

The Demale Society

Training Manual

Volume #6

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

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

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

Adults Only

Fantasy Entertainment







The Demale Society

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The Demale Society's goals are to improve the plight of all human beings, especially females, as well as stop the insanity behind the prejudice, hatred, crime and war in our world. The Society's method is to change males on a one-on-one basis, each female taking charge of the males within her own family. For individual females, the Society provides information, support, and a place to exchange ideas and experiences as they learn from each other how to tame and train males.

This grassroots approach is a great starting point but is limited since all males are not in a family situation, or the female(s) within their families are not inclined to or able to assert their power over the them. And to address such situations, it is important for individual Demale Society members to take charge of males who otherwise would not come under a strong female.

Operating outside of one's family is much different than working on the males within one's family. And this current lesson illustrates numerous examples of how females can operate on all kinds of males not directly related to them. Any female has a sphere of influence that extends far beyond her own family, and the natural place to start is on relatives, neighbors and others one comes in contact at school and work as well as in various clubs and organizations, etc.

Working in these environments requires resourcefulness and skills, and the more one tries to feminize unrelated males, the more one will develop the necessary skills to master them. There is an advantage to dealing with such males: Males within a family often take the female(s) for granted, and an outside female often has a distinct advantage.

Phyllis and Raven, the two females who are the focus of this current lesson, are very talented and smart women who have provided a lot of other Demale Society members with an in-depth knowledge of ways to train males in a wide variety of situations, and they are also great at recruiting other females to the Society's cause. So many women have joined the Society after seeing the results of just a little bit of influence one of these females had exerted upon their sons, brothers or husbands. Dealing with males outside one's own family is a real cat-and-mouse game, and no one is better at teaching how to do it

than these two women. In this lesson, they will teach you clever ways to take charge of unsuspecting males as they make the world a safer and better place live.

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

Enjoy!

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The Demale Society Manual Technique #4-H: Training Boys: How It Works

This continuing presentation by Phyllis L is an ideal culmination for this series because she so perfectly combines many of the things discussed in previous lessons. Plus she moves outside the home to take control of non-family members and even strangers. After training her own son, she felt a need to help the cause by feminizing as many young males as possible. They are the next generation, and it is hoped the salvation of the world. She realized that young males are the not only the easiest but also the most important to train. She took that idea from the religions of the world. Since the beginning of time, they have been screwing up mankind by twisting the minds of the young with their doctrines and lies. Phyllis uses similar techniques to reverse the mind twisting orchestrated by our macho male society.

It is very difficult to dedicate yourself to training males unless you love them! Man-haters and lesbians get a kick out of training males and humiliating them, but they do it more out of hatred, bitterness or for their own entertainment, than they do for the betterment of the world. Training males effectively, on a large scale and over a long period of time, takes a lot of time and effort, and unless you love males, it's easy to become weary and burned out. So, ladies, if you love males, you are ahead of a lot of other women, who think the Demale Society is dedicated to destroying males -- it isn't! It's dedicated to training males, and not just wresting control away from them, but getting them to understand that females should be in charge of every important area of human endeavor because it is the only way to save the human race. The Demale Society training techniques aren't games even though at times it seems like they are! They aren't ways to subjugate males just for the sake of doing it. It isn't a sex sport for everyone to get their jollies

and then just tip their hat to female rule. It's using sex to do what has to be done because no one

else is doing anything about this dangerous world we're living in and because sex is the only way

to really get to males. It's the only approach to a new world order that has any hope of succeeding, and we hope that females can get control of things before males blow us all to kingdom come.

Most of our basic lessons focus on family: what mothers, sisters, aunts and cousins can do to take charge of their male relatives. Dealing with family members is usually easier than dealing with strangers or casual acquaintances. But once the males in the family are in training or if a particular female has no male relatives, then it's time to look for other males to be trained. Millions of males do not have a female to train them, either because they have no close female relatives or none of those females care enough to take that male in hand.

Phyllis L is an ideal example of what a female can do outside of her own immediate family because after marrying a man willing to let her be in charge and training her son (as well as prepare her daughter) for a female-dominant world, she purposely took jobs in which she could influence as many young males as possible. She became a teacher of third and fourth grade children, and a deacon and Sunday school instructor at her church. After retiring from teaching, she became a part-time librarian and started a daycare center in her home. Consequently, she has been able to successfully train hundreds of boys over the last twenty some years, and she's still going strong.

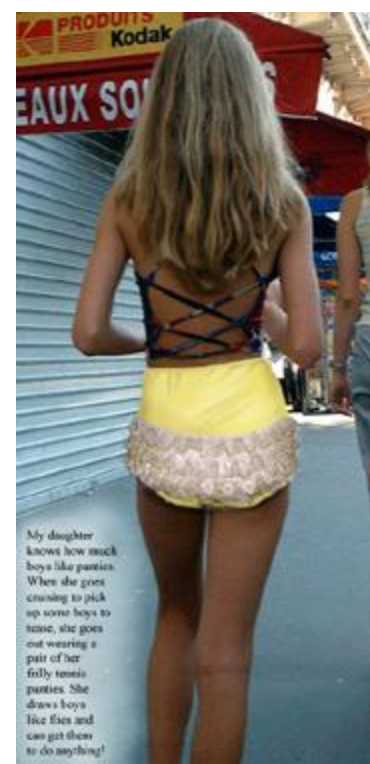
So, we'll continue with Phyllis describing what she did to spread her influence far beyond her own family. We all can learn from the methods she used to train the boys whom she encountered, taught and befriended: Boys that were students, neighbors, acquaintances and even strangers. Here she tells us what she did in her own words:

* * *

Unless you don't know it by now, my philosophy is a simple one: raise all boys to be gay! If you've read the last two installments of these lessons, you understand my philosophy and why I do what I do. Basically, you can't make a boy gay or straight -- he's born one way or another, but by raising a boy gay (or trying to I should say), it's been my experience, he'll turn out to be a beautiful male you will be proud of. By beautiful, I mean inner beauty, not necessarily physically pretty to look at.

If a boy is gay, raising him gay will help him understand himself and give him the courage to be comfortable with what he is. And if a boy is straight and you raise him as if he were gay, you'll probably create a sweet, loving, understanding person that will be a joy to be with.

Are there problems with this approach? Do some fall between the cracks? Of course, no one solution is perfect, but even a half-baked success with this approach often yields stunning results compared to anything anyone else has ever tried to prevent the problems we have with males. (Problems almost no one is addressing!)



My daughter knows how much boys like panties. When she goes cruising to pick up some boys to tease, she goes out wearing a pair of her fully teased panties. She draws boys like flies and can get them to do anything!

An important tip: If at all possible, work with another female, a group of females, or even some well-trained males, who can provide a lot of valuable support services. I have been blessed with some great females who have helped me over the years. I share the credit for any success I've had with my daughter, three of my former fellow teachers, and a lesbian minister (who so loved males -- she wanted to be one! Go figure -- but she's great!).

My daughter is a little minx who, with the snap of her fingers, can have a line of boys three blocks long waiting to lick her butt anytime she wants. She's a treasure. I've enclosed a photo for your pleasure. It shows her in her favorite boy-trapping outfit: She loves to go outside wearing her frilly tennis panties (and no tennis skirt). She knows how boys go goofy over pretty panties. Whenever she puts a pair of those panties on, I know she'll have some love-starved boys following her home whom she'll tease and torment and then toss them out on the street unless they do every single thing she wants! So my advice: get other women to help you. It makes it a lot more fun and a lot easier!

Now for more tips on training boys.

When it comes to training boys the principles remain the same, just the exact words change. So once I find something that works nicely with one boy, I often use a similar approach with other boys. That's why I am condensing some similar situations and conversations here into one example. Also I hope to illustrate how I have been able to take advantage of opportunities I have had and hope to inspire you to look for situations in your own life where you can get involved with and train boys outside your own family. Of course, much of what you'll read can be used on family members too, but the emphasis is on non-family members and in situations in which you have to be careful what you say and do.

Training boys mostly involves controlling their impressionable, young minds, and the tools you use range from trickery to force, from teasing to humiliation, from love to domination, and from manipulation to sexual aggression.

The goals simply stated: Get males to love females (and you in particular), love female things, adopt female ways of thinking and acting, and work toward female goals. You want to combat traditional male stereotypes, aggressiveness, extreme competitiveness, and inflated egos. You also want to prepare young males for puberty, so that when they get to that stage of their lives they are primed to react how you want them to react and not lose control when their sex hormones start pumping wildly throughout their bodies.

Enough of the intro.

Clair was a boy I had in my Sunday school class. Despite his father's objections, the boy had been named Clair after his mother's father. The kid was embarrassed to have such a name once he was old enough for other boys to tease him about it. His mother tried to explain 'Clair' was a male name as well as a female name and several males in her family's past had the name, but she did give into pressure from her son and her husband and let the boy be nicknamed "CJ", the initials of his Christian and middle names.

The first day he came to Sunday school, he approached me before the class, and told me to call him CJ even though that wasn't his name on my roster. I looked it up and saw that his name was "Clair," and I understood his problem.

What an ideal opportunity! I wouldn't embarrass him, but I'd let the kids embarrass him, especially since he was a little toughie. I had seen him on the playground after church and before we started class. He seemed to be the type who was ready to fight at the drop of a hat. I saw him roughhousing it with some of the other boys, so I wanted to work on improving his behavior as soon as possible.

First, I told him that Clair was a beautiful name and he shouldn't be ashamed of it. He said it was a girls' name, and I said it was a boys' name too, but then he made it clear he wanted nothing to do with girls. Well, I was going to change that!

I quickly made arrangements to have the custodian interrupt me while I was reading roll call. Clair was at the end of the alphabet, and when the custodian came by, I excused myself and passed the attendance roster onto a girl whom I had taught for a number of years, and told her to finish taking the attendance, knowing full well she'd call him by the name in the book.

Well, when I came back into the room, there was a lot of laughing, and Clair was teary eyed. I asked what the problem was (as if I didn't know), and the kids mentioned Clair's name and started razzing him all over again.

Well, at the end of class, I asked Clair to see me. I took him into an empty classroom and sat him down. This tough little boy had been cut down to size, and when I apologized for the interruption that led to his name being exposed to all his classmates, he broke down and cried. I hugged him and pulled him up on my lap. Prior to this little meeting, I had undone the top three buttons of my shirtwaist dress and a good portion of the lacy top of my white full slip was ready to be well exposed. As I held him, I told him I had to get more comfortable but he should just keep holding on to me as I changed position. Then I placed his hand just between my breasts and quickly switched him from one side of my lap to the other, a move I had practiced just for such occasions. Well, it worked perfectly and his hand went sliding right into my dress and fully pressed up against the underside of my left breast. I pretended not to notice, I had his hand trapped between my tight dress and my slip-covered bra cup, and I held him so tightly he couldn't easily get his hand out of there without his pulling back, and I wasn't loosening my grip on him. He struggled a bit once he realized where his hand was, and then I looked down and pretended to notice for the first time.

"Oh, Clair, what are you doing? Your hand is in my dress. You naughty little boy; why are you touching my breast!"

The eight-year-old had tears in his eyes. He knew he was caught doing wrong, whether he wanted to have his hand there or not. He saw me scowling and staring down at his invading hand.



“You nasty little boy,” I taunted, as I made no effort to let him disengage his hand despite his struggling to do so. “Just, sit still, my boy! I want you to tell me what you are doing with your hand in my dress!”

He was crying as he tried to mumble that it was an accident, but I disputed that.

“An accident? I don't think so. I suppose I better tell your mother and father about this!”

Of course, he pleaded with me not to, but I continued to threaten. Then I gave him an offer.

“Well, I won't tell them if you tell me why you are so interested in ladies' breasts.”

Of course, he swore to me he wasn't interested.

“Well, then I guess that only leaves one other explanation, you're interested in ladies' lingerie, the lacy clothes ladies wear under their dresses. Yes, I should have figured. I know what you are. You're one of those boys who likes ladies' clothes. You probably go home every night and play with your mother's silky pretty clothes when she's not around.”

He protested that he wasn't interested in “ladies' clothes,” but then I insisted he tell me what his hand was doing in my dress. (I still had him firmly in my clutches with his hand wedged against my bra.)

He had no answer for me and just softly cried, protesting that it was a mistake, but I wouldn't take that for an answer.

I told him that since he was new at Sunday school, I'd overlook this little problem but we needed to talk more about it.

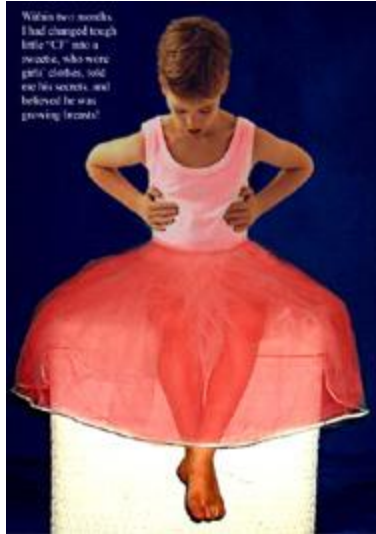
I told him about psychology: that accidents often happen when you subconsciously desire them to happen; so he was guilty anyway. I could tell I was talking way over his head, so I brought it down to his level. I told him I knew for a fact he was obsessed with female titties and that he probably wanted to have breasts just like his mother and I have.

I asked him what he called ladies' breasts. He finally said, “Titties.” (This was very important for him to introduce the “dirty” word “titties” because ever after, I could tell anyone he used the word to me first, not the other way around, and I was then just trying to talk to him on his level.)

I just happened to have a small bra (I had a full wardrobe at church to be ready for any situation) and told him I'd not tell anyone if he put on the bra, and maybe that would cure him of his curiosity and his desire to have “titties.” (Now that he introduced the word I was going to use it constantly, in every private moment with him.)

Blackmail -- it works beautifully most of the time, and it did here too.

After that, often during class, I'd walk past him, bend over so he could look down my blouse and whisper in his ear, "Titties!" And in discreet little ways I'd constantly make it obvious to him that I'd expose his love of titties and his desire to have titties. And if he didn't do whatever I told him to do (I never told him in so many words but I let him think it), I would tell his parents, his classmates, and the world!



Confusion, love and terror -- a wonderful combination, and I accomplished that by treating him like he was my teacher's pet, I gave him breaks and high marks on assignments. I let him off from doing homework and projects etc. (I was doing the same things for a few of the other boys whom I had in training, but of course, those boys didn't know about each other, or at least they thought they were by far my favorites. By having them both love me and fear me, I could do anything I wanted with them.

Within a month, I got Clair to help me clean up every week after class while wearing some article of girls' clothing (a bra, panties -- under his clothes -- or even a dress at times), all in the name of treating his problem. I had him very breast conscious, even showing him how to do breast enlargement exercises and suggesting that he do them so he knew some of the things girls had to do. Of course, I always told him that it looked like his

"titties" were growing. I'd ask him if he was doing the exercises, he'd always protest that he wasn't, but I'd tease him and say I thought he was doing them without telling me because I pretended that his titties seemed to be getting larger. A month later, I had him in a dress in front of his classmates. I made him think it was his idea! I got him to do it with a carefully constructed series of conversations, and on that fateful day, he announced to the class that he was proud of his name "Clair," and just to show that he wasn't afraid of being labeled a sissy, he wore a dress during class that day.

The following are snippets of conversations I had with him to show you how I got him to that point. (This is a highly condensed version over several sessions, but I think you'll get the idea):

"Clair, why don't you like your name?"

"Because it's a girls' name."

"Well, it's a boys' name too, but what is so bad about being a girl?"

"I can't be a girl 'cause I'm a boy."

"If you could be a girl would you?"

He stared at me and shook his head no.

"Why not?"

“Girls are dumb and weak and can't fight.”

“Am I dumb and weak?”

He looked down and shook his head ‘no.’

At this point I had to change my tactics, and like a salesman get him to start answering ‘yes’ to my questions. Also I needed to get him to volunteer secret information about himself.

“Tell, me, Clair, are there any girls you like?”

He shrugged his shoulders. I got him to admit that he did like his mother, his little sister and two girl cousins, -- and me!

I followed the same format with:

“Do you think girls are pretty?”

“Do you know any girls who are smart?”

“Are you afraid of any girls or women?”

“Are there girls or women you want to impress?”

And similar questions. Pretty soon he was telling me how he was totally in love with his sixteen-year-old aunt, and how she always teased him about being so cute! Not only that, but this aunt also had lifted up her skirt for him many times, let him see her naked titties, and played with his penis on many occasions. He told me he liked it and loved her. I had him open my blouse and lift my skirt to show me what they had done together. I had him place my hand on his penis to show me how she did that too. But I told him I couldn't touch his penis directly, that was naughty, but I could pretend to touch it through something. His pants were too thick, so I told him I could use a little pair of silky pink panties (I just happen to have handy!) because they were thin and then I could feel him a little bit without actually touching him. As I did it, I think he fell in love with me as much as he was in love with his aunt.

After I touched him through the panties for a while, I opened up the panties and showed them to him, getting him to examine them in great detail. I told him about gay boys and how they liked to dress up like girls, and then I got him talking about other boys, how he liked them and how he wanted to be a tough boy like them, but I turned that conversation around to gradually convince him that he was gay because other than me and his aunt, he liked boys much better than girls. Then I told him he might be bisexual (and explained that to him), but he'd need some treatment. I bullshitted him royally about panty training and reverse psychology (I know I was talking way



One of the girls drops her panties to give the upstart pecking boys under the guise a great show!

over his head again, and that's what I wanted.) He took it all in, and didn't protest too much when I got him into wearing panties for our weekly sessions, and then got him to change into them as soon as he arrived for class, and masturbate himself in front of me as part of the treatment. He was too young to cum, but I could tell he was making himself feel good, and he was surely going to be hooked on panties, and probably cum in them when his hormones did start to produce sperm in his sweet little balls. Then at times, I distanced myself from him and he'd come pleading to me to have more sessions, and I always made him feel like everything was his idea and tell him he was naughty for talking me into doing dirty things with him! Then I'd tell him I liked gay boys and not tough boys, he did his best to become gay (at least what he understood that to be) just to please me so he could spend time with me! Little boys' minds are wonderful to play with!

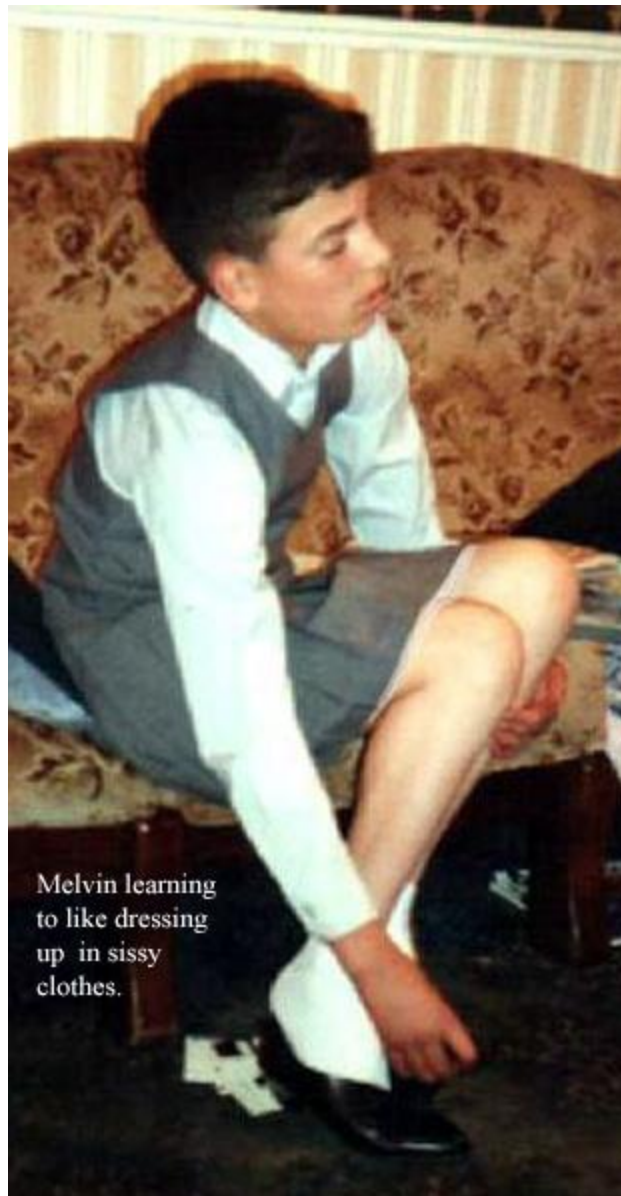
In the next lesson, I'll tell you about the teacher I worked with who originally introduced me to the Demale Society. Her specialty was training her girl students to train the boys! At the school we taught at (I was a 4th grade teacher then and she was a 7th grade teacher), there is a grated walkway at the back of the building, and in the basement there was an access area off the boys' locker room. Anyone who crawled into that access space could look up and see through the grate, and if any girls were up above wearing skirts, that person had a perfect view up their skirts. Well, this teacher, Raven (that's not her real name, but I'll call her that because she had raven-colored hair), always preached to the boys that they'd be in big trouble if she ever caught them crawling into that space under the grate and to look up girls' skirts. And then she recruited girls to wear skirts and stand on that grate with the purpose of training boys below to panties and girl domination!

At first the girls pretended they didn't notice boys were down there. Then it got to be a thing and they told the boys that they knew they were down there and looking up their skirts. The girls would purposely tease them and let them look, but then get concessions from the boys so they wouldn't tattle on them! Some of the girls got quite bold and even dropped their panties to tease the boys with a full view up their skirts.

One day, I heard that one of the girls had squatted down, telling a group of boys to gather close for a good view, and then she let loose with a hot stream of piss. Of course the boys were crammed into that small access area and by the time they were able to untangle themselves and crawl out of there, she had pissed all over the bunch of them! I'll have more about Raven and her girls in the next lesson.

To be continued in Part 4-I.

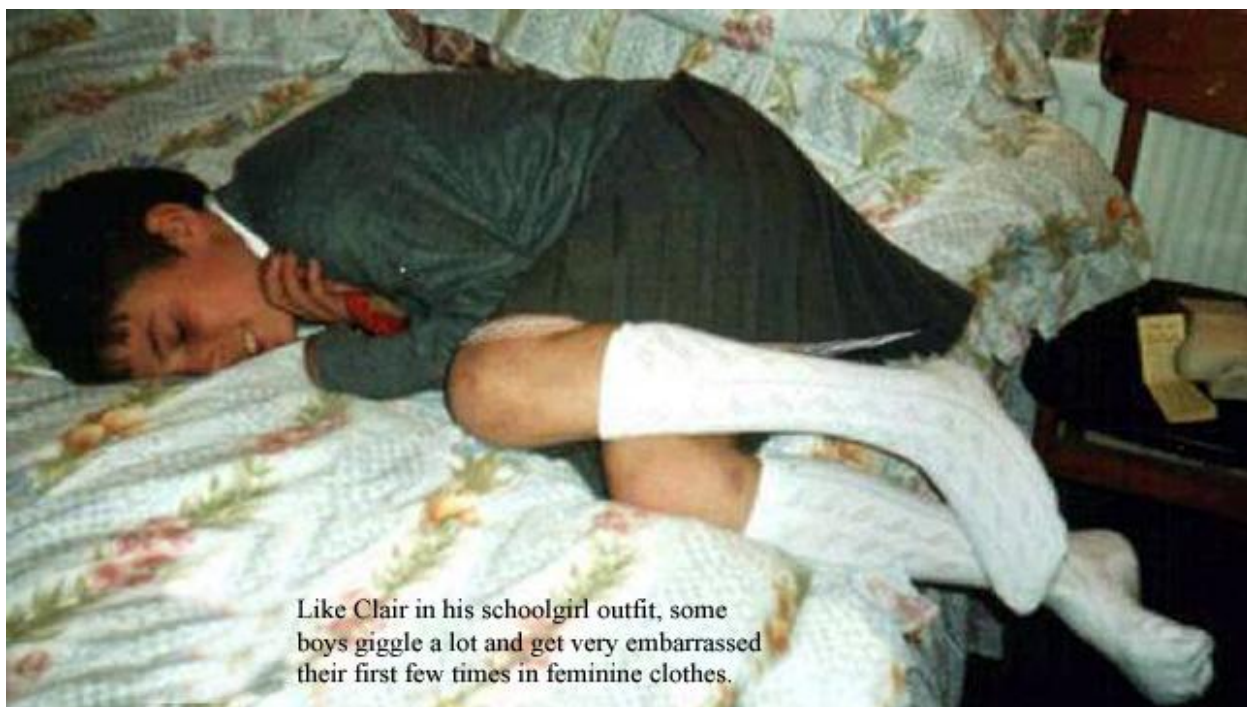
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Melvin learning
to like dressing
up in sissy
clothes.

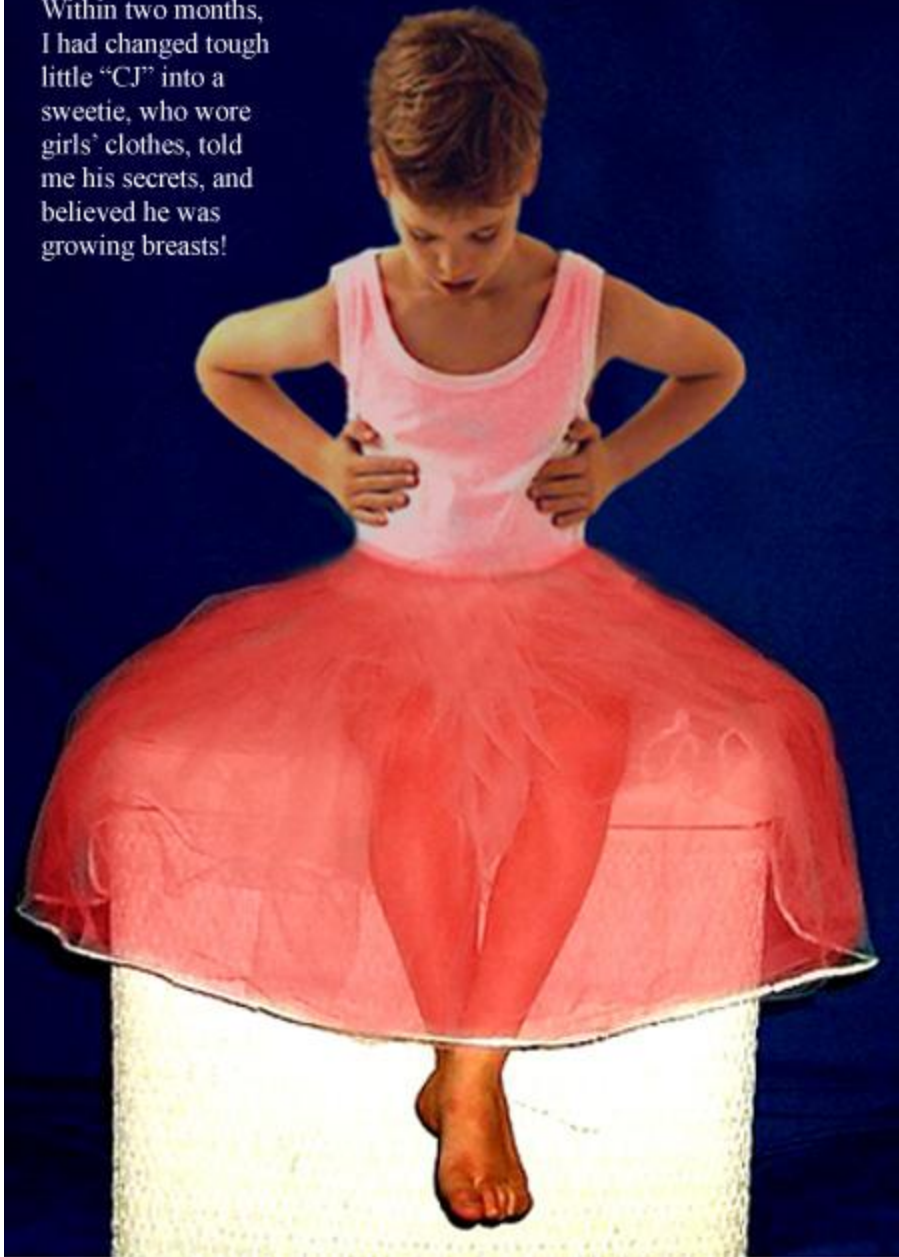


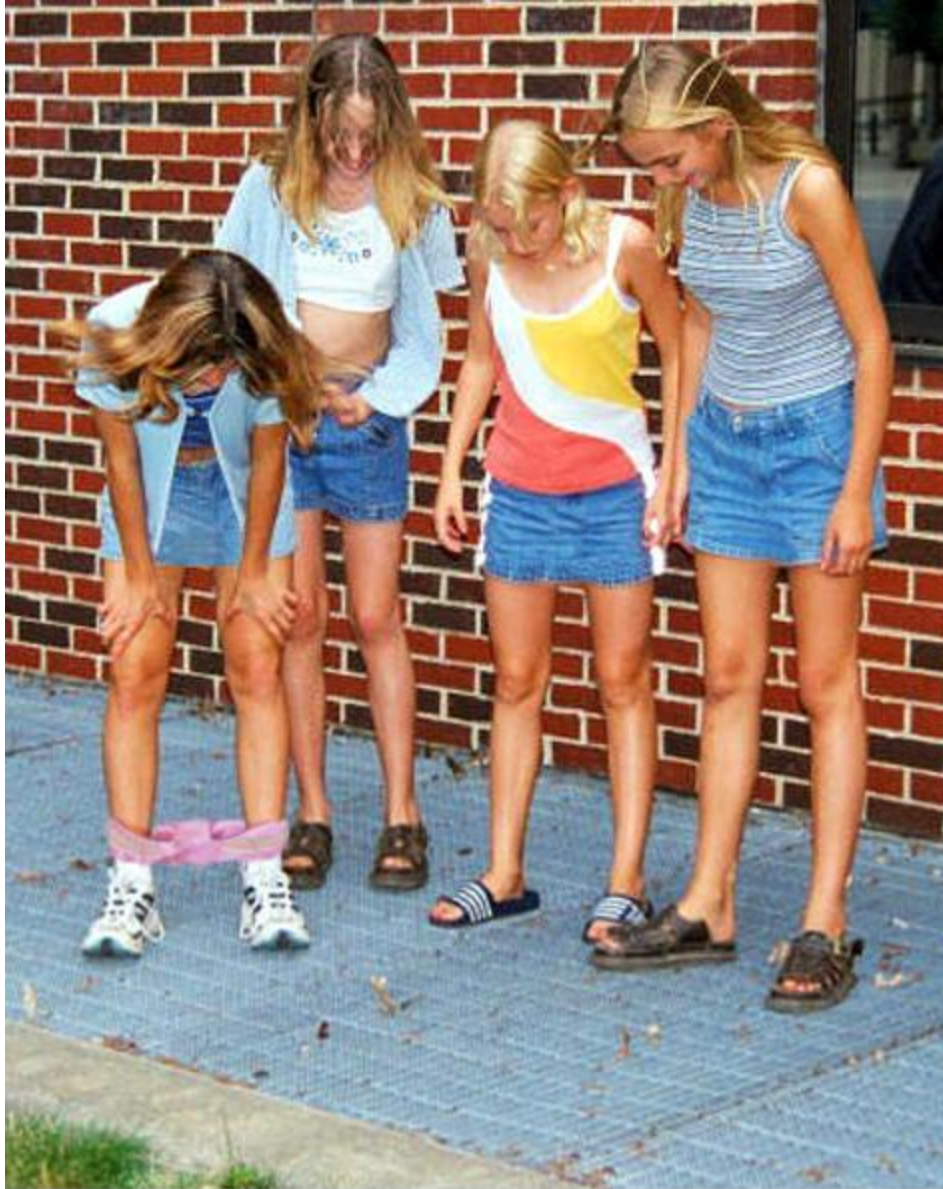
My daughter knows how much boys like panties. When she goes cruising to pick up some boys to tease, she goes out wearing a pair of her frilly tennis panties. She draws boys like flies and can get them to do anything!



Like Clair in his schoolgirl outfit, some boys giggle a lot and get very embarrassed their first few times in feminine clothes.

Within two months,
I had changed tough
little "CJ" into a
sweetie, who wore
girls' clothes, told
me his secrets, and
believed he was
growing breasts!





One of the girls drops her panties to give the upskirt peeking boys under the grate a great st



Training boys to give clothes to us and they look so-o-o cute!

The Demale Society Manual

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

In this lesson, Phyllis L continues to describe how she puts into practice many of the things discussed in past lessons. She has trained hundreds of males, plus taught other females how to hook males. She specializes in training males outside her own family, and finds boys to train amongst her friends, neighbors, and even strangers.

After training her own son, Phyllis made it her goal to feminize as many males as possible, and she has put herself in a variety of positions to do that. She loves training young males because they are the most responsive and the most important ones to train. They are the future and the only hope we have to stop war and crime and save our world.

Phyllis does not hate males; on the contrary, she loves them. She knows that male hormones are the problem; she just hates what a male's hormones do to his thinking and way of acting.

Phyllis works with other females to increase her sphere of influence over as many males as possible. And in this lesson, Phyllis describes what one of her closest friends does to demale boys in a school setting.

Phyllis and Raven have been friends since they taught school together years ago. Raven was teaching 7th grade while Phyllis was teaching 4th grade. It was Raven who introduced Phyllis to the Demale Society and brought her to her first meeting. Raven's specialty is teaching others to train and feminize boys. She taught her girl students how to hook her boy students, lessons that they could then use to hook their fathers, brothers, boyfriends, and any other males.

Well-trained males do most anything they are told to do, and when Raven commanded her boys to study every night, they did and they became prize students. They simply did it to please Raven and the girls in their class. The school board was constantly astounded how she could take boys who had a history of discipline problems and bad test scores and turn them into problem-free top students by the end of the term. She reformed so many wayward boys that she received numerous teaching awards. When she told a boy to study, he did!

Like Raven and Phyllis, what the Demale Society does isn't a game; it's a way to make males into the best possible people they can be, and it's training that usually lasts them a lifetime. This lesson shows how to deal with all types of males who are not



members of one's family. Most boys are confused and desperately in need of love. Phyllis explains how to use those needs to your advantage as she continues her narrative.

Raven loved to tease and feminize boys but her biggest thrill came from being a teacher and teaching others how to do it. Being a public school teacher, Raven had to be careful dealing directly with her students. So to keep herself distanced from scandal, she training her girl students to capture and train boys and make boys into their slaves. Then Raven just sat back and watched the show!

Each school year on the first day of class, my friend Raven would immediately start taking charge. During morning recess, she'd have all the girls stay in the classroom while she sent the boys out to play. She'd excite the girls by briefly describing to them how they were going to learn to be in charge of the boys and be able to get what they wanted from any male at any time. She'd give the girls enough of a preview to win them over and convince them they were going to learn things in her class that would forever put males in the palms of their hands!

For example, the one year I closely observed her, she told the girls, "You've probably heard rumors about things that have gone on in my classroom in the past. A lot of those rumors are true, but a lot of them are distortions of the truth. I do admit I get away with a lot because my students always rank amongst the best throughout the district, and the school board has overlooked complaints against me more than once. I am going to teach you girls how to do amazing things but in return you must promise to keep secret a lot of what goes on here. You'll learn how to be successful in life by learning how to excel in your schoolwork and how to excel in life by getting what you want from any male. Before the end of this school year, all the boys in this class will be your slaves, and they'll do whatever you want them to do."



Raven explained to the girls that 7th grade was a pivotal time for boys. They were all 11 or 12 and going on 12 and 13 and entering puberty, an ideal time for girls to take charge of boys because they were going through a confusing time in their lives since their hormones were changing their bodies and even changing how they think. It's a time when they go from thinking girls are icky to thinking girls are interesting and attractive. Psychologists say it's when boys go from the latent homosexual stage to the overt heterosexual stage, a natural progression in the development of boys. She explained that the girls were going to turn the boys into their slaves by teasing them with femininity and feminine things, and she said that girls' clothes, especially panties, were among the best things to use for tormenting and teasing confused little boys. Therefore, she encouraged all the girls to get their mothers to buy them nice new lingerie and to wear it everyday to school so they would be ready to take charge of boys.

Raven told the girls to organize themselves into a secret organization with these rules: 1) they were not to pick a name for their little club but simply refer to it as 'the club' or use some other

euphemism; 2) the girls would no longer have cliques, nor would they have fights with each other. They were to be 'one for all and all for one' and had to solemnly pledge to learn how to get along with each other, important preparation for the future of female rule; 3) over the school year, each girl would take a turn at being in charge of the club. The girl in charge would have absolute rule in matters of the club and any measure she wanted to put through would be the rule and could only be overturned by a 90% vote of the other members. Each girl would serve as leader for a two-week period (and since there were 16 girls in the class and a 40-week school year that would work out fairly well, with the remaining weeks at the end of the year to be governed by a simple majority rule on all issues presented to the group; and 4) the club was to remain a secret. She added that the girls could use the classroom at recess and during lunchtime to have mini meetings, otherwise, they had to organize and work on their own. Raven said she didn't even want to know that the 'club' existed. Her only participation would be as an advisor to individual girls, any of whom could come to her at any time for ideas and advice.

Also, Raven anonymously supplied the girls with printed materials about female rule and how to control males. These materials, she'd simply slip into the girl's book bags from time to time.

Raven did tell the girls to start by evaluating all the boys in the class to determine their mental and physical development, so the girls could plan how to deal with and then track the progress of each boy. But the girls themselves would devise their own training techniques.

The girls created charts on each boy, listing his height, weight and other physical characteristics. Then they did tests on the boys to determine their submissiveness to girls even though the boys had no idea they were being evaluated. These things were done under the guise of playing games or normal everyday activities. Here are examples of some of the things they did and then noted each boy's reaction:

Kissing: Getting each boy in a private place and trying to kiss him.

Touching: 'Accidentally' touching each boy between his legs.

Talking: Getting each boy to talk about sensitive subjects like homosexuals, lesbians, sissy boys, getting an erection, petting, having sex, etc.

Terrorizing: Accusing each boy of being gay, wanting to wear girls' clothes, acting like a sissy, having a small penis, etc.

Exposing: 'Accidentally' giving each boy a peek up a girl's skirt, a look at her bra or bare breasts.

Flashing: Intentionally and boldly giving a boy a look at a girl's panties or other intimate view of her body.

In all of these situations, Raven had the girls create their own experiments. It was important for



the girls to think these things up on their own. Raven simply gave them ideas, told them what they should try to accomplish and then gave them suggestions on how to advance the boy to a next level of training. The printed materials were a great help too, but Raven pretended to have no knowledge of their existence. The following examples are things the girls did. Raven often witnessed what the girls were doing to the boys, but she rarely participated to any real degree until a boy was totally enslaved and feminized, then she often welcomed him into her arms and became a final comforting source for the then thoroughly, broken, tamed and trained little pantywaist boy.

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On her way home from school, Tracy caught up with Archy and walked with him. Archy had been documented as one of the boys who did a lot of staring when the girls flashed him their panties.

“I saw you staring up LeeAnn's skirt yesterday.”

Archy looked at her questioningly, pretending like he didn't know what she was talking about.

“You know, when she was sitting reading a book in the lunchroom. Don't deny it. You sat there for about five minutes. You'd probably still be sitting there if she hadn't gotten up and went back to class after lunch.”

He made like he was going to say something but then just blushed and looked away.



To trap a boy, plant girls' things like bras and panties amongst his belongings, then "find" them and force him to wear them!

“Since you like looking up girls' skirts, would you like to look up mine?” Tracy asked.

Archy blushed and kept his head down. She finally got him to nod that he would like to look up her skirt.

“Well, I'll let you look up my skirt as much as you want if you do things for me.”

Archy still wasn't saying anything but stared at her like he wanted to know what she would have him to do. She pulled him into an alleyway and made him kneel down in front of her.

“This is a freebie,” Tracy said as she slowly pulled up her skirt and the flirty lacy hem of her slip. Then when her skirt and the edge of her half-slip were at the crotch of her panties, she quickly yanked them all the way up to fully expose her pale yellow ruffled panties for his view. Then she quickly dropped her skirt back down again.

Archy stayed kneeling there with his mouth wide open. He started to get up, but Tracy put a hand on his shoulder and kept him kneeling down before her.



“I know you liked looking at my panties. I can see it in your face. If you'd like to see a lot more of my panties, you'll have to do things for me, just little things that will prove to me you like me. If you're real good, maybe I'll let you touch me all around under my skirt, let you put your hands on my panties, let you put your fingers between my legs.”

Archy was visibly excited. He appeared very interested and she detected a small bulge in his pants. Tracy surprised him when she turned around, pulled up her skirt in back and gave him a quick peek and shoved her yellow pantied ass right into his face! Then she quickly dropped her skirt once again, turned back around, gave him a little kiss on the cheek and told him to stay kneeling there for five minutes before getting up and going home. She explained it was a test to prove to her that he would be willing to do things for her.

“And Archy, when you go home tonight, go into your big sister's room — I know your big sister Morgan — I want you to go through her lingerie drawer and make a list of all of her panties. Since you're so interested in girls' panties, you probably already know all about her panty drawer, so you are going to love doing this little favor for me. Anyway, make a list for me of how many pairs she has, describe each pair in color, style and decoration. Give me that list by tomorrow when you get to school, and I'll let you look up my dress for five whole minutes. I might even get some of the other girls to let you see their panties too!”

Of course Archy showed up with that list the next day. Tracy took him into one of the lesser used girls' restrooms and locked the door. Two other girls were in there waiting for them, and those girls were already stripped down to just their bras and panties. Tracy pulled off her uniform and

half-slip and showed herself to him in her bra and panties too. The girls got close to him and let him look all he wanted. They didn't allow him to touch them, but turned and twisted so he had totally unobstructed views of their bras and panties. While he was gawking boldly, Tracy showed the two girls the list of panties Archy wrote up after looking in his big sister's dresser drawer. They laughed at him. He was embarrassed by being exposed like that, but he surely felt the embarrassment was worth it to spend five minutes with three beautiful little girls standing before him and letting him inspect them in their bras and panties.

When it was over, Tracy told him that she was keeping the note. Written in his handwriting, it was great evidence to use against him whenever she so wanted him to do something. And the first thing she made him do was to study for a writing test, and if he got an A on the test, she would give him back the note. Raven had been discreetly sitting in one of the stalls and saw the whole incident in the restroom through the crack between the door and the door frame. Even though Archy studied for the test and did very well on it, Raven gave him only a B+, insuring that Tracy retained possession of the incriminating note for further use in controlling the submissive boy.

* * *

Joseph was often seen ogling girls who were developing breasts. Several times the girls had caught him talking with the other boys about "boobies" or making jokes about them. He was obviously preoccupied with breasts. So one day Trudy went into the cloakroom, took a lacy training bra and stuffed it into the sleeve of his coat. Then she arranged to have Raven in the cloakroom when it was time for recess, and when Joseph put on his coat, the training bra dropped to the floor. Raven saw it, picked it up, and all the kids nearby started laughing. She asked Joseph what he was doing with it, and of course, he denied knowing anything about it. Then she got all the children's attention, held the bra up for them to see and asked the girls if it belonged to any of them.

Trudy's breasts hadn't developed yet. She still wore training bras. Pretending to be very embarrassed, she blushingly admitted it was hers. She had brought it to school to change into after PE and wondered how Joseph had gotten hold of it. Trudy got mad at him and accused him of stealing it from her book bag. Then at a prearranged signal, one of the other girls came

forward and said she had seen Joseph playing with something white and lacy in the cloakroom before class but he had quickly stuffed it into his coat when she approached him. Well, Raven kept both Joseph and Trudy in during recess and had a talk with them. She offered Joseph a chance to explain, but he kept claiming innocence. Then Trudy spoke up.

"Teacher, Joseph is always talking to the other boys about girls' ... about these things," she said as she



motioned toward her breasts.

“You mean girls' breasts?” Raven asked. “You mean Joseph is obsessed with girls' breasts?”

Trudy said she was sure he was. And after a grilling, Joseph admitted that he was interested in girls' breasts and joked about them sometimes with the other boys, but of course, he maintained no knowledge of the bra found stuffed in his coat. He said maybe one of the other boys put it in there to embarrass him.

Raven asked Joseph if he had ever worn a bra. He looked at her like she was crazy.

“But since you are so interested in girls' breasts, I'm sure you're very interested in their little brassieres too. You shouldn't be consumed with such thoughts at your age. And since we caught you red-handed with the bra and we have a witness to your wrongdoing, we believe you are guilty, so we will give you a choice: Should we turn this matter over to your parents, tell them how you joke about girls' breasts all the time and let them know that you stole this bra from Tracy, or do you admit your guilt and want to accept a suitable punishment?”

Joseph protested that he didn't want his parents to know, so he played right into their hands.

“Joseph, you need to be punished to cure you of this bad habit, and since the bra belongs to Trudy, I think she should recommend the punishment.”

“Miss,” Trudy said, “since he's so interested in bras, I think he should be made to wear it.”

Joseph was stunned.

“It's settled then,” Raven said. “Take Joseph into the cloakroom and help him put on your bra. He can then put his clothes back on. He'll have to keep the bra on for the rest of the day. If he gives you any resistance, let me know, and I'll call his father. I have his



office phone number right here in his record. You can help him take it off after school. And in the future, if he ever does something like this again, I'll tell his parents about his unhealthy interest in girls' breasts and suggest they buy him brassieres of his own and punish him in a similar manner."

Joseph had no choice. He had to give in and let Trudy put him in the bra. He sat in his chair the rest of the day, avoiding everyone and even quietly crying from time to time. At lunchtime, several of the girls came up to him, snapped his bra strap through his shirt and made comments.



"Hey, Joseph, you look different today. Your chest seems larger. Are you growing titties?"

"Joseph, if your growing boobs start to hurt you, I have some nice breast cream I'll loan you. I'll even show you how to use it and rub it on your breasts for you."

"Joseph, Sears has a sale on bra and panty sets this week. Some of us girls are going shopping there after school. Do you want to join us?"

At the end of the day, after everyone had left, Raven had Trudy take Joseph into the cloakroom to help him off with the bra, but before she took it off, she teased him, touched his nipples through the silky training bra, asked him if he liked how it felt, and told him he could keep the bra and take it home with him since he had such a strong urge to steal it.



Raven had arranged for two of the other boys come back into the room fifteen minutes after school was over, supposedly to talk to her about an assignment. One boy was Carlton, an effeminate boy Raven thought was going to grow up to be gay. The other boy was Gary, one of the bullies in the class. Then on cue, she had the two boys go into the cloakroom to get something for her. Of course, both of them saw Joseph standing there with his shirt off and wearing the white satin training bra. Joseph tried to hide himself and immediately broke out into tears. Carlton came out of the cloakroom smiling, and Gary stormed out with a disgusted look on his face while calling Joseph a faggot.

When it was over, Trudy helped Joseph out of the bra. She was very sweet to him and said she was sorry the other boys had seen him wearing it. She held him in her arms and kissed him long and hard and forced her tongue into his mouth. She held him in such a way that her arm pressed up against his crotch. As she aggressively french kissed him, she could feel his penis swell within his trousers. She was going to own this boy in no time flat.

So from this exercise, you can see how Raven handled the situation: She made it look like everything was the girls' idea. She let Trudy and the other girls devise the exact approach to hooking, punishing and teasing Joseph. She made it so Joseph would be too embarrassed to tell anyone about what happened, especially his parents because he so obviously feared their reaction. She got him to confess to something he didn't do. She got him to spend a lot of lonely, terror-filled time mentally and physically consumed with bras and titties, and even though he was innocent, she got him into a bra as a punishment he chose rather than be exposed to his parents.



The girls had many of the boys well trained, and Raven noticed in the body making some of these boys stay after school. She'd choose them in girls' clothes and take advantage of them.

Then she increased his humiliation by making it obvious that the other girls knew he was wearing a bra and they joined in on teasing him. And finally, she set it up so he was exposed to the other boys, one a potential homosexual and the other a bully who would certainly spread the word to the other boys. In one day, Raven had created a situation in which Joseph would be forever after ostracized from the rest of the boys. He would be left alone, scared and totally humiliated. His boyhood would be in question and his life in shambles. A perfect time to take total charge of a boy. It's kind of like what the military does to a new recruit: They tear down his self-image, pride and confidence, and then remake him into the kind of soldier they want him to

be. Likewise, Raven had Trudy prepare Joseph in the same way. Soon, he'd be more than a soldier to the girls' cause; he'd be a slave to any girl who wanted to take him in hand.

In the next lesson, we'll return to Phyllis L's personal experiences and how she worked with others to snare and train boys for a bold new world of female rule.

To be continued in Demale Society Vol #7

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Training boys to girls' clothes is fun and they look so-o-o cute!

With their male clothes
locked up, boys under
petticoat punishment
have no where to go if
they try to run away.







As shown here with two boys looking on, one of Raven's girls exposes not just obvious panty lines but a large expanse of peeking panties to get boys interested in panties, preparing to trap them into full panty slavery.



To trap a boy, plant girls' things like bras and panties amongst his belongings, then "find" them and force him to wear them!

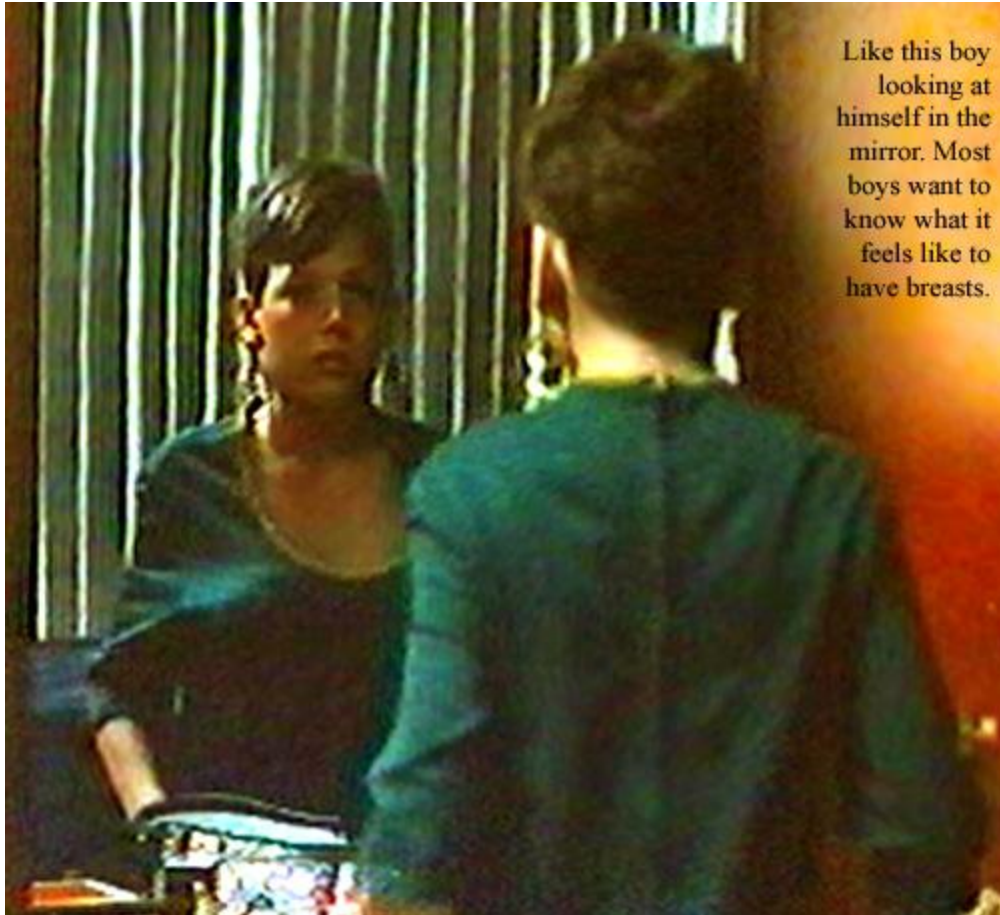
Schoolgirl
clothes
often scare
and excite
young
boys.





Putting on shows is
a great way to get
boys into makeup,
lingerie, and
dresses.





Like this boy
looking at
himself in the
mirror. Most
boys want to
know what it
feels like to
have breasts.



Dance lessons are another great
way to get boys into girlish clothes
like panties, tights and leotards.



The girls had many of the boys well trained, and Raven wollowed in the booty, making some of those boys stay after school. She'd dress them in girlie clothes and take advantage of them.