

# Princess Extra!

**FEATURING:**  
The Pantywaist Weakly  
The Demale Society  
and much more!

**#13**  
**July 2009**

**Special Issue:**  
**Panty Insanity!**

"If you insist upon wearing your hair long like a girl, you'll wear panties like a girl too!"

"Oh, my gosh, I put you in panties and you get a hard-on! Damn! You are a fag sissy, aren't you?"

*Adults Only*

From our Internet website, these are photos, drawings, letters, stories, articles and other items of interest for the fantasy fulfillment of adult sissies. Items range from "G" to "X" rated and include crossdressing, humiliation and both straight and forced gay themes.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N



Photos from  
*The Pantywaist Weekly*

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# The Pantywaist Weekly

All the news you need to be panty wasted

Published weakly, never weekly!  
Published only when we find the  
time after raiding clotheslines,  
dressing up and jerking off!

Vol 7 No 7  
July 2009

## HEALTH

## LIFESTYLE

## HEADLINES



How does a boy get hooked on panties to the point that he can't live without them? Most likely he sees his sister's or mother's panties and is attracted by their pretty colors and silkiness. His curiosity leads to rubbing them on his penis and then trying them on as he discovers how great it is to jack off through panty nylon. A boy who cums by rubbing himself off in silky panties will be a crazed panty lover for life!



We always think of boys when we think of panty fetishists, but many girls and women are hooked on panties too! Some of these gals own hundreds of pairs of panties and instead of going out with guys, what they like best is to put on silky panties and spend hours teasing themselves through their panties, masturbating themselves to repeated orgasms. And many boys report that they became hooked on panties and got the idea to jack off while wearing panties after seeing how much fun their sister had while playing with herself in her panties.



The survey results we already knew: A mothers who has feminized her son and hooked him on panties and dresses at an early age, on average, increases his IQ by 12%!

## Why are today's panty fetishists so attracted to old-fashioned panties?

*And why don't more females know the magic power old-fashioned panties have to attract men and boys?*

Laddie Falls, CA: Styles of clothing come and go, yet some items of female clothing will always be around because they are classics that make females look sexy. Items like mini skirts, cancan petticoats, and lacy full slips are just a few of such items.



And 1950's brief-style panties, especially silky panties with lace and frills in pretty colors, are still popular today; however, while most females do not wear these panties, panty fetishists are greatly attracted to them for a variety of reasons: 1) they are the style of panties in fashion when they originally developed their panty fetish; 2) and they are exceedingly pretty and hide more of the female body than today's panties and therefore create more mystery as well as perfectly outline the classic female figure -- her narrow waist, round bottom and wide thighs. But the best reason is because they have enough playing room in them for a male to have a good wank that they can't do with a too-tiny-to-hold them bikini or thong.

Survey: Why do boys become panty fetishists? Because panties ...  
Are silky and feel good to wear - 4% Make them feel girlie - 6%  
Remind them of their first panty cum - 21% All of the above - 69%

## OTHER HEADLINES IN THE NEWS

*It is not unusual for a male to be literally driven insane for panties and do things he would never otherwise do!*

The more a boy is attracted to panties the more feminine he will become even if he tries to hide it with a macho attitude!

Once a boy realizes he is hopelessly hooked on panties, he is stunned to realize he can't enjoy sex without them!

Men who are dominant in the business world are often sissified little panty slaves in private!

Bullies who tease and beat sissies are usually homophobes and doubt their own masculinity

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Photo from  
*The Pantywaist Weekly*



## Crazy About Panties: Brought Up in a Beauty Shop - Part 1

*Excerpt from our publications "Princess Online" #2 & #3*

My earliest memories of my sissy feelings and of wearing panties are when I was seven years old. Since my mother owned a beauty shop and we lived alone, she would have me come to the shop after school every day rather than going home to an empty house. She was very protective of me and enjoyed treating me almost more like a daughter than a son and loved enhancing my already girlish features and teaching me feminine mannerisms. She made me spend all my spare time, even Saturdays, with her at the shop when most boys my age were out playing football or some other male pastime.

I can remember many of the ladies at the beauty shop telling me that I was too pretty to be a boy and mother would always chime in to say that I was a not a typical boy, but a sissy boy (like it was something to be proud of!) and that I was going to be even prettier as I grew older.

Mother always kept my hair curled with the most feminine cut she could get away with and still have me pass as a boy at school. People who did not know me often thought I was a girl in boys' clothing, and that pleased mother to no end.

Mom said that when my dad still lived with us, I was always afraid of him. She said, I'd shy away from him and tremble if he just looked at me with his mean stare. He criticized her for always playing with my hair and treating me like a girl. He never called me by name. Instead, he'd call me "sissy" or "nancy boy," his two favorite terms for me. At the time, I'm sure I didn't know what he meant by calling me those names, but Mom said I knew enough to realize he was showing his disgust toward both of us. My dad really got angry during my toilet training with me in their bed every night because she'd tell him "no sex" with me there. Eventually, Dad couldn't handle it anymore and got the hell out of there. My first pair of panties was soon to follow.

With Dad gone, I must have been greatly relieved and sensed the reduce tension in our house because Mom said I became toilet trained soon after. Since I was remaining dry most of the time, Mom announced that I was a "big boy" and it was time to get me some regular underwear. She took me to Carol Cane's, one of the best children's stores in Houston back in the 60s and 70s. Once inside the store, Mom told one of the salesladies that she needed underwear for me because I was graduating out of diapers. The lady asked if she wanted some intermediate training panties or regular underwear. Mom said, "Grownup underwear."

With my flock of curls, the woman must have assumed I was a little girl even though I was dressed in my typical outfit of boys' shorts and a T-shirt. She stepped over to a bin about five

feet away, pulled out a pair of lacy baby blue rhumba panties and announced that they were having a sale on them. Mom broke out into laughter as the woman held up the panties and flipped them over, putting one hand inside the panties and spreading them out over her opened fingers. With her other hand, she kept fluffing up the multiple rows of white butt lace and then pointed out the pretty little bow. "Aren't these just the most adorable panties you've ever seen? The little girls who come in here just go crazy over them," she cooed. "Such fine lace, and satiny bows, all so nice and very silky, quite special for a big girl to wear."

When Mom started to laugh uncontrollably, the clerk slowed her sales pitch and screwed up her face, probably wondering why Mom was reacting that way. Mom was in a droll mood. She wasn't going to let this opportunity for fun get away! She picked me up in her arms and brought me close to the clerk so I could see and touch the frilled panties. The woman smiled and pushed the soft little panties into my hands and went right back into her pitch. However, this time, gearing it more to my ears, the ears of a three-year-old. "O-o-o-o-o! Nice and silky panties, huh? I bet you can't wait to put them on, huh, sweetie?" she said as she urged me to hold them.

Mom says I touched the panties and seemed to enjoy the soft feel of the nylon as I let them squiggle through my fingers. When the saleslady said, "Wouldn't you like to wear these pretty panties like a big girl instead of stinky old diapers?"

Mom said I got a long look on my face almost like I was ready to cry and told the lady, "I'm a big boy now! I don't have stinky diapers!" The saleswoman screwed up her face and was apparently trying to digest what I had just said.

Thoroughly enjoying the moment, Mom broke out in wild laughter. The woman blurted out, "Oh, madam, I'm sorry! So sorry! I had no idea. I mean with the curly hair, and him being so sweet, and . . ."

Interrupting her apology, Mom said, "So what's the big deal?" as she pulled the panties completely out of the clerk's hands and put them into mine. "Do you want pretty panties like these, Patrick dear?" Mom asked stressing my christened boys' name, something she only did when she wanted to emphasize the fact that I was a boy. And she did it here to rub my boyhood into this woman's face.

I must have immediately loved the silky fabric because Mom said I hugged them close to me, started to suck my thumb and cuddled up to her in her arms. That was answer enough for Mom. "These will be fine," she said firmly to the astounded lady. "You said these were on sale. So how much are they?"

"Ah-ah . . . well, ah, yes, they're . . . ma'am, but, ah, are you sure you want, I mean these are panties for little girls not for boys, and . . ."

"Of course, I want them. See," she said pointing to me, "he loves them. I don't care if they're supposed to be for little girls, monkeys or Eskimos. He likes em so I'm going to buy him some. Now, what's the price?"

"Uh, well, sure, if you want them . . . They're, uh, regularly \$1.99, but now, \$1.79 a pair or three pair for \$4.95."

"Fine, I'll take two more pairs. Let's see . . . one of these nice yellow ones in addition to the light blue ones . . . and, oh yes, a pink pair! They are so pretty. Do you think these are the right size for him?"

Mom put me down on the floor and had me stand so I could be measured for size. The saleswoman, realizing she was selling girls' panties for a little boy to wear, was obviously embarrassed. Flushing bright red, she held the rhumba panties up against my little body as Mom urged me to stand still for the lady as she measured them against my hips. I'm sure the nervous lady had to be imaging how these fancy panties were going to look on me -- a boy!

That's the God's honest truth of how I first got into panties, and I've worn them everyday of my life since. Eventually my doctor, the neighbors and all the kids I went to school with knew I wore girls' panties. Even the milkman and the mailman found out! Mom didn't see a reason to keep it a secret from anyone. It made for many interesting moments while growing up, and even some very frightening occasions as I got older since many of the older boys who found out that I wore them couldn't handle it.

Anyway, back to when I was very young. I wore panties, but I never really wore very much in the way of other girls' clothes. You'd think it would have been a natural jump, but Mom didn't pretend that I was a girl or anything like that. It's just that I started wearing panties because Mom thought that's what I wanted at the time, and she saw no harm in it. We got into a habit pattern, and I've simply worn them ever since.

I know Mom loved the idea of me wearing panties. It was a big joke to her and a slam against masculinity. Moreover, it appealed to her naturally combative nature. She loved to verbally spar, even fight, with anyone and everyone. And when she was in one of her moods, she could get an argument started with a total stranger in no time at all by simply letting my lacy panties peek out a bit from the bottom edge of my shorts. For some people, the moment they discovered that I was a boy and wore girls' panties it goaded them into confronting my mother. But Mom relished a good fight. She was ready for them, and she delighted in annihilated them with her cavalier attitude and quick, vicious tongue. She'd say things like, "So the kid wears girls' panties! What's big fucking deal? He's my kid, and I'll raise him as I please!"

***To read more about Patrick and see many pictures of him in his girlie clothes, order Princess Online issues #2 and #3.***





## Boys Playing with Dolls

Many mothers think it is healthy for boys to play with dolls, but many men who had dolls in their childhood say they became interested in the little silky lacy panties their girl dolls wore underneath and that interest turned into a fetish for panties!

# Boy Panty Fanatic:

## My Weird Uncle & Auntie

When my father died in a boating accident, I was 14. My mother, sister and I moved from Delaware to Canada to save money by living with an Uncle Chaz (my mother's brother) who had been married just a year to a young wife. Soon after, my new Auntie Lil complained to my mother that I was a very rude and unruly and asked permission to discipline me. My mother agreed, so that night after supper Auntie brought me into her room and told me that she had decided to make me wear some of her panties for economy measures and to improve my attitude. Although I begged her not to make me wear them, she ignored my pleas and handed me a pair of pink and white panties with many frills and forced me to put them on. Imagine my shame going to school wearing colored lace panties under my pants. After a week I was found out and all the boys and girls at school knew about my girlie panties and called me a "sissy."

When I went home and complained to my Auntie about it, she laughed and said it was just the beginning. And when I came home two days later with a hole in my pants from the kids pulling on my trousers to see my panties, Auntie said it was the end. She ordered me to undress and keep only my panties on while she hid all my clothes and returned shortly bringing a snappy white training bra, nylons and garters, a slip and a pink dress. She forced me into these clothes and told me I was allowed to wear pants only to go to school. After this she introduced me to an apron and put me to work doing household chores. As a horny young teen, the nylon panties greatly excited me and I became addicted to masturbating in them. I would then throw them in the laundry, unconcerned about my cum stains on the panties. By then Auntie had supplied me with a whole stack of frilly panties, so I always had clean panties to change into.

Once Uncle Chaz complained to his wife that I was a boy and shouldn't be wearing girls' clothes, but just a stern look from her and he shut up and never again commented about how she made me dress. Uncle was a weird; one day, I did find him going through the laundry smelling and kissing my dirty cummy panties. I caught him doing that many times, I even snapped a picture of him making love to my dirty panties; he saw me take the picture and didn't even mind!

When my summer vacation from school came, Aunt Lil made me to wear girls' clothes every day all day long, sometimes in dresses and sometimes in sheer blouses that would reveal my lightly padded training bra and short skirts that would flip up and reveal the lacy edges of my white slips and pastel-colored panties. Auntie always wore slacks to humiliate me even more



by comparison. My sister didn't tease me too much, only a bit in private. I think she had been warned against it. My mother thought it was a good way to tame me down and had no problem with Auntie Lil making a sissy of me. Mother said as long as we lived in Auntie's house I had to obey her rules. What shame I felt when friends or relatives came to visit. I was never allowed out of my dresses and panties regardless of who was present, and if they asked why I was in dresses, I had to tell them that I was being punished for being a willful and undisciplined boy. For the following three years, whenever I was not in school, I was dressed in girls' clothes every night after school, every weekend and on holiday vacations. ♦





## Spanking Ritual: His Father was Made to Participate

Some people think petticoat punishment is a myth and never really takes place. I, for one, can tell you most emphatically it is NOT a myth. For a good part of my youth I lived with my father and Aunt Elly, and for some years my aunt had living with us Ethel, an old friend of hers, a nurse by profession. The two women were very close; in fact, in later life I learned they had a lesbian relationship going at the time. I was eight when they first decided my spankings be given to me while I was dressed in a girls' dress and panties. Perhaps, modesty was one reason since I could be punished with only the back of my dress raised. Certainly shame and humiliation were factors too. My Aunt Elly was a stern and formidable person, yet I remained very fond of her. She was a large, masculine lady, and despite the severe spankings I received and the shame of having to wear girls' clothes, I never wanted to run away or had thoughts of rebellion against my aunt or her nurse friend, who was not too different of a person from my aunt.

There was never any pretending I was a girl. There was never any pretense that I was anything but a boy in a dress even though I was taunted and ridiculed with the name of Marilyn and made to walk with a wiggle and act girlishly while in dresses. Whenever my father was around and I was in a dress

and needed corporal punishment, my aunt liked him to give me my spanking. He at least pretended he didn't like me in girls' clothes, and he showed his contempt for me with scowls on his face and cutting comments, like calling me "a little sissy" and "a pantywaist." But he also went along with my girlish persona as he treated me like a sweet little girl who had been naughty, telling me, "Pretty girls like you should know better than to act like nasty dirty little boys, and when you do, I have no choice but to do my duty and pull up your pretty dress and pull down your silk and lace panties and give you a good spanking."

At these times, my father handled me gently and did not spank me very hard, compared to when he spanked me while I was in boys' clothes. I remember how his hands would shake as he'd slowly raise my full-skirted old fashioned party dress and tiers of lace-edged slips and then gently ease down my soft nylon panties, which were usually pink with much lace and satin bows my aunt had sewn on to further humble me. If I wiggled a lot on his lap, I could feel a big bump grow in his pants. At the time, I didn't know it was his cock getting hard. After my spankings, father always spent a long time in the bathroom. Now I realize he was probably masturbating. My aunt and the nurse, I'm sure were fully aware of the effect my girlie dress had upon him because after he spanked me, they would tell him with a giggle, "Nathan, go to the bathroom, take a shower and cool off. We'll now take care of this little sissy boy of yours."

My aunt, nurse Ethel and two or three ladies who occasionally visited would treat me as 'Marilyn' all afternoon during my punishment periods awaiting my father to come home from working at the bakery before I inevitably suffered the shame of being spanked by him for their entertainment. They made such sport of dressing me in my girlie clothes, commenting about every item of clothing and accessory they put on me as they taunted me during the time leading up to my punishment.

However, from age six to twelve (when these punishments mysteriously ended), the routine was always the same, and oddly enough, the older I became, the less I would shiver with shame and the more I came to accept how they treated me, even though I never came to enjoy it as I understand some who have been petticoat punished. Wearing girls' clothes and being spanked was no fun, believe me. My humiliation was real and seemed to be never ending when I had to spend the day as their sissy awaiting my father to come home and disgrace me by having him treat me like a little girl before spanking me. The result: This training has instilled in me an intrigue for stern, masculine types of women such as my aunt and her nurse friend and left me desiring punishment at the hands of such women. And I now wear fancy panties 24/7, ready and hoping to meet such a woman who will do it! ♦



## Panty Love Unlimited: She Understood My Need

Boys don't know what great fun it is to wear girls' panties unless they have done it. With the taboo males have created about wearing girls' clothes, it takes courage for a boy to first put on a pair of panties. My first time was when I was fourteen. I'd seen a girl in school bending over and showing the tight fit of her yellow panties with white lace. Well, I was an only child in my family. I'd seen my mother's panties, but only in the drawer. Seeing them on this girl really excited me. That night I was home alone, so I tried a pair of my mother's nylon panties on. They were plain white, but they really felt good. I paraded around the house with just the panties on all evening. I even wore them to bed that night. I must have had a wet dream, because the next morning, they were all stiff and still a little damp. I didn't dare put them back. I did wash them, but they were still stained and pulled out of shape, so I kept them and kept wearing them to bed each night. Then one day I wore them to school under my clothes. It was just great knowing I was wearing the same underpanties as the girls. Over time I stole several pairs of my mother's white panties to play with and wear at every opportunity, but I did sincerely want some pretty colored panties with lace on them.

My opportunity came when my family and I were staying with some friends one weekend and they had a girl who was seventeen. I was in the house alone when I snuck into her room and was looking through her drawers. I'll never forget all the pretty things she had. She had slips, girdles, garter

belts, nylon stockings, lacy bras in all colors, and a ton of nice silky panties, most with frills on them and in every color too. It really gave me a hard on just looking at them and touching them. I wanted to try them on but didn't dare. I was going to go just when she walked into her room and caught me. The drawer containing her panties was still open and she wanted to know what I was doing. I don't know why, but I just told her I'd been looking at her panties and lingerie. I explained I didn't have a sister and was just curious. She didn't get angry. In fact, she asked me with a big smile, "Do you want to try on some of my panties?" I couldn't speak and just nodded 'yes.' She then came over to me and pulled down my pants. When she saw I had on a pair of white panties, it really turned her on. She asked whose panties they were, and I told her they were my mothers.' She laughed because they were a little big

on me. She then snapped the elastic waistband and made me jump as she asked me if I they excited me because I had a hard on. She felt it through the panties for a minute and said, "Is that all the bigger it gets?" In her hand my penis ached it was so hard. I nodded. "If that's all you have, you should wear panties all the time. Most girls aren't interested in boys with a little thing like this! You're lucky I found you out. I like boys with little dicks, not as a boyfriend, of course, but a sissy boy friend to do things with like sisters." Then she said, "I'm really going to dress you up. She went to her dresser drawer, took something out and then turned around and said, "We are just about the same shape, all but for the breasts and I can fix that with my bra and these falsies I've got.

She shocked me when she took off her blouse, unhooked her bra, came over and put it on me. She then put the falsies in place, and then put her blouse on me. I looked nice when I saw myself in her mirror. Then she got out of her skirt and took off her nylons and garter belt. She was now bare breasted and just dressed in fancy lavender nylon panties with black lace on them. She then put the garter belt around me and hooked it. She then helped me put on the nylons. While she was doing this, I could see something through her panties. She saw me staring and asked if I wanted to wear her fancy panties too instead of my mother's plain white panties. I nodded and drooled in anticipation. She laughed at me as she then she took off her panties. Underneath she had on a sanitary belt holding her Kotex in place. She could tell I was looking at it. She said; yes, you'll be wearing it too, or else I'll tell on you. She unhooked the Kotex from the belt. She then pulled the belt around me, slid it under the garter belt and then hooked the Kotex in back. She pulled the sanitary belt around me and was pulling it up between my legs when I



shot my sperm on the pad and all over her body. Well, she laughed hysterically and then rubbed her hand in my cum and smeared it all over my face, making sure she got some up my nose and in my mouth. Then she put her panties on me. She just sat back and looked at me. She said, "Your soft little penis still makes a funny bump and just doesn't look right in a pair of panties, so she put her skirt on me and had me parade around. She really liked taking charge of me like that. She then lay on the bed and started masturbating while watching me walk around. She rolled around, shook and screamed herself to three orgasms. Then we both got dressed in our own clothes, but she let me keep on her lavender and lacy black panties. She then asked me my favorite panty color, and I told her pink, so she got me a pair of her pink panties and put them and my mother's white panties in a little bag for me to take home. She didn't let me wipe the cum off my face that had by then dried on my cheeks and lips.

Well, I always had all the money I wanted, and I wanted to buy my own panties and lingerie but didn't have the nerve, so when I told her I wanted to buy some lingerie of my own and asked if she would help me, she said OK and we went shopping. She bought me two bras, a white training bra one and a pink padded bra, a pink half-slip, a pink satin garter belt, two pairs of nylons, one pair beige and one black, and five pairs of the laciest panties we could find in assorted pastel colors. One pair white with pink lace, one pair pink with red lace, one pair purple with white bows, one pair yellow with lace inserts on the sides, and one pair light blue with the sheerest pink and pale green lace decoration. She then bought me a little girls' style party dress that I could just squeeze into and a pair of falsies. The saleslady taking care of us enjoyed the whole episode. Maggie told her we were buying all these things for a costume party, but I don't know if she believed us, especially since I was buying five pairs of panties! As she drove us back to her house, we passed a drugstore and she said I needed one more thing. I waited in the car as she went in and bought me a sanitary belt, a white satin and elastic one and a box of Kotex pads. She came out and said, "You want to wear Kotex pads like a real girl, don't you?" I said, "Yes!" enthusiastically and took them from her. When we got back to her place, we put everything in my suitcase because I was going home that night. She then said, "There's one thing you have not tried." Then she had me lie on her bed on my stomach. She went to her drawer and came back with a Tampax. She explained what it was and then pulled down her lavender panties that I was still wearing and rammed the Tampax up my ass. It felt weird but somewhat nice in me. She held up a half of a box of them and asked if I wanted them. I said, "I sure do," and took them. I still had traces of my cum on my face when both our parents came home from the

Canasta party they were at. Then when we were leaving Maggie gave me a big kiss and licked some of the dried-on cum off my face. As she gave me a big hug, she reached down the back of my jeans, grabbed hold of the black elastic on her lavender panties and gave it a loud snap against my back that made me lurch in her arms. I was sure everyone could hear it! They looked around in wonder. Thanks goodness they didn't know what the sound was or where it had come from.

At home that night, I wore her pink panties, sanitary belt, Kotex, the Tampax that was still in my ass, and my new pink padded bra to bed. The next day at school I kept on the sanitary belt and Kotex, but not the Tampax. The sanitary belt could easily be seen under the panties, so thank goodness all was well covered with my boys' clothes. I was known by everyone as a sissy but I didn't care what they thought of me. So that's how I dressed almost every day while at school. Then in my sophomore year, a group of seniors decided to depants me in front of a bunch of girls. Well, you should have seen the shock every one of them got when they saw my pink panties with my Kotex pad underneath! Well, there is nothing like wearing panties, bras, garter belts and nylons. Every boy should try it. Sometimes I go to the park and sit next to little boys and encourage them to go home and try on their sisters and mothers' panties and other lingerie. ♦



Photo from  
*The Pantywaist Weekly*

# Happiness is ... Humiliation is ...

*(You Pick it!)*

*If you enjoy this excerpt and want more, order our publication "Happiness Is... #1"*

Back in the 1980s, a popular way to state one's hopes and dreams was to complete the sentence "Happiness is ..." These sayings caught on quickly and for quite a while, wherever you went, you'd see placards and bumper stickers and hear people stating their favorite "Happiness is ..." saying. They'd say things like "Happiness is a day off work." "Happiness is going fishing." "Happiness is having a wife without a mother-in-law" etc.

We did a twist on that old cliché and made up a number of sayings that finish out the "Happiness is" sentence. But we went a bit further, since for many crossdressers, true happiness is humiliation, we wrote

these little quips so they'd fit either the introductory phrase "Happiness is ..." or "Humiliation is ..." -- depending upon what turns you on.

For example, for the first entry you can say "Happiness is ... being forced to wear your mother's panties every day for the rest of your life." Or if you are so inclined, you can read the sentence as "Humiliation is ... being forced to wear your mother's panties every day for the rest of your life."

So with that in mind, we'll leave it up to you to start out each of these mini stories or sentences by saying, "Happiness is ..." or "Humiliation is ...!"



**Humiliation is being forced to spunk your panties while your wife and her lover watch, laugh and call you names!**



# The Demale Society: Training Their Boy to Be Like His Sissified Daddy

Note: The Demale Society has a wide ranging membership. Any individual member's lifestyle is never called into question. The only requirement for a good member is to be fully in support of the Society's goals in pursuit of female supremacy. Many members do not agree with other members' methods or training practices, but the Demale Society's Central Committee is only interested in results and does not concern itself with any individual's lifestyle, training methods or motivations. Each member is responsible for her own actions, and when a person's testimonial is presented, it is only for the enlightenment of other members and without any official endorsement. These stories are just a detailing of what some members are doing. In the following testimonial, the training methods used by this woman and her daughter may surprise or shock other members. We simply report it here as an example of the things this particular mother-daughter team decided to do.

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I know it's better that my husband and son learned their proper place in life from me rather than from some uncaring female who would take advantage of them. Yes, turning them into sissy sluts in full service to me, my daughter, and -- in my son's case -- now his wife is using them selfishly to our advantage, but we do it with love. The humiliation they suffer they have learned to enjoy. We know that even if they still complain that we are too hard on them, but we can tell we are right because the more we dominate him, the more sexually aroused they become. While some people may think it's weird the way my husband and son prance around in dresses and panties while doing what some may consider disgusting things as they are physically and mentally abused, they accept it as the natural order of things. My son not only accepts his wife's natural superiority, he still loves serving me and his sister. In addition to his normal household chores, his wife graciously allows us to still use him for house cleaning and menial tasks. Also we still indulge in the physical beatings we loved so much during his youth. In fact I pride myself on my ability to still beat him up in a fair fight although he now outweighs me by 70 pounds, but I am jumping ahead of myself. Let me first introduce myself and my family and tell you our story.

I am a lifelong practitioner of female superiority. Since I was a child, I loved overpowering and beating up males. In high school I was the first girl to compete on our wrestling team

and the first ever in State history to win a State title. I was also one of the few individuals to ever be disqualified from competition for excessive brutality. Winning was never enough for me, I sought to seriously hurt my opponent and humiliate him, and in one match I went a bit too far and broke my opponent's collar bone with an illegal flip. In college and later years, when I could no longer compete in wrestling, I had to satisfy myself with beating up men in the occasional unauthorized wrestling, karate, or boxing match or better yet a fight that I was able to provoke at a party, social gathering, or on a date.

No, I am not a butch dyke who hates males. Most people tell me I have the figure and face to be a super model. However, I workout daily and have fine tuned my muscles for strength without making them bulge out like a geeky bodybuilder. Throughout my life I have honed my fighting skills and am proficient in wrestling, karate and boxing. My attractiveness causes many males to underestimate me and relax when we first tussle but they quickly and painfully learn how physically dominant I can be. My femininity makes the humiliation of losing to me most unbearable for many guys. A favorite tactic of mine after beating a man into submission is to either sit on his chest or to stand above him, resting my foot on his face or testicles, while I carefully adjust my makeup or fluff my hair like a helpless bimbo. After a particularly good fight, I also enjoy pinning their arms underneath my legs, crushing their heads between my thighs, while tweaking their nose, twisting their ears, and taunting them with verbal humiliation.

Beating men up was enough to please me for a few years. Seeing their blood, watching them suffer, and on occasion making them cry was a real turn-on. By my later years in college, though, I sought something more. I achieved this with Henry, my first real slave. Henry was silly enough to not only challenge me to a fight during a date, but he was so cocksure of himself, he said if he lost he would be my servant for the weekend. I beat him handily, and when he tried to back out of his promise to be my servant, I beat him up some more. In order to teach him a real lesson, I also made him strip and told him he would remain naked the whole weekend. I subsequently used him and abused him beyond his wildest imagination. He catered to me, cleaned my apartment until it was spotless, cooked for me, washed dishes, and even gave me baths. I loved every moment of it and was instantly hooked on having men serve me for the rest of my life.

Henry also brought out even more of my sadistic side and taught me how much fun it is to punish males like children. It started unexpectedly when he began balking at the increasing demands I was placing upon him as a servant. On impulse, I dragged him over my knee and started giving him a bare hand spanking. As I spanked him and saw his ass change colors, I became sexually excited and lost control. I began spanking him harder and more rapidly and could not stop myself until I had completely expended all my energy. By that time, Henry's ass was swollen and bruised unmercifully and he was

blubbing like a baby. We had now firmly defined our relationship and Henry never again challenged my authority that weekend. However, for poor Henry, I had now also found new ways to reach ecstasy. For the rest of that weekend everything poor Henry did was wrong, and I beat him with belts and hairbrushes; I pummeled him with my hands and feet, and I humiliated him to the limit. By the end of that weekend Henry belonged to me, body and soul, and I never did housework again. He moved in and became my slave.

The next major turning point of my life was Bruce, but before then, the remainder of my college years was spent with various men who did everything I commanded, but I still had a penchant for watching men cry, blubber, and grovel in fear. Bruce taught me how to take my belief in female domination to its ultimate. Until Bruce, I still indulged in normal sexual relations with my male slaves, albeit I commanded when and how they would satisfy me. Their penises belonged to me and I used them for my pleasure. Quite often we would fuck until their penises were rubbed raw or they were no longer able to perform, but they dared not complain. Typically I was on top and frequently punctuated our sex with a steady staccato of slaps to their face, rising to a crescendo as I reached orgasm. I never wanted them to forget who was in charge and by punishing them as we fucked I made sure sex was not a treat for my slaves. Poor unfortunate Bruce, however, was my first male victim to really be abused by me, but the dumb fuck brought it upon himself.

Bruce was my first boyfriend after college. By then I had vowed to cutback on my extracurricular activities and wanted to establish a normal relationship with a man. At 6'2" tall and 190 lbs, Bruce seemed to be a real man who could at least be someone I could respect as opposed to the sniveling slobs I had so easily dominated. However, he blew it, and in so doing, taught me that being on top, ruling men was my true calling. I seriously tried going straight on our first few dates with Bruce, but then his pig ugly male nature surfaced and both of us would never be the same again. We had gone back to my apartment after a date when he made the mistake of pulling out a huge dildo and saying he wanted to add a little spice to our lovemaking, he wanted me to suck it while he fucked me in the ass. His audacity sent me ballistic and I ordered him out of my apartment. Being the macho pig that he was, though, he refused, called me a bitch, slapped me and knocked me flat on my ass. The rest as they say is history.

I vowed never to let a man do that to me again, and to give Bruce a lesson he would never forget. Without ever taking off my high heels or getting out of my skin tight, sexy dress, I got up and proceeded to wipe the floor with that dumb asshole. He never knew what hit him and never so much as laid a hand on me as I beat the living shit out of him. Using every ounce of my strength, I punched him and pummeled him into submission. Wanting him to know he was outclassed, I never pursued my advantage or used any fancy judo flips to subdue him. I would knock him down with devastating punches, let

him get up, and knock him down again. I punished him unmercifully, I beat him until he was begging for mercy and crying for me to stop. However, I just dragged him to his feet and beat him some more. Finally, he tried crawling away from me and I started kicking him and verbally abusing his manhood. It was an unreal scene. Here was this strapping Goliath of a man crawling around the room, bawling like a baby, while a woman half his size prodded him with kicks to his ass and taunted him.

I finally pushed him against the wall, and while keeping him upright with one hand clenching his collar, I bitch slapped him until he was almost unconscious. By now he was offering no resistance and I could do anything I wanted to him. Without thinking, and acting instinctively, I let him drop to the floor in a crumpled heap and using my feet, prodded him, and placed him on his back. I then straddled his head and pissed on his face as he trembled in fear and utter humiliation. Letting him lie in my urine, fearfully wondering what I would do next, his eyes widened as I took the dildo he had brought with him, unstrapped his belt, pulled down his pants, flipped him over on his stomach, and as you have probably guessed, fucked him with his own dildo, over and over and over again until he passed out in pain, shame, and humiliation.

At the time I had a girlfriend who was a member of the Demale Society and we compared notes about dealing with males and getting our way with them. I thought it funny that she liked to make men and boys into girlie sissies but I didn't think that was for me until this moment when I decided to complete Bruce's transformation and make him my sissy whore. I hog-tied Bruce so he would not be able to escape and went out to do some shopping. By the time I was finished, I had bought my sissy whore a new wardrobe. I had not only bought a couple of beautiful dresses, but I also bought him some sexy lingerie, garish makeup, high heels, and earrings. When I returned I began Brucie's transformation. As you might have guessed I had to offer a little encouragement, but poor little Brucie eventually was shorn of all body hair and dressed like a French whore. At 6'2" and in high heels he towered over me, but after some severe spankings, some particularly excruciating cock and ball torture, and some additional fucking followed by him sucking the dildo clean, he was very accommodating and eager to please. My little Brucie was just adorable and oh so sexy and fuckable. My experience with him taught me that most any male including the most macho of them have a sissy living inside them that a smart woman can bring out into the light of day.

I had planned to keep Bruce around for just a few days, just for kicks, and to teach him a really good lesson but I realized I was a female dominant who could never give into a man and would never change. I needed a male slave in constant attendance to satisfy my sexual urges. Furthermore, I really enjoyed having a sissy whore serving me and having a virgin ass to fuck whenever I wanted, although by now his asshole was as big enough to accept a Mack truck and rubbed raw



from me constantly raping him. I don't know if Brucie liked being my whore as much as I loved abusing him, but who cares. All I know is that I proposed to Brucie and offered to make our arrangements permanent and he eagerly accepted. Of course he may not have been in a position to disagree because I proposed while he was sucking a dildo and I was humping his ass. Much later he admitted he was always in awe of females and enjoyed me being in charge of him. He admitted also that he had always put on a macho act because he thought that's what females wanted but was now content to serve instead of being served. We soon married and had children, giving us the opportunity to lovingly educate and indoctrinate our daughter and son into our lifestyle.

After having children, I decided to hide our true relationship from our children until they were old enough to understand it better. Accordingly, husband Brucie was allowed to don his male clothes around them and to go forth in the world as a man. However, in private he wore his female garb and I continued to beat and fuck him unmercifully. In public and around our children, I tried not to be too demanding and demeaning, but his subservience to me was clear. On occasion I slapped him and even abused him in public in front of the kids. They saw his never-ending bruises and knew I was in control and had caused them, though they didn't see him as my sissy whore or knew the extent of our relationship.

Our children were carbon copies of us. Karen our daughter was a beautiful girl who from her days as a toddler was sent to the gym and toughened up like her mom. I taught her all I knew, but warned her to keep her fighting abilities secret until she was older and the time was right. Richie our son was two years older and like his father grew into a strapping teenager. I had to hold myself back as I watched him develop a macho attitude towards his girlfriends and the world in general. He saw his father as an embarrassment because it was obvious who ruled in our household, but I let him develop his piggy ways knowing he would eventually learn life lessons from his sister. Richie seemed to be an outsider in our family from the very beginning while Karen and I developed close bonds and she quickly and easily learned that she could boss her dad and order him around. Richie even started giving his sister a hard time and it was all I could do to keep her from attacking him before we were ready to teach him how to be a meek little submissive like his daddy. During this time I became more heavily involved with the Demale Society and I realized I had needlessly put off my son's indoctrination and I had to start training him immediately because I was losing time as each day passed and he was taking on more of disgusting, traditional male ways.

With Richie now eleven and Karen thirteen, I was ready to teach Karen how to be a dominant woman and was planning Richie's soon-to-come rude awakening. With Karen I started with some frank discussions as I slowly revealed to her my experiences. I then swore her to secrecy and began revealing to her my true relationship with her father, most of which I

found out wasn't a complete surprise to her. As I mentioned previously his bruises and submissive behavior were there for all to see and she assumed I dominated him even more in private. I started slowly with Karen being allowed to give commands to her dad, while he responded as the slave he had become. Initially we played harmless games as she used him like a dog to play fetch and as a servant doing her chores. I then had her punish her dad for simple violations and she quickly went from face slapping, delivered with no reluctance whatsoever, to spankings and severe beatings with a belt, cane, and switches. My poor Brucie suffered extreme shame the first time he had to lower his trousers for her and she saw he was wearing fancy bloomer-style nylon panties with lace and ribbon decorations. It was a surprise to me as she admitted she had figured out years before that her daddy wore lacy ladies' panties. But now seeing him actually wearing panties caused her to laugh so hard, she could barely spank him. However, once she calmed herself, she paddled him vigorously, and in time, my husband actually dreaded her beatings as much as mine.

Eventually, just as with my own learning process, I finally introduced her to her daddy in full drag as Brucie the sissy whore. Initially the shock of seeing her dad as a girlie slut caught her off guard. After all, Karen was still just 13 years old, and although the pleasure of beating her dad up was something she related to, the implications of the role reversal was new to her. However, much like the physical beatings, she quickly adapted to using her dad as a whore. I still remember my motherly pride the first time she strapped on a dildo and fucked her dad in the ass like she had been doing it all her life. She measured her pelvic thrusts perfectly with Brucie's moans and without any encouragement from me rocked back and forth in perfect harmony with Brucie as he rhythmically pushed his ass back on her dildo begging for more. When he finally ejaculated as he learned to do from our many sessions together, Karen made him lick up his own cum and then made him suck clean the shit-stained dildo ass.

Although Karen was probably ready to teach her brother the facts of life, I convinced her to wait while she gained more experience with her father. For the next few months she made Brucie's life a living hell while she waited impatiently to kick the shit out of her brother. Throughout her childhood, I demanded that she eat only healthy foods and to exercise and do fight training daily. Conversely, I let Richie eat whatever he wanted including sweets and fatty foods and never encouraged him to exercise. I convinced Karen the advantage of a healthy lifestyle compared to her brother's unhealthy lifestyle would work to her advantage and she would be able to eventually overpower him. I knew she was ready to take on her brother after watching her take charge of her dad and control him without any additional instruction from me. She had practiced her punches, kicks, wrestling holds and flips on her poor old dad until she could beat her wimpy dad in a fair fight. When she became tired while beating him, she had dad wait on her like a personal maid. At night we double teamed

Brucie as we raped him and used him as our sex slave. I introduced her to having her pussy eaten and her asshole licked by her dad as I prepared her to introduce her brother to his new world and he would become her personal slave. Something Brucie was looking forward to as much as Karen because he was being pushed to the limit and he was hoping Karen would have someone other than him to abuse.

Finally, judgement day came when Karen turned fourteen. Our Richie was still 11 and becoming almost unbearable. The day began with the entire family at the breakfast table and Karen in a short dress, heels, and panties that peeked out from the edge of her miniskirt. As previously planned, I ordered my husband Brucie to get on his knees and kiss my feet, which he immediately did. Richie was astounded and sickened by this and called his dad a pussy-whipped jerk. He was even more dumbfounded when his sister ordered her dad to kiss her feet too. He quickly crawled over to her chair and complied. With her legs now spread and the crotch of her pink panties in full view, she had Richie's full attention. When she then grabbed her dad by his hair, pulled him up, locked his head between her thighs and draped her legs over his shoulders, Richie just about fell off his chair in amazement. As she bitch slapped her father, she called him a sorry excuse of a man and a lousy foot licker. With Richie looking on in bewilderment, Karen then released her leg scissors and stood up. She then pulled her dad to his feet and grabbing his shirt with one hand began pounding him with short, sharp punches to his face. As he tried to cover up, Karen kneed him in the stomach, bringing him to his knees. She then allowed him to crawl back between her legs. She inched up her short skirt and made her father bring her to three orgasms by sucking on her pussy through her nylon panties. Richie stared in disbelief, and once Karen was satisfied, she turned to her brother and ordered him to kiss her feet next.

He told her she was crazy and refused to do it. I calmly told Karen to teach her brother a lesson and beat the shit out of him. The next hour was a remarkable sight and a thing of beauty for a proud mother. Karen took her time tearing her brother apart piece by piece. It started with my dumb, foolish son strutting over to Karen and with macho bravado saying take your best shot. Rather than ending the fight with one punch, she calmly took his wrist and bent it back painfully using just her one hand. That brought him to his knees in pain. While holding his wrist back and keeping him immobilized, she gave him a hard slap to his face knocking him to the floor. She then taunted him to get up and fight, while moving her dress up on her thighs to give him a good look at her very girlish silken pink panties. She said she was going to make him wear those panties of hers unless he could beat her up.

It was then the mauling truly began. Karen easily sidestepped his first few feeble bull rushes by putting her leg out and using his own momentum to trip him up and throw him to the floor. He then approached her more slowly, but she just peppered his head with jabs and taunting slaps and easily avoided his

wild and looping punches. That infuriated him as Karen teased him repeatedly. But finally tiring from the lack of competition, she got serious and kicked him in the sides to weaken and punish him, punctuating the sequel with a drop kick to his solar plexus that flattened him and put him on the floor gasping for air. Allowing him time to recover, he finally got to his feet only to be flattened and knocked to the floor again by a series of punches to his midsection.

Karen continued to beat him slowly and deliberately for almost an hour, painting a beautiful mosaic of bruises all over Richie's body. Her punches brought welts and bruises to every square inch of his face, while her punches and kicks covered his body in a similar mass of colors. It was also evident each time he got up, he got up with less and less bravado, not believing his sister, who was 5 inches shorter and 20 lbs lighter than he was could be doing this to him. But her weight was all muscle and his was a flabby mass of baby fat that he had never shed due to his bad eating habits and his poor lifestyle devoid of any real exercise. To add to his humiliation she was wearing a dress, heels, and fancy panties as if going to a party and looked as fragile as a wallflower. I loved every moment of it, while her daddy, poor old Brucie, could only moan in sorrow as his son was being reduced to the same lowly state he already occupied. Karen gave no mercy and asked for no surrender, as she continued her assault. Richie eventually begged her to stop, but she ignored his whimpers.

When Richie couldn't get anymore, she picked him up and knocked him down again. When she tired of beating on him, she took off her shoes and rubbed her stockinged feet in his face to inflict as much humiliation as possible. Then she took off her panties and told him to put them on since she had won the fight, but when he refused, she kneeled over his face, opened his lips and pissed in his mouth that caused him to gag and beg to do whatever she wanted. Once she was finished pissing, she ripped his clothes off, threw them away, and pulled her pink panties up his legs. When he complained and called her a 'fucking bitch,' she smacked him down again, turned him over on his stomach, strapped on a dildo she had concealed by her chair and proceeded to fuck him in the ass. Richie could only yell in agony. When she tired of fucking him, she took off her dildo and left it in his ass. Then she told him to pull up HIS panties. With no fight left in him, he struggled to his feet and pulled them up. He cried in shame as he did. Richie actually shook with embarrassment as he worked the humiliating panties up his legs to cup his stupid little penis and balls and then pull them up in back over the base of the dildo still sticking out of his abused asshole. I did feel a bit sorry for him – just a tiny bit! So I had his daddy lower his trousers and show our dear son that he wore frilly panties too. Brucie cried – it was a great humiliation for him to show his only son he was a panty-wearing sissy and not just a henpecked husband and wimpy father. Richie was sobbing and whimpering inconsolably, and once he cried himself out and his tears and pouting slowed, Karen had regained her



breath and then calmly, but in a stern manner, explained to Richie his new role in our household as her sissy slave and plaything. In graphic detail she explained how she was going to make his life a living hell and how he was going to be transformed into her sissy whore and make him into a girlie-boy faggot. In horror, he crawled over to me and begged me to help him and protect him from his nasty sister. I merely stood up and pulled up my dress to reveal a huge dildo I had been wearing the entire time. Grabbing his hair, I pulled his face forward and roughly thrust my dildo in his mouth and said "Suck my cock, scumbag. You are about to learn what it means to be a fag male." Poor Richie's feminization and fag training then began in earnest. For the rest of that day, his sister and I took turns raping him and abusing him, without mercy.

As I look back now, during those early days in which Karen blossomed into a full blown dominant woman bring back fond memories and give rise to my motherly pride. She exceeded my expectations having taken the lessons she learned from months of working with me and -- to give my husband his due -- from the lessons she learned abusing her dad. My dear hubby suffered her early attempts at female domination like the true slave he had become. For example, Karen's at first was sometimes more excessively abusive than necessary and caused she caused him debilitating injuries much too quickly. She had to learn to take it more slowly so her victim could last longer and suffer more. One may say Brucie had no choice but to take it, and that is true, but he never flinched and never complained. Karen also had to learn the fine art of psychological emasculation and how to strip a male of his ego in the most devastating manner possible. Again, sometimes Karen erred on the side of excess, but she eventually learned patience and style, and by the time I unleashed her on her brother she had her father fearing her for her own abilities, rather than because of her status as my daughter.

After her initial pantying of her brother, she took over his training and I had very little to do other than enjoy the fruits of her labor. For example, that first morning after poor Richie's deflowering she already had him scared to death of her. I can still remember Richie kneeling at her feet in fear while she calmly ate her breakfast, waiting for the scraps she threw him, and eating them off the floor like the panty wearing little doggie he had become. For the rest of that day he followed her on his hands and knees everywhere she went, waiting for her commands and suffering her reprisals for every response that wasn't quick enough, eager enough, or good enough. She played mind games with him, at times having him playing dead and rolling over like a dog, to waiting on her like a lowly servant, cleaning house like a maid and finally to eating and drinking her piss and shit just for the fun of it. When his daddy showed up in full drag, Richie almost went berserk. His bitchy sister then drove him even further over the edge as she made the two of them masturbate each other in their panties, and once they both spurted their cum she made them exchange their sticky panties before

forcing them into the sixty-nine position so they could eat their own cum out of each other's panties. When finished, daddy and son came up with slime all over their faces and Karen was ready with her camera to record the historic fully pantied and sissy fag cum-faced daddy-son moment!

After bruising almost square inch of his body and face the previous day, her punishments that second day concentrated on his ass, asshole, cock and balls, consisting of spankings and penis whipping and slapping. These punishments were particularly painful because for most of the day he was forced to either masturbate endlessly, ejaculating over and over, and eating every last bit of cum after each ejaculation, or fucking himself with a dildo he either had in his ass or carried in his mouth like a dog bone. And whenever he refused an order, he had to suck off his daddy until his father spurted cum into his mouth. She did assure him that his dad's cum was all protein and good for him and would help him rebuild his strength. She also warned that if he didn't swallow it, he wouldn't get any dinner. As a result, his lips, penis and balls were rubbed painfully raw and his asshole was bleeding like a young virgin whore. By the end of his second day in hell, Richie was fully broken in every sense of the word.

However, we were not done with his initial indoctrination. That night and for most of the next day he was tied up and left in our bathtub to soak in our urine and shit as both Karen and I used him as our toilet. We even had his own father cum over him as we took turns fucking his daddy while he stood over and straddled Richie's thoroughly beaten body. This gave him time to think about his plight and for the reality and fear of his transformation to sink in. Every time I looked in on him, he was whimpering and trembling in horror and dread, begging to be let free. After considerable time to get his mind right, I freed him from his bondage and ordered him to shower thoroughly and to present himself to me for extensive training on how to be a proper young lady. Countering the cruelty shown him by his sister, I spent the next three days sweetly and lovingly training him like a mother trains a daughter. I kept him hidden from his sister as I taught him how to dress like a dainty little girl, how to apply his own makeup, how to walk and sit like a saucy lady, how to be girlie in every way, including how he had to begin thinking like he was now a girl.

When I next presented him to his little sister, poor Richie was for all practical purposes a castrated girlie-boy without any male self-esteem. While it is hard to say I felt motherly pride, like I felt in Karen's case, because after all he was a boy, I did feel a sense of satisfaction that I had properly indoctrinated and transformed him into a sissy whore befitting his lowly new status. As he cowered and flinched each time Karen raised her voice or raised her hand, my heart fluttered in joy. Richie was a boy no more. I loved him for what he was now as I looked forward to having another male in the house to use and abuse. As my sissified young man walked daintily in his high heels, curtsied when given orders, and did all he could to please me and Karen, I could only admire my handiwork.

Richie's education would painfully continue, but after his initial indoctrination he offered little resistance and readily adapted to his new role. Like his dad we let him go outside the house in male clothes and attend school, but at home he left his male clothes at the front door and became Edwina. One of his first lessons was to learn that not only his big sister, but his mom too could kick his ass in a fair fight. After he had time to recover from his sister's vicious beating, I challenged him to the first of what would be a continuing series of boxing matches to demonstrate that I could easily handle him too if he ever had the desire to go against me. By now I had beaten his father so many times in fights it wasn't fun anymore and I was looking for new meat. Accordingly, we put on the gloves and duked it out. At first he was so intimidated and cowed by his transformation that he was afraid to throw a punch, but he finally was willing to mix it up, and for an old broad I must say I surprised even myself. If we were keeping score it would have been a shutout. I beat him masterfully and brutally. By the time we finished I had given him a black eye and multiple welts that covered his face, while I had no marks at all. Unfortunately, for poor Richie, his sister was not to be outdone and after giving him time to recover she gave him an even worse beating that sent him to bed bandaged and bruised for two days.

In fact, Karen and I were becoming so competitive, that we strove to outdo each other in our treatment of Brucie and Richie. If I could get Richie to cry after five minutes of whippings, Karen would try to get him to cry after four minutes. If I pissed on Brucie to degrade him and make a point, Karen would shit on his face and make him eat it. We even conducted competitions. For example, we would spank Brucie and Richie simultaneously and see who could raise more welts and produce more colorful bruises. I must admit Karen usually won. She was exceedingly strong and actually becoming even more demanding and sadistic than I am, and poor little Richie suffered for it. He never had a free moment at home; he washed her clothes by hand, polished her finger nails and toe nails, gave her baths, gave her massages, shined her shoes, and was constantly at her service. If not performing chores, or being beaten, he was kneeling by her side kissing her feet, eating her pussy, or licking her asshole clean. Karen even started using him as a toilet rather than going to the bathroom. If she had to urinate while watching TV, she merely pissed in his mouth and he drank it up quickly and without complaint. Her shit he learned to gobble up like it was the first meal for a starving man.

Over time Karen became bored with just having her brother and father to torment. She needed more males to pound and abuse, and who better to provide it than her hapless brother. Richie was then ordered to bring friends home as prey and victims for her insatiable desire. These boys tempted with having sex with Karen but then victimized and blackmailed by her were too embarrassed and ashamed to tell others how they were beaten up and humiliated by a mere girl much

smaller than they were, as Karen particularly loved the athletic jocks who towered over her. Consequently, these private escapades continued for several months without anyone, but the poor boys who suffered her wrath, being the wiser. In fact, it was common for me to come home and find a bruised and battered young stud wearing a bra and nylon panties and being ridden around the living room like a pony or kneeling between Karen's legs feverishly bringing her to orgasm with his tongue. Richie typically stood by in a little girls' party dress ready to suck or be sucked by the pantied boys or fuck and be fucked by them as his sister ordered.

The ultimate was the time I came home to find her with three panty-wearing young studs at the ready, each with black eyes, bloody faces, and tears flowing down their faces, as they kneeled in front of Karen, head to the ground, bruised asses up in the air, with dildos from their butts making a bulge in the back of their pink panties. These boys she had previously beaten up one-on-one and threatened with exposure unless they returned for this special session of making the boys have gay sex with each other. As I entered, Richie was lying on his back underneath the boys getting them ready as he sucked the cock of one through the boy's panties, bringing him just short of orgasm before crawling to the next boy to suck his pantied cock. I had purposely stayed away from fucking with these young boys and had left Karen to her fun and games, but the situation presented to me could not be ignored. As I was to discover, Karen ordered the boys over as a birthday present for me. In fact, the boys were staying the weekend and we were to share them in a weekend orgy of sex and punishment.

We took turns beating them and fucking them for the next two days and had them wearing training bras and sexy lace nylon panties the whole time. We used our dildos on their virgin asses and used their penises for our pleasure. Please note I did not say fuck us, because although their penises entered our vaginas we were in charge and on top. Also, I doubt they enjoyed it much, as we beat them about the face with our fists as we gyrated on their upright, rock hard cocks. Additionally, we had them fuck and suck each other just for the fun and sheer humiliation of it. In between they walked around in their shameful pink panties with their dicks painfully abused and their balls frequently squeezed unmercifully. They waited on us as we gave them no rest or respite. By Sunday night, they could barely walk out the door and their faces and bodies were a mass of welts, bruises, and ugly colors. They decided to tell their parents they were beaten and raped by a group of motorcycle gang members, rather than be humiliated by saying a slight woman and a little girl had tortured them so cruelly. Shortly thereafter, they all transferred to a different school to escape the scornful gaze of their classmates.

During this time, Richie's old friends began to wonder what was happening and his girlfriend started calling to see why he was no longer seeing her. This led to me simply asking her to come over and see what was happening to her boyfriend. When she arrived I provided no explanations or advance





warnings, but merely took her to Karen's room where Richie was being given a spanking for a minor indiscretion. Seeing Richie in bra and white satin panties, draped over his sister's lap, as she spanked him with a hairbrush until blood stained the back of his shiny white panties obviously shocked his old girlfriend immensely. I then explained to her our new living arrangements and offered her an opportunity to punish Richie for any real or perceived past transgressions. At first she refused, but at Karen's urging Richie was commanded to crawl over to his girlfriend's feet, kiss them, beg her for forgiveness, and plea to be slapped in the face. Although Richie was horror stricken by being seen by his girlfriend in his current predicament, he was by now too emasculated to protest or refuse. However, Karen did have to kick him in the ass a few times to provide encouragement.

Red-faced and utterly humiliated, Richie crawled over and began kissing his former girlfriend's feet as commanded, interspersing his adoration with sincere pleas to be slapped. His girlfriend was initially sickened by this display and would have no part in slapping her fallen boyfriend. However, Karen and I encouraged her to at least try a few slaps and said if she wouldn't do it, we would. Richie's pleas to be slapped quickly became more heartfelt because he knew our slaps would be much worse. Finally, his girlfriend agreed to slap him and Richie raised his head to receive her blows. The first few blows were mere love taps, providing no pain whatsoever. Frustrated by her weakness, I stepped in and showed her how to really slap a sissy panty boy like Richie. I then gave poor Richie a blow that sent him reeling to the floor.

Richie quickly resumed a position on his knees, and all on his own and in a voice that made me proud said, "Please, slap me harder, your highness." His girlfriend, thus encouraged, then began to slap his face with a steady rhythm. As each blow landed, it was obvious she was now starting to enjoy herself and she started slapping poor Richie harder and harder. As his face got redder and redder, her blows got increasingly more powerful, and she started smiling in glee. Eventually, the blows ended and I suggested she punch him. She hesitated, but I said Richie would love it. In a defeated and beaten voice, Richie concurred. To make a long story, short. She not only punched him silly, we got her to spank him, whip him, and eventually, you guessed it, fuck him while wearing the one of our dildos. In fact she enjoyed herself so much she became a regular visitor and a partner in poor Richie's femmy whore education. In one particularly cruel moment of inspiration, we conspired to have Richie and her stage a fight at school in which she gave him a vicious beating in front of his friends. This was probably as humiliating as anything we had ever done to Richie in private.

The experiment with Richie's girlfriend opened our eyes. Why not share our slaves with our friends, and so we did. Originally we started with my friends who loved having neutered males waiting on them. In fact we even started loaning Brucie and Richie to our friends to perform menial

chores and serve as victims in staged fights that would impress the friends of their conquerors. Eventually Karen started demonstrating her prowess and command over her brother and even her father to her friends. Unfortunately, poor little Richie suffered greatly because Karen's friends loved beating him up and tormenting him. Sharing Brucie and Richie with our friends became common knowledge in the neighborhood. They could not go out as men without suffering severe embarrassment and distress. Things got so bad that Richie had to drop out of school and Brucie had to quit his computer programming job. On the bright side, however, though Richie and Brucie might disagree, they were able to become sissy whores 24 hours a day and now bring in a good deal money between them, especially when they perform together for little girls' parties organized by some of our Demale Society members who are teaching their preteen girls how to take charge of and have fun with silly sissy panty boys like Richie and cocksucking pansies like my husband.

And so we come to the end of my story. Brucie is still my husband in name but no longer fucks me, I fuck him! He now supports me by selling his sexual favors to gay men and bull dyke lesbians as well as doing the Demale parties. As for me I have become a dominatrix and now earn a healthy living doing what I do best, dominating and emasculating men. Karen has also become a dominatrix and, competing against her mom, has established her own stable of slaves.

Richie eventually married one of Karen's girlfriends and is now a battered housewife. Like his dad, he never wears male clothes anymore and loves his life as Edwina. He and his wife have three children, two girls and one boy. Unlike me his wife has chosen to break their boy early. As a baby, the boy was put to sleep nightly sucking on his daddy's penis like a pacifier. And as soon as he was out of his pink diapers, he has worn nylon panties and has never once worn any little boys' underwear. Now that he is five years old, his two sisters, 7 and 8, constantly beat him up and dress him in their outgrown girlie clothes. At his preschool everyone knows he is a boy, yet he attends in dresses and panties and brags to the little girls in his class that he already wears a satin training bra when each of them have yet to receive her first training bra. His mother has him on female hormones and I can't until his little girlfriends see him developing real tits before he is even in the first grade! Richie turned out perfect, and I can't imagine a more adoring and caring son and devoted father to his son. And how many fathers are like him? He loves to take his son shopping for panties and girlie accessories and doesn't care what the sales ladies think, no matter if they laugh at him or call him a pervert. The attached photo is a picture of 13-year-old Karen panty training 11-year-old Richie with their slut daddy forced to masturbate in his own pink panties as he watches and is ready to shoot his cum at his son's face when Karen tells him it is time to do it! ♦

***To read more about the Demale Society and see many pictures of men and boys in feminine clothes, order our publications in "The Demale society" series.***