

The **Demale Society**

Training Manual

Volume #3

A manual for women on how to take control of males with detailed and graphically illustrated lessons showing how to train men and boys to give up traditional macho male ways and become sweet and gentle pantywaists ready to accept female rule.



Fantasy Entertainment

*Adults
Only*



The
Demale Society
Demaling the World to Save It

The Demale Society

Odd, strange and unusual families are all around us and many weird things go on in those families. That's how "Barb" felt when she first encountered the Demale Society. She had moved into an upper middle class area where many doctors, lawyers, teachers and other professional women lived. She was impressed with many of those women, who despite their busy lives, were active in the community, always getting together to have parties and do charity work.

At one of those get-togethers, a cookout, her ill-mannered, recalcitrant son was running around and making a pest of himself, teasing the girls and trying to get the other boys to join him in his devilish deeds. The other kids ignored him, and when some of the other women saw how unruly he was, they huddled with his mother and started telling her about the Demale Society for they had a very active chapter of the society in their neighborhood and most of the women at the party were members.

Barb went to an introductory meeting and came away totally dumbfounded.

At that meeting she listened in amazement to the testimonials. She had to constantly ask if they were serious and if this was all just a joke. But what really drove it home for her were the party servers, who were all neighborhood boys dressed in fancy little girl clothes, maids' outfits or lavish lingerie. And they were all so demure and well mannered! It took a while for it all to sink in, but the well-trained boys made her envious -- she wanted her boy to be just as sweet and submissive. Within days, she became a member and with the help of her neighbors began training her boy! A lot of people live in their own small little world and have no idea of all the things going on right in their own neighborhoods.

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

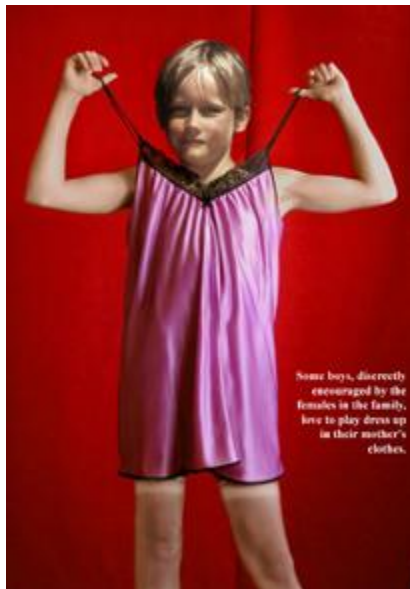
Enjoy!

Princess Productions

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

Since males have so miserably failed the human race, the Demale Society advocates putting females in charge of most every important human endeavor. The way females dethrone males is to do it on a one-to-one basis, but to do it in a powerful and knowledgeable way following a proven plan of action like the methods outlined by the central committee of the Demale Society, which supplies our members with the organization, methods, encouragement, and support to bring about such change.

Male hormones are the problem, and if not controlled, they foster selfish, animalistic and even criminal behavior. All would be fine if males could control themselves, and deep down most males want to do that, but the male sex drive is so powerful that most males cannot consistently control themselves. They have a hard time just controlling their own thoughts! Therefore, to set them free from their own hormones, our real goal is to feminize the way males think.



God gave us all free will, but God also gave us sex hormones, and in males that's androgen, a potent chemical that takes away free will! In females, female hormones limit free will to a degree too, but in a totally different way. Female hormones create a tendency to be nurturing, sensitive and loving, and yes, sometimes those things do get in the way of levelheaded thinking but nothing like the destructive effects of testosterone.

Some people maintain that permanently defusing a male's sex drive produces a superior type of male that females would love to be submissive to (since it female hormones do produce a tendency toward submissiveness). That's a bit far-reaching

and too radical of a theory for many of our adherents, who also don't believe in administering male hormones to females to balance the scales, but it is interesting food for thought considering the limitations God placed upon the free will he gave us by giving us sex hormones as well.

Since the goal is to stop the negative effects of male hormones, physically feminizing males with medicines and surgery can accomplish that, but it's not practical, possible or even desirable to do it to every male. And since most females don't want to change most males into females, it will never happen.

But many females do want to do that to their husbands, boyfriends, sons and other males, even strangers. Mothers, especially those disgusted with cheating husbands and delinquent sons, are very willing to do it, and in an ideal position to do it. When females start feminizing a male, it's only natural that they use feminine objects and accoutrements to train their male.

Before a male reaches puberty, a million little things can be done to help the process: feminize his surroundings, teach him about female clothing and makeup, allow him to have only females and properly brought up males for friends, instruct him how to cook and clean the house, require him to read women's magazines and feminist literature, and develop his interest in fine music, theatre and the arts. Some mothers love to dress their boys in girls' clothes. It's fun and an effective way of gaining control over them. Boys are naturally curious about female things, especially female clothes, and that makes them easy prey.

But once the testosterone starts flowing, a male's sex drive has to be controlled in some fashion, or it will be nearly impossible to get him involved in most of the things mentioned above.

If you think of the most femininely attuned male you know, you will realize that at some point in his life (probably before puberty), a skilled female brought him into the female fold by involving him in female things, which tend to be outward expressions of life that involve other people. Females need people. Males, by nature, tend to be inward, "into their own thing."

Males have a hard time dealing with emotions and therefore struggle to position themselves so they don't need people. Hermits, suicide bombers, the most repulsive members of society and violent criminals of every sort are over 90% male; fanatics of every sort tend to be male. Most males contain their emotions by minimizing their involvement with other people. They only need people to prove themselves. To them, people are a measure of success, something to compete against, something to control, something to abuse -- the ways males are programmed to feel good about themselves.

Testosterone fosters extremism in competition and a distrust and hatred of other human beings. Even "good" males have problems with their hormones and can turn "bad" when their



Putting on panties and tights is traumatic for most boys.

hormones surge unabated throughout their bodies. Testosterone is highly destructive. The only hope for humanity is to put the male sex drive under the control of females.

Taking away a male's masculinity makes him think in a new, more altruistic way, and changing how a male thinks results in profound changes in how he acts. And for lack of a better descriptor, a male does become more feminine in his actions; hence, we describe it as feminizing him.

But take away a male's masculinity, and what do you have? Femininity? Not really, but we do use the term feminizing the male, and by that we mean feminizing the way a male thinks.

So feminizing males is much more about emasculating males and retraining them to a new mindset than it is about making them feminine in looks and effete in their actions. The crux of the problem is male hormones, and to succeed in emasculating a male, those hormones have to be kept in check.

Within our organization, how to accomplish that has resulted in two divergent schools of thought: dam up the production of semen -- or -- keep it thoroughly drained. Both approaches have their advantages and disadvantages, and both can achieve the desired results. Our chapter of the Demale Society advocates keeping a male's testosterone well depleted, and these lessons focus upon that approach, but as long as progress is being made toward the goals of the Society, methodology is secondary to results.

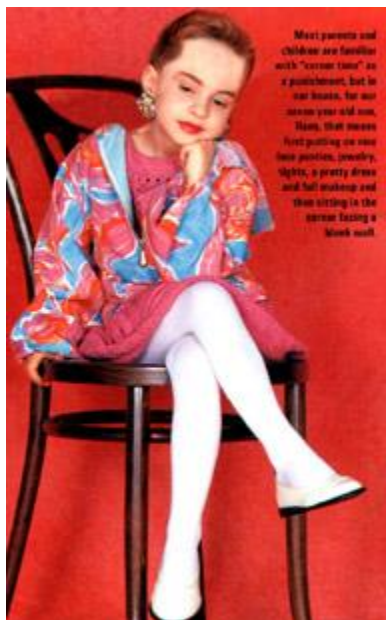
When one thing is taken away something else fills the void, and that is why we characterize demaling a male as feminizing him, because taking away what defines a male makes him much more female like, that in itself supports the theory that a male is ruled by his hormones, the damaging chemicals that permeate every cell of his body that prevent him from being an honorable and selfless member of society.

Should males be thoroughly drained daily of their semen by frequent masturbation or some other sex act, or should males be forever prevented from releasing their sperm. The former requires a diligent female to be in constant charge of a male, and the later can be done through castration (physical, mental, chemical or surgical). Both approaches produce the desired effect of minimizing the negative influence male sex hormones have over the male mind and body, but both methods have to be backed up with intense mental and physical training and powerful punishments to reprogram males who have difficulty learning to control themselves.

The ONLY time a male truly relaxes is when his hormones are not a factor in his thinking and actions, like immediately after he has had an orgasm. If you can stop him from falling asleep (since it is during such a short time he can truly relax unburdened temporarily by his demanding sex drive), he's in the best frame of mind to be reasonable, understanding and truly caring. But this vapid emotional moment doesn't last long. (Forget what you have always heard -- men are VERY emotional beings, they're just very different emotionally than females.) Even multiple daily milkings still leave long periods between orgasms in which there is a rebuilding of sexual tension. As soon as a male climaxes, his body immediately starts working to restore his hormone levels. Many aspects of everything we have been discussing here are excellently illustrated in the following example, provided by third-year member Selma B.

I have always tried to be a good wife and mother. I was fortunate to marry a kind, loving man. He's not the Hollywood type of leading man most women are erroneously attracted to. I came from a home in which my mother was in charge, and I liked it that way, and that led me to find a mate whom I could control much like my mother controlled my father. At the time I dated and married Alroy, my girlfriends wondered what I saw in him. He was more cute than handsome, he played the clarinet, loved plays and movies, and even knew how to knit and crochet. My friends laughed when they learned that about him, but I know they envied me when he'd take me to dinner and movies while their boyfriends were bonding and gathered at one of their homes for the Superbowl or some other ridiculous sporting event. Their guys would hang out at gentlemen's clubs, hotrod races, and forever take fishing and hunting trips, and then were inconsiderate enough to act like it was torture to spend a few dollars on their girlfriends and take them out for a night of dinner and dancing.

Alroy on the other hand always had hard-to-get tickets to the ballet, the opera and the latest touring Broadway shows. He took me to so many museums and shows I had difficulty finding time to work on my doctorate thesis, and he took me to so many gourmet meals that I had to go on a diet. Sure he had pixie-like red hair (being Irish, I used to call him "my little leprechaun"), a good job as an interior decorator and minced a bit when he walked (no, he's not gay -- he's just well in tune with his feminine side!), having been brought up by a very feminine mother who taught him about beauty and love.



My girlfriends sometimes snickered when he came around, but only after I married him and they married their macho ideals of Mr. Wonderful, did they realized that they had it all wrong, and I had it right. Anyway, what I really want to tell you about is my son, Lance.

Coming from a father like my husband and a strong mother (me), Lance was brought up to be a kind and gentle man like his father and taught to appreciate female things, but I only started to have problems with him in recent years.

Just after he entered puberty, he started backsliding. It seemed like the whole world was working against what we had been teaching him his entire life up until that time. He was becoming rough and short tempered, argumentative and even started showing disdain for the genteel things he used to enjoy like painting (he's a very good artist), going to the opera and taking an interest in his father's business. Many of these changes were happening as he started hanging around with boys not to my liking. I had never forced female clothing on Lance. A few times when he was small, we'd have fun when he visited his girl cousins and they'd play dress up, but I was always in favor of him becoming a decent but traditional male. I certainly did not want to make him into my daughter, just a nice, loving son. If I take you back a bit, you can understand how everything negative and positive fell into place over the years.

Lance was always a very good boy, and we rewarded him for being good. One thing we did was to get him a bike at a very early age. He loved that bike and that led him to become a bike enthusiast. After a few years, he wanted to enter bike races, and we got him the best bikes we could afford and fully supported his racing.

Now I know the error of my ways. I thought I was being a good mother. Biking was great exercise and something that he loved doing, but I had no appreciation for the harm these bike races were doing to him. At an early age he was exposed to the worst aspects of competition: cheating, corrupt officials, favoritism, abuse -- the list can go on and on -- these things began to make him more cynical and lessen his view of humanity.

If you know someone who is completely into biking, you'll understand when I tell you that it's like a drug. Bikers live in a world of their own; everything is a challenge in terms of biking; there's always a better bike to be had and another physical obstacle to overcome. They're dedicated to their sport, but it's a dedication that turns their attention totally inward and alienates them from the rest of the world (very unfeminine attitudes and ways of thinking).

That was all bad enough, but then puberty set in, and he took up with new friends, older boys, more macho boys. Alroy and I saw the changes but didn't know how to deal with them. We tried to talk to him, but it did little good. We chalked his actions up to teenage rebellion. We expressed our disapproval at his new friends but thought it was best not to prohibit him from hanging around with them. We knew that would only strengthen his desire to be with them and act like them. (They were all very macho and nothing we wanted our boy to imitate.)

Lance was fourteen years old when I first heard about the Demale Society. I saw a little handmade poster on an 8 1/2 x 10 inch piece of paper hung on the wall by the exit door at our local supermarket. There were dozens of notices and advertisements up there from requests to help find a lost dog or cat, notices of furniture for sale, advertisements for diet programs and offers for money-making opportunities. What caught my eye about the Demale poster was a small picture of a boy in a dress! It was a small picture, but it was unmistakably a boy. The note simply stated, "Mothers are you having trouble with your sons? Do you wish they were as easy to control as your daughters? We can help." Then there were about a dozen of those little tear-off strips at the bottom with a phone number to call.

I ripped off one of those strips and took it home and showed Alroy. He fully supports just about any crazy idea I come up with, and this was no exception. I called, and a woman with a cheery little voice answered. I heard giggling and sweet music playing in the background. The woman explained she could put me in touch with an organization that successfully reprogrammed wayward and even criminally inclined boys.

I explained to her that my boy maybe considered "wayward" but hardly "criminal." She said that sometimes it's a very small jump from wayward to criminal. When I explained a couple of things about Lance, his age, the biking thing, and how we had tried to bring him up properly, the woman started telling me things about Lance like she knew completely what I was talking about. I joked with her and asked how much she was going to charge me for this psychic reading, but

she just assured me that she knew so much about my situation because what we were going through was a classic situation her organization dealt with daily.

She was so knowledgeable that I got Alroy and had him listen on the extension. He too was amazed at that this woman knew so much about our personal situation. We agreed to go to an open meeting of the organization, and at that meeting, even though some of the ideas expressed and the methods described were pretty wild for our conservative way of thinking, we joined and soon became complete converts.

In the beginning, hair bows became a big thing with me. What a simple and great way of exerting influence over a boy! I bought spools of ribbon in every bright, pastel color I could find. I adopted the Demale approach: 1) ask, 2) coerce, 3) demand, 4) force -- each level backed up with a suitable punishment for noncompliance.

When Lance was small, I often sat with him on the couch and we'd talk or watch television together. I always loved his full head of ash blonde hair, and I loved to toy with it while we sat together. Well, we hadn't done that in years, so the night after the Society meeting, I asked him to sit with me for a while so we could talk like we used to do. As recommended in the club manual, I asked him things, probing to find out exactly where his mind was at. He resisted when I pulled him in close and hugged him as we talked. He acquiesced and even put his head on my shoulder. I played with a lock of his hair like in old times. I could tell that he didn't like it, but he let me do it.

All of a sudden, I had him sit up and said, "Hold still a second, I want to do something." As he sat there I took out a pale blue ribbon I had hidden away and ready and tied it in his hair. He didn't see the ribbon, so he asked what I was doing. I told him I had always loved his hair so and was making it look a little prettier. He said he didn't have pretty hair and he certainly didn't want to make it look 'prettier' in any way.

Just then, Alroy came in on cue. Looking at our son with a glowing smile, he said, "Why, Lance, that's a beautiful bow you have in your hair. It's so pretty, you should always wear a bow in it."

Lance jumped up like the seat of his pants was on fire. He rushed to the wall mirror. After only a moment of staring unbelieving at his reflection, he yanked out the bow and started cursing at me. That was most unexpected. He had never been that nasty to me in my entire life. With his upbringing, I could tell he immediately regretted being so insolent, but he didn't apologize until his father demanded it.

After he apologized, we told him he had to be punished for his nastiness. We hadn't disciplined him in any way for years. In fact, we had barely ever disciplined him throughout his entire life. He objected, saying we were treating him like a little kid. We agreed, saying he was acting like a bratty little kid. Then he backtracked; he said he'd accept our punishment. Alroy and I pretended to think for a moment, and then with a nod from me, Alroy told Lance that for punishment, he'd have to wear the bow in his hair for twenty-four hours.

Lance looked at us like we were both out of our minds, but his eyes were glistening as he acceded to be so punished. I took my time putting the bow in his hair, but this time I made it a pink bow and used a much wider ribbon. Just then he remembered that we had tickets to a

performance of Brigadoon at the bandshell that night, something he had wanted to get out of going to anyway. He asked if he could stay home or at least have time off from his punishment while out in public. I flatly refused, but told him he could wear his racing club cap since the performance was outside, and the cap would cover up the ribbon.

After some tears (I hadn't seen him cry or act so little boy like in years), he agreed. But what powerful control that little piece of ribbon gave me over him. All night long, he stayed close to my side, like he was a bear cub huddling close to his mother for protection. I fell in love with hair ribbon control that night and used it frequently ever since. A few weeks later, that little hair bow cost him his friends.

One thing about a hair bow, you get used to wearing it and unless you look in a mirror, you soon forget you're wearing it. Anyway, more and more often, I got Lance to wear a bow in his hair as a favor for me. (Step one: asking). He'd wear it around the house, and I'd let him take it off when he went out in public. Well that one day, he must have totally forgotten about the purple bow he had in his hair and went running out the door the moment his friends pulled up in front of our house on their bikes. I even tried to run after him to catch and warn him, but I was too late. After a stunned silence, the four boys practically fell off their bikes laughing and calling him abominable names. The most disgusting thing: they all spit on him as they mounted their bikes and rode off.

Lance was inconsolable for days after, but for me, it was one of the best things to happen in a long time. He was pretty nasty to me, blaming me for his woes, but I let him know that he was wearing the bow as a favor to me, and he had exposed himself to ridicule. He never went back to that bike club. His anger toward me was fierce. He swore he'd never again put a 'sissy bow' in his hair, and I couldn't make him!

Lance's hormones were ruining him, and he needed to be dealt with aggressively. Other Demale members advised me that I was way overdue to take control of him sexually and pointed out that when a boy is depressed, confused, desperate, and despairing was a great time to do it. That certainly described Lance. (Step 2: coercion:) He was in position for me to aggressively manipulate him into doing what I wanted. I was going to make him eat his words about never again wearing a pretty little hair bow.

Lance had been looking forward to getting a new racing bike that we had promised him for his birthday. Forget the fact that he already had two racing bikes worth over \$1,000 each, but that's a biker for you. Anyway, we promptly let him know that he wouldn't get it if he didn't show proper respect for Alroy and me. He tried his best, but I knew he was still harboring a lot of anger toward me, and that's where the sex came in. Males are ideally suited to be controlled through their sex organs. It's almost a crime how simple it is to do.

Lance is an emotional boy. In recent years, he had tried to hide it, tried to be manly like his macho friends, but the way we brought him up has had a lasting effect. Underneath his facade of toughness, he had emotions that needed to be expressed. I just needed the right opportunity, and when it came, I was going to take control.

He had a bad day. His new bike club wouldn't let him participate in a race they were having because he had joined too late for the sign-up. That night as he lay in his bed, I heard him softly crying. Smiling to myself (but scared to death because of all the bad crap we are taught about incest and sex!), I went to my room and took a paper bag out of my closet that I had prepared for this occasion.

The moment I walked into his room, he rolled over in bed and tried to disguise the fact that he was drying tears from his eyes. I sat on the edge of his bed, stroked his hair and comforted him. He stayed facing away from me for the longest time, but perked up, turned and hugged me when I told him I had ordered his bike that day. (Actually I hadn't, but I was determined to get my pound of flesh -- excuse me, my ounce of semen -- that night no matter what I had to do! And in the process, I was going to start taking control of him sexually and aggressively feminizing him.)



We have twin boys, and when one, the other or both of them misbehave, it's punishment time in dresses, panties, and tights.

I kept him in a strong embrace, extending the hug much longer than I'm sure he cared for it to go on, but as I held him, I talked to him lovingly and got him to admit he loved me and respected me. He was dressed in just his Jockey shorts and an oversized racing jersey that he wore to bed in place of pajamas. I placed my hand on his leg and massage his thigh as I lovingly talked to him. As my hand continued on an upward trek, I could feel him grow tense throughout his body. I was getting dangerously close to his penis, and I knew he was wondering just how far I'd go. This reminded me of high school back in the 1950s, making out in the drive-in, except I was playing the role of the guy and Lance was the innocent little girl I was trying to seduce. As I caressed his hair with one hand and his leg with the other, I talked ever so sweetly and got him to answer "yes" to everything I said, building from one argumentative statement to the next that like a salesman closing a sale. (Forgive the mixed metaphor, but I was on a mission and the comparisons to dominating male images delighted

me!)

The paper bag was leaning up against his leg. He knew it was there. He didn't know what was in it. He even asked me, but I ignored the question. I made him beg me repeatedly to tie a ribbon in his hair. Then he flinched when I lightly touched his penis. It was hard, standing up and very warm to the touch. I made him beg me several more times, and each time he did, I touched him more, then I cupped my hand over his entire penis and testicles and massaged them all together. I let go of him, took hold of his underwear and motioned for him to lift up so I could tug them down. He did. (Males have practically no sense of morality when a female is seducing them, regardless of who that female is!) Then I reached into the bag and took out a long length of ribbon. It was one-inch wide and made of white satin. I tied it in his hair, wrapping it around his entire head like a bandeau, encircling his head from the back of his neck to up over his temples, and I finished it off with a big bow right on top. I fluffed up his bangs. It made him look very girlish, and I told him so, as I reminded him that he was going to love his new bike! (Step 2: coercion.)

He was tearing up, but he was still wildly aroused sexually. I reached into the bag and took out another matching white ribbon, but it was much shorter. He stared in amazement as I pulled up his shirt and tied it in a big bow around the base of his penis. He was so excited that I thought he was going to shoot off at any moment. I didn't want that to happen; I wanted to prolong the situation and broaden (no pun intended) my attack.

He was sitting up in bed, naked from the waist down, bow-decorated penis in full salute. This had all taken place in relative darkness. Lance jumped when I leaned across him and switched on the nightstand light. He tried to hide his erection and blushing face, but I just hugged him and made him keep his hands out of the way. I leaned back, and we both stared at his girlified cock, shining in the modest glow of the nightstand light, which to him probably seemed like a beacon used to light up skyscrapers. His erection started to waver and subside. With all that attention, I guess he was feeling quite abashed. He grabbed the blanket and wanted to cover himself up, but I pushed the blanket away, took his penis in my hand and very, very slowly stroked the loose skin up and down, up and down. With just two long strokes he was fully erect again. I told him I was proud of him and that he had a big, very manly erection he should be proud of. (Later there would be plenty of time for the advanced lessons of teasing him about how small and ugly it was, confuse him further and play upon his feelings of inadequacy.)

“Lance, I know you're embarrassed fully exposed like this, but don't worry, I've got something we can use to cover up your sweet little thing.” (God! With the “little” reference, I guess I was starting on that lesson already!)

So saying, I maintained my grip on his penis with one hand, but with my free hand, I dumped the contents of the bag onto his naked lap. It was filled with frilly panties and a babydoll nightie. I thought he'd jump right out of his skin, but with my firm grip on his penis, he wasn't going anywhere!

I continued a long, slow, slow stroking of his hot penis as I picked up each pair of panties and had him look at them. I got him to touch the panties, and he was so disoriented that when I told him to hold some of them up and examine them, he did! I pointed out the pretty lace and decorations on each pair, and told him how nice they would look on him. When he picked up the nightie, he looked at me questioningly. I told him it was his first babydoll nightie. I expected to see fear in his eyes, but they were simply glazed over; he was swooning from my manipulations. When I let go of his penis long enough to take the nightie and put it over his head, he didn't fight me. He put his arms through the sleeves willingly. When I went back to masturbating him, I used two hands full of panties, rubbing him until he let out a groan and a fountain of semen went flying into the air. He cried. He apologized for shooting off! I comforted him, took a pair of the pink panties and put them on him. It was so much fun to put his first pair of girly panties over his feet, have him lift up his hips so I could slide them all the way up and symbolically lock them in position with a sharp snap of the elastic waistband. I surprised myself how fast I had overcome any prudishness I had about sexually touching and arousing my own son.



That was his first night in panties, and I got him to wear them frequently after that. I didn't insist on it, I made his wearing panties a game between the two of us. But, immediately, I did take complete control of his sex life. At six o'clock the next morning, I came into his room and woke him up by masturbating him again. Then, I did that twice and sometimes three times a day every day after that.

Forsaken by his former friends, coerced into lingerie, and completely dominated sexually, he changed overnight. He became sweet and loving, more than at any earlier time in his life. Dressing him in girly clothes was a fun thing between us. I used the panties to masturbate him, but I rarely insisted that he wear them. I wanted a nice, loving son, not a daughter, and now I had him. He did backtrack from time to time, but I was told to expect that. The usual cure was just to increase the frequency of draining his balls. Through all this, the most upsetting thing to him was his biking. His racing times were way down, and he put two and two together and blamed the fact that he was tired a lot, and he said that was because I made him cum so often. He told me that he loved me doing that for him, but biking was important to him too, and he needed his strength. I explained that I masturbated him for two reasons: because I loved him and wanted to show my love for him by making him happy every day and because his male hormones had to be constantly released otherwise they would build up in his system like a poison that would give him bad ideas and make him do bad things.

He assured me that he had learned his lesson and would be good no matter what. I made a deal with him to test his word. He had a biking race coming up and I told him I would not masturbate him for one week leading up to the race. We'd see what would happen and decide afterward if it was a wise thing to do.

Well, we gave him the new bike he wanted for his birthday, and a week before the race I stopped his daily masturbation sessions. He practiced hard that week and kept telling me how all his strength was coming back. He was sure he'd win the race. He said that it would be easy beating at least three of the club members because they were "faggots." I asked him why he called them that derogatory term, and told me they were really gay, and they had even made overtures toward him, and the way he described it, it sounded like he had been quite nasty in telling them to get lost. I told him that he could have turned them down without being nasty. Gay boys don't want to bother guys who aren't into their scene. A simple 'no' is enough to get most gay guys to back off. I told him I was disappointed that he hadn't handled the situation like a little gentleman.



As he was warming up on the day of the race, I gave him a kiss and pinned a little pink bow in his hair. He complained that he couldn't wear it in public. I told him that it was a good luck charm from his loving mother, and he could tell people that if they noticed it and asked about it, (step one: asking). But he flatly refused. I told him the real reason I wanted him to wear the bow was that it was a punishment for the ungentlemanly way he had treated the gay members of his club. (Step two: coercing.) He still refused, pulled the ribbon out of his hair and threw it to the ground.

I told him his bike was going back to the dealer if he didn't do it. (Step three: demanding.) He told me I was bluffing, and as he got on his bike to head for the starting line, I snatched his race number off his bike handle and stuffed it down deep into my bra. With that, he really became nasty to me. His number placard was his permit to enter the race, w_ithout it he couldn't participate. (Step four: forcing).



Finally, he said he'd wear the ribbon if I'd give him back his permit number. But I told him it was too late, and the only way I'd give it back to him was if he'd do something more for me: wear a pair of his heavily frilled rhumba panties under his skin tight biking shorts, (step five: punishment). The race was getting close to starting. I reached into my purse and pulled out his pink and white rhumba panties. (A Demale Mom always has to be ready!) He just had

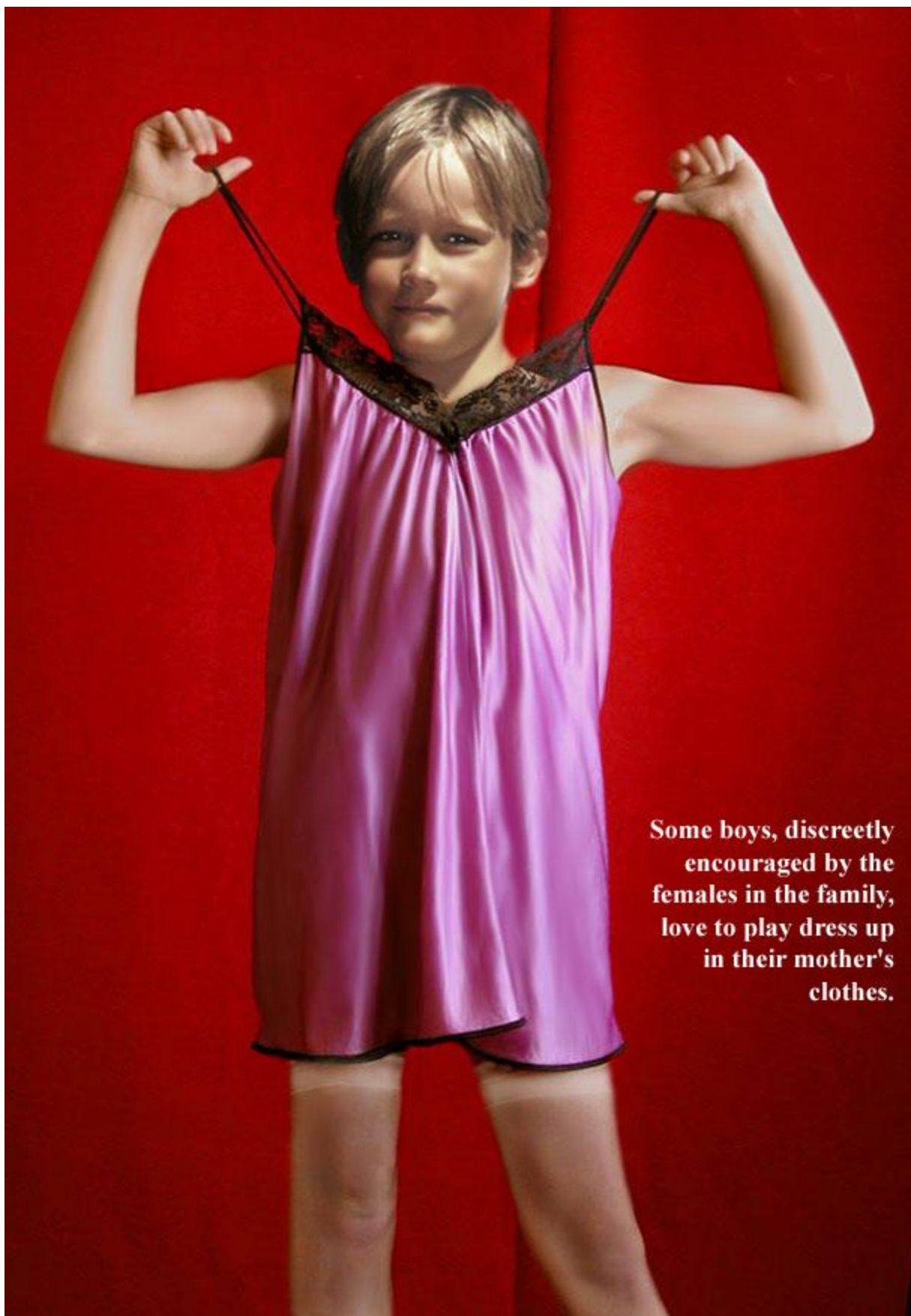
time to get into the front seat of the car, strip off his shorts and underwear, put on the panties and pull his shorts back on. He cried, embarrassed that the rows of lace across the back of the panties bulged out through his skintight shorts. As he got on his bike and got ready to join the race, I put the bow back in his hair and made him leave it there before I gave him back his permit. He didn't win the race that day. He didn't even come close. He's been losing interest in biking ever since because he was so disappointed in his showing. That night I returned immediately to a full regimen of masturbation to make him docile once again.

Throughout all that, Alroy took pictures from a distance because I thought it was important to document it all so I could describe what I had done at our next Demale meeting.

* * *

Selma's story is a long one, but it contains so many object lessons and so perfectly outlines the Demale approach to controlling a boy that we presented it here in full detail. The photos shown here are fuzzy because Alroy had to stand far away so his son wouldn't see him taking the pictures, which show Lance wearing the bow in his hair (and a close-up of the same shot) and struggling to put on the rhumba panties in the front seat of their car, but the photos did come out clear enough to document Selma's excellent testimony. The next lesson will continue explaining the how and why of Demale procedures.

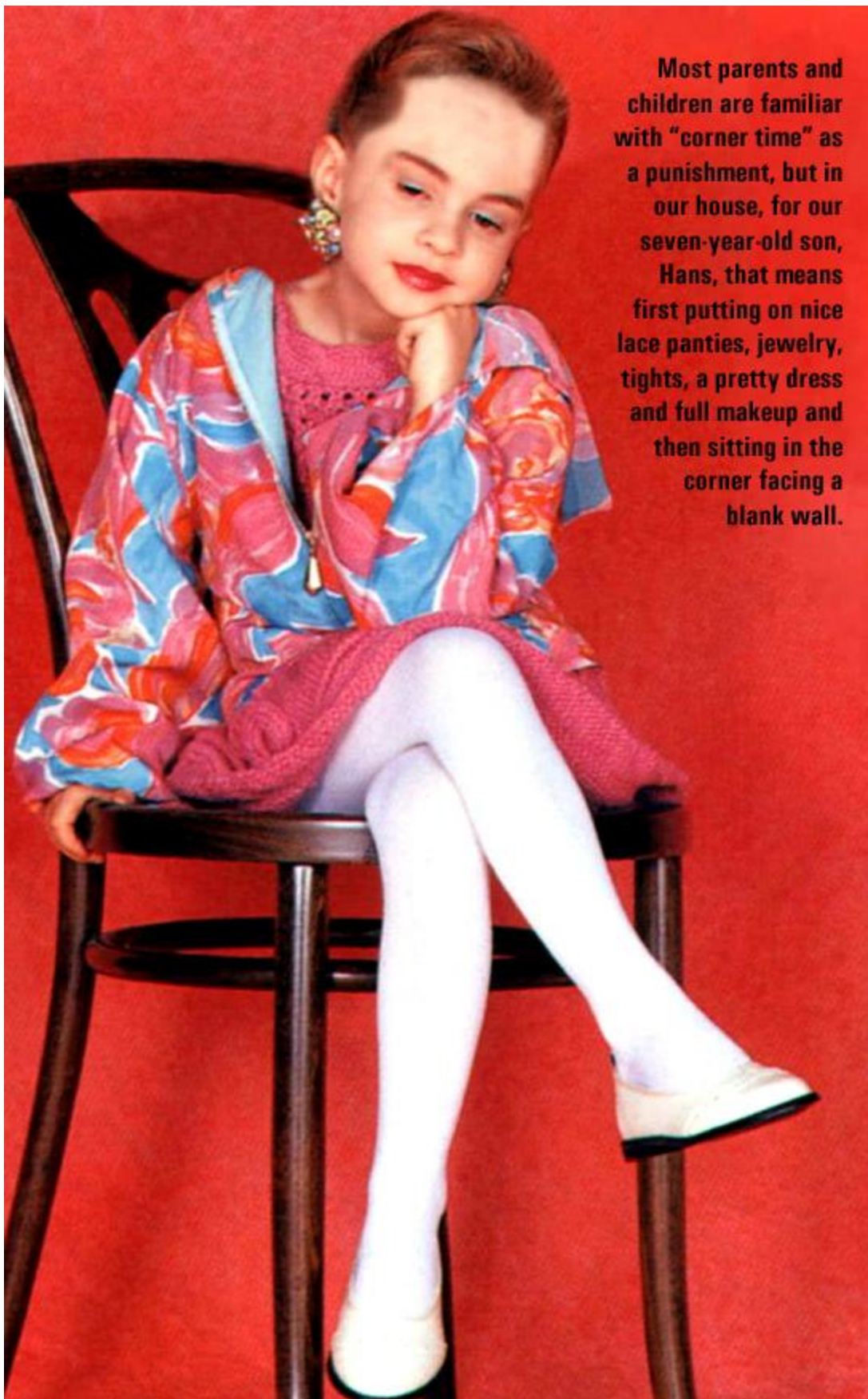
Click below to continued onto Part C.



**Some boys, discreetly
encouraged by the
females in the family,
love to play dress up
in their mother's
clothes.**



Putting on panties and tights is traumatic for most boys.



Most parents and children are familiar with "corner time" as a punishment, but in our house, for our seven-year-old son, Hans, that means first putting on nice lace panties, jewelry, tights, a pretty dress and full makeup and then sitting in the corner facing a blank wall.



We have twin boys, and when one, the other or both of them misbehave, it's punishment time in dresses, panties, and tights.







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

Eliminating war, crime and all the other truly evil things in this world should be the goal of every human being, but it obviously isn't because those bad things have gone on since the beginning of time, and in many ways have greatly worsened over the centuries.

The overwhelming majority of evil in the world can be attributed to males. Of course, NOT ALL males are evil, but large numbers of males are responsible for making our world a dangerous place to live. Males are evil and out of control when they pursue their own wants to the point of harming other people. Such males need to be controlled, and in order to control them, a thorough understanding of how the male mind and body works is essential.

Since evil in males is directly related to their male hormone levels, handling young boys is very different from handling mature males. The sweetest young boy can go through puberty and emerge an absolute animal. Adult males are brought into line by controlling their sex drive, but that is often an arduous and time-consuming process, and a lot of females just don't have the time and energy much less the interest. No wonder many women advocate controlling problem

males by eliminating their sex drive through the use of medicines, chemicals or even surgery. And the Demale Society believes those approaches are often needed, especially with those males who violently resist change. But the long-term solution for bettering the world is to raise a new generation of males who need a minimum of overseeing, males trained from an early age to control themselves, and taught to fully respect females as well as life and property.

Politics and religion, like most 'man'-made institutions, have failed us miserably. Cheating, corruption, greed and self-serving interests infect everything males have ever touched. It's time we give up adherence to ridiculous religious, political and territorial concepts that have led to wars, crime, terror and oppression of every sort. To survive, modern society must overthrow a lot of old-fashioned beliefs and go in new directions.

The Demale Society's idea of a better world may not be what many other people (especially males) think is ideal, but any rational person has to agree that our male-dominated society has not served us well. Things must drastically change, and change will come about only as females gain more control.

As males go through the three basic stages: childhood, puberty, adulthood, vastly different approaches are used to take charge of them, and the following lessons will highlight some tactics that have been successful in handling males at each stage of physical development. Immediate goals include preparing young boys to grow up to be new versions of masculinity, aggressively dominating boys going through the rebellious period of puberty, and cleverly manipulating adult males in positions of power to lay the groundwork for a new society.

Young boys need to be lovingly trained to be good and taught to respect all females. Any sign of developing traditional, evil male ways must be corrected as soon as possible. Here is an example of training a young boy.

Regina L. has been a Demale member for over twenty years, having joined the society while she was pregnant with Doc, her loving son who is now twenty years old. She had an abusive husband. He never physically harmed her, but his reign of psychological terror made her feel woefully inadequate, even suicidal. A friend knew of her situation and started to bring her to society meetings. Regina wasn't an immediate convert because she had to overcome years of belittling and mental domination.

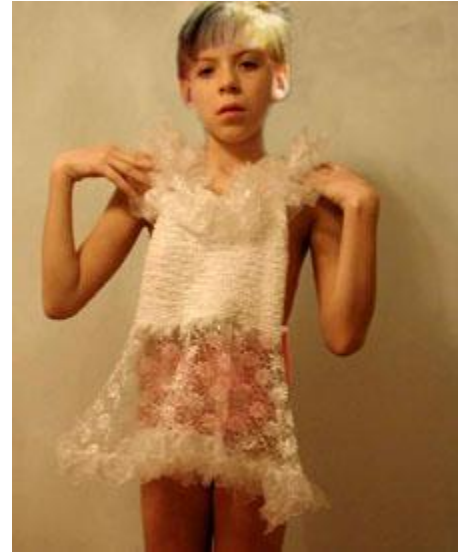
When their son was born, her husband insisted upon naming him “Doc.” Regina complained that it was OK as a nickname but not suitable as a real name for a boy, but her husband bullied her into having his way. At the Demale meetings she learned about controlling males of all ages and set out to take charge of both her husband and baby boy, but she was apprehensive and lacked confidence. Finally, she took a conservative, devious approach to taking charge of her husband by catering to him sexually. He rarely had normal sex with her. Instead, he preferred to have her put a finger up his bunghole to massage his prostate while sucking his cock.

She didn’t like having sex that way but was constantly pressured into doing it. So she turned that sex act into a way to win him over and take charge of him. She pretended to enjoy doing it and began to initiate sucking him off, plus she did anything she could think of to increase his pleasure. Through one of the women in the club, she got a dildo, which she introduced into their sex, shoving it up his butt and using it to stimulate his prostate, which was more effective than her small finger.

He demanded to know where she had gotten the dildo. She lied and told him it had been a joke gift from the blind Christmas gift exchange at her “women’s club” -- that’s how she always referred to her Demale Society meetings. Her husband was so disinterested in her that he never asked her about her “women’s club” and never cared enough to ask what she did at those meetings.

Well, the dildo was a great success as was her approach to taking control in the bedroom. She still hated doing it, but he was fooled into thinking she liked it. He even became much nicer to her for the first time in years. After having oral sex, he never wanted to kiss her because of where her mouth had been, but she kept telling him how much she loved him and desperately needed to kiss him after making him happy. He finally relented and let a follow-up kiss become part of their sessions. But Regina’s little triumph was making a point of keeping a little of his semen in her mouth for that kiss, and over time she increased that amount until eventually she was dumping his full load back into his mouth. They never talked about it. They just did it.

At the same time, she began feeding him female hormones in his food. After nearly a year, he had significant breast development, but he was a big man so it went unnoticed for a long time. Finally his nipples became highly sensitive. She’d toy with them and he liked it until the pain began to exceed the pleasure. At the same time his sexual performance was waning. It took him longer and longer to get an erection, maintain it and cum. His cum was thinner and less pungent. She knew he was greatly troubled by these developments and wasn’t surprised when he sought medical help. He told her he was having back pain, but the idiot gave her the prescription to be filled. Suspecting that he really didn’t have back pain, Regina called a fellow member and discovered the pills were actually male hormones to boost his sexual performance and negate the breast enlargement he was experiencing.



Well, she simply substituted her female hormone pills and gave them to him. The dolt never suspected what she had done. Well his breasts continued to enlarge. He was putting on weight, and becoming less aggressive but very nervous and high-strung. It took little to set off his fuse, surely a result of the female hormones plus his frustration at how his body was changing.

Finally, he had enough and one day, he simply ran off. About two weeks later he came storming back, raging mad because he had discovered that the pills were female hormones and he accused Regina of substituting them. But the dummy didn't know why she would do such a thing. After all, he was convinced that she truly loved him by the enthusiastic way she loved to initiate and have sex with him! He was very distraught and not thinking clearly; he felt betrayed. He got his gun and threatened to shoot her, but they struggled, and ironically, he shot himself in the groin, permanently damaging his manhood. After he recovered from his wound, he limped off never to be seen again.

It was good that he hadn't gone into his son's bedroom that night. If he had, he surely would have taken his gun and shot his wife because he would have seen little three-year-old Doc dressed in a lacy nightgown and nylon panties and sucking on a tiny penis dildo-pacifier. Regina was determined not to have their boy grow up to be like his father, and in the absence of his father, had started to aggressively feminize him.

Regina's story illustrates passive/aggressive ways of taking control of an abusive husband and a very young boy. Doc grew up to enjoy all the feminine things his mother treated him to. He only had girl playmates and hated sports and rough boys' games. He was an excellent student at school and even skipped two grades because he learned so quickly, but that did present a problem when he got into junior high school because he was a sissy little boy and the other boys were entering puberty and much more physically advanced. School became a nightmare for Doc (even with his feminization, his mother insisted upon keeping his name as 'Doc' as a constant reminder that he was a boy). It got so bad that he started to rebel against his mother. He desperately wanted to fit in with other kids, who overshadowed him in all things except brains. But being a smart boy, Regina was able to have some of the smartest women in the club talk to him and convince him that he was special and morally as well as mentally better than the other kids. The final solution was to have him home schooled, where he excelled even faster academically. And now at twenty years old, he has been investing in the stock market for over six years, runs his own company teaching young people how to invest and accumulate financial wealth. He has been recognized by honchos on Wall Street for promoting investment and financial responsibility among teenagers -- and every day, he operates his business from his home computer, while wearing elegant dresses and expensive lingerie -- his treat to himself for his own financial success!

So even good boys like Doc can have problems in puberty, a time when boys become confused and have problems dealing with their emerging sexuality. No other period in a male's life needs to be more closely monitored and controlled. Sexually dominating pubescent boys is how to break through their confusion and bring them into line. Nightly, Regina masturbated Doc into his panties and made him sleep with her smelly panties over his head. During this time, many boys need to be sexually and publicly humiliated. Doc didn't need that as much as many boys because he had been so well trained before those difficult years, but several times Regina did publicly



A boy totally in love with his mother will do anything for her, even put on his sister's ruffled little girls' bathing suit to go swimming when his mother "forgot" to pack his swimsuit.

humiliate to put things in perspective and to let him know that even though he was exceptionally smart, she was in charge.

One time she made him buy a full ensemble of matching lingerie -- bra, slip and panties -- from a gay male salesclerk in a department store! And he had to tell the clerk that they were for himself and endure the gay man's advances. Another time Regina invited all the kids in the area to Doc's seventh birthday party and made him open his gifts in front of them. One of the gifts was a sheer white lace dress and she made him undress down to his pink silk panties and model the dress for them! Most of the kids already knew he was a sissy, so it didn't quite have the shock effect on them that she had expected, but her purpose was accomplished because Doc was totally degraded in front of the kids who had shown up just because the invitation promised them all the cake and ice cream they could eat.

Teenage boys desperately try to fit in with their peers, and they will do most anything rather than be humiliated in front of their friends. Military leaders know the best way to train young boys is to degrade them, strip them of their identity and then reprogram to be whatever they want them to be. Even better than military methods, sexual degradation and public humiliation in front of their friends effectively breaks the cycle that leads boys to become abusive, hateful males.

Adult males are set in their ways. Sexually they are almost impossible to retrain, and it is much easier to exploit what turns them on (and that's usually easy to discover). Cater to a man's fetishes and get him under your influence if not under your total control. Adult males are smart and it's difficult to take power away from them that they probably spent a lifetime acquiring. In many instances, more can be accomplished by gaining a large amount of influence over them than toppling them from power. Most powerful men have strong sex drives and that is their weakness; that is where you can dazzle them sexually and assert yourself. But until a new generation of males matures into adulthood, it's preferable to let many men remain in their current positions and work through them using the vast network of contacts and resources they have developed rather than replacing them with a woman who would have to start from scratch. Besides, in the short term, it would take too long and be too difficult to replace men with women. It's much easier to gain influence over them by simply catering to their sexual needs. In many ways wives and mistresses have been doing that since the beginning of time, but they have not done it often enough or effectively enough. This power clever women have over men needs to be fully developed now.

Women need to ask themselves, "If I'd ask my husband (son, lover, father, brother, etc.) to lick out my asshole, would he do it? Or suck off another guy, would he do it? Or walk down the street in just a pair of frilly panties, would he do it? If the answer would be "yes" to all those questions, that woman has that male fully in control. But if the answer is no to any of those questions, that female has some work to do, and she needs to do whatever it takes to get a male to that point as quickly as possible.

Males thrive on power and fight aggressively to get it and keep it. They don't forfeit power easily, so strong measures are needed, measures like Regina used, measures that alarmists would term sinful and illegal, but radical approaches are the way to break through the moral barriers that males have created to enslave us. A new world order will have different types of laws, and much of what people of tomorrow believe and do are things that today are considered immoral or illegal, and vice versa. Current society needs a fundamental restructuring.

We live in a male world because males are much better leaders and followers than females. If women are second-class citizens, they are because they have allowed themselves to be treated that way. Since women inherently love, nurture and share, they often give much of their power to males. It's one way they show love for the males they care about. Men rarely give up power, but a woman can manipulate a man into using his power for things she wants.

Most males are plagued by feelings of inferiority and inadequacy, and that creates in them a need to acquire power, dominate, abuse and stroke their egos. Most females want to do constructive not destructive things. They want to get along with others, not cheat, fight and take advantage of them. For many females, confrontation is too exhausting; they'd rather acquiesce than waste their time and energy fighting for power. But to turn things around, females will have to do a lot of fighting, but they need to conquer men and boys by literally getting them "by the balls."

Many males are determined and clever, but they are no match for a truly crafty and stubborn female because females do not have their vision obstructed by their need to have sex. For all the power males hold, sex can easily distract them and make them vulnerable to a female's influence. The longer a male goes without releasing his semen, the weaker and more vulnerable he becomes. Here's an example:

Fourteen-year-old Nathan, like most boys his age, was a compulsive masturbator. Every free moment, he'd hide somewhere and jerk off. Andora, his mother, was forever finding semen stains on his clothes and in his bedroom, which constantly smelled of jism. But more irritating to Andora than the habitual masturbating, was his open hatred for females.

Andora put together bits and pieces and figured out that Nathan's misogynistic attitude had started about a year earlier after he had lost a spelling bee to a girl he was attracted to. At that same time, he was entering the full force of puberty. He was confused and upset by the changes going on in his body. Compounding that, the same girl had turned him down when he made a fumbled attempt to kiss her.



The kid was messed up. He hated females, yet he masturbated over pictures of girls torn from magazines. Andora found it interesting that those pictures tended to resemble the girl who had been the object of his attention. He had even stolen several pairs of panties from somewhere and

obviously used them in his masturbation sessions since they were heavily stained with his emissions. Plus he had written the girl's name, 'Carey,' all over the panties with an indelible marker.

Not knowing quite what to do, Andora eventually described her problem to a friend, who in turn made inquiries that led to Andora being invited to an open Demale Society meeting, where she made contact with other women who had sons similarly obsessed. It did take Andora a while to develop the courage to take control of her son, and that courage finally came after Ruby, a longtime member, invited Andora to her home following a chapter meeting to see firsthand how Demale techniques were being used to reform her son, who also had both a masturbation problem and a hatred of females. His hatred was based on his feelings toward his two older sisters whom he thought were given preferential treatment by their parents.

It was only midway through the evening, but the boy was already in bed and asleep. When the two women entered his rather Spartan room, Andora knew pretty much what to expect but was still surprised to see the teenager dressed in a pink striped nightgown trimmed with a heavy fringe of lace. He had makeup on and his hair was in curlers, but since his hair was quite short, a number of the curlers had become undone while he slept and were scattered on the floor.

For Andora, the real surprise happened when Ruth turned the light on and the boy woke up. With a huge erection distorting the front of his flimsy nightgown, he jumped out of bed, fell to a kneeling position before his mother and put his head under her skirt and began kissing wildly at her panties. With his sizeable penis pulsating urgently, he pleaded with his mother to masturbate him and give him release.

Ruby explained to Andora that he was forbidden to ever touch himself, under any circumstances. He even had to have his mother, one of his sisters or some other female help him when he went to the bathroom or took a shower. Whenever he was caught attempting to touch his penis in any way, his mother would lock his hands behind his back for a day or more and not speak a word to him for that length of time.

Ruby then cupped his balls in her hand. She explained that she checked him daily and could tell by the feel and weight of his balls whether or not he had released any cum since she last relieved him. If he had, she made him eat a bowl of her shit! (She always had a bowl vacuum packed and ready for use!) Ruby said that he had eaten a shit dinner twice before and was not anxious to repeat the experience. Andora wondered why he didn't run away or try to fight what his mother was doing to him, but Ruby explained that he had been trained to prefer her attention and even the abuse of his sisters to the confusing, frustrating world of a habitual teenage masturbator. Furthermore, he knew that he had to live up to his mother's expectations or she would follow through on her threat to throw him out on the street without any clothes or money and then report him to the police as a pervert running naked through the neighborhood.

After checking his balls and satisfying herself that he had not ejaculated since the last time she had relieved him, she made him promise her to completely honor and obey her and his sisters in all things (a promise he had to make daily). She also made him tell Andora that he was bad because he was a boy, and a stupid one at that.

Then Ruby started to touch him through his nightgown. He swooned with pleasure and began panting heavily. She teased his penis, then let go and made him go through another round of promising and pleading. Finally, she banged away savagely at his cock, jerking him off cruelly. He shot wads of boy juice as he howled in pain. After he licked it up (without being told to do so), Ruby asked him if he had brushed his teeth before going to bed. He admitted that he hadn't because he had fallen asleep while waiting for her to come home.

In a show of her displeasure, she had him get his toothbrush. Then she commanded him to lift his lacy candy-stripped nightgown and draw his panties down in back -- Andora had never seen fancy panties like that. She guessed that they were probably custom-made panties because they were pure white but trimmed with a plethora of pastel-colored lace and ribbon frills. Andora stared in amazement as Ruby shoved the dry toothbrush up her son's ass and then vigorously stroked his prostate with the stiff bristles. The boy had cum only minutes before, but now he was shooting off again, and this time as he was bouncing around in great agony.

After he alighted from his orgasm, he licked his jism from everywhere it had landed, and then Ruby shoved the shitty toothbrush into his mouth and told him to go brush his teeth!

That example illustrates many Demale Society techniques as well as the extremes (by today's male-world standards) that females have to go to get a naughty boy's attention and force him into servitude. That boy is well on his way to adapting to the new world order, and he's not going to forget to brush his teeth for a long time to come!

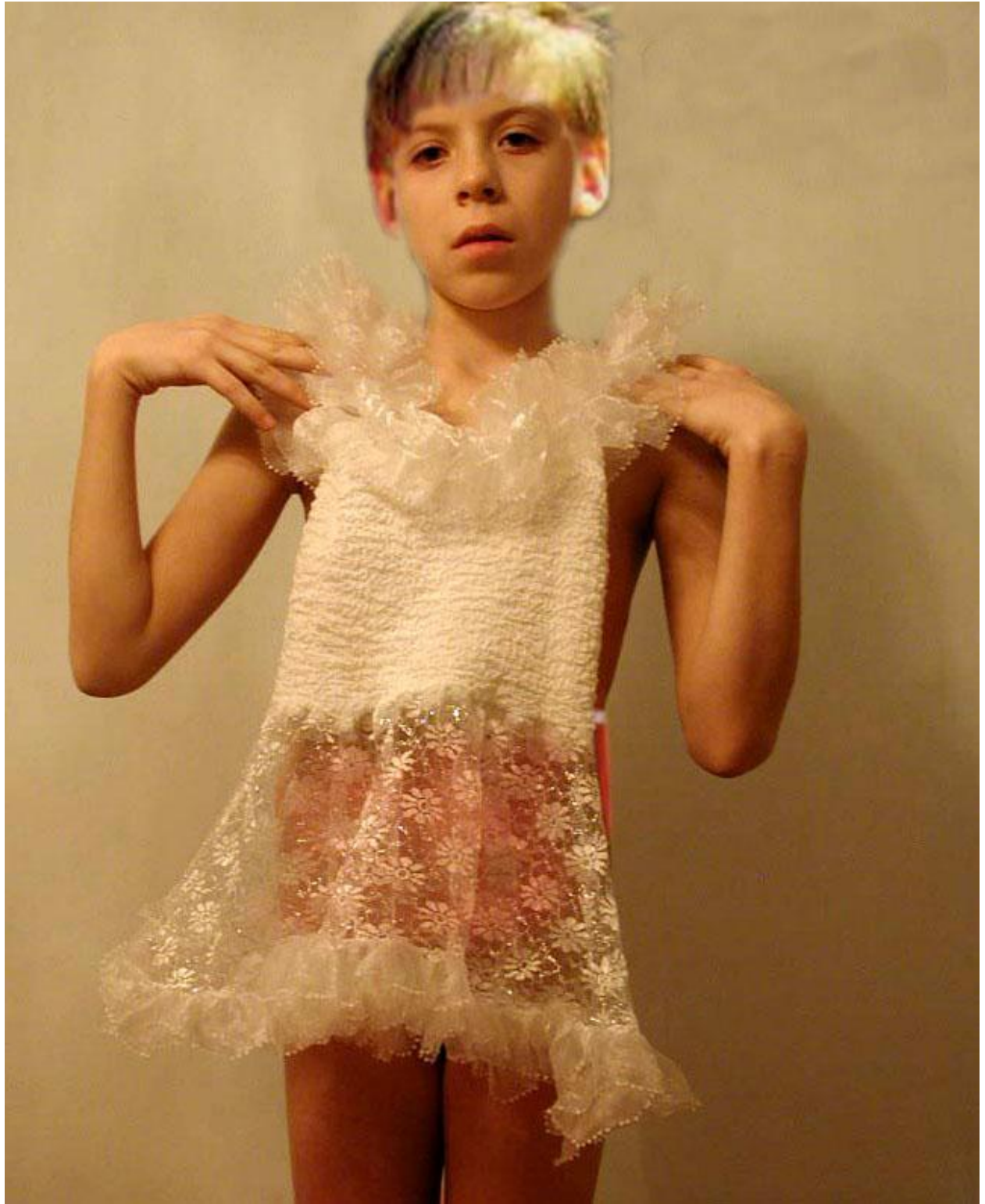
Females teaching each other is the cornerstone of the Demale Society. Reading words in a book are one thing, but seeing techniques in action is one of the most effective ways for females to share their knowledge. If she hadn't seen Ruby take her son in hand, Andora may never have gotten to the point of being able to do handle her own son in a similar manner.

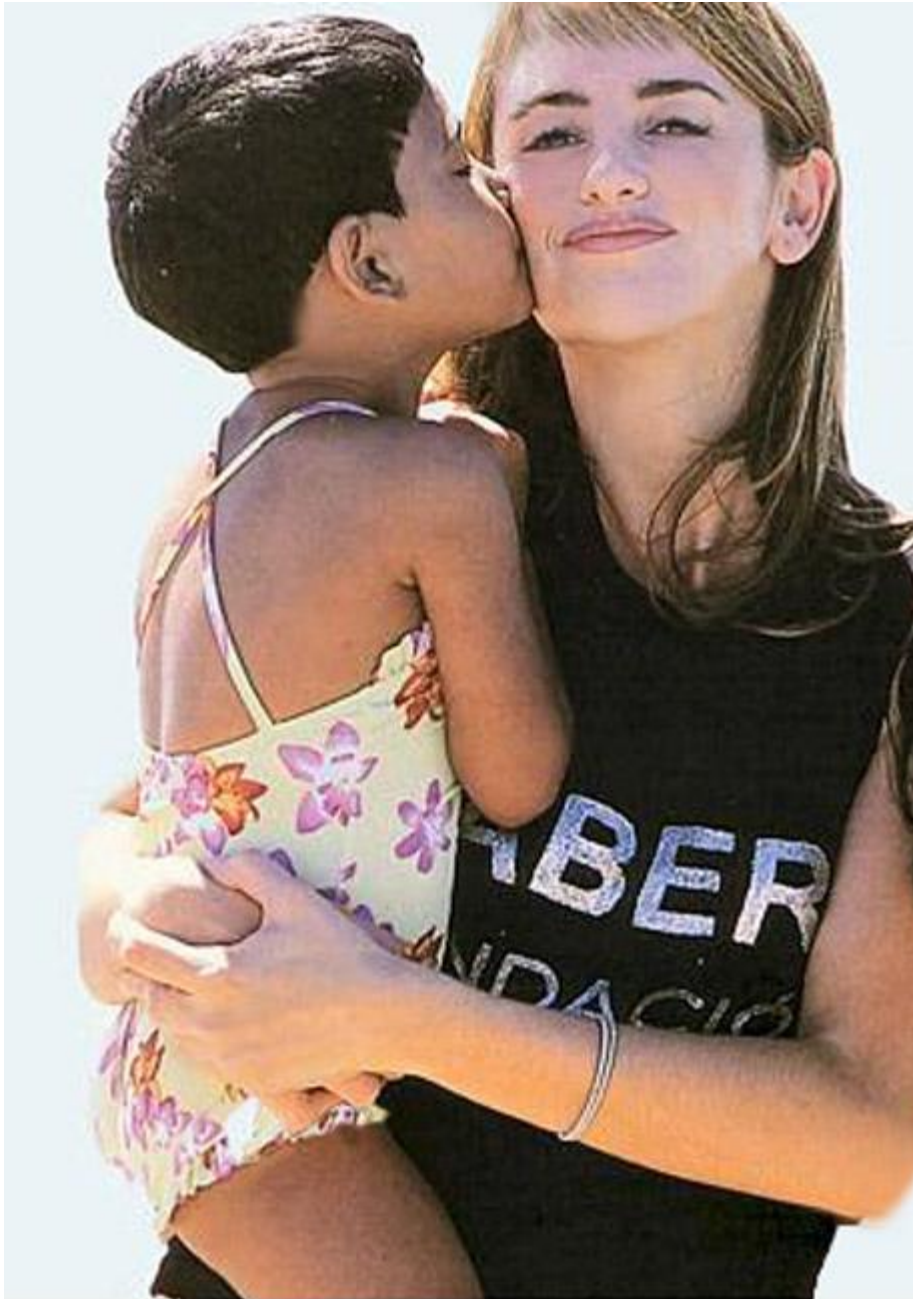
* * *

The foregoing stories illustrate some techniques, but there are hundreds of ways of accomplishing society goals, and the next lesson will continue explaining the how and why of Demale Society procedures.

End of the Demale Society Training Manual Volume #3

To be continued in Part D.





A boy totally in love with his mother will do anything for her, even put on his sister's ruffled little girls' bathing suit to go swimming when his mother "forgot" to pack his swimsuit.

