

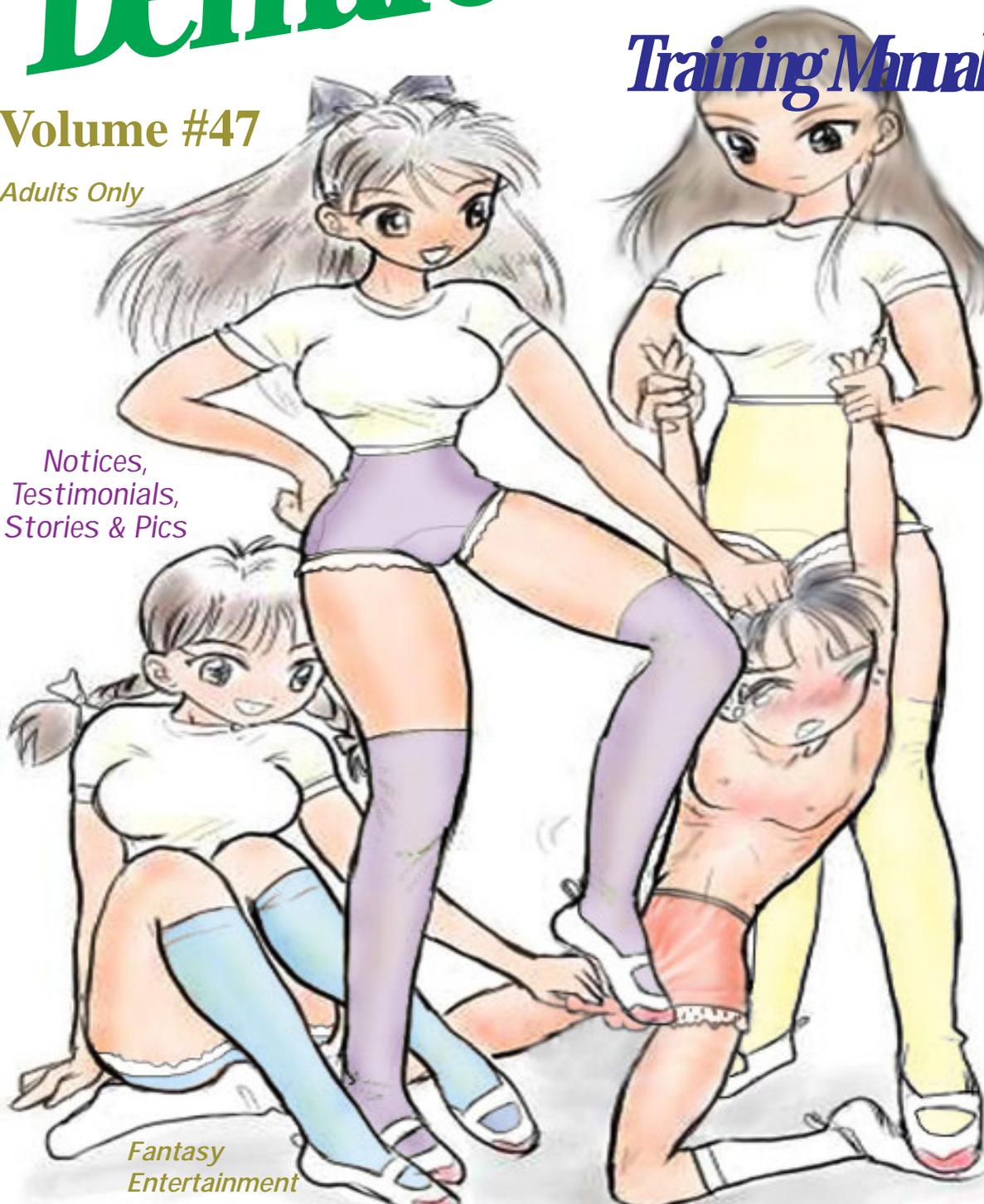
The **Denmale Society**

Training Manual

Volume #47

Adults Only

*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*



*Fantasy
Entertainment*

*September 2009
Demale Society Poster Boy
www.Demale.com*

*It's hard for a
boy to get used
to developing
breasts and
wearing bras.*



The Demale Society Manual

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

Testimonials Added 7/19/09

*From: Tony, South New Jersey Chapter
Subject: Feminizing Males with Hormones*

Here is ongoing information about one of our members and the progress she is making sissifying her boy Taylor.

Betty is a friend of Janey, Zack's mom [who was featured in issue #46. Ed.], and was puzzled when she first noticed Zack becoming more feminine, and when she asked Janey about it, the proud mom told Betty all about the Demale Society and passed onto her several of the Society's training manuals. Betty has a son named Taylor and let it be known she was having trouble with him; he wasn't developing how she wanted him to grow up. After Betty read some of the stories, she was thrilled to learn about demaling naughty boys. She especially loved the transformation of Nicholas Nicholson [issue #23], the demaling or Greg [#24], and the secret hormone attack on the little boy named Bev [#28].

She was awestruck at some of the photos in your issues, but the stories really got her attention. Betty gave up on men long ago, having gotten a divorce from her brute of a husband after five years of a horrible marriage. After that, Betty found comfort in the company of females and naturally gravitated into lesbianism. And when it came to males, the only bright spot to her was her son, Taylor. Now age eleven, he is a pretty boy with longish, straight blonde hair, high cheek bones and a slim but muscular build, which he mostly acquired from his heavy involvement with skateboarding. He was quite good at it, but not your typical boy. Since he was only adequate when he tried out for baseball and soccer, he usually didn't make the cut, and when he did, he

usually ended up sitting on the bench more than getting any playing time. But once he discovered skateboarding, he knew he had a talent for it, but much more than most other boys, he loved other, more refined things like drawing, painting, music and the art, mostly due to his mother's genteel influence.

Betty developed a closer relationship with Janey and closely followed her son Zack's amazing transformation. Janey invited Betty to one of our Demale Society meetings, and she immediately joined and knew she wanted to feminize her son too. To her, it was only natural and made so much sense. And when she learned the details of how easy moms could demale their sons, she jumped at the chance to reform her little Taylor. At that first meeting Betty attended, our Dr. Lucy was the guest speaker and she explained how administering female hormones to men and boys, combined with male hormone blockers, was the secret to a rapid and extremely successful way to demale a male.

At that evening meeting, several of the members had their sissy boys dressed to serve beverages and snacks. Zack was one of them, and he, like the other boys, was dressed in a black satin maids' outfit and had his long black hair nicely coiffured, and unless you were told, you wouldn't have known was a typical, tough, piggish and thoroughgoing boy just a few months ago. He was even unpantied by our host of the night (Janey, his mom), and had his genitals inspected and played with by some of the women and all of the little girls present to show how much they had shrunk in size and how they didn't work anymore. The top of his white-lace-trimmed maids' dress was then pulled down to display his budding titties.

Betty felt her panties become damp at the sight. She stared in disbelief at Zack, a twelve-year-old boy with breasts and enlarged nipples that most girls of fifteen would be proud to have. She was immediately moved to start feminizing her eleven-and-a-half year old Taylor as soon as possible.

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Taylor's Demaling Begins

The following week, Betty took Taylor for a complete physical with our Dr. Lucy, who took blood tests and checked his vital functions before sending him home with what her thought were vitamins to take every day, but actually they were Androcour, the best male hormone blocker known to medical science, and a three-month supply of the female hormone, Premarin. Each was cleverly disguised, one as a multivitamin supplement and the other as vitamin C. The doctor also gave him a shot in his rump, saying it was a vitamin concentrate to quickly go to work in his system, but actually it was a powerful female hormone shot to kick start his feminization.

At home, Betty immediately started her stealth attack on Taylor's mind and soul as well as his body. She started wearing provocative outfits around the house and hanging up her sexy lingerie in the bathroom for him to constantly see. As the head secretary at a prominent New Jersey law firm, she was often able to work from home, which afforded her more time to spend with her son. Acting on a little idea she had learned about at one of the Demale meetings, she bought several vials of itching powder from one of our members who had found some at a great gag store just over the river in Philly.

Betty lives in a large home next to a heavily wood area, affording them a lot of privacy. The house has three bedrooms and the extra bedroom is a large room set up for when her three young nieces visit. Of course, it was well stocked with dresses, panties, bras and all types of girls' clothes for the girls when they stayed over. Some of



Taylor after just six weeks on a therapy combining female hormones and male hormone blockers.

the clothes, especially those belonging to the oldest girl were sure to fit Taylor when the time was right.

Upon coming home from that first appointment with Dr Lucy, Betty made and served them dinner and then gave Taylor one dose of a children's sleeping pill the doctor had given her. She dissolved it in a glass of ice tea and had him drink it as they watched TV. During a commercial break, she noticed he was becoming quite relaxed, and she ran her fingers through his golden hair and said, "There are going to be some big changes around here, Taylor; I have special plans for you." As he drifted off to sleep, he mumbled, "OK, Mom-m-m-m."

Once he was asleep, it was time to measure of him and his male genitalia before starting his hormone treatment. With the special chart next to her that Dr. Lucy gave to all moms when they started demaling their boys, Betty slipped off his new white and blue Nike shock sneakers and his crew socks. He was a bit small for his age and weighed less than 100 pounds.

She hesitated but then lowered his silk Nike shorts and his boxers to check his smooth and almost hairless young genitals. Since he was knocked out, she sucked on his circumcised penis to bring it to full erection. It grew to a nice five and three-quarters inches long, a very respectable length for a boy his age. After measuring it, she used a string and wrapped it around his dick to measure the girth; it had a circumference of two and a quarter inches. Before she let his erection subside so she could pull up his boxers, she took photos and noted he had a modest set of low-hanging and rather firm testicles; after that, she sleepwalked him into his room and let him sleep for the night.

When Taylor woke up, Betty yelled up to him to take a shower. He did without question, and then put on a pair of his boxers, his quicksilver skater shorts and a Vans T-shirt that matched his blue and silver sneakers. While he slept, his mother had dusted the inside of all of his boxers with itching powder. At first he tried to ignore the itching as he came down for breakfast. But after he took his 'special' vitamins he started scratching himself at the table. His butt, dick and balls were burning with pain. "Mom, I'm itching down here, and it hurts; why, mommy?" He asked as he twisted, squirmed and twitched in his chair. "I don't know, Taylor; maybe it's an allergic reaction of some sort. Finish your eggs, take another shower and put on another pair of boxers." He wolfed down his eggs and gulped down his Androcur and four Premarin pills and then went running to the shower.

As she expected, the results were the same. He was still itching like crazy. "Mom it hurts," he whined as he came down only in his boxers and sneakers. "Well, my boy, take another shower, then just wrap a towel around yourself and meet me in my bedroom when you're finished." He ran up and rinsed off again. "Done, Mommy," he said from the shower. He had been taking his hormones for only a few days, but combined with the itching powder, he already had a dependent, even submissive, tone to his voice that she never had heard before.

Taylor's Mother Had His First Pair of Panties Ready

"Come into my bedroom, Taylor," she called out to him. She had his first pair of panties ready. He came in with a blue Adidas towel wrapped around his waist and stood in front of her. She asked him, "Do you itch now between your legs?" He said he didn't. "Well, my guess is that you are suddenly allergic to your cotton boxers – cotton underwear can do that sometimes to a boy with sensitive skin," she said as she pulled his towel off and left him standing naked before her. He tried to cover up his dick and balls, but she brushed his hands aside and reminded him that she was his mother and had seen him naked many times before — even though the last time that he remembered happening was about five years earlier. Remembering what she had learned from the Demale Society manuals, she used the opportunity to humiliate and increase her control over him. Even though he was probably even better endowed than most eleven-year-old boys, she was sure he didn't know that. She then startled him as she took hold of his fresh-from-a-cold-shower shriveled up penis and balls in her hands and said with a giggle, "My-oh-my, Taylor! I had no idea you are so small down here. You're not much of a boy, are you? I mean, no girl will want you as a boyfriend with these tiny things."

As he looked away in embarrassment, she had him step into the panties she had ready. She slid the slinky nylon up his lean and nicely muscled thighs; they were a new pair of pastel blue panties with three bows on the front. Before he realized what she had put on him, she had them in place and was adjusting the elastic waistband and fluffing up the little satin bows. He looked down and saw the silky nylon panties decorated with bows and immediately tried to slide them down and off.

"Mom, these are girls' underwear; I'm a boy." He continued to struggle out of them, but with a quick but surprisingly stinging smack to his cheek, she stopped him. "These are a nice new pair of my panties, boy, so just settle down and keep them on. Since there is something wrong with your underpants, let me wash them out and then we can see if something is wrong with them. I did use a new laundry detergent when I washed all your boxers yesterday, maybe that was the cause. But for now, just wear these nice soft panties until have a chance to go out and buy some of my old detergent and wash all your regular underwear again, and then you can try them again. After all, it must be your boxers since you don't seem to be itching while wearing this pair of my panties." Betty yanking her son head-on into sissydom, and she was delivering her well-rehearsed lines perfectly.

Taylor was humbled to be wearing girls' panties, especially his mother's panties, but he was in a bind and didn't know what to do, especially since the silky panties didn't irritate him like his boxers did. They actually felt good to wear. Of course, he couldn't admit that to himself, but his penis recognized the comfortable sensation of being swaddled in silky, feminine

*Taylor's development after
just three months of
hormone therapy.*



nylon. Much to his embarrassment, his little boy dick sprung to life in the panties; he couldn't help it!

Even though she felt strange doing it, Betty did what had to be done. She started seducing her own soontobe-sissy son. As he stood there in his new blue panties and his matching blue vans skater shoes, she started stroking his groin and telling him how cute he looked in his panties. "Mom, please stop! That's weird!" He continued to protest, but those protests weakened as she stood up and then carefully pushed him back onto her bed.

"Taylor, I love you," she said as she used the death grip on his ever hardening penis. One of the manuals had explained several good ways of holding a dick in a pair of panties, and she used what is called the 'death grip' because it was so effective in killing the masculinity in any man or boy. The panties she had him in, as planned, were slightly large for him, so now she could lift his upward pointing penis away from his body with one hand as she formed an 'O' with her fingers and held them at the base of his hard dick through the tantalizing panties. With her other hand, she used her thumb and forefinger to firmly grip the very tip of his penis through the panties. She then pulled and fingered the knob, periodically digging her fingernails into the groove just behind the crown of his penis. With a combination of gentle pinching, scratching, pulling and rasping movements, she had him in the 'death grip.' And combined with her teasing and humbling words, he yielded to her power.

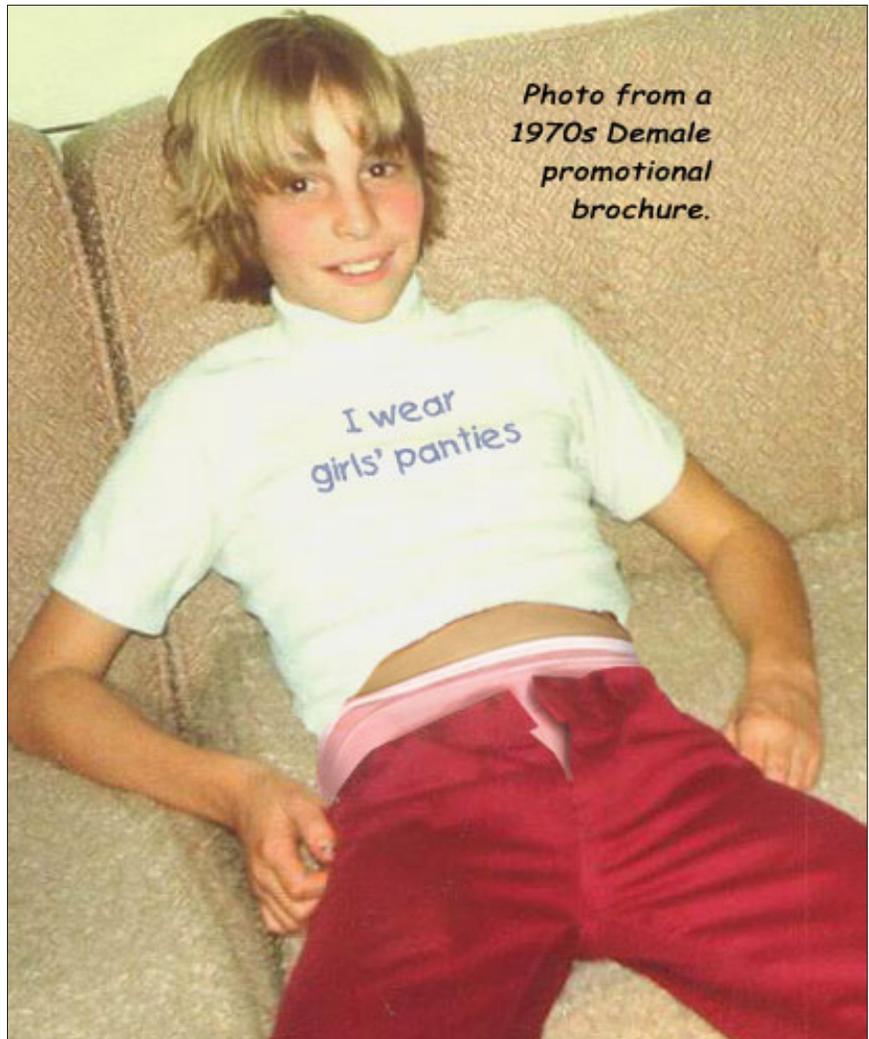
"You look so cute in these panties – so much nicer than in your nasty boy boxers. I never really thought about it before, but you would make a beautiful little girl. You're so-o-o-o cute!" she cooed in his ear as she massaged and stroked his panty imprisoned dick. "Oh, mom, it feels so good what you're doing, but ...," he moaned but stopped as he struggled to catch his breath, which wasn't coming to him.

"No 'buts,' baby! I'm your loving mommy, and I'm just playing with your sissy little boy penis. Now, you wanna be mommy's panty-wearing sissy boy, don't you? I can tell that's what you want. Only a sissy boy would get hard and excited in girls' panties. I think we discovered something about you, huh? I think it would be smart to get you a big supply of silky girls' panties all your own so you won't start stealing panties from me and your cousins. She kept telling him what he a sissy he was, how pretty he looked in panties, how lovely of a girl he would make, and asking him boy-breaking questions as she kept up the rhythmic masturbation of her pantied son. He was

moaning like a true little sissy as he bucked his hips and thrust himself clear off the bed as he gave up his first dry cum into the teasing hands of his lesbian mom. But all he had to show for his orgasm was a tiny bit of precum that spotted his new panties. Yes, there were new panties and they were his panties – not his mom's panties as she had told him! It was exactly for this occasion that his mother had bought them. This pair of panties was included in the half dozen fancy pairs she purchased. She was now equipped to panty train him and was already having the optimum results. Now, thoroughly confused and broken by his mother's actions, he was feeling less and less like a boy, and she was confident he would soon be an avid crossdressing and demaled little panty wimp.

I'll continue in my next letter with Taylor's story and detail how I brought his three little girl cousins in to help me demale him even more. One thing they did was to get a T-shirt for him that had written across the front "I wear girls' panties!" They had seen a boy pictured wearing such a T-shirt in one of the Society's old brochures and just had to have one made up for Taylor.

Sincerely
Tony



Meeting Notes: 7/20/09
Dr. Lucy's Seminar on Using Hormones

Dr. Lucy is a hormone and pediatric specialist, and the following is a summary of a seminar she had presented at one of our Demale Society meetings. What she focused on were two of the most important things to consider controlling when demaling a boy: his sneakers and his penis. To most boys today, they define his masculinity. His sneakers are an outward sign amongst his peers, and his penis embodies the soul of his masculinity.

Killing His Penis

The quickest and most effective way to demale a boy is to kill his masculinity – to ‘put a boy’s penis to sleep’ as I say. Putting him on a good male hormone blocker is the easiest, quickest and best ways a female can break a boy, kill his male ego, and forever change how he thinks and acts. And when combined with a proper female hormone regimen, the boy will develop secondary female characteristics astonishingly quickly. How can a boy or a man be masculine when he has a limp, non-functioning penis and empty, tiny balls? I believe a male hormone blocker or a chemical castration is most important when trying to change a

boy’s behavior and his mindset. Yes, panty training and playing mind tricks on him in panties and getting him into a dress are important, but believe me, when a boy’s dick doesn’t get hard anymore and he is ridiculed by girls or his mom, he quickly gives up even trying to be a boy, and once his flat, boyish chest starts sprouting real girls’ tits, he will be completely defeated, and you are well on your way to completely demaling him.

For example, Zack (we described in Demale Manual #46) fought his demaling tooth and nail; several times he tired to run away and he repeatedly ripped off his dress and bra and panties as he fought with his mom until the hormones really started to do their work. His mom jerked him off in his panties almost every night and sometimes during the day too, but when the hormones fully kicked in and his once proud dick did not respond, he was broken. She had won. Most of the boy in him left as his dick wilted and stayed soft no matter what she or he did to excite it. Androcour or Aldactone work great for this purpose; both were originally created to help fight prostate cancer patients since the worst prostate cancer protagonist is testosterone. By lowering the testosterone level, the prostate gland shrinks and it helps the cancer go into remission. However, the side effect of these drugs is that they chemically castrate a male. The fact that they kill a male’s maleness is exactly why they are so great when demaling a man or boy. And with a guy’s



A photo of Zack, who was featured in the Demale Society Manual #46.

male hormones out of the way, his body is much more receptive to female hormones and he will quickly grow breasts and other female secondary sex characteristics. And that beautiful boy Zack is a great example of this approach to hormone therapy. These drugs are now a boon to the demaling males across the USA and the world.

As long as a boy's penis gets hard and he shoots smelly snot from the tip, it reaffirms that he is a male on his way to full manhood. When he cums, he smiles: He's reassured that he is indeed a male with the unique ability to have this singular form of pleasure. Consequently, if you rob him of his ability to spurt his nasty slime, he is quickly and irrevocably broken.

In my expert opinion, when a boy's precious little male organ stops working, demaling him is quick and intensely effective; hence, the importance of administering a male hormone blocker in addition to female hormone therapy. Take Taylor as an example. He is now a very nice and sensitive nice boy. He is on his way to being a total shemale, girlie-boy or 'demale' as you call it. [A male does NOT need to be physically feminized to become demaled. Feminizing a male's mind is even more important than feminizing his body. A very masculine male (in the traditional sense) can become a demaled male if he fully accepts the Society's goals and works tirelessly toward accomplishing those goals.]

After being on Androcour daily for about 6 weeks, Taylor could barely get it up. The hormone regimen worked quickly on his body. After two months, he couldn't get even a partial erection no matter how hard he tried. That broke his will and made his demaling go much more smoothly. His dick was useless and his chest was fattening up from all of the Premarin he was on. His dick became useless except as a pee tube.

An amazingly, Taylor's once proud and very respectable 5 3/4" long penis collapsed to barely more than 2 inches within six months – that's much quicker progress than most boys or men on female hormones alone.

Robbing Him of His Sneakers

A boy's sneakers are almost as vital to his male ego as his penis. The only exception is when he does not have a choice of what style to wear or has only worn cheap bobos all his life. But when a boy has been given the opportunity to choose his style sneaks, they in his sexist mind help define his macho image. Take for example the skater boy. He loves to wear low riding jeans and fat wide skater shoes, with wide laces and fat tongues. To him they say, I'm hot, I'm a boy. The same is true for a jock in his spiffy Nike air shock sneaks or Adidas Bounce shoes. He thinks they make him more masculine, more macho. This is why at our meetings we have a small class on the art of sneaker destruction. The goal is to make the boy feel bad when he sees his expensive sneaks fall apart much sooner than they should. And then his mother tells him they are too expensive to replace in kind, and he will have to do with an inexpensive, generic unisex style – shoes that strike a blow to his macho self-image and rob him of

his masculinity. I give each mom a shiny new #12 scalpel and show her how to make small but effective cuts on the inside of popular styles of expensive sneakers. Then we discuss how to humiliate and take control of a boy when his pricy macho sneaks start to fall apart. I explain how to replace them with the best unisex sneakers around—Converse All Stars, as they have been worn by both boys and girls for many years. All white Nike's or Adidas are acceptable as well. However, I urge them to avoid any skater shoes or sneakers that broadcast a boy's masculinity.

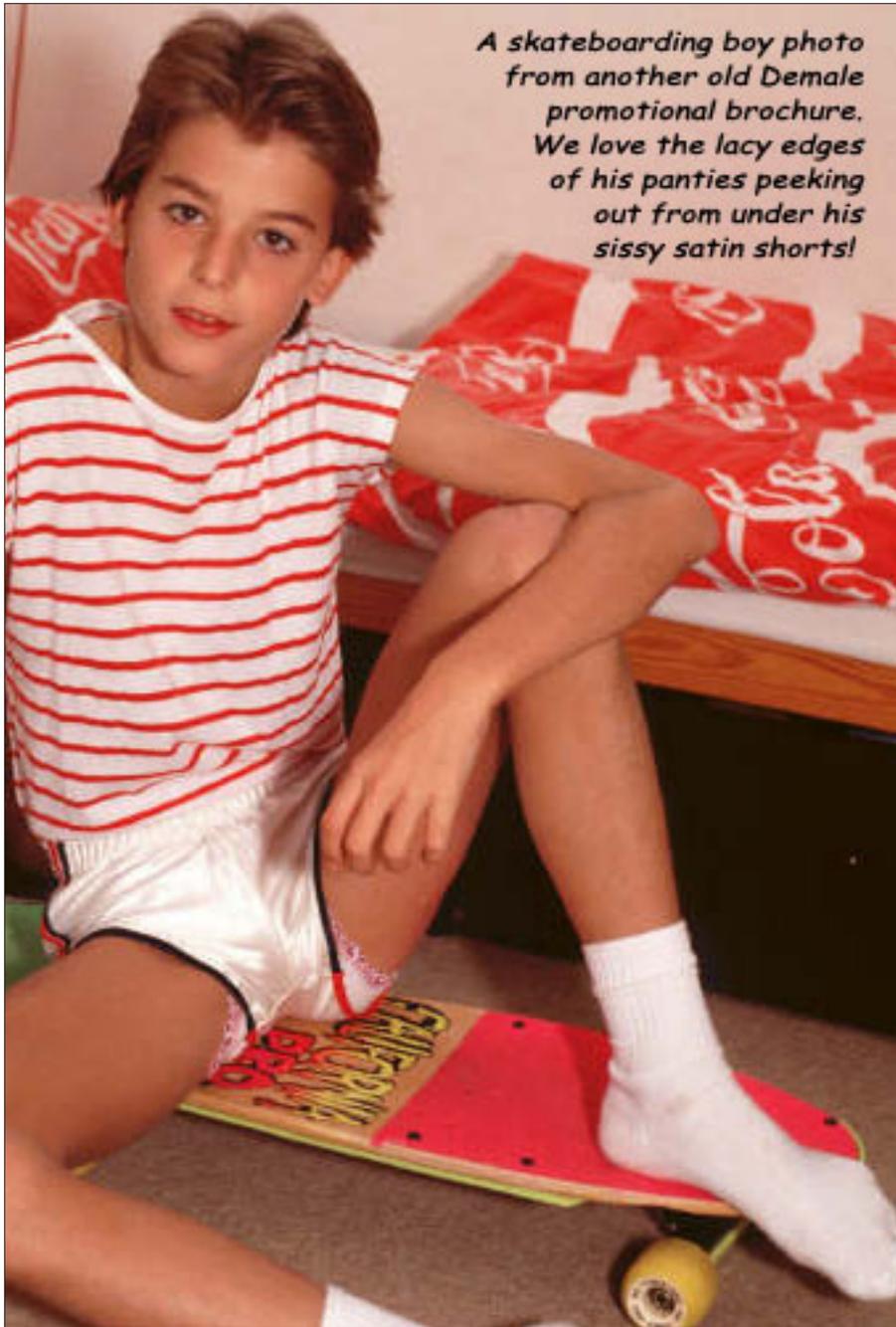
Think about now men are treated after they are arrested: to break their spirit and make them easier to handle, the guards make them take off their sneakers or shoes and walk barefoot through the cell block. The same type of mental humbling occurs when you break your boy from expensive, male-reinforcing sneaks and put him into lowly unisex shoes. Zack went from \$89 Nike Air Shocks (that he thought made him look sexy and very masculine) to unisex High Top Converse All Stars that slapped down his macho attitudes. So when his expensive sneaks broke down because his mom had secretly put slits in them, he was greatly disheartened, and she took the opportunity to drive the stake in deeper. She yelled at him for not taking good care of his expensive shoes. She said he didn't deserve and wasn't man enough to wear Nike's anymore. For more than an hour, Zack's mom pretended to be very angry with him and threw at him belittling accusations because he was to blame for ruining his new Nikes. That did more to lower his male image than several days of panty punishment. In fact, it made pantying him much more effective.

When demaling a boy, remember he will retain his resolve as long as his penis twitches and lives, as long as you buy him macho style sneakers, and as long as you let him cling to his diminishing machismo. Remember, Converse All Stars and white or plain sneaks are the best. Even better is to take a spoiled rich boy and put him in cheap fall-apart bobos from K-Mart or Wal-Mart. If you're not familiar with bobos, here's a song we used to sing as a kid to other kids who wore them:

Bobos make your feet feel fine
Bobos cost a dollar ninety-nine
They're for dummies and missies,
Poor kids, queers and sissies.
Hey, you, wearing bobos all the time.

Never give your boy expensive Sneaks again. You will be delighted with the results. And while you are at it, take away his Vans, Nike and other trademark clothing that support his masculine self-image. Give him very short nylon running shorts with slits on the sides that let his lacy panties peek through, and instead of macho T-shirts buy him simple girls' tops in gay colors.

Sincerely
Tony



A skateboarding boy photo from another old Demale promotional brochure. We love the lacy edges of his panties peeking out from under his sissy satin shorts!

Betty Panty Masturbated Him Nightly Report filed 7/21/09

Betty broke in her sissy boy Taylor by masturbating him nightly into his panties, and within weeks he had an intense nylon panty fetish and was left exhausted, limp and spent every night. Sometimes, she would panty jack him in the morning or afternoon too. Then after one afternoon session she said, "You better get dressed; the girls [his three little cousins] will be here soon, and we're all going out tonight. But first, I need you to help me clean up the kitchen."

Taylor, still wallowing in the highs and lows of his panty masturbation malaise, dutifully got his wits about him, found his board shorts and T-shirt, put them on and then helped his mom clean the kitchen like a good little sissy. His pastel blue panties peeked out a bit from his silver and black skater shorts; he kept pushing them down to hide them, but his high-waisted lacy panties kept creeping back up and into view above the top of his shorts. Of course Betty noticed his attempts to keep his panties from being on display and used the moment to reinforce and forge ahead with his demaling.

"Hey, Taylor, don't your nice new blue panties feel great?" she said as she pinched his sweet bubble butt as she walked by him. When pressed, he did acknowledge that they did feel very smooth and soft. Just as he finished the dishes, the doorbell rang. He quickly checked to make sure his panties were pushed down below the waistband of his shorts before answering the door.

Taylor's Three Girl Cousins Help Out Report filed 7/21/09

It was his three female cousins. He didn't know that these little vixens had been learning the art of demaling men and boys and that his mother had promised them that they would have a wild day with him. "Hi, girls," he said as he opened the door and kissed each of them. First was Heather, an eleven-year-old with long brown hair in pigtails, a nicely built future cheerleader type. Then he greeted Brandi a nine-year-old well proportioned powerhouse, who had spray streaked her blonde hair with assorted bright colors. Little did Taylor know that she was destined to become a natural at dominating boys. She had steel blue eyes and a killer smile. The youngest was Tami. She was eight and a tomboy who loved skateboarding and beating boys at everything. She had nice brown hair and large brown eyes and loved picking on Taylor and fighting with him. Even though she is three years younger than he is, they recently discovered while playfully fighting with him that she was now beat him up because his months of hormone treatment had broken his male bravado and greatly diminished his strength. Also unknown to Taylor at the time, Tami already had her next door neighbor, Billy, on the road to total demaling. She had been



practicing what she had learned from the various Society manuals and had turned the fat little nine-year-old boy into a complete pantywaist, and thanks to her vivacious ways, he wanted to have breasts like a girl! Billy was tired of competing with boys and wanted the loving, sweet and gentle life of a girl.

[See the photo of him pushing his breast tissue together, wanting to see what he will look like with titties!]

Taylor's mother had been taking her three nieces to the weekly Demale Society meetings and she had been keeping the three posted on the progress she was making feminizing her son, and up until then, when they visited, the girls didn't let Taylor know

they knew he was now wearing panties and on a heavy hormone regimen. But that was now about to end, Betty had decided that now was the time to let them help in her boy's feminization.

His Nieces Arrive and Take Charge Reported 7/21/09

The three girls wasted no time in going after him. As soon as they entered the living room, Tami, the eight year old, spotted Taylor's panties peeking out above the back of his shorts. "Hey girls look! Taylor is a sissy just like I said he was; look at his sissy panties," she screeched, as she quickly grabbed hold of his panty waist elastic and pulled it up for her sisters to see his pale blue

nylon panties. They all roared and laughed as he turned red and pulled up his shorts. "Blue for boys, how sweet, you little sissy" she laughed.

"I'm not a sissy, since my underpants were irritating me, mom had me wear these. So don't tease me!" he yelled at Tami as he pushed her down onto the couch.

Heather playfully smacked his butt and further humiliated him, "Oh, yeah, that's how it starts. You begin by wearing panties, then you'll want to wear a bra, and the next thing you know, you'll want to have your dick and balls cut off so you can be a real girl and wear pretty clothes all the time. I think that would be great. I'm sure you would make a much prettier girl than a boy. Let's face it; you're a weakling. Your mom told me you don't play sports anymore, you can't compete with those skateboarding jerks you used to hang around with, your muscles are turning into flab, and even my kid sister can beat you up. You suck as a boy."

"NO! You're being mean because I haven't been feeling so well lately. Let's go outside and check out my new skateboard ramps. I'll show you how good I am."

So they all went out and set up the ramps in the driveway and began doing tricks. His youngest cousin, Tami, was doing tricks every bit as good as Taylor was doing. Just then, two of Taylor's old friends came by, jumped into the group and started doing tricks too. Then when Taylor bent low and messed up doing a 360, he fell down and it left his blue nylon panties and a bit of the lace peeking out of the top of his skater shorts. Bobby, one of his good friends, noticed the panties, and yelled out, "Hey, Tay, why you wearing girls' panties? Are you a fag now or want to be a girl?" Bobby broke into a loud giggle as he pointed at the peeking panties. Then Randy, the other boy, noticed. He too started laughing and pointing. "Hey, Tay, are you turning into a fruit on us. Bobby, let's get out of here, we don't skate with fags; let him play with the girls." Randy then took a closer look at Taylor and he could sweat he saw little mounds pushing out the front of his T-shirt. "Hell, Tay, are you now growing breasts like a girl? It looks like it. Get a nice rack on you and I'll take you to a dance as my girlfriend." That made Taylor run into the house crying. All of the kids had a good laugh as his now former friends rode away on their skateboards.

The girls ran after Taylor and on up the stairs to his room where they knew he would be. When they entered, he was sobbing on his bed. When he heard them, he rolled over and said, "Now because of these stupid panties, my friends think I'm a sissy. I'm not a sissy! I'm just wearing them until mom can get me some new boxers. She's just been very busy with her job and all and hasn't had a chance to go shopping for them."

Heather rolled him over and ran her fingers through his hair. She looked into his eyes and said, "Taylor, do you really believe that? Aunt Betty said you've been wearing panties now for weeks and you haven't been pestering her to buy you new

boxers. She told us how much you like the soft silky feel of your panties. I think I should tell you something. Your mother told us that she DID buy you new underwear – they are panties – not boxers – and you are now wearing them every day! The lacy, silky, fancy girls' panties are not your mother's panties that she is loaning to you; they are YOUR OWN PANTIES! Didn't you notice how much smaller these panties are compared to the panties your mother wears? Most boys know all about their mother's panties. You mean, you didn't notice that the panties in your drawer couldn't possibly be your moms'? After that first pair of her panties she gave you, all of the panties she gave you since then she bought just for you! Wake up, boy – or should I say girl – you are a sissy. When are you going to accept that?"

At that bit of news, Taylor looked up in horror. Behind the three girls, he saw his mother standing. He stared at her, and she just nodded, indicating that what Heather was saying was true. His oldest cousin continued, "Those nasty jerks you call your friends don't know the pleasure of wearing girls' panties like you do. You're a lucky boy to have a mommy who lets you have such exciting secret pleasures as the sexy fun you have in girlie panties. Now, let's play some video games and have some fun. I'll bet you that Brandi can beat you at Tony Hawk III."

That challenge got his mind off his humiliation, which he was anxious to throw off. He would worry about that later. Now, he had a chance to show these smart aleck girls he was better than they were. He was determined to show these stupid girls he could beat the hell out of them with his favorite video skateboarding game. Then as they were setting up his Playstation 3, Brandi said, "Let's do something wild today; let's make some cool bets when we play." As Taylor set up the controllers, he then turned on his Tony Hawk III and said, "Like, what kind of bet?" (He had no idea what was in store for him.)

The Blowjob Bet

Tami said, "Well since you claim you are not a sissy, here is the bet big boy. If I beat you in Tony Hawk III Skateboarding, then my sisters and I get to dress you up like a girl with make up and everything and you have to obey us in all things and be a girl for us all day long. But if you win, I will give you a great, long-lasting blowjob right here and now. I bet you never had a blowjob, huh?"

"Uh, no, what's a blowjob?" he asked. [Of course, Taylor's mother had given him a blowjob at the outset to demaling him to measure his penis, but he didn't know or remember anything about it because he was in a deep, drug-induced sleep at the time.

Sure, Taylor had heard older boys talking about blowjobs and how great it was to get one from a girl, but he didn't know exactly what it was. Heather got the boy's full attention and excited him as she lightly ran her hand over the front of Taylor's shorts, massaging his penis inside his shorts and panties as she explained, "A blowjob, my dear boy, is when a girl puts her lips around your dick and sucks on it until you cum in her mouth. She strokes your

cock and your balls at the same time to add to your pleasure. Guys say it's the best sexual pleasure a guy can have. It's much better than as boy jerking on his own cock with his hand and even better than a girl or the boy's mom stroking on his cock with her hand until he shoots. You do shoot, don't you?"

Taylor didn't answer her. Instead, he thought about his mom jerking him off every night and he knew how great that was. But he had heard a blowjob was even better! He weighed the chance he would have to take to win and be rewarded with his first ever blowjob against the humiliation of dressing up and acting like a dumb girl for his silly little cousins. Strangely, dressing in a complete outfit of girls' clothes did not seem to be such a horrible thing to do (the hormones were working along with his newly realized self doubts about his masculinity). The idea of dressing up like a girl would have made him ill only weeks before, but now he felt, 'Oh, what the hell; how bad could it be?' But more importantly, his curiosity was getting the better of him and he knew what a blowjob felt like; he wanted to know if those older boys were right when they said it was the best pleasure a guy could have. Besides, he knew he could easily beat his little cousin Tami because Tony Hawk was his favorite video game. So he spit in his hand and stuck out to her; she did the same, and the bet was on.

Tami had been practicing the game a lot too, and the girls were sure she could easily beat him, but that was a skill to be saved for the future when a similar bet could be used to take further control over him. But on this day, she followed the plan and let him win because their goal was to humiliate him when they saw his penis and make him think it was so small and ugly that no girl would want it.

"Damn!" Tami said as she threw the controller down in defeat. "I'm Number One! I'm Number One!" Taylor yelled as he jumped up and threw his hands in the air. "I never lose!"

"OK, let's get this over with," Heather said, taking control. She pushed Taylor back onto the couch. "Tami, get into position." The girls quickly pulled down his shorts, leaving him in just his T-shirt and pale blue panties that were tenting up with his hardening penis. The girls knew just what to do. Tami lowered his panties a bit and said, "Hey, girls, have you ever seen such a tiny dick in your life? Look as it, it's pathetic. My finger is almost as big," she said as she bent down and licked his dick head. That comment hurt the soon-to-be totally broken sissy boy. "Hey, my dick is fine. I'm just eleven and not full grown yet. It'll get bigger."

"Oh, no it won't," Heather lied. "Once a boy is ten years old, his dick stays the same size for the rest of his life."

"O-o-o! O-o-o! What are you doing?" he gasped. "Just sit back and relax; you're going to love this even if your dick is so tiny. It's so little maybe a blowjob won't even work on you."

"My dick is fine. Mike Doyle's dick is about the same size."

"Is his dick the only other boy's dick you have ever seen?"

"Um, yeah," Taylor said.

"No wonder you think your dick is fine. If Mike's dick is the same size, both of you are laughably small. Both you guys have little peepees, and they will never grow any larger. You'll never have a big cock like most men and boys your age. I feel sorry for both you and your friend; no girl would ever want to have a boyfriend with a little dick like this, but you would make a good sissy girl. (The girls were laughing throughout because they knew Taylor DID have a large penis for an eleven year old. And the girls knew a boy's penis grows as he grows, but Taylor didn't know that, so they could safely lie to him about his developing manhood and hack away at his thoughts of masculine adequacy that were already being torn down with his hormone treatments and the brainwashing his mother was subjecting him to while wanking him off in his panties every night.

"Cut that out," he said as it felt weird when she deep throated his dick. His mind was torturing him with thoughts of being too little, so little that girls would laugh at him and spread the word to other kids that he had a toddler-size penis. Heather pushed up the ante, saying, "Doesn't little Davy Hollinger have a dick bigger than Taylor's. He just turned 7. He still wets the bed, so I get to see his dick all the time when I baby-sit for him and put him in his nighttime diapers." Brandi added, "You know, girls, Taylor's little thing looks more like a clit, so from now on we're gonna call your baby dick a sissy boy clit."

"What's a clit?" Taylor begged to know. "Heather explained, "A clit, dummy, is what a girl has just inside of the lips of her pussy, and when she gets excited it sticks out like a little penis, kind of like your penis sticks out. You are so much a girl and you don't even know it!" Just then Tami started really sucking and working on his dick. Taylor looked down at the tiny eight-year-old sucking on his dick while manipulating his balls; she did it through his panties and then lowered the front of his panties and sucked on him in the raw, and then she pulled up his panties again and sucked on him again through the slinky nylon. Yes, it did feel great to the tormented boy, but the girls laughing at him and making fun of his dick took away from his pleasure. At moments, he wanted her to stop; the torturous thoughts in his mind were making it not worth it. But seconds after feeling that way, the weird and amazing sensations he was feeling in his penis made him want more – and more!

As Tami continued sucking on Taylor's dick, she would stop and start when she noticed his breathing quickening or slowing, she gauged her timing by looking up at him with her big blue eyes to watch his tummy going in and out. Even at her tender age, she knew an expert cocksucker could easily turn most boys into a panty worshipping little slut, and she had been practicing on Billy her next door neighbor, whom she had convinced to now want to be a girl. Her expertise at such a young age came from the things she had seen demonstrated at Demale Society meetings.

"I'm not a sissy, and stop calling my dick a clit! If that's what girls have, I don't have one. I have a boy's penis." Heather instantly added, "A little boy's penis that will never grow any larger." He tried to argue more but she was bringing him to the peak of pleasure and the words in his mind and coming out of his lips were jumbled and he could only mumble gibberish as she sucked him long and hard and took him over the edge. He bucked and moaned but his nieces held him tightly until he stopped pulsating in Tami's mouth — but nothing had shot out of his penis. Tami pulled her mouth off his dick and announced, "Gees, girls, he even cums like a sissy girl; listen to him moan, and he didn't shoot any more than a drop or two of juice. He's pathetic! If only his skater boyfriends could see and hear him like this."

Brandi said, "Hey, how can you call yourself a real boy — you don't even shoot a load of baby-making juice. Look, girls, he only had a dry cum." Of course, the girls knew that would be the result because his mom (who was happily watching all this sex action from the hallway) had explained to her nieces that Taylor was not yet shooting boy juice — and the male hormone blocker he was on would possibly prevent that from ever happening. But to play out the humiliation, all three of the girls gathered down between his lean, practically hairless legs, pulled down his panties and examined his limp, depleted penis. "No cum!" shouted Heather as she quickly bent down and licked the head of his dick. "He's not much of a boy! There isn't even much of precum." Brandi said, "Oh, I love the taste of a boy's precum. Can I have some? Can I have some?" Without waiting for an answer she swooped down and took a lick of the head of his dick. "You're right. Nothing shot out of him, only a bit of precum and it's very weak and watery. Gosh, he's eleven and if he isn't shooting cum by now, his future with girls is very bleak," Brandi said as she rolled his limp dick in her fingers.

That brought a few more tears to his blue eyes. He wondered: How do these horrible little girls know so much about boys' penises? They made him feel like a dumb, tiny little boy with his lack of knowledge and sexual experience. They were so much smarter than he was. It frustrated him. Finally, he yelled out, "Stop picking on me! I'm sure my dick is fine. You're just teasing me. Now, stop it! I'll tell you what: You think you know so much, let's play another video game and I'll show you I'm better than all three of you put together!" Needing a boost of confidence and relief from them beating up on his diminishing masculine ego, he rolled off the couch, pulled up his panties and then put his shorts back on, and as he did, he knew beating them playing video games would show him to be superior to them in at least one way.

Heather said they would take up his challenge. Just then Taylor's mother came in and invited them into the kitchen to have tea and cookies. He wanted to complain that having a tea party was what little girls do, not boys. But when his mother said she had made some little sandwiches and cake and cookies for the tea party, he changed his mind because by then he was famished.

And while he stuffed himself with food and downed several cups of sugary tea, Heather went into the living room and jimmied his video game. She was a very smart girl and had already skipped two years in school. She was now in the first year of a pilot school program taking computer classes for highly advanced students, and with this knowledge, she now fixed his game so anyone would beat Taylor, no matter how well he played.

The Video Game Challenge Report filed 7/21/09

When the tea party was over and they all adjourned to living room to play the game, Heather said, "So you think your dick is fine and as good any of us on this game. Well, then, bet me. I say you're a sissy. So let's make this game interesting. If I win, I get to make you up like a pretty little girl and we can all have girlie fun with you for the rest of the day. That way you'll see how it feels to be a girl — you just might like it!" He snapped back, "Not likely! I know I'm going to win, so if I win what will I get?" Heather looked him straight in his eyes, grabbed his cock through his shorts and panties, gave it several nice tugs and said, "I will let you try to fuck me with that tiny noodle of yours since no other girls would want that thing in them because it's SO tiny and it doesn't even shoot cum, so it's useless. I bet your skater boyfriend Randy is hung like a real boy. When we were outside, he was watching us girls skateboarding, and he was staring up our skirts when he were doing tricks on your ramp. I could see his cock bulging in his shorts; it looked like a nice big one — twice the size of yours — like boys your age should have."

Heather sat down at the TV waiting for Taylor to take the bait. "You might never get a chance to fuck a girl once we tell the whole school you have such a short and pathetic penis. Come on, prove to me you are a boy; beat me playing this video game and then try to fuck me; let's see if you can do it! Or are you a chicken, chicken?" And she made clucking chicken noises that challenged him and went right to the core of his already well-battered masculinity.

'Fuck her!' he thought! Gees! Of course, he had never fucked a girl. Sure he had heard all the older boys talking about it; that's about all they talked about — that and getting blowjobs. And the blowjob he just got was both upsetting and maddeningly exciting. But now he wanted to know what fucking a girl was like, putting his dick inside a girls' pussy. He had never even seen a girl's pussy, but that was nothing to stop him. Yes, he wanted to fuck Heather. He needed to know! So he spit in his hand and held it out, "You're on, girl." Little did he know that Heather had changed the code in his game and she had made her character in the game invincible.

So the game started and they were both pulling off some great tricks, but Heather's tricks got her more points, and as they made their way to the finish line, Taylor knew he was being beaten. Heather stood up and announced, "Ladies meet my new girlie

boy cousin, Tina. Stand up, sweetie; you're my little girl for the rest of the day." Her sisters were chanting, "Winner, winner, chicken dinner. Taylor lost and now he's Tina." Without resistance, they ushered him into the spare bedroom that they always used when they visited and sat him on the makeup chair. First, they painted his finger and toe nails a rich shade of pink.

(I was at the house posing as a plumber so I was able to witness his first full crossdressing session. It was incredible! They all knew I was working in the upstairs bathroom, and I made a few unannounced visits to the girls' bedroom pretending to ask Taylor's mother for advice on what she wanted done, and it gave me the chance to see Taylor becoming Tina at various stages. Plus I did no real plumbing work; I just lurked in the hallway tape recording the conversation and Taylor's reactions as they dressed him up and feminized him. - Tony)

"How did you win?" Taylor was continuing to complain as they were fussing with his hair and adding makeup to his face. "Heather, you must have cheated. I hate you girls! I never loose!" He whined but they ignored him as they finished his nails. "Stop complaining and take your loss like the sissy you are," Tami said. "I sucked your pathetic smelly noodle when I lost. Do you think I wanted too? I wanted a real boy's dick in my mouth. Instead I got your ugly little thing. Now you lost, so shut up and enjoy it; it's an honor to be a girl." Tami then added small designs on his finished nails. Then right on cue, his mom called out, "Lunch is ready, kids. Come down and get it." Then the girls ran downstairs, dragging Taylor along with them with his brightly pantied pink nails that were impossible for him to hide.

As they sat around eating pizza, Betty said to her son, "Taylor Michelle, I see you like nail polish. That shade of polish compliments your complexion." Taylor begged, "Mo-o-o-m, don't tease me. Please don't call me Michelle. I lost a silly bet and now I have to be a girl for the day. Please don't make it any worse for me. Right now, I'm not hungry; can I go back upstairs and to my room?"

"I'm sorry," his mom apologized. Heather jumped up and said, "Um, Auntie Betty, Tina is the girlie name we picked for him, not Michelle."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Tina," his mother said with a giggle. "If you are Tina for the day; I will then just have to refer to you as Tina too. Well, I'm not surprised that you are not hungry with the way you gobbled down everything in sight at tea time. As a girl, you have to learn about tea parties. One just eats little bits of food. It's more of a social occasion than a full meal. If you're gong to be a girl, I guess you have a lot to learn. But you're still in boys' clothes even though you have some makeup and nail polish on. Are you going to be in a nice party dress and a full set of lingerie too so you can really experience being a girl?"

Tami answered, "Oh, yes, Auntie Betty, we were just about to do that when you called us down for lunch.

"Mom, do I have to do it? I don't want to be a girl. Please tell them to stop."

"He spit swore, Aunt Betty; he has to go through with it, doesn't he?" Brandi said as she sipped on her cola. As his mom took a slice of pizza, she looked at Taylor in surprise and said, "Absolutely, he does! He himself told me that he and his friends never can break a spit bet, and he knows it. So, Taylor – I mean, Tina, are you trying to welsh on a bet? That's something a real sissy would do, not a real boy. So take it like a real boy or your cousins will think you are more of a sissy than they know you are already. And quit whining."

Then Heather dropped the bombshell they knew would help brake his male spirit. "Aunt Betty, did you know his penis is smaller than the seven-year-old neighbor boy we baby-sit for? It's so small and pathetic and soft, we know no girl would ever want him for a boyfriend with that thing, no matter how cute Taylor is." His mom put a worried look on her face, "Yes, girls, I know he has a really tiny dick, just like his father. It's amazing that his daddy ever got me pregnant. When he would try to fuck me, it would constantly fall out of my pussy. After a few years of trying, do you want me to tell you how I was finally able to have my tiny dicked husband get me pregnant with Taylor?"

The girls screamed in unison wanting to know.

"Well, something like that is very private and usually not something to talk about, but now that my husband is long gone, I think it's OK to tell you. Besides, you three girls are almost like my daughters too. It happened like this: I would give my husband a blowjob and he would shoot his tiny bit of cum into my mouth; I would then kiss him and transfer his weak bit of slime to his mouth, and then he would suck on my pussy and shove his cum from his mouth and into my pussy. We did this most nights for almost a year before I was able to get pregnant with Taylor. So ... now you know!"

More stunned than the girls was Taylor. This was much more than he ever needed to know. And now his mom telling his cousins was like telling the whole world!

His mom continued, "Taylor, I mean Tina – I have to get used to calling you that – losing this bet today is probably a very good thing. Since you have been cheated in life and the bearer of a very small penis, maybe you would be better off as a girl full time. So, today, you can see how it feels. It would be to your benefit to want to be a girl, and if you like it, it would be very easy to have our new doctor, Dr. Lucy, arrange to cut off your dick and balls and give you a pussy like a real girl. Being a girl is a lot more fun than being a boy. Girls don't have to worry about their penis getting hard and worrying if will ever shoot cum and make babies. It was just by luck that you daddy ever got enough juice out of his balls to impregnate me with you. It was very difficult for him too. He was constantly tired from trying to fuck me every night because he knew I wanted so badly to have a baby. And when it finally did work and I was pregnant, I had

prayed for a girl – your daddy wanted you to be a girl too because he didn't want to have a son who would probably be afflicted with the same little penis and sex problems he had trying to satisfy a woman. But then you were born, and yes we loved you and I still do, but we always worried what would happen to you when you got to be ten or eleven years, as you are now, and you had difficulty getting hard and still weren't shooting cum. So enough talk about all this, girls take him to your room, dolly him up really nice, and maybe he'll soon want to join us and make this an all-girl house!

“Taylor, now let the girls do you up right because we are going out to dinner tonight with you as Tina, the newest girl in our now all female household.” As she said that, they all laughed and giggled except for Taylor who had small tears running down his innocent face. Brandi took him by the hand and said, “Enough pizza for you (even though he had barely taken a bite), we do not want any fat girls in our house plus we have a lot of work to do on you so let's go, and no whining — you lost the bet, so just relax and enjoy being a girl for a while.” As she led him upstairs, her sisters followed, all smiles, as they knew they were really breaking down his male barriers.

Once in the girls' room, they made him take off his clothes as they ran a bubble bath for him. “Now, Tina, you will love being spoiled as a girl and might begin to want this kind of pampering all the time. So into the tub, so we can wash you up. She led him to the bathroom, and in he went, a quiet and broken boy. They washed his entire body, and when they got to his penis, Brandi took from the medicine cabinet a baby size blue rubber nasal aspirator. It was perfect for a boy-style penis douche. Beforehand, the girls had boiled water, then mixed soap into it and let it cool. Now, Brandi filled up the aspirator syringe with the fresh soapy solution, and before he knew what was happening, she slid it inside his virgin pee hole and gently squeezed the rubber bulb and shot some soapy water into his rubbery penis. She let the water flow out and told him that every girl has to smell fresh and clean 'down there'; otherwise, a stinky smell comes from inside her body and everybody can smell it. I think your mom will agree with me, for now on, you should give yourself a penis-cleansing sissy douche like this every day, so your little penis always smells nice and not like stale boy pee anymore.

“That feels weird,” he said as she shot three more squeezes of the bubbly water into his dick, each blast she shot into him with a greater bit of force.

The soapy solution did not enter his bladder, just washed and cleansed his urethra. This treatment is a great way to make a boy being demaled to feel like a sissy, make him feel much more feminine and less like a boy. The small flexible nozzle of the baby size nasal aspirator easily fits into any boy's pee hole.

[Note: The Demale Society manuals detail many different ways to change males into wimps and sissies; however, we describe these techniques for informational purposes only, and individual members have to decide what might work best for their own

particular demaling situation. The Society does not recommend putting any type of foreign object or solution into any orifice of the human body since doing so can easily cause internal damage or introduce an infection into the subject. We only report what various women and girls are doing in their quest to feminize males and train them to be demales. You are encouraged to develop your own methods of demaling males as well as learn from the reports of others; however, please, always use safe play and safe sex practices. The 'boy douching' described here we don't recommend even though it seems easy to do and its supporters claims it is a powerful tool to use in breaking down the male mind. Ed.]

When they finished his dick douching, they washed his beautiful blonde hair and had him stand up. Tami rubbed Nair hair removal cream on his arms, belly, chest and legs as he had started to grow a little hair on his body. They left it on him even though he complained that the cream was burning his skin. Finally, they rinsed the cream off and he was smooth and hairless. Taylor had been proud of the hair growing on his body (another affirmation of his developing manhood), so he was stunned to see it now being washed off his body and stared in disbelief as he watched it all go down the drain.

He was then helped from the tub, dried off and powdered with a fragrant rose-scented body powder. He was ushered into the girls' bedroom again, dressed in a new pair of fancy pink lace panties and a full-length pink slip and then put back into the makeup chair so Heather could set his longish hair with curlers. (Taylor didn't even think about the lingerie and how well they fitted him. He thought they belonged to the girls but would have been distressed to learn that his mom had bought these items just for him.) He complained that he had been kept either naked or just in underwear while they all remained fully dressed, so Heather told her sisters he was right, and then before his startled eyes, the three girls flipped off their dresses and pranced around in just their bras and panties as they prettied up his hair and face.

“Now, sit still and let me finish with you,” Heather said as she took eyeliner and gently applied some to his already naturally long eyelashes. “Now, Tina, hold still for some blue eye shadow to highlight your pretty eyes.” As she worked on him, he peeked at himself in the mirror and saw he looked less and less like a boy and more and more like a girl, a girl cute enough to be a cheerleader, he thought. Once his makeover was finished, all of them were exhausted, so they curled up together on the girls' king-size bed and fell asleep for an afternoon siesta. Brandi had her hand up Taylor's slip, cuddling his penis like it was a stuffed animal to comfort her as she slept. Heather had her face between her little sister Tami's legs nuzzling her baby girl panty-covered pussy. When Mom yelled, “Hey, girls, time to wake up and get ready,” they all woke up. As Brandi and Tami got their dinner dresses on, Heather took out Taylor's curlers and used a curling iron to give him a girlish hairstyle before letting him look at himself in the mirror. He was astounded.

“Oh, gees, Heather, I look like a girl, don't I?”

She sweetly said back to him, "Yes, and no one will ever know you were once a little boy; just wait until you see yourself in the beautiful party dress we have for you."

They had him stand up to be fitted with a beautiful blue and silver party dress. But before they put it on him, he was supremely humbled when they began trying several bras on him before Heather took out the special bra his mom had bought for the occasion. (He never knew.) It was a padded bra perfect for his chest size and gave him the appearance of nice girlish breasts. No one would ever know they were falsies. Over them went his slip and then the dinner dress. He was a broken and quiet boy but the girls could see how he marveled at his transformation. A nice silver necklace and some lip liner and gloss gave his full lips a sensuous sexy hot pink look. A pair of blue and silver flats finished off his ensemble and he was no longer Taylor, but Tina the crossdressing eleven-year-old sissy boy. Then Heather got dressed and they went downstairs.

Mom made such a fuss over him. "Come over here, Tina; my, you look so cute! I never want you to be a boy again; you're so precious! Look in the mirror. You're perfect — simply perfect. I never thought you would look better as a girl than as a boy, but you do; just look at yourself," she cooed as the girls doted and fussed with his outfit, even lifting up his dress to steal peeks at his pink panties and refresh their giggles.

Then it happened, the girls encouraged him to swish around in the dress to feel the skirt of his dress and the petticoat underneath swing around his body, as he whirled around looking at himself in the full length mirror, he said what his mom thought he would never say: "Mom, I do look like real girl. I can't believe it. "His nieces cheered. His mom said, "And it's not so bad. In fact, it's fun being a girl, isn't it?" He blushed and said, "Yeah, mom, it's fun." (The hormones were taking their toll; his penis was weakening and shrinking, so now to take refuge in his new girly persona wasn't so unpleasant for him.)

Not wanting to lose the happiness of the moment, Betty led them quickly out to the car to go to dinner. Taylor had forgotten that he had left his nice new skateboard ramp and equipment out on the driveway, and now his friends were back and doing tricks on his boards. Taylor was so consumed with his appearance and so embarrassed at being taken outside like this, he kept his eyes down. He didn't want anyone to notice him. He didn't even see his old friends; however, they noticed him immediately and took him for a girl. They were doing grinds and almost fell of their skateboards as they stared at him dressed to the nines. They stopped immediately and whistled at him. They didn't recognize him at first, but when they did, Randy started the assault, "Hey, guys, look that's Taylor! He's a faggot, all right. Look he's in a dress now, not just little blue panties!" Jake, another boy who had been skating with them, laughed a big belly laugh and called out, "Hey, Tay, you look hot; how about a kiss! Taylor, wanna be my bitch? How about giving me a nice blowjob?"

Taylor, now knowing what a blowjob was, shook with fear and cowered into the group of girls. His nieces got him into the car quickly before he completely fell apart; the tears about to flow down his face would ruin his makeup. But he could still hear the whistles and jeers in his mind as they went off to dinner despite the girls' best efforts to calm him.

Upon arriving at Marko's restaurant, an old-fashioned suburban dinner dance club, no one knew he was a boy. Even he realized that by the way people looked at him and the way the waitress talked to him while taking his order, which he whispered, fearing his voice would give him away as a boy. At a table next to them, a handsome teenage boy in nice dress pants, new Nikes and a sports coat took notice and was trying to get Taylor's attention, but Taylor ignored him, even though his cousins teased him and kept telling him to acknowledge the boy with a smile and a wink, but Taylor was too focused on avoiding attention since he had a great fear of someone discovering his identity, especially another boy, who he knew would be merciless in humiliating him if he found out the truth.

The night went as well as could be expected in Taylor's opinion, except when the boy approached and asked him to dance. But Brandi stepped in and danced with the cute boy, saying her cousin was sick with a cold and didn't want to possibly pass on her cold germs to him. Taylor sat there in amazement as he could not believe what he was doing. He almost felt like a girl, not just a boy play acting like one, and it disturbed him. "Mom, I wanna go home; I feel sick," he whined. But he was distressed when she answered, "But, honey, you aren't sick; you're just having butterflies from this exciting new experience. Just relax and enjoy yourself and everything is fine. And by the way, you know that you look so cute! I love you like this. Maybe you should think about being my Tina all the time — you look so perfect."

They finally went home, but it wasn't soon enough for Taylor. In his own room, he took off his dress and lingerie, all except his panties. Mom gave him a lovely new lavender babydoll nightie top to wear to bed to complete his day as a girl. Then she gave him his nightly 'vitamins' and tried to send him into dreamland as she jerked him off in his nylon panties. But his penis had been greatly weakened by his hormone treatments and she had a difficult time getting his dick hard. She put her hand up under his babydoll top and checked the development of his breasts. They had been swelling up, so she knew the hormones were working; his girl cousins had noticed too, but Taylor's mom had told them to pretend not to notice. Maybe Taylor did not even admit to himself that his titties were growing larger; he certainly didn't acknowledge it to his mom, but he did complain to her that his nipples itched and were very sensitive all the time. Betty wondered how he could miss his nipples getting noticeably larger. She guessed he just didn't want to recognize the changes his body, even the obvious changes like his loss of strength and definition of his muscles as his body smoothed out from the girlish fat being deposited not only in his chest but his butt and widening hips.

Taylor at six months, no longer afraid to display his big nipples and enlarged tits, playing in the woods behind his house with Tami, Heather, and Brandi, his three cousins who helped his mother demale him!



[Note: See posted in this issue a photographic record of Taylor's body changes over time. A picture of him after six weeks, at three months, and then at six months. That last picture shows him playing outside with his three girl cousins who tricked him into shamelessly displaying himself with his muscles now smoothing out and his almost fully developed new titties. The combination of female hormones and male hormone blockers produced this stunning result within this short period. At this point he had long accepted that physically, he was turning into a girl and he had no fight left in him.]

Once he was asleep, Betty had her nieces put discreet cuts in his three pairs of expensive sneaks. Each girl was given a new scalpel and they sat together as they learned how to make nice deep cuts into the leather of his Nikes and the suede of his Vans and Adidas, so that within a week or two all of his expensive boys' sneaks would breakdown and his mom would step in and replaced them with pairs of generic and unisex Converse All Stars and a couple of pairs of bobos.

Taylor's new Life of Bobos and Breasts

For Taylor, the next couple of weeks were OK; he went to school and took his male hormone blockers and female hormones daily still thinking they were vitamins. Every weekend his nieces came over and in some way or another got him into girls' clothes and had him repeat his time as Tina. One of the first successes they had was when his \$90 Nike Air Shocks split on the outside and his mom gave him a whole day of grief for being so hard on his new shoes and not taking care of them. Two days later, his sleek and stylish Vans split too, so she marched him to the mall and disregarding his complaints and protests, she made him buy and wear home a pair of white Converse All Stars. Plus she got him two pairs of bobos that he considered beneath him to wear, but his mother told him he had to wear them whenever she would tell him; they were punishment for wrecking two pairs of his most expensive shoes. She said she could easily afford more of the expensive shoes for him but he wasn't smart enough of a boy to know how to properly take care of them.

And so now he was going to have to wear the Converse shoes and the bobos. He complained that only poor kids, boys that weren't smart and faggots wore shoes like that. His mother simply looked at him and added, "Sissies too? Do sissy boys wear sneaks like these?" Tay was quick to answer, and he started to say, "Yes," but he then shut his mouth and walked quietly out of the mall in his new Converse shoes.

Note: Taylor didn't question why I, as the friendly plumber, was at their house so often. His mom simply told him that the house they lived in was getting old and needed a lot of plumbing work. But of course, I was there to witness his crossdressing and feminization, and for our Demale chapter's private library, I was secretly recording and videotaping his being dragged down into sissyness. "Dragged down" don't you love the term! Whenever I was in the house and I encountered him in his feminized state

or in some sissy outfit halfway between being a boy and a girl, I never laughed at him; I would say nothing or only make a complimentary comment. As the only male around, he let me know that he liked me a lot and even became quite cuddly with me. After I'd finish work for the day, his mom would serve me a sandwich and a beer and have him sit next to me on the couch as we'd watch TV.

Note: I'm sure I mentioned it to you before, but to remind you, I am one of our chapter's official Demale Society remales and happily blessed with a large penis. I'm straight and love having sex with females, and as one of the few certified remales in our chapter, I'm on call to satisfy a number of the women and girls in our group whenever they need a good sound fuck, but I don't mind admitting that a boy who is almost a girl can get me going too. And Taylor was one of those boys.

Sitting next to this increasing feminized boy excited me. His mom would tease me about it. Then she even got me to participate in furthering her son's feminization. As we'd sit next to each other, I'd get a nice big erection in my loose-fitting trousers, and we knew he noticed it. His mom devised a plan and encouraged me to maneuver around and get Taylor to 'accidentally' put his hand on my big cock sticking up in my pants. He was embarrassed whenever I'd make that happen, but he never seemed to be in too big of a rush to move his hand away. After a few times, I had it set up with Betty for her to walk into the room just as I twisted around and my cock was pressing up against his hand. She admonished him, saying she was ashamed of him acting like a little slutty girl and exciting me like that, then she said, "But you know, Taylor, maybe this is a good opportunity for a lesson. I'm sure you noticed how large Tony's cock is in his pants. It's almost twice the size of your little dickie, and it's the size a penis should be."

"Tony," she said to me, "how big was your penis when you were Taylor's age?" I answered, "Oh, about the same size that it is now. It hasn't grown a bit since I was his age." She turned back to her son and lied to him as she said, "See, your dick is as big as it's ever going to be. A boy's dick doesn't grow much after he's ten or eleven. And something else, Taylor, I think I noticed your dick is getting smaller not larger. And it's not getting as hard as it used to get. Have you noticed that?"

Taylor looked at her with fear in his eyes. His mother then had both of us stand up and pull down our pants to compare. To Taylor, my cock must have looked like a monster. He stared at it the longest time. His mom even got him to touch it. That just about made me blow my cum all over the kid! I had to bite my tongue to hold back! But thank goodness, she had both of us pull up our pants, she had accomplished what she wanted to accomplish on that particular day. I have other interesting Taylor stories to tell you perhaps at another time.

Sincerely,
Tony

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Demale Society Poster Boy
www.Demale.com*

*For a boy, often
the first time he is
forced into a slinky
full slip, he does
not know whether
to laugh or cry!*