

# *The* **Demale Society**

## *Training Manual*

Testimonials, Notices,  
Stories & Pics

**Volume #28**

*The only way to stop males from destroying the human race is to take charge of their hormones, forcibly if necessary. Males must learn how to accept female rule and females must be put into all important decision-making positions if we are to survive.*

*These manuals show women how to train males young and old to ignore traditional macho ways and adopt female ideals and ways of thinking.*

*These lessons teach females by example how to take charge of males within their family, amongst their friends, neighbors, and even strangers, a textbook on how to raise boys who will contribute to our world and not destroy it!*

*Adults Only*

*Fantasy Entertainment*





**Demale Society Notices**

**Added 6/2/05**

**To: Mary Jane Chapter**

**Subject: Milton Charm School & Training Academy now open**

It's been a long wait, but the newly built Academy is now open and accepting applications for the fall semester. It started out as a home schooling project by three Demale Society mothers, and now it has grown to a fully accredited alternative school that will be able to handle 30 students in levels K through 4th grade. 5th and 6th grades will be added next year. Six teachers make up the current staff, guaranteeing a lot of individual attention will be spent on every student.



Students will be admitted in pairs -- one boy for each girl entering. Each girl will be in charge of her own boy (who can be older or younger than her). Of course every boy will have to obey every girl, regardless of her age, as well as the teachers.

In addition to the usual math, reading, science, etc., there will be three classes a day focusing upon female superiority, training the young girls how to master males of all ages. Conversely, the boys will be taught just enough to meet State requirements and pass standardized tests. The rest of their time will be spent administering to the girls needs and learning what they will have to know to be a credit to the new world order.

There isn't a standard uniform for the girls except, they must always wear skirts or dresses. The boys will be required to wear white shirts and dark trousers, however they must also wear lacy ankle socks, Mary Jane black patent leather one-strap shoes, and underneath, lacy training bras and nylon panties. Garter belts and nylons are an acceptable option and required for dressy occasions. Petticoat punishment (putting boys in party dresses, etc.) is an important training tool at the Academy, and any boy under such punishment will be ridiculed by the other boys as well as the girls and teachers.

The new building contains a lot of wonderful features including: special toilets in the girls' rest room that can accommodate a boy's head; desks with electrodes that vibrate (to reward girls) and shock (to punish disobedient boys); punishment stools with penis-like dildos attached; a small elevated stage in every classroom to provide easy viewing of any boy undergoing punishment; and the boys' rest room with glass walls and a glass ceiling so the girls can see everything that goes on inside as well as tease the boys -- the glass ceiling is also the floor in the main hall, so the boys can look up skirts as the girls stand above with legs spread and taunt them as they develop the boys' fetish for panties and hook them on peeking up girls' skirts. (See photo here.)

***Cecilia, President***

***Mary Jane Chapter, La-La Land***

***[Note: Enrollment is limited to children and siblings of full members. Space is limited. Contact Mary Ellen for more info.]***



***To: Everybody***

***Subject: Typical letter we receive all the time from a distraught mother***

Hello.

I'm a mother looking for some information and, perhaps, some help. I'll be as brief as I can. My husband, Joel, and I have two children, a daughter who is thirteen, and a son, Will, age ten. My problem is my son. He is a handful. He is constantly getting into one kind of trouble or another at school and he refuses to take any responsibility at home such as keeping his room clean. I

don't expect him to be as mature and responsible as his older sister, but neither do I think he should be irresponsible, abusive, and rude. I thought it was something he would outgrow after a few years, but, it hasn't happened.

I feel, as does his father, that he is our responsibility and his behavior must change. Quite frankly, an instant change would be just in time as the boy is driving me to distraction and has not responded to talks, to being grounded, nor to any other discipline we have meted out!

Here's where you may help. My husband revealed to me before we married (a desire to "come clean", I guess) that his mother had from time to time dressed him in his older sister's clothes for periods of a day or more for a persistent bed-wetting problem when he was in the lower grades. (Enclosed see the old photo of him in a dress as part of the punishment he underwent.) My mother-in-law has passed away, or I would definitely be talking to her about our son. My husband, though 56, continues to wear my panties and other lingerie from time to time, although he had thought he kept it hidden from me! It's hard to fool a stay-at-home mother and wife about what goes on in her home! The point is that this punishment of forcing a boy into girls' clothes must have a very traumatic effect on a boy if it lingers on into middle-age!

What I want to ask you is this: My son is not what anyone would call a sissy, but if making my son into a sissy will help him grow up to be a better person, I'm willing to try it. Even if it just makes him just behave, I'd do it. I understand that a hundred years ago parents routinely kept their younger children of



both sexes in dresses and lacy bloomers until they went to school, so I doubt it can be that bad a thing, but I'd like to do it right. Would you give me some guidance in this matter?

1. Does my son sound like a good candidate for petticoat punishment, as you call it?
2. Is there a step-by-step method? (My husband has some of your materials and booklets, which is how I know about you.)
3. Can I or should I affiliate with one of your Demale groups? And is there one in western South Carolina or near Charlotte, NC? To be honest, it is hard for me to picture women meeting on such a subject, but maybe I'm out of date!

**Anne**

***Note: After we receive letters such as the above, we forward them to nearby local chapters, and it's for them to follow up if they so choose.***

**To: All**

***Eric of South Beach Wins Our Chapter's 4th Annual Sissy Boy Contest***

The Skirted Sissies Chapter of South Beach held their 4th Annual Sissy Boy Competition in March, and Eric D. took the title. The contestants competed in lisping, swishing, sitting femininely, makeup application (on themselves), panty folding, hiding their balls and penis in their panties, and the sexiest panty-flashing costume contest. The participants were limited to boys with short hair and without any breast development, and they were not allowed to wear wigs or bras, since they were not supposed to look like girls but sissy boys.

Each boy had to wear a panty-flashing costume. Eric is shown with his winning costume: a pink stretch drop-shoulder crop top with a low-slung purple satin skirt that exposed about six inches of his pink satin panties riding high above the skirt's waistband. He wore a jaunty white beret to cover his short hair, light beige thigh-high nylons and low-heeled beige court shoes.



Eric won a trip to Bermuda for himself and his parents, and he is shown holding his trophy and his travel bag emblazoned with the Demale logo. The satin travel bag was filled with cosmetics, perfume, a manicure kit, three training bras, a dozen pairs of Lorraine nylon satinette flashing panties, and a book "How to Attract and Keep Boyfriends."

***Phyllis Mackee***

***President, Skirted Sissies Chapter, South Beach***



**To: No Ball Chapter Members**

**Demale's No Balls Chapter Celebrates Gay Tolerance Day, Saturday, June 18**

**in conjunction with Baltimore's Gay Pride Day**

Join us as we hold our own celebration in conjunction with Gay Pride Day. All members and associate members: Here's your chance to doll up all your males young and old and bring them as we show our tolerance for gay people everywhere. On this day, gay boys in training, old faggots, cuckold husbands, wimpy sons and brothers and even all remales are expected to dress up in pretty female clothing and swish around like outrageous queens.

**We'll have a barbecue, rain or shine. BYOB. We'll supply soda pop and the mixers.**

**Admission \$15 per person, all food included.**

**Gay games and faggot prizes. Costume and impersonation contests.**

**Everyone (males and females) must wear female clothing or you will not be admitted!**

**Starting at noon at our usual park location on Druid.**

**If you are new and aren't familiar with our usual meeting place, call Becky or Ronny G.**

Thought you'd enjoy this pic from last year's party of 3 cute sissy boys giving their own tribute to Gay Pride!





***Boys as Dancing Girls Touring Schools with their show -- and the school board was the last to know!***

As a fundraiser for their chapters, the mothers from three Demale chapters in the greater Cook County area formed a dancing troop with their boys and they are currently putting on shows at local schools. They are shown here doing a song and dance number from the popular Broadway show "Grease." The mothers presented a video tape of the boys showing excerpts from some of their production numbers to the entertainment committee of the school board and were subsequently hired to do a 32-school tour.

However, the school board's entertainment committee didn't know that the "girls" in the video were actually boys, and as the mothers explained it, "They never asked, so we didn't tell!" [Sounds familiar! Ed.] And the mothers explained that if someone at the board would have been "on the ball" they would have known the kids were boys, after all, the group goes by the name "The Oh! Boy-O-Boy Dancers." Then long after the contract was signed, and the boys had already done three shows (to rave reviews!), the board found out that the troop was made up of boys and not girls, but it was too late to do anything about it. To void the contract or stop the tour would have surely put the school board in court facing everything from sexual discrimination to breach of contract charges, so the show goes on!

What's interesting is that it took two weeks (and the boys had already done three shows) before the school board learned that the girls were actually boys! That's an amazing fact because each school knew immediately after the show that the kids were boys because the boys end each show by taking off their wigs during their final bow! No wonder our schools are in such bad shape if the school boards are in such poor communication with their schools!















**Demale Society**

**Stories & Pics**

Added 7/5/05

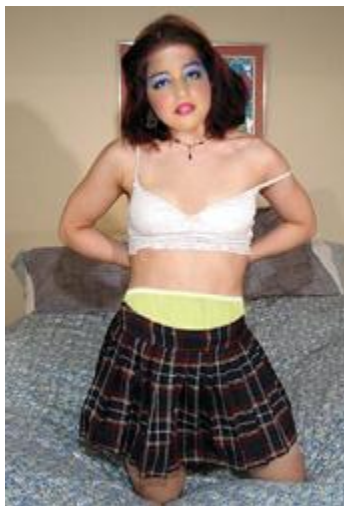
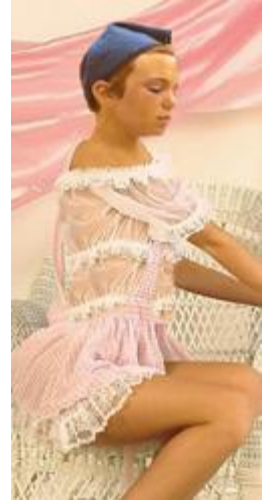
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*Most Photos you can click on for a larger view.*











## The Making of a Boy Lesbian: He's Paying for His Father's Sins

John Templeton was a workaholic and a womanizer who neglected his wife. She died giving birth to their daughter, Helen, and John didn't even spend any quality time with the newborn little girl. Instead, he turned her over to his mother to raise. Mrs. Templeton hated her son's philandering ways and always hoped he'd settle down and be a proper husband and father, but he didn't. He remarried quickly after his wife's death and soon started being unfaithful to his second wife even though she was already pregnant, and by the time Sally Jo gave birth to their son, their marriage was pretty much on the rocks. In defiance, she mocked her macho husband by giving the boy the name Beverly – a name that could be for either a girl or a boy, even though most people think of it as a girls' name. John, an avid sports fan, was angry that his wife had given their boy that name. He was thinking in the future when he'd get the boy involved in sports, so he immediately nicknamed the boy “Butch” and told everyone that was the kid's name. Despite John's constant cheating, the couple stayed together, but when Beverly (whom his mother called “Bev”) was seven years old, John died in a skiing accident while on a “business” trip with his secretary and his not-too-secret lover.

Sally Jo always got along fine with her mother-in-law, and they all got together often. She noticed how well Bev got along with his half-sister Helen during those times. But with John now gone, Sally Jo had to find work because her husband left her with as many bills as assets. Mrs. Templeton was quite wealthy and offered to help Sally Jo, but the young woman didn't want charity. She quickly discovered it was difficult for her to be both a full-time mother and breadwinner. The baby-sitting costs took most of the income she was bringing in as a production assistant at a local television station. Finally, she came to Mrs. Templeton, and asked her mother-in-law if she could take in Bev and raise him, at least until she could get ahead with her career and start earning enough money to support them both.

Mrs. Templeton was delighted to take in the eight-year-old boy. He was smart and loving, but he was “all boy” and liked to roughhouse and play aggressively. Helen, then ten years old, was looking forward to taking care of her little half brother and was already making plans for him. She had always thought he was too pretty to be a boy. Perhaps she'd now be able to teach him how to be less reckless and modify his behavior so he'd grow up to appreciate the kind of things she liked, such as dancing, art and music.

When Bev arrived at his grandma's house and was shown to his room, he noticed it was connected to Helen's bedroom. He also noticed it was a girls' room with lace curtains and decorated in pink, white and pale blue. As his grandmother was making space for his things by pushing aside lingerie in a couple of drawers and a moving a row of fancy dresses in the closet, she explained that they would refurnish the room more fitting for a boy as soon as they had a chance. Actually the room had been his father's younger sister's room before she passed away from leukemia when she was ten years old, and the family had left the room almost untouched for nearly 20 years.

Bev, a typical boy, didn't take much notice of the drawers filled with frilly girls' clothes or the dresses and Catholic schoolgirl uniforms still hanging in the closet as his grandmother went about taking things from his suitcase and putting them away. He saw there was a bathroom connected to his room with an old-fashioned white enamel tub with its own feet that Bev thought would be fun to take a bath in.

Mrs. Templeton, was a member of the Demale Society, but she hadn't found out about the Society and able to join until her son was out of college and married. She had been drawn to the organization because of her macho son and wanted to find a way to change him, but by then he was well set in his abusive ways toward females, and she couldn't get him to spend any real degree of time with her. Demaling, especially in hardcore cases like John, takes time, so the best she could do was to start teaching his little daughter, Helen, how to be a feminizing dominant female, but John died before either of them could change him in any substantive way.

Sally Jo knew her mother-in-law belonged to this “crazy” organization that “wanted to turn men into fags” as she put it, but she didn't have much interest because she herself was still hung up on “he-men” as being ideal males. She dreaded what her mother-in-law would try to do to her little Beverly, but was convinced that her little boy was already a little man and beyond being interested in anything girly. After all, she had been a psychology major and ascribed to the theory that what a person is during the first six years of life is what he will be forever – little did she know that her macho little boy was going to disprove that theory in a matter of weeks – if not days!

Helen watched her little half-brother looking around his new surroundings and decided his training should begin right away. She noticed his hair had not been trimmed recently and was mussed like that of a small boy who had just taken a nap. Helen took him into the bathroom to freshen him up before supper.

After Bev had washed his face and hands Helen took him into her own bedroom and placed him in front



of her mirror. She took hold of his chin and turned Bev's head toward her. "You'll have to keep your hair combed properly while you are here," Helen said, as she combed his hair. "Grandma loves boys with waves and curls in their hair, Bev."

"Did you know your mother let your hair grow long with curls when you were a little boy?" she asked as she parted his hair and rolled the front bangs into a wave. "You even let me put you in one of my old dresses one time when you were visiting. You were about three years old. Do you remember that?"

Bev scrunched up his nose and looked at her like she was crazy.

"You were really cute – too cute for a boy. And you're still cute. You'd make a very pretty girl. You know, while you're here it will be my job to take care of you. I think you should try on some dresses and things – just for fun."

Bev blushed and lowered his eyes as Helen finished styling his hair in a series of smaller curls she wrapped around her fingers on the top of his head while he thought about wearing a girls' dress. He looked up and saw that Helen was watching his reactions to having his hair styled while he thought about what she had told him.

"You see how much better you look with your hair combed and styled a bit? Your hair is pretty long, soon it will be long enough to curl, Bev, and then we'll shampoo and set it, OK?" Helen knew that if she could curl his hair and keep it femininely styled, she'd be well on the way to completely feminize him.

"With a nice hairdo, Grandma will love you even more. And if you let me fix your hair the way I want, I'll take you to a movie this Saturday."

Bev liked cowboy movies and thought having his hair done was no big thing so he agreed. He never had his hair style before but thought it would be like going to the barber shop.

Helen took Bev downstairs and had him sit down at the dining room. His Grandmother came in and smiled at him.

"Helen, you did a nice job getting Bev ready for supper;" she said. "Bev, I like little boys to be obedient and to look neat and clean, so while you're here I want you to do as you're told. Mind your half-sister, Helen; she's a very smart girl. After supper he'll show you where everything is for your bath and help you get you ready for bed."

After dinner, Helen and Bev went outside, and as they talked, he had fun running around catching lightening bugs.

"Bev, look how sweaty you've getting," she said. "Your pretty curls are all gone too. I think we'll get you ready for bed now, starting with a warm bath."

He was used to being naked around his mother, so the eight-year-old had no compunction about being naked in front of his ten-year-old half-sister. He undressed while she filled the tub full of warm water. Bev got in and she washed him, soaping his back with a washcloth. He enjoyed having someone bathe him, and soon her hand with the washcloth found its way to his chest and then slowly descended down between his legs. Helen gently soaped his penis and balls, rubbing his cock back and forward between her finger and thumb until it got very hard.

“Bev, I'm going to teach you how to make your hard little thing relax after while, but first we'll shampoo your hair,” she whispered.

After his hair was shampooed, Helen rinsed him off and then gently dried him with a soft towel. She dusted his naked body with a sweet-smelling powder before leading him back into his new bedroom.

It had been a long day, and after his warm bath and shampoo, Bev was sleepy. He didn't notice the babydoll pajamas and matching pair of pink panties lying on the bed. Helen snapped up the panties and held them open at his feet. She had him lift up each of his legs as she put the panties on him, and she had them up around his hips before he realized they weren't his usual shorts.

“It's OK, Bev,” she said. “Grandma saw all your clothes were old and dirty, so she took them to be washed. You'll just have to wear some of the old clothes we have around here until yours are nice and clean. Now, put these pajamas over your head. Com'n, put your hands up and I slide it on.”

He hesitated, but put his arms up.

“It's OK. I won't tell anyone you wore girls' clothes to bed; I promise.”

She then slipped her hands over the panties, letting him feel the silkiness of the satin against his body. Soon her fingers were sliding over the front of the panties and delving down between his legs to manipulate his penis and tickle his balls through the slinky panty fabric. As he shivered, his knees weakened, so she eased him back onto the bed. He had no ability to resist her. He stretched out and let her do a finger dance on his pantied penis and balls. Tears came to his eyes because he had never felt anything so lovely, but his mind was quite troubled because he was wearing girls' babydoll pajamas and panties. He knew he wasn't supposed to be doing that!

As she masturbated him, she talked in a sweet voice, “It will be so much fun to dress you up again in pretty dresses and slips and panties like I used to do.” Her fingers gently rubbed his penis back and forth preventing him from protesting about being pantied.

His breathing increased, and he went into an orgasm – a dry orgasm because he wasn't mature enough yet to spurt cream, but it was his first cum and it shattered his nerves. She then pulled the satin sheet over him and just sat on the edge of the bed and watched him drift off to sleep. And just behind her,

Grandma was standing in the open doorway, a broad smile on her face.

In the morning, he was surprised when his grandmother came into wake him up and he remembered what he was wearing. He quickly tried to cover himself with the blankets because he thought she would be angry with him for wearing girls' clothes, but she just laughed, and told him it was OK. She said she understood because he didn't have any clean clothes to wear, and in fact all of his clothes, in her opinion, weren't worth washing, so she threw them out and he'd just have to wear some of her daughter's old clothes until they could go shopping and get him some new clothes to wear.

He didn't want to put on a dress, but as his grandma showed him a simple plaid dress that didn't look too bad and she tempted him by telling him that if he put on the dress, she'd take him out to the stables and let him go horseback riding with her and Helen. But she didn't want to force him, so she also offered him a skimpy old pair of girls' shorts, but she said they would be no protection for horseback riding, so if he chose the shorts, he could go hiking and biking around the estate but not play with the horses. Bev chose the shorts but was unnerved when she made him keep the pink panties on under the shorts. As he made his way around the grounds, he was so self-conscious about the panties he was wearing that he was distracted from fully enjoying the little hills and valleys, the wooded areas and the little creek that ran behind the main house. But like most boys, he was fascinated with horses, so later in the day and after a lot of prodding by Helen, he finally relented and they put him into a conservative, rather old-fashioned dress for the horseback ride. And in the dress, he was taught how to ride sidesaddle, like a lady! Over the next several days, that's how his grandmother and half-sister outwitted him and tricked him into increasingly feminine and frillier dresses and lingerie. Each day he complained less, and eventually stopped asking when they'd take him shopping for some new boys' clothes.

That weekend, his mother came to visit, and she was shocked to see him dressed in girls' clothes, even though they had put him into a conservative sweater and those skimpy shorts, and explained to his mother that they were going to get him all new clothes – as soon as “they had the chance to go into town.” But his mother was also astounded to see that he was no longer a little roughneck hooligan, but now syrupy sweet and extremely courteous. She swore that even his voice had changed, and he giggled like a girl! Over the next few weeks, his mother was increasingly surprised as she came to visit him each weekend, and she loved the sweet, gentle child his grandmother was turning him into. She herself had been going through changes. She had experienced two bad relationships with macho men, and she was coming to realize that overly masculine men were poor mates and no longer attractive to her. Also, she had befriended the gay program director at the station where she worked, and came to appreciate what a wonderful person he was. They were now dating, even though he was openly gay, but they had become such good friends that they were regularly going to movies and out to dinner. She loved being with him and could see the same kind of sweet feminine qualities now being brought out in her young son by her mother-in-law.

Bev was also getting to know the staff and he took a special interest in Jamie, the daughter of his grandmother's personal maid. They hit it off immediately, even though Jamie was three years older than Bev. It was to be the start of an intensely passionate and sexual relationship that lasts to this day. Jamie

had taken over the daily duty of masturbating Bev's penis in his satiny panties, and Bev pleased Jamie with the expertise he developed as a little cuntlapper, a talent he learned between the legs of his grandmother and half-sister. However, no one was quite sure how to characterize their relationship, since Jamie was a lesbian and likes girls, but Bev is a boy who likes girls!

Within a few weeks, Bev's hair had grown out, and one day, Helen said, "Your hair is getting quite long, so I think it's time to do it up properly. So, Bev, I want you to sit down in front of the mirror and hand me the bobby pins and curlers as I curl it."

She quickly sectioned and rolled his hair on curlers and put bobby pins in each end of the curlers so they wouldn't fall out during the night. She wanted to give him the combined pleasure and pain of being a girl, and one of the prime ways to do that was to have him experience trying to sleep with his hair in curlers. She expertly curled it on top and brushed the back into a little ducktail.

"You're being very cooperative, so as long as you're a good boy for me, I'll help you relax and go to sleep."

Bev had learned that when she talked about helping him relax, she meant she was going to play with his little penis and balls through his satin panties. It had been a while since she had done it, and now he desperately needed it. It felt good when he did it to himself but not as good as when she did it. He felt silly, letting her curl his hair to make him look even more like a girl, but he needed her to masturbate him into girlie-boy heaven.

Soon she completed putting his hair up and started rubbing his penis again. "You're such a sweet little boy, Bev. I just love pretty little boys who let their big sisters do things to them. Now, I'll tuck you in bed, and we'll sleep together for awhile so I can make you as comfortable as possible your first night in rollers and curlers."

Helen slid in beside him and continued rubbing his penis between her fingers until his erection was as hard as steel.

"Does it hurt?" she asked.

Bev loved her manipulating his penis, and when she bent down and sucked on his cock through his panties, his excitement hit a new high. Helen then pulled his panties down and ran her tongue around the head of his cock. Then she put her lips all the way around his penis, sucked it deeply into her mouth and clamped down hard with her lips as he exploded into his dry cum. Then she gently pulled his fancy panties back up and kissed him good night.

"Tomorrow we'll see how pretty you really are, Bev, because I'm going to dress you up real pretty to go with your new girls' hairdo," she whispered, as she left the room.



Bev slept late the next morning, and thought he was dreaming as he felt her fingers slowly removing the bobby pins and curlers from his hair. By the time she was finished, he was fully awake. Helen had done a good job of setting his hair and the curls cascaded out of the curlers in full, rich curls.

“Go to the bathroom and wash up, Bev, and then I'll fix your hair.”

As he had washed his face and brushed his teeth, he stared in the bathroom mirror a little stunned to see the mass of tightly twisted new curls covering his head. Back in the bedroom, she approached him with a comb, brush and hairspray. Helen brushed each shinny curl into place and combed the back of Bev's hair into a ducktail that had just a slight curl for an accent. She knew it wouldn't take long for his hair to get to the length where she could really work with it to make him look even more like a little girl. Of course, there were other things they needed to do to fully feminize him, but those things would happen soon enough. When she got out the fancy little girls' party dress for him to put on, he shied away from her, but her hand slid up his leg, and as she manipulated his pantied penis, he lost all resistance and let her put him into the dress. He cried a bit when his grandmother came into the room and told him how pretty he looked.

Unfortunately Bev picked this moment to rebel and blurted out “I don't like this shitty dress and want my own clothes. I'm a boy!”

It shocked both Helen and their grandmother but provided them with the opportunity to punish him and take further charge of him.

“Bev, you're being very bad, and I'm greatly disappointed to hear such words come out of your mouth,” his grandmother said. She then instructed Helen to march Bev into the bathroom and wash his mouth out with soap. Then he was to stay in his (girlishly appointed) room for the rest of day. She said he could just forget about wearing any boys' clothes until he learned his lesson in dresses and panties!

This was really the plan all along. They had pushed him to this point, and now Bev had given them the excuse they needed to intensify their domination of him. Helen was delighted to take even greater control over her little brother. She led him to the bathroom sink and forced a bar of soap into his mouth for the dirty word he had said. It made him gag, but she made him keep it in his mouth until she had pulled his dress up, yanked his panties down and turned him over her knees. Helen enjoyed using a hairbrush on his bottom and didn't stop until Bev was bawling with tears streaming down his face. It was the first time he had ever been spanked, and it shocked him to be so thoroughly punished. When the spanking was over, she let him rinse out his soapy mouth and wash away his tears. Then she held him close, stroked his panties over his penis and let him calm down.

After the boy had regained control, she said, “Bev, I'm sorry you misbehaved. I promise I'll help you learn how to be a better little girl. First, let's see what we can do with your pretty curls now that your hairdo has been messed up with your spanking. Sweetie, life will be a lot better for you if you just cooperate and let me help you with your hair and pretty clothes each day. You don't want to further

displease grandma and earn any more spankings, do you?

"Now, come into my bedroom so we can redo your hair, Bev. We'll start with a curling iron so your curls will stay in and look fresh," she said as she led him by the hand into her room and then had him sit on the little stool in front of her dressing table. She plugged her curling iron in to warm up and then held his chin in her hand, parted his hair to the left side and then combed the sides forward like a girl's instead back behind his ears. "I'm going to put you in curls on the sides and see if we can flip the back up, Bev. You'll look so pretty with a bow in the side and curls all around the top," she said as she went to work.

Helen commented on how pleased she was to see him finally behaving like a good little girl. She always rubbed his cock when referring to him as a little girl just to reassure him, but she also took the opportunity to assert herself and let him know things would always be done her way and under Grandma's direction. Helen dusted him with her powder puff and pantied him in frilly little pink panties with lace trim and then selected a fancy organdy pink party dress with white lace for him to wear because she was dressing him to take him for a weekend visit to his mother's house to show her what a wonderful little girl she now had.

And that's how it started as his half-sister, Helen, and his grandmother began his feminization in earnest. Grandma had another trick up her sleeve; she was starting him on female hormones, and within months, this eight-year-old boy was feeling his chest swell and his nipples grow larger. By the time he was nine they were sweet little mounds like a twelve-year-old girl, by the time he was ten they were like a well-developed teenager's breasts, and by the time he was twelve they were bigger than most adult women's tits, and it was all possible because he was home schooled, plus his mother gave her full approval as she came to love the little daughter she now had and didn't miss her crude little son she used to have.

Enjoy the photos here showing Beverly Templeton's evolution from age two. He/she is now sixteen years old and loving being a big-breasted little girl!

***Submitted by Alicia J., Bev's Homebound Teacher.***

***P.S. Bev is no longer my student, but still a great friend and turning out to be a wonderful young lady. She's now attending a private high school as a girl but has no interest in SRS (sexual reassignment surgery) because she loves her penis even though she has never ejaculated because she started on hormones at such an early age. Plus, she goes for girls! Jamie, who is three years older than Bev and the daughter of his grandmother's maid, another Demale Society member. They met when he was ten and she was thirteen. They've been in love ever since!***

***We're all members of the Snowmass Ladies Chapter, and our motto is "We Don't Blow Them, We Snow Them!"***

**Here are details about the photos:**

- 1) Beverly at age 1 1/2. Nicknamed "Bev" by his mother, and nicknamed "Butch" by his father.
  - 2) At age 8 when his father died and he first went to live with his grandmother and Helen, his half-sister, two years older than him.
  - 3) Wearing girls' shorts with panties underneath, Bev looks quite unsure of himself as he is out for a bike ride through his grandmother's huge estate.
  - 4) Wearing his first dress, something he agreed to do in order to go horseback riding. His horse is behind him. He was taught to ride sidesaddle!
  - 5) Shortly thereafter wearing a flitty little pink silk dress.
  - 6) Jamie just turned 9. He's wearing makeup and a scarf to hide his short hair. On a weekend outing with his mother and Helen, his half-sister.
  - 7) With Jamie shortly after they met. Jamie is teaching him how much fun makeup can be.
  - 8) Bev, 9, and Jamie, 13.
  - 9 & 10) Bev and Jamie at a Stones concert.
  - 11) At age 9, Bev with his mother and half-sister at an amusement park. Bev's titties are already showing!
  - 12) Dressed up as a sophisticated young lady, little boobies and all!
  - 13) At age 10, Bev is rounding out girlishly and brave enough to go swimming in a bikini. The hormones keep his boyish bulge quite small.
  - 14) At a museum. His girlish mounds look nice in his sweater.
  - 15) At an outing on a rainy day with his half-sister and a boy he met a Demale function. The boy is in that awkward in-between state of half boy and half girl!
  - 16) As a present for his eleventh birthday, Bev is getting his hair bleached at a fancy upscale hair salon belonging to a Demale Society member.
  - 17) Hair now blonde and beaded!
  - 18 & 19) At age 12, now very blonde and at an outdoor concert.
  - 20) At age 13, with Jamie at the concert.
  - 21) At age 14, in a sexy pose; Bev is back to dark hair, and his hair is getting longer. And his boobs are growing nicely.
  - 22) At 15, Bev's hair is getting very long.
  - 23 & 24) Bev's titties are getting huge!
  - 25) Lovely pose in his white chiffon nightie.
  - 26) Now 16 with his hair a little lighter, enjoying a day at the park.
  - 27) On another outing, and now with a little curl added to his hair!
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