

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Volume #5



A detailed manual for women on how to take control of the males in their lives. Graphically illustrated lessons that teach training techniques.

Learn how to make men and boys subservient to females as well as make them productive members of the human race.

Traditional macho male interests are expertly replaced with fetishes. Tough, naughty little boys are turned into sweet and gentle little pantywaists easy to control and ready to accept female rule.

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment





The Demale Society

Many teen and adult males have a difficult time with love. They don't know how to give or receive love properly because they never learned many basic lessons while they were young, and the lessons they did learn they often forgot once their hormones kicked in. The negative influence a male's hormones have over him cannot be overestimated.

When a male reaches puberty, his whole way of thinking, acting and looking at the world changes, and the changes are often not for the better. Most males are little prepared to adapt in a positive manner. Many become egotistical, intensely aggressive, and strongly competitive. They feel invincible and become consumed with their own self importance.

All of those qualities are the opposite of characteristics typical of a loving person, and therefore it is no wonder so many males are such poor lovers. And by lovers we don't mean just the physical sex act of making love; we mean the ability to treat someone special and the ability to give more than you receive.

But if a male has been properly trained before puberty, there is an excellent chance he will be sweet and cooperative during this difficult period in his life. And even with training, there will be problems and challenges, but they will pale in comparison with the problems caused by an untrained male.

Since male hormones are the culprit, there are chemical, physical and surgical ways to minimize the effects of hormones, but the effectiveness of such treatments are limited unless the male's mind has been properly molded long before the hormones perverted him. And that is why so many of the Demale Society's lessons focus upon training young males, the single most important group of males to dominate.

The best way to create a matriarchal society is to change the next generation, and then that generation can take following generation even further into the world of female domination. Look back over recent history. Females have come a long way, and our society continues to change in favor of female rule. A lot of the rest of the world is far behind us in how they value and treat females, but things are changing in even most of the way-behind-the-times countries. With our shrinking world, females from these countries see how advanced other females are and many are organizing and demanding their rightful

place within their own families and societies.

Now go to the next lesson and learn how females are taking charge and making the world into a better place.

The Demale Society has given Princess Productions permission to reprint this material.

Enjoy!

Princess Productions

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

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

If everyone truly loved each other, the human race would be elevated to its highest level. It would be the end of war and most other problems we face. But God is the only one capable of that kind of love. Humans are far less perfect. Our ability to love sets us above other animals, but it's an emotion that rules us more than we rule it. Still, almost all the good things the human race has accomplished are a result of love, and almost all the bad things are from a lack of love. (Not hate.)

Our imperfect forms of love often get us into trouble. For example, nationalism (love of country) can be carried too far and easily pit us against other countries, and love of religion can pit us against people of other religions. The single person we love most in the world comes closest to the ideal. Imagine if we could have that kind of love for everyone in the world. Yes, it's an unobtainable goal, but that is what we should be working toward.



If "love is the answer" – and it is! — why isn't everyone in love, happy, and contented? Well, for several reasons: Love can't be turned on at will. There are different kinds of love. We don't love various people and various things equally. The loves we have often conflict with one another. And, especially for men, love is rarely a constant. It can vary from time to time, even moment to moment! We hear about women being fickle, but they have nothing on men with an active sex drive that can subvert even the strongest bonds of love.



Julian treated his big sister in every way, and Vera loved having him as a girl-boy.

In general, children and adult females are better at loving than sexually mature males. Small boys are very good at love. The things they love at that age they often cherish for a lifetime. Childhood is a time when lifelong patterns are established. Good examples: mother-son relationships and interests that are later developed into a career.

But when boys enter puberty, their newfound hormones often confuse them into mistaking sexual hunger for love. Their intense need to regularly release their sexual energy interferes with their ability to love and be loved, and they often find themselves doing things they never imagined doing. When a man's need for sex becomes too great, he often loses control and harms people and things he loves — a cheating husband, a molesting minister, a rapist, etc.

Most males do a lousy job of controlling their sex drive, and the world suffers the consequences. Therefore, male hormones must be controlled. Exactly how to do that is a topic of debate. Supposedly, ascetics and other males who are completely celibate achieve an amazing level of bliss. But the minute number of males able to exercise that degree of self-control is so small that self-induced celibacy is not a logical option.

Since most males can't control the effect their sex drive has on their actions and often make bad decisions because of it, their sexual appetite needs to be controlled, and females are the only ones who can do it. But what kind of control?

Some people think all males should be given a daily milking to prevent a buildup of their sex drive and to turn them into contented cows. And in the milking process, these males can be taught to love certain people and things that will make it easy to control them ever after. This approach involves developing fetishes, making strong bonds with controlling females, destroying male egos and changing the way males think about things like sports and their buddies and the way they think about objects like automobiles and money.

Other people believe males should be forced into celibacy, and never (or only in very limited instances) allowed to release their sperm. Preventing or controlling ejaculation can be accomplished in a wide variety of either mental or physical ways: Mental domination includes teasing, coercion, humiliation, and brainwashing. Physical domination includes cock cages, harsh punishments, chastity belts, male rape, drug treatments, female hormone therapy; castration, penisectomy, and full sex-change surgery. So, by feast or famine, the goal is to unburden men of their sex drives and thereby make them into better human beings by returning them to a state when their sex hormones didn't interfere with their ability to love. But there is much more to making them worthwhile members of the human race. They need training. They need to adopt new ways of acting and learn how to handle themselves without their sex drives interfering with most everything they do.



Teaching old dogs new tricks can be a time-consuming and arduous task, and that is why the Society focuses so much on young males. The Demale goals are long range and require generations of change. The question is, with today's males so hell bent on destruction just how much time do we have? Probably not a whole lot! And as we get closer and closer to the possibility that men will destroy life as we know it, we have to become more and more aggressive in bringing about the change that must come about. We have to change our world from a patriarchy to a matriarchy, and it can't happen soon enough.

The Demale Society's goals were once considered so radical that people laughed or were horrified when they heard about them, but with every passing day, they are not only sounding more and more rational, they are emerging as the only possible solution for the problems of our troubled world. Today's young males will become tomorrow's selfish and corrupt leaders unless we train them to new ways of thinking and acting, get them to prefer females in positions of power, radically change the institutions that perpetuate the status quo, and replace males with females in most positions of authority.



Every Halloween, I dressed Helen as a fairy with a nose through which to blow off her partners. Her 3 year old son was wearing a costume and I told people he was a boy. (Sally)

The debate between keeping males drained of their seed or damming it up may be academic. Results are what count, but for females to achieve these results they need to understand how the male mind works and learn methods to take control of the males within their reach.

In our previous lessons we focused a lot on family, especially mothers and sons because mother-son relationships form the cornerstone of each new generation. Mothers are ideally situated to change boys one at a time and the accumulative effect will be a far better world.

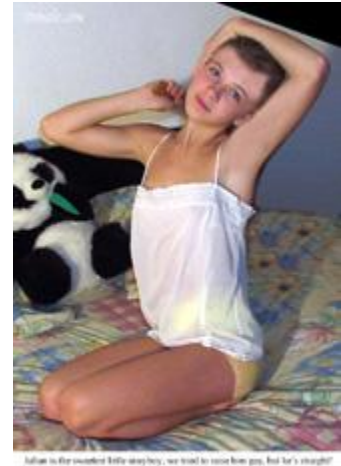
Most males have a mother, sister, aunt or other relative who can take charge of them and raise them correctly, but some males do not have anyone who can or who cares enough about them to be so dedicated. Someone has to reach out and snare these boys. Whenever possible, females need to extend their influence over non-family members, especially when they discover a male who is obviously totally untrained in the ways of the new world order. These males may be casual acquaintances, neighbors, and even strangers. The next lesson (Part #4-G) will show some of the ways this can be done. That lesson features Phyllis L, a one-woman army, who over the last twenty years has extended her influence over dozens if not hundreds of boys! Her approach is one of the most radical: She believes in bringing up all boys to be gay. She teaches them to be homosexuals! Even before you read the details of what she does, you're probably saying that is about the most outrageous thing you have ever heard, but before you judge her and her unconventional approach, read about her upbringing and background and what she has accomplished as a prelude to lesson 4-G.

Phyllis, a Society member since 1978, is a petite woman, barely five foot tall, but a dynamo in terms of energy and ambition. She and her husband have one daughter and one son, and during her lifetime, she has been able to train hundreds of boys because she has been a grade school teacher, librarian, Sunday

school teacher, deacon at her church and a day care provider. Here's her story in her own words:

I was raised by a kind and loving father and mother but was taught that a man was the head of the house, and if I wanted to be happy, I should simply find myself a good man, marry him and start having babies. When I expressed a desire to go to college, my parents wondered why I would want to do such a thing. When I graduated high school (I placed very high in my class), my parents at least let me go to beauty school, especially since I didn't have any immediate marriage prospects.

The beautician's college I went to was in Toledo, Ohio, and going there was my first time away from home. It was the late 1960s and during a time of a lot of political unrest. In the city, my eyes were opened to the world, and after I got my beautician's certificate, I moved back to my hometown with a whole new outlook on life that had little in common with how I had been raised. I went to work in a beauty shop. The woman owner was an unwed mother and had lovingly raised a son on her own. He had just graduated from college and taken a position as a fourth grade school teacher. Jeff was a gentle man and like me, socially conscious and involved in the women's movement and a lot other human and civil rights causes.



Julian is the sweetest little baby boy, we tried to raise him gay, but he's straight!

We were flower children of the 1960s and 1970s. He became my boyfriend, and we experimented with drugs, practiced free love, got involved in civil rights and joined every protest. We did everything together and shared everything equally. We got married and Jeff was content to leave up to me decision-making about what we did and how we did it. And when we had children, he happily allowed me to set up the guidelines of how they were to be raised. Jeff was not uninvolved. On the contrary, he eagerly gave his full support in every way. He just didn't like decision-making and claimed I was much better at organizing and running things. We were young and idealistic. We were not ashamed of our bodies and, even after the children were born, we regularly went around the house in little or no clothing. The world was going into the conservative and greed infected 1980s, but Jeff and I were determined to hold onto our ideals and our way of life and pass our values onto our children.

Our firstborn was a daughter. We named her Vera, which means "true." Two years later, we had a son we named Justin, for "just."

Shortly after he was born, a high school student was murdered simply because he was gay. My husband and I thought it was an outrage, and along with a handful of other people, we held a protest march when the murderer got off with a light sentence. It made us more committed than ever to fight such ignorance, and in protest, we decided to raise our son as a homosexual!

At the time, if people had known what we were attempting to do, they would have thought we were lunatics, but that was typical of the way we wholeheartedly took to a cause we believed in.

The first thing we did was to legally change our son's name to Julian, which was the name of the murdered boy, and it also served our purpose because it was both a boy's and a girl's name. Then we gave him dolls and girls' toys to play with and began dressing him in clothes his sister had outgrown. Much more than a brother, little Vera loved having a girly-boy instead of a traditional brother. She taught him girls' things.



We saw to it that he only had female playmates, and we feminized his environment as much as possible. Later we would let him have boy playmates but only after he had developed enough to identify only with females. We did things like tease him about wanting to have a boyfriend, tell him he had to learn how to look pretty to be attractive to boys, and pamper him like he was a little princess. However, we did not hide from him the fact that he was a boy; we told him he was gay (and explained what that meant) and was more like a girl than a boy and that is why he would fall in love with boys instead of girls. My husband would make his penis erect and then show it to Julian. Jeff's hard cock was intimidating to Julian, especially when we had our son compare his little baby nubbin to Jeff's adult-size erect cock. We'd tease Julian about his little dick and tell him he should keep it hidden in his lacy panties

so people wouldn't see it and make fun of him because it was so small. Julian nursed at my breast until he was well past seven years old, and at times, we'd have him suck on his daddy's big penis. We told him he needed to know how to make his future boyfriends happy.

In 1975, Jeff's mother died, and we got a lot of money from the sale of her home and beauty parlor. We decided to move to the city to get out of our small town since we had problems over the years with narrow-minded people (like school teachers and our minister's wife) who had difficulty dealing with our free-loving and living life-style. For example, when Vera was in the second grade, they had to make up and print out some sentences about something they knew. So she wrote, "My brother is a gay boy. He wears girls dresses and pretty lacy panties." Well, the class went wild with laughter and the teacher was soon calling and complaining to me. Jeff and I thought it was funny. The teacher hung up on me after she gave me a piece of her (little) mind.

Yes, when Julian started school, we began dressing him in boys' clothes, but we did keep him in lacy vests and panties for underwear and he changed into dresses and other girls' clothes when he got home from school. But those kinds of things all became a lot easier in the city where we became acquainted with other people who had ideas and life-styles similar to our own.

Since we then had the money to do some of the things we always wanted to do, Jeff took a part-time teaching position so he could take over a lot of the duties of raising the kids while I finally got my wish to go to college and get a teaching degree. Upon graduation, I took a job as a fourth grade school teacher (like Jeff). I was anxious to teach because all I could think of was how the teachers back in our small town disapproved of how we were raising our children, and I wanted the opportunity to be the right kind of teacher for children subjected to rejection, discrimination and condescending attitudes because they or their parents dared to be different.

Since we are very spiritual, soon after our move, we joined a local church and became heavily involved in church activities. I began teaching Sunday school, and both Jeff and I were made deacons. In all these various positions of power, I was delighted to be able to exert my influence over the many children, especially the little boys in my care.

It was one of my fellow teachers who put me in touch with the Demale Society. She shared many of my altruistic ideals and had a sense of what I was trying to accomplish. When I learned about the Society, I was amazed an organization existed that so closely paralleled so many of my own interests and so vigorously pursued goals similar to our own.

I was always dedicated to making the world a better place, and the Demale Society educated me in ways and helped me work toward that goal. In my more than twenty years as a member, I believe, I have been making great strides training boys and preparing children for our coming matriarchal society.

I've retired from teaching, but I'm not finished! I'm still very active in my church, and I work part time in the children's section of our library branch, a position that gives me a great deal of access to

impressionable minds. Plus I do day care work. My participation in all these things keeps me young and heavily involved with the next generation.



In all my endeavors I've had plenty of contact with young boys, and many of them I've trained (or in most instances retrained) in ways I had trained my son. I should also mention that, I believe, I also did a lot of good helping girls. Today's girls are very sharp and much more attuned to dominating boys than previous generations. It's a delight to explain things to them and show them how to take charge of males who are in deep need of being under female control.

Perhaps, the most interesting thing about my son is that we did everything we could to raise him gay, but he turned out straight! Proof enough for me that gays are born and not made, and the same thing has happened with most of the boys I've trained and encouraged to be gay!

My Julian is a wonderful person. He's completely comfortable with females and not threatened by them. He enjoys serving females and has great love and respect for them. He is not threatened by homosexuals. He understands them and works tirelessly for several of their causes. So his training to be gay has prevented him from becoming homophobic, a fear of large numbers of men that fosters misunderstanding and discrimination against gays.

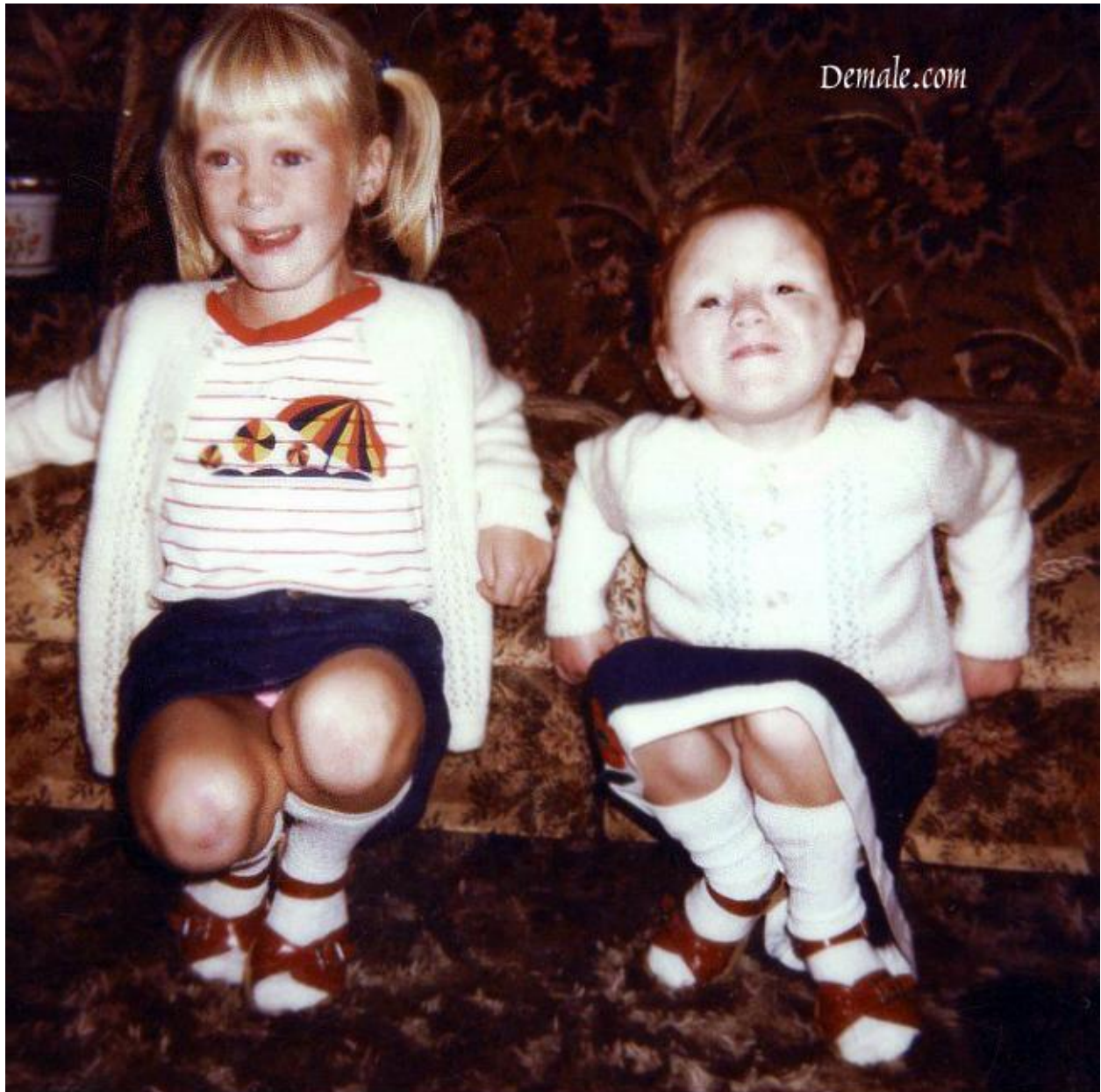
When Julian reached puberty, we had some ups and downs, but that was to be expected. He had to find himself. Other than an occasional playtime, he set aside his girls' clothes and announced that he wanted to date girls and not be one! Today, he is the most levelheaded and responsible person I know. He's fully able to enjoy female activities like shopping, dressing up, socializing and girl talk. He's an excellent conversationalist as compared to most men who have a hard time putting two words together. Julian is now married to a terrific woman, and they are planning to have a family soon. So more than ever I believe all boys should be raised to be gay! If they are gay by nature that's what they'll be, and they'll know that they are accepted for what they are, and if they're not gay, they won't become gay, but raising a boy that way helps him understand and accept gays, appreciate life, achieve a deep respect and love of females, and be comfortable with females in positions of control.

* * * * *

In the next lesson, we'll detail the things Phyllis has done over the years to train boys and give examples of what she does to teach and encourage boys to be gay!

Click below to continue onto Part 4-G.

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



Julian imitated his big sister in every way, and Vera loved having him as a girly-boy.



Julian was taught to be gay with dress-up games including full lingerie!



Demale.com

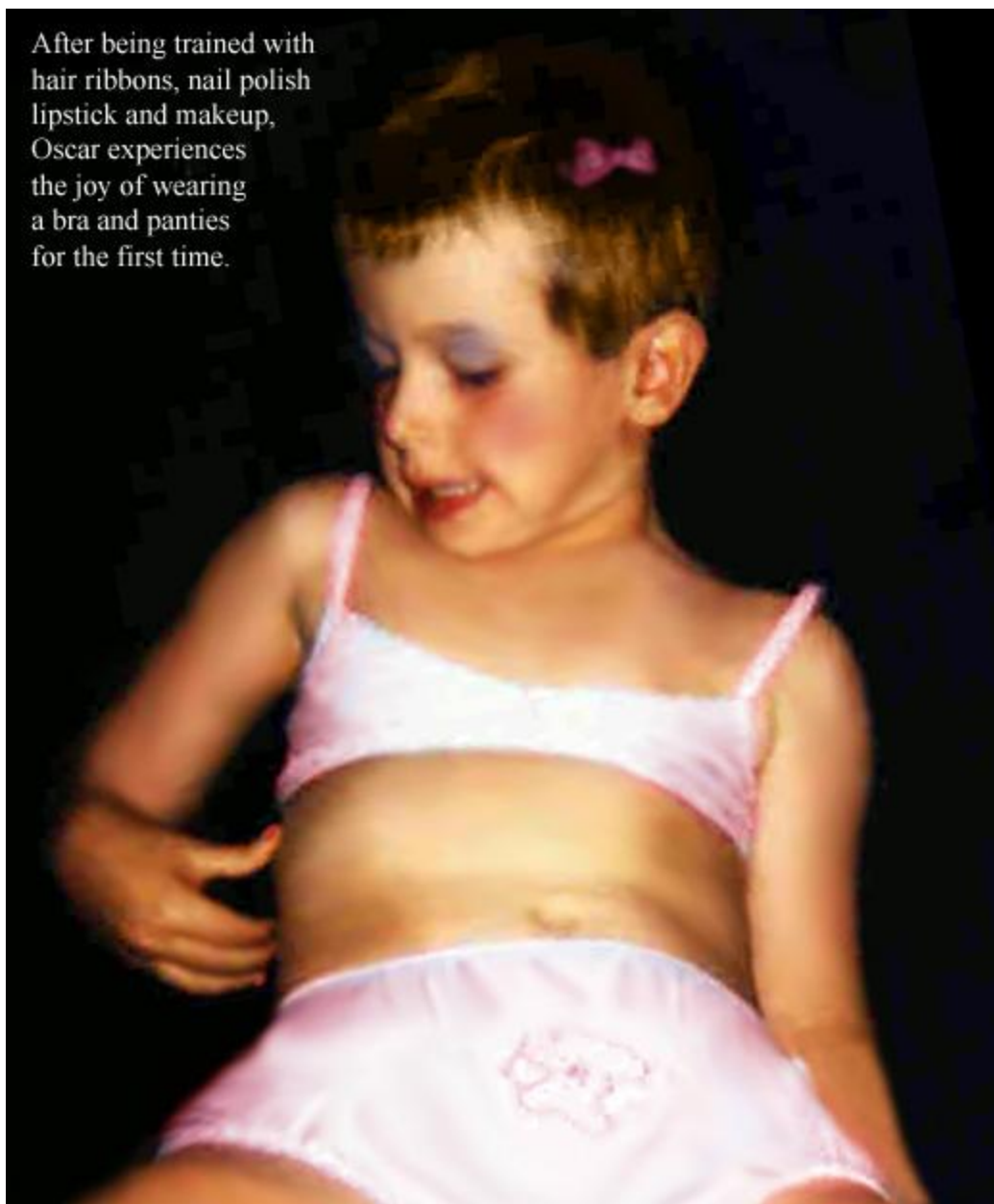


Every Halloween, I dressed Julian as a fairy with a see-through skirt to show off his panties, but I never let him wear a wig because (as I told people) he was a boy fairy!



Julian is the sweetest little sissyboy; we tried to raise him gay, but he's straight!

After being trained with hair ribbons, nail polish lipstick and makeup, Oscar experiences the joy of wearing a bra and panties for the first time.





Oscar is a good boy. Now!