

The **Denmale Society**

Training Manual

Volume #45



*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

*Fantasy
Entertainment*

Adults Only



Marco didn't have any sisters and his mother died when he three; he was raised by his mother's sister, who despised little boys. His aunt was angry that she was the only living relative able to care for him, so to assuage her anger, she made him wear the most outrageously fancy girls' clothes but never let him grow his hair long. She paraded him before friends and family as a boy who wanted to be a sissy not a girl. He had no ability to fight back and accepted his life as a sissy with nowhere else to go.

*August 2007
Demale Society Poster Boy
www.Demale.com*



The Demale Society Manual

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

Notices Added 4/1/09

Date: 28 Mar 2009

From: DeeDee, Little Rock for Big Cock Chapter
Subject: My Cuckold Finds Me the Big Ones!

I admit I'm a size queen. I love my pussy filled with a big cock -- the bigger the better! And I just wanted to let you know how I trained my 41-year-old, little-dicked husband, 'Ladyboy John,' to find guys for me with big cocks. I had him join three local gyms where he checks out the guys' in the showers to find nice looking guys with big cocks, and when he finds a guy with a big one, he tries to start a conversation with him while drying off and getting dressed. He then comes right out and asks the guy if he'd like to have a hot piece of ass -- no stings attached. He then proceeds to show the guy a picture of me. I'm 22 and in excellent shape since I'm a health food nut and a health club regular.

Invariably, if the guy is interested, he wants to know what the catch is, and my husband then admits he's impotent and can't satisfy me, his wife, and that the pictures are of me. My husband explains that if he wants to keep me as his wife, he has to let me screw around. He then invites the guy to have a drink with me at a nearby bar, and then my Ladyboy calls me to meet them.

When we all meet, my hubby slips away and leaves me with the guy. Once I gain his confidence and we talk on, I reveal more and more of my situation and let him know I have no interest in divorcing my husband, and that I only need good sex on a regular basis. I try to measure his interest and evaluate certain qualities that I like to see in a man.

My goal is to train these guys as remales to service me and possibly some of the other females in our Demale Society chapter who are looking for a good fuck. To the guy, within a short period, I reveal more and more of my situation, and eventually explain that my husband is a demale, fully sissified and well on his way to becoming a full-fledged cocksucking faggot and that's why a need a real man.

After starting a sexual relationship with a guy, I tell him more about the Society and let him know we have many hot female members who would also be interested in their sexual services. So far I've recruited five well-endowed guys and having the best sex of my life. Of course, I've shared the wealth with my sister members. And I now have two of the guys close to being willing to let my feminized ladyboy hubby suck their cocks. I can't wait. Some of you other members may want to try a similar approach.

Date: 11 Mar 2009

From: Classy Assed Ladies Chapter
Subject: Wine Tasting/Hot Orgy Night Parties April 28!

We are having a Wine Tasting Party! Bring your favorite bottle of red, white or sparkling wine and cum share a taste at this very elegant play party for members and select other couples and individuals. We will have hors d'oeuvres, soft drinks, and imported cheeses. The hot tub will be steamy and bubbling. Ladies put on your sexy outfits and stilettos and join this play party where you can indulge all your senses. Demales should arrive in sissy, baby or full maid attire and be ready to serve and service any female or any remale's needs.

Cum, party and play at the Hot Orgy Night party following the wine tasting. There will be music, dancing, and of course many sexy singles and couples ready for whatever kind of female-dominant sex attendees decide to engage in: fucking, sucking,

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and kinky sex only limited by individual imaginations! Cum play in a pile with other hot and sexy couples and select singles. If you are among those who have attended one of our erotic wine tasting/orgy parties over the past year and a half, you know just how sensuous and attractive our members are -- and how beautiful and attentive our fully feminized demales are! Dani, the sexy and amazing teen boy-girl will be there, and like at our last meeting, this beautiful he-she will put on her astounding demonstration of deep-throating big cocks that would put Linda Lovelace to shame! If you haven't yet experienced our sexy and provocative atmosphere, get ready for a mind blowing, awesome night where you can fulfill all of your fantasies and attain gut wrenching orgasms.

All Full Members and Associate Members are invited. With a Full Member's recommendation, Select Nonmember Couples, Single Females, Demales and Remales are invited.

The party will be held in a large, private four-bedroom, marble tiled, elegant San Francisco East Bay home.

Attire: Dressy/Provocative

Time: 8:00 PM Wine Tasting

9:30 PM Demale Society Orgy until???

Be sure to bring your sexiest loungewear and lingerie as well as extra panties (we always go through tons of panties!). At 9:30 PM everyone will change to make for a relaxing and erotic mood. Soft drinks and hors d'oeuvres are provided. BYOB. Go to the San Francisco Citywide Demale website to register (with a Member) to receive an invitation.

Your hosts,

Delilah & Sweet Pauly

San Francisco combined Demale Society Groups ♦



*Dani, Sissy Boy
Deep Throat Champion*

Letter Added 2/15/09

Mommy's New Punishment

Bobby's mother first became aware of the Demale Society through a Mrs. Kent, who was a member and who encouraged her to take charge of her boy using feminizing techniques. Here is Bobby's story from his point of view from when he was a boy.

It began when I was twelve. My mother and I lived alone. I was a typical skinny little boy. I liked to play ball and ride my bike and goof around like other kids. My mom and I got along well, but I did have a mischievous streak, and as I got older, I did become less responsive to my mom's wants and often did just whatever I wanted. I liked to get myself dirty playing, and I never picked up my toys and clothes. Instead, I just had my mom clean up after me. In honesty, I could be quite nasty when I didn't get my way, but I wasn't a bad boy. Even though I was maturing, I still liked it at times when my mom cuddled with me and treated me like her

little boy. I was also beginning to struggle with my emerging masculinity, and at times I would pull away from her attentions while at other times I would let her be the doting mother, giving me big hugs and multiple kisses while tucking me into bed.

Mom met Mrs. Kent at the church we attended and they became good friends, and one Sunday after church mom took me to her new friend's house to play and then have an early dinner.

I had no knowledge of the Demale Society or that Mrs. Kent was a member and was trying to get my mom interested in joining. Just prior to this day, mom had been frequently admonishing me for all my little faults and was increasingly becoming stern with me when I didn't do the things around the house that she had always expected me to do. Those warnings went over my head, but what I did notice is that my mom had begun dressing a lot nicer. Instead of jeans and old shirts or her jogging outfits, mom started to wear skirts and dresses all the time. I even noticed she stopped wearing pantyhose and began wearing stockings with garters – women's underwear items I had never seen before but I did find cool to peek at. Yes, I'm sure most twelve-year-old boys do know most everything about their mother's lingerie! They may not get sexually aroused by it – at least initially – but believe me, they do notice!

Mrs. Kent was divorced like my mom, and I noticed she wore skirts and dresses all the time too. She had a little girl named Karen who was pretty and seemed nice. Although she was close to my age she was taller and bigger than I was, like most of the girls in my class at school. We had dinner and I went out in their backyard with Karen to play. Mom told me to stay clean because we were going back to church for a special service that evening. Well I didn't. Their backyard had a swing set and monkey bars and Karen kept challenging me to show her how well I could maneuver the monkey bars. Twice I fell off into the dirty pit below. The sand and grass was damp and soft from rain earlier that day; I ended up with grass stains on my shirt and good pants and sand all over my clothes too. I just brushed myself off and thought nothing about it.

When I came in my mom saw how dirty I was and threw a fit. She could get quite angry, especially when I disobeyed her, and sometimes she would spank me. I hated that. I realized she was mad enough to spank me and hoping to avoid that, I told her I was sorry. I especially didn't want to be spanked while Karen and her mother watched.

"You should be spanked!" mom said and as she took me by the hand and pulled me along behind her to the bathroom where she made me take off my pants and shirt. She looked at them saying, "You better hope these stains come out, little boy." Then she turned me around and said, "Bobby, you even have sand and dirt on your T-shirt and underpants. What were you doing out there? Rolling around on the ground just to upset me? Take them off. Take everything off; I'll see if Mrs. Kent can wash and dry them before we have to go back to church." I knew enough not to go against my mom when she was in such a mood, so I slipped off

my Jockey shorts and undershirt and gave them to her. She left me standing there naked in the bathroom waiting for her to come back with something for me to wear.

When she came back, Mrs. Kent came right into the bathroom with her. My face went red and I covered myself with my hands as my mom said, "You better hope your clothes come clean, Bobby." She then sat down on the toilet, lifted me up and put me on her lap saying, "You'll have to wear something of Karen's until your clothes are washed and dry, so don't fuss about it." Mrs. Kent was kneeling before me putting my feet through some underwear as I blushed red and looked away, hoping she wasn't looking at my penis. Then as she brought them up my skinny legs I heard her say, "I'm sorry, bobby, but I don't have any little boy panties." The word 'panties' hit home with me and I realized they were putting Karen's panties on me as my mother lifted me up and Mrs. Kent pulled them all the way up on my stomach and let the elastic snap up high around me. I cried out, "N-N-N-O-O-O!" I looked down: I had on pink nylon panties with inch-wide white lace around the leg holes and white satin bows on the front. I was wearing lacy little girls' pink nylon panties! "Stop fussing!" my mother ordered as she smacked my bare thigh. I cried out, "O-O-W-W-W!" Mrs. Kent was busy putting my feet through what I thought was a pair of shorts but as mom held me up and steadied me, I looked in the full-length mirror and watched in horror as Mrs. Kent was adjusting the elastic waistband of a short, pleated plaid skirt around my waist saying, "Maybe wearing Karen's skirt and pink panties will help you learn to mind your mommy, Bobby."

Tears rolled down my cheeks as my mother told me, "You better stop crying and play nice with Karen until your clothes are washed and dry or I'll give you a sound spanking and something to really cry about." With that, she stood me up, reached under my skirt and gave my pink-pantied bottom a loud spank. I didn't resist as she pulled over my head a pink T-shirt with the word "Princess" on the front. "Dry those tears now and go tell Karen you're ready to play nicely with her up in her room. Up there you can't get dirty. And if you fuss or give Karen any problems, I'll spank your little lace-pantied bottom while she watches."

Mrs. Kent and Mom left me with the command to wash the tears off my face and then report to her in the living room. I couldn't stop crying as I looked at myself in the mirror. I was so humiliated but I knew mom meant it. I had to stop crying and do as she said or she would spank me right in front of Mrs. Kent and Karen. I washed and dried my face as I bit my lip to keep from bawling any more. When mom called for me, I went to the living room and stood before them in skirt and panties. "All right now, Bobby, you go play nice with Karen and we'll call you when your clothes are clean and dry." Mrs. Kent said.

As I look back now, in the weeks that followed, it was always Mrs. Kent or Karen or some of my mom's other new women friends who pushed my mother to use humiliating punishments on me. I don't know why my mother didn't see how humiliating these punishments were to me and why she went along with

these women, but she did. All my mom would say was that she saw how beneficial such punishments were. I was miserable but my mom seemed more than ever pleased with my behavior.

Karen giggled. She took my hand and pulled me away as she told my mother, "Don't worry, Mrs. Roberts, I'll call for you if he doesn't play nice, but I'm sure he will be nice now." Then she pulled me along to her room giggling. Once inside her room she closed the door and grinned and said, "Do you like wearing panties, sissy?" I was beet red and humiliated, but I managed to say, "I'm not a sissy." With a thin sly smile she said, "Well, Bobby, maybe you weren't a sissy, but you are one now." When I started to argue with her and told her they had forced me to dress like that and that I didn't willingly do it, she said, "It makes no difference. You ARE wearing my lacy panties. So just keep your sissy little mouth shut or I'll call your mommy." I didn't say anything, so she continued, "Good girl, now have you ever played dolly, sissyboy?" I hung my head and bit my lip and shook my head 'no' as she giggled and pulled me over to a big chest and opened it. I saw it was full of dolls and dolly clothes. She said, "Pick a doll, sissy, and dress her for me like a good little girl." Not wanting any trouble or further humiliations in front of her and the women, I did as she said and for the next hour I dressed dollies while she giggled and kept calling me a sissyboy. Finally, my mom called me and I went running to the living room hoping my clothes were clean because I was anxious to change back into them.

My mom was sitting in a chair with my shirt and pants on the arm of the chair. She told I was lucky because my clothes had come out clean. To my amazement she pulled me to her and quickly pulled Karen's pink T-shirt off me and then yanked the skirt down and let it drop at my ankles, leaving me standing before them in just the ruffled pink panties. My face went red and I whispered to my mom, "Please, mom, don't change my underpants in front of them." And my mom said, "I'm not, Bobby. You can keep on Karen's nice panties."



As mom picked up my trousers and had me step into them, I desperately tried to explain to her that I didn't want to wear Karen's underwear but change into my Jockeys in private, but mom ignored me and said, "Oh, let's not fuss. Mrs. Kent said you can wear Karen's panties to church and bring them back next time we come over." She turned me to face them as she pulled my pants all the way up and they stared at the last peek of me in panties as mom zipped up the V opening in the front of my trousers and the panties disappeared from view. "NO!" I said as I tried to pull away from her, but she just pulled me back into her strong arms and said, "Don't fuss or I'll take you to church without pants and just wearing the panties so everyone can see what a naughty little boy you are." That shut me up. Karen giggled as my mom finished buckling my belt. I looked down and saw a horrible sight: I could see the pink waistband and a bit of the lace peeking out above the top of my trousers. Mrs. Kent said, "Maybe wearing nice silky panties to church will help you to remember to mind your mommy."

I was taken to church wearing pink nylon panties. When we finally got home my punishment continued. Mother gave me a snack and told me I needed to go to bed early. She stripped me down to just the white lace-trimmed pink nylon panties and tucked me in my bed saying, "If you are good, I'll let you take off YOUR panties in the morning after breakfast. And if you know what's good for you, you better leave them on until then." She left me in a depressed state to spend my first night in little girls' panties.

The next morning as I sat on the living room floor wearing nothing but the pink panties while watching cartoons on TV and eating my cereal, my mother asked me if I had learned my lesson, and I quickly said, "Yes!" Then with a slight smile she said, "You may take your panties off." I jumped up and ran to my room as she called after me, "Put them in the dirty clothes hamper to be washed." I hurried to my room, changed out of the humiliating panties and tossed them into the dirty clothes bin. The real problem for me was that this new punishment worked. For the next few days I was much better behaved. I kept my room neater, picked up my things around the house, came home on time for dinner and did other little things that I knew would please my mother.

On Wednesday we went to an evening church service and sat with Mrs. Kent and Karen. I blushed when I saw Karen. She winked and giggled and leaned toward me asked in a whisper, "Are you still wearing my panties, sissy?" I blushed and said, "No way!" My mom heard me grumbling and "Be nice, Bobby." After church I stayed by my mom instead of running around outside like the other kids. Karen had headed out and I didn't want to be around her; I was afraid of what she might say about me to some of the other kids or that people would hear her call me a sissy. Mrs. Kent looked over at me and gave me a smile and reached out and pinched my cheek softly and said, "I heard you've been a very good little boy lately, Bobby." I blushed and shrugged. She smiled and looked back to my mom and said,

"Since you said you were going to come over Saturday, I had Karen pick out some nice things you can have. I have them in the car." Mom and I followed her to her car where she handed over a box to my mom. Mrs. Kent looked back at me with a smile and said, "You be real good for your mommy, precious," as she pinched my cheek again and told my mom, "Bye, Marge, I hope you can use some of those things when you come over Saturday and bring Bobby to play with Karen. She really enjoyed playing with Bobby last time and looks forward to having you visit."

On the way home I told mom I didn't want to go to their house on Saturday and when she asked me why I just shrugged. She said, "I know why Bobby, but don't worry, Karen's not going to tell anyone you wore her skirt and panties and played dollies." My face got red and I said, "She better not!" My mom glanced over at me and said, "Well, then you better be a good little boy like you've been all week and play nicely when I take you over to Karen's so she won't get mad at you and tell anyone." My face went redder at the thought.

I was good all week, helpful and courteous. I had no idea, but I was actually helping Mrs. Kent humiliate me. Saturday came and after I had my breakfast mother made me take a smelly bath. Afterwards I dried off and went to the living room as she had told me. I spotted the pink panties on the coffee table and knew we were going to Karen's to return her panties. "Mom, I don't want to go to Karen's; can't we do something else?" I asked in a whiney voice. "No," she said as she picked up a comb and pulled me to her and started combing my hair. "You've been very good, now, don't make mommy spank," she added and then she said, "Now let's get you dressed to play nicely with Karen." And she pointed to the pink panties and said, "OK, put YOUR nice clean silky panties on, sugar." I looked at the frilly pink panties and then at my mom and said, "No, mom, I don't want to wear them back over there; can't we just take them back." Mom grabbed me and shook me and said, "Don't argue. Do as I tell you. Put on the panties, Bobby." She pulled my towel away so I was standing there naked. I ran in place and cried out, "N-N-N-O-O-O! Please, don't make me wear panties again! Please, mommy!"

She smacked my naked bottom several times as I jumped and cried out and then she shook me and said, "Put on your panties or I'll use the belt." I was sobbing hard now as I picked up the humiliating panties, stepped into them and pulled them up around my slender twelve-year-old waist. She smacked me hard on my now pantied bottom and I cried out again and as she pulled me onto her lap. "Don't you dare ever disobey me, Bobby!" I saw on the table next to her the box she had gotten from Mrs. Kent that past Wednesday night. Mom pulled me up on her lap and when she took something pink and lacy out of the box I sobbed with fear. She brought her hands before me and I saw she was holding a pair of pink ankle socks with huge bands of white lace around the tops, she said, "Hold still while I put these on nice socks you. Don't resist or I'll get the belt." I was sobbing. I couldn't talk. I had to obey as she put the little girls' pink ruffled ankle socks on my feet, neatly arranging and fluffing up the lacy tops. "Good, boy, Bobby; now sit still, honey." Next out



of the box was a pair of shiny white, strappy patent leather slippers. She pulled my leg up so my foot was in her lap and worked the snug little shoes onto each of my feet and then secured them, buckling the straps. Then she stood me up before her in girls' pink nylon, lace-trimmed panties, pink ankle socks and glossy, strap-on Mary Jane shoes. I was crying and mumbling protests. She smacked my little pantied bottom hard again. I wailed and she asked, "Do you want to go to Mrs. Kent's like this? Shall I take you in the car dressed just as you are?" I sobbed, "N-N-N-O-O-O! Please don't. Please!" She smacked my nylon panties again and said, "Hold your arms up; do it or you are going over to play with Karen in just YOUR panties." I held my skinny arms up as out of the box came a big puff of white that she quickly put over my arms and head and pulled down into place. I felt the nylon top that encased my upper body and I stared down at the white ruffled petticoat skirt that protruded from my waist. I broke away from her and screamed out as tears flowed down my face, "N-N-N-O-O-O! Mommy, please!" She grabbed me, and I ran in place as she jerked me to her and said, "It's almost over, sugar. We're almost done. Now, let's put your pretty dress on. Don't you pull away or you'll get the belt, and I mean it!" She pulled my arms up and smacked my bare thighs saying, "Keep them up, Bobby." She reached into the box and took out the dress. I trembled as I saw it going up over my head and then felt her forcing my arms through the short puffed sleeves. I sobbed; I couldn't get my breath as the pink flower girl-like dress was pulled down over my head and the full, high-waisted skirt drifted down over the bulging layers of my petticoats. I whimpered, "Please, mommy, I've been good. Please, please, don't make me into a girl."

In silence, she buttoned up the back of the childish dress and tied the white satin ribbon sash in a big bow in back. Then she pointedly said, "I am NOT making you into a little girl, Bobby. This is just a punishment to make you behave sweetly and as nicely as a little girl." She made me spin around and then fussed with the skirt and slips to straighten them out. Finally, she said, "Now, I want you to play nicely with Karen today and learn from her how to be sweet. I want you to pretend you are a girl today, so you can see what it is like. I want you to make me proud of you and not have to always be chasing after you to do everything right instead of always admonishing you for acting like the bad boy you have been turning into. There are other, nicer ways of acting and living in this world and you need to learn them, and we decided teaching you how to be a girl is the kind of lessons that will make you into a better person. (I didn't notice at the time, but her 'we' comment should have tipped me off that Mrs. Kent was the prime instigator who had gotten my mom to dress me in girls' clothes.)

"Now, I want you to be especially good today, or I will have no other choice but to keep you dresses. Be good. Do you know that doctors have an operation in which they can change a boy into a girl – permanently! They cut off a boy's penis and little balls and then give him female hormones to make him grow breasts. If you prove to be a bad boy that I cannot reform, I would seriously consider having a doctor do that to you. So be on your

best behavior and tomorrow I will let you out of your dress and not have to put it on again unless you go back to acting up and being disrespectful. But act up once too often and you just might find yourself being taken to one of those special doctors who will make it so your panties fit nicely on you without that laughable little penis you have that likes to stick up in a most unfeminine way."

I had my head down and was sobbing as she lead me to the garage and I could hardly breath as she pulled out of the garage and headed for Mrs. Kent's' house. Upon arrival, my humiliation was unbelievable as she pulled me up the walk to Mrs. Kent's' door. I squirmed and pleaded, "Mommy, please! Oh, mommy, please, I'll always be good. I'll never be bad again. Please, mommy, take me home." But she just pushed me up to the front door, reached up under my short dress and gave me a solid smack on my panties. As she rang the doorbell, she said, "You show mommy; show mommy how good you can be as a sweet little girl."

Mrs. Kent opened the door and I stared down at the ground as she said, "Oh my, you look just precious, Bobby. Come in, Karen is waiting for her little sissy boy playmate." My mother pushed me into the house with another smack on my little bottom saying, "He's throwing a tantrum; he hates it." Mrs. Kent chuckled and said, "He'll learn, Marge, they all do. He'll learn not to complain; they all do in time." (Her 'they all do' comment escaped me at the time, but looking back I should have realized she had participated in feminizing other little boys, maybe even dozens of other boys.) Next, Mrs. Kent called out, "Karen, come and see your pretty little playmate," as she pulled my chin up, looked me in my teary eyes and said, "Pretend you are a little girl, Bobby; pretending will make it easier." Then Karen came bursting into the room. I heard her high pitched squeals and giggles and I felt more tears flow down my cheeks as I stared at the floor and sobbed.

Amidst giggles and an ongoing a zillion-miles-per-hour commentary, Karen dragged me off to her room, and it began again. This time I was dressed for the part as I took instructions and played dollies while Karen giggled and called me sissyboy and pantywaist. All I could think of was the horror of thinking my mom might have my penis and balls cut off and make me grow titties so I'd have to wear a bra and become a girl. Karen shook me from my miserable thoughts as she said, "Play like you enjoy it, sissyboy or you're in trouble. Show me you love to play dollies like a little girl or I'll have to tell your mommy you aren't cooperating!" I snapped to attention and tried my best to do what she wanted. I did not want any kind of a bad report. I made the two dollies I had dressed for her talk about how they loved their pretty dresses. She made me lift up their dresses and make the two dollies talk to each other about how pretty their panties were and how lucky they were to have a sweet mommy (me!) to dress them in expensive panties. I pretended to enjoy what I was doing even though tears of humiliation ran nonstop down my cheeks. I played dollies for what seemed like hours. I even participated with my dollies in a tea party while Karen giggled and laughed.

Whenever I bent over in an unladylike fashion, Karen would give me a smack on my ruffled panty bottom and tell me how pretty my panties were and how much she used to love wearing them, but that those panties were now mine forever more. Then she would admonish me for not acting like a proper girl, saying that nice girls don't sit and bend over in ways that shows off their fancy panties. She then asked if I was a show-off girl who was so delighted with her panties that she wanted the whole world to see them. I told her, I never wanted anyone to see my panties!

Karen taught me how to curtsy like a good little girl and took me to the living room where she told my mommy I had played dollies nicely and made me show them how she had taught me to curtsy. They laughed and told me how sweet I looked and as new tears of shame covered my face.

Mrs. Kent told me if I ever acted up again my mommy would let my friends see me in my little girls' clothes. I sobbed and promised never to be bad again and they all chuckled. Mrs. Kent told my mom, "He's broken, now, Madge; keep him in panties and occasionally put him in a dress. I don't think your little pantywaist will ever be a problem again." Then she added, "Oh, and of course, warm his little panties often; a red bottom will help him remember he's a just a little sissyboy completely dependent upon his mommy who knows what is best for him."

As we drove home I sat beside my mother and cried softly and begged, "Please, mommy, please, I'll never be bad again. Please don't do what Mrs. Kent said. Please don't make me into a sissy, please. I'll never be bad again so you will never have to send me to one of those doctors to make me into a girl." Mom didn't say anything in response; she just let me sit there in the party dress with my mind in agony.

When we got home I ran to my room in tears and fell on my bed and sobbed and sobbed. I heard my mother come into my room but I just lay there in my little girls' outfit and cried; I never even looked up. I could hear her doing something but I just stayed on the bed and sobbed and then she said, "Bobby, you better learn to act like a proper child or I will show you off in your dress." I sobbed harder and kicked my feet on the bed and she said, "This better be your last tantrum, Bobby, understand me?"

"Look at me," she said as she smacked my pantied bottom hard and I sobbed even harder. I saw her putting two stacks of pastel-colored nylon panties into my dresser drawer as she took out all my Jockey shorts. "I'm taking all your old underwear out of your underwear drawer and replaced them with nice lacy panties. You are going to wear fancy girls' panties every day now, even under your boys' clothes until I see a permanent change."

I fell backwards on my bed, kicked my feet and bucked up and down in protest; I cried out, "N-N-N-O-O-O! N-N-N-O-O-O! P-P-PLEASE, MOMMY, PL-LE-EASE!" She turned and left with my boys' underwear and me crying and kicking my feet and still dressed like a sissy little girl. As she walked out she called back to me, "I mean it; stop crying and carrying on, or I'll ask

one of your friends to come over to see you. Plus I'll get information about a doctor who changes boys into girls."

Later, after I had cried myself out of tears my mother called me to the living room. "It's bath time, sugar," as she pulled me to her and began taking the childish dress off of me. I felt another wave of humiliation run through me as she stripped me down to just the pink panties and gave my bottom what was quickly turning out to be one of her trademark little panty smacks. She said, "Run and get into the tub, sugar, your bubble bath is all ready. I'll come in and wash your hair in a bit because I need to trim it a bit and arrange it in a nicer style." I went with my head down in shame wearing nothing but pink panties to take another smelly bubble bath like a sissy girl. ♦

Letter Added 3/15/09

Driving Jason Panty Crazy -- Literally!

I'm Jane and my sister, Janice, and I love panty training boys! We knew our mom was a longtime Demale Society member, but for the longest time she let us think that the Society was a woman's social organization and little else. Yes, mom is a strong woman and through the years we have seen oodles of examples of her power over men and boys, like our uncles and cousins, but we always thought that was simply the way mom was and how she did things had anything to do with her "ladies' club" as she like to refer to it.

But now that we are in high school (I'm a sophomore and Janice is a freshman), she said the time was right to bring us into the fold. Little by little she taught us about the Demale Society and eventually filled us in on just about everything. And we love it! Now, we go to the weekly meetings with her and are applying for full membership. Mom always taught us how to be strong and get what we wanted in the world, but what we didn't realize is that she had been teaching us the basics of female domination for years. Mom thought now was the time to open our eyes to the male sex because were becoming increasingly infatuated with boys like most young girls entering their teen years, and mom didn't want us ruining our lives by getting into the wrong kind of relationships with boys and doing things like getting pregnant, running away for home with a boy or buying into all the bullshit guys tell girls.

So now we are going through all the manuals and experimenting with all types of control over males. We are good students and at the top of our classes, but we do not have one male teacher who would dare not to give us anything less than an A on everything we do -- not that we need to pressure them, but our male teachers and our male principal treat us with the deference



afforded the most prized students in our school. Of all the Demale lessons, what we love most is panty training boys. For years mom let us wear the little bikini panties and thongs like all young girls wear before explaining to us about the Demale Society and introducing us to full-cut briefs. We have to admit when mom first bought us each a dozen pairs of these old-fashioned panties, we looked at her like she was crazy. We told her all the other girls would laugh at us if they ever saw us wearing 'granny panties' as all the kids call them. But we dearly love our mom and for her sake we did try them. Yes, the girls in gym class did laugh at us when they saw us changing clothes, but we did as mother had told us and simply said to the girls that before the school year was out most of them would be wearing brief-style panties too because they had the power to drive males crazy. By the end of that semester, half the girls -- all the really cool and great looking ones -- were following our lead and wearing 'granny panties!'

Crazy Ronnie is probably our best example of how far you can take a boy with panty training. We literally have driven him panty insane, that's why we -- and everybody else calls him Crazy Ronnie. We've enclosed a couple of pictures.

Ronnie was a typical high school junior when we picked on him to be one of our first boys to train. We picked him because it was

well known that he was always lurking around the stairways at school so he could peek up the girls' skirts as they went up the stairs. After reading in the Demale manuals about possible boys to target, we knew he'd be an easy target to begin with.

We started by hiking out school uniform skirts up almost to our panty crotches and then went looking for him. As expected, we found him lurking at the base of the main stairwell. Janice casually walked up the stairs along the rail on the side he was standing. I stayed back and watched. It was after lunch and there weren't many other kids around. So once Jan had climbed up a few stairs, Ronnie was stooping down pretending to tie his shoe but then twisting and turning his head upward to get a good look under her skirt. By this time I was standing directly behind Ronnie, and Jan pretended to drop a piece of paper. She bent forward to pick it up exposing a wide swath of the back of her lace-edged pink panties. I could hear Ronnie gasp at the full exposure, panting for breath and shaking. In his stooped over position, he was grabbing his crotch and massaging himself! Yuk! What a pig! At that moment, just as planned, Jan looked back at Ronnie from her bent-over position on the stairs. She looked him right in the eyes. Ronnie wobbled; I touched my hand to his shoulder and he fell backwards in shock. From where he ended up sprawled on the floor he was looking up at me. I moved even closer to him so he could get a look up my skirt as

I stared down at him and told him in a commanding voice to meet us after school at Prescott Park or we would report him for what he had done.

It was a cool afternoon, so there weren't many people in the park. Soon after Jan and I arrived and sat on one of the benches, we could see Ronnie approaching with his head down and dragging his feet. He looked crestfallen. He stood back from us about ten feet away. Jan and I had our uniform skirts pulled up, and as I said, "Ronnie, look at us!" We parted our legs slightly.

He looked up and his mouth dropped open. He quickly held his books with both hands in front of his crotch. "Put, you hands at your sides, right now, pervert!" Jan said. And with a strong intake of breath and a groan, he did. Of course, he had a bump forming in his trousers. "Down on your knees," I said sternly. "These are my good pants and..." he begged. "Down. Now!" He went down on his knees. "Look up! Look up at our panties, pervert!" He kept his head angled down but did look at us. He was gently sobbing. "I'm ... I'm sorry, please, don't report me." "Quiet, doggie boy! You know what you did was very wrong and you need help. You're a miserable disgrace of a boy and we're going to help you. We're going to give you our panties, and we want you to take them home and make love to them. It's obvious that you like panties more than the girls who wear them, so when

you get home make love to our panties, shoot you boy juice into them and keep doing it until you don't have any juice left in your balls. Then put them in plastic baggies and bring them to school tomorrow. We'll meet you by the stairway before lunch. Be there with the panties full of your slime or we go to the principal's office and report you." We both stood up and our short skirts were now inches from his face. We then reached under our short skirts, peeled down our panties and handed them to him. The kid was crying, but accepted our panties with trembling hands. He started to shove them into his jacket pocket. "No! Don't put them in your pocket. Hold them in your hands, out in the open where anyone who passes you can see what you are holding. Now, leave. And remember when, where and how you are to meet us tomorrow, or you will be in big trouble." He got up on wobbly feet, stared to walk and then ran on his way, the two pairs of panties flagging in his hands.

The next day, at lunchtime, Ronnie was waiting for us at the foot of the stairwell with two plastic baggies with our panties inside. He looked miserable. He was blushing, his eyes were red and he looked like he was in a daze. He said he didn't get much sleep and overslept and had been late for school that morning. When he gave us our panties -- and we could see they were suitably stained -- Jan said, "You want more of our panties, don't you?" He nodded vigorously. Then she added, "Well, not today, little



boy. You had better get some sleep tonight so you can get up in the morning. Do you know where we live?" He nodded, and all the while he never took his eyes off the baggies we held containing our dirty panties. "Well, since there's no school tomorrow, come over to our house at 1:00 o'clock, sharp, and we'll give you more of our panties to play with, OK?" He agreed. "Do you have any sisters?" No, he nodded. "Well, I know you have a mother, we saw her at the school ceremony when you got that special Eagle Scout award for all your hours of community service at the old people's home. Your mom, does she wear nice panties?" He nodded slightly. "Big, full-cut panties, like we wear -- not bikinis or thongs." He nodded. "Silky, nylon panties?" He nodded. "With lace on them." He nodded no. "Well, good enough. Tomorrow when you come to our house be wearing a nice pair of your mother's silky nylon panties -- pink preferably. Now go home, panty boy -- and think about panties, think about us, and start wearing your mommy's panties for us." As he wandered away Jan and I couldn't keep from laughing.

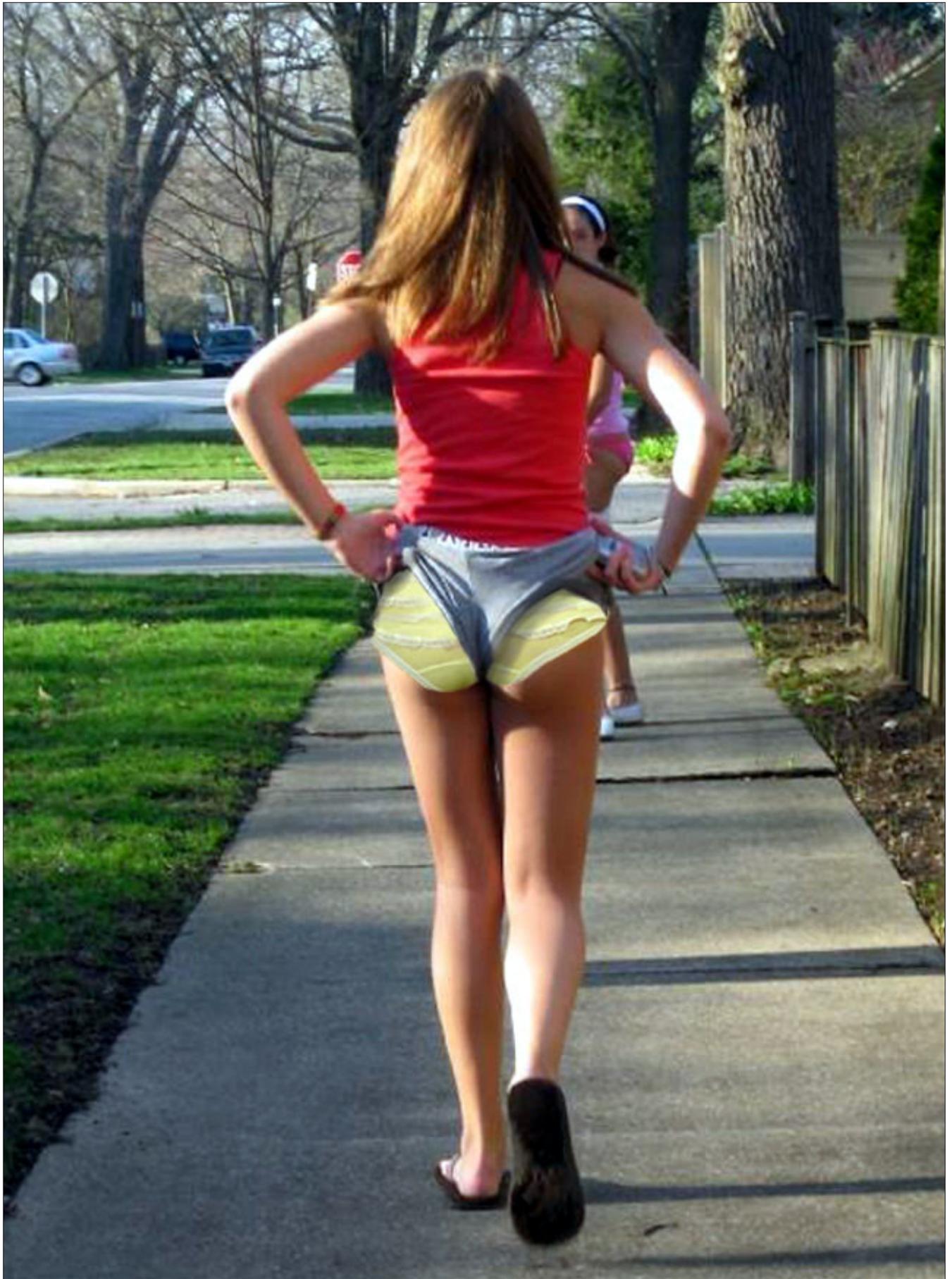
When we got home, we showed mom the panties and told her all about him. She just shook her head. This boy is hopelessly lost already -- you two picked an easy target. You'll have him insane over panties in just days. I hope this kid has no big plans for life because another couple of encounters with you two and his life will be permanently changed if not completely ruined! Good job, girls. Once you through wrecking this boy, try a more difficult subject, just to challenge you a little!" And she laughed, as she added, "How about I join you tomorrow when he arrives." We agreed it would be fun to have mom with us as we took this boy down.

Right on time the next day, Ronnie showed up and rang our doorbell. Mom let the blushing boy in. "You must be Ronnie," she said and once he nodded, she thrust her hand down the front of his trousers. "Just checking to see if you have your mommy's panties on." The kid nearly keeled over right there. Mom had to steady him as she brought him into the den where Jan and I were sitting in miniskirts with our legs slightly spread.

Mom pushed him down onto a chair opposite us. He kept his head down but gave us upward glances. "I checked him and he has his mommy's panties on, girls." "Good," we said in unison. We talked for a long time with Ronnie about his whole life and soon we talked with him about lingerie and how and why he was so interested in looking up girls' skirts. He was a pitiful mess. We encouraged him to look up our skirts as we talked. He did. We kept weaving our legs back and forth to make the crotches of our slightly loose-fitting panties dance over our pulsating pussies. He stared and stared. Then mom came into the room. She had taken off her dress and walked right up to him in just her bra and panties. He was moaning and groaning but put up no resistance as she had him stand up. She said we all should 'get more comfortable' as she pulled off his T-shirt and yanked down his pants. We laughed when we saw he had on a baggy pair of his mother's lavender panties. He apologized that he couldn't find any pink panties. When mom grabbed his penis through the panties, he just about died. She didn't jack on his dick but just

held it with that special hold you use when you want to demale a guy, just a moderately firm grip with your index finger and thumb encircling the penis know, leaving your thumb to teasingly rub the head and your fingers to reach down and tickle the boy's balls. Well, as Jan and I took off our blouses and skirts, mom had Ronnie panting like crazy and she wasn't even massaging him, just hold his cock and balls as she was demonstrating to us how to do that special hold. Well, Ronnie erupted into a body shaking orgasm. Mom laughed and we stared with great amusement as mom took her hand that was now coated with his cum and put it up to his lips. "Lick it clean, panty boy!" she said. Ronnie was gently crying but he did lick her hand clean. We had him take off the panties and taught him how to clean himself off and then hand wash panties and hang them up to dry. We spent the rest of the afternoon dressing him bras, slips and panties, at times we had him wearing a dozen panties at a time, their combined scratchiness crushed his constantly hard penis and pressed it painfully down between his legs. We had him on his knees praying to panties, licking our dirty panties clean and begging to move in with us and forever live in panty heaven, but then we stripped him of all our lingerie, gave him one pair of pink rhumba panties -- his first pair of his very own panties -- and sent him home -- in just the panties. It was dark out by then and we assumed he made it home without incident. We told him that whenever we would see him at school, if he begged nicely we would give him a pair of panties that either Jan or I were wearing at the time. Well, he got to be a pest, chasing after us each day for a fresh pair of our used panties, so we kept upping the ante. We'd let him touch our bottoms one day as long as he posed for a picture, which of course he did. Then we told him, we would only give him a pair of panties that day if he opened his zipper and jacked off into the panties right in the middle of the school hallway. And he did. And just at that moment, a teacher walked by and caught him! Ronnie was permanently expelled! See the attached photo. He comes around to house almost every day now, and if mom feels sorry for him, she'll toss him a pair of dirty panties and tell him to scram!

We attached another picture. It's of Gina, a freshman girl who was one of the first girls to take our suggestion and switch to wearing full-cut frilly panties. She is barely five feet tall, so she can fit into little girl size panties and bought herself a supply of rhumba panties with all the lace and ruffles going across the ass. Well, she wears those panties every day under her short shorts, and the lace edges are always peeking out. Boys notice and follow her like crazy, and once she knows a boy is following her, she yanks up the legs of her shorts and gives the boy a big view of her little girl rhumba panties (like you can see in the photo). Then she usually turns around tells the boy she knows he loves looking at her panties and if he wants to get into them, he should follow her home. Well, most boys do follow, not realizing her idea and his idea of what it means to "get into her panties." But nine times out of ten, that boy leaves her house wearing panties and well on his way to becoming one of her many panty slaves. They show up at her house all the time, kneeling outside by her bedroom window praying to her and her panties. Wow! ♦



Letter Added 1/10/09

Panty Boy Fun

Once a mother trains her boy to panties, she can use him to entrap other boys as illustrated in the following story by Coquette. Mrs. Brookner was new to the Demale Society and anxious to reform her son, David, into a gentler, sweeter and more obedient boy. She had purchased a fabulous wardrobe of frilly lingerie, but as she left items around the house and even in his bedroom at times, he didn't seem to notice. David was constantly consumed with practicing his card tricks and it was nearly impossible to get him to put the cards down and pay attention to anything else. Even when she invited him into her bedroom at times while she was dressing or undressing, he would barely look at her and just continue to manipulate his deck of cards.

Dispirited, she presented her problem at one of the Society's weekly meetings, and Mrs. Radcliffe stepped forward and said she might be able to help. She had been a member for over ten years and had a son close to David's age, and he too at one time -- before he became a slave to lingerie -- loved magic tricks. She explained that one of the lesser known ways of reforming a boy was to use another boy with similar interests to help in the training process, and that her son Robin was totally insane about lingerie and would be more than willing to entrap another boy as long as he had the promise of playing with a big new selection of ladies' lingerie. The two women became fast friends and within two weeks they were ready for action.

Mrs. Brookner told her son that she had met another woman who had a son interested in magic tricks too and had invited him over for the two of them to play together while she and the boy's mom went out for tea. David was excited to hear of the boy because it seemed like everyone was bored with his card tricks.

On the following Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Radcliffe brought her son, Robin, over and left him at David's house while the two women went off to tea. "Have fun. But don't get into any mischief, boys!" David's mom said as they left.

As soon as the boys were alone, David started showing Robin how he could manipulate a deck of cards, make it into a fan, shoot the cards from one hand to the other and then spread them up his arm, flip them over and catch them all in midair without dropping a single card. Robin told him he was a great card wizard but then said he had to go to the bathroom. David showed him where the bathroom was at and then waited for him to return. Unknown to David, his mom had hung all over the bathroom all of her freshly hand-washed lingerie, but Robin knew all about it. He spent the next ten minutes delightfully in love as he investigated Mrs. Brookner's beautiful slips, bras and panties.

David became concerned. "What are you doing, Robin?" he asked, knocking on the bathroom door. Robin opened it. "Your mom sure wears gorgeous underwear," he said, brightly. "Er, yeah, I guess so," answered David, a little surprised at his friend's interest in his mom's underclothes. "I love these pink satin panties, don't you? Huh? And these yellow ones, and this white slip with all this lace -- wow!" said Robin, taking each item in his hands and rubbing it gently, "I don't know how you can stop yourself from ..."

"What do you mean?" David asked with a puzzled expression. Robin had now unzipped his jeans and stepped out of them; David gawked because Robin was wearing a pair of girls' white nylon panties with pink hearts on them and pink bows on the sides. "I can't help it, David. My poor cock loves panties and is already head over heels in love with your mom's fabulous slips and bras and panties.

"Wow. It's so stiff!" gasped David as he stared at Robin's hard cock sticking up in his panties. "Yeah. That's what panties do to me," said Robin as he began rubbing a slip and a pair of panties over his pantied dick. Then he asked where David's mother's bedroom was at, and as soon as David pointed the direction, Robin half ran to Mrs. Brookner's room, jerking on his cock as he ran. "Let's see what other delights your mom has," he said. David was amazed at how quickly Robin found his mother's panty drawer. "Whoopee," cried Robin. "O, yeah. Oh, yeah!" he moaned sounding almost like he was in a combination of pain and pleasure as he delved his hands deep into the drawerful of exotic silk and satin panties and lifted up two arms full of panties and hugged them to himself.

"I don't think it's a good idea to play with Mom's things," said David, who was getting worried at his friend's behavior. "Just smell these, David," said Robin, ignoring him and burying his face in the lovely pile of panties, "Mmmm. Your mom's panties are great! Top quality and beautifully decorated. I don't think your mom owns even one pair of plain old panties like so many women wear. You are so lucky to have a mom who knows how to dress." David was embarrassed to see Robin's penis jerk upwards, stiffer than ever within his pink and white nylon panties. He cleared his throat and hesitatingly asked, "Um, Robin why do you wear panties? You're a boy, aren't you?"

"Of course, I'm a boy. Don't you ever wear your mom's panties? These are the greatest!" said Robin, dreamily, hooking his fingers into the waist of a pair of beige panties with pink lace on the legs and sides, stretching out Mrs. Brookner's maxi-panties in front of his face to inspect and adore them. "N-no," blushed David, staring at the silken panties Robin was dancing in front of his face. "How can you bear to have your mom's lovely panties so close and not try them on? Once you've tried them on, you'll never want to wear anything else!" Robin was saying as he quickly stepped into the beige and pink panties and pulled them up his legs over the panties he was already wearing. "No. Don't. Robin. Oh, my mom will be angry. We gotta put all these

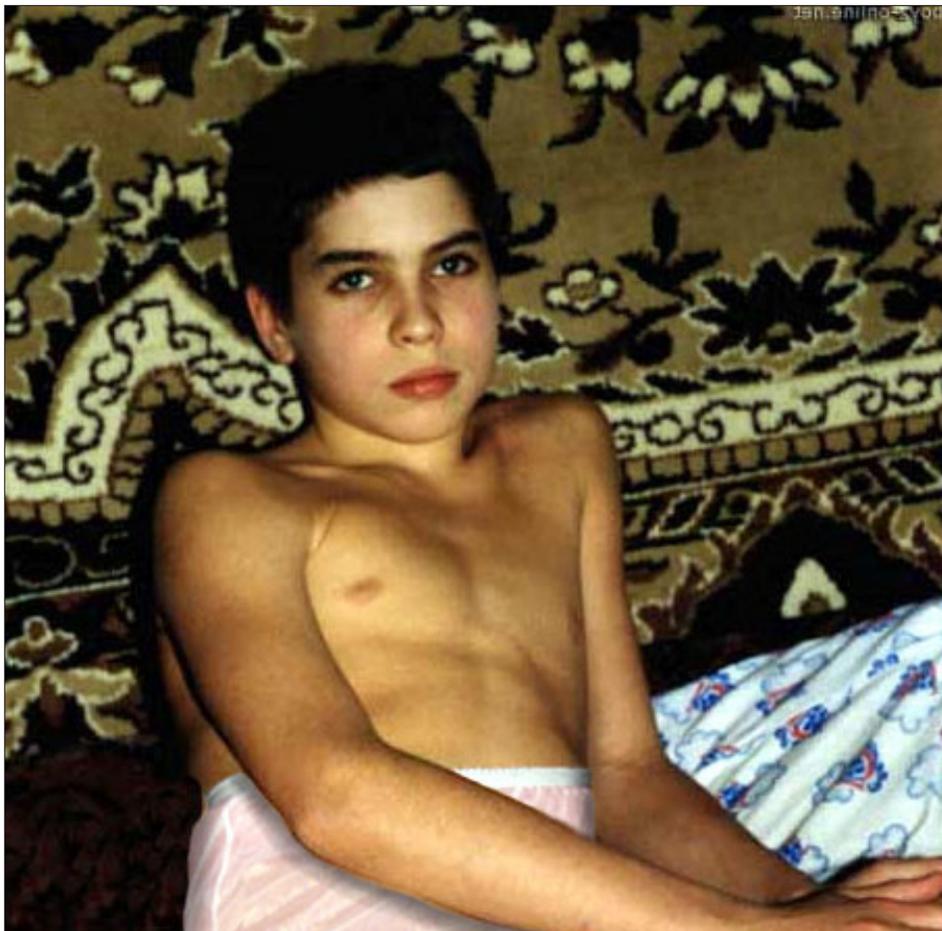
things away before she gets home!" But Robin ignored him, and David could only stare at his new friend's erection pushing out the two pairs of stretchy panties he had on. "Oh, my, god! Oh, my, god..." said Robin, in a tremulous, girlish voice. "W-what's the matter?" asked David, frightened. "Oh, my, god. These panties are too, too much!" squealed Robin, his knees buckling, "Help me, David! Take them down! Please!" David rushed to his friend and knelt in front of him. "D-don't worry! I'll help you!" he cried. And he grasped the waist of his mother's panties, lifted them over Robin's excited penis, and pulled them swiftly down to his thighs. His friend's swollen penis still in his won panties flicked in front of his face, and then stream after stream of cum shot out of his cock through his panties and right onto David's face. The boy had been too stunned to move and had taken the full brunt of the slime erupting from Robin's dick. Robin had done his job perfectly and had to stifle himself from laughing as he looked at David's cum-spattered face, some of his slime had even landed in David's awestruck, open mouth. "That was close," gasped Robin, his chest heaving, "I almost spunked your mom's panties. That would have been a mess to clean up."

"But you pissed on my face, asshole!" David shouted in horror as he began spitting cum out of his mouth while running to the bathroom to wash off his face. Robin followed, "Slow down; slow down, man. It's not piss. I didn't piss on you; it's cum. You don't have to spit it out; taste it; it tastes good doesn't it? And it's

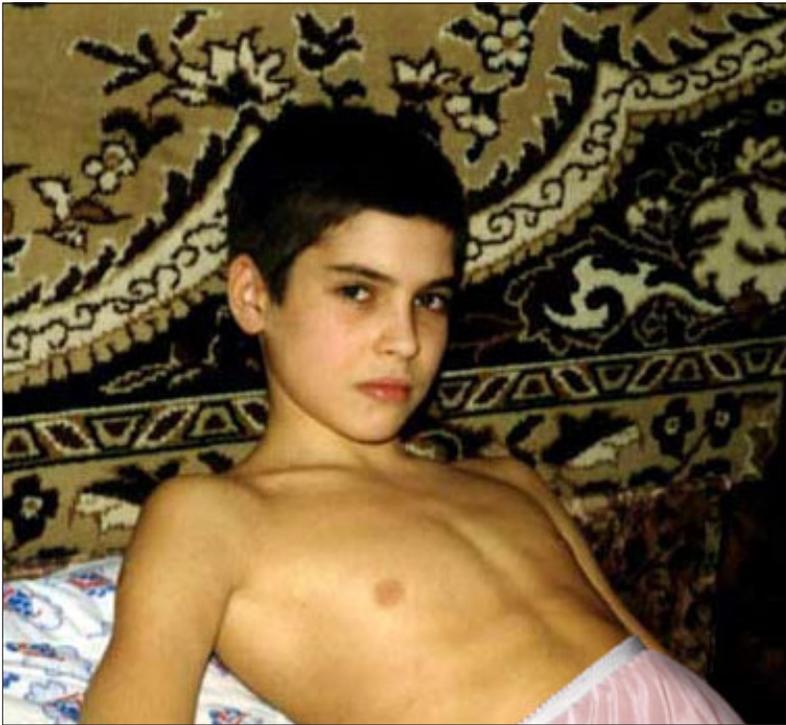
really good for you too. Do you know they put boy juice in cold medicines to help you stop coughing and get over a cold. It's really very healthy. If you eat cum once in a while, you'll hardly ever get a cold or the flu! And I'm sorry I shot in your face. I had my eyes closed. I didn't even realize your face was right there. But believe me, no harm done. I didn't mean to do it, man. I just couldn't help it. I spunked because your mom's panties got me so hot. It's not piss; it's spunk, you know baby juice. Don't you know what spunk is? You shoot spunk, don't you?"

"Uh, no, I mean when the boys at school talk about that stuff I thought they are just making it all up. I tried jacking off like they say, but I can't make my cock make juice. Whenever I've tried it, I only get sore from pulling so hard on my penis."

Robin responded, "Well, maybe you're not old enough yet to cum, but you should be. Hell, you're almost thirteen, aren't you? That's what my mom said. I'm just thirteen and I started cumming when I was eleven. I'm sure you're overdue. I bet the only problem is that you aren't doing it right. To make it work, you have to do two things: think the right kind of thoughts in your head and stroke your dick with something soft. That's where your mom's lingerie comes in. Nothing is softer or more exciting on a boy's penis than a great pair of nylon, silk or satin panties, especially his mom's panties. Let me show you. Let's get your clothes off. You'll love it!"



Once David had dried off his face, Robin pushed him back to his mother's room had him take down his jeans and underwear and then sat him on the bed. "I don't know how you can live in a house with all this beautiful lingerie and not go crazy constantly jacking off all day long every day! Believe me, David, your mom's panties are the best. Just get a load of these." He gave David a slinky white pair, trimmed with delicate lavender lace. They tickled his skin and were delightfully soft and sweet; he felt a tiny thrill inside his penis, and it squirmed a little, but it didn't stiffen like his friend's. "Uh, yeah, they are nice..." David begrudgingly agreed. Suddenly, Robin snatched the panties from his hands and pulled them over David's feet, and he didn't stop until he nearly lifted David off the bed as he pulled the panties all they way up to the stunned boy's waist. "Now, put your hands on your penis through the panties. Go ahead; do it. And rub it a bit. Just rub it gently." David, blushing with the shame of wearing



his mother's panties in front of another boy, looked down and gingerly began toying with his pantied penis. It did twitch and show signs of life. Robin then pushed his hands aside and took David's penis in his hands and showed him how to lovingly fondle his penis encased in silken panties. The boy's penis did stiffen. Robin wanted to continue jerking off his new friend, but pulled his hand away and encouraged David to play with himself in a similar way with the instruction, "Try a few different strokes, slow, fast, hard, easy, see what you like best. Just do it, man." David did. Now close your eyes and think about something nice. Make sure you don't think about any boy stuff. Don't think about sports or playing in the park or even your card tricks. Think about girls' things; women's things. Those kind of thoughts will make your penis hard enough to shoot. Now, keep doing, it. Keep your eyes closed. I'll be back in a minute with something else that will help you.

Robin then ran to the bathroom and went into the laundry hamper knowing he would find a dirty pair of panties that David's mother had left there for this moment. He grabbed the panties, ran back to the bedroom and held them up in front of David. "Here. Look at these dirty panties I found in your mom's laundry basket. If there is one sure way to get rid of all boy images in your head and just think of girlie things to make your penis hard, it's smelling a pair of dirty panties. Here, smell them! Inhale, inhale," he said, "Keep rubbing on your penis. Breathe in your mom's panty scent. It will drive all other thoughts out of your silly head." Robin held the panties tightly over his face and David had no choice but to breathe in the scented air through his mom's panty crotch. Robin then inverted the panties and pulled them over David's head so the crotch of the panties spanned the surprised boy's nose and mouth. Robin held the smelliest

portion of the panties tightly against David's face. He struggled for a moment, then all of a sudden, Robin knew a strange thrill overcame the boy. To be sure, Robin reached down and felt David's penis. The boy was rhythmically jerking on it, and it was rock hard. "Yes, oh, yes," he heard Robin saying, "Don't these silky panties feel wonderful? I'm sure your little penis is bigger and harder than ever before. I think you're going to shoot, panty boy! You love jerking off in your mommy's panties, don't you? Yes, they are your mommy's panties, and that's what makes them so exciting and so special. What a hard little penis you have, little girl." Robin kept up his chatter, getting the boy to concentrate and filling his head with female and sissy boy images, and Robin kept calling David a sissy and a little girl.

"Oh, oh, yes, yes..." sighed David as the sweetest feelings swept through his young body. His young penis was now stiffer than it had ever been before. It ached with pleasure and just a little pain since it had become so hard. How pretty it felt all excited.

"David, you look so very girlie in your mommy's sexy silk panties. I can't wait to dress you in your mommy's bras and slips too. Think how fabulous they will feel on your naked body." David's entire body stiffened at the thought and without a second to lose, Robin pulled down the front of David's panties and sucked the boy's penis into his mouth as he shot off intense spurts of cum -- his very first cum. Robin giggled a little as he swallowed most of the boy's cum, but then as David was huffing and puffing and half giggling himself with the fearsome pleasure that was still surging through his body, Robin kissed him full on the lips and pushed a bit of the boy's own cum into the kid's panting and gasping mouth. Then he pulled away. Robin said, "I knew you were going to blow a geyser; I didn't know what else to do. I didn't want you to soil your mommy's panties so I just drank it down. And it really tasted great, huh?"

Then stretched out on the bed side-by-side, the two boys didn't say anything. Robin knew David's mind was filled with a thousand conflicting and exciting thoughts. The boy needed to ease down from that perch and find his way again in the world -- but already it was a fantastically new world.

David sat up, took his mother's panties off his head and then slowly started to pull the panties down from his hips, but Robin stopped him. "Oh, no, you don't have to take them off. Keep them on. I have other exciting things to show you." David let go of the panties, and Robin pulled them back up the boy's flat tummy and let the elastic go with a gentle snap. Then he got a white satin garter belt from Mrs. Brookner's dresser and slipped it around David's slender waist as he said, "I love to feel the long suspenders of a garter belt dangling against my legs -- just begging to be attached to sleek nylon stockings!" David let out a little squeal with the unexpected snugness of the garter belt and the cold metal clasps tickling his thighs. "Stockings next, girlie.

These white nylons your mom has are lovely. I'll show you how to roll them up and roll them up your pretty legs... See?" "Wow..." gasped David, his little dick hard once again and wagging energetically with excitement as Robin slowly rolled the stockings up his thighs. "You like 'em, huh? Let's get those seams straight. Now the next bit is tricky. Watch." David watched as Robin attached the stockings to the little clasps.

"How did you do that?" asked David. "How did you ever learn to do that?" He then added in admiration, "I could never do that." Robin said, "Oh, sure you could. It's easy. You'll be doing it yourself in no time at all. Now put your arms through this pretty bra. Good girl. Mm. Your Mom's 34C, but it should be OK on you if I just tighten the straps a little. Ah, yes. And a little pair of panties in each cup to fill them out. Wow. Just look at yourself in the mirror!" While David gawked in astonishment at his new feminine form, Robin went to the dressing table.

"Your Mom has got some great lipsticks. I think this hot pink gloss will look great on you." David watched in the mirror as Robin applied the lip gloss to his lips. It felt weird but exciting. Then Robin put dabs of eye makeup and rouge on him. David just stared in wonder at his face as it became more and more girlish by the moment. Robin then put makeup on his own face. David smiled at the result and then frowned and said, "Oh, I'm getting that strange feeling again -- you know -- in my penis." Robin touched the boy's still pantied penis, gave it a few gentle wanks and then said, "Oh, you horny little sissy boy. You're ready to spunk again. We gotta get rid of your spunk now or you'll fill your mom's panties and soil them!"

A moment later he pushed David back on his mommy's bed. David swooned as he felt Robin gently push his knees apart. "Relax, pretty panty boy," whispered Robin. David felt his friend's cheeks brush against his thighs. Robin was cleverly manipulating David's cock and balls within his panties, driving the young boy wild. David sighed. He felt Robin's lips as they nibbled their way up the tender skin of his thighs. David lurched a bit as Robin took all of David's penis into his mouth and sucked on it right through the panties. David so wanted to release his cum but was also worried he would shoot off into his mommy's panties if Robin kept sucking on him like that. He wanted to say something to Robin to warn him of his impending ejaculation, but David was breathless. He had no words to utter, and all of a sudden, he didn't care. All he felt was heavenly bliss as his cock twitched and spurted more intensely than before, and he shot his slime through the panties and into Robin's mouth.

David was coming down quickly from ejaculating, and he became immediately worried. All he could think of was how he had soiled his mommy's panties. What could he do now? He finally found the words to express his fear to Robin, but Robin just slid up alongside him and gave him a deep kiss while shoving a big plug of the boy's own cum into his mouth. Unknown to the boys, Mrs. Radcliffe stood in the bedroom doorway happily smiling, and Mrs. Brookner stood alongside her in amazement as her son was couching and sputtering with

cum draining down his throat while trying to talk. Between words, David swallowed his cum, feeling there was nothing else to he could do. He tried to clear his mind and struggled to say, "But, Robin, I soiled my mommy's panties! She is going to be so angry with me!"

But then David heard Mrs. Radcliffe burst out with a bolt of laughter and then he heard his mother say, "Oh, no, I'm not going to angry at my new little panty boy. He can stain as many of mommy's panties as he wants to. In fact, I now will have to take him shopping for his own lovely lingerie."

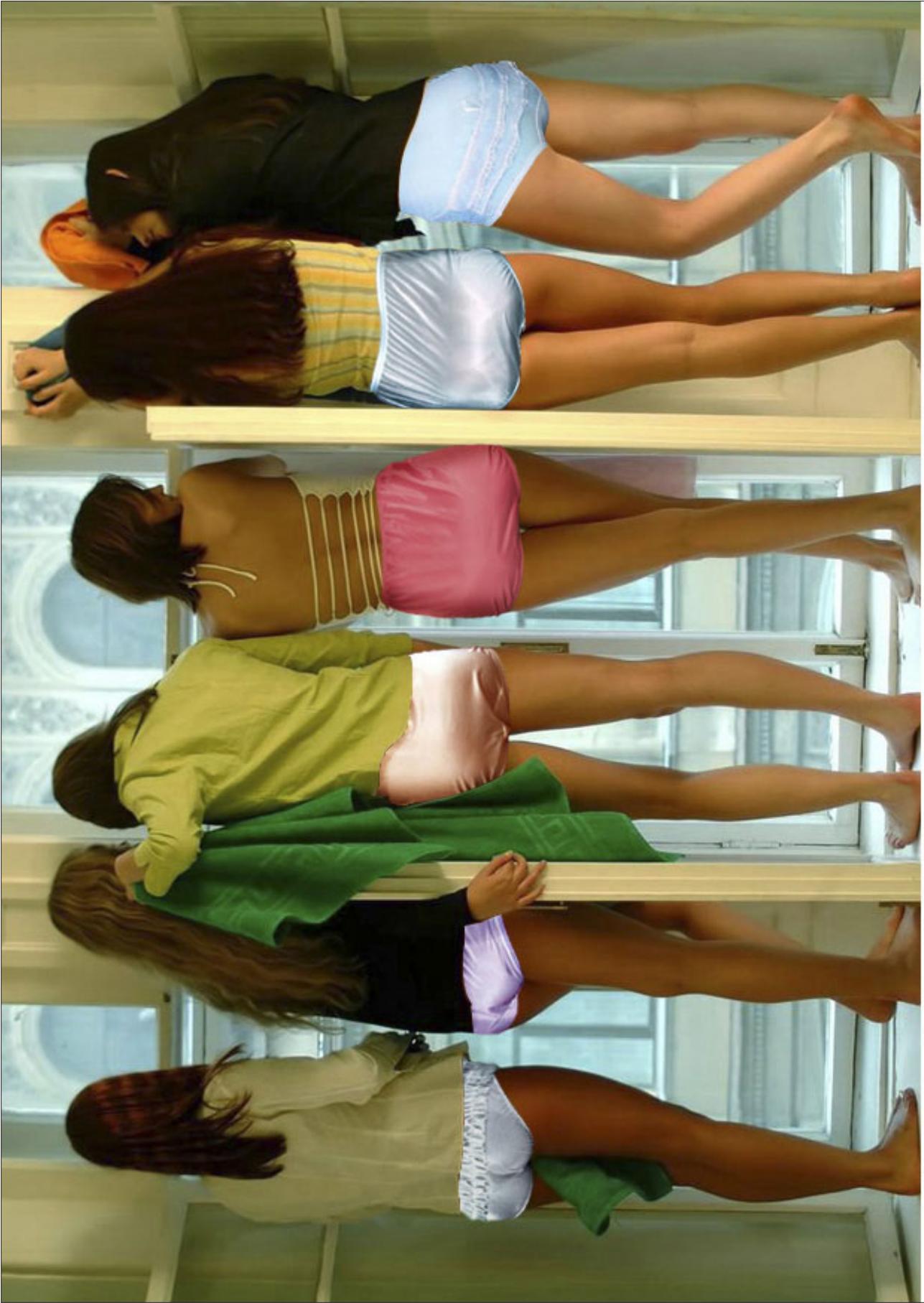
Mrs. Radcliffe then said, "Well, girls! It certainly looks like you are having fun." David, shocked that the two women had appeared in the bedroom, scrambled off the bed while making a poor attempt to hide his lingerie-clad body with his hands.

"You look so pretty in my lingerie, David." But he was bent over, cowering and not knowing what to do; he cried, "Oh, I'm so sorry, mother. We were, uh, just playing around, uh, you know, uh, I'm so sorry..." He then broke down completely and cried as his mother hugged him.

"David," his mother said, "it's OK. I like the idea of having a panty-loving sissy boy for a son. You were getting way out of hand and quite disrespectful of me lately, maybe now you'll be a much nicer little boy. Because mothers love to reward their nice little faggot boys with lingerie games."

David cried heartily as his mother pressed his lingerie clad nakedness into her fully dressed, heavily perfumed body. As she hugged and comforted him, the word she used 'faggot' bounced inside his brain. A faggot -- a queer -- a boy who likes girls' things -- a boy who kisses boys -- and that's what he was now! Scared at his own thoughts about his own actions and being caught without an excuse, he blubbered, "Oh, mommy, please, I'm sorry, but No, I'm not ... I'm not a fag, uh, no I'm not! I can't be. I, I, I, uh."

"Oh, my dear little David, it's OK. I don't mind. In fact I love the idea that you are now a faggot, a queer boy. I loved watching you and Robin kiss and you swallowing all your own cum. That was wonderful, son, and I know you loved it! I want you to do sissy faggot things like that all the time because you now know it will give you more pleasure than anything else in the world. I'm not angry with you. In fact, I'm delighted you have found something that will make you even happier and more content than sitting alone in your room doing your silly little card tricks." And with that she grabbed David's penis still encased in her cum-soaked panties. In shock, he tried to pull back, but she had a firm hold on his little pantied cock, and she began to jack him off in the panties. Despite his shame and confusion, his cock became hard once again. "Oh, David, I love touching you through my panties, but let me take these panties off and we'll go to my dresser and I want you to pick out a fresh clean pair of panties and I will help you put them on and then I want the pleasure of wanking you into my panties, OK, my darling sissy boy?" ♦



At OSU, sorority girls who are Demale Society members put on a panty teasing show for the frat house across the street!

Frankie is on hormones and developing cute little titties, but his mommy still doesn't let him grow out his hair no matter how much he begs to have long hair like a real girl, but his mommy says she will only allow that when he turns eighteen and will have sex reassignment surgery. Until then, he has to be content wearing a long blonde wig whenever he goes outside. Because outside in his current between boy and girl state, he always causes quite a stir! but it is a good punishment for when he doesn't do everything exactly as mommy says!



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