

The **Demale Society** *Training Manual*

Volume #10

A detailed manual for women on how to take control of the males. Fully illustrated lessons 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
Demole Society
Demolishing the World to Save It

The Demale Society

Physical force is one thing a lot of males understand, and it can be used at times to accomplish Demale Society goals, but it is not the ideal way to do things.

Face slapping, spanking, bullying, kneeling in the groin, and beating up a male can leave him feeling angry, vengeful, and hateful. Physically attacking a male may get him to do what you want in the short term, but it probably won't have a lasting effect.

The Demale Society aims for long-term success and reforming a male for life. Therefore, violence should be a last resort, like using it when the male himself becomes violent. Only at the beginning or the fundamental turning point of a relationship is physical force likely to be a possibility.

The best ways to turn males into demales is to use intelligence, love, training, and coercion. A lot can be accomplished by simply asking or telling a male what to do. Knowing what motivates a particular male is a key to controlling him, but always start out by simply asking.

For example, ask a boy to wear your panties as a favor to you. Tell him you want him "to feel close to you" even when you are not together.

If he refuses, tell him you'll reward if he does it. Or dare him to do it. Or tease him into doing it. If those things don't work, pressure him with a bribe, withhold his privileges, or even threaten to withhold your love. Only after you exhaust all those methods should physical force even be considered.

If you are reacting to being physically attacked, you may well need to control violence with violence, and if the male is stronger than you, you'll need one or more others to help overpower him, but once subdued, you need to stop the violence and use smarter, more positive ways to control him, like using sex, fear, humiliation and public shaming.

But initiating the use of physical force requires an opportunity, lest you be viewed as a bully. If he does something and deserves to be punished, you can be violent with a male who is even stronger than you. He accepts the punishment because he knows he probably deserves it.

In certain circumstances, a violent reaction may be needed, but never do anything that causes lasting physical harm. And remember, physical force can easily become a defining moment in a relationship. Use it with caution and forethought. It may forever change how you deal with each other.

Enjoy!

The Demale Society Manual

Technique #5-D: Training Boys with Spanking

In the previous lesson, Barb changed her son from a selfish, egotistical little hooligan into a devoted loving son by using spanking combined with panty training. Most boys have to be taught about the pleasures of wearing silky panties and other girls' clothes, and there are all kinds of clever ways you can get a boy into femmy clothes those first few times. But some boys discover the pleasure of wearing female clothes on their own. Such boys are easy to put under your control, providing you catch them at a critical point in their development, immediately dominate them and subject them to a lot of humiliation. You need to shake up how they think about things, make them doubt their masculinity, and even terrorize them a bit. Spanking usually comes in very handy. The following case illustrates these points.



After a few good spankings, most boys would rather be your maid for a day than get the paddle again.

Most of our stories and experiences are from the female point of view, but this story is told by a male. He is now a devoted associate member of the Demale Society, and his textbook case history happened by accident since no one set out to train him to female servitude. His sister and her girlfriends did it to him, but they were not members of the Society, and they were not dominatrixes or have any training in how to take charge of a male. What they did to Martin came naturally to them. They caught him pleasuring himself and knew immediately how to react. So much of what Demale members do to take charge of males is very natural and common sense. And that's the message we want you to get from this lesson. But after being forced to see the world from a female point of view, he learned to be a convert to our way of thinking. Years later, when he discovered the Demale Society, he broke down and cried! He so believes in our methods that he has pledged himself to do our bidding forever! Here's his story in his own words:

* * *

Robin, my older sister, took dance lessons, and she was part of a troop of girls that performed shows for various events. During the summer when I was twelve, the troop went on a short trip to do a show, and my parents were chaperones for the girls, so I had to go along.



On the way back it was quite late, so we stayed in a motel, and since I was in that typical “I hate all girls” stage, my mother saw nothing wrong with me staying in the same room with my sister and three other girls. They were going to share the two double beds, and I was going to use my sleeping bag to sleep on the floor. Dad objected, saying that a boy shouldn’t stay in a room with older girls, but Mom overruled him, and said I was a good boy and the girls were mature and good Christians, so everything would be fine.

I kept my hair a little long in those days of Beatle haircuts. I thought I looked like a rock star, but my sister didn’t. She added, “Oh, he’ll be okay with us. Besides with his long hair, he looks like a girl anyway. He’ll blend right in!”

That made me blush.

She often teased me for having long hair. (Actually it was just over my ears, but that was considered very long hair for boys in those days!) When she added that she’d be glad to loan me a nightgown, so I’d really blend in, Dad told her to stop teasing me.

The girls were excited about being away from home, and they stayed up late that first night talking and goofing around in a little park that adjoined the motel. When my parents saw I was getting tired, they told me to go the room and go to bed.

When I got there, the process of brushing my teeth, putting on my pajamas and getting ready for bed made me shake off my slumber, and I was wide awake again, but I really woke up when I noticed all the open suitcases loaded with the girls’ clothes. At that point in my life, I was just coming out of that stage in which I wasn’t interested in girls or their’ clothes, but I was interested

in Grace, one of the girls. I had a big crush on her. To me she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and I was thrilled that I was going to sleep in the same room with her. Well, after I finished my ablutions and came out of the bathroom, I couldn’t resist going over to Grace’s suitcase and checking it out. Her colorful clothes mesmerized me. I was especially drawn to her panties because they hugged her pussy, the one part of a girl’s anatomy I had never seen in person, and like any teen boy, I had a healthy interest in what girls had between their legs! Since the panties belonged to Grace, they were deliriously exciting. Her panties were in pretty feminine pastel colors, laundry fresh and neatly stacked. Upon further exploring, I opened a pocket on the side of the suitcase and was most excited to find one dirty pair of pale purple panties. In the crotch, there was a stripe of secretions that I found of great interest. I held them to my nose, smelling the perfume left from her sexy body. Thinking they would not be missed. I took them for a souvenir. I didn’t know what I



was going to do with them, but I knew I had to have them. After crawling into my sleeping bag, I curled up with the silky nylon panties clutched in my hands. Pressing them to my nose made me dizzy with forbidden pleasure.

Moments later, all the girls started strolling in, giggling at some unknown joke. One of the girls shushed them, saying “Quiet, girls, Martin’s sleeping.”

I was lying on my side with the sleeping bag pulled up around my head just high enough so I could peek out at the girls and pretend to be asleep.

They talked quietly for a while, and then Trish asked, “Do you think it’s cool?”

“Sure! Why not, man? He’s sound asleep.”

To my delight, the girls started to undress. Two of them walked around in just their bras and panties, Grace and Trish, but Megan and my sister, Robin, were completely nude. My cock had been hard, but it instantly got painfully harder.

Each girl’s shape was different, and outside of Penthouse magazines, I never had seen so much female flesh at one time. I became terribly excited at the sight of firm breasts and smooth shiny skin. With the panties still in my hand, I slowly worked my pajama pants down, wrapped the soft panties around my screaming erection and jerked myself off as quietly as possible. I didn’t want them to catch me masturbating. The girls waltzed around getting ready for bed. It was an amazing girlie show. I had little control over myself as I started to masturbate faster, my roving eyes moving from one naked or pantied girl to another. Back and forth my eyes stared as my hand went up and down at a furious pace. Grace’s panties felt so wonderful against my dick, especially since I was watching her wearing a similar pair of pink panties. I felt a tremendous explosion building up in my testicles. I began rocking and pumping my body up and down. I hoped they didn’t notice, but I couldn’t stop. My eyes squinted closed as I moaned out during the most amazing orgasm of my young life. With a wet belly, I opened my eyes to see my sister staring down at me.

“Hey, what in hell are you doing, twerp?” she yelled at me.

“Hey, girls, Martin’s been staring at us! And I think he’s been jacking off.”

She pulled the top of the sleeping bag back off my body. My pajama top was wide open, my pants were down around my thighs, and my hand, still lined with Grace’s panties, was clutching my throbbing cock. My glistening spunk was striped upward on my stomach. I kept holding onto my penis with the panties to cover my nakedness from her view – by now their view. All four girls were standing over me and staring down at my shame. I knew I was in deep shit, man.

Grace had her hands up by her mouth. “Those look my panties,” she



squealed.

Trish yelled out, “Why you dirty little pig! Interested in girls’ panties are you? Sissy!”

Megan asked, “What do we do with him?”

“Well since naughty little Martin can’t control himself, I think we should spank him! Yeah, lets spank him!” Robin said, smiling at me. She always loved it when she had me at a disadvantage.

I was dazed and frightened. They were going to spank me! I let go of the panties, jumped up and tried to pull up my pajamas.

“Leave those down, bad boy! Since you like to look at us naked, now it’s our turn to look at you!” my sister said as she slapped my hands away.

“I’m sorry,” I pleaded. “I couldn’t help it!”

“Trish, get some tissues so Martin can clean up that mess on his belly,” my stern sister said, taking charge of the situation. We don’t want his smelly, sticky stuff anywhere near us!”

Trish handed me some tissue, and I frantically wiped myself off as I tried to think of a way out of this spanking. I hadn’t been spanked since I was a little kid, and that was a long time ago! My mom used to spank me terribly hard. I remembered having trouble sitting down for a few days after each spanking. The thought of her hand and pounding hairbrush made me wince.

“Please, don’t spank me!”

“I’m gonna spank you like momma used to do,” Robin said.

I jumped when she grabbed me by my penis.

“Get over my knee!” sis said as she yanked harshly on my penis and guided me over her lap. “I think all of us should take turns spanking you. I’m going first.”

With my head facing the floor, my legs up in the air, and my bottom centered over her lap, I felt the other girls pull my pajama bottoms completely off. Knowing the spanking was about to begin, I brought my hand up to block my tush. I remember doing that a long time ago, but I knew it wouldn’t work.

“Oh, no, you don’t! No hands in the way!” sis said, as she grabbed my hand and twisted up against my back. She spanked me hard and fast. I was jumping around from the pain.



“You know girls, from the back,” Robin giggled, “Martin looks like a little girl. Even his little butt, sticking up in the air, looks like a little girl’s cute bottom. I think we should call him Mary!”

The girls laughed, and I felt my face flush with embarrassment and humiliation.

Grace said she wanted to be the next one to spank me. She then took off the pink panties she was wearing and held them open for me. “Here, since you like my panties so much, you can wear my pretty pink ones fresh from my body. If we’re going to spank you like a naughty little girl honey, you have to wear girls’ panties, you know! I’d have you put on those purple panties you stole from me but you’ve thoroughly ruined them!”

All of them were laughing hysterically. I hesitated, but with all the girls surrounding me again, I did what I was told and put on the warm pink panties. It was extremely humiliating at the time, but now I look back on it as one of the most exciting moments of my life. The other girls helped as Grace grabbed me by the ear and pulled me over to her lap.

“Since he likes girls’ panties so much, why don’t we let him wear that,” sis said as she pointed to something.

Trish squealed, “Oh, yeah, that will really make him look like a girl.”

I didn’t know what they were talking about until moments later I felt them pulling something over my head. It was a pink lace baby doll nightgown. I recognized it as belonging to my sister.

“Okay, Mary,” Grace laughed, “it’s time to spank your naughty bottom!”

SMACK! Her palm landed on the center of my behind. Smack! Smack! Smack!

The pain started to sink in. As she spanked at a rapid pace, the pain quickly spread all the way to my head and toes. I turned to see my dream girl, Grace, raising her hand above her shoulder and bringing it down sharply and quickly. I moaned, winced, and tried to shake the pain from my bottom, but the girls held me firmly in place.

“OH! AHH! OWW!” were my only words. The sting was getting worse. I began kicking my legs.

Grace stopped spanking me, and said, “Hold his legs, girls. I’m far from finished with our naughty little Mary!”

My bottom was now being held still and straight up. The silky nightie bunched up across my back.



Always have a number of outrageously girly costumes to dress you boy in after a spanking.

Grace leaned over me and began hitting me gain.

SPANK!

Her palm now came down hard and fast!

“Oh-h! OWWW! AHHHHH!”

She spanked for minutes that seemed like hours, and then stopped. They let me up. The swishy nightie fell in soft folds around my chest and hips. The edge of it agonizingly tickled my sore butt. I rubbed my stinging bottom as I shifted from foot to foot. Tears rolled down my face and then Trish put my chin in her hand and did a face-to-face talk to me.

“Awe, ... Poor baby!” she said, wiping the tears from my face.

But her fake sympathy melted into laughter, and I soon found myself over her lap for a barrage of about forty spanks delivered like the bullets from a machine gun.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! OW!” was all I could scream while Trish banged away on my bottom.

Crying intensely, I moaned, “No more, please! You spank so hard! Haven’t you guys spanked me enough?” I asked, rubbing my bottom.

“I’m on the volleyball team. Spanking your butt is like spiking the ball!” she said, grinning and pointing to her palm.

SMACK! SPANK!

“OHH!”

I was being spanked over Grace’s panties! It was so humiliating to be wearing her panties in her presence and with all these girls spanking me in them! The pain was deeper now, and the other girls had to hold my legs again. This time my tears flowed like a deluge. It was weird when Megan worked the panties down and then continued the spanking on my bare bottom.

Robin was giggling. I could hear her. I dared not look at her. To see her sneering at me, I was afraid would be a humiliating sight that would haunt me forever.

Megan said it was her turn to spank me.

Tearfully, I asked, “Do you play volleyball too?”



“No, honey, I don’t play volleyball,” she said, rubbing my chin. “But I do spank my baby brother when he needs it.”

As I walked over to her, my penis was semi-erect and the girls laughed and pointed at it flopping around in the pink panties. I cringed in horror and begged them to stop, but my protest was met with a firm command from Megan.

“Stop your belly-aching and get over my knee this instant!” she said, shifting back on her bunk and slapping her thigh.

I tried to pull up the sagging panties, but she slapped my hands away again saying, “Keep those panties down, Mary! I’m going to spank you on your bare butt. She sat on her bed and had me lie across her white, freckled thighs. Instead of having me dangle my legs in the air, she pulled my legs up onto the bed. She adjusted the delicate panties down just far enough to reveal my butt, leaving them high on the front of my hips to cup my penis and balls.

“I’m going to spank your bare bottom, my naughty sissy Mary boy! You bad, bad boy-girl!”

She started to spank me with short staccato slaps. She scolded more than the other girls and she smiled wickedly as she spanked me. “Naughty, naughty Mary. I’m going to spank you, you panty masturbator!”

Slap! Slap!

“Oh! AH!”

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

“I’m going to make your bottom good and red, you bad boy, ah, GIRL!”



With my one arm twisted behind me, I felt her breasts, but I was in no mood to enjoy the sensation. She spanked in a slow rhythm and in the same spot over and over. It really hurt. I cried harder and harder. I howled and moaned because that god-awful sting came back stronger than ever!

“Naughty, bad, sissy!”

Over my shoulder I could see her make a motion to one of the girls. Sis brought something to her but I couldn’t see it. The first stinging blow was intense and landed squarely on both cheeks. She was using a hairbrush!

“Hey! Wait a sec,” was all I could say before a second one landed in the same target area.

SMACK! A third one landed, and I squirmed out of their grasp and jumped up off the bed.

“Stop it! Get right back into position, young man!” she sharply scolded. “If you move off my lap again we will all spank you over again and we won’t stop until the morning!” she said, driving home her lecture, by spanking her palm with the brush.

I groaned as I resumed my place over her naked thighs.

SMACK! SPLAT! SMACK! The spanking started again, and I cried harder and harder.

The spanking that she was dealing out was vigorous and I was audibly crying and my body shook with the uncontrollable sobs. Megan ignored my shrill cries and pleas as I kicked my legs and brought my fisted hands up to my tear-drenched face.

“I’m sorry... please stop... I’ll be a good boy!” I wailed, as I jerked my blistered bottom up and down over her naked knees.



“Naughty boy,” Smack! “by the time,” CRACK! “I’m finished,” CRACK! “spanking you,” SPANK! “you’ll think,” SPLAT! “twice,” SMACK! “before you,” Whack! “play with” SMACK! “yourself in panties.” SPANK! “You little panty pervert.” Whack! “Do you,” CRACK! “understand, Mary boy?” SPANK! CRACK! WHACK!

“I’m sorry! Yes! Yes! I won’t! Please don’t spank me anymore!”

I didn’t think it possible because the pain was unbearable, but I was getting hard. I know that Megan felt it because she opened her soft thighs and my penis pushed the panties out as it erected between her legs. She spanked longer than the other two girls had. Where did she get the energy? She spanked me as if I were a baby doll. I continued to wince and moan.

Finally, she stopped. She saw I had a hard time getting up so she rubbed my bottom and gently pulled my pink panties up to my waist as the other girls giggled and watched. She continued to rub me through the electrifying panties, even dipping her fingers down deep in my butt crack and traveling all the way down to massage my tight little ball through the pink panties.

Two of the girls helped me up off her ample lap and laid me on my sleeping bag, butt upward with two pillows under my hips. Grace poured some cool lotion over the fire in my ass and gently rubbed it around. She gingerly eased her silken pink panties back up over my hot buns. As she rubbed my bottom through the panties, I rocked back and forth. Much to my embarrassment, I was getting hard again.

Then my sister reached over, and with a random, hard swat to my pantied butt, she said, “Wait till the morning, sissy brother, I’m going to tell Mom and Dad what you did with Robin’s panties. I have them right here, and I’m going to show them the goo you got all over them!”

I pleaded and pleaded with her not to tell. Finally, she said, if I did what ever she asked me to do in the morning, she wouldn’t tell our folks, and the other girls would all keep it a secret. I asked what I had to do. She said she’d tell me when I woke up.

In the morning, I awoke to see all four girls standing around me. Robin had the cum-stained purple panties in her hands, ready to show them to our parents unless I agreed to their punishment: I had to put on one of their satin dance costumes and let them take pictures of me. I protested, but in the end decided it was better than having Robin tell our parents and having the girls tell everyone in town. The dance outfit they got out for me was a red satin dress with matching red satin bloomer panties edged with a big row of white lace. They made me put the dress and bloomers over Grace’s pink panties that I still had on, and then they took me outside and made me pose in various positions as they took pictures. In ever picture, they made sure the edge of the dress was pulled up so the lacy panties were exposed. Those pictures turned out to be blackmail material. Forever after, I was dominated by those four girls, but the strange thing about it, I learned to love every one of them and loved waiting on them and doing things for them. Eventually Grace married a big macho guy, but she still had me running and fetching for her. Her husband thought it was funny that she had a sissy like me at her beck and call. Grace’s marriage only lasted four years, but she did have two children, a boy and a girl. Currently, I stay with them a lot and take care of the children while Grace works and hangs out with her friends.

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*After a few good spankings, most boys would rather
be your maid for a day then get the paddle again.*











Always have a number of outrageously girly costumes to dress you boy in after a spanking.



*With regular spankings,
even a recalcitrant
boy like David,
can be broken
and learn to
accept being
feminized.*





Some boys need a spanking to get them to dress up like girls, a good way they can show girls aren't beneath them.

The Demale Society Manual

Technique #6-A: Training Boys with Games

In previous lessons we've shown you a lot of ways to get boys into girls' clothes from simply asking them to gentle coercion to outright force. The methods we've shown you



ranged from the straightforward to the devious, and the approaches ranged from the quick to the slow and easy, but now it's time for some fun: It's time for games!

As members of the Demale Society, we downplay traditional sports because they embody so much of what is wrong with males. Sports pander to what we know are male weaknesses: emphasis on physical strength (I'm bigger so I'm stronger than you), competition (I can beat you) and ego (I'm better than you). Modern professional sports are filled with cheating, greed, unfair competition, and disgusting role models -- and there are no real winners! And those qualities have filtered down to amateur sports, which are supposed to be fun and beneficial to mind and body but rarely are.

Instead, in our games, we emphasize fun, inspirational games in which everyone wins in some way. Our games teach males their place in the world and make them into better people. Since boys have an innate desire for adventure and love of competition, it's easy to get them to play games, but we play down the competitive nature of our games or at least use the competitive elements to promote our agenda. A boy needs to turn his competitive drive inward; he needs to compete against himself instead of competing against others. Scorekeeping and record keeping are very destructive elements in sports, so in our games, we either don't keep score, or the score has very little significance, and winning means you are praised for doing well without regard to whether or not others did better or worse. And the rewards in our games tend to be immediate, satisfying, and lasting. Plus lessons are learned that draw boys further and further into the world of femininity.

A major part of many of our games is to get boys into female clothes. Yes, we realize that after putting on girls' clothes, some boys want to be like girls as much as possible, and any boy who wants that needs our love and support. But we aren't out to make boys into girls. We have enough girls in the world. We dress boys in girls' clothes to change them for the better and make them more receptive to feminine ideas and ideals, which we believe are superior to the way males interact to the world.

In our games, talk is very important. Especially in the early stages of training a boy, a lot of talk is needed to overcome their doubts and fears. So in this series of lessons, we describe a wide variety of games for boys at various age levels, and give snippets of conversation at particularly crucial points in the set-up, playing or aftermath of these games. These games are just suggestions, actually you can make-up your own games

with your own rules and goals that you develop according to what you are trying to accomplish with a boy. So you can use the games we detail here, or use them to inspire you to create your own games. And since it's such an ideal example of excellent game structure, we'll start with "dress-up" the classic of all girly games. Especially pre-school age girls love to get old clothes out of storage and dress up in various outfits. It's a learning experience as well as fun, and everybody wins, there are no losers. Girls often get their brothers and other boys in the



A lot of movies feature boys dressed up as girls. Such movies are a good way to get the games rolling!

neighborhood to join them in this harmless little game, and together they experiment with life as they pretend to be various types of people like a mommy, daddy, teacher, boss, secretary, etc. But to us, the important part of this game is when someone comes up with the idea to dress a boy in a girls' outfit, and based on this scenario, a boy can be manipulated into the world of femininity. Watch how this girl gets her brother to try on a dress.

"Chet, why don't you try this on, now?" Janice says as she holds up a frilly pink party dress.

"But that's for girls."

"So what? You can try it on. Isn't it pretty?"

"Uh," Chet mumbles. He doesn't know how to answer. He's afraid to try it on, so even if he does think it's pretty, he would feel bad to admit it.

"It is a really pretty dress. I'd wear it, but it's too small for me. But I know it will fit you," Janice says as she holds it up to his shoulders. The boy tries to shirk away, but she has him cornered.



"Go ahead and touch it. It's nice and silky and pretty. It will feel really nice to wear." She rubs the fabric up against his cheek and massages his body through the dress. "See I told you it feels good. Now, let me help you put it on."

"Oh, sis, da...don't make me put it on!"

"Oh, I know you want to try on this pretty dress. You want to know what it feels like to be a girl. And I'll let you look at yourself in the mirror and you can see what you'd look like if you really were a girl. Come on, a lot of boys would love to wear a party dresses like this, but they never get the chance. They don't have a nice sister like me who loves them enough to let them in on the secret of pretty dresses. But you're a lucky boy because I'm giving you a chance to put on this lovely dress -- and then you'll know."

"But, sis, I'm a boy – boys don't wear..."

"Oh, yeah? A lot of boys put on dresses when nobody is around to see them. They call boys like that transvestites. When a boy like that dresses up, he plays with his peepee in his silky panties because it feels better than anything in the whole world! There are a lot of boys like that, and a lot of them live right around here. I know a lot of them!"

"Trans...what? Boys don't...boys wear dresses and girls' stuff?"

"Yeah, and they wear all the slips and pretty panties and silky stuff that goes underneath those dresses too! That's the best part about girls' dresses, the underneath stuff, the stuff most boys

never get to see and feel!”

“You know boys like that? Really? Tell me who they are?”

“Oh, I promised to keep secrets, but maybe I could tell you...come on, try on this dress and you’ll see how much fun it is!”



“If you tell me about those boys, maybe I’ll try, ...but you won’t tell on me, will you?”

“Oh, no, Chet, just like those other little boys. I promised I wouldn’t tell on them. And I won’t tell on you. I cross my heart and hope to die!”

Janice is now taking off his shirt and pants, and slipping the dress over his head. Before he barely knows what’s happening, she reaches under his party dress, pulls down his underwear and has him step into a waiting pair of fancy pink panties. Minutes later, little tears fill the edges of his eyes as she leads him over to a full-length mirror to see himself. He then gasps for breath when she lifts the skirt up so he can see himself in the pretty panties, and he almost dies of shattered nerves and tingling pleasure as she adjusts his penis in his panties.

This classic scenario can be used in a hundred other ways, just change the words and situation a bit to fit your own needs. The method is to ease his fears, gain his confidence, tease him a bit, get up his curiosity, not take “no” for an answer, let him know it’s a bit naughty, but very nice, etc. These are all basic elements in our games to get boys to where we want

them!

The dress-up games of little children are great training for girls as well as boys. Dress-up is an all time great girls’ game. They love make-believe and dressing up lets them experiment with being different kinds of people. Almost by nature, they’re sold on it and, therefore, are the ideal salespeople to sell it to wary little boys. They emphasize how good it feels, how exciting it is, how great (with a boy be careful with the word “pretty”) you’ll look, what a secret pleasure it is – unknown to most boys, etc. With their superior verbal skills, girls are skilled conversationalists, and when it comes to presenting a convincing argument, a girl, even a girl much younger than a particular boy, usually has the advantage. Plus a girl’s intuition is like radar scanning the boy’s defenses. She senses a bump in the road and can usually overcome that bump with just a few clever, disarming words.

Here’s another game that helps us illustrate this point. It’s a game that is especially good for boys of elementary school age. They are very curious about girls’ breasts, so you play upon that natural curiosity and when you can get them alone, talk with them about breasts and then suggest a game.

“Patrick, I’ve noticed that you’ve been looking at my breasts a lot lately.”

Poor little Patrick is stunned that his sister Emily would say such a thing, much less accuse him of staring at them. He blushes wildly and wants to protest, but he's left speechless.



“You don’t have to be embarrassed to talk about girls’ breasts. Boys are so funny about that. Boys have nipples and breasts too; they just don’t grow bigger like girls. But, you know, some boy’s breasts get bigger. Did you know that?”

Patrick looks at her in horror.

“Oh, yes! Some teenage boys grow breasts for a year or two. Hormone, the chemicals in their bodies as they grow older, make them do that. Remember, Johnny, the boy in the next block that moved away last year? People say his family

moved away because he grew big breasts and got so embarrassed and wanted to stay home all day.”

“No way!” he exclaims.

“Oh, yes! I bet you thought about having breasts. All boys think about having them, wondering what it’s like to have them,” Emily says as she cups her breasts right before the boy’s stunned eyes and massages them. “You’re always looking at mine and mom’s, so I’d bet you’d like to know what it’s like to have nice breasts like these, huh?”

Patrick is really blushing now. This whole conversation is making him very uncomfortable, but it also fascinates and excites him, so he doesn’t have the will to end the conversation and run away.

“Here, let’s play a game. We’ll take some stuffing, put in our shirts and make it so we have some nice big titties, okay?” Emily now uses the word “titties” for the first time. It excites Patrick just to hear the word. At the same time she puts her hands on his breasts, gives them a quick massage and flicks her fingers over his nipples. He pulls back from the surprise of what she is doing to him and the crazy feeling it gives him to be touched.

“I’ll show you, she says as she takes a big wad of stuffing and shoves it down onto both sides of her blouse making gigantic tits.”

It looks funny to the boy, and they both laugh. She persuades him to put his hands under his shirt and push it out to see what it would look like if he had breasts. In a playful way, Patrick goes along with her and prances around like a girl showing off her tits.

“Wow, Patty (she feminizes his name), you look fabulous! Here, let me help you a bit more.”

He’s still laughing, thinking he’s being very clever in his impersonation. Emily sits him down,

takes some of the wadding and stuffs it down his shirt. After the stuffing falls out a couple of times, she tells him that she'll fix it so it won't fall out. He pulls his shirt over his head and starts strapping him into a bra before he barely knows what's going on. He protests.

"Oh, don't be such a baby. Sit still and let me put this bra on you. It'll hold the stuffing so you can see how much fun it is to have breasts like a girl. Imagine how much fun it will be to see yourself in the mirror with breasts! And you can touch them all you want!"

Patrick is being cautious and not very cooperative.

"Let me do this, and maybe I'll let you touch my titties. I might even let you see them!"

Patrick stops struggling and lets her put him in the bra, all the while his brain is abuzz weighing the implications of what is happening. He does and doesn't want to do it, but he's no match for his sister's persistence.

"Wow! You look great! You would make a really sexy, pretty girl, and with your big titties, boys would whistle at you!"

The fear in his eye tells her that he's having a lot of doubts.

"Oh, you silly boy. We're having fun, right? Yeah, that's right. You're just a boy playing a fun game, and now you're finding out that it's a lot of fun to have titties just like and just like the boys who really have them!"

Soon she's suggesting that he should put on a dress, and a slip and panties too. He balks, but she lets him feel her padded out chest. Then she suggests that she might really let him touch her breasts if he goes all the way with her and dresses up completely like a girl. Patrick might now go along with that, but she can keep reminding him and within a day or two, he'll let her do it because he thinks back about putting on the bra and admits to himself that 1) it was kind of fun to play around with his sister like that, 2) no one else found out about it, and 3) she did keep her promise and keep it a secret.



Such running dialogue comes naturally to most girls. Especially, when alone with a boy, a girl has a knack for talking him into all kinds of things that he normally wouldn't do. When your target boy has doubts and fears (some you have to anticipate because he won't always admit to them), one-by-one, you talk him out of them. You're the aggressor, but what you say needs to sound natural and logical in these situations in which you use persuasion instead of physical force. The boy has to believe that your goal is simply to have some fun. But to yourself, you know your goal is to not only get him into girls' clothes, but to make it a memorable experience. Notice, we said memorable experience. A boy does not have to have a good time to make it a valuable lesson: Of course, if he does -- and most boys will have a good time -- so much the better. A lot of boys will have a good time, but never admit it, and many of them are so threatened by feminine things that they won't even admit to themselves how nice it is to wear such pretty clothes and be the subject of your intimate attention.

And after such a dress-up game, ask him about it. Try to get him to talk about it and admit that it was fun. Ask him when (not if) he'd like to dress up again. (Not you dressing him up but when he will dress up.) Day after day keeping bringing up the subject. Put a little fear in him. Let him realize that whenever the two of you are alone, you will probably be asking him about dressing up. That alone will keep his mind focused on the subject and strengthen your association with that experience. Keep telling him how nice he looked, and tell him things like, "I found a great new outfit that I know you will love to wear." But don't let him see the outfit until you're alone with him, have all his clothes off and are ready to put him in it. Then bring it out excitedly and don't let him back down. A great outfit at this point of training is a long silky nightgown and panties or a babydoll nightie with panties. Believe me, they will give the boy a memorable experience. Expect some of the same kind of resistance that you experienced the first time around, so once again, talk him through his fears, but don't let him back down, make him feel obligated. Pretend you had to go to a lot of trouble to get the outfit. Remind him that you keep the last time a secret. Remind him that you'll let him touch and maybe even see your titties. Let him know how much you love him and how disappointed you are in him if tries to resist after promising (you tell him he promised you even if he didn't) that he would try on the clothes.

Depending upon your situation, maybe you want to get a boy to dress-up along with another female. Like you and your daughter getting your son to dress up. In our experience, either you or your daughter alone will probably have more success. You have the natural power and influence of a mother over your son. Your daughter can use peer-to-peer pressure, and probably already knows how to handle your son. Sisters just naturally learn these things. But when both of you work together, even if he wants to go along with dressing up, on the surface, he may try to refuse because he is embarrassed to appear in girls' clothes before either you or your daughter, when he would be more likely to do it if it were a one-on-one situation.

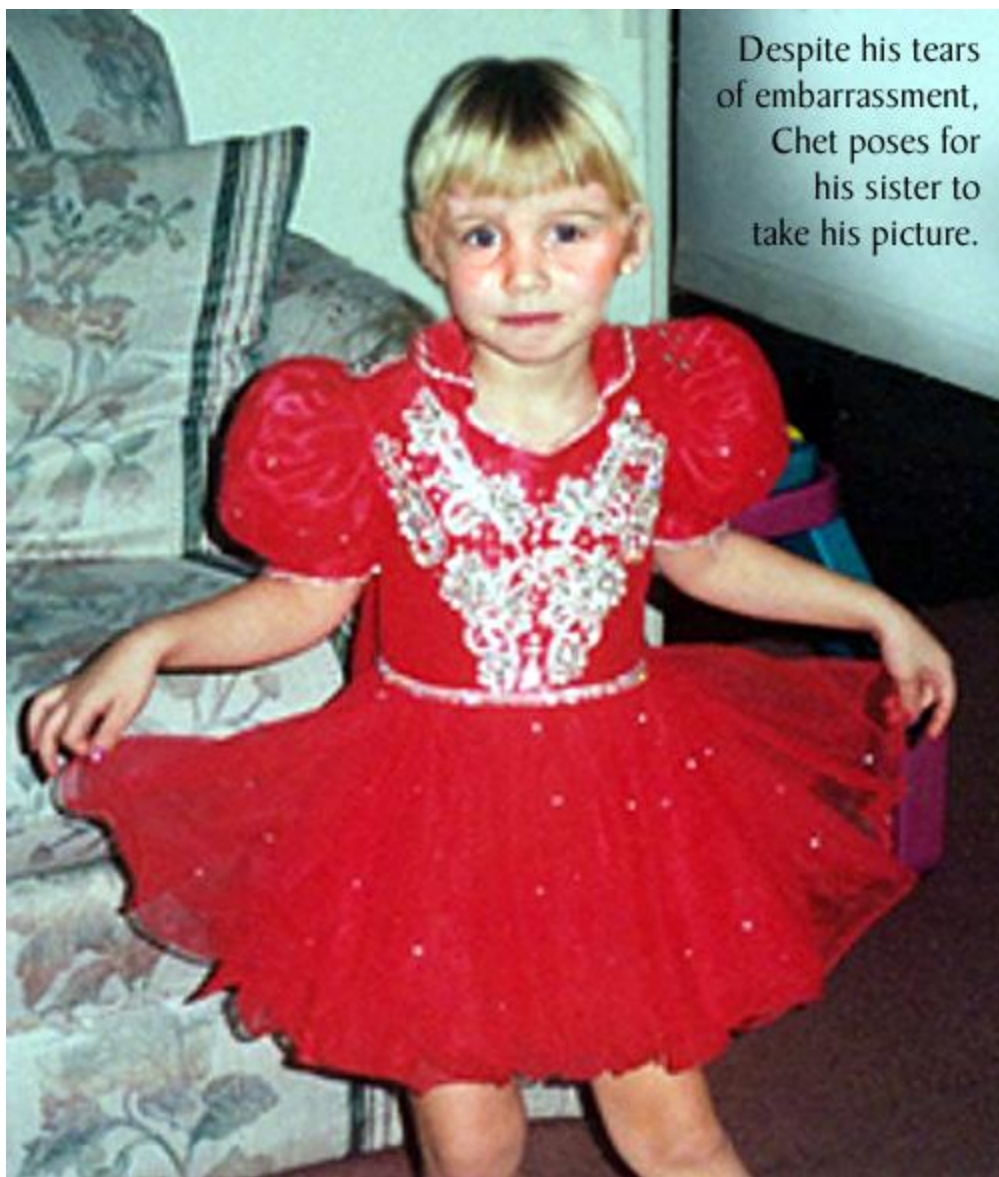


These dress-up games are great training for your daughter or other young females, and with very little instruction and rehearsal, she'll be very able to do it on her own. She'll make some mistakes, but that's okay. She'll learn by her mistakes. So she might not get him to dress up the first time, but have her come back to you, go over the repartee she had with your son and suggest to her ways to talk to him and ways to handle his objections. Let her keep on trying periodically, and you'll probably be amazed at her success.

The basic approach that you teach her, as illustrated in the foregoing, is easily adapted for use in talking a boy into doing whatever you want him to do.

To be continued in Training Manual #11 with more games.

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A lot of movies feature boys dressed up as girls. Such movies are a good way to get the games rolling!



*With lingerie
and wig, even
a tough boy
like David
makes a
cute girl.*



