

The Demale Society

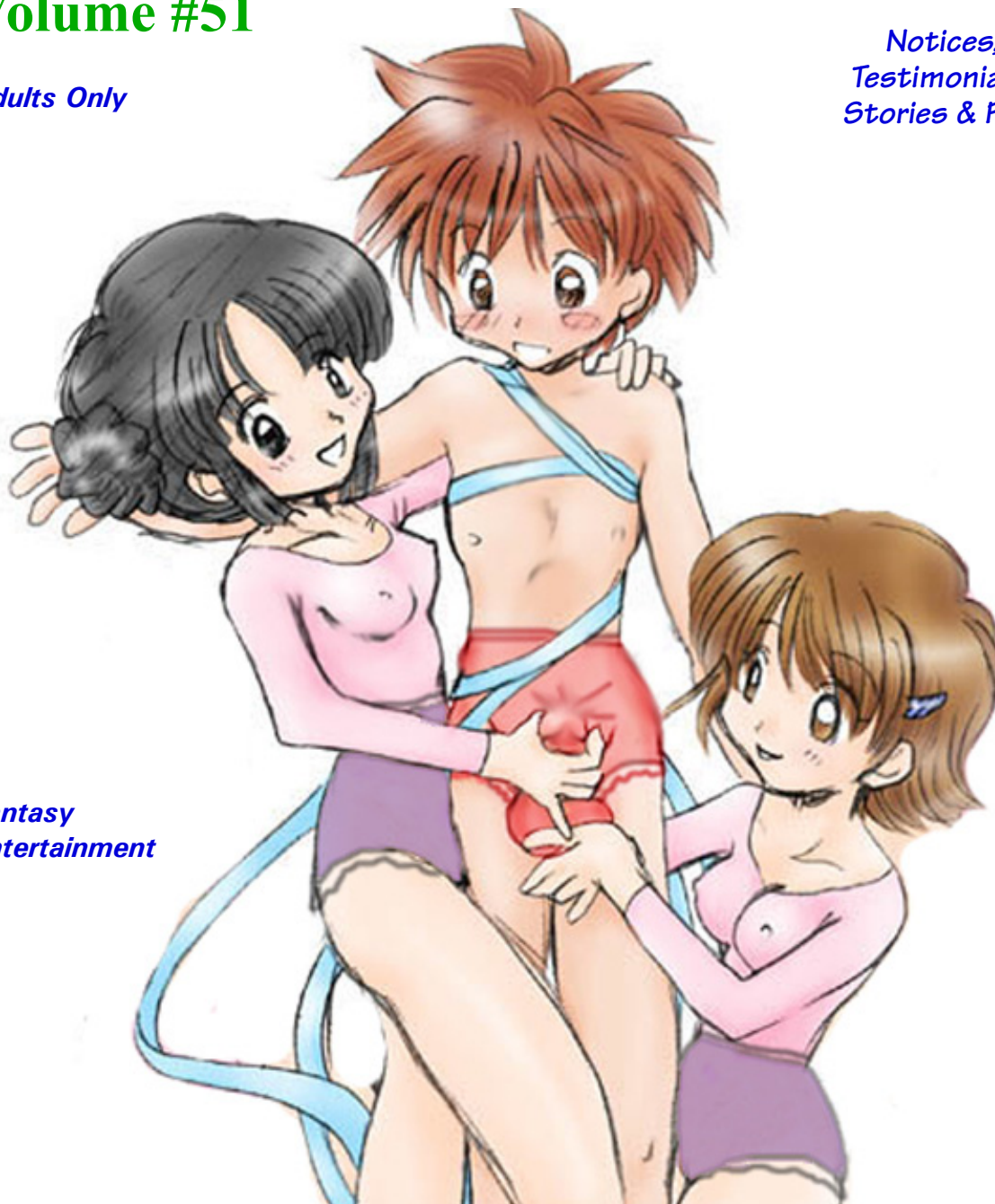
Training Manual

Volume #51

Adults Only

*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

*Fantasy
Entertainment*



For more than a year, Madge has been feeding her sons Cliff, 11, and Kevin, 10, the standard Demale Society lies, brainwashing their tender young minds, and now, the boys actually believe they deserve their petticoat punishment simply because they're good-for-nothing, ignorant little boys!

Every day now the boys thank their Mom for letting them wear girly clothes and beg her to jack them off in their lacy panties, but they don't know she has started giving them meds to permanently take away their sissy pleasure!



**September 2012
Demale Society
Poster Boys
www.Demale.com**



The Demale Society Manual

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

Testimonials Added 7/30/09

From: Tony, The South Jersey Chapter Subject: Details on Feminizing Males

In this volume, we are delighted to present actual case histories from Dr. Lucy's files. She has selected stories that illustrate a variety of demaling techniques that are highly instructional. There are all kinds of ways to demale men and boys and here you will find concrete examples, loaded with ideas that you can use on your problem males.

And later in this volume, I'm proud to present a little bit about the history of our chapter that I think you will enjoy reading about.

Tony
Secretary
The Demale Society
South New Jersey Chapter

The Carson Family

Demaling a boy can be done quickly or slowly. The best method depends a lot on the boy and the situation. Most of the time, doing it slowly is best, and the sneakiness of it a lot more fun, but sometimes the shock of doing it quickly is as effective and even more traumatic for a boy. The following story of the Carson family is a great example.

Ten-year-old Kevin Carson had gotten into a fight with Kathy Newlund, a girl at school. He had hit her so hard

it bruised her face and knocked a tooth out of her mouth. His defense: she had attacked him after school because he didn't let her see his answers during a math test. Besides, he explained she outweighed him by twenty pounds and he was just trying to defend himself against her, who everyone knew was one of the school's most notorious bullies.

Mandy, the boy's mother had been waiting for an excuse to feminize him because he was becoming too willful as well as very mean to his little eight-year-old sister, Jennifer. Mandy Carson had been a member of our chapter for almost a year and had taken the slow road to asserting her control over her family. She hesitated demaling Kevin and his older brother, Cliff, because turning a boy into a sissy was such a foreign concept to what she had believed her entire life.

Mandy had always been attracted to the typical, manly type of male going back to her high school days when she was a cheerleader and her boyfriends were always the school jocks, and it's why she married Arnold, a big, coarse linebacker. It took her a long time to realize that egotistical macho men like the football hero Arnie make poor husbands and boring lovers. Several of Mandy's old school friends had married wimpy or even effeminate husbands, and most of them seemed so much happier than she was. She wondered what she was missing. So Mandy asked Alice Ashton to lunch, a former classmate who had married a very wimpy guy.

Mandy cried on her old friend's shoulder saying she thought she had done everything right. She had been the cute, perky, mini-skirted blonde who had married the handsome ideal guy, but her marriage was anything but ideal. Arnie was dull and he did little to help out around the house. Plus, he had very little interest in the children unless it was something he was interested in too, like sports. He complained a lot about the kids, especially their two boys, Cliff and Kevin. Anyone

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would think he'd be interested in his boys as his pride and joy, but he often hinted they weren't masculine enough for him. Ignoring them or putting them down was typical of how he related to them. Jennifer, their eight-year-old little girl, was 'daddy's little princess' but he didn't do much right with her either. He showed his love by buying her most anything she wanted and letting her eat junk food and candy instead of supporting Mandy's desire for the kids to eat a healthy diet.

In turn, Alice told Mandy that after high school she was frustrated with the men she met. She then discovered the Demale Society, an organization that reshaped her views and helped her find the right kind of guy to marry. She had no interest in macho guys; her ideal was a mate interested in her needs and one she could boss around! She wanted to be the one in charge and make all the important family decisions.

Those concepts were alien to Mandy. She wondered what it would be like to be in charge of her own family and quickly realized it would make all the difference in her world. She started attending some of our Demale Society meetings and was taken aback by our female supremacy ideas. She learned why typical males are such poor mates.

Over time, she rethought her feelings, changed her opinion about what is and isn't attractive in a male and concluded that sissies make the best partners. It did depress her – she wondered why her mother or anyone else had never told her the truth about macho men when she was a little girl instead of pushing upon her all the fairytale bullshit about the ideal mate and traditional male-female stereotypes?

Alice eventually introduced Mandy to her two sons who are very sissified. She thought the boys looked more like girls than boys, and when she learned the boys were gay, she was sure she would never want that for her boys. But as she became more involved with our club and got to know more about Alice's boys, she found them to be the sweetest, most loving children she had ever known. It didn't take her long to decide that is exactly what she wanted for her own sons!

Learning these lessons so late in her life made her angry, and it didn't take her long to start making changes in her own family. It was slow going, but taking charge made her a lot happier with herself. Arnie was so into himself, he hardly noticed. Amazingly, he did let her make many of the family decisions probably because it made life easier for him.

The following is her family's story at this stage of their development. Mandy has been increasing her control over their family for nearly a year at the start of this narrative, but then the fight Kevin had with that girl gave Mandy the chance to discipline him with petticoat punishment, and even her brute of a husband didn't stand in her way since her husband considered a boy striking and hurting a girl something that boys never so under any circumstance.

It had taken Mandy a long time to understand and accept the Demale Society philosophy and then summon the courage to put it into practice, but once she started, she was in a rush to achieve her goal and that's why she decided the shock value of doing a quick demaling was the best way to do it.

After Kevin had so violated the girl, Mandy had little trouble convincing Arnie that the ideal way to punish a boy for such an offense would be to force him to be like a girl for a while. It would humiliate him out of ever doing something like that again. But what her husband did not know, is that putting the boy in girls' clothes would not be a temporary punishment but a whole new way of life. Seeing his son dressed up like a girl made macho Arnie uncomfortable, but his wife assured him that it would make Kevin want to be all boy, maybe even the boy he had always wanted his son to be. Of course that's not what happened. Now here is the Carson family's story from the viewpoint of Kevin, who is now fully petticoat disciplined at home at all times. Only when going outside, which isn't very often, or when going to school, can he wear boys' clothes, but even then, he must always wear a lace-edged camisole and nylon panties under those clothes.

Kevin Tells His Story

My stupid sister Jennifer was yelling at me, "Kevie, pull up your dress and slip. Rub your penis and nuts through your new panties. You know mom wants you to keep your dick hard. Show Mary Jo how you have to play with it and spurt into your panties. Mom wants to make a panty boy out of you so you don't grow up to be an idiot macho asshole!"

What kind of talk is that from an eight-year-old girl? Well, welcome to my world! The dress I had on was a little girls' pink party dress with rows of lace, ruffles and wide satin ribbons. My full-length slip had a big row of lace around the top and bottom. My satin panties were pink — almost all my panties are pink; this disgusting pair had white lace on the sides and around the legs and little red bows on each hip.

"I'm not doing it with her here!" I screamed. Jenny had her third-grade classmate, Mary Jo, over to the house. Doing stuff like that in front of my sister is bad enough, but Mary Jo isn't part of our family. I angrily protested, "I'm going to get mom. She won't make me do it with her here."

Mom had instructed me to obey every order Jenny gives me, but this? I turned away from Mary Jo and put my hands back under my dress. If I wasn't occupied carrying out some other command, mom did want me to keep my hands on my pantied genitals at all times while in the house. Jenny ignored my complaint. She just kept on insisting. "Kevie, get your skirt up higher. Turn around so we can see you foundling your little noodle; make your dick as hard as you can. I'm going to take pictures of you with my iPhone so I can look at my sissy ten-year-old brother anytime I want a good laugh."



Kevin

“I’m going to get mom.”

“Oh no you aren’t; just stay right where you are and play with your baby dick in your pink panties or I’ll whip your silky butt with the belt from my Brownies Scout uniform. Turn around more so we can see. Is that all the bigger you can make it? Make it harder, we can barely see it. It doesn’t even make much of a bump. Your hips in those femmy panties still look like they belong on a girl’s body!”

Mary Jo giggled as she said, “Yeah, please, Kev, I want to see how big you can make your thing. I don’t have a brother to play with.”

Giggly little eight-year-old girls are so annoying.

“You know you have to obey me, boy, don’t you?” Jennifer added, “I’ll use my belt on your penis and balls instead of your ass if you don’t start doing a better job of panty wanking.”

Mom must have heard us arguing. She came in and dad followed sheepishly like he was half drugged. He looked defeated. I know he hated seeing me in my petticoat punishment clothes; maybe he had a couple of beers already this early in the day. But in the house I’m in them most all time now so I supposed he’s still trying to get used to it. I let my dress fall down in front to cover my hands still dutifully jerking on my penis through my panties. He knew what I was doing, yet he grumbled, “Hey, kids, what’s going on here?”

Jenny answered, “We’re just watching Kevin do his panty training lessons. I want to get some nice peter-pumping panty pictures of him. Mary Jo wants to see him spurt. I want to record that on my phone too. She never saw a boy do that.” Dad asked mom, “Gees, Mandy, I dunno. Is it OK for Kev to do it with her here?”

Mom ignored his question and asked Jenny, “I thought I’d come in to see if Kevin gave you any trouble about the dildo? Did you have to beat on his butt?” Jenny smirked, “Oh, yeah, he didn’t want me to do it in front of Mary Jo until I grabbed under his dress and twisted his nuts like you showed me, Mom. To get me to stop, I made him hobble over to the chair and flop over the arm, but he wouldn’t hold still when he saw the dildo coming and I pulled up his party dress, so I had to smack his pink pantied butt with my ping-pong paddle about thirty times before he let me dildo fuck him in the ass. Mary Jo really liked seeing that. She’s seen Kevin in dresses a few times before but she’s never seen a boy in panties before, especially one getting spanked and ...” Mary Jo jumped in gleefully, “Oh yeah, Mrs. Carson, I loved it; his panties are so pretty, much prettier than any panties I have. I had to rub between my legs because my cunny felt so good seeing that big black rubber dick go up his butt. I had no idea a boy could get something so big up his bum.”

“Yeah, Mary Jo, it’s pretty neat, isn’t it,” mom said.

My sister complained, “Kevin was nasty. He called me a bitch, Mom. He didn’t want Mary Jo see me do it. I did ram the fat two-incher dildo up him, like you said I could, Mom. I guess that’s why

he keeps moaning and complaining and why he's walking kind of funny." I half cried, "Mom, can you please take it out? It really hurts and makes me feel like I'm going to do a big poop. And now Jenny wants me to panty wank myself and cum in front of Mary Jo. She's not family."

Mom scowled, "Quit stalling. You know I told you to follow every order your sister gives you. She can do anything to you except cause you permanent physical damage. So start pulling on your tiny pantied dick or I'll have your dad warm up your silky bottom with a good strapping. And let your sister take pics. She knows enough not to show those pictures to anyone without my permission. Now, tuck your skirt and slip up under your arms – all the way up so we all can see. Stop just flicking your dick around and start a really good panty wank. I'm training you to become a panty slave so you'll have a lot more respect for females and not argue with us when we tell you to do something."

"But, Mom, please no more panties. I don't like them. They make me feel so funny. I'm a boy not a ..." "Kevin, you are not a boy. You're a sissy, how many times do I have to tell you that. Only a stupid little sissy like you would ever hit a girl. Isn't that right, Arnie?" My dad nodded even though he was looking away. Mom continued, "Son, since you are a sissy, we're not going to let you be half a sissy; you're going to be a complete sissy and that means learning to love wearing your pretty nylon panties. You need to learn to love the silkiness of nice panties and how much fun they can be. I'm sick of you as a nasty little bully; I won't let you grow up that way; that's why your dad and I want you to be a sissy panty boy. Stop complaining and get busy enjoying your silky panties or I might change my mind and let Jenny show your friends a bunch of the pictures we have of you in your nice dresses and fancy little girl lingerie."

"But, Mom, the dildo ... ugh! ... it's really tearing me up inside. I can't concentrate. I can't get hard with that thing in me. ... Gasp! ... It's really hurting. You said she can't hurt me bad. Uh! ... Please! I'm sure it has wrecked my butt hole already. Can you take it out? Please?"

"Kevin, you're talking nonsense. Feeling some pain and being shamed is part of your training. We need to humiliate you a lot more not less. I have you on those male hormone pills so you can spurt cum even though you are only ten years old. I know you love ejaculating; it's one of the exciting benefits of panty training. I know you can't live without sliming your panties, so start wanking. Show Mary Jo how you do it. And Kevin, about the dildo, I don't want to hear any more of your whining. Every three days I've had Jenny gradually increase the size of the dildo we use on you. You are right on schedule for the big black beauty you now have up your wazoo. Dr. Lucy assures me you can handle it and it won't tear up your poop chute. Now, no more huffing and puffing and stop protesting. As a wimp, I suppose I should expect you to complain like this, but I'm sick of

hearing it. Learn to like it or I might have your father really shove something big up your ass." What did mom mean by that? Did she mean she'd have my dad shove his fat prick up my butt? Wow, this was getting weird. Dad seemed to be out of it. "Ah, honey, wha...", was all he said. I guess he was trying his best not to pay attention.

Mary Jo was trying not to giggle too much, but I would rather she just let it all out. As she tried to stifle her laughter, she just ended up yelping and chirping and sounding like a crow mocking me. It was so damn humiliating for her to pretend like she didn't want to laugh at me.

Mom gave dad an elbow in the ribs and he seemed to wake up. He commanded, "Kev, your sister's girlfriend needs to learn about how a boy's body works. And a good boy should do things like that for his little sister and her good friends. You know you deserve to be treated like a sissy; it's your punishment for what you did, so just do it." Standing there, sissy boy exposed, with my dress up to the sky and my hands still on my pantied genitals, I began to manipulate my dick and nuts in earnest through the unnervingly smooth nylon panties. If I didn't do it, I know I would be in for an even worse punishment. After what mom had said, I wanted to tell her I wasn't a sissy but I knew it was not worth arguing with her. Mom never lets me forget how bad I am. She said what I had done to that girl was so wrong that I deserved my petticoat punishment. I always cry when mom makes me admit how bad I am and how I shouldn't have hurt that damn girl. I used to think Kathy deserved me hitting her, but now, every night, I have to confess to mom for how bad I am and beg her forgiveness before she gives me my cum pills and wanks me into my panties. I have to do it because I can't live without mom making me feel 'sissy good' as she likes to say.

Mom hated it whenever I complained, but Jenny's threat to whip my boy parts scared me. I just had to say something. "Mom, sis said she'd use her dress belt or the ping-pong paddle on my dick and balls if I didn't do a panty spurt for Mary Jo! Hitting me like that would surely damage me, wouldn't it? Please, tell her she can't hit me like that."

"But, son, Jenny CAN do that. She just completed a mini training course at the last Demale meeting where she learned how to whip a boy's equipment without causing permanent damage, yet deliver excruciating pain. Yes, it would hurt you a lot to be genital whipped, but you'd be as good as new after a day or two of bed rest. I recommend you keep your dick hard for her and spurt for Mary Jo and let her take all the pictures she wants unless you want to experience a new kind of pain in your boy parts that, believe me, you won't like."

Aw, Mom ..."

"Kevin, I've had enough. Stop complaining. Hey, I got a great idea to get you to shut up and stop talking back. Let's put something in your mouth and really entertain the girls at

the same time. Arnie go get Cliff. Let's have Kevin suck him off and really give the girls a show."

Wow! Dad heard that and woke up! "Mandy, honey, Kevin is only ten and Cliff is only eleven. Let's not introduce our sons to homosexuality. What kind of lesson is that?" Mom looked angrily at him like he was stupid for disagreeing with her. "It's a great lesson, dear. I just want Kevin to suck Cliff's little peter. That won't turn him into a queer. Don't worry. It takes more than giving a little kid a blowjob once in a while to make a boy a homo. Kevin, get over here now."

I was glad dad was finally questioning one of mom's crazy ideas. He hates faggot stuff. For months now, he's been giving into mom on everything. He never backs me up in anything anymore. At first he didn't like me being in dresses around the house but mom got him to go with it. And when he argued with mom when she started making me wear nylon babydoll nighties to bed every night, mom just reminded him that he had given her the power to make all the house rules. These days, he just ignores me and looks the other way as much as possible. I don't know what kind of spell mom has put on dad, but he's turned into a shithead.

But now, emboldened by my dad finally standing up to mom, I started to say, "Mom, I ain't a fag. You can't ..." But then I felt a hard smack on my dress-covered butt. It was dad. I had totally misjudged him. He yelled at me, "Kevin, how many times do I have to tell you that your mother's word is rule and if she tells you to suck Cliff's cock, you damn well better suck his cock. Your mom is very smart; she knows what's best for you even if I don't understand what she's trying to accomplish here. You've always disappointed me. You can't play sports worth a damn. You've always been a wimp and a weakling. Now after beating up a girl I know you are nothing but a skinny little sissy. I don't know how to deal with you, but I guess your mom has finally figured it all out. You will suck your brother's dick or I'll beat you silly with my big leather belt and you'll still have to give him a blowjob. I'll beat your penis and balls too. Sissies don't really need them; so what if I damage them. So remember, whenever your mom or sister tells you to do something, you better do it."

OMG! My head was exploding! Dad has always thought of me as a wimp and a sissy? No wonder he has never backed me up. So it's perfectly fine with him if mom makes me suck cock! I was writhing in mental pain as dad headed off to get Cliff, who was watching TV in the next room. "Cliff, your mom needs you; get in here," I heard him say. "Yes, Mom," my timid eleven-year-old brother said walking in the door.

"Cliff, I'm going to have Kevin suck your dick. So get over here and take off your clothes." Mom said it like it was a perfectly normal thing to do. "Ma-a-a-a! Eeewwww, no! That's gay! Mom, Kevin is the bad boy you got wearing girly dresses, not me. Have him suck some other guy's cock."

That was the wrong thing for him to say. Mom then snapped, "Cliff, I've left you alone pretty much because you don't give me much grief and you're pretty nice to your kid sister, but when I tell you to do something you know you have to do it without complaining or you are in big trouble. Now, I've been concentrating on Kevin a lot; trying to make him into a halfway decent human being instead of an asshole like the boys you hang around with. I've been too easy on you, but lately, you've been getting on my nerves; it's time I start making you shape up. Do you think you're some kind of little man or something? Well, you're not. You're a whiny little sissy too just like your kid brother; you've just been lucky enough not to have been caught doing something really stupid like hitting a girl. Come over here and let Kevin suck your cock or I'll put you in dresses and panties too."

"Fuck you, Ma! You can't make me do it! I'm not's gay! I'm no faggot." Mom angrily answered, "Fuck me, huh?" She began slapping him across the face, slapping him silly! Bells had to be ringing in his head. "Damn you, boy! I can't make you do it, huh? You just stepped in shit. You're in need of a big lesson. A while ago I got you something. I'll get it and be right back. In the meantime, think about what is so bad about being a queer. Why do boys always think it's such a horrible thing? I'd like to know what you have to say about it. When I get back, I want to hear your answer. While I'm gone, get out of all your clothes in case I don't like your answer."

"Mo-o-o-om, I ...," Cliff tried to say something but mom just gave him a mean look, slapped his face hard again and then flicked her hand at him to direct him to undress. She was gone for about five minutes. Very slowly he took off his clothes and only hurriedly stripped off his underwear and covered himself with his hands when he heard her returning with an oversized brown shopping bag.

"So, Cliff, tell me what's so bad about being a fag?" It was obvious he was shaken by the situation, beaten and standing naked in front of the girls. "Gees, Mom, queers are bad. Boys aren't supposed to do that shit. Fags act like swishy girls and stick their things up each other's butt. Yuck. That's bad."

"Bad, huh?" mom was questioning him like a lawyer. "But if that's what they want to do, and they don't hurt you, it's their business, isn't it?" My big brother shrugged his shoulders and looked nervous as she asked, "Son, do you know any fags? Are any of the boys at your school fags?" He shook his head like he didn't know. "So what's so bad about them if a fag has never done anything to you and you don't even know one?" Clearly frustrated, he just shrugged his shoulders.

With the girls snickering, he finally said, "Mom, everybody knows fags are bad. Right, Dad?" Dad raised his eyebrows and looked scared himself, surely he knew better than to say anything. "Cliff," mom said, "I don't care what your dad has to say about queers; I want to know what you think about them." Cliff hemmed and hawed and then finally said, "I

The Carson boys: Kevin in pink and Cliff in white.



don't know, Mom. I just don't like them." Mom still held the shopping bag in her hands. She set in on the table next to her. "Cliff, you don't know shit about fags so I think you need to learn about them. Come here, son." Standing shamefaced and naked in front of Mary Jo, who was squealing with joy, Cliff looked scared, deadly afraid of mom and wondering she'd do next. She pulled him in until she had him standing between her legs. Mom, wearing a flannel lumberjack shirt and boy-cut jeans, exuded confidence and power compared to the rest of us -- the icky sweet little girls in their skimpy summer dresses snickering like they knew what was about to happen; me in my fancy party dress, still wanking on my penis in my satin panties because no one had given me permission to stop; dad standing there and looking like an idiot, probably wishing he could be anywhere else but here; and poor Cliff, cowering and stark naked like a wimp and hoping not to displease mom in any way. Mom was the most powerful person in this room full of us submissive dolts.

All eyes were on mom as she trapped Cliff between her big thighs and then said, "Son, I bought some things for you." She took a package out of the bag on the table. Cliff saw what it was first. He gasped, moaned a teary cry and mumbled, "Oh, no!" Mom slapped his bare thigh. "Cliff, you don't know shit about what goes on in the world. You need a little lesson. In fact, you need a lot of lessons." Mom tore open the clear plastic package filled with something very colorful. My brother's jaw dropped. Then we all could see. I was close enough to be able to read the front of the package that said, "Nylon Rhumba Panties — Girls' Size Twelve — Assorted Colors." There were three pairs of panties inside — pink, yellow and lavender, each with lace around the legs and fully covered with more lace across the back. Several tiny satin bows in contrasting colors decorated the front and lacy backs of the very girly panties. "Cliff, like your brother, it's about time you too have a lesson in lace. Aren't these panties just adorable?" she asked as she held them up for us all to see. Of course, the girls howled with laughter as she flagged before him the pink pair of panties. "I bought these panties for you months ago, Cliff. I knew the time would come when you'd need to learn all about panties, and now is the time." His tears that were dripping down his body. "Oh, please, Mommy, no! I can't. Give them to Kevin. He's the sissy, not me." Jenny laughed, "Yes, you are, Cliffie. You're a sissy too! Sissy! Sissy! Sissy!" She kept repeating it and the little brat Mary Jo then joined her in calling him a sissy. Mom said, "Cliff, of course, you're a sissy. You just didn't know it. Or maybe you do know it but you can't admit it to yourself." "No, Mommy! No!" "Oh, yes, Cliffie, yes! I'm going to teach you a lot today. So let's get you into your new panties and get started. Cliff tried to edge away from her but she slapped his naked bum, told him to stand still, hold his foot up and step into his new panties. "A boy's first pair of panties needs to be pink," she said like it was an absolute fact while s-l-o-w-l-y sliding the silky nylon panties up and up his body. She continued to talk in a monotonous monotone as she snugged them high around his waist and then fidgeted

around snapping the elastics and checking the fit, making him squirm in terrorizing agony. "If I had my way, every boy would wear nothing but pretty lacy pink panties and at all times. I got these sweet rhumba panties because they're so cute. I wanted all of them in pink but they only sold them in packages of assorted colors, but, son, don't worry, I'll take you shopping for a whole bunch of panties real soon, really fancy ones, and we'll get them all in pink because I know you'll soon fall in love with them just like Kevin loves his pink panties." Traumatized and now blushing in horror at being pink pantied for the first time, Cliff had a stupefied look on his face. I think he was trying to protest, trying to say something but no words came out of his mouth.

My big brother stood there like an idiot with his mouth wide open. Mom said, "Son, I probably should have done this a lot sooner. I'm going to dress you like a sweet little girl for the first time, now, and I'll make sure you learn to love sweet, soft girly clothes. You'll be so happy in your pretty clothes that you'll soon forget all about complaining when I tell you to do something. So you think it's crazy for a boy to suck another boy's cock? Well, to show you how wrong you are, I'll have you suck Kevin's dick first, and then he can suck yours. Doesn't that sound like a lot of panty boy fun? I need both of you to learn that being a cocksucker is no big deal."

Cliff burst out into tears, crying louder than I had ever heard him cry, and he hadn't even been spanked! Dad said, "Holy shit, do I have two sons who go around bawling like naughty little girls? You both carry on like spoiled little babies. Shut up and do what your mom tells you to do! Damn! I have fags for sons! I don't want to hang around for this. I need to get out of here and get a good stiff drink." Mom yelled at him, "Arnie, you're not going anywhere. You need to watch this unless you want to be next in line sucking cock." At that, dad's eyes bugged out of his head, but he didn't move from the spot and watched slack-jawed as mom play with the pink rhumba panties on Cliff's hips. She kept straightening out the lace and frills, fussing around to her satisfaction. Pretending to check the fit, but surely to tease him, she rubbed her hands all over the panties smoothing out the nylon, flipping up the lush rows of ruffles, and snapping crisply the snug elastics.

I felt I had nothing to lose. I complained. "Mom, do we have to do this? Cliff doesn't want to do it, and I don't want to. Can't we just be boys for you? We'll be really, really good." I guess dad had to show support for mom or get himself into deep shit. He scowled at me. "Damn it, Kevin, stop. If your mom wants you two to suck cock, just do it, and it'll all be over for the both of you in just a few minutes." Wow, even our fag-hating dad was going to make us do this!

Dad was looking away as mom pulled from the bag a very fancy white silk and chiffon dress. "It's a First Communion dress," mom said gleefully. "When I saw it, I just had to have it. I knew Cliff would do something to deserve to be punished, so I bought it and now is the time to use it." Cliff



Kevin

half screamed, "But, Mom, I didn't do anything. What am I being punished for ..." He could not even finish his sentence before mom slapped his face with a very loud crack. "Cliff, you did do wrong. You do wrong every day of your life just because you're a boy. Boys are dirty, smelly, nasty vile creatures. Just being a boy is like an original sin just to start with. Plus you're not even any good at being a boy, so maybe we should make you into a girl, or maybe just a sissy fag boy — even that would be a huge improvement! And look here, boy. I have all the accessories, cute, lacy little ankle socks, a white satin full slip, even a white satin beginner training bra, white patent leather shoes -- everything a girly boy like you could ever want. Even a veil! Don't you just love it?" Of course, Cliff didn't answer and he didn't complain. He just stood there like a statue and let her dress him in those girly clothes. Jenny and Mary Jo danced around him and helped. All of them handled him like he was a big doll to dress up. He was crying so hard it made me shed more of my own tears. I wondered how I could possibly still have any tears left. I had to ask again. "Dad, please, don't make us do any queer stuff, not in front of the girls. They'll tell everybody."

"Kevin, shut up ... the girls aren't going to tell anybody; just keep your dress up and let your big brother suck your dick." Dad was pulling his belt free of his pants. I knew he meant business. Doing this fag stuff was now inevitable. "Keep your lacy slip out of the way too, boy!" Dad wasn't going to be any help whatsoever. Now my endless tears were dripping down and staining the lacy front of my bunched up pink party dress. Mom explained, "Kevin, your sister and Mary Jo need to learn about boys. Doing this will help your standing in our family. Now, tell, me, how much you love to spurt your cum into your panties and show us how you do it." "No, Mom, I, uh, oh, I can't! I can't even think with this damn dildo up my butt. It's killing me. Ugh!" "Kev, I'll ask you one more time and you better give me the right answer. "Tell me how much you love cumming in panties." "Oh, Ma-a-a! I dunno; I, uh, like it when, you do it ..."

"And if I don't do it, do you like to do it to yourself?" "Oh, um, not really..." "Tell the truth or..." "Yes, Mom. Yes, I, um, I do, I do it. It's OK." "Just OK? Now really tell us all how much you love cumming in your nice girly panties? Tell us." "Yes, Mom, I do ... I like it. I like it a lot." Admitting it out loud made me cry even more, if it was even possible. "Now, tell us, son; do you like to ejaculate in any other way than cumming into your girly nylon panties?" "Um, I dunno know ..." "Oh, sure you know. Be truthful, you little sissy. Or do you want me to go into the dirty laundry and show everyone all of your silky cum-filled panties that are in there? I'm especially sure Mary Jo would love to see them."

"Oh, yes, I would," sis's snotty little girlfriend giggled.

"Mo-o-o-om, ple-e-e-e-ase!" "So tell us all: Are you addicted to panty wanking?" "Oh, Ma, maybe..." "Kevin! Do you want your dad to take over my nightly job of wanking you

into your pretty panties?" "Mandy!" dad almost yelled. "I, uh, I couldn't..." "Shut up, Arnie! If I tell you to jack off Kevin in his panties, you will do it, won't you?" Dad meekly replied, "Yes, dear." Holy shit! My dad would do it! I had to say, "Mo-o-o-m, o-oh, yes! I love to cum in my panties, and I love you doing it best of all! I never want to cum in any other way!" Mom turned to Cliff, "See? What did I tell you? Once you're hooked on cumming in pretty pink panties, it's like being addicted to crack; you are not interested in cumming in any other way!" She then looked to me, "Good, Kevin, I'm glad you're finally able to admit it. Now we're getting somewhere. But you know, instead of just me doing it or having your sister do it, we need to expand on your outlets. Your sister or I might not always free to jerk you off. So it's time Cliffie learns how to panty jack you. And we should have your daddy learn too, right, Arnie?" Dad cleared his throat, "Uh, um, anything you say, dear." I actually saw dad's eyes glisten. Was he about to shed tears? Yikes! A crazy thought, but even crazier was my ten-year-old brother now kneeling in front of me in a virginal white First Communion dress compete with a veil, looking like a baby bride with his hands on my pantied penis and nuts, fumbling around in his meager attempt to masturbate me. "Cliff," mom said, "pull aside your brother's panty leg elastic so you can get his dickie meat out and suck on it." Mary Jo got a weird look on her face, anticipating what was about to happen as it dawned on her. "Oh, my God, you're really going to make him give his brother a blowjob. Aren't you, Mrs. Carson?" Mandy just smiled at her daughter's friend as I started to tear up. "Isn't that really gay?" Mary Jo inquired. "Who cares?" Jenny said. "It's going to be awesome to watch. Make him do it, Mom." I moaned. I had to try and stop it, "But, Mom, Cliff doesn't want to do it ..." "Oh, but he will do it, and love it. And he does look so cute in that beautiful dress, doesn't he? Here, let me pull his veil back so we can all see better ... oh, yeah, he certainly looks like a sweet little girl ready to go up to the altar and receive First Communion, huh? So, Kevin, give our nancy boy Cliffie what he's down there waiting to receive. It will be good for you too. Just look down at him; doesn't he look like the prettiest little ten-year-old girl you've even seen ready to suck your dickie? Nice, huh? And he'll do a good job or I'll walk him to the park wearing just his pink rhumba panties and make him beg to give boys blowjobs until his belly bursts because it's so full of their slimy cum."

As Cliff reached for my penis, I pleaded, "Mom, I'm sorry for fighting with Kathy at school, really. I know I was bad. I'm wearing dresses for you because I know I deserve to be punished, but I don't like Cliff touching me. Boys don't suck off boys." Mom ignored me. I was bawling. I didn't want to do gay boy stuff. I took a big chance appealing to my father one last time, "Da-a-a-d, don't let her make me do it." His answer: I felt a crack on my backside from his belt. At least my dress and slip were down in back so it didn't really hurt but I got the message to shut up. "Kevin, I'm beginning to see the point of all this; why your mom dresses you boys like girls and now is making you both suck cock. You've been



Cliff

too disrespectful for too long. You have to learn to obey. I wouldn't discipline you like this, but your mom has been going to all those meetings and now she's the expert. It is starting to make sense to me. I'm sure she's not trying to make you boys into faggots; she's just trying to impress upon you how important it is to obey her rules." Mom pulled out her cell phone. "I want pictures of this. Hey, Jenny, get the camcorder out of my closet. We'll get it all on disk." Dad said, "Honey, I can't watch this; if you don't need me, I'll leave." Mom answered, "Arnie, stay right here. You need to watch! It'll be a good lesson for you too." Jenny returned with the camcorder. "Give it to your dad; he'll be the official movie maker." Mary Jo was so excited; she was jumping around like she was going to piss in her panties. Mom said, "Cheer up, boys. It'll be fun. You'll see." She helped Cliff pull my penis out from under my panty leg elastic and then shoved his face up to it and made him suck it in. His mouth was warm and wet and his tears rolled down his cheeks and onto my thighs, both tickling and further shaming me. Gazing down, he did look like a preteen bride between my trembling legs. Mom clicked a few pictures with her cellphone and dad had the camcorder running. "See, boys, it's no big deal. Just pretend that sucking a cock is like sucking on a finger. That's all." Mom then pulled Cliff off me. "That's enough, Cliff." His teeth nicked me as he let go! "Yeooooow!" I screamed. "Mom, he bit me!" Cliff moaned through his tears, "No, I didn't!" "Oh, Kevin, no damage done. Your big brother will learn to do it better next time." — I yelled to myself: Next time! — "I just wanted to show you that sucking dick is no big deal. Plus I wanted to get pictures of Cliff giving you a blowjob. It's a little bit of insurance, just in case he starts getting out of hand. Now, stand up, Cliff. Kevin is now going down on you." He stood up. His face was covered with a sheet of tears. The girls were laughing out loud, but I barely heard them; my sense of hearing was almost gone. My mind was so shaken that I had zoned out. Mom was still directing the action. "Arnie, get a good shot of Cliff's teary face, plus some close up views of Kevin with his hard little dick sticking out of the leg of his panties all wet with Cliff's saliva. Kevie, keep your dress and slip up high. Let your dad get a good shot. ... Good, I'm glad to see you're cooperating. Now, Jenny, put your brother's penis back into his panties. I want him to be panty wanking all the time he is giving his big brother a blowjob." Grabbing my penis, and not too gently, Jennifer pinched the glans. I yelled. I wanted to hit her, but it's good I didn't. She wiggled my dick and let Mary Jo jerk on me too before pulling out the leg elastic of my panties to slip it back inside. She then let go of my panty leg band with a hard snap against my nuts. "Ouch!" I yelled. "What did you do that for!"

Cliff was crying. I don't think he had stopped crying since mom forced him into that dress and panties. He turned to walk away, but mom commanded, "Oh no you don't, you little pantywaist pansy, you stand still and let your younger brother suck your dickie. And he'll suck it until I tell him to stop."

Then she pointed to me and said, "Okay Kev, you're on. Get to work." I weakly groaned, "Please, Mom, I can't do it. I mean I'm a boy and boys don't do that to each other." "Shut up and get busy. Kevin, you'll learn to like it. You've only been spurting cum into your panties for about six months only because I've been feeding



Kevin

you male hormones. I started you cumming young because Dr. Lucy says it's good for a boy to learn all about the joys of cumming before I start giving you female hormones and male hormone blockers to stop it, which I'll be doing very soon now that you're a hopelessly addicted unloading your dirty boy pleasure into girly panties every day. But right now, I want Cliff to know how it feels to get a blowjob. He's older than you and shoots much bigger and thicker strands of cum. You're so lucky; you're going to love having a belly full of his hot, slimy boy juice. You'll probably end up loving it so much you'll be after your daddy to let him feed you some of his man-size cum loads." "Mandy!" dad complained, but mum just gave him a piercing look to shut him up.

"OK, showtime, panty boy. Take Cliff's dick into your hand, rub it a little through his pink panties to get him started and to show him how much fun it is for a boy to wear girly panties. You're now an expert panty wanker so show him how to do it. Then lick the tip of his penis through his panties; you'll see it isn't so bad." Mom was coaxing me to make a queer of myself. Cliff looked scared. He pleaded, "Mom, he doesn't have to do it. I don't want him to do it, and I don't like wearing girls' clothes. Please don't make him." Mom said, "You'll love it Cliff. Just give it a chance. A warm mouth on your dick will be the best feeling you've ever felt. You'll see. Keep your dress and slip up and out of the way. Kevin, get close to your brother; it's time to learn a lot more about being a good girl." "But, Mom, I don't want to," I cried, but by then she had my hand on my big brother's erect shaft nestled inside his new pink rhumba panties. I looked up. He looked frightened. I gazed at the wet spot on his panties covering the tip of his penis. I hesitated, "Mom, what if Cliff pees or something?" "He won't Kev. Just do what I told you and do it now," mom ordered.

Jenny was getting impatient waiting for the show. "Mom, Kevin's stalling. Let me beat him with my dress belt; then he won't give us any more lip."

Mom waived her off as she pushed my face toward the little dick in my hand. I closed my eyes and opened my lips. Then to get it over with, I quickly put the rubbery little thing in my mouth and gingerly sucked on it through his panties. I momentarily opened my eyes to look at Mary Jo; the little eight-year-old priss was jumping up and down and then screaming, "Eeewwww awesome!" I lost concentration. "Ouch!" Cliff yelled. Mom said to me, "Be careful with your teeth. Don't bite him. You are supposed to suck his cock, not eat it!" I heard dad groan. Of course, the two preteen girls thought mom's joke was really funny.

Mom coaxed me, "Son, you have to suck hard on Cliff's dick through his panties. Like sucking a thick milkshake through a small straw." I glanced up. My big brother's face had gone from a grimace of disgust to a rapturous smile of pleasure. "OK, now, take his penis out from under Cliff's panty leg elastic and suck on it bare, suck him really hard." I

gladly pulled my mouth off his smelly penis, his pink panties now glistening, drenched with my saliva. I fumbled around clumsily, but I did get his cock out. It was pretty hard, standing out straight from his body and aimed right at my face. I had given up. I slurped his dick right into my mouth. I was running on automatic. I wanted to get it all over with. "Move your lips up and down his penis as you suck. Put the tip of your tongue right up to his pee hole and wiggle it. That will make him feel real good. Pay him back for how good he made your penis feel." Click, click, click, mom was snapping away with her camera. "OK, Kevin, let's try something different. Lick his balls." I couldn't think of anything more disgusting. I dreaded the idea of licking his cum-filled set of balls, but I mentally shrugged my shoulders, leaned way over and did it. Cliff giggled at the feeling. It shamed me to think I was giving my older brother sexual pleasure. Mom teased him, "Well, Cliff, was I lying or do you like that?" Between huffing and moaning, Cliff giggled, "I like it, Mom. I like it a lot!" Mom told me, "Keep doing it, Kev. Suck as much of his ball sack into your mouth as you can. Use your tongue to sort out his balls." As I did it, Cliff reacted by wildly humping my face. Mom pulled me off his nuts and told me to go back sucking his dick. I tongued the underside of his bouncing peter before slurping it back into my mouth. He then unleashed spurt after spurt of his slimy, warm cum. Mom and Cliff were both holding my head tight against his body. I had no choice. I swallowed, but a lot of his salty juice remained, coating the inside of my mouth. I repeatedly tried swallowing to get rid of it, but his cum was so thick it just slowly oozed out of my mouth and into my throat like a slithering, snaky treacle with a funky, stale flavor.

As my sense of hearing returned, the echoing screeches and laughter of the girls were the first noises to bombard my eardrums. Then I heard mom say, "Now, that wasn't so bad, was it, Kev, you little cocksucker!" Jenny started it and Mary Jo immediately joined in singing, "Kevin is a cocksucker; Kevin is a cocksucker. Kevin is a cocksucker." Then they sang, "Cliff and Kevin sitting in a tree K-I-S-S-I-N-G! First CUMS love; then CUMS marriage; then CUMS a baby carriage!" Mom laughed at the girls having fun. Dad's face was as white as Cliff's dress, but I'm sure he had dark clouds floating around in his head as he wondered how things had gotten to this point! Cliff looked like he had just been raped — well, in a way he had been — mouth raped by me! Mary Jo laughed when Jenny asked, "Mom, can we make Kev lick Cliff's asshole too?" "That's a great idea," mom answered. Mary Jo was beside herself. "Yuk! Are you really going to make him do that? I mean, isn't that so gross?" Mom laughed at the little girl's innocent reaction. "It won't hurt him. And it will be good for Cliffie. He's been constipated for days; maybe it will help move his shit along!"

"OK, Cliff, lie down on your back, pull your panties down in back but keep them covering your tiny peepee in front. Now, curl up and pull those handsome legs of yours up to your head. Good, now pull apart your ass cheeks so your brother

can get to them. Kevin, get down there, shove your tongue into his butt hole; lick and explore it like you're trying to eat the shit right out of him." I screeched, "Mom, I've done everything you wanted, but I'm not doin' that. I licked his wiener and balls, but I'm not puttin' my tongue in his hole!" "Jennifer, let me have your dress belt." Mom took the belt and let loose with two quick slaps across my bottom and then connected with a fierce slice to my penis and balls. I lurched forward and screamed. Yeow! It hurt so much more than the blows on my butt. She kept doing it until I fell to the floor.

Jenny and Mary Jo were holding Cliff down on the floor with his dress up, panties down in back and his knees up to his chin; his asshole now fully exposed to me. To stop my mom from hitting my dick and balls anymore, I dove down and got my face between Cliff's spread cheeks. I started licking furiously as mom kept hitting my backside, but happily she let up when she saw I was really eating out his butt hole with abandon. "OK, asslick, get deep into your brother's hole; make him moan with pleasure or you will moan in pain. Now, Cliff, while you kid brother is sucking out your asshole, I want you jerking on your pantied penis the whole time until you cum into your panties. I'm going to make you into a panty boy too. I should have done it a long time ago!"

Cliff was writhing a lot, moaning that he didn't like it, but he sounded like he was sexually excited too. If he didn't like it, why wasn't he trying to fight off me and the girls? I guess it was feeling pretty good to him. Driving him wild. I could see him panty pleasuring himself; his hands, just inches from my eyeballs, were beating on his pantied meat like crazy. He twisted and shouted out meaningless words; he was delirious. Jennifer and Mary Jo were straining to hold his legs back from kicking me and everything else. I ate out his asshole just like mom wanted me to do. It was disgusting.

Mom watched and then said, "Good job, Kev, you're finally learning how to obey. I'd love to keep beating the crap out of your dick and balls, but I'd hate to damage your baby-making equipment life. I would kind of like grandkids someday, so I won't tear up your boy bits until I get several loads of your cum for the sperm bank. Then I might have Dr. Lucy chop off your boy parts so your panties fit nicely in front just like a real little girl. OK, you can stop for now; your brother just shot off into his panties. I got a lot of good pictures and your dad has it all on video. You boys deserve a reward. You can have some cookies and milk and then go to bed early. Kevin change into your lavender babydoll jammies and give Cliff a pair of your babydolls to wear. The pink chiffon ones with the big ruffled bloomer panties would look nice on him. Then both of you sleep in my king-size bed in our master bedroom. I'll have your dad sleep between the two of you and I want him to keep you both panty wanked and excited all night long. I'll sleep with the girls. We have a lot to talk about." Dad's mouth dropped. He wanted to say something, but he didn't. I don't think there was anything he could say. *

A Bit of Our Demale History

Our South New Jersey Chapter of the Demale Society has a long history with a very interesting lineage going back quite a few years. An important link in the evolution of our chapter is St. Cecilia's Catholic Grade School in Cherry Hill, which sadly is now closed and leased out to a Muslim group as a school for their children.

St. Cecilia's parish dates back to 1895, but starting in 1977, Sister Mary Frances was the principal of the grade school. She had grown up as Rose Marie Landol in a strict Roman Catholic family. Her dominant mother kept her father and two older brothers well in control. They were little more than the family servants — maids' is probably a better term. The mother was a member of the Demale Society over in Philly because they didn't have a chapter here in those days.

Rose learned her mother's ways and was determined to make her own contribution to society. Since she had such a low opinion of typical males, she was not interested in marriage and raising a family. Early on, she decided to become a teaching nun because in schools, she reasoned she could do a lot of good influencing the next generation of boys. Sister Mary Frances became a grade school administrator, a position that gave her access to a large number of boys that she could mold into gentler beings and a large number of girls she could teach to become more aggressive.

Sister Frances quickly ascended the ranks and ended up the principal of St. Cecilia's. However, the late 1970s were hard times for the parish because of the exorbitant interest rates at that time. The financial pressure on the diocese forced the school to raise tuition rates year after year until it became more expensive than what most Catholic families could afford. Consequently, St. Cecilia's attracted fewer and fewer students until 1992 when the school and parish finally fell so deeply into debt that it finally was shuttered.

Paula Pluckhorn is the link between St. Cecilia's, Sister Frances and our current Demale Society chapter. Paula is one of our chapter's founding members. She attended St. Cecilia's during the 1980s. Sister Frances' policies left a lasting impression on young Paula; most notable was the special program Sister Frances setup for all of the school's students. She considered grade school children to be at a pivotal point in their development, so instituted a "gender-neutral" environment, and all of the children attending the school had to adhere to her strict policies, especially the requirement that they ALL had to wear the official GIRLS' school uniform. It sounds like a radical thing to do, but over the last 100 years, it has happened in varying degrees in a few schools around the world. The best current example is a school in Japan that has such a requirement.

Sister Frances spent the better part of a decade gradually introducing the program in order to ease parents and students alike into her system with a minimum of problems. After making St. Cecilia's one of the top schools in New Jersey, turning out scholarly graduates, she was given carte blanche to do most anything she wanted in the name of educational excellence. More than the girls' uniform requirement, she developed a curriculum greatly influenced by the Demale Society training methods her mother used on the males in her family while she was a child.

Her theory was that males cause most of the crime, war and mayhem in the world, and the way to change that was to change boys and make them more like girls. She believed that turning boys into better people would make our world a better place for everyone. Instead of letting boys grow up willy-nilly as their natural hormones invade their bodies and help to make them abusive and aggressive toward females of all ages, Sister Frances – girl students and female teachers. Her method to change the boys as they were maturing was quite simple – she demanded that all fifth grade boys attend the school as girls! To get the parents to go along with this program, she gradually introduced it over a period of years, starting at first doing it just for one day, and then year after years she increased the time until the boys had to wear girls' clothes, and by the time Judy Pluckhorn was in the fifth grade, it had been fully implemented.

For the entire year, each 5th grade boy had to dress in the girls' official school uniform complete with a lacy slip, training bra, fancy panties and all other typical accessories. The boys were constantly subjected to clothing inspection by both the teachers and girl students and if they weren't properly attired, it was a very serious offense that could result in failing grades, and the most uncooperative students might even be expelled. The special curriculum was oriented toward traditional female subjects like cooking, sewing their own clothing, lessons in how to do your own makeup and hair, as well as learning other domestic skills like doing laundry and ironing. These subjects were taught in addition to a full schedule of a typical 5th grade curriculum.

Sister Frances believed such treatment gave the boys insight in what it is like to be a girl and foster in them more respect for females and a greater understanding of the problems females face in our world. From her experience growing up with a petticoated father and brothers, she knew the taming effects of putting boys into panties and dresses and how it made them so much more manageable, more open to learning proper (feminine) ways of acting as well as develop in them an appreciation for all female ideals and a disgust for traditional male things like rough sports and macho behavior.

During the 1986-87 school years, Paula Pluckhorn was in the 'gender-neutral' fifth grade class at St. Cecilia's. (See a copy of her fifth grade class photo published here.) At that time, the school was already suffering heavily financially

and class sizes were drastically down. There were only ten students in her class – five girls and five boys as you can see in the picture. While the class was completely centralized around female ideas and activities, the boys were not allowed to grow their hair long. Sister Frances wanted to make it obvious that they were boys in girls' clothes; she had no desire for them to be mistaken for real girls.

Paula loved the class and that experience combined with the training she got at home, turned her into a lifelong promoter of Demale Society ideas and values, and today, she is one of our chapter's biggest supporters and most successful members with a long line of sissified boys willing to follow her like hound dog!

Paula married a sweet submissive male and had three children, twin girls who are now twelve years old, and a son, now four years old. The boy is naturally sweet and submissive – well, how could he miss with a mother like Paula, two very dominant preteen sisters, and a father who is an extremely shy, swishy, sissy male. He was only able to impregnate Paula through artificial insemination from semen samples Paula had Dr. Lucy extract from his testicles and deposit in a sperm bank before he was chemically and then surgically castrated and feminized.

From the Desk of Dr. Lucy

What's it like for a boy as he's being feminized? Jess, one of my patients, tells in his own words what he has gone through over the past two years and how he currently feels. He describes the horrors as well as the rewards of being demaled as he evolved from a not-so-nice problem soccer boy to a sweet, sexy little faux girl. Jess is very intelligent and now he's very brave because he is finally accepting the inevitable. Throughout his story, I'll periodically add my comments to explain what is really going on.

Dr. Lucy

Jess's Story

"I got along with both my mom and dad for many years. Then I took up skateboarding. Mom was always afraid I'd get hurt – I did come home with a lot of scrapes and bruises – and dad wanted me to take up regular sports, especially baseball because that is his favorite, but I hated all team sports, especially the time I was in Little League.

"Everything was going along OK, but then mom had a big fight with dad over something. [They got their first computer and Tammy discovered Doc was spending a lot of time jacking off to lingerie-clad very young girls from Eastern European web sites.] Mom made dad start sleeping in the

spare bedroom. She hung out with her girlfriends a lot and then joined the Demale Society. I had never heard of that club before then.

A lot of things started to change. Mom started coming up with all these crazy rules for dad, and he let her boss him around. Mom then started making a lot of crazy rules for me too. Suddenly, it seemed like everything I did was wrong and she dealt with that by calling me a very bad boy and to correct my ways she told me she was going to make me into very good little girl! She wasn't kidding! Of course, at first, I hated it when mom made me dress like a girl anytime I did something wrong. I thought it was a pretty dumb way to punish a guy. Those frilly clothes confused the hell out of me. Even though I hated them, they were very soft, unnervingly so, and it took me several weeks to admit it to myself that girls wore very comfortable clothes but still I didn't want to wear them.

"The silky panties were especially disconcerting – and weird; mom started me wearing her day-old panties, which were big on me but very silky. She said they would be like her watching over me even when she wasn't around, reminding me to be good. Wearing mom's panties is pretty crazy; they are so soft that my dick stayed hard in them almost constantly — really embarrassing. My penis just would not stay down in the slinky panties. As if that wasn't enough, mom would put her blonde wig on me and stockings and a garter belt and make me stand in front of our long hallway mirror. I'd get even more confused as well as excited because I did look like a sexy girl. Mom took photos of me, and it was a real struggle to force my hard penis back between my legs to pose for the picture. The photo is attached.

[At my suggestion, Tammy put Jess into an old-fashioned garter belt and nylon stockings to discipline Jess as well as taunt and tease her husband because Tammy had discovered



that almost all the pictures of very young girls her husband had printed out from the Internet showed them decked out in garter belts and nylon stockings.]

"Ever since I got into skateboarding, mom and I have been fighting a lot, mostly about hanging with other skater boys. But making me dress all girly changed all that. I still wanted to be a skater but there was no way I could go with the guys wearing my mom's panties under my skater shorts! All the guys like to wear their shorts baggy and low and let their boxers stick way out on top. I couldn't let my mom's panties stick out like that! Besides, I had no boxers to sneak out of the house and change into – mom had made me burn all my boys' underwear in a bonfire the day she bought me a big stack of frilly girls' panties and made me start wearing panties all the time. It was pretty much wear the panties or she'd have dad beat the shit out of my ass. Why dad went along with all this bullshit I don't know. He even let me know that he thought it was a good idea! So with wearing panties, I pretty much just stayed inside the house and did my skateboarding in our long driveway when other kids weren't around."

[The ritual of forcing a boy, himself, to destroy all his male underwear is a mind altering event loaded with symbolism that is impossible for any boy to ignore.]

"Mom took every opportunity to belittle me and make me feel miserable; she'd call me a sissy and keep telling me she wanted me to act more like a girl because I was a failure as a boy. And when she saw that I couldn't keep my

dick from erecting in her panties, she'd laugh at me and tell me it was a sign that I did love wearing panties no matter how much I denied it. She then asked me if I wanted help not having erections, and when I told her 'yes,' she surprised the hell out of me by grabbing my erection through my panties and jacking me off into the silky nylon! I shot a ton of boy

juice into those panties. Having your mom do that to you – wow – that was weird! But she carried on like it was nothing. I thought she would be angry with me for ruining the panties, but she just laughed as she led me into the bathroom and showed me how easy it was to wash them out and make them as nice as new. I'm sure most any boy's mom wouldn't do sex stuff like that with him, but she did it for me, and not just once, but just about every day after that she would jerk me off into my panties, sometimes even two or three times in a day. Whenever my penis wouldn't go down, mom was there to panty wank me. Yes, it did feel good – mom was like an expert, but it was so embarrassing to have my mom do it.

“Almost overnight, mom had me hooked. I quickly realized I didn't want to shoot my sperm in any other way. More and more, she used my new addiction to make me do embarrassing things like make me shop for my own panties, make me ask my dad for money to buy more panties and tell my mom's friends that I loved wearing panties. Dad would laugh at me and tease me until I'd tell him that I wanted more and more panties, really girly panties with a lot of lace and ribbons on them.

“Dad never did like me being a skater boy, but he did think it was crazy when mom made me start wearing her panties. But then he did like that I stayed out of trouble – no more breaking storefront windows and beating up other kids like I often did with the skater guys in our neighborhood. I turned into a real wimp because I had to do what mom said if I wanted her to panty wank me – and boy, I was really hooked on that! I'd even run home from school during our 45-minute lunch period so mom could do it. I tried doing it to myself, and that did feel good, but nothing was as good as mom doing it. Dad changed; he said he liked me better as a sissy than a troublemaking soccer boy.

“Mom took me to Dr. Lucy and she prescribed a bunch of vitamins and gave me weekly shots because I wasn't getting much exercise being in the house all the time. My nipples started to itch a lot and then they became real sensitive. Mom got me a training bra made of very soft satin triangles like little girls wear to keep my nipples from rubbing up against my rough shirts. Wearing a bra was totally weird but it was better than having my nipples hurt so much. I cried when dad first saw me in a bra. He liked to come up behind me and snap my bra strap while he said sometime like, “Hey, Jess, are you being a good boy today?” Then he'd laugh.

“Talk about being confused – my breasts started to grow! Dr. Lucy said it was from all the irritation. She also said the training bras were too tight on me and told mom to take me shopping for some bigger bras. In the store I cried when the teenage salesgirl measured my bust and then had me undress and try on bras. When she cupped my tits in her hand to see how the bra fit I got really hard in my panties. She laughed and asked me why my panties were so big on me and if I wanted to buy some panties in my own size. Mom made me

tell her that I didn't need any more panties because I always wore my mommy's dirty panties that she had worn the day before. The salesgirl wrinkled her nose and snickered. When the girl accidentally (?) brushed up against my nipples, I let out a big yelp. Mom then asked the girl if we could have a few moments alone in the dressing room, and as soon as the girl left, mom wanked on me long and hard into the purple panties I was wearing that day. Mom had me change into a spare pair of her panties that she always carries in her purse. When the girl came back in I'm sure she noticed that I was now wearing white panties but she didn't say anything. But even after cumming, I was still hard. As she repeatedly measured me, the girl stood so close that her body rubbed up against my pantied penis. It was pretty crazy.

“As soon as we got home, mom had me try on all my new bras – all of them were lacy and very girly – much fancier than my simple satin training bras. In quick succession, mom jacked me off into her panties three times in a row with no real rest between my cums – we had to use clean pairs of her panties because she didn't have any more dirty panties saved up. Mom said getting rid of all my nasty boy juice would make me appreciate my new bras a lot more. I didn't feel any better about the bras but I didn't fight mom about wearing them either. I was tired and just wanted rest.

“Anyway, when dad came home and saw three pairs of panties on the drying rack in the bathroom, he teased me saying, “Well, sissy, it looks like you had a good day today!” I blushed like crazy, but I was even more shamed when mom had me model all my new bras for him. I think that was the first time he saw my naked tits. He looked surprised. He told me he wanted me to start wearing dresses – at least around the house. He said running around in girls' lingerie under my boys' clothes wasn't right and I looked like a freak – a boy with tits. Mom marched right out and bought in one of my petticoat punishment dresses – I hadn't been naughty for a long time by then and hadn't worn dresses in a while. The next day mom took me shopping for dresses – right back to that same girl who had fitted me for my new bras!”

[Demaling Jess was an organized effort involving several Demale Society members including the teen salesgirl at the store and even Jess's own father. Tammy, Jess's mother, got her husband Daniel – everybody call him ‘Doc’ – to go along with the feminization of their son because they hadn't had sex in years and she had repeatedly caught him ogling lingerie-clad young girl porn. She didn't want a divorce because he had a high-paying job as a child psychologist, overseeing all the school counselors in their district. Tammy found out about the Demale Society from one of her girlfriends after she cried on her shoulder and told her all about the problems she was having with her husband and son. Tammy soon after joined our society, and with the help of our members she set a trap for her husband. Tilly is a carefully trained little fifteen-year-old minx who specializes in trapping men to blackmail them. Tilly went

to work for Tammy as the babysitter for Jess, but she came onto Doc one night in their car in the driveway of their home when he was about to take her home after sitting. Of course, Tammy came out to supposedly ask them something and found the two petting and french kissing. Doc begged forgiveness from his wife because he didn't want a divorce since he would lose his job and everything else, even including possible prison time if news got out he was caught about to have sex with an underage girl.

Jaxon

One of our club's greatest accomplishments is the fabulous little sissy Jaxon. He/she just turned eight and has been on female hormones and male hormone blockers for over a year. His mom has manipulated his mind and now he wholeheartedly wants to completely become a girl. He already has breast development and wears A-cup bras that have to be custom-made to fit his small chest! Except for using the toilet, his little peter doesn't function at all.

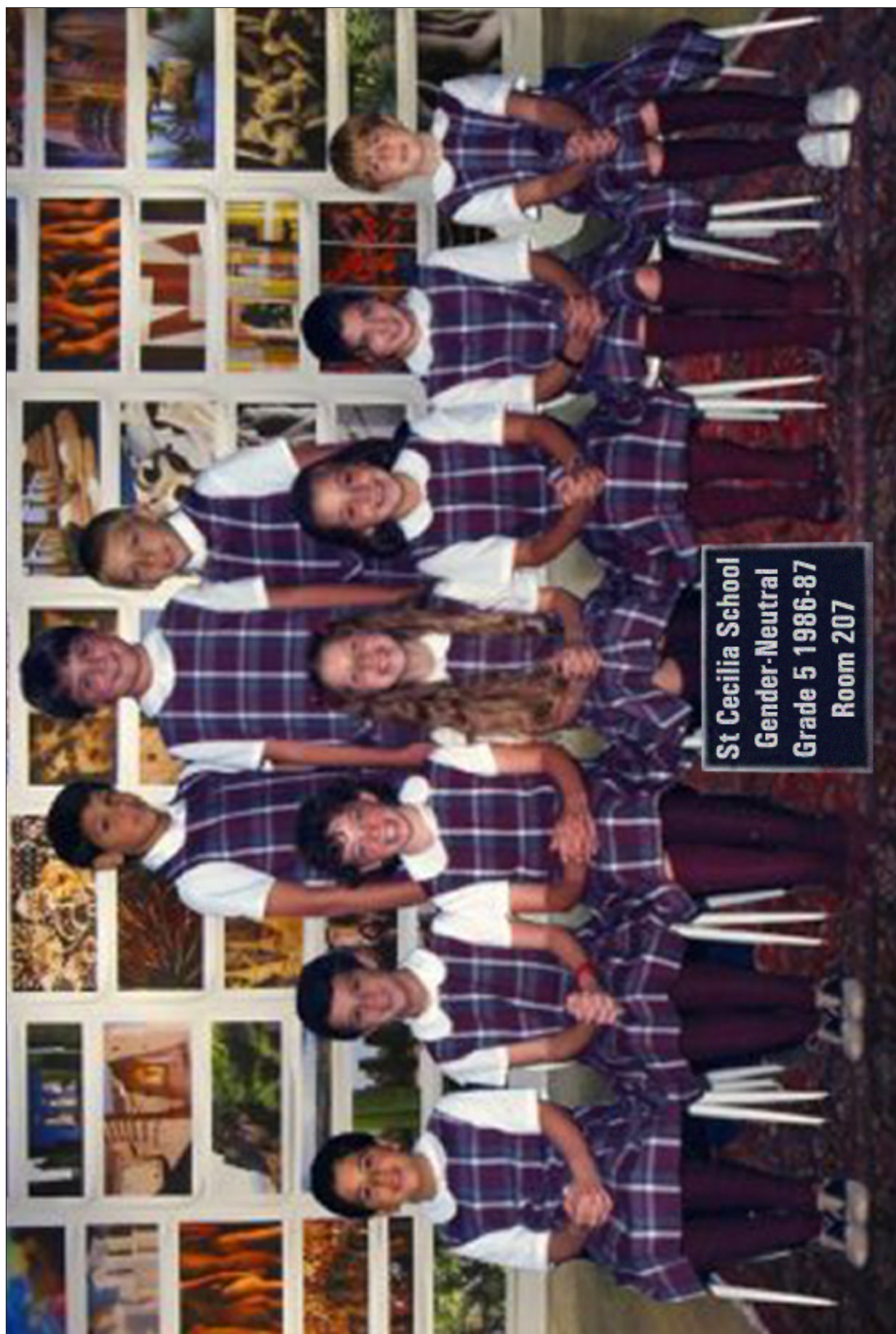
He loves when anyone, male or female, plays with it but he NEVER gets hard. It just stays limp and rubbery. He swoons with pleasure when anyone wanks it or gently sucks on it. Many girls and women have taken up the challenge to try to make him hard, but they all fail. They try and try until he's pleading for them to stop because those dominant females play with his sissy dickie much too aggressively and wear it raw!

Women love him. They think he's so cute and sexy little girls are so jealous of his titties. They can't stop playing with them and pinching his big nipples as they dream of the future when they will have nice titties too. Look how beautiful he is. Here is a pic of him in his Sunday best pink rhumba panties. Andrea, his mom, is very protective, so I had to do all kinds of crazy things for her so she would release this photo.

He looks even more fabulous with lipstick and a bit of makeup. Andrea gives me a lot of credit for the successful demaling of Jax, who was much too boyish for her tastes because when she complained to me about him, I told her about the Demale Society. She joined almost immediately and I helped he get Premarin and Dianne 35 from Dr. Lucy. The hormones changed not only his body but helped reshape his thinking too." He is one beautiful boy, isn't he?"

Tony





**St Cecilia School
Gender-Neutral
Grade 5 1986-87
Room 207**

**Front row: Terry Wilson, Jack Songa, Stacy Mills, Jane Singer, Paula Pluckhorn, Daniella Micraloso, Daisy Ogelson.
Back row: Thomas Bergwell, Markus Dixon, Gary Ellis.**