

The Demale Society

Training Manual

Volume #50

Adults Only

*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

*Fantasy
Entertainment*



Robbie's mother has decided not to fully transform him into a girl since she so loves having him just as he is: a simple little sissy boy totally addicted to panties and completely devoted to her.

Robbie loves life as a panty pervert; he even has another panty boy for a boyfriend.

His name is Scott, and if you look closely, you can see the names 'Robbie & Scott' embroidered on the heart on Robbie's panties!

April 2011

***Demale Society
Poster Boy***

www.Demale.com





The Demale Society Manual

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

Testimonials Added 10/8 & 9/10

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

Dr Lucy asked me to tell you that you should inform the full Demale Society membership of the importance of using male hormone blockers when demaling men and boys. Even the most macho of men are easily broken within weeks because the blockers stop the production of their testosterone, literally making them into eunuchs. All our members use them to nullify their males, and when they want to feminize a male to some degree, the blockers in combination with female hormones achieve that goal much faster than just female hormones alone.

Tony, Secretary
The Demale Society
South New Jersey Chapter

From the desk of Dr. Lucy

One of the most important things to do when feminizing a man or boy is to put him on high potency male hormone blockers that quickly 'demale' him — take the male out of him and make him easy to control and influence.

After having her husband and sons on blockers for a while, one of our members said, "Now, my suggestions are like commands to them. They respond to my slightest (and even most outrageous) suggestions like well-trained puppies."

And when I asked her to illustrate that, I laughed when she jokingly said, "If I told my husband to suck off our sons and then the family dog, he'd do it without hesitation, and if I asked my two sons to eat my shit while fingerfucking each other's butt holes, each boy would eat my shit like it was chocolate ice cream and play with his brother's prostate like

playing his favorite a video game." Now that's what I call having your males well-devoted to the wife and mother.

Seriously, I can't overstate the benefits of taking the macho out of males. Male hormone blockers were designed to fight prostate cancer in men by stopping their production of testosterone, which tends to feed cancer cells. Testosterone is what creates a male's secondary sex characteristics as well as his aggressiveness, among other things. Therefore, the benefits of stopping his testosterone production is obvious for any female who wants to take control of any male.

As you often say, men and boys are not the enemy; their male hormones are the enemy, so nullifying the effect these nasty hormones have on his mind and body makes demaling him easy and changes him from being an arrogant, destructive and abusive male into a sweet, submissive human being a female can train for whatever purpose she so desires. Female hormones given to males affect their mind as well as their body; however, male hormone blockers affect both the male mind and body too, but perhaps affect his mind even more dramatically because to quickly take away a male's ability to erect and ejaculate is a major mental trauma for most males that makes them feel powerless and extremely timid, especially in the presence of females because they are embarrassed by their inability to perform sexually.

The ideal time to give a male hormone blockers is when he is a preteen. They will prevent him from the developing an Adam's apple, growing facial hair, stunt his growth, and stop him from developing strong, hardened masculine muscles.

With the addition of female hormones, a preteen boy on blockers will (more quickly than without the blockers) develop female secondary characteristics: lustrous hair, smooth skin, soft muscles, wide hips, and of course, breasts. And he will be more open to suggestion, less competitive and much more appreciative of nature and beauty.

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Once a boy is in his teens these same effects are a little less dramatic and take a little longer to occur. And many of the male sex characteristics he has already developed will not be reversible or at least very painful, time-consuming and costly to alter. So the advantages of starting a male on blockers early are obvious. In an adult male, male blockers and female hormones can produce excellent results, but they have less of an effect than if he had started on them earlier. However, starting hormone therapy at any point in a male's development will yield good results, and combined with other procedures and therapies can change him from a macho hooligan into anything from a silly little wimp to a candidate for a sex change operation.

Blockers administered to a boy before puberty affects even how he thinks as they alter his brain's neurotransmitters, and when they are used in conjunction with female hormones, they effectively 'knock the boy right out of him.'

Testosterone is responsible for a lot of the male-related connections in a boy's mind and without it, he becomes



**Barry before
we started.**

much more open to feminine ideas and ideals. Medical facts attest that a male on a combination of hormones as outlined, even without any other sort of influence or special training, will become quite feminine. However, ideally, that male also needs the guidance of a female during his transition and probably throughout the rest of his life. The female needs to monitor his hormone regimen as well as take control of him by doing other things like panty training, mind control and teaching how to be feminine. Even without a lot of skill or effort, once a female puts a male on a hormone combination and closely works with him, she can make him into just about anything she wants. I have known women who have made their husbands, sons, brothers, and even strangers into cowering sissy boys, pussy-eating wimps, husband maids, and even toilet slaves and slutty money-making whores.

Added 10/8 & 9/10

An example of effective hormone therapy

From the desk of Dr. Lucy

The day a boy first notices he is growing breasts like a teen girl is an astounding and traumatic moment for him. When feminizing a boy, it's the next logical step once a boy has been 'broken in' and is wearing girls' panties.

The case history of Alice C. and her son Barry is a great example to follow because I worked with them from the very start of her joining our Demale chapter as we transformed her son into a beautiful sissy boy with a delightful set of girlish breasts, any teenage girl would be proud to have! Alice is the mother of Barry, who had just turned thirteen at the time. She was determined to take the machismo out of him because she feared him turning out to be like her abusive former husband.

Case example: Barry

Just weeks before his thirteenth birthday, Alice realized her son, Barry, wasn't his usual cooperative self. He was on the verge of developing into manhood, and his personality was changing; he was becoming more disrespectful toward her and demonstrating more aggressiveness.

Then, by chance she read a flyer posted on the bulletin board at her local Laundromat announcing a lecture and discussion about controlling overly aggressive, disrespectful and hostile men and boys. This meeting was to take place the following night in the basement room of the local Unitarian church. Alice decided to attend.

I, Dr. Lucy, am the consulting physician as well as a member of the South New Jersey Demale Society, the organization that conducted this open meeting for interested mothers and

family members. As part of the program, I gave a speech and conducted a workshop after the meeting. That's when I met Alice and with my urging, she joined the Demale Society that night. I was fascinated by her story because her son was at that critical age, the ideal time in his life to transform him.

Since it was a meeting 'open' to the neighborhood, I gave a generic presentation and didn't go into a lot of details as to what the Demale Society actually did to help mothers, sisters and other females take control of the males in their lives.

After Alice joined, she came to our series of introductory meetings and read a lot of our material. She then learned more and more what could be done to take control of her son. Her timing couldn't have been more ideal because Barry hadn't yet shot any sperm from his penis and his dick and balls were still small, smooth and hairless. She was stunned when she first learned we could do so many things including physically changing boys' bodies, even changing them into girls! At that moment, she screeched, "OMG, I always wanted a daughter!" but then let out a hearty laugh thinking about it. "No," she decided, "no, I don't want to change Barry into a girl, but I do love the fact that you can take the nasty males parts out of his personality.

I then conducted a one-on-one meeting with her at my office and she told me all about their family history, including the fact that she had recently caught Barry with a scrapbook he had made of clippings from catalogs and magazines of pictures of girls in bras and panties. It was very distressing to her because she was concerned he might grow up to be an abusive adult male if he kept focusing upon females simply as sex objects. She had taken the scrapbook from him and showed it to me. We then discussed a plan of action.

Alice then brought him in for evaluation. He was cute and had perfect skin. When he entered, he immediately became nervous because his lingerie scrapbook I had sitting right in front of him on my desk. His mother made him admit to me that he was curious about women and girls and how they looked 'under their clothes' and that was why he had secretly assembled his picture book. I assured him it was normal for a boy to be curious about such things but to be obsessed by it was disgusting to his mother, me and all females. Both his mother and I silently shook our heads in derision at him as we looked at him with sour expressions on our faces like we were very disappointed in him. (Making him feel guilty is submissiveness training tool number one!)

I then did some blood tests on him and gave him a general checkup and found he had no health issues. While his blood was being tested, I went back to talking to him. I explained that the advertisements of women and girls in lingerie were for the benefit of females shopping for clothes and not for nasty little masturbating boys. He immediately stated he didn't masturbate to the pictures, but I did get him to admit he got a good feeling in his penis when he did look at his

scrapbook. It was obvious that he was on track to begin spurting cum in the near future.

I had him go out into my waiting room, as planned, he was then alone with my receptionist. Well, actually, she wasn't my receptionist, but a sweet high school girl by the name of Doris who along with her mother belonged to our chapter. I had brought her into my office that day just for Barry's visit. Though young at fifteen, she looked much older and more mature and is an experienced demaler. On purpose, I didn't leave out any of the usual magazines for him to read while he waited. The waiting room chairs were situated to the side of the receptionist's desk, so he had nothing to do except look at her while I had a tête-à-tête with his mother.

Doris is a beauty with long blonde hair and a winning smile, and with her in a miniskirt, I knew he wouldn't be able to take his eyes off of her. Underneath she wore a short half-slip with a wide lacy hem that refused to stay covered by her skirt. As she pretended to do office work, she later told me that she could feel his eyes on her when she got up to reach for something on an upper shelf or bent to get into one of the low file cabinets. She was sure he got a good look at her long legs topped with her sexy slip, and perhaps he even got little glimpses of her lacy panties as she sat a bit carelessly.

In the privacy of my office, Alice and I discussed what she wanted to do with him. She knew for sure that she wanted to delay puberty for him, for how long or permanently, she wasn't sure. She had been married to a professional scout for a national football team, a macho guy who made a decent living but was always cheating on her and very abusive to both her and Barry. Alice wanted to stop her son's masculine development because she had grown to despise males and masculinity, and she now feared Barry would turn out like her ex-husband. And the fact that the boy physically looked so much like his father only upset her just to look at him. Her ex never allowed their son to have long hair like many other boys his age. However, Barry did let his hair grow out once his parents were divorced, and Alice welcomed that because it helped to make him look a lot less like his father.

As we talked, I went into detail about the range of things we could do to him like full feminization and even sex change surgery. I told her she didn't have to decide anything like that at this point, but they would be things to consider in the future. However, to stop his masculine development, I said it was necessary to immediately put him on medications and begin his mental and physical training or she would risk losing him to his male hormones and they would change him mentally and physically at an alarming rate once they really kicked in. She didn't hesitate, and gave me the go ahead to start. "Yes, yes, that's what I want! I want to feminize Barry, and with his long hair, when it falls in nice waves around his face, he almost looks like a girl already. Just tell me what I have to do, doctor."

She had more questions than could be answered in just this one session, or even ten sessions, so I encouraged her to become even more involved in our chapter, and get to know some of the other mothers who could be a great help as she encountered various issues dealing with the feminization of her son. I then gave her a starter set of medications, a combo of potent male hormone blockers and female hormones, all disguised as vitamins. I assured her they would halt Barry's male development and begin to physically feminize him, but she had a lot to learn to deal with the issues as he changed. She assured me that she did want to do that. I then asked her a very delicate question that directly related to whatever success we would have with the boy. "How do you feel about doing sexual things with your son? Do you have any hang-ups about incest or forcing Barry to do sexual things under your direction?" She was taken aback by those questions, but she didn't need a lot of time to think about it. Seconds later, she said, "I'm ready to do whatever I have to do."

By then, she had already been to two of our weekly Demale Society meetings and knew that we believed the best way to take control of a male is to panty train him. She said she understood that, and with a blush, admitted she had already purchased a pair of frilly panties for him. And as described in the Society manuals, the panties were the old-fashioned panties, high-waisted panties in silky nylon, and they had oodles of lace and ribbon decoration. However, she said she wasn't sure just how to introduce him to the panties. She said she had heard at the meetings various testimonies members had used to get their males into panties and then develop in them a panty fetish as a great way to control their husbands and sons, but Alice said that everything she had heard didn't quite seem like it would work with her son.

I told her that the medications I prescribed would, almost immediately, make him more open-minded and accepting of her suggestions, and make it easier to introduce him not just to panties but all types of girls' clothing. So I recommended we should start him on the hormone therapy that day. I also gave her some old Demale Training Manuals, especially issues #1 through #5 that had many ideas on how to begin feminizing and panty training a boy. I then explained the amazing things I could do chemically and surgically for her to consider as he progressed on the drugs. As time goes on, she could fine tune the direction she wanted him to take.

She said she was sure she'd never want him to have a sex change operation, but she definitely did want to change his personality, crush his emerging masculinity, and make him more feminine, more cooperative, and more dedicated to her. And she admitted with a lilt in her voice that she was excited with the image of him growing a modest set of titties. I told her that once he realized he had breasts like the little girls his age, he would be officially demaled and at her total mercy.

I explained that the male hormone blocker Androcour is perfect for helping to remold his mind as well as his body

before any masculine traits became hardwired into his brain. Using the blockers is why the ladies of our club have had such success with demaling their men and boys. They are the reason so many of the boys in our chapter readily accept wearing bras, panties, makeup, nightgowns and even full outfits of girls' clothes without being forced. Would any 'normal' boy do that without making a huge fuss? Well, many of our members have done it by first putting their boys on a heavy duty female hormone/male hormone blocker regimen to 'soften them up' and make them amenable to feminine things. Some of those boys soon asked for pretty panties and other items of female clothing at the slightest suggestion by their mothers or sisters. But Alice had a problem in that she didn't want to wait weeks or even months to mold her son's mind and body to that degree; she wanted to do it immediately. I said we would then have to put him on a fast track because Barry was about to go over the edge and start spurting cum and then we'd have to play catch-up to overcome the damage his male hormones would be doing. Without having the time to have Barry on meds for a number of weeks to 'soften him up' before we did any real degree of demaling him, we had to start with what we know about him.

Using What We Already Knew About Him

Barry, as he himself shamefully described, had an intense interest in what females "look like under their clothes." And since all his scrapbook pictures were of women and girls in lingerie, we assumed he probably had developed an interest in those garments as well as an interest in the naked female bodies underneath. I explained to Alice that her finding his scrapbook was a fabulous first step in the demise of his masculinity. It was like he had started demaling himself because a young boy who wants to see naked females but can't find pictures of one and then has to settle for pictures of females in lingerie is usually a boy who soon becomes very interested in those garments and they grow into a fetish!

Under careful questioning, Barry admitted that he liked to 'tickle his penis' whenever he looked at his scrapbook, but when asked about ejaculating, he acknowledged that he had heard about 'cumming' from other boys but didn't really understand how it all worked because it never had happened to him. He didn't understand how his penis could spurt baby-making juice when he became sexually excited, so it was obvious that he hadn't yet had a spurting orgasm. That was great news for us because we wanted to take control of his ejaculations before they started. And since it would be a little while for the male blocker and hormone pills to work, he most likely would start ejaculating before the meds would take over and stop them, and that would probably be only a few weeks or a couple of months at most.

Looking on the bright side, I told his mother it was an ideal situation because to get a boy to spurt his cum into a nice pair of panties is a powerful training tool. To do a good job



of physically and mentally linking a male's ejaculation with a silky pair of panties will undoubtedly change him sexually for life. Therefore, it was good that Barry would probably start ejaculating before we completely killed his sex drive. Besides, I explained that panty boys are beautiful people very devoted to whoever trained them to panties, like their mother. Also, for him to spurt jism for a while would be a good thing because we'd be able to measure his seminal fluid output and as it decreased, we would be able to see the progress we would be making as we feminized him.

A panty addict unable to cum in his panties no matter how hard he tries becomes confused, a lost little boy very easy to manipulate. Barry was going to be a great case study for my ongoing research into the sissification of boys because he was at that perfect stage of development to attack him.

Most females look better in their lingerie than in the nude, and with Barry, we wanted to take his interest in lingerie-clad models, make him feel guilty about it, and then under the guise of trying to 'cure' him, actually make him more interested in feminine lingerie instead of less interested.

One other subject I had to bring up for his mother. She was a little confused when I told her that without a father, Barry did need some male role models and male companionship; however, they had to be the 'right kind' of males. I told her

about the sissy boys in our club who could be great swishy little friends for him, and they would happily help out a lot to hasten his feminization. But I also told her about the 'remales' we have in the club. At first glance, these men look like very traditional, very masculine males. They don't act girly or have girlish bodies; however, here's what qualifies them for remale status. They have to fully believe in female superiority and accept all Demale Society goals, ideas, and ideals and abide by all of the organization's rules that include wholeheartedly accepting feminized, bi and gay males and willing to participate in demaling other males.

All of the remales have the ability to ejaculate, even though some of them are on low levels of male hormone blockers and/or female hormones to moderate their aggressiveness. We have remales in the organization because they do for us many things that our females and demaled males either can't do or don't care to do. For example, some of the females in the club do enjoy sex with males (only a small number of our female members are lesbian like I am). So our remales are often called upon to sexually service our females who find it distasteful to have sex with the average male who has little interest in a progressive female's needs. Also our remales are often used by our females to be escorts to go on 'dates' when they need a 'traditional' looking male on their arm, like at family reunions, business meetings, community parties — times in which our females have to be involved with outsiders and need to appear like they are in a very conventional relationship.

But most importantly, all our remales have to help us train the males being demaled. All remales have to be bisexual because we use them to teach demale trainees how to suck a cock and take a penis up their behind. When a female trains a man or a boy, she can do amazing things, but using a very masculine-looking remale can be invaluable in breaking a trainee. I made arrangements for Alice to meet some of our remales at our next meeting.

We Begin Barry's Demaling

Once Alice and I finished our plans to begin feminizing her son, I called on the intercom to Doris to have her show the boy back into my office. When he entered he immediately recoiled because he saw his scrapbook was still on my desk. He looked nervous, probably because he suspected we were going to berate him again for creating and using his picture collection for his own sick little sexual entertainment. His mother and I had told him that his interest in such material was disgusting and showed us that he did not respect females. So when we didn't continue to berate him about it but instead said we were giving his scrapbook back to him, he was quite surprised. Then, I had him sit alongside of me and I paged through the book. He was a bit nervous. I complimented him on assembling a very nice collection of pretty females in very pretty pictures lingerie and told him he had very good taste in female clothes. As we all looked

on together, I talked about the pictures in a very positive way and got him to comment on them, prompting him with questions, such as: "What do you like about this lady in pink panties?" "Doesn't this lady in this her lacy bra photo look like your mother?" "Does this little girl in ruffled panties make your penis hard?" "Do you ever think about wearing pretty bras and panties yourself?"

The lesson here is that bullshit is priceless when demaling an impressionable boy. Take every opportunity to confuse him by doing the unexpected. Be angry one moment and make him feel dirty and guilty and then change and talk sweetly to him. It had to be very unnerving for Barry to sit there with his mother and his doctor as we all looked at his very private and personal collection of lingerie pictures that he thought no one else in the world would ever see. You don't want a boy to have an idea of what is going to happen to him next; he needs to be overwhelmed and confused so he gives up and puts his trust in your hands, gives up his will to you, convinced you are experienced in such matters and know how to 'cure' him of his problems.

I then explained to him why we were giving his scrapbook back to him. We were going to use it as part of our therapy to cure him of his unhealthy habit. "Barry, if we would take your lovely book away from you that you had spent so many hours putting together and enjoying, you will not be cured. It would only make your problem worse because you would be driven to secretly start another book of lingerie pictures, so instead, here take it. It's yours; you can keep it forever and look at it as much as you want. In fact we want you to collect even more pictures, add more pages to your book. Your mom and I will even collect pictures of ladies in lingerie for you to add to your collection. But I do want you to promise me one thing: I want you to promise that when you do look at these pictures that you won't touch your penis. He agreed.

Of course, we knew it would be impossible for him NOT to touch himself looking at the pictures, and that's exactly what we wanted. A teenage boy practically has his hand grafted onto his penis. So to catch him masturbating to the pictures would give us many opportunities to punish and pretend to cure him as we feminized him even more.

Even though it would take two days to get back the results of his blood tests, I pretended to have a preliminary report. As I looked it over, I frowned, gave him a worried look and said, "Barry, overall, you are in good health, but your blood tests showed you are severely deficient in many key vitamins, so immediately I want you to start taking vitamins I am giving you." I showed him the bottles of pills, labeled as vitamins. "In fact, you are so deficient, I'll need to give you a vitamin booster shot once a week. So please drop your pants so I can give you the first shot right now."

Blushingly, he looked to his mother. She nodded indicating for him to do it. He did drop his clothes but kept his hands

over his penis. I gave him the shot. Then as he went to pull his clothes back on when I told him, "No, leave your pants down. I need to examine your genitals to make sure you are developing properly. Move your hands away."

Then, as I cupped his testicles with one hand and handled his penis with the other, I explained, "Barry, you need to have this vitamin shot every week, but I'm not always available to do it, so to make it easy, I will have my nurse Doris stop by your house each week to give it to you. You remember my nurse Doris, don't you? She's my receptionist today; you just spent the last twenty minutes in the outer office with her."

Having Doris pretend to be my receptionist that day was a great idea. She is very innocent looking and an experienced demaler. It was obvious that he had noticed her flashing her lingerie at him. At the mention of her name I felt his penis start to fill with blood. "Oh, dear, I think we struck a cord. Is thinking about my sweet nurse Doris making you hard, young man?" He bit his lip and turned red. I had my face so close to his genitals that he could surely feel my breath on his penis as I examined him. "Alice, I think your boy has been having some nasty thoughts about my receptionist." Alice said, "Oh, Barry, how could you? And such a sweet young girl. What's making you do that?" He had been looking down at me, but now he tried to turn away but had no place to hide his face.

"Barry, I think you have been spending so much time looking at your naughty pictures of girls in bras and panties that you now can only think bad thoughts when you see any female. You are acting like a pig of a male and thinking girls are only good for giving you sexy, naughty thrills. You need help, young man." I then reached over to my office intercom, buzzed front desk and asked, "Doris, please come in here." Moments later, she walked in. Barry shrank back and tried to cover his penis once again, but I still had a good strong hold of him and he couldn't hide. "Keep your hands away, boy!"

Doris entered and played the sweet little girl role to the hilt. She acted as if she didn't realize that about two inches of the cream-colored lace on her half-slip stuck out below the hem of her severely shortened nurses' uniform. Barry surely didn't want to be naked in front of beautiful little Doris, but he was, and his skinny little dick was erecting. As I gently wanked his peter, I asked, "Doris, what do you think of a boy who likes to collect pictures of girls in bras and panties and lets his penis get hard while looking at those pictures?" Pretending to be shocked, she said, "Oh, dear, that's quite naughty, Dr. Lucy." I continued, "Doris, maybe you didn't realize it, but your pretty lacy slip is showing." She shrieked, "Oh, my, I'm sorry, Dr. Lucy, I had no idea," as she reached down to adjust her slip. "No, no," I told her, "leave your slip out. Young Barry here is getting quite hard, and I think seeing your pretty slip is the cause of it. If you don't mind, I would like you to help me with an experiment?" Doris nodded. "Now, only if you feel comfortable doing so, my

dear, please pull up your uniform skirt so Barry can have a good look at your fancy half-slip.” She feigned blushing, “OK, Dr. Lucy, I’m glad to do anything to help.” Up went her skirt and up went his penis. “Oh, dear, you have it bad, don’t you, son?” I cleared my throat; actually I was trying to stifle a little laugh because I so enjoy bullshitting and shaming a boy — it’s all part of the demaling process.

“Doris, we can see a bit of the lace through the thin top of your uniform, so I know you have a nice bra on today; now, if you don’t mind, please open the buttons so this miserable little boy can have a peek at your bra — I’m sure our young lingerie pervert will enjoy seeing it. Then pull up your slip too so he can see how you look in your panties.”

Pretending to be bashful and hesitant, she slowly undressed like an experienced girl demaler at Tease-a-Rama! Barry was embarrassed; he wanted to look away, but his fascination with pretty girls in lingerie wouldn’t allow him to do it. Once she did as I asked, his dick continued to harden with each thrust into my hand.

“Doris, since you’ve gone that far, why don’t you just take your uniform and half-slip all the way off. Let’s give this disgusting little boy what he most wants to see. We’re trying to cure him of his nasty habit. He has only been looking at pictures of ladies in their lingerie, so let’s give him a good look at what a real young lady looks like in just her bra and panties.” She slid out of her clothes with alacrity. “Now, take a good look at Doris, you little pervert, doesn’t it make you feel bad to invade a girl’s privacy by staring at her in just her bra and panties? Well, you should feel bad! Poor Doris is probably going to have nightmares tonight thinking about you staring at her with all those dirty thoughts going through your head. And why is this penis of yours harder than ever? I need to try a further experiment.”

I turned to his mother. “Alice, please do me a favor; open the bottom drawer of my desk and take out what’s right on top. Seconds later she took out a pair of pink nylon panties I had there. She laughed, “Are these what you want?” I nodded. “Oh, yes, this is an old test to find out just how bad of a problem your son has.” I took the panties, unfurled them, held them up to his face for him to see all their lace and frills, and then I wrapped them around his dick and again began to vigorously masturbate him, this time through the panties.

“Barry, look at Nurse Doris. Do it! Concentrate on her; I’m trying to help you, boy. While you look at her in her lingerie, I want you to think about the pretty panties I am stroking over your penis. A good boy, a real boy, has no interest in lingerie; it would probably make him ill for me to rub his dick with a pair of nylon panties. A real boy only wants to see naked women and girls, but a naughty boy like you who has been collecting pictures of girls in their bras and panties becomes perverted, and lingerie — girls’ underclothes begin to excite him more than the girls wearing that sexy, silky, lacy underwear. Oh, dear, Barry, you are now harder than

ever; I think you have a bad case of lingerie love.” By then I was yanking on his panty-coated peter at a furious pace and I took my one hand off his balls, reached around behind him and shoved my long middle finger into a jar of Vaseline that I had open, ready and waiting. Then I shoved that finger right up his asshole. He gasped; he lurched and let out a loud moan. He shuttered with an intense dry cum. His legs gave way and he fell back onto the chair I had strategically set behind him. He was gently crying, from embarrassment, I’m sure. I still had hold of his dick. I parted the panties and saw the tip of his penis glistening with moisture. “Hold still, you evil young man,” I commanded as I picked up a glass slide from my desk and touched it to the end of his penis to gather a bit of that moisture. He just stared at me and what I was doing not knowing what next to expect. I set aside the slide. “I going to have this specimen of your precum sent to our test lab to be analyzed; it will give us an idea of the extent of your sexual problems. Then I pulled back his foreskin all the way. He winced, and I took my index finger, and rubbed it all around the head of his penis collecting as much of his precum as I could. I held my cum-shiny finger up to my nose. “Oh, that is disgusting. Alice, Doris, come over here and take a whiff.” They both did and they both made weird faces and said it smelled horrible. “Barry, our lab will analyze your dick juice, but after just smelling it, I’m sure the results will not be good. Nice, healthy boys who respect females and never would think of sneaking around to look at them in their underwear have sweet smelling and tasting dick juice. But perverted lingerie loving boys have bad, evil smelling and tasting cum, and yours is disgusting. Here smell it.” He tried to avoid it by turning his head to the side, but his mother was there to hold his head still as I made him smell it. “See? It’s horrible, isn’t it? Now, taste it!” And before he knew what was happening, I shoved my finger into his open mouth. He sputtered and gagged but I held my hand there as his mother commanded, “Suck her finger, son; stop trying to pull away.” I said, “Barry, I’m just trying to help you; if you want to get over this perversion you have for girlie lingerie, you need to be retrained to appreciate females and female things in a healthy way, and we need to start by reprogramming you to recognize and understand that you have this problem.

He was crying now. His mother was still holding his head. Doris was now standing boldly before him in just her sexy bra and white satin panties both trimmed with beige lace to match her half-slip. I still had my finger in his mouth. “Suck it, Barry. Suck my finger like a baby bottle. You need to do things like this to cure you of your problem.”

I looked down at the pink panties still half covering his penis; it was quite small but still very hard! (Ah! Young boys and their ability to erect and stay hard!) I picked up the panties. “Now, look at these panties; they are just a spare pair of panties I keep on hand for some of my girl patients who sometimes need a fresh pair after an exam, but just look at them: They are all crumpled and wrinkled, and they even

have a few drops of your smelly precum spotting them. I guess I'll just have to throw them away now." Doris then innocently said, "Oh, Dr. Lucy, in my current nursing class, we were just studying how to handle perverted little panty boys, and one of the new ways to treat a boy with such a problem is to have him wear panties. The reasoning is that by wearing panties, he will become used to seeing and handling them and they will eventually no longer be sexy to him. It helps to kill his interest in doing naughty things associated with his fetish like looking at girls in their lingerie and getting excited. After all, if he wants to see lingerie, all he needs to do is drop his pants and look at himself in a mirror."

"Oh, yes, I had heard about that approach to curing a panty boy too. Thanks for reminding me." I said. "It's one of those new radical therapies to treat a very difficult problem like lingerie fetishism, which seems to be affecting more young boys than ever before. Great idea, Doris. Thanks." I turned to Barry's mother, "Is that OK with you, Alice? OK for us to put these panties on your son?" She heartily approved.

I then looked to Doris. "Well, young lady, since you brought it up, why don't you do the honors?" The devilish little bra and panty clad young girl jumped to it. She picked up the panties and the three of us helped Barry to stand up as she then put his feet through the lacy panty leg holes. She then slowly pulled them up his legs until they were high around his body before she let go of the waistband with a snap that sent a terrorizing jolt through him.

His mother leaned in close, and the three of us, fingered the lace and smoothed out the nylon over his hips and butt as we openly talked about how well they fitted him and how sweet he looked in lacy girlie panties. We each ran our fingers both inside and outside and completely around the waist and legs elastic bands to settle them in perfect position. The panties fit him beautifully — of course, I had his measurements before the appointment so from the big stock of fancy girlie panties I keep on hand in my office I had preselected the ideal pair in a size for him. So, now, in no time at all, we had him pantied, and his penis stayed hard. His dick did look so funny but also so very pretty inside the soft, sleek panties as it was pointing to heaven (panty heaven I'm sure).

"You see, Barry, to cure you, we are going to put your mom in charge of your penis, and you cannot touch it without her permission, and every night I want you to go through a little ritual that will help you get better. At bedtime, I want you to put on a nice pair of girls' silky nylon panties like you now have on, and your mother will join you in your bedroom and the two of you will page through your scrapbook together, and while you do it, your mother will play with your penis through your panties. The idea is to get you so used to seeing and feeling lingerie that you will no longer become excited by it. Your mother will test how well you are doing by masturbating you in your panties while you look at your pictures and talk to her about how you feel about them. Your

mother will pay attention to how hard your penis gets and how fast you reach a dry cum — or even spurt actual cum, if and when you are able to do that. Then we can see how you are progressing. You mom will keep a notebook and report the results to me. I think we can make headway quickly and you will soon get over your nasty need to see innocent little girls prancing around in their underwear. This is a radical approach, but I'm sure it will work on you. However, I must warn you and your mother that about one in 100 boys does not respond as they should. In fact, they go completely in the other direction and become hopelessly addicted to lingerie. They end up almost going insane just at the sight of a pair of panties, and they will do anything to see, touch, and wear pretty panties. There isn't much we can do for boys like that except cut off their penis and balls." Barry's eyes opened wide in horror. "If we didn't, they would go panty insane and be a great danger to both themselves and society." Barry was surely terrorized as he looked quite scared. "Oh, don't worry, Barry, we're sure that would never happen to you. We know you're a good boy deep down and want to do what's right. I'm sure you won't be one of those boys who goes panty insane. Just take your vitamins every day, get your vitamin shot each week, do what your mother and I tell you to do, and you will lick your lingerie addiction and turn out fine.

At the end of the session, I had him put his clothes back on over the panties and told him to wear them home. He begged us not to make him go home like that, but a stern look from his mother was enough to quiet his protest. I told him, "It will be good for you to wear them, Barry. They're just underwear; that's a part of what we are trying to teach you. They will be hidden under your boys' clothes so no one will know, just your mother. Soon you'll be able to wear panties without a care, and you will know you are making a lot of progress because you'll know they will no longer occupy your every thought. Instead, you will look at women and girls and appreciate what beautiful and wonderful people they are, and not be fixated on their lingerie. No, you don't have to wear your panties all the time — unless you want to. Some boys want to so they can be cured as quickly as possible, but you don't have to. However, you must put on a pair of panties every night and let your mother touch you through them to help you get over your attraction to panties. So your mother will have to buy you some additional pairs of panties since this one pair will not be enough. Just like a good girl, you'll always want to have plenty of clean panties to wear." Alice added, "Well, we'll stop by the mall on the way home and buy you some nice panties. You can help me pick them out!" Barry continued to have an awestruck look on his face.

"I'm sure you realize only a sissy queer boy or a gay boy would get excited from wearing a pair of silky panties. No, you're not like that. You know what a gay boy is don't you?" He nodded. "And do you know a gay boy likes to kiss other boys?" He nodded, looking quite uncomfortable. "Do you know what else a queer little gay boy likes to do?" He looked

**Barry before
we began
hormone
therapy**



at me in a weird way and shrugged his shoulders. “Well, a sissy gay boy likes to not only wear panties all the time, but he also loves to dance around in front of other boys in his panties, then he likes to get down on his knees and suck on other boys’ dicks until those boys shoot their baby-making juice in his mouth so he can swallow it.” Barry’s eyes were bulging out. “Oh, but we know you’re not like that. You want to get over your addition to silky panties before they rob you of your ability to be a boy, so we need to get to work curing you right away, don’t we?”

I nearly came in my panties with that little discussion. When his mother gave him a hug and he wasn’t looking, I just had to reach up under my skirt and give my pantied pussy a few loving strokes. My panties were soaked! My fingers were sopping wet with my juices. I also gave Barry a nice hug, and then I held his head in my hands and gave him a kiss on the lips. In the process, I placed my cummy fingers right on his lips and under his nose. I didn’t say anything. He did lurch a bit, so I knew he noticed the strange aroma. There was no need for me to say anything. Eventually, part of his training would be to become very familiar with pussy juice as we would be teaching him how to be an expert cunt lapper. Eating pussy is an important part of being a demaled boy. His mother was looking forward to him doing it to her and other women and girls in our chapter. Having a demaled boy eat your pussy is one of the benefits our members enjoy as we train demales to be useful. My cum-drenched fingers I let linger on his lips; it was just a tiny preview of things to come! (Or should I have written ‘cum!’)

And as a last thing before leaving the office, we gave Barry a big glass of water and started him on the pills he would need to take every day: 50 mg of Androcour, a very effective male hormone blocker, 1.25mg of Premarin, a female hormone,

and three Dianne 35 — all disguised as vitamins. Plus, he would be receiving the weekly shot from Doris. It combined 10mg Progynon Depot & 250mg Prolution Depot. Barry left the office that day with his head spinning I’m sure.

Alice is a very beautiful woman, and as I suspected (with her hatred of macho males), she had an interest in lesbianism but never got up the nerve to try it. Well, I arranged for us to have two dates for dinner and drinks to discuss her life with Barry and then we went to the mall to buy her some sexy bras, slips and panties for herself to use in seducing her son. She couldn’t resist buying some bras, slips and panties in sizes that would fit Barry to add to his lingerie collection. After both dates we ended up back at my house and I enjoyed helping Alice explore her interest in sex with another female.

Of course, we also talked a lot about panty training him as quickly as possible. Except for his mother masturbating him in his panties, we didn’t want to force him to wear them. I wanted Alice to find a way that would lead him to decide for himself that he wanted to wear panties. And in the Demale Manuals I had given her there were a lot of novel ways to introduce a boy to panties that have been repeatedly mother-tested and proven effective. Alice knows herself and her son best, so I encouraged her to decide what method would be the best way to do it. But we did want him to become broken in to wearing panties with all the guilt and shame that we could get him to associate with doing it.

As a start, we needed to dramatically increase his lingerie time. So I had Alice ask him if he wanted to earn some extra money each week as well as help us cure him of his interest in ladies’ underwear. Like most teen boys, Barry always wanted money, so he jumped at the idea. She told her soon-

**After three
months on a
combined
hormone
therapy**



to-be-sissy son that she would pay him to hand wash her lingerie each night because she was usually too busy or too tired to do it. Alice explained to him that by handing lingerie as much as possible, he would get so used to it and that they no longer would be of interest to him. He bought it! She then provided him with a bottle of Woolite, a good washing liquid for delicate garments, and taught him how to wash her bras and panties in the bathroom sink and then hang them on a little rack to dry.

Washing her bras and panties every day would strengthen his association with them, and since they were his mother's, this innocent little chore would strengthen the link between lingerie, his mother and him. Plus Alice putting the drying rack in the bathroom was something new. Now every time he used the bathroom he would be see his mother's bras and panties that he had washed the night before.

Alice stood behind him and coached him the best way to wash her lingerie. She was impressed that he was determined to do a good job, and he did. He surprised her when he asked if he was supposed to iron them too. Alice saw that as a good way to extend his daily 'lingerie time.' So she said 'yes' that ironing was part of the job. She told him to make that easy for him to do, she would set up the ironing board in his bedroom and leave it there so it was always ready to use.

Demaling a boy is always a work in progress, every boy is different and you have to take advantage of the opportunities he gives you. Alice had never before in her life iron her lingerie, but she didn't tell him that. Instead, she seized the moment and said, "Yes, of course, ironing my lingerie is part of the job. You are a very smart boy; you know exactly what to do; it's as if you have washed and ironed a lady's lingerie before!" she said with a giggle as he blushed. The ironing took as much time to do or even more time than it took to do the washing. Alice showed that she was thinking on her feet; now, with doing the ironing and keeping the ironing board permanently setup in his bedroom, more and more of his time was related to his associations with lingerie. Many of our best demaling ideas have been created by mothers taking advantage of just such moments.

Daily, Barry did a marvelous job washing and ironing his mom's bras, slips and panties. Alice often sat on his bed and watched, pretending to make sure he did a good job, and he always did, but actually, she wanted to constantly watch him to evaluate his growing interest in lingerie by the way he would handle her intimate things.

Alice then upped the ante; since he was handling her lingerie, she saw no problem letting him see her wearing just her lingerie at times. She would often find an excuse to invite him into her bedroom or the bathroom as she dressed or undressed under the excuse that she wanted to talk to him about one thing or another. At those times, she liked what she saw in him; he couldn't avoid staring at her. Of course, she

pretended not to notice, as she also pretended not to notice the erection he got in his pants at such times. She also began seeing him get an erection while doing his daily duty of washing and ironing her lingerie.

Alice inspected his dirty underwear every day looking for tiny stains in his dirty underpants, and more and more frequently she found little droplets of precum, we both knew he was getting very close to actually spurting, so with my guidance, she moved things up to the next level and the next time she saw him doing his lingerie ironing and saw him with an erection, she called out to him, "Barry, we need to talk. Come here, and bring with you those panties you're ironing."

Blushing he set aside the iron, picked up the panties and went to her. He held the panties in front of himself to help conceal his hard penis pushing away at his pants. As soon as he was at her side with her sitting on the bed, she simply reached out and cupped her hand over his penis bulge. "And what's this, young man?" she wanted to know in a demanding voice. "I'm sorry, mom," was all he could mumble. "My little boy is being naughty. Are you all hard like this because you are enjoying handling my sexy bras and panties, or because you keep staring at me in my nice white slip? It's kind of a sheer slip, so you probably can see my baby blue bra and panties right through it. Is that is what's exciting you?"

Barry hemmed and hawed but could barely speak.

"Honey, I want you to grow up to be a nice, sweet boy. Yes, I do want you to love your mommy, but I think you love my lingerie even more than you love me. I'm troubled because at night you seem to be getting harder and more interested in panties than less interested. I don't want you to grow up to be one of those insane panty boys like Dr. Lucy described." He shuttered and assured he did not want that; he did want to get better. She looked intently at him. With tears in his eyes, he looked very vulnerable. (Exactly where you want a boy!)

"My boy in love with girlie bras and silky panties. Is that what you are, a panty boy? Do you know that some boys are so hooked on panties that we call them panty boys? Those boys do get to wear girlie panties all the time but all of them are sissies, of course." He nodded. "Have the boys at school ever called you a sissy?" He looked at his mother in horror, vigorously shaking his head 'no.'

"Hmmm," she mumbled, "I want to try an experiment. Here, lie down on the bed, but first go get your scrapbook." He got the book and then lay on the other side of the bed next to her. Alice paged through the book. "Oh, I see you've added a lot more pictures to your book. It looks like you enjoyed those pictures of vintage lingerie from the 1950s that I downloaded from the Internet. Girls really wore pretty lingerie in those days, didn't they?" Sheepishly, he nodded. "Now, take off



From the start, we began Barry on things like pink shirts.

your pants and your underwear too. Then put on just my white nylon panties that you were ironing and get back on the bed and face me. Now, honey, instead of me touching you through my panties that you have on, I want you to do it. I give your permission jack yourself off. Go to it.”

It was obvious that he was very embarrassed to masturbate with her watching, but he did as his mother leisurely paged through the book. She encouraged him to play a little more aggressively with himself. She then put her hand over his and jacked his pantied peter. When she felt a dab of moisture through the nylon at the tip of his penis she wondered if this would be the day he’d spurt. Soon after, his body shook like it always did when he had a dry cum, but this time he really began to twist and shake, and then much to the surprise of both of them, his body stiffened and he ejaculated into the panties. It flooded the nylon and thoroughly wetted the sheer nylon panties and both of their hands. Before he even came down from his high, she said, “Just as I suspected. You’re a sissy. My son is a sissy! This is horrible. We have to tell Dr. Lucy. How did this happen? I’ve always raised you to be a big strong boy, and here you are pumping you baby-making juice into your mother’s satin panties. You’re no boy. You’re a sissy! What am I going to do with you? I hope Dr Lucy can give me some advice.”

Barry was now crying gently his face buried into his pillow in shame. “Stay right here. Don’t move, you little pansy!” Alice then sat up, took her cell phone out of her purse and called me. She explained what had just happened, and I then told her to double his daily ‘vitamins.’ Plus I told her to put

him on the phone with me. I made the embarrassed boy tell me what he had just done in his own very limited vocabulary. I scolded him for acting like a sissy and told him he had to be punished so he wouldn’t do it again. He promised it wouldn’t happen again, but then I told him he had to take those panties off and suck his cum out of them, and I told him he needed to be punished to learn his lesson and commanded that he’d have to wear girls’ panties for a week, even to school. And his mother was going to try to jerk him off into his panties every day just to see if he could build up enough strength to resist the temptation of cumming in his girlie lingerie. If he could do that, I assured him this sexual perversion would go away and he would develop into a ‘normal’ teenage boy. I had him give the phone back to his mother and I told her of his punishment to suck the cum out of the panties and that he has to wear panties every minute of every day for a week.

Well, Barry was a basket case. He absolutely didn’t want to be a sissy, but he was also very confused. He tearfully agreed to take his punishment. Of course, both Alice and I were sure that he would not be able to resist repeatedly cumming in his panties at his mother’s hand now that he had shot jism for the first time, because as distressful as it had to have been for him, we knew it was immensely pleasurable, and not if, but when he did spurt again into his panties, it would give us the opening we needed to increase his addiction to panties and to give him additional sissifying punishments.

Until this time, Barry had been a typical boy in most ways, just a bit of a nerd. He was OK in sports but not good enough to be on any of the school teams. Preferring instead to work on his home computer or play with his model trains; he was a bit of a loner, actually. However, he was in the Boy Scouts and the church choir; those were the only two groups in which he participated.

During the week that followed, he did wear his panties, and his mother jacked him off into them, and he continued to cum in them. The volume of his emissions steadily increased as did the viscosity. Each day his mother called me and I talked to him after she gave me the latest report. We didn’t want to go too hard on him; he was at a tender stage, so I told him that it was good that he could now shoot cum, it proved he was becoming a man, and while the fact that he spurting that manly cum into sissy panties was a bit troubling, I told him not to worry, his male hormones would soon make him very masculine and he would be able to prevent himself from going over the edge during his mother’s panty wanks. I did tell him he needed to continue doing his punishment of sucking the cum out of his panties as well as licking the cum off of his and his mother’s fingers. I then told him he needed a bit more of a punishment to get him to hate his panties and make them less exciting to him and told him that punishment would be for his mother to spank him in his soiled panties after every time he ejaculated into them. Plus he would have to sleep in his cummy panties that night and only put on clean ones after his morning shower the next day.

Even though he had shot cum into his panties every day that week, I told him he didn't have to wear them anymore except for when his mother did her nightly panty play with him. I told him he didn't have to wear panties because his jism was increasing in volume and his cumming was becoming more intense, and that it was a sign to me that he was maturing properly into a man. Little did he know that the blockers and female hormones he was on would soon overtake the male hormones his body was producing, especially since I had his mother double his dosage and his ejaculate would begin to decrease as would his ability to erect.

Now it was time to get him to willingly want to wear panties — even get him to ask if could wear them.

After studying the Demale magazines, Alice decided to try one method she thought would work for him. She bought some itching powder from a joke store and sprinkled it in his boys' underwear. Within days, she had convinced him he had 'sensitive' skin. He didn't know what to do until she made the observation that he never had to itch and scratch himself when he wore panties, only when he wore his boys' shorts. She asked him if would like to wear panties for a while until he got over the itchy rash his boys' cotton underwear seemed to be causing. He agreed but he asked his mother if she could buy him some very plain white nylon panties instead of all the fancy panties stacked up in his panty drawer that she used for his nightly wanking ritual. He said he was afraid someone would somehow see them and that would embarrass him to death. She happily said she would buy him some, but it would be a few days before she could do it because she was so busy over the coming week and didn't have time to go shopping. Of course, her plan was to pretend to forget about his request, and she hoped by the end of the week he would be used to wearing his colorful and lacy girls' panties and not pester her again for plain panties.

He wore the panties without complaint and was pleased to find that they didn't itch him and give him a rash. His mother had him try his boys' underwear again, and after having them on for less than an hour, he tearfully complained to her that he couldn't stand to wear them. She explained that some girls had the same problem. After wearing nylon panties for a while, sometimes they too would get an itch and a rash if they went back to cotton underwear. She said it's just something that happens once the body gets used to the touch of nylon. (All bullshit of course!) "So what do you want to do?" she asked him. "Mother, may I wear panties again?" She nodded, "Of course, you can, dear, but I still haven't had time to buy you some plain white ones. So is wearing your fancy panties, OK? You do have a lot of them, so maybe once you wear some of them out, we can get you some plainer ones." He nodded "OK."

Alice was ready to push him a little further. "Barry, honey, now that you will be wearing your panties every day, we

need to get rid of your boys' underwear." He agreed as she led him up to his room. "Take all your old underwear out of your drawer and take them out to the incinerator." She loved watching him gather them all up and then toss pair after pair of his old undershorts into the fire. It was a great symbolic gesture. Alice knew it was throwing his emerging manhood into the fire. As he did it, she saw the sadness in his eyes

If at all possible, is important for a boy to willingly destroy his old underwear. It's an act he will never forget.

Barry's penis seemed to love his silky nylon panties. He was always having an erection them, and he was embarrassed to have his mother see him with a hard-on, but she was always quick to tell him it was a perfectly natural reaction to the soft nylon that they were working on every night until the panty silkiness no longer excited him. She really enjoyed playfully touching his penis through the panties; she'd squeal and tell him it was a "very pretty little penis." Of course stressing the word 'little.'

Alice reported to me from her notes that it was more and more difficult for him to erect and ejaculate and the quantity and viscosity of his seminal emissions were dramatically diminishing. After three months, it was obvious that the female hormones and the male blockers were taking over and just in time as none of the dreaded male secondary sex characteristics had yet evidenced themselves, and with luck, they never would. As for his penis, it was getting smaller, and only within a pair of panties could he get an erection at all. If she tried to wank him outside of his panties, he would remain limp, but inside the panties at least he would get temporary erections, so there was a definite link between his panties and what still remained of his masculine urges.

I had periodic meetings with Barry and his mother and we would talk openly about him in panties and his nightly panty masturbation sessions with him sitting on my examination table blushing like crazy about something so private. Of course, on each of these sessions, I made him undress, and when he got down to his panties, I always complimented him. "Oh, dear, what a pretty pair of panties you have on today." His mother would then usually poke a finger into his pantied butt and tell him to thank me for the compliment, which of course he did as his face blossomed with an even darker shade of red.

He did express concern because his penis didn't seem to be working like it used to and it was frustrating trying to cum and 'not much fun' like it used to be. I told him those were good signs because he was getting less and less excited about wearing panties, so he was 'getting better!'

His mother and I had been closely but very discreetly monitoring both his mental and physical progress. I had a running checklist and little tests to constantly measure where he was at in all areas. He did start to develop a little

breast tissue right way, and after three months, his mother and I could see the distinct beginnings of cute little teenage breasts emerging from his chest. He did complain that his nipples itched almost constantly. That gave me the chance to examine his breasts and teak his nipples, which made him give out a little yelp. I weighed him and then explained to him that he was putting on some weight and for some reason his body was storing the fat on his hips and chest. I gave his mother a tube of high potency Estrogen cream, and told Barry that his mother should rub it into his penis before he drifted off to sleep each night. I told him the cream would help him have a manlier penis, but of course, it had just the opposite effect. Concerning his sore nipples, I told him that some of the cream I had given his mother for his penis she should use on his nipples each night to help soothe them. Well, of course, that was just more female hormone cream to put on him, so it only hastened his breast development.

Once Barry's little weenie went to 'sleep,' his mom started some real demaling. Alice and I agreed it was time to get him into pretty teen bras, dresses and other girls' clothes. Alice kept getting ideas from other Demale Society issues, and together we came up with a plan. After work she came home with some nice new teen bras she knew would fit her now eunuch boy and some pretty girls' dresses, slips and more panties and was ready with a plan to get him into them.

She asked Barry as he was on his computer, "Barry, honey can you help me? I need you to try on this Halloween outfit to alter it for your cousin Hannah." "Um, OK, Mom, OK," he said as he came downstairs. She had him look at the little maids' outfit that she really bought for him and not for his female cousin. He offered little resistance, even though he stared at it funnily and asked, "What is that, Mom?" She explained it was a type of outfit maids use to wear. She said she also had a party dress for his cousin and she needed him to put it on too so she could make adjustments to fit her since he was close to her in size. She pretended that Hannah was supposed to be there for the fitting but couldn't make it and she needed to get it done. "OK, Barry, be a dear and try it on for me. Come'on, hon, it'll only take a moment."

"Gees, I don't know mom, dresses are for ..." "Girls," his mom finished his sentence. "Don't worry, son; I think you'll find it fun to put on a dress. Just indulge your silly old mother and let me see what my boy would look like if he had been born a girl." That is all it took and he then agreed.

By then, Barry was used to his mom seeing him in panties, so with only a slight bit of blushing, he stripped down and was ready to let her put him into the dress and then the maid's outfit, but before she did, she had him hold his arms straight out and so she could slip a sexy pink A-cup teen bra on him. "Mom, why do I have to wear this, I don't have any ..." But as he was saying that, Alice had quickly slid the bra up his arms and around his chest and was snapping it closed in back. He stood there in awe gazing down at his

chest because he saw that he did have fleshy little mounds on his chest that neatly filled the cups of the bra. He was in shock. He had tits! Small ones for sure, but tits for sure! He couldn't even speak at that moment — wondering where his tits had come from! Until that moment, I honestly believe he hadn't noticed how his breasts had grown and his nipples had enlarged. Wisely, Alice didn't say anything. She just stayed behind him for a moment pretending to adjust the bra; she thought it best to give him time alone to absorb the shock of having tits!

The blockers were doing such a great job of squelching his masculinity that he now had almost no resistance to wearing sexy female attire. But he did have a scared look on his face. She helped him into the maids' outfit and had him stand up on the fitting stool. As his mom pinned up the hem, he looked so dear. In earnest, she started working on what was left of his male ego. "Barry, this dress fits you so nicely, doesn't it? Look in the mirror." As he did, she pretended that she needed to adjust something and reached up under the skirt and gave his pantied penis a little squeeze. "I guess your little dick really likes this dress too; he is nice and hard. I think he's trying to show us his appreciation." Sure enough, he was harder than he had been in a long time. She knew what had to be done and rolled her stool over to him and had him stand on it. She hoisted up his dress and lowered his panties. "My, he is so cute. Barry has anyone ever told you what a nice little penis you have?" (Of course, she had told him about his 'pretty little penis' many, many times before.) She then took his virgin dick in her mouth and sucked on it.

"Mom ... Mom." He probably wanted to complain, but then gave in. "That, that, that ... feels greeeaaaat!" he could only say in a loud groaning whisper. She kept sucking and licking his hairless bald dick and balls and soon he was on the couch as she worked on his nearly testosterone free boy bits. He was so young and sensitive that she made him cum in less than a minute even though it was just a small amount of juice. Hormone therapy takes time but it definitely was working. The meds hadn't yet completely superseded his natural male hormone production, but they were getting close and soon she was sure he would never have a 'real male cum filled' orgasm for the rest of his life.

Swooning in the afterglow, nonplused and blushing with the naughtiness of incestuous shame, he did find the strength to stand and let her reline and fit the dress. Acting like nothing unusual had just taken place, she asked him if he liked the outfit and much to her surprise he said, "Yes, mommy, it is so nice for a girl, but I like it. Would it be OK for me to keep it and wear it for Halloween?"

"Of course, honey, you can wear it whenever you want, but you'd have to ask your cousin Hanna whenever you would want to wear it." All he could say was, "Oh!" She then added that she could take him shopping for a similar dress or maybe even a fancier one. He smiled and nodded happily.

"Maybe you can wear the maids' costume whenever you wash and iron my panties. If that would make you happy; that would make me happy too." He beamed, gasped with an intake of air, and said, "Oh, that would be so cool, mommy. I do love the way this satiny dress feels. Why do boys' clothes have to be so plain and boring and not smooth, soft and sexy like this?" He asked with such innocent puppy dog eyes. She told him most men feared soft, silky garments because they equated them with being weak and distracting and then added, "But that, my dear little girly-boy, doesn't stop some boys from secretly stealing and trying on girls' clothes. Aren't you lucky to have a mommy who will let you have all the pretty, silky clothes you want?"

She was surprised that he was in such a good mood. She guessed that the shock of discovering her had titties had worn off already! — Or was eclipsed by the fun of twirling around in the dress or having his limp noodle sucked by his mommy. Alice was convinced that the hormones were taking over his mind as well as his body and making him so very cooperative as well as so appreciative of soft, pretty clothing.

So, once his mother was finished altering the dress, she had him put his boys' clothes back on. "But, dear, why don't you leave the bra on as well as your panties. They go so nicely together." Then after dinner, she surprised him with a ruffled pinafore and asked him to do the dishes. "Barry, please wear this old pinafored apron of mine (*bullshit*) so you don't mess up your new Nike sneakers and that nice soccer shirt I just bought you." Now, most boys would put up a huge fight at such a request, but Barry, with most of his testosterone deleted or at least compromised, just shrugged his shoulders and said, "OK, mom," and held out his lean arms with their increasingly smooth muscles and let her slip onto him the pinafore and tie it in back with a nice big bow. "It looks kind of funny with your pants on, honey, why don't you take them off ... Ah, there, that looks nice now." He just had his T-shirt and bra and panties on under the pinafore that went almost all the way around him, leaving just an opening in back with a nice view of his pantied bottom. As she gave him a hug, she slipped her hands under his apron and gave his soft penis a little rub. "Mom, uh, do other moms do stuff like that to their boys?" She grinned, kissed him lightly and said, "No, dear, just the lucky ones like you, my cutie. I just love your little penis and baby-size balls."

She continued to massage his silk pantied penis. He swooned but he barely got hard. "Honey, your penis doesn't get very hard in your panties anymore, and you don't shoot much juice. I guess the vitamins and treatments are working. You don't get excited in panties like you used to, huh?" "Mom, they feel good but they don't make me crazy like they did before." There was angst in his unbroken voice as he said, "I just don't have the urge like I used to have. It does feel great when you do it, but otherwise, I don't feel much like touching it myself." "Well, see, Dr. Lucy's treatment is working, and yes, you are putting on some weight and it's



adding to your chest and hips, but that's just a side effect, we can put you on a diet soon to get rid of that."

I began to stroke and massage his penis again, but this time doing it in a more effective way that I had learned at our Demale meetings. The panties were a bit large on him, so I could hold it in my hand extending out from his body with the panties fully encasing it, yet there was still enough slack in the panties for me to also have plenty of loose panty to use as I massaged his baby balls through the sensuous nylon. Then I really began to jerk him off. I knew he would get hard with this patented way of wanking a pantied boy that is taught to all new initiates of the Demale Society. You simply hold the boy's penis in a loose panty-lined fist with your thumb over the head of his penis, and as you wank — starting with long strokes that drag the soft nylon up and down the skin of his penis. On the upstroke you take your thumb off the head as the panties become snugly pressed against his penis at full tilt, but on the down stroke the panties form a pool of loose fabric about the tip, you use your thumb to rub and push at his penis head as well as aggressively attack and probe his pee hole though the panties, and then alternate with each stroke.

At his next office visit, I took a blood sample and told him his testosterone levels were very low and said that could be because he spent almost all of his time with women and he didn't have any male friends. (*Bullshit time!*) I explained he needed to spend some time with males, and have a male relationship or two, and preferably with an older male (father figure) as male companionship would help to make him manlier and help his body produce more testosterone. I then arranged for Barry and his mother to meet Carl, a remale from our chapter. Alice invited him over to their house. Carl is a very likable man with considerable people skills and he won Barry over quickly. He stated to come over to their house every day or two, and together they played

video games and watched television. They often sat next to each other on the couch and Carl would put his arm around him and they'd talk. Soon, Carl was giving him a kiss on the cheek whenever he was leaving, and those kisses came closer and closer to having their lips meet. And they would sit closer and closer on the couch when they watched shows together. The hormones had softened up Barry and he was becoming a very sweet and loving boy. Alice loved it! And so did Carl. And Barry — he didn't seem to mind Carl's closeness and modest displays of affection. One day Barry bent over to tie his shoe, his T-shirt went up and Carl saw his purple panties peeking out above the top of his skater shorts. Barry jumped when Carl reached over and snapped the thin panty waist elastic from behind. "Nice underpants, you wear there, boy." Barry was embarrassed for him to know he wore panties, but a little later Carl brought up the subject and wanted to know all about them. Barry explained that he had sensitive skin and couldn't wear cotton boys' underwear. Carl said, "Hey, I understand, man. I used to have the same problem when I was young, but eventually my body changed and I got over it. So if you have to wear girls' panties for a while that's no big deal, but can I ask you a favor? Can I see them?" Barry blushed but did pull down his shorts and pull up his T-shirt to give the man a good look. "Wow! Those are nice, man! You look really cute in them. Here, let me feel them." Not waiting for an answer, Carl reached out and touched the nylon fabric on the boy's hip. He then held Barry closely and with both hands playfully rubbed his fingers over every inch of those sleek panties, even giving a giggle as he gave Barry's little dick and balls a good rub. "O-o-o-o! I bet those silky panties fill nice on your little dickie, huh?" Carl was a very clever guy. He had gotten into not only Barry's mind and had won him over, but now he was getting into the stunned boy's panties!

Barry couldn't ignore that his breasts were getting larger. He finally complained to his mother and he was brought into my office to discuss the problem. I took blood samples and spent a lot of time examining his chest. Much to his embarrassment I stroked and massaged his flesh, pretending to evaluate his development, repeatedly tweaking and pulling on his nipples to test their sensitivity. When I did it, he would squirm and even become sexually aroused, but I pretended not to notice. I also recommended that he start wearing an A-cup bra that would hold his breasts close to his body so they wouldn't jiggle around and wouldn't show so much under his clothes. Of course, Alice bought him some sweet little bras in pretty pastel colors. He didn't say anything about the color or lace on them and he did wear them.

Then the next time Carl was over, as usual, he put his arm around Barry and pretended to act surprised. "Hey, Barry, are you wearing a bra?" The hormones were turning him into a much more emotional little sissy boy too, and he couldn't immediately answer Carl. Instead, he just hung his head and cried. Carl hugged him and assured him it was OK. "Barry, Dr. Lucy explained to me that you are having hormone

problems, so I guess you are wearing a bra to hide what's going on with your chest." Barry nodded and continued to gently sob. Carl made him feel better as he assured him that a lot of boys his age had that problem and it wasn't at all unusual. Eventually Carl asked, "Do you mind if I have a look? Barry, I had the same problem when I was eleven. But look at me now. They eventually went away and everything turned out fine." Barry opened his shirt. Carl's eyes lit up and he said, "Hey, that's a pretty snazzy bra you have there. It looks like it's doing a great job of holding you in. Wearing a bra is the right thing for a boy like you to do." Barry didn't stop Carl when he reached around and undid the back of the bra and slid it off him. "Oh, your breasts are no big deal. You should have seen mine when I was a kid. They were about three times bigger than yours and stuck way out. It was so hard for me to hide them that my mother dressed me as a girl and sent me to a different school for two years until they finally went down and went away." Carl then boldly reached out and with both hands massaged the boy's tits and played with the sensitive nipples. Barry was breathing deeply and getting quite aroused. Then all of a sudden, it was too much for him, and he got up and ran to his room. Carl followed and said he was sorry if he had upset him, but it wasn't as big of a problem as he thought it was. Barry then asked him, "You know, when you were a kid and you had this problem; how did you finally get rid of them?" Carl pretended to be taken aback. "Barry, it was a radical procedure, with your mom's OK, perhaps we should have an appointment with Dr. Lucy to talk about it."

The following week, they all came to my office, and after an interview and another blood test, I told Barry his testosterone levels were still very low. He said Carl had the same problem when he was eleven but eventually got over it. I explained that I knew the radical procedure Carl had as a boy. He had gotten massive injections of fresh testosterone. Barry said he was all for it and wanted to start the same kind of injections right away. I then explained that the only way to get fresh testosterone was to get it directly from another man or boy, and a man was preferred because his semen was richer and more mature. Barry said he was ready. He asked Barry if he could get some of his semen. Carl said, "Barry, I love you like a son. You can have all of my semen that you want." But Barry was a bit shocked when I told him that the semen had to be fresh, and the only way he could get it fresh would be to suck it out of a man's cock. A tear ran down Barry cheek as he said, "I'll do it. I'm ready. I want to start doing it right now, if I can." And right there, we got Barry onto his knees and had him take Carl's already hard eight-inch cock into his mouth. It was amazing. Right there in the bright, unforgiving florescent light of my office, the boy was avidly slurping on a big cock. Carl instructed him how to do it and it was obvious he had a difficult time holding back because we want this little sissyboy work for his man juice reward. Alice and I watched, wallowing in delight — it's so much fun to bullshit a gullible little sissy boy!





*Demale boy
Teddy/Tanya,
who is also
featured with a
sissy boyfriend in
Princess
Productions
Picture Album #30.*



