

The Demale Society

Training Manual

Volume #56



*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

*Fantasy
Entertainment*

Adults Only

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Demale Society Poster Boy
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Leon's scout troop grew their hair long to have it cut and made into wigs for kids with cancer; during their year-long effort, their mothers (all Demale Society members), got the boys curious about dressing up "just to see what you'd look like as a girl," and then they made sure the kids had a lot of fun. Soon the boys were having weekly girly-boy parties!



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Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

Testimonials Added 7/30/09

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

In this volume, we present actual case histories from Doctor Lucy's files of boys in the process of being demaled. Some are just starting the process while others have completed it - or at least were developed into what his female superior usually (his mother) has designated him to be. The best part of these testimonials is that they include huge portions of each boy's own words about this demaling experience.

Tony, Secretary
The Demale Society
South New Jersey Chapter

Progress Report: Jess 13-yr-old describes the ups and downs of being demaled

My mind is a little whacky now because I'm in my girls' clothes a lot more than my boys' clothes these days. My old clothes keep disappearing out of my closet and dresser. Mom and Dad got me to

understand that I couldn't go on like I had been with my skater friends. Now, I know those guys are all losers, constantly getting into trouble and being disrespectful to everyone. I know I am becoming a better person but it's not easy because that better person is like a girl. That thought alone would have made me barf just a few months ago.

Now, when I raise up my dress and slip I even look like a girl in my lacy panties because I'm required to wear this wretched thing that keeps my balls shoved up into my body and my dick pulled back to give me a smooth girlish front. Every week, Dr. Lucy gives me some shots ever since she put me on the pills [female hormones and male hormone blockers ed.] starting three months ago.

I feel OK except for tummy aches and headaches than I blame on the meds; but they aren't so bad anymore. I know it's the meds that make me think weird things too, like worrying about wearing matching lingerie and getting a feeling of joy knowing I'm fooling people who see me and think I'm a real girl. Most upsetting is that I can't shoot a nice load like I used to do. Mom got me hooked on panties. She would jack me off into the silky nylon every day and sometimes many times in a day. Nylon panties on my penis tip drove me crazy almost constantly and made me want to jack off, but Mom said only she could do it. In no time at all, I needed those panties

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and her soft hands milking my cum into my panties. Then, Dr. Lucy started giving me shots and pills I had to take every day. Then, I don't get so hard anymore when Mom wanked me. It got to the point that she had to rub me so long and so violently through the panties (the only way I can get myself excited anymore) that I'd get very sore, and when I did cum, the stuff that shot out was thin and smelly like it was old and stale or something because it had been so long since I had shot my wad. And it didn't shoot out anymore either; it just kind of drooled out of my dick.

That all happened over two years; I finally gave up. Being masturbated was more painful than fun and fulfilling. I told my parents that I would be the girl they wanted me to be. Part of the reason was that the meds were fucking up my thinking. I was feeling like a girl! And I didn't mind it! So, I decided that along as mom and dad were making into a girl, at least I wanted something cool, nice clothes more fitting for my age than the little girl stuff they had for me. So, the first thing I did was steal some new sneakers – pink girls' sneakers – can you believe it? What was even crazier – I thought the big teen boy at the shoe store was cute! I told you I've been having weird thoughts. He was giving me the eye too! I think he saw me steal the shoes when I put them in my backpack but he looked the other way. I've been looking at a lot of boys lately, and after seeing how cute any boy is, I seem to be drawn to look at the front of his shorts or jeans to see how big of a bulge he has down there. At first, I'd get sick to my stomach when I caught myself doing that, but now I do it and it doesn't upset my tummy anymore. Still, it's weird!

Mom, of course, noticed my new pink sneakers right away; she asked me where I got them because she knew I didn't have the money for them. I

told her that I was looking at shoes at Timmon's Shoes and the teen salesman let me take them as a gift. I told her he smiled at me a lot and held onto my legs for a long time when he was helping me put them on. I told her the boy had a hard on in his trousers as he waited on me.

Mom like that! She asked, "Should we invite your new little boyfriend over sometime for a play date?"

I complained, "Mom, it's bad enough that I look like a girl, but now I'm acting like one! You used to just make me wear panties all the time and make me cum into them, and then you had me wear dresses occasionally, but you increased that so much after I fought with cousin Connie and broke her finger, but, Mom, she said I was gay and laughed at me when she found out I wear pink panties. I know I deserved your punishment, but I'm not a fag, mom. I don't want to be a girl, but I sure feel like one most of the time now. And, I don't want a boyfriend! Besides, only little kids have 'play dates' – I'm thirteen, and I'd like to go back to skating with the boys but I know they're bad to hang with ... but at least I'd like to play ball with the nicer guys!"

Mom teased me, "I think you'll be playing ball with a

lot of boys very soon. You could start with that boy from the shoe store.”

Those thoughts about having a boyfriend made my head hurt! Yes, I am noticing boys a lot these days, finding them interesting to watch and appreciating how cute some of them look and admiring when they have nice muscles – all pretty weird thoughts banging around in my head.

One night last week, after I put on the new lavender babydolls mom got me, I cried a little as she held me and I told her, “Mom, I know it’s wrong, but sometimes I feel more like a girl than a boy, why is that? My girls’ clothes are just for punishment, right?” I surprised myself by asking her that. She hugged me, reached under the covers and massaged the tip of my penis through the ticklish nylon and lace of my ruffled babydoll panties. Mom knows how to drive me crazy by doing that. Mom can get me to do anything! I hate when mom calls me ‘Jessica’ and now she was doing it again.

“Jessica, I think you have a lot going on here. Yes, your dresses and panties are part of your punishment but I think you are really getting to like them. The clothes are to help you look at things differently in life, and if looking at boys and appreciating a nice boy is part of it, so be it. At first you loved your panties because the silky fabric excited you so much but now I think you are liking your panties a lot more like a girl. You used to dump tons of cum into your panties even though you claimed to hate wearing them, but now you don’t complain about wearing them, plus you don’t get very hard like you used to ... and your ejaculations are more like pussy juice than rich teen boy cum. You say you don’t want a boyfriend but you seem to be thinking a lot about boys these days.”

“Mom, I need to figure out what is going on. I’m so confused sometimes as a boy but being a girl is OK, I guess. I know I’m a boy but when I saw Brian, the boy at the store, I just got these giddy, silly feelings. I did let him kiss me and stick his tongue into my mouth. I thought I’d hate it, but I didn’t mind it. But I know only queers and fags kiss like that. And,

mom, I’m a boy and you make me feel weird when you call me ‘Jessica.’”

“Well, have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? You do look like a girl – and a really pretty girl at that! With the way you look, ‘Jessica’ seems to be the only logical thing to call you. And do you realize that every time I call you Jessica while I’m stroking you in your panties that your little penis does a little jump? By the way, I think your penis is getting smaller. Did you notice that too?”

I blushed and nodded. ‘Yes! Yes! Yes!’ I shouted to myself; I was sure my dick was shrinking, but now that Mom noticed it, I knew it wasn’t just my imagination. How is that happening? It must be from those meds Dr. Lucy is giving me, but she said they were just to help me relax and think nicer thoughts and be less aggressive. She didn’t say anything about making my dick shrink up and go away? Are those girl-making pills? If so, I’m not taking them anymore! “Mom, is it that chastity thing you make me wear doing that to me? Or are those pills I’m taking making my, um, my thing, you know ...”

“... making your penis get smaller? Um, gees, I don’t know, but so what if they have that effect? A boy’s penis gets a boy into a lot of trouble, a smaller penis is a good thing. Besides, a small penis looks so nice on a boy and it’s a lot easier to hide in his panties.

“By the way, when you were at the shoe store, what did you say your name was to Brian?”

“Oh, Mom! Um, I, uh, I told him it was Jessica.” With that admission, I couldn’t look mom in the eye; I buried my face between her breasts.

“Jessica, your girly clothes are a punishment, and you agreed to stop fighting me and wear them and try to act like a girl so you can go unnoticed when we take you out. But now, I think you like looking like a girl: I no longer have to force you to wear your dresses and panties – and you pick out the most girlish of your clothes to wear without me prompting you. I want you to know that I love you no matter what – and if you want to be a girl or a

boy – I will support you, but I do like you so much more when you are girly. You are so much better as a person. I like that you look so cute either as my girlish son or my pretty faux daughter. It's cool."

We both laughed, and I said, "Mom you're so weird sometimes." We both laughed some more.

The next day, mom surprised me with a frothy, frilly, flowered white chiffon dress that was quite see-through. It was about the most sissyish thing I had ever seen, but I looked forward to putting it on, and when I did, I could easily see my matching pink bra and panties through the dress. Mom loved it on me, and Dad did too. He got a hard-on that pointed at me through his trousers and he asked if he could wank me thorough my panties that night at bedtime, a ritual Mom usually does for me. It was weird, but I was actually looking forward to Dad doing it!

The next day, Mom drove me into the Philly suburbs to this nice house and I saw the sign out front that said Professional Hypnotist. "Hypnotist? Mom, is this your idea of a joke?" I asked.

"No, dear, it may be a way to help you get to the bottom of your gender confusion issues."

After we walked in, a nice lady took us into a room and asked me why I was dressed like a girl, how I felt, etc. I didn't know how I felt. I told her I'm confused and even when Mom punishes me, I feel girly. Mom likes to humiliate me, like when she takes me out in public in a very short dress and if I'm not careful when I sit and walk, people can see my lacy panties. But I wasn't going to let it get me down, so when she took me to a restaurant, I was embarrassed but then I really liked how boys stared at me like a real girl. Mom said one man had scooted down in his seat trying to peek up my dress. Instead of feeling embarrassed, I thought it was funny.

The lady smiled at some of my answers. Then she had me stare at some lights she projected onto the wall and I went under. I can barely remember anything but I felt very calm and relaxed when she told me to let out my feelings. As I drifted off, she

asked me about jerking off, and I surprised myself by how calmly I talked with her about it.

I told her about Brain, the boy in the shoe store, the things I loved about him and how we french kissed real sloppy like. I know I giggled like a girl as I said, "His eyes are so dreamy and he has nice muscles and he smiles and treats me like his girlfriend instead of one of the guys. He's so funny because he seems to be fixated on my panties. He kept asking about them – what color they were. He even asked me to lift my dress so he could see them -- and he loved touching them. I let him do it just for a moment. I know he felt my little penis getting hard because I didn't have my chastity device on. I thought he'd get mad at me, but he didn't. He was so cool about it. He just smiled and kissed me deeply some more. He was so funny like that. It's nice that he really seems so interested in me as a girly boy and how I feel.

I also told her about Dad getting excited seeing me that day just before coming to her office, and I even sheepishly admitted that I was looking forward to having him masturbate me into my silky panties that night since he had volunteered to do it. I know I told her a bunch of other things, much more than all the things I told Mom and Mom was right there listening to it all, but I went deeper to sleep and don't remember all the other things I said to her.

As soon as she woke me up, I felt the Jessica part of me become more powerful. I felt more girlish than ever and my muscles felt weaker than ever. When it was over, Mom asked how I felt. I said, "A little dizzy, Mommy, (I never had called her 'Mommy!') but I feel like I should be Jess a lot less and Jessica a lot more. It seems more natural."

She said whatever I felt like being, she would support me. We were at the hypnotist to let my inner self blossom. She didn't want to turn me in one direction or the other. She wanted me to decide, but she did say that she didn't want a half-boy-half-girl; she wanted me to think about going completely in one direction or the other. I did tell her I was starving hungry, so we left there and went to that restaurant.

Note: Actually, Jess's mother DID want him to turn completely into a girl. She had hired the hypnotist to plant posthypnotic suggestions into his mind to hasten his feminization.

Progress Report: George 14-yr-old describes the horrors of buying his first full-cup bra

Most boys fear being demaled, especially initially, but I like what Mom is doing for me. For the most part, being a girl is a lot more fun and exciting, but it can be scary at times, especially out in the world.

When Mom took me for a checkup to monitor my development, Dr. Lucy said, "Georgie, I'm sure you know your breasts are growing beautifully, but you are bursting out of your training bras, and you need to graduate to a good teen bra, a B-cup at least, and soon maybe even a C-cup women's bra. You need support for your developing cute little breasts."

I've been on a combination of female hormones and male hormone blockers for over four years. As long as I can remember, I wanted to be like my mom, but I still must be a boy at school and at other times, like visiting some of our narrow-minded relatives. I want to be a girl all the way, but Mom says I must wait until I graduate from high school.

So, after the doctor visit, we went to this expensive boutique; Mom said, "I want you to be brave because I'm going to have you fitted for some nice bras and then, as a reward for being good about it, I'll buy you some outfits and a pair of sexy spike high heels and you give you lessons in how to walk in them."

Mom knew I was all for getting some grown-up bras, but she also knows how shy I am when out in public and other people find out I'm a boy in girls' clothes. She led me into this nice boutique that must have specialized in bras because they had three walls of the store covered with row upon row of them. I thought we would just go in, grab a few bras and leave but Mom insisted that I need to be properly fitted. That scared me! But before I could complain,

Mom had pulled me along to face a witchy-looking old woman with her grey hair up in a tight bun and her glasses dangling on a chain around her neck. I wanted to die when Mom said, "My son, here, is transitioning and needs to be fitted for a bra."

The saleswoman picked up her glasses with both hands, put them on, screwed up her mouth and looked me up and down. I was prepared for the worst, being laughed at or ridiculed in some other way. The old hag then slid her glasses down lower on her nose so she could look over them and then looked me up and down again. Her lips were downturned but otherwise expressionless. At least she wasn't sneering or letting out with a stream of nasty comments. If she started calling me a sissy, faggot or most any other demeaning term, I was ready to start crying and bolt out of the store. But she simply said, "Very well, follow me."

She took us into a small room, larger than most changing booths. There were several rows of display racks with bras of assorted types and sizes. I noticed that she had a nice smile on her face, not a shaming look, as she said, "Now, darling, don't be afraid. I'm here to help you. I want you to take off your blouse and whatever else you have on under it."

Mom told me to go ahead and do it and even started undoing my buttons. I was blushing and groaning inwardly. I barely remember as the woman and Mom helped me off with my blouse and training bra. The woman surprised me by how sweet she turned out to be as she measured my breasts, held them in her hands and then helped me try on several special bras she had for determining the best size and fit. She touched my breasts about a hundred times and it was quite erotic being fitted for a bra. Throughout our visit, she worked to make me feel comfortable, a distant cry from how I had judged her upon first seeing her rather scary face. Now her face looked syrupy sweet and grandmotherly like. Funny how prejudging someone can be so wrong.

She told us she had fitted many boys for bras from those transitioning like myself to boys being humiliated as a punishment to boys who had no



desire to become a girl but who suffered from gynecomastia, usually a temporary condition when a normal boy (usually a young teen) has hormone problems and he develops breasts.

We walked out of there with three new bras for me and her as a friend. I looked forward to visiting her again as my breasts continued to grow. There was only one scary moment when we were trying to select some bras for me and she had me step out of the fitting room and into the store proper to look at various bras. I had nothing on from the waist up! Two other women were in the store at the time and Mom and the lady had to hold onto to me to keep me from running back into the fitting room. As we went from one part of the store to another, the two women looked at us and just smiled a silent greeting. The saleslady said, "Don't worry about other women and girls seeing your breasts, we women think nothing of trying on bras in front of each other."

That store visit immediately shot up into my top ten of the most shocking, humbling and exciting events of my young life.

Next, Mom took me to an upscale shoe store where I was fitted by this cute young guy not much older than I was; he was hot and treated me like a princess. He gently caressed my foot as he slid onto it a several pairs of expensive pumps and stilettos and classy dress heels. The boutique had a special rail and the guy taught me how to walk in these heels. Imagine a guy teaching women and girls how to walk in the highest of high heels! He told me that the proper gait or step will catch the eye of any blue-blooded male and make him look and treat me like I'm special. After ten minutes I was walking quite well. No one there knew I was a boy except Mom. I left there with two pairs of sexy high heels.

From there, Mom took me to the Cherry Hill Mall and we went to another exclusive store. As soon as

we walked in, Mom said to a manager-looking guy, "I want my daughter to look like a movie star; I want a great dress for her and maybe another outfit or two." I was soon being measured and fitted by some other guy whom I guessed surely to be queer but for some reason it did not bother me at all. You see I do want to be a girl completely but I don't want a gay guy for a lover – only after I get surgically converted to complete femaleness, do I dream of having a regular guy attracted to women, not a gay guy. I ended up getting this gorgeous royal blue evening dress with silver and gold highlights, plus a nice pleated skirt and even a hot miniskirt outfit, one like Hanna Montana would wear.

On our way out of the stores, we walked past McDowell's Sporting Goods, I had the small urge to go in, but it quickly died down. Usually, as a real boy, I'd go out of my way to go into any sports store to check out the newest sneakers and try on new skater shirts and shorts and beg Mom to buy them for me. But now, Mom just looked at me as we passed and whispered, "Converse?" I looked at her and shook my head "no." The way she smiled, I knew she knew my thoughts had changed from being a skater boy to wanting girly things to fill out for my wardrobe.

Progress Report: Adam 12-yr-old androgynous child

I'm one of those kids who looks like a boy or a girl simply depending how I am dressed. It's mostly my longish hairstyle that fits either way. One of my Mom's friends once told her I'd look like a girl if she just dressed me in girls' clothes. Mom laughed at the idea but it stayed in her head and one day, she asked me if she could "try something" with me. I'm not one to refuse my mother most anything, so I said, "Sure." And then she said it would be like a game and a lot of fun as she said she wanted to see what I would look like if I had been born a girl. I couldn't think of any good reasons not to since I was a sheltered child and wasn't hung up on a macho self-image with a fear of being teased or laughed at, so I said, "OK, I'll give it a go."

Mom was happy as she thought I was pretty enough to make a beautiful girl. That was the start of things. I was seven years old at the time, and we spent many hours that day as mother and daughter. We had a tea party, and then I helped Mom cook dinner. And when Dad came home he laughed and had no qualms about treating me like a girl for the evening.

After that, we regularly had a "girly day" – typically a Saturday or Sunday when I could be a girl for the day. This went on for a few years, and then Mom joined the Demale Society and things started to change. She took charge more and Mom and Dad started to fight occasionally, and I had never seen that before. Then one day, Dad told Mom I was getting too old for my girly dress-up games and insisted I should grow up and be a boy.

Mom really immersed herself deeply in the demaling stuff and Dad turned into a puppy dog. To this day, I don't know what Mom and some of her women friends from the society do to him, but dad stopped fighting and complaining and started to go along with everything Mom wanted. He even started joining us in the little tea parties I had with Mom. He'd even compliment me whenever I had on a new outfit, help me into my princess nightgowns and tucking me in at night.

Then, recently, Mom and I were driving past Dr. Lucy's office (she has been my doctor for about two years now). It was a Saturday, so I was dressed in my girls' clothes: a ruffled miniskirt and satin blouse. There was another girl, a patient in the office. She gave me the strangest look as Dr. Lucy said, "Come right in, dears." Our moms followed and Dr. Lucy said, "I want to make sure the two of you don't have any gender confusion issues." She then took blood samples and had her nurse analyze them as our visit continued. She explained, "Both of you boys seem normal except for wearing girls' clothes. You know that most unenlightened people would not consider that normal, and I want to make sure that your crossdressing is not creating problems in your lives."

So, that girl was a boy like me! She was beautiful! The doctor had us talk at length about our feelings.



I learned that the other boy – his real boy name was ‘Carol’ – how convenient for a crossdresser! It seems his mother had always wanted a girl but once he started school and had to go as a boy, he resisted being a girl even though his mother wanted him to continue at home.

He resisted because he wanted to be like other boys, so finally, his mother turned dressing up as a girl as a punishment because that was what she wanted. He hated it, but now years later he grew to like it again.

I was knocked back when Dr. Lucy said to him, “I understand you have a problem achieving an orgasm.” She then turned to me and said, “And, Adam, I understand you are having the same problem, is that true?”

I turned to my mom and almost screamed, “Mom, you told her that!” Mom disregarded my outrage as Dr. Lucy explained that over the previous six

months, both Carol and I are on a special hormone cocktail and had been on it for over six months. The hormones were to calm our nerves since crossdressing can be quite stressful when a boy doesn’t understand why he likes to dress up since most other boys would never want to do it.

Dr. Lucy had us both strip down to just our bras and panties. She complimented us on our pretty lingerie and even fingered the silky fabric and the snug elastics as she joked around with us in a cheery way. She had us laughing and got us to relax, and we needed it for what was about to suggest next.

“Don't be alarmed, but now I'm going to help each of you understand your own body much better by having you touch each other's penis through your panties.” I looked at Carol and he looked at me. I wanted to yell out, “That's gay. I'm not doing that!” But one look at my mom and I knew better than to interrupt her. She went on, “I know you are both panty wankers; your mothers trained you to fall in love with your panties and you both succumbed to the nylon panty fetish like you were born to do it. Now, I want the two of you to learn some things about other boys who crossdress and enjoy it.

Of course, we hesitated, but with both of our moms pushing us together face-to-face and encouraging us to feel each other up, we had little choice since we were now standing so our hard pantied penises were touching. My mother forced my hand onto Carol's silky panty front and then down to his penis. He was hard. Mom put her hand over mine and showed me how she wanted me to stroke him.

It was freaking me out, but then I felt someone touch my penis through my panties and I was sure it was Carol's mother doing it and it felt so-o-o-o good, but then when our mothers used their hands to push our heads together as they commanded us to kiss, I knew for sure it was Carol playing with my penis and it was so hard -- so embarrassing! I convinced myself it wasn't a gay thing we were doing, it was 'educational' like Dr. Lucy had told us. Besides, it wasn't gay; it was the wonderfully silky panties exciting me. I guess I had been so trained

to panties that anyone touching me through them would get my dick to erect.

The women wouldn't stop demanding we do it until we kissed each other, and not just a simple kiss, but open-mouth kissing with our tongues doing the tango. Of course, both of us spurted cum into our panties before it was over. It was a very telling experience. It made me feel like a fag or at least what I thought a fag would feel like. Carol was red-faced and I'm sure my face was just as red.

Dr. Lucy immediately tried to put us at ease as she told us it was a perfectly normal thing for boys to experiment a little with each other sexually; she said girls play with other girls all the time too. As she wrote things in her notebook. She said doing what we did will help us sort out our sexual preferences: We will learn what we like best sexually by having a wide variety of sexual experiences and under the supervision of our mothers, she encouraged us to try new things.

Prior to this, Mom was the only one to help me to an orgasm other than when I panty wanked myself. But this was a whole new world! Later, I found out that Carol's sexual experience was about the same as mine. He admitted that he stopped hating dressing up after his mother started a nightly program of aggressively panty wanking him. She would taunt him and tease him and then force him to admit that he did want to wear panties and other girly clothes and have her bring him to orgasm.

The nurse came back with our blood test results and Doctor Lucy said that we both were experiencing a lessening of our libido (our ability to become excited and ejaculate) because of the hormone treatments we had been on, but then she told us not to worry because even with a greatly reduced sex drive we would still be able to cum with the right person and in the right circumstances -- and the little kissing, cumming, panty wanking we just performed on each other proved that we just might be the right person for each other since both of us came so quickly! I told myself that was all wrong -- yuk!

Note: What the good doctor didn't tell the boys is that she now had them where their hormone levels could be manipulated up or down as needed so each mother could steer her son into the type of person she might want him to be, and -- with additional training -- make him into anything from a simpering little sissy to a full-term transsexual or a silly little panty wanker to a slavishly obedient lady's maid!

Testimonials

Added 8/1 & 8/2/09

Progress Report: Kenny

14-year-old tricked into becoming a girl

Kenny was secretly given some medications to think his testicles malfunctioning and he couldn't cum anymore. When taken in to see Doctor Lucy, she did some fake tests on him and then told him he had cancer and his balls would have to be removed. Here's his story.

Leading up to the operation, Mom dressed me up each day and started taking me out; once to a movie and once to the mall. As we sat in the food court, I noticed one boy really staring at me and smiling. I was sure he had guessed I was just a freaky boy in a dress, but Mom told me he was trying to look up my dress because, with the way I was sitting, my skirt was all rucked up on the side and the lacy leg band of my pink panties was exposed. I blushed like crazy but the boy just kept grinning and staring at me. Mom said that he was showing me that he liked me -- as a girl! I was so embarrassed.

After being castrated, I was so confused, especially after the doctor recommended to my mother to raise me as a girl since I no longer had balls and said she was putting me on large doses of female hormones to hurry along the process. I didn't understand it. I wanted to be a boy. Me, a girl! No way!

Then I saw an ad in one of my dad's men's magazines for male hormones and sent away for them. I was sure if I took them, they would replace my lost male

hormones and I could live as a boy not as a girl. As soon as I got the male hormone pills, I took about half of the bottle. I woke up the next day sick and vomiting. I felt lousy. If that was how those pills were going to affect me, I reconsidered. It was an awful feeling; maybe I was destined to be a girl and just had to accept it.

Besides, was it already too late? I stood alone in the bathroom looking at my body where my well-defined abs used to be, but now they were already smoothed over with girlish fat from the hormones I had been getting. However, my chest consumed my attention. I was really beginning to grow breasts. And to tell you the truth, I was intrigued. I didn't want to be a girl, but having never seen real breasts on a girl, except in pictures, I became engrossed in examining my own titties. I touched my enlarged nipples; they were so sensitive and it felt kind of good! I got good feelings like I used to feel when I would touch and jerk on my now 'dead' penis. I pulled my dick out of my panties and stroked it a little. It still felt good but not arousing. It grew a bit larger as blood tried to fill it into hardness but it stayed just half hard and refused to do anything more. I looked at my dick and felt like ripping it off right there. I felt it. It was squishy and seemed to be getting smaller by the day.

Eventually, I gave in. I resigned myself to the fact that I was going to a ball-less boy with a shrinking penis so I might as well be a girl, and three weeks later, Doctor Lucy had some of the Demale ladies come into her office and they castrated me. I was sore for days and days but it got better each day. The heavy drugs they gave me kept me calm.

Once I was feeling better, I decided that if I was going to be a girl, I wanted to become the hottest, sexiest babe I could be. I already knew it was exciting to get people's attention as a girl like I never got as a boy. I went into my mom's room and put on some light makeup to accent my facial features. I love to make myself up; I'm getting good at it too. My dark hair is getting longer and looks good as I comb it forward into bangs.

I put on my jeans miniskirt and a nice Hanna Montana top we bought the other day, picked out a sheer new bra, very comfortable satin panties and a skimpy top. My white and pink Adidas matched perfectly and I went down stairs for breakfast when mom saw the new me. She almost fainted as she looked at me all made-up and said, "You look fabulous, Kenny!"

"Mom, since we had talked about it, I decided that if I have to be a girl, can my name be Ashley? I hate Kenny and I need a girls' name and Ashley sounds nice, sophisticated." Mom agreed.

As we enjoyed her homemade from scratch pancakes, I was surprised when Brian, my 13-year-old neighbor and Brandon, his 12-year-old red-headed cousin came over. Brian had been at summer camp so I hadn't seen him in a month. As he always did, he just walked in our back door to looking for me to play some basketball. He looked at me but with my hair combed forward and makeup on, I didn't think he recognized me. He seemed flustered to see a girl there. The he turned to my mom and stuttered, "Hey, uh, uh, hello, Ms. Wicks. Where is Kenny, today?"

Mom, knowing just what to say told them, "He went to a special clinic today; he is having some medical issues; this is his cousin, Ashley. I knew I was fooling them, so I wanted to have some fun with my new girl self and I asked them, "Hi, boys, wanna hang out with me, today?" I felt these boys would be a good place for me to hone my skills as a girl! "We can have a lot of fun. I'm a lot more fun than Kenny."

I could see by the look of love in Brian's eyes that he more than liked me, "Why sure, this is my cousin Brandon, what do you want to do today?" He had a warm smile for me and I knew for sure at that moment that I liked being a girl with these boys.

I said, "Let's go down to the pond and do some fishing; we can use Kenny's fishing stuff out in the garage. By the way, Brandon, I love your new Converse All Stars; they look so hot on you." "Um, thanks, Ashley," he muttered. I was sure he



wasn't used to someone giving him compliments, especially a girl. I liked the way I could get them to react by how I talked to them, get them interested and somewhat in awe of me. I'm sure most girls had never really talked with either of them much before.

Brian agreed, so as we got the poles and gear, Mom made a cooler with some ice drinks and packed some sandwiches for us. Mom said I could borrow 'Kenny's' bike and we rode our bikes to the trail, and since I rode my boys' bike, the boys were all eyes as I got on and off my bike with my short jeans skirt getting so close to showing them a lot of what I was sure they wanted to see! Soon, we were walking around the pond and I reached for Brian's hand and we went hand and hand with Brandon to my favorite fishing spot. I leaned over and kissed Brian behind the ear and whispered, "I got something to tell you, just you." I then said to Brandon, who was fixing up our poles, "I have to talk to Brian for a minute -- in private. Put everything over there by that strip of beach that goes out into the water a bit. There's a nice hole where some bass usually like to go and

leave Brian and me alone for a while, OK, sexy?" I said as I blew him a kiss.

With Brandon away from us, I turned to Brian. "You know it's me, don't you?" He nodded and whispered the word 'Kenny.' "But why are you dressed like a girl? Are you playing a game or something?" I held onto his hand and arm like a girl would and told him, "I'm glad you came over; I so wanted to tell you what's going on with me. But I was surprised that Brandon came along with you." He shrugged, "He's just a kid, and I had to let him tag along because his Mom is shopping with my mom for the day. I thought you were a real girl until I realized it was you. I didn't know what to say in front of my cousin."

I got all serious and said, "I went to the Doctor a few weeks ago, and she ran some tests and it seems like my body is not working right. I had cancer in my testicles. I wanted to tell you, but didn't know when it was best. You see, my body is really screwed up and I was producing more female hormone estrogen than male hormone testosterone. I'm not producing



any male hormones anymore because the doctor had to castrate me, you know, cut my balls off. At first, I thought I'd hate it but now I think it's kind of cool that I'm turning into a girl for real ... here ... feel my chest."

He did and said, "Shit, Kenny that's weird. You never told me anything about wanting to be a girl." I assured him I had never wanted it, but I didn't tell him that my mom had been doing girly things to me for a long time. He didn't need to know that. I guess Mom knew more about me than I did. Anyway, I told Brandon, "And to make to make matters worse, I had no choice with my male stuff gone. Now, it amazes me that I'm beginning to like it. It's good you had to have Brandon with you, do you think it would be OK if I teased him like a girl. If I'm going to be a girl, I need some practice getting a boy excited."

Brian looked at me funny and then broke out into laughter. "OK, by me! I don't give a damn about the little shit. Go fuck him if you want ... can you do that?" I shook my head 'no' but added, "I can do a lot though. I remember as a boy the things that got me excited and I want to see how much I can get him all worked up."

"Go to it, girl!" Brian said with a wild grin.

So, we setup alongside Brandon and got our lines wet. I wanted to see if I could get little boy all worked up as we fished. I asked things, like, "Hey, hot stuff, do you have a girlfriend?" After he shook his head 'no,' I said, "Why not? Are you gay? You're almost too cute too be a boy with your sexy red hair, nice and straight not all curly and nasty like most red heads, and your skin is so nice with no freckles, just nice and baby smooth. I bet you have never been kissed by a girl." I had him stuttering and stammering all over my questions when I followed that up with, "You do know how to kiss a girl, right?"

He almost backed up into the pond as he shyly said, "No, no, I haven't just yet; why do you ask?"

I took the pole from his trembling hand and gave it to Brian and said, "Come sit next to me and I will teach you." As he followed me like a puppy dog, I could see a nice little tented bulge that his jeans couldn't hide. His shiny black Converse sneakers contrasted with his light blue jeans and we found a comfortable stump near the pond and sat down. I must admit I was very turned on by doing this and reached over and kissed the cute boy right on the lips and then did it again. He was caught off balance and fell off the stump and both of us started laughing. I said, "Get up, cutie, you need some lessons." So, as he sat beside me, I told

him how cute and sexy he was and massaged his shoulder and then leaned over and kissed him again but this time I tried to put my tongue in his cute little mouth. He did not resist and soon we were in a passionate lip lock. I loved the feel of his young silky smooth lips; his crotch bursting to be loose also got my attention, as it reminded me of when I would get all hot kissing with my old girlfriend Becky.

I rubbed his crotch and he was really into kissing. I pulled back and said, "You're getting pretty good, handsome, let's have some more fun," and I undid his zipper and got my pink fingernail-polished hand inside his hairless crotch and got hold of his pulsating lovely penis. I pulled it out of his boxers. He had no idea what to make of my boldness as I slowly stroked him as I daydreamed back to when I used to do the same thing on this stump to myself. He was speechless as we continued kissing and groping and I took his hand and put it on my chest which was just puffy enough for him to feel some tit. I slowly stroked him with my 2 fingers, starting and stopping. I pulled at his foreskin; it felt like he had almost 4 inches of nice boy meat.

Before we had left home, I did some quick thinking and put a pair of my pink satin panties into the pocket of my skirt, hoping for a moment like this. I pulled them out and showed them to him. I'm sure he had never seen a sexy pair of panties close-up like that. He looked at them quizzically and watched me as I wrapped them around his penis, stroked him with the panties and started talking dirty to him. "Hey, sexy, you love my panties, don't you? Your cute little dick is really liking them; he's throbbing like crazy. Are you my little sissy panty boy?" I did a girlish giggle. I was replaying memories of things my mom would say to me when she panty wanked me. I then facefucked him with my tongue as brought him to a quick climax. He spurted a nice amount of thick young boy cum. I did not believe I was actually jerking off another boy and having fun doing it! I guess I was turning into a girl! A lot of his cum had spurted onto his jeans and new black Converse sneakers, leaving telltale signs that he had shot his wad. A lot of his cum had soaked my panties too. He was quiet and motionless as I playfully rubbed

the sticky panties all over his face and nose and lips, and said, "You naughty little boy! Look what you did to my good panties. Well, they're no good to me anymore. You can just keep them! You should feel privileged that I even played with this little wiener you have. Maybe, we can play again when you grow up and it gets a lot bigger! Now get dressed and let's do some fishing, handsome." I left him to pull up his jeans and tie his sneakers.

Progress Report: Robbie

Breaking in the new boy

Robbie's father had been the CFO of a large printing company that produced all the phone books for the Cherry Hill area. But he also had a huge gambling problem and after he lost all his family's money, he began embezzling the company's money. He was sent to prison for theft and tax evasion. Robbie and his mother were left with very little money and were forced to move from their luxurious upper-class neighborhood to a much poorer section of town, and Robbie had to go to a new middle school and start all over finding new friends. Here's his story:

The kids in my new school are not friendly at all; they have gangs and those gangs don't mix unless they are fighting. Even the girls are rough and tough! At lunchtime that first day at my new school, and I had to search all around because there wasn't a table to sit at. Finally, I found a table in the far corner with three other boys who weren't wearing leather, flashing gang signs or scowling at me when I just looked at them.

I asked if I could sit with them and they nodded. While we were eating, other kids came by and called those boys names, one name they got called a lot was "pussy boys." The boys would flinch but never say anything back, just put their heads down and keep eating. I asked them why all the other kids were picking on them, but they just shrugged their shoulders and didn't really offer any explanation.

As I got up to clean off my tray, a mean-looking girl came up to us and said, "Hey, you sissies, I see you

have a new kid joining your little pussy boy club. I shook my head 'no' and said, "No, I'm not part of any group. I'm new here!" The girl laughed and called her friends over. "Hey, Viola, Alison, everybody else, we got a new pussy boy here." They all cheered and applauded. "That's great," one of them said, "We don't have enough of you wimps. We love new sissy boys. Just by lookin' at ya' I can tell you're goin' to fit in beautifully."

I insisted I wasn't part of any group and wasn't interested in becoming part of anything. Another girl pointed at me. She seemed to be in charge. Her name was Viola. "Maybe you don't want to be a part of their little club but we know a pussy boy when we see one and believe me, you are a pussy boy so you are already part of the group." That Viola is big and strong looking. She towered over the four of us. "Hey, girls, should we show this new little fairy boy what the pussy boys in this school have to do each day?" All the girls cheered with a chorus of, "Yes! Yes! Yes, show him!"

Just then the bell rang. Viola said, "Oh, well, I guess not right now. We'll have to show you some other time. We gotta go now, I'm sure we'll see you wimps real soon." She turned to the other three boys. "OK, pussy boys, line up and pay me respect!"

The three boys jumped to their feet, knelt on the floor in front of her. She calmly pulled up her short miniskirt, and each boy leaned forward and kissed the crotch of her purple panties. Then, she turned to me, "Since I deemed that you are part of the pussy boy club, get down here and kiss my pretty panties. Pussy boys love paying us girls respect."

I hesitated but two of the other girls pushed me to my knees and held me in line with her exposed panties. My head was pushed forward and forcefully shoved into her panty crotch. It smelled horrible! Then they let me go. "Hey, fag, what's your name?"

"I'm not a fag. I know what that means?"

The girls were laughing at us nonstop. Viola said, "Listen, in this school, if I tell you that you are a fag

... you are a fag! Just looking at you I can tell you have a small dick and no hair around it, but I also know it is your favorite toy. Don't worry, here, we're all going to make sure your little wiener is played with a lot! You see, I know all about sissies like you! And I asked you a question; what's your name?"

"Robbie," I mumbled in total shame.

"See you later, pussy boy Robbie," she squealed as all the girls went waltzing off to their classrooms.

The other three boys told me not to anger her or any of the other kids -- boys or girls -- they didn't explain but told me everybody in the school picked on them even some of the teachers. I wondered what kind of a hellhole of a school I was in. The next day, once again I sat with the other three boys at lunchtime because there was nowhere else to sit. Most of the other kids ignored us or simply shot mean looks in our direction.

The next morning when I arrived at school I learned a lot more about the pussy boys. Danny, one of the boys from lunchtime was standing in front of school and one of the girls was beating him up right there on the street! I didn't want to get too close, but I was curious and wanted to know what was going on. Danny was crying and promising to respect her. She made him stand up and another girl came up behind him and yanked his workout pants right down to his ankles. Then I couldn't believe it, but Danny had on a pair of silky pink panties ... and he standing right there in the street in front of school where everyone could see him. The girls rubbed their hands all over his shameful panties and one boy stretched his panty waist elastic way out and let it snap with a vicious crack! Danny yelled. The kids laughed, so the boy snapped his elastic two more times. Danny cried harder and kept telling the girls he'd do anything for them. The kids laughed at him and called him sissy names as Viola and the girls even touched his dick in those panties.

At lunch, the three boys told me all about being a pussy boy. They all were required to wear workout pants or skater shorts, any kind of pants that had an



elastic waist so the girls or anyone else, at any time, could pull down their pants and expose their pink panties -- yeah, that was the other thing, they all had to wear girls' panties everyday under their clothes.

I wanted to run out of there, fearing the same fate. I asked, "Danny, how do you get those things ... to wear? Doesn't your mother or father know about this and have the school put a stop to it?"

Danny looked at me with sad eyes. "When you first must wear panties as a pussy boy, the girls will give you your first pair. After that, you have get your own, and they better be pink with lace and frilly stuff on them. And, yes, my parents know all about it, my mom has to buy them for me. Viola's gang of mean girls has ways of even controlling our parents -- you're in gang territory, Robbie --- and since our parents can't afford to send us to a private school, we must come here and put up with their abuse. So, yes, our parents know all about our panties. Oh, and let me warn you, if you have to talk about your panties -- and if you stay in this school you too will be wearing girls' panties for underwear every day -- so if you ever talk about your panties, you MUST use the word 'panties' - you cannot call them 'those



things' 'pants' 'them' 'underwear' or anything else. They are panties and if you forget, one of the girls will knee you in the nuts and that hurts like hell; you don't want them to do that."

Viola and the girls approached our table. "Hey, pussy boy Robbie, I saw you watching Danny this morning giving into girl power. And now we saw you talking like the devil over here, so I'm sure your wimpy friends told you all about the uniform requirement. So, here ya go -- your first pair of panties, but believe me, it won't be you last! And no jeans or trousers only pants or shorts with an elastic waist, we don't like to waste time when we want to do a panty inspection on you and have a good laugh. Now, you be wearing these nice panties tomorrow or you won't like what we do to you." And they left.

She had tossed a small pink paper bag onto the table in front of me. I didn't even want to touch that bag much less open it, but the three boys told me to

take them AND to wear them tomorrow along with some elastic-waist pants. I took them and shoved them into my backpack.

At home that night, I told mom that I never wanted to go back to that school but she firmly told me that I had to. Then she said, "I've been afraid this might happen. You see, before you started at this school, I had a meeting with your principal and she explained to me that we are in a very rough neighborhood and for lack of a better description, the students run the school -- at least the gangs run it, and there are three boy gangs and one girl gang, and I guess you had a run in with the girl gang -- the leader is that Viola somebody, right? Well, the principal explained that if you weren't strong and aggressive like most of the other boys, you would be spurned and end up with the 'pussy boys' as they call them. I didn't think it would happen so soon, but now that it did, You must go along with being dominated by these girls and just try to make the best of it."

"But, Mom, they want me to ... to ... to wear ..."

"Yes, I know -- pink panties. The principal explained it all to me. After I described you to her, she said you would probably end up with the pussy boys; I just hoped it wouldn't happen. I thought I'd have time to explain it to you. The principal put me in contact with one of the other mothers with a son named Scottie tabbed as a pussy boy. She said it wasn't that big of a deal. The girls loved to tease and humiliate any boy they considered a wimp, but they never physically hurt them, at least not very much. The gangs at that school are the law and order and the faculty can't do much about it. I think those girls have all kinds of things over the faculty members too and the whole school would blow up if they revealed what they know. So, until our fortunes turn brighter, I'm afraid you are stuck going there."

I couldn't believe it; even my own mother couldn't help me. In the morning, I waited until the last possible minute to open that bag and take out those horrid panties -- the most sissified pink you ever saw with some lace and ribbon in bows. I closed my eyes and put them on and put my skater shorts on



over them as quickly as I could. If any of those crazy girls jerked down my shorts, I knew I would die.

At lunchtime, I dreaded the worst. Viola and her gang did come over to our table. She just looked at me and said, "Do you have your pretty pink panties on, sissy?" I nodded that I did as I mumbled, "But, I'm not a sissy."

"I heard that. You better learn not to talk back to me or I just might cut off that tiny little thing you got between your legs. Now, show me your panties. Or do you want me to come over there and strip off your shorts so we can see."

"Oh, no, please don't do that. Here, I'll show you." "Show me what, panty boy?" I blushed and felt tears getting ready to burst out of my eyes. I knew what I had to say. "I'll show you ... my, um, my panties." And with that, I pulled down

the waistband of my stretchy shorts and exposed the top portion of the pink panties." I hoped that was good enough to spare me being stripped down completely. Happily, it was good enough.

"Good to see you're learning the rules. Well, since you're a new pussy boy, we have to have a proper initiation; after school, meet us out on the playground and don't be late."

I relaxed once I knew they weren't going to strip me there in the lunchroom. But then I began to think about the initiation. I asked the other three boys about it, but before they could go into any real detail the bell rang for us to go back to class.

After school when I went out to the playground. I saw the other three boys arriving -- all red-faced and apprehensive. I also saw the girls with a bunch of girls' clothes on a bench. I had a horrible feeling about them but hoped otherwise until the three boys went to the bench and right there in broad daylight undressed

down to their panties and the girls selected a dress for each of them to wear and helped them put them on and button them up the back. Even I knew they were old-fashioned dresses, like little girls used to wear to birthday parties. Even girls our age didn't wear frilly dresses like those ugly things. The girls yelled at me, "Get over here and let's get you into a pretty dress. You were born to wear dresses, so let's go!"

I started crying, "Please, I wore the ... the panties, but, please, don't make me wear a sissy pink dress. I'm a boy. Please, no!"

"Shut your pussy mouth and get over here. You're going to love dresses. If you didn't know you were a sissy before, you will now."

Viola had a menacing look on her face; I knew I had to do it! I was crying when I stripped off to my humiliating panties, and grabbed the dress they offered me and put it on as fast as possible to hide my panties. The girls all gathered around and made a big fuss over me in a dress. I felt many hands go under my dress and touch and tickle me through my lace panties.

The girls had us line up -- I was last and a couple of girls had changed into old clothes and began drinking some weird yellow stuff but they didn't swallow it, instead they made each boy bend his head back and they spat all that gunk into his mouth -- and he had to swallow it! We were warned not to spill a drop of it. When it was my turn I couldn't believe how



horrible that junk tasted. I wanted to barf. But then the girls loaded up their mouths again and force-fed us more of that junk! They did it four times! By then, my stomach was bloated with that crap and wrenching! I struggled to keep it down. I was full like never in my life, but not full with something good tasting, full with that strange awful shit!

After that, the girls had us dance with each other as they clapped their hands and sang some dumb song about girls being better than boys and that we are nothing but pussy boys. And we four boys had to sing a chorus after each verse they sang. We had to chant:

***We're not strong like other boys, we're wimps and fags and girly toys,
we dance and kiss with each other, then run home crying to our mother,
we must wear panties every day, and show them whenever you say,
no matter what others think, our panties must always be lacy and pink!***