

# *The* Demale Society

*Training Manual*

**Volume #29**

Testimonials,  
Notices,  
Stories & Pics

*These  
manuals show  
females how  
to train males  
young and old,  
by force if  
necessary, to  
adore females,  
ignore typical  
macho ways  
and adopt  
female ideals  
and ways of  
thinking  
and acting.*

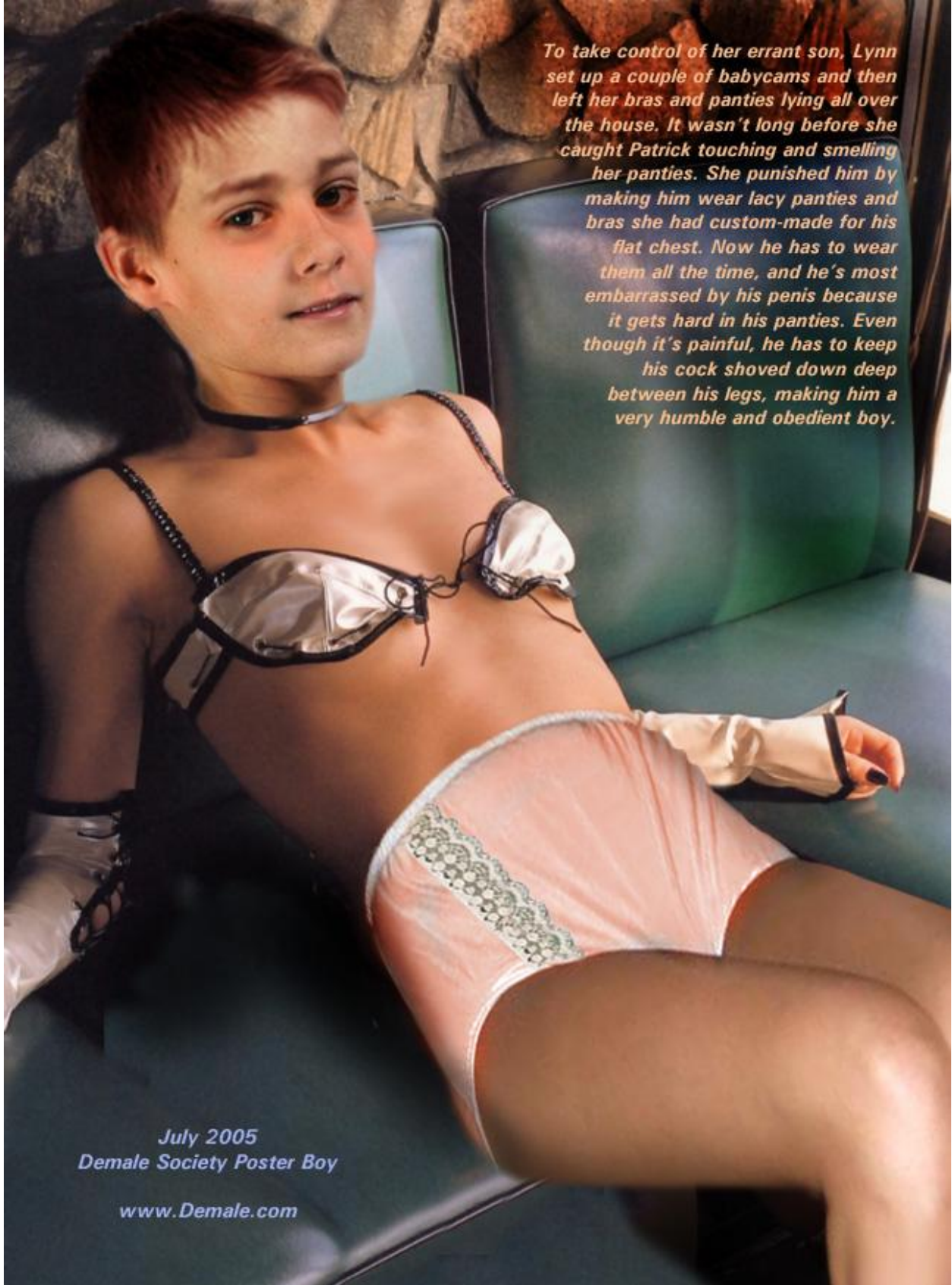
*Adults Only*

*Fantasy  
Entertainment*









*To take control of her errant son, Lynn set up a couple of babycams and then left her bras and panties lying all over the house. It wasn't long before she caught Patrick touching and smelling her panties. She punished him by making him wear lacy panties and bras she had custom-made for his flat chest. Now he has to wear them all the time, and he's most embarrassed by his penis because it gets hard in his panties. Even though it's painful, he has to keep his cock shoved down deep between his legs, making him a very humble and obedient boy.*

*July 2005  
Demale Society Poster Boy*

*[www.Demale.com](http://www.Demale.com)*



### Letter to Aunt Julia

The following letter details the initial joy Janice felt when she first discovered the Demale Society and saw for herself the success her friend Doreen had after she demaled her son. The two pictures above show Doreen's son, Billy, and her daughter, Maria. The pictures document when Doreen first started feminizing Billy. He was six at the time. She had these pictures specially made up with his sister to show Billy before and after getting him into girls' clothes. He's dressed as a boy in the first picture and then dressed as a girl in the second photo. Nice conversion!

Seeing Billy started Janice on the road to also becoming a Demale Society member and sissifying her own son, Mark. He's now in training. He's a gangly boy and not yet very girlish (see photo at the end of this article), but he's getting there. As you can see, he's in a miniskirt rucked up to expose a bit of the lacy hem of his yellow half-slip, plus his faggy lavender panties are peeking out way above the top of the waistband of his skirt. He doesn't look too happy, but it's obvious that Janice has made a lot of progress.

Dear Aunt Julia,

When I divorced Jack I thought I was through with macho womanizers. But I'm still having trouble with Mark. As he approaches his teens, he's becoming just like his father. He's constantly fighting at school and makes sexist comments about girls. I've caught him reading Playboy and Penthouse and he brazenly stares at women's breasts -- even mine. Granted I'm a rather full breasted, but a boy shouldn't stare at a woman's breasts like he does -- especially his mother's! It's so upsetting. I can't bear the idea of raising a macho son who's going to mistreat women just like his father does.

But I just had to write to you because yesterday afternoon something wonderful happened. I had read an article about how looking good can make you feel good. So, for the first time in a long

time, I made myself up, put on nylons and heels, and went to the mall. Shopping for clothes and jewelry, I thought, would cheer me up -- or at least take my mind off Mark.

Then in one of the stores, I ran into Doreen Luna. Like me, she's a single mom. Her son Billy is five years younger than Mark. He used to play in our backyard on our swing set all the time until Doreen moved across town, so I hadn't seen Doreen or Billy since he was a preschooler.

Doreen was always gorgeous and she's as shapely and glamorous as ever. Even on a Saturday afternoon she was wearing a form-fitting top and skirt, heavy makeup, jewelry, perfume, black nylons, a sexy anklet, and ultrahigh heels. Full-figured and nearly six feet tall in heels, she's absolutely stunning.

Well, Doreen and I got to talking and I told her about my problems with Mark. I assumed her Billy was heading in a similar direction, but she said he wasn't and asked me if I knew about the Demale Society. I admitted I didn't.

"They take a fresh approach to how females and males interact," she explained. "They're aggressively changing relationships between the sexes, especially family members – mothers and sons, wives and husbands, sisters and brothers, and aunts and nephews."

She saw I was interested. "If you have a little time, why don't you follow me and stop over at my house. I'd like you to see Billy. I think you'll be surprised. The Demale Society will be easier to explain once you see its results. They helped me with Billy. Maybe they can help you with Mark."

After we finished shopping, I got into my car and followed Doreen to her place. Her home was beautifully decorated and neat as a pin. She sent the baby-sitter home, and then called out, "Billy, darling, are you in the kitchen? I have an old friend who wants to say hello to you."

"Yes, mother, dear," he softly responded in a meek little voice.

I followed Doreen into the kitchen and was stunned. There, standing over an ironing board and carefully putting the finishing touches on a ruffled blouse, was a boy who bore little resemblance to the smart-aleck kid I used to know.

Billy looked up and blushed when he saw me. He was wearing what were obviously a girls' pink T-shirt and a darling pair of flowered capri pants. Underneath his T he had little mounds on his chest, and I could see the straps of what looked like a little training bra. His nails were painted pink and he was wearing a pair of fluffy pink slippers. On a nearby table were neat stacks of freshly ironed panties and slips and on hangers nearby were about a dozen perfectly pressed blouses, skirts, and dresses. It was obvious Billy had just ironed them!

"You remember Mrs. Buxley, don't you, darling?" Doreen said to him. "You know, Mark's mom. What do you say, sweetie?"

Julia, I had never seen anyone look so mortified. The poor boy couldn't bear to look me in the eye. He stared at my high heels, put his right foot behind his left and bent his knees, as if performing a little curtsy. "Hello, Mrs. Buxley," he said softly -- girlishly.

Towering over the thin little feminized boy in her sky-high heels, Doreen was beaming with pride. "Darling, Mrs. Buxley and I would like some tea. Be good enough to fix it and serve it to us, sweetie? And bring along some of those lovely butter cookies you baked last night. We'll be in the living room. Oh, and one more thing, darling. Do something about your appearance. I know you weren't expecting company, but now Mrs. Buxley is here, and I want you to look your best."

"Yes, mother dear," he softly responded.

Doreen drew him to her large perfumed breasts and gave him a big, reassuring hug. It was then that I noticed the darling little telltale bulge in the front of his capris and a bit of his pink nylon panties extending above the waistband of his slacks. He saw me staring at his excitement and blushed. Then he turned to fill up the kettle and put it on the burner.

I was so astonished that Doreen had to take my arm and lead me back to the living room. As we sat down I noticed copies of *Seventeen*, *Cosmo Girl*, and *Good Housekeeping* on an end table. The address on the mailing label was Doreen's but the name was "Billy Luna!"

My friend explained that the founders of the Demale Society were determined to turn society into a thoroughgoing matriarchy. "Inside every man," Doreen said, "is a boy who's afraid of his mother. After all, mothers are bigger, stronger, and more powerful than their sons during a boy's formative years. So the idea is to impose a new understanding of the relationship between males and females when a boy is powerless to resist and to permanently imprint these ideas in his mind. After a male is demaled, he loves everything feminine and hates everything that is typically masculine. He wants to identify as much as possible with females, to him the superior sex, and therefore he becomes a full-fledged sissy, thrilled and honored to be able to wear girls' clothes and become involved in female things as much as possible. As he grows up, his relationships with all females resembles the relationship he has had and continues to have with his dominant mother. And just as these sissies defer to their mothers, they become husbands who defer to their wives, brothers to their sisters, nephews to their aunts, and ultimately to all females, regardless of age.

Initially, if they do not take to this life-style willingly, it may be necessary to use force and get them to change their ways by giving them intense hairbrush spankings or severe paddlings.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful, Janice? A world in which mothers, daughters, wives, sisters, and aunts feminize and completely subjugate and control their sons, fathers, husbands, brothers, and nephews?"

I was fascinated as Doreen explained how demaling men and boys affects the entire dynamics of the family. In a demaled household, for example, males must wear a complete outfit of female clothes every minute they are in the house. Depending upon the circumstances, sometimes the

males have to go outside in their female clothing, at other times, they are allowed to go out in a mix of male and female clothing (like wearing a bra and panties under their male clothes). Of course, fully trained males are totally subservient to their mothers, wives, sisters -- as well as every female -- even strangers! They're also trained to cook, clean, wash and iron. So while ruffians like Mark get into fights or torment girls, boys like Billy bake cookies for their mothers or wash and iron their pretty clothes. Demales even have to obtain permission from a female before doing everyday things like simply sitting down, going outside, and even going to the bathroom. And in the bathroom, they have to sit (with a severe punishment if they are ever caught standing up to urinate); plus they have to leave the bathroom door open at all times they are in there doing anything from taking a shower to using the toilet.

"It's not too late to demale Mark," Doreen added. "Granted, it'll take a little effort. Billy's demaling started shortly after we moved here, when he was six. That's the ideal age. It's easiest to feminize a male when he's young, but it's possible to do it to a male of any age, and shouldn't be too big of a problem to do to your 12-year-old like Mark.

"Besides," she added, "I'll bet he's already a closet sissy. That's why he's been acting so macho. He's repressing his feminine feelings and desires because they are confusing him. Deep down he wants to be sexy and pretty like you, Janice, not rough and aggressive like his father. He wants to mince girlishly about in makeup, jewelry, perfume, bras, silky panties, garter belts, nylons, and heels. But he can't admit it -- not even to himself. So he tries to be macho. Psychologists call it compensation. He's trying to compensate for his underlying feminine feelings and desires by trying to act like a little man.

"Strip away his false masculinity and you'll see he's really a sissy. Of course, he'll be angry at first -- he'll resist. I'm sure you'll have to use force. But before you know it, he'll actually thank you for it. He'll ask you to paint his nails, pierce his ears, and beg you to get him a padded bra and even lacier panties and let him wear high heels. Then you can train him to cook and clean, wash and iron, and help you dress. Some mothers even train their sons to lick their cunny! They rationalize that being a good cuntlapper is an important quality for a sissy to possess to make him appealing to a girl who may want to marry him. Some mothers love gay boys and purposely turn their boys into cocksuckers at an early age! -- but I'm getting a head of myself. The point is, a sissified son you can make into whatever you want, anything from your maid to a slave, anything from an ass licker to a boy prostitute! When other boys play football, your sissy son will iron your blouses and hand wash your nylons and lingerie. When other boys go hunting, he'll hold tea parties. When other boys chase after girls, he'll dress in a maids' uniform and serve you and your girlfriends.

"Of course, since he's not really a female, he'll never be totally comfortable *en femme*. And that's the way it should be. You get him to the point that he so adores female clothes that he can't live without them, yet you always remind him that he makes a funny looking girl, especially with that disgusting bulge in the front of his panties. You make him show you that bulge. You make him masturbate his little penis through his silky panties for any girls you know he's attracted to. You get the idea. Your feminization of him is never complete, unless you get him to the point of wanting to have a full sex-change operation, but that's another route altogether! In our culture males aren't supposed to dress and act like females. So as long as he has his penis, he'll feel like a

second-class citizen, and since you put down his penis and all his masculine traits, he'll always feel inadequate as a male. But that's okay, Janice. It's what makes Billy easy to control. He'll serve me in any capacity and for as long as I want. And it means I'll never have to worry about him forcing himself on women.

"If you're ready, Janice," she said, "you can still do it to your Mark. I'd be happy to help. We can start tomorrow. All you need is the will. Remember, by stripping away Mark's masculine veneer you'll actually be doing him a favor. Though he can't admit it, deep down there's nothing he wants more than to be a sweet little girly boy ready to please his mother."

Just then Billy reappeared. He was still wearing the pink tee and flowered capris. But they were now partly covered by a full, flouncy white apron. The fluffy pink slippers had been replaced by a pair of black mules with cute 2-inch heels. His walk was exquisitely girlish with dainty steps and a seductive little wriggle. He was wearing black satin gloves and carrying a full tea tray. As he drew closer I noticed his makeup -- frost pink lipstick, a touch of blush, a bit of mascara and eyeliner -- and I sniffed his perfume. He was wearing a gold chain with a heart-shaped locket round his neck and a matching bracelet and anklet. He stood before his mother and myself and performed a delicate little curtsy. Then he lowered the tray to the table and poured our tea. The nearly transparent white chiffon apron couldn't hide the cute little bulge in his capris. It was small, but obviously stiff.

Julia, I don't know what came over me, but I wanted to reach out and stroke and caress the little thing. He was just so adorable. It had been a long time since I'd been so attracted to a member of the opposite sex. I wanted to draw the adorable little demale into my arms and kiss him and touch his little panty-clad cock. I imagined Mark mincing about in lipstick, lingerie, nylons, and heels and found it incredibly exciting.

After he'd poured our tea, Billy asked his mother if that was all.

"Yes, darling, but don't go away. I'd like you to stay here with us. You're so pretty that I think Mrs. Buxley would like to look at you."

He modestly blushed and stood to the side. Then, as Doreen and I were sipping our tea and nibbling on the delicious cookies he'd baked, he said, "Mother, dear, may I please sit down?"

I could hardly believe my ears. Not only did this adorable twelve-year-old girly boy serve us tea, but he wouldn't dare sit down in a woman's presence without asking his mother's permission. If I could ever get Mark to do that, I think I'd faint!

"Yes, darling," Doreen said. "You may sit down in the blue chair."

Then much to his mother's delight and mine, the charming boy went over to the chair, put his legs together, moved his hands behind him as if he were wearing a dress, and primly seated himself -- back straight, legs modestly pressed together, hands upturned and resting in his lap. I looked to Doreen and she gave me a smug, satisfied smile. What I wouldn't give to get Mark to demurely sit like that instead of sprawling across the couch like a macho slob. I can see his father



in him when Mark sits with his knees boldly spread and his arms dangling across the back -- or when he crosses his legs like a man. Macho men and the boys who imitate them think they're such hot stuff!

As Doreen described her training methods I couldn't keep my eyes off her shy, girlish son. He still couldn't meet my eyes and looked off to the side or at my high heels or his mother's. Unlike Mark, who at this stage couldn't keep his eyes off a woman's breasts, Billy seemed terrified of looking directly at his mother's large tits or mine.

After a while he started to fidget. His back remained straight, his knees demurely pressed together, and his hands girlishly cupped in his lap, but he was now squirming. Then it dawned on me. His bladder was full and causing discomfort. The poor boy had to go. But in a female dominated household he couldn't get up and go without asking his mother's permission. And he understandably didn't want to do this -- to humiliate himself so -- in front of me.

Finally, he couldn't help himself. I could tell he really had to go. Doreen and I were still talking. "Mother," he softly interjected, "may I . . ."

But Doreen's icy glare cut him off.

"How dare you interrupt my friend and me while we are talking!" she said, her voice full of righteous indignation. "Who do you think you are? Males have absolutely no right to interrupt women. They've been doing it for thousands of years, but for demales that's all over. You should know that. Now be still till we're done!"

The poor boy apologized and almost burst into tears. He really had to go. The misery and distress caused by a full bladder was written all over his face as he strained to smile and keep his feminine posture -- back straight, knees together, hands primly cupped in his lap -- and at the same time he had to keep from wetting his pretty pink panties.

Finally our conversation wound down and Doreen slowly turned to her sissy son. "Now, darling," she said, "do you have something to say?"

"Mother, dear," he softly said, "I love you and I apologize for interrupting. But, please, mother, may I use the bathroom?"

Doreen looked at me and smiled. Then she turned to her son. "Why, darling? What do you have to use it for?"

Billy glanced towards me. He was so mortified. His mother was playing a game, teaching him a lesson, humiliating him for having the temerity to interrupt her. He knew what he had to say. So he swallowed his pride, and like a little child, said, "I have to tinkle, mother."

"Oh," she said, "a big boy like you has to *tinkle*. How sweet. And how do you tinkle, darling? Tell Mrs. Buxley how a boy like you tinkles. Turn to her, darling. Look her in the eye and tell her how you tinkle."

Now, for the first time, the feminine boy's gaze met mine. The look of abject humiliation on his face gave me a thrill. Julia, it was so exciting! What a thrill to have so much power over a sweet prepubescent male! And to think I could possibly have the same power over Mark. I savored the boy's mortification as his eyes became moist as he said to me, "I tinkle sitting down, Mrs. Buxley. Like a girl. That way I don't make a mess by splashing peepee all over the bathroom. And I don't insult mother by leaving the seat up."

Then, just before the stress on his bladder and the humiliation of these words brought him to tears, his mother said, "Okay, darling, you go tinkle. But don't run. Ladies don't run when they have to use the bathroom. They walk slowly and with great dignity. So I want you to remain very ladylike. Slowly mince to the bathroom, and of course do not close the door, pull down your lovely capris and pretty lacy panties and tinkle like the sweet little sissy boy you are."

Doreen and I could hardly contain our giggles as Billy slowly got up from the chair and girlishly minced out of the room, his saucy little bottom in the form-fitting capris making an even more exaggerated seductive wriggle than he did when he entered as he struggled to keep from wetting himself. I don't know why, but imagining him pulling down his capris and lace panties, sitting on the toilet and peeing -- "tinkling" -- like a girl got me really excited. I desperately wanted to see it. Doreen sensed my desire. I didn't have to ask her. She put her finger to her lips to let me know to be quiet and then led me down the hallway to peek around the corner to an open doorway, and there I saw Billy perched on the toilet, his legs didn't reach the floor and he was swinging them back and forth, his brightly colored flowered capris bunched around his ankles and his lusciously lacy pink nylon panties loosely stretched between his knees. At that moment I felt my own panties becoming very moist. All I could think of was having my Mark in the same situation!

As we tiptoed back to the living room, I told Doreen I wanted her help liberating my son's underlying femininity. She said there was no time to waste, and suggested we get started immediately. I fully agreed.

As I was leaving, Doreen gave me a Demale Society brochure listing the things I needed to purchase at the mall before returning home: a dozen pairs of pink lace panties, a lightly padded training bra, a nylon nightie, a couple of tops or blouses, a pair of capri pants, a simple skirt and two pairs of girls' shoes, mules with a slight heel and a pair of one-strap black patent leather Mary Janes -- all in Mark's size. Makeup, ear rings, nylon and garter belts, party dresses and other things, she said, would come later, and we'd take him along with us when we shopped for them. Doreen knew of a special boutique that catered to women demaling the men and boys in their family. "Before you know it," she added, "Mark -- or should we call him 'Marcie'? -- will be selling his bike and baseball glove and using the money to buy more panties, makeup, jewelry, and dresses."

I stopped at the mall on the way home and purchased the items on Doreen's list. But once I got started, Aunt Julia, I just couldn't stop. Shopping for girls' clothes made me think of everything I missed by not having a daughter -- doing her hair, painting her nails, shopping for pretty clothes, showing her how to use lipstick and carry a purse and walk in heels, buying her first bra, talking to her about having a period, and so on. So I couldn't resist also buying hair ribbons, white gloves, a camisole, a teddy, a cute miniskirt, some clip-on earrings, bracelets, a rhinestone

necklace, and a darling little pink purse. Then I needed things to fill the purse. So I bought a tube of frost pink lipstick, matching nail polish, a compact, and a cute little pink billfold. It was so much fun -- shopping for a preteen girl and fantasizing about all the things my new "daughter" and I would do together as I introduced "her" to the world of fashion, cosmetics, and hairstyles.

All this shopping got me thinking about redoing Mark's room. Wouldn't it be fun to redecorate it in feminine fabrics and colors? I could empty his dresser drawers and refill them with bras, slips, panties and nylons and fill his closet with pretty dresses. I'd also want to replace the weight bench his father gave him with an ultra-feminine vanity and mirror.

So, Aunt Julia, tomorrow morning Doreen is coming over to help me begin demaling Mark. Given that his training is starting so late, Doreen thought it might at first take two of us to strip away his boyhood and bring out the sweet little girly boy within. One of the first things we'll invariably have to do is give him a severe over-the-knee hairbrush spanking -- one that will make him sob and whimper and cry like a small boy. How mortifying it will be for Mark to weep like a child in front of two strong women towering over him in high heels. This, Doreen says, will immediately regress him psychologically. He'll feel like a boy of five or six -- small and weak -- and get him to see Doreen and me as big and powerful. We'll tease and ridicule his masculinity -- convince him his penis is too small to really satisfy a woman, and that he'll never measure up as a man.

After stripping away his boyhood and making him whimper and sob like a helpless little boy, we'll reinforce his sissy self. At the end of the day we'll give him a sensuous bubble bath and dress him in a cute babydoll nightie. We'll put perfume, lipstick, and nail polish on him and then kiss and caress him as we tell him we only love boys who dress and act like girls. Masculine behavior, we'll warn him will only bring him pain and ridicule, and if he wants to be loved, kissed, hugged, and caressed by women, he'll have to immediately cultivate the feminine side of his personality.



Before long, Doreen predicts, Mark will be as gentle and sweet and girlish as Billy. When this occurs I plan to celebrate by inviting his father over for tea. I can hardly wait to see the look on the face of my macho ex-hubby as his son -- wearing lipstick, nail polish, perfume, jewelry, a frilly apron, high heels, and a party dress too short to hide his panties -- girlishly serves him tea and cookies. Revenge is sweet!

Oh, Aunt Julia, I'm so excited I can't sleep. That's why I'm up writing to you. I can hardly wait till morning. Tomorrow marks a new beginning for Mark and me and our relationship.

I know you dislike macho womanizers as much as I do. In fact, it was you who convinced me to divorce Jack. I'm sure you are as excited by the idea of Mark wearing being

feminized as I am. If so, perhaps you'd like to come for a visit when I'm done to see the results of changing my disgusting little boy into a cute little demale. As Doreen says, I won't really be imposing anything on him. Rather I'll be helping him get in touch with his true self.

Love,

Janice

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## Demale Society Stories & Pics

Added 7/1/05

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### Getting My Brother Into Mom's Big Bra and Panties!

When I first started hanging out with a friend who is a member of the Demale Society, I thought all this stuff about reforming males by feminizing them was pretty funny stuff. I was intrigued to say



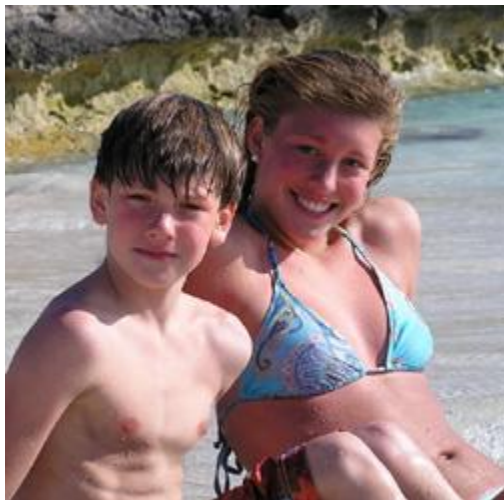
the least. But I also thought it would be impossible to get my kid brother into girls' clothes. He was a sports freak, a strong little pug of a guy who was especially good at football. I just couldn't imagine him in a dress and panties!

Hey, it was easy! I made a game out of it to get my little brother into a bra and panties for the first time. I put on one of my bras over my T-shirt and then I put on a crazy pair of panties with sayings all over them that I once had as part of a Halloween costume. I put the panties on over a pair of satin pajama pants I had on at that morning.

When I walked into Jason's bedroom, he rolled over laughing. I then led him into our parents' bedroom and asked him if he wanted to try on some of Mom's fun lingerie. He giggled, but didn't say no. He was in a good mood because I had him laughing with the way I was dressed, so he didn't resist when I took off his shirt and pants and underwear and put Mom's big lacy yellow bra on him. I followed that with a really big pair of Mom's silky pink panties. And here he is! Enjoy!

**Tara**

***The Feminizing KeyWesters Chapter***



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## My Brother Didn't Know He Was Growing Titties Until It Was Too Late!

Oh, well, he does now! But Mom had him on birth control pills for eight months before he knew it! When we were at the beach last summer (where we had this picture taken) Teddie didn't know he was growing tits like a girl. He had complained to Mom and me about his nipples itching and hurting, but we explained to him that happens to some boys his age (he's twelve). We told him the swelling and

sensitivity in his breasts is a medical condition, and we'd take him to a doctor if it got too bad.

He was embarrassed to go without his shirt, but when we were on vacation, I told him it was OK because no one around there knew us, so his secret was safe. We told him it would look dumb if he went swimming with his T-shirt on, so we got him to go without his shirt, and when we came out of the water, Mom was ready with the camera. He does look a little nervous posing for this picture, even though we told him the picture would only show him from the neck up -- we lied!

We had started Teddie on the pills at eleven and before his balls started making their nasty juice. His tits are really getting big now. I call them his "titties" whenever I talk with him about them. Mom soft pedals

it and calls them his "boy breasts!" He cries a lot about them. I offered to let him try on one of my bras. He let me do it after I told him it would make them feel better. He fell for it and wore the bra for several hours. Then he just couldn't handle it anymore and pleaded with me to take it off, since he couldn't reach behind and unhook it!

I got him to go with me to the mall and I showed him training bras and explained they'd help to flatten his tittles. More lies of course! I bought two training bras for him, one in white the other in pink -- I told him the pink was good because it was close to his skin color and wouldn't show through his shirts! More lies! It's so much much bullshitting a sexually confused little brother.

The big benefit of all this tittie development -- he's the most timid, meek and mild manner little boy you could ever hope to have! Just like the Demale manuals taught us. Fucking with his brain like this turned him from an obnoxious stupid little runt always pestering me into a sweet little angel. Now, he so looks up to his big sister and trusts me so much because I know his tittie secret! He knows I have the power to destroy him at any moment by letting people know about his growing tits.

We took him to a lady doctor the Society had on a recommended list, and she was very business like and wasn't too hard on him, but she did smile a lot as she had him standing naked in front of Mom and me and her nurse. I know her smiling horrified him. She did a thorough examination of his penis and balls too, and she shot him down some more.

"Teddie, your penis is awfully small for a boy your age," she explained as she boldly masturbated his little cock! He squirmed, especially when the doctor showed him how to shove his balls back up into his body. She told him to do it everyday and then to pull up his underwear real tight to hold his balls in. She said the hormones in his balls were going a little crazy and making the wrong kind of hormones and that is why his titties (breasts she called them) were getting bigger, so if he kept his balls up in his body, they'd stop making some of those bad hormones, but then she added, "I just hope it's not too late. Your breasts are already bigger than most girls your age. You should start wearing a bra soon." His face got really red at that point. Of course, he was totally devastated as I explained to the doctor about getting him to try on one of my bras and buying him some training bras (which he tried but just didn't have the heart to keep wearing them).

Then the doctor gave him a shot in the butt, telling him it might help his breasts get smaller, but in actuality she gave him a concentrated dose of female hormones to make his titties get bigger even faster! He sniffled and then started to cry when the doctor said that if his titties got too big, she could always cut off his penis and balls and turn him into a girl! But she eased off him and told him she'd do that only if that is what HE wanted! Talking about the underwear, she recommended that he get a very tight panty girdle to keep his balls up in his body cavities, and said Mom should buy him some nylon girls' panties too because the panty girdle would slip up easily over girls' panties but it wouldn't be able to be pulled up over rough boys' underwear.

On the way home from the doctor's office, Mom and I took him right to the mall. He was a basket case

shaking nervously as we selected three panty girdles and ten pairs of panties for him. He complained that all the panties were in colors and fancy, but we explained to him that was all the store had. Actually, we didn't take him into the next aisle where they had plain white panties. God, is it a laugh riot bullshitting my kid brother!

***Merry W.***

***Toronto Justice Weekly Chapter***

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**Demale Society Notices**

**Added 7/12/05**



**To: Everyone**

**Subject: Beth Ann of the Peter Park Chapter Wins the Young Sissymaker Competition**

The competition was fierce; the girls were extremely imaginative; and the boys they had selected as their targets were either cajoled, forced, or tricked into panties, as eleven girls from the Poor Peter Chapter held their 4th annual Preteen Sissymaker Competition in May.

Eight-year-old Beth Ann won decisively. She is pictured here (to the left) with her Panty Trophy Display -- one pair of panties representing each boy she pantied. Each pair is embroidered with the boy's name: Bobby, Dale, Dirk, Jeff,

and Manny.

This little Demaling dynamo made a picture album with a photographic record of the five boys she got into panties. And her irresistible charm you can clearly see in this photo, wearing her adorable little see-through sheer midriff top that gives us a peek at her training bra. And if you look closely, she's letting a nice bit of her pink panties peek out above the top of her skirt. What a little tease! You can be sure those boys didn't have a chance!



The contest lasted one month, and within that time, she pantied five boys and accumulated 770 points. One other girl had pantied five boys, but her point total was only 410 points. Her closest rival for the grand prize, Ellen R. (shown below) had pantied only three boys, but had amassed 710 points. Rick, one of her victims shown below in a dress and full makeup. He had given into her and then fell asleep, exhausted from trying to fight her off!

The rules were simple: The girls (twelve and under) had to panty as many boys as possible within the contest month. They were not allowed to have anyone else help them.

Points were given depending upon the degree each boy was Pantied:

10 Points - Getting him to put on the panties the first time in his life.

20 - Getting him to wear panties all night long in bed.



30 - Getting him to wear panties under his boys' clothes for one whole day.

40 - Getting him to wear panties under his clothes while playing outside.

50 - Getting him to wear panties at school or preschool.

60 - Getting him to wear panties every day all day long for at least 1 full week.

70 - Getting him to show his best friend he wears panties.

80 - Getting him to go shopping for panties and telling the clerk that the panties are for him.

90 - Getting him to get another boy into panties.

Extra Points:

50 Points - Getting a boy to wear a dress for at least one full day.

10 to 50 Points - The judges award for original approaches to getting boys into panties.

Age differential: 50 Points for each year the girl was under 12 years of age. (11 year olds 50 points; 10 year olds 100 points, 9 year olds 150 points, etc.



***Carole Lee, Secretary, Poor Peter Chapter, Park County***

***To: Everyone***

***Subject: Developing Your Own Training Manuals***

The regular Demale Society Training Manuals are indispensable sources of ideas and information; however, we suggest you have your chapter develop your own training manuals, specific to your group's goals and objectives. For example, we created an easy-to-read and entertaining (with a lot of humor) booklet

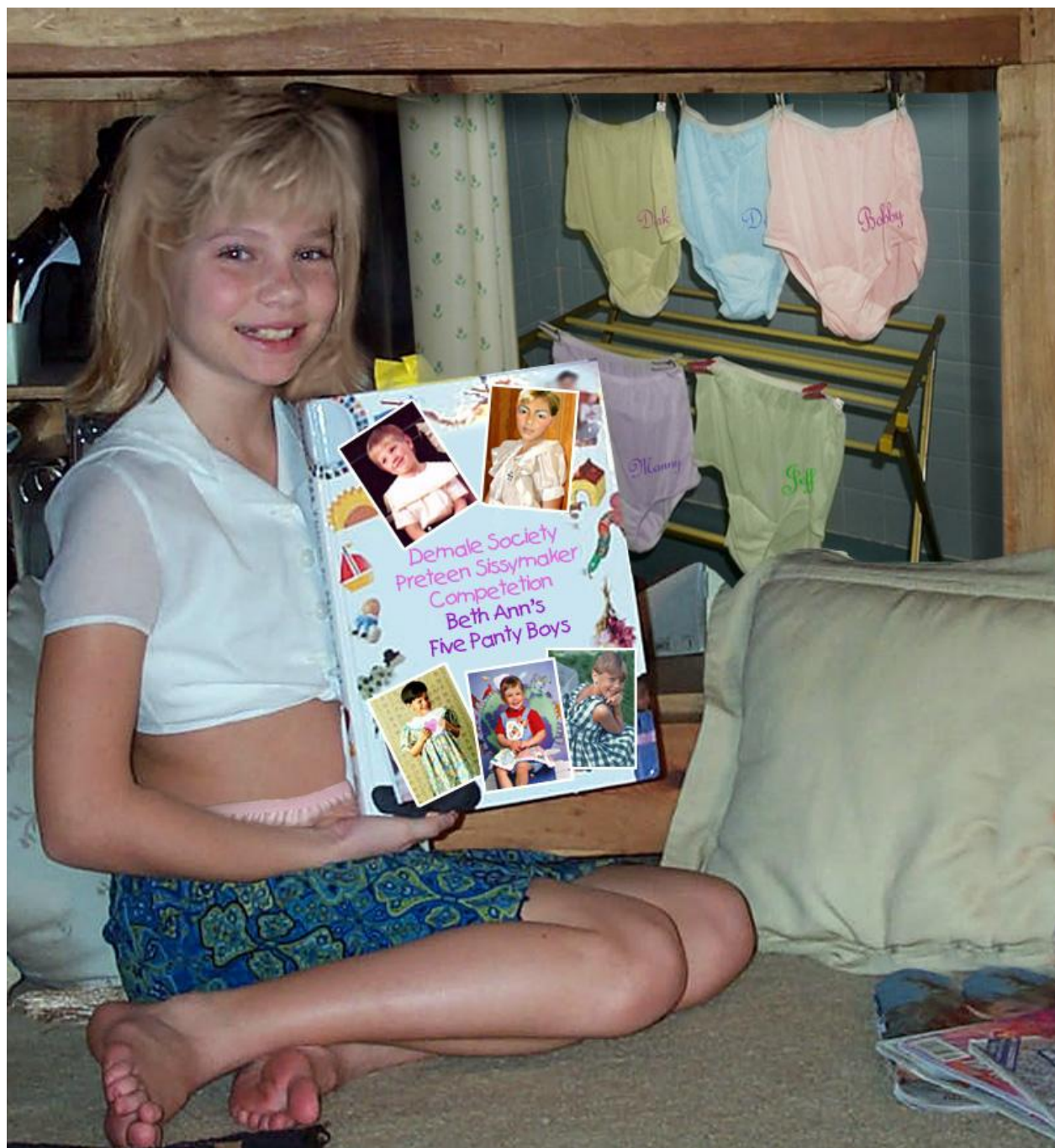
aimed at young girls to get them started early pantying men and boys. We called it "Tricking Boys into Wearing Panties," and it's a simplified 1, 2, 3 method that has proven to be the most often read instruction book with our members' daughters from eight to twelve years old. The booklet's popularity led to a lot of very young girls becoming very aggressive in pantying and feminizing men and boys, and the success of the manual led us to establish our annual Young Sissymaker Competition. (The winner of this year's contest is detailed above.)



***Carole Lee, Secretary, Peter Park Chapter, Park County***



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## Demale Society Notices

Added 8/11/05



**To: Everyone**

**Subject: College girl loves to wear strap-ons and give advice to mothers who wish to feminize their sons**

I'm in college and about to be married. My boyfriend, Clark, is gay and the son of a Demale Society member who belongs to the same chapter I do along with my mom. After we're married, we're going to have kids. We already have it worked out with Austin, his gay lover, how we're going to do it. Clark gets a big hard-on and cums when his lover fucks him in the ass, so while he's getting fucked, he'll be able to stick it in my pussy and



cum in me. Wah-la! If that doesn't work, it's the old turkey baster or invetro! It'll be fun no matter what!

Knowing that we'll be having kids in one way or another (adoption is an option too), I've been making a study of mothers feminizing their sons. I wrote a thesis on it. My prof about shit his pants when he read it. At first he said he couldn't accept it because it was too controversial. He was visibly upset and even called it weird (but he did have a lump in his pants the whole time he was complaining to me about it), but within two weeks he not only accepted it, he gave me an "A" for the course. I won't tell you what I did to turn him around, but you can probably guess. Well, I took that paper and made it into a little booklet for our chapter to circulate. There's a copy of it beside me on the bed in the picture. I entitled it "Guide to Feminizing Sons & Brothers" with an "Addendum: Teaching [Boys] Oral Panty Worship and Cocksucking." Here are some of the tips and techniques I feature in the book:

Feminizing Sons & Brothers: A mother should have lots of discussions with him on the subject. She should be very close to him, discuss everything with him, the same as she does with her daughter. That's the key to successfully convincing him to become more feminine. I believe not doing a lot of talking about making him more feminine is the main reason why some mothers find it difficult to feminize their sons.

A mother should take off everything (even her bra) except her panties and let her son see, touch and smell her in her panties. If he has a sister, she should strip down to her panties too. Then the mother can ask which he likes best: her panties or his sister's or perhaps even a girlfriend's panties. She should tell him how much sexier he would appear in panties and let him know how nice it feels to wear silky panties. She should tell him it's OK to try on a pair. Once he has on a pair of panties, the mother (and the daughter) should put on their strap-on dildos -- either under or over their panties -- either effect is good.

Just a side note: Of course, I can't run around in just my panties and wearing my strap-on very much at college, but I often do wear just a satin skirt over them in my coed dorm and sometimes out to the bars and even around campus. The girls love it and the guys give me a range of reactions from crazy looks to following me like a hound dog! I've enclosed a picture of me with my strap-on cock tenting up my skirt!

Anyway, back to the subject: Mothers and daughters should always walk around the house in nothing but very feminine panties, topless and with their strap-ons. This makes men and boys interested in dominant females with dicks and helps to give them homosexual fantasies that you can build on. It is also essential that the men and boys in a house walk around just in fancy panties, adding a tampon up their asshole is a good idea too. It demoralizes them and puts you in a dominant position, and when you do sex things with him, it will help to put him in the submissive role as sees you with a big dick while he hides his little pussy dick within his lacy panties. A mother should also discuss with her son about sex and tell him how much a woman loves to be on top in sex, and help him understand that being feminine can make him more attractive to females.

I like to ask men, "When you were a boy, what more should your mother had done or said to convince

you to become feminine?

Some of the typical answers I get are:

She should have told me I would appear cuter and sexier to a girlfriend and future wife if I were feminine and wore panties.

She should have teased me more with female clothes, so that I would love them on me.

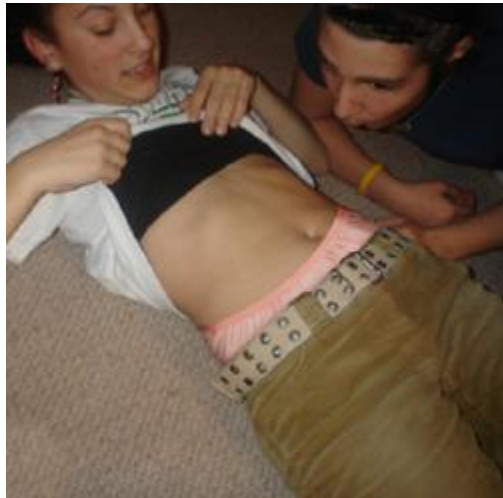
She should have masturbated me into her panties to hook me not just on her, but on her panties and all females and female clothes.

She should have told me my future wife would find fucking my ass pussy with her strap-on much more sexual satisfying than vanilla sex with macho men.

She should have let me see her be more dominant over my dad or her boyfriends to teach me to be submissive to women and girls.

***Sara Lee "Everything is Better with Sara Lee!"***

***Peter Pullers & Pluckers Chapter, M&M Crossroads, Montana***





***To: Everyone***

***Subject: Panty games and 2-on-1 wresting to get guys hooked on bras and panties***

I thought you'd enjoy this pic of my brother doing a study of my pink panties. We play all kinds of panty games, and he is avidly interested as you can see! The next picture is of me and my girlfriend challenging a guy to a 2-against-1 wresting match, loser has to do whatever the winner wants, so as you can see in the next picture he lost and we have him in a white satin bustier with his hair curled! My girlfriend is clowning around and wearing the big white bra. Guys always accept the 2-against-1 wresting match, especially when the girls are in dresses because they're sure they'll get some good peeks up their skirts - and of course, they do, but they also lose the match!

***Carol T., The Big Girls Chapter, Montgomery***

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**Demale Society  
Stories & Pics**

**Added 8/13/05**

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### ***In praise of old-fashioned panties***

I got hooked on Mommy's 1950s style panties

I'm so glad to have been raised by a wise mother who was a member of the Demale Society from 1955 until she died in 2000. She wore the type of panties most women and girls wore during the 1950s, panties that are now considered old-fashioned, panties that are high-waisted and full-cut, the 'deluxe panties' style as they were known then. Deluxe meant the panties were trimmed with lace, and bows, ribbons and ruffles often adorned the panties too. Mommy almost always wore pink or black panties. I know people nowadays make fun of this style of panties and call them "passion killers" or "granny panties," but for me they are the ultimate turn-on. Although big, brief-style panties are much out of fashion now, they have never gone out of style for me. And I'm so glad the Demale Society continues to promote this panty style. For me, their fullness adds mystery to the body under them. Even though I am a gay crossdresser, I love to see old-fashioned brief-style panties on females as well as males, but my favorite sight is a nice hard cock in this style of panties. Also, big belly-covering brief panties are plenty large enough to cover and sexually stimulate even the most well-endowed sissy male. And since I have a nine-inch cock, I appreciate all the roomy, silky covering they provide.

From a very young age I enjoyed dressing up in my mommy's clothes, which included her silky pink or black panty briefs. She allowed me to do it and saw nothing wrong with it, maybe because she always wanted a girl, and I was the closest thing she had to one. Every day after school I would race home to tear off my boy's underpants and change into a pair of Mommy's panties that she usually had set out on my bed waiting for me. And I would keep them on until morning when I had to take them off and get dressed



for school, unless it was a weekend or holiday and I could then wear them all day long. I loved their soft silky touch against my sensitive skin. I knew nothing about her belonging to the Society then; she simply referred to it as her "ladies club." I didn't know she was encouraging me to wear her clothes in subtle ways.

When I was eight years old, mommy told me that I was getting too old to still be playing in her clothes and henceforth banned me from her lingerie drawer. She was practicing reverse psychology, as she had learned it from Demale Society meeting that if she prohibited me from wearing her clothes that I would want to wear them more than ever and it would seal my fate as a lifelong panty lover.

It worked! Despite her prohibition, I desperately wanted to wear her lovely panties, and I became very crafty at finding ways to get them and wear them in secret. Lingerie ads in magazines or newspapers (that mother purposely left open for me to see) or glimpses up her skirt at her "accidentally" exposed slips or panties would set off my yearnings and I would fantasize about wearing them myself and found it impossible not to give into my urges. Whenever I had the chance I would sneak into mommy's or my auntie's room (she often stayed with us), take a pair of panties, put them on and admire myself in their long mirror and massage my boy clit through the nylon panties, vigorously manipulating the silkiness of the panties against my most sensitive parts, giving me an exquisitely feminine feeling.

If I felt really daring, I would wear the panties under my pajamas in bed and lay fantasizing that I was a girl. One night shortly after my eleventh birthday, I was in bed and wearing a pair of mommy's black lace panties as usual, and my cock was very hard, harder than i ever remember it getting in the panties, and it felt so good to rub it. I had always rubbed my penis in her panties and it always had felt great to do it, but on this night it felt different and much better than ever before. I just couldn't stop rubbing it. I experimented touching my cockie in all different kinds of ways and i soon discovered the thrill of holding the panties loosely around my dickie and stroking it slowly up and down with one hand while i used my other hand to tickle my balls and occasionally reach around behind and rub my bottom through the panties, and a few times I gave myself an extra little thrill by repeatedly snapping the waist and leg elastics, and I would pull them way out and let them go with a loud crack that actually stung quite a bit. The great feeling kept building between my legs, my cock became so hard it actually hurt, but I couldn't stop jiggling it around inside the panties. I had no idea what was happening, but I loved the wonderful



sensations flowing through my body as I jacked my erection through the silk, which intensified as I fondled this newfound hardness until I shot my first few drops of cum.

The next day, the same thing happened, but I left a big smudge in the panties, so I kept them in my bedroom instead of returning them to mommy's room. I wore them in bed that night under my own pajamas, enjoying myself as I fondled my erection through the silkiness. In the dark, as I stroked the loose skin of my erection through the panties, I felt the most wonderful sensations racing through my body until I thought I was going to wet myself in the panties. Suddenly I shot my cum and had the most wonderful feeling of relief, but as I felt the wetness of my cum, I thought I had hurt myself and was sure the stickiness was blood. Too terrified to look, I fell asleep wearing the wet panties.

In the morning I looked at the panties expecting to see bloodstains; however, there was only a small crusty yellowish stain. I kept the panties in my room and wore them in bed each night, fondling my erection through the panties and then masturbating into them. Over the following days, I'd rush home from school to hide in my bedroom and jack off time after time.

I was still too frightened to look at the sticky liquid this produced each time I came. One day, while I was wearing the panties and admiring myself in the mirror as I fondled my erection, I started to masturbate while watching myself in the mirror. As I became more excited I rubbed faster and faster, until I felt the relief as I climaxed and the juice shot out of my erection into the panties. I pulled open the waistband of the panties, and, looking at my rapidly softening cock, I saw the milky substance of my ejaculation. Although I had a feeling of relief I was still worried because I didn't know what harm I might be doing to myself. Totally ignorant of sex I thought that I was the only guy in the world who was indulging in this



activity, as well as the only person who enjoyed dressing up ladies' panties.

After continuing in these activities for some time, and

branching out into wearing mommy's bras, garter belts, slips and stockings, as well as her panties, and masturbating each time while admiring myself in the mirror, the inevitable happened, and mommy caught me time and time again. Each time I promised her I would stop wearing her clothes; however,

the sexual urge to dress up in lingerie -- especially pink or black panties -- was too strong to resist. Each time, she would punish me in some minor way, but she knew she was just intensifying my love for panties.

When I was fourteen, after catching me for the umpteenth time, mommy asked me if I would like to have my own lingerie. I asked if I could wear them under my clothes during the day. She said I could, all except for school. She said she didn't want me to get in trouble with other boys if they saw I was wearing panties. So after that, I was able to indulge my weakness in the privacy of our home.

When I left school to go to college I gave up wearing male underwear completely and since have worn panties full time. As I got older the desire to crossdress intensified, and I started to move around in the homosexual milieu and found that other men attracted to me, and I was attracted to them. As I got to know them and be accepted by them, these men showed me that homosexuality and crossdressing were common, and encouraged and assisted me in recognizing and accepting my own sexuality as a gay transvestite.

However, mommy taught me well, and I still love females as well as their clothes. I volunteer at a rape crisis center and have helped many female rape victims see that all men are not abusive assholes, and many of them have gone on to join the Demale Society and feminized their sons, husbands or boyfriends, or thrown out their macho men and gotten feminine or gay boyfriends.

***Danny "Deanna" L.***

***Boys in Pink Chapter, Orange County***





***Underwear as outerwear***

My friends, Lil and Candice getting ready with me (above left) to parade around in our lingerie at the bars in San Francisco.

