

The **Demale Society** *Training Manual*

Volume #4

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.



Fantasy Entertainment

Adults Only



The Demole Society

Yes, we are dedicated to creating a matriarchal society, but the term "matriarchal society" scares some people. They picture such a world being run by nasty, aggressive, abusive females. We have males to thank for that image.

Leather-clad, whip-swinging, ruthless females ruling pathetic slave males are not what we are working towards at all! That's a typical male image of a dominant female, and we certainly don't want females to be like that. Females who act like that are imitating the worst qualities we find in males.

Some males say they love dominant females, but they usually only want a dominant female sexually and on their own terms. These males decide how they want the dominant female to dress, how to act, how much pain she can inflict on him, etc. In essence, these women are not in control, the "submissive" males are in control because they decide all the rules before the games ever start. Such dominant females are really just actors. After the session is over, they usually go home to their typical husband or a pimp, who in most instances rules over them completely.

Yes, there are a few dominant females who love lording it over males and truly enjoy inflicting pain on their clients, but in our experience, most such females tend to have been severely harmed by a male at some point in their lives and they enjoy being able to get back at males this way. Also many such females are lesbians with a deep hatred for male and little interest in really making any male happy beyond extracting money from them.

When we say we want females to be in charge of most of the important decision-making within families and communities, we want to better the world with females using their feminine powers and their naturally superior abilities. Yes, for males a lot of teasing and even some pain may be involved, but things like spanking, humiliation and other forms of overpowering males are not the end point. These are ways of getting problem males to change their ways for their own good as well as ours! Any pain, manipulation and coercion are a training process not goals in themselves. We want to get males to control their hormones, and we'll train them to do it, and if they can't, we're ready to do it for them.

Enjoy!

Princess Productions

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

To pursue a 100% female-dominated world is unrealistic. Besides, it would be disastrous. Both sexes have strong and weak points, and ideally, both need to work together to make the world as fine of a place as it can be. The problem is that males have been pretty much in control since the beginning of

time, and they have done a horrible job because most males are too easily distracted from their duties, too selfish and too easily corrupted.

Any objective assessment reveals that most females are far superior to most males as teachers and administrators and outclass males morally and altruistically. Yet, males continue to be in charge in most situations. Their power based upon their superior physical strength (in many ways a fallacy), aggressiveness, competitiveness and fierce determination to hold onto every bit of power they accede to. Even though females can usually do a better job of running things, males are still at the controls because large numbers of females would rather give in than fight with males for control.



Do females enjoy the submissive role? Some obviously do and probably always will. But that is not our concern. The problem is that since females are better at running things, they should be in charge of most things and presently they aren't. Females in today's world are mentally and physically abused to "keep them in their place." Generations of women have put up with such treatment because that's the ways things always were, and they failed their daughters and their daughters' daughters by not fighting for what is right and not demanding at least a share of power even when they (and a lot of males) knew that females could run things better.

Change from the patriarchal ways of the past is long overdue. Today, more than ever before, huge numbers of females have the intelligence, education and wherewithal to correct past inequities, and shame on them if they don't. Time is running out. Males seem to be bent on destroying our world and everyone in it.

What should females do? They need to take charge like never before in history. It won't be easy. Males will do most anything rather than give up power. Females have to take power away from males by either direct or indirect force, and the best and easiest way to do that is to attack males when they are most vulnerable: 1) when they are young, impressionable and easy to control, 2) when they are at some other weak point in life (like puberty, old age or following some trauma), or 3) when they can be controlled by their controlling their sex drive (which works for the majority of sexually active males).

In this Training Manual series, we have been focusing on boys and what mothers, sisters, daughters, aunts, and guardians can do to train them because females will only rise to power and stay there if large numbers of males support them, and that is why an army of young males needs to be thoroughly trained to be submissive to females and in complete adoration of female ideas and things.

We have explored ways of training boys by using varying degrees of love and force, but sometimes some of the more direct techniques don't work and more subtle and indirect approaches are needed. Often more time-consuming than direct approaches but just as effective, the following examples use Demale training methods in more veiled and secret ways than much of what we have described before. Mia, a

new member who made great inroads in training the males in her family, tells the following story illustrating indirect ways to take control of resistant males.

* * *

I'm the only female in my family of five that includes my husband, our two sons and my father who lives with us. Talk about a male-dominated household -- I didn't have a chance!

One day, A supermarket tabloid with a small ad extolling the benefits of female superiority caught my eye. On a lark, I answered the ad and soon after received a packet from the Demale Society. As I read through the material, I was fascinated; however, after a hard day's work at the box factory followed by cooking and cleaning at home, I fell asleep on the living room sofa. I woke up to the sound of laughter. It was my husband, Art, and Cy, my oldest son, laughing their heads off as they read quotes to each other from the Demale Society brochures I had left sitting on the coffee table.

When I woke up the laughing stopped, and I could see my husband was angry. He wanted to know where I had gotten such trash and laid into me pretty well. I feared he was going to hit me, but thank goodness, he didn't that time. He did make me tear up the material in front of him and our son like I was a teenage boy caught with dirty books and made to destroy them before the family. Other than a few derogatory remarks, my husband didn't say anything more about it. He probably thought he had overpowered me and forced me to be submissive to him one more time.

But I immediately send again for the material, and as soon as it arrived, I made arrangements to attend an open meeting. I so admired the women I met that night. I envied them and was astounded at the things they were doing. I found a lot of sympathetic ears that night as I told my story to countless women during the coffee service after the meeting. One woman, Alice, who had a daughter, took me under her wing. She had no males in her family, so she was delighted to have the opportunity to help me. She put me on a fast track to learn clever ways to discreetly train males in difficult situations like mine. Here are some of the things I did.

She had me get an over-the-counter medicine and some herbs that I began putting in the food I was serving my family of boys to calm them down. Plus she got me a prescription (through a doctor in the club) for my husband that would greatly reduce his virility and thereby throw him into a state of fear and confusion by making it increasingly difficult for him to perform sexually.

I had picked on my youngest son to begin my campaign to subdue the males in my family because I knew he was the most vulnerable and probably well on his way to becoming a sissy already. Only seven years old, Guy still sucks his thumb! Probably a defensive reaction to his domineering father. I think Guy feels safest when he retreats back into babyish ways.



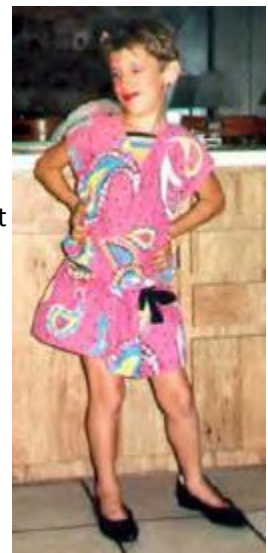
The first thing I did was to 'accidentally' wash his dirty old white security blanket along with his underwear and a new red sweatshirt. Everything came out pink. My husband didn't even notice the blanket or Guy's pink underwear for about a week. When he did, he told me to take money out of my next week's paycheck and buy the kid some new underwear, but then I reminded him that I had to spend that paycheck on a new suit for Cy because he was graduating grade school. My husband relented and said I should take the money out of my following week's paycheck to buy Guy new underwear. Of course, by that time, my husband had forgotten about that, and besides, there was something else that got priority for the money even if he did remember. The pink blanket and underwear wasn't any big deal, but it was a little victory for me. Every time I saw Guy in the pink underpants or clutching his pink 'blanky' and sucking his thumb, I got a good feeling inside.

The next thing I did was to purposely 'lose' his blanky one day while we were visiting Alice and her daughter. The two of them actually seemed to have fun as they colored pictures in her Barbie coloring books.

At one point, Alice cornered Guy as he sat watching television and clutching his blanket. She asked him all kinds of questions about sucking his thumb and the blanket. Unlike his father and older brother who constantly teased and tormented him for sucking his thumb, she talked with him about it in a nonthreatening way, like she thoroughly understood his need and fully approved of him doing it. She got him to admit that the best thing about the blanket was the (now bright pink) satin edging that he liked to rub between his fingers while he sucked his thumb. Alice touched the satin border and commented that it was just like the silky pink panties that her daughter had on, and to show Guy what she meant, she had the girl (it had all been prearranged) to stand by my son, lift her dress up over her waist and encourage him to feel her panties and see for himself that they were soft and silky just like the satin on his beloved blanky.

A short time later, while he was having some cookies with the girl, I hid his blanket, and soon after he was looking for it. I pretended not to know what had happened to it. All of us looked high and low. He cried when he thought he had lost it forever, and that is when we all tried to comfort him. Alice's daughter came up to him, pulled up her dress, took off her pink satin panties and handed them to him and told him he could use them while he sucked his thumb since they were silky like the edging of his blanket. Still crying, he took the panties, threaded them over his hand and soothed himself with a good thumb sucking with the crotch piece of those panties clutched tightly in his fist and pressed right up to his mouth and nose.

After a while, I suddenly 'found' the blanket. Guy was really happy, and he now sucked his thumb while holding both the panties and the blanket. When it was time to leave, he hesitantly (I loved it!) offered to return the panties to the girl, but she said she had lots of panties so he was welcome to keep them. Guy looked at me with big questioning eyes. I told him to say 'thank you' to the girl and made



him say the word 'panties' in his thank you. Then I told him we'd keep it a secret. He could keep the panties hidden in his drawer so no one would see them and then sneak them out at night or when no one else was around. I did warn him that his father would be very angry with him if he found him with girls' panties. At that, he offered again to return them, but the girl said she didn't want them back, and I assured him that, along with the Alice and her daughter, I was the only one who knew he would be hiding some silky pink panties in his drawer.

At approximately this same time, I began aggressively pursuing my husband sexually. Since I had always let him woo me, initially he welcomed my advances and seemed to enjoy the change of pace, but I soon realized the pills were working because it took him longer than usual to get an erection and to reach an orgasm. We began having sex several times a week, up from an average of just once or twice a week. Then he began to beg off with increasing frequency. He'd give me the "I'm too tired" excuse. I admonished him that he was leaving his wife wanting. For all of his stupid macho attitude, he has always prided himself in his sexual ability and was always sensitive to my sexual needs, so I was getting to him. On many nights when he didn't feel up to having sex, he did offer and then gave me oral sex. Plus, he let me know that he didn't need me to reciprocate. I know giving me oral sex takes a lot of energy. He wasn't too tired to do that but too tired to have regular sex, further proof that the medications were doing their job. As his virility continued to diminish, he did have a change of character. The herbs also helped, he was becoming more docile and calm, but underneath, I knew he was upset over his continuing inability to perform sexually, and that's where I wanted him, confused and upset, easier to manage and less of an obstacle to what I planned for the males in our house.

The next male I took charge of was my father. I figured he would be the next easiest. Ever since I was a little girl I felt he was sexually attracted to me. He never sexually abused me in any way, but a girl senses these things. He would often buy me clothes and even lingerie that I knew we couldn't always afford, but he bought them anyway and would get me to twirl around and model them for him. A few times over the years while I was growing up, I caught him going through my clothes. He always had some excuse, and it took me years to figure out and then admit to myself that he was getting off on playing with my clothes, but I finally did realize that was the case.

My dad is seventy-three but he masturbates two to four times a week. I know exactly when he does it, and I've caught him doing it countless times. He generally waits until everyone is out or busy elsewhere in the house. Twice I found one of my old slips or nightgowns in his room and they were stained with what I knew for a fact was his semen!

Well, I made a point of watching his movements for several days, and then when I knew what he was doing, I walked in on him. He scrambled to hide himself, but I confronted him and told him I knew what he was doing, plus I told him I knew he had been doing it with my lingerie since I was in elementary school. He broke down and cried from embarrassment. I told him it was OK, but then I reached under my skirt, took off my pink half-slip and panties that I had specially put on for the occasion and handed them to him. I told him to do it in front of me. I demanded that I had a right to see him masturbate since he had been taking advantage of me all these years by soiling my good clothes. He pleaded with me not

to make him humiliate himself like that in front of me. I simply told him to start pulling on himself or I'd tell my husband and sons what kind of a pervert he was. That got him wanking. He was so flustered, plus he's an old man, so it took him quite a while to get it going, but he eventually got it up. I just stood there staring at him as he sniffed at my panties and wrapped the half-slip around his cock. With me looking on, he didn't seem to be able to get over the hump, so I took him in my hands and finished him off. That really embarrassed him, but it also must have driven him wild! Would you believe that was the first time in my life (outside of a couple of passionate dates in high school many years ago) that I had masturbated a guy, and my own father to boot! Wow! I loved it. He sank back in his chair crying like a baby, sexually relieved but thoroughly embarrassed.

I told him he could continue jerking off in my clothes, but he would have to ask me whenever he had the urge to do it, I would supply him with the clothes, but then he would have to wash them out and return them to me afterwards. All that really rocked my dad's world. I realized that he feared my husband almost as much as I did. Well, I feared him because he could become physically abusive, but my father feared him because Art is so macho, and my father dreaded being exposed as a masturbator who got off on my lingerie. Then I told my dad he wasn't the only male in the house attracted to lingerie. I didn't tell him about Guy. I knew it would be more effective if I let him wonder.



Next, Cy was the focus of my attention. He's a very tough, macho little thirteen-year-old. I tried a number of things with him: I tried to get him to talk about girls at his school and the clothes they wore, but he looked at me like I was crazy. When he got a case of crotch itch

(which happens frequently because he refuses to change into clean underwear), I suggested that it might feel better if I got him some boy's nylon underpants because they wouldn't chafe his skin so much. He swore at me and told me only queers wore stupid underwear like that.

For his graduation, I gave him one special gift on the side. I purchased for him a men's magazine, loaded with pretty women in various stages of undress. I wanted to look at it with him and get him to talk about the women in those pictures, but he became really embarrassed. He pretended like he wasn't all that impressed with the magazine and mumbled a 'thank you' and took it to his room. I knew he did like the magazine because about a half hour later I walked in on him in his room and there was the smell of fresh semen in the air!

I continued to play upon his embarrassment about feminine things. I knew he was interested in girls but afraid of them. He went out for just about every sport in school, so I was constantly taking him to and picking him up from various sporting events. I'd take that time alone with him to talk to him about girls. He always tried to act like he wasn't interested, but I could tell he was. I explained to him that if he didn't start to get involved with girls soon, the other boys would think he was a queer. That got a huge reaction from him. He started swearing at me and reminded me of my husband when he went into one of his rages. So I had struck a chord!

At the time that I had bought that men's magazine for Cy, I also bought one of those gay magazines loaded with pictures of naked men with big penises. I hid the magazine in the box of sports equipment in the basement, and one Sunday when my father, husband and sons wanted to play softball in the backyard, I offered to help my husband get the equipment out of the basement. I pretended to find the magazine in the equipment box. I handed it to him and asked him if it was his. He of course denied it and asked how I could even suggest such a thing. He took that magazine with him and confronted my father and our boys. Well, they all denied any knowledge of it, and for more than an hour, Art gave them all the third degree.

I accomplished a lot that day. All of them were suspicious that one of the others was homosexual. For years, they had been a tight-knit group of males, and this one little magazine was breaking that down.

That night as we were getting ready for bed, I talked privately with each of my boys, trying to get them to admit that the magazine was theirs. With Guy I took the pink panties out of his drawer, stretched them out across his lap and had him touch them and suck his thumb while we paged through the magazine together. He was quite surprised to see males with big cocks fully erect. I know it made him feel very inadequate. When I talked with Cy, it sure had the same effect on him he stared wide-eyed looking at the boys with those huge cocks, but he was also thoroughly upset that I could even think that the magazine might belong to him.

Then when I went to bed with my husband, he put off my sexual advances. I jokingly asked him if the magazine was his and if he was turning gay. I thought he'd hit me when I said that, but probably thanks to the medicines I'd been feeding him, he didn't. Instead, he all of a sudden wanted to make love to me. Despite the effects of the medicines, he struggled to get it up and screw me. After an Olympian effort to prove his masculinity to me, he finally did cum into me, but he was thoroughly exhausted afterward and fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, I walked in on my father when he was just waking up. I told him that I knew the magazine belonged to him. I also brought along a pair of my panties and threw them in his face in disgust. He pleaded with me that I had it all wrong, and the magazine wasn't his. I told him not to lie to me. It must have been his. After all, he was already a panty jackoff and a pervert.

So I had all my males on the ropes. They were all questioning their own sexuality, and all were suspicious that one of the other of them was gay. This is when I really started to make inroads. I got Cy to admit that he didn't know anything about girls. He liked them but was scared to death of them. He couldn't talk to them or even return a smile when one of them looked at him. I offered to help him. I brought him into my bedroom one afternoon and told him that the way to learn about females was to learn about female things like hair, makeup and clothes. I showed him the makeup on my dresser and in my bathroom. Also showed him my hair and skin products and explained how important such things were to females and showed him how I used some of them.

I took him to my closet and let him see all my dresses, and he became very nervous when I held his hand and led him to my lingerie drawer. I sensed that he knew what was coming next. Did he know where I kept my lingerie? Had he secretly looked in my lingerie drawer before? All the women at the society said every boy has investigated his mother's lingerie drawer at least once, and most boys were regular visitors! I couldn't imagine Cy being that way, at least not until that moment. I sensed he had been there before! I started by showing him my full and half-slips. I made him reach out and touch them. I took a white full slip and held it up in front of myself so he could see what I looked like when I wore it. I got his immediate attention when I told him I'd give him a better idea, I stepped out of my dress and stood before him in my pink bra and half-slip. I acted like it was nothing unusual.



I insisted that he touch the lace on the hem of my slip. I told him a girl liked to have a boy kneel on the floor before her and kiss the hem of her slip. I had him bowled over by then. He did it. Whenever he was getting too uncomfortable and seemed to want to pull back from what we were doing, I'd question his masculinity. I'd ask him again if that magazine was his, and if it wasn't, why wasn't he taking a more active interest in what I was showing him?

Next I showed him my bras. Together, we fingered the cups and I let him practice how to hook and unhook them and how to adjust the straps. He was getting very nervous so I suggested we take a break and get some orange juice. Well, I put some vodka in his OJ. When he noticed the unusual flavor. I told him it was a new kind of juice with extra-added vitamins and that is what made it taste different. He downed the glass quickly (like he always drinks his juice). I got him a second glass and then told him to just sip on it and not gulp it down.

Well the vodka helped to relax him, and he needed it by the time we went back to my bedroom and we started examining the contents of my panty drawer. I made him hold a lot of the panties in his hands. Some of them I held up in front of myself to show him how they looked on me. I had him smell the perfume I used in my panty drawer and made him examine the elastics, double crotch, silky fabrics and lace and ribbon trims. I rubbed them against his cheeks. As the vodka worked on him, he became more relaxed and amenable to whatever I suggested. I left him alone in my bedroom with my lingerie strewn all about him as I went and got him another OJ. When I came back he was just sitting there in a daze. He jerked a bit when he heard me enter and he withdrew his hand from the pair of panties he had been fingering.

As he sat and drank his juice, we talked. I got him to admit that he had at least once before looked in my lingerie drawers, but he claimed that it was by accident because he was looking for something. I put a pair of my gaudiest panties (they were yellow with light blue and green lace and ribbons) on his lap and spread them out like he was wearing them. I made him laugh by doing that, and then I shocked him as I grabbed his cock right through the panties draped over it. He squealed and immediately came in his pants. He was really embarrassed, and for the longest time I held him in my arms and comforted him. The vodka was doing the job. He was getting very tired. I asked him if he'd like to go to sleep for a while

and he indicated that he would. I undressed him and probably to get me to stop bothering him and let him go to his room and sleep, he let me put those panties on him along with a pair of my yellow harem girl-style pajama bottoms. I stretched him out on my bed and let him go to sleep. That's how my husband found him when he came home. I thought Art was going to kill Cy. He called him every sissy name in the book. I didn't say anything. I couldn't even if I wanted because Art was so dominating the conversation, and he wouldn't let Cy say anything either. My husband had seen it with his own eyes; nobody had to say anything to him. Cy was still in a drunken stupor; he probably didn't remember all too clearly exactly how he had gotten into the panties and pajamas. I finally did come to his defense saying that I had taken Cy into my room and showed him some of my clothes and cosmetics because he was curious about girls and wanted to learn more about them, but then I told my husband that I left Cy on his own in my room and he must have dressed himself in my clothes and fallen asleep.

Well, I had done it. I had effectively broken down a lot of the macho barriers in my house. The four of them were all suspicious of one another, each suspected the other might be gay, each was increasingly submissive to me because I knew each of their secrets and I was learning rapidly how to break down their defenses.

Now, I was ready for the next steps: feeding my husband and youngest son female hormones, my older son I was going to masturbate daily, and my father I was going to humiliate and publicly expose as a panty pervert! I have a great life to look forward too. Within months all four of them will be at my beck and call, and there will be no turning back.

Click below to continue onto Part 4-E.









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

Love is the most important thing in anyone's life. Love for your God, your family, your neighbor, your country, nature, and freedom are just a few of the most important loves. In short, love of life and love of all good things.

So you say, "If that is true, how can you make a laughing stock of your fathers, emasculate your sons, and cuckold your husbands? Isn't what you are doing more akin to hate than love?"



On the contrary, we do those things because we love males not hate them. We are trying to save males from themselves and ultimately hope to save our ravaged world in the process! Unless you are living in outer space and haven't looked around lately, our world is in very bad shape, and it is that way because of male hormones, and the only way to change things is to attack those hormones with a savagery never before known throughout history. Notice I said attack male hormones and not attack the male. It may seem like we are attacking individual males, but actually, we are attacking what makes them evil and destructive to themselves and the world.

Since masculinity is the problem, femininity is the cure, and as we have shown in these lessons, feminine ways of thinking and acting are far superior to the ways of men who have brought us to the brink of world destruction.

So what if you breakdown your father until he is only good for cunt lapping services at an old ladies' home, belittle your husband and turn him into your maid, sexually ravage your sons and make them into panty-wearing sissies and be delighted if they grow up to be gay. When you do such things, within your own family, you have made a great contribution to the world, and you can be proud that those males will love you and be dedicated to you forever, be delighted that they will give you a life of pleasure and ease while being productive members of society, be confident that they are not likely to ever harm any female, and be assured that they will most likely never become a radical terrorist, a rapist, a warmonger, a disgusting pig, or a self-centered bore and a parasite on society.

We don't have to tell you the terrible shape the world is in, but we do believe we have correctly analyzed the problem and offer some of the only possible solutions. Plus we are here to help you do your part. There are millions of things that can be done and millions of places to start, but a worldwide movement is only possible if you, and millions of other like-minded females train the males in your family and circle of friends.

We place strong focus on training boys because they are the next generation and the foundation of the new world order. The things we want to do take more than one generation. The Demale Society has its roots in the 1940s and it was officially organized into an underground society in the 1950s, so the society is already in its third generation of trying to improve the world. Much of the work the society has done in the past contributed to the women's liberation movement during the 1960s. A lot of progress has been made, but work toward objectives has repeatedly stalled. The males of this world are not giving up easily, and now is the time for us to initiate our strongest possible offensive. We have to conquer males where they sleep and when they are most vulnerable.

The best time to reform males is when they are young, a period when most boys are in the care of females and most receptive to feminine wiles. Mothers, sisters, teachers, and baby-sitters as well as other female relatives and acquaintances are frequently in a position to influence males in ways that will forever change how they think and act. Females in these positions of power need to constantly reassess how they deal with all males and take action to "improve" things in line with Demale Society goals. Take time right now and rethink your relationship with every male you know, and then start doing things immediately to make the males within your sphere of influence into better people who contribute to our version of a world of peace and love.

In previous lessons we focused on using objects like lipstick, nail polish and panties to train males, especially the most vulnerable males — young boys. We also highlighted approaches to feminizing boys that ranged from simply



Start a boy early with dress-up games. Teach him about makeup and encourage him to wear finger and toenail polish in public. At home have an endless supply of pretty girls' outfits for him to play with, but when he dresses up, always put him in a bra and stuff it out fully so he gets an idea of what it is like to have breasts, and waaa, he'll want real breasts just like Mommy's!

enticing them into it to forcing them into it. (And remember feminization of a male's mind is much more important than feminizing their bodies and actions even though one often follows the other.) We also stressed that we do not want to physically feminize all males, some traditional males are of service to society, but as we all know the problem with males is their hormones, and even the best of males often get into a lot of trouble because of their silly sex drives. And unless we are following one of the more radical approaches advocated by some adherents of the Demale Society philosophy, force is generally limited to "bad" boys, males who are on a road that will lead them into a life of evil and result in them becoming despicable human beings. In order to correct a wayward boy before he becomes a blight on society, you have to keep constant watch over him to detect the slightest indication that he is evolving toward a life of crime and wrongdoing. A boy who slaps a girl, who makes even the slightest derogatory remark about females, who is afraid of wearing female clothes, or who shows any sign of disrespect toward anything feminine should be a candidate for immediate and swift action, a boy who should be forcefully feminized to some degree. How much you should feminize him at any point depends upon how he reacts to your offensive, and if afterwards he shows signs of regression.

Feminizing a male works best when the atmosphere of your home and the way you do things is conducive to promoting feminine ways of thinking and acting. Any "macho" male should feel uncomfortable in your home and in your presence. By the aura about you and your demeanor, he should know that you are not a pushover. Males like weakness in a female because they interpret that to mean that particular female will be easy to control for his own selfish wants, but males respect and are attracted to strong females even if they don't see that type of female as an ideal sexual partner. But males (especially young boys) can be taught to love and idolize powerful females. So there are different kinds of males, according to how sexually attractive they characterize various types of females. So for an interim period of time when targeting a particular male, skillful females have to discover and pretend to be the type of female she thinks he most desires, and only after snaring him can she gradually reveal her true self and take full control of him.

Successfully feminizing a male depends upon not only upon creating the right atmosphere and being crafty and resourceful, you also need patience while developing real or imagined physical or mental power over your target male.

Beyond basic feminization that we advocate for ALL males, reasons for aggressively feminizing a male physically vary from those males who want to become as feminine a possible to those who would rather die than be physically feminized, and from those males who are powerless against you to those who have no respect for you or females in general.



Camp Phaladar is a summer camp for boys with abnormal breast development. Notice the bra tan lines on the boy to the left.

In the Demale Society's sense of the term, an "intervention" is when a female has to use drastic measures to take charge of a specific male. The most aggressive act of intervention is subjecting a male to a sex-change operation. This can be done on a willing subject such as a male who wants to become a female or a male who loves a female (wife,

mother, sister, etc.) and she wants him to have the operation to change sex and become her girlfriend, daughter, lesbian lover or whatever. But the operation can be used also as a punitive measure for criminals especially terrorists, murderers and rapists, and for males who are idolized for their machismo by other males — pigs like notorious philanders, and rules-cheating, steroid-pumped up athletes (even if — and especially if — these males make appallingly unattractive females).

SRS (sexual reassignment surgery, meaning the sex-change operation) will always be a limited method of treatment, but one aspect of the sex-change process — female hormone therapy — can and should be used extensively on males because it so effectively counteracts in males the very thing that makes them bad.

There are hundreds of things females can do to feminize a male (remember feminizing the mind is most important), and most of those things should be tried before progressing to hormone treatment. When a male is unresponsive to feminization techniques, liable to be lost to the cause and castrating drugs and various hormones are the last resort, there should be no hesitation to use them. And with all of the information we give you in these lessons, you'll know in what situations and when the time has come to start chemical intervention. In this lesson we give examples, showing some of the situations that we believe call for the use of hormones on a male plus how to (or how not to) prepare a male for intervention, the process and the kind of results you should eventually achieve with such treatment.

One word of caution: Don't take it upon yourself to just start giving you birth control pills to your son, husband, etc. Hormones are powerful body and mind-altering drugs and should only be administered under the guidance of a physician. There are hundreds of physicians who are sympathetic to our goals, and it is not difficult to find one. Start with your own doctor or pediatrician, diplomatically discuss with her (or him) that you know of an instance where a male may be in need of female hormones, and see if she is willing to help. Most likely, she will refer you to a specialist that deals with transsexuals, and this is OK, but that is a time-consuming and expensive approach.

In a case we know, one of our members had a young sissyboy lover and a cuckolded husband. She didn't want to get a divorce and disrupt the financial stream her husband provided, so she simply got books on transsexualism and made her thoroughly debased husband read them from cover to cover and memorize most everything there was to know on the subject. Then she took him to an SRS specialist and made him pretend to be a transsexual. He got not only the hormones but also a full sex-change operation, and now today, he is a sweet little sissy maid for his wife and her bisexual sissyboy, who regularly likes to fuck the husband as well as the wife!

Now what was accomplished here? Well, before the wife took charge, the husband was a workaholic who plowed all of his time and energy into his business. He was a marriage counselor, and one who loved to take the husbands' side in disputes and cower wives into submitting to their husbands. He got his jollies by using every disgusting trick in the book. He



With his stomach up and the edge of his pink slip showing, Alis hides his head in embarrassment from the camera while his sister comforts him and his mother (in her pink slip) adjusts him with potent female hormones.

had a deep-seated hatred for females that went back to his childhood when he thought his sisters got preferential treatment over him in everything. Well, he didn't care about sex with his wife; she was just a young trophy wife to show off to friends and clients. Another thing he often did was to make sexual advances toward the wives who came to him for help. By bedding them, he considered it a personal triumph.

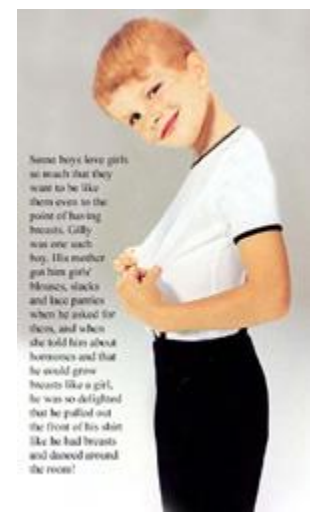
Well, his wife caught him cheating with one of those women, and she realized that he had been doing it for a long time. She didn't want to get a divorce, and neither did he because it would look bad for a marriage counselor to get a divorce. After all, if he couldn't save his own marriage how could he be any good at saving other people's marriages. Besides being exposed as cheating with a client's wife was most unprofessional and probably would have cost him his standing within his field and resulted in him losing his lucrative practice.

The wife pressured him into the transsexual thing. It took a lot of cajoling and force on her part, but she was successful because the man didn't like sex all that much anyway. To him, sex with women was just a game. Besides after a while, he got so involved in learning about transsexualism that he became one for real! And he decided that a man becoming a woman would be positive news for his practice and attract even more clients because he would be in the perfect position to know both the female and male side of marriage issues! It just goes to show you that you can't tell how any particular male is going to respond to feminization, even to the point of being completely physically feminized.

So you can go to a SRS specialist, but it is generally a long road, and if your male is not a transsexual (or if he is uncooperative or cannot successfully fake it), the chances of getting hormones are practically nil.

Still, you need to get a doctor's support, so if after trying your regular doctor, you have no luck, contact your chapter of the Society, and they should be able to put you in touch with a physician happy to supply hormones even in cases of forced physical feminization and where the male involved does not even know he is being subjected to hormone therapy.

In the following example, Rebecca H had a son who was caught repeatedly molesting little girls in the neighborhood. Ten-year-old Ali was taken to psychiatrists and psychologists and specialists of all sorts but it did no good, and because of his age, they couldn't lock him up (in their state) and he made a mockery of any treatment they tried to give him. If Rebecca didn't do something drastic, her entire family was going to be run out of town because of all the little girls her son was violating. He liked to make little girls suck on his penis. He'd hold a girl down, sit on her face and make her suck on his cock and balls, while he reached behind himself and put one hand down the girl's panties and inserted a finger into her vagina. If the girl tried to get away or didn't cooperate, he'd threaten to piss and shit on her, and in several instances he did piss on his victims.



Well, Rebecca had no luck trying to feminize Ali. She even took him into her bedroom while she was undressing and pampering herself to have little mother-son discussions, but Ali wasn't sexually interested in his mother. He liked her attempts at masturbating him. He'd get hard and admit that it felt good, but he had no real interest in sex. His molestations weren't really about sex; they were a perverted way to make himself feel superior. Perhaps when his balls came in, he'd take an interest in sex, but without a sex drive, he simply molested the girls because it was a way of dominating them. He obviously had some sort of hatred for little girls and that's how he made himself feel good.

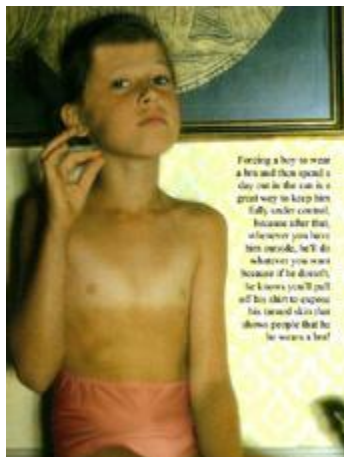
But Rebecca couldn't wait for Ali's hormones to kick in and have a sex drive that she could manipulate. And even then that might not be the right approach. She had to do something and do it fast. So she got in touch with a sympathetic physician that had been referred to her by the Society. He gave Ali an examination without letting him know why he was being examined.

The doctor pretended to find a hormonal imbalance and told Ali he needed to be placed on male hormones to counteract his problem, which he told Ali might already be too late. The doctor told the boy that he was creating female hormones in his body at an alarming rate, and he was turning into a girl! Of course, it was all a lie, but it scared the hell out of Ali. He cried for days, and his mother and sister kept reminding him of every little thing he had ever done in his life that was in the least bit feminine, saying that they now knew why he had done such and such a feminine thing.

The doctor gave Rebecca a strong prescription for female (not male) hormones that was quickly stepped up to ever-increasing doses until he was at the desired level. The pills were supplemented with injections, and Rebecca was taught how to give him those injections.

Ali cried for days and was soon convinced he was turning into a girl. Rebecca was very religious, and she told Ali it was God's revenge on him for molesting all those little girls. She even duped her minister and got him to back up her story as a possible reason for Ali's change-of-sex problem!

Immediately Ali lost all interest in molesting little girls, but he was terribly abusive to all females. He seemed to have more reason than ever to hate them. Within three months, Ali had little mounds starting to sprout on his chest and his nipples were so sore that he'd cry himself to sleep every night. After repeatedly asking him if we wanted to wear a little satin bra to protect his tortured nipples from scraping up against his rough shirts, Ali finally gave in.



"But, Ma, please don't let Mae (his sister) know about this bra thing."

"It'll be our secret," she said, "but your breasts are growing so fast, she'll notice soon enough. And yes, she has been teasing you a lot since the doctor told her about your hormone problem, so maybe we should just tell her and get it over with."

"No, Ma, she'll tease me!"

“Oh, I think she’ll be OK.”

The next morning when Ali came down to breakfast, he was wearing a sweatshirt to disguise the bra he had on underneath. As he entered the kitchen, Mae started in on him.

“Hi, sissy. Mom says you’ll soon have big breasts. She says you’re already wearing satin training bras. Let me see,” she said as she put an arm around him and began pulling up his sweatshirt.

Ali dissolved into a sea of tears. Unable to move, he tried to fight off his sister. She was a year older than he was, and it was soon obvious she was much stronger. The massive doses of female hormones had made him very weak, and he couldn’t stop her from reaching into his bra and molesting him. Her fingers on his sensitive nipples made him cry out in pain because she didn’t just touch them, she pulled on them and pinched them.

Mae was laughing wildly. “Well, now maybe my sister-brother knows what it’s like to have somebody do nasty things to them.” She continued with a strong laugh, “Are you wearing satin panties too?”

“No, he’s not,” their mother answered. And as Ali sat crying and with his mouth open in disbelief, his mother added, “But panties are a good idea. Since he’s turning into a girl so quickly, I think we ought to go to the mall today, and get him some pretty panties and a few nice summer dresses. It’s time.”

Ali just howled. Mae laughed up a storm, and Rebecca had achieved great results. Within a few months, Ali was convinced that he was turning into a girl and resigned himself to his fate. He eventually found that there were many things to enjoy about being a girl, and Rebecca got her father to take an interest in his new faux granddaughter. Grandpa was willing to do whatever his daughter wanted because ever since she was a little girl, she had always been able to get whatever she wanted from him. And now when she asked him to take his little grandson in his lap and molest the boy, he did it. Ali, now wearing dresses and pretty lace panties, was thoroughly punished and humiliated by his grandfather, who was convinced that he was teaching this evil little boy a lesson.

Ali was a candidate for a special place called Camp Philandar, a summer camp just for boys with breast development (either from being given female hormones or as a result of gynecomastia, a medical condition in which boys naturally develop feminine breasts). At the camp, the boys can go swimming and play outdoor games without their shirts on and without the fear of being teased and laughed because of their breasts. Ali went to that camp during that following summer. There he met other boys who were in training and developing into girls and realized he was not alone.

So within a year, Rebecca had used aggressive hormone therapy to cure her delinquent son. He had been well on his way to becoming an adult rapist but was turned into a scared but decent little girl who wanted to grow up to be a doctor or possibly even a rape counselor!

Ali was just a little boy and Rebecca was able to lie to him and trick him into submission, but many males who are in dire need of hormone therapy are older and smarter and wouldn't have been so easy to fool. So how do you get those males on hormones?

First, all measures should be exhausted to feminize a problem male before hormone intervention. Punishments involving the male's breasts should be used. Even if you progress to hormones, breast punishments will give you some idea of what to anticipate. Good breast punishments are making him stand bare chested in front of you and his sisters every night and have him rub female hormone creams on his breasts. These creams really don't do much good as far as developing breasts, but the psychological effect on males is a superb punishment. Also, you and his sisters or daughters, can constantly touch his nipples and tease them with your fingers. Males pretend they don't have breasts, but of course, they do, and to call attention to them, even if they are not developed like a female's breasts, is a good way of abasing a man or boy. Another great punishment is to make a boy wear a bra and then force him to spend the day outside on a hot summer day without a shirt so he gets a sunburn that shows tan lines clearly outlining where he had worn the bra. Whenever out if public after doing that, your boy will do anything you ask of him because he fears you may pull off his T-shirt so people can see his bra-made tan lines.

The first approach to feminization and hormone therapy is to simply ask! A small, but surprising number of males, will willing be feminized and take female hormones just for the asking. They would like nothing better than to be females! And this includes some really bad males! Some of them are bad because they hate themselves or hate being males and do evil deeds as a way of coping and expressing their rage.



Gilly is a boy who loves being on female hormone therapy. Here he is bragging to a couple of neighborhood girls as he describes his breast development.

Lara W had a sissy for a son. From the time Gilly was a toddler, he always preferred playing with girls and doing things that girls like to do. By the time he was nine, he hadn't changed, and his mother knew it wasn't a passing phase. He was destined to be a sissy his entire life. So she simply sat him on her lap one day and asked him if he could be changed into a girl, would he do it? He burst into tears of joy and admitted that he would do it as fast as he could. She talked to him about hormone therapy and what it meant to be a girl. She described the risks, the humiliation that he might suffer from family and friends and the scary changes that would be part of changing physically. He jumped to

his feet and started dancing around as he pulled out two points of fabric over his chest and pretended like he had breasts already. Lara laughed at him and chided him for being a poor example of a boy and began teasing him to give him a sample of what it might be like for him to be a girlie-boy out in the cruel, hard world. But Gilly was immune to her insults and completely lost in his joy of turning into a girl.

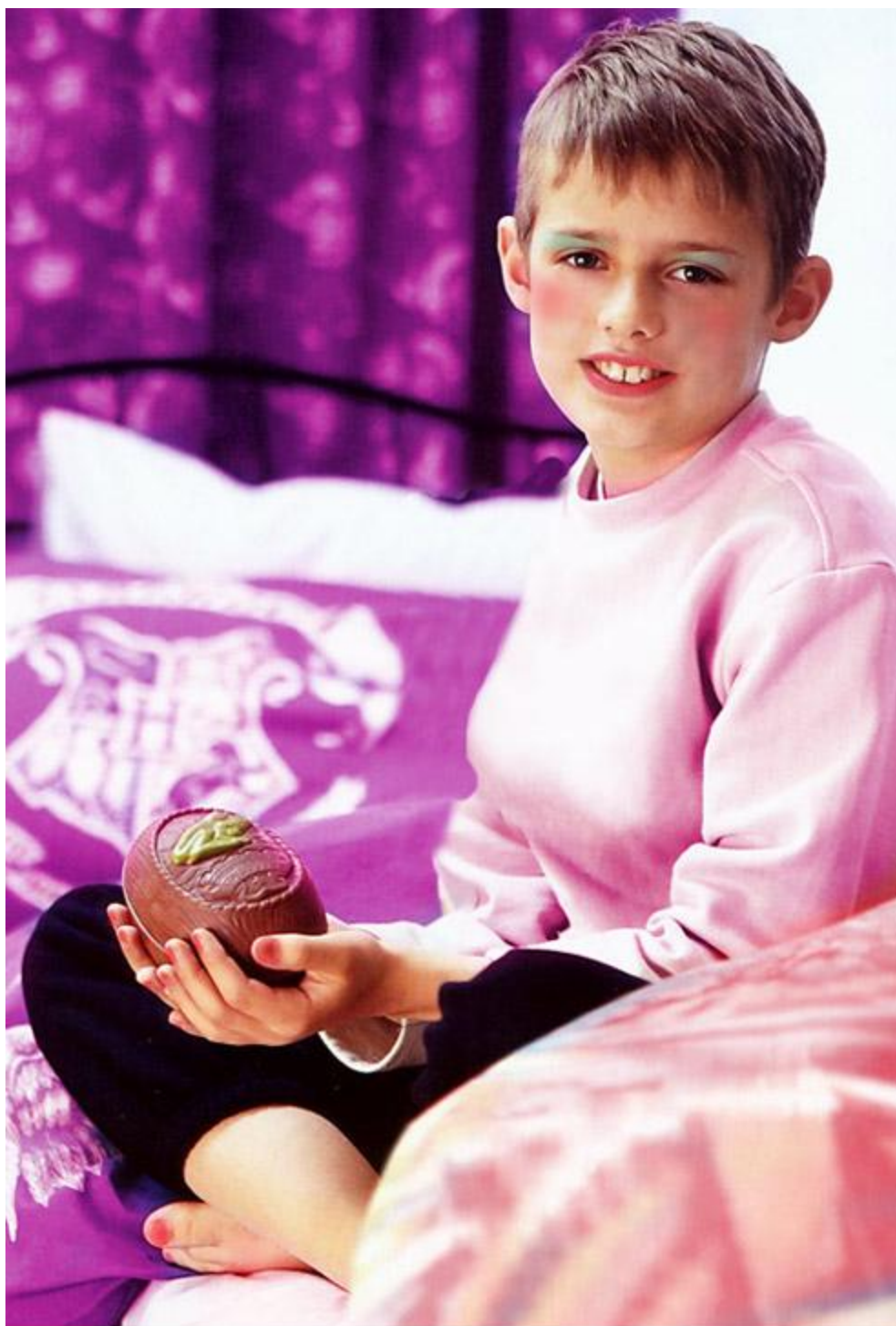
And as soon as he was on hormones, he was so proud of his breasts that he was always talking about them with his mother and his little girlfriends. Lara often looked out the window to see him with a few of those girls, and just by the way he was touching his breasts on the outside of his shirt, she knew he

was deep in conversation with the girls about breast development. He was so happy and the girls were admittedly jealous because Gilly had measurable development and most of the girls either hadn't themselves started to develop or were no where near as fully developed as him.

If asking, coaxing or coercing a male into taking hormones does not work, the hormones may have to be discreetly substituted for his vitamin pills or hidden in his food. And in such instances, nothing happens until the boy discovers his nipples are becoming very sensitive, his breasts are swelling and he has other side effects like losing a lot of muscular strength and becoming edgy and very moody. Such boys may finally approach you in desperation, but most likely they will search the public library, surf the Internet or seek professional advice on their own for this most embarrassing problem. Be watchful for that, and be ready to step in. The boy is probably severely depressed and very vulnerable at this stage. It's a great time to take advantage of him, but convince him he has nothing to worry about and any physical problems he is having are just a natural part of growing up. Then once his breasts are too big to ignore, you can do a lot of things depending up on the situation, things like destroying his masculinity by making fun of him for having female breasts or doing the reverse and loving him for having them. Many Demale Society members have taken their sons into their bed at such times and made them into talented sissyboy lovers, thoroughly devoted to them for the rest of their lives, because those boys are so woefully embarrassed by their prominent breasts that they are convinced that they never could have a traditional relationship with a normal female.

End of the Demale Society Training Manual Volume #4
To be continued in volume #5.





Start a boy early with dress-up games. Teach him about makeup and encourage him to wear finger and toenail polish in public. At home have an endless supply of pretty girls' outfits for him to play with, but when he dresses up, always put him in a bra and stuff it out fully so he gets an idea of what it is like to have breasts, and soon, he'll want real breasts just like Mommy's!

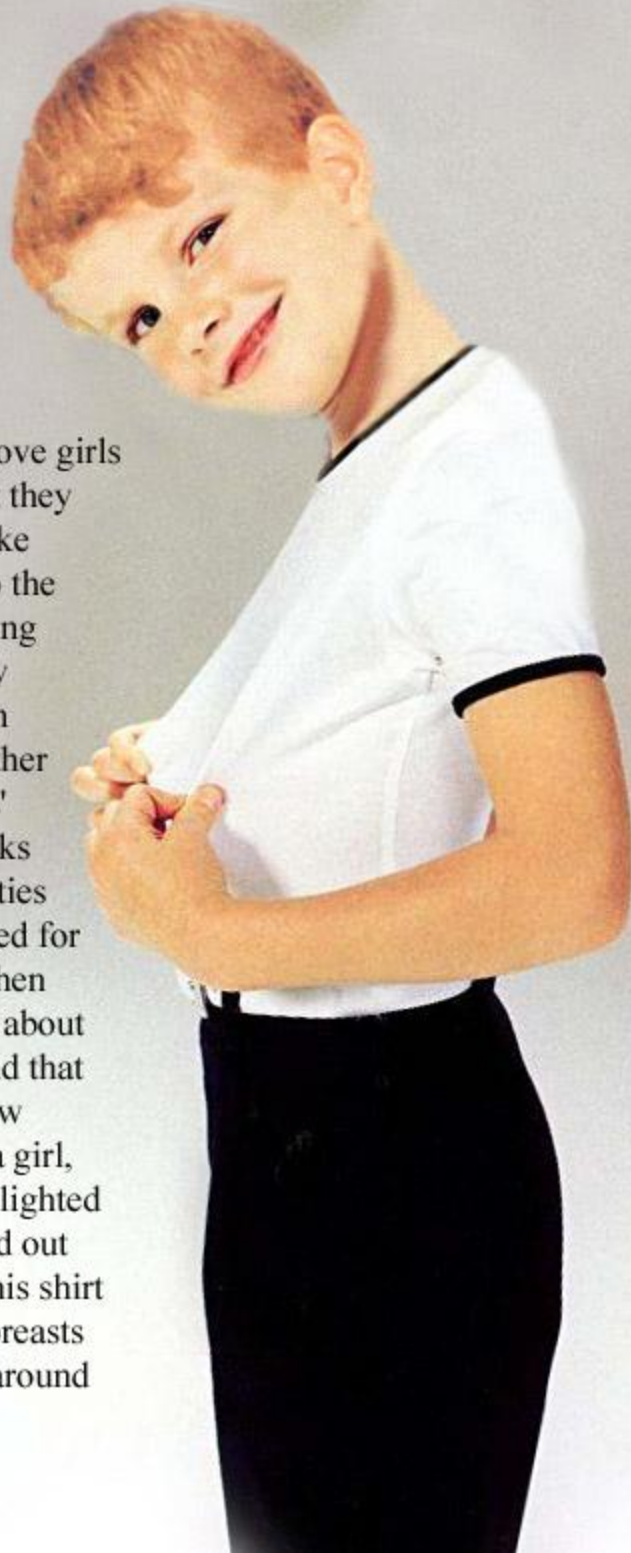


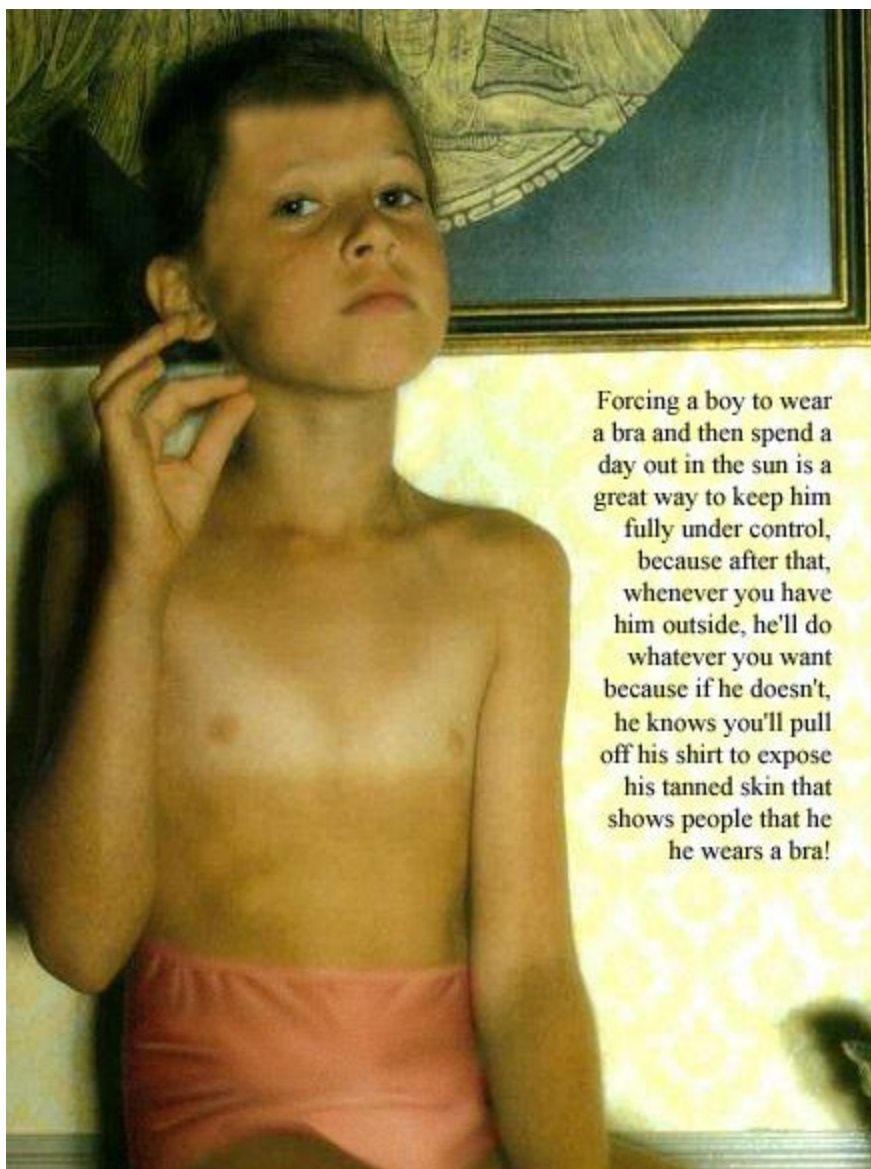
Camp Philandar is a summer camp for boys with abnormal breast development. Notice the bra tan lines on the boy to the left.



With his miniskirt up and the edge of his pink slip showing, Ali hides his head in embarrassment from the camera while his sister comforts him and his mother (in her pretty slip) injects him with potent female hormones.

Some boys love girls so much that they want to be like them even to the point of having breasts. Gilly was one such boy. His mother got him girls' blouses, slacks and lace panties when he asked for them, and when she told him about hormones and that he could grow breasts like a girl, he was so delighted that he pulled out the front of his shirt like he had breasts and danced around the room!





Forcing a boy to wear
a bra and then spend a
day out in the sun is a
great way to keep him
fully under control,
because after that,
whenever you have
him outside, he'll do
whatever you want
because if he doesn't,
he knows you'll pull
off his shirt to expose
his tanned skin that
shows people that he
he wears a bra!



Gilly is a boy who loves being on female hormone therapy. Here he is bragging to a couple of neighborhood girls as he describes his breast development.