

\$15.00

FORCED WOMANHOOD

**MEN TRANSFORMED
INTO
FEMALE SLAVES**

ISSUE #15



**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

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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 places 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, possessed, 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 last 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.

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,

Enclosed are some more photos of me ... as my master keeps me in training to be a full-time woman. I am kept bound until I obey every command. I live mostly as a girl now.

Selena
P.O. Box 5112
Larkspur, CA 94977



EDITOR'S NOTE:
If you would like your address published when you write us, please state so in your letter.

LETTERS FROM READERS (CONT.)

Dear Centurians,

About a year ago my boyfriend and I were talking about our sexual fantasies when he said that he had something he'd like me to look at. He gave me a copy of your *Slave Training* magazine, and asked me to take it home with me. When I got to my apartment, I mixed a drink, stripped off my clothes and lay on the bed, paging through the magazine. My fascination and excitement grew as I realized that Phillip wanted me to enslave him. I put down the magazine, furiously massaging my sopping pussy, and imagined Phillip and myself in a slave session.

The next day, after work, I did some shopping. My first stop was at a lingerie shop where I found a black satin merry widow corset. It wasn't leather, but it did a great job of pushing up and displaying my boobs. It had lacing front and back, so I could really draw in my waist. I already had black stockings, but the boots I had didn't provide the proper look. A shoe store in the mall was having a close-out sale, and I was lucky enough to find a pair in my size that fit my needs. They were black, of course, and rose over my knees to mid-thigh. The spike heels weren't very high, but with the rest of the costume I knew they'd do. Several pet stores supplied various collars and leashes. A riding crop was purchased at a tack store.

Phillip had an immediate erection when he saw me in my domination clothes. I'd applied make-up lavishly to add to my appearance, including a heavy coating of lip gloss. I had Phillip strip and I snapped the leash to his collar. For a starter I had him lick my boots, which he did with great relish. Soon, he was working his way up to my bush and I realized the advantages of having a slave. Periodic strokes with the whip was all he needed to keep him going.

My wardrobe has progressed from that makeshift outfit through purchases I've had Phillip make from your catalogs. I demand a new item every two weeks, and he eagerly complies. My many pairs of boots now have five or six-inch high spiked heels. Four weeks ago I told Phillip that his apprenticeship as a slave was over, and that it was time for him to be marked. On the appointed day I had Phillip put on his studded slave collar along with an open-collar shirt. Underneath his trousers he wore a pair of my black

nylon bikini panties. I had him shave his genital area while I watched before he dressed. With me in my boots, leather skirt and blouse, it was clear to anyone who saw us that I was in charge. The tattoo artist didn't even acknowledge Phillip when we entered his shop, but asked me what he could

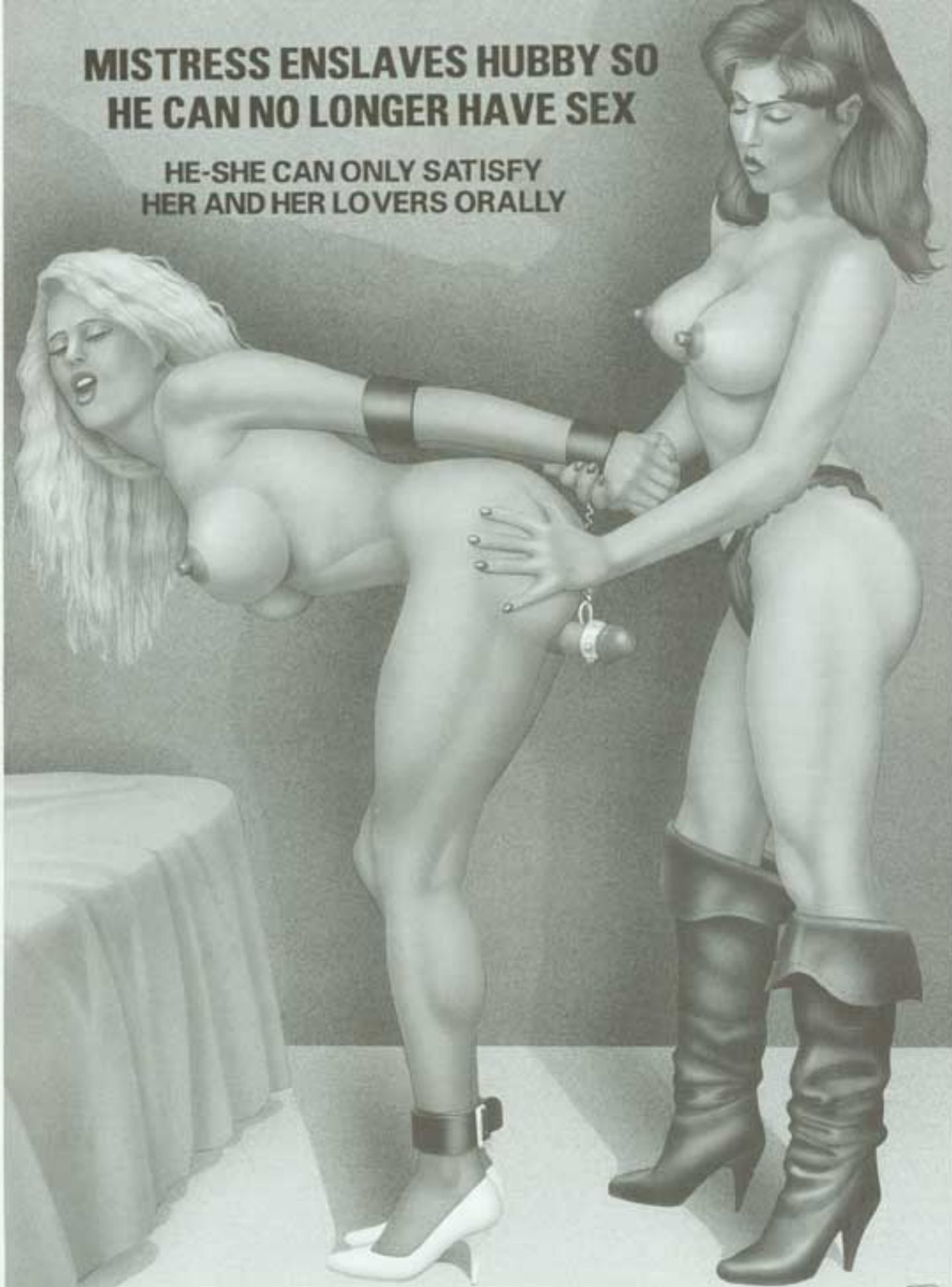
do. When I explained what I wanted, he said it would be no problem. I snapped the leash onto Phillip's slave collar and led him back to the work room. In no time at all **MARY'S TOY** was emblazoned on Phillip's groin.

Very truly yours,
Mary Y.



**MISTRESS ENSLAVES HUBBY SO
HE CAN NO LONGER HAVE SEX**

**HE-SHE CAN ONLY SATISFY
HER AND HER LOVERS ORALLY**



MISTRESS TURNS HUBBY INTO FEMALE WIMP. MAKES HIM SUCK WIFE'S LOVER'S COCK TO GET LOVER EXCITED FOR HERSELF

Dear Transformation,

I am a dominant woman who has enslaved my husband and completely changed him into a woman over the last two years.

Through Dr. Aron he has been taking hormone treatments and yes, three months ago he had a breast augmentation implant.

I keep him bound up for almost an hour every day. As a result he has become very submissive and will do whatever I tell him to do.

This leads me to what I am writing you about. Because he is chastised and can no longer have sex, I now can have sex with whoever I want, as needed. Contrawise, my now-female slave can no longer have sex. He is totally heterosexual ... not gay! Now that he is nearly all female, and since now I have humiliated him by making him give oral sex to my friends before I have sex with them, he is humiliated to the extreme. I tell him that if he is to be a woman, then he has to be forced to endure what other women have to do. If he's a woman ... then act like it and go through the act completely!

In our last experience my husband had to caress my lover's breasts and suck on his nipples until my lover nearly went crazy, then hubby had to go down on his penis. Not only does this humiliate my once-husband, but he now knows what he's missing by becoming a woman. He can no longer have sex, with that tiny, shrunken penis of his. To be honest, it turns me on to see him on his knees sucking my lover's penis. Besides, if I ever catch anything, my she-male slave will also. I feel it serves him right!

Keep up the good work on your magazines, Lee. We love them.

Tina



LETTERS FROM READERS

Dear Lee:

It has been a while since I wrote last. My Mistress continues her domination and subjugation of me in her efforts to completely turn me into her female slave.

She delights in taking pictures of me *en femme* and showing off her handiwork, as evidenced in the enclosed photos. Last week she took me to the local piercer and had my penis pierced for a Prince Albert with a 12-gauge ring... this in addition to the two frenum piercings and the piercing of my nipples, which she did a few years ago.

She has also ordered your new Frenum Chastity device shown in *Forced Womanhood #14*. Once my cock is in the metal shaft, and my frenum rings and Prince Albert ring are in place, my penis will be in for good... and totally useless to me as a male.

My Mistress has yet to have me tattooed to mark me as her personal property, but she has been seriously talking about having a small rose or a pair of red lips tattooed over my pierced left breast, as well as having a frilly heart with an arrow through it and the words "Sissy Slave" inscribed inside it.

Both my Mistress and I are grateful to you and Spartacus for your wonderfully inspiring magazine.

Sincerely,
Christina



Wife Dresses Slave As Slut and Makes Him Pick Up A Man

Dear Lee,

Just a quick note to tell you how much we enjoy your magazine, and to let you know I also have enslaved, chastised, and turned my husband into a real woman.

As he's now chastised and can no longer have sex, I do as I wish. Now that he's a woman I make him do as a woman must do: suck cock.



I humiliate him by keeping him tied down until he promises to do everything I command of him. He is my real slave now, and does nothing without my consent. I figure that now he is a woman, he should be forced to suck men's penises, and be humiliated as we have. I made him suck my boyfriend's penis the other night!

Tonight I'm dressing him up like a sexy slut and making him go out with me to pick up men. I'm going to make sure he sucks a cock tonight!

He's nothing but my slave slut now. Chastised, feminized, and kept in bondage to do as I say.

Tania



Dear Lee:

Very many thanks for recent order. It was fulfilled nicely and, I must confess, came through Canada Customs easily. What a treat... guess I am lucky this time! Since this may not happen again, in the very near future (this week, I suspect!) I will be nesting a post office box somewhere in Bellingham, WA. It is much safer and is guaranteed!

Please find attached an advertisement which I would like to have inserted (is there a pun here?) for \$60 in your next issue of "Slave Piercing and the Feminization of Men".

The publication is excellent (my ad speaks for itself) yet, at the same time, I would like to proffer a few suggestions - but you have lots of these! The photography and drawings are superb, no doubt about it! But not to be overly carping: does anyone ever check the atrocious spelling? Is there no proof-reading done prior to printing? And this runs through your catalogues and promotional literature. An otherwise excellent publication could be losing subscribers. Just a thought.

Also - such as the one free advertisement from Susan (to whom I've written) could be of inestimable benefit to you via a charge for private subscribers. Direct contact would be facilitated since, as you state Lee, there are many of us out here who are unknown. In this context too, perhaps a referral list to professionals, i.e., electrolysis, surgery, piercing, studios for makeover - these could be listed for the immediate geographical area or further afield. I myself am more than prepared to travel to achieve she-male status and be feminized.

In appreciation of your efforts on our behalf.

Sincerely,
Oliver

Dear Oliver,

Thanks for your praise, and your critique. We like the one and we appreciate the other. You've got some good ideas, and I will see what we can do, given our limited staff. One of your suggestions has already been implemented, though... we have hired a nationally-published author to take care of much editing and proof-reading here at Spartacus.

Best regards,
Lee

SUBMISSIVE WTS, 5'6", 135 lbs, loves to orally and anally satisfy men and women.

WANTS TO SUBMIT to someone who'll fully dominate and completely feminize me. Age, race, and sex unimportant.

I'LL BE FULLY DEVOTED to whomever is sincerely interested. If you wish me to submit, to be pierced, chemically, surgically or mechanically to be sterilized/chastized and to truly be feminine.

PLEASE WRITE: be succinct and explicit - I'll answer all. Photo and phone number will get quickest response.

Yours submissively,

Denise Jameson

Denise Jameson
Box 737
Maywood, NJ 07607

WANTED: DOMINANT MISTRESS TO FEMINIZE ME!

Having seen my first issue of SLAVE PIERCING, #13, the whole of my life is revolutionized. Simply expressed, I now realize what I am and SHOULD BE. Prior to this revelation, my gender and sexuality have been both a mystery and total disaster.

I have arrived and my NEEDS must be met. As Lee stated in his editorial, "Some men need to be pushed". But we also require insight. This I now have, and respectfully submit my application for sisterhood. I have started on hormones - I need more advice - and breasts are developing. I have a little schoolboy's penis, so should be easy to reduce to near-nothing. Unfortunately my balls are very large; the testosterone they produce is counter-productive to my feminization. (Perhaps my mistress would need to consider controlling my ego plus masculinity with mind and body drugs?) Failing this, I can only suggest castration ... an extreme, some might say, but **ESSENTIAL FOR ME!**

This is a serious business, and I ask all my well-wishers to treat it so! PLEASE - no idle triflers, I beg of you! Render me docile. Would love to be a slave to a coven of lesbians - or even totally transformed into this sisterhood. I can travel and stay for an extended period, permanently, if my Mistress so ordains. There are no limits other than reaching our respective goals as quickly as possible. Mistress: Please write to long-time address below. In total and absolute submission.

Oliver S. Benedict, 606 - 1772 Comox Street
Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V6G 1P8



MAN BECOMES SLAVE TO THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE ... HIS WIFE!

Dear Lee:

My Mistress has given me permission to write you and share with you and your readers the marvelous life I now lead as a feminized slave. As I sit here at the computer, I frequently stop and run my hands over the delicious curves of my body. It gives me chills to realize how happy I am with my new life! I can't thank you enough for giving my wife and I the encouragement to change from a normal husband and wife to a Mistress and She-Male Slave.

I have been a cross-dresser for as long as I can remember, but always in private and in secret until I started reading your publications about eight years ago - and realized I wasn't a freak. I started showing some of your articles to my wife and explained to her how I felt. Much to my surprise she not only wasn't shocked, but was excited and turned-on by the idea. We started dressing me on weekends and had the best-ever sex with myself being in drag.

We also started experimenting with bondage, and our sex life was better than it had been in thirty years. (And yes, it had always been good!) About six months ago I retired, and since my wife is still working I offered to take over all the household chores. She immediately agreed, and added that since I was going to become a full-time housewife I would also have to agree to become a full-time woman.

It took me about a tenth of a second to agree - and so began my new life. I have dreamed all my life of dressing as a woman, but it hasn't turned out quite the way I planned. I hadn't considered becoming a slave, yet now I realize that I want to be a real woman and make lesbian love to the love of my life ... my wife, who has become my Mistress.

Yet I also dream constantly of what it must feel like to have a man take me and drive his hard cock into the eager, wet pussy I yearn to have. I guess that makes me a bisexual transsexual.

Let me see if I can give you some idea of the life I now live, and the way we have gone about my feminization. At the moment I am wearing a skin-tight blue turtle-neck and a lovely blue pleated skirt. My feet are encased in five-inch high-heeled pumps. My hair is freshly permed and colored; my makeup is perfect, including long false lashes. My long red nails occasionally hit the wrong key, but I am getting used to them.

I am 6'1" tall and weigh about 180 pounds, so there is no way I would ever pass as anything but a large, mature woman ... so that is the way we went with my development.

We both think the result is great. My measurements are a 49-inch bust, 38-inch waist, and 52-inch hips. As I run my hands over my large, soft breasts, down my absolutely flat belly and over the sexy swell of my hips the only sign I feel of chastisement is the small padlock at the bottom of my corset.

My manhood is gone until my Mistress releases it, as she does only twice a week. My Mistress enjoys making love to my cock



and allows me that release once a week - strictly on her terms - so we have not been able to use female hormones or permanent chastisement. We had to come up with another way to change me into a woman.

Under my clothing is an elaborate and almost completely rigid foundation that encases me twenty-four hours a day, six days a week. To begin my transformation my Mistress straps me to a steel frame over the bathtub and gives me a two-quart enema to clean me out and allow me to go three days without need for a bowel movement. She then bathes me while I am still strapped to the frame, as I am not allowed to touch any part of the man's body that lives within the new feminine me.

After she releases me she puts an athletic supporter on me with a hole in it for my cock to protrude. Next she glues an external catheter to my cock and attaches a short tube, with a valve at the end, to the catheter. This takes care of toilet needs for the next three days - until my next enema and bathing.

Now come the more severe garments. First are compression shorts that come almost to my knees. (We formerly tried a panty girdle, but the other layers of cloth slid around on it too much). These have a small hole in the crotch - as do all layers to come - for the tube from the catheter to go through, as my cock is pulled back between my legs. Over the shorts goes a baseball player's sliding corset. This is similar to a panty girdle, except that it has foam pads sewn down the sides and over the butt. Again, this comes almost down to the knees. It is several sizes too large, allowing space for the foam pads that go inside to really shape out my lower body. The pads are made from a high-density foam that doesn't compress down to nothing, but maintains shape.

She works two of them over my hips and thighs, two over my buttocks, and one down over my groin to flatten out my belly and remove any sign of my forgotten manhood. Over all this goes a pair of extra-firm support pantyhose and



then a pair of firm control briefs. At this point, from the waist down I look like a slightly overweight woman - and I'm certainly feeling quite a bit of pressure down there!

My Mistress says that to appreciate what women have gone through in the past I must endure the confinement and control of a real corset. My corset - actually there are two of them - consists of an extra-heavy all-in-one corset made of double layers of rigid fabric with very heavy boning that we found at your Fantasy Lingerie Shop in Fountain Valley. Once into this very heavy and rigid corset she adds what I feel are the best part of the new me, my breasts. My 42 DD "Nearly Me" silicone breast prostheses feel absolutely real, and when she slips them into the cups of my corset my transformation is complete.

Finally she wraps an even heavier front-lace corset (also from Fantasy Lingerie) around me, fastens all the hooks, attaches the garters to my stockings, pulls the laces as tight as she can, and puts a small padlock through the fastening of my corset, locking me into this rigid female body until she releases me.

The final front-lace corset comes almost halfway to my knees, so walking is difficult ... but my Mistress says it's necessary to remind me to keep my knees together when I sit. The pressure on my body is unbelievable, and I can barely sit ... much less bend over.

How do I feel inside this prison of fabric, steel, elastic, and foam? Great! I feel as if I am being hugged all over, and with the foam pads covering most of my body the corset doesn't dig in or bind anywhere. I feel like the man I used to be has been consumed by the woman I have become ... and is confined inside this warm, female-shaped cocoon.

As I run my hands over my body I feel a woman. But that woman can't feel my hands, which reminds me that I still can't have my greatest wish - to be a REAL woman and feel my lover's hands caress my sensual form while his large, throbbing cock thrusts deep into my

trembling body. My Mistress tells me that this is my punishment for having been born a man, but she has an even more effective way of punishing me that I'll tell you about shortly.

As I said earlier, she releases me every three days for an enema and bathing, and I spend six days a week as a woman. What happened to the seventh day?

Let me tell you about my schedule and real punishment. Saturday evening is the only time I am allowed any sexual gratification ... if it can be called that. After releasing me from my female shell my Mistress straps me to the tub frame for my enema and bath.

She then puts a full-length, back-laced leather corset and leather punishment helmet with a pump gag on me - from Fantasy Lingerie again - and straps me down on our bed. Only my cock is exposed, and it immediately comes to rigid attention because I know what is coming. Once I am strapped down and completely unable to move, see, hear, talk, or feel anything but my cock, my Mistress mounts me and takes her pleasure.

My Mistress says that only she derives pleasure from this because she is in complete control, and my cock is only her plaything - nothing more than a very effective dildo. Maybe what I feel isn't pleasure, but it's the only substitute I have. After she is satisfied, she immediately returns me to my female cocoon, and I remain in it until Tuesday night when my punishment begins.

My punishment is usually not physically severe, but just about destroys me emotionally. She unlocks and removes the female me and instead of strapping me down over the tub for the enema and bath routine, she straps me spread-eagled on the bed - naked except for my high heels. She leaves me there all night Tuesday and all day Wednesday while she is at work.

There is a full-length mirror on the ceiling directly over the bed, and she

leaves the light on all night. I lay there for twenty-four hours looking at my beautiful hair and my woman's face in full makeup, but between that face and the trim women's shoes on my feet is an ugly man's body that I no longer want but can't get rid of, and can't even touch. Since I have not had my enema since Saturday evening my bowels are full, and I am usually in agony until she empties me.

When she returns on Wednesday evening she takes me to the tub, performs the usual routine, and returns me to my female self. If I have soiled the bed she whips me before returning my female body, and puts a lock on my catheter valve. I am not allowed to ask to relieve myself, so I must rely on her remembering to unlock me occasionally. Her memory doesn't seem to be very good, so I must be very careful not to drink too much.

I must wear the catheter lock until the following Tuesday when I am again reminded that inside this beautiful woman is a lowly man. If my Mistress desires sexual pleasure during the rest of the week I must service her orally or she may strap a large dildo on me and, as she says, I must pretend that I am a man. Needless to say, this does nothing to satisfy my needs, and only heightens my desire to have a cock driving in and out of my non-existent but vividly-imagined vagina.

Thank you, Lee. Your publications are largely responsible for my becoming the almost-woman that has made my life so wonderful. It's Tuesday now, so I have almost a week before I have to look at that man's body hiding inside of me. Maybe if my Mistress continues to read your publications she will tire of my cock and allow me to have the hormone treatments and surgery that will bring my ultimate dream true.

Your Sister
Ginny

WANTS TO START A FEMALE-DOMINATED SOCIETY: F.E.M. - FEMALES ENSLAVING MALES

Dear Lee:

Thank you for answering my letter of inquiry regarding *Slave Piercing* magazine. I have been reading and collecting your fine publication for years, although I discovered it too late to get the first four issues. If I recall correctly, in an earlier issue you wrote that the first magazines published were no longer available. That was disappointing, because I'd love to have the full set. In any case, *Slave Piercing* has become our "bible" of Female Domination.

My wife, Mistress Dee, is a firm believer in chastity for male slaves. Your devices are the epitome of simplicity, yet they are most effective. The Mistress can decide what degree of chastity she wants her male slave to suffer for her pleasure. Some Mistresses desire their male slave to wear a device that allows for an erection, but gets too tight to allow for ejaculation. The slave is then available to please his Mistress as long and as often as she prefers, but he will never have an orgasm.

It's most frustrating for the slave, but his role in life is to please his mistress and bring her the most intense climaxes possible. The chastity device must be cut off for the slave to have an orgasm, though the Mistress rarely does this. It's waste of money to cut a perfectly good chastity device, and once the slave has a climax he is no good sexually to his Mistress for varying degrees of time. Besides, it's good training for a male slave to abstain from cuming and learn to suffer for his Mistress. Some Mistresses allow no erection whatsoever, but Mistress Dee prefers her "human dildo".

How do I know all this? Mistress Dee and I had been looking for a practical male chastity device for years. It had to be one which could be worn all the time without being obvious ... and we both do a lot of swimming! Those showers after swimming could be quite embarrassing if some huge device were worn for all to see. Our device also had to be waterproof, obviously. The answer turned out to be simple. All this was before we discovered *Slave Piercing* magazine, by the way.

I saw a display of sterling silver hoop earrings on sale ... the kind where one end fits into the opening of the other. There was a set of different diameters, which I purchased. The trick was to find the right size to fit around my penis so that it wouldn't slip off, but was tight enough to allow for erection. It took some experimentation, but when we found the correct diameter my Mistress put it on me and crimped the open end closed with a pair of needle-nosed pliers. Now

the ring could not be removed without cutting it. I could get real hard when Mistress Dee teased me ... but I could not cum!

At first Mistress trained me gradually to get used to only pleasing her and not getting any relief for myself. A week seemed like an eternity, with my being constantly frustrated and Mistress being constantly satisfied. That was about five years ago, and now I commonly go for three or four months with no ejaculation.

It is possible to have a wet dream, but the cum merely dribbles out, since it can't shoot with the tight chastity device on. Mistress Dee insists I tell her after every wet dream, so that she can punish me for having an unauthorized climax. It doesn't matter that I can't help it!

I have a wet dream about once a month, and when the time is getting close my Mistress will make me wear rubber panties to keep from wetting the bed with my semen. I must lick the rubber panties clean the next morning after a wet dream. On those rare occasions when Mistress Dee allows me a cum (special times like Christmas or my birthday), she watches as I jack off into a rubber. When the end of the rubber is full of cum she will peel it off me and then tip it up over my open mouth. I must drink all the sperm that runs out of the rubber. Mistress finds this very appropriate, because since I made the mess I must clean it up!

Because we've put our address into listings within a couple of adult magazines, we have made many friends who share Mistress Dee's philosophy of male slave chastity. After meeting with people for years, writing to them, and having parties, we decided to form a club. The purpose of the club is to promote Female Domination. There are many horny male slaves present at parties, which makes it wonderful for the Mistresses. Teasing is always fun when a male has been denied release for months at a time. Sometimes it's almost necessary to put rubber panties or a condom on a slave just to keep the pent-up pre-cum from messing the floor!

The name of the club is "F.E.M.", which stands for "Females Enslaving Males". In *Slave Piercing #12* you published some names of writers; we have contacted most of them. It was such a relief to know that those who write to your superb magazine are real people who are really into the scene! I'm sure most readers of adult magazines assume the stories and letters are concocted just to increase interest. Not so with *Slave Piercing*!

We have made some good friends, but are

writing directly to Mistresses and slaves whose addresses appeared along with their letters. One Mistress told us she received mail from as far away as Sao Paulo, Brazil and Amsterdam, Holland. Please feel free to publish our address, as we would love to meet more Mistresses and slaves who believe in your philosophy of male slavery and chastity.

Our ultimate dream would be to start a Female-dominated society on an island or in some remote place and live our beliefs full-time. One of our local Mistresses in the Houston area has a male slave who owns most of an island near Tahiti. It's not developed yet, so it would be a hardship for the Mistresses to live there. Surely, somewhere there is a developed island or resort where male slaves can live to serve Women. A Female-dominated society would be peaceful, serene, and as close to paradise as we'll ever get on this earth.

Our address is: Dee & Gene Smith, P.O. Box 631, Friendswood, TX 77546. We only want to hear from those people who truly believe in the superiority of Females. Perhaps some day soon our island will be a reality, but in the meantime we will live our philosophy of Female Domination as close to a total lifestyle as possible.

Gene





**ENSLAVEMENT
OF MEN
INTO WOMEN**

WIFE HAS CHASTISED, UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND SUCK LOVERS COCK TO GET IT HARD FOR HER

Dear Slave Training,

I last wrote to you how I had made my unfaithful husband into a feminized wimp and slave. Now I'm writing to tell you how I'm getting even with him. I now have a full-time lover who I finally told about my husband now being my slave.

Around ten o'clock each night, after our children are in bed, I have been meeting my lover at his house for a few hours a night. I usually tie my slave up before I leave, parading in front of him nude. I love to dress slowly in front of him while he's bound, slowly putting on an assortment of full corsets, stockings and so on. I now have a full wardrobe of the prettiest lingerie I've ever had.

When I get home around 2:00 A.M., I then undress in front of my bound slave and tell him of my wonderful sex life. Sometimes I force him to suck my lover's cum out of my pussy.

The other night after I finally told my lover of my slave, we both decided to let him be a slave to both of us for a night. I brought him to my lover's house dressed very feminine. When we arrived, I put a discipline helmet on him, and while his hands were still tied behind, put him into an arm-binder.

I led him into the bedroom and tied him kneeling on the floor to watch us making out on the bed. I invited my lover to go get a blow job from my slave. He went over to my kneeling slave and forced his cock into the mouth opening of the helmet into my slave's mouth. As I watched this, I got even more turned on. After about 5 minutes of making my slave suck his cock my lover was as hard as a rock and as big as I'd ever seen. He came over to me and caressed and rubbed my pussy as I came, then thrust his big cock into me and we both moaned and carried on in one of the most enjoyable sessions I've ever had as my unfaithful husband and slave was forced to watch.



MAN FROM ITALY WANTS TO BECOME A FULL FEMALE SLAVE TO A REAL MISTRESS

Dear Lee,

Yesterday I finally received Issue #13 of *Slave Piercing* - I found it quite interesting to read the cover story written by Mistress Donna ... it is similar to the story written on pages 19 and 20 of Issue #8, recall. I'm envious, seeing this beautiful blonde's two TV slaves totally transformed and forced to live as women in a state of absolute feminized passivity.

I've enclosed some photos of myself as a transvestite, and permission to use them.

I want to write to you about myself as a male and a TV. I like receiving letters from readers and especially from dominant women who might be interested in exchanging mail with a beginner, and to exchange ideas concerning men into women, including dominants' and submissives' viewpoints.

I'm bisexual and unmarried, 36 years old, and live in North Italy. As a male I'm quite masculine, passionate, romantic, and strongly protective of others. Since I was 18 I've had a platonic relationship with "Lucy", a beautiful blonde young man



Very feminine and ultra-passive by nature, he lives in a state of irreversible feminine passivity.

I greatly enjoy treating him as a woman, to lick his whole body, to put my tongue into his mouth, to suck on his neck. Also I enjoy kissing and licking his ultra-sensitive asshole, and to see his atrophied penis, and I continue until he orgasms.

I love Lucy very much, though I am unable to satisfy him directly. I've never been able to get a real erection - it's genetic, I guess. I'm sexually impotent, with constant physical pain and a sense of inferiority that's made me a masochist ... until I finally became resigned to being totally useless as a male.

Often Lucy makes sexual love with other males. I have to admit that he's a real whore ... sometimes working as a streetwalker to earn a living. It makes me jealous, humiliated, and stressed, though as time has passed I've learned to suffer in complete silence. A masochist? Yes.

For the last 14 years I've been a part-time transvestite. I love to force myself into a state of absolute passivity, to live degrading experiences until feminine reactions occur within me. From age 17 until 23 years I was primarily gay, and was a male prostitute. I had feminized reactions to all of this "being used", constantly feeling humiliated and degraded.

Lucy's love provoked more masochistic tendencies. I wanted to be introduced into the world of domination, though by women. After some advertisements I finally found the first Mistress of my (slave) life.

Barbara is a beautiful gay woman with an active, aggressive character. She lives in Mailand with her girlfriend Sandra. Technically Barbara is the male and Sandra the female.

For six months I lived every weekend at Barbara's house as a transvestite slave. As time passed I was trained by them into a real S&M relationship, until it developed my masochistic pleasures and the irreversible need to live as a TV slave.

First of all, Mistress Barbara trained me psychologically concerning women's superiority over men, until I was totally convinced of my masculine inferiority and uselessness. Also, she changed my male name "Claudio" into the feminine "Claudia".

I was trained to be the perfect worshipper of female bodies. I was forced to lick and suck - without excitement - her body from head to toe, to eat her pussy until she reached an orgasm. Also I was trained to lick and suck Mistress's things regardless of taste or smell, such as her shoes, boots, dirty stockings, pants, and other female-



clothes.

She trained me with punitive enemas, and whenever I was bad she spanked me or whipped my ass. As time passed, I learned the pain of the riding crop, and became available for further degradations and punishment.

Mistress Barbara butt-fucked me with massive rubber dildoes, and also applied big butt-plugs. Dilation after dilation took place. She took great delight in fist-fucking me in front of Sandra, and as a grand finale she would piss in my mouth and on my face.

After Mistress Barbara I had another S&M relationship with Mistress Anna, who lived in Verona - the city of Romeo and Juliet. For twelve full months I lived every weekend in Anna's house and in her lakeside villa.

First she trained me to be a perfect TV maid,

earing a real maid uniform, and calling me "slave" or "pansy". After two weekends she pierced my nipples with golden rings, as a sign of her ownership. My training was long, with severe discipline and hard corporal punishment.

Often Mistress Anna organized sex orgies at her lakeside villa ... as a fund-raiser. She invited ten to twelve each of men and women. I was totally transformed and dressed as a whore; Mistress Anna used me as a TV maid to serve drinks. As the party went on I was forced into an exhibitionist strip-tease and being a real toy of derision.

As the beginner at the sex-orgy, I was forced into prostitution on the spot ... and I don't think I can describe the awful degradation I endured. I sucked the cocks of the men and was consecutively fucked in my asshole by everyone there. The women used me as a pussy and asshole licker until I received orgasms and urinations on my face and on my body.

Totally stinking of piss and sperm, I still did not resist. Without Mistress Anna's word or whip, I licked her patent leather boots feeling a real sense of submission and adoration.

As the night passed and the sex-party ended, Mistress Anna forced me to wear a chastity belt with a butt-plug inside my asshole. I was totally bound in leather, and fitted with a discipline hel-



met with a penis gag into my mouth.

After a few minutes I saw her return (the eye-holes in the helmet had been left open), her body totally sheathed in black leather clothes. I could see the riding crop in her hand. She whipped me on my ass, thighs, and breast until I was mad with the pain and until she reached an orgasm.

This wonderful S&M relationship with Mistress Anna began in 1985 and finished just this year. After it was over I spent 20 days vacationing in Holland. There I visited the famous "Club Doma" in the Hague, and also the "Massad Schop" in Rotterdam. Here I acquired my first leather and rubber clothes.

Beginning in 1985 I started exchanging mail with other S&M-oriented pen-pals, and learned to read and write in English, German, French, and Spanish. As time has passed, I've often traveled to Switzerland and Germany to buy other leather and rubber clothes, as well as further equipment for bondage and discipline. Travel isn't a problem for me, as I live 150 kilometers from Switzerland and 200 kilometers from Germany.

At present I have a large, well-equipped wardrobe of feminine outfits. Included are leather/rubber/vinyl, various boots, shoes, wigs, accessories for makeup, jackets, skirts, miniskirts, tube skirts, really restrictive leather corsets, chastity belts, and so on. I also own a good wardrobe for bondage and discipline, such as discipline helmets, single-glove binders, riding crops, canes, whips, butt-plugs, etc., etc. Naturally, I own rubber clothes, so I can totally cover myself from head to toe.

Ever since I can recall I've been an irreversibly fascinated leather/rubber fetishist. I've always been really fascinated with SM psychology, and particularly about the psychophysical transformation of men into women.

Two years ago I spent a good bit of money on the "Complete Feminisation Programme" of the Albany Clinic from England, and I received various pills and creams for treatments. These included hormonal cream for retarding beard growth, estrogen breast development, hormone body hair retardant, hair regrowth, feminine contour, hair inhibitor, penis reducer, nipple enlarger, muscle reducer, hormone surge, and so on.

At the present I don't use this feminization treatment, since first of all I need to be psychophysically enslaved by a new Mistress and consequently forced into complete transformation of myself.

I want to find a new Mistress for six or twelve months of S&M relationship. I've made various advertisements in Europe and the USA to this effect. I've written to German magazines such as *Club Caprice*, *Transforma*, or *Transaktuell*, Dutch magazines such as *SMB&S*, *Horig*, *Massad & Doma*, and English magazines like *FemDom*, *Rubberist*, *Transformation*, and the Belgian magazines *Secret* and *Contacts International*.

I want to find a real Mistress for myself and live together with her for the rest of my life as her TV slave. I don't, however, want simply a dominant



woman ... I especially need to be totally enslaved by a real Mistress. My ideal would be a blonde Mistress with blue eyes, but these physical features are not important for one who would be the Mistress of my dreams.

As a Goddess of mine, She must be willing to have a permanent relationship, to enjoy experiencing many different fetishes, and also be an avid lesbian. I search for an intelligent Mistress with an open mind, a strong personality, someone who is really perverse in any sense, but also experienced in different psychological complexions of domination/submission psychophysical therapy. My only limit is that it doesn't endanger my health.

I'm willing to begin psychophysical transformation into a real sissy in a state of absolute passivity and forced to live as a woman for the rest of my life. I hope in the near future to begin exchanging mail with *Slave Piercing* readers. For this my mailbox is always open!

Sincerely,
Claudina

ROSAPINA INTERNATIONAL
P.O. BOX G.D.C.L.
24020 ROVETTA-BG-ITALY





Attention *Slave Piercing*:

I am a Black Stud who has taken a white boy and turned him into my beautiful white slave girl. I have been making him take shots of female hormones for the last two years to feminize her, and now she is well-proportioned everywhere, including her breasts. She loves me and I love her. *Slave Piercing* has made us very happy ...we've been subscribers for over three years.

Regards J.C.

Dear *Slave Piercing*:

Please find enclosed a renewal of my subscription for the next four issues. We don't want to take any chance of missing a single issue. Along with my subscription is a photo of my ex-husband, who still wants to be with me. I've told him that he could be with me only if he would go through with a complete transformation and be my slave. I told him I needed other men because I was no longer attracted to him sexually. For the last year and a half he has been taking hormones, and by now he/she looks very feminine.

Along with the hormones I make him take is Aldactone, which is a prescription that takes all the male hormones out of the male body so that the Premarin and Provera can have a much better effect. Additionally, I make him take your Mammary Plus and Etrollan. You can see by the photo what this combination has done for him/her.

He/she can no longer have an erection. I was told the Aldactone, if continued for a year, would make him impotent for the rest of his/her life. I now have everything that I need ... a beautiful lesbian slave who will satisfy me orally. And when I want I can have any lover that I want!

My slave used to be a tough Navy man ... now he's just a wimp female slave.

Love
Kara



WOMAN FEELS THAT MEN BECOME VERY DOCILE WHEN YOU CHASTISE THEM

Dear *Slave Piercing Magazine*:

First a compliment: Your magazine is great. It is nice to know that other women have come to realize their rightful place in the world. It is also obvious from all the letters why women are superior and how we can control men by controlling their erections.

Now a criticism: Your chastity devices are not very substantial. I doubt that a slave wearing one even feels it unless he begins to get an erection. I think the presence of such a device should be constantly felt by the slave. This reminds him at all times that he is the property of his owner.

My suggestion: Let me start by telling you a little about me. I have been involved in the S/M scene for ten years. My ex-husband introduced me to the S/M world but he did not truly believe in the superiority of women, so I divorced him. After a number of years of seeing various slaves, I met the worm who is now my slave and husband. He was the first to show me a copy of your magazine, and he admitted that he wanted me to turn him into a woman. I thought this was a great idea, and loved the thought of being able to keep his dick soft at all times.

I have a lover who owns several businesses ... Some time ago I was talking with him about my slave, and about ways to control his puny manhood. My lover came up with the concept for the device my slave now wears. It is a stainless-steel cylinder measuring 1.5 inches long with an outside diameter of two inches and an inside diameter of one inch. It is made in two halves which bolt together, and weighs nearly a pound. My lover arranged to have it made in a machine shop he owns.

We made a ceremony of putting it on my slave. He was instructed to prepare a wonderful dinner for two and expect to help my lover and me enjoy a romantic night of lovemaking. This was a regular command, so he was not surprised. After dinner that night, as my slave served us drinks, I informed him that I had a special surprise. I explained that my ownership and control of his body would now take another step.

My lover produced the chastity device from his pocket and I explained to my slave how his cock would be placed into it. As his reward, my slave was allowed to masturbate to orgasm before being locked up. I rarely had allowed him to do so during our married

life, and he was thrilled!

I instructed him to kneel at our feet and play with himself. I put a large piece of paper on the floor and told him that every bit of his cum had to land on the paper. As always, he came in seconds. (one of the reasons that I stopped fucking him was that he always came too fast.) As we observed this, I commented to my lover that one of the things I enjoyed about him was his ability to last. For his part, my lover was shocked how quickly my slave came.

The slave apologized for doing so, but I told him that it was okay. I then told him that this might be the very last time he would be allowed to have an orgasm. As a memento of the occasion, I told him he would be allowed to hang the cum-soaked paper on the wall in his room when it dried.

My lover then opened the chastity device and I placed it on my slave's now-soft dick. The two halves closed, forming a tube that squeezes the penis much like your devices do. There is no way for my slave to experience an erection. While my device is not designed to be permanent, my lover was ingenious enough to use screws of a special design which prevent them from being loosened by ordinary means. I doubt my slave would even be clever enough to buy the special screwdriver needed to remove the screws anyway.

With my device on, my slave is constantly aware of it. The pound of steel is always pulling on him, so he is always conscious that it is there. I like the look of it and love to make him jump up and down naked with it on. As the weight leaps up and down with him, it repetitiously smacks his balls. I have had him jump until he is exhausted ... his balls always end up black and blue and very sore. For me, it is a beautiful sight!

My slave has worn his chastity device for over a year now, though I have taken it off once as his birthday present. He was allowed to masturbate again, and make more art for his room - then we locked him up again. I don't think I'll take it off again until it is time to have his filthy cock and balls removed.

This is how we live our lives, and it is your



magazine we have to thank. I hope every woman reading this letter - should you choose to publish it (and please feel free to do so) - will think about how much control they can have on their slaves by keeping a slave's sexuality in check. Never in all my experience have I seen a more docile and willing slave than the one I now own. And why? Because I have permanent and complete control of if, and when, he has an erection and an orgasm. It is wonderful!

So, how about producing a line of devices with more substance? My concept is simple and my lover tells me that these would be easy to make. I think every woman should have the chance to buy one. I hope to see something like it in your magazines in the future.

Sincerely,
Mistress Susan

Dear Mistress Susan:

We have the Male Locking Penis Chastity. It really works, and won't come off without the key. See our ad in this issue, and also note artwork.

**NOW YOU CAN
CHASTISE YOUR
SLAVE'S PENIS**

**AND BE ABLE TO
CONTROL HIM
WITH OUR NEW
PENIS CHASTITY.**

**WORKS SIMILAR TO
A HANDCUFF.**

**LOCKS ON BEHIND BALLS
AND PENIS.**

WON'T COME OFF WITHOUT A KEY

SEE PAGE 41



CHEATING HUSBAND GETS

"MY GOAL WAS TO HUMILIATE HIM SO BADLY THAT HE WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME"

Dear Forced Womanhood,

Over the past four years I have completely turned my husband into a woman. Unlike the others that have written to you in the past, however, I didn't allow my spouse to quit his job.

Throughout his transformation he had to let everyone see what he was going through. Although he has long since gotten used to being seen as a woman by people whom he knows, occasionally he will still break down and cry about it. I

have no sympathy for him at all.

The reason I did this to him was because I caught him cheating on me with a girl who was only fourteen years old. A few pictures of them in a variety of compromising positions were enough to convince him that any punishment that I would give him wouldn't be as potentially bad as jail time. He was wrong - it was worse!

I was able to convince our family doctor to write the prescription for the female hormones, and would delight in watching

my unsuspecting hubby take one every morning. It didn't take long for the pills to take effect, and I was able to really start his changeover.

I began making him go to electrolysis treatments three times a week for each two-hour appointment. He cried and complained about the pain almost every day. After each appointment you could see the progress clearly. After about a year his skin was smooth and hairless all the way to his toes.

At home he had to dress like a woman at all times. At work I allowed him to continue wearing men's clothing, but only at first. As the months progressed and his changes were becoming more noticeable, I started making him wear women's clothes that would also pass for men's wear. Always he had to wear panties, pantyhose, and a bra under his clothing. The bra was



IT BAD FROM MAD WIFE!

always noticeable.

When his changes started to be noticed by his co-workers, he came home begging me not to make him go back ... but I always did. I wanted him to suffer a worse humiliation than anything he had ever done to me in the past.

The first month that I made him go to work with make-up on was the hardest for him. I would pick him up at work at the end of the day. He would be in tears within minutes.

I had both his ears pierced several times, and would make him wear large dangling earrings in the bottom holes to stretch them into slits. He had to start wearing a tight corset with all his clothes, whether it could be seen or not. I made him wear high heels all day long and even to bed at night.

By the time he realized that his changes were permanent, not all the "I'm sorrys" in the world could help him. He began to change at a faster pace after that.

A year and a half after beginning his transformation I made him file for a change of name: he now goes by the name of "Michelle". All his documents, including



SHE NOT ONLY CHANGED HIM INTO A WOMAN, HAD HIM TAKE HORMONES AND HAVE BREAST IMPLANTS, BUT FORCED HIM TO MAKE LOVE TO A MAN TO SHOW HIM WHAT BEING FEMININE REALLY MEANS!

a new driver's license, have been changed to reflect this name. Everyone at work was already calling him that anyway, so I made it permanent.

Also at that time I made him visit a surgeon and have his breasts enlarged. He was always wanting me to have mine done, so I gave him the breasts he always dreamed about. The pain went away after about a month, and the swelling took about three months to fade.

During that time he couldn't wear a bra, so he bounced around whenever he moved his body. All the guys at work thought it was great!

After that only small things needed to be done to him physically ... a nose job, his cheekbones done, and some permanent tattooed-on makeup. By the time all this had healed, you couldn't tell that he had ever been a man.

His hair, which was already below his shoulders when I started on him, was now down to his waist. The long black curly hair, along with his now sculpted features, made him beautiful and exotic-looking. He was more and more being propositioned for a date by other men. I enjoyed watching him squirm with embarrassment each time a good-looking man would try to make a move on him.

I had made him look like a woman, but I wasn't finished yet.

He hadn't had sex in over two years, and the frustration must have been incredible. He would watch me go out on a date with a real man, and then have to listen to the two of us going at it in the next room after we came home late in the evening. I came home from my dates sometimes even on the next day, knowing that it was driving him nuts.

One particular evening I brought my date home early, to the surprise of my husband. When my husband stood up to go to the other room I went up behind him, pulled his hands behind him, and clicked a pair of handcuffs onto his wrists. Then I pushed him to his knees and held him there while my date took off his pants and walked up to my husband.

My hubby was pleading with me not to do this to him, but it was time he learned how to please a real man. I stood over him and watched as my date pulled my husband's head down onto his stiff cock and made my husband give him a blow job. When my date finally came he made sure he pulled my husband's head all the way down to make sure that he swallowed every drop.



YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME!

**I'M GOING TO HUMILIATE
YOU SO BAD, YOU'LL BE
ENSLAVED FOR LIFE
AS A FEMALE
TO DO MY ... AND ANYONE
ELSE'S ... BIDDING AS A GIRL!**



Continued from page 27:
**WIFE HUMILIATES
CHEATING HUSBAND
TO THE FULLEST!**

Later that evening my date got to "pop" my husband's cherry - he told me later that he always did like a nice tight ass. From that day onward my husband was made fully aware of what sex he was allowed to have, and that never again would he be with a woman.

I was able to find a couple of prostitutes to teach him a few things on how to tease and please a man, and he has apparently learned them quite well. All of his dates seem to come back wanting more.

Now he has a full-time boyfriend who likes my husband's type. I can usually hear the two of them going at it every night for hours. I even think that my husband really enjoys it now ... at least it sounds like he does!

He still has his little shrivelled-up stub of a cock which I let him keep ... to always remind him of what he was. He's gotten used to being a woman, and looks better now than he ever did before. I think his punishment was fitting for what he did; he'll be paying for it for the rest of his life.

I think the most important part of his training was making him have sex with



men. In this way he knew what women have always been expected to do, no matter how degrading it seemed at the time. Any woman who does turn her husband or boyfriend into a woman should make him have sex with men at least for a couple of months so that he knows what it's like. This sort of thing makes them much more understanding ... and a little more feminine.

Thank you very much, Forced Womanhood, for being there when I needed

you. Without the ideas from your magazine I most likely would not have succeeded as well as I have.

I also hope that other women take the opportunity to turn their mates into women. It's the best lesson in life that they will ever learn. Believe me, it's worth it!

All my love,
Amanda B.

LETTERS FROM READERS (CONTINUED)



Dear *Slave Piercing*:

I've been ordered by my Mistress to send this letter ... she wants everybody to know how she trained me.

It all started about three years ago. My girlfriend (now my Mistress) was looking through some magazines and liked the idea of me dressing as a woman. I started a collection of female clothes which, at first, I would wear them around the house (which gave her a big thrill). She then directed me to wear female garments under my regular work clothes. I did so, and this went on for a few months. Eventually all my male underwear was thrown out. About the same time I started to feel tired a lot and was not able to think clearly all the time. She told me not to worry, since a bug was going around. (Was she secretly slipping me certain hormones? Maybe.)

She then told me to spice things up a bit ... I was to shave all my body hair. I didn't want to do so, and she got mad as hell, saying that if I didn't do the shaving, she would! Eventually I gave in.

Then came the bombshell. I was to go to a lawyer and get a legal paper ready, stating that I willingly would have my balls cut off!

I refused, but somehow I couldn't get mad ... all I could do was to cry. She had a lawyer picked out and the papers drawn up. Her lawyer friend made a house call and I signed.

My Mistress is a nurse, so she had a hospital for the job. I talked with the doctor several times to convince him that the operation was best for me.

The big day came ... and I was terrified! My Mistress dressed me up like a whore, and off to the hospital we went. She was one of my nurses; there were two more, and she had told them all about me. They kept coming in to look at me ... they'd smile and usually would say something like, "It won't hurt a bit."

Three days later I was on my way home ... less a couple parts.

My Mistress told me that a friend of mine would pay for the operation, though it ended up being me doing the paying. As soon as I was better I had a job as a barmaid at a local bar, and all the money I made would pay the bill for the operation. She said I needed to get all my teeth pulled and false teeth implanted. Some work was done to my lips ... to make them better for cock sucking, she said. I went from a top-paying job to one that pays almost nothing.

I've been bartending for a year now. My teeth were reworked, and my lips have received plastic surgery.

My Mistress has a new boyfriend who knows all about me. As a matter of fact, every now and then he brings some of his friends over to have some fun. He says that I've been trained well ... I'll do whatever they want, and if I don't I will pay the price: 50 lashes with a bullwhip. A couple of times I didn't do what they wanted - and paid the price. No more of that ... this eunuch obeys!

My Mistress wants to change my name legally, but she can't come up with what she feels to be an appropriate name. I'd like you and your readers to pick out a name for me, as a matter of fact. When that's done she

wants to relocate me somewhere where I can be more useful. She likes the Toronto area, or maybe New York City. She is looking for somebody in these areas who will take me in, as she says, "to use and abuse". I can clean house, do yard work, and suck cock or take it up the ass. That's all I'm good for now, I am told. Oh yes, I also can tend bar. If you can come up with a good name for me, both first and last, she will send me on my way.

Enclosed is a picture of me, taken about six months ago. I just had my teeth and lips done. It still hurts to smile, as perhaps you can tell. My Mistress has changed my life forever. I've begged her to let me get the operation to make me a full woman, but she stated that I will remain like this forever ... a eunuch!

Thank you for your time. I have to go now ... one of my Mistress' friends is here, and wants to play.

Love,
Nameless
P.O. Box 95
Weedville, PA 15868

PS: You will also find my subscription to *Slave Piercing* is enclosed.

N.





MAN SURRENDERS ALL - HIS IDENTITY, HIS MONEY, HIS INCOME - AND BECOMES A SLAVE TO HIS MISTRESS!



Dear Slave Piercing:

After enjoying several of your issues it's time to share my concepts on man-taming (I'll just dictate my thoughts to my slave who is kneeling here before me.) I've had a dominant streak since I was a teenager - and I guess that's what's led up the way things are now.

A couple of years ago I started an affair with Sam, and in short order he moved into my house. However, it soon became more and more apparent that in spite of his good looks and great body, he was - in all other ways - a weakling. When I decided to kick him out, he broke down and said that he would do *anything* not to be sent away. I had heard about women enslaving men, and it had always been a delicious fantasy for me. Now I suddenly realized it was a chance to get my own slave!

I told him that I would keep him around the house as a servant, but only on the condition of complete obedience. He works at home as a freelance writer, so there was no problem about going to a workplace. I insisted that he continue working to contribute to his upkeep, but he had to surrender all his income to me ... after all, slaves can't be allowed control of anything! I also made it clear that I would be finding myself real men to keep me happy.

As a first test I shaved all his pubic hair so that he was smooth and naked as a little boy ... a good start at putting him in his place. To make it fun I did it with an old-fashioned straight razor, warning that any movement on his part might leave him a eunuch. You better believe he didn't move a muscle while I had that razor in my hand!

After a short time I decided to make this a permanent change by having his whole pubic area - including his balls - treated with electrolysis. This was done by a woman friend who is also into controlling men. She enjoyed every minute of this job! Subsequently I have had his whole chest treated to remove this aspect of his manly appearance.

I have read and heard of different ways to

discipline and train a slave, but I decided that the most effective way to control a man is through his balls. After all, such a sensitive and vulnerable target as hangs in a man's crotch should never be ignored. A sharp squeeze or a quick tap always gets his undivided attention and immediate obedience. I use a variety of ball strap and harnesses, often with a leash attached. Having his balls stretched out away from his body is a great reminder of my control.

In the early days I sometimes equipped him with a cock sheath with straps to pull his balls apart. The sheath is very tight, so that when I teased him he could not get a full erection. With this particular sheath any swelling of his cock greatly tightened the ball straps - a sort of automatic ball squeezer. After just a couple months of careful attention to his balls I had made him into a most obedient servant.

Any major errors have led to extra discipline. His hands are cuffed behind his back and a rope from the cuffs is led between his legs and tied tightly around his balls, so there is no way to do anything at all with his hands.

One of his primary jobs is to keep me sexually satisfied. I am quite a nympho, so this is a major job. When I first wake up and again when I get home his first job is to bring me to a climax with his long tongue. I find this a good way to start my day and to relax when I return home.

Obviously, I fully control any sex he has. When I want to re-emphasize who is the boss, I tie him spread-eagled on my bed and tie a rope around his balls that I pull on to set the pace of the fuck.

I often have emphasized his lowly state by having him watch me being screwed by a real man. At these times I cuff his hands behind his back and tie his balls to a door knob so that he remains standing until I choose to release him.

During these sessions I usually put several cock rings on him so that any erection is a sharp reminder of his lowly status. If he has been a very good slave that day, I let him lick us clean when we are finished.

Early on I added to his servile state by having him wait on us naked when I had any of my women friends visit. It emphasized his lowly position to have them see his hairless cock and balls ... and whatever my choice of ball restraint was for the day. They have loved to see how completely I have him "by the balls", so to say.

Initially he would try to rush through his serving duties and hurry out of the room. To slow him down I tied a five-pound weight to

his balls, with the weight dangling to knee level. Only by walking slowly with dainty steps could he avoid any jerking on the weight that hung from his precious jewels.

Once he spilled coffee on one of my friends. At her suggestion, his discipline was to have a concrete block tied to his ball leash so that the block rested on the floor, but he had to pick it up and carry it with him every time he moved ... a sort of ball-and-chain for his balls! Since then I have used this little reminder often.

After six months it was time to challenge his servility. I proposed some changes and he immediately agreed. I have a medical condition that does not let me use birth control pills, and I must use a diaphragm for safety. Still, I considered, there was no reason that my slave shouldn't have the responsibility for being the safe one!

After all a woman should not have to run the risk of being knocked up by a lowly slave, so I had his tubes tied - a vasectomy. As a constant reminder that he is no longer a full man, I subsequently had "SAFE SLAVE" tattooed on the head of his cock. Several of my dominant friends have had their slaves "fixed" or made safe in the same way.

At the same time he had the operation to make him safe I gave him a ring to wear, not on a finger but fitted around the base of his ball sack. The ring is of heavy stainless steel. I had previously selected a size that could be squeezed over one ball at a time.

At the operation the ring was slipped above the balls, which were then stitched together so they could no longer move independently but hung together, thus permanently trapping the ring. The ring does not fit tightly, so that normally there is no discomfort ... as long as he is careful with how he moves around. (No more contact sports!)

However, the fit is such that there is no way to remove it without permanent damage or loss of one or both balls. I doubt he would ever risk trying to cut it off with a hacksaw, so now he has a constant and permanent reminder that I always have him - literally - by the balls. It's easy to attach a weight or a leash to the ring for any form of discipline.

One day I returned home unexpectedly and found Sam jerking off - a blatant violation of my rules. I ordered him away but relented only when he agreed to installation of a chastiser, although I'm sure he did not understand at the time the real implications of this addition.

That same day I had his cock pierced and fitted with a heavy ring. As a reminder of my

displeasure with his disobedience, I also fitted him with a heavy leather chastity belt which kept locked in place during the day. As soon as the piercing was fully healed I had him fitted with a three-inch chastiser.

You should have seen his expression when the ring locked into lace and he realized the full implication of what this new gadget would mean!

I had read about chastisers in your magazine, but had not thought about some of the implications. Although the metal cylinder eliminates use of the cock, partial erections can occur. However, this is uncomfortable with no chance of any sexual pleasure. He sometimes has to put ice on his cock to stop an erection and relieve the discomfort.

Being the horny woman that I am I soon discovered that I was missing one of the advantages of my live-in slave, namely a large cock on demand. After some consideration I worked out a good solution:

I removed the permanent stud holding the chastiser from his cock and enlarged the piercing to accommodate a small padlock. I can now keep him locked up when I am out, but still have use of his cock when I want it. It's great to have absolute control of his sexual pleasure!

Recently I took care of one of the limitations to my full satisfaction. This slave has poor control as to when he comes, and he often does so before I am fully satisfied. When I am in the mood for prolonged fucking I coat his cock with an anesthetic ointment to delay his orgasm. My latest "modification" has taken care of this problem.

I arranged for him to have something called a "permanent nerve block". An injection of some liquid at the base of his cock has made his organ partially numb, so that he fucks much longer before coming. I now get full pleasure every time!

I now have my slave fully controlled with metal, both cock and balls. He's quite a sight! I enjoy showing him off with all his hardware when I have friends over.

I strongly recommend to other women that they consider vasectomy combined with full metal control of cock and balls to put a slave in his proper place. There's certainly no question as to who is in charge!

Try it ... you'll like it!

Rena L.
Los Angeles

SISTER GETS EVEN WITH BROTHER AND MAKES HIM HER SISTER

Dear Lee,

I would like to share with you and your readers, a little story about my no good younger brother and how, after many years of torment, I finally got my revenge upon him. Growing up with my younger brother Conner was something to be experienced. He's 6 years younger and had a quite a weird sense of humor. He was constantly spreading rumors about myself the boys I was dating to his friends at school, and even a few slips of the lips to the boy I was going out with. To say the least, I had a reputation of being the school slut throughout my high school career. It only stopped when I left home to go to college. I never returned home after graduation, but started a fast food franchise in a small town in the next state over with my best friend from college, Karen.

It stated 3 years ago when I answered my door one night and found Conner standing in the porch light looking like a scared boy. And that is what he was. Scared out of his skull. I have no idea how he found me, when I graduated college I kind of cut all my family ties, no one had any idea where I was or what I was doing. Except, I guess my brother Conner.

But now here he was, standing out in the rain on my front doorstep asking for the biggest favor I have ever heard. He had quite a nerve to say the least. It seems that my brother had gotten a young lady in the family way. And there was a few questions that needed to be answered by my brother to father of the young lady. Something about doing right by his daughter and making everything legal. Even though my brother was well past the age of consent (23 years old) as was the soon to be mother (21). The father wanted Conner to marry his daughter and Conner was having no part of that. So he ran away and found me. And the favor he wanted was for me to hide him out until everything cooled down? Fat chance I thought. At first I was going to slam the door in his face and hope that the father of the mother to be would find him first. But I had an idea. Once, that would suit everyone's needs. Conner would hide out. And I would get my revenge.



I ushered Conner inside and told him that I would get him something to eat. As usual, even after all these years, Conner still treated me like dirt, even though I was doing him a huge favor. Needless to say, he kept up his usual snotty talk about me even while he was eating some stew I placed before him. A stew that I laced with a few sleeping pills I always keep handy. He finished the stew and he was down for the count a few minutes later. A phone call to Karen and my plan was starting to unfold.

Next morning, Conner awoke. Not in bed as he would of thought, but bound and gagged in the basement. Neither Karen nor I had a wink of sleep. The reason was staring Conner in the face. After we had stripped Conner totally naked, we strapped him by his wrists to the rafters in the house. With a midnight to the local convenience store to purchase every bottle and spray can of hair remover. Our initial work was complete. Conner was staring into a full length mirror I had stored in the basement, at a creature he could not recognize. Every hair on his body, except his eyebrows was removed, and it would stay that way from then on. Then I laid out my little plan to Conner. The look on his face was well worth it. I would hide him, but not as my brother Conner. Brittany June was to be his new name. B.J. for short. And Karen and I were going to make him a little slut he always portrayed me as.

Over the course of the next 6 months, B.J. was fed a daily dosage of female hormones supplied from my doctor friend. With a home electrolysis kit, we removed every bit of his/her male hair, except his eyebrows which we shaped nicely into something quite feminine and arched. We also left the new beginning of B.J. hair alone also. It's true what they say. If you shaved of the hair, it will grow in a different way. Conner always had nice blonde hair, straight and thin. Now it was coming in blonde hair, but soon to change, and quite curly and thicker. It added something to his/her new look. His/her figure was starting to improve also. Not having much activity was a great help. Being chained hand and foot for 6 months does wonders. My brother was not a very big person to begin with,

(Cont. on next page)

SHE LETS EVERYONE KNOW HER NEW SISTER IS A SLUT AND SHOULD BE TREATED AS SUCH

small boned and light in the weight department. B.J. was really starting to shape up.

By the end of 6 months, I was ready for next stage of B.J.'s development. A pair of 6" high heels were strapped on her feet and a hobble chain of 6" length was locked onto his ankle. I no longer thought of B.J. as a man, he was more a woman now than anything else. And before I was though, he would believe so himself.

My home is not very large, but it was all my and I had spent quit a bit of time decorating it in to my standards. Quite feminine and nothing else. This was the way B.J. was to live. I had a spare bedroom which was now B.J.'s. Everything was done in pink and lace and frilly things. Teddy bears adorned the shelves along with pix and posters of teen stars I had gotten out of a few magazines. If you did not know any better. You would have sworn that it was a real girls room.

Now B.J. was going to get an education in being a woman. She was not allowed to watch any TV at all that had to do with a male presence. Only shows like game shows, soap operas and of course the home shoppers club. All reading material was bought by me and of course, they were such that only a woman would want to read. Every night when I returned from work, B.J. had the super cooked and ready to serve. She was becoming quite the little homemaker. Learning to cook and sew and clean up. Even the laundry and ironing was performed by her. After dinner I would sit while she stood before me and told me what she had done all day. What she watched and read and we discussed fashion and soap operas and everything two sisters would normally discuss. It was quite relaxing from my point of view. And I was enjoying every second of it.

To make a long story short. After a year of hard work. A trip to tattoo artist for some permanent eyeliner, bright red lip liner and the finishing touches to her now arched eyebrows. A nose piercing, 3 gold hoops in each earlobe, pierced breast (SIZE 36C) and a chastity device firmly affixed to her useless male organs. I no longer had a little baby brother. But a nice, controllable baby sister. Now the fun was to begin.

B.J. can never ever return to her former self. She know that not long after we started her education and transformation. She also knew that I would not hesitate one instance in turning her over to the father of the

young mother if she ever disobeyed me or Karen. The statute o limitations on rape in this state is non-existent. It goes on forever. And since she is still legally a male underneath her punk outfit and girlish exterior, she would have a hell of a time serving 5 to 10 years in a male prison. That idea has occurred to me, but it is more fun this way.

Karen and I own a franchised fast food restaurant, so getting our new dear B.J. a job was quite simple. Just add her to the roles of snotty high school girls looking to make a fast buck in the summer. B.J.'s hair is cut in a punk mohawk look and she wears a spike collar all the time. Not only because it goes with persona, but to remind her that we own her completely. She works on my shift everyday of the week. Taking orders and being put sown by the customers and other crew people constantly. I even encourage it by the crew. I tell them, especially the male personnel, that she is nothing but a slut (SWEET REVENGE FINALLY) and should be treated as such. She must now live life, as she once pictured mine. The boys at work just love her, especially when she lives up to her nickname, B.J. And she has also found out what anal sex is like. Some nights she can't even sit down because of the pain. I laugh every time I see this.

We have double date a few times and B.J. has quite a few male admirer at work. Only a few choice do know the truth about her though. And these are the one who treat her the way she should be treated. As a whore/slut. I've noticed though that B.J. is starting to enjoy her new found role in life much more now. She 's even beginning to flirt with some of the customers. She is asked if she could date more often and I was very happy to let her. It is so gratifying to have a younger sister. So much to share, so much fun to have together.

All I have to say is this. If any of you ladies out there have a younger brother such as I did. It would really make your day and entire life if you could snap your fingers and have a sister instead. It was for me. Well worth it



Big Sister Sandi Lee

So much has happened since I last wrote you! My life has been slowly changing ever since my mistress/girlfriend had me pierced and put into the FL-6-S chastity and had it soldered on for life. Soon following that I was put on female hormones, and have been on them now for six months.

I have been looking in the mirror at my bare chest, and it does seem to appear that I am starting to grow breasts. My clothes are very slowly being changed over from male garments to female clothing.

All the garments bought for me nowadays are female clothes. I own about two dozen skirts now ... all of them being 19 inches long, or shorter. Every pair of pantyhose I wear has the panel cut from them so that every time I sit, my Mistress can look up my skirts at my chastity ... the one that she fell so much in love with. As she looks at it she often says, "What a beautiful piece of jewelry", or "Your cock is dressed to kill", or simply, "Your chastity is very nice!"

What has helped me a great deal in my training has been the two locking waist belts that I wear. You see, all skirts I wear and that are bought for me have belt loops, so these locking waist belts are used. The key fits into the buckle so that no padlocks show, and no one would know that my belts are locked.

I have worn my skirts outside the apartment, but my mistress is mostly waiting for the hormones to develop my chest. The hormones have so far brought my waist down from 32 inches to 28 inches ... and my weight is down to a mere 128 pounds.

My mistress says I have a much better attitude in a skirt ... I am more calm and very much more submissive. I'm told by her that she'll never let me free of my slavery: she has taken my cock from me, and now my Mistress has control of my body.

Since I don't have many long pants say more, they are only worn when I go to work. Because of my hormones I don't know how much longer I can work at my company before the hormones take over my body and start to shape me into a totally female look.

Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week I wear pantyhose, and my legs are kept shaved. Work is the only place where I wear long pants. Otherwise I am either wearing a skirt, dress, or short-shorts, and when I am in short shorts, again the locking waist belt is used. For that reason my pantyhose can't be taken off, and my L'Eggs pantyhose are out in the open for everyone to see.

My Mistress has me wear the various shades nude, beige, or suntan. When she punishes me by means of my legs, she has me wear mocha or taupe ... those give my legs an even darker look in public. On one occasion she had me wear off-white in public out of the house.

We go shopping together, with me wearing shorts and pantyhose. It's out there in view for everyone to see, and each time I go into stores my legs are in the open. We go for walks, for rides in the car, I pump gas, go shopping in supermarkets, and department stores to get my female clothes, such as the shoes she buys for me.

I try them on right there in the store, wearing shorts and pantyhose. Most people don't notice ... or at least I think they don't notice! But some people do. When I am in the sun walking, the sunlight reflects off my legs. I've seen people who have noticed my legs ... they will look and look again. Some will stare at my legs, and I've even been whistled at in a store!

I have only one pair of unisex shoes. Other than those all I have are the high heels that I have to wear as she waits for the hormones to do their work on my body, and until the final move will be made with the rest of my clothes.

Since I wear all crotchless pantyhose when I am in skirts or dresses, my chastised cock in the FL-6-S chastity just hangs there. She is forever glancing at my chastity.

She has moved me into my own bedroom, which is my prison, when I am not in my French maid's uniform while doing the housework. She has modified the bed also. A big eyelet with a large ring has been put on the box springs into a hole drilled especially for it. When she doesn't want to bother with me, or to keep me out of her way, a chain is locked to this ring and the other end is locked to the ring on my chastity.

Also in my room is a leather recliner chair. Four chains have been permanently affixed to this chair. There are four of them - one for each wrist and ankle. She has me put on the ankle and wrist cuffs, and a chain is locked to each cuff. I sit in the chair until I am unlocked.

I am locked in, wearing my skirts, each night when I go to bed. At times the chain is locked to my chastity. Sometimes she also has me locked and chained to the chair all night long as well.

If I were to try and get out of my slavery it would end our relationship - so I have to continue to let her take over my body by letting her do what she wants. It's by the clothes I wear, the chastity affixed to me, and by staying on the female hormones. For my part, I often hope that they will not work - yet I have shed weight and lost inches around my waist. (For example, she has gotten me into size 10 or 11 skirts.)

Wearing the FL-6-S chastity is still strange. It hurts so very badly to be sexless. My cock still gets hard, but not like it used to. When I do get hard, the chastity punishes my cock. My Mistress loves that idea, and she also wants my cock to no longer get hard ... she wants it to stay soft all the time, as for my chastity, there is no escape from it.

I fear very much to try and stop my Mistress from feeding me the hormones ... I'm scared that I'll lose her. If indeed I do lose her, I also fear that I've taken enough female hormones that if I did stop they would continue to work on my body. What then?

People have noticed my weight loss ... one guy at work lets me know about it almost once a week, telling me to put on some weight. No matter what I do, I am stuck right at 128 pounds. I can't gain weight. Because of my weight loss my Mistress says my legs look great, and that I look great in a



My Mistress is very happy with me as her slave. She does what she wants when she wants. If she goes out, I don't even try to stop her. When she leaves, my skirts are locked-on around my waist, so that if I wanted to go out I would have to put on my wig and makeup. My few remaining pairs of long pants are kept locked away.

I am very deeply into this sort of thing, and will spend the rest of my life as her slave. Soon I will be wearing skirts, and will probably do so for the rest of my life. My mistress has things very well under control.

Be warned ... if you love sex the way that I love it, beware the FL-6-S chastity. It really works! You will live the rest of your life sexless ... just as I'm doing now! Sex is a thing of my past, and nothing now but a dream. It's something I'll never have again, as she gets me ready for my future living as a woman.

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