

The
Demale Society
Training Manual

Volume #52

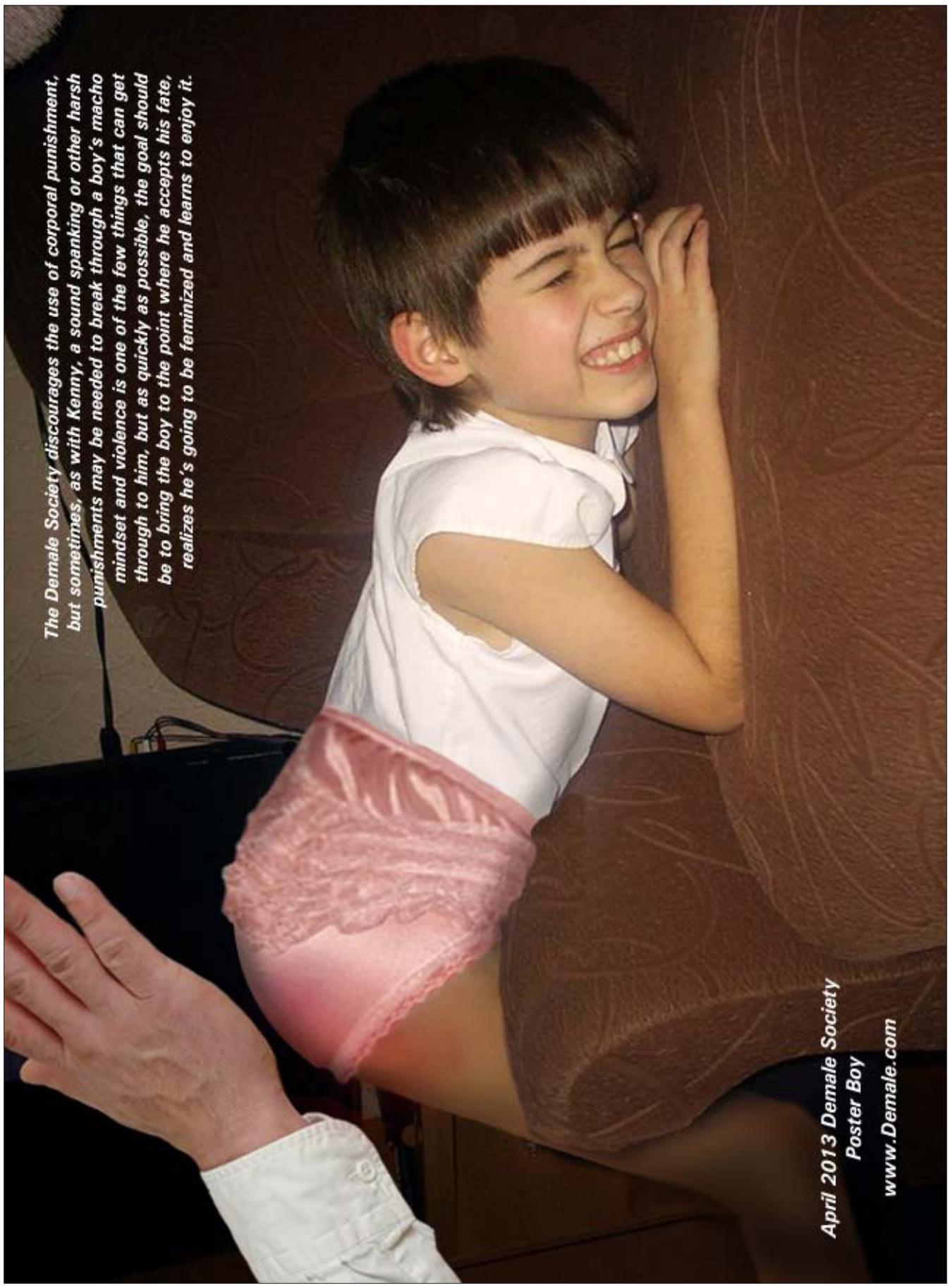


*Notices,
Testimonials,
Stories & Pics*

Adults Only

*Fantasy
Entertainment*

The Demale Society discourages the use of corporal punishment, but sometimes, as with Kenny, a sound spanking or other harsh punishments may be needed to break through a boy's macho mindset and violence is one of the few things that can get through to him, but as quickly as possible, the goal should be to bring the boy to the point where he accepts his fate, realizes he's going to be feminized and learns to enjoy it.



*April 2013 Demale Society
Poster Boy
www.Demale.com*



The Demale Society Manual

Testimonials, Notices, Stories & Pictures

Testimonial Added 8/1/09

*From: Tony, The South Jersey Chapter
Subject: Details on Feminizing Males*

Herein is an important case history from Dr. Lucy's files about a woman who had always been very attracted to and even married a very aggressive, macho male but finally evolved to appreciate feminine males. Her self-realization led her to change her son who thought he had to be like his father only to learn that he could be much happier being like his mother. This story illustrates a variety of demaling techniques and shows how this woman averted difficulty at every turn. By reading this testimonial, you should find many excellent ideas that you can use on your problem males.

Tony
Secretary
The Demale Society
South New Jersey Chapter

Kenny's Daddy Had It Wrong

Like so many girls, Jane grew up believing that only a very manly man would make an ideal husband, so when Brett, a very macho cop, proposed to her she accepted. However, their marriage deteriorated over the eight years they were together as she realized Brett's macho attitude included a very low opinion of women. To him, his lovely, miniskirted trophy wife was little more than a maid and a mouth to suck his cock as soon as he got home from work.



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They had a son, Kenny, but Brett wasn't much of a father either; he spent most of his free time with other cops at the Lawless Inn, their a local watering hole, or plunked down in front of the television watching sports with Jane only there to keep him supplied with beer and snacks. Brett didn't think much of little Kenny either because he wasn't athletically inclined and didn't do well in sports, even though the boy tried his best because he knew that's what his daddy wanted. Kenny wanted to spend time with his daddy, but once Brett was into watching some sporting event, he'd shoo little Kenny out of the room so he could more fully enjoy the game.

Kenny ended up doing things with his mother; she would teach him how to cook or have him help with the cleaning, but Brett would object saying he didn't want him doing 'women's work.' And Brett really screamed in outrage one day when they visited relatives and his girl cousin dressed Kenny up in some of her clothes. Those kinds of things added up over the years, and Jane wished her life could go in a new direction in which she and Kenny would have a better life, but she thought it was too late for any real change because she had been all wrong about what kind of guy makes an ideal husband.

Then most unexpectedly, Brett was killed on duty. Oddly enough, his macho attitude probably contributed to his death because he had been shot intervening in a senseless domestic dispute that, from all reports, could have been handled a lot more skillfully by someone who wasn't a 'hot head.'

The life insurance, survivor's benefits and police pension were substantial, but Jane wanted some additional income to make sure she would always have enough for a very comfortable life for her and her son. She had been a beautician prior to being married and worked for her sister who owned a salon. However, she wanted to save money on babysitters and spend as much time as possible with her six-year-old son, so she decided to open a little beauty salon right in her own home.

However, Jane also wanted more out of life and she realized her husband's death was an opportunity to reexamine every aspect of her life and remake it with her in control of her own destiny. The first notion she tossed out of her head was that traditional macho-type men made good husbands and fathers.

But then she started thinking what an ideal man might be like. She made a list of all the qualities she would like in a man, but then began laughing because the only man who came to mind was Clark, a nice guy from Philadelphia she met several times years ago before she was married as she attended various "Hair Shows" as part of her job as a cosmologist. She was laughing because Clark was actually quite effeminate, the direct opposite of a macho male. In fact, Jane thought he was probably gay.

Clark worked for a company that sold beauty supplies to salons, and now that she was going to open her home shop, she called Clark, to not only help her set up her home business but also so she could take another look at him since he was the only man



who seemed to have many of the qualities she thought she'd like to have in a man. After all those years of not seeing each other, Clark was delighted to hear from her and he promised to help her in any way he could. He said he would be in the area the following week and Jane invited him over for dinner.

Jane arranged for Kenny to stay at her parent's house that night. When Clark showed up, he seemed to be even more effeminate than she remembered. They had a great time laughing and talking about experiences in the salon business; he was great company but more like a girlfriend than a typical male. Jane dashed any thoughts of a romantic relationship because, now more than ever, she was sure he was gay. But then he surprised her when he told her he was recently divorced and it happened because, as he explained, he wanted a family and the woman had a career and didn't want to give it up to have children. Suddenly, Jane took another look at Clark.

She was sure he was wearing a stylish but very conservative pair of women's dress slacks, a woman's tailored blouse, women's loafers and, much to her surprise, when he crossed his legs, she could see his ankles and knew he was wearing either pantyhose or nylon stockings. She was really taken aback a bit later when she looked at his thin slacks stretched over his thighs and saw the unmistakable ridges and dimples that could only be caused by garter straps securing nylon stockings. And if he wore a garter belt and stockings, she had to wonder if he had on a bra and panties too! So at times she lost track of their conversation as she was studying his clothes more than paying attention to what he was saying. She did decide he wasn't wearing a bra but perhaps a camisole, and through those thin slacks she decided he was wearing panties because she convinced herself she detected panty lines when he bent over to get a few things out of his large 'man purse' that she knew could well be a standard black woman's purse.

Clark proved to be a gigantic help setting up her salon and getting her up to speed in the beauty business. They spent more and more time together and their relationship quickly blossomed. Clark was now at her house three or four times a week helping her with all needed to do and during his visits, of course, he got to know Kenny. They seemed to like each other from the start. He won the boy over with ease, always bringing him a little gift, especially promotional items he had from his company like a manicure set, some men's salon products like antiperspirant and lip balm, and even though Kenny thought most of these things to be a bit girly, his mother convinced him otherwise and stressed the importance of good grooming was not just for girls. Kenny did like Clark and he loved his mother, so he dutifully started using them.

Jane's relationship with Clark was such a contrast to her life with Brett. She was now with a man who respected her and valued her as a person. But she wanted to be sure that their relationship was going somewhere so she made it known to



him that she wanted to have sex; he immediately admitted that he wanted to have sex with her too, but he had hesitated because he had a 'secret.' "Jane, I'm not sure the best way to tell you this, but I like women's clothes ... a lot ... and I get a kick out of wearing them. They're comfortable and, gosh, I just like how I feel when I'm wearing them. Not like boring men's clothes. I'm sorry, hope you're not disappointed ..."

Jane cut him off. "Clark, my dear, I've known that about you from the start and it doesn't put me off. In fact, I think it's a bit exciting. You have to be pretty brave to dress like you do in this crazy macho world we live in. But it did make me wonder if you were gay and not interested in me sexually."

"Oh, Jane, I'm more than interested. It just didn't know how to ... well, a lot of women laugh ..."

"And they would be really stupid to knock a wonderful guy like you out of the running ... how can I say ... because of what you like to wear. Heck, any woman who gets you would immediately double the size of her wardrobe," she joked.

They both laughed, but then Clark turned a bit more serious.

"About that other thing ... you wondered if I was straight or gay ... well, I feel I need to be truthful ... I'm both. In other words, I'm bisexual; that's another barrier to a relationship with most women. However, if I love a woman, I can be completely faithful to her and not have sex with other males, but I'm probably most comfortable in an 'open' relationship in which both partners can have sex with others; however, they do have to have the strongest bond and true love with one another and their partner's needs always come first."

Jane had to think a minute. "Wow! Things like that I've heard about – you know, I do watch those TV talk shows! But as for myself, hm-m-m-m, I think I could do that. Did you have that kind of relationship with your ex-wife?"







“Yes, but she was more lesbian than anything and most liked sex with me when I was kind of like one of her lesbian girlfriends.”

“Really! I guess I can admit to you that sex with other women fascinates me. During my marriage, I almost felt like I wanted to try something with another woman; I desperately wanted someone to understand me and take care of my needs, sexual and otherwise. When I was ten, I did play around with another little girl. I still get excited thinking about the two of us licking each other’s hairless little pussy. We’d giggle a lot and treat each other like lovers, and then one day I had my first orgasm with her tongue in me and her hands tweaking my nipples. It is still the best sex I have ever had!

Clark laughed, “Well, then you are bisexual too.”

“I guess so,” she said. Then Jane and Clark kissed, long and hard and made love!

At first, Kenny seemed to miss his dad, but that faded as he soon realized life with just his mother was a lot quieter and more enjoyable. He didn’t miss all the sports his dad tried to push him into playing, and with his dad gone, Jane told him he could quit Peewee football and Little League. He wasn’t very good or very interested in either sport and Jane knew it. She couldn’t fathom why her son missed his dad so much when he never really did much for the boy. Kenny especially missed him at night when he was being tucked into bed, so Jane suggested that maybe he’d like to get a big stuffed animal that he could snuggle with to help him go to sleep each night. Kenny liked the idea, and a few days later she took him shopping and he picked out a huge stuffed rabbit as one of his Christmas gifts. She had no idea why he picked that one, especially since it was bright girly pink, but she knew that sometimes you just can’t figure out kids. Kenny loved that rabbit and took it to bed every night.

As their relationship evolved, Clark told Jane about the Demale Society and told her he had belonged to a chapter in Philly with his wife. Jane was all ears and thrilled that such an organization existed. She was fascinated with the stories about feminizing males of all ages, but when it came to possibly feminizing Kenny, she said she would really have to think about it and wouldn’t want to do anything to ‘mess up’ the boy’s life. Clark assured her that doing it would only improve the boy, make him a much better person and not harm him in any way except knock the crazy macho ideas out of him that boys typically get brainwashed into believing, but the decision whether or not to do it would be hers.



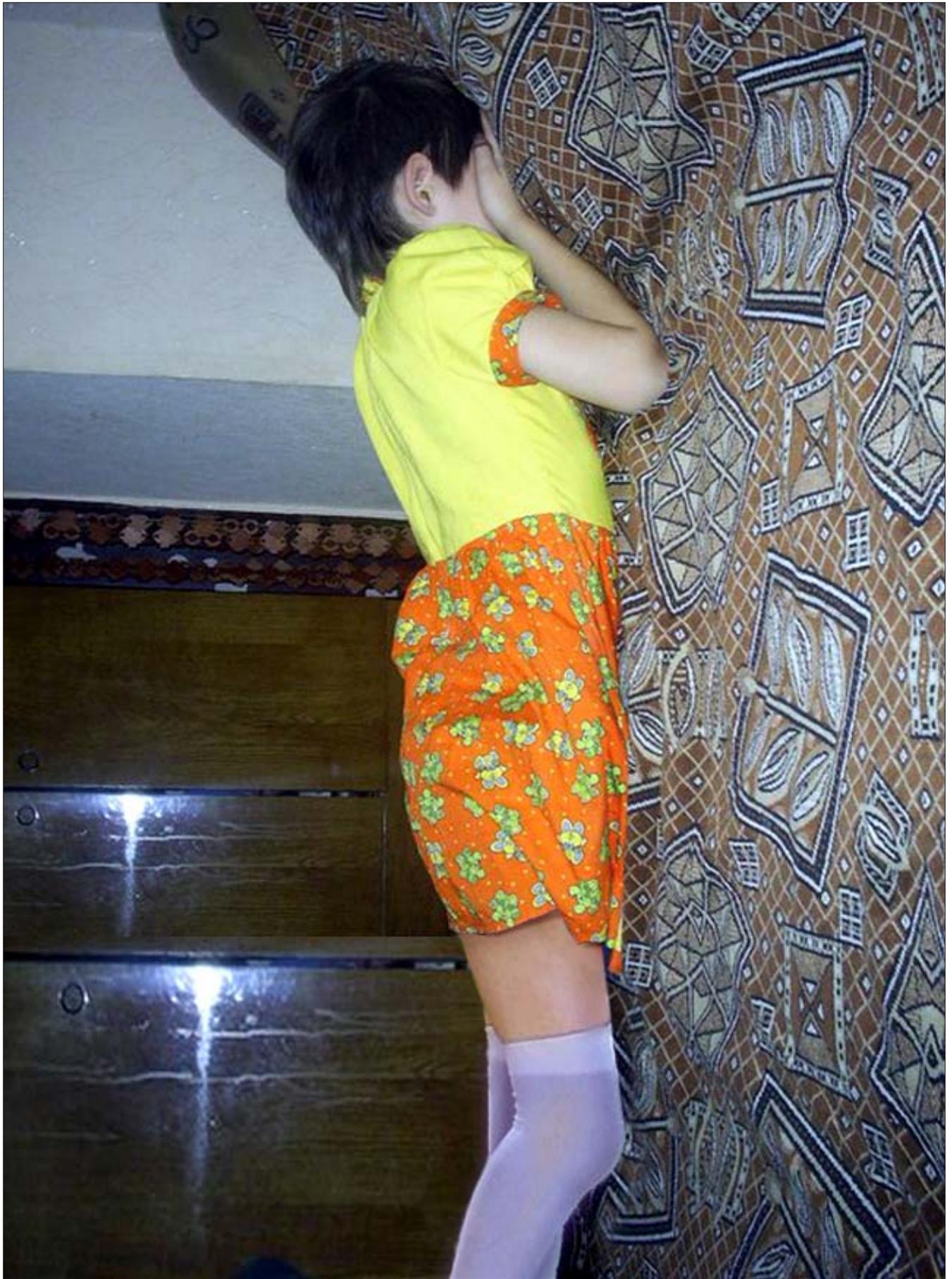
Through his old contacts in Philly, he learned that there wasn't a Demale chapter in Burlington but over near Cherry Hill, just twenty some miles away, there was a very active chapter. So one night he took Jane to an orientation meeting for prospective members. She loved everything she heard and was blown away learning about female hormones for males, chastity devices, panty training and petticoat punishment. She was especially intrigued that this chapter had so many members concentrated in that area and those parents wielded a lot of power in their community so they were able to get a junior high designated as a safe school for transgender kids where they could send their children, a place where feminine boys wouldn't be harassed.

Soon after, Clark and Jane agreed to get married, and in the process of setting up her home salon, she had second thoughts and told Clark one night, "Why don't we move to Cherry Hill and I set up a business there? I'm sure all those feminized boys need a beauty salon where they can be comfortable having their hair and nails done." Clark thought it was a great idea. Jane told Clark she'd ask Kenny if he would agree to attend that transgendered school since they took 'normal' boys too, but she'd leave the decision up to him. She did realize it would be good for her home salon if her son got to know many of the transgendered kids who might be interested in coming to her shop, but she told Clark she wasn't sure if she would ever want to do any feminization to her son even though she was very intrigued with the whole idea. She thoroughly loved Kenny and would only do whatever was in his best interest.

At that time, Kenny, now eleven, was in the fifth grade and would be attending middle school next school year, just a few months away, so the timing was right to make the move. Jane told him of her plans to move and after a lengthy discussion about transgendered kids and this special school that accepted them, she told him she wanted him to go there because it would probably be good for her business. Kenny said anything would be better than the grade school he was presently in, but he was emphatic that he had no interest in anything 'girly.'

Jane and Clark married and moved, and Kenny started at the school. He said it was weird because he said half the time he couldn't tell the boys from the girls. And when Clark asked him what he thought about it, he just giggled and said it was no big deal.

Just days later, that episode of "Boy Meets World" was on TV in which the boy tries wearing girls' pantyhose, and after seeing it, Kenny surprised his mom and new dad when he asked if he could try





wearing pantyhose just to see what they felt like. Jane did a double-take, but then smiled and said, "Why sure, honey, I'll go to the mall and get you some. I've been anxious to get over to the Cherry Hill Mall anyway and that will be an excuse for me to do some shopping. Clark perked up; he knew that if the boy tried one item of feminine clothing, he probably would be open to trying more things, so he added, "Jane, if you're going to get him some pantyhose, you might also want to get him some nylon panties; after all, he can't wear his boxer shorts under pantyhose!" Jane agreed.

The next morning, after Jane sent Kenny off to school, she went shopping and found Fancy's Fads, a new boutique for women and girls. She bought her son a 2-pack of Fashion Tights for preteen girls and two pairs of girls' size ten white nylon panties with just a narrow trim of lace around the legs. She felt a bit giddy at the thought of seeing her boy in girls' panties and pantyhose and mused, 'Wonder what life would be like if Kenny, like her new husband, really got in touch with his feminine side! What a fun time they could all have!' Then as she was about to leave the store, she thought about how Clark always liked to wear old-fashioned garter belts and nylon stockings instead of pantyhose. She actually had been thinking about it for some time, and even though Clark

had never asked her to wear a garter belt and nylons, she thought he would enjoy seeing her in them, so she went back to the saleslady and inquired if they sold such old-fashioned hosiery anymore. The woman explained, "Why, yes, ma'am, they're now back in fashion." Jane got three garter belts and a half dozen pairs of sheer nylon stockings for herself; then on a whim, she felt herself blush as she asked, "By any chance do you handle these in smaller sizes for ... um, for my eleven-year-old 'daughter.'" The saleswoman smiled. "As a matter of fact, we do. Being in this part of town, we have a large clientele of Mexican women, most are a span under five feet tall, so we import very small sizes from Mexico." Jane was delighted and bought two garter belts for Kenny, one in white and one in pink in heavy satin with ribbon garters just like the ones she had gotten for herself. She knew she could return them if Kenny didn't want to even try them on.

When Kenny got home from school, Jane told him to shower and then meet her in his bedroom. And when he did, he saw the packages on his bed and shivered, rightly guessing what she had purchased. The panties she pulled out of the first bag seemed to float in the air as she held them out to him. He dropped his towel and took the panties into his hands and immediately slowed down as he fingering the soft fabric for a



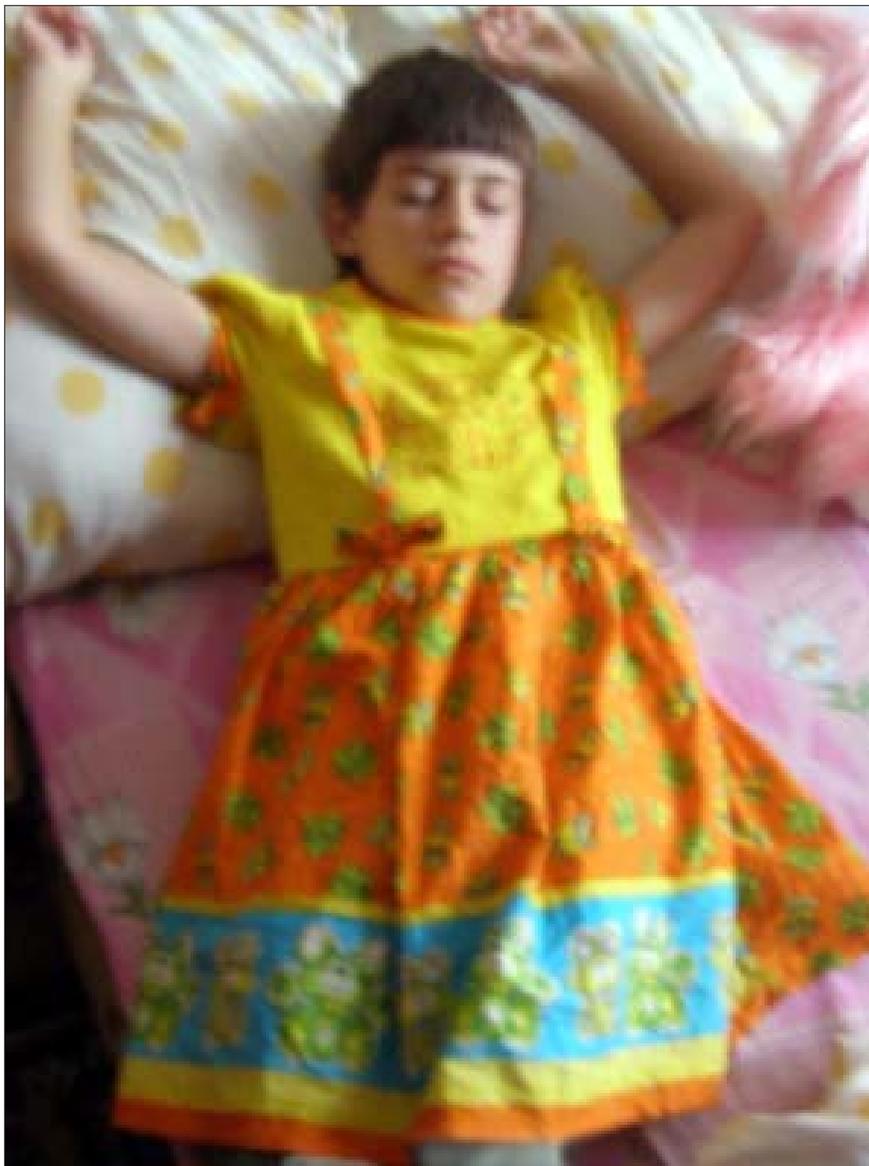
moment. Suddenly, he realized he was standing naked in front of his mother and, horror of horrors, he felt his penis begin to pulsate, so he quickly stepped into the slinky white panties and pulled them up high on his waist to cover his embarrassment. Noting his reaction, Jane stifled a giggle; she could tell the panties held an immediate attraction for him. Kenny grinned in delight, “Oh, mommy, I like them a lot!” Jane was surprised that her masculine little boy would so freely admit that! She imagined how nicely Kenny would look with shoulder-length hair in ribbons and curls and feminized but she wasn’t about to force the issue. Then she taught him how to roll up the legs of the pantyhose so he could insert his foot and then delicately smooth them up his legs. After he had them on, he noticed the garter belts and nylon stockings displayed on the bed. “Oh, honey, I bought these on a whim. You know how your new daddy likes to wear women’s things, especially old-time lingerie like garter belts and stockings, and I wondered if you would like to try them too – just to see why your daddy likes them so much.”

“Gees, I dunno, mom. I guess ... I could try them ... once.”

Moments later, his pantyhose were off and Jane made a big production of showing him how to hook the garter belt in front, then slide it around to the back and then thread the

ribbon garters through his panties (with a lot of ‘accidental’ touching). The boy’s penis was standing up but she pretended not to notice as she showed him how to gather each stocking into a little nest-like bundle before inserting his foot into the stocking and then coaxing them up his legs very careful to avoid making a run in the stocking. Then she had him repeat the process totally on his own for his second leg. She showed him how the dangling garters had to be stretched and then clipped to each stocking. He squirmed as she pulled them tight and explained how the clasps on each garter strap could be moved up or down to loosen them or make them tighter. Repeatedly she flicked each garter clip open and then had him reattach them to give him practice shoring up his hosiery. The boy’s penis remained temptingly rigid in his stretched-out panties, a teasing sight that pointed right at his mother. Jane couldn’t resist and finally grabbed him and gave him a big bear hug in his new lingerie just so she could feel his superhard pantied preteen erection press against her body.

With her urging, the boy did wear his new panties to school the next day, but passed on the stockings or pantyhose; he wasn’t ‘one of them’ as he explained. He said he was quite self-conscious wearing them and opted not to wear them to school again; he did say he’s wear them around the house occasionally. For a number of days, but Jane and Clark both



As he entered Jane, Kenny and Clark engaged in one of their typical three-way hugs; their way of saying, 'hello.'

Kenny was long used to his feminine stepfather and he didn't seem to mind, especially now that he was in a school that accepted transgendered kids. It was all a bit confusing for him initially, but kids are durable and he adapted. Yet, at time, he did things like he was trying to reaffirm his budding masculinity. Jane didn't like it when he did things that reminded her of her macho ex-husband, things like taking an interest in sports on television. But most disturbing, he was quite demanding at times, and he started to hang around with very macho area boys, maybe in reaction to Clark as well as all those girly boys he was around all day at school. Jane knew those boys joked about the tranny kids. She feared their attitudes might spill over into their home; she didn't need her son objecting to his stepdad's femininity; he was the most amazing man she had ever met and she was weary of any potential trouble. Clark tried to allay her fears, saying her son was just 'going through a phase.'

As the boy trampled through puberty, his increasingly macho ways couldn't be ignored. Jane wondered if she should try to feminize him either by persuasion or by force. Everything she was hearing at the Demale meetings led her to believe this was the ideal time to do it, but she hesitated, even though she had secretly

checked his dresser drawer and were disappointed to find them pushed to the side and otherwise undisturbed.

On a typical day in their household, Kenny would get home from school, his mom would then take a break from setting up her shop and Clark would finish his work soon after and come in wearing his 'work outfit' that on this day consisted of a white turtleneck top, through which his lacy camisole wasn't 100% hidden, women's black dress slacks with a side zipper and the telltale 'bumps' revealing his gartered hose to anyone sharp enough to notice. Black women's flats, small diamond stud earrings, and a simple silver chain necklace. His long nails shined with clear-coat, and on some days, like this day and depending upon the accounts he was going to call on, he'd wear a hint of eyeshadow, blusher, mascara and lipstick. The night before, like most nights, he slept in rollers and in the morning, Jane combed out his dark brown hair into a longish bob.

purchased a few things, like a dress and some girls' shoes from a secondhand store 'just in case.' That lingerie, the panties garter belts, pantyhose, and stockings were still in his drawer undisturbed from when she had first gotten them for him. And when asked about it, Kenny didn't even remember the time when was six years old and his girl cousin had dressed him up.

Then it happened. In the middle of dinner one night, Jane told him she had heard that the boys he hung around with had been caught bullying one of the transgendered boys and she demanded that he stop associating with them. Kenny reacted by getting angry and called his mother 'a bitch!' She slapped his face and said he had to be punished to teach him a lesson about being respectful to females, especially his mother. She went to her closet, got out the peasant-style dress she had gotten from the Salvation Army resale shop, and had Clark help her forced him into it. Her son had been growing and getting much stronger, and he struggled so much they could



not even get his jeans off. All they could do was yank off his T-shirt and pull the dress on over his head. He was so shamed that he ran to his room, fell down on his bed and cried. Jane and Clark followed and took pictures of him and when they said they'd show those pictures to his buddies; he let them get out one of his garter belts and a pair of white stockings along with a pair of his white lace-edged panties and told him he had to wear them too. He gave in and let them dress him in the lingerie under his dress but then immediately fell facedown on his bed and cried for what seemed like hours, crying himself to sleep. In the morning he still had on his hated dress and lingerie. His mother announced he would not have to wear his dress or even his nylon lingerie to school, but at home, for his punishment, he'd have to wear them every day until further notice. But she threatened to send him to school dressed like a girl if he even attempted to go back to hanging around with those boys.

Clark had a previous relationship with Dr. Lucy of the South Jersey Chapter of the Demale Society and he was able to get a starter prescription for a modest dose of female hormones and male sex hormone blockers because with Kenny's advances towards more aggressive behavior, Jane knew his male hormones were surging. She wasn't ready to go hog wild on some sort of feminization program for her son, but she did want to lessen his aggressiveness and she'd reevaluate her stance if he didn't show improvement. Dr. Lucy rarely issues a prescription without doing an examination of a boy, but she did in Kenny's case because she had known Clark for a long time; it was a favor for him, plus the fact that it was a very low starter dose, but she did insist that she wanted to examine the boy within six weeks.



After four days of his petticoat punishment, Kenny begged to be allowed to wear his boys' clothes at home too, not just when he was out of the house. He had been cooperating quite nicely, even helping out around the house, so Jane gave in and said, "OK, I'll put you on trial; however, you will have to agree to a few changes. For one I got you a nice new set of pajamas and you'll have to wear them instead of that old sweatshirt you wear for bed." He asked, "Are they girls' pajamas?" She said, "No, they are just children's pajamas; here, I'll show you." And she brought them to him. He complained, "Gees, mom, why did you buy them for me? They're like little kids wear with those pictures of bears and stuff." She said, "Well, it's these PJs or you can keep wearing that dress when here in the house." The boy gave in and

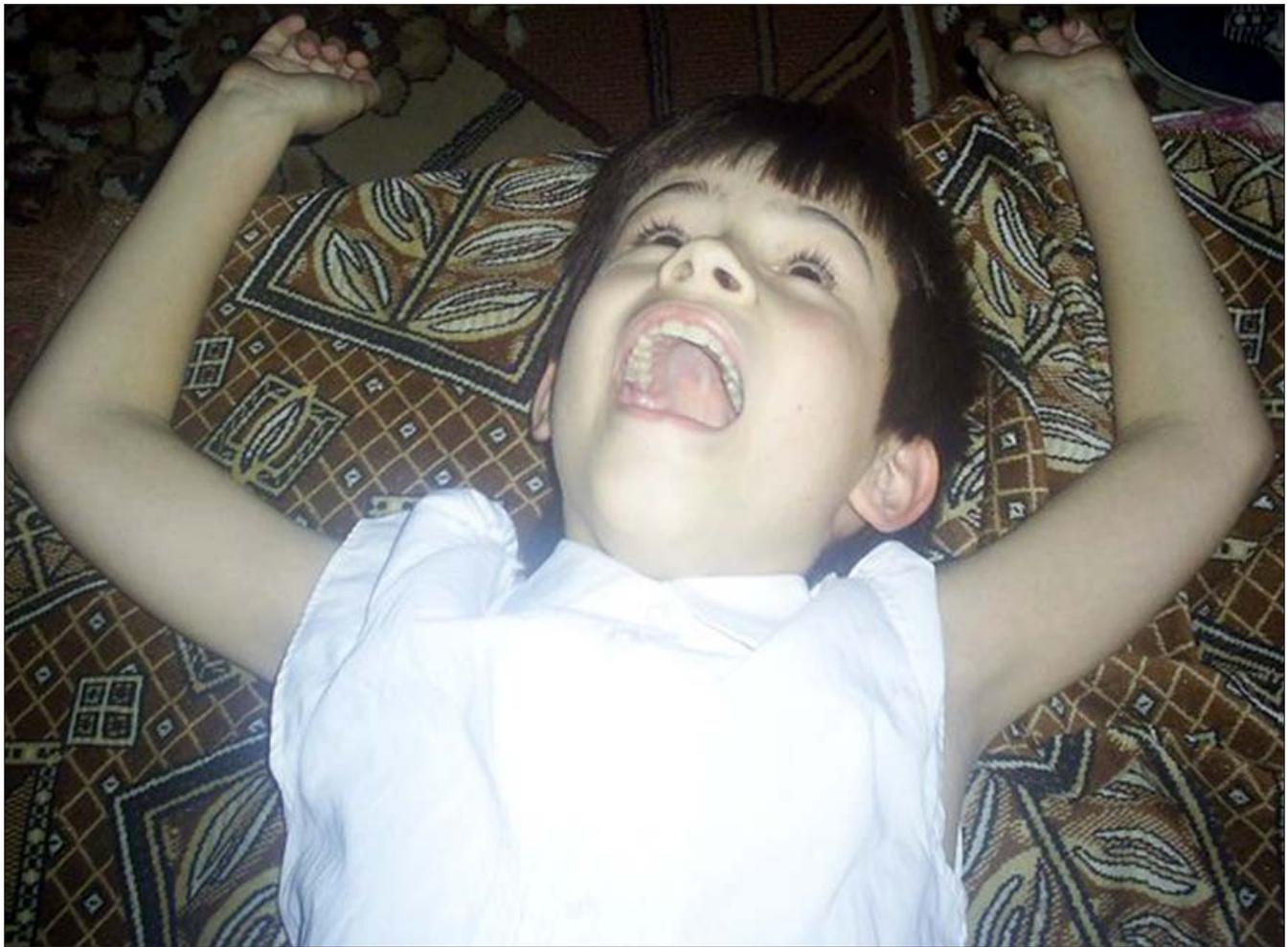


agreed to sleep in the PJs every night. Actually they were girls' pajamas with the little frill edging the rounded collar.

Then, just two days after being allowed out of his 'house dress,' he began to get moody and did nothing but complain about how bored he was staying in all the time and not being able to hang around any guys. Jane got tired of his whining and showed him a very simple short sleeve girl's blouse and she told him he'd have to start wearing it and similar blouses around the house to improve his attitude. After she made him put it on, he became very defiant and started screaming. He didn't want to wear any girls' clothes. She told him to stop complaining, "Or I'll really give you a lesion in lace."

Still he cried and carried on, and he started throwing things and destroying things; he tore pages out of his school books and broke two of his mom's favorite nicknacks on the living room *étagère*. His mother and Clark were surprised how quickly he was spiraling downward and becoming more abusive than they ever thought possible. Clark made a call to Dr. Lucy and few of the other Demale members and they had an emergency meeting. They all agreed that Kenny needed feminization and needed it quickly; he was already going off the deep end into disgusting macho behavior. Jane had been against using force but now she knew it had to be done; she was losing her precious, loving son and he was being replaced with a monster whom she didn't even know!

The other members repeated their mantra that the younger you start your boy on male hormone blockers and female hormones the better the Demaling. They do take a little time to kick in and start working but eventually they kill a boy's



spirit and make him so much more manageable. Jane wanted to avoid using spankings and physical punishments, but she now surprised herself how much she was willing to take such measures to turn him around. Dr. Lucy said there was one way they could get almost immediate results but it was traumatic for a young boy: a penis cage!

Everyone agreed that immediately, the boy needed to be put on a higher dosage of the medications he had just started taking. Jane agreed. Dr. Lucy gave ordered a new boy-killing 'cocktail' -- a prescription for Dianne 35, a perfect blend of female hormones and Androcour (a male hormone blocker). She explained that she currently has 16 boys from the ages of 5-11 taking it with stunning results, but they still take some time to kick in and Kenny needed a good shock to his system to get him on the road to femininity with a minimum of corporal punishment that Jane had hoped to avoid. "Nothing gets a boy's attention like a good, secure chastity device," one woman declared laughingly as





she circulated the latest photos of her ten-year-old son in rhumba panties with noticeable breast development. Jane wasn't sure just how far she wanted to go feminizing Kenny but, at this point, she did want him more like a girl than a boy! Once again she was amazed at herself as she was ready to adopt any and all suggestions -- even this! Dr. Lucy then sold her a clear plastic penis cage and instructed her and her husband how to use it on the boy.

They came home that night to find that Kenny had given the babysitter a bad time, calling her names and fighting against her all the while his parents were at the emergency meeting. So as soon as Jane took the babysitter home, she returned and together with Clark, they struggled to hold the wild boy down

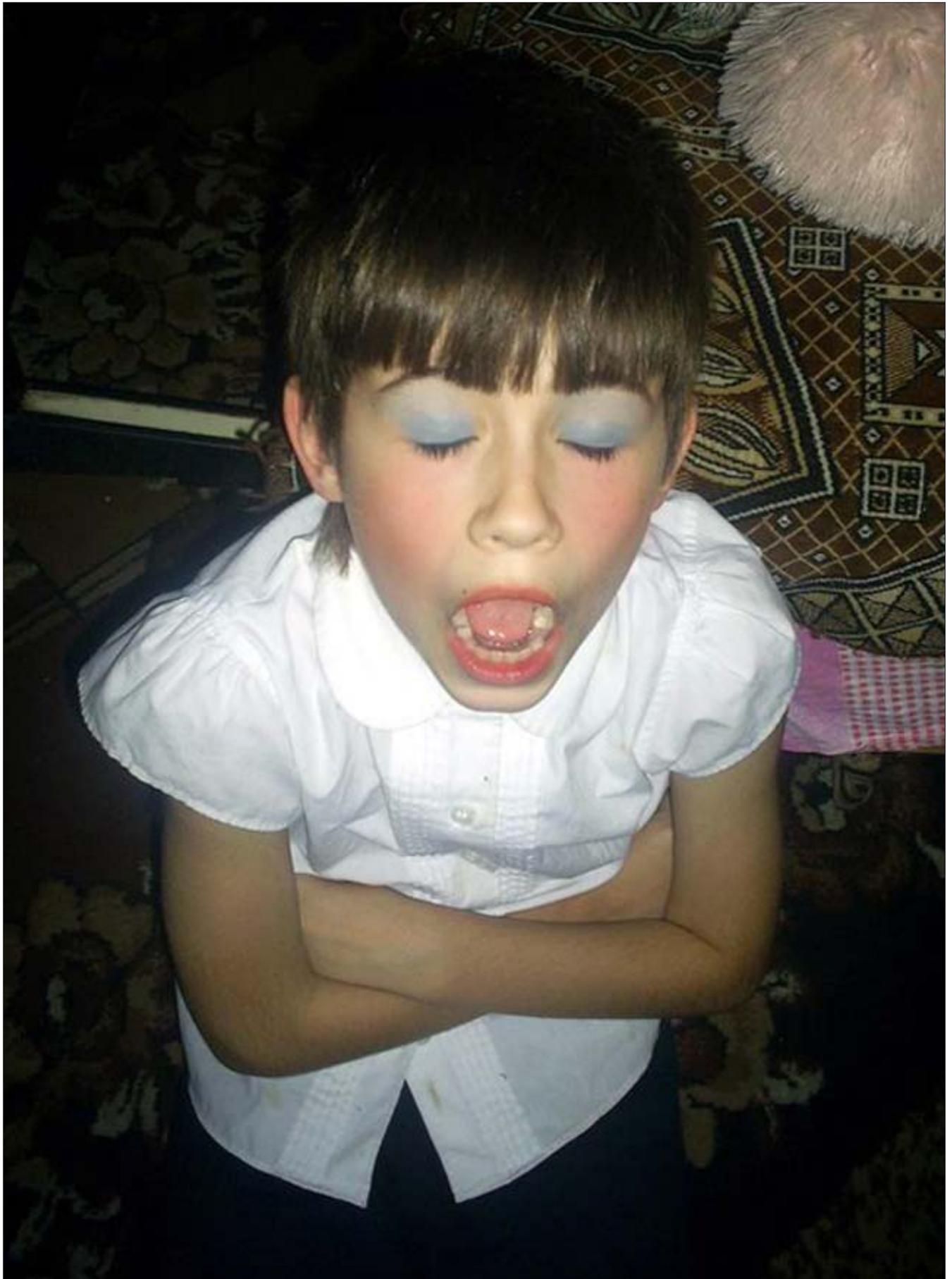
as they stripped off his slacks. They found he had taken off his panties and thrown them in the garbage! That told them all the more that they had waited way too long to take charge of him, so as they sat on him to hold him down, they installed the clear plastic penis cage on him. Kenny couldn't see what they were doing so he didn't know until they let him up what they had put on him. His outrage soon came forth with him yelling and screaming at them. Only after twenty minutes of his vitriolic tirade did he finally settle down and he came crying to them, pleading to have them take it off.

But of course they weren't about to do that. They made him get his panties out of the garbage and put them back on over the penis cage. They made him get down on the floor and told him that is where he belonged until he knew how to behave. They explained that the cage had a padlock on it and both of his parents had a key for it but they would only let him out when he had to go to the bathroom or wash his penis area under close supervision. He immediately complained that he already had to use the toilet, but they told him he'd have to wait; they would decide when he was allowed to go, and right now they were going to make him hold it.

That enraged the boy all over again, but once again after a few minutes of crying and yelling he settled down and was ready to listen to them. Jane and Clark were impressed with how fast it made calm down and be receptive to them. They knew it wasn't a permanent solution, but at least until the hormones began to severely restrict his macho boyishness, the chastity devise would be needed.

His mother explained, "Kenny, you've been a horrid son of late; I don't know what has gotten into you but I won't have it! You will stay on the floor and not even be allowed to walk around or use a chair until I'm convinced you are improving. I was so wrong to ever let you hang around with that rough gang of skater boys, but I wanted to give you your freedom and thought that since I had thought I had raised you properly you would make good decisions and act like the good boy I had raised you to be. You've been a big disappointment to me and Clark, and you need to be punished.

"One of the first things I'm going to do is put you into Curler Bondage and by that I mean I'm going to regularly take you into my salon and set your hair in rollers, sometimes with just



setting gel and sometimes give you a full wash and set, and sometimes, when you've been especially bad, I'll give you a permanent and send you to school with curly hair."

Kenny grumbled an objection that she couldn't hear she didn't have to. "Now, listen son, I've had enough out of you. Just for talking back, I command that you to keep your mouth wide open, as wide as it can go, because if your mouth is open, you can't talk and whine; it's to make up for all the abusive things you've said to me and Clark over these last few days. So if you want one of us to unlock you from your chastity device -- that is what they call this penis cage -- you'll keep your mouth, and if you don't, we'll put something in it to keep it open like a pair of your dirty panties, or a pair of your daddy's dirty panties, or something else I'll stuff into it until I get you to mind us ... so if you ever want to use the bathroom again ..." Jane paused as she looked over at Clark and saw he had a huge erection under his slacks; she rightly guessed her husband had gotten turned on while manipulating Kenny's penis to make it hard so he could insert it into the penis cage. That night, he blushingly admitted to her that the gay side of his bisexual urges had been quickly brought to the fore by handing the little boy's dickie.

* * *

From Tony, the secretary: Almost instantly whimpering little Kenny was well on his way to being fully broken; this is a military-like approach to demaling by demoralizing a male, stripping him of his personality, comfortable surroundings, and friends as well as his boys' clothes, and in many ways brainwashing him into a new way of thinking. It's a very effective method of tearing him down to his core, so you can then build him back up into how you want him to be. For thousands of years, armies have used this method to train new recruits, and it works beautifully for the Demale Society too. Such extreme measures are akin to a boot camp for potential sissies -- it can really get the job done, and done quickly! Yes, it's nice if you don't have to go to such extreme measures to get a boy to willingly adopt feminine ways and ideals, and that is why to raise a boy like a girl from the start is still the best way, but as in the case with Kenny, Jane didn't even know such an option was even possible when she had him as a baby. And besides that, her mind wasn't in any kind of shape to even want to feminize her son. She would have thought it was outrageous if not downright perverse to do. So, you see, Jane had to also grow to get to this point, she had to see the folly of macho men and she evolve to have an appreciation for feminine males, but once that gap -- huge gap! -- was bridged, she then found herself truly happy for the first time in her life -- she is in charge, things are going her way -- and, now she's possibly on her way to having a daughter -- something she always secretly dreamt about!

Jane and Clark made passionate love that night. They fucked as usual with Clark on top and still wearing his satin panties, of course, so Jane could do what she always loved to do, tickle and tease his butt through his silky panties as his penis

was snaked out of the lacy leg hole of his panties and into the pulled aside lacy leg hole of Jane's panties on its route to her cunt. A standard part of lovemaking for them was for them to talk during sex -- or more precisely Jane talked and Clark grunted. She'd excite him by saying things like describing naughty girly ideas and telling him little sissy boy stories as they fucked and she massaged his smooth panty-covered butt. However, on this momentous night, Jane was in a strange, mischievous mood and she let her mind run wild as she teased him about the erection he had earlier.

"So touching my little boy's penis got you all randy, huh, sissy boy?" Clark groaned in shameful agreement. "Well, well, what should we do about that, huh?" He had no answer but began panting harder and harder. "When I was telling Kenny about what might be in store for him, I told him I'd stuff his mouth with something to make him keep it open and keep him quiet, and after seeing your erection, I thought to myself that maybe we could have you stick your hard dick into his mouth -- that would shut the boy up, wouldn't it?" Clark gasped and she knew he was getting close. "And do you know what else I can do? I can put makeup on Kenny, you know, eyeshadow, rouge, a bit of lipstick, and put a couple of big pink ribbon bows in his hair to make him look like a slutty preteen cocksucking panty boy whore for you. Yeah, I just might do that for you, you big pantywaist fag. Yeah, maybe I'll have you stuff his mouth with your hard dick with your slinky pantied hips right in the kid's face and maybe I won't let you take it out until you fill his mouth with a big load of warm cum." Just then Clark banged on her with the hardest thrusts she had ever felt from him as he blew his semen into her pussy, taking her breath away. She was amazed at how intensely his penis throbbed inside her, she could feel every beat of his heart through his penis as it pulsed and exploded.

As he went limp gasping for air to recover from his spend, she giggled, clucked her tongue and murmured, "Well, I think I've found a way to take care of both my sissy girly boys with one easy, fun little game!"

Now more than ever Jane stunned herself at how her own thought processes had changed; her willingness to administer corporal punishment, extreme humiliation, panty training, sexual teasing, aggressive petticoat punishment and even forced homosexuality were now 'on the table' when it came to reforming her son. All those Demale Society meetings had changed her too, and until now she wasn't aware just how much they have changed her!

**Kenny's story continues in
Demale Society Manual #53**

**He gets more dresses, panties, hormones,
humiliation, and much, much more, including girly
hairdos and curler bondage!**

