

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Volume #55

*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

Adults Only

*Fantasy
Entertainment*





June 2015

Demale Society Poster Boy

www.Demale.com



Society members rarely use corporal punishment because humiliation is much more effective as a way to take control of a young boy. Seven-year-old Christopher is an example. His parents discipline him by dressing him in shame clothing. He never knows what kind of outfit to expect from a sissy boy velvet suit to a party dress with a funny mask or an animal head. He's put on display to his friends and relatives who laugh at him. If he balks, he has to show them his pink panties underneath. Usually just the threat of punishment gets him to behave.



The Demale Society Manual

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

In this issue we present two significant case histories from our files illustrating two different approaches mothers have used to demale boys in the depths of approaching manhood. Both testimonials are similar at the start, the women originally joined our organization to take control of their husbands but once they succeeded with that, they put off demaling their sons. They probably waited too long and had to do things rather quickly. However, these two mothers used two very different methods to take charge of their boys.

Other mothers may find themselves in a similar situation either because they waited too long or they are new to the Demale Society and have a young male who needs to be feminized as soon as possible so they can establish control over him and have a happy progressive family. We think you'll appreciate and learn from the object lessons contained in these testimonials.

Testimonial Added 9/1/09

*From: Clair K., South Frisco Chapter
Subject: Clair's Approach*

Clair is one who waited too long and had to take some drastic measures to demale her son before he got completely out of control. Here aggressive approach, she describes here that can be used by women everywhere.

Clair Explains Her Approach

It seemed like it happened quickly, but looking back, I'm sure my son gradually changed, but I missed it. I'm an optimist, so I didn't notice obvious signs that should have alerted me. My son, Stanley, became a problem for me when his hormones

kicked in. I know, I should have been ready for it; I had been a member of the Demale Society for years, so I should have known how fast these things can happen, but ... well, I have no excuses.

Originally, I joined our Demale chapter to take charge of my husband, Nathan, and that had worked out very well for us. I had decided, for the most part, to keep our Demale-style relationship secret from Stanley, our beautiful son. I know he realized things were changing in our household, but he rarely commented and we didn't try to explain his non questions.

We did do all the little things to prepare him for a world under female rule that I couldn't wait to happen, the things taught in the Demale manuals like letting him see me undressing and then telling how naughty it is to look at mommy in her lingerie and then I give him a scolding or a mild spanking, of course, while I was still being dressed in just my lingerie, usually bra and panties, sometimes a nice slip too. And I didn't stop setting traps so he would 'accidentally' find me undressed. I also had him help me with the laundry and other traditionally 'girls' chores.' I even taught him things like sewing and gave him demonstrations of how women put on their makeup and fix up their hair. At the annual Halloween party at our Demale chapter as well as a few of our other events, I always had him dress up in some sort of girls' costume, and since all the men and other boys came in female attire, it was easy to get him to do it too.

I even got him a supply of panties of his own and would get him to try them on after I'd buy a new pair or two for him "just to make sure I bought the right size." He would always ask why I had bought them for him, and I'd simply tell him it was so he had them to wear when he had to dress up in one of his girly costumes. But other than those rare dress-up occasions, those panties remained untouched in his underwear drawer.

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Then, one day, I realized he was in need of a major correction. He had taken up skateboarding, started hanging around with other skater boys and began imitating how they talked, acted and dressed. I learned quickly that skater boys are into their own thing and they all share a low regard for everyone who is not part of their scene. Suddenly, there was a lot of tension in the way he dealt with my husband and me. His relationship with his father had always been cordial but not particularly close; I think he noticed things about his father that I had instigated and compared to other fathers, Stanley considered his dad a wimp -- well, he is -- thanks to the Demale Society, and we like it that way! But our son withdrew more and more from his father. Nathan asked him about it, and that's when Stanley snapped at him, "You're a gutless sissy, dad. I'm ashamed to be your son. I never want to be seen with you!"

I demanded that Stanley immediately apologize but he refused, ran to his room and locked us out.

Nathan, my husband, is a sweetie. He was heartbroken. He's in that in never-never land somewhere between being a remale and a sissy man, but I was never in a rush to sort it out. I believe all people are individuals and I resist labels and putting people in cubbyholes.

So Nathan was fully supportive of me when I told him Stanley needed to be brought under control. Over the years, at our Demale meetings, I had heard about and witnessed many different ways of taking control of males of all ages, and I was going over all those ways in my mind as to how I hoped to bring Stanley back into the fold and set up a smooth-running Demale family.

A day later, I sat our son down and started talking to him but I immediately realized I had waited too long to start to reform him. He sassed back at me. I told him he needed a good paddling, he defied me, called me "a bitch" and went to his room, locked the door and wouldn't come out.

The next day when he came home for dinner after being with his friends, I was surprised to see he had obviously sprayed his longish blonde hair with some blue and green coloring. I knew it wasn't an attempt to look girlish, it was an act of defiance; he was showing his contempt for me.

But instead of letting that affect me, I simply told him, "Gees, Stanley, if you want to dye your hair to look more like a girl, I'd be glad to help you and even put you in one of your girly costume dresses -- then you'd look so much nicer than you do now in your ugly skater T-shirt, shorts and shoes."

He got mad at that and hit me on the face. He immediately regretted doing that and apologized. I told him he needed a spanking. He agreed to accept a paddling, so I made him put on an old dress stashed in the back of his closet and a pair of my panties for his paddling because all his old panties were much too small for him by then. Then I made him pose for a



The first time Stanley got punished for a spanking in panties and a dress.

picture in that dress. (See photo.) As you can see, his room was a mess, so after his dress up paddling on his (my) nylon panties, I made him clean his room and keep the dress on until bedtime.

That whole episode showed me that Stanley had grown too big and too strong for me and even his father to handle. I only had power over him if he felt guilty of doing something like how I got him to put on the dress and panties and submit to a paddling, but that wasn't controlling him. I no longer had the option to use physical force to get him to do whatever I wanted. I desperately needed another way to get him to the point that he would crossdress, submit to a spanking and do other humbling things because he respects me and has forfeited control to me, like his father has.

Then the latest incident happened. Our son had been caught beating up a gay teenager and the leader his group had forced the kid to give him a blowjob and then he shoved a big stick of the kid's ass as he taunted him and called him every vile name for being a disgusting fairy. That damn kid had the charges dropped because his father was a cop!

As a member of our Demale chapter, I was familiar with the many ways men and boys have been brought under control.

Stanley was going downhill quickly, and I was desperate. Honestly, I didn't care what we had to do. If we had to turn him into a cocksucking faggot or anything else as extreme, I didn't care. It was that or throw him out of the house, but anyone who does that is admitting that they failed. I even thought about castration and a forced sex change operation - things I had heard that others had done when they became desperate enough. From my observations, I knew the best trained demales were panty boys who had been trained to be cocksuckers. Being a cocksucker is the ultimate low for most ordinary boys so to force them to do it and do it so often that they actually ended up liking it changes everything about them and made them extremely submissive and manageable for their female superiors. So, what was my wish list for him? I wanted him to be a lowly sissy cocksucker. I love watching guys go down on each other, and I wanted him on hormones so he'd grow cute little breasts, but I didn't want him on female hormones strong enough to kill his erections and his ability to shoot cum -- greatly reduce his libido, yes, and make it a grand effort for him to spurt in his panties -- and oh, yes, I wanted him in panties 24/7, hooked on cumming in panties like a drug addict, and I'd be in charge of when and where he could cum. I'd lock his dick up in a cage and make him beg for relief which I wouldn't allow until he submitted to me totally. Then I'd have a devoted sissy faggot for a son who would look to me as the center of his world and be totally broken to my will! That's how disgusted I was with what my son had turned into almost overnight.

I considered such drastic measures because at the rate he was going, he'd be in prison for some major crime within a year or two. In addition to the gay boy rape, he already had two run-ins with the law -- one for underage drinking and one for trying to steal a woman's purse because he needed some money for another pair of those expensive skater boy shoes. After I picked him up from the police station that time, I told him if he wanted a purse so badly that I'd gladly buy him one right after I bought him a nice dress to go with it! He didn't think my joke was funny, but he did hold back lashing out at me because he was thankful that I had signed to get him out of jail. But after that boy rape, I was really furious and I had to do something with him ASAP.

To me, one of the things that is very attractive to me about gay boys is that they tend to be great companions for their mothers. Much more than daughters, gay boys will do most anything for their mothers and are often the most loving member of any family to take care of a mother in her old age. If I was able to turn my son gay, I knew I'd be delighted.

I immediately contacted Dr. Pearson, the consulting doctor for our Demale chapter. We explored ideas but first she wanted to see him.

So I told my son it was time for his annual physical, but now that he was getting older, he needed to go to a regular doctor instead of his longtime pediatrician. Of course, I booked him

for a physical with Dr. Pearson and let her take the lead in transforming him.

At that visit, he was taken back a bit when he saw she was a woman doctor. She put him at ease as she exhibited her usual very professional persona, but as she examined him, she began to frown a lot and look grim as she asserted that there was something medically wrong with him, and to find out, she drew his blood for a full workup. She's an expert at putting fear into a male's mind. She asked him a series of twenty questions to measure how he felt and if he had noticed any recent changes in his body and attitudes about things. She then said, "Young man, with those answers, I think you are suffering from a sharp decrease in your male hormone levels, the blood tests will tell us more, but I'm sure that's part of it.

Of course, it was all bullshit, he was in excellent health, but she said with insufficient male hormone levels, he would not develop normally into manhood. Saying she needed a base line for his physical characteristics, she then had him undress completely and took all his body measurements -- including measuring his penis both soft and hard. She made it rock hard with a few strokes and a gloved finger up his butt.

Then she said she needed a semen sample! That thoroughly embarrassed him, but she said it was the most precise way to measure his masculinity. She had me hold a small dish and simply told me to "be ready." Then, with almost no warning, she took out a square of pink nylon fabric, wrapped it around his penis and began to expertly jack him off, slow at first and then faster and faster. She still had her finger up his ass and began to vigorously massage his prostate; moments later, he shot his boy slime onto the dish I was holding by the end of his penis.

Then, still naked, he couldn't sit still as he watched the doctor looking closely into the dish, inspecting his cum with a turned-up nose. Adding to his unease, she took her time. Finally, she measured the amount of his discharge, put a sample on a slide and looked at it under a microscope. She seemed a bit alarmed as she told him, "My dear boy, you do not have the normal amount of male hormones in your semen, we need to start correcting that as soon as possible."

Then she dropped the large square of pink nylon over his exposed penis. "Here, you can use this to cover up a bit until we're finished." Now sitting in front of him and with a very serious face she said, "Stanley, you might find this difficult to do, but it is important that you do it. Lick the plate clean!" she commanded. He looked at her in disbelief. "Stanley, listen to me, this is important. Since you are losing male hormones you need to put them back into your body in any way you can. Your semen is made up of your male hormones, even though yours are at very low levels, you can't afford to lose them, so lick your jism up, right now! It will help delay your fall from manhood. C'mon, it won't hurt you; in fact it is good for you. Semen is basically pure protein loaded with your

male hormones. Just do it, boy, be a sport. You need this!" In absolute terror, he took a deep breath and hemmed and hawed, but finally, in tears, he licked the plate clean.

"Good, boy," she said.

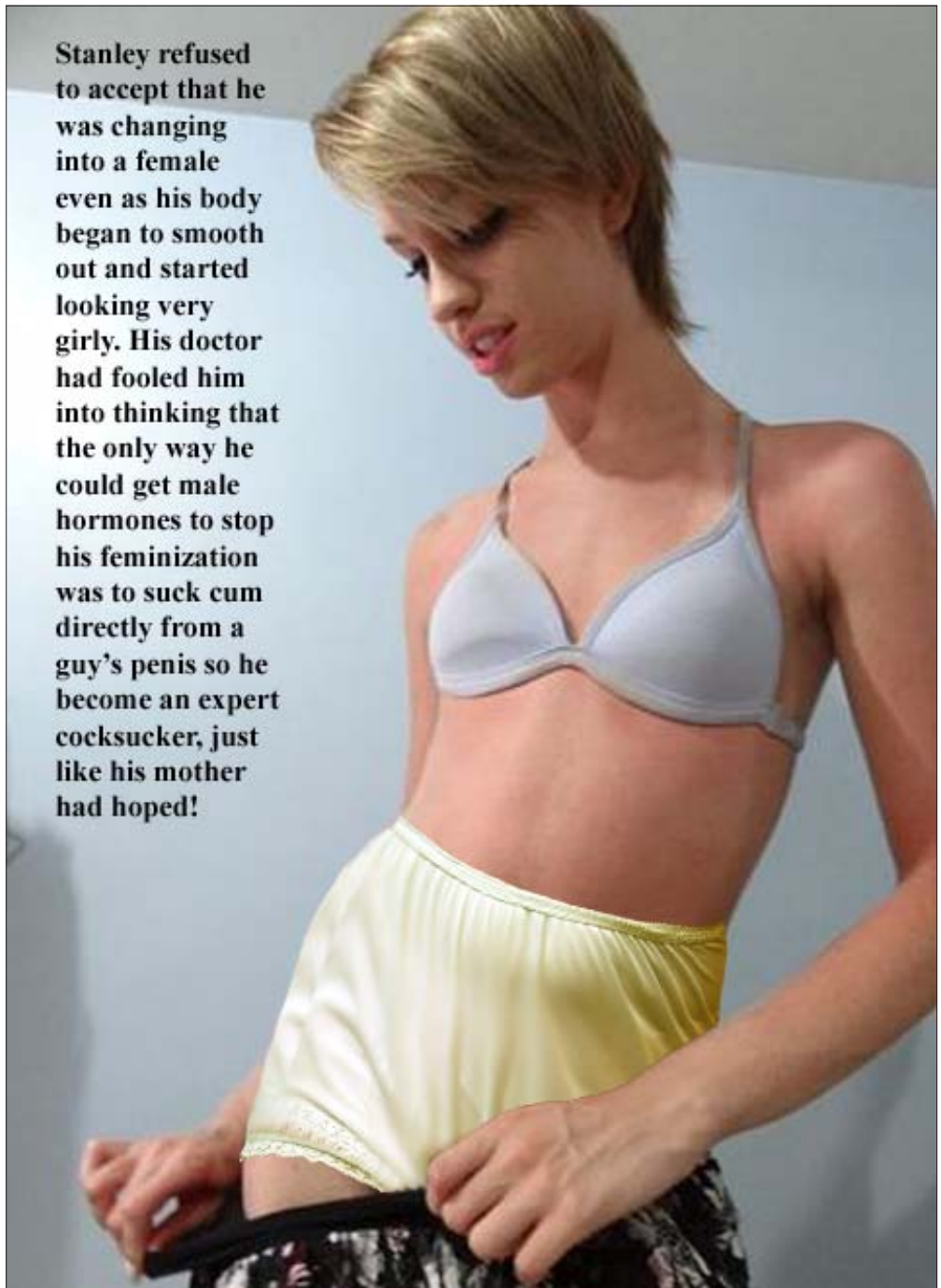
This humiliating little procedure established Dr. Pearson and women in general as superior to him -- butt fucking him with her finger, jacking him off in pink nylon into a dish held by me -- his mother, and then making him eat his own cum took a big chunk out of his macho mindset.

Then, she gave him two big shots in his rump; she explained they were male hormones but in reality they were a strong starter round of female hormones and male hormone blockers. Combined, over time, they would weaken my son physically and make it easier for my husband and me to get him to do whatever we wanted, and then with his body weakened, we could use physical force if it ever got to that point.

Dr. Pearson also gave him four prescriptions that she explained were more male hormones and vitamins to make him stronger and more masculine. Actually, they were medicines to do just the opposite. Both physically and mentally they would help make him more susceptible to being controlled. Then she sent us on our way and commanded him to come back in one week for the results of his blood tests.

Stanley was miserable during that week, but he didn't want to talk about it. When I brought him back to Dr. Pearson, she told him the bad news about his blood test results. "Your body is undergoing massive changes, typical in teenage boys, but your changes are atypical. Your tests confirm you are losing male hormones; something wrong is going on in your body that is basically making you less of a man."

Stanley refused to accept that he was changing into a female even as his body began to smooth out and started looking very girly. His doctor had fooled him into thinking that the only way he could get male hormones to stop his feminization was to suck cum directly from a guy's penis so he become an expert cocksucker, just like his mother had hoped!



At that news, Stanley was obviously nervous. The good doctor noticed and did as much as she could to ease his nerves and then she asked him the same list of questions to compare with his previous answers. Then she masturbated him again with pink nylon (but this time it was with a pair of MY pink panties even though she didn't let him know that), and once again she made him lick up his cum.

Then with him blushing in shame, she asked, "Stanley, I assume you are like most teenage boys and you masturbate a lot -- that's OK, go ahead and do it, but for your sake, please catch all your semen in a clean dish or something and then

eat it up immediately afterwards. You need as much hormone support as possible and semen, especially fresh semen is the finest source of male hormones.”

She gave him two more hormone shots and then said, “Now, I want you to lick up your boy juice every time you cum, keep notes on how often you do that, and report to me how well you are doing with it. Now I want to see you in a week and every week for a while.”

Stanley was shaken, but came for those weekly visits. Each time, she loaded him up with more hormones and fed his mind with tons of bullshit and repeated the same routine with him being masturbated into a pair of my pink panties and then eating up his own cum. During the week, I would check up on him to make sure he was masturbating, eating his cum and keeping track of the details. Dr. Pearson is a genius. Can you think of anything more unsettling, embarrassing and horrid for a teen boy to do than to report to his mother about his masturbation sessions?

At our visits, Dr. Pearson asked him more and more about his sex life, his masturbation habits and made him describe in detail what it was like to eat his own cum -- to get him to think about it and publicly talk about it with her. She suggested he use a pair of my panties as an aid when jacking off. He looked at her in horror, and then said, “Oh. Doctor, I can’t wear panties; I’m a boy!” Dr. Pearson laughed, “No, no, no, dear boy. I don’t expect you to wear the panties, even though that would be nice, after all I understand you have worn girly panties in the past. No, I think you’ll find it nice just to rub a nice soft pair of panties over your penis to increase your pleasure while masturbating.” And with that, Dr. Pearson unfurled the pink fabric in her hand – which she had just used as an aid to jacking him off. She opened the folded up fabric and he saw they were a pair of panties. “I think you like how nylon panties feel on your penis. You sure seem to cum a lot when I use them on you, and guess what ... these are a pair of your mother’s own panties that she has been kind enough to provide us with every week.”

Stanley was stunned at that news, but I hugged him and told him I was delighted with him cumming off while being stroked in my panties. Again he had a tear in his eye, so I added. “Well, if you don’t want to use my panties ... I can buy you some of your own panties to use. It’s time I got you some nice new panties anyway.” His expression showed that he was even more shocked at that idea. “Oh, honey, I’m just trying to make your medical treatments a little more enjoyable. I’m not asking you to wear the panties that I’ll buy for you!”

Dr. Pearson let out a rather unprofessional laugh. “Stanley, if you did want to wear them while you jack off that’s OK too. I wouldn’t care, and I don’t think your mother would mind.”

I quickly added, “Oh, no, I wouldn’t mind. In fact I think it would be kind of cute to know you wear pretty girls’ panties

while playing with yourself. I suppose I better buy you a bunch of panties in your size, just in case”

He looked at me with scorn and I’m sure he wanted to even hit me, wanted to defend his manhood against such an assault in front of his lady doctor, but before he could make any sense out of the blubbering of words coming out of his mouth, I told him, “Oh, c’mon, I was just having a little fun. Lighten up. Panties are just clothing ... female clothing, yes, but just clothes. Wanking with panties and even wearing panties once in a while won’t make you any less of a boy. Anything that helps you shoot a lot of cum for you to lick up is doing something good in my book. You wearing girls’ panties means nothing – besides who is to know – even if you wore silky panties under your boys’ clothes, no one could tell as long as you keep your outer clothes on!

Over the following weeks, Stanley reported to Dr. Pearson that he felt fine except he was experiencing more tummy aches and headaches than normal. Doctor said he was on a lot of medicines and that could explain it since a battle was going on inside his body pitting his loss of male hormones against the artificial hormones replacing them. She closely examined his chest and nipples at every visit, he never admitted any issues with his chest, but we knew his nipples were getting increasingly sensitive. Still, we said nothing, we were going to wait until he reported something.

Then came the day that Dr. Pearson made a suggestion that almost knocked my son off his feet. “Stanley, as I have explained in the past, the best source of male hormones by far is semen, high quality fresh semen. And all the hormones supplements I’ve prescribed for you are artificially produced that are only a fraction as good as the real thing, and quite frankly, the replacements I’m giving you aren’t keeping up with the amount of hormones you are losing. Now what I suggest may sound very radical, but I assure you it is medically sound. How do you feel about getting fresh semen directly from another man or boy?”

He looked at her in a weird way like he didn’t understand.

“Stanley, you’re a smart boy. I think you know what I am suggesting. Would you consider sucking cum from another man or boy?”

He was sitting upright and tense like he was afraid to breathe.

“What I’m saying is would you consider getting cum directly from another man or boy ... I mean directly from his hard penis? Do you know any man or boy well enough who might let you suck cum directly out of his penis? Yes, you heard me. And, yes, it’s called cocksucking -- the medical word for that is fellatio. Now, you probably think that is something very gay to do ... yes, gay boys do suck cocks, but I know you are not a homosexual, but do you know that it’s OK for a boy who isn’t gay to suck cock once in a while, especially

when he has to do it for medical reasons like in your case? Regular guys like you can suck cum out of a cock if they need it for their health. I'm only suggesting this because of how you answered my questions this week. You admitted to me that you are finding it more difficult to masturbate, even with the nice panties your mother has purchased for you – yes, your mom has told me all about the pretty panties she has stocked in your underwear drawer.

"Also here, take a close look at this sample of your jism that you just shot out --- see how thin and almost colorless it is? Not like the thick milky white cum that you used to shoot for me just a few weeks ago. Here's a photograph I took. See how different it is? So you can see for yourself that you are losing the masculinity battle and you are in need of fresh male cum, a lot of it, actually, and you need it often. What do you think? Can you get yourself to suck cocks -- for starters maybe at least one cock per day? Do you think you could do that?"

Stanley let out a big breath with a moan in his voice. "Um, gees, I dunno ... I mean who ... it's so gay, I don't think I can do that, doctor."

"Stanley, I explained to you that it's not gay if you aren't gay. You would only be doing it until you get over your little problem." Dr. Pearson turned to me. "Do you think Stanley's father would be willing to contribute some much needed cum for your son's therapy?"

"Of course, all I have to do is tell him to do it."

(My husband has both given and received a blowjob and participate in other sex games with other men and boys in our club. Periodically we have little parties and we women show off our men and boys and make them demonstrate the lengths to which they will go to follow our commands. It's a harmless little entertainment for us. Some of our males are gay and some aren't, but it makes no difference; we have them do it to show how much they love, respect and trust us.)

"Oh-h-h, Mom! Dad! I, oh, no, no, dad, no! ..."

Dr. Pearson suggested, "Well, if not your dad, than who? One of your skater friends? I'm sure the lot of them are like most teen boys; their cum-filled balls and ready to shoot off at any minute day or night ..."

"Oh, no, I couldn't; they'd laugh at me and call me a faggot!"

My son was getting very agitated. Dr. Pearson noticed and brought the conversation down to a calmer level. "Stanley, this is nothing that you have to decide today. It is just a suggestion, but it is the best idea I'm able to come up with to get you the male hormones you so desperately need.

"I need to tell you one more bit of distressing information: Your chest measurement that I just took -- you may not

realize this, but your chest measurement has grown by an inch and a half since you started coming here – like it or not – you are developing female breasts because of your body is losing so much male hormones and producing a ton of female hormones to replace them. "Most people don't know this, but BOTH male bodies and female bodies naturally produce BOTH male and female hormones. Of course, the male body mainly produces male hormones and the female body mainly female hormones, but once in a while things get screwed up – like in your case – and even though you are a male, you begin producing more female hormones and start losing male hormones. All I can tell you is that you need to start getting a huge daily dose of boy cum. I hate to be crude, but to get the message across to you, let me put it this way: I suggest you become an expert cocksucker as soon as possible -- and learn to love doing it! And start immediately or soon you'll be needing a bra!" "

Wow! What a session that was! Dr. Pearson really cut to the chase! My boy was shocked, but I was sure that in his mind, he was actually considering it, even though it seemed to make him very depressed afterwards!

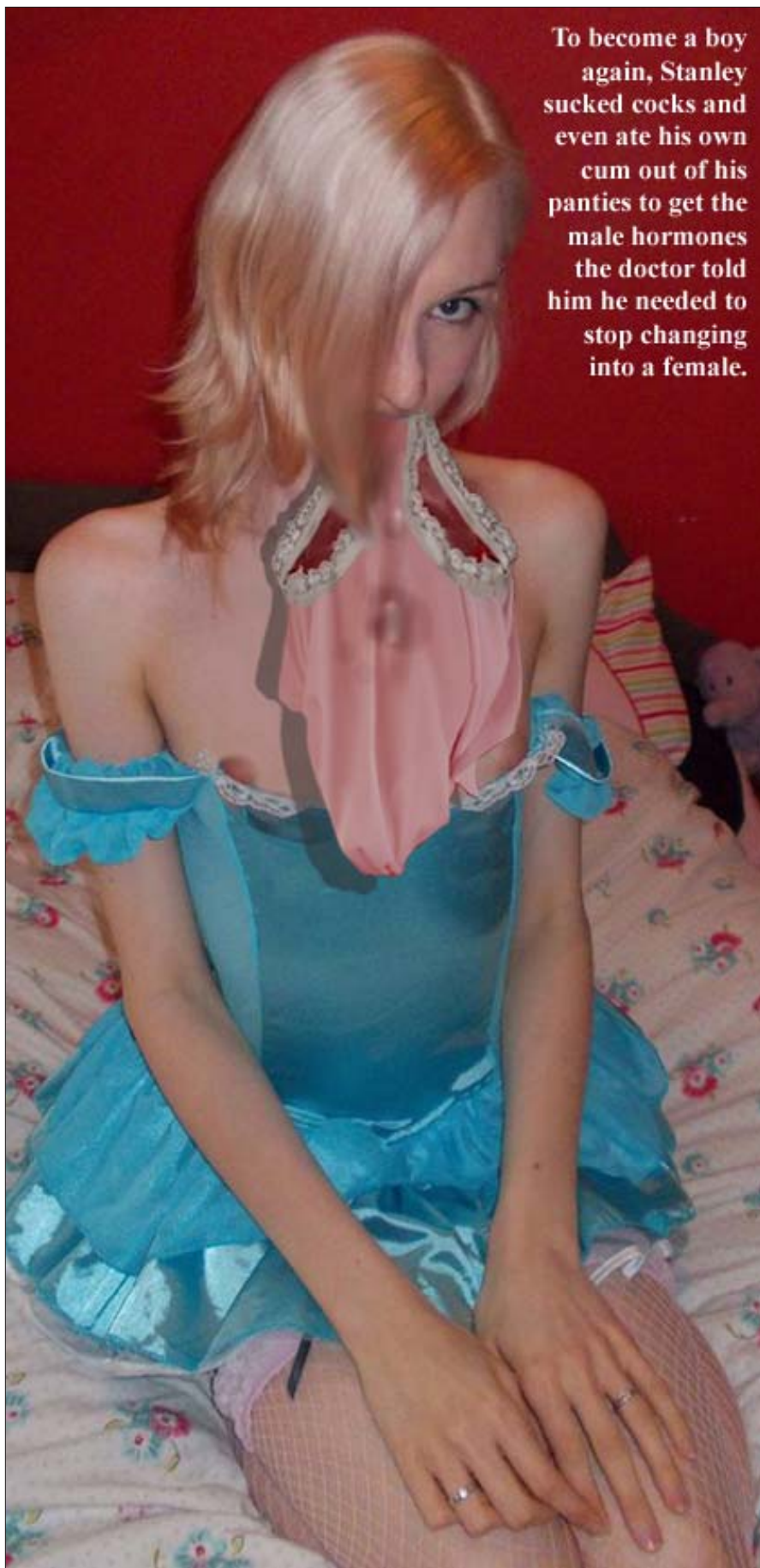
That night in bed, through a lot of tears, he admitted to me he wasn't having erections as frequently as he used to, his cum was weaker and it was a lot of work to ejaculate the watery jism he was able to spew out – he was genuinely worried.

And as I talked with him, I suspected one other thing – just listening to the way he was speaking and his admiration for the other skater boys he hung with, especially, Tex, the one guy he really seemed to think was so great. I thought that my son might even be sexually interested in Tex, at least on a subconscious level. Because he probably wouldn't allow himself to think of him in any way except as a prime example of what he aspired to be. I realized just how much my son liked Tex when he bashfully admitted to me that he had done something that had been plaguing him with guilt; he had stolen an expensive pair of sneakers that all the skater boys love, and he had stolen them for Tex to get on his good side.

That's when I knew that Tex could well be the answer. He'd be the ideal boy to turn Stanley into a great cocksucker, but before then, Stanley needed practice and his daddy would be the one to do that.

For admitting that he had stolen those shoes for Tex, I told Stanley that the only way he would get rid of his guilt would be to pay the store for those shoes out of his own money and then he had do some kind of penance, and I said he needed to spend time in a dress and makeup and help out with chores here at home. He felt so bad about his bout of thievery that he let me make him up and put him into a nice dress.

When my husband saw him, I asked him, "How do you like your son's new dress, dear?"



To become a boy again, Stanley sucked cocks and even ate his own cum out of his panties to get the male hormones the doctor told him he needed to stop changing into a female.

He asked. "Stanley, that's a nice dress, but what's going on here? I didn't think you liked wearing dresses. So do you like wearing that dress, now? Is sure looks nice on you."

Stanley answered, "Considering they are girls' clothes and I'm a boy, I guess they're OK. Mom told me to do it because it will help with my guilty feelings. Mom says it's like doing penance. But I want my skater boy clothes back as soon as I can. Can you help me, Dad?"

Nathan had on a nice pair of ladies' stirrup ski pants that showed his panty lines, garter tabs and everything. "It's all up to your mother, son," was all he said. But I saw the boner my hubby had sprouted in his stretchy ski pants as he was eyeing our son; I wasn't about to let this opportunity pass."

"Honey, as I told you, Stanley is in great need of regular infusions of man cum, I want you to help him out."

"Of course, dear, anything you want."

Stanley was sitting on the love seat in our living room. I told him to pull up the dress I had him wearing to show his daddy the panties I had him put on as I explained. "You see, Daddy, our son has been very naughty, he stole an expensive pair of sneakers to give to his boyfriend, Tex. I was about ready to give him a paddling punishment, but now that you are here, you can help. Stanley needs some man cum. Get on over here, son and suck off your daddy's. Do a good job, son, and I won't paddle you. It's for your health."

Nathan stood in front of our boy, pushed down his stretchy ski pants revealing his own pink ruffled panties. His erection under the panties was obvious." (Our son has known his daddy has worn panties for years, so this was no surprise to him.)

"Stanley, lift up the lacy leg elastic of your daddy's nice panties and get his cock out."

Stanley shouted, "No, Mom, I can't do that."

I slapped him across the face. That got his attention. By then, Nathan was getting anxious and had taken out his penis to save our son from doing that task. "OK, now take your dad's penis, put it in your mouth and start sucking. Doctor's orders! You will do it if you ever want to be a man. You need man cum, go to it or I'll give you the paddling of your life and still make you suck your daddy's dick."

Stanley was a mess. I know he didn't want to do it, but he knew he had to do it if he ever wanted to grow up to be a man. Tears flowed down his cheeks in sheets but he let his daddy put his sissy man penis into his mouth. Nathan was more than ready, he grabbed our son's head and fucked his face. It only took a minute for him to release his pent up cum since I usually make my husband wait longer than he wants between ejaculations.

Stanley coughed and gagged but managed to swallow most of his daddy's jism. He cried with rivers of cum leaking out of the edges of his lips. I told Nathan to scrape it up with his finger and feed into our son's mouth. My husband did as I commanded, and Nathan seemed to enjoy making our boy suck on his cum-coated finger like a penis.

Afterwards as I tucked Stanley into bed that night, he cried again, "Mom, I'm having some strange thoughts like I feel more like a girl sometimes than a boy, especially when I did that with daddy tonight. Why is that?"

I told him, "Honey, with all your male hormones weakening and your body producing female hormones, there is a lot of strange things going with you, but I want you to know that no matter what, I love you, as a boy or a girl or a cocksucking sissy. I don't care. I love you just being you. No matter how you feel and what you think of yourself, I will always love you. Now, be truthful, how was it tonight sucking cum out of your daddy's dick?"

"Oh, Mom, is that the only way I can get good quality male semen to help me grow up to be a real man?"

"Well, you heard what the doctor said; I think that is the only way. So, how was it?"

"I don't like to think about it. Doing it makes me feel like a girl or a fag or something. How could I ever do it every day?"

"Well, you'll have to do it or keep turning into a girl."

"Really is that what's going to happen to me?"

"I'm afraid so. Now, I don't mind; your daddy and I will love you as a girl or a boy. Yes, I'm sure it was embarrassing to suck off your daddy, but what about Tex? If you stole a pair of expensive shoes for him, I think you like him a hell of a lot,

and he might even like you a lot more if you sucked his cock for him whenever he wanted. And after being caught forcing that gay boy to give him a blowjob, we know he doesn't mind having a guy blow him. That would be a great present you could give to him that would certainly make you his favorite person in the whole world. Macho boys like him never have enough opportunities to spurt their cum."

"You really think so, Mom? But he'd call me a faggot and get really mad at me. He doesn't like fags."

"How do you know, did you ask him?"

"Oh, no, but guys he doesn't like, he calls fags or homos."

"I could talk to him and see how open he is to the idea."

"You're kidding me; you could do that?"

"Sure, and I'd be very discreet; he'd never know I'd be asking on your behalf unless he admits that he would be all for it. So get him over here tomorrow after you guys do your thing with your skateboards, and I'll take it from there."

"Mom, what will you say to him?"

"You worry too much son. You know I'm good when it comes to words. I won't do anything that will harm your relationship with him. If I think he's not up for it, I won't press the issue. You have nothing to fear."

The next day it was raining steadily, so the boys didn't even go to the park to practice and Stanley brought Tex around and asked if they could fix one of their broken skateboards in the basement, just as I had set up with Stanley. Then I asked him if he had any homework. He told me he had just a bit and could finish it in about fifteen minutes, so I told him to go do it while I talked with Tex for a moment because I wanted to get to know this boy who my son thought was so wonderful.

I gave Tex a glass of lemonade and had him sit down across from me on the couch. As we talked, I was impressed. Tex was a very smart boy but it was obvious that he had a lot of problems at home. Sure he was slovenly and his disrespect for adults was evident, but he did seem to warm up to me. I'm sure what helped is that I had on an old-fashioned pink and white ruffled babydoll nightie with matching panties with only a very sheer peignoir over it. I apologize to him when he entered that I had been extra tired that day and was taking a nap when they arrived. Tex was all eyes, he didn't stop staring even after I caught him peeking. My outfit really held his attention. I think he would have sat there all day if I had wanted. Well, I eventually worked the subject around to where I wanted it.

"Tell me, Tex, things are so liberal today. I understand that kids being gay is not a big deal anymore. In my day, it was

horrible to be discovered as a homosexual, but nowadays, I guess kids are more accepting and it's OK." He stared at me as I continued on with this line of discussion. "So, Tex, are there any gay boys in your school, that you know about?"

He nodded, "Yeah, we got fags at school. Nobody cares."

"What do you think of boys having sex together? How do you feel about that?" I opened my legs wide and dropped my hand down to my crotch and give myself a few nice rubs across my panties low on my tummy. He stared with big eyes.

"Well, if that's what they want to do, why should I care?"

"So if you were like that, you would think it was OK to do things with another boy?"

"Like I said; I don't care."

"What if you had a good friend, he was gay and he wanted to give you a blowjob would you let him do that?"

"Maybe if I couldn't get a girl."

"And you were real horny ..."

"Yeah, well, if I'm horny, you know a guy needs it. If a guy doesn't get it, he gets kind of crazy, ya know."

"Wow! It must be rough being a guy; you have to find ways to cum every day or like you say, you get 'kind of crazy.'"

"You got that right."

"Is it hard finding girls when you need them?"

"No shit! To me it's just sex but girls ... gees, they want to make love! That's how they put it. I'm there horny as hell and they want to be taken out to dinner or a movie first – or both, by the end of the night I think I would have been better off if I just would have stayed home and jacked off. And I hate jacking off. I need a warm pussy or a nice mouth on my thing, if you know what I mean."

"Tex, I'm married, sure, I know exactly what you mean. I try to take care of my husband in those ways. So, I had no idea you boys are sexually active with girls; you're so young, just fourteen, right? I guess kids really do grow up quickly these days. Stanley has admitted to me that he hasn't done "the thing" with a girl yet. I keep telling him to wait. I think it's nice for kids to wait until they are more mature. But now that you are sexually active, and when you don't have a girl at hand and you don't like jacking off, what if you had a cute gay boy ready to suck on your hard penis, would you let him do it?"

"Damn right I would. You gotta take it when you can get it."

I knew Stanley was now standing just outside of the room behind Tex and listening to every word we were saying. Then I turned my conversation with Tex to an unusual situation I had heard about ... but actuality I was explaining Stanley's supposed hormone imbalance. Tex seemed very sympathetic to the hypothetical case I presented and said, "Man, that's for shit! I'd hate to be a guy like that ... a guy losing his masculinity and all ..."

Then, I moved over on the couch next to Tex and spoke in a low vice, "Can I swear you to secrecy, Tex?"

He nodded, I then took his hand and casually put it on my thigh just an inch from my pantied pussy with my hand stroking his hand gently, I said, "My son thinks a lot of you, Tex; he thinks you are the neatest guy he has ever met."

"Really?" he responded.

"Oh, yes. Now, you know that boy that I was telling you about..." Tex was ahead of me. "He's ... that boy ... he is Stanley?" I nodded with a very serious look on my face. Tex didn't move a muscle as I kept his hand in mine as I moved it over my warm pussy; I was making his hand gently stroke my femaleness. I explained to him how my son needed a daily injection of real boy semen if he wanted to stop his body from turning into a female body.

Tex seemed to understand. "Man that would really be bad to be like that. I had no idea Stanley had a problem like that."

"Could you do me and Stanley a favor and let him suck your cock as often as you would like, every day if you want, more than that if you want, anytime you can't get a girl, of course. No, as I explained it's not gay; it's just a temporary medical procedure until he gets better. Tex seemed to be mulling it over in his mind fast and furious. I'm sure he could feel how moist my panties were getting. He finally nodded.

"Sure, I'd let him do that, but I ain't gay, you know."

"Of course, you aren't, Tex. And my son Stanley isn't gay either. You're a big strong boy, right on the verge of being a real man. And, my son wants to be a real man just like you. He looks up to you so much. It's so nice that you are willing to help him out. I know if the situation were reversed that he would do the same for you." Then, I turned toward the hallway and called out for Stanley to join us. I pretended to explain it all to him and told him how Tex was happy to help him out. The two boys were blushing heavily.

I went on, "You know, Tex, my son has kind of long hair --- when he was little people often thought he was a girl – that would make him fighting mad but I thought it was funny. And seeing how he is so cute – for a boy, maybe you could imagine he's a girl while he sucks on your cock? That would help, huh?" Tex nodded, "Yeah, him looking like a girl would

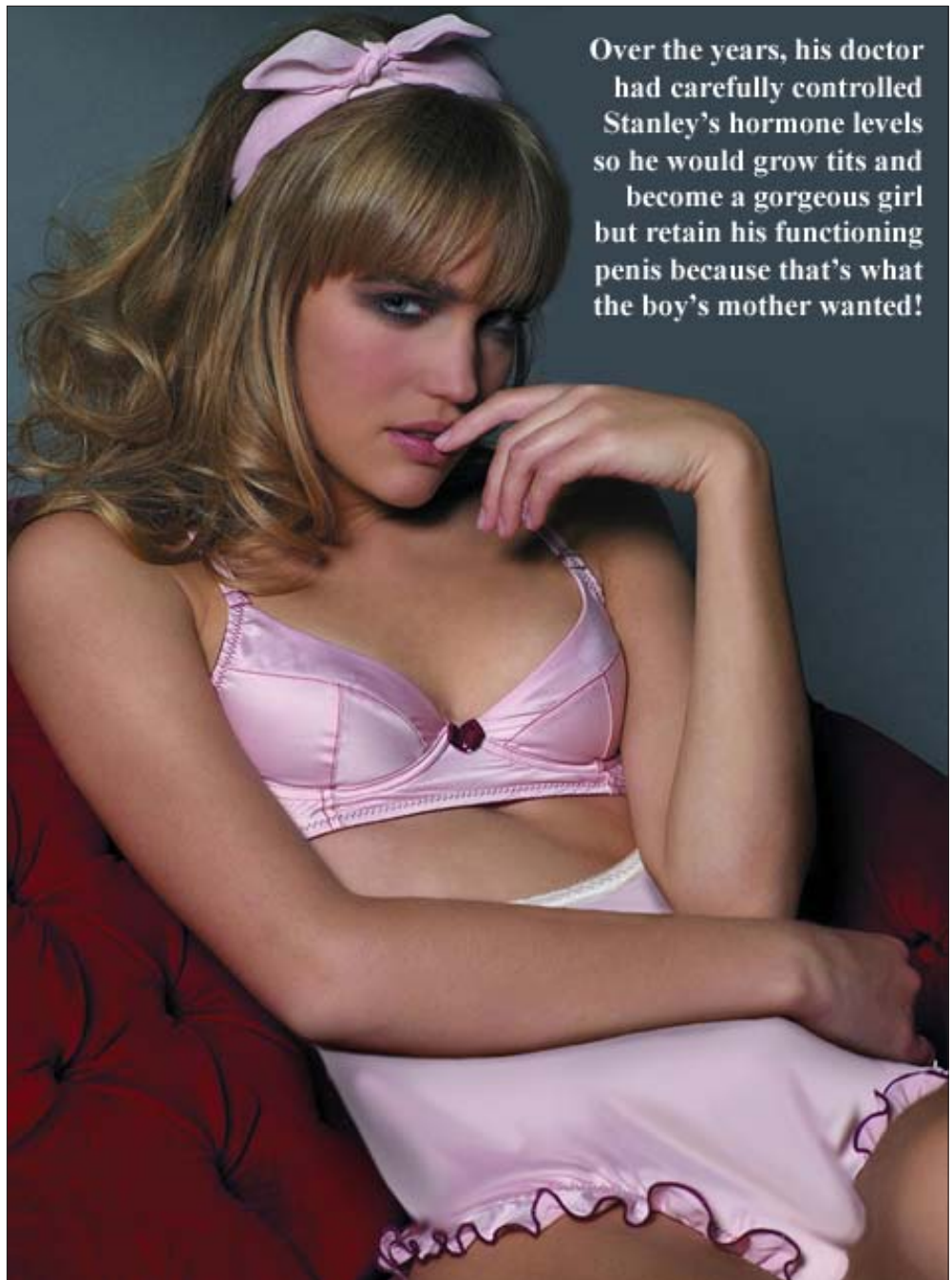
be good." I said, "You know, I can help with that." I turned to Stanley, who was beet red with shame. "Stanley, go up and put on one of my dresses and some lingerie and some lipstick too so you look like a girl. Tex said he would like that. That's the least bit you can do for him considering how he is so willing to help you out with your medical treatments."

As Stanley left, Tex said, "Wow, he'd do that?"

"Tex, my son loves me very much and I love him very much. You said you don't get along with your parents, so maybe you have a hard time understanding, but Stanley will do anything I tell him to do, especially something like this since he knows it will help him. He has nowhere else to turn. He's desperate.

"You know, he can't just go out on the street and try to find boys to suck off. He's in a very bad situation and needs to get better." Of course, I had already set out a nice gingham dress and lacy panties, even one of my bras and a nice silky slip and within a few moments Stanley came back fully dressed. Tex drew back and tensed when he saw him. "Wow, he does look like a real girl."

"Lift up your skirt, honey; show Tex your panties." And when Stanley did it, he pulled his skirt up high as he tried to cover his shame-stricken face. But Tex wasn't looking at his face. He was looking at the purple lace panties covering my son's lower body. "Gees, real panties and everything," was all Tex could say. By then I was helping unbuckle and unzip Tex's trousers. I



Over the years, his doctor had carefully controlled Stanley's hormone levels so he would grow tits and become a gorgeous girl but retain his functioning penis because that's what the boy's mother wanted!

commanded Stanley to drop his skirt and kneel down in front of his friend and take out his penis. For a fourteen-year-old, Tex had a very respectable penis, I estimated it to be about seven inches long once it started to harden in Stanley's fingers. I had to use both my hands to bring together my reluctant son's head and the twitching penis sticking out of Tex's pants.

"Don't cry, son; it's OK. It's just two great friends helping each other out. Tex shot off into my son's mouth within thirty seconds; it so surprised Stanley that he gasped and backed off and the big virile cock just kept spewing cum and shot it all over my son's face and hair and pretty dress. I wanted to laugh, so I had to bite my lip to keep a straight face. Tex collapsed backwards against the couch – I could tell he was in heaven! Stanley had the stupidest expression on his face like "what happened!" I urged him, "Son scoop all that great boy cum on your face and eat it up. Hurry up while it's still fresh." Stanley was crying but he did it. Then he ran off in shame.

Tex looked up at me with a dreamy expression. "Wow, man, that was good ... real good. Better than girls I try to get to do it. Most of them tell me they hate doing it. I have to beg them to do it, but Stanley wanted to do it, and he did a good job."

"So since it was so good for you, will you consider letting Stanley do that for you every day or whenever you want?"

"Oh, yeah! But I like it with him dressed up like a girl -- that's really cool. I looked down and I thought a pretty girl was doing me. Too bad we can't go out like that with him as a girl. Hell, I'd take him out to dinner and a movie too!" he joked.

"Well, Tex, since you are such a good friend of my son who is so in need of your services, you are welcome in this house anytime and I'll see to it that Stanley dresses up real pretty for you. I'll go out and buy him a lot of fancy party dresses and sexy lingerie just to make him look as much of a girl as possible for you."

"You'd do that for me? And Stanley would wear that really girly stuff, you know, like what you are wearing now. He would wear a nightie like that for me? So I could think of him like a girl?" I nodded. "If I tell him he has to do it to please you, believe me he will do it, and I'll help him all the way."

Tex got red in the face and said, "Can I call him Sally when he blows me? The best girl I was ever with was named Sally but she moved away two months ago and I've been going crazy ever since."

"Tex, consider it done. My son is now officially 'Sally' "But he can't be a girl and have a name like Stanley. Can we give him a name, a girls' name?"

"Why of course, we can. Why don't you tell me what would be a good name for him when he's being girly for you?"

Tex only took a second to think about it. "I got it. Can I call him, Sally?"

"Sure you can. Why Sally?"

"My Mom loves playing old rock-n-roll songs and she plays this one song "Ride, Sally, Ride," and whenever she plays it I think about having sex with girl, ya know, like riding her. I always think of that ... so I always wanted to ride a girl named Sally!"

"Why, Tex, that's a lovely idea and a sweet name for my boy while he's being a girl for you. Sally it is!"

* * * * *

So that's Clair's story. Within two years, she got control of her son with the help of Dr. Pearson's hormone therapy designed for the boy just like she wanted. He developed a lovely set of tits (Tex really liked that), but retained a functioning penis. Stanley is now a beautiful ladyboy and world class cocksucker and his mother is welcome to sit and watch him suck cocks and suck the cum out of his own panties whenever she wants. That's Stanley's life now because that's exactly what his mother wanted! And, oh, Clair says Tex hasn't been with a real girl now for nearly a year!

Testimonial Added 9/1/09

*From: Harriet McD.,
Frisco Ladylike Chapter
Subject: Love Is the Answer!*

The Demale Society loves it when one male demales another! One of the best methods is to get a man or boy so thoroughly in love with his controlling female that he's willing to do most anything for her, even feminize another male!

Harriet learned about that approach to taking charge of males while attending her first few Demale Society meetings. She learned most men and boys vigorously fight feminization, and even peace-loving females may have to resort to corporal punishment before some of those males give in, but Harriet had little desire to inflict pain or physically fight to take charge of her man, she loved the idea of seizing control by simply using her feminine wiles and his intense love for her.

Soon after her marriage to Wolf (it's a horrible nickname, I know), things quickly evolved into the classic case of her husband making all the decisions and taking total control of their lives. But Harriet wanted more from life and marriage than just being Little Miss Susie Homemaker. She missed the independence she had grown used to while living on her own for five years with a career in interior decorating.

While redesigning one home, Harriet became fast friends with Eva, a client living in one of the most expensive houses in an exclusive new subdivision. When Harriet confided in Eva that her new marriage robbed her of a lot of her independence to make her own decisions, Eva told her about the Demale Society and Harriet began going to meetings.

Harriet was immediately attracted to the idea of manipulating a male (in her case her husband) to get whatever she wanted by simply intensifying and exploiting his love for her. Yes, her husband already loved her a lot, but Harriet learned all the novel Demale tricks to get him to love her more and more until her taking charge of him was easy. Plus she learned how to keep his love growing ever stronger while taking power from him. She was surprised how swiftly it got him to defer to her for decisions and how he began to love having her in charge!

Harriet was soon an expert at getting her husband to love her to degrees they both had never imagined. In the process, she got him to fall in love with the Demale lifestyle too. And once Wolf got involved with their San Francisco chapter, he took to it so wholeheartedly that he was recommended to be a "remale" in the organization (with a name like Wolf it almost seemed inevitable), and he turned out to be a great remale.

A remale is a very special position in Demale chapters, but most males could never qualify. In outward appearance, a



Everybody calls Eva's sissy son, DeeDee (short for Deepak). Dressing up in fancy girls' costumes and playing with his Barbie dolls are his favorite things to do!

remale usually looks like what most people think of as a traditional macho male, but a remale has to have a powerful sex drive, above average penis size and know how to use it unselfishly to please a female. He must truly love and respect females and not view them as sex objects. Also, he must fully believe in female superiority and do whatever the female in charge of him directs him to do. Perhaps, the most difficult part, he must not be afraid of femininity. That may sound strange but most males fear females to some degree.

A remale proves himself worthy by submitting to all females and even their craziest requests. For example, even though he is basically "straight" and has no interest in crossdressing or having sex with other males, a remale must allow himself to be humiliated in those and many other ways simply for the entertainment of superior females. Being able to do things most other males would find repulsive is key. He must be willing to be a laughingstock, a mockery to himself and other males in front of his mistress, her friends, strangers and even his children without objection. And he must fully accept that females often love other females and he must not object to his mistress having lesbian relationships. Unflinchingly, he must submit to his mistress and do whatever she wants, even support her feminizing their sons to any degree including putting them on female hormones and forcing them into a sex change operation. If it's good for her, it's good for him.

As soon as he was inducted as a remale, Wolf was amazed and delighted to discover the benefits and what was expected of him, such as being on call to sexually service any of the other female members in their chapter (under his wife's direction). He was expected to do anything for those women from giving them a great "traditional fuck" to being a model used to teach her preschool girls how a man's sex organs work and how to control a man through his penis. He also is made available to their members who want him to deflower any of their virgin daughters so a girl will learn the proper way a man should make love to a female instead of the typical male rape in the back seat of a car. He teaches these girls how a male must put her pleasure before his own. A remale taking a girl's virginity is a big ceremony in Demale chapters.

Harriet and Wolf had a fine marriage and eventually had a beautiful son, they named Thomas. Of course, from the day he was born, she practiced the same approach on Thomas as she had on her husband; she got him to so thoroughly love his mommy that he constantly tried his best to please her, at least at home, but in the outside world, it was another matter.

Young boys can't help but notice other men and boys and the relationships they have with their families. Harriet was frequently explaining to him why they were different. But as he grew older, especially once he started school, he realized just how different they were from other families.

From the time he was born, Harriet did all the little things to ignite his appreciation for her, all females and everything

feminine, but she didn't want to aggressively feminize her son at an early age. There are different schools of thought on when to fully demale a boy, and it was her choice to have him first experience life as a typical boy. Yes, she'd dress him up in girls' clothes for the fun and games at family functions put on by their chapter and she had him sleep in a babydoll gown -- that was "just like mommy's." But she'd decide when the appropriate time would be to use his intense love for her -- and not pain or punishment -- to thrust him more fully into the demale lifestyle. Then, when he turned eleven, his male hormones began surging; it was time. She had been planning for this, and she was going to do it with the help of Eva, and her completely sissified little boy, DeeDee.

Eva and her husband, Deepak, own seventeen pizza stores in the Bay Area. He's a workaholic and constantly travels to their stores that bring in a handsome income for Eva and that is about all she wants of her submissive husband except for him to let her run the household and not to object to how she raises their five-year-old son, also named Deepak, but whom they've called DeeDee from the day he was born. Eva, is the young trophy wife for her businessman husband. Like Harriet she is in total control of her marriage, but took the approach: feminized her son from birth, practically raising him as a girl.

DeeDee was conceived by artificial insemination because Eva is a lesbian. Her husband, Deepak, always had an obsession for lesbians and had thought she was the most beautiful woman he ever met soon after coming to this country and opening his first pizza parlor. As a teenager, Eva worked in his first store, and even though he was much older, he kept making advances toward her, and when she tried to stop him by telling him she was a lesbian, he told her he adored gay women and wanted to marry her more than ever! As Deepak opened store after store, he became quite wealthy, and Eva agreed to marry him, even though she would never allow him to have regular marital sex with her. She did allow him to masturbate as he watched her make love with her many girlfriends and that's all he ever wanted, and all he still wants! In their view they have the perfect marriage!

So here is Harriet's story of the feminization of Thomas, her son. To shape his mind femininely, the two women designed fun-filled play times with sissy boy DeeDee that combined love with femininity, praise with humiliation, laughter with shame, and mild sexual pleasure while planting negative male images in his mind. Thomas was "all boy" and didn't make a very cute girl, at least at first, but the women liked that contrast with the beautiful little sissy DeeDee. They started with frequent visits to Eva's luxurious home with Thomas arriving dressed as a girl (because DeeDee was afraid of boys) for girly fun with the hope that Thomas would eventually want to be feminized of his own volition.

* * * * *

Get Him to Want to Be Girly

"Thomas, I've had quite enough of your sniveling this morning." Moaning, he said, "But, Mom, I can't help it. My slip is too long and my skirt too short. Everyone can see the lace on my slip. Why do I have to wear a skirt whenever we come here, anyway?"

"Stop pulling down on your skirt; you're messing it all up. It's plenty long enough. No one is going to see your lace unless you sit like a slovenly little boy and show them! Stop pulling, or I'll make sure everyone sees your slip and maybe your panties too," she said as she pulled up his skirt and had him hold it up to his chin as she grabbed the waistband of his ruffled rhumba panties and yanked them up. "Ouch!" he squealed as his boy parts got crushed. Harriet is a school teacher at a Bay Area all-boy's school for brainy kids, so she knows how to handle boys, especially her son.

This was happening just after they rang the doorbell at Eva's house. "Keep still, my little monkey, I'm just snugging your panties up nice and tight. There. Don't your panties feel a lot better now? And you well know why you're wearing one of your nice dresses -- because DeeDee doesn't like boys," she was saying just as Eva's maid opened the door. The maid giggled as Harriet finished fussing with the boy's panties and before letting his slip and skirt fall back into place. His mother was always doing things like adjusting his panties in front of others when he was in a dress, and she does it just to remind him of the power she has over him.

The maid struggled to regain her composure but couldn't quite stop grinning as she escorted them through the house and out onto the sunshine bright patio as Harriet kept on talking. "How can you say you don't like coming over here? If I remember correctly, last Saturday you didn't want to leave because you were halfway through watching Cinderella with pretty little DeeDee curled up in your arms. Why can't you be more like DeeDee; he's the sweetest boy you've even met?"

"But I don't like being seen by DeeDee and Auntie Eva in a skirt like this. I feel so stupid. I'm not like DeeDee," he said, "and this skirt is too short, Mommy."

"If you want more skirts, I'll buy you all you want," she said, ignoring what he was really saying. He wanted to complain some more but by then they had reached the patio where Eva and her young son, DeeDee, were enjoying the morning and chatting happily while he was playing with his Barbie dolls.

The women had a kissy-kissy hello, and then Eva said, "And good morning, Thomas, it's so good to see you again. You look so sweet. DeeDee loves it when you come over to play."

Harriet nudged him to respond. "Good morning, Auntie Eva, and good morning, DeeDee," Thomas replied as the women

**“Aunty” Eva with her six-year-old
sissy son DeeDee and Harriet’s
eleven-year-old son, Thomas, who
is in makeup and girly clothes is
resisting feminization, but against
his mother, Eva and her girly son,
Thomas won’t have a chance of
avoiding being completely demaled!**



pushed the boys together with Harriet telling them, "Boys, give each other a proper greeting. Let's have a nice big kiss."

The boys knew they had to kiss on the lips. DeeDee giggled. He liked kissing boys. However, Thomas didn't think it was right for him to french kiss a boy, but he did as he was told, and then when they did kiss, it wasn't good enough for these women, who love gay boys. So Eva admonished them saying, "Now, boys, do it again, but this time do it right. We want to see a lot of tongue action -- a lot of face-sucking."

Thomas reluctantly let that total sissy DeeDee mash his face up against his own. Thomas's face, now a blushing deep red as his mother screeched, "Oh, yes, that's more like it. Lipstick on your lips makes kissing so much fun, huh, boys?"

Even though Thomas had tongue kissed sissy boys before at his mother's direction, he was in middle school now and he knew only sissies kissed other boys and knew what 'normal' boys thought about such boys. To him, kissing a boy was no longer a cute little kid's game they played at Demale events. The intimate contact with DeeDee unnerved him. Eva noticed and tried to calm him, saying, "We're going to have a tea party so get your mother a cup of tea and a cup of ice tea for yourself. Nice girls and boys love tea parties."

Thomas knew what kind of boys loved tea parties. He wished they'd do something less girly, even though he always did have a good time at DeeDee's house. As he went to the side table to do her bidding, his skirt swirled around his legs with the gentle breeze. Wearing a skirt is different from wearing trousers and that is especially evident when outside with the wind blowing. The women snickered to each other admiring the colorful top and peasant skirt Harriet had found for her son and that skirt did reveal flashes of his full slip that came right to the bottom edge of his skirt and periodically peeped out, despite his fears. That soft slip had a teasing way of slipping and sliding against his ruffled panties, making him constantly aware of them. The lipstick on his lips, the eye shadow on his eyes and the reddish rinse on his hair didn't make him look so much like a girl as a sissy, exactly the look the women wanted in contrast to DeeDee's real little girl look. Thomas was a ridiculous sight, and he knew it. He didn't want to be taken for a girl so he couldn't care less. He just feared having to go outside where people might see him.

Thomas didn't mind doing sissy things at home or at Demale club parties. He loved his mommy so much that he did those girly things simply because he knew his mommy loved him all the more when he did do them, and if we were honest with himself, he'd admit he often had fun acting girly for her, but he liked doing boy things better. However, he almost never refused his mother. Harriet did let him be a boy a lot, like at school and when she allowed him to play with some of the nicer neighborhood boys. But it was different with DeeDee because Thomas was eleven and DeeDee was just six and an outrageous pansy, who liked to think of himself as a girl! And

here that faggy little kid stood in a white satin dress Marilyn Monroe dress like she wore in that iconic scene from *The Seven Year Itch* when she stood over the subway grate and the gusts of wind from underneath made her flimsy skirt fly up to expose her lacy white panties.

Harriet called Eva's son over to her and had the sissy sit on her lap. She complemented him on the dress and told him it was sweet to wear it that day since it was quite windy. Eva told her it had been custom-made made for him at a great new costume shop they had found. Harriet petted him through his slinky frock. "My dear, you're such a lovely child." She said it more for her own son's benefit than for DeeDee's. Thomas winced, knowing his mommy would love it if he were a big sissy too. His mommy had never said as much, but he knew she would love him to be like that. As she touched and tickled DeeDee's body, the well-conditioned boy swooned -- Thomas could see his mommy massaging the kid's little penis through his sleek dress and the slip and panties Thomas had no doubt the boy was wearing underneath. Thomas loved when she played with him like that and, in a weak moment, he would even beg her to do it. Yes, it is humbling for a growing boy to ask his mommy to pump on his pantied penis but once addicted to panty wanks, a desperate boy had no choice but to beg! And no one knew how to jerk him off better than Mommy, especially now because in recent weeks his penis had begun to release droplets of precum, he was on the verge of graduating from dry cums to the real thing, and it was getting better and better every time she played with him! Thomas was jealous of his mommy panty wanking DeeDee. She knew it! "See how nice Mommy is to DeeDee? Mommy just can't keep her hands off a boy so pretty and girly."

Thomas was a sweet boy too; he rarely gave his mother any trouble, but Harriet knew his male hormones would soon boil over, a time when boys become difficult to control and she was now trying to head off that happening by increasing his girly times, like these frequent playdates with DeeDee. Harriet wanted that sweet boy to help her more fully demale her own son, so Thomas himself would end up wanting to be girly!

DeeDee was extremely intelligent and loved to play games, so the women had made a game of feminizing Thomas and gave DeeDee the starring role as Thomas's seductress. And what made it really easy for the boy was that he was in puppy love with Thomas. The two women knew it and encouraged it. What better way to demale a boy than to have another boy do it! And the women knew it was working because Thomas envied the attention his mother would shower on DeeDee and they knew that because they could see Thomas getting a hard dick in his panties whenever he cuddled and kissed with DeeDee; and the older boy's erection failed to stay hidden under his thin skirts. Thomas was sure those erections were just from his silky panties rubbing up against his penis. He didn't allow himself to think that a little boy five years his junior could have such an effect on him.

Thomas was going through a confusing period as his body was maturing; the women were exploiting it. Auntie Eva sweet talked the bashful Thomas to stand by her and then "oohed" and "aahed" over his flirty peasant skirt. As she fluffed it up and peeked at his petticoats and then discreetly slid her hand up under it to play with the lace on his rhumba panties, she cooed, "What a nice day and look. DeeDee has all his Barbies out for you; I'm sure you can't wait to play with them!"

He smiled politely. Playing dolls with soppy little DeeDee was humiliating; the kid even talked and played like a girl.

As Eva continued playing with Thomas's panties, she turned to her son who was still sitting on Harriet's lap and said, "My DeeDee's a little girl doll himself, aren't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes, Mommy. And a pretty dolly too, huh, Mommy?"

"Oh, that you are, sweetie. What do you want to do today?"

"Go shopping, Mommy, and have Thomas help me pick out a whole bunch of pretty new panties!"

Eva laughed, "Oh, that would be fun, wouldn't it, Thomas?"

He was tongue-tied. Harriet, his mother, pushed him, "Go on, Thomas, tell DeeDee you would love to do that."

"Shopping ... me as a boy? People would laugh, Mom ... "

Harriet said, "OK, Thomas, go as a girl in a dress ... then no one would laugh at you buying girls' panties for DeeDee. But first, we could buy you an even prettier dress than what you have on and then go panty shopping. Yes, that's a great idea, Thomas -- a pretty dress for you since that is what you want.

"Come on over here and let me give you a big hug," she said as she had DeeDee slide down off her lap.

"Do I have to, Mommy?" Thomas groaned, knowing what was coming, but still, he edged on over to her.

"Why, of course, it'll be fun," she said as she enveloped both DeeDee and her son in her loving arms.

"Mommy, I don't think it would be fun. Remember that time waiting at the train station after the Halloween party when I was dressed like a cheerleader and you called me Thomas in front of those two boys who heard you?" His voice broke as he recalled, "They laughed and called me a queer."

She hugged him tightly and rubbed a hand seductively over him as she used her other hand to pet little DeeDee. She smirked, "OK, then, we can solve that. We'll give you a nice girls' name, so that will never happen again. It's about time you have a girls' name anyway."

By now, her hand was up under his skirt and manipulating his pantied penis. It flustered him while in this three-way embrace with fag boy DeeDee. But before Thomas could say "no" that he didn't want to be given a girls' name, DeeDee shouted out right on cue, "Thomas, we can you "Sissy? That's my favorite girls' name."

Eva lit up and cheered, "That's a great name for you, Thomas. In fact, we can call you "Sissy," now, and all the time."

Beleaguered Thomas was now groaning, "But, but, I'm a boy ... and I like my boy name."

"A darn sweet boy you are too, son. But the name Sissy really fits you at times like these, don't you think, baby? Tell me you want to be called Sissy and tell me how wonderful I'm making you feel right now. Tell, me. Tell me, Sissy!"

Gasping for breath, Thomas admitted, "Yes, Mommy, you are making me feel so-o-o-o good ... oh-h-h-h-h!" he moaned loudly as his mother's panty stroking made his head spin.

Eva and Harriet looked at each other and grinned devilishly as Eva said, "Wow! Sissy Thomas, I never heard a sound like that come out of you. Well, I guess it's settled you want to be called Sissy. Those are really gorgeous panties you have on. Such fancy panties for a boy who wants to be called by a boys' name," she giggled. "I'm sure we would all laugh too if we saw a big boy like you in ruffled and ribbon-decorated rhumba panties and someone called him 'Thomas.' You are wise to want to be called Sissy that will certainly avoid the mistake of one of us accidentally calling you Thomas when we are out somewhere or people would make fun of you. My DeeDee never has that problem because he's so girly even though I keep his hair pretty short because I think little boys look so cute in fancy girls' clothes. You can learn from him."

Harriet continued playing with his panty front. "Is my sissy boy having some of those nice warm fuzzy feelings all over?"

Thomas nodded, then looked down and gasped as his mom put his hand on DeeDee's panties right over his penis and used her hand to make his hand masturbate the girly boy.

Harriet detached from the boys' sexual stirrings, said, "So, it's decided. We'll start calling you Sissy all the time, now, when we go shopping for new panties for DeeDee, and I think it's only right you buy a special pair of panties for DeeDee, your new little panty boy wanking partner, and you can jack him off into the panties you buy for him. Wouldn't that be nice?"

Eva then said, "Oh, that's a wonderful idea, but let's buy your boy a pretty new dress or costume to celebrate his new name, and I know the perfect place to buy a fabulous dress: The Masquerade Costume Shop over on Melbourne and Pine. They have the most darling dresses."

DeeDee was jumping up and down in glee. "OK, OK, honey, settled down. I know you love going there." Then she said to Harriet, "They're a bit pricey but make fabulous dresses; they costume a lot of those traveling Broadway shows."

Harriet said, "Sissy Thomas, look at him; isn't he funny?" pointing to DeeDee still bouncing around in faggy delight.

Thomas pretended to laugh, dreading the possibility that they would actually go to a store, buy him a dress and surely expect him to try it on right in the store.

Eva then confirmed his fears: "We should get going soon because it sounds like a big day of shopping if we're going to be going dress shopping too because we have to be home later to get ready for tonight. Deepak is taking us to the new Hilton for a big ceremony where he's receiving an award for being an outstanding retailer, and we want to have plenty of time to get ready. There will be a big dinner and dance too. DeeDee and I will feel like Cinderella going to the ball!"

Thomas was visibly worried about shopping for a dress for him and panties for DeeDee. Eva saw his horror stricken face and pretended to be concerned about his fears as she added, "Sissy, you can go in your boys' clothes, if you want."

"Um, Mommy, if you're going to call me, ah, 'Sissy' even when I'm outside in my boys' clothes, people would laugh at me shopping for girls' clothes, so I guess I'd rather go in a dress. Can I wear a dress, please?"

There, it happened! Her son was actually begging for a dress to wear out in public!

"Of course, honey, we want you to be comfortable. I have an idea. When we're at the costume shop, maybe we can also find something fun like a girls' Siamese Twins costume, a cute dress that both you boys could fit into and just be wearing your silky panties underneath. You'd each have one arm out and one arm hidden inside the dress, and then you can both play with each other's panties!"

"Wonderful idea!" Eva shouted in support.

"Why not? You know how they hunger for opportunities to be loved and cuddled and in their saucy panties."

"Absolutely!" Eva said.

Thomas trembled as he pictured himself locked inside a dress with that little sissy and playing with each other. "Oh, how awful!" he thought. He hoped that would never happen.

Of course, DeeDee loved the idea. He giggled and rolled around on the couch in delight with his knees raised high showing off his own pink panties.

Harriet held the front of the little six-year-old's frock up and said, "Thomas, look at DeeDee's satin panties, aren't they adorable? But, I don't think they're as fancy as your panties. Now, pull up your skirt so you boys can compare panties."

"Beautiful panties on little boys. I love it." Harriet cooed as she squeezed both boys' balls in their panties. DeeDee squirmed. Harriet kept it up, laughing as the boy gurgled softly. "Does little DeeDee like panty tickles?" she asked. "Oh, yes, Auntie Harriet," he said. "Get closer, now, Thomas, like before with your skirt way up; put your panties right close to DeeDee's so we can compare." He did what she asked. He couldn't say 'no.' Harriet's hand roaming over his panties was making his toes curl. He didn't resist as she took her son's hand again and placed it on DeeDee's penis and started him panty wanking the sissy. Tears ran down her son's face, but he knew he had to keep doing it. Thomas's mother was now hugging the boys close together, so close that Thomas's silken pantied penis was bumping into DeeDee's pantied penis as they were being masturbated. Thomas felt more mortified than ever. DeeDee moaned as he widened his legs to allow Thomas even greater access. Eva said, "Oh, he's dry cumming; I can tell. He's shaking,"

Harriet laughed. "C'mon, son, you do a cum for mama too." Thomas erupted violently and he felt wetness. He soon realized that he had actually shot a wad of boy juice into his panties for the first time, and it was intense ... he then looked down expecting to see his mother's soft hand continuing to masturbate him, but it was fag DeeDee's hand on his dick! Thomas realized DeeDee was the one who had brought him to this first big boy orgasm and the little homo had done it better than his mom had ever done it! His face was now deep red; he was openly crying because his first manly cum was in pink panties brought on by the hands of a queer boy!

"I think the boys enjoyed that," Eva said, "Now, give each other a few more panty rubs – I know you boys like that sort of thing." As they continued panty pumping, DeeDee said, "Oh, Mommy! Thomas is really wet and gooeey."

Eva, obviously delighted, said, "A big boy cum, how sweet! So celebrate! Have Thomas lick his first juice off your cummy fingers, honey, and then kiss each other like the slutty little boys you are." Harriet, thrilled that her son had his first real cum, screeched, "Oh, yes! Licky, licky! Kissy, kissy, boys!" Thomas was aghast in his cum-coated wet panties but he was still flying high from his orgasm. If he had a chance to think about it, he never would have done it, but he was in a daze. He licked DeeDee's fingers sticky with his own slime! And the kissing, he knew he had to do it. With a monstrous mix of emotions, Thomas yielded. DeeDee shoved a squiggly tongue right past Thomas's quivering lips. Harriet's plan had worked. It was now confirmed: Her son loved her so deeply that he'd do anything for her and is now well on his way to being fully feminized and demaled. Mommy knows best!



Harriet, a teacher at an upscale and exclusive all-boys school near San Francisco, has each month a girlie dress-up day for the boys to get them more in touch with their feminine side. Here she is with her cutest girly dressed boys!