

# **FORCED** WOMANHOOD

**NUMBER #14**  
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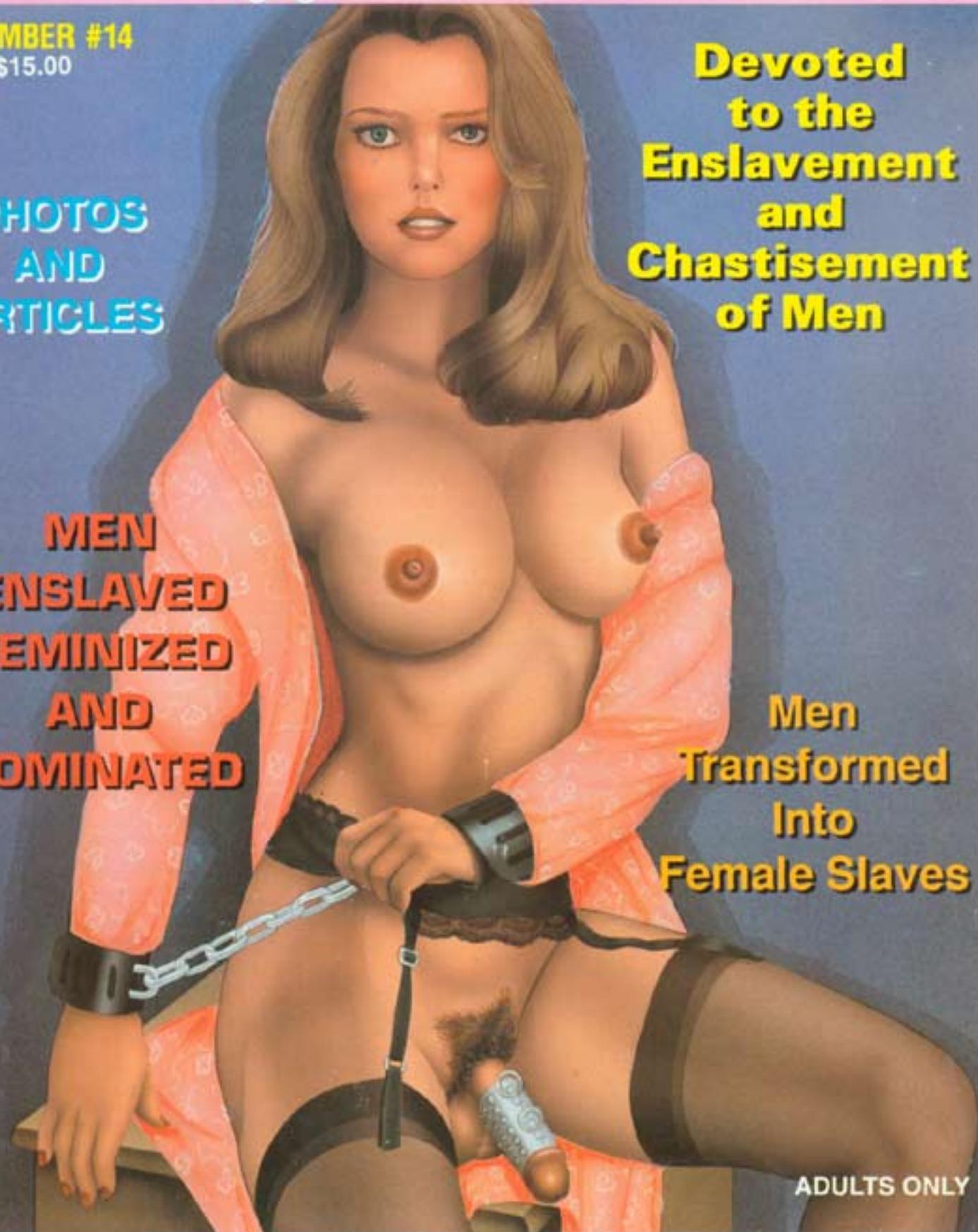
**PHOTOS  
AND  
ARTICLES**

**Devoted  
to the  
Enslavement  
and  
Chastisement  
of Men**

**MEN  
ENSLAVED  
FEMINIZED  
AND  
DOMINATED**

**Men  
Transformed  
Into  
Female Slaves**

**ADULTS ONLY**



# FORCED WOMANHOOD

**Devoted to the  
Enslavement  
and Chastisement of Men**

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

So now you know!

We changed the name of this magazine from *Slave Piercing* to *Forced Womanhood* because the title *Slave Piercing* was scaring too many of our distributors. They were afraid to distribute it because they thought the name was too scary for them to sell. The only thing changed was the name, friends. The contents will still stay the same!

FORCED WOMANHOOD #14 - 1994

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This magazine is published in the interest of informing and educating the adult public of the various forms and means of sexual expression. It is the publisher's belief that every adult has the right to view such material. Any similarity between the fictional or semi-fictional persons in this publication and real pieces or persons is strictly coincidental. All persons depicted in this publication are professional models, at least 18 years of age, portraying fictional roles. This magazine is not intended for minors. Under no circumstances are minors to be offered, possess, or purchase this publication.

The depictions of bondage or piercing in this magazine convey the satisfactions that men and women experience together when they practice bondage within the context of mutual trust and consent. We strongly discourage readers from imitating these depictions by themselves, outside the boundaries of a loving relationship, and without an alert partner.

Records pursuant to law are in the custody of JERRY DEMING, Custodian of Records, 13331 GARDEN GROVE BOULEVARD, SUITE F-G, GARDEN GROVE, CA 92643.

All models are 18 years of age or older - proof on file - adults only. All photos in this publication were taken before the year 1991.

## A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

It's overwhelming the amount of letters we get as more and more men get enslaved and feminized permanently. Not all of course go for the permanent chastisement ... that's a big step.

A lot of crossdressers are finally coming out of the closet, not just in small numbers, but in the thousands. It's enjoyable to see and hear how people are finally letting themselves go so they can live the way they want. And yes, a lot of women are letting themselves go also as they learn more about bondage, domination, and being able to have such control over a man or she-male.

I'm surprised how many women actually enjoy being with a she-male or men turned into women; and how much fun they have completely transforming them into ladies to do with them as they will.

More and more companies are starting to cater to crossdressers: clothing stores, shoe stores electrolysis, tattoo parlors, wig shops, department stores, and so on.

A lot of you read our publications and dream of what it would be like to be a woman. It's not easy, but you could do it - if not full-time, then at least part-time. I myself had to go through a divorce and find a lady who enjoys me as I am. I wonder now why I didn't do it sooner. Life is too short not to be yourself ... at least once in a while.

For crossdressers it's rough ... especially when you're married to someone who doesn't understand, or should I say, *want* to understand. I'm glad to report in this issue and brag that more and more women are starting to enjoy the fetishes of life that at one time was considered perverted, weird, hateful ... I could go on. How do we know?

Because of the change in our business we are getting more women readers, more letters from women, more inquiries, women wanting to know things they never asked before. Also, there are a lot of women who have gotten into domination.

Gay men and women have been into fetish a lot longer than the heterosexual man and woman. They learned early that you can live a much happier life by being who you are. We are finding that both hetero and gay, male and female, are getting into the fetish scene more and more.

We have come out with two national magazines, *Transformation* and *Bizarre "O"*, to be distributed to not only the adult stores, but finally to the mainstream stores. We hope to educate the public-at-large that fetish, crossdressing, etc. are no longer perverted. The more people who know about it, the more they will understand. Please help support these two national magazines. Ask your stores in your area to handle them. We need your help and support for all of us into our own fetishes.



**YOU BETTER  
BE GOOD,  
YOU BETTER  
NOT POUT...**

**...OR ELSE!**



# LETTERS FROM READERS

## ***MISTRESSES AND SLAVES***

***Send your stories to:***

**SPARTACUS  
P.O. Box 459  
Orange, CA 92666**

**NOTE:** If you want your address published, you must tell us. We suggest a post office box number.

Dear Lee,

I have been trying everything on my slave to keep the hair off his body. Nothing has worked very well. I tried shaving, but this was just a daily thing to do. I tried hair remover, but it only lasted a few days. Then I saw a TV ad for the Norelco Satinelle: it pulls the hair out by the roots. This was a very slow process, but after shaving from the waist down took about six hours. The hair was off and has not grown back for about two weeks. Yes, my Slave John did squirm and twitch ... it *did* get his attention!

I was now starting to work on the chest and then the back will follow. This will probably take two to three weeks, since it does hurt ... or so he says. I would not now call my slave "Janey" yet, by the way, though she would do anything for me. Her chest is starting to develop and it is hard to get an erection.

She has had a chastity belt on her since 1989. I made it to size ... it's four inches long and covers the whole rod.

A barbell is through it and on the end of the cock is a 00 gage ring that cannot be removed. The ring goes through the urethra - this is called a "Prince Albert", by the way.

Also, in *Slave Piercing #12*, page 34, to Arlene: if you start with a Chastity and start giving him hormones and transform him into a woman, then not many women are going to look at him as a sex device.

Women like you and I need to demasculate these men now! Don't let it pass you by. If he agrees to have a Chastity put on, then start there. If the hormones don't develop the breasts, then you can always have him given breast implants. As in *Slave Piercing #11*, you can also shave his head.

Remember, you have to take charge ... you will win in the end and you will have a slave to serve you for life. As for me ... I couldn't ask for more!  
Thanks, Lee. I love your books!

Susan

Dear Lee,

My Mistress got the idea I was going to cheat on her, so I became her slave. I agreed to it before getting thrown out, rather than getting into the story on cheating on her.

Two days ago she put me on Feminique hormone tablets. She put another order in to Spartacus for more Feminique, and now for Mammary Plus: when the second order comes in, I'll be on two types of hormone pills.

My wardrobe is all being replaced with female garb. I have about 70 percent female wear and about 30 percent male clothing left. All that is being bought for me is female clothes. My male clothing is slowly getting thrown out ... it seems I am being buried with skirts, which I do wear each and every day now.

The hormone pills I take every day are with a glass of water to wash them down. Wanda says that if I don't take the pills she will grind them up and mix them with my food! She wants me on these pills, and for what reason ... she is fixing my ass, but good. Wanda wants me on the hormone pills permanently!

I take these pills now because it is too early for them to do anything. But ... will they affect my mind, into womanhood, as well as my body? Taking these pills is getting scary, and I realize what is happening to me. Will I be able to reverse this process, or am I stuck for the rest of my life as a female?

Last Saturday I spent most of the day in a skirt and in chains, as discipline to be more obedient. My female clothes alone

are making me more obedient, but I am scared about taking the hormone pills. Simply put, I take them because I love Wanda.

Am I doing the right thing by letting Wanda sentence my body into womanhood, for the rest of my life, as I go deeply into slavery to her? My skirt-wearing - and all the rest - has weakened my mind greatly.

Andrew Georgoulis

Dear Spartacus,

I just received your publication *Slave Piercing*. Talk about an *EROTIC* magazine! The rings through the various body parts (nipples and genitals in particular) is a real turn-on for me.

I am *not* interested in being made into someone's slave "girl", but I am interested in becoming a female. Breasts, nylons, high heels, mini-skirts, etc are fascinating to me! I already wear high-heeled shoes around home and have shoulder-length hair. I love 'em!

My wife was buying herself shoes one day and I tried on a pair to see how they'd feel. I was hooked. Two years later she bought me a pair of my very own ... black mules with half-inch soles and four-inch heels. Recently I bought a pair of black ones with 1 1/2-inch platform soles and six-inch spike heels. Fantastic!

I pierced my septum over 11 years ago and had my nostril and nipples pierced about five years ago. Piercing my nipples was one of the best things I've ever done for myself! Then nearly two years ago I pierced my penis for a Prince Albert 5/8 inch 12-gauge stainless steel ring.

My marriage of twelve years has ended in divorce because I suggested my wife get her nipple and/or genitals pierced also.

Ed M.

Dear  
Slave Piercing:

My wife is slowly turning me into her slave. She has just started on me and has pierced my nipples with a permanent nipple clamp with a round-type lock with a soldered barbell through my nipple. Enclosed is a photo of it.



Slave Dea



# LOVER TURNED INTO EVERLASTING SLAVE

Dear Spartacus:

Responding to your urgent request for letters from people who have made their men into she-male wimps, I have here enclosed a brief note on what I did to turn my slave into an everlasting slave.

For a long time I've read anything and everything available on chastity belts, because I have always wanted something that would make a man who claims he loves me prove it by wearing one for me. Running accidentally into your magazine was a dream fulfilled. My lover said he loved me so much that he'd do anything for me. I asked him if he loved me enough to be mine for the rest of his life. Of course he said yes, and I let him have sex with me that night if he promised he would be chastised.

He thought I would have a key or something that could be taken off at any time. **LITTLE DID HE KNOW!**

When I finally got the frenum chastity from you and the piercing needles to perform the small operation he didn't expect what he got. Without showing him what I was going to do to him, I told him he'd have to let me bind him to the four corners of the bed. I did this with his arms and legs spread far apart. When he was secured and I told him of this simple operation - and that it would be permanent so he could never have sex again - he was aghast at what he'd agreed to do for me. He yelled and screamed until I gagged him and proceeded with the piercing of his penis and inserting the metal chastity sheath on his penis - then welding the joints closed.

I didn't let him up for two days. I told him that from now on he was mine to do with as I pleased. After two days bound this way he came around to my way of thinking.

He soon started taking his hormones and he keeps his body well shaved. I make him dress as a girl at all time. (Because I am very well off financially, neither of us has to work.) I prefer him in laced-up shoes or baby doll styles, long skirts, and long-sleeved blouses. His hair is getting longer now, and can be more girlish-looking. He is made to keep his nails long and in pink nail polish.

To make a long story short, since you requested short articles, my slave is now a she-male who is half-man, half-woman. Now I have a she-male wimp slave who will do anything and everything I want, and will be mine forever.

I might take him to Rome with me this year ... as a female servant, of course!

Mistress Rose



# MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DECIDE THAT HUBBY NOT GOOD ENOUGH AND SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A FEMALE MAID

Ms. D., Lansing, MI

It was almost too easy tricking my husband into becoming a crossdresser. I looked at it as a game, one that I controlled his responses to every situation. Once I had the blackmail pictures of him dressed and in make-up, I knew I had won the first round. It was not very long before I was having him in a dress every weekend.

Each Friday when I came home from work, I had a list of instructions that he was to follow for the weekend. He was to take a long bath, shave his personal body hair off (face, arms, legs, etc.), do his nails, and then put on the outfit that I had left on the bed for him before I went to work. (Since he is relatively small, I had some clothes that fit him already. But I have started to buy him one new outfit a week.)

After my work I would go out to the bar with my workmates for a couple of drinks before heading home ... and when I got there I would be greeted by my happy homemaker (wearing an apron) with dinner in the oven. I loved watching him learn to walk in high heels as he cooked my dinner or cleaned the house.

Once I invited a couple of my friends from work home after we had a few drinks. When he met me at the door, he ran to the basement and wouldn't come out. But I had gotten another point across to him; that this was my game and I could change the rules when I wanted to.

I even got my mom into the game by making him present himself to her as my girlfriend. We went to her apartment and spent the weekend with her. She loved it. Mother hated men for the most part, and saw this as an opportunity to get even with all men. She even helped me pick a new feminine name for him.

As he did the dishes, we had fun discussing what new feminine foundation, wig, outfit, or accessory he needed most. We would look through a catalog and pick out something that we thought was cute, and then ask "her" what she



thought of it. On Sunday mother and I went shopping to buy him a new pair of shoes - heels of course. Mother even bought him a day dress to wear around the house while he did the cleaning.

I began to enjoy the power I had over every aspect of his life. I enjoyed forcing him to wear bras, panties, a girdle (to help his figure), hosiery, heels, and dresses. It was so much fun teaching him how to apply make-up, do his hair, how to walk and sit like a lady, and how to pick the right accessory (purse, necklace, etc.) to go with each outfit. It was like having a kid sister!

After a few months, it occurred to me that this weekend lifestyle would be great to have all the time. He was now doing all the cooking and cleaning around the house ... he was now taking on a feminine role in our lives, as well as in his mode of dress. I would sit back and watch TV or read while he would do the dishes, vacuum, do the dusting, and the laundry. He now had his own closet with several dresses, skirts, blouses,

and wigs that I had bought him ... as well as a drawer full of underthings.

It was just before Christmas when I learned of my new promotion. This offer would make me pretty well off, but it meant a move to the state capital. I was shopping with my mother when she gave me an idea on how to make my dreams come true.

Why not force my husband to be my maid? That would allow me more time to pursue my career more easily, and have someone to care for my house while I was gone or when I needed to entertain clients. If I forged his signature on some papers I could sell the house, cancel his credit cards, even quit his job for him ... and put all the money into my hands only. "And," mother added, "If you make him into a her, she will have to depend on you for everything!"

Mom even offered to help "train" my new maid in the proper care of her mistress. She could tell by the look in my eyes that I was buying into the idea. What put me "over the edge" on the decision was when we got back to her place and she brought out a black satin maid's uniform. It was a complete outfit with a lace-trimmed apron, lace cap, black high heels, garter belt



and stockings, and a choker with a cameo. She even had drop earrings with matching cameos. Mom held up the dress and said, "Wouldn't 'Suzy' look good in this?" I laughed so hard I made myself sick ... THE PLAN WAS LAUNCHED!

Since my new position meant moving to another city, I had no trouble convincing him to sell the house and go along with me. What he didn't know was the financial trap I had set. When it was all over, we were on our way to a new town and a new life.

As a part of the plan we had to spend several days at my mother's until everything was moved in. The last night there, I gave "Suzy" her maid's uniform. I explained that it was for special occasions when I would be required to entertain guests. I was surprised that he went along with it. Mom and I both praised his looks and told him how cute he looked.

After dinner he prepared drinks for us. Mom and I went into the living room and she told me it was time to tell him what I had done with his former male identity.

When he had given us our drinks, I motioned for him to sit on the floor next to my chair. (This was a position that he had been trained to assume, sitting by my feet doing his nails or mine, while I watched what I wanted on TV.)

I then proceeded to tell him, "Mom and I have decided that you make a better maid than mate ... I have put all of our money into accounts that only I can use ... and from now on you are to be my maid. All of your male clothes will be given away so that the only clothes you will wear are the ones I give you. The same goes for food. You will eat only what I say you can eat. Is that understood?"

At first he started to cry, but when I explained that it wouldn't be that bad - there would be no more going to work, or any worries - that he would only be responsible for the caring of my needs, he seemed to resign himself to the idea.

The next day, mother and I took him

to have both ears pierced. Also, through a friend I obtained a prescription for certain hormones. That was six months ago, and it's amazing the changes that have come about in that short a time. Mother has taught him to anticipate my every need - from drawing my bath, to making my meals, to doing my hair - but even with the changes I still see him as a male that I have dressed up. I have to make up my mind if I should make him go all the way and be a total woman, or continue to use his humiliation as a weapon to control him.

As it stands now, she is required to



do all the grocery shopping as well as buy my personal items. I drop her off at the mall with a list of things to buy. She must try on three dresses or skirts at each of the three stores where I have an account.

I like to be with her when she is required to buy her nightgowns, bras, or panties ... he still gets embarrassed buying them ... or buying my tampons. Maybe it's because I like to stand in the store and discuss the details of each one as if he were another woman.

I wonder if the fun will end for me if I make her a total woman. I never knew how much of a lesbian I really am! I enjoy having my maid perform oral sex on me every day. It has become part of her regular routine. My mother has even gotten a couple evenings with her.

I don't look at her as my husband in any way ... just a maid that I can order to do anything. I have rented her out to my friends for their parties and/or to clean their houses. I have even had her go on a double date with me.

Although the hormones have helped him develop small breasts, I have decided to have her get implants that will increase them one cup size. I haven't decided how I am going to tell her ... but what is she going to do? She is mine to do with as I please.

Signed,  
Ms. D, Lansing, MI

P.S. She looks great! It's amazing what a little breast job will do for someone. We have talked about having a little wedding ceremony to marry my new wife/maid. She will look good in my old wedding dress. I think I will even give her a new ring ... a gold one on her penis head.

Tomorrow I am sending her to school to be my private secretary; and by the looks of it, she will need some help. With her in my sight all day long I'll have a better chance to control even more of her life. I don't think I'll ever grant him the privilege of becoming a total woman. As long as I have his balls in panties, he is mine to control!

•••

# WIFE TURNS SISSY HUSBAND INTO FEMALE SECRETARY - THEN HAS HIM SUCK OTHER MAN S PENIS, TO SHOW HIM WHAT WOMEN MUST ENDURE!

Dear Spartacus,

I recently picked up my first copy of *Slave Piercing*, issue #7. I thoroughly enjoyed reading the articles and the artwork. I however was disappointed that there weren't any real photographs of pierced slaves. If all those people who have written in have actually transformed their men into sissy slaves and pierced them or outfitted them with cock sleeves, then why haven't they sent in the pictures to support their claims?

I would like to tell you our story. About five years ago I discovered that my husband was a transvestite. At first I was devastated, but as time went on I began listening to him about how he felt concerning dressing in women's clothes and his desires. I started reading various articles, transvestite magazines, and newspapers. The more I read, the more I started accepting it.

Finally I decided that I wanted to see him dressed. When I saw Wendy for the first time she was wearing a black minidress with black stockings and three-inch heels. I was surprised at how good she actually looked ... but she still looked like a guy in a dress! I told her that if she was going to wear the clothes, she would have to learn to look like a woman.

We spent about two years from that point in changing her looks and appearance, purchasing new clothes that not only fit, but looked nice on her. We also bought wigs, padding, waist cinchers, and many other accessories. I also put her on a strict diet so that she lost twenty pounds. We also spent considerable time working on how to act, walk, and behave as a woman. The result was a 5' 10" lb. man who could easily pass as a woman.

At that point I no longer just accepted Wendy, I began enjoying her. We became best friends and started going out together as women. Eventually she started to be around almost every day, helping out with housework and taking care of my personal needs. The more this took place the more I enjoyed having her around.

Further, the more accepting I became of Wendy, the more feminine and submissive she became. Our sex life as male to female



went from once a week to nothing. We did become lesbian lovers, however, and she pleased me more as a woman than she ever did as a man. We started experimenting with some sex toys and eventually we were using dildoes on each other. She loved it when I would strap one on and fuck her pussy ass.

One night while we were sharing a 12-inch double-headed dildo, I decided that I wanted to have my pussy sucked instead. I climbed up on her face and while she was licking my clit I continued to work the dildo on her. I was so hot that before I realized it, I had worked all twelve inches into her so that only the tip of the second head was showing. She was in seventy heaven. Now for those of you out there that doubt me, I

have enclosed a couple of pictures as proof that my sissy girl can take twelve inches!

A little over a year and a half ago, I was asked to transfer to Connecticut for a sizeable promotion. I decided that I would take the job and at the same time informed Wendy that once we moved she would become Wendy full-time. Since I would become entitled to an administrative aide, she would come to work for me. She was a little reluctant, but I told her that the decision was mine to make - and that as my sissy she had nothing to say in the matter.

Having made that decision, the next course of action was to get her started on hormones. I contacted a female friend of mine who is a doctor, and invited her out to lunch. I introduced her to Wendy and told her of my plans. She ... the doctor ... was tickled pink at what I had done, and agreed to examine Wendy, to administer the hormones if she checked out okay.

Well, everything was fine, and the doctor started her on 5.0 mg of premarin plus 2.5 mg of provera daily. The change was slow at first. There were also some drastic mood changes, but after a couple of months the breasts were visibly starting to grow, her skin got softer, and there was a definite change in her attitude.

Wendy had been a little reluctant at first to undertake her new role, but after the first two months had accepted it and actually started to look forward to receiving her medicine. The provera was also reducing the amount of testosterone that her body produced, and thus reduced her masculine features even more.

We finally moved to Connecticut just over a year ago. A month after starting my new job I hired Wendy as my aide. She had always been very proficient with personal computers, and her expertise would help me with my job.

After about a week of having Wendy in the office, one of the other girls, Sally, asked to speak to me in private one day. She said that there was something strange about Wendy, and asked if I knew for certain that she was "a hundred-percent woman".

I played dumb and asked Sally what she meant. She replied that she thought Wendy was really a man. I called Wendy into my office to have her pull her skirt up and her panties down to expose a very tiny prick. Wendy was embarrassed as hell. I had humiliated her before, but I was enjoying it this time more than ever.

Sally laughed also and was delighted at what she had discovered. She then went on to explain that she had trained her husband to be a sissy-girl. I then told her that Wendy was also my husband. Sally encouraged me to tell the other girls in the office, and within minutes had them all in my office examining Wendy. From that day on they all took good care of Wendy, but made certain from time to time that she was, and is, a sissy-girl.

Sally and I have become good friends and have introduced our sissies to each other. Sally has also encouraged me to become more dominant over Wendy. The more I started getting into it, the more fun it became. Sally introduced me to a whole circle of friends with similar interests.

It was during this time that I also decided to make love to a real man again. One of the girls fixed me up with Bill, who I was told was a fantastic lover. They told me that I should expect some static from Wendy about Bill, but that I should be up-front with her and let her know what I would be doing. And that she had nothing to say about it. I did exactly as they said. Wendy took it pretty well, saying that she understood my need to have a real man.

I went out with Bill for an evening to get acquainted. The next time we met we came back to the house and made love. To say he was fantastic would be an understatement - but afterwards I realized that one of the reasons it was so good was that I had grown sexually over the years. I wasn't afraid to request or to demand the things that made me feel good.

I started seeing Bill on a regular basis, and also began dating other men. Soon there was very little lesbian love between Wendy and myself. Eventually, I caught her masturbating that teeny weeny prick one night. I decided that Wendy needed some attention, and asked the girls about it. They suggested that I allow Wendy the pleasure of a man.

In came Tony: tall, dark, handsome - and he loved to fuck sissies! Wendy was a bit reluctant when I told her that I had arranged a date for her. I called Bill and the four of us went out to dinner. I arranged a

signal with Tony that if I approved, I'd let him know and then give instructions to Wendy. Tony was very pleased with Wendy and let it be known. Wendy was a bit uptight, though.

After dinner we went to a club and then went out dancing. Tony took Wendy out onto the floor for a slow dance and held her real tight. At first you could see Wendy resist him, but after a minute or so she kind of gave in. By the next dance she just naturally flowed into his arms; it was then that he started caressing her and grinding himself into her body. I sensed that Wendy was enjoying herself - but she did not yet know what we had planned.

When we all returned to the table, I announced that Bill and I were leaving to go to his place. If Tony didn't mind, I asked, would he please give Wendy a ride home. Tony of course knew that was the signal, and replied that he'd be delighted to do so. I instructed Wendy to be sure and invite Tony inside for a drink when they got home. Also, for that night she was on her own to do as she please.

They stayed at the club a little longer and then went back to the house. As instructed, Tony went in for a drink. They sat on the couch and eventually Tony took Wendy in his arms and kissed her. She was startled by it and tried to pull away, but Tony held on tight and kissed her again. At this point Wendy got somewhat flustered and Tony asked her what was the matter. She replied that he wouldn't understand. He asked her pointedly what it was that he wouldn't understand - that she was a sissy?

Tony later remarked that from that point they talked for a long time. When he felt Wendy start to relax again, he kissed her again. She kissed him back - hard - and within minutes they were doing some heavy necking. Wendy finally broke it off, saying that they had to stop because I wouldn't approve.

Tony informed her that it was my idea, and that's what I'd meant when I had told her that she was on her own for the night. Well, from that point onwards they did just what I wanted them to. Wendy became a real woman that night!

When I came home the next day, Wendy had the biggest smile on her face that I had ever seen. She greeted me at the door with a big hug and thanked me. She herself told me that she had given her first Blow job, swallowed her first load, and had been fucked up her pussy-ass. I instructed her that she could not make love to a man again unless she had my permission - and that she'd have to earn the privilege.

That was a week ago. Where we're at today, I'm considering a cock sleeve for her, though I question its usefulness on her teeny weeny prick. Also, after not seeing a picture of one in use, I question their use at all.

None of the girls I've talked to have seen them, though they are curious as well, and have also read your magazine. I've enclosed a couple pictures of Wendy: feel free to publish them along with this letter.

Now ... where are all these submissive sluts with their pierced cocks?

Sincerely yours,  
Karen



# MAN LOOKING FOR DOMINANT LADY TO TURN HIM INTO SLAVE

Dear Slave Piercing,

For some so-called "men" it is enough to say they are true slaves or true submissives. They are the ones reading funny books, going to adult book stores, buying fictional books or videos on bondage and domination.

Do they really understand the real meaning of *Slave*, *Submissive*, *Dominant*? I doubt it. There may be a select few who are totally owned by a female. They are very real, very devoted, and very much total slaves!

I am a male seeking out a female, female couple, or perhaps a small group of women (three or four) to allow me to enter into their domain. In short, to train me totally to become their "True Slave".

Living in one particular area makes it hard to learn from others living in other areas - without moving, that is. I am available for relocation on any given day, once I am accepted for training.

For a woman to stand firm, rise above, reach out for better goals in life is a task all in itself. For her to find slaves (either men or women who are *real* slaves) can be exasperating! My understanding and thoughts concerning bondage & domination, and sadism & masochism are hopefully going to lead me to a joyful life of serving such a woman as she deserves to be served.

I know that first of all, the female must accept me to enter into her domain (stable) before I am allowed to start any training by her. My status upon entering will be of the lowest slave there - no matter if she owns ten or fifty of them. I am sure that I do not know all the requirements of being a slave, but I can say what I do know and am willing to accept.

For a person to be a real true slave, certain lifestyles and everyday activities will be taken away. Speaking as a

male, I know that all habits will be taken away - most likely all of his sexual activities, although maybe the owner will allow him to masturbate and then clean himself with his mouth. All of his belongings - wages, clothing, and other assets - will be turned over to his owner along with his life, body, and soul!

From the moment of entering her domain, his life is hers. He cannot talk, walk, eat, or sleep unless allowed to do so. Upon entering (unless otherwise told) he is to strip nude, then assume a spot where he is on his knee with head and hands to the floor. He isn't allowed to move until told he can. She will go over the rules, law, training to be done, punishment, and so on. She will put him in bondage, test him in all areas needed, then begin her special additions of his training.

All of a true slave's life will be to serve his mistress, or anyone else that she desires. He will learn all duties of the house (domain), support her, and will be used as she desires - whenever she desires!

Is the so-called slave (submissive) ready, willing, and/or able to give up normal life to be a real slave? Is he willing to give up sexual intercourse, or to be satisfied with only oral gratification of the owner if she allows it as a reward? Is he ready for the following?

- A) Training as a server, such as butler, cook, maid, horse, dog, or anything else she wants?
- B) Cock and ball torture, nipple torture, punishment by whips, straps, paddles, brushes, and bondage.
- C) To accept the role of a sissy-maid.
- D) To go through feminization (i.e., hormone shots or pills, wearing feminine attire, makeup, earrings and jewelry, polish on fingernails and toenails.

A real slave will do all of the above and more. Anything and everything



will be to please his mistress. He will be proud to prove himself by always being eager to do her tasks - thus earning her favor and possible reward (i.e., tattoos of ownership, piercing of body parts) for her chastisement of him. Also he could be granted body rings to be used sexually by her, either privately or publicly.

Are you ready to be a true slave? I am! I sincerely seek my place in a stable. To serve! To be where I belong kneeling at the feet of the mistress!

So, I write to you for help - how do I find that one woman, lesbian couple, or small group that will take me in as one of their own? Alone, I am nothing. If you print my letter, perhaps my life's journey will begin. You may forward any inquiries about me. Thank you.

Humbly yours,  
John

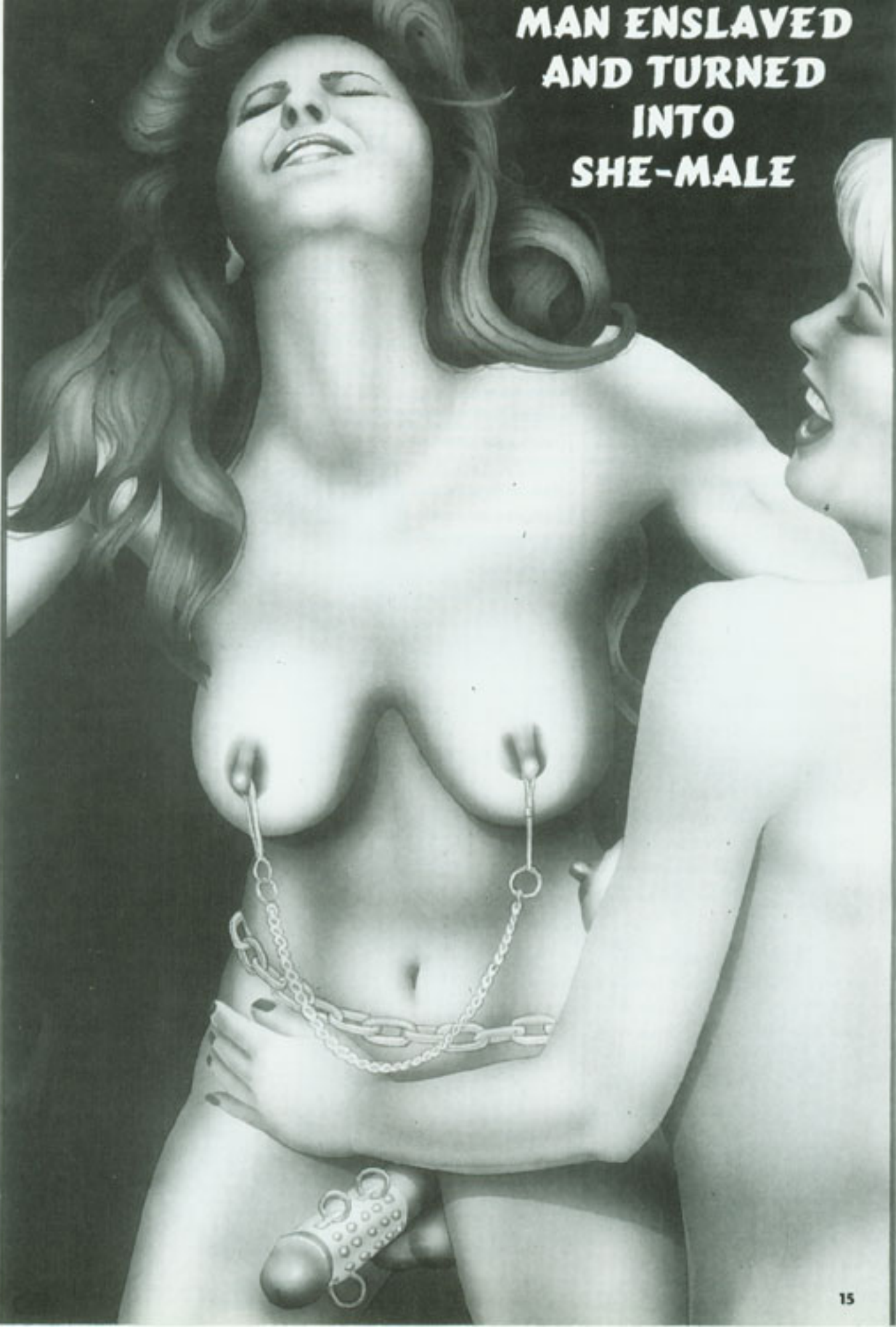
.....  
John

It would be best if you put your own post office box number, city or town, state, and zip code in your request. We find that people have more of a tendency to write direct to people than to have letters forwarded. Also, we are not set up for forwarding letters. But your note was expressive and from the heart. Best luck!

Send your letters to:

**SPARTACUS**  
P.O. Box 459  
Orange, CA 92666

**MAN ENSLAVED  
AND TURNED  
INTO  
SHE-MALE**



# MAN IS HAPPY AS A SHE-MALE SLAVE

Dear (Lee) *Slave Piercing*,

My Mistress is slowly training me. I now have eight skirts, four dresses, five pairs of heels, two pairs of boots. All of my undershorts have been thrown away, and have been replaced with panties. Two weeks ago I was ordered to wear pantyhose twenty-four hours a day.

My pants that have gotten worn or torn have been thrown away and not replaced, except with skirts. I have short shorts that I wear only when my two pairs of pants are dirty and in the wash. I wear my short shorts with pantyhose out in public. I wear the shades nude, beige, or tan when we go out for walks or for rides.

I pump gas, take her out to eat, go shopping, and even into supermarkets with my legs in the open like this for everyone to see. Even when friends come over to visit I still have to keep my pantyhose on.

I am getting so scared wearing pantyhose in public, wearing them into stores. We have even gone into a bar for a drink with me dressed like this. My pantyhose legs are too much out in the open for all to see.

She is getting more dominant. We have only been with each other for less than a year, and have been living together for only

a couple of months.

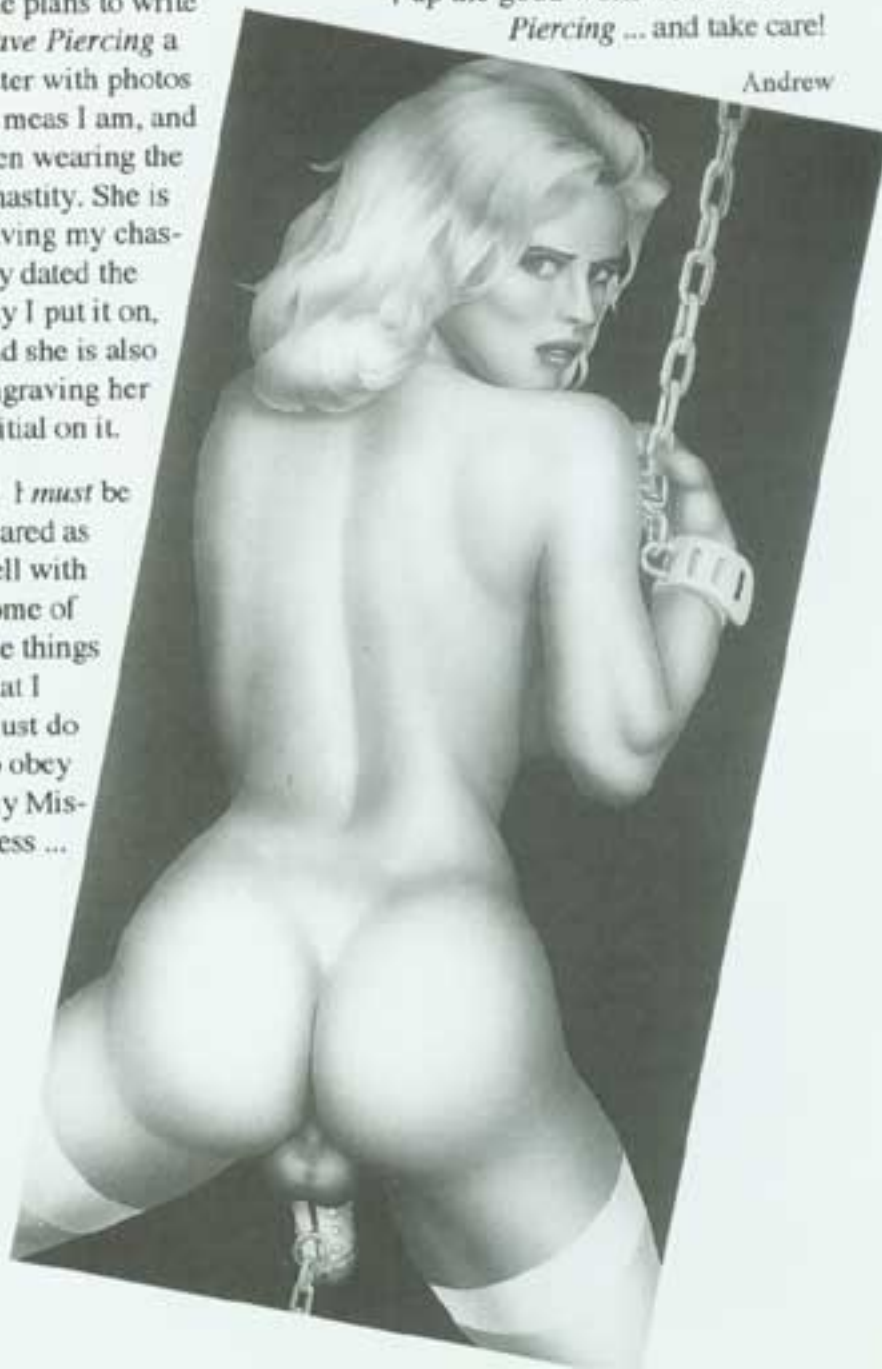
Two weeks ago I was pierced by a 10-gauge needle. She plans to let my pierce heal as I am wearing the barbell. I was pierced good and deep; she plans to give it six to eight weeks for my pierced penis to heal. Then I am to be soldered into the FL6S Chastity. She plans to write *Slave Piercing* a letter with photos of me as I am, and then wearing the Chastity. She is having my chastity dated the day I put it on, and she is also engraving her initial on it.

I must be scared as hell with some of the things that I must do to obey my Mistress ...

but all-in-all I am happy that she is turning me into a slave. She doesn't tell me any of her plans that she has in store for me - I just take it day by day. I *do* know that she has plans to use the ring on the chastity - a chain with locks has already been bought - so I know a chain will come out from under my skirts and dresses.

There is so much to write, but I'll wait for the letter in which she sends in the photos, as they will speak for themselves. So, keep up the good work with *Slave Piercing* ... and take care!

Andrew



# SLAVE SENDS US TOO LONG A STORY AND GETS SEVERE PUNISHMENT FROM FURIOUS MISTRESS

Dear *Slave Piercing*,

My Mistress has instructed me to write to you again, since my first letter was too long. She was quite angry with me for not realizing this in the first place, and I have been punished accordingly. Here then is a short profile of my experiences since I agreed to quit my job and become a full-time she-male slave maid on January 1, 1993.

All of my male clothing has been given away, and I have been told that I will never, under any circumstances, be allowed to dress as a man again. I'm not allowed to speak, whisper, or use my voice in any way, until my initial training is over.

To insure this, in fact, I am always gagged whenever Mistress is away. I have not been allowed to shave my body - or until recently, my face - until Mistress is satisfied with my obedience and the femininity of my manner. Full feminization will occur only after my training is complete.

I am not allowed sexual release, and this will continue until my training is complete. I wear a cock harness to insure this. I spend quite a bit of time in bondage - and when the Mistress is angry, very severe bondage. Mistress is quite fond of hoods, gags, and butt plugs - and she can be very creative in their use!

Your notice that my first letter was too long couldn't have come at a worse time. Mistress had just allowed me to shave my beard as a reward for my progress, and for the occasion had made some changes in my uniform to make it more feminine, as shown in my "official portrait" enclosed. I must wear this uniform all day, seven days a week.

Only two days after this happy occasion, we received your notice. Mistress

was furious. She was looking forward to having her friends back home see my letter in your magazine, and now I was responsible for a delay. For the next two weeks I had to wear my butt plug in addition to my usual gag while Mistress was at work - and whenever else she felt like it!

As the picture shows, I wasn't allowed to wear my skirt, I had to wear my highest heels and my spandex hood twenty-four hours a day to show my shame. (I can see through the hood just well enough to get by.) Mistress is fond of the hood because it helps to further ingrain my status as a faceless servant. I can also attest to the fact that it's also most unpleasant after a while.

I was extremely concerned when Mistress commented a couple times that she was so fond of my "new look" that she might make it permanent. Fortunately, she eventually decided it was only allowing me to get out of applying my makeup, so it just wouldn't do.



In addition to all this I spent all night, every night, in heavy bondage - as well as virtually all day on the weekends. Let me tell you, after this fourteen-day marathon my normal routine feels like a tiptoe through the tulips. You can bet I'll not drone on too long this time!

In closing, I'd like to thank the folks at *Spartacus* for their wonderful publications. Although it's too long a story to get into here (believe me!), if it hadn't been for your magazines and catalogs, Mistress and I might never have even gotten together at all - let alone create this mutually fulfilling relationship. (Yes, I have learned to relish my predicament almost as much as my Mistress does!)

I hope to write again when my training is over, and show you the photos of the new me!

Yours in submission,  
Michelle Anne

P.S. As always, you are free to use this letter and accompanying photos in any way you see fit.

.....

## A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:

Many times we have to send readers' letters back to be edited down when they are too long. Some, believe it or not, even send full novels. We can only publish short stories in this magazine - from one to five pages at the most.

We need your articles, true stories, and your photos. The photos are great (be sure to make them clear), but make the stories as short as you can.

Please send to

**Spartacus**  
P.O. Box 459, Editor  
Orange, CA 92666

.....

# ANOTHER MAN BECOMES A WOMAN AND CHASTISED FOR LIFE

Dear (Slave Piercing) Lee:

Please find photos of me with my enslavement and womanhood now in progress. It all started when I met this wonderful woman. I was interested in her on our first meeting, though at first I had trouble getting her interested in me. It took weeks to get her interest, but that's another story.

One day I broke down and showed her Slave Piercing #9. She read a story or two and noticed the slave on pages 18 and 19 wearing the FL6S Chastity being forced into womanhood. Her eyes opened wide when she noticed the FL6S Permanent Chastity for sale on page 19. I told her that I wanted to become her slave, and I asked if she would like for me to wear the FL6S Chastity. She said that she liked the looks of the Chastity and commented that it would look very nice on my cock.

It took a week or so and we made the agreement that I would become her slave - and I had to get chastized because I was falling in love with her. I agreed to her terms: to be enslaved and chastised to prove myself to her. I ordered the FL6S Chastity within a few short weeks. Now that it had been ordered, the Chastity made her very happy and brought us closer together.

We moved into a bigger apartment together, and soon I found myself wearing pantyhose. Shortly thereafter my underwear was all thrown out, and I was wearing panties with pantyhose. She bought some skirts, which I started wearing, along with pantyhose and heels while around the house. I was then told that my pantyhose were not to come off, except to change them, or to shower.

One day I was wearing some shorts with beige pantyhose, and I found that I had to start "proving" myself to her. She started taking me out of the house dressed this way, so that my pantyhose were no longer hidden by long pants. We went for rides in the car, for walks, and into stores. I felt deeply humiliated and scared to be wearing short shorts and pantyhose in public.

My long pants were thrown away, so that I was forced more and more to wear short shorts and skirts ... around the apartment, into department stores, into the malls, in drug stores, while dining out, and so on.

When I felt that people were too close in stores, I would try to hide my open legs behind my girlfriend - now my mistress. Outside in the sun I would be so afraid of the sun reflecting off my legs ... and everybody looking at me. I was never more scared and humiliated than when I purchased pantyhose and had to stand in line at the checkout counter, waiting for change from the cashier while other people stood in the line behind me. They were watching me ... so dumb about it. I just wanted to run out of the store. My girlfriend was breaking me in and training me, by all means possible.



SLAVE PIERCED JULY 11, 1993, CHASTISED PERMANENTLY FOR LIFE ON AUGUST 21, 1993 INTO THE FL6S CHASTITY

My male clothes were thrown out as they became worn or torn, and replaced by female clothing (some of it unisex). Even my shoes were replaced. My mistress says that henceforth all of my clothes, throughout time to come, will all be female clothes.

The long-awaited FL6S Chastity came in the mail, with a 12-gauge barbell and a 12-gauge needle included. My mistress waited until my work was over, and on Saturday, July 11, 1993 I began my chastisement. I was so proud!

I was told to get a rag and an ice cube. I was told to place the rag on the leather chair and place the ice cube atop the rag. Then I was to rest my cock on the ice (just behind the head of my cock, on the underside) for ten to twelve minutes. After that time I got up and stood before my mistress, turned my head and closed my eyes. For a moment I felt nothing ... then suddenly I screamed in pain!

I begged her to stop, but the needle was already through. As I turned to look I saw that I was bleeding. The pain only lasted for about thirty seconds, and the barbell was put in place by following the needle through.

Approximately five weeks after my piercing and wearing of the barbell, my mistress took my chastity to a jewelry store and had it engraved "PROPERTY OF WANDA 8-21-93". She told me that soon I would be hers ... all hers, and no one else's.

On Saturday, August 21, 1993 I completed my

chastisement. My barbell was removed and the chastity put on. I had to squeeze my cock into it: there was only one inch of diameter to play with. I used petroleum jelly both on me and on the chastity. A string tied to the head of my penis helped guide it through also. Once in, my chastity was lined up with my pierce and the barbell put on and soldered in place. Minutes after this was done I tried to budge the soldered ball of the barbell: it was not coming undone! I was permanently and irrevocably into my FL6S Chastity. For life.

I gave her my manhood; having sex was now shut off for me permanently. Even jerking-off was impossible. After one week my mistress introduced me to crotchless panties. I have to wear them when I wear skirts - and some of my skirts have been shortened to 14 and 15 inches - so she can enjoy the view of my chastisement. She loves it so much!

She is moving forward with my enslavement, and plans to enslave me to the wax! She has ordered FEMNIQUE and MAMMARY PLUS hormone tablets. She plans to keep me on them both for one full year, and thus I will become mere woman than man. She also plans to tattoo the word "SLAVE" on my body ... plus she plans to pierce both my ears.

I have already been out for a drive with my mistress, while wearing a miniskirt. She is breaking me in slowly to womanhood. I love my mistress very much: I gave her my cock, and now I am giving her my body. I would do anything for her, and I'm proving my slavery to her. I am letting her take whatever she wants from me and am obeying her to the wax. Still ... she gives me no definite answer on marriage. I hope she will marry before I become a she-male in total enslavement.

As I have been in this FL6S Chastity I have found it to be so very restricting. It doesn't let me get away with anything. My mistress loves it so much that she is forever taking a glance at it when the chance is there. When I sit, or when my cock tries to sneak out from under my short skirts, she says the right choice was made in ordering it. She says that my cock looks beautiful in the Chastity.

My cock is now useless to women, and I am learning that my days of having sex with women are now gone forever. My cock is now a show-piece for my mistress: it has been chained and pictures taken of it.

As I think back to the time before I met Wanda - reading the stories in *Slave Piercing* and looking at the pictures sent in - I never thought I'd be writing a letter while wearing a skirt. I can honestly say, though that I earned my way to my chastity. In the past I used to cheat on my former girlfriend all the time: I couldn't be trusted with my cock.

As I sit here writing, I look down and see my legs in pantyhose with my cock trying to sneak out from under my short skirt. Who would have thought that my story and pictures would be in *Slave Piercing*? I will keep you updated on the progress of the hormones.

Yours truly,  
W



Dear Madam Publisher:

I just discovered a letter written to you by my "slave j". He claims that it was reviewed and approved by me. NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH. I suppose that it shows that he is not as well-trained as I had thought.

His description of a session with me is pretty correct, but the part about him being punished is wishful thinking. That's his hag, not mine. We did start off with some punishments as training, but now it's all making him feel like a woman as far as I'm concerned - AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS, HOW I FEEL ABOUT IT!

Six months ago I discovered your fine magazine, and started on my own secret program to turn my husband into a complete and total sissy slave. I can't do the whole job now, as he is still employed and has seven years to work before retirement. Correct, he is a 59-year old male who thought he would always be a "macho man". He's now "slave j" and will move from that to "slave jay" and then to "slave miss jane".

I've got him wearing female pasties, a garter belt, and hose under his male suits. He goes to work that way. When he comes home he must strip to the female attire only.

I don't think I want to chastise his cock so that he can't give me a good screwing when I'm in the mood, but I'm still thinking of what I would use for a substitute if I go that far. He's awfully good with his mouth against my vagina, and even gives a fair hand job when I'm in the mood for that. When I want something deep inside, a vibrating dildo does just fine. Perhaps my wanting to have intercourse every now and then is more of something to do for him... I'll have to move away from that.

Perhaps I'll install your FL58 Frenum Penis Chastity and be able to remove it for now, only installing it on a permanent basis when I've convinced myself that I no longer have use for his penis.

I put clips on his nipples to enlarge them, and it works. They get all nice and swollen when they are tender, and then his undershirt rubbing against them assists in that effort. I put a lot of starch in the front of his undershirts so that they are rough against his chest. I haven't started hormone treatment yet, but that's in my plan. For a man he has large tits; I think it's called something like "mamillate". It should not take too long with hormones to get them even larger.

Thanks for your wonderful magazine. And, please don't print the letter that "slave j" got into the mail before I found out about it. But now that I see what he wrote, I can use it as a reason to cut him off from ejaculation, and to further feminize him. Once he retires, seven years and counting, it's going to be all the way for him. When he writes as "slave miss jane" you'll know your fine magazine and products are being put to good use.

Your faithful reader,  
Mistress "D"

P.S.: Yes, I do own "slave j"



**OUR ALL-NEW  
LOCKING  
PENIS  
CHASTITY**

**NOW  
YOU CAN  
CHASTISE  
YOUR  
SLAVE  
FOR AS  
LONG AS  
YOU WANT!!**

**BUT DON'T LOSE  
THE KEY ...  
(IT WOULD BE HELL  
TO EXPLAIN  
TO A LOCKSMITH ...)**

I'VE BEEN

TRANSFORMED!!!

HAVE YOU?





# A REAL LOCKING PENIS CHASTITY!

## A REAL LOCKING PENIS CHASTITY

*This is the item of the new century:*

We cannot really express the sincere pride and enthusiasm that we feel for this product...we've finally come up with the perfect Penis Chastity. AND YES, IT REALLY WORKS!

It works like a handcuff ratchet. Like this:

**First** - Lubricate the penis and the inside of the Chastity shaft.

**Second** - Tie a string around and behind head of penis.

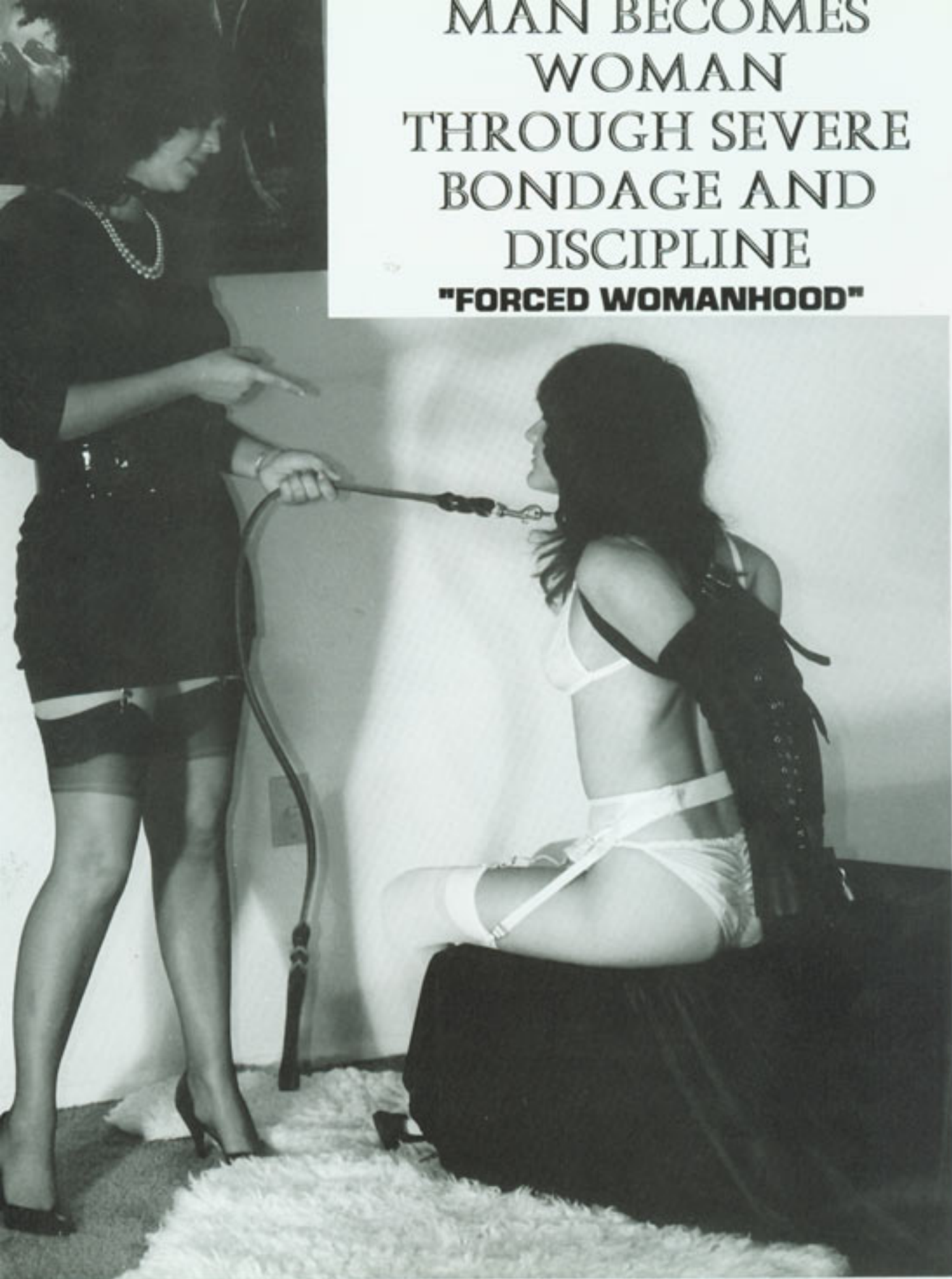
**Third** - Pull penis through the metal shaft. *Important: make certain the metal part of the shaft front comes up right behind the head of the penis. You must do this to avoid cutting off circulation. Pull the excess, flabby part of the penis back out of the shaft. Remember - if you stuff too much excess flab of the penis into the front of the Chastity shaft, it will cut off circulation, and that's something you don't want to do!*

**Fourth** - Close ratchet cuff behind the balls, being certain that neither the balls nor the penis can slip out.

**Fifth** - Don't lose the key or you'll never get out of it! This is a superb, solidly-constructed steel restrainer, and not a plaything.

See more information in later pages!

MAN BECOMES  
WOMAN  
THROUGH SEVERE  
BONDAGE AND  
DISCIPLINE  
**"FORCED WOMANHOOD"**



To the Editor of *Slave Piercing*:

First let me tell you how much we enjoy your two new publications, *Transformation* and *Bizarre "O"*. We purchased *Bizarre "O"* at Tower Records, but they told us that they had already sold out of *Transformation*.

It's nice to finally see high-class magazines such as these being sold on what I guess you'd term the so-called "straight market".

Of course we also like *Slave Piercing* for its content.

But I don't expect to see *Slave Piercing* in your regular store the way I might see *Transformation* and *Bizarre "O"*.

When we received *Transformation* in the mail from you we spent a couple hours reading both magazines over and over again.

It's the first time national magazines have even been published that are jammed with everything that us fetish freaks want.

Now down to business.

I'm enclosing photos of one of my slave's sessions. I've completely transformed my slave into a she-male. We've been reading your magazine for years.



She is made to obey me in every way. We've used your *Feminique* and *Mammary Plus* on a regular basis two times a day for over two years. She now has a very nice "B" cub. I use an armbinder on her/every time she shows bad posture. A lady should be proud and stand tall and straight in heels. I think the armbinder helps to achieve this for a slave being trained to be a lady.

After over two years of training, my SHE-MALE SLAVE can no longer pass in public as a man. In fact, it's really funny to see him try to dress as a man and go out. (Ha, Ha!) His titties stick out, his features are more feminine because of your vitamin hormones, *Feminique* and *Mammary Plus*. He even has nice round hips. He's completely shaved. His own hair is now naturally long. I've pierced his ears. There's no way he can possibly pass as a man anymore - even when he *tries* to be a man!

When he does try and be a man, the results make him realize how much of a slave to me he/she has become. I've kept his penis locked up in your CRB9 cock and ball lock.

commentary said you were coming out with a real locking penis chastity. I'm waiting to order this item from you. Hopefully, you will have it out by your fourteenth issue.

I don't want him locked up permanently yet. Maybe someday - but for now I want something that I can lock on him for as long as I want without having to worry if he can cut it off. Your new one sounds just what I'm looking for!

For all you mistresses who might read this letter - if Lee publishes it - I'd like you to know that having my man turned into a she-male has been a lot of fun. I enjoy the servitude, the oral satisfaction that I can have without having to worry about him being satisfied when I am not. He's now a much nicer person, very subdued, and a lot more loving. I do highly recommend having a she-male lover and slave. It makes life a lot more interesting.

Love to all,  
Dorothy



**FORCED  
WOMANHOOD**  
(continued)

Dear Dorothy:

Thank you for writing us about the fun you're having. We get a lot of similar letters on how fetish games have not only enhanced couples' sex lives, but also that such games help people become alive with anticipation in this humdrum life.

Thank you also for your comments on our two national magazines, *Transformation* and *Bizarre "O"*. What I'm trying to do is get these magazines on the newsstands where *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, etc. are sold, so that there are high-class, quality magazines dealing with both crossdressing and bizarre fetish. I'm trying to educate the public at large that fetish can be fun and that it's not a perverted thing, as people have mistakenly thought in the past.

It's been real hard, trying to convince the ultra-straight, conservative older major distributors in the country that these two magazines can be sold in the straight market, right alongside all the other general-circulation magazines. Up to now any periodicals on the subjects of transvestism and fetish could only be found in adult book stores.

I'm trying very hard to bring these two subjects into the open, so that the world outside will start to understand. And I want to do this with class and quality. I'm not going to tell you how many tens of thousands of dollars I've personally spent trying to promote *Transformation* and *Bizarre "O"* throughout the Western world.

The good news is that we're in a lot of major places now. Regular book stores, Tower Records (as you noted), and many regular newsstands carry our magazines. But we still have a long way to go and a lot of conservative distributors yet to convince that these two magazines will sell even better than *Penthouse* and *Playboy*.

In the places that *Transformation* and *Bizarre "O"* are being sold next to *Penthouse* and *Playboy* - and this is the truth - we have a better selling percentage than they do! This is a record of which I'm very proud.

Please support these two magazines, *Transformation* and *Bizarre "O"*. It will help you, as well as a lot of others, by educating the public that we're not that bad. And that crossdressing and fetish can actually be a lot of fun!

As for our new metal Locking Penis Chastity, I've invented and created hundreds of items over the last 25 years. Considering all of them, I think this is probably my best creation of them all!

Lee

**SPARTACUS**

P.O. Box 459  
Orange, CA 92666



# WIFE DIDN'T REALIZE SHE LIKED HUSBAND BEING A WOMAN UNTIL SHE TRIED THEN - TO HUSBANDS DISMAY, SHE LIKED IT TOO MUCH, AND HE BECAME A SHE-MALE SLAVE

Dear Slave Fering.

My wife (now sister) asked that I write and tell how she changed me into her sweet young thing.

As a teenager I started cross-dressing, wearing my sister's clothes. I was fond of her panties, bras, and baby doll pajamas, even using her Kotex napkins to masturbate.

At the age of eighteen I moved into a place of my own, taking some of my sister's clothes and buying a few of my own. I cross-dressed off and on for a few years, though never in public. Though I dated several women, I never found "Mrs. Right".

Attending trade school in Pittsburgh and working nights at a restaurant, I met a newly-hired girl, Cindy. She was beautiful, with red hair and a nice figure. We hit it off immediately and dated for a few months before I moved in with her. She moved on to a well-paying job as a salesperson in sales and I soon graduated into a job as a draftsman. I proposed, she said "yes", and we set a wedding date.

One night while Cindy was at work, I had the urge to dress in women's clothing. I found the clothes I'd had for a long time, wore them a while, and masturbated before falling asleep.

I woke to Cindy standing over me, asking what I was doing and why the clothes. As I changed into jeans, I told her about wearing my sister's clothes while growing up.

Cindy was in shock, saying that she didn't want to marry some gay who was gay. I insisted that I wasn't, I just had these occasional urges to feel feminine, and I promised that I'd never again wear women's clothes. She had me gather up all my female clothing and give them to her, saying that she would dispose of them.

We were married soon thereafter, and wanted a baby right away. After three months of trying - no luck! I still had those feminine urges now and then, and quietly bought a pair of pink panties, a white underwire bra, pink baby doll pajamas, and Kotex napkins. And I made it a point never to fall asleep after masturbating.

More months of trying, and we were checked by a doctor. Cindy was fine, but my sperm count was too low to bear a child. Further tests showed that I had a strange chromosome type, which explained why I had no hair on my chest, and little on my arms and face. The physician said that eventually my breasts might start enlarging, and I might have trouble getting an erection. Medication, he said, would correct these problems.

We were depressed, and sex wasn't the same after that. Cindy had no drive to have an orgasm.

One day I came home from work. Cindy had been doing some cleaning, and happened to ask if



I'd kept my promise about not wearing women's clothes, and whether I'd tried on any of her clothes. I hated my "No" lie to her, but felt it was better than the truth.

She visited the doctor again, returning with vitamins for me. She said he had assured her that taken twice a day they would help to get my sperm count up. I began taking them faithfully.

Three months later was my birthday. When I came home, Cindy was sitting on the bed smiling. She was wearing pink baby doll pajamas which, I thought, looked like the ones I'd bought secretly previously.

We were going to make love all night long, she said, but I had to open my presents first. The first box had a pair of pink panties, and a white underwire bra. "Like your present?" she asked. "I'm confused," I answered. "Try them on," she directed. "I promised you I wouldn't," I replied uneasily.

"Promises are made to be broken," said Cindy. "Anyway, I didn't buy them, you did. You already broke your promise by lying to me when I asked you a few months ago. That's when I found your present in the attic and yes, these pajamas I have on are yours also."

I burst into tears. She held me a while, saying it was okay - she wasn't going to divorce me, but she really wanted me to try on the bra and panties. I was embarrassed, but I did so. Cindy sized me up searchingly, then commented that I really looked pretty, and should open the other gifts. The next was a pack of sanitary napkins, which she said was in the attic also. Cindy showed me how to wear them inside my panties, then had me open my last present, a new pink and white lacy set of baby doll pajamas with matching panties.

I put them on. She asked if I liked them and I answered "Yes". "You look very pretty," she said. "How do you feel?" "I feel feminine, but a little uneasy," I replied. "It'll pass in time," she answered.

She told me to follow her into the kitchen and have a seat, then put a letter before me, instructing me to read and sign it. It admitted that I'd been a cross-dresser all my life, I'd promised to quit before I married, but broke that promise. Now whenever Cindy asked me to dress like a woman - or anything else - I will do so.

"I don't know if I should sign this," I said, feeling like a trapped animal. She smiled thinly. "You don't have a choice. I videotaped everything that went on in the bedroom a while ago. If you don't sign, the video will be shown to everyone you know." I signed the paper and she took it. "This letter isn't that big of a deal," she said reassuringly. "But I'll have the letter and the tape, just in case."

Cindy then grabbed my hand and pulled me into the bedroom, saying she was really horny because of having her period - and she'd never had sex with another woman. In the heat of lovemaking she asked me to stop, and begin licking her pussy. And to make sure I didn't let anything drip on the sheets. I hesitated, never having licked her pussy while she was in her flow. She reminded me of the letter.

I spent the next few hours with my head between her legs while we both orgasmed again and again. Messy, but nothing dripped on the sheets.

In the next couple weeks Cindy brought me some new panties, nightgowns, bras, and baby doll pajamas. A present about every four days, laid out on the bed when I came home from work.

I began to notice - in response to Cindy's questions - that my bras began feeling tight around my breasts, yet my panties seemed loose. Also, I seemed to be losing weight around my waist and hips, feeling tired and a bit weak. She assured me that she'd ask our doctor about it.

She took me out to buy some new clothes, wearing bra, panties, jeans, and sweatshirt. It was the first time wearing women's underwear out of the house ... and it felt good!

In the lingerie department I picked out a couple pairs of panties, a "nearly B" cup bra. For something other than frilly night clothes, we picked out women's jeans, sweatpants, and a couple of feminine tops. They all fit perfectly ... unlike men's clothing.

Every day afterwards Cindy had my women's clothes picked out for me, and I wore them constantly all the time I was home.

After some weeks, though, I asked if I could skip the "woman thing" for this evening. Cindy disagreed: "If you skip tonight, you'll try to skip more and more. No dice." She paused, with that look I knew so well. "You know, I really like it when you get dressed up. It makes me horny, and our sex life is a lot better," she said. "I like to pretend that I'm being with my sister. I never had one, you know. Now change your clothes."

I walked into the living room in my pink sweatsuit and sat down beside her. "Cindy," I said, "I feel weak. My breasts are getting bigger again, and I'm still losing weight."

"I've got some good news," she answered, changing the subject. "I went to the doctor today. He says I'm pregnant." We were delighted with the news. Still, I asked her if I could stop taking the vitamins. She responded that his word was that I should continue ... the problems I'd been having were only temporary side effects.

The next day she bought me some panties and new, bigger bras. The matter was forgotten for a while.

A couple weeks later we were about to have sex when my dick came out of my panties totally limp. It took Cindy ten minutes to get it up to where we could continue. I was concerned about this and about the continuing side effects, and on the following day she had new vitamins to be taken along with my regular dose. She stated that the doctor had warned her that the change might not be noticeable for a few weeks.

Then Cindy had me change clothes and hop into bed. She had a present for me: a dick-shaped dildo that I could use until I got better. Licking her clit while probing her pussy with the dildo was an interesting sight ...

A couple weeks later Cindy's company transferred her to another state. I was to quit my job, tie up loose ends, and join her. Before she left I was instructed to keep taking my vitamins and keep wearing women's clothes every night.

I found that she had taken all my male underwear, replacing it with white lacy cotton bikini panties and white cotton tank top undershirts. All had lace around the openings and a pretty pink rosebud in the center of the necklines.



When Cindy called a few nights later she asked how her "sweet young thing" was doing, if I liked my new underwear and was wearing it to work. My answers were an enthusiastic "yes!"

After the call I sat there in one of the favorite outfits she'd bought, thinking about the past. I used to wear women's clothes occasionally before I met her, and she was disgusted when she first found out. Yet now she was the one who was most turned on by it. For me it was getting a bit old. Wearing a bra every day except to work was making my breasts bigger, and I was starting to have trouble concealing them at work.

I resolved to tell Cindy that this every-day stuff had to stop. Still, I didn't have any other undies to wear during the day. I continued with the vitamins, but quit wearing the women's clothes in the evenings.

She called the day before I left, telling me that she had a big surprise. She couldn't wait, and to wear my new underwear under my clothes. I, for my part, decided to tell her how I felt.

When I arrived, Cindy greeted me with hugs and kisses, wearing only a transparent bra and

abbreviated panties herself. She'd missed me, she said over and over, then said (with an eager expression) she wanted to see the underwear that I wore. As I undressed I told her that I didn't want to keep on being her fantasy woman. Maybe every now and then, but ...

"Let's start out fresh today," she said. I started to take off my panties and undershirt, but she asked me to wait. She wanted to show me around the new house first.

I was becoming a woman of my own, she said. I needed my own room. She opened the closet to show my new wardrobe of bras, panties, pajamas, pants, shirts, socks, and other clothes. My old clothes had been all given away. Men's garb wasn't needed anymore!

Cindy told me to take off my panties and undershirt, and stand before the full length mirror. We both looked at my reflection, and her voice was soft: "What I see in this mirror is a woman ... one sweet young thing. Look at your breasts. See how firm and round they are, with nice-sized nipples. Look at your shape; you've got an hour-glass figure, and a nice round butt." Her hands

were on me. "This is the shape of a new young woman," she murmured.

Taking tape, she measured me. I was now 36B, 28, 38. She grinned and tweaked my dick. "The only thing that says you're a guy is that little stub between your legs. It doesn't work anyway." The smile became conspiratorial. "As you can see, the 'vitamins' you've been taking for the past six months have done what they were intended to do. They're actually female hormones; everything you've experienced while taking them was supposed to happen."

Cindy turned me to look at her, glorious in her near-nakedness. "You will continue to take the pills until I say otherwise." She was quiet for a moment, running her hand over her bare belly. "When we came back from the doctor that day and I found you couldn't give me a child, I was depressed. I went up to the attic to pass the time straightening things, only to find your bra and panties. You weren't allowed to have them and lied when I asked."

She stood tall and looked me in the eyes. "I decided that since you looked like a man on the outside but were half male and half female on the inside ... I'd give your feminine side a fair chance to be noticed." She unsnapped her bra and tossed it onto the bed, then moved to embrace me. "So I started you on female hormones and decided to let you wear your women's clothes in front of me as a birthday present to you."

Our bodies melded together, and her voice was soft. "I also lied to you, saying I was pregnant, so you'd think the vitamins were working." Our kiss was long and passionate, woman against woman. "It seems to me now that I've lost a husband and gained a beautiful new sister. So this is how our new relationship begins. You'll be a woman from this day forward. Forget about any manly thoughts, because your body is telling and showing me that you really like being a female." Her hands cupped my breasts.

"One more thing," she said throatily, taken with my femininity. "I still have your letter and videotape, but now I want you to sign your new name to the letter."

"I ... I'm in shock," I said. "I don't understand." Cindy stepped back, her nipples standing out like mine in passion.

"When I moved here two weeks ago I told everyone I was single and that my little sister would be moving in with me soon. 'Her name is Tracey,' I told them. Now I want you to sign your new name to the letter."

I looked back into the mirror at my new feminine shape and burst into tears. Cindy laid me on my bed and held me until I stopped crying. When she spoke her voice was firm: "You still need to sign the paper." "I don't want to," I replied.

She went to the other room, returning with a paddle and handcuffs. In a few moments I was handcuffed, spreadeagled face down on the bed. She paddled my bare butt until finally I agreed. She reminded me that if she asked me to do anything, "We can either do it the easy way or the



hard way." From then I knew not to tell her "No."

Telling me it was time to become the woman I was born to be, Cindy bathed me, and had me shave what little there was of my body hair. She dried and powdered me, then had me put on a lacy white pair of panties, a Kotex napkin, lacy white underwire bra, a lacy pink garter belt, and nylons. She led me to my bedroom and taught me how to apply makeup and fingernail polish. I put on one of my new wigs and she helped me pick out a nice dress and matching high heels.

She put me in front of a mirror and we looked at the result. "Doesn't Tracey look pretty," she exclaimed. I was amazed just how good I looked and felt. Cindy gave me lessons on walking, talking, sitting, and behaving like a little lady. She taught me new bathroom skills. I would keep my underarms and legs shaven. I would not stand and pee anymore: from now on I'd sit, like a lady.

It was time to go to bed. As I took off my clothes she told me I must wear a Kotex napkin all hours a day, and change it four or five times daily.

maaged my napkin and put on one of my new baby doll pajamas. She led me into her bedroom, saying I could sleep with her until she said otherwise.

Cindy said she wanted me to make love to her, and pulled out a box of assorted dildos. I picked out one and started licking her pussy and clit, then slid the dildo into her moist pussy, again and again, until she came.

This arrangement continued for two weeks... I was learning fast about becoming a complete woman!

Cindy told me one day she was going out to have some fun. I was to stay home and brush up on my lessons, so that we could one day go out for a night on the town. Feeling uneasy at the prospect - I had never been out of the house as a total woman - I changed into a nightgown and practiced walking in high heels, something that had been difficult. As it got late I climbed into her bed and went to sleep.

I woke to the bedroom door being opened, with some big guy, obviously drunk, standing unsteadily there. From the other room I heard Cindy say to go into the bed and get ready... she'd be back as soon as she finished in the bathroom. He staggered over to the bed, took off his clothes, and flopped into bed beside me. I tried to escape, but he pulled me down and tried to kiss me, playing with my tits while his dick touched my thigh.

I tried again to get away, but his grip was too much. "Cindy," he muttered thickly, "Do you want it as much as I do?" I didn't reply. Terrified, all I wanted to do was get the hell out of there.

The light came on, glaring, and he turned to see who it was. I jumped out of the bed and ran over to Cindy. Tipsily, she told me to go sleep in my bed for the night. I fled then, slamming the door.

For hours, it seemed, I listened to the moans and groans from her bedroom. *Some day that*

*I thought. But I*

*didn't like it.*  
*with Cindy? I twisted in my bed.*  
*a woman's body feels against my feminine body.*  
*Does this make me a lesbian?*

Next morning he was gone. Cindy told me I was to run some errands. After I ate and dressed she handed me a list of things to buy, telling me I was going by myself. I had doubts, but she stressed that it was time to experience life outside as a true woman.

At the drugstore I picked up sanitary napkins, a couple of women's magazines, and some other feminine items. It was strange to be at the counter and have the clerk say, "Will that be all, miss?" On the way home two guys even whistled at me, and I blushed. Yet I felt really good.

Back home, Cindy was amused by my adventure. She said that she was sorry about the previous night, but she needed sex with a man now and then. "You know, she said, "The changes to you and your body are not reversible. You're not going to be a male again. As of now you're ninety-nine percent female; you'll be this way forever."

She handed me two issues of a magazine called "Slave Piercing", and told me to read them cover to cover. When I was finished we would talk again.

I'd never see these magazines before, and I was surprised to see beautiful women with dicks on the covers. In reading the magazines I was amazed how similar the stories were to my own experiences. But I was uneasy. "Cindy, is my next step as a woman to have my dick pierced?" She laughed. "No. It was an option before, but you accepted the change a lot better than I had expected."

She brought out the letter and the videotape, saying that she felt so positive about me that she didn't need these any more. She tore up the letter, but I asked that we keep the videotape.

I said, "When I was growing up I always thought about becoming a woman, but a little part of me liked being a guy, and I never did anything about it. Today I'm thankful that you showed me how to become a full-time woman. I don't regret losing my manhood." I looked ruefully down between my legs. "I just wish I could have this little penis removed so that I can be totally woman."

"You'll get your wish in a few years," said

Cindy. "But I want you to experience being an everyday woman with a slight reminder that you once were a guy. That way you'll excel in your new true identity." She also asked me to write this letter to be published in your magazine.

It's been six months since that day. I've finally finished my life story. It's a long letter, but every word tells of my change into Tracey. I feel really good about the new me, and I can't wait to have my pecker removed.

The woman who writes this letter is now five feet ten inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. My measurements are a busty 36C, 28, 36. I no longer wear a wig, since my hair is naturally curly and shoulder-length. Cindy and I are very happy and enjoy doing things together as sisters. Amusingly, she's a little envious of me because my tits are bigger than hers, but then, isn't that how sisters are?

Thanks for publishing such an interesting magazine, and providing the information that gave Cindy the idea to turn me into the beautiful woman I am today.

Sincerely yours,

Tracey Karr



**ISN'T IT TIME  
FOR YOU  
TO GET  
TRANSFORMED?**



# TRANSFORMED!



Dear Editor,  
Enclosed are some photos  
of my discipline and  
Transformation  
XXX





# **FORCED** WOMANHOOD

**Men  
Transformed  
Into  
Female Slaves**

