

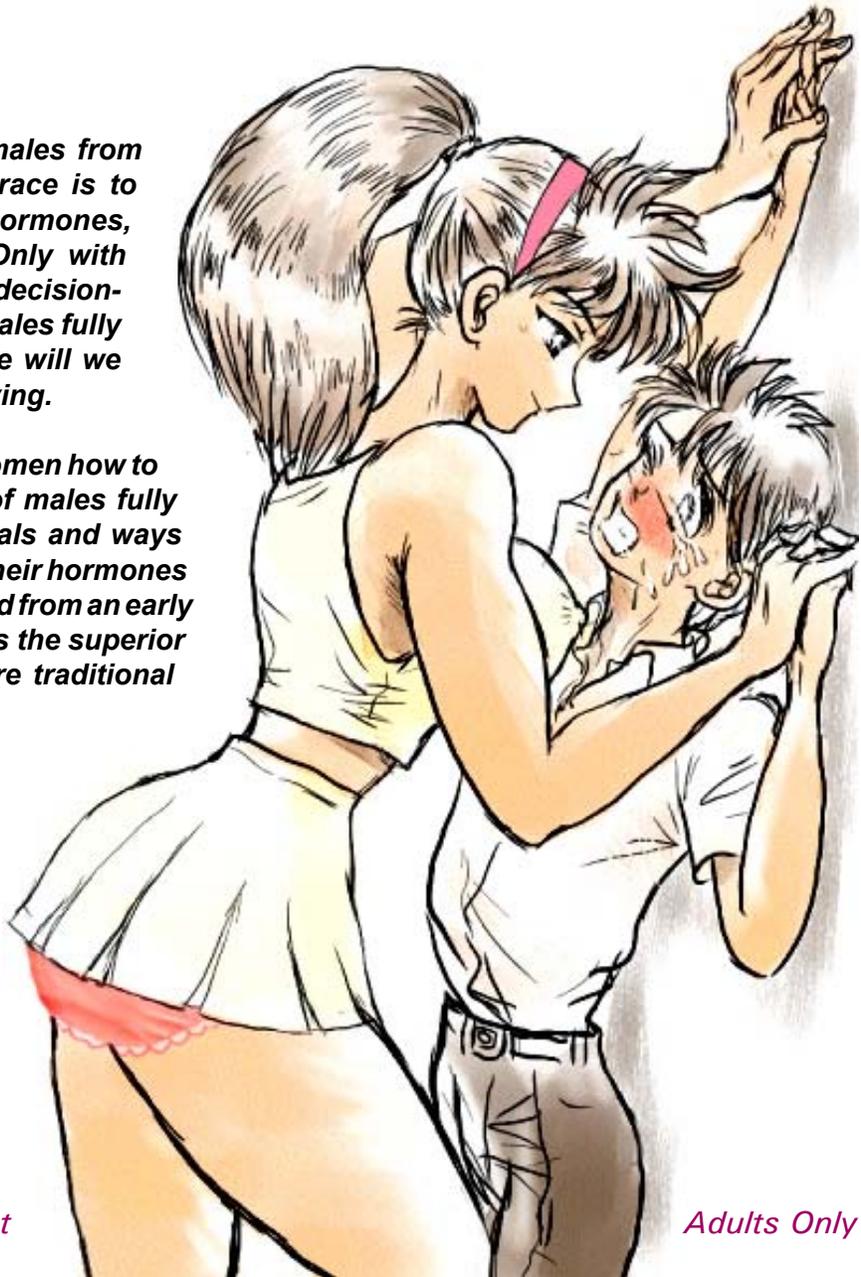
# The Demale Society Training Manual

## Volume #1

*The only way to stop males from destroying the human race is to take charge of their hormones, forcibly if necessary. Only with females in all important decision-making positions and males fully accepting of female rule will we have any hope of surviving.*

*These manuals show women how to train new generations of males fully attuned to feminine ideals and ways of thinking, males with their hormones under control, fully tamed from an early age to accept females as the superior sex and taught to ignore traditional macho ways.*

*These lessons teach females by example how to take charge of males within their family, amongst their friends, neighbors, and even strangers, a textbook on how to raise boys who will contribute to our world and not destroy it!*



*Fantasy Entertainment*

*Adults Only*



The Demale Society is a decades-old secret organization of women dedicated to turning all males into "demales," their general term for homosexuals, transvestites, transsexuals, sissies and (mental and physical) eunuchs – wimps are the only types of males they deem tolerable. They assert traditional males are dinosaurs of the human race and responsible for the majority of hate and crime in the world, and Demale Society members are working to change that by turning all males, forcibly if necessary, into one of the aforementioned types of males who generally are antiwar and antiaggressive, kind, gentle and peaceful.

All around the world, the Society quietly gains new members who discreetly turn males into "demales." Being a secret society, they shun publicity because exposure calls too much attention to their movement and endangers Society leaders by those who have the most to lose: those in power, the warmongers and macho leaders who control us through fear.

The central committee of the Society sets the basic goals but is distanced from the individual chapters, which have their own identity and philosophy. Each chapter decides how it will work to achieve the Society's goals as well as their own. Therefore, some chapters are open

to everyone espousing the advancement of females, but others are single purpose (and often quite diverse from each other), i.e.: Some chapters are limited to members of wives with cuckold husbands, lesbians, transgendered individuals, incestuous families, gays, etc. Chapters are diverse as those who milk males daily to those who totally deny males any sexual relief. Such differences do not interest the central committee, whose ONLY interest is promoting the Society's goals, which all chapters must endorse and enthusiastically pursue. Any one or any group in agreement with those philosophies is welcomed. Beyond that, the central committee does NOT does not approve or disapprove of the goals and philosophies of any chapter or its members.

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# The Demale Society Manual

## Technique #1: Training Boys with Nail Polish

This technique is an excellent way to start a man or boy on the road to being Demaled. It uses five of a female's most powerful training tools: feminine mystery, naughtiness, secrecy, teasing and humiliation. Ideally, the female will get her subject to wear nail polish, to develop an appreciation for the beauty of nail polish and to admit he likes wearing it, and then she will humiliate him for wearing the nail polish she has taught him to love. The humiliation is what finally drives the lesson home.

Nail polish training can work on a male of any age, but it is especially effective on very young boys. Preschool-age boys are often fascinated with bright nail polish they see girls wear and even ask to wear it of their own volition. And after a boy has been frightened and upset by the humiliation he experienced while wearing nail polish either because you encouraged it or because he wanted to do it on his own, it is still a great way to introduce him to start using other feminine articles, like hair ribbons, frilly panties, strap shoes, etc.

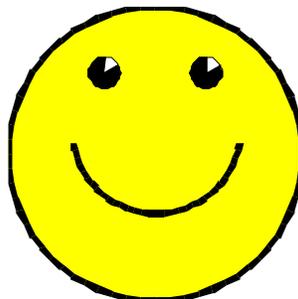
Even if a boy is ready to have you put nail polish on his fingers from the start, it's important not to rush the process. Doing a good job of training a boy's mind to your will takes time. A boy who wants to wear nail polish from the start is probably a sissy already. It's nice to have a boy at this stage; however, a sissyboy who has developed on his own tends to have his own views and concepts, and he may or may not be where you want him to be. Sissy boys need specialized training. We'll cover that in detail in future manuals.

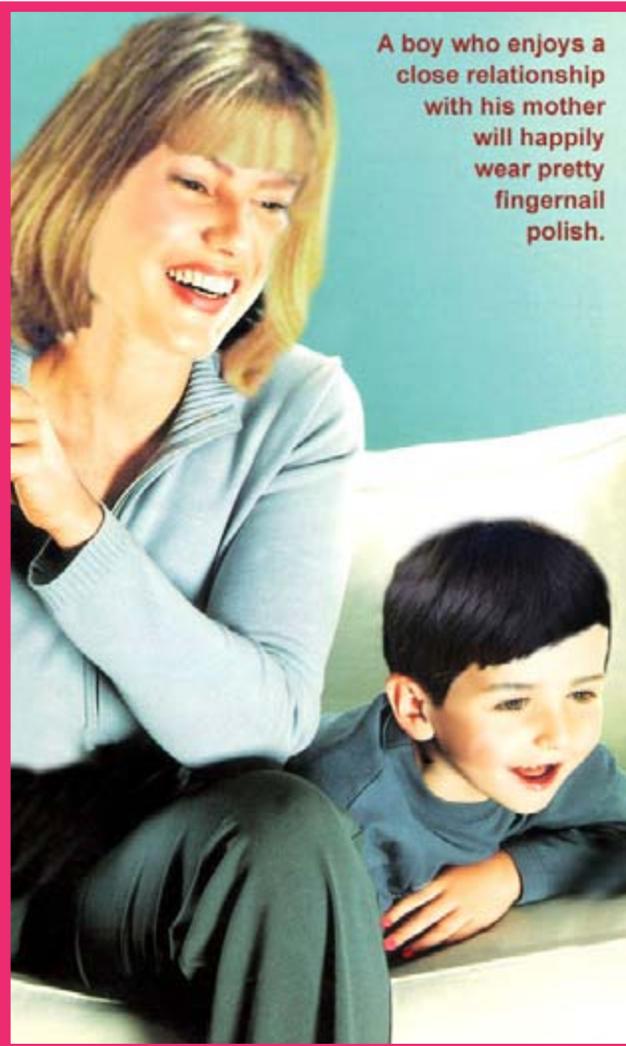
Most "ordinary" boys shouldn't be developed too quickly. Slowly working them up – stage by stage – will more likely result in melding them inexorably to you and bringing them more fully under your control. Nail polish training is very effective and can work well on even the most masculine and strong-headed little boys. As you probably know, willful boys are especially susceptible to most anything feminine because femininity is so foreign and mysterious to them. It's the type of curiosity that killed the cat!

All of the following steps are best done in a cheerful, lighthearted way. Resorting to force to accomplish your ends is under a separate lesson. Generally, with nail polish training, stress the fun and excitement of wearing it. You want to coax your boy into nail polish sissiness, and then let his peers, relatives, and strangers destroy his masculinity by teasing and humiliating him. Even when using nail polish for punishment, it should be done with a wry smile and a teasing gleefulness.

1) Even if you do not paint your nails often, get a selection of especially feminine nail polish colors and begin painting your nails every day. Paint them in front of your boy at every opportunity. Make sure he notices you painting them and how much pleasure it gives you.

2) Tell him repeatedly how pretty painted nails look. Get him to watch you put it on and have him tell you how pretty it looks. Take him with you when you go to a professional nail salon and have him watch the whole process.





A boy who enjoys a close relationship with his mother will happily wear pretty fingernail polish.

3) From time to time, playfully ask him if he'd like to try some polish on his nails too. Talk him into at least trying polish on one of his fingernails. Tell him you have nail polish remover and you'll take it off right away. Once you have painted one or more of his nails, tell him how beautiful they look. Go on and on about how pretty they are, and do use the word "pretty" -- every boy knows that's a girls' word; it'll make even the toughest little boy feel a bit girlish.

Talk him into leaving it on as long as possible. If you think he can handle it, go to your room then return and tell him you just discovered you are all out of nail polish remover. Maybe say that the last time you used it, you must have forgotten to put the cap on tight, and it

all dried up. Tell him you'll have to go to the store to buy some more and make him go with you. Even if he keeps his hands deep in his pockets so no one sees the polish on his fingers, just being out in public like that will scare the hell out of many boys. See if you can get him to take his hands out of his pockets in a clever, nonthreatening way (drop coins on the floor at the store, or something like that).

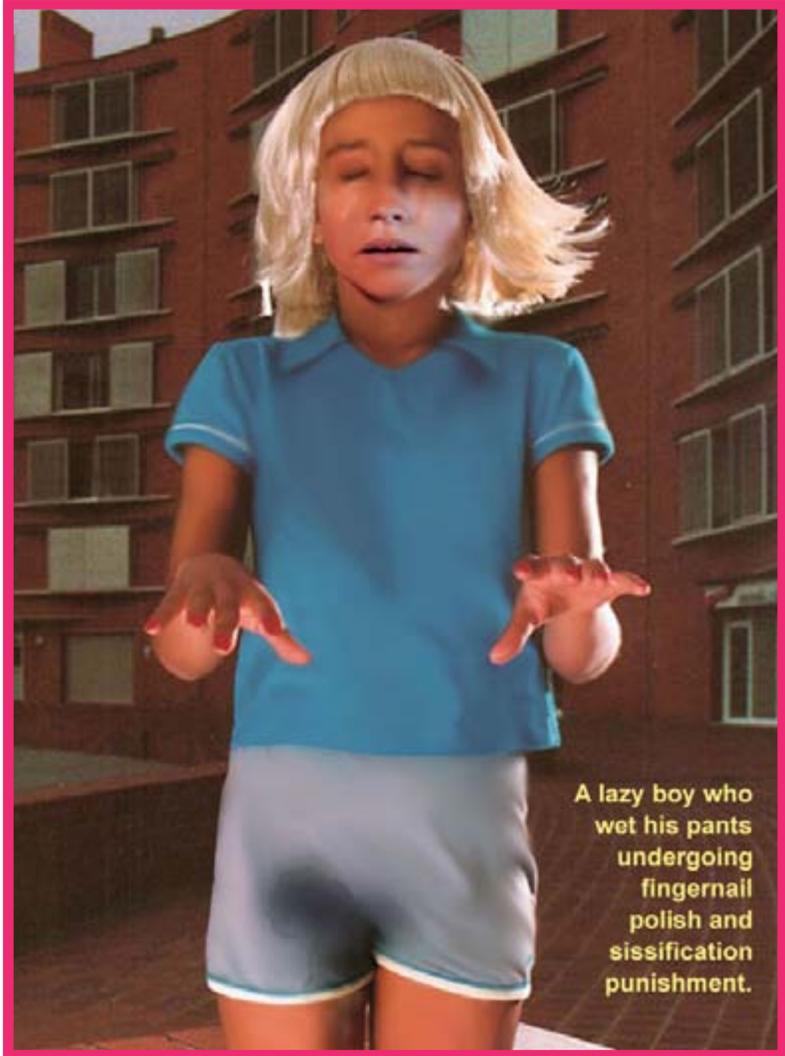
4) Teach him how to paint your nails for you. Tell him you'd like him to do it because it would show how much he loves you; it's something he can do for you because it's so hard to bend over and paint your toenails after a hard day's work; he's good at drawing so you know he'd do it much better than you do; etc. Tell him anything that will make him feel good about doing it. A lot of boys will have qualms about doing something so closely affiliated with females, so you'll probably have to finesse him a lot.

5) Let him know that what you are doing together will be a secret just between the two of you, and you won't let other people see him doing something that is 'just for girls.' "Secrecy" is a powerful way to open a boy's mind for permanent reshaping. In the same vein, telling a boy how lucky he is to have you show him some of the things men don't know about women sets him up for the kill. Tell him these are things most boys never learn about, things most women teach their daughters but keep secret from their sons. Tell him he is a lucky boy to have you show him these special feminine things.

6) In public, discreetly point out women who are wearing especially pretty nail polish. Ask the women to show you and him their nail polish. And when you think he's ready, comment to the women that your son loves pretty nail polish. And if he's really ready, tell the women under your breath (but loud enough for your boy to hear) that sometimes he likes to wear pretty nail polish too!

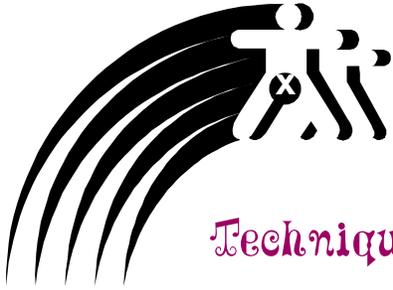
7) Get your boy to wear nail polish more and more, and when he does wear it, treat him like he is a living god. When he wants to take it off or doesn't want to wear it, act hurt and distance yourself from him. Once you get him to wear it often, get him to go outside with it on. Tell him things like, "I forgot something I need for dinner. Come on, let's just run to the store." And when he complains and asks you to take it off before you take him out, tell him, "Oh, we don't have to take it off. Don't worry. We'll be back in a few minutes. No one will see." Then while you are out, pretend to remember something very important that you have to pick up from your girlfriend. Override any protests he makes and go there. Tell him it will only be for a minute. Once there (you might even have planned this visit with her), let her talk you into taking off your coats and staying for coffee. Depending upon what stage he is at, you might let your friend know what is going on and see if the two of you can get him to accidentally or willingly expose his painted nails. Of course be ready for that situation, your friend can feign shock or laugh hysterically at him, depending upon what stage he is at. Getting relatives, friends and strangers to properly tease and humiliate your boy is an art unto itself, and we will devote a lot of attention to that in other parts of this training manual.

Nail polish is also a great punishment tool and a wonderful device for keeping your boy under control in public because it is a feminine item that can be worn in public and you can be in control of whether or not other people see it.



Pictured in this lesson are two boys undergoing nail polish training. The first boy seems to know how much fun it is to wear nail polish with his loving mommy. The second boy wet his pants. He claimed he was playing with his friends and just "forgot" he had to go to the bathroom until it was too late. His mother took the opportunity to use nail polish as part of his punishment. She also added one of her wigs and made him keep on his wet satin shorts and then sent him outside again to wait until his father came home. Using feminine items for punishment is covered in much greater detail in other chapters.





# The Demale Society Manual

## Technique #2: Training Boys with Nail Polish

Lipstick training is an effective way to turn males into demales. As with nail polish training, this is especially true for very young males. Add eyeliner, rouge and other cosmetics, and lipstick training becomes makeup training, but invariably, the most important item is the lipstick, and that is why we focus on it here.

Increasingly over the last few decades females have taken to wearing sweatshirts, jeans, slacks, man-tailored blouses, plain cotton underwear, jogging outfits, etc. They have been getting away from lace and frills and dressing more and more like males.

Conversely, some traditionally female items are now widely adopted by both sexes. Earrings are one of the most prominent examples. Yet a few things, like lipstick and nail polish, remain almost the exclusive domain of females, and because of that, those things have increased in their importance as symbols of femininity.

Clothes that mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers wear are all so similar that female clothing is losing ground as fetish objects. Today, thoroughly identifiable female items like lipstick and nail polish possess more erotic appeal than ever before, especially for young males, who have been brought up in this world of unisex fashions.

While cosmetics are not challenging female clothing as maledom's most popular fetish objects, they are of increasing

interest to males and therefore of increasing value as tools for training males.

Lipstick is inextricably linked to our concept of female beauty. Males, even toddler-age boys, are very aware of females and their lipstick. In a way similar to nail polish, initial interest in lipstick is probably due to the pretty, shiny red colors. Bright red lips have come to symbolize sexiness and femininity like few other items.

Lipstick separates males from females. Boys know it is off limits for males to wear it; yet almost all females wear it. That's exactly what makes it both right and wrong, both scary and exciting, both naughty and nice for a boy! It's only natural for a boy to wonder what lipstick would feel like on his own lips. As a woman puts on her lipstick, a boy can instantly see the dramatic difference it makes in her appearance. Why wouldn't he wonder what kind of difference lipstick would make if it were applied to his own lips?

In public, a man or boy wearing lipstick stands out just as much as if he were wearing a dress. Once a man or boy is willing to experiment with lipstick, he is quite ready to be introduced to other female items like perfume, hair ribbons, frilly panties, baby doll pajamas, high-heeled shoes, etc.

A debate rages as to how fast a male should be led through the various stages of demale development, but generally, it is a mistake to rush the process. Unless you are experienced in accelerated demale training



techniques, a slow approach is recommended so that a wide assortment of fetishes are introduced and fully developed in the subject male. Fetishes are the key to taming and training a heterosexual male. Even if he's straight as an arrow and has no homosexual leanings, a fully developed fetishist can be told to do most anything -- and he'll do it cheerfully! And that includes anything from having sex with another male to eating excrement and doing almost any other totally debasing act.

Full fetish development is the most important thing any female can do to any male she wishes to control. Even if a boy is willing to be physically feminized and enthusiastically immerses himself in the female world, it's a mistake to assume you can skip over fetish development.

But fetish development is just the beginning, a way to open the male for proper mental and spiritual development, which are the ultimate goals. Both physical and mental training are combined from the beginning, but over time the training moves from a focus on the physical to a focus on the mental.

Boys with a fetish for fancy female clothing and other symbols of femininity tend to be easy to train mentally, but don't assume that such boys will automatically embrace the proper mindset. The last thing you want to do is to simply turn a boy into a fetishist who still



Society member Miss Neal makes the boys in her kindergarden class wear lipstick one day every week!

harbors traditional macho male attitudes.

Some males start out in life totally infatuated with females and female things. That's an excellent starting point for feminization, but left to their own devices or inadequately trained, many such males never learn to properly respect femininity, don't know their place in life, don't contribute to improving the world, and just end up being a fetishistic male of little real value.

An excellent example of such a male is ex-president Manuel Noriega of Panama. A few years ago, at the time of his arrest and imprisonment, much was made about his love of wearing silk underwear. Most people didn't call them women's panties because he had them custom made to his exact (but decidedly feminine) specifications. Undoubtedly, he's a panty fetishist stuck at the most basic level, tactile pleasure. It's obvious that a female never took charge of him and developed his fetish into a usable commodity. The proof is in how poorly he treated women during his

presidency and how he squandered his time in office, only interested in feeding his greed by giving safe haven to drug dealers.

A single female is usually the inspiration behind fetish development in a male, and growing up, surely some female triggered Noriega's silk panty fetish, but neither that female or any other female ever developed that fetish into a control over him, a control that could have turned him into a good man who contributed to society instead of being simply a parasite panty fetishist and a pig!

Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi is quite similar. His love of dressing in female garments has been widely reported. He leads a rogue nation and has sponsored terrorism against the Western world. His love of lavish female clothes has not translated into a bettering of the lives of females in Libya, where women are highly oppressed. The female who inspired Qaddafi's transvestism either wasn't aware of her influence over him or didn't know how to use his interest to take charge of him and make him into a worthwhile human being. So now he is a just a fetishistic crossdresser and a blight on society.



The messages here are simple: Take time to develop fetishes in the male so they can be used as controlling tools. As a fetish takes hold in the male, root it in the world of femininity. Do not let it simply become a source of tactile pleasure, a masturbation aid that replaces the female as the primary object of sexual pleasure in that male's mind.

A fetish is a very powerful instrument. To control a male's fetish is to control him, but without being under the control of

a female, a fetishistic male can become an unbelievably disgusting human being. And by control, I don't mean a female has to be physically present and take charge of a male 24-7. For instance, a mother can train her boy properly so that for the rest of his life (even after she dies or he moves away from home), he loves, honors and respects all females and is a good and productive member of society.

One woman we know used to put lipstick on her little boy daily while they worked and played together around the house. At first, she simply put a liberal coat on her own lips and then kissed him fully on the mouth, leaving his lips thoroughly rouged. They'd laugh and have fun as they both looked at him in the mirror with his bright red lips.

Their games quickly escalated to passionate kissing games and then she started applying lipstick directly to his lips and then they'd kiss and fondle one another. But over the years, he came heavily under the influence of his father and peers and developed mentally along traditional male lines. When she finally recognized where he was going, she used his love for their sexy lipstick games to take control of him and train him in feminine values and interests.

When that boy was thirteen years old and just entering puberty, his mother died, but by that time, she was openly calling him "Roberta," sleeping with him nightly and regularly masturbating him into a pair of her panties. She had done such a thorough job of training of him that he'd wear lipstick for her whenever she wanted him to, and that included in public under the most embarrassing circumstances.

And now that she is gone, he remains a credit to women, always treating them with honor and respect. He married a woman who owned a maid service and became his wife's maid at home! And even though the woman was at times cruel to him and took great delight in embarrassing him in front of her family and

friends, he remained completely dedicated to her. She carried on where his mother left off. When she learned that lipstick training was his entry point into being feminized, she made him wear bright red lipstick every day, all day long, regardless of what he had to do that day or where he had to go out in public.

She freely let other females abuse him and used him as a training tool for females aspiring to take charge in their own homes. She especially loved inviting all the little girls in the neighborhood in for tea. Every Sunday afternoon, he had to dress in his fanciest maids' outfit and serve a roomful of giggling, teasing precocious little mistresses in training. They'd make him lift his skirts and sing songs about his panties. They'd spank him every time he bent over and exposed his saucy frills. They'd touch his panty-covered penis and make him hard and panting and then complain to his wife that he was being bad. They even took him into the bathroom and made him lick their hairless slits clean after they peed. Sometimes they even brought their bothers (both younger and older) to those teas and got him to tease the boys and try to get them to dress up in some nice dresses, frilly slips and pretty girls' panties.

Lipstick training can work well even on the most masculine males, and of course the more masculine they are, usually the more devastated they will be when exposed as a lipstick-wearing sissy.

A note: All of the following training steps should be done in a cheerful, lighthearted way. Having to use force to accomplish your ends is under a separate chapter heading. Generally, with lipstick training stress the fun and excitement of wearing it. Coax your boy into the joys of wearing lipstick and then let his peers, relatives, and strangers destroy his masculinity by teasing and humiliating him. Even when using lipstick for punishment, it should be done with a wry smile and a teasing gleefulness.

1) If you are into those dull, muted, barely noticeable shades of lipstick, change to brighter and darker shades. And remember that red is the color that captures a male's imagination. All of the weird colors of lipstick available today can be fun in the right situation, but 99% of the time you want to wear bright red lipstick.

2) Paint your lips frequently and in the presence of your males, and when you catch one of them staring, cheerfully ask him if he'd like to try some on too.

3) As a fun game, teach him how to put lipstick on your lips. Compliment him no matter how bad a job he does until he learns. Demonstrate to your giggling friends how good he is at putting lipstick on you.

4) Often tell him how pretty and sexy lipstick is, how luxurious it feels and how exciting it is to wear. Get him to tell you how pretty it looks. Take him with you when you go shopping for lipstick, which should be often. Make him stand and watch as you try on different shades. Ask his opinion of each color. Talk openly with him about lipstick, especially if a saleslady is

Hale and Jonah, sons of a Society member, are shown here in satiny half-slips with their Demale Workbook open, studying for upcoming tests on jewelry, makeup and lingerie.



standing nearby to help you. In front of her, ask him, "Would you like to put some lipstick on today?" which gives the impression that he wears lipstick regularly.

5) Especially if your son suffers periodically from chapped lips, get him to use lip balm every day. Teach him how to correctly and carefully apply it so he keeps his lips well coated. Then one day when he can't find his lip balm (because you hid it!), make him put on your lipstick until you can take him to the store and buy him some more lip balm. Explain to him that your lipstick has a protective effect like the balm. Convince him that no one will notice the lipstick on his lips while you are out shopping for some balm.

6) Once you get him to try on some lipstick, get him to try it on more and more frequently, and get him to leave it on for longer and longer periods of time. While he has it on, constantly tell him how pretty it looks. Remind him to keep it fresh with frequent reapplications. Gradually expose his wearing lipstick to more and more people, either by letting them see him with it on or by telling them about it in front of him. In fact, the very first day you get him to put on lipstick, go right to the phone and with him close enough to hear, call a girlfriend and tell her (in very excited tones) all about it! Even put him on the phone and make him answer questions she asks him about wearing lipstick. Get her to make him promise to wear it for her so she can see it for herself the next time she visits.

7) During one of your little games, put one of the new permanent lipsticks on him, and when it's time to remove it, apologize to him and tell him that you forgot that it is one of the indelible types that won't come off. Of course do this on a day he has plans to go somewhere and he can't get out of it, things like going to the doctor, dentist, a school function, a Cub Scout party, a church ceremony, etc.

During such times, he is liable to be frightfully scared, fearing other people will see him

wearing lipstick and make fun of him, do your best to quell his fears, but don't let him cancel his plans because people might tease him. Take charge of him and tell him he's a sissy if he can't put up with a little fun and teasing!

8) Most women put on their makeup before they are fully dressed. So during your lipstick games with your demale in training, heighten the stakes by appearing before him in just your full-length silky slip, or when he's ready for it, just your laciest bra and frilly panties. An old-fashioned garter belt, sexy nylons and spike heels are great touches too!

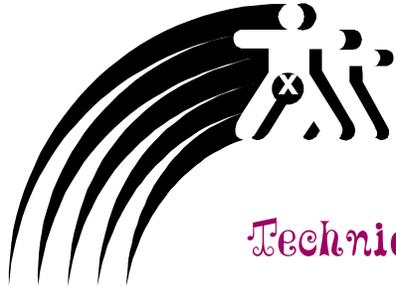
9) You can take the "secrecy" approach in lipstick training, explaining to him that it will be just a secret thing between you and him, and you may have to do that with a very frightened, shy boy or one who is overly protective of his masculinity. But lipstick games really lend themselves to public exposure and you should try to get to that portion of the training as soon as possible.

10) Reinforce your lessons by treating him ever so sweetly when he cooperates and then ignoring him when he doesn't cooperate. Have others treat him similarly.

11) Get him to admit he likes to wear lipstick; get him to admit it even to his friends.

12) Lipstick is ideally suited as a punishment tool, perhaps too well suited, meaning since it is an effective punishment and one that is so simple and easy to use, you might be tempted to use it frequently instead of advancing to other methods of humiliation punishment. With punishment, it is important to constantly raise the humiliation and horror of punishments, and once the gauntlet has been run with lipstick, other elements must be brought in to the punishment regimen. More on this subject is in the section on punishments.





# The Demale Society Manual

## Technique #3-A: Training Boys with Panties

Once a female gains complete control over a male, he becomes a demale, and panties are a great way to accomplish that. To most any male, panties are much more than just pieces of cloth, lace and elastic sewn together. They both hide and reveal what males think about all day long: a female's womanhood. They are the last barrier to sex. The way panties look, feel and smell are the antithesis of everything masculine – and every male is very aware of that, and that is why panty training is the single most effective way to demale a male.

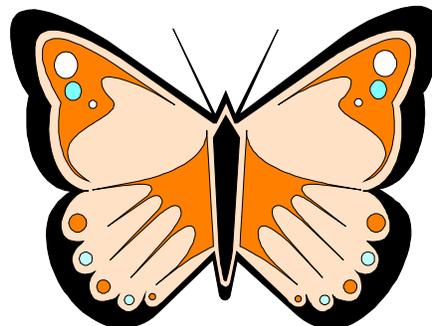
In traditional families, if a man comes home from work and discovers his preschool son wearing fingernail polish or lipstick, playing dress up games with his sisters or engaging in other forms of female play, he would probably be upset and want to know what is going on from his wife. And if she is experienced in handling such situations, she can probably settle him down by saying something like, "He's just a kid playing around. Leave him alone." But if that same man discovers his son wearing panties, chances are he would be much more alarmed, and his wife could have a major confrontation on her hands.

Relatives and neighbors are quick to tease a little boy who loves to play dress-up in girls' clothes. And if that boy is wearing panties too, people can be especially cruel. The embarrassment is often enough to stop a boy like that from playing with girls' things, but that doesn't make him stop loving those pretty clothes. Some of those boys have the courage to keep on with their girly games

regardless of what others say. Of course, they are immediately branded as sissies and will probably have a rough time of it unless they change their ways, or at least limit their girlish pursuits to dressing up in private. Panties become very important to such boys, a symbol of femininity; plus they can be worn secretly. However a boy reacts to panties may signal whether he will become a homosexual, transvestite or fetishist.

The abuse some boys experience while trying to express their femininity can be very cruel and permanently emasculate them. Teasing and humiliation are powerful forces, and a woman who knows how to use these tools for her own ends can very successfully control males. She can push an impressionable boy into a pit he'll never get out of and forever keep him right where she wants him.

But even women who do not have this special knowledge often do similar things naturally. They have an inner sense about such things. Probably stemming from years of being treated like second-class citizens, females need to periodically feel superior to males by cutting them down to size, and feminizing a male is fun and a great way to do it. Little boys are especially easy prey.



Years ago, before I became a member of our Society, my best friend Julie had a toddler son, who started wearing her jewelry and his sister's clothes. Secretly, Julie loved the feminine streak in her son, but she wanted to protect him from the cruelty of other children,

so she persuaded him not to go outside like that. Well, little Bradley became increasingly feminine in his ways, and he even begged his mother to buy him ruffled panties like his younger sister wore.

The day Julie bought him three pairs of fancy rhumba panties, she told her husband. She was amazed at how upset he became, but she also enjoyed seeing him squirm, fearing for his son's masculinity. Julie realized that having a sissy son was a huge threat to her husband's own masculinity. She gained an appreciation of just how fragile that big strong thing we call masculinity actually is. Her husband flatly refused to let the boy wear those panties, but Bradley became so inconsolable and made such a fuss that his daddy finally gave in, but not before he berated his son and practically disowned him.

Well, little Bradley wore those panties every day and was as happy as he could be. Julie always laughed about how he was always sticking his hands down the front of his pants or up under the leg of his shorts to luxuriate in the silky fabric of his panties. The dreamy expression on the kid's face said it all. Then one day his oldest sister took him to the park. Some older boys saw the lace on his panties peeking out of his shorts and made fun of him. They held him down, took off his shorts and paraded him around in front of all the kids on the playground. They wouldn't give him his



Eventually, little Bradley adjusted to being a sissy. His mother let him take dancing lessons. And the day he fell asleep with his little training bra and lacy, pink, full-cut briefs peeking out from under his high-cut leotards, she just had to snap this darling photo!

shorts back, and his sister had to take him home that way with the kids following behind, making fun of him and calling him names like sissy and girly-boy every step of the way.

Bradley came home crying to his mother. It had taken his peers only a few minutes to teach him how bad it is for a boy to wear girls' panties – the lesson his father had been trying in vein for weeks to teach him, but Julie, in a new way, felt strangely superior to her beaten little boy, and instead of consoling him, she (unwittingly, in a very Demale Society-like move) showed no sympathy for him. And to drive the lesson home, she refused to buy

him boys' underwear and made him keep on wearing panties until he wore them out. She explained he was the one who had insisted upon having girls' panties, and now he was just going to have to wear them out because she wasn't going to waste money and buy him new underwear. And just to rub it in further, she had his sister take him to the park at every opportunity, even though the kids continued to harass him about wearing panties. Most of the kids eventually stopped bothering him and accepted him as a sissy, but his neighborhood reputation was forever set. Julie loved the meek, cowering boy he turned into and how her husband lost a lot of his power in their house at the same time.

And when the time finally came to buy him new underwear, Julie coaxed him into admitting he still loved panties and wanted to continue wearing them. Of course she got him more panties, but she insisted that if she was going to have a sissy for a son that he'd have to start wearing his sister's outgrown dresses around the house and start learning how to do housework. Not long after that, Julie started to send her daughter to the park with him in a dress too for a whole new round of humiliations that she knew the kids would inflict upon him. Some time later, after Julie got a divorce and we both became members of the society, we realized that she had done many of the things taught in these lessons, but she did them naturally and without any formal training. Women do things like that all the time.

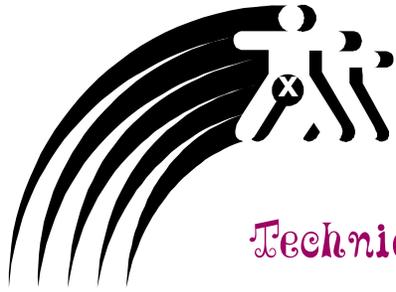
These panty-training lessons contain a lot of common sense and

things that many mothers and sisters do naturally to males every day. Many of those techniques are pooled together here for your guidance, to give you ideas and create in you the proper frame of mind to take charge of your males. Much of this information you already know or could figure out on your own, but it's organized here because this kind of information you won't find anywhere else, and seeing them in print seems to give them more meaning and value. The lessons learned from others will give you confidence in your own approach to the uncharted field of panty training, plus remind you how powerful you can be with a well-trained, loving male at your service. By the way, today, little Bradley works for a rape hotline, is a panty-loving faggot and extremely devoted to his mother!

**To be continued in Part B.**



**Bradley grew up with all the females in his family able to control him. Here he is with his little sister Gayle, adjusting his panties to peek out above his pants.**



# The Demale Society Manual

## Technique #3-B: Training Boys with Panties

More than any other item of clothing, panties are so female that if a male puts on a pair of panties he practically forfeits his right to be a male. A boy putting on panties for the first time can be so traumatized that he is mentally castrated. No other single object has so many powerful qualities to demale a male, so many ways to snare him and lock him up for life!

Panty training is a broad and complex subject and volumes can be written about it, but this lesson will focus upon what females need to know when they panty train a male. As you read the actual examples of how males were panty trained, be aware of each element that makes it work. Most of those elements can be summed up in an acronym of the word “panty” — a great way to remember to use all the power contained in a pair of panties.

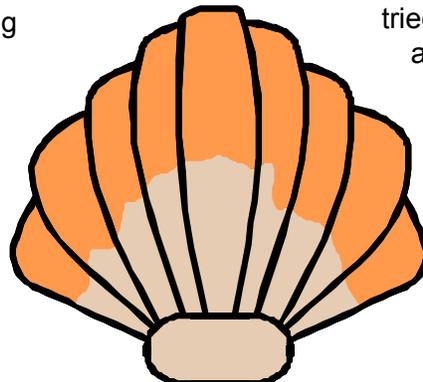
**Panty: P is for pretty. A is for aroma. N is for naughty. T is for touch. Y is for you.**

Lola Hawkins is a Demale member, and she set out to hook Alfred, her twelve-year-old son. He was at the age when a boy starts to masturbate, an ideal time to make a boy subservient by turning him into a panty fetishist. For some time, she and her three daughters had been doing the recommended things like sitting carelessly around the house to give him peeks at their panties, openly talking about panties in front of him, and leaving panties all about the house — over doorknobs, in the bathroom, and even an occasional pair “accidentally” mixed in with the boy’s own underwear.

Lola knew he had noticed the panties and was touching them, at least moving them out of his way, but she didn’t find any evidence that he was truly interested in them. She couldn’t catch him playing with them, trying them on or masturbating into them. And since she hadn’t found any stains in his shorts or bedding, she wondered if he was masturbating yet. If he wasn’t, she knew he soon would be, and she wanted to be ready for that moment.

She decided to on a more direct attack. Alfred adored his older sister, Edrea, and his mother took advantage of that. Edrea was a beauty, a member of the high school cheerleading squad. Here’s Lola’s story in her own words:

Edrea and I, being modern females, always wore thongs or very skimpy little bikinis, but after discussing panty training techniques with other Demale members, I took their advice and got us some nice silky, pink lace briefs. My younger daughters already wore panties of this sort, but I did buy them some pretty new ones to replace some of their worn-out pairs. As it was explained to me, full-cut panties are a lot bigger and more interesting to a boy than skimpier styles, and that made them good for training. They’d give poor Alfred a lot to study when he touched them and when he tried them on, they would give him a lot of silky fabric to tease his hips, butt and little boy parts.



At first Edrea balked at these ‘old-fashioned’ panties but agreed to wear them to help train Alfred, who had been getting on her nerves of late teasing her about boys since she had just started dating.

At this same time, I also ripped the linings out of some of the girls' thin dresses and had them wear them around the house. With the lining out, the girls' pink panties and training bras were constantly on thinly veiled display, a neat trick I learned at a Society meeting. At times, I caught Alfred staring, but I found no evidence he was getting hooked on panties.

Alfred was quick to say yes to his sister when she asked him to help her check her form

while she practiced her cheerleading routines, making sure she held her arms and legs in the precise position as she did her cheers. And being at home gave her the excuse of not dressing up in her uniform panties. Instead, she wore her pretty new brief-style panties under her uniform. Or she did her routines wearing an ordinary skirt and her new panties. I watched them, and after a few days of her doing handstands, twists and turns to flash him her panties, I was sure he was becoming very interested in Edrea's pretty panties.



Lola altered dresses and tore out the lining of them so Alfred's younger sisters could wear them around the house and tease him with peeks at their training bras and pretty pink panties.

One day Edrea 'accidentally' fell against him in such a way that her pantied crotch ended up right in his face. She was slow to get up and even smiled wickedly as she looked down at his googly-eyed face between her legs. Her panties were hot and sweaty from her workout, and she was sure he could smell her girlish juices. After practicing, she went into the bathroom to freshen up, took off those panties and left them draped over the edge of the bathtub, knowing Alfred would surely notice them.

Well, that did it! He couldn't resist taking those panties to his room even though he surely had to realize they would be missed. That was what I was waiting for. Moments later, Edrea and I burst into his room. He was lying on his bed sniffing the dirty pink panties. Much to our surprise, he had a second pair of pink panties (my panties!). He had his zipper open and he was using them to stroke his swollen penis.

Nonplused, I stared for a moment, but I was ready with my strap and began beating him. Edrea repeatedly slapped his face with stinging blows and called him a sissy and a pervert. It took only a few swats to get him to take off his clothes and put my panties on. Then I made him put his sister's panties over his head with the smelly crotch over his mouth and nose and made him keep both pairs on all day long.

When Alfred's two younger sisters, Nadia and Serena, came home, he had to stand before them and tell them what he had been caught doing. Both girls got close to him and examined the panties he was wearing. They especially thought the panties over his head were quite funny. Their teasing made him cry and become so upset he couldn't eat dinner.

That night Edrea had the other cheerleaders over to see him in his shame. He wanted to run and hide, but I strapped him mightily and made him stand in the center of the room as they gathered around him. The girls laughed so long and so hard I don't think Alfred will ever forget it. They continued to tease him whenever they saw him, and they told all his

friends that Alfred was a pervert who liked to suck on and wear his sister and mother's panties and masturbate in them.

Alfred was left without any friends (that was good because he had been hanging around a bunch of delinquents anyway). He fought with me, saying he had no interest in panties, but I made him wear a pair from time to time, then I'd let him go back to his regular underwear. Just when he thought it was all over, I'd find some little excuse to put him in panties once again. Then when he was good, Edrea or I would masturbate him into a pair of our panties, but we had forbidden him from ever touching himself unless he asked us for permission first and then did it in front of us using a pair of our panties. After a while he was so hooked on panties, that we took all of our panties away from him and challenged him to become a man. Of course, he couldn't and he finally had to come to us and tell us he wanted panties so he could wear them and masturbate into them. But before I let him do that, I



**Edrea hooked her brother Alfred by repeatedly flashing him with closeup views of her sexy pretty panties while practicing her cheerleading routines at home.**

told him he had to humiliate himself in front of Edrea's cheerleader friends. When he finally did get desperate enough, he agreed in a flood of tears you could drown in.

Poor Alfred had to kneel before the giggling cheerleaders and tell them he was a panty pervert, then he had to prove it by putting on a pair of panties and jacking off for them. With tears running down his face and accompanied by rousing cheers from the girls, he shot his pent-up sperm into his pretty panties.

Afterwards, Alfred didn't even put up a fuss when I presented him with a complete outfit of girls' clothes for him to wear, including a pink satin training bra, lacy slip, silk stockings and a ruffled party dress made out of pink chiffon. He cried and asked if he had to wear dresses all the time now. He was greatly relieved when I told him he only had to wear them around the house, but I did let him know that I'd take him outside that way if he ever crossed me.

The girls told everyone about Alfred wearing dresses at home, and we soon had a lot of visitors who wanted to see for themselves. Ever since that night, Alfred has been completely under our control. We've trained him to do almost all the housework. He waits on his sisters and me. He had to quit school because of all the harassment he endured there, and I made arrangements for him to be home schooled. So now, he is almost never out of his dress and beloved panties, and he masturbates for us on command no matter how often we ask and no matter who is present to watch.

Here's another example of a mother using almost every aspect of the power of panties. She didn't want to wait until her boy started picking up bad habits and hanging out with delinquents before taking charge of him.

Zowie had a repulsive macho drunkard of a husband and a cute little boy. She joined the Society hoping to change her husband, but he laughed in her face when she told him she wanted him to become more gentile in his

ways and nicer to her and other women. One night she got a call from a barkeep who said her husband was so severely passed out they had to call an ambulance. Well, when she met up with Carl at the hospital he was dead asleep drunk. She had brought along their son, Brock, and her makeup kit. As the little boy watched, Zowie made up her husband's face with mascara, rouge and lipstick, took off the hospital gown and put him in a silky nightie.

Hours later, Carl woke up in a fog but became fully awake the moment he noticed the nightie. He tore it off and yelled at Zowie for putting it on him. She turned and walked out with his clothes. He found a hospital gown and tried to run after her, but the nurses told him he had to stay there until he was officially checked out. Desperate to leave, he called one of his buddies and got him to bring him a set of clothes. The nurses that came in and out of his room couldn't hold back their laughter because he still had the makeup on. He obviously never looked in a mirror because he didn't even know it. When his buddy arrived, he saw that Carl with the makeup on and fell apart in laughter. Carl was so embarrassed he swore he'd get even with his wife.

When he got back home he started beating on her. She called the police. Carl was arrested, but the story of what had happened appeared in the newspapers, and even the mention about his wife putting him in makeup and a nightgown to teach him a lesson. Carl left town that night never to be heard from again.

The very next day, Zowie began feminizing Brock, swearing that she would not let him grow up to be like his father. Following advice from other Demale members, she began feminizing her son's surroundings, gradually replacing his clothes and things in his room. She exchanged model planes for Barbie dolls and Teddy Bears and showed him how much fun they were to play with. She replaced his bedspread with one made of ruffles. And she began training him to the feel of silky feminine fabrics by buying him a pair of girls' satin

pajamas. Little girls' plain white nylon panties soon followed. Brock was so young that he didn't think anything about what his mother was supplying him with for underwear. Zowie then got more daring and bought him panties in colors with lace decorations. The day he came to her and asked if they were boys' panties or made for girls, Zowie told him they were made for girls but were boys' panties now because they were his, and he was a boy, so they now were boys' panties! As she told him that, she stroked his penis through the panties. He got a firm hard-on. Zowie told him it was bad to get hard and used a trick a nurse friend had taught her. She stung Brock's cock with a flick of her fingers. He screamed and his cock deflated. She told him she'd have to do that whenever he was naughty and got hard.

Then she began training him to her womanly aroma by making a pillow for him out of a satin pillowcase filled with pairs of her perfumed, dirty panties. Once he got used to the aroma and she got him to admit that he liked it, she showed him what the pillow was made of. Then she put a rack above his bed and hung the freshest and ripest pairs of her dirty panties from the rack so they hovered right over his head every night.

Brock was a big baby and still liked to suck his thumb when he went to bed. Zowie didn't allow him to suck on his thumb, but she did give

him a specially prepared baby pacifier to suck on. At his bedtime, she'd lift up her skirt in front of him, pull aside the legband of her panties, and take out the baby pacifier she had kept in her pussy for an hour or more before his bedtime.

By then little Brock was a complete sissy and loved his mother more than ever. She used a



**Brock's mother never gave him a chance to be a regular little boy. She dressed him in satin pajamas, feminized his room and hung her dirty panties over his bed.**

special way to persuade him. Whenever he did anything in a boyish fashion or expressed a desire to do something a boy would do, Zowie would massage his penis through his satin pajamas or silky panties and explain to him that what he wanted was bad. If he got a hard-on, she'd sting it down. It took years, and Brock learned how to control a lot of his erections, but they still appeared frequently and gave his mother opportunities to punish him in a variety of ways. When his balls descended, she showed Brock how to shove them back up into his body and then secure them in place by pulling on four or five pairs of tight panties. When he turned ten, her friend the nurse got female hormones for him. She explained the shots would stop his hated erections. Eventually they did, plus they gave him perky little breasts like a teenage girl!

These two examples illustrate how all the components associated with panty training can be used. Just remember the word 'panty'!

P is for Pretty. Frilly, silky panties have the greatest edge in hooking a male because they are so different from the underwear males wear. But remember that pretty panties to a panty fetishist will always be the exact type of panties he originally got hooked on, and that can be any possible type of panty. Pretty also refers to the femininity of the garment because to a fetishist, panties become a symbol that replaces the unobtainable female.

A is for Aroma. The perfume and body odors in a pair of used panties can be a great turn on for some males. It can become absolutely addictive. This is one aspect most overlooked by females training males. Many females just don't understand how a dirty pair of panties could possibly be appealing, but all you have to do is hook a male on your dirty panties and you'll have a devoted panty pervert you can control for the rest of your life!

N is for Naughty. Boys must be taught that sex is dirty and panties are naughty – but

nice! He must feel privileged that you share female secrets with him and let him wear pretty panties. He must be regularly teased, humiliated, laughed at and tormented. Taunt him or spank him until he's crying then laugh at him while you masturbate him in panties.

T is for touch. Panties are delicate, soft, silky, and smooth. The feeling a male gets when a pair of panties is rubbed on his penis is something women can't experience, but it must be a powerful sensation because almost every male becomes instantly hard when stroked with a pair of panties, especially a pair of panties belonging to a female he adores. Males associate panties with so many exciting, beautiful and scary things. Panties represent so many things to them – everything from the mysteries of femininity to the power to mentally castrate them.

Y is for You. You or a female you designate has to be the object of his love and be the unobtainable female. You have to be the female behind the panties he learns to adore. You tease with your wantonness and guile but only allow any sort of sex or cumming on your terms, and your trained male knows the only kind of relationship he can have with you is how you want it, and he must be completely subservient to those terms or you will stop loving him and probably throw him out on the street. He must always be deeply in love with you and in fear of losing your love. He must be so in love with you that he will endure any humiliation or pain to please you. And you don't have to limit your panty training to husbands, brothers and sons. Going out in public with a bit of your panties peeking out in back above the waistband of your pants or sitting a bit carelessly and giving little flashes of your panties will net you a constant string of males willing to be your total slaves.

***To be continued in Part C.***

