

# *The* **Demale Society**

## *Training Manual*

**Volume #43**


*Notices,  
Testimonials,  
Stories & Pics*

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

***Fantasy  
Entertainment***

***Adults Only***





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

*Getting a boy to instantly respond to a command to show his panties to even total strangers is a proud benchmark in the panty training and feminization of any boy, and the Boybashers Chapter of Lakewood claims they get boys to do it within one week of intensive training at their annual "Panty Training Summer Camp."*



# *The Demale Society Manual*

## *Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures*

Story  
Added 4/25/07

### *My Mother's Accidental Panty Training Led Me to Being Trapped and Demaled*

The following is a detailed account of the path that took me from being an average boy to getting caught in an elaborate scheme to destroy my manhood and turn me into a sissified, panty-crazed wimp and a playtoy for dominant women and girls.

While I was growing up, my mother would make me wear my sister's panties whenever I ran out of clean underwear, and I had to do that a lot because sis seemed to always have stacks of clean panties and I never seemed have more than four or five pairs of my shorts at any one time. Mom didn't think anything of it since she was a great procrastinator when it came to doing the laundry.

When I'd tell her I was out of underwear, she'd send me to Becky's room to ask her for a pair of her panties. My sister would laugh and say things like, "OK, Derek, I'll loan you a pair of my panties, but don't ruin them, you dirty little boy," as she made a big show of going to her lingerie drawer and picking out a pair for me to wear. She would take her time going through her dozens of panties, carefully setting aside her best panties while making a point of telling me she'd never let me wear her newest and best panties -- like I wanted to wear her panties at all!

I don't know why she didn't just hand me a pair and get it over with, but as I stood there in shame, she'd merrily hum and sift through her panties as she took her time trying to decide which pair to give me. Just to embarrass me, I'm sure she always tried to find the most colorful and fanciest panties to give me.

Sometimes after I put on the panties, I'd run to my mom and complain the panties were too girly and asked if I could have a plain pair of my sister's white panties instead, but mom would tell me not to make a big deal about it and just wear them.

"After all, Derek," she'd say, "panties are just underwear. So what if they're for girls. Nobody is going to see them! Now stop complaining and help me out until I get a chance to do the wash."

And with that, I'd hang my head and my sister would giggle, a giggle that pierced my boyhood and made the panties I was wearing make me feel even more of a sissy, intensifying the sensations I felt as the slippery nylon panties reminded me of their presence as they tickled my penis and slid teasingly over my butt no matter how still I sat nor how straight I walked.

My mother or sister weren't members of the Demale Society, but their attitude toward panties and my wearing them is typical of women and girls. Most males of all ages have some sort of emotional reaction to panties, ranging from fear to titillation and apprehension and erotic excitement, whereas females generally have a blasé attitude toward panties. Nevertheless, females usually appreciate the effect panties have on males and often use it to their advantage. My sister definitely knew the terror I experienced having to wear her panties, and I'm convinced my mother knew at least on a subconscious level. I'm sure, both consciously and subconsciously, most females love to take a swipe at a man or boy's masculinity. I believe it just comes to them naturally.

Wearing my sister's panties finally ended when I started high school. I had persuaded my mother to buy me an adequate supply of boys' underwear because I couldn't wear panties where other boys would see them since I had to take a common shower with all the other boys after gym class each day. I hated to admit it, but once I didn't have to wear those slinky nylon panties anymore, I realized I enjoyed how they used to feel on

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my little boy cock, but the shame I associated with wearing panties prevented me from being tempted to wear them again.

I thought that was the end of the embarrassment of wearing girls' panties for me, but then in high school I became wildly attracted to Olga, a big strong girl who played every girl sport in school and took judo lessons after school.

And while I never wanted to wear panties, my years of wearing them left me with a thorough knowledge of panties and a keen interest in them. I never missed an opportunity to peek up a girl's skirt or ogle them in a store window. But what excited me were panties on girls; I had no desire to wear panties myself.

Having grown up with a big sister, I was experienced at talking with girls, and I knew what they liked to do and how they liked to be treated. I pursued Olga, and she thought I was fun to be with. She accidentally discovered my interest in panties and then hooked me on her panties. She always sat on the floor or outside on the ground with her legs crossed, even when she wore a short skirt, like her school uniform that she wore most of the time. And with my preconditioning to panties, I couldn't take my eyes off her blatantly exposed silky panty crotch. She caught

me staring all the time and took advantage of me. I knew nothing about it at the time, but her mother, Mrs. Mueller, was a member of the Demale Society, and Olga had read some of their books and knew how to tease a boy by flashing her panties. She thought it was funny how she could get me to instantly get an erection in my trousers and then make me wait on her and run errands for her like a silly little lackey by simply letting me stare at her lacy nylon panties between her spread open thighs.

But it was Olga's mother, Mrs. Mueller, who years later would become my mother-in-law, and her friend, Mrs. Zandi, her West Indian next door neighbor, who really took me to a higher level in training me to panties. I disturbed but strangely excited me how both women would sit around blatantly exposing their panties to me, either with spread open thighs or peeks at the waistband riding above the top of their slacks. They'd catch me staring all the time, look me in the eye and laugh. I found it difficult to go to the bathroom in their house because lingerie was always strewn all over the place, including a lot of panties, clean ones on the drying rack and dirty ones overflowing the hamper. The sight of all those panties gave me an instant erection and made it nearly impossible for me to take a piss.

They'd catch me with an erection all the time and then make me admit I loved seeing their panties. They made me promise not to tell Olga or their panty shows would stop. They'd playfully grab me in the crotch and pester me, teasing me with panty talk and often asking me if I'd like to wear a pair. A few times they actually got me to wear a pair of panties, blackmailing me in one way or another, and they loved to humiliate me. One time they made me lie down in a pile of their dirty panties and teased me while making me lick the dirty panty crotches clean. Another time they got me over to Mrs. Zandi's house, got me high with several glasses of wine and then made me wear a pair of lacy flowered panties. Not being used to drinking wine, I passed out on the bed, and they took the opportunity to photograph me in the panties, and then they used those photos to blackmail me further. But I was just a toy for them, and probably because I was Olga's boyfriend, there was no sex between us, just all this terrorizing panty play. After that, I couldn't refuse to play their games. Another time at Mrs. Zandi's house, they made me hand wash and iron a basketful of their panties. That was until Olga popped in the door and caught me ironing her mother's and Mrs. Zandi's panties. By that time their little games had advanced to making me wear slithery, silky pairs of Mrs. Zandi's panties. (They always made me wear Mrs. Zandi's panties because she was a small woman and her panties were close to my size.) Olga ended up having a big quarrel with her mother and got her mother to promise not to play her panty games with me anymore because I was Olga's property.

A part of me loved the attention and the panty visuals these two boy-seducing women subjected me to, but I didn't like wearing their panties. That part of my life I wanted forever over with. So I generally stayed away from their house when Olga wasn't there, but at times because of a miscommunication or some other reason, I found myself in their house alone with Mrs. Mueller or sometimes alone with her and Mrs. Zandi, a petite light-skinned black woman, quite attractive for her age, and when Olga wasn't there, the women continued their panty games with me as if Olga had never caught them panty playing with me. And I had to do what the two women wanted because they had the photos of me in panties and were expert blackmailers.

Then one day, they seized me after I had gone to Olga's house to see her and she wasn't home yet. On a whim, they forcibly put a pair of Mrs. Zandi's white satin panties on me and then let me get dressed again. They made me keep the panties on and wait for my girlfriend. They thought it would be funny to make me wear panties under my clothes while I was with Olga. The two women left and said they'd be back later to check to make sure I still had the panties on, and told me I better leave them on if I knew what was good for me. Minutes later, Olga came back from shopping and then took me to the den to watch television. As usual she sat on the floor exposing her pink panties, and I blushed at her bold panty display. That made her giggle, but she sensed something was wrong because with Mrs. Zandi's panties on under my clothes, I was blushing much more than usual – plus I didn't have my usual erection tenting out my pants.

Long before this, Olga had made me swear complete sexual loyalty to her even though she rarely allowed me the pleasure of ejaculating. And now I was so embarrassed and too much in fear that I couldn't get an erection since I was so afraid she'd discover me wearing Mrs. Zandi's panties and how I was unfaithful to her by submitting to the panty blackmailing control her mother had over me.

Olga always demanded I get a hard on while staring at her panties; she'd say it was a sign of my love and devotion to her. But being the world's biggest panty teaser, she usually left me unfulfilled, waddling home after our dates with an aching, overworked cock and painful filled-to-the-brim blue balls.

So on this day, my girlfriend admonished me for not having a big lump in my trousers. She asked if I had masturbated recently (in violation of her rule that only she could give me permission to ejaculate). I swore to her I hadn't, and she was about to investigate when she suddenly remembered she had forgotten to buy something during her shopping trip. Hurrying to get to the store before it closed, she got up and told me to wait for her while she went back downtown.

Minutes later, her mother came back home and saw me there. I explained Olga had to go downtown again and would be gone for about an hour.

Mrs. Mueller knew how crazy I was crazy about panties and Olga's panties in particular and knew how to use that knowledge against me. And now, her presence made me nervous because on such occasions she loved to take advantage of me.

Mrs. Mueller went to the kitchen. I could hear her make a phone call. About fifteen minutes later, she came back, Mrs. Zandi was with her and both had undressed down to just bras and panties with garter belts and long nylon stockings. They had decided to be quite aggressive me that day and give me a lesson in queening. I reacted in horror as they seized me and put me through the rigors of having my face heavily sat on by Mrs. Mueller in her black satin panties for a very sexual twenty minutes. Then the petite little black woman, Mrs. Zandi, took her place and rode my face like I was a horse, her silky pantied crotch fit my face like she was sitting on a saddle. All the while, the two women had my zipper open and were teasing my penis through Mrs. Zandi's white satin panties I still had on, and they teased me without relief, repeatedly smacking down my dick if I got too close to spurting. Suddenly and quite unexpectedly, I was left totally stunned and exhausted and in a mental fog from being nearly suffocated so many times I couldn't count. The sound of my girlfriend Olga opening the back door brought the women back to their senses. Mrs. Mueller and Mrs. Zandi quickly got up and quietly went upstairs to the bathroom to tidy-up, leaving me in no state to greet my girlfriend.

When Olga came into the room she sensed something was wrong. "What's up? Why are you lying on the floor -- and good grief, your trousers are unzipped!" she said in a demanding

voice as she stood before me with her legs astride my upturned face, looking down at me with disdain.

I moved to get up.

“Stay exactly where you are! Don’t you dare move! Something is going on, and I intend to get to the bottom of it. I smell a strong fragrance, a women’s perfume ... and cigarette smoke and alcohol. Don’t tell me you and my mother have been up to no good while I’ve been gone!”

I started to fasten my fly, but Olga was quick to stop me as she quickly put her foot against my crotch and then slid the high heel on her shoe into the gap left by my open zipper. I shouted for her to stop that her sharp heel was hurting me, but she continued to press down telling me to stay put. I relented and lay there half-dazed and dreaded she would discover I was wearing Mrs. Z’s white nylon panties. I was also fully erect and scared Olga would discover why.

She let up on the pressure with her heel and slowly and lightly moved her heel up and down the satin material covering my cock. She smiled. I think she believed she had caused my cock to swell. I was fortunate as the lights in the room were turned

down low; she didn’t notice I was wearing Mrs. Zandi’s panties.

Olga stood above me, wearing her good school uniform with its plaid skirt, white blouse, striped tie and beige nylon stockings because she had been to a school assembly that day and awarded a trophy for her team’s soccer championship. She was still flying high from the honors bestowed on her at school and now appeared more powerful than usual as she made sure I could see up her skirt, her legs astride me, as she deliberately and ever so slowly hitched up her skirt.

“There now; you must look up at me ALWAYS; look up, so you can see my stocking tops, pale thighs, and my shocking pink nylon panties that I love to tease you with. I am going to stand here, looking down at you, so that you cannot take your eyes off my panty show until you tell me what has been happening while I was away. CONCENTRATE entirely upon my PANTIES, PANTIES. PANTIES, PANTIES, you pervert! I know the very word PANTIES sends you reeling; it stirs up all sorts of memories from your past life, panty boy, experiences I know all about. Your sister told me how you used to have to wear her panties. No wonder you’re so gaga over femmy little panties. You well know I will always dominate you with my panties.”



**Mrs. Mueller, Olga's mother, would make me stand and study her panties for long periods of time without relief.**



On each side, she put her fingers inside her panty-leg elastics, gently lifting the panty legs up her thighs, showing me more of her flashy white thighs. She adjusted the ribboned straps of her old-fashioned garter belt, pulling them tight and straightening them along each leg, knowing I was completely subjugated with her teasing and tantalizing display. The boys at school would whistle and the girls hiss when Olga's short uniform skirt would ride up and reveal her antique garter belt and real silk stockings, but no one, not even the teachers gave her any grief about not wearing regulation school underwear. She was too successful as a star school athlete, and she knew she could do as she pleased.

Do you know why I wear pretty lingerie like this? I suppose you don't. Well I'll tell you. Because I'm basically aggressive and bossy, and as you know, I usually get my way — especially with men and boys. My lingerie is a symbol of my superiority over all men and boys, and it gives me power. It's surging through me right now. I'm physically stronger than most boys my age or even older, and I proved that just last week when I overpowered a grown man in mock combat in my self-defense class by knocking him down and then squeezing his head between my thighs until he finally submitted to me. Then I flipped around and sat on his chest and gave him a view up my skirt at my trademark shocking pink panties before sliding forward and cutting off his air supply to the cheers of my teammates as I queened him and laughed at him in triumph. And you know, Derek, what I did to him, I can easily do to you too. I want you to try — if you can, to resist me, for the present mood I'm in makes me want to squash your face within my panties, and I WILL PANTY SUFFOCATE YOU COMPLETELY, unless I find out exactly what mother has done to you.

She took a look down at my bulging front and knew her barrage of abuse and talk of her dominance, coupled with the ever-present sight of her panties had achieved the desired effect. She answered my bulge with another heel, but this time quite sharply. If this little thing of yours can't be controlled, I'll make you wear one of my old preteen panty-girdles; that will squash it and control its movement. She knew full well, I had little chance of control, so I made an effort to roll over and escape her dominance. That was my mistake, for in a flash, she dropped all her weight on top of me and quickly put me in a half nelson.

"Submit," she yelled, and began to twist my arm.

My struggling was over hardly before it started as I gave in, shouted out and lied that there was nothing to tell her.

Olga quickly turned me over and sat on my chest, her knees and thighs squeezing my head tightly, she said. "How do you like the view of my panties, NOW, with my silky panty crotch only inches from your face? Kiss me; go on, kiss me."

"I can't," I said, not understanding her command.

"Of course you can, and will," she said, as she began to squeeze my head again with her heavy thighs. She then released

her leg pressure and told me again to kiss her as she lifted her bottom off my chest and then came back down again so her warm, moist panty crotch was pressing on my mouth and nose.

"Now," she said, "do you understand WHERE I want you to kiss me? KISS ME ON MY PANTIES, you little panty freak!!!"

I did as she commanded, realizing my position was hopeless and wondering if the little noises I was hearing upstairs would make Olga realize someone else was in the house. But the sounds from the bedroom stopped, so she was unaware her mother and next door neighbor were in the house. Olga was very excited, as I continued to kiss her now very wet nylon panties.

"Do you like kissing my panties?" she moaned.

That question remained unanswered because I could not speak as I continued my task of smother-kissing her through her tight panties.

"Now I want you to breathe in and use your tongue so you can both smell me and taste me at the same time. ... That's a good boy, push harder with your tongue into my panties, and take deep breaths."

I was completely overwhelmed by the way Olga had taken me over; never could I have believed it possible I would be lying flat on my back with my head held firmly by a pair of her stockinged thighs and my mouth pressed firmly against her wet and very sexy pantied pussy. Her sweet aroma was different than her mother and Mrs. Zandi's and something I had never experienced before, and it was a while, before I could really say I liked it. After some time, her aroma became very stimulating.

"I'm going to put my skirt over your head now," Olga said, "so you are completely panty enveloped. You can smell me, taste me and feel me all at the same time."

With that, she turned around and put her silky pantied ass on my face and then pulled up her short skirt and settled it over my head before moving again so her bottom was completely covering my face. Her bottom was very heavy as she wriggled herself into a comfortable position on my nose and lips now tightly lodged up between her legs and her butt crushed against my head. I could hardly breathe as she gave me a heavy panty-smother. Olga had a huge and heavy bottom that was firm, but soft. She kept on moving her bottom over my face, and kept pushing, so my nose and tongue moved deeper into her through her panties. She was obviously getting a great deal of enjoyment from having me helpless and in such a position and her gyrating hips were giving me a feeling of complete humiliation -- and strangely enough a strong feeling of sexual arousal.

Olga reached into my open zipper and started to massage my penis within Mrs. Zandi's white satin panties I still had on. Then suddenly, she stopped moving her bottom over my face and screamed, "Derek, just exactly what are you wearing?"

Paying tribute to Barbara's dirty panties.



She jumped off me and turned the lights up high. "Well, my little panty freak is actually wearing a pair of panties, silky satin ones at that!" But her surprise at discovering the panties I had on quickly turned to anger as she pat out, "And just exactly whose panties do you have on, sissy boy? They certainly aren't my panties, so whose are they?"

Just then we heard a noise from upstairs and she got off me and stood beside me and listened, and we could hear faint voices and laughter, and it prevented Olga from questioning me further about the panties I had on.

"That must be mother upstairs. Who is with her?" she asked.

I told her who it was.

"Why didn't you tell me they were both upstairs? Just you wait!" she almost screamed. "I still demand a full explanation of what's been going on. I'll get to the bottom (your panty bottom if need be) of this and make sure you are well and truly punished if there has been any hanky-panky behind my back. Mom knows you're mine. She promised not to play any of her games with you. I hear them coming down the stairs. Come on, get up off the floor before they get here. I'm going to get some answers."

Groggy and dizzy having been nearly suffocated, I got up and pulled myself together just in time. Seconds later, the two man-hating ladies came into the room, looking fully refreshed after doing heavens knows what to each other in the bedroom.

"What's been going on while I was shopping?" Olga asked her mother.

"Nothing dear."

"None of your business," replied Mrs. Zandi, who always made it obvious she didn't like Olga. "Why don't you ask HIM?" she said pointing at me.

"He says nothing really happened, but I know the two of you have been up to no good and I intend to find out what you've done to him. I caught the two of you putting him in panties before and making him do your panty washing and ironing. I thought after that we had an understanding that you'd keep your lecherous hands off him! It's obvious you put him in panties again, and mom, they aren't your panties since they're much too small, so they must be your panties, you ugly old witch," Olga said with venom to Mrs. Zandi.

Olga was all worked up and very angry, but realized her mother and Mrs. Z. weren't about to tell her anything, obviously wanting to keep their activities a secret between themselves.

"Well," her mother said, "you make it sound like such a big deal that he has on a sweet little pair of satin panties. I'm sure he's enjoying wearing them under his rough little boy clothes."

"So, you know what kind of panties they are, so it is true, you did this to him. What else have you been doing to him?"



Her mother waved off her questions and said, "Now, Mrs. Z. and I are off for dinner and a drink, why don't you come with us? Maybe we all could have some fun with your wimpy little boyfriend is in those nice panties under his trousers."

"No, thanks, mom, I don't need any help from you. I like to do my own games with my Derek. A friend of mine from my judo class is having a little party; she just qualified for her Police Judo Badge, and I told her I'd pop in to say hello. I think I'll take Derek with me. All of us together will be able to shame my little sissy into telling me what you boy abusers have been up to."

"Suit yourself," Mrs. M. replied, "but I think you'd have a lot more fun with us."

"I doubt it!" Olga said.

Soon after, we left for her friend's house. I was nervous and somewhat scared at the prospect of being with a group of macho females who Olga would get to participate in my undoing. Her mother and Mrs. Z. had threatened to take me out in just a pair of panties, deposit me in the park and make me walk home that way if I told Olga the things they regularly did to me. But ignoring that, on the way to her friend's house, I begged Olga not to make me tell her because her mother had threats over me. That made Olga angrier than ever and told me I was going to be the evening's entertainment for her friend's little party, and that was bound to loosen my tongue. 'What could they do to me?' I wondered. I was determined not to be the one to spill the beans about the things her mom and Mrs. Z. do to me.

The party was in full swing by the time we got there, seven girls in all, most of them half looked like men – lesbians I was sure. I didn't like the atmosphere one bit. They ranged in age from about fourteen to two women in their early twenties. And one of those women brought with her a little eight-year-old girl, and I could tell from the sneer on the kid's face as she looked at me that she was in full training to be a man-hater. I feared Olga was going to use this occasion to force me into another humiliating submission. I whispered to her that I'd tell her everything she wanted to know, but Olga just stared at me and told me it was too late. She now wanted a public confession in front of all these scary judo expert females.

The lights were low and the music soft and the girls stood talking, a couple of them kissing and fondling each other, but most of them seemed to be waiting around for something to happen. Then someone suggested Barbara (the guest of honor) demonstrate a few of her judo holds and throws. So we all gathered around and Barbara was flushed and happy to show off her skills, indeed those who had taken the course with her were left in little doubt that she was the best.

It was exciting to watch as three of the more girlie girls, including Olga, were wearing skirts or party dresses, and as they went flying through the air and then splayed out on the mat. I got treated to a lot of upskirt views of stocking-tops, bare thighs and

panties; these girls seemed to have opted to wear old-fashioned lingerie like Olga wore. I was all eyes and even caught myself drooling with excitement, but they ignored me as woman or girl did a round and enjoyed combat with Barbara.

Then Olga said, "We need to take our skirts off, if we are to do this properly."

Without regard to my presence, each female immediately stripped off their skirts, dress or slacks, and I saw they were all wearing high-waisted, satin panties, like Olga always wore. Soon, I learned these panties were their signature item of clothing for their intimate little group. Even little Sandy took her party dress off and stood there in a training bra and pink, baby girl flowered pink panties.

I got very excited.

"Hey, Olga," Barbara said, "your boyfriend seems to be enjoying looking at our panties. I had almost forgotten he was here. Shouldn't we do something about him?"

The women had a little conference, and then pounced on me and knocked me to the floor. The next thing I knew they must have raided Barbara's laundry hamper, and they were dumping about a dozen pairs of dirty panties on my head.

"OK, my little panty freak," Olga said, "since you love panties so much you can lie here on the floor while we continue our judo demonstration without you staring at us. Barbara has been nice enough to donate all her dirty panties for your punishment. Cover your eyes with them instead of gawking at us like we're just sexy babes here for your entertainment, and while you're at it, take each pair and lick the crotch clean – front and back – and do a good job of it or we'll beat you to a pulp.

They continued their mutual competition while I licked one dirty panty crotch after another. I desperately wanted to masturbate, but knew that would surely get me into big trouble. Then one of them said, "Hey, let's challenge the PANTY PEEKER to combat. I really want to beat him up, pin him to the mat and then squash him between my legs."

"Great idea," Olga said, as she now stood over me sliding her fingers under the edge of her panty leg elastics and letting them go with a Snap! Snap! Then she adjusted the waist elastic of her panties and pulled them up as high as it would go. "That's better; I don't want my panties to ride up when I sit on his face again."

"Wow! Have you already been queening your boyfriend?"

Olga quickly told the girls what had happened that day and why I was in the doghouse with her for not confessing and giving her any details.

After hearing what Olga suspected her mother had done to me and my refusal to be honest with her about it, Barbara said,

“Leave him to me. With my police training, I’ll get a full confession out of him or I’ll crush the life out of him and they’ll buried him with his nose and mouth molded to the shape of my pussy lips and his cheeks permanently marked with the indentations of the leg elastics of my panties.”

I was getting really scared as their abusive talk was escalating into something much more extreme and sinister.

But then, just as quickly, their tune changed, and the girls debated whether they should leave stockings and suspenders on, as they were impractical for fighting. But as spectators, they agreed it would look better with me humiliated with my head surrounded by their funky lingerie display.

“I have another humiliation for him now,” said Olga. “Why don’t we make HIM wear a pair of shocking pink panties like all of us? He should be dressed just like the rest of us. So come on girls off with his trousers and underpants.”

They attacked me and all the girls went into hysterics when they saw I was wearing a pair of white satin panties under my trousers. Olga, pretended she didn’t know I had the panties on and, with a shocked expression, demanded I explain.

I was brought to my feet and readied to fight Brenda first, one of the fourteen-year-old girls. I was an unwilling opponent, knowing I had little chance of winning a fight with any one of them. However, to salvage some respect, I was determined to

knock at least one of them on the floor, but I was out foxed as Brenda pushed me over a kneeling Olga, who had quietly crawled up behind me. In a flash, I was flat on my back again and in a scissors hold between the teen girl’s muscular thighs. Then, as the girl scooted up to cover my face with her pink panties and wiggle herself into a comfortable position, Olga plunked her huge pantied bottom down on my chest and took all the wind out of my body. I couldn’t move.

“Submit to my panty-hold,” the young girl yelled.

“No,” I managed to say with a muffled voice.

Brenda shouted, “All right, Olga, bounce on his chest with your bottom while I squeeze his face with my thighs and slowly increase the pressure until he relents.”

I was getting to the point of submission and ready to tell Olga and everyone there just what had happened that day, anything was better than this total humiliation.

“Submit, otherwise, I’ll squeeze even harder,” said the girl. “SUBMIT and tell us what happened, otherwise every one of the girls here will take turns sitting on your face, and just maybe you might not survive!”

“All right, enough,” I said meekly, crying and gasping for breath, “I submit; so please stop it and let me get up.”

The girl got off my face, and I told Olga everything she wanted to know about the things her mother and Mrs. Z. did to me. The crowd of girls listened in stunned wonderment, complete with shrieks, envious comments and putdowns to my masculinity.

I cried in humiliation and told her that her mother and Mrs. Z. had made me put on her white satin panties and then they aggressively queened me and threatened me to keep them on and not tell Olga. Surely



They made me  
spurt my cum  
on Mrs. Z's  
panties.

Olga had a pretty good idea of what those two women had done to me, after all, my girlfriend had read a lot of the Demale books and pamphlets, but here and now she just wanted me to humiliate myself before her and her friends and get me to break my silence about the women panty training me, get me to admit the things they had done to me so I could inherit their punishment as well as hers.

But Olga wasn't satisfied with just my confession, enjoying her position of power. "I'm not letting you up until you have kissed my PANTIES in total submission from where you are lying. She then eased the thigh pressure on my head and slid further forward so my face was completely buried in the crotch of her panties.

Barbara and the other girls chanted, "KISS YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S PANTIES; go on KISS OLGA'S PANTIES. Tell us all how you love her sitting on your face kissing her panties. She then pulled my head up by my hair while I repeated what she had said talking with a mouthful of her pussy-filled panties, only to be pushed down harder again to be buried in Olga's shocking pink pantied pussy lips as she rode me to a never-ending series of orgasms.

After she calmed down, Olga leaned back, still straddling my chest, and forced me to stare nonstop at her shocking pink panties as she told me, "Never dare take your eyes off MY PANTIES. I want you completely transfixed by MY PANTIES — certainly, no one else's, least of all mother or Mrs. Z's panties. I was afraid you'd succumb to those wicked women if I ever left you alone with them. Just for good measure, she smothered me again, and didn't let up until I nearly passed out.

They quickly stripped me of Mrs. Z's panties, and then the little girl, Sandra, advanced toward me holding out a pair of pink panties to match all the others. The little girl in her flowered pink panties smiled wickedly at me, and I became disgusted myself as I realized even she was exciting me. The little girl knelt before me and slid the pink panties up my legs. She giggled when she had her face level with my hard penis and had no compunction about holding my cock with one hand while she used her other hand to take her time easing the silky pink panties up over it. After she pulled the panties up as high as they would go, I was totally shamed as she then stroked my cock through the soft panties and it throbbed in her hand. As the other females gathered around me and used their hands to fondle my panties from all angles and ping the tight waist and leg elastics, they laughed, tormented me, called me a child molester and planted sharp little smacks to my silk pantied bottom.

"Gosh, they really fit him well, don't they, girls? No wonder your mom put him in panties."

"I've never seen a boy wearing PANTIES before, doesn't he look sweet?"

"Oh I have," replied another, "quite often, my mother has

made my brother wear my old nylon panties as a punishment, just to take him down a few pegs, and she'd make him show our dad he wore them too. Mysteriously, my dad didn't oppose her when she did it. My dad is pretty well pussy whipped."

"Really, I wouldn't have believed it possible to make a boy wear panties, and even more that his dad doesn't protest!"

"Oh yes," replied her friend, "but my mother didn't stop there. She would then spank him very hard over his panties and make him keep them on and nothing else for the rest of the day. Mom called them his punishment panties. She kept a supply of my laciest panties in his dresser, ready for use. He had to look at them every day when he opened his underwear drawer to get a fresh pair of his boys' shorts."

All the girls' now returned their attention to me.

"Now, that he's in panties just like the rest of us -- except for that ugly bulge in his panties. Sandra, why don't you make him unload his juice into those panties?"

And that little eight-year old knew exactly what she was doing. Later I found out she has been masturbating her daddy for years to get anything she wanted from him. And she made me spurt in no time flat. I had been deprived of cumming for so long that day that I erupted without a thought to the flashes as one of the girls took photos. Pictures that would forever put me in the penalty box and make me a permanent slave to all these females, and Olga in particular, who now had me as her sissified boyfriend, obligated to do anything for her, no matter how bizarre, under threat of being exposed as a panty boy who came to the tune of an little girl waking him off in prissy pink panties.

Olga added, "With his interest in panties, I long suspected his sister or mother had forced him into their panties while he was growing up, and as I found out after talking to his sister that was the case. Their mother used to make him wear his sister's panties whenever he ran out of clean underwear, and I understand it happened a lot.

They did show me some mercy, or perhaps they just knew I'd be a useless boytoy for a while since I had been so battered, abused and exhausted, so they dragged me into Barbara's bedroom and let me sleep for a short while in a coma-like state while they enjoyed drinks and snacks. And when they were finished, my respite was over, and Olga launched into me.

"Now you're fully a pervert. My mother and Mrs. Z. should never have made you panty crazy and make you do things like hand wash and iron their big silky panties. Mother's big panties are passion-killers for some, but NOT for you. But it's too late now. I knew she liked to spread her legs in your presence and show her panties to you, now I realize what she was doing, ENSNARING YOU with HER panties. She would always say, you didn't even notice, but now I know she was doing so much more with you when I wasn't around. And I thought I was the



only one making you totally gaga over panties – my panties exclusively! All that must stop; and from now on you will wear MY PANTIES all the time, and return any panties you have from mother and Mrs. Z. Never again will I permit you to be alone with those two. Just wait until I get you back home. I intend to get matters straight once and for all; no one but I will control you. Do you understand?"

With that she told me I had to walk back to her house – over two miles -- wearing just the panties, or those photos they took of me being panty wanked by a baby girl would surely put me in jail! She left in the car to go back home, and I hurried back under the darkness of night, but with the freezing cold on this cool fall night and in great fear of being seen by anyone as I ran back to Olga's house, I knew a horrible fate awaited me as I would have to confront the two older women and surely get their punishment for violating the secrecy they had sworn me to.

By the time I got back, of course, Olga was there as was her mother, Mrs. Mueller, and neighbor, Mrs. Zandi, and the three of them were all smiles. Then I found out Olga was being welcomed into their chapter of the Demale Society, and I was going to be her prime exhibit on her initiation night! This whole day and the months leading up to it had all been a grand design to break me, fully addict me to panties and get me into the compromising position of being panty wanked by that little girl.

Furthermore, Olga and her mother's panty training competition of me and Olga's hate for Mrs. Zandi were just acts for my benefit to lead me to my downfall.

And now the three of them were kissing and hugging each other, all three of them in just garter belts, silk stockings, bras and panties, and all of them playing with each other's titty-laden

bras and pussy-packed silky panties.

Olga then said, "OK, panty boy, as a little reward for your devotion to us, you can stand there and masturbate yourself in your panties while you watch us have fun, then I want you to go home in just your panties, show your mother and sister how you look and explain to them you are dropping out of school and will move in with us to be our live-in maid.

"And another thing, you can't really be my boyfriend anymore. I can't have a wimp pantywaist boy maid for a boyfriend. I'll have to find a new boyfriend, but right now I'm not sure if I want another weasel like you to train to be a sweet panty boy alongside you or if I should get a real macho guy to date me. A guy I can easily blackmail into coming over here and making you give him blowjobs and service us while he makes love to me.

Then they watched as they forced me to masturbate myself through my pink panties while they pranced around and teased me with their panties, and just as I was about to shoot, Mrs. Z. bent over and presented her white satin pantied ass to me, and Mrs. Mueller commanded me to pull down my panties and finish myself off by shooting my cum on Mrs. Z's pantied butt.

Of course I did it, and while my dick was still drooling its last drops of spunk, Olga pulled up my panties, shoved me out the door and sent me home to pack my bags so I could move in with them as she told me, "Don't put on or bring any boys' clothes or we'll burn them when you get here and take turns queening you, probably suffocating you within one breath of your life!"

Jeans & Teddy Boy McE.  
Marshalling Males to Serve Chapter, Michigan  
#02899-T



## Letter Added 6/9/07

### *How I Turned My Husband into a Panty Trained Cuckold*

Gloria W., a new Demale Society member, had a hidden tape recorder on the day she approached her husband about wearing panties and told him their lives were about to be turned completely upside down. He had just come home from work, and he thought she had just returned from playing tennis. She was in her tennis clothes and carrying her tennis racket just so he got that impression, but in reality she had just returned from an afternoon date making fantastic love with Tyrone, a fabulous remale she had met through the Demale Society. They had been having sex for three weeks, and she was ready to make her move on her husband, Jeffrey, who had no idea she was having an affair and had turned him into a cuckold.

Under her short-skirted tennis outfit she had a fat, six-inch, penis-shaped dildo stuffed up into my pussy and held in place by her tight tennis rhumba panties. The dildo, bathed in her lover's sperm, she wore as a lasting reminder of the big black cock that had just spent more than an hour lovingly tearing her apart as well as thrilling her to more orgasms in an hour than she had with Jeffrey throughout their twelve-year marriage. So when she got home, she was flying high and ready to confront her husband.

Her taped confrontation with her husband actually took place over several days, and the following is a condensed transcript of those conversations. Gloria turned on the tape recorder hidden on a shelf in their bedroom, and then asked her husband to come into the room for a moment.

"Jeffrey, what would you say if I asked you to put on a pair of panties for me?" she said standing there holding a fancy pink and silver gift box in her hands.

"What? You mean women's underwear? But, honey, I don't want to wear women's underwear."

"Do it for me, OK? I want you to."

"That would be, be weird ... faggy ... kind of sissy stuff."

"Jeffrey! Are you a homophobic? Afraid a little pair of silky panties will turn you queer or into a cocksucker or something? Com'n, baby, I think you'd really like wearing them. They're so nice and soft and smooth..."

"But I'm a man, and, uh, uh, men aren't supposed to ... I mean, they're made for ladies, for gosh sakes."

"I hear a lot of men wear women's panties, just for comfort."

"No, I don't know. I've never heard of such a thing."

"It's true."

"Where did you ever hear such a thing?"

"Maxine, over at Lacy Things, you know the lingerie shop on Wilson Avenue I like to shop at. She says guys come in there all the time to buy panties and other lingerie for themselves. She does a big business with men over the Internet too."

"No shit!"

"Yeah-h-h-h-h!"

"I dunno, sounds perverted ... and you been hanging around with that Maxine woman a lot lately too; what are you two doing together anyway?"

"I told you. I joined a women's club she told me about. We go to the meetings every Thursday night."

"Oh, yeah, I think you mentioned it. What kind of club? You talk about clothes, your kids, your husbands ... Gees, I hope you're not saying a lot of private things to strange women about our personal life."

"Yes, dear, that's exactly the kind of club it is. We talk a lot about clothes, especially lingerie. Women really love their lingerie, and with Maxine owning her own lingerie shop..."

"Well, please, keep our private life private."

"Jeffrey, why would you think I'd tell anybody about our sex life and things like that? After all, there isn't much to tell, is there? We haven't made love in over a year."

"Oh, no! It hasn't been that long!"

"Yes, that long. The last time was on my birthday --- not the one I just had, last year on my birthday, and if you remember, it was pretty disappointing..."

"Honey, I think I drank too much that night. Sorry, babe."

"So do you want to make it up to me right now? I'm ready for sex if you are."

"Oh, I'd love to, honey, but I brought home those surveys that I have to study for the new downtown commuter station, and I have a lot of research to do on the Internet..."

Gloria had untied the ribbon on the gift box. "So you're real busy, OK. So then why don't you make it up to me and do all that work while you're wearing this pretty pair of panties. I bought



them from Maxine just for you,” Gloria said as she pulled an elegant pair of silky pink panties from the slender gift box.

“Shit! You’re kidding me? Why would you buy...”

“Well, I mentioned to Maxine we don’t made love anymore.”

“Aw, honey, why did you go and tell her that!”

“It’s the truth.”

“But, but, but, that’s private!”

“Does the truth hurt, dear?”

“No! Of course, not, but it’s nobody else’s business. I’m sorry it’s been so long.”

“So, do a little favor for me and put on the panties.”

“And why would I want to do that?”

“Three reasons: One, they’ll feel good on your little thingie that hasn’t felt good in a long time unless you’re jacking off behind my back a lot like a randy teenager. Two, it just might put a spark in our love life. And three, do it for me. You owe me – for that last time you tried to make love to me and all the time since that you haven’t had sex with me.”

“Oh, babe, I’m afraid you’d think less of me as a man if put on those pa, pa, that underwear.”

“Since we don’t have sex anymore, how could I think of you as any less of a man than I already do?”

“You don’t think much of me as a man ...”

“And they’re called panties, dear. Panties, you act like you can’t even say the word. Com’n Jeffrey, say it, say, ‘panties;’ I honestly don’t think you can say it.”

“Sure, I can, uh, pant, uh, panties! See, I said it.”

“OK, now put them on.

“What’s it to you? What would you get out of it? And, why, honey? I’d do anything for you, but ...”

Gloria had set the box down and now was holding the panties in her outstretched hands. “So if you’ll do anything...”

“But why?”

“Maxine says wearing panties really improves some men’s sex lives. They feel so sexy, and supposedly, for some men, silky nylon does wonders for a limp dick!”

“Limp? I don’t have ... this is ridiculous ...”



Gloria was now holding her husband in a warm embrace and rubbing the panties over his bare arm. She moved them up to his face and stroked his cheek with the soft nylon. The panties were heavily perfumed and he could surely smell their heady aroma. She began humping his leg. Jeffrey had a T-shirt and shorts on and she was in a playful mood, humping his bare leg like a horny dog. The mixture of her pussy juices and her remale lover's cum leaking out from around the penis dildo in her twat had saturated her panties. He felt her moist pussy on his naked thigh.

"Gees, honey, you're ... you're kind of wet!"

"Because I'm excited about seeing you in panties. Either that or why not make love to me? I need you to make love to me."

"But, honey, the kids will be home soon. Besides, I had a real rough day at the office. Dirkson was all over me; I got to get to those surveys and do that Internet research, maybe later, baby."

Gloria grabbed his dick through his shorts; she couldn't believe it. He wasn't even the least bit hard. That was his last chance and he wasn't responding. She put his hand on her soaking wet panty crotch and rubbed herself against it. He almost seemed repelled and tried to pull his hand away.

She just had to say it. She just had to drop the bomb. "Jeffrey, boy, I've seen some of that research you've been doing on the Internet lately," she said and then paused for a long time as she stared directly into his eyes.

"Uh, um, saw it? What? What do you mean?"

"Two weeks ago, you got that Saturday conference call and took it in the den. Well, I knew you were going to be tied up for a bit, so I went to use the computer in the spare bedroom and it was stuck on a website that I found really interesting – all these really young girls ..."

"Oh, Gloria, I'm sorry. I don't know how that site came up. I was just doing my research and bingo there it was ..."

"Bingo is right. Are those girls even old enough to do stuff like that? They looked pretty young."

"Oh, I'm sure, yes, I mean, I donno, oh, honey, I love you - not stuff like that."

"So how about if you make it up to me," she said sweetly, still humping his hand and his leg and now dangling the pretty new pink panties from her fingertips and waving them only inches from his face.

Almost in tears, he stepped aside, yanked off his shorts and underwear, and then hurriedly grabbed the pink panties out of her hand and put them on as quickly as he could. "There, now, are you satisfied?"

"Hold up your T-shirt so I can get a good look at you in panties. In fact take that tacky old T-shirt all the way off. It's all worn out. I never did like it anyway. You should throw it out."

He pulled off his old fraternity T-shirt, threw it on the bed, and very self-consciously stood before her head hung low in nothing but the pink panties with his hands in front of himself. She put her hand on the sides of the panties, rubbed up and down, and then took the waist elastic and snugged them up around him. She also jumped back and forth between the waist and leg elastics as she took her time adjusting them. "These panties fit you perfectly, Jeffrey. And I was right; you look gorgeous in them, very pretty even."

"Please! Can I take them off, now?" he begged.

She moved closer to him, began humping his leg again and rubbing her hand over his dick within the sleek panties. She began kissing him, but he pulled away.

"Oh, honey, can I, uh ... oh-h-h-h ... uh, take them off?"

"Take what off, dear? Tell me."

He knew what she wanted him to say. "The, uh ... oh, honey, your making me ... can, I please take off these pants, I mean, panties! I feel foolish. I don't like..."

"You don't like them? Then why is your little dickie standing up inside your sweet new silky panties? I think you do like them and like them a lot."

"It's because you're touching me."

"But I was touching you just a moment ago without the panties, and you didn't get hard. And now look at you. Now, in the panties, you're little thingie is getting bigger, and b-i-g-g-er!" she said in a teasing girlie voice.

"Gloria, honey, please don't call it 'little' ..."

"Oh, sorry, dear, but you have to admit it's not one of the bigger ones when compared to most other guys, is it?"

"It's NOT little! Damn it! I'm a man, and it's a perfectly decent man-size penis!"

"OK, so if it's not little, it's certainly not big! I'm not naive; I've seen a few men's dicks before."

"Gloria, let's not talk about..."

"OK, how about if we talk about you getting excited wearing girlie panties?"

"NO! Something else."

“OK, let’s talk about those sexy little girls on the Internet you like to look at and jerk off to.”

“NO, please. It was just one time.”

“Lying again to me?”

“I’m sorry, baby; it’s just that I get real wound up with my work sometimes, and I need a little relief.”

“What am I chopped liver? Isn’t it my job to give you ‘a little relief?’”

Jeffrey nodded. He was near tears and very apologetic. But he was also surprised at himself with his penis hard within the panties. After years of marriage, Gloria knew exactly how to stroke him for maximum effect. But she was convinced the panties were adding a magical element and helping advance his excitement. Then, she took his hand she had been crushing up against her wet pantied pussy and brought it up to his face. She pushed his hand up to his nose and made him smell the juices. It was a strong smell, and he initially jerked his head away.

“What’s wrong, you don’t like the aroma of my excited pussy?”

“It, it doesn’t smell ... it smells ...”

“Smells different?”

“Yeah, different. Take another good whiff and tell me what you smell.”

He cautiously did. Then she rubbed his wet fingers all over his nose and mouth. “Now, stick your fingers in your mouth and taste me, my little husband.”

Gingerly, he did.

“My juices smell different, panty boy, because I’ve just been fucked by a beautiful, exciting, big black man with a cock twice the size of yours, and he shot so much of his baby-making juice into me that I’ll probably have it draining out of me for days.”

Jeffrey began coughing and spitting, trying to spit the spunk-laden juices out of his mouth. He tried to run to the bathroom to wash out his mouth, but Gloria had a firm hold of his pantied dick and she wasn’t letting go. His dick remained hard.

“Oh, com’n, you big sissy. You used to make me swallow your smelly seed, but you don’t even want me to do that anymore. So sucking a little bit of another man’s cum – a real man by the way, not a sissy who gets hard in pink panties – so let his cum slide down your throat, maybe some of his overflowing manhood will make you into more of a man.”

Jeffrey was crying, “How could you? You fucked another guy? A black guy? You slut! You’ve dishonored our marriage.”

“I dishonored what? We have a marriage? A marriage without sex? What kind of marriage is that? And you haven’t been dishonoring me and



our marriage by wanking off to slutty little preteen girls. Talk about sluts!”

“Oh, no, hon, they’re all adults! Really!”

“In what world? Kiddieland? Do you think I’m stupid and can’t see?” Well, here’s the deal, my dear husband. From now on you’ll wear pink panties every day for underwear. Got it? And I’ll continue to get fucked by this fabulous man who is in this club with Maxine and me.”

“I’ll divorce you!”

“If anyone gets a divorce, it will be me, but I don’t want a divorce. I love my life the way it is, all except for the fact I have a husband who doesn’t know how to love me. You do take fine care of me and the kids financially, and I appreciate that. And for us to get a divorce, it would wreck us both financially. You’d lose your cushy job with the City if they ever found out about those girlie pictures that make your dick stand up. And if you didn’t have your big paying job, you couldn’t pay me much in alimony, so let’s forget the divorce, and I’ll forget I ever saw those pictures -- and you’ll wear panties -- and you can jerk off to whatever kind of pictures you want 24 hours a day – I don’t care. Just don’t do anything to fuck up your 140-thousand-dollar-a-year City planner’s salary.”

“But why are you doing...”

“Now, I’ll call Maxine and I’ll have her bring a whole load of panties over here tomorrow so we can get you outfitted with a great panty wardrobe. I’ll ask her to bring along some other things too like nighties and camisoles, I’ll leave it up to her. She says some wives and girlfriends put their guys on female hormones and have them grow real honest-to-goodness breasts – that sounds like fun, doesn’t it? Maybe I’d like to have you go that route. Maxine can tell us all about it when she’s here.

Jeffrey was really crying then. “Honey, you’re my wife, why are you doing this?”

“I’m doing it because I can, and I want to do it because you haven’t been a husband to me in one of the most important parts of my life and our marriage, but I’m also doing it because my new lover is bigger than you – much bigger. And he’s a better man than you, more of a man in every way. And you’re just a worthless sissy; we just proved that. You got hard because of the panties not because of me. To me you have a useless little dick. Plus you never have really satisfied me. You don’t deserve to fuck me or even touch me ever again. Today, the man I had sex with fucked me better than you ten times over. It’s by far the best sex I’ve ever had, and I told him he can have me anytime and anywhere, even right here in our house and in our marriage bed. And you know what? I’m in love with him. I told him he could move in with us, and he’s moving in here tomorrow. From now on, you’ll be staying in the spare bedroom with your beloved ‘research’ computer, and you can jerk off in there 24/7, but

you’ll be doing it wearing frilly panties and whatever else we tell you to wear while you’re within the house. By the way, Tyrone is my lover’s name. I think you probably know him. He played football in high school, and he went to New Hudson, the same school you did and at the same time.”

Gulp! “Tyrone! He was ah, a bully.”

“Oh, yeah? Well, he is sweetness personified to me. He said he remembered you too, called you a pasty-faced wimp. Said you were the water boy or a towel boy or something like that for the football team.”

“Not true. I was a volunteer; I helped clean the locker rooms.”

“Dah! Same thing, right? Anyway, tomorrow is Saturday; you and the kids can help Tyrone and his kids move his stuff in. He’s got two strapping young sons. He says they already have dicks almost as big as his. Maybe you can figure out how to keep those boys’ cocks drained. With you running around in panties all day, those randy black teenage boys will probably get ideas.

“Honey, you can’t be serious, that asshole and his sons moving in here!”

“Yes, I’m serious. And he’s not an asshole. If I told him you called him a name like that, I’m sure he’d flatten you.”

“I’m sorry, but...”

“But, nothing! After you help move them in, I’ll have Maxine over here tomorrow night to fix you up with panties, Tyrone and his sons probably would enjoy seeing that.”

“Gloria, please, please, please, don’t do this!”

“Do you want a divorce, instead?”

“No, honey!”

“I printed out of a few of those pictures off that Internet site. I think the judge would like to see them.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“I don’t want to because divorce would have a major disaster for my life and the kids too. I’m sure both of us don’t want it. So, Tyrone and his boys are moving in tomorrow, and it’s panties for you, panties 24/7. If I ever catch you not wearing panties ... well, Tyrone said he’d enforce that ... I didn’t ask him how, but I have no doubt he could make you do anything he pleased.”

“But the panties? What about our kids? They’d find out.”

“Yeah, so what? Jan will be cool with it, I’m sure. And as for Jack, well, he’ll just have to get used to it. He’s got a little dick like you too – like father, like son, I guess ... and like you, you’re





not much of a man, and he's not much of a boy. Tyrone says putting him in panties too might be the best thing that ever happened to the kid ..."

"Our son! You're kidding!"

"No, Jeffie-boy, I'm not kidding. He's a kid, almost girlishly cute; he'll look super in lacy panties, maybe dresses too."

"But it might affect him, make him queer or something."

"Make him queer? Have you looked at our son lately? He's no Superboy, or haven't you noticed? Look at the boys he hangs around with, a bunch of wimps and nerds, and I'm sure the lot of them are headed to be fags. Alvin and Mark already squeal like girls every time they react to anything, and Casey swishes around like he's got panties on under his clothes already. So keep these panties on until Maxine gets here tomorrow. Cuddle up with your Internet Lolitas and jack off in your panties if you want – that should make you happy -- but if you cum, I want you to cum in the panties because from now on that's the only way you'll cum – in panties."

Maxine says training you to panties and having you cum in them will go along way to helping you accept your new lifestyle. So cum all you want, but just make sure you always cum in your panties, understand? I want you to do it. And after you cum, why don't you lick your cum out of them. Maxine says that would be good training for you too. After you dirty your panties, you can get a pair of my panties out of my lingerie drawer and wear them until we get you all stocked up tomorrow night. Don't worry about the kids. I love them above all things and would never do anything to hurt them. This will be good for them, I'm sure. And as for Jack wearing panties and being queer, remember last March when those boys beat up Mark and him? Remember why they beat them up? They said they caught the two of them tongue kissing behind the drugstore. Or did you forget about that? No, Jack will be fine about wearing panties. In fact, when I call Maxine later, I'll tell her to bring a bunch of panties for him too. We might as well panty father and son at the same time."

"Gloria! You're crazy or joking! You can't do that?"

"Of course, I can, and I'm not joking here. The way I see it, you're the pervert here, and I'm just doing for you and for Jack what each of you wants anyway, even if one or the both of you don't even know it yet. Just think of it, a panty-wearing pantywaist father and son team. The two of you would be a big hit at one of our meetings. I'll tell both the kids about Tyrone and you wearing panties just before bedtime tonight. And I'll get a pair of Janice's panties and have her help me put Jack in panties before bed tonight. Want to come and watch? It'll be fun."

"I couldn't. I don't know how you could do that."

"Don't worry, Jack will be OK with it. Janice tells me she knows he's already getting into her panty drawer. Most teenage

boys can't resist. She says she finds her panties messed up all the time. You're not the one messing them up, are you?"

Jeffrey stared at her like she was from outer space.

"I didn't think so. And, of course, I'm not the one, so who else could it be, except Jack? Putting him in panties will be doing him a favor, believe me."

"Honey, I'm feeling so embarrassed. I never thought my life ... I don't want to lose you and the kids ..."

"You won't; we'll all be together forever ... at least as long as you keep on bringing home the dollars; so don't fuck it up and lose your job. It's already late. I told the kids to be home by six for dinner, and I haven't gotten anything ready for us to eat. So, when they get here, we'll just pack them up and go over to Mona Valli; some good pasta sounds great to me; I'm famished."

"Can I take these off, first?" he pointed to the panties.

"NO! You're in ladies' panties every hour of every day from now on or you're going to be in a lot of trouble. Tyrone will expect to see you in sexy panties all the time. I don't think you want to fuck with him. Some of the remales – that's what we call out big manly male lovers at the club -- well some of the remales make wimpy, panty-wearing husbands suck their cock and do other really bad things to them anytime those pantywaist husbands get out of line. So let me give Tyrone a good report when he shows up tomorrow, and just put your shorts back on over your new panties and you're ready."

"If I have to, but I don't want to. This is crazy. I'll only do it because I love you. Honey, there must be a better way. Leave it to me. I can figure out a way to make everything up to you."

"You've lost your voice in this house. Now, I'm the prime decision-maker, and you're the pantywaist husband, and I don't expect you to ever try to go above your station. Got it?"

Jeffrey nodded.

"OK, I think we're making a lot of progress. After dinner, you better get done going over those surveys quickly and keep yourself away from the porn on your computer for one night; you're going to need your sleep. You have a busy day tomorrow."

Just then the kids came in the door. Gloria went downstairs to meet them.

"Hi, kids, your dad and I will be ready in a minute. We're all going out to Mona Valli to eat, and then we're going to do some fun things when we get back home."

Wei E.

The Cuckold Racket Club Chapter, Preston

