

The **Demale Society** *Training Manual*

Volume #9

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

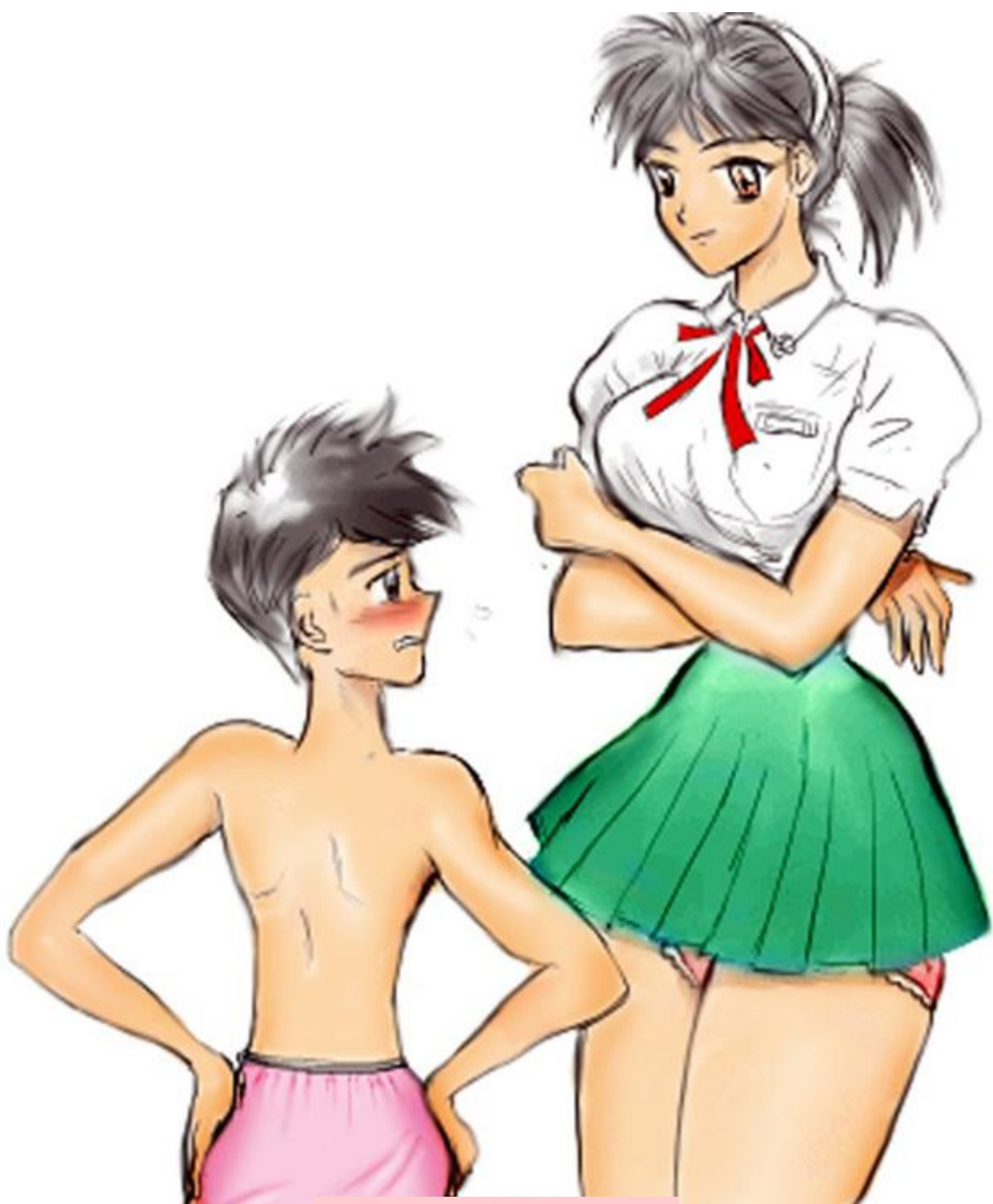
Learn how to make men and boys subservient to females as well as make them productive members of the human race.

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
Demole Society
Demolishing the World to Save It

The Demale Society

In many ways, changing the world from a patriarchal to a matriarchal society is not easy. Really important change rarely is. And for some people, especially males, things will get bad before they get better.

They have been living with the idea that they are the kings and the conquerors of the war between the sexes and therefore deserving of the spoils of that war. Macho attitudes result in what males have become. All too many of them are uncouth, uncivilized, and loaded with illogical and ignorant assumptions. They are takers from the world and rarely give anything back. For all the prosperity and technological and other forms of "advancement" under males, our civilization has steadily become less civilized.

Females in their quest to better the world will have to do some unpopular, unpleasant and controversial things, but as they succeed, things will be better, and most surprisingly, things will be better for males too!

Men won't be burdened with keeping up their facade. They will be relieved of the pressure of having to win at all costs. They won't feel like they have to cheat and hurt others to succeed. They won't have to serve their inner demons that make them into self-serving jerks, womanizers and desperate competitors -- the traditional ways males have used to feel good about themselves. Most of all, they'll be able to take things in stride, be able to appreciate someone else's skills when that person outperforms them, and be able to love someone who controls them.

How do we do that? The basis is love. It sounds simplistic, but it is true. Males of all ages are like little boys, and even the best little boys have to be disciplined from time to time, but disciplined with love and not hate. Female rule will be good for all people, but most males won't know that until all of their feelings, ideals, and the way they think are overhauled.

It's like changing a nasty little boy into a sweet little sissy; that's the approach we are using on males of all ages all around the world. It is a massive worldwide effort, but it is being done one-on-one, gaining inches each day, so we can make even bigger strides as time goes on. A highly publicized, full frontal attack on males would truly be a war of the sexes and don't think blood and savagery wouldn't be part of it, but that would be playing into the hands of males who relish violence. Females are only violent as a last resort. It's one of the things that sets females above males. Manipulation and skullduggery are our specialties and how we are turning all those naughty little boys into good people for everyone's sake.

Enjoy!

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The Demale Society Manual

Technique #5-B: Training Boys with Spanking

This lesson will bridge our previous lesson with the next, as we go from using spanking to using sexual domination as a form of discipline. Spanking alone is never the answer. Spanking must be combined with other elements to be truly effective. The problems with using only spanking are many, but the most important are that it is a negative tool of control, the results are very temporary, and it can easily become physically abusive. Without other elements, spanking can break a boy's spirit, damage his love for you and make him vengeful.

To prevent those problems, a boy must love his disciplinarian, must feel he deserves the spanking, and



must feel the spanking is administered fairly, consistently and in a way that is appropriate to the misdeed committed.

When spanking works, it will be needed less and less as time goes on. When spanking is the only discipline employed, the spanker invariably falls into the trap of making the spankings harder and more frequent, which only makes everything worse. Whenever that is the case, spanking as a disciplinary measure has failed.

Ritual, humiliation, and sexual domination, if done properly, can be combined with a spanking to make it a positive and effective experience that will teach constructive lessons, change the offender for the better, and reinforce love instead of destroy it. But the effectiveness of any spanking punishment regimen is in direct relation to the degree of love

and respect the spankee has for the spanker. So lesson number one with spanking is to examine the relationship between spanker and spankee. If the spankee does not love or at least respect the spanker, very little good will come out of the punishment. Therefore, if your child does not have a lot of love or respect for you, before you can effectively punish him, you have to get him to love

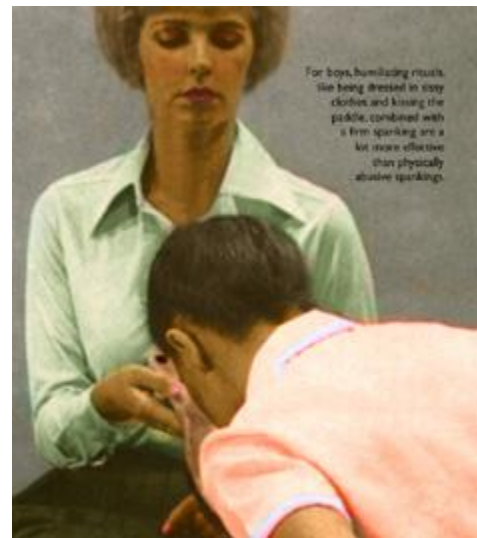


An ideal target: a petticoat punished boy's ruffled panty butt.

you and respect you. In most cases, that's not as difficult as it sounds because as long as there is some love and respect, you can build upon that with some proven techniques. Once you accomplish that and you know how to achieve what you want with spankings, don't expect everything to be perfect. Many boys take need a lot of discipline and different kinds of discipline before you get them where you want them to be.

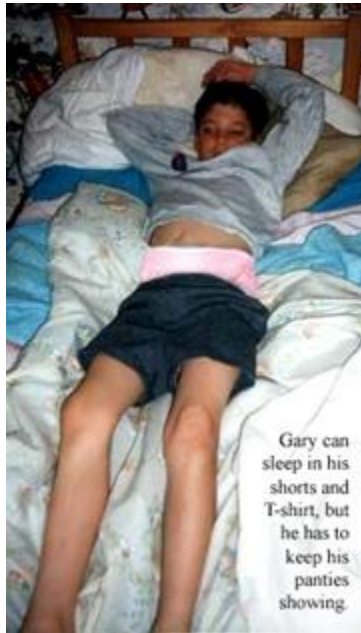
Even the best of boys test their boundaries from time to time and earn a spanking once in a while. Some parents and guardians make it a practice to give weekly spankings at a set time whether or not the boy has done anything wrong. These are usually not severe spankings but simply reminders of the discipline that always awaits the boy who steps out of line. Even thoroughly feminized and completely domesticated sissy boys have their occasional tantrums. Sometimes when they do, it may be a periodic subconscious desire to return to a more elementary level in their relationship with their authority figure. Another thing to be aware of: boys need attention, and when they feel they aren't get enough of it, they don't feel loved and may become desperate for any kind of intimate attention — even attention you may consider negative, like a spanking — which in a peculiar kind of way gives assures them they are loved.

Rather than go into a long discussion of the psychological aspects of spanking, an actual example follows that will illustrate proper use of spanking. Please note that proper spankings are rarely delivered in the heat of the moment. Time and effort have to be invested to avoid the pitfalls and enhance the positive elements of the punishment. Compare the following case history with a mother run ragged by her kids who shouts at them for almost everything they say and instantly disciplines them for every errant move they make. All day long, she's slapping them on the back of the head or on their hands or hastily applying a series of hard and rapid spansks across their butts.



To the child of such a disciplinarian, negative lessons are being learned. These are the kinds of thoughts these kids have: If I do anything (either good or bad), you punish me. You are unfair. And since you punish me regardless of whether I am good or bad, I may as well do whatever I want to do no matter if it is a good or bad. Maybe you can hurt me now because you are bigger and stronger, but whenever I get the chance, I'll hurt, sabotage or disappoint you, and when I grow up and get bigger than you, I'm really going to hurt you.

Children of physically abusive parents tend to become bullies and abusive toward other children and develop a distrust or even hatred for all authority figures. So with that in mind, compare and contrast the following two relationships, one that started out very bad and ended up very good between a mother and her son, and another that was a bad relationship from the start and never got better between two abusive old maids and their nephew. Those two aunts did most things wrong in raising that boy, and only with luck did he grow up to be sweet and loving. The only thing they did right was brainwash him that girls were good and boys were bad. Throughout his ordeal, his older sister joined the old maids in tormenting the boy. She was a teasing little minx but not really abusive, and that certainly helped save him from being angry and violent as a grownup.



In many ways, Roger, or “Rog” as everyone calls him, is an average twelve year old. While he was growing up, his mother, Barb, gave him all her love and devotion, but he took that love for granted because she so loved him she did everything for him — bought him most everything he wanted, went out of her way to participate in everything he was interested in like Little League and coin collecting, and most of the time, she even did his homework for him. For all practical purposes, she was his slave, so was it any wonder that over the years, he seemed to show less and less love for her? And he had no understanding, in fact he only had disdain for her when something came up and she couldn't do something for him. When he would ask her to do things for him, it sounded more like a command than a request, and he never even prefaced his commands with a “please.”

Barb lived in a fog. She loved him, and how do you show your love for some you love? You do things for them. You do

everything you possibly can do for them. But Barb never turned the equation around. If that was her idea of love, then why wasn't Rog returning love in kind to her? It's amazing, but not until a neighbor, who is a member of the Demale Society, showed Barb the error of her thinking that she realized she had it all wrong.

Barb's world came to a screaming halt when she was visiting Carol, her friend. They were having coffee and laughing it up, when all of a sudden Carol's son, Danny came running in the door and showered his mother with kisses. It was Carol's birthday, and her sweet little boy gave her a card he had made plus a little broach he bought on his own at the drug store. He had it all wrapped in brightly colored paper and tied with a satin ribbon. But the real stunner was when Danny went over to the cupboard, took out a frilly, pink, over-the-shoulder apron, put it on and asked his mother if she would please tie it in back for him. Without even being asked, he started cleaning up the mess the two ladies had made on the table since they had been eating cookies and drinking many cups of coffee, and crumbs and traces of coffee, cream and sugar were scattered about.

As Danny scaped off the crumbs and wiped down the table, Barb just stared at what to her was a most unusual sight. "My, my, Danny," she said with a laugh because he looked so funny in that girlish apron, "You really know how to treat your mother nicely on her birthday."

"Oh, that's my little sweetie," Carol said as she hugged him. "But other than the card and gift, he's not doing this because it's my birthday. He does things like this for me all the time."

That gave Barb pause. "That's so great. Wow! But that apron is a funny touch. I guess he did that for you as a little joke, a little entertainment for your birthday."

"Oh, no! Danny wears that apron most of the time while he's at home because he's always helping me with cooking and cleaning and things like that."

"But why THAT apron? Why does he wear your apron? Why don't you get him a boy's apron, you know, something plain white like chefs wear or something like that?"



“Well, I don’t mean to shock you, but take a look at that apron Danny is wearing. It’s not my apron. It’s in his size. That’s his own apron. Moreover, he picked it out himself.”

Carol could see that Barb was stunned and confused. A long discussion followed. Carol told her friend about the Demale Society and told her as gently as possible about loving little boys. They were only casual friends, so Carol had to be careful how much she said during this first foray into the subject of raising boys in a new and controversial way. Several times Barb was on the verge of tears because little Danny had showed his mother more love in ten minutes than Rog



After being spanked, Scottie discovered dressing up as a girl was a lot of fun and not a punishment at all. His mother demanded that he pick out the clothes and do his own makeup!

had shown her since he was born! Barb had to admit to herself that she had been living deep in denial and possessed by a multitude of misconceptions about love and raising boys. She was ready to cry because she wondered if her little boy loved her at all. He never did anything for her like Carol’s son did for his mother. The subject got around to discipline, and Barb had been a miserable failure there too. Years before, she had tried spanking, but it only made Rog scream that he hated her. Barb couldn’t bear that. She never tried to discipline in any way after that. Carol told her that unless you periodically discipline a boy in some way, he would never know you love him and he will take advantage of you. She told her friend all about the Society and, soon after, started to bring her to meetings.

From the start, Barb knew Rog was going to need a lot of discipline, and spanking would probably be a large part of that, but before she could even consider doing much spanking, she had to straighten out her relationship with her son. She had to use whatever collateral she had with him to get him to fully love and respect her. And after analyzing the situation, it was obvious that sexually dominating her son was the quickest way to turn the tables on him.

Barb’s first reaction to the things she learned at the meetings was to withdraw from Rog. It pained her to do so after a lifetime of servitude, but she had to know if her son did love her or just loved her as long as she did things for him. Rog reacted as Society members told her he would react. He got angry. He screamed at her. He told her she didn’t love him any more. It hurt her to hear that, but she then realized that her years of showering love on him meant nothing.

Then with a little trick and a lot of support from members, Barb began to take control of Rog. The trick: She pretended to have a very severe backache one day and pretended to go to the doctor. She came back and told Rog she was very sick and that was why she couldn’t do things for him like she had before. She really acted the part. She’d make him breakfast and then



drop food on the floor, pretending it happened because she was so weak. She pretended like she had aches and pains and would do things for him but then mention how much it hurt her back. She said she got car sick because of the medicine she was on so she would take him to his baseball games and then pretend to throw up. She made it seem like everything she did for him only caused her pain and suffering. Repeatedly, she promised him that when she got better — the doctor had promised her she would get better but she couldn't say when — that she would take care of him like she used to.

Well, especially with the lure of her returning to her old slavish way, Rog started to do things for himself and started to be more understanding toward her because he thought it was just a temporary situation that would speed her recovery and get her back to doing things for him. He quickly developed an appreciation for all the things she did for him. He learned how bad life would be without her. Since she said the more he could do for himself and DO FOR HER, the faster she would get better, Rog, begrudgingly at first, began doing all kinds of things for her. She taught him how to make himself — and her — breakfast, and how to run the dishwasher and do the laundry. For the first time in his life, she had him cleaning his own room. And after all of these things, she always rewarded him with hugs and kisses. He shrugged them off because such intimacy embarrassed him. Then one day, she complained that her back was really acting up and she needed help undressing, well that was a red-letter day.



Teddy in his Superman T-shirt and my wedding veil!

“But Mom, I don't know about women's stuff. How can I help you?”

“Well, I just need a little help undressing. Here help me off with my blouse.”

Rog was goggle-eyed when he saw his mother's slip and bra strap. She had dressed for the occasion with a full complement of dress-up clothes and every imaginable article of lingerie, all of which were the prettiest she owned. After the blouse, she dropped

her skirt to the floor. She had him pick it up and she showed him how to hang it up. She held onto him as she pretended to need his help and then had him slide her full slip up over her body and head. He was definitely nervous standing there holding the slip. Repeatedly, she made him fold and unfold it until he got it right before putting it in her lingerie drawer. He struggled to unsnap her bra, but finally figured it out. She modestly kept her back to him, but made sure he got several accidental views of her naked breasts as she had him get a nightgown and put it over her head and smooth it out over her body.

“Oh, a nightie feels so good, so silky, a wonderful feeling like being loved. Here feel in your fingers, Rog.



Doesn't it feel wonderful? Girls are lucky. They get to wear pretty nighties, silky panties and all kinds of fancy lingerie. Too bad they don't make lingerie for boys, huh? I bet you'd like to have some pretty bras and panties to wear?"

Rog looked at her with fear and shock. She just laughed and gave him a good hug, all the while rubbing her silk covered body up against him. She reached around and touched him between the legs; she made it seem like an accident. She felt his hard-on. That's when she knew that what she was learning at the Society meetings was right on track, and she was on her way to taking charge of her son.

In the continuation of this lesson, Barb gets Rog to the point of liking to do things for her, because if he does, she does all kinds of amazing things for him! And he even doesn't mind her spanking him because she only does it when he needs to learn a lesson that he knows he needs to learn, and besides, he's starting to get turned on whenever she spans him!

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In the next lesson, the focus will be on spanking as a disciplinary measure and in association with feminization.

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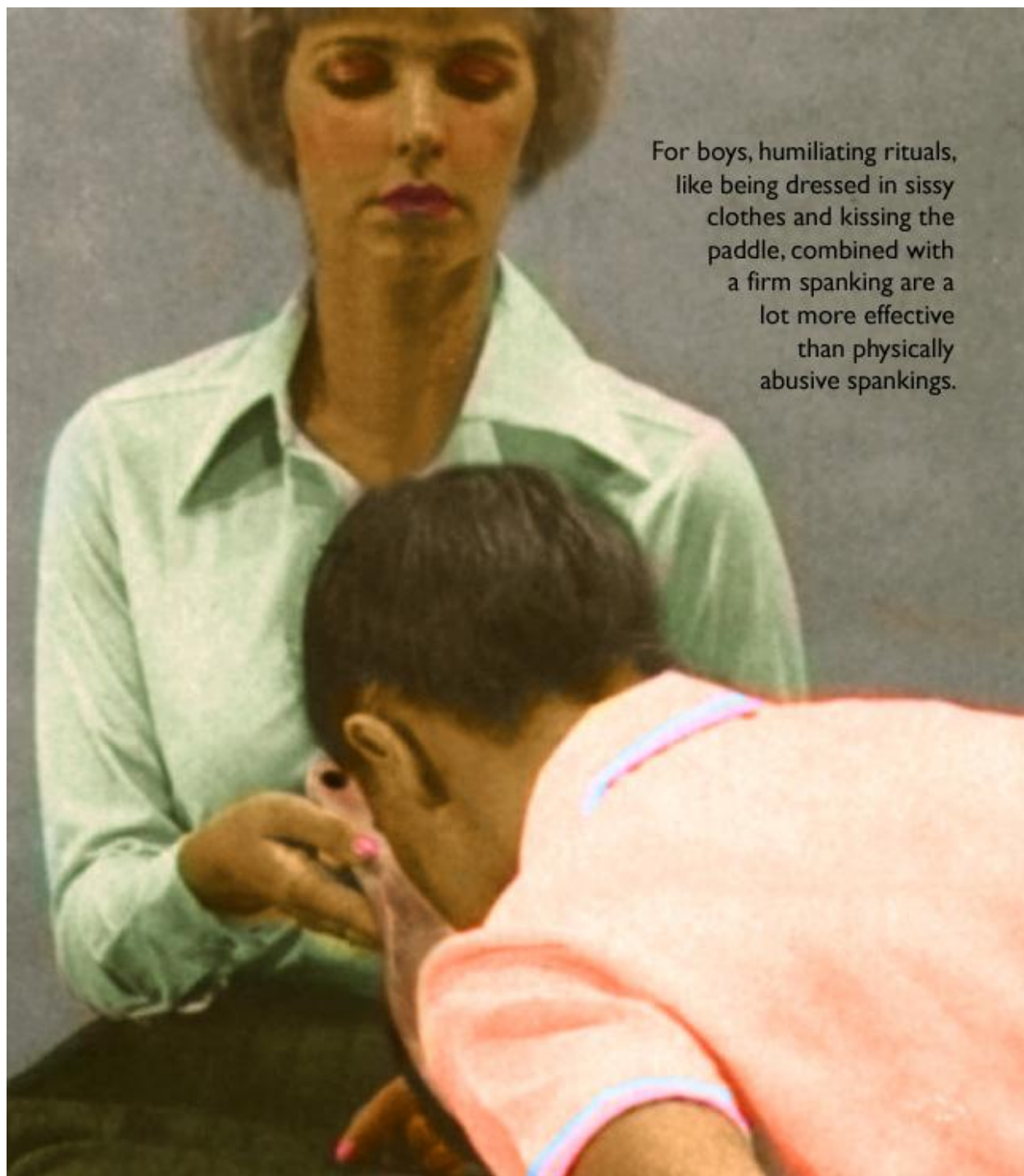


An ideal target: a petticoat punished boy's ruffled panty butt.

Spanking alone isn't enough. Petticoat punishment changes a boy's spirit from aggressive to submissive.



For boys, humiliating rituals,
like being dressed in sissy
clothes and kissing the
paddle, combined with
a firm spanking are a
lot more effective
than physically
abusive spankings.





Gary can sleep in his shorts and T-shirt, but he has to keep his panties showing.





After being spanked, Scottie discovered dressing up as a girl was a lot of fun and not a punishment at all. His mother demanded that he pick out the clothes and do his own makeup!



Teddy in his Superman T-shirt and my wedding veil!

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Technique #5-C & D: Training Boys with Spankling

In the previous lesson, Barb got her son Rog to the point of wanting to do things for her, because if he did, she would do all kinds of amazing things for him. But Barb's change from being a slave to her son to his loving disciplinarian took time and patience. It wasn't so much that she did it to deceive him or trick him into submission (even though those are tactics that frequently have to be used), and she didn't do it because she was tired of waiting on him and wanted him to serve her for a change; she did it out of love for him. She wanted him to be a good and worthwhile person because if he had continued on the course he was on, he would have grown up to be a demanding, extremely selfish adult with an extremely low opinion of females. But after being coerced into seeing the world beyond his own self-interests, he ended up being a much finer person.



A boy's tight little butt never looks cuter or more spankable than when it's dressed up in pretty panties!

A real crossing point was when Barb got him into panties the first time. Feigning illness, she apologized when he came to her and asked her for some clean under shorts. She said her back was in extreme pain and she hadn't been able to get up the energy to do the wash. She gave him a plain pair of her white panties and even helped him put them on. He did so with trepidation, but she made him feel guilty for trying to refuse her. She took advantage of his love for her and talked him into putting them on, and once they were on, she kept straightening them out on his hips and repeatedly and supposedly accidentally fondled his genitals. She got him all

excited and hard but never acknowledged his erection. She kept stroking it while nonchalantly carrying on an innocent conversation with him about school. As he began breathing heavily and



bucking his hips into her masturbating hand, she pretended like she didn't even notice his agitation. Then when he shot a load of his juice into the panties, she simply looked down, and said, "Oh, my dear, I guess my little boy likes to wear his mommy's panties." Then she cleaned him up, even peeling back his foreskin and washing clean the head of his little penis before

having him put on another pair of her panties, but this time, the panties were in a pale shade of pink and had a bit of lace on them.

That was a Saturday and Rog had wanted to go out and play with his friends, but with pink panties on under his trousers, he had second thoughts. He told his mother he didn't feel like going out that day. Instead, he stayed home and offered to do the laundry, obviously wanting to have clean underwear so he wouldn't have to continue to wear his mother's panties. But by the time Barb taught him how to run the washer and dryer and they did four loads of laundry, she saw him sporting a hard-on under his trousers. She rubbed her hand over his crotch and told him, it was probably due to the silky fabric of the panties. After all, she explained that a lot of little boys steal their mother's panties to wear because they feel so good against a boy's cock. She apologized again for not having clean under shorts for him to wear, but then told him she'd help him out. And much to his amazement, she simply opened his trousers, complimented him on how pretty he looked in her pink panties and then proceeded to lovingly masturbate him once again. By then, he was hooked on the feel of her hands and

the silk of her panties on his cock. He had a real problem admitting that to himself, but if he never had boys' under shorts to wear again, it would have been all right with him!

Within days, Barb got him to admit to her that he liked wearing her panties, and that did two things: it let her in on this very embarrassing secret and opened the door to introducing him to other girls' clothes. It also brought him too the stage where she was able to spank him when he made little mistakes and did things she didn't like. Any boy who hungers for his mother to masturbate him and who has allowed her to panty him will have no power to refuse her when she says he has gone astray and needs to be punished. Fear of her exposing him to the world gives her the upper hand every time.



The first few spankings were mild affairs. The shame of being punished like a naughty little girl over his mother's knee was the major portion of the humiliation. And over time, the intensity of



the spankings became more intense but their severity were generally in relation to the misdeeds being corrected. She easily convinced him of his wrongful ways and got him to believe that he genuinely did need to be punished. The spankings were never down and out brutal affairs; they didn't have to be. Any spanking firmly establishes who is dominant and who is submissive: that's a major lesson right there. But spankings are most effective when combined with other humiliations and punishments like panty training, petticoating, sexual control and a long list of ritualistic disciplines.

Barb brought Rog under control by gently manipulating him into submission. At the Society meetings and with many long phone calls to other members, she got a lot of information and support. She came to the understanding that the only effective way to do it was to do it using her love great love for him — and a little bit of trickery. Now contrast that with our next case. Robert learned how to be submissive to females by two old ladies who were his guardians. They were of the old school and made up the rules as

they went along. They both hated males, and poor Robert learned it was tough being a boy with these two emasculators watching over his every move. These two old maids who were winging it but ended up turning Robert into a decent, very submissive fellow. They could spank a boy and humiliate him with the best of them, and a docile, loving Robert is living proof of their ability to train a boy for life. Their methods were often violent and excessive. Their approach was one of terror and not one of love. But some things went right because the boy turned out to be a good person despite their abuse. One of the things that was right during that time was his sister. She did have love for the boy even though almost all the time she sided with the wicked old ladies.

Robert's older sister describes how he developed into what he is today: a mild-mannered young man with delicate features and a totally submissive disposition toward all females. Here's she describes her brother's upbringing under the two old maid aunts.

Robert grew up with penis envy in reverse because of the way our two maiden aunts raised us after our parents were killed in a train wreck. In those days, our aunts didn't belong to any organized group like the Demale Society. They only associated with other older women, most of them old maids and widows. Our aunts didn't know much about bringing up children, but they sure knew how to kill the boyishness in a boy.

Aunt Elizabeth and Aunt Jane were stern old ladies embittered because they were not very attractive, and throughout their lives, men never came calling, so they had a haughty contempt for the male sex long before we ever showed up. They seemed to have a particular disdain for male sex organs. Daily, they made fun of Robert's penis. I thought it was fun to tease my little brother, so it wasn't long before I joined them in mocking him, his penis, and everything masculine. Under the guise of saving money, they made him wear my second hand socks, shoes, lacy vests and silky panties all the time. We lived in the country and went to a very small rural school. His hand-me-down clothes provoked a lot of shameful comments toward him, but presented no real problems. While many of the kids were cruel toward Robert, they all came from farm families who believed that what other people did was their own business. No one ever complained to our aunts about the clothes my brother had to wear.



Whenever Robert's panties got worn out, and he needed new ones, he was given a stack of panties from my drawer, and I was taken out shopping for new panties — the same with my under vests, knee socks, and shoes until he was a teenager when his feet got too big. Then they bought him boys' shoes, not just because his feet were bigger but also because they were sturdier than the shoes I wore, and by then, they had him doing a lot of the heavy work around the farm. He had always wanted regular boys' underwear but was given a spanking if he asked too frequently, and when they started buying him boys' shoes, again he pleaded repeatedly to have boys' underwear too instead of my secondhand panties, but all he got were more of my panties and a firm spanking. Plus they told him it was a privilege to cover the ugliness between his legs

with girls' panties. And to rub the message in, they made him shove his penis and balls down deep between his legs to hide them and then pull the panties up real tight. They always made him wear a second and third pair of panties to keep his genitals tightly compressed – “Out of sight, out of mind!” they’d always say.

“It’s such a pity you’re a boy,” I remember Aunt Jane saying to him when he was five and she was bathing us. “If you were a nice little girl, you wouldn’t have this ugly thing.”

Another time, when he had outgrown a pair of pants, Aunt Elizabeth said to her sister, “We have to get Robert a new pair of trousers. These allow his vile little thing to bulge quite noticeably.”

And once, when my aunts were discussing doctors, I remember Aunt Elizabeth saying, “Robert, you should be happy to know that I read in a magazine that doctors can cut off your ugly little things and turn you into a little girl. That would make you happy; wouldn’t it, Robert?”

When he cried and mumbled in fear that they would do such a thing, the old ladies gave him a dose of the rod, told him he was a stupid little boy, and they alone knew what was good for him.

As far back as I can remember, Robert was intensely envious of me because I so perfectly fit into our aunts’ feminine world! I was coddled and cosseted and generally given the best of everything while he was made to feel like an outcast because he had a prick instead of a pussy.



Once, my brother and I had to sleep in the same room because the one I normally used was being redone, and when Aunt Jane told us to get undressed for bed she said, “Now remember, Robert, don’t peek at your sister because you’ll get jealous with how pretty she is between her legs.”



Many boys will opt to dress up and play nicely with their sisters to avoid getting a spanking.

I learned from my aunts, and they loved it when I teased and tormented Robert. For example, on many occasions when he was getting undressed to take a bath, I would burst out into loud giggling. “What’s that, a firehouse for a dollhouse?” I’d laugh, as I pinched and pulled on his penis.

He’d turn bright red. One time when we were alone for a moment, for comparison, I pulled up my dress and took great delight in showing off my neat little pussy lips to his staring eyes. He said it was pretty! He was eight at the time, and I was nine, so it was a girlish cunt indeed. I remember him staring in awe at the neat way my little body just tucked in and ended

there, while his had that wrinkled tube of skin hanging down.

“I’ll show it all to you,” I said tauntingly as I flopped down on the bed with my legs up in the air. He got real close. He couldn’t resist looking, and I felt so powerful as I spread open my tight lips and gave him a peek inside.

“M-may I touch it, sis?” he asked.

I nodded.

He fingered my mound. He had tears in his eyes as he told me it was incredibly delicate and soft to the touch, almost like silk and not like the ugly loose skin he had there. Overcome with a mix of curiosity and desire, he bent down and gave my pussy an affectionate little kiss.

“Nasty boy!” I yelled, startled by his kiss. I gave him a stinging blow on the ear. I didn’t mind the childish kiss, but I was a strong-willed little girl, and since I hadn’t given him permission to kiss me down there, I felt he should be punished.

Since I was a year older, my aunts used that as an excuse to give me all sorts of authority over him, and any report of his misdeeds (either true or made up) to one of our aunts resulted in his being severely punished without being given a chance to defend myself. Hence, I was a little minx, and he quaked in fear of me.

For example, one time when we were supposed to clean the yard, I – as usual — supervised, and he had to do all the work because “boys are so lazy.” While he slaved away under the hot sun, I spent the whole time lounging on a deck chair drinking lemonade with my skirt pulled up to expose my panties to his constant view.

When I caught him looking, I said, “Admiring my new panties? I bet you can’t wait to have me pass them onto you! But stay out of my panty drawer. If I catch you in there, auntie will make you wear my panties over your head when you go to school!” I teased him like that all the time. When we were finished working that day, I reported him for being sulky while doing his share – well, actually, he did all — of the work.

“You naughty little boy,” Aunt Jane said to him. “It’s that nasty prick of yours that makes you so bad; I just know it. You are jealous of your sister, just because she isn’t burdened with those ugly things like you have between your legs! Well, you shall be severely spanked; I assure you!”

The spankings were something else again. They’d make him put on one of my dresses or a skirt in addition to feminine socks, shiny shoes and the usual nylon panties he always had to wear.

They’d call him Roberta whenever he was in a dress and say things like, “Roberta, you have been such a bad little girl that I’m afraid you are in for extra severe punishment. You shall be soundly spanked, and then you will be transformed back into a nasty little boy, unless



Even boys who like to dress up can be humiliated by making them wear some of his grandma’s old-fashioned clothes.

after your spanking, you beg for forgiveness and plead with us to keep your dirty little body and ugly little prick buried in pretty girls' clothes.

Then, unless he wanted the number of strokes doubled, he would have to say, "Dear, Auntie, please, hit me all you like, I have been a bad little girl, but please let me continue to hide my dirty ugly penis in layers of pretty panties!"

But they would tease him and shake their heads "no," as he would be dragged across the lap of one or the other of our aunts' legs. Those emasculating spinsters would lick their chops, and say, "Every time I hit you with this cane, Roberta, your prick will grow a little bit more because you are a bad girl!" And then the caning would begin in earnest.

While the cutting blows landed, to our delight, frequently, his little prick started to grow. He often got a full erection!

"See, Roberta," the old ladies would say, "your nastiness grows bigger with each stroke of the cane!"

When my brother and I reached puberty, he became even more conscious of the inferiority of males because he was fascinated with my new breasts, and I'd flaunt them at him. "See these," I'd say, undoing my beginner bra, slipping it aside and shoving myself forward so my naked, budding breasts were just inches away from his eyes. "You'll never have titties like these, or anything else nice like girls have."

I remember how mystified he was when he first saw and smelled my early menstruations. I showed him one of my bloodied napkins. He should have been happy not to have periods like females, but he had been so brainwashed into inferiority that he pleaded with my aunts to have periods too. They laughed at him and gave him either their own or my bloody used Tampax and made him pin them in his panties and wear them while we were having our periods.

Our aunts were not ignorant of our growing interest in sexual things, but they were determined to keep Robert in his place. They had a neighbor man, Claud, who was gay, and who was one of their few male friends. The lecherous flaming faggot often eyed Robert with sex hungry eyes. He even gave me the creeps, so I can only imagine how my brother felt around him. When Robert got old enough and started to leave his little emissions in his panties (and that happened often while he was being spanked), our aunts sought Claud's advice. He recommended alternating long periods of forced celibacy with short periods of intense forced masturbation, and of course, Claud, himself, volunteered to take charge of masturbating Robert, since the old ladies abhorred touching the boy's penis much beyond whipping it down whenever it erected in their presence.

At first Robert was in great fear of Claud and didn't erect upon being touched. Claud surprised my aunts and me when he swooped down and took Robert's limp penis into his mouth. Within moments, my brother's cock went hard and straight. Claud unlocked his lips from the hard little dick and then masturbated him to a high spurting climax. As Robert's jism shot up into the air, my aunts and I cheered like we were at some sporting event. Claud sucked and masturbated Robert to three more orgasms, and then told our aunts to keep him well pantied for a week and

make sure he did not cum during that time. He told us to daily check Robert's clothes, bedding and penis for signs of self-abuse, and then he showed us how to weight my brother's balls in our hands to get a feel for how long it had been since his last emission.

A week later, Claud returned for another session. That time he masturbated Robert five times within less than an hour. Robert was crying in pain and agony by the end of that session. It was followed by ten days without be allowed any emissions. And so the program went, and as you might expect, soon Claud had Robert giving him blowjobs and making him swallow his mature gay man cum. Robert hated doing it but did it to avoid severe spankings from our aunts. In Robert's bedroom, there was a small blackboard on the wall, headed "Robert's Weekly Punishment Chart," and it listed all of his minor offenses for the week, and punishment for those offenses was a sound spanking each Saturday morning. After such things as backtalk, untidiness, and soiled panties, the last item on the list was "other," and written after that was such things as "cumming without permission" and giving Claud a "poor blowjob."

Robert hated Claud's sex visits, and my brother probably didn't become gay because he never did have interest in anything male. Our aunts had long before brainwashed him right out of his masculinity. The forced homosexual experiences didn't last too long because shortly after they started, both of our aunts died of natural causes within a short period of time. My brother and I were separated, and his new family was abhorred to discover he wore panties. They promptly replaced them with proper boys' underwear, but Robert missed the silky feel of girls' panties and accumulated a private collection that he wore at every opportunity. I'm sure he never told them about all the sex stuff because they were an evangelical Christian family and that would have driven them berserk. He told me how they periodically found his stash of panties. For punishment, they made them take his panties to their minister and show them to the old faggot jerk-off, who would then make Robert confess his sins during many hour-long sessions.

In high school, it took Robert a long time to adjust, but eventually he began going out with girls and was delighted to discover that they were not mean people like our maiden aunts, but due to his conditioning, he had a definite preference for girls who were rather bitchy and sharp tempered.



Since he was a weakling, such girls found it fun to tease him. He didn't mind their taunts and insults, as he was happy just to sit next to one of those magnificent creatures, breathing in her perfume and—this was the best part—touching her dress.

Once, when he became overly occupied with the organdy evening dress of a girl he was with, his prick visibly swelled up through his clothing and called attention to itself. When the girl noticed his hardness and where his attention was focused, she said, "Robert, you're really such a wimp; I think you have a thing for girls' clothes."

Sandy was that girl, and her laughing comment broke him from his woolgathering. He blushed furiously, but he also knew he would give anything to have that dress on himself, run his hands lovingly over it, and pretend what a delicious thing it must be to be a girl and allowed to wear such lovely things. That particular girl took sympathy on him, and after she probed him for his feelings, he told her all about his past. She was fascinated and greatly interested. As she became more dominant over him, she encouraged him to become even more submissive. She was a natural dominant, and her gentle control was awe-inspiring. To a lot of people, she is a bitchy woman, but Robert finds that very attractive. Sandy is not physically or mentally abusive like our mean old maiden aunts used to be. She gets everything she wants from him with little treats and a lot of playful teasing and tormenting like I used to do. Needless to say, he fell in love with her quickly and, today, he is still her loving, abject, sissified mate and will be for as long as she wants him, which he hopes is forever.

As far as sex is concerned, he masturbates whenever Sandy gives him permission, which can be often or a rare treat, depending upon her mood. He services her with nightly cunt lappings. Sandy frequently has sex with other men and then makes Robert eat her cum-filled pussy. He loves it! Plus Sandy has a lot of lesbian relationships (even I have frequently tasted her sweet pussy), and a standard entertainment is to have Robert masturbate for her girlfriends, usually finishing up with him sucking the cum out of his own panties. The sissy boy has a wonderful life!

Sandy gives him spankings at least once a week, on Saturday mornings like our aunts used to do. And he still has that little blackboard hanging in their bedroom listing his weekly infractions until he is given his spanking punishment and his slate is wiped clean. Spanking is a part of his life, and he couldn't imagine living without being regularly spanked with hand, hairbrush, paddle or cane. And that is how this boy was brought up with spankings and a combination of other humiliating punishments like petticoating, forced homosexuality, humiliation and alternating periods of celibacy and forced masturbations: Lessons that produced the proper result and have lasted him a lifetime. But the first example, which used spanking combined with love, is a far superior way of training a boy.

Introduction to Technique #5-D: Training Boys with Spanking

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



Most of our stories and experiences are from the female point of view, but this next case history is told by Martin, a male with an interesting story. He is now a devoted associate member of the Demale Society, and his textbook case history happened by accident since no one set out to train him to female servitude. His sister and her girlfriends did it to him, but they were not members of the Society, and they were not dominatrixes or have any training in how to take charge of a male. What they did to Martin came naturally to them. They caught him pleasuring

himself and knew immediately how to react. So much of what Demale members do to take charge of males is very natural and common sense. And that's the message we want you to get from this lesson. After being forced to see the world from a female point of view, Martin learned to be a convert to our way of thinking. Years later, when he discovered the Demale Society, he broke down and cried! He so believes in our methods that he has pledged himself to do our bidding forever! Here's his story in his own words:

* * *

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

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

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

That made me blush.

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

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

tired, they told me to go to the room and go to bed.

When I got there, the process of brushing my teeth, putting on my pajamas and getting ready for bed made me wide awake again, but I really woke up when I noticed all the open suitcases loaded with the girls' clothes. At that point in my life, I was just coming out of that stage of hating girls and everything feminine. I was beginning to become very curious about girls, and I was very interested in Grace, one of the girls on the trip. I had a big crush on her. To me she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and I was thrilled that I was going to sleep in the same room with her. Well, after I finished my ablutions and came out of the bathroom, I couldn't resist going over to Grace's suitcase and checking it out. Her colorful clothes mesmerized me. I was especially drawn to her panties because they hugged her pussy, the one part of a girl's anatomy I had never seen in person, and like any teen boy, I had a healthy interest in what girls had between their legs! Since the panties belonged to Grace, they were deliriously exciting. Her panties were in pretty feminine pastel colors, laundry fresh and neatly stacked. Upon further exploring, I opened a pocket on the side of the suitcase and was most excited to find one dirty pair of pale purple panties. In the crotch, there was a stripe of secretions that I found of great interest. I held them to my nose, smelling the perfume left from her sexy body. Thinking they would not be missed. I took them for a souvenir. I didn't know what I was going to do with them, but I knew I had to have them. After crawling into my sleeping bag, I curled up with the silky nylon panties clutched in my hands. Pressing them to my nose made me dizzy with forbidden pleasure.

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

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

They talked quietly for a while, and then Trish asked, "Do you think it's cool?"

"Sure! Why not, man? He's sound asleep."

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

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

hoped they didn't notice, but I couldn't stop. My eyes squinted closed as I moaned out during the most amazing orgasm of my young life. With a wet belly, I opened my eyes to see my sister staring down at me.

* * *

To be continued in Part 5-D, a continuation of this lesson.

***The end of
Demale Training Manual Volume #9***

To be continued in Volume #10

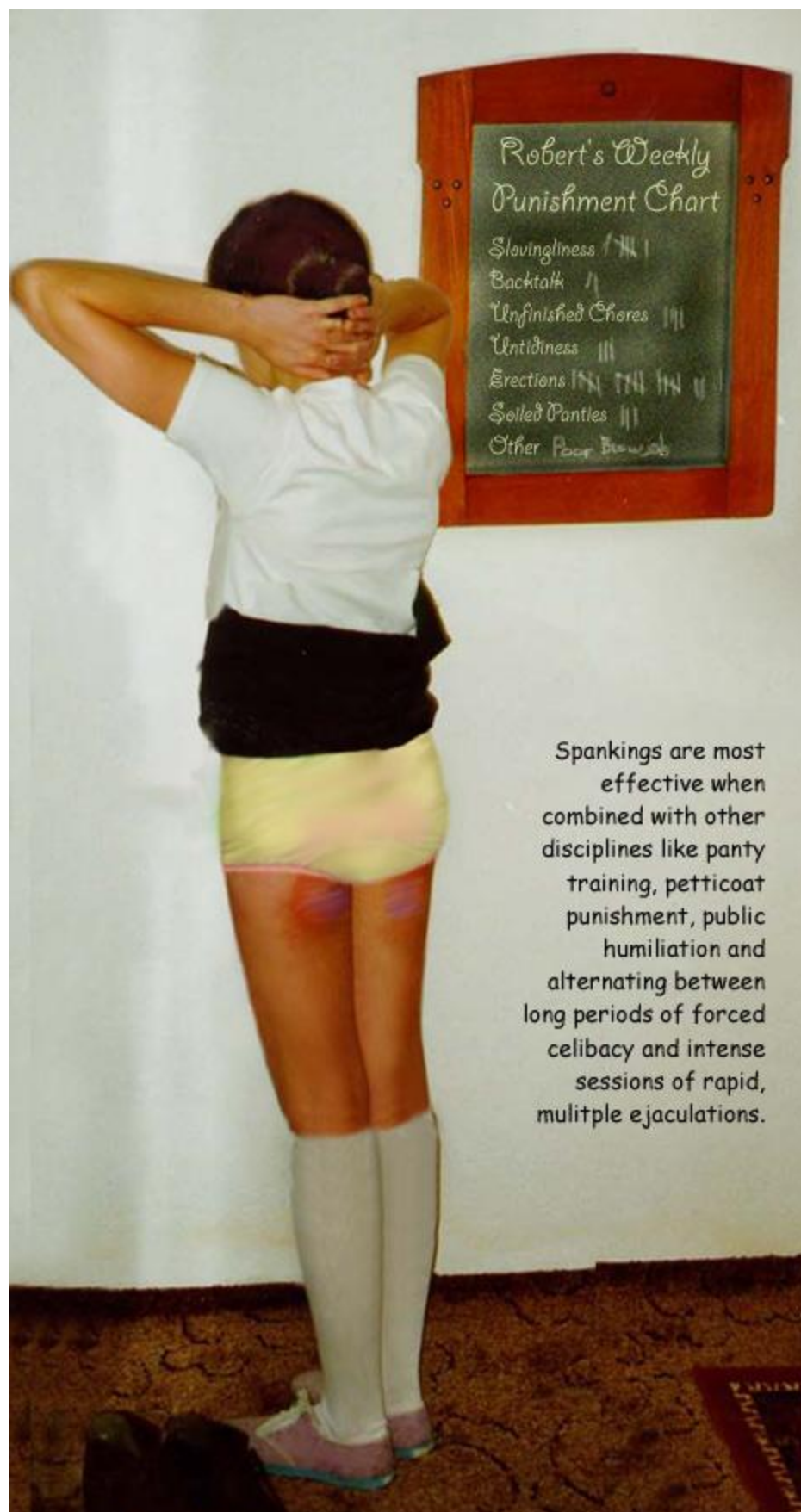
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A boy's tight little butt never looks cuter or more spankable than when it's dressed up in pretty panties!







Spankings are most effective when combined with other disciplines like panty training, petticoat punishment, public humiliation and alternating between long periods of forced celibacy and intense sessions of rapid, multiple ejaculations.



Many boys will opt to dress up and play nicely with their sisters to avoid getting a spanking.



Even boys who like to dress up can be humiliated by making them wear some of his grandma's old-fashioned clothes.

