her oral sex, while the girl looked right into the camera with a stone cold face and gave the cameraman the finger. The man asked me what I thought of the picture. I replied that was the perfect position for my husband after some wonderful guy with a sizable piece of manhood and unloaded it in me. The man laughed and said he would love to see me in that position. My husband now was tuned in to my closeness to the man and our interchanges and began giving me startled looks.

As we walked on, the man touched me, at first just to steer me towards a particular photo, but then he began to rub his hands up and down my back, making his way to my ass. He would cup my cheeks and slide his hand down in my ass crack. He even brushed his hand across the front of my skirt a few times, sliding right over my hot pussy. I looked at my husband and he was shocked, but he knew he was in no position to complain. I just looked at my little pantywaist and told him I liked this man and wanted to be with him. The guy, I then found out his name was Hal, steered me towards a secluded part of the gallery and told my husband to stand watch so he could properly feel me up. Hal began touching me everywhere, my breasts, my butt, my stomach and my pussy. He put his hands under my skirt and gave me a good panty feel all over.

My husband was looking at us more than standing watch, and he was barely able to warn us by loudly clearing his throat, as a group of girl scouts came into the area we were at. Hal whispered in my ear that he wanted to be with me. My face lit up, and I told him I wanted him to get me pregnant.

Hal asked me why I was even with my husband since he should be giving me babies, not a strange man. I replied that Sally was very much in love with me, did a lot of things for me and bought a lot of expensive things for me (since he had access to a lot of his wealthy family's money), and besides, I didn't believe in divorce. I told him Sally (Hal laughed when I call my husband that) allowed me to have and do what ever I wanted, and I told Hal that at the moment, I wanted him and invited him to our penthouse condo. I said my husband would be there to help us in any way we needed! Hal got another good laugh at that.

He said it all sounded fine to him and turned to me and kissed me. I said we needed to leave then and walked to the exit. As we approached the curb, my big black limo pulled up and stopped. The driver got out and opened the door for us. I took a seat in the back, Hal sat down next to me, and I had Sally take the seat facing us.

With a whimper, Sally asked me if I really wanted to do this, and I answered him by sliding to the floor, unbuttoned Hal's pants and taking his cock into my mouth. He pulled my blouse and skirt up and played with my tits in my bra and pantied bottom while I gave him head.

When the limo came to a stop at our building and the driver opened the door, I still had his cock in my mouth. I pulled my top and skirt down, and we all got out. The doorman recognized me and gave me a lecherous knowing smile as he looked back and forth between Hal and me, hugging each other tightly, and then looking over to Sally, my forlorn sissified husband, with whom the doorman knew very well.

The elevator opened, we walked in, and the operator asked if all of us would be going to the penthouse, I said we were. Hal then pulled my top completely off, unhooked my bra, handed it to my husband, and then he started kissing my fully exposed breasts and sucking on my nipples. I was stroking his cock through his pants and all the attendant and my husband could do was to watch with their eyes a poppin!

When we reached the top floor the attendant announced our arrival. He was a blonde, college student working in our building for the summer. I told him, I had been watching him and I owed him a tip for all the good elevator service he was giving us, and then for a tip, I grabbed his crotch and gave him a long sloppy kiss.

I walked out of the elevator naked from the neck down to my skirt and into our condo that overlooked Lake Michigan in all of its glory. I stopped just inside the door and removed my skirt, leaving me in just my white panties. I turned around, the elevator boy was still there with the elevator door wide open and staring at me. I winked at him, as my new friend was kissing me and fondling me.

Once inside the condo, I told Sally to make some drinks and bring them up to the bedroom. By the time my sissy boy got them, Hal was between my thighs and licking me for all he was worth. He stopped, and we enjoyed our drinks, sitting on the bed. I was naked except for my saturated panties, and Hal only had his jeans on. I had my husband sitting in a chair in just his pink panties facing us. I kept rubbing Hal's crotch through his jeans, and it was a big one – seven or eight

inches long. I opened his pants and released his cock to keep him big and hard.

I put my drink down, pulled down his jeans all the way and started to suck his cock. After about five minutes, he said that he needed to feel his cock inside me. I looked at him, told him to get undressed and enjoy himself with my body.

He took his pants off, pulled me to the end of the bed and put my legs over his shoulders. I reached down to put his big cock in me, but he told me to wait. Then he called Sally and told him to guide his cock into me because he was doing what Sally wasn't able to do. Hal said my sissy husband might as well be part of this special moment to get me pregnant.

Sally was crying silently, but he did it! And I could see Sally had a big boner in his pink panties while he did it! He was taking to his submissive role like he was born to it.

Hal took his time, slowly pushing in and out of me until his cock was well lubricated and he was burying his dick in me to the fullest. Hal commanded Sally to kneel down beside us and watch his firm cock going in and out and impregnating me. On and on it went; he was fucking me hard until I was cumming.

After I had cum, he slowed down and was just driving himself into me as deeply as he could until he speeded up all of a sudden came in me, and I came for the second time. He finally withdrew; I saw his cock coated with our combined cum, and I could feel his cum starting to leak from my pussy lips.

Ever since I had panty trained him, my husband had also been in training to be a good cuntlapper, and that was the only kind of sex I had from him in recent months, and I know he liked doing it to me because it humbled him and fed into his development as a masochistic sissy. And as much as I liked to cum from having my pussy licked, for me, fucking was still the best, and that's why I needed a guy like Hal. Plus I wanted a "normal" baby. So I now looked at my husband, and I knew what I wanted from him. I wanted him to eat my pussy and give me another cum. I asked him if he wanted to eat my pussy even though it was full of Hal's cum. He kind of looked scared but he knew what I wanted for an answer and nodded to indicate he would eat me, but then I told him he would have to clean up Hal first.

I watched in fascination – this was exciting stuff! -- as I took Hal's cock and Sally's head and brought the two together. I watched closely the entire time, making sure Sally took as much of this great man's cock into his mouth as possible, and making sure he didn't miss cleaning up a spot of our combined cum. My sissy husband looked fabulous in his pink panties with a big cock in his mouth! I then pulled him on the bed, climbed on top of him and planted my pussy on his mouth and told me to suck out all of Hal's cum. He licked me and stuck his tongue as far up inside of me as possible until I came again.

I rolled over for a brief rest. Hal asked me if I liked it. Of course I said yes and said I wanted more, he said my pantywaist husband should suck on him until he was good and hard again, and then he'd give it to me again. My pink pantied priss of a hubby jerked himself off while he acted as a fluffer for me, bringing Hal up big and hard enough to fuck me, and then, we did the whole

thing all over again!

Hal and I got together at least twice a week, and finally I got pregnant about six weeks later. We already know it's a girl, and I have about five weeks to go. For the most part, Sally will be doing a lot of the mommy things to free me up to have fun shopping, having dates with Hal, or whatever else I feel like doing. Of course, I'll spend a major part of my time being the real mommy to our baby daughter, but with Sally's help, we will be able to make an even fuller life for our child. But since Sally wouldn't be a very good traditionally masculine father figure for a child to look up to, Hal has promised to be a good father figure for our little girl and be around whenever needed. Oh, and by the way, Hal really is a college professor!

Christine K.

North Shore Sissymakers Chapter, Evanston

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Demale Society Pictures

Added 10/23/06





Panty Appreciation Day at Georgia's Macon Boys Sweet

Chapter, May 14, 2006

1. Marge goofing around. "Look at my new red panties!"
2. & 3. Kelly showing us how she lets her granny panties peek out beneath her dance costume to tease all the guys.
4. Rachel with her sister Jackie doing a skit "What panties should I wear today to zap Mike and Tommy?"
5. Planning our Panty Appreciation Day party with (from left around circle) Lonnie, Mary Jo, Kammy, Dot, Carol, Lill, Sandy, and her little brother Robert.
6. Robert now in little girl drag with big sis Sandy inspecting his panties as they get ready for the party.
7. Ballroom dancers Scott (an up and coming remale) and with sissy boy Jason provided the entertainment with their original panty boy dance.

Sally Ann
Chapter Secretary

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**Demale Society
Stories & Pictures**

Added 12/1/06



My son's outfit shocked everyone who came to our Christmas party

My six-year-old son loves being a sissy. He's always been a nice gentle boy, but I feared what would happen to him after he started mixing with other kids, especially obnoxious little boys. My fears were justified when I first sent him to preschool when he was four. Every day when I went to pick him up Miss Linda, his teacher told me he was getting into fights with the other kids. I had no idea where he picked up such behavior. He had always been so sweet at home and not a problem at all. I tried to talk to him about it but couldn't get any satisfactory answers.

His teacher told me that many mothers of problem boys joined the Demale Society for help and gave me the name of one of the mothers who could put me in contact. I had never heard of the Society so I was pretty surprised after I went to my first open meeting. At first I had to laugh when they cured boys by feminizing them, but then I realized this wasn't a game but a deadly serious business of raising boys to be sweet, gentle and productive members of society and not hooligans.

Well, I was surprised with how quickly my Timmy took to it. When I first showed him the girls' clothes I had borrowed to see his reaction, he let me put the clothes on him without a problem. He even danced and swished around like a little fairy -- and where he had learned how to act like a girl I had no idea, but I did notice that he immediately quieted down and acted sweeter than ever. When it was time for school, I told him he had to wear silky lace girls' panties to remind him to be nice and not get into fights. And it worked! When I picked him up that day, Miss Linda told me he had been as nice as could be. She asked me if I had taken her 'advice,' and when I nodded that I had, she smiled, and said, "I thought so." She had a boy sitting her lap at the time, clinging to her with his head on her shoulder. She wiggled her finger toward me to get my attention and pointed toward the boy's back. I looked down and saw the waist elastic of a pair of pink nylon panties peeking out of the back of the boy's shorts. That's when I knew my Timmy wasn't the only boy there in panties. Over the school year, Miss Linda let me know that six of the eight boys in her class were pink pantied just like my boy, and all of the kids in that class got along so well.

Well, Timmy really liked dressing up in girls' clothes at home and wearing lacy panties all the time, and last year, when it was our turn to host the family Christmas party, he wanted to wear a special outfit for the gathering. Some members of my family did know about Timmy dressing in girls' clothes, and I'm sure the gossip got around to everyone, so when Timmy wanted to wear a lacy red dance costume, I told him OK, but warned him that some of our relatives might not like it and might tease him or give him a hard time about it. He said he didn't care. Well, I couldn't be less brave than my son, so I said OK.

And when the party came and after everyone had arrived, Timmy made a grand entrance to a wide variety of reactions. There was laughter and sneers, blushing ladies and men shaking their heads. Some thought it was a joke. It looked like a bit of an explanation was in order. So I got everyone's attention and then had Timmy himself speak to them. He told them that he liked dressing up like a girl because he didn't like being like most other boys. He even offered to show everyone his pink party panties that he had gotten for his birthday. He didn't wait for a request. He simply pulled up his red sequin mini dress and showed everybody!

I've enclosed picture of him in his outfit. He's my sweetie, and I just know he's going to grow up to be a fabulous sissyboy!

Tina, Mothers' Delight Chapter, Simi Valley

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Demale Society
Stories & Pictures

Added 12/2/06



Making a pantywaist cuckold of my new husband

I loved Dan, my husband, when I married him, but right from the start he wasn't any good at pleasing me sexually. He has an average size penis, which I thought was OK, about six inches, but he's a 'quick shooter' and even though I often complained, he had no idea how important it is for me to engage in foreplay and take our time while making love.

He always had this fantasy of having me fuck other men. He started telling me about this for about six months before we got married, and I have to admit, when we talked about it on the phone or while making out, it was a real turn on. He seemed to be excited with the idea of my getting fucked by cocks that were bigger than his, and he liked thinking then I would make him eat the other man's cum out of my pussy afterwards. Like I said, as a fantasy it was totally hot, but I never really thought I would do it. After a while I hated talking to him about it, but whenever we were about to try to have sex, that's all he wanted to talk about, and when we did, he'd shoot his wad in his pants in about five minutes! He'd roll over and go to sleep and leave me hanging!

I saw Dan had been reading cuckold stories on the Internet. I'm no dummy, but I never even knew what a cuckold was! But I quickly found out when I read some of these stories he had printed out – and left out in the open, like he wanted me to see them! When I read some of the stories he had gotten off the Demale Society webs site, those were more my speed. Well, one thing led to another, and I started going to Demale Society meetings, and that's when things started changing.

I liked the 'remale' idea, and got to meet a few of them at meetings. Most of them were very charming guys, not macho jerks, and accepting of female authority but still every inch men. Believe it or not, I was a virgin when we married, and I was becoming so frustrated with being repeatedly teased and let down that without telling my husband, I wanted to try fucking another man to see what I was missing. I made it clear to the remales I met that I was not interested in love because in all other ways my husband took care of my every need, but I did want to have exciting, long sex sessions like my girlfriends said they experienced with their husbands and

loves.

Dan had a bit of a panty fetish too. I knew he liked me in nylon panties, and if we undressed and his cock came in contact with my panties, he couldn't resist grinding his cock me in my panties until he was spurting off. We had talked a lot about that too. He explained he had always been excited about seeing his sister or his mother in panties when he as a kid and sneak peeks at them dressing or undressing. So I knew he really liked panties, and the idea of taking charge of a premature ejaculator by putting him in panties like the Demale information suggests really appealed to me.

I was getting frustrated enough that it was starting to affect my overall love for him. I wanted to do the panty thing if at all possible. Something about it made me feel very powerful over him, and I realized I'd have to take of his sex life as well as my own; otherwise, I knew I'd become so angry it would break up our marriage. When I first approached Dan about it, he admitted he was highly attracted to panties on me, not him, and was very apprehensive about putting them on, but I explained to him that he cums so quickly because his sexual urges make him feel so manly and that such a female garment like panties might temporarily make him feel less like a man and help him hold back his need for a quick cum. He asked me if I really want him 'to feel like less than a man.' I told he would never be less than all man to me, but we needed to try something. Besides, I explained, panties are just pieces of cloth sewn together with some elastic – what harm could they do? I asked him to try it, and it just might work.

He still wasn't happy about it, but then I started to get angry with him and told him he owed it to me to try anything that might help in any way. He finally agreed, and it was a gigantic struggle for me to hold back my laughter as I put him in his first pair of pink panties with a ton of lace and bows on them. He looked at me aghast when I told him I had taken all of his regular under shorts out of his dresser and replaced them with five more pairs of pink panties for him and I expected him to wear them daily until he achieved full control of his quick emissions. He was almost in tears but he did begin to wear the panties, even though on many days I knew he didn't and tried to hide it from me. I quickly got him another dozen pairs of pretty panties and started frequent panty inspections. If he didn't have them on, I'd withhold sex, make him walk around the house just wearing panties, tell waitresses in restaurants he wore panties, and did other things to punish him for not following my orders. After all, I convinced him I was trying to help him!

Over the following three month period, I wasn't having much sex with Dan because I would catch him without his panties on and withhold sex, but I did start fucking a remale from the Society during that time. And sex with him was great. He had a big cock and knew how to use it.

Dan became more and more suspicious about my going out with "the girls" (either to Demale meetings or for sex), and that's when I decided the time was right. I had Steffen, my guy, come over just before Dan was due home from work, and when my husband got home and came upstairs he found me with my head hanging over the side of the bed with Steffen's huge black cock in my pussy.

Needless to say, Dan was shocked and pissed off. When he began yelling and screaming at me. Steffen, who is about a half a foot taller than Dan, stopped fucking me and restrained my hubby

and threatened to smack him silly if he didn't shut up and just stand there and watch.

I told my husband he was the one who wanted this and to shut the fuck up. I told him to take off his trousers and show the man the pretty pink panties he had on. He was shocked that I'd mention that to another man and he didn't want to do it, but my fuck buddy gave Dan a couple of good slaps in the face. My husband cowered and dropped his pants for us. We made him take everything off except the pink panties. The man laughed when they saw his panties – especially since he had a hard on in the panties! We pushed the bed in front of the door to prevent Dan from going anywhere and made him stand there and watch as we fucked on and off for over two hours. Dan begged me to stop. He got pissed even more when I gave my remale a blowjob and he came in my mouth. My husband wouldn't shut up, so I just got up and spat the man's slimy cum into my husband's face.

After that, I insisted my husband watch and learn as Stefan gave me a long fuck and deposited a goodly amount of cum into me. I told Dan to lick all the cum out of me. He refused. I told him I was doing this for him. It was his fantasy, not mine! I was just trying to make the best of a situation and satisfy my basic human need for sex, which he couldn't do for me. I told him if he didn't start licking me clean, I was done with him and would break up our marriage and he would have to move out right then. As much as I loved him, without normal sex, our marriage wasn't worth saving. He had pushed me to this point, and now I had to have sex with other men because he was nothing but a pantywaist, who couldn't do his job as a man.

He asked me to wait until the man left; I told him, "No. Do it now."

He reluctantly climbed onto the bed and slowly buried his tongue into my pussy. I wish you could have seen the look of disgust on his face. The black man shoved his face into my pussy and laughed at him with his pink pantied ass up in the air. Steffen was stroking his cock and working up to shooting another round of cum when he grabbed my husband by his hair and made him suck on his almighty dick. Dan knew it was about to happen and tried desperately to back off, but the man held him there until he completed the blowjob.

As Steffen left, I invited them to cum back whenever he wanted me or wanted a blowjob from my cocksucking husband. When Dan protested, I hit him with the final blow. I told him I had been fucking Steffen for months and would continue to fuck him as long as I wanted. Also, I let him know I had taken myself off of birth control three weeks earlier and was trying to get pregnant with Steffen's black baby. He turned pale white, and despite all his rage and the humiliation he had suffered, I saw his penis was hard in his panties as it had been for hours. I told him to shower, clean himself off, get into a clean pair of panties and come down for dinner.

That night in bed, I congratulated Dan for staying hard the whole time while Steffen was sexing us up, and complimented him for not shooting off as he usually did. I told him my plan of having him wear girlie panties was working and was preventing him from his usual premature ejaculation. He said he didn't cum because he was so embarrassed and angry with me and in no mood to cum. I told him I had a surprise for him, and I started to stroke him off through the fresh pair of pink panties he had on, and while I did it, I talked all about what we had done that day, including making him eat another man's cum out of my pussy and him giving Steffen a superb

blowjob. Dan came in just a couple of minutes, shooting one of the biggest cums I had ever known him to have. I made him sleep in those cum-saturated panties. What a wuss he's turned out to be.

He wanted me to be a little slut ... he got it.

Molly
Charleston Sissymakers Chapter

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Demale Society Stories & Pictures

Added 12/8/06

Within a year, my old panty fetish turned me into a complete sissy

Over the holidays last year, my wife and I were staying at my mom's house and my sister and brother-in-law and my wife got into a discussion about panties. Well, my wife almost always wears thongs, but my sister (I found out later) is a member of the Demale Society and she swears granny panties. As they talked she tried to get my wife to switch to them too. My wife laughed and said she'd never wear panties like women wore fifty years ago. My mom added that she wore granny panties too, always had and always will, because you couldn't beat them for style and making a woman really feel feminine with all their lace and frills and all the area of the body they covered with silky fabric. She compared them to thong panties that are just a patch of cloth and strips of elastic with no room to put any serious frills. They all looked at me and asked me what style I thought was the sexiest on women. Well, all that panty talk was getting to me and I was hesitant to go against any one of the three females, so I just said they were all nice. I was a lot more comfortable once they changed the subject.

When my wife was doing her laundry, I asked her not to hang her thongs on the clothesline as they were too controversial in this family. She agreed but had to run out to the store and told me to put her clothes including her thongs into the dryer when the wash cycle was over. So I was in the laundryroom by myself when the washer buzzed signaling the end of the cycle. Just after I



had collected my wife's thongs and was about to put them in the dryer, my sister walked by, looked in and asked why I wasn't hanging these clothes on the line since it was a bright sunny day out and there was no need to waste power using the dryer. (She's environmentally conscious too.)

When she saw my wife's thongs she asked to see a pair. She confessed she had never worn any before and asked if she could try a pair and compare them with her granny panties. I quickly handed her a pair and she went into her bedroom to try them. I went back to my laundry until a few moments later when she came back out. I asked her what she thought and she surprised me by pulling up her skirt and asking me what I thought. She was wearing my wife's thong.

She turned around so I could see her from all sides and then asked if I was excited seeing her in these panties. Of course, I was and I told her they did look nice (they looked fabulous!) but felt badly about looking at her like that while my wife wasn't there. She dropped her skirt and said she was sorry for embarrassing me but she thought it would be OK with my wife since we are all family. She left the room only to return moments later. Again she pulled up her skirt and now she had on her granny panties – they were beautiful! Loaded with lace and frills and made of rich, silky looking fabric in bright yellow. She asked if I appreciated the difference and wondered which panties I liked better. I was blushing and stuttering as she danced around and continued to hold up her skirt high enough that I could see a bit of her tummy high above the waistband of the frilly granny panties that went way up on her body. I hadn't seen panties like that in about fifty years! I had a difficult time saying anything, but she could see the obvious bulge in my pants. The sight of her in those panties brought back a rush of childhood memories, remembering seeing my mother and sister wearing them. I used to sneak peeks in their lingerie drawers and even masturbate into pairs of their old-fashioned panties that I'd sneak out of the laundry hamper. All the girls wore that kind of panties back in the late 1950s and early 1960s when I was dating, so I had a ton of memories featuring granny panties that I had almost completely forgotten about.

"I guess you do like my panties better than those skimpy thongs that leave nothing to the imagination. I never told you, but when we were kids, I know you played with my panties a lot. Mom knows you played with hers too, and both of us wore these lovely old-fashioned panties like we still wear. I bet if your wife changed into granny panties, she'd spark up your sex life!"

My sister left without pressing the issue anymore, but that night I had to tell my wife about it because we don't keep secrets from each other, and I wanted to tell her my sister had pushed me into doing it. She told me "I know." She said Carla had told her all about it, and then she lifted up her skirt and she had on a pair of granny panties! My cock shot up to full hardness like a rocket. My wife giggled and said she'd be wearing granny panties from then on. I told her I wasn't a panty pervert. I loved her and only got excited thinking about her, but she told me it was OK to have a little panty fetish, and she didn't mind as long as I kept my eyes on her panties and not someone else's! I promised I would.

That night my wife used a pair of those panties to stroke me to climax – it was fantastic! (She had borrowed several pairs from my sister.) The next night she started to do it again as she asked me if I had ever worn panties -- hers or anyone else's. I told her I had masturbated into my sister and mother's panties as a kid and did try them on a few times but my mom's panties were way

too big for me and my sister's panties were too small for me at the time, so I usually just rubbed my cock with them -- and that was true. But now she talked me into putting them on, saying it would be easier to jack me off in them. That was special -- and I knew it from the moment she slid them up my legs.

That week started (or reawakened) my panty fetish for old-fashioned panties that I had gotten away from when I moved away from home and panty styles changed to bikinis and even skimpier panties that just didn't appeal to me like the old-time panties and all the happy associations I had with them. My wife did start to wear them all the time and often walked around the house in just bra and panties, and I've been putty in her hands ever since!

She joined the Demale Society chapter that my sister belongs to, and with her guidance gradually took more and more control of our relationship, and I love her now more than ever! And yes, she got me to wear granny panties too, and I'm eternally grateful! But my wife was quick to advance my feminization and soon got me a whole wardrobe of sissy, excessively frilly clothes like little girl party dresses with cancan slips that I have to wear in the house most of the time. Even though she often threatens to take me outside, she never has because my face and hands give me away as a man. I didn't really resist too much because she made a game of it and I loved what she was doing, and the few times I did resist I got punished!

My wife called over my mother, my sister and her husband and I was humiliated in front of them. I then discovered my brother-in-law is what they call a remale, who services other women as well as my sister -- and she's perfectly fine with that! I think she gets to have other men too if she wants. Anyway, I went through one bout -- I had had enough and just wanted a break from all the frills and refused to war them one day -- well, the three of them forced me down to my knees and made me suck off my brother-in-law! And the whole time, my mother was the biggest cheerleader, saying I was always a sissy and a panty thief and deserved to be a cocksucker! That had happened only once, but once you give a guy a blowjob, you're a cocksucker for life, and the four of them don't let me forget it!

Now, my sex life is excellent. Either by my own hand or at the hand of my wife or one of her friends, I'm kept tame and docile as I am forced to cum two to four times every day! And for a guy in his 60s, I'm sure that's more than most men my age. From what I understand most guys my age are lucky if they can get it up once or twice a week!

Teddygirl (my new name)
Manhattan Masterrace Chapter

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**Demale Society
Stories & Pictures**

Added 12/9/06

How I learned about the Society and got my son on the program

As I entered the den, I said, “Well, hello, sweetie,” to the sissy looking boy ironing clothes. He looked up and blushed when he saw me because he was wearing rose-colored capri pants with a flower design embroidered running down each side and a pink T-shirt.



“You remember Mrs. Burly, don't you, dear?”

Doreen said. You know, Mark's mom? Get out here and greet her properly.”

He stepped from behind the ironing board and curtsied to me like a perfect little lady.

I had never seen anyone so mortified in my whole life. The poor boy couldn't bear to look at me, and that was understandable because of how he was dressed. His T-shirt hugged his body and revealed two little mounds on his chest. And he was obviously wearing a bra because I could see the outline of a black slightly padded bra through his thin T-shirt. Strappy sandals exposed his ruby red painted toenails that matched the polish on his fingernails.

With his head bowed submissively, he said in a quivering and pouty voice, “Hello, Mrs. Burly,” as his mother towered over him beaming with pride.

“We would like some tea,” she said. “And some of those lovely butter cookies you baked last night. We will be in the living room. And while the water is boiling, you better do something about your appearance or you know what awaits you later. Hurry along now. I want you looking your best.”

“Yes, Mother dear,” he replied with a tremor in his voice.

Once Billie had left to prepare our tea, I took a look at the stacks of neatly ironed slips, panties, training bras, and lacy ankle socks. Off to the side, hanging on a rack were about a dozen freshly ironed skirts, blouses and dresses, and all these clothes were in a size too small to fit his mother, and I didn't have to be told that they were his!

Doreen took me by the arm and led me to the living room. When I sat down on the love seat I saw a number of young girls' magazines on the coffee table and noticed that they were all addressed to “Billie Baylor.”

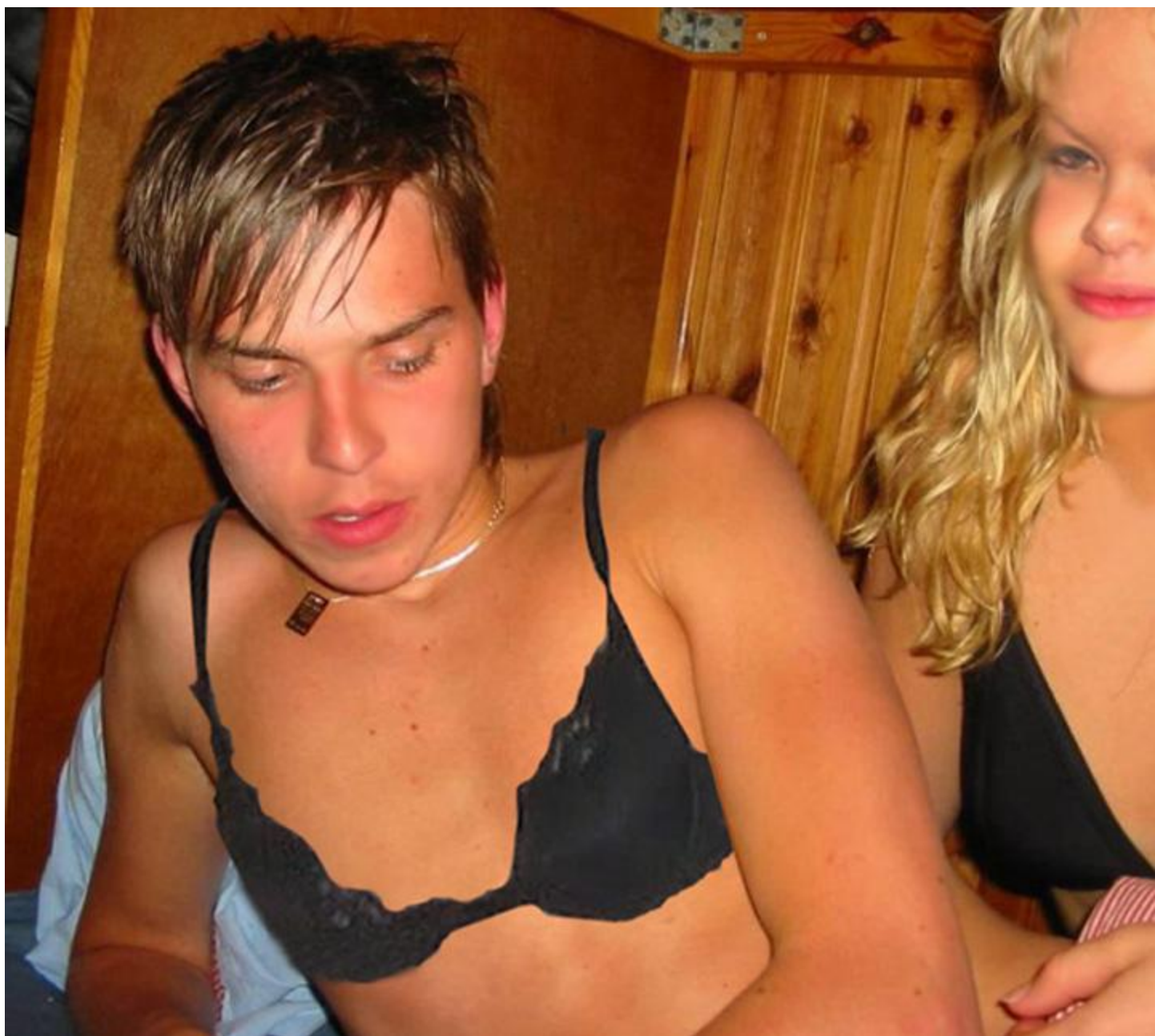
I was visiting Doreen because I had run into her at the Westfield Shopping Center the week before, and I revealed to her I was having grave problems with my son, Mark. I'm embarrassed to say I even broke out into tears as I told her the problems I was having – that's how hopeless I felt. Doreen took me to a French café for coffee in an effort to comfort me. I was surprised when

she announced that she had a possible solution for my problem. Then, little by little over the last week, she began telling me about the Demale Society. I have to admit I had never heard of them, but she explained that was understandable since it was a fairly secret organization, very secretive at its highest levels since they realized many men would stop at nothing to prevent them from accomplishing their goals. But after spending the afternoon with Doreen and her son, I was an immediate convert, especially after seeing him serve us tea and disposing himself in every way to his mother's every wish, even if he was blushing and obviously deeply shamed being so exposed in front of me. Doreen made her boy take off his T-shirt and capri pants so she could show me the black bra and panty combination he was wearing. And he was erect in those panties, so I knew he loved what his mother was doing to him.

I just wondered if it would work with my son and was anxious to try. I joined the Society and am now employing similar techniques with him and things are going quite well. I've had a few setbacks and had to call in other Demale members to help, but I understand that is normal. It will be a while before I get him to the point Billie is at, but just the journey is quite exciting.

Helen, Member, Docility is Civility Chapter, Fort Lauderdale

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**Demale Society
Stories & Pictures**

Added 12/20/06

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Girls: Try this way to flash your panties!

An accidental tear in my jeans led me to a different and fun way to flash my panties. After I fell in the parking lot of the Arlington Mall, I tore the crotch of my jeans. I didn't think it was that noticeable and went about my shopping. But when I was in a shoe store trying on shoes, one after another three different guys kept looking in my direction. I had momentarily forgotten about the tear, but when I did remember, I realized these three guys were peeking at the crotch of my flowered panties as I tried on various pairs of shoes.

I approached the first guy and asked him why he was staring at me; he looked scared and ran out of the store! The second guy kept walking away from me whenever I got up to approach him, so finally I went back to trying on shoes, and the next time he peeked at me, I boldly reached down and fingered my (now drooling) pussy through my flowered white nylon panties. I caught him looking and stared directly into his eyes. He had a crazy expression on his face, one of both excitement and terror. I motioned for him to come closer, and when he did, I kept my legs apart and kept fingering my panties, even reaching in and snapping the elastic leg band so he could hear it. I asked him if he liked my little-girl style flowered panties. He nodded rapidly and I was sure he spunked his pants at that moment! I eventually gave him my address (I live in a college dorm with a roommate) and told him to meet me there at eight that night if he wanted more.

The third guy was actually a kid, a sixteen-year-old who thought he was pretty cool. He didn't try to hide his boner sticking up in his pants as he stared at me with a big smile on his face. I started talking with him about panties. I told him I loved my panties and loved touching myself in them. I asked if he had ever worn a pair of girls' panties, and he admitted he stole a pair of panties once in a while from his sister and used them to put on for a good jack off session. I had him follow me back to my dorm room. My roommate was there, and I told her about my day flashing and the three guys. Once I told her the boy with me liked to jack off in his sister's panties, she took him to her panty drawer, invited him to pick out some panties and model them for us. This guy was great: He did it! In fact, he modeled about a dozen pairs of both my and my roommate's

panties. It was so hot! We talked him into masturbating in a pair of panties for us while he wore them and we watched.

Then we sent out for pizza and he was still there when the man arrived at 8 pm on the dot. It didn't take a lot of doing to get the man into panties too, and the two of them giving each other blowjobs with the promise we'd have sex with them if they did. Well, after they did 69 for us and shot off in each other's mouth, we threw them out and told them we'd rather make lesbian love with each other rather than fuck around with a couple of pantywaist fags! But we did let them keep the panties they had on! Fucking with guys' minds is even more fun than fucking them for real! Flashing my panties with a torn-open crotch drew guys like flies, and I like doing it this way because I have exact control over whom I want to flash. Try it girls!

Deana (and my roommate Kelsy)
ICU Good Girls Chapter

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After Jeremy's parents divorced, his mother was fed up with lying, cheating, abusive males like her ex-husband and was determined Jeremy wouldn't grow up to be like him. She joined the Demale Society and began feminizing Jeremy. He resisted and kept threatening to run away and go to live with his macho father. That's when Jeremy's mother began a full scale attack to retrain him. She and her daughter began going around the house only in crop tops and panties and left panties, clean and dirty, all over the house. Soon Jeremy was mesmerized with panties and began stealing their panties to play with, but his mother caught him and made him admit he was a panty-wanking pervert. Jeremy wears pretty panties all the time now and he has no interest in being with his father, who would probably beat him severely if he found out his son wears girls' panties.