

# *The* **Demale Society** *Training Manual*

## **Volume #44**

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

*Notices,  
Testimonials,  
Stories & Pics*

*Fantasy  
Entertainment*

*Adults Only*



*Jack is lucky to have been born into a Demale household. He's been in panties ever since he's been out of diapers and loves being a sissy boy. Because of the strict school he attends for gifted children, he has to keep his hair short, but he has a wig to wear whenever he wants and he's not in school. His mother and two sisters are members of the Dempster Demales, and Jack (in his little minx 'Jacquie' persona) is their chapter's youngest cheerleader when the demales in their chapter meet other chapters in jerk off and cocksucking competitions. Jack looks forward to when he'll be old enough to compete! Notice the "Dempster Pantyboys" logo on the front of his cheerleading uniform! Hey, Jack, we know you don't wear those passion-killer tights under your uniform, so show us your panties!*



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*Demale Society Poster Boy*

*[www.Demale.com](http://www.Demale.com)*





# *The Demale Society Manual*

## *Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures*

Letter  
Added 6/9/07

### *Hillbilly Upbringing: Forced into Panties and Paddled*

As a kid, whenever I misbehaved, my parents would send me to the clothes hamper in my sister's bedroom to retrieve a pair of her dirty nylon panties. I would then return to the living room and in front of everyone (usually my mother, father and sister) I had to undress and put on the panties. Depending upon the offense, mother or father would then either hand spank or paddle my bottom while I wore the humiliating panties.

Our family lived in the backwoods of West Virginia. Both my parents never finished grade school, so they weren't too savvy when it came to raising kids and knowing anything about modern views of disciplining children.

My panty punishment first started when I was seven years old. At supper time on that day, mother showed us the things she bought when she had gone shopping in the city. She was excited about finding some fancy panties for my sister and she held them up for my father, sister and me to see.

I was a macho little boy, totally into boy things and totally ignorant of girls' things, and I don't know if I had been in a cloud for years, but I had never really noticed my sister's underwear before, and for some reason the panties looked outrageously funny to me. I laughed at the panties and my sister. That evening and for days after I teased my sister about the frilly panties she wore and was constantly chasing her around and pulling up her dress to see them, while making cruel comments about them and laughing my head off.

Then one night my father had enough and told me to stop it, but I didn't. He took me over his lap for a hand spanking, but it didn't hurt that much, and soon after, I was discreetly teasing my sister whenever my parents weren't around. I kept calling her a clown and telling her her underwear looked stupid.

She complained to our parents, and the next thing I knew I was being stripped for a spanking, but this time they made me put on a pink pair of my sister's lacy panties first. I was shocked and fearful of something as girly-girly as those panties. I started crying as the panties were being pulled up my legs and before my spanking had even started. I kept screaming, saying I hated them and pleaded with big tears running down my cheeks, begging mom and dad to take the panties off of me. The spanking that followed wasn't the hardest spanking I had ever gotten, but I cried like it was! The humiliation was absolutely terrorizing!

Afterwards, I was totally subdued and barely said anything to anyone for several days, preferring to remain out in the barn and away from my parents and sister so I wouldn't have to face them and remember relive the shame.

My parents immediately decided it was the way to punish me, and on average of once a week after that, whenever I did anything wrong, I had to get panties from my sister, put them on in front of the family and take a sound spanking. And they liked to hold me and take pictures of me in the panties and hang those pictures on the wall to remind me of how funny I looked. One of those pictures I have enclosed.

At these panty spanking sessions, I kept complaining the panties felt awful to wear and the elastics hurt me as they gripped my waist and thighs, so one day my mom tried to show me how silky nylon panties actually feel very good to wear, so after my spanking, she masturbated my penis through the panties.

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As I said, my folks were hillbillies and sexual things weren't a big deal. (Often from way back to when I was just a little kid, I remember seeing my father fucking my mother, my mother jacking him off or giving him a blowjob because they didn't have a door on their bedroom, just a curtain that never seemed to close all the way.)

As mother would jack me off through the panties to show me how wrong I was about girls' panties and how nice they felt to wear, she and my father and sister laughed and make fun of me. In no time at all she'd have me swooning and squirming in ecstasy.

My father and sister would move right in close to see and taunt me, and they would then begin to painfully stretch and snap the elastics on the panties as mom jacked on my dick because dad thought I was having too much fun!

That's how it started. After that, if I took my spanking without much fuss, which was rare, my mom, dad or sister would reward me by masturbating me through the panties. Of course, I couldn't ejaculate during those early years, but I quickly learned to enjoy the dry cums I had, despite the shame. My family thought it was funny how I would

scream in delight as they would make me admit I loved wearing silky sissy panties. They kept on jacking me off in panties once I hit puberty, and it got to be a big deal with them to see me shooting off and then making me take off the panties and licking up the sticky mess in them as well as lick up any drops that had fallen onto the linoleum floor in our living room!

I worship panty play to this day, but with my mother and sister gone, my father still thinks it's fun to make me spurt in my panties after a spanking – and he still spansks me! But since I licked my own cum up for so many years, once my mother died and my sister moved away (father was fucking my sister until the day she moved away for good), my father got me to give him a blowjob almost every night after he got in from the fields, all hot and sweaty.

He'd usually saying things like, "After all, no sense wasting a panty-wearing, cum-eating fag like you living right here in my own house. Get your panty ass down here and suck me off. It's



the least you all can do for me since I put a roof over your head and food in your mouth – not to mention all that money I done have to spend keeping you in those fancy panties fit for a hussy!"

Despite the terror of living in that house, I greatly missed my mother and sister, and soon after my sister was gone, I was glad to run away from home and make a life for myself. I hated my father, but I really missed my mother and sister -- and my panty punishments. Just days after I had gotten my first paycheck from picking beans alongside migrant workers, I went into a store and bought myself the prettiest nylon panties I could find. I spent that night wanking myself silly, but I missed a female doing it to me, and really lucked out when I met a woman in the Demale Society willing to keep me on as a panty houseboy. However, she made sure I got a decent education so I could support myself.

Bobby Jo  
Demale Society Member at Large

## Letter Added 7/15/07

### *He's His Wife's Sissy Maid and Boy Toy*

As I write this I'm in panties, of course, plus my chastity belt as well as a wig and full maids' outfit, including a C-cup bra that I'm getting close to filling out with my own hormone-grown titties. My wife is my Mistress and she takes full credit for molding me into her sissy maid. We met at a Demale Society meeting. I've always been submissive to females, and my previous Mistress had deposited me at the meeting and put me up for auction since she had found another wimpy boy to train and they were moving to Florida.

Mistress Lynette bought me that night for a \$3,200 donation to our Demale chapter because she was looking for a slave to make her life easier and I seemed to fit the bill. I had always been a part-time slave because I have a full-time job as a pharmacist, but my new Mistress informed me she intended to have me move out of my house and into hers as she wanted me to be her live-in slave. I have a good income so she said I could keep my daytime job for a while unless my job didn't leave me enough time to fulfill all her needs.

I immediately fell in love with Mistress Lynette, and she seemed to have an instant attraction toward me. I told her I loved her on the night we met, and she said it's important for a slave to love his Mistress, and while she didn't love me, she said she hoped to love some of my attributes and love the things I could do for her. She is supermodel beautiful and can have any guy she wants, whereas I'm a pretty plain type, an average-looking guy, so even though her attraction toward me is based on what I can do for her, that is good enough for me; I'm thrilled to simply be in her presence every day.

I quickly discovered she has a fascination with chastity belts. Mistress does love to lock up "her" cock. From the moment she collared me and took possession of me, she immediately informed me that what was between my legs was not my cock anymore but hers. And since it was her property, she was going to keep it locked up most of the time using various cock cages, chastity belts, cock rings and other devices, especially her favorite, a small collar with a lock on it that went around the base of my cock and balls.

My chastity belt holds my balls up and cock down. I can easily go to the bathroom. It leaves a rather smooth front under my panties and my regular clothes. My cock harness is made of leather, but because the tube part is extremely stiff leather, it is effective in containing me. Being leather I could cut it off, but I would never do that because I don't want to experience the pain I'd suffer once my Mistress found out.



Mistress Lynette is into total feminization and heavy teasing. From the day we met, she got me to wear panties and a chastity belt. I can get about 90% hard in my cock collar and then it becomes uncomfortable. If I erect any more than that, it quickly becomes unbearable. I definitely feel it as I walk, especially going up and down stairs since my cock is secured in the down position with my cock head exposed and in constant contact with the double nylon crotch of my sensationally silky panties. My nylon panties pull and slide back and forth across my penis head as I lift each leg up to the next step. By the time I reach the top of a flight of stairs, I'm usually quite hard. The stimulation



is incredible. When I sit down I can feel the chastity belt holding me rigidly in position within my silky panties; the stimulation garners my entire focus. Luckily, on that first day I was pantied and belted and working at the store, I didn't have to do any detail work, just get our stocks ready for the inventory crew arriving that night. My mind definitely was not on my work! Then, fortunately, I was off work for two days, and by the time I went back, I was fairly well accustomed to my panties and chastity device. Most of my time is spent standing at work, an advantage over sitting or walking too much because it minimizes the effect of the panties and belt I have on under my outer male clothes.

After she won me as the highest bidder at the Demale fundraiser, she went with me to my house, and we spent the night there. It gave her a chance to learn about me from my possessions and gave her a chance to look over my house. Then she told me to sell it. I thought she might then say to then immediately turn the money over to her, but she didn't say it. Still I knew that over time, a lot of my money would be under her control, including the money from the sale of my half-million dollar house.

Then she made further pronouncements: "You will be in frilly, sissy things all the time. When we go out in public, I will dress you how I want; most of the time it will be in male clothing since I want a man by my side, not a sissy, but even then we can play a little. For one, you can throw out all your male underwear. You will only be in panties from now on."

"I understand," I said.

"Do you?" she quizzed. "If we do this, I expect complete servitude. Failure to do anything I ask will result in punishment. And I will pick the punishment. Now, are you committed to being my totally devoted and chaste sissy boy?"

"Yes, Mistress," I happily answered.

"Well, let's start with this chastity belt," she chuckled as she took some things from her almost suitcase-size purse. "Now, once it is on, your cock is totally under my control. You will never touch your own genitals outside of your chastity belt without my permission."

"Please, Mistress, will I forever be your chaste sissy boy?"

She put the chastity belt on me and said, "As far as I define chaste, yes. Now, kiss my ass through my panties."

She turned her backside toward me, hiked up her miniskirt and shoved her yellow pantied ass in face. I kissed it fervently.

"No one told you to stop. Use your tongue and worship my ass. Thank me properly for allowing me to let you worship it and to be my chaste sissy maid."

She slid her shiny nylon panties down in back, and I licked up the crack of her ass and thanked her again. I continued to do it.

After five minutes of licking her ass I thought she would have had enough. She had not. I could tell she had moved her hand to her pussy. I continued to lick her ass and she started to shift her bottom as she ordered me to spread her cheeks farther and get my tongue as deeply as I could into her asshole. I knew what she wanted. I stopped moving my head and just left my tongue sticking out of my mouth as far as I could as she moved her hips till my tongue was invading her anus. I heard her moan. She pressed back hard against my tongue and I closed my eyes. I was her complete slave now and would have to accept what she now wanted. We stayed in that position; I on my knees and she with her ass glued to my face until she came.

We stayed at my house that first night, and in the morning, she announced, "We are going shopping today; I'll pick you up after your shift at the drugstore. But first we need to take care of a couple of things." She had me get a garbage bag and follow her to the bedroom. She ordered me to open my drawers and put all my male underwear in the bag. "As my personal sissy, you have no need of these ugly things. We are going to the thrift store, so while we are there you might as well donate these things that you have no right to wear. Now we need to get online. I know we will not get your new panties at any thrift store."

We logged onto my computer and she had me do a search for frilly old-fashioned granny panties. We found a wide assortment of lacy sissy panties between one of several fetish clothing sites and two square dance costume suppliers. She made the final selection. "Now that's what I think is appropriate for you. A sissy should wear sissy panties." She told me to order ten pairs. I typed in my name but then typed in her mailing address because she told me this would be the last time I would be staying in my house. Starting that evening I would be moving into her house.

I went to work. After I got off at 4 PM, she picked me up and took me to a thrift store to get me a starter selection of female attire until we had a chance to do more careful shopping. I was shocked to see how much she was loading into the cart. She actually squealed when she pulled a yellow dress off the rack. "Look at this," she said as she held it up to me. It wasn't a dress; it was a cheerleader outfit. "Oh, my gosh, how funny," she laughed. "I have to have it for you!"

She found sissy short shorts that "would make my bad ass look good," she joked. Bras averaged about 50 cents each and she got me eight of them. She bypassed the panties all except three pairs of fairly plain granny panties with lace down the sides. They were real silky but a little big for me – we determined that as she held them up to my waist despite a lot other people milling around the store and giving me funny looks. "These sweet panties will do until your sissy panty order arrives," she said loud enough for people to hear.

Back at her place, I modeled everything for her in various combinations. I spent the rest of the afternoon ironing and putting away my new clothes. I spent the rest of the weekend locked up while my lips supplied her with multiple orgasms.





Monday after work, I cleaned her house in just a garter belt, stockings, high heels, a pair of the pale blue granny panties and a pink apron I found hanging in the kitchen pantry. And the chastity belt, of course! I made BLT sandwiches with applesauce on the side for dinner. After a weekend of eating out for every meal, I thought she'd appreciate it. Actually, I did it because I wasn't comfortable going out with panties and a chastity belt on under my clothes and because she took a great deal of pleasure in teasing and humbling me in front of waitresses and strangers.

She did appreciate my simple attempt at dinner. I told her I was pretty good at cooking, and she said that was a plus because she rarely had time for it, and since I got home almost two hours before she did on most nights, I could make dinner often. I indicated she didn't have much food on hand to cook with, and she said we'd go food shopping and fill up the fridge and freezer.

She works as a behavioral psychologist specializing in helping parents deal with problem children. She often tells me about her cases, and she has a clever way of getting parents to institute practices like spanking, panty training, petticoat punishment and even cock and ball torture in the disciplining of boys. As I said, she does it in a clever way. She gets parents to think those practices are their own ideas and she then gives them the courage to go ahead despite popular belief against such methods of discipline. And at times she has me sit in the waiting room of her office just so I can see a particular boy and one or both of his parents either going in or coming out of one of her sessions. Wow! Those boys often look scared, nervous, very sissified, well-mannered and very mindful of their parents.

After dinner, she led me to the spare bedroom.

"Does your cock feel neglected?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress," I quickly said.

She slapped my cock and balls with the back of her hand. "You don't have a cock. It is mine!"

I doubled over mostly as a reaction not because of any real pain. "Yes, Mistress," I replied as I straightened back up.

"I will give your cock some attention," she laughed.

"You mean your cock," I said.

"Now you are learning," she smiled. She reached down and unlocked the chastity belt.

I winced as she took the belt off my cramped imprisonment. I let out a yelp and tried to jerk away, but I was against the wall, and there was no place to go.

"Oh, did that hurt, baby?" she said in a childish voice, as she slipped my baby blue granny panties back up. They felt wonderful

and cuddly on my freed naked cock!

"A little, Mistress," I answered.

She just grinned as she picked up a riding crop and said, "You're getting hard. I can see you like wearing old lady panties. Well, I'll take your mind of your cock and balls." With the riding crop, she smacked the head of my cock.

I gulped and bit my lip. Soon she was flipping the crop back and forth swatting one side of my cock and then the other through my teasingly soft panties. I backed up as far as I could go, but I was in a corner now and couldn't get away from her hitting me. The pain was concentrated on just the head on my dick. I closed my eyes and took deep breaths before I let out a yelp.

"Now does my cock feel like it has gotten proper attention?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied glad it was over.

"It's still early. I'll give it a lot more attention before the night is over," she whispered in my ear. I eventually learned Mistress Lynette has given some cock and ball torture lectures at various Demale Society chapters. With that knowledge, I knew it would be a long and sorry night for my genitals.

"Tomorrow you start tanning," she said. "You are entirely too white. I want nice tanned legs for the summer. When I send you to the tanning salon, you will wear this bikini top I got at the thrift store for each session. They charge thirty dollars for a month of unlimited tans. I want to start seeing a bikini bra tan line on you."

I gulped in shame, mentally dealing with the idea.

She smiled and said, "I want to be able to shame you at anytime by having you remove your blouse. That kind of constant threat is a good way to keep you in line. Displease me, and I might have the neighbors see your sissy tan when you are doing yard work without a shirt on," she laughed.

I closed my eyes and wondered how long it would take before I had what looked like a permanent bikini bra on!

I watched as she walked back to the dresser and picked up a hairbrush. It was going to start. She tweaked my nipples through my bra and then pulled the bra down and sucked on them. She even used the hairbrush to lightly scrape them. She was getting me excited. Mistress leaned forward and put her head against my shoulder while looking down.

"Count them," she whispered as she pulled my big granny panties up snugly and high about my waist and then used the back of the hairbrush and lightly tapped the head of my chastity belt-free engorged cock.

"1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10," I counted off, and as soon as I said ten, she turned the hairbrush over and rubbed it ever so lightly across





the head of my cock through the panties, the bristles snagging on the silky nylon fabric tugging and releasing the slinky nylon panties as they went to and fro over my super sensitive cockhead. The pain was excruciating! I let out a long low moan.

"Count for me," she said again.

The taps are not hard, but they stimulated my cock with an intense mix of pain and pleasure as she once again flipped the brush over and ran the bristles against my cockhead. I let out a scream. The pain was unbelievable. She ran her fingernails ever so lightly across my scrotum held tightly encased in the pulled-up crotch of my sissy granny panties. In all, her abuse of my genitals probably lasted only about ten minutes, but it seemed like an hour. I was gulping down air trying to regain my composure as she did a final adjustment to my silky panties and stepped away from me. The pain of the hairbrush went away quickly but the tightness around my inflamed cock and balls stayed, further teased by the silkiness on my panties. She came back and knelt down in front of me. Her fingers rubbed over my pantied penis free of my cock harness.

"Rock your hips back and forth. You are going to cum like this for me," she commanded as she aggressively jacked on my dick sheathed in the big, slinky panties.

I couldn't believe what I am hearing. She was going to let me cum! She playfully attacked my fully hard pantied cock, and I slowly rocked my hips to her rough handling.

"Oh, my gosh," I thought as I realized I was about to cum.

"Yes, cum for me, my slutty panty boy," she whispered into my ear with her wet tongue while continuing to panty wank my fully excited sissy dick.

I grunted and let out a load groan as my orgasm hit. I flexed my hips out and felt my pent-up cum poised to shoot. I yelled as it exploded right through the panties; dispersed by my panties covering my beaten cockhead, the gooey white droplets went flying, splattering the hardwood floor. I continued to flex my hips back and forth trying to get even more of a release. She continued to hold my cock like a garden hose in the sleeve of nylon panties with just my spurting cockhead extending beyond her fist. I'm panting and almost in tears. Mistress softly strokes the back of my head, smoothing out my hair. As my cock slowly goes limp inside the stretchy light blue granny panties saturated with my slime and continuing to drip globs of my cum every so slowly.

She let go of my pantied cock; some of my jism had gotten onto her fingers. She shoved her hand up to my lips and had me lick them clean. Then she pointed to the floor, and I knew what she wanted. I dove down and licked up every droplet of my sperm on her spotless floor. Then she took off my panties and shoved the slimy crotch into my mouth and had me suck

them clean as she dressed me in another pair of my granny panties, pale pink ones this time with two little roses embroidered on the hips. Then it was time for me to pleasure her, and she had my face deep between her legs licking her pussy for nearly an hour after that.

Soon after she quickly advanced my training and taught me to be her sissy maid. It was just four days after she bought me. It was Monday morning, and as I kissed her pantied pussy goodbye and headed out to the store when she said, "When you come home after work look on the bed; I will have your clothes laid out for you along with instructions."

I was excited all day at work wondering what laid in store for me. When I got home I went directly to the bed. On the bed was a clean pair of my granny panties. She must have hand washed them after I left for work because I had on my last clean pair when I left that morning. Also ready for me was a black skirt and white blouse; I didn't immediately get the idea that it was the beginning of my maids' outfit, and I was embarrassed when I finally realized it as the days went by as she added a garter belt and nylon stockings with seams that I had to keep very straight, a wig (actually I have three of them now - one each of blonde, black and brunette!), and most embarrassing - a C-cup bra. I didn't know it at the time, but she had already started putting me on female hormones that she was secreting into my food. As the months went by and I complained about my nipples itching and my breasts starting to swell, she told me it must be a psychological reaction to spending so much time in female clothes and wearing a bra. She said my body was trying to fill out the bra! Only after my tits really started to grow did she admit she was feeding me female hormones in my food, but even then I couldn't get angry with her. I loved her completely, and if she wanted me to have titties, I'd gladly grow titties for her. At work, I'm got used to my in-between male to female stage, and I wasn't even too embarrassed that my breasts were getting hard to disguise under my loose-fitting white lab coat.

Sitting on top of the stack of female clothes was a letter. I opened it and found it to be a list of chores. At the top, it said to put on the clothes she had laid out and to leave them on until she got home. I took my white shirt and dress pants off and started to put on the outfit.

I picked up the paper again to read the list of chores. I gulped when I read the first chore was to mow the backyard! I was glad I had come home early and the neighbors were not around. During the summer this would not have been too much of a problem. The leaves on the bushes and trees block most of the view into her yard, but it was still too early in spring to hide. I quickly ran out in the skirt and blouse and mowed the yard as fast as I could before most of the neighbors would probably be home to see me. It was harder than I thought even in those low heels she had me wearing. I was happy to put the lawnmower away with time to spare. The rest of the chores were pretty normal. Wash the dishes, vacuum the rugs, and clean the bathroom. Pretty normal stuff. I had dinner ready by the time she got home

at 8:30, Monday being one of her days with evening sessions. I had a meatloaf ready made from my mother's recipe, side dishes, wine and tapioca for dessert.

Upon coming home, she smiled as she looked at the yard. As we ate dinner, I felt myself getting hard in my panties as she complimented me on my dinner and doing most of my chores to her standards. We watched television most of the night. She lay on the couch with her feet in my lap, and I rubbed her feet, a treat she says is almost as good as sex for her! Every now and then she would sit up and play with my nipples until I was breathing heavily. Then she would lie back down, and I'd continue with her feet. Finally she ordered me to stand up in front of her. She had me lift my skirt and take down my panties. After inspecting the condition of my chastity belt to make sure it was properly tightened and see I had not altered it in any way, she took the key from the chain around her neck and unlocked me. My cock twitched. It was free! I even snickered and muttered the word 'free.' To which she corrected me that it was out, but not free. She watched me as I took a quick shower and then had her panty me again. She slowly stroked the head of my cock through my panties and was driving me insane. I could feel my sexual urges start deep within me and rush to the fore. Just as I started to develop a full erection, she smacked my penis down, picked up my chastity belt and put it back on me.

The head of my dick was sticking out of the end of the chastity device. I looked down at her as she ran her finger over the head of my cock. She collected a drop of precum from it and held it up to my lips. I opened my mouth and took her finger in to suck it clean. When she removed her finger from my mouth, I asked, "Can you unlock me and play? I'm so horny."

She looked into my eyes and laughed as she took her time pulling up my panties inch-by-inch and neatly arranging them to cover my flattened front. Then she stood and said, "On your knees."

I quickly dropped to my knees before her. I watched her unfasten her skirt and drop it to the ground. She slid down her white half-slip, and at the sight of her flowered, pastel-colored panties, I felt my cock stir wildly within my chastity belt.

She commanded, "Kiss my ass."

It was right in front of me, just inches from my lips. I kissed it. I went from simply kissing her ass to worshipping it. She wiggled her legs and her half-slip slid the rest of the way down her legs. She stepped out of it and then had me stay on my knees and follow her with my face pressed against the crack of her pantied butt. "Keep kissing my ass." I fell back to my knees and crawled forward and kissed her bottom again. As my lips made contact with her silky panties, she started walking again. I moved as quickly as I could to stay close. I heard her laugh as she stopped in the bedroom and my face slammed into her ass. She fell on the bed.

"Get up here," she ordered.



I didn't need to be told twice and was beside her within seconds. I leaned down to kiss her and she whispered, "Between my legs."

She spread them and I moved. We were then in the 69 position. She was on her back, and I was kneeling over her on all fours and putting my lips on her pussy through her panties. She remarked that my locked up dick didn't even make a mound in my big, drooping nylon panties. She reached up and took one of my nipples in each hand and rolled each between her fingers and thumbs. The feeling was wonderful. I closed my eyes and moaned. My hips started to rock back and forth but being locked up, I could do no more and had little hope she would allow me to do anymore.

"You know, my little panty boy, I love to tease you and make you want me," she whispered.

"Yes, Mistress," I moaned.

Every time when it got to be too much for me, I would drop my arms to the side and lean my chest down on her. This would at least momentarily stop her from stroking my nipples and driving me crazy. She obviously sensed what I was doing but must have took pity on me because she wouldn't immediately command me to get up again so she could torment my nipples all over again. After several more times of dropping down and being ordered back up, she finally removed her fingers from my nipples. I thought I was going to finally get a reprieve.

I was not that lucky. She reached down and grabbed the tube of the chastity belt through my panties. The head of my cock stuck out just beyond the end and she rasped it against the silky nylon of my panties. Then she had me kneel over her on all fours in the missionary position but with my legs on either side of her hips. She had me rub my pantied cock head against her clit within her panties. My stomach started to churn. This was too much. To be this close to her moist pussy with a painfully hard cock and not feel any of the pleasures was pure torture. I didn't think it could get any worse when she shot me down and whispered in a husky voice. "You are nothing more now than a dildo for me," she said as she used the head of my pantied penis to stimulate her clit to an orgasm. I would have easily shot off too, but the pain of fully erecting in the cock harness prevented that from happening.

I put my head on her shoulder and moaned, "Yes, Mistress."

Mistress Lynette had trimmed her pussy hairs to long stubbles, and kept them short like that, they prick a lot. She dragged the head of my sensitive cock over them and I slammed my eyes closed and hoped she would stop tormenting me.

"You've leaked a lot of precum, slave," she said. "You need to clean me up."

I was happy her heavy teasing was over as I lowered myself down between her thighs. Droplets of my precum staining her

panties started at her belly button and extended down to her pussy. The taste was hardly noticeable as I licked her panties over her trim belly. I continued to work my way down and literally sucked my precum through her panties and out of her prickly pubic hairs above her pussy. I felt her hands on top of my head and knew what she wanted. I slowly kissed her clit and felt it harden under her lacy panties. I softly sucked it between my lips and licked the sides of her clit. I heard her moan. She coached me on how to eat her pussy. I pressed my left hand under her ass so I could squeeze and massage it through her silk panties. I pulled aside her leg panty elastic with my left hand, licked the fingers of my right hand and slowly inserted them into her pussy. I only wet them to get them started into her pussy. It didn't need lubrication once they were in her for she was soaking wet. I swirled my tongue around her clit as I rubbed my two fingers around trying to stimulate her G-spot. When I knew she had gotten excited enough it was time to gently suck her clit into my mouth and worship it.

Within minutes I heard my Mistress saying, "I am going to cum, baby; I am going to cum." She then had a powerful orgasm. I was amazed at how powerful it was from eating her. To be honest it gave me a sense of pride to know I could give her such pleasure. It was so wonderful to excite her to such heights! She let out a loud gasp and jerked her hips forward, smashing her pussy against my mouth. Her legs slammed against the sides of my head and I was trapped between her strong thighs. I got a huge thrill being pressed and held firmly against her sex through her fragrant and thoroughly wet panties. This stunningly beautiful woman held me there for about thirty seconds as I continued to softly and slowly tongue stroke her clit trying to pull her orgasm out as long as possible. Finally she went limp and groaned for me to stop and come up.

I straightened up and fell forward onto her heaving chest. "Thank you, Mistress," I said as we embraced. Her orgasm became our orgasm. I didn't need one after that. Her pleasure was big enough for both of us. As she fell asleep, I got up and turned off the lights. I quietly slipped into bed and snuggled up to her. I felt her wiggle her pantied ass up to me. She was quiet, but not asleep. I pressed my cock into her ass and realized my lock was still there. I quickly said, "I am sorry," and pulled back.

She softly said, "It's OK. You can panty wank yourself by pressing up against my pantied butt. Of course, you can't cum, but you are welcome to get as much pleasure as you can handle until the hardness of your cock in your chastity tube drives you crazy. Be my guest, panty boy!"

I do get pleasure from being partially hard in my chastity belt, at least until I gets too hard and it becomes painful. I pressed myself against her and enjoyed that limbo between being excited and not cumming as we both finally fell asleep.

The next day started out the same. When I got home clothes were laid out for me on the bed but a little more involved this time. Black stockings, garter belt, panties, bra, a blue skirt and high





heels. I quickly put them on and read the list of chores. I smiled the entire time as I went from one task to the next cleaning up the house. When Mistress Lynette came home she walked around inspecting my work. She smiled and said I did a good job and would be rewarded that night. I could hardly wait. The hours rolled slowly by before bedtime finally came. Mistress Lynette was in the bathroom as I was taking off the stockings and garter belt. Just as I was about to get in the bed, she called out.

"Stop! From now on, you will not get into bed until I have given you permission. This is my bed. You must ask permission."

I asked and she said 'no.' I waited until she was finished in the bathroom and she was finally in bed. A smile came over her face as she leaned forward and took the key in her hand. An even bigger smile came across my face as I realized she was going to unlock me. When the chastity belt was off, she patted the space beside her and told me to get on the bed. The nipple teasing she gave me was not as intense as it was the night before. I was happy because I knew if I had too much I would cum entirely too quickly when we started to make love.

"You are my pantywaist stud for the night and I want to get fucked by a sissy boy," she hissed.

My cock was rock hard and I almost trembled as she wrapped her fingers around it through my panties. Instead of pulling me closer though, she pushed me up and away from her as she used my cock to guide me into a kneeling position between her thighs.

She reached to the nightstand. "As horny as you are, I won't get a long fucking out of you like this," she said. She slipped a cock ring over my dick and then pulled out a condom and ripped it open. I watched as she pulled my panties down and slowly rolled the condom down over my cock. I stared at her as she ripped open another condom. She rolled that one down over the first one. Two condoms! She pulled up my panties and pulled my double condomed cock out of the leg hole of my panties. Then she dropped back down on the bed and pulled me on top of her. She held the leg elastic of her panties aside and guided my penis to her pussy and ordered, "Stick that sissy stick of yours in my controlling pussy, you sissified, panty-wearing slave."

I pushed forward with my hips. I could feel some pressure on the head of my cock and I knew I was going into her pussy. I knew it would be hot and wet, but there was no way for me to confirm that. With two condoms on, the sensation was not there.

"Fuck me hard, panty boy," she ordered.

I reached down and cupped one of her silk panty covered cheeks in each hand and drove my hips into her. She moaned as I buried myself deep within her. I knew I was buried deeply in her but could not feel it that well. I pulled back and thrust again. She thrust her hips forward and soon we developed a rhythm.

She held me close and whispered into my ear, "How's it feel to

be my panty boy stud and fucking me."

"I can't feel it, Mistress," I whispered back between moans.

"Too bad, sissy," she laughed. "Keep fucking me – but harder!"

I slammed my cock in and out of her tight pussy with powerful thrusts, but I never got the joy of feeling how good they were with the thickness of rubber around my rigid cock.

She finally fell back and pushed me up. "Enough," she said, "I want to feel your tongue in me."

She stopped me when she sensed I was about to cum and then had me finish her off orally. She had an orgasm without me having one. I licked her pussy as she continued my training in the fine art of eating her.

"Slower, I want this to be long, slow, and relaxing," I heard her say. She wanted a long lazy lapping of her entire pussy. I did it for so long I thought my jaw would lock up. I licked, nibbled, and lapped for at least an hour before she exploded in an intense orgasm. Once she was finally content and we lay beside one another, she reached over and picked up the chastity belt and put it back on me. That night was long. I woke up three times with painful nocturnal hard ons. Each time I reached down and felt how wet my cock was from leaking pre cum.

After only three days, I could not believe how horny I was. As before, clothes were laid out on the bed when I got home that night. That night was not regular by any means!

When it was bedtime and I was allowed on the bed, she sat down beside me, unlocked the chastity belt and told me I would be cumming tonight. I was kind of excited to be allowed after so much teasing the last few nights.

In the morning, Mistress woke me up by tossing me a fresh pair of panties. "You have done well with the chastity belt and teasing. And at night you have worn your sissy clothes for a few hours each day, but we have to do more if you are going to truly be my sissy maid. From now on, you will wear a bra to work."

She was definitely going to go a bit further today.

She rummaged through my "sissy" drawer and tossed me my pink and white satin bra. "Put it on and then put on your T-shirt and shirt."

I did and she said she could not see it through both shirts.

She then laughed and said, "But you better keep your lab coat on just in case. And you better please me and make me happy or I could send you out of here without the T-shirt. Then, I know the bra would show through."

I was pretty sure she was joking. She had to be joking. Right?

The day was long. Luckily the store was cool. I often take off my lab coat, but I didn't think anybody would think it odd if I kept it on all day. When I was in my side office once, I did take it off and look in the mirror. I could not see any bra underneath my shirt. When I turned to open the door I did notice that when the shirt tightened up across my back I could see the shape of the bra straps across my back and going over my shoulders. I couldn't see the color or the bra itself, just the impression it made against my back when the shirt was pulled tight. I relaxed. It was going to be easier than I had thought. I did feel myself getting horny from the feel of the bra and panties on me all day.

That night when I got home a box was waiting for me on our doorstep. I took it in, opened it and found the ten pairs of sissy rhumba panties we had ordered. I quickly picked out a pink pair and slipped them on. I knew my Mistress would appreciate me doing that of my own volition. Waiting for me on my bed along with white stockings and a white satin garter belt again was a short black dress made of thin costumers' satin. As I undressed, I couldn't really see my bra until I took off my T-shirt. When I put the dress on, the rhumba panties added fullness underneath and if I bent way over the heavily ruffled pink panties would peek out from underneath the back of my dress. Also, I could see the bra through the dress and was glad I had worn a T-shirt to work. I was definitely never going to give Mistress Lynette a reason not to allow me to not wear a T-shirt in public.

My chores were short, which gave me plenty of time to prepare a nice dinner for Mistress when she got home. She was delighted with my curry chicken and blueberry pie (my mom's recipes) and even happier when I told her the package of panties had arrived and I had put on the pink pair. She had me immediately raise the skirt of my dress, and she then spent quite a bit of time examining the panties and adjusting them between my legs and over my chastity device and drove me a little crazy repeatedly smoothing them out over my hips, ass and cockhead peeking through my harness against the super silky panties.

After dinner she informed me my training as a maid would start in earnest and then brought out a box and slid it across the table. "A present for you," she said. I quickly opened the box and found a small white apron with long ties on it and slight lacy ruffles on the edge. Also in the box, a maid's lacy white cap and a very full, frilly white half slip with huge scallops of lace about the hem. She ordered me to stand up and then helped me put on my new sissy maid accessories.

"Now, you are in a real maids' apron and uniform, not some chinchy imitation you would find at the adult book store," she said. She just smiled and finally broke out into laughter as she ordered me to wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen.

I spent the next hour cleaning up. I was almost done when I heard a ring. I stopped and listened. There it was again. It really wasn't a ring, but more of a tinkle. "Get your fucking ass in here," Mistress Lynette yelled. I threw down the dishrag and quickly

ran into the living room. There was the tinkle again. How sweet. Mistress had found a bell. I guess she rang! I knew what was coming. She explained I was to come running whenever she rang it. We spent a few minutes working on how to properly curtsy. She smiled and said to practice it every day before she got home.

That night was spent with Mistress sitting on my face. I really do enjoy that, but I always figured she must not because she doesn't do it often. I hungrily licked and slurped at her pussy through her panties as she ground her body into my face. Every now and then Mistress Lynette would shift and my whole face was covered to the point I couldn't breathe. She would obviously know that and finally shift again so I could get a gulp of air. After about twenty minutes she climbed off my face and lay on her back.

"Finish me off, sissy," she said.

I crawled between her thighs and licked like a man possessed. As I licked I realized I was truly enjoying this. I could feel the chastity belt swinging between my legs. It drove home to my mind that I was locked up and there was no way I was going to be cumming on that night. As I licked and prodded, I felt a relief I did not understand. My orgasm was of no concern to me. It wasn't mine anymore and nothing to worry about. I put my whole focus into pleasuring my Mistress. She eventually exploded into an orgasm on my face. She wrapped her legs around my head and I just jerked my head up and down to follow her hips as she thrashed around. When she finally released me and I lay down beside her, I felt a wave of contentment rush over me. I had pleased my Mistress, the woman I loved and cherished. She was truly wonderful. Wonderful seemed like such a small word that could not begin to describe how I felt about her. I fell asleep with my head resting beside her shoulder.

The training continued and finally the week was over. She took my penis and balls out of the leg of my new sissy panties and released me from my chastity belt, put a cockring on me and then wrapped a pair of her dirty panties around the shaft of my cock and held them in place with one hand and used her other hand to stimulate my nipples both outside and inside of my silky bra. She then leaned back and pulled me on top of her. She rolled my nipples in her fingers and I was soon hard at steel.

"You're going to get to fuck me like this," she smiled. I felt her hand around my cock as she guided me to her pussy. I groaned as I felt the tightness envelope my head. "Enter me, sissy boy," she ordered. I slowly pushed in and gasped at how wonderful it felt, especially with no double condom in the way. She was wet and tight. I kept pushing until my balls pressed against her. "Fuck me good and fuck me hard, my little pansy," she ordered. I pulled out until the head was just inside her lips and then pushed back in. I slammed my balls against the bone of her crotch and felt the pain shoot through my groin. I was a fast learner. I now knew to go slower.

"Harder, faster," she yelled as she pulled on my nipples.



I tried to go slow and be careful not to ram my balls against her. I was too excited and every other push jolted me as my balls slammed against her. I could feel my cum churning inside me. I quickened my pace while trying to keep the length of my thrusts short enough so I didn't crush my balls. Soon I was grunting, "May I please cum, Mistress."

"Yes, panty boy, you can cum, but you'll clean up every drop" she hissed into my ear.

"Cum for me, my panty slave," she said.

"Yes, Mistress, Yes, Mistress, thank you, Mistress," I yelled.

The cum erupted from me. I trust forward and slammed my cock into her pussy. Then she stopped me and had me freeze in position and remain perfectly still as my cum started shooting out. I lay there not moving as my cock jerked and twitched within her tight pussy. I was cumming in torrents and could not press forward. It felt like I was being cheated of an orgasm. I wanted to bury her cock into her and press it tightly against her and jack myself up and down on her, but after the first shot, all I could do was hold myself still while my cum dribbled out. It was maddening!

"Done, pussy boy?" she said with a wide grin on her face.

"Yes, Mistress," I softly said. I wanted more and knew it was not going to happen. I slowly pulled out and fell down beside her.

"You are not even close to being finished," she said as she sat up. "On your back. You have a mess to clean up." She moved up and put a knee on each side of my head straddling my face. I looked up and saw the wetness dripping through her panty-covered pussy. I could see my cum forming a drop. "Stick your tongue out and leave it out," she ordered.

I did as she said and focused on that drop of cum as she lowered her soaked pussy onto my open mouth. My tongue separated her pussy lips as she sat down on me. I immediately tasted my cum and started to swallow it. I knew to ignore the taste and get it over with as soon as possible. I did not like the taste of my cum, but I had tasted it so much I was at least used to it.

"Clean it all up, you pathetic panty slave," I heard her say, "and if my love canal isn't completely clean of your slime, you will be severely punished."

I had felt her crop before and knew she wasn't giving me an idle threat. I pulled aside her panty leg elastic and swallowed and licked until I was certain she was clean and had drained everything into my mouth. Then I let her panties slide back into place, and I went to work sucking the crotch entirely into my mouth as I cleaned her panties of all of my spunk.

She finally lifted herself off of me and lay back down. I expected her to check herself but she didn't. I guess she knew she was

clean considering how long she was on top of me and how much I licked her.

"That was fun," she said.

I smiled as I said, "Yes, it was, Mistress. Thank you."

"Well, I want you to know that as we go along, I will be a little stricter with your need to spurt your smelly juice."

"I understand," I softly answered.

"No, I don't think you fully understand," she said. "First, concerning your being chaste -- you won't be totally chaste. I like you, I love sex with you and I love feeling your cum in me. I will still want that. I can accept it will be limited, but for you, it will not be totally chaste. You can expect orgasms like tonight. That by the way, was really a milking meant to severely limit your pleasure. I read of that technique on the Internet. I will continue to get fucked whenever I want and with whomever I want, but you will always be included as my cum sucking douche bag clean up panty boy, sucking up the cum of any man I let spurt into me. I will not restrict myself. You may not always cum, but I will whenever I want to. The way I look at it, you will be chaste from the standpoint you no longer have orgasms for yourself. They are for me, my orgasms. Trust me, after a few days of teasing you will think you are chaste and haven't cum in months."

I smiled at that knowing how right she was.

"And second," she continued, "I like having you as my maid in your sexy little uniform to clean up and take care of the place. I like putting you in sissy clothes, teasing you in private and in public, and humiliating you in front of anyone I so chose. We will be doing a lot more of that as time goes on.

That was my introduction to becoming her sissy slave maid. Soon after, she married me, not out of a traditional type of love, but a love of what I brought to her life. Marriage also provided her with an easy way to transfer all my possessions to her without the tax obligations. And marriage did not change her sex live or how she used me sexually. She had no intention of limiting her orgasms either with or without me as she continued to enjoy her remale lovers as well as two teenage girls she occasionally entertained as lesbian lovers.

Mistress Lynette can get me deliriously horny in just moments. With the hormone therapy, I have extremely sensitive nipples and she knows how to roll them between her fingers and thumbs to drive me wild. Over half the time, she stops and leaves me horny for the night.

The longest she has had me wait for an ejaculation is seven days, which doesn't sound like much for a supposedly 'celibate' husband, but the way she makes me cum repeatedly but allows me to only drool cum and then makes me go without cumming for days and days can make a week seem like years. Needless to



say, when I do cum, it is powerful. She is also one who believes if you make a mess you need to clean up your mess. So when I do cum, she pushes my head down between her thighs to clean up the mess that she usually has me spurt all over the front of her panties. Sometimes she has me shoot off over her pantied ass and then farts in my face as I lick up my male slime.

I'm only allowed out of any of my chastity devices when I shower or when she wants to play her sex games with me, and I have to shower under close supervision by my wife or one of her dominant female friends. Whenever my wife is too busy to watch me take a shower, she especially loves to have Dorothy, the thirteen-year-old daughter of a Demale member who lives down the street, come over to watch me.

Dorothy likes to personally – an agonizingly slowly – ease down my ruffled panties, unlock my chastity belt and remove it. Dorothy is a stern taskmaster. She does her job with a Ping-Pong paddle next to her, and like lightening she can pick it up and smack my thighs, butt, penis or balls if I don't cooperate fully and instantly as she pulls and twists my penis to judge how fast I erect and then makes sure I haven't shot my slime lately by cupping my balls to weigh them in her skinny little white-as-plaster teenage hands. My wife always tells her how long it has

been since my last ejaculation, so Dorothy weighs my nuts in the palms of her cold hands to see if her estimate jives with how long my wife says it has been.

This little minx finishes her inspection by trailing her long, Fu Manchu bright red fingernails over my scrotum and dick, all the while giggling in her shrill little voice that sends chills down my spine. Then it's into the shower, and I wash myself as she watches me through the clear glass doors of our shower stall. I wash all except my genitals because I'm not allowed to touch them. She then washes my penis and balls by hand in the sink in a way that is even more torturous than her pre-shower inspection. She pulls back my foreskin and scrubs me briskly with a coarse wash cloth. After I dry myself, she dries my genitals, and then slowly and agonizingly, this wicked little girl helps me into a fresh pair of my ruffled rhumba panties as she continues laughing at me and calling me sissy names; it's a nonstop barrage, an assault on my manhood (what little I have left) as I dress myself in a dress or my maids' costume and then add makeup and my wig. That is a picture of my life.

Rob (Robbed of my masculinity is more like it!)  
Sonoma Valley Whiney Boys Chapter



***A lot of doctors, especially female doctors are very sympathetic to little boys who want to be little girls.***

***May 2007***

***Demale Society Poster Boy***

***www.Demale.com***



*It's obvious tiny dick Max likes to wear his panties. It's hard to imagine only weeks ago he was a bully and a neighborhood terror, but now he's a sweetie and a delight to his new stepmother, who quickly panty trained him and sissy cuckold his father soon after their marriage.*

*July 2007  
Demale Society Poster Boy  
[www.Demale.com](http://www.Demale.com)*







A great way to get boys to understand and appreciate female things is to get them to play with dolls when they are young.





At our annual combined Tri-State Chapters Halloween Meeting & Conference last year, demaled husbands, sons and sissified pantywaist slaves provided the entertainment, and here they are doing a comedy skit about crazy fashion choices.