

The Denmale Society

Training Manual

Volume #48

Adults Only

*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

*Fantasy
Entertainment*



"Almost a Girl"
Collection by
Elsandro



October 2009
Demale Society Poster Boys
www.Demale.com

"Almost a Girl" Fashion Show
Lingerie by Elsandro - April 20, 2009
Riverside Demale Society



The Demale Society Manual

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

Testimonials Added 7/22/09

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

Here is ongoing information about one of our members and how she uses penis douching to sissify her boy.

Douching the Penis

In taking the demaling process even further, several of our members engage in the fun practice of douching their male's penis to make him feel even more feminine. Dr. Lucy fully approves and most of our men and boys currently being demaled have been trained to do it on a regular basis.

Bras, panties, dresses and other female apparel as well as a lot of mind games are very important in the demaling process, but something more you can do is to make him douche his sissy little dickie. It's actually just a rinsing of the male's urethra, but you make it into much more by telling him he has to douche his smelly sissy dick because the odor from his crotch is disgusting.

How to Do It

From your local drug store acquire either of two items: a baby-size nasal aspirator or, from the enema section, a pediatric Fleet disposable enema bottle. Each has safe flexible rubber tips that can easily glide into any boy or man's pee hole without discomfort or pain. It is a safe and effective treatment to use in the art of demaling. The baby nasal aspirators come in many colors but for your sissy — of course — I recommend a nice pink color. Make sure the nasal aspirator is smooth from the bulb part to the tip

with no bumps or ridges as some models have them. The Fleet enema bottle is perfect too; its smooth, small, rounded tip fits in any male's pee hole. For a younger boy with a little penis, the baby size nasal aspirator works great, as it has a graduated smooth rubber tip that can accommodate any little boy's wiener.

Fill the nasal aspirator or the Fleet enema bottle with clean water (boil the water to kill any germs and of course let it fully cool before using it). Slide the tube into the boy's pee hole, and then back it out a bit. Then slowly apply continuous pressure to the bulb or the enema bottle (it's flexible plastic) until water flows back out around the enema nozzle and out of his smelly little pee hole, effectively cleaning out and douching his new boy vagina.

NOTE: The Demale Society does NOT advocate inserting or injecting anything into any opening part of a male's body. There is always risk of doing internal damage or causing infection. In our Training Manuals, we simply relay information to our members and readers about what other females are doing to demale their men and boys.

Douching can become a daily part of their new feminine hygiene routine. This way of rinsing out their limp weak penises will remind them they are not real boys any more, and it gives moms a new way of further weaken their male self-image.

Imagine Little Davy coming home from school as usual wearing his pink panties under his jeans, and as he walks by his mom, she says, "What's that nasty smell?" Then she unzips his jeans and yells, "Yuk! How dare you defile your beautiful girlie panties with such a smelly penis? Go upstairs right now and douche your little boy pussy; it stinks like pee."

After he does it and reports to her, she can open his jeans again, put her face right down toward the crotch of his panties and take a sniff. She can then declare he is now suitably cleansed or, if his panties are smelly, have him wash out his panties and then put

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on a clean pair of panties along with a spray of perfume to the crotch. Most mothers make putting on a fresh, clean pair of panties a requirement after their boy douches. Also the now cleansed male can be told to leave his jeans off for the rest of the day and go around in just his panties because his miserable little penis is a gathering place for germs and it needs fresh air to prevent it from becoming infected. Part of the douching routine should be constantly reminding him that an infection in his penis might make it necessary to have a doctor cut it off, so he needs to be very careful and always keep it clean. Scaring a male about the possibility that he will have to have his penis surgically removed is a powerful way a female can get the upper hand over her male.

The first couple of times, the mother, wife or girlfriend should douche her boy's sissy clit, so the demaled wimp learns exactly how to do it. He should be told that since he is becoming more feminine, his little penis is becoming more like a vagina has to be cleansed regularly to keep him healthy just like a female douches herself to remain fresh and clean. It's one more great way to further his demaling.

Scott's Mom Introduces Him to Douching

An example is fourteen-year-old Scott, the son of one of our members, Edna. She and her seventeen-year-old daughter, Sandy, have been demaling him now for four months. Mother and daughter now regularly go around the house in just their lingerie, and both females have full control over Scott's penis and his bathroom functions. He already has nice breast development (as shown in the one enclosed photo taken at our annual Demale Society costume party — his sister is cupping his one budding breast — a nice girlish mound equal to the development of many girls his age). Daily he takes a male hormone blocker and female hormones disguised as amino acids and multi vitamins.

Scott had been a rough boy to demale. But they eventually broke him of his nasty masculine ways by panty training him and then wanking him off into his silky panties with great frequency, often several times a day, and as his hormone therapy increasingly took hold, they could see how it affected his erections and ability to shoot cum.

Just two months ago, after first learning about penis douching at one of our weekly meetings, his mother took this additional step toward breaking him and furthering his sissy training by douching his dickie after she shamed him when she complained about his crotch smelling like stale pee.

She opted to use the Fleet disposable enema bottle on his monstrous six-and-a-half inch penis. She marched him upstairs to the master bathroom and had him remove his Lee jeans and pink rhumba panties. She inspected his stained panties and reprimanded him for not showing proper respect for his sissy panties by defining them with smelly boy dick drippings. As she kept berating him for his lack of hygiene, she lubed up the enema

nozzle and said, "I'm going to teach you how to clean this disgusting piece of meat between your legs. So pay attention because you will have to do this to yourself on a regular basis or take a chance on getting a serious infection. Plus, it will prevent you from going around smelling like a piss pot." She then plunged the nozzle into the pee hole of his semi-hard sissy clit. As the water flushed out his urethra and ran back out alongside the nozzle of the enema bottle, she kept up his brainwashing.

"Real boys," she said in exasperation, "don't have to douche their manly cocks, only sissy boys because their repulsive little sissy dicks don't get hard like they used to and increasingly become limp noodles causing their penises to never completely drain after urinating and some pee stays in there becoming stale, rancid, smelly and a danger to their health."

Edna had him douching three times a week. She had his big sister Sandy regularly monitored him for penis cleanliness. It was great to see his sister make him drop his jeans whenever she so pleased and then put her face down to the crotch of his fancy panties to see if she could smell any repulsive odors emanating from his boy parts. Of course, at such times, she'd usually take the opportunity to jerk on his penis a bit to test his responsiveness and see how long it took her to make him at least partially hard. She did it all in a businesslike way, of course, like a nurse checking his pulse.

But once the Androcour fully kicked in, Sandy noticed in her regular morning panty-penis inspections that he was no longer having those pesky morning erections and that it was taking him longer and longer to get a boner, so she informed their mother, who then began making him douche his dick on a daily basis. Threats of the possibly of having to cut off his penis due to infection did wonders to get him to adhere to the program. In addition, now he willingly wears dresses around the house because he has been convinced that they allow air to circulate around his panty-entrapped penis — supposedly to keep it aired out and to diminish the risk of developing an infection. Silly sissy boys believe such bullshit without question!

Edna Tells How She Did It

A good way to introduce your boy to douching is to do what Edna did to Scott. Here, she describes her method: Start by telling him about the sexual parts of the female body. Let him touch your body in your lingerie, then let him undress you and touch, play with, and fondle your bare breasts and naked cunt. Then have him get down between your legs and smell your unwashed crotch before you show him step-by-step how you douche your cunt and make it clean and nice smelling. Then after doing it, have him get between your legs again to see and smell for himself how nice and fresh your pussy is after douching. Then have him help you into a sexy bra and an especially beautiful pair of nylon panties. I might add, that while he is down there inspecting your douche job, you might not be able to resist having your boy suck on your pussy 'since he's in the neighborhood' — and why not! Sissy boys are great cuntlappers!



After letting your sissy demaled boy see you douche your private parts, bring out HIS douche kit, show him how to do it to himself and then get him to start doing it to himself like mommy. Leading up to douching him, it's good to toy with his penis through his silky panties as you keep up the mental bullshit to confuse him about sex and fuck with his mind. Tease him if he gets hard or doesn't get hard, laugh at him and tell him it's so small and weak and limp, etc. If he's erect, verbally taunt him and sweetly make fun of his lack of masculinity until his penis softens, then proceed as you teach him how to douche his dickie.

I hope you can use this informative and useful article as it has been used now by well over 120 of our moms and others we have taught how to do it to their sons, brothers, husbands or boyfriends as part of a demaling program. It's safe if done correctly and with sterilized implements, and it's a fun and effective way to change a boy's mind about his penis and that his limp dick is not like other boys' dicks.

Reported by Tony.

Added 7/22/09

More About the Importance of Sneakers

Taking the maleness out of a boy and making his penis a limp embarrassment in his sissy pink panties can be greatly aided by making him wear cheap ugly sneakers. A boy's sneakers define

who he is to other kids. Don't underestimate a boy's footwear or how important it is to deprive him of these status symbols. For a boy, the wrong kind of shoes diminishes his standing with other kids. A boy's former friends can do a lot to demoralize him if they catch him wearing cheap sneakers and unmasculine elements of clothing.

A shamed boy is more easily manipulated and demaled. Many of these items — like cheap, ugly sneakers, a girlish necklace, pink clothing, childish items of wear and even pale nail polish and hints of makeup can be introduced to the boy as part of a punishment, but once his friends see what he is being forced to wear, they will shun him if not dump him completely!

The Type of Sneakers to Buy Him

These are approved sneakers for sissy pantywaist boys: Most of the cheapest styles from K-Mart, Wal-Mart, Payless Shoesource and other low price sneaker outlets. The worst colors and styles are best. Converse All Stars are great because both boys and girls wear them and once some total demaling of him has been accomplished, you can even buy him nice PINK Converse shoes to wear. Or you can buy white ones and when you wash them put a touch of pink dye in the wash water and make them increasingly pink each time you wash them.

Pink shoes (actually PINK anything) are very demoralizing for a boy, even if you just use them for punishment while he is in the house. And as with any feminine item added to what he wears, he will become used to wearing it and at times forget and go



Oops! A bit of your pink
panties are showing, boy!



outside only to discover that once he is away from home that he didn't change into something more boyish before going out. Of course, if his friends happen to see him so dressed when he is out, that could spell disaster for him!

However, under no circumstances should you allow your boy to have any Nike, Adidas, or Reebok brand name shoes, except for the white or black 'Princess' style Reeboks. And no skater sneakers, especially Vans Airwalks, Oris Fallen, Dc shoes (except in black and pink girls' styles), or any other style skater shoe as they have a horrible macho appearance and feel to them.

Reported by Tony.

Added 7/23/09

Ms. Tracy Tells How to Numb a Penis!

Ms. Tracy Doogan from our Demale Society chapter works as a dermatologist and she offers this idea to all moms and wives demaling a family member:

I recommend you further humiliate and degrade your husband or son by adding penis-numbing therapy to his demaling regimen. When applied regularly to a boy or man's dick head and foreskin, some over-the-counter gels and creams make it very difficult for him to ejaculate or even cum. The psychological advantage of doing this is to take more control away from your male. A physically neutered male is at your mercy to manipulate and humiliate as he learns his new place in the world.

I have a very good life. I am divorced and my snake of a husband moved his medical practice to the West Coast a couple of years ago and now is nowhere to be found. I have a good paying job and can afford almost anything I want for myself and my darling son Billy.

But once my husband was gone, I was open to new experiences and other than some teen girl experiences and playing around with my roomies in college, I had never engaged in any lesbian activities, but I now found myself drawn to strong women and it was natural for me to explore having sex with them. I also became interested in making Billy more feminine to counteract the masculine tendencies he was picking up and which I finding quite repulsive.

As a prominent New Jersey dermatologist, I have access to various prescription strength skin-numbing creams, but you can do wonders with just over-the-counter creams.

Tracy Tricks Her Son Billy

Billy is the subject of my affection and a constant project. I will not allow him to become a sexist male like my ex husband, who is a classic male chauvinist pig. He has always used women as objects and thinks he should be worshipped. My little Billy will

not be like that. He is so handsome it is a crime. I had already seen too much of my ex husband coming out in him and I knew I had to do something to change that.

When I started demaling my 11-year-old soccer loving Billy, I tricked him into rubbing copious amounts of maximum strength Oragel onto his growing penis. Under the guise of having a talk with him about sex, I brought him into the bathroom, showed him a tube of Oragel, and explained to him it was a sex aid, a lube his daddy used to make his penis very hard before he was going to have sex with me.

My husband is now long gone, probably mostly because his son turned out to be so naturally effeminate (even before I started demaling him) and unable to compete with other boys — Billy now plays on the girls' soccer team). Then I warned my son to never try using it for jacking off (which he knows I don't allow him to do), as it was for real men only — not sissy boys like him.

I have long called him a 'sissy' — my favorite nickname for him whenever he displeases me in any way. I blame all of his shortcomings on his being a sissy instead of being a responsible, good and respectful boy. Even before I joined the Demale Society, I called him a sissy (because of his naturally sissy ways) and it was an aspect of his persona that his father hated about him! Since he was a sissy, I used sissy-like punishments on him over the years; I have made him wear a bow in his hair, nail polish or even a fancy pair of lace panties for punishment — and I did this before I even knew those were proven Demale Society techniques to belittle a boy and keep him manageable.

My ex-husband, Mack, never minded me using sissy punishments on Billy because he had given up on the kid ever being the big, strong son he had always wanted. Before my husband left us for good, he even called Billy a sissy more than I did. It started years ago when he was kicked off the Little League team because he couldn't hit or catch a ball like the other boys. The height of my husband's embarrassment came when Billy couldn't catch a simple fly ball hit directly to him; he missed catching it by a foot, and the ball hit him in the head and he started crying. He hadn't been hit hard; the ball didn't even leave a bruise or mark on him. The other boys laughed at him crying and they called him a weakling, a crybaby and a pussy boy.

Out of frustration because of his lack of typical boyishness, I think Mack used to enjoy humiliating Billy as a sissy. When Billy used to undergo panty punishment — usually for days at a time, my husband loved humiliating him, and he would make our son sleep in just his panties in our king size bed between us and my husband never missed a chance to tease and torment him.

After my husband left, Billy was miserable. I thought he would be glad his dad was gone, but maybe he had a masochistic streak in him and secretly enjoyed how his father used to sissy humiliated him. And I don't know why, but I stopped his sissy punishments for about two years between the time my ex left and before I joined the Demale Society. Billy's behavior deteriorated

in the meantime — that’s what led me to join the Demale Society as I was looking for answers.

I knew my son was masturbating frequently. I could see the stains on his sheets and underwear. He was on the verge of becoming fully sexually active and his penis was starting to dribble out a bit of precum when he jacked off, so I was ready with my plan to knock him down a bit more.

Well, Billy obviously believed what I had said about the Oragel — that it was a sex lube for real men as I had described, and I knew he wouldn’t be able to resist trying it, so when I finally caught him sneaking into the bathroom, I pretended not to notice. Then I discreetly listened at the door; I could hear him get out our creaky old stepstool to get the gel down off the top shelf of the bathroom linen closet. I listened for many minutes while he put it on and desperately tried to masturbate, but it worked perfectly and numbed his dick head and foreskin so as he tried to jerk off (against my strict rules) he got himself hard but very numb and was unable to have one of his dry cums. I then forced my way into the bathroom and caught him stroking himself silly, trying to reach that peak of feeling good. In desperation, he had been handling his penis so roughly while trying to cum that he had rubbed himself very sore!

I knew letting him see me in all stages of undress had worked on him because strewn out on the sink counter were pictures of girls in lingerie torn out of the newspaper and my store catalogs. That led me to severely spank him with my hairbrush as I made him continue to masturbate himself while working an old pair of his punishment panties over his penis. He was so sore and raw by then that he was pleading for me not to make him jack on his dick anymore. I think making him stroke himself was more painful than my hairbrushing!

I kept reminding him that the cream was just for real men, and that it had the reverse effect on sissy boys in love with lingerie. And to prove it, I made him rub some more of the cream on his dick every night before bed, and then I’d come in and play with it as I would hold a darling pair of his old pink punishment panties and stroke him through them until his little dick became raw from my rough handling with my rasping hand. For the first time in my life, I masturbated my son. I wanted to irrevocably connect in his mind cute nylon panties and making his penis feel good. He was still having his dry cums, but it would take him a long time, leaving him very sore and in pain by the time he ejaculated a few drops of precum. Many nights, he pleaded with me not to do it, he kept saying he was no longer interested in jacking off. The cream does lessen the pain from a raw, overworked penis, but it also desensitizes it, making ejaculation a real chore.

When I first started with the desensitizing cream, I once secretly timed him, and as a vibrant preteen, it took him less than a minute to stroke himself to a dry cum. Within a month, he did start shooting his nasty boy juice, and by then I was masturbating him nightly, and I loved taking my time to do it. I wanted him to

become addicted to the pleasure of shooting cum as well as fully establish his fetish for silky panties before beginning to kill his ability to spurt. The daily use of the cream gradually affected his performance, and it would take him longer and longer to reach an ejaculation.

How the Creams Work

Several creams can achieve this outstanding result. The creams all contain the main ingredient Benzocaine. Which is used in male delay creams for those nasty louts who cum too quickly. The trouble is that the strength of the male delay creams and sprays is only 7-10 %. But with what I call my “no more scream cream” — the maximum strength Oragel, which has 20% Benzocaine, I have taken control of his ejaculations during my initial demaling of him.

So I have had My Billy applying “no more scream cream” at least twice a day to his wretched little penis. Even though he has an average penis, I told him the cream had the added benefit of making his penis grow larger, telling him that his dickie was just too small to ever interest a girl into becoming his girlfriend as she would laugh at him, dump him and tell all the other girls about him once she saw he had such a small penis.

Billy Didn’t Realize the Cream was Killing His Masculinity

So he applied it as I directed, but what he didn’t know was that the more he used it, the more permanent was the numbing effect. After he had been using it for a month, I gave his penis a two-day break, and then tried to masturbate him as quickly as I could; he shot his cum in a little over five minutes — five minutes of loving handling by me — a lot longer than the less than a minute it took him to spurt precum just a month before.

The Process of Beginning to Feminize a Boy

After first joining the Demale Society, it took several meetings for me to learn everything I needed to know and work out a plan to take the male out of my Billy as best as possible.

The Oragel was working nicely, making him more addicted to me and my panty wanks as well casting doubts upon his masculinity. He was well on his way to becoming a handsome boy — a eunuch boy if I had anything to say about it — and I did! Five foot three with medium length brown hair, angelic brown puppy dog eyes, smooth skin, a slim figure and a love of playing with his penis. I was going to remake him into a lovely sissy and kill off the disgusting parts of him, including his penis.

He loved the attention and the nice style clothes and sneakers I used to buy for him, but I had no idea of how much they meant to him until at one of our Society meetings I learned the importance of sneakers to a boy. Sure I knew he took great pride in his stylish shoes, but I had no idea how important they were as a status symbol with other kids.

So one day when he sassed back at me once too often, I took him to the store he hated the most as a boy, Payless Shoesource and the did unthinkable. I shopped for a pair of the cheapest ugliest looking boys' sneakers they had. I told him, "These, my boy, are for when you are bad and you've been bad quite a bit lately, so now I have them and the next time you act up, you just might find all your cool sneakers missing and these in their place. Got it?"

Billy knew he was in the doghouse; he just nodded in defeat and then had to endure the shame of trying them on in the store. He was hoping no one he knew came into the store and saw him; luckily for him, no one he knew did see him.

But outside in the mall, we did run into two of his best friends, Tommy and David. Billy pulled away when I walked in their direction, but I called out to them, I said, "Hi, boys."

They noticed us, so Billy stopped pulling away and just blushed as they approached. I asked them what they were there buying since I noticed their shopping bags. Both boys pulled out new skater boy shirt and shorts combinations, saying they were on sale. They asked what we were there for and much to Billy's embarrassment, I not only told them, I showed them the sneakers I had bought for him at Payless shoes. When they made weird faces at the ugly shoes, I explained to them that Billy hadn't been acting very nicely for ages, so these were going to replace his nice skater boy sneaks if he didn't straighten up! The boys laughed and said they wouldn't be caught dead in such shoes.

He was mortified as his best friends had belittled him for nothing. As they continued to tease him, I could tell my son was becoming very upset by the mean look on his usually angelic face. But I could not let him suffer too much.

Dr. Lucy said there is a breaking point for all boys, a point where you can do irreparable damage to their psyches. So I stepped in and said, "Now, boys, go easy on him. I bought these sneaks for him to use as a possible punishment. So maybe he will never wear them, but now I have them just in case. Then the boys eased up on him, shrugged their shoulders and said goodbye. In minutes, Billy's friends did more damage to his male ego than I could do in hours or days!

Once home, Billy broke down in tears and pleaded with me, "Mom, don't you love me any more? You embarrassed me totally in front of my best friends. How could you do that? Why do you hate me?"

"I don't hate you, Billy; I love you dearly, but you've been developing bad habits and progressively getting worse. I'm afraid if I let you continue on this way, you'll turn out to be a real loser and an embarrassment to me and the whole neighborhood. I'm not so sure that Tommy and David are the type of boys you should be hanging with anyway. I think they are a bad influence on you. Keep going around with boys like them and I'm sure you'll be in trouble all the time and possibly grow up to find yourself doing some bad things and maybe even ending up in

jail. Yes, I'm very upset with you right now, but I love you very much, and I want to impress upon you that from now on, you will be a good boy or I'm going to take drastic measures.

"Now, come over here and lay next to mommy, my sweet little sissy boy."

Broken and tired he came over and I lay with him on his bed, hugging him and assuring him that I did love him and everything I did for him was to make him into a better person.

I Waited Until the Opportunity Was Right

I knew I was ready to start feminizing Billy, and the best scenario for the most traumatic way of doing that was to catch him in some serious misdeed and introduce him to feminization as a punishment. That opening came one day when I witnessed him being very mean to the girl next door, who adored him.

I happen to get home early and saw Billy tying up Ashley, our nine-year-old neighbor girl to the big oak tree in our backyard. I knew it was a game, but as I watched, he was tormenting her, pulling at her skirt, threatening to peek at her panties, calling her names like weakling and sissy girl, etc. I think all the years of being called a sissy himself made him want to call somebody else that name! And his teasing of her about peeking at her panties told me that he definitely had a serious panty fetish by then. It was my chance to really start changing him.

I let him know I was watching and went over to him. "Billy, what are you doing to Ashley? Untie her now and get over here; you're in big trouble." And with my special 'MO' tone of voice, he did as I asked and was over by my side in a flash. I smacked him in the face gently and said, "Go to my car, get my bags and take them into the house. You are in big trouble, mister."

He complained, "But, mom, we were only playing." I cut him off and said, "From now on you will learn how to respect and adore girls, ladies and all females regardless of their age. Your abusive ways are over, mister, now get inside."

My Hairbrush and His New Panties

Once in our house, he kicked off the new Black and Silver Dc skater style shoes I had bought him not long before and was in his Arizona jeans and his Flyers collared polo shirt. I took him by the ear into my bedroom and said, "Strip, you little brat, I have a surprise for you." All he got out of his mouth was, "But, mom, please..." Before I stopped him, as I was ready and took my newly purchased wide wooden hairbrush and smacked him on his left elbow (just like I read in the demaling of little Nicky Nickleson). It worked like a charm and brought tears to his eyes; he immediately became quiet and took off his clothes. He hesitated at his white BVD briefs, but I just sat there impatiently and then pointed at them and he sheepishly lowered them until my handsome soon-to-be sissy was stark naked in front of me.

He hadn't been subjected to any kind of punishment in about two years, much to my blame, and as a result he was becoming more of a disappointment and increasingly more like my ex husband. But now I was ready to start changing him. I pulled him over to the bed and took out a pair of panties. I had just bought a set of three nylon panties for him along with a few other girlie items to start him in his mew lifestyle. I showed him a pair of full-cut pink panties. They had nice lace on the leg openings and sides (but no lace or decoration on the front since I wanted to fully see the boyish distortions his noodle and nuts made in the silky folds of these crisp, new panties.

"I'm not wearing that crap; they're for girls. You and dad used to do that to me and I hated it," he said as he backed away. I raised the brush and whacked his other elbow stunning him in his place as I lowered the panties and held them open for him by his feet. His resistance had vanished and he raised his one foot and then the other and stepped into his new world. I slid them up his skinny legs and slowly dragged them over his calves, knees and thighs to tantalize him with their silkiness. Up and on they went, and soon my own little boy was on his way to being demaled.

"Now, Mr.," I said, "things are gonna change around here; you are in these panties as punishment for the way you treated Ashley. You will learn respect for girls and I will not allow you any boys' clothes or shoes inside this house until you learn how to love and respect women. And whenever you go outside you will wear lacy panties and other girls' lingerie for underwear. And if you don't immediately improve, you will feel my hairbrush on your bottom over and over again until you do. Now, get your butt over here!"

Once in Panties, It Was Time for His Makeup

He came to me not saying a word and I had him sit at my makeup table wearing just his new pink panties.

"Your first lesson is how to put on makeup; you will wear panties at all times and wear makeup and other girls' things whenever you are bad and whenever I want to see you like the little sissy that we both know that you are. Big boys don't tie up and humiliate helpless little girls, at least not good boys. That was a very sissy thing to do — and you were trying to look at her panties! Well, now you have your own pretty panties and you can look at them anytime you want! That should satisfy your curiosity about girls' panties!"

"But, Mom, the boys will laugh at me."

"Well, you'll just have to be careful so they don't see that you now wear girls' panties for underwear, huh? That should keep you on guard and be a constant reminder for you to be good."

And so Billy's demaling officially began.

After I made up his face with little touches of makeup — I didn't want to overdo it at this point, I had him look at himself in the

mirror. He grimaced and said, "Mom! I look like a sissy girl!"

I laughed and then lightly smacked him on his pantied butt before handing him a bottle containing a nice shade of blue nail polish. "Here, you little brat, I want your fingernails and toenails painted this nice baby blue, so get started. You'll learn how to do it and become better and better at it as you go along because you'll be wearing it everyday. I will allow you to take it off whenever you go outside, but if you've been bad, I'll make you keep it on where other people can see your nail polish if you're not careful hiding your hands. Now start painting those nails — and do your toenails too — any problems and I will beat your ass with my nice new hairbrush like I used to do when you were much younger. Why I ever stopped spanking you I'll never know, but you've been developing the wrong way, and I am surely at least partially to blame. Now, get to it, Billy."

I could see by the tears in his eyes that I had begun breaking down his male barriers. After repeated tries, he learned how to paint his fingernails and toenails. I had some nail polish remover and cotton balls ready for when he made mistakes. He did not resist. He seemed somewhat fascinated with the nail polish, and I must admit he did a good job for his first time.

Ashley Arrives to Further Humble Billy

I had another surprise for him. I had told sweet nine-year-old Ashley to come over to our house and walk right in and up to my bedroom about twenty minutes after I had sent Billy into the house to be punished. Well, I could hear when she came in the front door and up the stairs, and she laughed like crazy when she saw Billy sitting at my makeup table in his lace-encrusted pink panties with makeup on his face and his darling little toes and fingernails painted blue; she screeched with laughter.

"Wow! Mrs. Doogan, you're turning Billy into a girl!"

"No, Ashley, at least not just yet; I'm dressing him up like a silly sissy boy because that is what he is."

Billy jumped up to run as he protested, but he had nowhere to hide. "Mom, what is she doing here? Get her out of here!" He tried to bolt, but I was between him and the door and when I held up my big hairbrush, he sat back down, fuming mad at having a girl see him in girls' panties and made up like a faggot.

It didn't please him, when I announced, "Ashley is your new mistress, my little sissy. In other words, she is going to be your boss, and if she wants to do it, I'm giving her complete control over you today. Ashley, what do you think about that?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Doogan, I want to play sissy dress-up with Billy. He was so nasty to me, and I want to get even."

I knew Ashley was a dominating little girl; I had seen her many times bossing around her little boy cousin who was a sissy in his own right. I suspected she was a natural at humbling boys.

Billy's rough, oversized boys' clothes hide the panties and bra he wears underneath. His breast development is now almost filling his teen bra, yet he still gets semi-hard in his pink nylon panties!



“Great! Ashley, I am giving you the job of teaching Billy how to put on a heavier coat of makeup. And do you think your big sister has any dresses Billy can borrow? If you think it’s OK, I know Billy would love it if you could get a dress and maybe some other things he might need as we girlify him.”

Ashley nodded enthusiastically.

“And, Billy, Ashley will pick out a nice dress for you to wear since you have lost your right to be a boy today, and if you start complaining, I will use my hairbrush to burn up your sissy bottom. Now, consider yourself lucky, that I am not beating on your butt tight now, so be good, and do whatever she tells you to do! I’m just going to sit here and watch her handle you.”

I sat on the bed as the cute Ashley came over to admire Billy in his panties. She was a natural — she is one of those many girls who instinctively knows how to humble a boy when she has him in a position of subservience. She snapped the waist and leg elastics on his panties and giggled. I know he wanted to complain and tell her to stop, but one look toward me and he knew to be quiet and take his punishment. She expertly played the innocent little minx and asked me, “Mrs. Doogan, what does Billy have between his legs that is making a bulge in his nice girly panties?”

I answered her, “Well, since Billy isn’t a real girl, he has those nasty boy parts down there like other boys. Why don’t you feel those bulges through his panties and tell me about them.”

Billy gave me a forlorn and frightened look but allowed Ashley to feel him up through his slinky nylon panties. She took her time as she pulled, pushed and pinched his penis and balls. “Oh, yes,” she said, “I can feel them. They are like boys’ things down there, but they aren’t very big. Can we cut them off to make him into a girl? Then his panties would fit him nicely and he wouldn’t look like a stupid boy in girls’ panties.”

Tears came to Billy’s eyes and he was about to scream in outrage, but I quieted him as I said, “Oh, no, Ashley, we’re not going to cut off his precious little boys’ parts.”

Billy sighed in relief, but then jerked back when Ashley asked, “Can I peek down Billy’s panties and touch his things?”

I told her she could and added, “Have you ever seen a boy’s penis and balls naked?”

“Oh, yes, I saw them many times when I used to help change my boy cousin when he was still in diapers. And I still make him show me his little dickie whenever I want. My mom and auntie think it’s good that I take so much interest in him. And I saw six-year-old Danny Maset’s penis when he showed it to everybody at the park. I can see that Billy’s penis isn’t any bigger than my nine-year-old cousin’s or even Danny’s little one. Isn’t a boy’s penis supposed to get larger as he grows older?”

Ashley was a born dominatrix! Where do young girls learn these things! It was all I could do not to laugh! It couldn’t have done better if I had rehearsed her line for line. Billy was squirming at this humiliation. I loved it. She was a couple of years younger than he was, but she was obviously fully in charge. It had to be a monumental battering of his developing masculinity.

I asked her, “Ashley, if you can, would you go home and get one of your big sister’s dresses? She’s close to Billy’s size; he’ll just borrow it until I’m able to buy him some dresses of his own.”

In an instant, she was out the door, and in no time, she was back with a big bag full of goodies and two nice dresses on hangers. In the bag, she had several ribbons and bows, a couple of bras and slips and even some shoes and lacy ankle socks.

She boldly asked, “Mrs. Doogan, can I put these things on him now, please? She bowed slightly when she asked, and I said, “Sure, he’s your little sissy slave, and you can do whatever you wish with him, just don’t hurt him bad enough to leave any permanent marks!” I laughed, and then I sat back and watched.

She told him to stand up. When he did, his tears had almost dried completely until she lowered his panties and inspected his limp little penis in the nude. She leaned over and put her face right down in his crotch as she pushed and pulled on his dickie. She asked me again, “Ms. Doogan, his thing is so tiny. Aren’t eleven-year-old boys supposed to have bigger wieners?”

I nodded as I handed her one of the pink hair ribbons she had taken out of the bag and told her to tie up his penis with the ribbon. I explained, “Yes, Ashley, generally a boy’s penis grows larger as he gets older, but Billy has always had a small little dickie, like the one you saw on Danny at the park. Some boys grow up to be men and their penis never gets much larger than when they were little boys; I think Billy is one of those. But a small penis and balls are nice if a boy is a sissy like Billy. Just a silky pair of panties does a good job of hiding them and making him look quite girlish. Only sissies would do silly things like tie up a girl and try to peek at her panties. He obviously has a great interest in girls and girls’ panties, so he might be complaining and crying, but I think secretly he loves every minute of us turning him into a girl for a while.”

At that, Billy did protest, “No! NO! No, mother, I don’t want to be a girl, ever!”

I just laughed and told Ashley to continue and demanded that my son stand still while she tied the pink ribbon around his limp penis. She was being so forceful and in command that he had tears streaming down his face, but he offered no resistance as he could see me tapping the large hairbrush on my knee. He could do nothing but stand still and take it. I could see this whole experience was shaking him to his macho boy core. Ashley tied the shiny pink ribbon around his penis and then added a nice bow at the front of his dickie. It actually looked quite attractive and

decorative on his little wiener, but Billy's outrage was hitting his breaking point. "I had enough of this shit! I'm outta here," he yelled as he tried to run for the door. However, I had locked it after Ashley came back from her house, and for a few minutes, Ashley and I had to play a short game of 'catch the sissy.'

A Spanking was Needed

And when I did catch him, I was going to make him pay dearly. I told Ashley to pick up my hairbrush as I hauled my pink pantied boy over my knee. Ashley handed me the brush and then helped me hold him on my lap as I lit up his smooth boy bottom, beating on him through his panties that rippled delightfully every time I smacked his butt with the hairbrush. I left his panties up to minimize leaving any marks on him.

After I had him howling in pain, I handed the brush to Ashley and said, "Give this sissy son of mine a beating on his panties because of the way he disrespected you and violated your personal privacy."

She took the brush and, using all her might, gave him half dozen huge smacks on his bottom. I could tell she was hurting him.

When she was finished, I pushed him off me and onto the carpet. I then asked him, "Are there going to be any more problems, my little sissy?"

Through his sobs he uttered in a small, broken voice, "No, mommy, I'll be good." (I was delighted that he now called me 'mommy' like a little boy.)

"OK, then sit in the makeup chair and learn from your new sister how to put on makeup, dresses and other girlie things, and learn your lessons well because you'll be expected to know all about feminine things unless you want more of my hairbrush. Moreover, I will be testing you from time to time to make sure you are learning everything you will need to know for your new lifestyle.

Well the rest of the afternoon Ashley used my son as if he were a sissy doll. She made him practice repeatedly how to put on eye shadow, lipstick and mascara. She had him wear a pretty outfit with a pink and silver miniskirt with a matching silver and pink top with tiny black highlights. He looked like a teenage whore ready to walk the streets. He wore white frilly lace ankle socks, but his feet were too big for her sister's heeled shoes, so I brought out something I knew he would hate. In preparation for this moment, I brought out the pair of cheap, ugly sneaks we had purchased at Payless shoes and I had Ashley put them on him. He said very little as she made him put them on with his very girly lace-top ankle socks.

Ashley announced, "I have the finishing touch; our new girl needs to improve her feminine curves, so Billy take off your top, now." I'm sure he feared another spanking, but he did as she asked. Ashley told him to hold his arms out straight in front of him, and when he did, she couldn't stop laughing as she slid a

pale blue bra up his arms and around him. I helped by snapping the bra closed in back.

His Panty-Filled Teen Bra

He backed away a bit and tried to say, "But Mom, I'm a ..." But before he could finish the sentence, Ashley smacked his sore bottom with my hairbrush and he immediately shut his mouth. I made him stand in front of me as I tightened the straps and ran my fingers under the edges of the modest cups as I fitted him with his sissy bra. Surprisingly, it fit perfectly, except for the empty cups, but I remedied that by stuffing it with pairs of my nylon panty briefs. I'm sure the significance of having his mom's nylon under panties constantly rubbing up against his bare nipples wasn't going to be missed on him.

Then, even much to my surprise, Ashley pulled a long dark brown wig out of the bag she had brought. It closely matched Billy's own hair, and before the befuddled boy could barely react, I combed back his beautiful brown hair and used hairpins fix the wig to his head. It fitted him perfectly. No one would ever suspect he was ever a soccer loving little boy just a short time before. Ashley did a marvelous job on his make up—a little too heavy for a real girl but just right for a slutty looking girlie boy! He looked like the daughter I never had.

"Walk around for mommy and show yourself off, I love what I see, and then look at yourself in the mirror and I think you'll be surprised how much you look like a real girl. This is how I'm going to make you look whenever you are bad and mommy wants a daughter instead of an ungrateful and unappreciative boy brat. Frankly, I like you better as my daughter.

His Prize Sneakers Had to Go

"But, first, I want you to watch something. Sit here, boy," I told him as I took his new Dc sneakers from the front foyer and brought out my new box cutter. As he sat there in his girly outfit, I knew this would further drive home his new lowly status. "See these sneakers? I bought them for you because I thought you would be a good boy and be nice; they cost me over \$50, but say so long to them because you will never, I repeat, never get nice sneakers like these again." As I said that, I slid open the box cutter and made a nice long cut on the outside of his new sneakers. That brought out the most tears of the day from him.

"Please, mommy, I love you! Please, don't cut up my sneakers. I'll be good from now on, I promise. I'll wear these dumb panties and girlie stuff for you, but don't ruin my sneakers! Please, please, mom, they're so cool; don't cut them up," he sniffled through tears of pain.

I took the knife and cut out the fat tongue and threw it at him, "Only real boys get to have nice expensive sneakers and you will never have them again," I said as I cut the other side of the sneaker lose from the leather red and black sole. His sneaker was reduced to shreds. "I will never buy you these macho boy sneaks

With the long brown wig that matched Billy's hair nicely, my panties stuffed into his pale blue training bra, fancy pink panties and the bits of makeup Ashley had added to his face, Billy looked like a darling girl!



again because you do not know how to act. “I cut and then ripped out the tongue of the other shoe. He began crying even more as he sat still on the couch in amazement. “I’ll keep the left sole from this Dc shoe to use when I have to beat your behind when you are bad. You’re going to change or else, my dear sissy.”

It was getting late, Ashley had to go home, and we hadn’t eaten dinner yet, so as I was bidding goodbye to Ashley, she teased him about tormenting her earlier in the day and said that since he had wanted to see her panties so badly, she’d show him. Then she raised her skirt and showed him her snow white panties that had little red roses on them. She told him to kiss her goodbye, but when he dutifully stretched his neck out to kiss her on the cheek, she said, “No, sissy, on your knees and kiss the crotch of my panties that you wanted to see so much!”

Billy was a beaten boy. He looked at me, and I flicked my hand at him, indicating for him to do it. He did. Ashley apologized saying that her panties had gotten quite wet with all the excitement of sissifying Billy, but then told him to kiss her deep between her legs and on her wet panties, and explained that he should get used to the smell and taste because she was sure he would be sampling her juices again soon.

This streetwise little girl just kept amazing me at every turn. Little girls today know so much about sex. She knows more at nine than I did when I was a senior in high school! But how easily she slid into the dominatrix role and was able to take control of my son who is several years older than she is — that is what really stunned me. After she left, I pulled some leftovers out of the fridge, had a quick dinner for us with Billy still in his lovely girlie outfit, and then it was off to bed for him.

I had him undress down to his bra stuffed with my panties and left him standing just in the bra and his panties and the bow around his balls and behind the head of his little penis. I took out my ‘no more scream cream,’ slid down his panties a bit and masturbated my son. It felt weird as if I was doing something wrong but it felt great as he was now in panties and well on his way to being broken to my will. The cream contained nerve-deadening Benzocaine, so I just took a little bit and massaged it into his dick head and shaft as I gently stroked it with my two fingers up and down.

Then I eased his pink panties back up and stroked him through them. “How does that feel, my little sissy? Mommy loves you as her daughter more than as her son. Look at your little sissy dick. Look how hard it is, showing you it likes your beautiful panties.”

And of course he was hard. Rock hard. His penis a thrilling sight to see tenting his nylon panties, stretching them out in a way I never thought I would ever see a pair of panties being worn. As the cream numbed his penis and delayed his ejaculation, I caressed him and talked sissy talk to him as I lulled him to sleep.

But before he fell asleep I had him stand up and I slipped over his arms a nice pink babydoll nightie, another one of the things

I had bought him and had ready for this moment. He was too tired and too beaten down to resist as I slid it over his body. I really enjoyed playing with his small penis. It was so smooth and hard but small and I loved how it looked fully erect in panties. But hard as he tried, he could not cum. Between his being so tired and the numbing cream, there was no orgasm for my sissy boy on this night. But his dick stayed hard for an hour until he asked me to stop playing with his sore penis as he begged me to let him go to sleep. Once I lulled him to sleep, I tucked him in and went to bed myself.

The next morning I woke up and called for Billy to come to breakfast. He had his boys’ robe on, but I could tell he was still in his babydoll nightie and panties as I had instructed. He did not complain one bit, especially after noticing that I had left a reminder of yesterday’s punishment on the kitchen bulletin board where I had tacked up the outer tops of his new Dc sneakers. And after he noticed them, I told him I had the sole of those sneaks in my drawer to use to spank him if he was bad.

He finally said, as if he was trying to preempt further punishment, “Mommy, I promise to be a good boy all the time for you.”

His First Penis Douching

After breakfast, I gave him a fragrant, girlie bubble bath, and as I washed his hair, I could feel the machismo seeping out of his little lean boy body. Before I let him get out of the tub, I reached for the brand new pink nasal aspirator I bought for the occasion. I had learned about douching a boy’s penis and I was ready to take him down this path.

He was startled and very apprehensive as I douched his penis while explaining to him about his disgusting smelly little sissy clit and how it needed to be cleansed every day. I complained to him that it was starting to smell like pee all the time, so I demanded he watch me and learn and then do it to himself every day to keep himself smelling fresh and clean. As I said that, I dipped the flexible little aspirator into some rose smelling water I made for the occasion and then plunged it into his unsuspecting little penis.

That caught his attention as he said, “Wow! I never knew anything could go in there.” He watched in amazement as his dick got hard from the attention and I flushed out his tiny wiener. It got him so hard and me so excited that I quickly got him out of the tub, dried him off, put him into a fresh pair of bright yellow panties and took him back to his bed and gave my sissy son his first blowjob. I sucked and stroked and pulled and tugged on him while I worked on reprogramming his little brain.

“Mommy loves her sissy boy,” I said at little breaks from exciting him with my bright red lipsticked lips. “I want less of the nasty rude Billy and more of my sweet adoring girlie-boy. I cooed repeatedly as I tried to make his blowjob last as long as possible. Since I did not use the numbing cream, he soon shook and moaned like a little whore and his hips bucked and he had

a nice orgasm with a fair amount of cream. I noticed that the amount of semen he now produced was constantly increasing, and I knew I had to start him on hormone therapy to stop him from further developing masculine secondary characteristics.

Once he relaxed, I said, "Now, my little sissy, no more playing with this little thing unless Mommy says you can," as I took my expensive rose powder and patted him dry with it. "Today, you get to enjoy the sexy feel of long nylon stockings on your very girlish legs. It's a treat most boys never get to experience, but once you have them on, they will excite you in a new way as the garters pull pup on the stockings, tug on the snug nylon and make them dance over your legs."

With the sexual thrills I was giving him, he was putty in my hands as I dressed him in the sweetest pale yellow satin party dress after first putting misty brown nylon stockings on his legs and attaching them to an old-fashioned white satin garter belt. I added his lacy-topped ankle socks and then his cheap tennis sneakers again for a punishing contrast before I put Ashley's wig on him again along with my best pearl necklace. He looked so dear, and we had a wonder girlie day together. Most of the day, I walked around in just my bra and panties, and I could tell he liked seeing me like that.

Other than an occasional tweaking of his pantied dickie, I kept my hands off him all day, but that night I showed him how to remove his makeup from his cherubic face and his nail polish. Then I rubbed a little bit of the dick numbing cream into his sissy clit and rubbed his panty covered penis until he had a very satisfying cum that saturated the front of his panties. I then let him drift off to sleep in his wet panties after again pulling over his head his babydoll nightie.

In the morning when he woke up for school, he overslept a bit and jumped up, but before letting him get dressed I made him wash his panties and his body and get into a new pair of panties, pale blue ones this time. He then hurriedly pulled on his boys' clothes that I had set out for him — his jeans along with his Adidas Samba indoor soccer shoes, his coordinated Adidas sweat shirt and matching Adidas coat.

Forced to Suck Cock

With his panties on underneath, I sensed there might be trouble at school for him, so I took off early from work, and at home, I watched from the patio as Billy got off the school bus amid whistles and jeers. I heard boys saying, "Hey, cutie, wanna be my girlfriend?" "Hey, Billy, you fag, you should start wearing a dress to school." I also heard the word 'panties' amongst the chorus of taunting catcalls, so I had guessed somehow the other kids had found out about the panties he had on under his clothes. He ran into the house a beaten and broken boy.

Crying, he said, "Mom, I forgot I had panties on and they showed when I was horsing around with some of the guys and my sweat shirt got pulled up. After that, they told everybody and

I was teased all day long. Tommy and David told everybody about you buying me ugly sneakers last Saturday and acting like a sissy at the mall. At recess, they got me behind the bleachers and called me their little panty slut boy as David held me and Tommy made me put his thing in my mouth!"

"Now, now, honey, don't be so upset. So did you suck his penis?"

He just cried so I knew he had. "Billy, it's no big deal for one boy to suck on another boy's penis. Many boys do it, and most girls suck on each other all the time too. There's nothing wrong with you sucking on a dick every now and then, especially if it saves you from being beaten up. Sissy boys have to do whatever they have to do to survive in this world.

"By the way, Ashley wanted to know if she could come over and play once your homework is done. I told her it was OK because I knew we have nothing planned."

Through his tears, he complained, "Mom, I fought back, but they forced me. Now, I'm a cocksucker and everybody at school knows it, and they know about me wearing panties too. I'm ruined and can never go back to that school."

"There, there, of course, you can go back to school. The kids will eventually forget all about it and leave you alone. Now, go upstairs, mommy has a nice bubble bath for you and we can talk about your horrible day while you are relaxing in the tub, OK, sweetie? Then you can do your homework and I'll help you get ready for Ashley's visit after dinner. She's bringing over her cousin Timothy."

Billy looked at me with a wrinkled forehead, "Mommy, that Timothy is a sissy. I mean, he's a real sissy. He's just a little kid, but many times I've seen him running around Ashley's house in a dress. He acts like a girl; he does it all the time, and he doesn't care who sees him."

"So what's the big deal? You wear dresses now too, and I think you like it. So maybe he'll be good company for you, especially since it appears you have lost all your current friends."

Two Princess Boys

When Ashley arrived at our door, she had her eight-year-old cousin Timothy with her and he was dressed like a fairy princess. I let them in and she went upstairs. Before long she had taken complete charge and had my son sucking her little cousin's penis and she made Timmy try to fuck Billy's ass. Timmy had a nice five-inch tool (slightly bigger than Billy's) and he got it in Billy's virgin butt. Luckily, I had dusted off my old nanny cam so I was then able to watch all the action. It brought tears to my eyes as he was totally broken and beaten inside of one weekend. He moaned like a little bitch as Timmy thrust his tool in and out of his ass. He shook quickly and had a fast orgasm, spraying his

cum up into the air, so he might have been complaining, but I knew in some way he was enjoying it. Then things got better as they both dressed up my little Billy in a matching pink princess outfit, a Halloween costume Ashley had brought with her. Ashley then put on HIS clothes and shoes and looked like a hot little Tomboy. She then put my boy on his side on his bed, pulled up his skirt and full slip, pulled down the back of his panties and then rammed her fingers in and out of his butt while little Timothy tickled Billy's dick and nut sack through his nylon panties in front to drive him crazy with desire.

Ashley finished him off and then made him lick her cute hairless twat clean and that brought her to an orgasm as she banged her body up against his face. Then she made him suck on her cousin's penis until he had a dry cum as she told him that she had heard at school that he had already sucked a boy's penis so he should just do it and not make a fuss. She did have my wooden hairbrush at the ready throughout this ordeal, and several times she had to threaten Billy with it to get him to perform for her. Seeing my boy as a cuntlapper definitely got my juices going. I then knew I was going to have him between my legs sooner than later. After all the sex, they had a nice little tea party.

Using Hormone Therapy on Billy

Soon after, I started Billy on Androcour and Premarin that I got from our demaling expert, Dr Lucy. I do not want to feminize him too quickly — at least not at this time; I just want to stop all his sexual functioning and make him much more agreeable to wearing his panties and dresses around the house when he is bad. And I want him to have a nice little pair of girlish titties. After just a couple of months of the combined hormone therapy, I couldn't believe how fast his breasts were developing. They filled out a B-cup teen bra. He is so cute in his girly clothes with his nice medium short brown hair, deep brown eyes and smooth soft olive complexion. I have read repeatedly how Greg got demaled and I want the same for my Billy.

Added 7/23/09

Note from Tony: Billy's mom has been very helping other members demale their boys, giving them advice on using creams to kill their masculinity. She asked me to write in more detail about what she is doing.

It wasn't until I met Dr Lucy at a Demale Society meeting that I learned I could so dramatically improve Billy's future and improve his overall worth to society by radically feminizing his body. Dr Lucy is guiding me on how to demale my son as much as possible both physically and mentally. I'm not in any rush; I want to take my time doing it. There is a great deal of excitement for me doing it slowly, one step at time, and carefully monitoring his progress into sissyhood. Watching his breasts develop — much to his confused shame — is a pleasure greater than I could ever have imagined.

Now months later, he doesn't cum much anymore — the drugs are working beautifully. He is a bit small for his age and nicely proportioned with lean muscle that I notice is softening with the hormones.

When I had started demaling him, I knew he jerked off his disgusting little penis probably daily since I had caught him several times. But now, I don't think he can shoot much sperm anymore from his 4.75 inch cut penis.

I read several of the real life stories from Demale Society members on how they retrained their boys. I really liked how that cute boy Greg was totally demaled. I wanted the same for my little Billy, so I got him started on Dr. Lucy's hormone therapy. She first did a free examination of my son, did his blood work and had me start giving him Dianne 35 and Estridol Valerate. The first is a powerful male hormone blocker that promotes breast growth in males and even can produce milk that can flow from those breasts. The second drug is a potent female hormone easily absorbed by the body and easily tolerated by the liver and other organs. He thinks they are vitamins and he takes them without complaint. He admits he really likes Dr Lucy, even though he has no idea how she is destroying his masculinity.

But now, he is on even stronger meds and dosages, his tits are developing and that has thrown his mind into great turmoil (even though I have caught him secretly feeling himself up and obviously enjoying his new breasts). Dr Lucy explained to him that breast development in growing boys is common and nothing to worry about. He was startled when she suggested he start wearing bras to support his breasts so they would not sag until they go away all by themselves, which she said happens in most cases. She said that could happen as soon as a year or two, knowing that by then his breasts would be so well developed and he would be so used to them that he would accept them and easily be drawn into a continuing feminization program.

I was stunned when Billy fully accepted Dr Lucy's advice and willingly wanted to start wearing bras. He blushed heavily but didn't resist when I took him shopping for an assortment of bras in increasing styles and sizes (Dr. Lucy told him to expect his breasts to get much larger before they would ever decrease in size — I love the bullshit you can foist on young boys!) Many of the bras I selected for him were in pink, pale blue, and lavender. I explained to him that he needed different colors so they would match his outer clothes and make them less noticeable through his shirts and sweaters. Bullshit! Bullshit!

Over the next five months, he regularly took his 'special vitamins' and by the 3rd month his little wiener went to sleep forever. I marked it as a great day as Ashley's older sister Vicki came over in a fancy little-girl styled party dress and rhumba panties and did an innocent little girl strip tease for him. They both tried to get him hard but nothing worked; his wiener just hung there and he moaned like the cocksucking whore boy he was becoming. His limp dick would not get hard nor shoot any precum or anything.



He always dressed as a boy when he went to school (with panties on underneath, of course) but as soon as he came home I found one reason or another to have him in a dress, or at times in just his bra and panties. At school the other kids eventually stopped teasing him so much because the principal demanded they stop or be disciplined. Most of the kids just ignore him now.

One night he made one last complaint about me turning him into a girl, so I then destroyed one of the last vestiges of his boyhood. I took his prized Adidas Samba indoor soccer shoes, and as he sat there in his blue evening dress and matching heels, I said, "No more boyish or manly stuff for you, Mr. Sissy! I tried to let you keep some of your old boys' things, but you won't listen, so watch as I destroy your last nice pair of boys' sneaks."

He was in tears as I took my box cutter and cut the white stripes

off the sides and threw them in the garbage disposal. I cut off the tongue and threw it away too. I cut the sole into several pieces and they went into the disposal as well. "I'm sorry, Mommy. I'm sorry, but now what will I wear for soccer?"

"Well, you will have to wear your Payless sneakers as you do not deserve to own nice Adidas shoes anymore."

He slumped over and I told him to clean the kitchen and added that anymore complaining and he'd be spanked. I kept the left sole of his once proud Dc sneakers and used it often to beat his butt whenever he was bad, but as the hormones took control of his body he was bad less and less. Now his chest is showing major signs of tit development and his little nipples have grown to the size of half-dollars.

Reported by Tony.