

The Demale Society

Training Manual

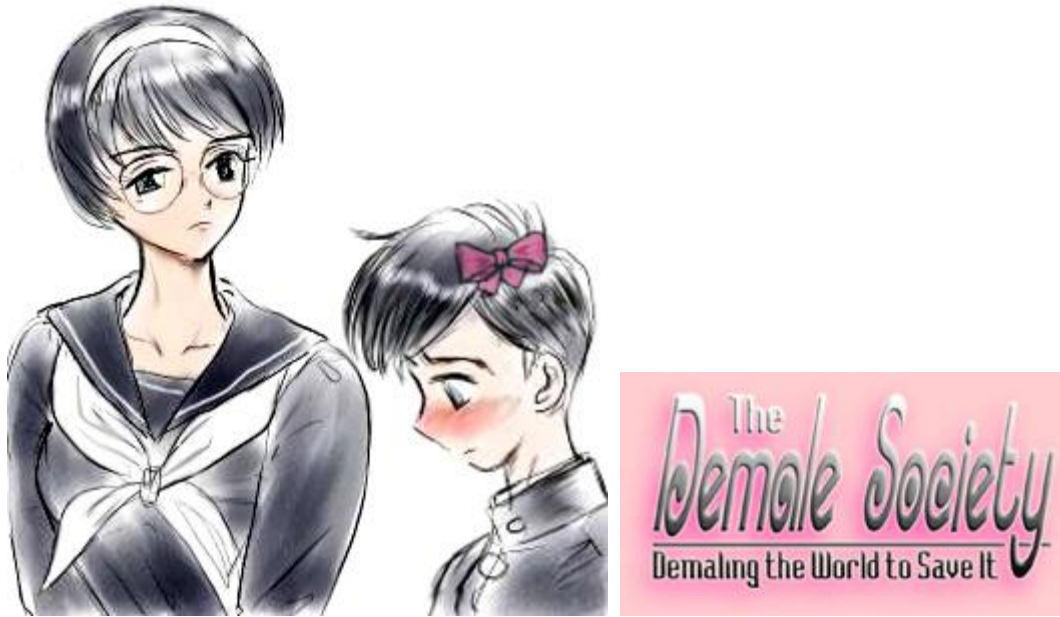
Volume #2

These manuals teach women by example how to make boys adopt feminine ways and ideals, how to take control of their ruinous male hormones, and how to make them sweet and gentle as well as force them to ignore traditional macho ways and accept total female rule.



Fantasy Entertainment

Adults Only



The Demale Society

To make the world a better place and for the sheer survival of our species, the Demale Society quietly goes about its work of reducing crime, hate, and war by taking charge of males and turning them into "demales" -- homosexuals, transvestites, transsexuals, sissies and (mental and physical) eunuchs -- types of males who have generally proven to be gentle and peaceful. First, Society members take control over the males within their own families and then branch out to assert their influence over male relatives, neighbors, friends and even strangers. In the new world order, males will be devoted to female rule and fully accepting of female goals and philosophies. Society members learn clever ways of attaining the organization's goals, and do resort to force and unfair advantage when necessary.

All around the world, the Society is discreetly gaining coverts and transforming males into demales. But being a secret society, they generally shun publicity and public exposure because many of the powers-to-be, warmongers and macho leaders, who control females through fear and have the most to lose, would seek to destroy this aggressive group of feminizers if they could identify and find them.

The central committee of the Demale Society supports the chapters, supplies them with information and sets the goals, but each individual chapter decides how they will work to achieve those goals. The central committee operates in complete secrecy to protect its members, and there is only indirect contact with each chapter through a series of intermediaries.

We are not in direct contact with the Society; one of their members sent us these materials anonymously, and this series of manuals was produced by that member's chapter and NOT by the central organization. That chapter member gave us permission to reprint these materials for your enlightenment.



Technique #3-C: Training Boys with Panties

The first two parts of this lesson on panty training a boy explored some of the more aggressive approaches. For some boys the only way you'll ever get them into panties is to do so by clever coercion or strong-arm tactics. Therefore, it is important to know how to assert yourself, take charge of a boy and use every trick available to you if the situation comes to that. But this lesson focuses more upon tempting, coaxing and gentler methods, which can be very successful; however, boys who willingly allow you to panty them the first time can turn on you without warning and reject what you are trying to do. Even the most cooperative boy, will probably balk once you start urging him to wear panties more and more. And if and when he resists, what you learned in previous lessons will be important to know.

Less threatening and lower key methods are often sufficient to start your boy down the path to being your silly little panty slave. These methods depend a lot upon love and trust and are ideal in mother-son and girlfriend-boyfriend relationships.



The first time can be very easy. After all, most boys think panties are pretty neat and sexy before you ever approach them with a pair of pretty panties in your hand. Often, you won't have to force your boy to put them on, especially if the two of you are in a playful mood and you ask him to try them on "just for fun" or "as a favor to you because you think he'd look really great in panties" or just to show him "how nice they feel

to wear."

Tell him that he's a very special boy and you love him very much. Make him tell you how much he loves you. Tell him that most boys never get to know how wonderful it is to wear pretty panties because their mothers and sisters don't love them enough to share their panties with them. Tell him if he puts on a pair of your panties, you'll feel very close to him and he'll feel very close to you. Sharing panties with a boy is like the female version of being blood brothers.

Once he puts them on, no matter how much you want to, don't laugh! You can smile like the dickens and be happy and cheerful, but if he thinks you are laughing at him, he'll immediately want to take them off. If you do find yourself unable to control your laughter, make sure you have ready some reason why you are laughing, maybe you can point to something funny you just did together or something funny you recently saw on television. Just make sure he understands that you are not laughing at him, even if inside you think him in panties is the funniest sight you have ever seen.

Do tell him how nice he looks in the panties. At this tender moment, don't use the word "pretty!" That will turn him off. Boys know that 'pretty' is a girls' word. If his penis gets hard in the panties, compliment him and tell him he has a big penis for a boy his age. Tell him that since it's big and hard, it proves that he likes wearing the panties, and he should therefore wear them often.



Only as you take him through the downward spiral of panty training do you gradually introduce him to teasing, humiliation and start taking advantage of him so you can get him to the stage you want him. Some mothers just want a thoroughly dedicated panty boy to be their sweet little companion for life, a boy so well trained that no other woman will ever be able to steal him away. Other mothers want their boy to be their devoted maid and slave to them and their friends. Some girls want to gain such complete control over their boyfriends that they will wait on them hand and foot without complaining. And some females take the greatest pleasure in destroying males and making them completely humiliate themselves for the entertainment of them and their friends. The following is such an example.

Sixteen-year-old Liz feigned love for fourteen-year-old Brandon and brought him along until he was so much in love with her that he was willing to do anything for her, and she made him repeatedly tell her just that! Of course, Liz was never in love with him, but she wanted to take control of a boy by getting him to completely love her. And that's what she did to Brandon. Their lopsided friendship quickly developed into a mistress-slave relationship.

She enjoyed treating him like dirt and making him wait on her like a dog. She made him wash her car, paint her toe nails, bring her snacks, and despite her mother's laughter and teasing, he washed out her bras and panties and hung them to dry outside where the neighbors could see him and laugh at him too.

Liz kept getting him to do more and more for her. She wanted to see how far she could push him. She often made him wear makeup and a wig but keep his boys' clothes on and then send him out on errands. She not only made him buy her tampons, but when he'd get back from the store with them, she made him remove her dirty tampon, lick her pussy clean and then help her insert a clean tampon.



She'd have her friends over, both guys and girls, and made him wait on them too. Brandon was the neighborhood joke, but he didn't care as long as he could be near Liz and be of service to her.

Her mother had a friend who owned a tattoo parlor, and even though Brandon was underage, she was able to get him to have a portrait of her tattooed on his abdomen, and she made him show it to people the first time he met them or anytime they asked to see it. She made him start wearing frilly panties under his boys' clothes, and made him keep those panties pulled up and peeking out

above the waistband of his pants, so the panties could be seen whenever he had to lift up his shirt and show someone her portrait on his stomach.

Her most recent humiliation for Brandon was putting him into her wig and forcing him to go to the mall and steal panties. While Liz and her friends watched in the background, he had to go to various stores and keep stealing panties until he got caught! He got caught all right, and is shown here being led away by the police. Liz did not offer to help him, instead when a crowd gathered, she yelled out for him to lift up his shirt. Even in this embarrassing situation, Brandon did as she commanded, freed himself enough from the arresting officers so he could pull up his shirt and show everyone Liz's portrait and the pink panties sticking out above his pants!

Now that's an instance of how a girl can use love to destroy a guy. That first time, when Liz reached into her dresser drawer, pulled out a pair of her panties and told him to put them on, he did. And he didn't even blink an eye when she told him that he was never again to wear boys' underwear. If he wanted to keep on seeing her, she told him he'd have to wear panties, and that he'd have to buy them himself.

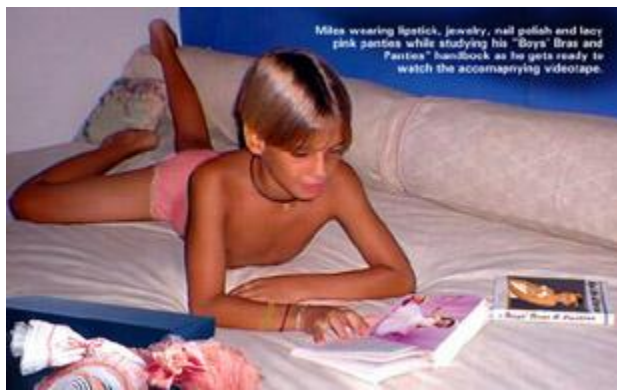
Any male who is madly in love with you will be easy to train. So the lesson here is to manipulate your target male into loving you above everyone and everything else, and he'll do anything for you. They say all is fair in love and war, so spoil him and lie to him. Tell him anything and do anything to get him to love you, then once he's hooked, start backing off and let him fall over the cliff of love. As you withdraw your love, he'll follow and want you more than ever. The more he wants, the less love you give and the more you abuse him. Make him abase himself to prove his love for you, and no matter what he does, let him know that you want more and more proof of his undying love.

Of course, one way to get a boy wearing panties is start when he's a toddler and put him in them from the day he gets out of diapers. If he never knows anything but silky panties against his penis and butt, he'll never want to wear any other kind of underwear no matter how much people tease him and other boys beat him up.

A good example of such training is Miles, the son of a Society member whose mother has had him in panties his entire life. Miles, like other boys trained to panties this way, has grown to be a

beautiful, sweet, gentle boy that any mother would be proud of. He wears panties all the time, even under his more masculine clothes while at school. Actually, his 'more masculine' clothes are actually items purchased in the girls' department, things like slacks and blouses that aren't too girly. These clothes were a compromise between his mother and his school principal.

Miles has a full wardrobe of little girl dresses and skirt and blouse combinations, but he's only allowed to wear them when he's not in school. And his mother has to keep an eye on him in the mornings because he constantly tries to wear some of his frillier clothes to school. Currently, he is pestering his mother to get him a training bra because all the girls his age at school have given up their lacy undershirts and have started wearing bras, even though most of those girls do not yet have any sign of breast development.



Miles' mother knows that once she allows him to start wearing bras it will probably mean another round or two with the school principal.

She hasn't made any promises, but has told him that he might get one for his birthday (which is still three months away); however, in the meantime, if he wants to get a bra for his birthday, he has to be on his best behavior and follow her commands without question. His mother is constantly tightening the screws on him to continually assert more control over

him. Right now, she has him studying a videotape on panties and bras for young boys. She expects him to become an expert on little boy lingerie and she'll give him a quiz on what he has learned from the book and video, and she expects him to know the material perfectly, memorizing specific segments that he can quote on demand and recite for his mother's friends.

But over the years even a little sweetie like Miles has had second thoughts about wearing lingerie. He wore them along with very girlish slacks and tops in preschool and had no problems dealing with other kids. His teachers knew he was a boy, but the other kids started calling him "Brandy" and thought he was a girl. He was very happy in preschool until his mother came to pick him up one day and someone referred to him as a girl. Well, she set them straight on the spot, and the other kids were surprised to learn that Brandy was really a boy named Brandon. From that moment, the girls laughed at him and the boys called him names and would be mean to him at every opportunity.

Brandon came home crying to his mother. He asked her to buy him boys' clothes because that's what the other kids told him he was supposed to wear. His mother told him that he wasn't like other boys. He was a girly boy, a very special kind of boy that got to wear nice girls' clothes, and the girls were jealous of him because his clothes were so pretty and the boys were envious of him because they weren't allowed to wear girls' clothes.

After she quieted his fears, she made his favorite dinner, and then put him in his prettiest pink baby doll nightie and masturbated him all night long through the folds of his silky panties as they sat together and watched Shirley Temple movie videos. The next morning, she got Brandon to repeatedly tell her how much he loved being a girly boy. Instead of putting him in boys' clothes, she put fingernail polish on him and a short little dress that only came halfway down his hips and fully exposed his best pair of party panties, lovely pink and white rhumba panties with satin ribbon trim. She sent him to school that way. She challenged his teacher to protect him, and for the most part she did. The boys were shocked to see him so dressed and made fun of him, but the teachers did keep them from hurting him. The girls giggled at him a lot but, surprisingly, started to make friends with him again because they remembered he was so nice when they used to get along. The girls took an interest in his clothes and wanted to look at his panties and fingernail polish close up. And a couple of the boys started to soften too. They began talking with him and playing with him once again too. Eventually, all the kids grew to accept him for what he was, a girly boy, and after getting over the stupid ideas and attitudes planted in their heads by their parents and peers, all the kids got along beautifully, and Brandon never was happier.

So there is an example of a crisis situation that could have ended his panty training if his mother had given into the demands of his peers and given up her abiding determination to keep him sweet and feminine. All was not a perfect developmental process for Brandon. There were other crises, but each new problem his mother helped him face and handle until it was no problem at all. Brandon grew to not only accept his girly life-style but to love it to the point that he gave complete allegiance to his mother and delighted in being the swishiest little sissyboy you've ever seen despite objections from narrow-minded outsiders.

Suggestions for the "loving" approach to coax a boy into trying on a pair of panties:

If he's a toddler, start him in panties NOW! If you've missed that chance and you now want to panty a boy, these are things to do to get him into them the first time:

Let him see you in your panties, and make sure your panties are new and clean. Lessons with dirty panties will come later.

Get him to admit that panties are pretty

Get him to admit that girls are lucky to be able to wear panties

Tell him wearing your panties will make him feel close to you.

If he expresses a fear that other people might find out that he has put on a pair of panties, tell him it will be a secret just between you and him, knowing full well that you will not keep it a secret from others once he gets hooked on panties. Promise him anything, but once you have him trained, you can break your promise. In fact, it's good to break your promises to him just to teach him that you are the boss and his wants aren't important.

Tell him you think he'll look sexy in panties. Do not tell him that he'll look "pretty" -- that's a girl's word and could easily scare him off before you ever get started.

Once a boy is in panties:



No matter how difficult it is, don't laugh at him. And don't be too serious. Keep it light and playful! Smile, be cheerful and compliment him on how great he looks and how much you like him in panties, but don't laugh!

Tell him he's a lucky boy to have a mother (sister or girlfriend) who loves him enough to let him put on her panties.

Get him to admit that they feel good. Touch his hips, butt and penis through the panties to drive home the point.

After a boy begins wearing panties for you regularly:

Tell him he has to act girly when he wears panties, and if he starts roughhousing or acting like a stupid little boy, you'll take his panties (and your love) away from him.

Tell him if he's good, you'll let him put on other girls' clothes and makeup, pleasures forbidden to most boys.

What to do when you see the first signs of resistance or any backtracking once you have a boy in panties:

A boy usually balks once there is the slightest hint that others will find out he has tried on panties even once. That's why lessons in strong-arming a boy into panties were more of a focus in the earlier part of this series of lessons. Taking charge of a boy is essential. He has to know that you are the boss, and what you say goes. He has to learn to ignore what his friends say, ignore what his father says (if his father is not trained to your authority), and ignore anything that goes against anything you want your boy to believe.

A boy should listen only to you and seek your advice on ALL matters. Television is loaded with negative portrayals of females and bad ideas; closely monitor what he watches and be quick to point out anything he happens to see that is contrary to what you want him to believe.

Even if a boy goes along with your request to put on panties, it is often a very traumatic for him; so no matter how nonchalant he acts, always remember that inside there's a good chance he's going a little crazy! Being pantied can be equivalent to mentally castrating a boy. These are moments that this boy could well remember for the rest of his life. So when pantying a boy, rehearse every step and be prepared for any possible reaction. Most likely you know well the boy you are trying to get into panties, he'll probably react like he does in other stressful situations, so you should be able to be prepared for whatever might happen!

Panties are a wonderful way to demale a male and make him yours for life! Remember our little acronym to keep in mind all the power available to you when panty training a male:

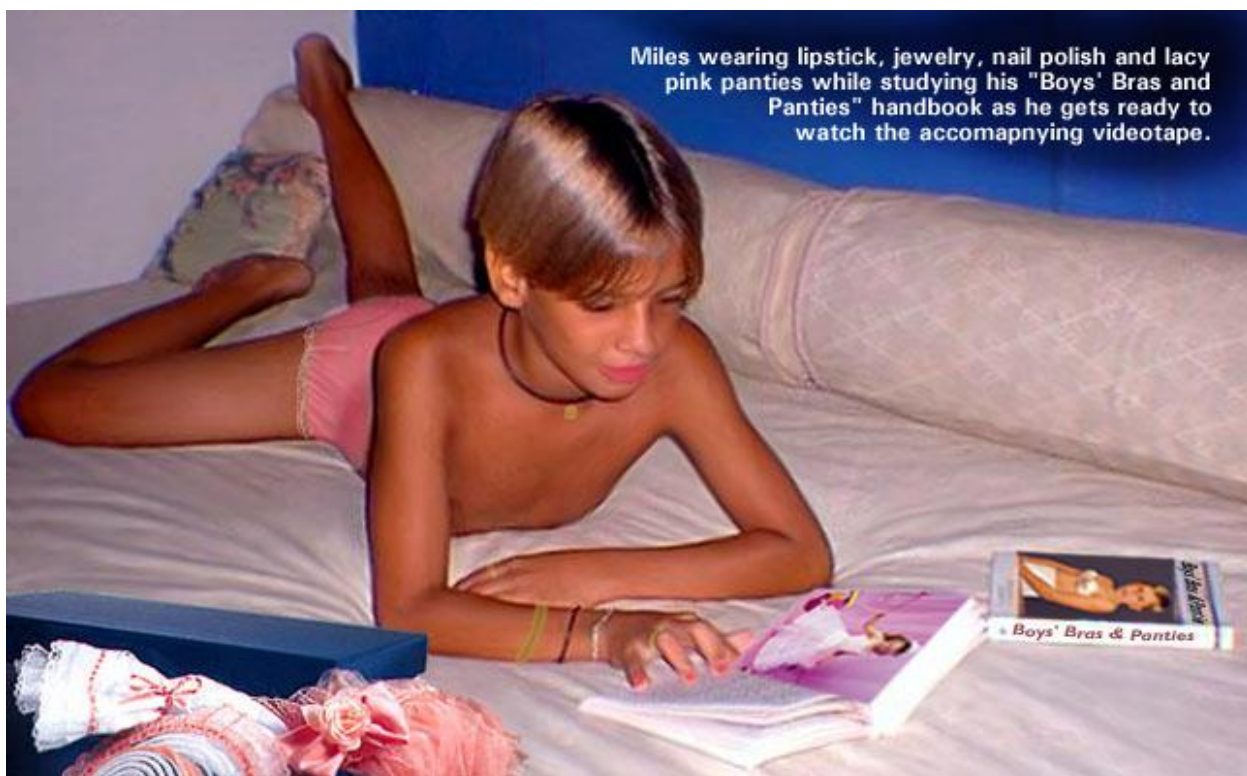
Panty: P is for pretty. A is for aroma. N is for naughty. T is for touch. Y is for you.

The only other note: If you are training a boy on the verge of puberty, make sure the first time he shoots his cum, he does it into a pair of silky panties. Panties will own that boy for the rest of his life. And if that first time, you are the one to masturbate him into those panties, you will guarantee that he will be in love with you for the rest of his life!

Next: Training Boys: How It's Done.







Miles wearing lipstick, jewelry, nail polish and lacy pink panties while studying his "Boys' Bras and Panties" handbook as he gets ready to watch the accomapnying videotape.



Sissyboy neighbors: Carl cried when forced outside while undergoing pink panty training, but he completely fell apart when he was seen by the gay boy next door who was outside in a party dress and playing with his dolly.

The
Demole Society
Demolishing the World to Save It

Technique #4-A: Training Boys: How It Works

Instead of just teaching by example, in this lesson we'll explain more about how and why our ways of demaling males works. We'll also try to clear up some misconceptions about what we do. Most notably, when we say we want to feminize all males, we mean we want to feminize the way all men and boys think. The dictionary definition of 'feminize' is to cause a male to assume feminine characteristics. And the most important feminine characteristic for males to assume is for them to adopt feminine attitudes and ideals: their love of fairness and freedom, their desire for peace and harmony, their respect for life and beauty.

When we say we want to feminize males, some people think we want to physically feminize them. Yes, we definitely want to do that to some males, but there is a whole continuum of physical feminization ranging from wearing of a single article of female clothing to a full sex change operation. But we don't want to change every male on the planet into a limp-wristed sissy prancing around like a faggot. If that were to happen, putting a man or boy in a dress would fail to be a punishment or a reward. And that is why we are against unisex clothing, even gender neutral clothing. We are against mixing up sex roles. We need to keep the lines between the



"And Todd, stay there in the corner with your panties pulled up so we all can see them until I let you pull your girlie shorts back up."

sexes well defined with clothing, customs, wants and needs. The problem is that what most males want in today's world does not serve humanity very well. The female way of thinking and doing things is much better, and therefore, we want males to become similarly minded. We do not want to turn most males into females. Males will always have their own wants and needs. We just want to (aggressively) influence them so they are positive wants and needs that benefit society, not detract from it.

A properly brought-up male is to be respected and admired as he goes about life fulfilling his duties and obligations. A lot of men are like that, and they are fine just the way they are. In many ways they are already mentally feminized, but they are in the minority. So males can serve admirably without being physically feminized. In fact, we need such males to be the standard-bearers of the new masculinity in the new social order where unfair advantage, extreme aggressiveness, unhealthy competition and controlling tactics are not acceptable forms of behavior and punishable offenses. We need this new breed of

responsible, caring, beautiful males to make the world a better place. Women, no matter how much they are in charge, cannot do it alone, but they can lead the way, and that's why they must be in charge. Males have failed the human race since the beginning of time. Even good males frequently fail when they gain power, position, wealth and influence. They rarely have the ability to control themselves, therefore, all males, even the 'good ones,' must be under control of females.

The best time to train males is when they are young -- the younger the better. That's why we focus so much on training boys. Throughout a male's life, females have to watch for the first signs of machismo. Boys who play rough sports, frequently fight, disrespect girls, and bully

other children need to be immediately subjected to feminization. What to do and how much to do depend upon the circumstances and individuals involved, but any 'typical' male behavior needs to be countered with some degree of feminization. Kachina, an American Indian woman who recently moved here gives us the following example. In her own words, she tells how she dealt with her errant sons.

Jokes are made about Indians moving off the reservation and not being wise in the ways of 'the white man.' Well, for me it was true. I married a government worker who regularly visited our reservation. We have two sons and I tried to raise them like I saw white women raising their sons, basically I let them run wild! My husband never seemed to care how destructive or nasty they were. They talked back to me and even to him, but he just ignored them. Boys on the reservation are taught to respect their elders. They do get into trouble and can be wild, but ultimately they mind their parents and respect people and property. I didn't like the disrespect our boys had for people and things, but living off the reservation, I thought that's the way boys were supposed to be. Things changed when my husband ran off with another woman. Of course, I was angry, what woman wouldn't be? Anyway, a neighbor knew the problems I was having with the boys and invited me to a meeting of our local chapter of the Society.

At first I thought it was a religious organization or something like that, but when everyone started talking about men and boys, the problems they create and how to take control of them, I knew I was in the right place regardless of whether it was a religion or a social organization.

After hearing what other females were doing with boyfriends, husbands and sons and even non relatives, I was embarrassed when people asked me about my home life and I had to admit that my sons were totally out of control. I came home from that meeting and started changing things immediately.



When I walked in the door, the baby-sitter was crying because Ace, my seven year old, had thrown a book at her and scratched her face. After paying the sitter, I went to the family room, took their joysticks away from them, shut off the TV and demanded to know what had happened. Ace shrugged his shoulders and tried to walk out of the room. I grabbed him by the ear and demanded that he stay there and explain what he had done. Happily I'm still much stronger than he is, but holding him by the ear instantly gave me complete control over him. (I understand it's an old-fashioned way of taking charge of a child, but it was new to me; I never saw parents use it on the reservation.)

Instinctively, I knew the words coming out of Ace's mouth were lies. I added a stinging slap to his face and told him to stop lying. When I threatened to hit him again, he confessed that he had thrown the book at the sitter because he was mad at her. I made him stand still while I went to



From 40 years ago, naughty boy Jack being punished in a dress.

my sewing kit. From it, I took a piece of purple ribbon and tied it in his hair. When he reached up to touch it and try to figure out what I was doing, I slapped his hand away.

Corey, my six year old, saw what I was doing and started laughing. “Sissy! Ace is a sissy! Ace is a sissy!” he sang repeatedly.

I couldn’t have scripted it any better. Corey was teasing his older brother, driving home the punishment as I explained to them that Ace was going to have to wear the ribbon in his hair like a girl because he was acting like a spoiled little girl throwing things at people.

Ace looked at me like I had scalped him instead of simply putting a bit of ribbon in his hair. He pulled it out, but I quickly had his ear in a good pinch once again. That plus a three more slaps across his face had him crying and promising to stand still while I retied the ribbon. Then I took him to the master bedroom and made him stand there and stare at himself for punishment.

Corey came along and couldn’t stop giggling or calling him names. When Ace asked me to make him be quiet, I told him it was a good part of the punishment.

I was a bit nervous as I did the next thing that I had heard about at the meeting. With them still in the room, I started slowly undressing and getting ready for bed. I took off my dress, and then in just my white half-slip and light blue bra, I sat at my vanity and brushed my hair. After a while I had Corey come over and brush it for me. He couldn’t do it very well, but his involvement is what was important. Then I took off my half-slip and gave it to Corey. I showed him how to fold it and put it away in my drawer. He seemed to be very excited about doing that. I was amazed! Then in just my white panties and blue bra I went over behind Ace and checked how he was doing. He wasn’t pouting or crying very much anymore. He was staring at me as boldly as he could even though he had his head down and was pretended like he wasn’t looking. Still wearing nothing but my bra and panties, I turned him around and gave him a big hug. I told him I was proud of him for taking his punishment so well. He was a bit startled. As we hugged, I dried his tears and made sure his face and hands had a lot of contact with my silky lingerie. I turned around and had him unhook my bra, which I whisked off before the two goo-goo eyed boys, then nonchalantly walked over to my wardrobe took out my beige nightgown and slipped it over my head.



Just a touch of lipstick, a pretty little dress and a nice wig can make a naughty boy very presentable.

So that’s how I started. My life is pretty good these days, my boys still get into trouble once in a while, the macho brainwashing learned from their peers and their father is taking a while to undo, but their naughtiness is happening less and less. The baby-sitter has had very few problems dealing with them anymore. The secret: I simply explained to the boys that if she ever gives me a bad report about either one of them, the next time she’s scheduled to baby-

sit, I'll have both of them in their dresses standing at the door waiting for her!

Oh, yes, I have dresses for them. On the reservation, they sell a lot of very frilly dresses, great fluffy concoctions of lace and ribbons in the sweetest colors. The women there love to dress up their little girls in such frilly things. Well, I got a pink and red one for Ace and a yellow and white one for Corey. They hang in their closet for them to see everyday and remind them that they are always ready to be used. They have to wear them whenever their naughtiness warrants it. No one has ever seen them in dresses except me, and they will do anything I say to spare themselves that humiliation.

What's their situation now? They are turning out to be very good little boys (much better even than the nicest boys on the reservation!). When they need to be punished I still like to use bows in their hair. And after a lot of struggling, crying and difficult times, I now have both of them wearing pretty panties every day under their regular clothes. Our society meetings have taught me the value of keeping boys in pretty lacy panties! (I got them at the reservation too. The panties they have there are so much lacier and fancier than the ones they sell anywhere around here.) I do let my sons wear boys' briefs when they go to the doctor, and I let Ace wear them when he plays basketball at school and has to change in the locker room, but they know that if their behavior doesn't continue to improve that I could change that too.

I also got their old playpen out that I used when they were babies. If they are being punished with bows in their hair and someone is coming over, I make them stay in the playpen, so they can't run away and hide when my guests arrive. When my guests see them in the playpen, I make the boys explain about hair bows and why they are being punished for being bad. I've made their bedroom nice and feminine too, replaced their posters with pictures of cute little girls and added a lot of pink and lace with drapes and a new bedspread. Our society chapter printed up some of our own 'Sissy Boy' coloring books, loaded with pictures of boys in dresses and panties. I have a stack of them and make the boys color in them instead of playing their computer game_s. In the enclosed picture, both hair-ribboned boys are in the playpen with a bit of lipstick, nail polish and one of their sissyboy coloring books.

My two boys are well on their way to becoming complete demales! In fact my youngest is taking a great interest in girls' things. He plays real nice with his girl cousins and often acts very girlish. In the middle of the night, he got in the habit of getting out of his bed and coming into my room to sleep with me. Most things that I have read, say this is a bad habit to let him get into, but I know from the meetings that on the contrary, it is very good to have a boy at this stage.

After he did it a few times, I told him he'd have to wear one of my half-slips to bed like a nightie because his flannel pajamas were too rough against my soft skin. He was greatly embarrassed at first, especially since I made him get naked and put in on while I had the lights up full, but



once in bed, I masturbated him through the nylon and he got very excited. I kept his little cocky standing up straight in that slip for hours. He didn't get much sleep. His eyes were so red in the morning. But on subsequent nights, he kept disrupting my sleep and crawling into bed with me, even though he knew he'd have to wear the half-slip. Then I told him that if he wanted to sleep with me, he had to come into my bedroom at bedtime and not in the middle of the night and wake me up. Of course that necessitated him putting on my half-slip while he and his older brother were getting ready for bed. That first night Ace saw him in the slip, he asked him what he was doing. I made Corey explain that he wanted to put the slip on so he could sleep in my bed. Ace made fun of Corey and made him cry. I told Ace to stop it or I'd make him put on one of my silky half-slips too. That shut him up.

That next day I went out to the reservation and bought Corey a couple of very pretty nighties, one in pure white with some roses and pink trim, and one in tiers of light green chiffon with pastel roses and ribbons running down the front. I bought a bright pink one with teddy bears on it for Ace. At bedtime, I could tell Corey liked his nightie the moment he put it on. Ace was abhorred when I showed him that I got one for him too. He said he'd never wear it. I told him I wasn't going to force him to wear it, unless he started to slide back into his old ways and needed some further training. I put it in his drawer and told him he could wear it any time he wanted, and Corey and I wouldn't make fun of him for it. (Of course, I said that with a big grin on my face, like I would laugh at him if he did wear it!) When I put the nightie into his dresser drawer, I marked its position using a tab of paper -- a trick I learned at the club so I could tell whenever he had disturbed the gown. Well, he disturbs it all the time! I know he takes it out and looks at it. One time I almost caught him. I let him know it was OK to like the gown, and that he didn't have to let me know if he wanted to put it on from time to time. He looked at me in anger. He said he hated it, and he'd never wear it. We'll, see!

Corey sleeps with me every night now. He's becoming very feminine. I'm thinking about starting him on hormone pills. Ace has been pretty good of late, but he's struggling a lot with my strong feminine influence over him. Every inch of the way, he tries to fight being feminized. And I have let him know that if he is good enough, I won't turn him into a girl, because I love him as a boy, but I don't like bad boys, so he either has to be a very good little boy or I'll take him to the reservation and have the coochu (medicine man) cut off his cock and balls and turn him into a real girl, and Ace no longer doubts me when I tell him things like that!



As a reward for being a good boy, Eugene's step-mother lets him dress up in fancy dresses and his frilliest lingerie.

As in that example with Corey, some boys take nicely to being feminized. He likes being dressed and treated like a girl, and it has turned into a reward. There will always be males who welcome being physically feminized (budding transvestites, transsexuals and some fetishists); they are to be respected for their admiration and personal tribute to the superior sex, and they are to be treated quite differently from problem males, like Ace. He is being forcibly feminized. He doesn't like it, at least that's what he claims, but the feminizing punishments are getting him to

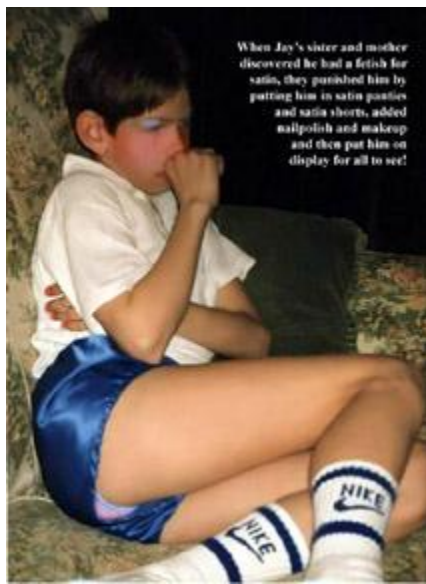
mind his mother and be nice. And there seems to be an attraction to female clothes if his curiosity about the nightgown in his drawer can be taken for that. Such actions indicate he's developing a love/hate relationship with female things. He's probably very confused at this stage. And knowing that his mother probably would laugh at him if he willingly puts on the nightgown, even though she said she wouldn't, is the type of imagined ridicule that both scares and excites a boy like him. Such boys often end up with a fetish for panties or some other female object. But it will probably take a lot more ridicule and shame until he completely changes his ways of thinking and acting.

Being younger, Corey has more readily responded to the positive influence of femininity. His older brother, Ace, is coming along, but he's having a much harder time and a very different experience because he has spent much more time being influenced by his delinquent friends and his macho father. That shows that masculine concepts and ways of acting are learned and tend to be more thoroughly absorbed the longer one is exposed to them. That is why feminine concepts and a feminine appreciation for pretty and nice things (objects and ideas) have to be taught in the same way but in an even more aggressive manner.

Male hormones are what cause adult males to do most of the stupid, harmful and criminal things they do, and to believe their bravado, they rule their world and can do and have whatever they want. Younger males believe them. They too want to be admired, in control and feared. So young males (before their brains are being affected by their own sex hormones) imitate the older males simply on pretense. If we want to improve the world, we have to rid it of irresponsible macho pigs, selfish and controlling animals who think nastiness, aggression, guns, terror, and war are the only ways to settle differences. And the worst problem is that little boys look up to these often disgraceful human beings. For every positive male role model, a boy is influenced by a hundred negative ones. Males need to learn how to think of others before themselves and how to be subservient and devoted to females, because left to their own devices, a male's hormones tend to lead him to be destructive and criminal. We have to change the mental associations males have constructed for themselves. They are selfish and get into trouble because

their screwed up sexuality has nothing to do with loving a woman or any other human being and everything to do with control, power, greed and anger -- things their conscious and subconscious have been taught to revere in place of love.

Since male hormones are the problem, the solution is to channel and control those hormones. But it is important to remember that, as many males as there are in the world, there are that many individual circumstances and variations as to what will happen when you begin feminizing a male and taking control of him. We are much more interested in



feminizing minds than in physically feminizing males. So just as Kachina said to Ace, she'll let him be a boy, if he is a very good boy. So as long as you feminize a male's mind, you don't have to do anything more. And if you get a male to wear female clothes but don't change his way of thinking and acting, you haven't accomplished much. An unshaven, smelly old man in a pink party dress drinking beer and cussing at the television screen while he watches a football game is not progress! In our version of an ideal world, males will be as fashion conscious and fastidious with their appearance as females are today, and they will not be interested in macho sports and will never harm or take advantage of another human being in business, social or any other situation. But most of all, they will spend their time making a positive contribution to the world. And that means for most men their sexual desires will have to be monitored and dealt with appropriately, but that is easy to do, especially if a boy is trained sexually before puberty.

In the previous manuals on training boys with nail polish, lipstick and panties, you've probably noticed a commonality amongst the ways these objects are introduced and used on a boy. We taught you about nail polish first because, especially with young boys, it is one of the first female items that they become fascinated with. And they are similarly attracted to lipstick. Then we taught you about using panties because they represent femininity (and a lack of masculinity) better than any other single object and are one of the most effective tools to use on a male of any age. But a wide variety of feminine objects can be effectively used to train a male. We'll suggest many items, and you surely will have many ideas of your own.

Another important thing: Always be ready to take advantage of any opportunity a boy gives you. If you discover that he likes anything at all that is considered feminine, seize upon it, develop it and use it to take control of him. He might not like it, especially if you use something he loves to keep him subservient to you, but his wants are of little consequence. You want results, and the fastest way to do that is to exploit his desires. Here's an example from Kerry, a girl who brought her brother to a meeting to demonstrate how she developed his love for satin. After the business part of our meeting was concluded, our president called on Kerry to give the following presentation.



In this movie, a boy is forced to wear girls' shorts and bra top.

When I was four years old, my mother gave birth to Jay, my little brother. As a toddler, he was very attracted to sucking on his finger while clutching his baby blanket, a blanket that he took with him everywhere. As we both grew older, I realized that what he liked most about the blanket was the satin border. He'd hold it reverently and repeatedly rub his fingers back and forth over the satin while he sucked his thumb.

Over the years, he continued to suck his thumb. No matter what my mom or dad did, they couldn't get him to stop. In response to peer pressure from his little playmates, he finally did stop, or at least we thought he did. But mom and I went into his bedroom some nights and in his sleep he'd still be sucking his thumb, and he'd still be fingering his baby blanket, even though it

was old and frayed and falling apart. Mom eventually confronted him about it. He refused to admit that he still did it. So Mom took his blanket outside and threw it in the incinerator. We could tell by his startled eyes that he wanted to stop her, but he knew he couldn't stop her without admitting he was still hooked on his childhood fetish. As it burned, he ran back into the house, trying not to let us see that he was crying.



At about that same time, he was getting on my nerves always nosing around my things and teasing me in front of my friends. I wanted to get an upper hand on him, and that's when I remembered about the satin. I started buying a lot of satin clothes. I thought that would get his attention. And it did! At first I thought it wasn't working, but then I noticed him staring at me when I wore something made of satin. He pretended not to be interested, but I knew he was. Just to really get his attention, I'd often make excuses to sit close to him and rub up against him in one of my satin outfits. Then one night I noticed a satin blouse of mine was missing. Well, I

found it in his room in a box under his bed. I took it because I wanted to see how long it would take him to notice it gone from his stash. I'd be able to tell by the way he acted around me when he did discover it was no longer in his hiding place. He'd probably be nervous and scared. I'd be able to tell. Well, less than two hours later, I walked into the den where he was doing his studies, he began acting strangely and giving me guilty sidelong glances.

I went right upstairs, put on that blouse, a satin skirt, and even a satin bra and panties underneath. I came back down to the den, walked right up to him and gave him a hug. He broke down crying when he saw me in that blouse, especially since there were some smelly stains across the front of it! I was seventeen and he was thirteen, he obviously had a very deep satin fetish. He had it from the time he was a toddler and would probably have it for the rest of his life! While confronting him, I also presented him with a pair of my satin panties and some satin shorts. I told him put them on right there in front of me. He refused but did what I demanded when I threatened to tell Mom and Dad about the blouse. I told him that the shorts and panties were going to be his regular outfit around the house whenever we were home alone, and I'd expose him like that to Mom and Dad if he didn't stop bothering my friends and me.

And with that, Kerry made Jay get up from his chair and take off the long coat he was wearing. She made him model his blue satin shorts, and then flip up the edge of the shorts and to expose a bit of the purple satin panties he was wearing underneath. She let him sit back down, but made him suck on his thumb and pose for pictures, one of which is shown here.

When training a male, focus on objects because males are object oriented. They respond better to objects and ideas associated with objects than to words and ideas simply expressed in words. Males think in pictures and put sexual significance to the objects they think about.

To explain how female and male minds work: Even years after important events, women can remember conversations and movie scenes word-for-word. Women think in an analog type of

way and support their memory by associating events with their emotional responses. Women further enhance their memories about events by repeatedly talking about specific events and things of importance to them. Sure, males remember things too, but they remember in a different way. Men's minds are much less acute and much less accurate in recalling emotion-based memories. Their way of remembering conversations is to paraphrase them, and with a movie, they usually can describe the actors and what the actors were doing quicker than what exactly was said. Men tend to have a digital type memory. They associate more with pictures (objects) than words and emotions, and they remember best the things that provide them with some sort of sexual stimulus. But both positive and negative emotional experiences of any import, they tend to exaggerate: over time, they idealize pleasurable memories and become increasingly incensed when recalling bad memories. And with objects, the sexual significance they associate with them can become quite well developed. Men get off (at least subconsciously) on many nonsexual objects, like their cars and money. As further proof of that truth, many criminals get erections while committing their crimes.

Both males and females have strengths and weaknesses when it comes to memory, but the important lesson is understanding how male minds work. Males tend to be less connected emotionally, and they have filled that void by putting a sexual significance on most every thing, plus their impersonal way of lollygagging through life makes it possible for some objects to become more important to them than people. It's why men are capable of doing such inhuman and disgusting things. But their downfall is also the key to controlling them. Achieve sexual control of a male and he will do whatever you want him to do, and the easiest way to do that is to train him to respond sexually to female objects.

The End of Volume #2



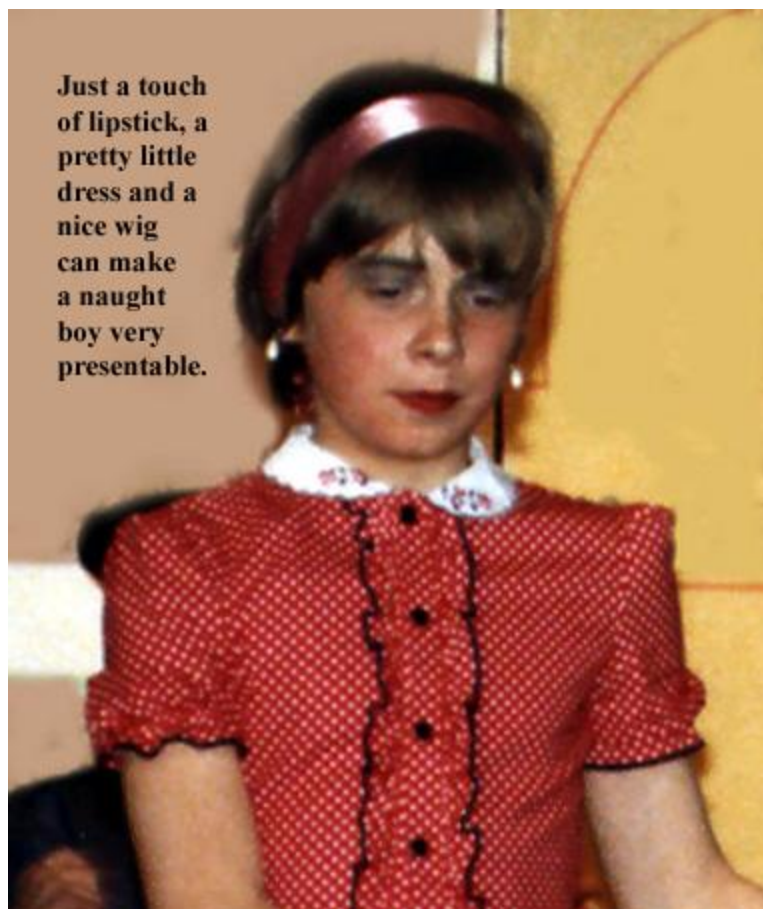
“And Todd, stay there in the corner with your panties pulled up so we all can see them until I let you pull your girlie shorts back up.”



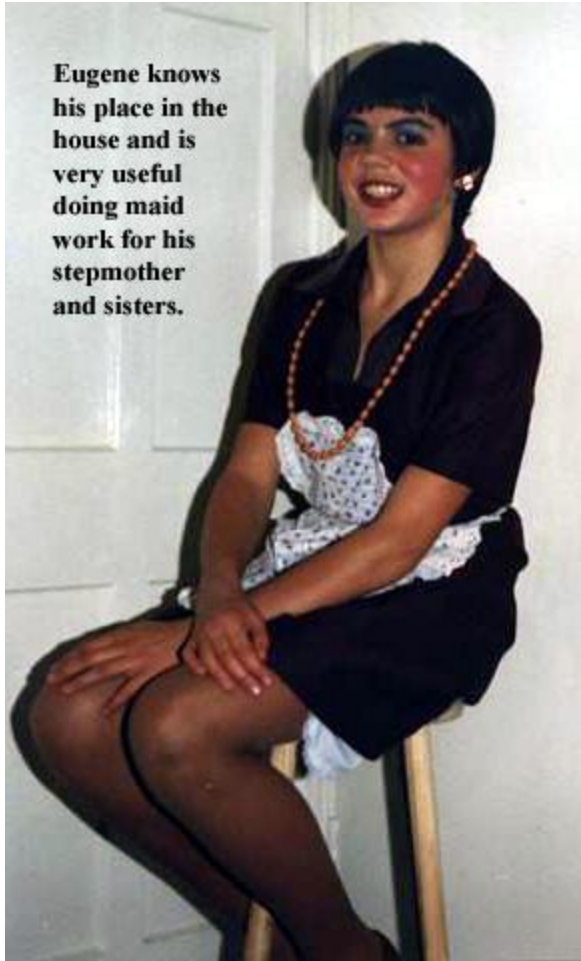


From 40 years ago, naughty boy Jack being punished in a dress.

Just a touch
of lipstick, a
pretty little
dress and a
nice wig
can make
a naught
boy very
presentable.



Eugene knows his place in the house and is very useful doing maid work for his stepmother and sisters.



As a reward for being a good boy, Eugene's stepmother lets him dress up in fancy dresses and his frilliest lingerie.



**Like Ronnie, a lot
of boys learn to love
their pretty clothes.**

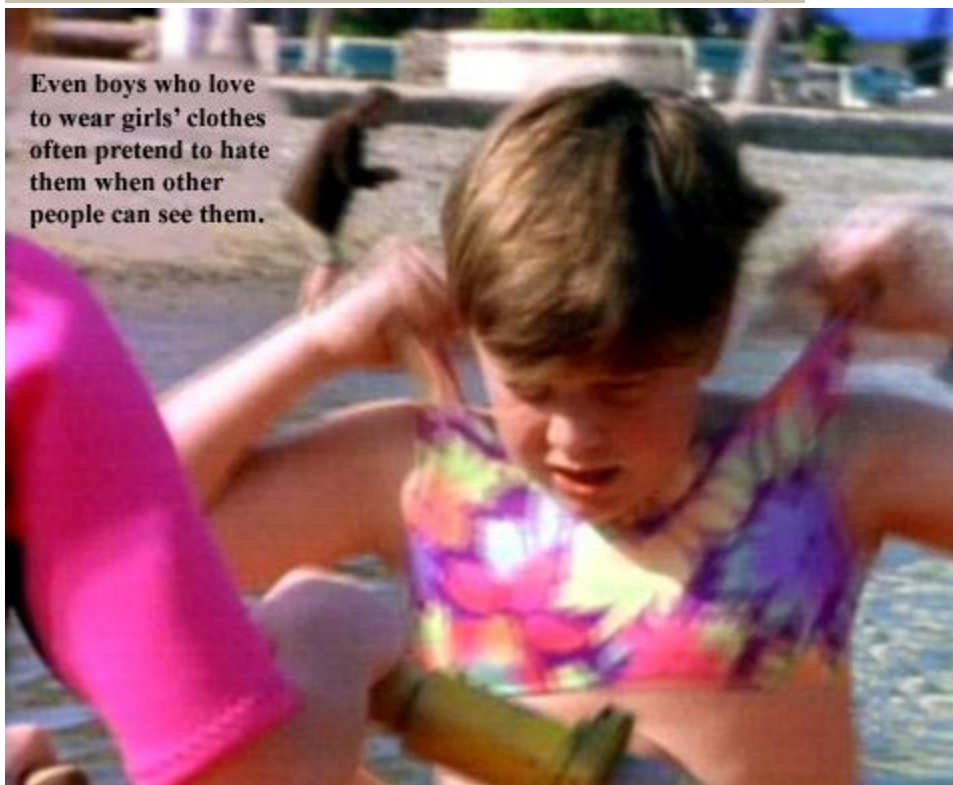




When Jay's sister and mother discovered he had a fetish for satin, they punished him by putting him in satin panties and satin shorts, added nailpolish and makeup and then put him on display for all to see!



In this movie, a boy is forced to wear girls' shorts and bra top.



Even boys who love to wear girls' clothes often pretend to hate them when other people can see them.