

# *The* **Demale Society**

## *Training Manual*

**Volume #54**

*Notices,  
Testimonials,  
Stories & Pics*

*Adults Only*

*Fantasy  
Entertainment*





**The first function at Kathrin's new Demale Society chapter in Austria was this Halloween party when all the boys had to come dressed up as girls. The parents made sure that everyone had such a great time that they got the boys to agree to have girly dress-up parties at least twice a month.**





# *The Demale Society Manual*

## **Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures**

### **Testimonial Added 8/30/09**

*From: Tony, The South Jersey Chapter  
Subject: Kathrin from Austria*

Kathrin S. and her family are from Austria. She is the mother of Johann, whom we first met when he was a baby and then years later when he was ten years old. He's twelve now and well on his way to being completely demaled, even though he still struggles in that no man's land halfway between male and female but very feminine.

Even though they live in Europe, this is an important case history from our files and the files of Dr. Lucy because this wonderful family has ties to our chapter here in South Jersey. Kathrin kept a diary as she and Friedrich, her supportive husband, demaled their son through his most critical period. Kathrin's firsthand account is an important and delightfully detailed case history and a great primer for other parents on how to feminize a boy. It is also just one example of demaling being done in other countries around the world.

We know this family because both Kathrin and Friedrich attended grad school here in South Jersey. They got married while in school and had Johann soon after. But by the time they were ready to return to Austria three years later, little Johann was already a wild and uncontrollable little boy. They couldn't understand it since both parents were very mild mannered and did nothing but show love for Johann. It got so bad that Friedrich called him a "devil child" because he was so belligerent. At three years old he was already very mean to other children at his daycare center, where the woman in charge said she had seen such cases before and gave the young couple some of our literature and suggested they meet with us since we had proven ways to tame nasty

little boys. Johann's parents did meet with us and then met with Dr. Lucy as well as attended some of our meetings.

Since Kathrin graduated with a master's in psychology she understood how feminizing a male could work to control a disruptive boy. She thought it was an excellent approach, especially when combined with humiliation, sexual frustration and assorted rewards and punishments as the boy aged. She immersed herself in learning our techniques and began using some of our simplest Demale Society training methods but was limited in what she could do since Johann was still so young, but she did learn as much as she could so she could possibly begin using some of our more advanced techniques on her own back in Austria since they were about to return to their homeland now that they both had finished their degrees.

As Johann grew he continued to exhibit some rather violent behavior so Kathrin became more aggressive and used basic panty training -- simply requiring him to wear a dirty pair of her lacy panties over his head for at least an hour every day and during all "time outs" and other punishment times.

Kathrin carried on a correspondence with us as Johann grew, keeping us updated on his improvements as well as his back sliding back into his old evil ways. Sometimes he was very good, like the time when was five years old, he fell in love with the Disney princess movies, and when Kathrin said she would buy him a princess dress if wanted it for Halloween, he excitedly agreed. He wanted the bright yellow ball gown that Princess Belle wears in "Beauty and the Beast." She bought it and he loved it so much, he wore it at home every day after Halloween. As soon as he'd get home, he would beg to put on his dress. Kathrin realized the learning opportunity and told him he could only wear it if he had been good, and it worked; he was very good. But it didn't stop there. They let him watch the other princess movies, and he loved all of them

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Johann loved all his princess dresses and happily washed them all and hung them up to dry outside every few weeks as he is doing here in his nice ruffled bloomer panties boy!





**"From the start, even as a toddler, Johann spent at least an hour each day with his head in Mommy's panties" to make him feel 'closer to her.'"**

and wanted a costume like each of the princesses wore! His parents were happy to buy him the dresses and he wore them as often as he could, but he didn't understand why they wouldn't let him wear them to preschool. They explained to him that little boys usually didn't put on girls' clothes and told him the other kids at his preschool might laugh at him, but he surprised them when he told them he already did put on princess dresses during dress-up games at his school and no one laughed at him, and even some of the other boys wore girls' costumes too, so they gave in and let him wear princess dresses to preschool.

Then just as suddenly things changed. Some older boys in their neighborhood saw him outside in one of his dresses one day and made fun of him and called him stupid, ugly and a sissy. Kathrin had overheard them and came out to fend them off, but Johann ended up crying and was obviously upset. After that, he still wore his dresses at home, but less and less and never again wore them outside. He began to be naughty again too, and that puzzled his parents. They had thought the princess dresses had solved the problem of his nastiness but now it was starting all over again. He was about to start the first grade and they went back to our literature and their notes on what they had learned at our meetings and knew they had to try other things. However, Johann was very

young and some techniques are most effective when used on older boys, so they were in kind of a limbo because a lot of the simple techniques produced only a minimum of success.

Many Demale members and chapters advocate feminizing a boy as early as possible even start giving very young boys hormones so they never develop any male secondary characteristics in many ways it makes sense, but Johann's parents did want him to first experience life as a boy and possibly fully feminize him later. So they took only small steps to moderate their son's behavior, like discouraging him from having an interest in sports and masculine pursuits that are just occasions to teach boys to be more aggressive and violent. And they tried to develop in him an appreciation for females, their sexy lingerie and smart, nurturing ways of doing things. And Kathrin would leave her door open while changing and then pretend to be a bit angry with her son when she caught him looking at her in her lingerie. Even if he had not had any interest in such things before, he soon developed an interest because he had been repeatedly told it was naughty to watch a girl or woman while she was dressing or undressing.

This, an important psychological approach, is a mainstay of demale training -- getting a boy interested in something by



**The second of the new Demale chapter's bimonthly girly boy dress up parties was held in a quiet little park outside to get the boys used to being outside in girls' clothes.**

telling him "no" and saying it was "naughty" but then giving him plenty of opportunities to indulge in that "naughty behavior" and it soon becomes "pleasurable behavior."

And Johann did succumb; his mother could get him to forego playing with his much-too-boyish friends by simply dropping a hint to him that she was about to do something he knew would have her undressing with the chance that he might be able to secretly watch. All she had to say was something like, "OK, dear, you can go out and play with your friends, unless you want to hang around the house. I'm going to be busy taking a nice long bath and then I'm going to be trying on some of the new clothes I just bought." And, of course, he knew she never closes the bathroom or the bedroom door. It worked every time, he would say he was going to stay home with some excuse like he needed to do some homework.

But it wasn't enough, he was still a selfish, unpleasant boy with way too many ugly and typically masculine traits. Then when Johann turned nine his parents had had enough.

Following Dr. Lucy's guidance, they were sure Johann was ready to be handled more aggressively.

Over the years in her practice of counselling children, Kathrin got to know several other parents who were having similar problems with their boys. We encouraged her to set up their own Demale Society chapter in their town in Austria.

As Kathrin and Friedrich got their little chapter of the Demale Society started with likeminded parents they had carefully screened so their prospective members were open to our training methods, they began a more intensive program with their son. For one, they made it so the boy could sneak around and see them during sex. At times, his mother would dress up her husband in lingerie and then they would perform all kinds of sex acts, like she'd spank him and dominate him in various ways, all the while knowing their boy was watching. Of course, they'd catch him, pretend to be angry for invading their privacy and then punish him like she playfully punished his daddy, dressing him up like a girl and then giving him a little spanking.

For his punishment sessions, they had bought him a large supply of fancy little girls' panties, all bright and new and pretty and stacked them in his dresser drawer right next to his boy's underwear, a stark contrast that became more and more apparent as they let his boys' briefs get very old and frayed. Moreover, Kathrin warned him he was never to even touch his panties; only she could touch them and put them on him for punishment. Well, once again, the surest way to get a boy to do something is to forbid him from doing it and then give him plenty of opportunities to do it!

And when she did put him into punishment panties, she's rub his penis through the panties, laugh at him for getting an erection and ridicule him as a sissy who loved his silky panties, telling him he wanted to be a girl just so he could wear pretty panties all the time!

From Johann's point of view, it was traumatic, even horrific, but his mother loved how effectively the Demaling methods worked under the guidance of Dr. Lucy, with whom she kept in close contact. Then the time was right -- Johann had just turned ten years old and was nearing adolescence. They took a vacation to the US to attend their ten-year college reunion, but more importantly and unknown to the boy, they were making the trip to meet with our chapter members and to learn more about developing their new Demale chapter back home.

Just after their arrival, they gave Johann a harmless medicine recommended by Dr. Lucy that made the boy feel very sick



At first, Johann and the other boys in Kathrin's new Demale chapter were taught it was fun to dress up as girls and do girly things. The members made sure these party-like events were the most fun the boys had all month. Ice cream and cake were served. There was always a lot of laughter and fun games, discreetly designed to make the boys feel good about girly things, and videos were played that involved crossdressing, gay issues and dominant females.



and in need of a doctor, and of course, they took him to see Dr. Lucy for the first time. On that day they had him wearing a preteen halter-like bra and a very sweet pair of flowered lace punishment panties because he had acted up the night before and was being disciplined. Of course, when he had to take off his clothes to be examined, Dr. Lucy gently laughed at him in his girly bra and panties and told him how "pretty" he looked -- another demale technique -- using girlish names and adjectives when referring to a boy.

The good doctor quickly 'cured' his sickness with an antidote and then prescribed several other medications supposedly so he would never again have this sickness. In actuality, it was their opportunity for her to prescribe a regimen of male hormone blockers and female hormones to slowly start the feminization of his body and advance the feminization of his mind.

The beginning doses were small since they did not want to fully feminize his body until he had developed the ability to ejaculate because that is such a crucial time in a boy's development, a fabulous opportunity to rewire a boy's mind, make him completely submissive to all females, and teach him to love everything female and hate his own maleness -- all so easily made possible simply by aggressively manipulating his newly surging sex drive.

What is so great about this story is that it is told from Kathrin's carefully crafted diary using so much of the exact dialogue she used to lure her son into submission as well as the actual words he said and his father said as he was going through this transition.

Friedrich, Jane's husband and Johann's father is a great man as he tried his best to support whatever his wife wanted for their son but he did have problems dealing with it at times and he would express his frustrations and fears. Kathrin accurately reports on his reactions as how she got him to help demale Johann. He barely flinched as they went about robbing his only son of every vestige of his emerging masculinity. Eventually, Friedrich did realize it was what's best for their boy, especially after Kathrin explained to him her theory: Johann was always slight and frail with little muscular coordination making it difficult for him to measure up to other boys his own age who tended to be bigger and stronger. Moreover, that might have explained a lot of why he had that nasty streak that they found so troubling. So here is our story taken directly from Kathrin's personal diary covering the most critical period of their son's full introduction into the demaling process.

Tony  
Secretary

## An Austrian Boy Demaled

"Johann, tell me how you feel when you are naughty and have to wear one of your punishment outfits." "Ah, Mommy, um, it's not so bad anymore; I guess I'm getting used to them. They aren't too bad; they're just clothes, but I don't like looking like a dumb girl." Smack! I hit him on the cheek and he screeched, "Ouch!" I grabbed his head and spat my words right into his face. "So you think girls are dumb, huh? Girls aren't dumb, Johann, if anything, boys are dumb, especially when they say things like you just said. You know better than to say something like that. Are you working up to spending some time sitting on your new punishment stool?"





The punishment stool is a wooden stool with a penis-shaped dildo sticking right up in the center of the seat. My husband recently made it following plans he found in the Society literature. The dildos are interchangeable from small to large, and we just started using the smallest ones, but our son knows larger ones are ready to be used if his naughtiness warrants it. He has only been put on the stool twice so far but it is an experience he doesn't want to repeat, so just the threat of being subjected to punishment stool time is enough to get him to do most anything we want him to do. It's marvelously effective!

"Oh, no, Mommy! (For a long time now I have insisted he call me 'Mommy' and his father 'Daddy.') No! I ... uh ... I just meant that I feel so dumb when I look in the mirror and I look like a girl." "Well, maybe we should extend your girl time in front of the mirror in your room now every time you are punished, huh?" "Oh, please no ... Mommy, I don't like doing that because afterwards I keep thinking about me looking like that, and in bed at night, I sometimes dream I'm like a girl!" I said, "Well, we'll see. It will be the stool and more mirror time if you aren't good."

Since he was a toddler, I've been dressing him in various articles of girls' clothing from time to time in a mix of punishment times as well as having fun games, so he has gotten used to them and developed a confused love-hate relationship in regard to wearing girls' things. Only in the last few years have I begun to insist he wear complete female outfits, mostly just around the house because a young boy prancing around in girls' clothes out in public can create some unwanted situations that can easily get out of control. What we are doing is not quite classic "petticoat punishment." We are interested in molding his behavior and manipulating his mind. We closely monitored his belligerence as it manifested itself more and more as he got older with his male hormones increasing. We were moderating them with a series of pills I made him take every day, but as I had said, we did want his masculinity to emerge at least for a while, so we were careful not to overdo the hormones, but we did initiate other forms of discipline to moderate his behavior and to fear me as well as his more severe punishments. I still made him dress completely as a girl at times, and when he was naughty in more shameful outfits. And when he needed even more discipline, his spankings were more intense, we introduced him to his punishment stool and I had begun queening him (facesitting) for both my pleasure and to feed his fear that I



**I loved wearing mismatched gaudy lingerie -- the colors and fancy frills intrigued Johann, and when I'd catch him peeking at me, I'd spank him and then sit on his face!**

just might smother him if I beamed angry enough at him. All that kept him "on his toes" but now that he was getting older, we were once again to go in a completely new direction. Dr. Lucy urged us to punish him for even the smallest offenses, but to lighten up on his punishments -- now we wanted him to discover how much fun it is to wear panties and do sissy things. We were on the verge of opening our own Demale Society chapter, so the timing couldn't have been better because we were going to start by showing all these boys how much fun it is to be a sissy boy, be like a girl, and get them to fall in love with being girly.

We suspected Johann liked wearing at least some of his girly wardrobe at least some of the time, but now we wanted him to love those clothes -- and get him to admit it so we could use girly things as a reward. We still had our harsh punishments - - and we made sure he was always aware that they could be implemented at a moment's notice, but we were changing the rules, and if anything -- it confused him -- like changing the rules in the middle of a game. It's a technique to keep him a

boy off guard, keep him confused and guessing. So to start this process, I wanted him to admit that he did find some pleasure in female clothes and feminine things.

"Now, Johann, tell me how you feel about your lovely girls' clothes, tell me how pretty they are and how much you like wearing them." "Oh, gees, um, Mommy, well, uh, all of them are pretty, I guess, with all that lace and stuff, not like boys' clothes, but they aren't comfortable like my boys' clothes. You make me keep them clean and you won't let me do boy thing when I wear them if I might get them a little dirty. But I'm glad you don't make me wear that very tight girdle anymore since my butt is too big now and I can't even get it on. (The pills were working!) I hated it." "Well, as soon as I have a chance to go into Salzburg, I'll take you to get a new punishment girdle." "Oh, no, please, Mommy. It hurt my peepee and nut sack being pulled way back in the girdle. I know you liked that because then I didn't have a bulge even in just my panties, you couldn't tell I was a boy at all. But it really hurt." "Well, dear, I had no idea it hurt you so much."

(I knew very well the girdle hurt him but now I was transitioning into a more gentle form of feminization -- soft nylon panty training to get him to fall deeply in love with his panties! But I did want him to know that painful punishments like tight girdles would be used on him if he didn't act exactly how we wanted.)

"So if I don't get you a new punishment girdle, what will you do for me?" "Oh, I'll be the best boy I can be. I always try real hard to be good but I will try even harder, and I will never call girls dumb; I didn't mean to say it that way. Please, Mommy, no girdle..." "Well, see. No promises. Instead, I think it's time I have you start wearing your silky girlie panties every day now, not just for punishment and under your dresses and other nice girls' clothes around the house. Besides all your old underwear is all worn out and so-o-o-o ugly! And boys' clothes these days are so stupid looking -- not pretty like girls' clothes. I want you looking pretty as much as possible not in clothes that look like they are designed for prisoners! So it's time we throw out all your boys' underwear. That's what you can do for me and do for yourself." "But, can I wear my boys' things to school?" "Your jeans and tops, of course, but from now on it's panties for underwear all the time, or I'll be getting you a new girdle, maybe a very tight one if you are bad; I'd make you like to wear it 24/7 too -- even to school, OK? So tell me, would you rather wear a punishment girdle or nice soft, very comfortable panties every day?"

"O-o-o-oh, Mommy ... oh, OK, Mommy, I guess I can wear the panties." "Good! I'm glad that's settled. Now, go tell your father that YOU decided to wear pretty nylon panties every day and ask him if he can take you panty shopping tomorrow because you will need a lot more nice panties since you'll be wearing them every day now. Then ask your Daddy to get a



big garbage bag so he can help you pack up your stupid old boys' underwear and take them out back so you two can burn them with the trash." "Burn them all up, Mommy?" "Yes, you heard me. Burn them all up!" With that turn of events, my ten-year-old Johann, now going on eleven, appeared quite dejected, but he knew what he had to do and went off to find my husband so they could attend to their little chore!

I wrote to Dr. Lucy and told her that Johann has frequent erections and he can't hide them from me. From reading all the literature, I knew the routine, so I pretended not to notice. I was sure he was on the verge of his first ejaculations. Dr. Lucy wrote back and sent me a series of prescriptions, much stronger than what he was taking to be used to step up his transformation on a precisely timed schedule once he began to have full cums.

I was fortunate to find here in a neighboring town a doctor sympathetic to our plight and happy to work with Dr. Lucy and me to guide Johann through the demaling process. She is Dr. Anna Hofer, a wonderful physician who fully endorses the feminization of males. She's a beautiful lesbian, and has little use for males, and I do let her seduce me on occasion for all her wonderful help with Johann. (But that's another story.)

As soon as Johann can fully ejaculate, I will start him on his new 'vitamins,' which are strong medications to defeat his natural male hormones. Dr. Lucy says he's entering the most critical stage as his body does battle with itself; his brain will be addled in a mix of pain versus pleasure and his natural masculine instincts will contend with an increasing feminine influence; he will start to grow breasts and his entire body will smooth out; his strength will be sapped. Especially after





**Johann was intensely humiliated to appear in front of Dr. Hofer and the other women doctors and nurses with his small breasts exposed and his bright pink panties sticking way out of his pants for all of them to see. He didn't know if he should laugh or cry when they all agreed that he should start wearing an A-cup bra because his breasts would be getting bigger before her treatments began to work and, hopefully, make them smaller.**

an intense orgasm he will feel amazing but tortured and weak. His orgasms will take a great toll on his body and mind. Here's how I continued his transition into femininity.

I just bought my son a nice pair of thin, stretchy white slacks (Thin enough that you can see his colorful panties through them!) and a pink top with cute ruffled edges. After he came home from school, he saw I had left them on his bed. When he came downstairs I asked, "How do you like your new outfit dear?" "Considering they are girls' clothes and I'm a boy, they're OK, but I can't wear them where other people will see me." "Of course, you can, dear. A lot of men and boys wear clothes from the girls' department; after all, girls have been wearing boys' clothes for decades and what's fair is fair." "Yeah, maybe it's fair, but I don't see other boys wearing girls' clothes, except for those games we play at our Demale parties. Outside, people would laugh at me. I'll just wear them around the house, OK, Mommy?" "What about the boy we saw at the amusement park last week with ribbon clips in his hair and bright red polish on his nails?" "But Mommy! He was only about five years old. Little kids do stupid stuff like that." Blam! I slapped his face hard. "Young man, what did I tell you about referring to girls' things as 'stupid'?" "Oh, no, Mommy, No! I just mean he looked stupid in boys' clothes and nail polish and hair ribbons. I don't want to be seen like that." "Well, I think it's high time for another training session. Go right up to your room, put on that special

pair of your pink panties -- the ones with the hole cut in the back of them since you need some down time as a sissy. I'll get a few things and I'll be right up to take care of you." "Oh, not those panties, Mommy! Please! Don't make me sit on the stool!" "Hush, just go get yourself into them right now or I'll add a spanking to your panty punishment stool time." Now looking very sad, he dragged his feet as he went up to his room. I had wanted that to go better and wished he had shown more love for his girly clothes. Oh, well, I guess I had my work cut out for me. I had wanted to start bolstering his love of girls' clothes, not end up in a confrontation with him.

I had Friedrich bring in the punishment stool and I got the Vaseline, my sorority paddle and a few other things. When I came into his room and he saw the paddle and punishment stool, he gasped. I said, "I'm bringing my paddle along in case you give me any problems." "I won't, Mommy." "I'm sure you won't ... but just in case ... now take your robe off and let me see your punishment panties. ... Oh, very nice. I remember when we bought those panties. They are awfully girly, but ideal for a panty training session on the stool."

Then I sat on the edge of his bed and talked very slowly and sweetly to him, mixing up fact and bullshit, putting confusion in his mind and jerking around his brain as I jerked on his penis. He erected the moment I put my hand on his pantied dickie. "Quite a bit excited today, aren't we? You really do like

wearing panties now ever since YOU and YOUR DADDY decided it was best for you to wear silky panties every day. Tell me you love wearing your panties and thank me for letting you wear them." "Gees, Mommy, they feel real good; I guess, but I don't know about loving" ... (I tightened my claw-like grip around the crown of his penis and tickled his pantied balls with my other hand) ... "O-o-o-o., oh, yes, Mommy, I love my panties. Thank you, thank you, Mommy. I'm, oh, Mommy!" "Tell me, son, when all the boys go swimming naked on your Thursday swim class days, do you look at the other boys naked?" "Um, like what?" "You know, naked; do you look at all those boys and their penises and compare them to your own little thing." "Oh, Mommy!" I continued to keep up a steady stroke through his panties. "I mean your dick isn't very big; I was just wondering if you were jealous of other boys having bigger dicks than you have or if it doesn't bother you that you are so small." He made some unintelligible sound. "I'll bet you wonder about those boys who are bigger. How many boys in your class are bigger than you?" "Mommy, I don't know. Why?" "Well, I bet you do know. I'll bet just about all of them are bigger than you. After Daddy and I showed you that video of the boy sucking the penis of another boy, have you been thinking about that? Like how it must feel to have a boy do it to you ... or better yet, how it might feel for you to suck another boy's cock, especially a big one." He moaned. "Oh, yeah, you can't fool me; I know you have been thinking about it. Well, anytime you want to do it, it's OK with me. You don't have to be queer to enjoy sucking a cock. Daddy will let you suck on his if you want some practice so you can then approach those big boys in your school and offer to make them feel good, and you can masturbate yourself in your panties while you suck dick -- that would be fun.

"I know I told you never to play with your penis in your panties, but if you are doing queer things pleasing another boy with a blowjob, it's OK. I wouldn't be mad at you if you did. I'm sure sucking on another boy's big dick would be very exciting for you, so it's OK. Soon you will be shooting big pools of cum into your soft panties. You are finally getting old enough, and I want my sissy baby to have fun in his panties; you deserve it for being such a good girly boy. Just think of doing it to another boy; you can take down your jeans and show them your pretty panties so they can look at them and play with your panty elastics as you suck them. I know boys would laugh at you if they saw you were wearing panties, but when you give a boy a blowjob, they won't care. Big strong boys only want to be sucked off; they let sissy queer boys have all kinds of nice privileges, and the toughest and meanest of boys are often the nicest to cocksucking sissies.

"You are so sweet and girly that you could steal their girlfriends right away from them. Macho boys like queer boys because they don't have to do all that stuff for them like they have to do for girls like take them to movies and out to dinner and dancing. Boys just want sex and you could do that for them. What about Stan? He likes you a lot. I bet he'd love to see you in your panties while swinging on the end of his dick. Does he have a big cock? I'm sure you've seen it in swim class. I'll bet you can imagine him playing with you in your panties as you are downing his dick meat!" At the same time I began snapping his panty waist and leg elastics making him squirm like crazy even more than just from wanking him in his panties. I was stroking him hard and long and it sent him over the edge; he had a dry orgasm. At least I thought it was dry until I noticed a little bit of wetness in his panties at the tip of his penis. I held him and kissed him. "Wow! Johann, look at this! You are growing up in many ways. Your penis just put out a little bit of cum; we have to tell Daddy the good news."



Johann was blushing and hesitant. "Do we have to tell Daddy?" "Of course, dear. We've been waiting for this. Soon you'll be producing more and more cum every time you orgasm. Did it feel good? I mean, did it feel even better than the dry cums you love so much?" He nodded, blushing even more. He cleared his throat, "Mommy, I complain when I have to wear dresses and tell you I don't want to, but sometimes I kind of like it. I always thought it was just a game, but I've been having some strange thoughts ... sometimes, um, gees, sometimes, it's like I feel more like a girl than a boy, why, Mommy? I want to be a boy; I don't want to be a girl, but I feel very girly sometimes."

I just had to hug him. "Oh, baby, I'm glad you are being so honest with me. I want you to be happy more than anything else in the world. Just to show you how happy I am, I'm not going to use my paddle on you and I'm not going to make you sit on the punishment stool. You see, when you are fully honest with Mommy, you get rewards."

I had him get up and started to lead him downstairs to see his daddy. He was



dragging his feet. I paused in the hallway; I hugged him again when he said with tears, "Mommy, what's happening to me?" I knew damn well what was happening to him; the low dosage 'vitamins' I had been giving to him every day for the past two years were a hormone changing cocktail that was now doing big time battle with his own male hormones -- his newfound ability to shoot cum told me that was true. His male hormones were now manifesting themselves in increasing potency affecting his mind and body. We were going to let him have his earthshaking orgasms for a while but then I was going to greatly increase his hormone regimen and take a lot of it away from him over time, confusing and terrorizing him even more than he was already.

"Johann, there is a lot going on in your body and mind. Being a preteen is a very confusing time, and as you become a teenager, that might only get worse until the chemicals in your body settle down and you figure out for yourself what you want in life."

"What I want to be? You mean like a girl? Oh, no! I don't want to be a girl." "And what's wrong with wanting to be a girl or like a girl?" "But I don't want it, Mommy. I just want to be a boy. The dresses are OK but I don't want them to turn me into a girl." "Johann, you silly boy! Wearing dresses will NOT turn you into a girl. It takes a lot more than that. And what about your panties? You certainly seem to like them, even love them, especially when I play with your little peepee through the nylon, like I just did. Tell me you love your silky panties." He nodded and moaned, "Yes, Mommy, I love my panties; they feel so nice to wear." "Good. You know that at the beginning, I used dresses and panties as punishment but now you love your panties, and I believe you are starting to really love your dresses, slips, stockings and all the other nice girly clothes we buy for you. I understand they make you feel like a girl at times, wearing girls' clothes can do that for you. Son, I love you as a boy, so does Daddy. But we would love you as a girl too. We've been showing you a lot of videos lately like the gay sissy boys having sex together and the video showing how doctors can change a boy into a girl with a series of operations. I suppose you've been thinking about those videos quite a bit, huh?" He nodded. "We just want you to be happy ... as a boy or as a girl; that's entirely up to you!"

"By the way, how do you feel around other boys, especially big strong boys like your friend Stanley? You don't play sports or roughhouse with other boys like he does. And you told me he gets real embarrassed around girls. He doesn't have any sisters and his mother died a long time ago, so he doesn't know anything about girls or how to get along with them. After you told me that about him, I wondered why he likes to hang out with you. I would guess it's because you are such a sweet gentle boy, not a rough, tough boy -- I think that's what he likes about you -- you're different from his sports friends -- to him, I think, you're like halfway between a boy and a girl." Johann blushed, looked away and shrugged his shoulders. I knew I'd hit a nerve. "He's so handsome; do you ever think about being real close with him? Like hugging him and kissing him, even touching his penis?"



He just kept looking down and didn't answer, I spoke softly to him. "I guess you feel that way at least a little bit -- wow, that can be confusing. Is that when you kind of feel like a girl? Around him? I know your eyes light up when you are with him. I think you love him a little bit, love him like a girl, maybe." He kept looking away from me, but tears were in his eyes. I was happy with the immense amount of progress we had made. I wasn't going to push him anymore. "Hey, this is a happy time. Let's hurry downstairs and tell Daddy the good news!" He didn't resist as I pulled him along, wearing nothing but his fancy nylon panties with a little dollop of virgin boy cum at the pantied tip of his still hard dickette -- so sweet!

Friedrich put down his newspaper when he heard us coming into the living room. He smiled reacting to my big grin as he saw me tugging along our blushing, self-conscious pantied son. "We have great news; Johann tell him the news." "Oh, Mommy, you tell him; I'm too embarrassed." "Well, why don't we just show him?" Our son shrugged his shoulders. I then had him standing right in front of his father, and all I did was point to Johann's hard penis still sticking up in the front of his panties.



***Pretending to help Johann battle his disease, Dr. Hofer had him hospitalized and so she could give him a large dose of hormones and training with hypnotic audio tapes.***

Immediately Friedrich saw our son's glistening cum stain in his panties right at the end of his penis. "Wow, Johann," my husband said with great joy in his voice. "Our little boy is growing up. Come here, let me give you a big hug." And he did. Friedrich not only hugged him he ran his hands all over the back of our son's soft panties, making him squirm. Then they separated and my husband insisted upon taking an ever closer look. Johann lurched a bit when his daddy reached right out and held his firm pantied penis and then closely examined the little cum deposit oozing through his panties. A boy's first cum is a puzzling time and a great time to further his training.

Friedrich said, "Johann, I like how you look so sweet these days now that your hair has grown longer, but after the Christmas holidays, I guess you'll have to get a haircut before they will let you back in school. Well, why don't you go put on a cute little dress and let's get a picture of you for your scrapbook, OK?" Johann's mind had to be somewhere in outer space. I think he was ready to agree to anything at that moment, especially if he could put on some clothes and get out of the spotlight -- even if that clothing was a dress!

He went to his room and for the first time he put on the nice new cotton striped dress we had given him for Christmas. It was a surprisingly warm, sunny day, so we went outside and got a few good snaps.

When we came back in, Daddy said, "You know, son, you look so nice in that dress; isn't it a shame that you don't have nice breasts like girls your age, little mounds to push out the front of that dress and really make you look like a girl?" That so embarrassed our boy that he just kept his head down. I think he was about to cry. Daddy saw his reaction and tried to assuage his fears, "Oh, I'm sorry if I upset you, but I just keep thinking about when all you Demale chapter boys put stuffing in your little bras at your monthly crossdressing parties and wonder how sweet you'd look with real titties."

I hugged Johann to comfort him, but I was also glad his father was planting that idea into our son's head. It was the start of a reoccurring idea that we'd delve into more and more -- until a time not far off when he was actually growing his own real breasts! When we were in the States, Dr. Lucy had shown us many photos of feminized men and boys, and the pictures of preteen boys with full, real breasts with big nipples were about the most exciting thing I had ever seen!

As Dr. Lucy proclaims, feminizing a boy is easiest if you can have a lot of conversations with him about taboo, scary subjects, like boys growing breasts and how much fun boys have doing homosexual things, though, I always told him that just doing homosexual acts wouldn't make a boy gay. A boy could just do those things once in a while for a bit of fun.





I regularly talked to him, especially at night. One time, not long after, Johann had turned eleven and we went up to his room as usual just before bedtime and sat and talked for a long time about him doing sexual things with other boys and having tits like a girl. I got him to admit he wondered what it would be like to have tits. It gave me the opening I wanted to take off my bra and let him see my titties. I let him touch, kiss and even suck on them. He giggled but really enjoyed it.

We talked about gay sex too. He still couldn't verbally admit that he had any kind of sexual desire for his friend Stanley, but he did ask some questions, wondering how boys did it together without a girl -- he was confused thinking about queer sex. He used the term "queer" a lot; I guessed he picked that up from his friends. We've often overheard the boys in our chapter talking about queers and titties almost as much as they talked about their panties that are "de rigueur" for all the sons of our club members.

On that night, Johann was looking rather boyish since it was at the end of the Christmas holidays and he just had his hair cut rather short as required before going back to school. I felt I needed to bolster his girlish side despite his now much more boyish appearance. I came right out and asked him, "Have you ever kissed another boy, you know, like a girl kisses with a boy?" He looked at me strangely and made a weird face, but I just went on and told him Daddy would be happy to let him kiss him like a lover -- just so he could see what it was like. I then called Daddy to come up to join us in our son's bedroom and told him Johann wanted a lesson in french kissing with a man or boy. Johann looked scared when my husband didn't hesitate and sat on the small couch in our son's bedroom with him and put his arms around him. "But, um, Daddy, oh gees,

boys don't really kiss boys, do they?" "Of course they do," he assured him. "You saw boys kissing in some of those videos at the club, didn't you?" "But they were just like actors or something, right, Mommy?" "Sure, son, they were just acting. And I'm sure you want to know what it is like too, so Daddy here is delighted to act out a little scene with you." Friedrich drew him in closer and made him put their faces together. Johann pulled back. He wasn't crying, but his voice cracked like when you are about to cry as he said, "Oh, but that's queer ..." I was now gently pushing their faces together as I said, "Oh, my dear, you are so concerned about being queer; it's just a term that doesn't mean much, another word for it is 'gay' and why do you think they call it 'gay sex'? ... because it's fun! And just because you play act at doing gay stuff or queer stuff, as you like to say, it's just a couple of boys having some fun.

Friedrich nodded in agreement as he zeroed in on our son's lips. Moments later he had him in a deep embrace and was french kissing him with his thick, long tongue face fucking our angelic little boy. Johann still showed signs of resisting but eventually gave in as his daddy overpowered him. Daddy held him tightly and forced him to endure his long kiss. I then joined the two of them and we made it a three-way kiss! That surprised Johann a bit but he did cooperate. I pulled down his girly stretch slacks to expose his panties and both my husband and I played with Johann through his panties, snapping his elastics, massaging him through the soft nylon and wanking on his penis to heighten the experience for him. We felt the part of his panties right over the tip of his penis getting damp and then all of a sudden, Johann trembled, groaned and spurted a nice big glob of boy slim into his panties! His cums were continuing to be more intense with



bigger cum deposits; this was a gusher; it was now getting close to when we would kick start his girly development with an aggressive hormone regimen. We then broke off the kiss but stayed huddled together. Then the three of us looked down and saw Johann's pink pantied penis still hard and throbbing in his panties with a thick ooze of cum dripping through the nylon panties. Friedrich and I giggled and then laughed a bit. Johann began laughing a little too despite still breathing heavily and with tears dripping down his cheeks -- tears of confusion or happiness? I'm not sure, but who cares. We did exactly what we wanted to do.

A lot of our club members were wanting to get to this stage and have the boys kissing and having sex fun with each other. And as a group, all except two of our newest members, we were all anxious to aggressively start their feminization.

Where was all this leading? We, along with our other Demale Society members, want to do our part in changing the world by changing our males, especially our young boys -- they are the future, maybe a future without most wars and aggressive, selfish masculine ways and ideas. We want every male to end up being a homosexual, a bisexual crossdresser, an effeminate asexual male, a transsexual (with or without SRS surgery) or, in rare instances, a remale (those that are like traditional masculine males but adoring of females and able to have sex with other males as well as with females for procreation). It is our goal to totally rid the human race of all old-fashioned macho males that have screwed up the world!

Whether or not to physically feminize a boy before or after he achieves the ability to ejaculate cum is up to his parents or

guardians and what they hope their boy will eventually decide to be; each approach has pluses and minuses. We chose to wait because we wanted him to know what sex as a boy was like and then use that fun experience to manipulate him ever deeper into his new feminine lifestyle.

Now that our son was beginning to ejaculate copious wads of cum into his panties, we aggressively began to feminize him. Using Dr. Lucy's proven formula for success, we took Johann into Dr. Hofer and she took a blood test and then pretended to have gotten results back immediately. She showed great concern, saying he had health problems that had to be addressed, giving her the chance to prescribe for him six new prescriptions along with a big shot of female hormones to kick start the process. Of course, she described them all as vitamins and told him he now had to now see her on a regular basis. We wanted him to begin to develop titties and over time to lower his ability to shoot cum -- make it harder for him to ejaculate, but NOT stop him from cumming. Many feminized males on female hormones for years can still ejaculate -- it is a pleasure we wanted our son to enjoy because it would also give us the perfect tool to lead him around like pulling on the ring in a bull's nose. There is no greater entry into a boy's mind than controlling his sex drive.

Soon, Johann did begin to grow a modest set of breasts. We didn't see them, but we knew it because suddenly he didn't want to be seen without wearing a shirt or blouse. He didn't admit to having a problem for the longest time. Maybe he was putting his head in the sand and not acknowledging the changes in his body. But we did know his nipples itched (we saw him scratching through his clothes) and noticeable





mounds were developing on his chest. We didn't mention it to him and waited until he couldn't ignore it any longer and come to us for help. And when he did, he was so meek and quiet as he approached me and said, "Mommy, I'm not feeling so good. I feel weird." I got him talking and got him to agree to go see Dr. Hofer again. She was ready for him. As the nurse helped him off with his shirt and saw the top of his waist-high panties sticking out above his jeans, she had a lilt in her voice as she said, "Why, Johann, those are the most adorable panties I think I've ever seen." She asked me, "Kathrin, where did you ever buy such fabulous panties? I would like to buy some just like it for my two daughters." I told her about the store in Salzburg that featured deluxe fashioned, vintage lingerie. Johann winced when I added, "And Johann picked out that pair of panties all by himself."

Dr. Hofer then immediately assumed a very professional air and gave him a thorough physical and took several vials of blood for tests. While waiting for the 'almost instant' results, she asked other doctors and nurses in her practice to come and see Johann and discuss his case as he was obviously having medical problems and she wanted the opinions of her colleagues. They came into the room and instantly smiled when they saw his panties exposed over the top of his jeans and the little mounds on his chest. One of the young nurses giggled so loudly she had to leave the room. The doctors asked him dozens of questions and got him to reveal his most secret thoughts. Of course, they had all been versed in his case beforehand, so they knew exactly how to help us give him the embarrassing and unsettling experience we sought. They were very clever in getting him to tell all that was going on in his mind about his body. He ended up in tears after Dr. Hofer boldly cupped his developing breasts and tweaked his enlarged nipples, massaged them as she spoke, "Johann, you are growing breasts just like a girl. It's not unusual for that to

happen to a boy your age because so many changes are happening as you grow and mature; your body just has to sort everything out. It's usually a temporary condition and nothing to worry about. We just have to find out what is causing it; then we'll know how to treat it. The blood tests I just gave you should tell us a lot."

One of the nurses was supposedly analyzing his blood test in the next room. As Dr. Hofer finished questioning Johann, the nurse returned with the 'results.' The good doctor read them to herself for a moment with a grave expression on her face, and then said, "Young man, I'm afraid I have bad news. Johann you have a rare form of boyhood cancer that is killing your male hormones -- the hormones that make a boy a boy. It usually is not fatal -- in other words it won't kill you as long as we immediately begin treatment, but I do warn you that your testicles are involved and eventually may have to be removed to stop the cancer from spreading. Now, I know you are members at our new Demale Society chapter. I know you boys enjoy dressing up for your girly boy parties and other occasions. Still, don't feel surprised by this question: Do you sometimes feel more like a girl than a boy?" Tears were in his eyes. He nodded and with a crack in his voice he said, "I do dress-up but it's like a game with the other boys in the club. We have fun at our parties, but I don't want to be a girl. I only want to be a boy."

"But you didn't answer my question. Do you sometimes feel more like a girl than a boy?"

He just nodded and then broke down and cried. "Johann, listen to me. I'm going to help you feel a lot better. I'm going to give you a shot to relax you and a bunch of new pills that should help your condition. We'd only have to remove your testicles if these medications don't fully do their job. Now,



**These are just some of the herbs, vitamins and other pills Johann takes or has taken over the years to advance his femininity.**

come over here and give me a hug. I have to tell you that you are my favorite patient and I am committed to making you feel good." He was crying and still dressed in just his jeans with his fancy pink panties up for all to see. She hugged him and ran her hands all over his body; then she looked at me over his shoulder and winked. She held him lovingly and then whispered in his ear. I have to try one more test; I need to see how you react." She didn't say anything more, just dropped his jeans so he stood here in just his nice panties, then put one hand on his penis through his panties and one hand down the back of his panties and shoved her finger up his asshole. He lurched but stayed clinging to her in their hug. She slowly began wanking his nylon covered penis, whispering to him. "I love you as you are, Johann. I love how nice and sweet you are and how you look so pretty in girly panties." The other doctors were wide-eyed and smiling brightly.







Dr. Hofer was an expert at milking a boy. When I saw my son shutter and shake I knew he was cumming. He then sank even deeper into her arms and his breathing eventually slowed. She then held her hand off to the side and we could see the pool of cum in her hand that he had shot right through his panties. She showed him. "Look what you did. I bet it felt good to cum, huh? Did you ever take a close look at the stuff you shoot out of your penis like that?" She didn't wait for an answer. "Here; take a good look." She held it right up to his face. "Can you smell it?" He nodded. Now, stick out your tongue and taste it. Go ahead and do it." He looked very apprehensive. She commanded, "You need to taste it. Do it now!" He stuck out his tongue and tried a little sample, then scrunched up his face. "It tastes good, huh? You need to learn to like it because what you shoot out of your penis when you cum is boy juice. It is everything that makes you a boy, so when you shoot it out like this -- and you shoot a lot of it because of your disease, you need to lick it right up again and put it back into your body. It will really help you being the boy you want to be and slow down your bodily changes like the cute little breasts you are growing. But I want you to know that if we can't stop it and this medical problem changes you more and more into a girl, I know you would make one super girl. Yes, yes, I know you don't want that; you just want to be a boy, but you should think about being a girl because at some point you might want it -- after all who has ever seen a boy with a big set of girly breasts? Your body might decide your future for you. I'm just saying if you have to end up being a girl it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. But we are not going to give up easily. Just make sure you take all your medications as directed and eat all your cum. Now, let's see if we can make some progress. Here, lick my hand clean ... yes, that's it, suck up every little bit of your boy juice and lick my fingers completely clean. From now on, whenever you cum, I want to lick up all your cum and then suck the rest out of your panties; let's hope that will lick your problem." I had a hard time trying not to laugh at the little joke she made when she said "lick your problem." Dr. Hofer then really embarrassed him when she asked if he knew what it meant to suck a cock. He nodded that he did. She then said that if he didn't get enough of his own boy juice he might want to suck the juice out of other boys' penises to get even more of those boy hormones to fight his disease. She also told him, "You should start wearing a bra. Yes, I know they are just for girls, but you need one. If you get a nice tight one, it will help you so they won't grow too big and help you hide them. And you need to wear it every day, all the time." He was crying again. I told her, "We'll stop at the store on the way home and get Johann some very pretty bras."

This was all getting so easy! Johann was believing every word of all the bullshit and being the best, nicest person he could be. And his breasts continued to grow! He wore a bra all the time. It was getting harder for him to hide them under loose shirts and tops even though he struggled to wrap them up tightly to minimize their size. Whenever he went out he found it much easier to put on a wig and pretend he was a girl than tight wrap his breasts -- which was so uncomfortable -- wrap them to hide them like he had to do every day at school for fear of being found out.

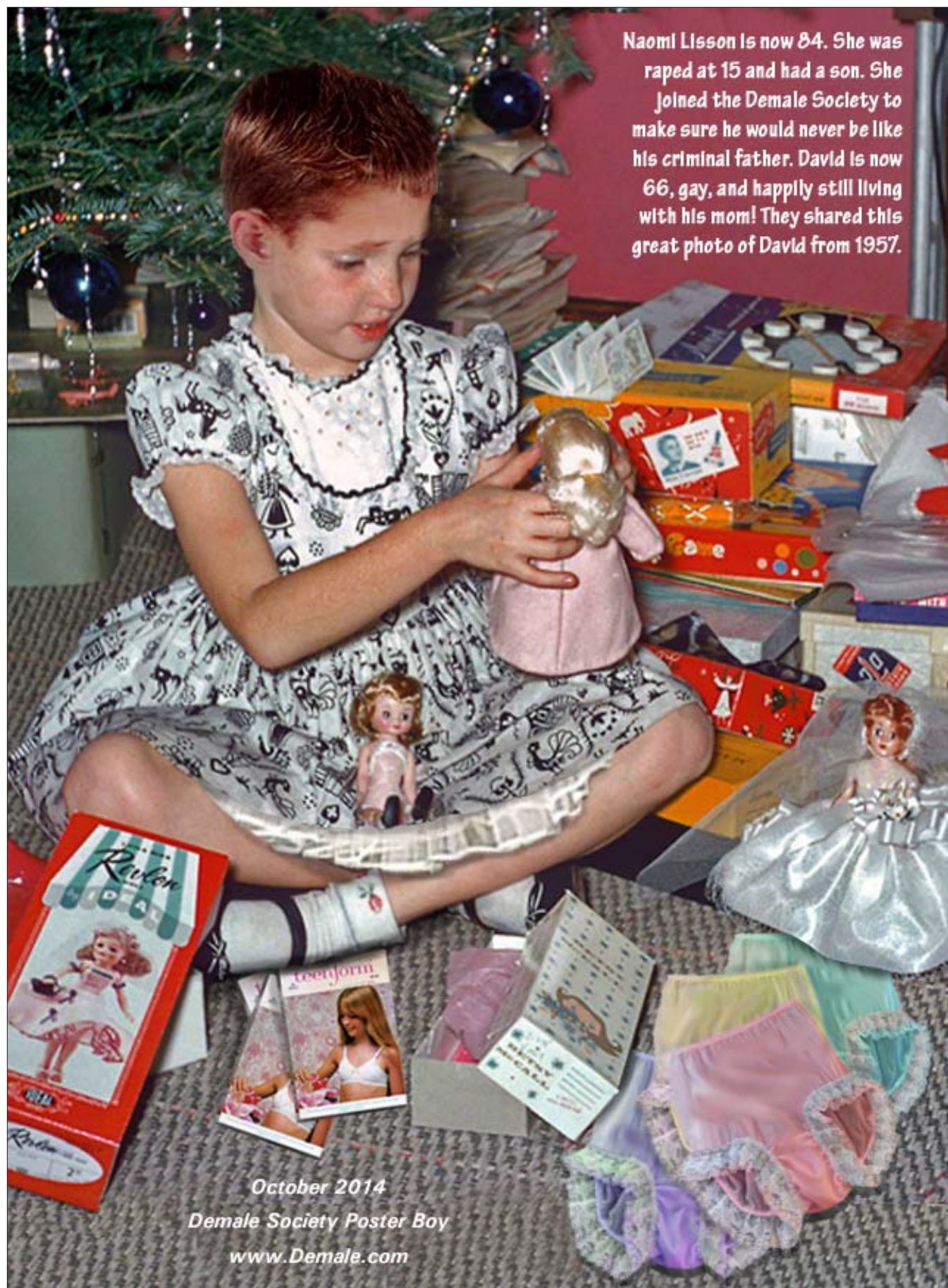
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That is how Johann was propelled through the beginning of the demale process. We hope you enjoyed hearing about it. There are a lot of lessons to be learned here.

Yours sincerely,  
Tony



Naomi Lisson is now 84. She was raped at 15 and had a son. She joined the Demale Society to make sure he would never be like his criminal father. David is now 66, gay, and happily still living with his mom! They shared this great photo of David from 1957.



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