

The **Demale Society** *Training Manual*

Volume #12

*Games, Notices,
Stories & Pics*

A detailed manual for women describing how they can take control of their males. Easy illustrated lessons teach training techniques.

How to make men and boys subservient to women and girls as well as make them productive members of the human race.

Traditional male interests are expertly replaced with fetishes. Tough, naughty little boys are disciplined and turned into sweet little pantywaists easy to control and ready for life under female rule.



Fantasy Entertainment

Adults Only





Jeffrey, a thoroughly demaled happy boy, is ready for bed with his teddy bear, a bow in his hair and his pink panties peeking out.

Notices

Added 11/14/03

California - New Girl Chapter

From MMM to All

Last week I put my son in a dress and panties for the first time, and he loved it! I thought it was going to be difficult! No, he's not a swish or a pansy; I always thought of him pretty much as a toughie. But he has sure taken to girly clothes. He comes home from school and changes immediately! So I'm thinking of using dress up as a reward since it certainly isn't a punishment for him. He has gone outside with me a couple of times all en fem, but that scares him. Maybe I'll use that as a punishment. Sometimes I get him to wear his lace panties under his boys' clothes, but that scares him too. He's such a sweetie pie, how he clings to me when we're out, and he's secretly in pretty panties. I'm going to push on him to wear panties more, maybe even to school. Is it really this easy? Am I just lucky? Or are there going to be problems ahead?

Delaware - Sizemore Chapter

From Tippi to Liz

Your guidance is the best! I need some advice and I can't wait until the next meeting. My husband is deathly afraid that our two boys (10 and 17) are going to turn into faggots since I've been feminizing them. I have my husband pretty well trained, so he'll go along with most anything I do. Yet, he has these fears. I tried to explain to him that gays are born not made, but I know he's still scared. I guess he got that way after I started dating a remale, not for love of course, just for sex since my remale has big cock, even if he is a bit of a pig. Well, when Darrell complained too much, I let him watch as Hank (my remale) screwed me. I wanted to show him that just because I was getting sex on the side, it wasn't a threat to our marriage. Just sex, no love. Anyway, Darrell wouldn't shut up -- you know it's difficult to have good sex if you can't concentrate, so I got an old baby pacifier out and shoved it in his mouth.

Then I made him take off everything except his pink panties, and sit on the edge of the bed while I fucked Hank, who really laughed his head off at my sissy cuckold hubby. He went into hysterics when the front of Darrell's pink panties turned darker in color and got all wet! After it was over I was still plenty pissed, so I made him lick Hank's penis clean. Darrell was crying and Hank was laughing throughout the whole thing. I guess that's why Darrell thinks our boys may turn gay. I guess he fears I'll make them do faggy things like that. Here's a picture of Darrell. His hair is really getting long these days!



Nevada - Whoreshoe II Chapter

Notice for Chapter Members

If we haven't been able to get a hold of you by phone or email, please note that our Christmas party meeting with our annual sissyboy fashion show has been moved from Dec. 10 to Dec. 17. Prizes and very special rewards for all entrants. Doing the rewards: Dawn, Kay Lee, and our new TS to female, Sondra; they're freshening their lipstick and getting out the lube! The Christmas show will be at 6:30 PM at Barney's Loft on south Rainbow, and we must have your reservations in by Dec. 9th. And tell us if you want a meat, fish or veggie entree. We already have a lot of participants, so we hope to start the fashion show by 8. Call most any member if you need directions.

Reminder: Get your demales working on their handmade sissy clothes, lingerie and accessories for the design and crafts show at our Jan. 7 meeting. Let's keep it down a bit that night; it's a visitors' and prospective new members meeting. The Jan. meeting at the usual time and place.

Delaware - Sizemore Chapter***From Vixen Liz to Tippi***

Your husband hasn't turned gay since he sucked Hank's cock, has he? Well, tell him not to worry that your two pantywaist sons will turn into fags if they suck a cock. And just because a guy sucks a cock every now and then doesn't mean he's gay! If they're going to be fags, there's nothing anyone can do about it, anyway. You should have each of your two boys dangling from the end of a cock soon. The younger they are, the easier it is to get them to accept this as a normal part of being a demale. You can tell them that you never know when they will be in a position where sucking cock is a good idea. It's saved the life of more than one sissy! I'm sure your pimple-dick husband will go along with you on this since you let him wank as much as he wants. After all, your boys inherited their baby dicks from him. That will make him feel guilty. (How did you ever get preggers with a little thing like he has! Sorry, I laughed so hard when you had him show it to me. Just his tight panties make him look perfectly flat down there.) And have that whining pansy watch while your boys do it. I bet Hank would volunteer to do the honors. But if you think Hank has too big of a cock for a first time with your boys, I'm sure Jack B or Jose (Martha's boyfriend) at the club would let your kids down their dicks. Maybe dress them up like French maids, cheerleaders or little princesses; I know Jose likes looking down at sissyboys all fagged up.

Nova Scotia - Posy Chapter***From Gale D. to All***

I need help with hormones. I'm feminizing the boy I baby-sit for, slipping hormones into his after-school snacks. He's 9, and I think just about to enter puberty. I want others to tell me their experiences with boys his age. I want to stop him from developing any secondary male characteristics, but I don't want to overdo it and have him developing breasts (well, yes, small little mounds and slightly enlarged nipples would be nice) -- but no really noticeable titties, otherwise his asshole dad will send him to the doctor to find out what's going on. The boy is a really sweet kid and wants nothing to do with macho stuff. His mom died a few years ago and he really misses her. He hates his dad always pushing him into sports and stuff. He told me shortly after I first met him that he wished he were a girl. I'm just helping him out, but not letting him know what I'm doing with his food since then his father might get mad and beat that info out of him. I do let Donny see me in my lingerie, and we both use the bathroom together. He wants to know everything about females. I left him some of my fashion magazines. His dad found him reading them and wanted to know what he was doing with them. Thankfully, he got out of it by telling his dad they were my magazines, I had left them there by mistake, and he was just curiously looking through them. So, help me. How do I make him as girlie as possible without letting his father know?

Mississippi - Sweet Sons Chapter at Large***From Meredith to All***

I need advice. I got my thirteen-year-old in panties, but he's jacking off in them (it seems like) 24 hours a day! He says, "Panties get me all sexed up. I can't help it. I get hard as soon as I put them on." Well, he has pecker tracks on all his clothes. His bedroom smells like a whorehouse, and his bed sheets are a constant mess. I'm washing them every day. I think I'll make him start doing the washing. But I do have to admit that since he's been pantied, he races home from school every day and doesn't tag along with the delinquents he used to hang with.



***New York - No More Chapter
From Sissymaker Sandy J. to All***

Just wanted to give you a little peek at the results of a lifetime in sissyhood. I've attached two pics here for your enjoyment. The first is one of Scottie back in the 1960s when his mother encouraged him to dress up all the time and be the little daughter she never had. Back then we were dating (arranged by his mom -- I was the daughter of a friend of a friend). When I found out about his mom's predilection, I was all in favor. The only problem, she masturbated him with regularity. I suppose it was her little convincer to get him to go along with her feminizing games.

Well, when we were getting serious, I told him the cumming was going to be under my control once we got married. He was such a sissy by then and so happy that a girl had taken any interest in him that he was primed to agree to anything. My wedding gift to him was a cock cage, and I locked it on him on our honeymoon after he disappointed me when it came to making love to me. He admitted that he preferred to be jacked off to screwing me! So, I jerked him off in my white satin wedding panties (I thought that was a nice touch), and then locked him in the cage. He has barely had it off since! I can count on my fingers the number of times I have let him shoot off over the years. With the cage on all the time for close to 40 years, his genitals have atrophied. He can't fully erect, and when he gets excited, which is almost all the time! -- his jism just leaks out. The effect of having him locked up in his cage for all those years has left his penis and balls baby sized. Even when he's out of his cage and fully erect, I can cup both his cock and balls completely in one hand! The other picture here is one of him on one of those very rare opportunities that I left his cock cage off. That's him fully erect in his blue satin panties.



So why did I marry him? I always had this thing in which I love to be in control. Besides, his all his relatives are real bluebloods, so the family money is pretty nice too!

Oh, as for me. I have a long list of remales I have sex with. The sex is great -- especially since I'm in control of those guys -- but the best part is having Clark (my wimp husband) wait on us, and then afterwards having him between my legs sucking up other men's sperm from my pussy.

Enjoy!

Note: Many of the pictures that we post on this page are amateur photos, and sometimes the quality is rather poor, but they are the only photographic evidence of the described events, and we include them here because we feel a poor quality photo is better than no photo at all. Especially some of the old black and white photos, we tried to improve by colorizing and enhancing with our computer photo program.

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



Notices

Added 12/05/03

DeeDee J to All

My Husband Got More than My Name

I always had this thing for taking charge of most any situation, and when I met John in high school, he was one of the few boys I had dated who didn't mind me telling him what to do. As our love grew, so did my domination over him. Two of my lifelong friends, Maggie and Ceil, who are also willful and independent, found out about the Demale Society and got me interested. I had John in panties in no time. He didn't resist. He enjoyed taking the submissive role, and as I told him at the time, his wearing panties was a sign of his obedience to me. I know he liked wearing panties since he got hard the first time I put them on him. He got quite embarrassed when I made him take down his pants and model his panties for my two girlfriends, but he did it.



That was some fourteen years ago. Upon graduation, we got married, and I had him take my last name instead of the traditional way of the woman taking the man's last name. Today, I'm sure it is much less of a problem, but you wouldn't believe the crap we ran into because of it back then.

From changing his bank account, driver's license, and work related IDs to making up the wedding invitations and dealing with the church where we were to be married, a lot of people gave us strange looks and asked strange questions, most notably, "Why are you doing this?" Like it was any of their business!

When we first announced that John was going to take my last name, the biggest resistance came from his father. My future father-in-law put up a big stink; I finally shut him up telling him to go into his son's room when John wasn't there and look at the stacks of lacy panties that his son wore for underwear every day. The old man didn't believe it even after seeing the panties, but when John came home and he asked him about it, John just broke down and cried. His father stormed out of the room, mumbling words like sissy and faggot. He didn't talk to us for almost a year, and during that time we got married. John's father almost didn't attend the wedding, but was finally forced to show up by John's mother and sisters.

You may be interested to know that John really took to the feminine life-style. Within six years he went from being the sissy husband I trained to panty fetishism to a full transvestite to a transsexual! He now has nice breasts and is preparing for SRS. He's scheduled to lose his shrinking penis in March. You can say I lost a husband but gained a sister, but it's more than that. This is a sister I can confide in, share things with and control! Now, we even share my boyfriends! The guys I date love my "roommate" giving them head to warm them up before they have sex with me. Of course, they have no idea that the sweet

little thing hungrily sucking on their dicks is actually my husband!

Once John started growing tits, his father totally disowned him. John's mother and I are still very close, and she has been secretly trying some Demale Society techniques on her husband, but he's old and had prostate surgery and ended up impotent, so he has no interest in sex, so she hasn't had much luck with the sex angle, but she does get him to do or go along with a lot of things by threatening to let their friends and neighbors know about John evolving into girlhood. John's father has this major hang-up about what others think, so these kinds of threats at least keep the old man in his place and highly controllable.

Kristen

Different Color Chapter, Upstate NY, Member #058889 since December 1988

Me: White, stretch lace hiphuggers. John: Sheer green briefs in the photo, but most of the time, he's in a tight panty girdle to hide what remains of his penis.

Taz to BoyBlocker Chapter Members

Mark the 10th of March, 2004, on your calendar. A former Demale Society national director will be visiting at that meeting! She'll up-to-date us on the latest techniques and news of other chapters she has recently visited. This is a great honor, and you know how rare it is to even meet anyone from the Central Committee, much less a former director, so let's bring out our sweet boys for a real show of panty-wasted males. We'll have prizes for the best costumes and the best "Stupid Sissy Tricks." Get details from Gail.

Cora of the New Deal Chapter to Gracie

Please call me. I lost your phone number. I'm going to LA at the end of January and need to know about that store in Orange County that sells party dresses, rhumba panties and other little girl clothes for little boys -- the one you told me about where the owner has her two sons model whatever you are interested in buying.

It's time I make the move on my one and only. He's been progressing but too slowly for me. It's time I do more to him than wank him off in his panties to keep him good for a few days at a time. It's time I get some real girlie-girlie clothes and parade him in front of his stupid friends. That would terrorize him a bit and let him know this all isn't just a game.



***Kay to All
Nail Polish Loving Little Boys***

Hi! This is just a little reminder of what nail polish can do to modify a boy's spirit. My Tucker was one of those boys who is attracted to bright red fingernails from the time he was still in diapers. He kept after me until I painted his nails too. But once I did it, he wanted me to do it more and more often. The little girls in the neighborhood would laugh at him, but they did accept him into their little play group after the boys spurned him. Several members of my church (which I had thought of as a pretty liberal church at the time) told me it was wrong to let him do that. I saw no harm in it, but I did get concerned when more and more people warned me about letting him wear nail polish as he got older. He took a lot of heat for it too. He was labeled a sissy and teased a lot, but he loved wearing his nail polish enough to shrug off comments from those nasty kids. But since he was able to ignore the pressure, I let him decide for himself.

He even wore nail polish while attending preschool and kindergarten. But when he started first grade, the school wouldn't allow it. I found this old picture of him from kindergarten. You can see the nail polish on his nails, and now that I look at this old photo, just the smirk on his face makes him look like quite the sissy. I wonder if Jerry Falwell would say he had a "homosexual look?" By the way he's the sweetest little thing to this day. He's not gay, even though I know he has had some sexual experience with both sexes. Today, he's 28, and I'd suppose you'd call him bisexual, but perhaps asexual would be a better description. For the longest time, the only sex I'm aware of that he engages in is masturbating into his panties, and I know that because I do the wash!

Ms. KL.

Different Strokes Chapter, San Francisco, Member #071755 since January 1995

Me: Black stretch control briefs. Tucker: White briefs with pink lace appliqués (last time I looked).

***To Florida Career Girls Chapter Members
From Sissyboy Chuckie***

Thank you all for bringing your daughters, remales and sissy sons to tease and humiliate me and the other players at your annual Sissy Maids' Day meeting. After you voted me the winner in your Simulated Suckathon Contest, I was so full of that sweet juice that I thought I'd have to go to the hospital and get my stomach pumped! I dreaded telling the doctors and nurses in the emergency room what I had been doing to get so sick! I had practiced on a number of different dildos in my wife's collection, but had

never sucked a real penis, that is except for my wife's pet poodle. I was fine until I won, and Jake, Martha's remale cornered me in the booth, pulled out his penis and forced me to suck him. He thought he was treating me for winning. He had no way of knowing that my mouth was virgin.

My wife has had me in training to be a sperm receptacle for her father, so he'll stop bugging her mother for sex all the time. The guy is bisexual but a macho asshole. If he weren't rich and holding tightly to the purse strings, things would be different. Anyway, my wife and mother-in-law are working on that. In the meantime, they've been preparing me to take over by mother-in-law's cocksucking duties, something the old jerk likes to wake up to almost every morning. So now that I won the contest, my wife is convinced that I'm ready to be their bedroom maid. Thanks for the opportunity to show my stuff! And tell Jake that I apologize for pulling that offended pussy boy shit. Thanks to him, I now know that I can do the real thing. It doesn't taste as bad as I thought it would.

Joan to All

Thanks for Teaching Me So Much So Fast!

I'm new to all this feminization stuff, but I love it! After just two weeks, I got my twin twelve-year-old boys wearing panties with all the info and help I got from just two meetings and the training manuals I got. It took a couple of spankings -- wow! I hadn't done that to them in about five years. But that old-fashioned approach still works wonders! Nothing like a burning hot butt to get the attention of your boys!

They were turning out to be real slackers -- but I'm turning them around. I already let them know that they're going to be getting a sound paddling on their lacy new panties every Saturday afternoon just to remind them to be good. I chose Saturdays for the weekly spanking ritual because we always go to the movies on Saturday nights, and they'll have a lot to think about while sitting on their stinging hot butts during the movies!

They were too embarrassed to let me take a photo of them to send to you. I even told them they could keep on their grunge clothes, and they didn't have to show us their panties underneath, but they blushed just at the idea. So I made a sign and took a photo (the enclosed picture) when they weren't paying attention. When they saw the finished photo, they wanted to die! No, they don't suck yet -- but they soon will! I had no idea how homophobic boys their age are.

But at the meetings they tell me that can be a very good thing. A lot of homophobes are that way because subconsciously they so fear they are gay, and when they do take the plunge, they turn out to be the some of the swishiest flaming faggots you've ever seen. Getting them in panties is step number one.



My friend Jill has a gay fifteen-year-old brother. I'm going to invite him to our backyard cookout next week.

Joan R

Pretty Boys Chapter, Arizona, Member #099790 since June 2003

Me: Purple high-cut Brazilian briefs. I'm posing with my purple panties peeking in one of my favorite panty tease stances.

Tim (on the far left): Little girl pink, white and green flowered tricot briefs.

Tom: Little girl white nylon Barbie doll briefs with lace.

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[Next](#) | [Index](#)





Games

Games that Teach & Train!

Posted 12/19/03

Try the games we post here or use them to inspire you to create your own games.
Send us games you have found successful in hooking males into servitude.

All games can vary widely with regard to the sexual element, the rules, what the winner wins, what happens to the loser, etc. Those elements you decide as you create your own rules, rewards, etc.

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All games can vary widely with regard to the sexual element, the rules, what the winner wins, what happens to the loser, etc. Those elements you decide as you create your own rules, rewards, etc.

Name of the Game: "Panty Match Making"

Sexual element: Medium to High

Participants: Male participants, all ages. A good introductory game at mixed parties, especially after everyone has had a few drinks! Female participants, all ages.

Objective of the Game: Develop panty fetishes and submissive attitudes. Puts males in a subservient position to females and gets them to focus on panties and female aromas.

Rules: Participating males are blindfolded, and participating females remove their panties, sit in chairs and place their panties on their laps. Each blindfolded male takes a turn kneeling before each female. She talks with him about her panties (but does not describe their color or style), lets him touch them and then holds them to his nose for him to smell them. Then all the panties are lined up on the floor. Taking turns, each male has his blindfold removed, and he has to crawl over to the row of panties and smell and examine them while on his knees. He takes the panties to the female he thinks they belong to. If he's right, he gets to kiss the woman's hand, foot, or wherever you decide. If he is wrong, he gets slapped across the face!

Winner: The male who gets the most correct matches wins. His reward can be anything you decide. In a nonsexual game, he could get to keep all the panties he guessed correctly. In a sexual game he could get a hand job from the loser who strokes him off through a pair of panties.

Loser: The male with the least number of correct matches. In a nonsexual game, the loser could be made to wear panties on his head for the rest of the night. In a sexual game, he could be made to masturbate the winner through a pair of panties!

Accomplishes: Conditions males to panty fetishism by getting them used to seeing, smelling, touching and thinking about panties. Gets them used to being on their knees and submissive to teasing, laughing females. Develops the sexual symbolism of panties. Makes a strong sexual link



between males and females as the females talk about their panties to the males kneeling before them.

Selling point to interest males: Males are always ready to do something in which they can see and touch female panties. Takes advantage of the male need to compete and turns it into a positive (female domination) learning experience for all participants, even the losers!

Adapt in any way you like. Just remember to have a clear objective of things you'd like to accomplish as you design your own game. Do have a penalty or consequence for a male to pay if he loses. Male arrogance typically makes males ignore losing consequences since they always believe they will win.

Tell us about your male-conquering games, so we can share them with others!

Tell us about your male-conquering games, so we can share them with others!

[Next](#) | [Index](#)



Stories & Pics

Initial Posting

11/12/03



Gustave before he has his wig on.



Gustave Enjoying a Girlie Day

My English is not so good. I have a friend write this for me. Here pictures of son Gustave on girlie day when Demale meeting in our house. He loves to wear my glasses too. One picture with Demale lady friends. They all love him.

Gerta

Member #081088 of the Maria Boys Chapter, Vienna, Austria, since December 1999

Me: Stretch lace briefs in champagne and white. Gustave (in pictures): Light pink little girl briefs with red

hearts.

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[Next](#) | [Index](#)



Gustave before he has his wig on.









Stories & Pics

Added 11/24/03

Favian Loves His Girly-Boy Classes

Thought you'd enjoy seeing our latest accomplishment. Once a month we are holding "Gender Sensitivity Classes" at our local elementary school. It was the brainchild of one of my friends. She proposed it to the principal, who was all for it! Now, once a month, we have a voluntary after-school program for parents and students. We meet



in the gym. Parents in one area listen to a short lecture on school violence and how to prevent it. Of course, the focus is on the problems with males and a discussion follows on controlling them and modifying aggressive male behavior.



The children, in a separate area of the gym, discuss how they can be nice to one another and are quickly led to the conclusion that boys should be more like girls. Next, the girls help dress the boys like girls, so they can experience being more like them. (A lot of the mothers have donated outgrown girls' clothes, and we've built up a beautiful wardrobe of outfits and accessories -- oh, yes -- including little bras and silky panties -- we tell the boys wearing bras and panties is the only way to really experience being a girl!)

In this picture, one of our Gender Sensitivity Classes has just gotten out, and my son, Favian, is skipping down the sidewalk right in front. He's wearing a skirt and blouse combination, a specially prepared Demale Activity and Coloring Book in one hand and his Barbie lunch box in the other! Favian wears his girlie outfits home. All the boys are urged to wear them home. Moreover, they can keep the outfits!

Favian loves his classes and now has five outfits that he wears at home "when he feels like it" with very little pressure from me. His dressing up seems to be happening more and more often.

Yesterday was a red-letter day! He sheepishly asked me if I could buy him some panties of his own -- some pretty soft panties with lace. And he hinted that he wanted to wear them all the time. Well, I have to cut this short because I've got some panty shopping to do for him before he gets home from school. The two boys right behind Favian are Simon, a darling little boy in the preschool classes (holding his doll upside down!), and David, a sweet little first grader in the pink dress with flowers in his hair.

Roselyn

Member #098490 Morphing Chapter, MA, since January 2002

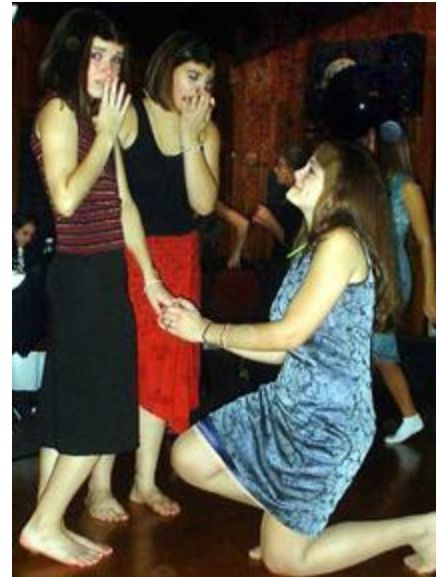
Me: Zebra striped thong under white pettipants (I wear them to drive my remale husband crazy).

Favian: Flowered nylon brief.



New to Being Sissified

I'm a recent member, so my two boys are just being indoctrinated into the Demale life-style. I've attached a photo (see next page), and as you can see, the boys are a bit upset about having to dress up in girls' clothes. That's me down on one knee pleading with them to enjoy the experience. Karl is in the red skirt, and Kent is in the black skirt. They make adorable girls. Don't you think! I get them to wear sissy panties to bed every night, and have had them get completely dressed up with wigs and all just a few times. The photo is the first time they appeared where other people could see them in their girlish outfits. It was our monthly meeting where we have our demales model girlie clothes. (I've got to get them some bras, nice girls' shoes and pantyhose -- maybe even a garter belt and nylon stockings -- that would be nice!



Enjoy!

Selma

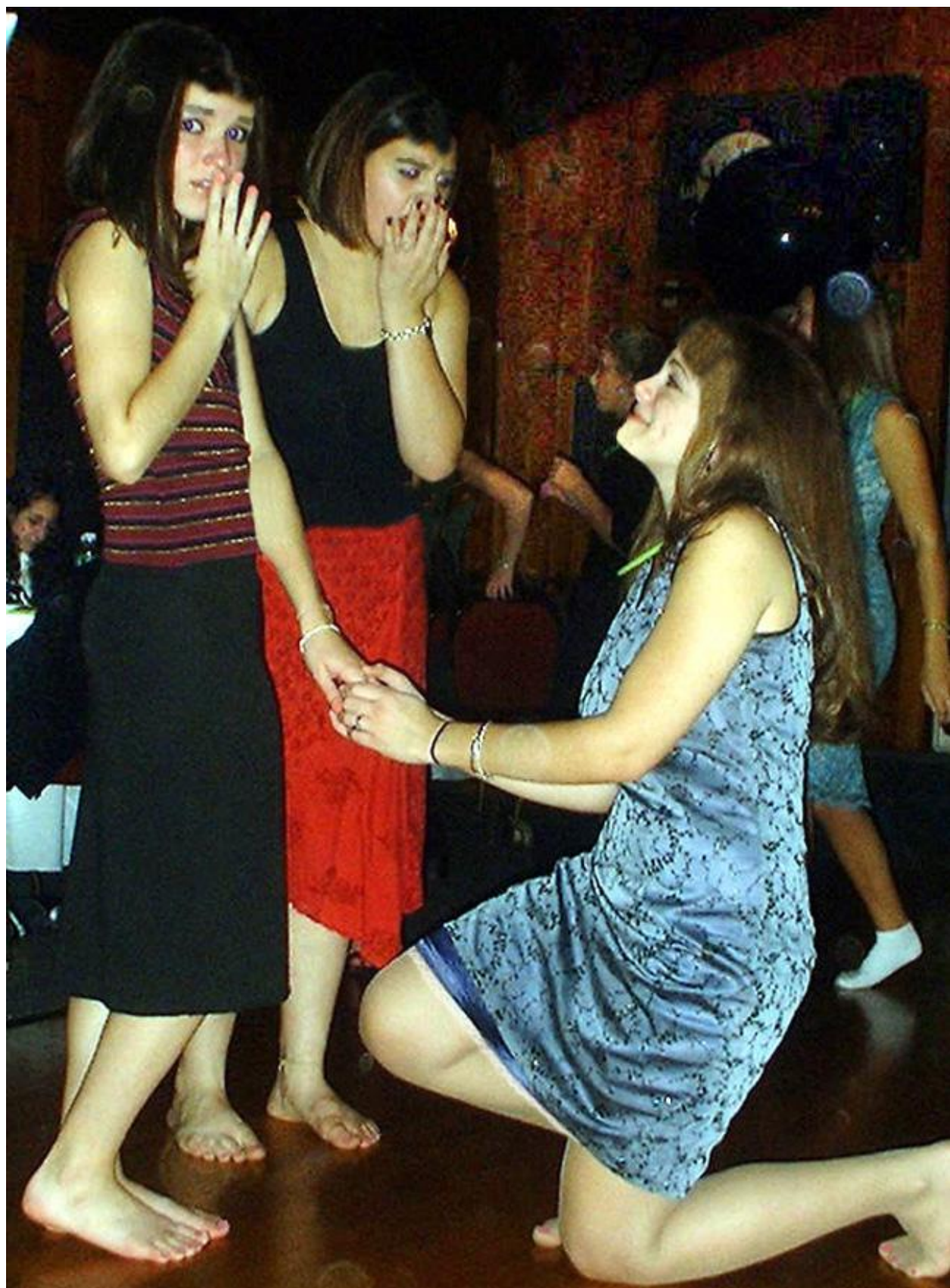
Member #099892 New Daughters Chapter, IA, since August 2003

Me: Beige satin teddy. Karl: Red panty briefs with white lace. Kent: Pink double-back rayon briefs with roses.

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[Next](#) | [Index](#)





Stories & Pics

Added 12/08/03



New Husbandette Performing Well

Just have to brag about how I'm getting on these days with my new husband, or as I call him my husbandette. We got married in August, and I already have him doing maid duty. I have to admit his mother paved the way for me by bringing him up to be the mama's boy of all time. One of her wedding gifts to us was an apron for Danny, and across the front is printed "husbandette!" The picture here shows him modeling it. With his wig on, he looks pretty good. I can't wait for his hair to grow out.

When it comes to sex, I prefer my girlfriends making love to me even though he's pretty good at giving me oral -- his mom's training pays off again! Since I'm into girls, why did I marry him? Well, to do my part! You can't be a Demale Society member and not make femdom some males, so why not a maid husbandette? My brother is gay, but I can't claim him to my credit. He was sucking off neighbor boys throughout grade school. I caught him so many times, he got to the point that he didn't even stop giving head if I walked past his bedroom and he was in there doing one of his little friends. It was too much for our folks to handle. They're strict bible-totting folks. They still can't accept that their son is gay. They just think he has problems and needs counseling. I think the minister they send him to for these weekly sessions is a fag. I wouldn't be surprised if Dougie is going down on him during those sessions! Anyway that's another story.

I met my future husband through a club meeting. My two best girlfriends and I hung out all through our school years. In high school we made a pact to get together every Tuesday, and 90% of the time we keep to that promise. We call it our "club night," or "girls' night out." We all got involved in the Demale Society together, and that's how I met Danny. His mother was a founding member of our local chapter. Other than making him wear a training bra and panties everyday under his regular clothes, she never did much other feminization of him. She dressed him up a few times for costume parties and stuff like that, but she preferred to have him as a sissy male instead of a daughter. Still he was very feminine in his looks and actions. He looked so good! I actually got the hots for him when I first saw him in drag. Too bad he has a flap of skin between his legs instead of the rosette I love!

Well, his mother was ill and getting up in age, and she knew it wasn't going to be long before she would be heading for a nursing home, so she was shopping for someone for him to marry. I liked the idea immediately. I got on well with his mom, and despite my being more than twice his age (I'm forty-one, he's seventeen), she told him he was going to marry me. I started feminizing him right away.

The wedding was nice, like the old saying: It was a two ring ceremony, one ring on my finger and the other ring in his nose! (Actually it was through his penis! Just to prevent him from even thinking about putting that ugly thing in me! A friend of mine who is into piercing did it for us.) Anyway, things are going well. Once we were married, I had him quit his job, and had his mom move in with us. I had him start growing his hair long and got him a half dozen maid's outfits like the one in the photo. He waits on me and his mother along with our friends. It's a great life!

Tess

Member #061022 Nix Dix Chapter, Coral Gables, FL, since July 1989

Me: White satin briefs under a longline bra-girdle combination. Danny: Pink satin briefs -- the ones I wore yesterday!

How I Got a Little Toughie into Dresses

Without any male children of my own, as a Demale member I have to look outside my family for opportunities to do some feminization. I enjoy softening up the males I encounter in my daily life, and I'm always ready for a challenge. I believe the tougher they are the harder they will fall and the more feminine you can make them. A lot of women look for the wimpy, weak, milquetoast type of male to attack. These types already have one foot on the banana peel, and it doesn't take a lot of effort to slide them over the edge and into full sissyhood. Me, I like the bullies and the macho pests who think they are tough. What I found out is that these rough-and-tumble types are very aware of male-female things, and see a clear line between the two. No unisex or gender-bending clothes for these guys. But I have found the best attack is full frontal. These guys usually giggle -- and even blush! -- when confronted with the idea of putting on girls' clothes. Laughter is their defense mechanism. They are so unprepared for this possibility that they become tongue-tied and all of a sudden very unsure of themselves. They like to think of it as a joke. But one other thing about these types, they don't backdown from a dare or a challenge. Eric, a kid who lives down the street from me, is a recent convert and a good example of what I'm talking about.



I'm on our homeowners committee to coordinating outdoor Christmas decorations, and I was meeting

with his mother at their house when he came in dirty and looking a mess. His mother complained about how he always looked that way.

"Too bad, he's not a girl," I said in an offhand way to his mother. "They always stay clean and make themselves look pretty."

"Don't I wish," his mother replied.

"Why don't you get him some girls' clothes and dress him up once in a while, maybe some girlish qualities would rub off on him," I said in a matter-of-fact way, letting her know I wasn't joking.

Her mouth dropped open, and she stared at me, but I wasn't about to soften what I had said with a laugh or tell her I was joking. She knew I was serious. She immediately explained how Eric was all boy and would have nothing to do with girls or anything associated with girls. Putting him in girls' clothes would be out of the question.

That would seem to be a brick wall for many women, but for me, it just made more determined. To a "what if" question about being able to dress him in girls' clothes, she said it did sound like a good idea. She had never thought of such a thing but said it wouldn't hurt to give it a try if I could get him to go along with it. I asked her if I could try an experiment, and she agreed. I had her tell Eric to take a shower, and I went along with her into her bedroom, and with her permission, I went through her drawers and closet to find a few things, and when Eric was out of the shower, I had her get him and bring him into the bedroom.

From the moment he walked in, you could tell he was uneasy, probably because he was just in a terry bathrobe, and I was a stranger to him. But he also seemed jittery being in his mother's femininely appointed bedroom. After his mother introduced him to me, I began talking to him about boys and girls and the differences between them. That kind of talk got him a bit nervous. He had no idea what I was getting at. I had some of his mother's clothes on the bed, and I picked up a satiny blouse and showed it to him, encouraging him to feel the fabric and examine it closely. He went through little laughing spells, obviously nervous and totally out of his element. I got him to relax with some lighthearted conversation by getting him to talk about girls at school and one of his girl cousins that he seemed to have a crush on. I had seen where his mother kept her panties, and I had him standing near that dresser, so I "accidentally" dropped the blouse on the floor.

"Would you get the blouse for me, Eric?"

And as soon as I took it from his hands, I said, "Oh, and be a good boy and get a pair of your mother's pink panties for me too. Hurry up and do it!"

Without thinking he turned to the dresser and opened the center drawer. His mother and I looked at

each other with a knowing smile. He knew where she kept her panties!

Eric realized his mistake all too late and stopped cold. Masculinity wounded and looking befuddled, he stared into the open drawer but didn't do anything until I urged him to pick up a pair of the panties and bring them to me. He tried to do it in a purposely boyish way, making an icky face and holding the panties in the very tips of his forefinger and thumb like they were hazardous material that could kill him -- how right he was if he was thinking such thoughts!

Defeated and nervous, I had him hold the panties and we examined them together. Every few seconds, he was looking up at his mother like he was desperate not to be doing this, but she'd just smile back at him, and reinforce the things I was saying. A couple of times, he even asked her if he could go out and play instead of being there with us.

I quickly got the conversation around to whether or not he had ever tried on any of his mother's clothes. He blushed about the brightest red I had ever seen anyone blush and appeared to be on the verge of tears. I let him know it was OK to put on his mother's clothes once in a while, but he should always ask her permission first. This kid was dying on the spot! I didn't ask him if he wanted to, but I just took him over to his mother's vanity, set him down on the stool and started putting some makeup on him. His resistance was minimal. His mother held his hand and kept telling him how nice he looked and how proud she was of him. And following the coaching I had given her, she avoided using the word "pretty" or making any kind of girlie-girlie reference. I had him slide off the top of his bathrobe and let it fall around his waist as he sat there, now in full makeup. He kept staring at his reflection; you could tell he was utterly fascinated with how his face looked. That helped us take further advantage of him. Sitting there now bare-chested, I helped him into the thin pale blue satin blouse. It was almost like a shirt, but he knew if it was a female garment. In a burst of fun, I added a blue feather boa and left him to admire himself. He kept staring at his image. We had made giant strides in just a few minutes time.

That was as much as we did that first day. It was a solid start. His mother couldn't believe we got that far that fast! I've remained in close contact with his mother, and together we got him into more and more girls' clothes. Now, she gets him to play dress-up at home every few days. She's got wearing lingerie, dresses and high heels around the house, and she is now ready to buy him girls' clothes of his own -- just for him to play with of course! Another one bites the dust!

Denise the Demaler

Member # 030002 Totally Pink Chapter, The Hamptons, since April 1972

Me: I was raised in the 1950s, so I still love and wear custom-made real silk pettipants with five rows of ribbon and lace around each leg. (They are sensational for flashing!)

Eric: Last time I visited him, pink satin panties just like his mother wears but in his own size.

Note: Many of the pictures that we post on this page are amateur photos, and sometimes the quality is

rather poor, but they are the only photographic evidence of the described events, and we include them here because we feel a poor quality photo is better than no photo at all. Especially some of the old black and white photos, we tried to improve by colorizing and enhancing with our computer photo program.

The end of Demale Society Training Manual #12

[Index](#)



