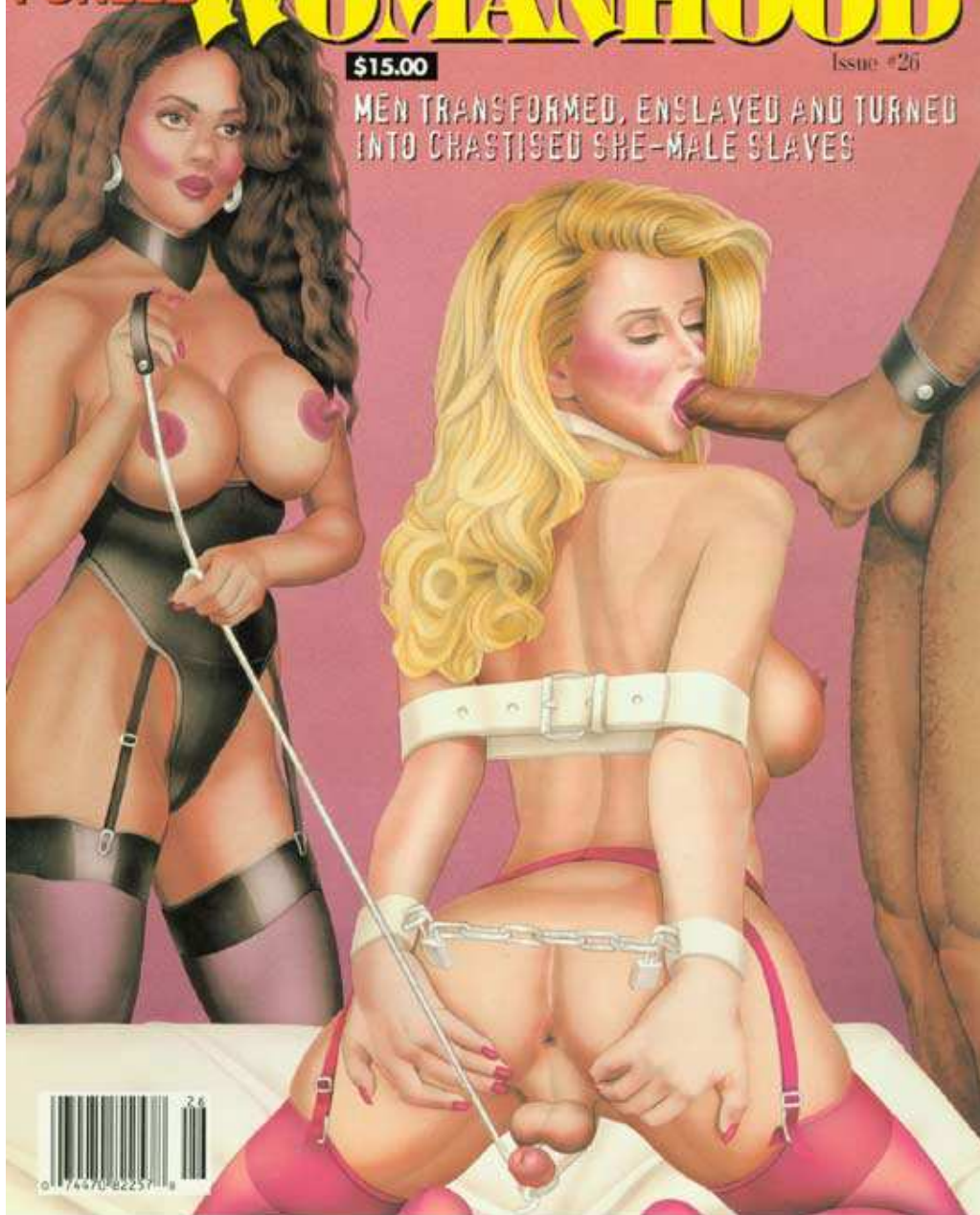


FORCED WOMANHOOD

\$15.00

Issue #26

MEN TRANSFORMED, ENSLAVED AND TURNED INTO CHASTISED SHE-MALE SLAVES



FORCED WOMANHOOD

Enslavement and Chastisement of Men



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Erotic Art by Aldo, Baker and Kagan

LETTERS & PHOTOGRAPHS

From our Readers

MASTERS AND DOMINANTS

We need your input, photos and stories!
Get your camera, get us some photos!

MASTERS, MISTRESSES AND SLAVES

Send your stories and photos to:
CENTURIANS
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Dear Forced Womanhood.

My Mistress instructed me to write this letter, to tell of my weakness. I am her complete slave. I live only to serve her. One of my tasks is slowly turning my one best friend, Chad into a she-



male slave. He is kept in severe bondage. The hormones has developed his breast and are shrinking his once large cock, which has been locked in a



cock cuff for 6 months. Enemas twice a day keep his weight down and are a good way to force the hormones into his system. Mistress loves having a shemale slave to service her orally, and her male lovers. She loves knowing a strong jock is slowly being changed into an impotent shemale before her eyes. I'm afraid once Chad has been transformed, Mistress may have him transform me for revenge. I must now wear 5 inch high heel boots. Mistress use to have me fuck Chad's ass to stretch him and train him for her male

friends use. Two weeks ago at a party she threw, Mistress removed Chads cock chastity, it was the first time it has been removed in months. I was ordered to suck his cock and swallow every drop of his cum in front of her guests. When I hesitated she flew into a rage. Mistress and her slave Jill drug me to the attic. I was put into a full body harness, bondage mittens, and a leather hood with only a mouth opening. My cock was put into a chastity that surrounds the ball and penis as seen in this photo I have enclosed, it has not been out since. Jill locked the spreader bar to my ankles. My hands were cuffed behind me, and chained to the wide collar of the hood. With her guest watching she dumped out a box of assorted clamps and clothespins. She began attaching the clamps to my nipples, ass and my delicate anal ring, then placed one on my tongue. I was in great pain. I was then placed in the middle of the room, hanging by a chain locked to my collar to a pulley over head. Mistress had raised the chain where I had to tip toe. After one hour she allowed her friends to pull and twist the clamps off, there were about 50. I was then released and took Chads place sucking cock and licking ass. My bottom is still sore from the strap on dicks that were forced up my ass. When I'm bound up for the night I often wake up as my penis tries to get hard in the chastity, it is then I know that my place is being a slave forever. SLAVE WREN

SISSY SLAVE

You asked for comments from readers. Enclosed a photo of my sissy slave.

I am a dominant wife who has been reading your magazine for years. Over the last three years, my once macho husband has been changed into my sweet sissy slave. I've made her take your feminizing which has increased her breast size to a nice soft "B" cup (which by the way my boy friends love sucking.) She is scheduled for a large breast implant for sept. 99. Can't wait.

My slave must always dress in frilly dresses and baby doll shoes, peti coats and look sweet and innocent for my friends.

For some reason, my various boy friends seem to get really turned on when my sissy slave is made to get down on her knees and suck their cocks.

For now Sissy has one of your lock-on metal chastities. After her breast implant, I will change this to one of your permanent frenum chastities.

Sissy is very humiliated being made to dress as a sweet girl. She thought she would be able to wear sexy clothes and nice high heels. NO WAY! And yes, she has to dress this way all the time. EVEN IN PUBLIC. Can any of your dominant readers top this?
Mistress Zena.



Master Ken turns Tom into sweet little Tina

Attention Dear Forced Womanhood:

I am a dominant male, I have always been turned on by very feminant men. I love the looks of a beautiful woman but I also am gay. I met Mark in a bar a couple years ago. After a week of dating, by accident we found out we both had your magazine Forced Womanhood. It couldn't have worked out better. He wanted to be a fem-doll and I wanted to have a slave.

We worked out the arrangement and Tom signed over his consent to be my slave. Tom, now Tina, has been forced to take your Triple Mammary Feminant and Estro-Glan twice

daily. This has worked very well to soften her skin and enlarge her breasts to a nice size to where now she is ready for a real breast implant. Tina has been kept in bondage as my slave. I've turned her into a pretty sweet looking girl. Tina is 26 and looks the doll, she has to dress the way I want. Usually pig tails, frilly panties, pleated skirts so I can lift it up any time and take her once virgin ass as mine. My cock is also taken care of by her sweet tender lips. I have her penis encased in your Phallic enforced chastity. About once a month I'll take it off her and let her get some satisfaction if she's been good. I'm not sure yet if I want her chastised permanent. We love your magazine.

—Master Ken.



SHEMALE MADE TO SERVE DOMINANT MISTRESS

By 7 AM Saturday morning I'm ready and inspecting myself in the full length mirror in my bedroom, to make certain I will pass the inevitable inspection of my Mistress. Hair, make up, nails all, perfect. Maids dress not wrinkled, no spots on my heels, no runs in my nylons, the bow of my little apron properly tied, my maid cap properly secured. My corset is cinched grossly tight ripping my waist by the required 5 inch minimum. I'm ready I'd better be.

While Mistress sleeps I get her breakfast ready and do "quiet housework" such as dusting, waxing, cleaning the bathrooms, etc. I keep my ears peeled attentively listening for any stirring from her bedroom.

I hear Mistress stir and hurry slipping in 5 inch heels to her bedroom. Seeing she is awake I curtsy, assume the proper submissive position with legs together, heels together, toes pointed 45 degrees apart, hands folded in my lap, perfect posture but with eyes down cast. I don't talk, I don't say anything unless told to speak. Mistress looks at me and says "Dixie, bring me coffee first and I'll have breakfast in a little while." I curtsy, say "yes Mistress" and hurry slipping to get her coffee and newspaper.

The coffee is of course made and I return quickly with coffee on a tray, prepared the way Mistress likes, the proper temperature and with the paper folded open to the section Mistress likes to read first. I serve the coffee, curtsy and again assume the proper submissive position.

Mistress demands perfection and punishment for mistakes is always immediate and severe. I work hard to avoid that punishment. I'm not a masochist. Even though I am a maid's dress virtually every waking moment Mistress' inspections never fail to unnerve me a little. I am acutely aware that I am a tall middle aged man wearing a tight little French Maids dress. I'm intensely conscious of the feel of silky nylons, satin panties, the gaff trapping and crushing and hiding my maleness high between my legs and the feel of my satin dress is very short and know that almost any bending forward will display my panties. Mistress knows that I have successfully cinched my waist the required 5 inches because unless I do I can't get my fitted dress zipped in back. Just by looking at me, without saying anything Mistress reminds me that I am a man in a little maids dress. I am her

slave and she can do anything she want to me.

I try not to shiver or fidget as Mistress looks at me a moment before picking up the paper and saying "bring my breakfast in 15 minutes."

Again I curtsy, say "yes Mistress" and hurry to obey her orders. I hope she didn't see any relief on my face as I said "yes Mistress" and hurried from the room. I'm relieved because on a whim I could find myself in 6 inch spiked heels, wearing a penis gag, wearing an ankle chain 8 inches long forcing tiny macing steps or even find myself bound, gagged, blind-folded and stuffed in the closet for several hours for no more reason than Mistress is tired of looking at me. She requires I be the perfect French maid. There are no excuses. Mistress doesn't care if I am uncomfortable, if my corset hurts or my feet are on fire after hours and hours in spiked heels. All she cares is that I do my job properly.

I am a maid and a slave. Nothing more. There is no sex, I'm not allowed to ever relieve myself sexually nor do I ever touch my Mistress sexually. My sole purpose in life is to serve and obey.

After breakfast I draw Mistress' bath and while she showers, lay out her clothes for the day. After her shower I do her nails, hair and makeup and help her dress. She makes small talk and I respond when asked to but otherwise keep my mouth shut and do her bidding.

About 11:00 AM Mistress announces she is going out. She doesn't tell me where, it's none of my business. She tells me she will be back late in the afternoon and to have supper ready and be in my formal serving uniform by around 5:00 PM when she returns.

Mistress go and I go about my duties. She doesn't have to tell me what to do. I know what is required and I do it. All household chores are my responsibility and Mistress requires the house be kept absolutely spotless. And I mean spotless. I clean the already spotless bathrooms, change the bed linen, dust vacuum, do the laundry, iron, clean the kitchen floor. The house is already immaculate so it's mostly maintenance but I don't messle through the motions. I do it right.

I mince around the house in my little dress and spiked heels, doing my job and ignoring my physical discomfort. I don't eat because Mistress didn't tell me to. I'm kept on a very strict diet and only eat when allowed to. Some times



Mistress forgets and sometimes she just doesn't feel like letting me eat. Mistress tells me that while I will always have my little male member to remind me of what I am that some day I will be so girlish it will be impossible for me to pass as a male. To that end I'm kept corseted, have completed electrolysis, take estrogen and I'm kept on a cruel diet. I am required to practice my skills with cosmetics every chance I get and constantly experiment with different makeup and hair styles trying to find the perfect look for me. Mistress tells me that someday if my breasts don't grow enough I may get breast implants and that she may have my lips enlarged, get facial surgery and get permanent eyeliner and makeup. All of which scares the hell out of me.

Around 5:45 PM I change into a liquid black satin formal French Maid dress. It is strapless with sheer above a sweetheart neckline and the little skirt is filled out with layers of petticoats that not only fill out my little skirt but insure there is a delightful feminine rustle with each step I take. Black pantyhose, black satin French cut panties and black patent leather pumps with 5 inch spiked heels match my dress.

I put on a long apron over my dress to get supper ready, god help me if I get a spot on my dress. With everything ready before Mistress returns I take advantage of the little time I have and I carefully sit trying not to wrinkle my dress and take off my heels for a moment trying relieve my aching feet. I have to be careful, if Mistress even suspects I have been taking my heels off I'll find myself in 6 inch heels, that are locked on and I'll even have to wear them to bed.

When Mistress returns I'm on my feet, in my heels and ready to serve her. She

may or may not bring home a friend. She might even require I go over to a friend's house and clean it, she might come home much later than she said, or earlier, or sometimes not at all. None of that is my concern or my business. My only concern is to be ready to do my job and to serve properly.

This night Mistress returns about 5:30 PM, alone and I serve her supper which she eats, sitting in front of the TV. Mistress is going out and after supper I help her get ready. She showers, I wax her legs, do her nails, do her hair and her makeup and help her dress in a sexy little black dress. Around 9 the doorbell rings and I hurry to answer it. Frightened as always because it can be a girl friend, boy friend, salesman or anybody and I'm a man wearing a little fantasy dress. Estrogen has filled out my bottom, made more feminine, I'm thin and the corset and breastforms give me a pretty dramatic shape and my face feminine. But I'm still a man and acutely conscious of it.

This night it is a male friend of my Mistress and I let him in enduring the evil grin he wears at my attire and predicament. At my Mistress' direction I serve him a glass of wine while he waits for Mistress and then assume the proper submissive position should he require anything further.

My beautiful Mistress enervates, I'm envious of her beauty, her natural femininity, her effortless grace. She is everything

I'm not, I'm of course in love with her. She and her guest engage in small talk over a glass of wine. I'm told they will be late and they leave. I'm not told I can go to bed, take off my maids dress or heels, sit down, relax or anything else. Much as I want to take off my corset, heels and makeup and relax in bed over a good book or watch TV, I can't. So I do more ironing while I watch TV, dust again and sit on the edge of a chair with my heels off trying not to wrinkle my dress.

Mistress returns around 1:30 AM, I serve her and her friend wine and stand submissively waiting to serve their every need. Around 2:00 AM Mistress tells me I can have a slim fast shake in my room and I am allowed to retire for the evening. She tells me I can sleep in until 7:00 AM.

I curtsy, hurry to my room, and with a sigh of relief remove the spike heels from aching feet, take off my crushing corset, carefully hang my dress, drink my shake and go to bed. I set the alarm for 6:45 AM knowing Sunday will be a repeat of Saturday and go to sleep.

It wasn't a bad day. I wasn't punished, I didn't have to wear 6 inch heels, I wasn't put into bondage, I didn't have my padded bottom whipped, I didn't have to service her male friend orally and I wasn't humiliated for being a submissive male maid.

My life can be hard. I can leave of course. Any time I want. Mistress doesn't make me stay. All she

says is that as long as I am in her home I will be her slave and her maid and live by her rules. I won't leave though. I will never leave. And it does nothing to do with the fact that I'm not much of a man any more or that the only clothes I have in the world are my French maids dresses and a few little fantasy dresses. I won't leave because I am truly submissive, because I need to serve, because I adore my Mistress, because I am the amazing wimpy French Maid Mistress turned me into. It's who and what I am.

I'll endure the bondage when it comes. I know I deserve it. If Mistress chooses to paddle me I will meekly submit. If she chooses to "have fun with Dixie" and humiliate me. Such is my lot in life. If she tells me to drive across town, over to a man's house wearing a little French maids dress, go inside, service him then clean his house I will do it without hesitation. If Mistress wants me to serve at a party full of women wearing a Playboy Bunny suit and 6 inch heels I will say "yes Mistress" and obey her without question. If Mistress chooses to have my breasts enlarged, keeps me on a strict diet and severely corseted at all times eventually turning me into the "Impossible Shapely Fantasy Creature" as she promises. Well to be it.

My one goal, my only purpose is to serve and please my Mistress.

Enough. I'd better go. Mistress will be home soon and God help me if her dinner isn't ready. ☐

SUBMISSIVE PANTYWAIST SISSY COCK-SUCKING HUSBAND

Dear Forced Womanhood Magazine,

Hi, I'm writing to you as a submissive, panty-waist, sissy, cock sucking husband. I enjoy reading your magazine and true stories of men dressing into females which excites me. However, being a crossdresser sissy myself, I believe there are a couple strong messages that you are sending to all female out there (wives & girlfriends) that are very dangerous to us sissy males. 1. To make us miss permanent female slaves. 2. And permanently chastizing our penises, so we can't function as a man anymore. I don't like females to have this kind of power over me, even if I'm a pussy! I love my freedom to be a male bitch or a female bitch when I decide & when I choose to be! I don't have any problems with temporary bondage, locks & keys, cock locks for short periods of time, but I think there should be rules to outlaw permanent penis chastities & force sissy men to remain female pussies the rest of their lives. It's too strict, too hard & not fair to a sissy's enjoyment of both worlds being male & female when he chooses! I think females need to know this, it's damaging to a male ego, his manhood, cockiness & pride especially to take dominant & authority over him, forcing him to serve as a female slave, no higher in respect than a good trained female bitch dog puppy! (Permanent breast implants, permanent eye & lip liners and coloring, tattoos, penis piercing, ear & nipple piercing,



etc. should all be outlawed for females to use on sissy males. It's going to be, issues having to wear big female tits on their chest the rest of their lives, bearing the humiliation and degrading of a man. Being teased & humbled by both female & males. I know I'll never let a female force me into being a permanent female pussy! I won't let my wife see or read your magazines either. I don't want her getting any crazy ideas about making me into her permanent female bitch husband! If a female permanently chastities my penis, I'll lose all my pleasures of having my cock satisfied, which would destroy me as a man. I can't imagine me getting teased like a slut, having to get butt fucked, sucking mens cocks & worse of all having to eat & swallow all their hot cummy heads of sperm and lick out the pussy. They fucked! Cum-eating & swallowing is nasty and makes me gag with shame, humiliation and degrades my respect as a man, making me a cocksucking cum-eating dink husband. I don't know about any of you other sissy husbands out there, but being a bitch female slave to my wife (

or any female) doesn't look fun to me, not the way I want to be treated. Sorry ladies, pantywaist sissy love to dress pretty, play both fields, enjoy both worlds & lose my freedom as a shemale. A permanent female slave is too controlling & serious for a sissy like myself. write if you agree to differ. ☐

Mistress Puts Slave on Hormones to Slowly Turn Him Into a Sweet Feminine Lady

Dear Forced womanhood,

Shortly before sending my last letter, my mistress began alternately increasing my daily dose of Premarin to 1.25 mg, and from her apparently unlimited resources has had me begin taking a combination of Androcur, Decapeyl, and Depo-Provera. I am beginning to suspect the way I have been putting it in my food much earlier because I noticed some alarming effects that are progressing at an almost geometric rate.

We had not been to Colorado in a few years, yet I seem to find that I was having a terrible time skiing trails and areas I never had problems with before. I was not skiing very strongly and had a difficult time trying to turn. I was so frustrated and wanted to cry. One late afternoon, we were back at our condos communal spa by ourselves when another couple entered. I was very embarrassed, as no one but my mistress and a few friends back home had seen my bare developing breasts and nipples. I tried to reach for my T-shirt but my mistress grabbed my penis and balls under water to hold me there. With my hair tied back in a small ponytail, my mistress introduced me as her younger sister. The couple left after a while but they surely thought I was some kind of bull-dyke. My mistress decided that it was about time I started wearing makeup. On our way home through Denver to the airport, we stopped at a beauty salon for my first professional make over. I was also required to purchase and start wearing some feminine clothing on the way home. It was my official coming out. The other thing I remember on the way home was our bags felt unparalytically heavy to and from the airport.

Yesterday while out in the garage I just did not have the strength to move some bales of hay and bags of sand and of concrete like I used to. I have noticed a total levitude or weakness before which I have never experienced. To my mistresses delight, I am becoming so very emotional and want to cry at the least little things which upsets me. My areolar breasts that are comprised of nothing but areolas and nipple are now about the size of half a golf ball and growing rapidly. My mistress is still continuing with the subcutaneous injections and breast pumps but is having second thoughts about a second piercing; she was told at a piercing parlor if too many of the areolar ducts are scored by a second piercing, her sister might not be able to nurse. Somehow most distressing is that my erect penis is now not much larger than an uncocked hot dog. My mistress even likes to deviously call it my little "weenie or etc." She was extremely angry with me the other day when I could barely achieve an erection and even madder when I couldn't ejaculate, I mean climax, for over an hour. She was also madder that my weight had ballooned back up to 160 pounds, which I think is a side effect of the Androcur and the Decapeyl. She said she is making arrangements for me to go see a hypo therapist again. They will help me lose weight, help me alter my way of thinking to a more feminine department, and help me to stop using masculine patterns of vocabulary or speech. I can't think what she meant by again.

For a few warm days here in Ohio, my mistress would not let me wear a shirt when I was working in the garden. A privacy fence does not surround our property and I am to go bare breasted to get a little color no matter how revealing or embarrassing it might be. My mistress has also decided I must get a tanning lamp for inside. She hasn't decided whether I should wear a bikini or one of my ripple less bras and a crotch less bottom so that my areolas and genital get even darker. Though I could not smoo them outside, she seems to lean toward the crotch less bottom with some kind of heart shaped sun shield over my public hair. I guess so that it stands out more starkly and I have some really bizarre tan lines. At least she is happy that my hair is now about the same shade as Naomi Judds. She is also pleased that at least from the backside, my breasts has firmed and filled out, and



that my hips have spread very nicely. It's okay if we can't do anything to narrow my shoulders but it gives the additional illusion that my waist is thinner. She calls it a classic four glass figure.

Without telling me why, she has told me that I will get over the emotional jag I am on, I just don't understand this almost aggressive behavior of hers and why she is being demeaning towards me. She seems so proud that she is stronger than me now and that I need help with everything. Her later torment has been to painfully almost sadistically shove larger dildoes, butt plugs and vegetables up my rectum with little lubrication. After playing with a zucchini yesterday and I hid in my panties, she said that she was only breaking my hymen that I should know some of pain that every woman goes through. She laughed that now I will have to go buy some panty shields like a proper lady so I don't soil my undergarments. It is so retrocastrophic of all the years I have known her. Yet, at night when we go to bed she seems to enjoy cuddling me in the crook of her arm like I was some kind of sucking child. It is like some kind of role reversal game she is playing, leaving me with all kinds of mixed signals. Perhaps she is jealous that she is just entering menopause while I am going through puberty.

I am beginning to realize that while fantasizing about becoming a neat woman and uneventually willing to feely serve and totally satisfy my mistress are a couple of things, seeing my flaccid penis at nearly half its earlier size and having all my manliness virtually melt away before my eyes in so seemingly a short time, are altogether different things. I find that I have no will left, I cannot make a decision for myself and cannot resist her every demand. Worse perhaps is that I cannot remember certain things or events. It's like I'm losing my identity and only remember the things that my mistress wants me to. In fact I'm beginning to think I look forward to every diabolical whim she wants to inflict on me since each new punishment is even more exquisitely painful or embarrassing than the last.

Our relationship may be even more perverse than I realize. While at our neighbors for coffee, she was telling them not to be too surprised by changes in my appearance. My mistress said that ever since she and my sister had been college roommates and my parents had treated her like a second daughter, my mistress had feelings for me. I sat there as if in a stupor as she continued to say that only after my sister and both our parents had passed away she was able to finally help me achieve my life desire. She said it was a shame we had to wait so long before moving in together but it might have seemed too incestuous beforehand.

As I look at a calendar, I see it is the 18th yet I started this letter on the 16th. I think she took me to the salon again and I see my clown has some more dresses, skirts and blouses in it, so we must have gone shopping. I even seem to recall selecting some of my man clothes. My mistress told me to keep until she has finished my transformation yet why has it taken me two days to write this. Whatever else, this is not the plan for my conversion that she had originally devised and told me I would undergo. I will have to write you as this situation and I develop further.

Affectionately yours, Mary

SHE MALE MAID TO SERVE

Once Clarissa had her maid trained in precisely how she was to conduct herself in the house she set about teaching April how to act when taken out in public.

She's quite demanding as to how they're to act. They must at all times appear very submissive, and must at all times be quite clear that she is her mistresses inferior maid.

Maid in public must always walk three paces directly behind their mistress. Which is why for the past month April goes everywhere Clarissa goes, her nose attached to her mistress heel. Poor April she's quite severely beaten whenever Clarissa feels the slightest tug on her heel. Nor is the girl ever to allow the leash to touch the floor.

Since maids are never allowed to speak in public, April is kept gagged morning to evening. Hands must be behind her back, never permitted to use them, except with permission. Even open doors for her mistress must be done with her hands behind her. For the past month the girl's hands are kept tied whenever she's on her leash.



As it is totally unimportant for a maid to ever know where she is in public, April has worn a training collar day and night which forcibly keeps her head bowed. Able to see only the backs of her mistresses heels, which she must follow. When properly trained the girl will return from an excursion without the slightest idea of

where she's been.

Most importantly a mistress never speaks to a lowly servant girl in public. So April is being trained to finger and heel commands as one teaches an untrained dog. Clarissa feels just another month of lease training and she'll finally be able to show her off in public. □

Dominique trains she-males to walk dainty by forcing them to wear extreme high heels and ballet shoes

My hobby is finding and then training, sissy maids. At times I might have two or three permanently at my service. I'm so enjoyed not having to lift a finger to do anything; a life of total pampering.

Her problem is that she favored young sissy she-male maids. She found that they had several annoying problems. One of which was a decidedly poor over-all lack of gracefulness. They were like bulls in a china shop. To make them as graceful as swans as soon as she had their "little things" nicely locked away, and they were under her complete control, she started them on a training program. Dominique's program quite severe, lengthy and rather torturous. This, however, never bothers her as they simply had no say in the matter.

To force her new sissy to walk in the most dainty, mincing, and graceful manner she forces their feet into what she considered "low heels": five-inch heels with stiletto heels and sharply pointed toes. The poor sissy was never out of them, even when put to bed. The shoes had a short chain which forced them into the shortest mincing steps.

The only time they were allowed out of their heels was twice daily, to start just one-half hour each time. At which time they were put in "training boots," really quite torturous ballet boots that forced them to walk only on their toes. The sissies had to admit, albeit tearfully, that they could walk much easier in their "low heels" after just 30 minutes in their training boots.

One reason for their tears was that their training period was often extended, it all depended on how they did performing the exercises Dominique Fendishly had devised. One goal consisted of being able to walk from one end of the room to the other within two minutes, if they fell short they were punished by being made to walk the room five more times. And like a well-trained effeminate sissy they had to learn to place one foot precisely in front of the other. To do so Dominique made them walk on a board that was two inches wide and, to start, just a half inch tall. If one of their feet fell off the board it added another walk at the end of their training period. The strap hobbling each step was replaced with a delicate ribbon connecting their training boots. Each time they broke it added another trip across the room. She also insisted they swish their behinds as femininely as they could. When Dominique wasn't pleased with their efforts she took her a cane to their bottoms, three times. When a new sissy mastered her five-inch heels they were put in six-inch heels, and their goals became more demanding. They then had ten seconds less to walk the length of the room. She then shortened the board they walked on by a half inch, and replaced it by one a half inch higher. Then shortened their ribbon by one inch.

Dominique only considered them completely trained and graceful when they were able to mince as best they could in eight inch heels. To accomplish this they were given just a minute and a half to walk to the length of the room. On a board that, fearfully, was two inches high, by only half an inch wide. With their training ribbon severely limiting to a step, or two, of just two inches.

The poor things did suffer, but Dominique felt the results far outweighed it; in the end nobody would have ever believed her maids were actually once men. □

—Dominique



NOTE: We have ballet shoes & boots in stock, call our mail order line for info at: (775) 322-5119



ABUSED WOMAN GETS EVEN!

Dear Forced Womenhood

I was an abused woman for years. Somehow I always ended up with men that mistreated me. No more! That ended when I started reading your magazine years ago. When I married Allen four years ago, he slapped me once. To make a long story short, I told him he either becomes my slave or I have him arrested. In the last four years I have transformed him into a beautiful woman. The hormones have taken all the fight out of him. He was chastised permanently. Actually in January of this year for his new years resolution. The hormones worked so well to enlarge his breasts to a size "B" cup that he didn't have to get a breast implant.

Last month I got even. As my slave, he was now worried submissive. I had two men I knew come to the house and both abused him in every way. He was made to suck their cocks while I whipped him, and his ass was fucked hard like men do to us women. For nearly an hour he was whipped, fucked and force to suck their cocks.

I enjoyed every minute of it. A lot of my build up frustration was released knowing that finally a man knows how it is to be an abused woman. Signed Sara. ☐





**Mona
Begged and
Pleaded
with me not
to let my
lover have
her.
"Please mis-
tress, please
don't let him
screw me"
"I don't want
to suck his
penis"
"NO!, NO!
PLEASE
DONT"**



**WHAT'S BETTER THAN CHASTISING THE
MALE PENIS? A COMPLETE SEX CHANGE**

Dear Forced Womanhood:

Your magazine, of all the magazines in the world is our very favorite. We look forward to each and every issue. In fact we started reading your magazine long ago when it was titled *Slave Piercing*.

When Pete, my husband, first showed me a copy, I got turned on by the whole concept of turning my husband into a beautiful lady. I've always been attracted to a nice smooth feminine body. Pete, now Diane, was already feminine looking and he confessed to me he likes wearing women's clothes. We both also like bondage, so it was a natural for both of us to really get into changing my husband Pete to Diane. After a couple years on your hormone vitamins twice a day, I made Diane go in for a breast implant. For two years we enjoyed each others soft body. But Diane (Pete) was slowly loosing the use of his penis because after his breast implant, the doctor put him on progesterone and Estradiol. His penis was smaller and smaller. It got to the point that many times Diane had to take care of me with his tongue and lips. That was OK, because to be honest I enjoyed that better than a penis.

We contemplated for two years if I have to chastise him permanently. Actually I would like this because his penis wasn't doing much anyhow and I preferred oral sex.

But it came to me! Why chastise him when I can have his penis totally removed and make him a real woman?

At this point it was *woy*. Diane had already been living full time as a woman. The sex reassignment surgery was set for November 1998. We both were very excited with anticipation.

Now six months later we can both make love together and yes, Diane can have an orgasm. We now love so much to look forward to be together. We've already done the dubie dongs, the strap on penises and lots of fabulous oral sex.

No, my slave didn't have to be chastised, but he sure no longer has a penis. This is much better than chastisement of his pecker.

One of these days I might make him get laid by a real man, but for now I'm enjoying my slave Diane just for myself. I do believe that gone the line he should be forced to suck a man's cock just to show him how humiliating it is to many women. Bye for now, I'll keep you informed of our progress.

Love to you and your staff.

—Jenny and Diane.

***Wife makes
husband go
all the way
(complete sex
change)
because she
likes the soft
feminine body
of a woman.***

Wife gets turned on watching her she-male slave get her virgin ass fucked.

Dearest Forced Womanhood:

Your magazine has made a wonderful new life for our marriage. After 12 years of marriage our sex life had gotten quite boring. My once husband Timmy, now Terry, told me of his desire to dress in women's clothes. He showed me some of his hidden away magazines. When he showed me some issues of Forced Womanhood it turned me onto my own fantasy. Just think, I could have lovers, a slave and I just love the idea of turning Timmy into a beautiful woman. So I could watch others violate him like men do to women. That was three years ago. Now Timmy is really Terry after years on your hormones mammary and Estrogen, breast implants, permanent eyeliner make up, tattooed lip lines, etc. As a slave Terry is made to always wear sexy clothes and high heels stockings.

My fantasy came true last month when my new lover said he'd love to break in Terry's virgin ass. My lover was so turned on by Terry being in high heeled red shoes & stockings and seeing his new beautiful breasts. Poor Terry was so obedient after so much discipline that he cried out as my lover's head cock was shoved into his virgin ass. My lover came within seconds, he was so turned on. And so did I watching it all. Mistress JK.



Macho man loves transsexuals

"THEY CAN SUCK COCK BETTER THAN ANY WOMAN"

Attn. Forced Womanhood,

I have always had a thing for transsexuals. There's something about them. They are more erotic and sexual than real women. They know how to dress to turn a man on. I love to see them in sexy high heels, stockings & lacy underwear and a sexy dress. And believe me, they can suck cock better than any woman ever could. They know how to treat a man.

I have trained and taught my she-male-slave Conice how to take care of me. She is always ready for me when I want her ass or blow job. She must at all times be dressed to thrill. Mister Ben.

SHE-MALE IN TRAINING

Still half asleep, I began to move around and discovered that I was still wearing the slick lingerie that I had been forced into the night before.

I jumped up and began to search for something else to wear. The dresser and closet were both empty, and there were no blankets or sheets on the bed. Checking the door, I found it so I started to scream and pound on the door.

A few seconds later the door sprang open. "Stop your damn screaming and pounding Michelle," the Misses ordered.

"My name isn't Michelle!" I yelled.

"Girl, you'd better tone your voice down," the Misses said. "Or you'll get no lunch."

"GIRL?" I replied. "I'm not a girl!"

...if you're not a girl, why are you wearing women's underwear, Missy?" the Misses questioned.

"That's because you want to turn me into a damn female," I screamed. "Even if it's against my will."

"That's right, Michelle. We know how confused you are right now, so we're going to convince you to get your sexual reassignment surgery soon," the Misses stated.

Adding, "Of course this sexual reassignment surgery will change a few things about your life," she laughed. "I guess you know that your useless penis will be surgically remodeled to create your vagina, and you'll get some implants inserted into your chest so you'll have large breasts."

"But first, we've got to prepare you for your future sexchange. So right now we're going to work on maintaining your feminine appearance. You're going to be expected to wear the appropriate feminine attire at all times, and act accordingly."

To soften your appearance, we're going to get you on female hormones. Of course these hormones will increase your breasts size, just enough to create pockets for your breasts implants. Also as these hormones soften your skin, they'll effect the chemistry of your brain. They'll have you thinking a lot more like a woman, so that your thoughts and experiences will become more emotional; thus your crying will become much easier.

"Essentially, you'll be an adolescent girl. And as such, your breast will begin to grow and you'll mature mentally as a woman. Besides, I think you'd look cute with small breasts."

"As your breasts bulge outward the nipples will ache as they begin to grow permanently erect. And as your nipples stretch and get erect, the area beneath them will become rounded as the nipples themselves become sensitive to the cold air."

"Bill will want to observe daily growth of your breasts, but I think you already know that. He'll continually ask you how you feel about the growth of your breasts. And about how it feels to have your body slowly

changing into the shape of a woman; bulging breasts, wider hips and softer skin."

"When your breasts show the slightest increase in size, he'll ask you if you're ready for your first training brassiere. One with padding of course to help shape and mold your developing boobs."

"After about a year of growth, your breasts should be slightly enlarged. Probably just enough to fill the cups of a small lacy brassiere."

"You like full rounded breasts, Don't you? Well my husband likes women with large breasts, too. So I'm sure that he will coach you as to what to say before the breasts augmentation surgery. Thus ensuring that you'll get a set of large luscious breasts."

"After informing the doctors that you're ready to receive your new breasts, he'll accompany you so he can watch as each implant is inserted below your real breasts."

"After the surgery you'll enjoy how your large breasts look and feel as they protrude outward. But best of all, while holding your new boobs you'll take a quick glance at Bill and notice an approving smile."

"Approaching you, Bill will want to feel your breasts. While massaging your tits, he'll push them up and ask you how much you like them. As my husband caresses your sizable chest, he'll compliment you for going through with the operation."

"Lowering his head, he'll lick your nipples and suck on your huge melons, saying that you can't hide these babies."

"Enlarged breasts, will of course require a larger brassiere to support and hold you breasts UP in place. Grabbing your purse, Bill will produced an appropriate bra from your purse."

"Stepping behind you, Bill will wrap this lacy bra around you. As he pushes your breasts into the cups, he'll mention how well your enlarged breasts fill the cups of this new bra. Again making your breasts impossible to hide."

"Bill will again tell you that your breasts are lovely."

"But we're not going to stop with just the breasts implants. No baby, we're going to take you all the way."

"When we're ready, we'll tell doctors that it's time to finish your sex-change operation. But you'll never be told exactly when we're going to schedule your final operation; anyway you'll be unconscious long before we move you to the hospital."

"You might as well know that the necessary forms have all been forged, and enough palms greased to get this by everyone."

"When the actual sex change operation



begins, the doctors will make an incision in the scrotum and your balls will be manipulated out this incision. With your balls completely exposed the doctors will surgically cut them away."

"The head of your penis will be sliced open across the top, the penile skin rolled back down to the base and the erectile tissue slowly and gently removed. Most of the skin from your penis shaft will be used to construct the walls of your new vagina. The scrotal skin will be folded and sewn in such a way as to create your vaginal lips."

"Don't worry Mon, the doctors will provide you a way to pee; but you'll have to sit down to take a leak. You'll have a clitoris built from some of your excess erectile tissue. Your clitoris won't be as big as your old one, but it'll function quite well."

"Remember how your short, ugly penis use to hang disgustingly outside? Well now it'll be beautifully sewn inside minus the erectile tissue."

"You won't be able to see your penis anymore, but you'll be able to feel your small penis skin stretching as some well-endowed guy slides his hard lengthy cock deep inside what he's convinced is your sweet pussy."

"Can you image some guy sliding his very erect cock meat up inside your old penile skin?"

"You'll have a penis again! It's funny when you think about it, an erect penis sliding back and forward inside the skin of another penis."

"But in reality, this penis really isn't yours, this penis will be buried deep inside the walls of your vagina."

"Oh Honey, my husband is looking forward to being the first guy to shove his huge hard cock up your new pussy. He's going to enjoy rubbing his erect cock between your vaginal lips."

"You'll be unable to control yourself as he puts the head of his hard cock up to the entrance of your vagina."

"As his large penis slides between your pussy lips, instinctively you'll spread legs and give my husband room as he pushes his long prick deeper. As his cock continues to slide further pass your vaginal lips the stimulation will cause you to moan and groan."

"Once your vagina has received my husband's entire lengthy cock, you'll feel more like a woman. With his cock stuffed deep into your belly, your desires will tell you that you were meant to be a woman, and nothing else."

"You'll want Bill to make sweet love to you, knowing that the only way to satisfy your sexual urge is to have his hard cock racing through and up inside your vagina."

"Before he starts to fuck you, maybe you'd ask to hold his ball sack so you can feel his huge balls, comparing them to the little ones you lost. Knowing that your balls were never as massive as Bill's, and knowing that seed from these heavy balls will soon be dripping



from your cunt."

"Slowly the rhythm will start, as he slides through your vaginal opening. As his cock repeatedly thrusts inside you, it'll be stimulating your clitoris, thus adding to your own pleasure. As the pace quickens the rhythm of his cock entering you again and again, will create a steady string of sexual excitement. These multiple sensations will be audible only as heavy breathing and a continual moan."

"While engaged in heavy fast paced intercourse, his balls will be bouncing off your vaginal lips. His hard cock will continue to pulsate as he drives his cock home. With one final thrust, he'll push fully forward and shoot his sperm inside your cunt. You'll gasp when you feel his hot slippery cum engulf his own cock. This hot sperm will ease the friction between his cock and your pussy, and send exotic sensation through your entire body."

"After my husband pulls his cock out of your cunt, you'll realize that you just had the best time of your life. Then you'll thank God you have a vagina, you're able to let a man

sink his cock deep inside your body, and during love making you're able to enjoy the sensation of accepting load after load of warm sperm."

"Who knows, you might even have an orgasm if you find someone who knows how to use what he's got," the Misses replied.

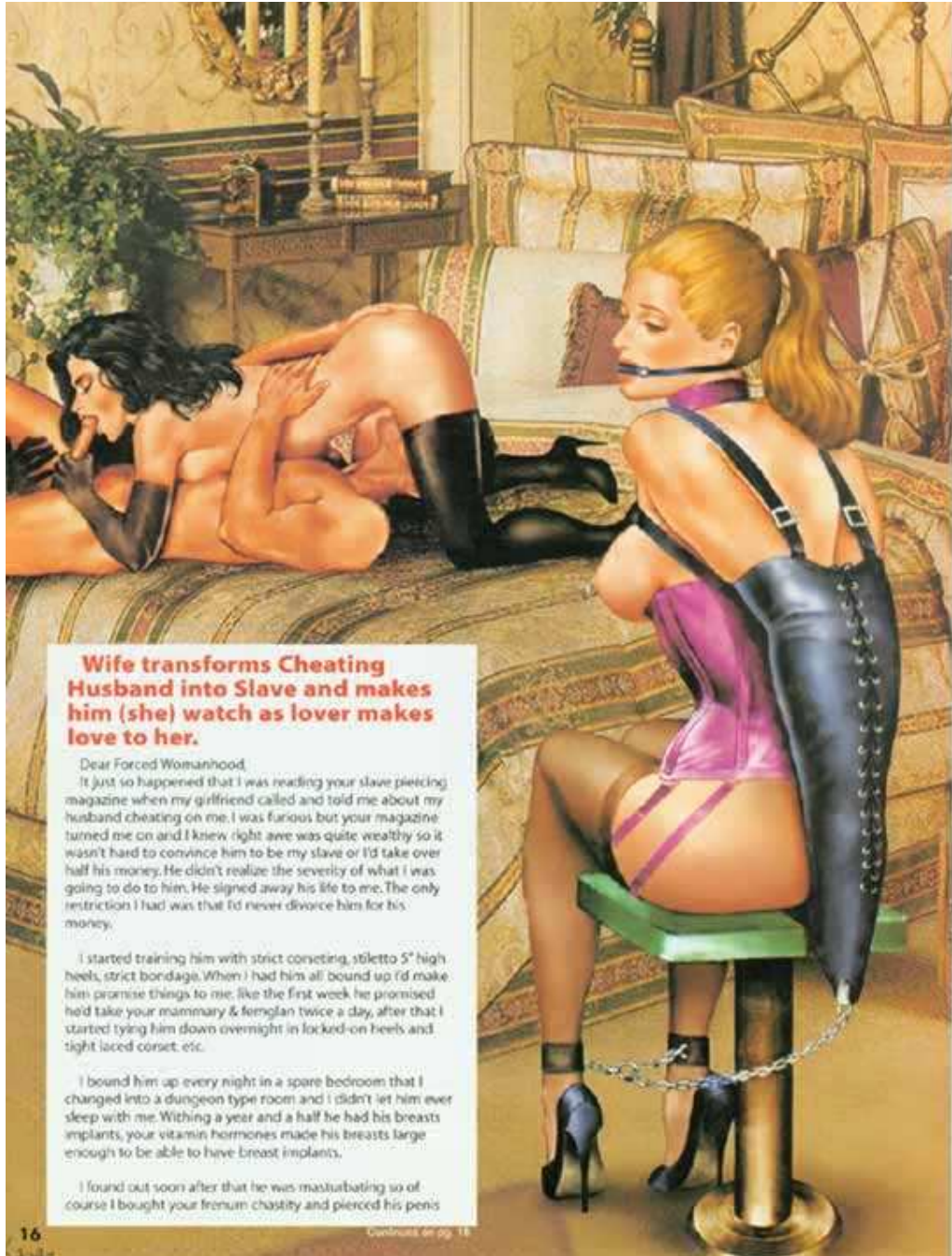
"Listen Here Rich," I interrupted. "I'm not going to let you, or your husband change me into a woman." I screamed, "I'm going to find some way to escape."

"Ok, Miss Houdini. Until you've escaped clean up your own messes," the Misses demanded. (I'm sure she meant it.) Then she added, "You'll be on a strict diet while you're here. We don't want our little girl getting fat! Huh?"

"My name isn't Miss or Michelle," I screamed.

"Young Lady, would you like some dinner?" the Misses asked.

A scream of "No!" was greeted by the Misses leaving and relocking the door. □



Wife transforms Cheating Husband into Slave and makes him (she) watch as lover makes love to her.

Dear Forced Womanhood,
It just so happened that I was reading your slave piercing magazine when my girlfriend called and told me about my husband cheating on me. I was furious but your magazine turned me on and I knew right away was quite wealthy so it wasn't hard to convince him to be my slave or I'd take over half his money. He didn't realize the severity of what I was going to do to him. He signed away his life to me. The only restriction I had was that I'd never divorce him for his money.

I started training him with strict corseting, stiletto 5" high heels, strict bondage. When I had him all bound up I'd make him promise things to me like the first week he promised he'd take your mammary & femglan twice a day, after that I started tying him down overnight in locked-on heels and tight laced corset etc.

I bound him up every night in a spare bedroom that I changed into a dungeon type room and I didn't let him ever sleep with me. Withing a year and a half he had his breasts implants, your vitamin hormones made his breasts large enough to be able to have breast implants.

I found out soon after that he was masturbating so of course I bought your frenum chastity and pierced his penis

Slave Sucks His First Cock

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I have written to you before on how I have changed my once cheating husband into a she-male slave. I wrote to you when I made him get his breast implants and after that when he was forced to get tattooed eyebrows, tattooed black eyeliner below and above eyes and bright red tattooed lips, then I wrote you again when just last month we inserted your new long FL8 Frenum chastity and put in your new permanent break off screws.

Now, I'm writing to tell you how I made my once macho husband suck his first cock. It was the day I looked forward to for a long time, I wanted to humiliate him like this for years so he would know how it felt to be forced to suck a cock.

I bound him up in an ambinder real tight so he couldn't move, I attached chains to his nipple rings and your ankle cuffs with chains that I ran thru the "D" ring on the chastity. He couldn't move an inch. My friend got a hard-on just looking at my beautiful slave. He walked over in the nude and stuck his hard throbbing cock into my slave's mouth. "You are going to love this slave" he said. He was so excited my friend came within seconds.

I made my slave swallow it as it spurted out all over his face. Tears rolled down my slave's face.

—A Dominant Wife



Continued from pg 16

and installed it permanently. I then had nipple rings pierced thru his nipples, then so he could never ever go anywhere as a man I had tattoos eyeliner, eyebrows, bright tattoos lips and tattooed make up put on his face.

You cannot believe how beautiful my husband turned out to be. She now has an hour glass figure from the continual use of corsetry, her hair is long and blonde and she is unbelievably submissive.

When we're out, men practically attack her, she's so sexy, she's gorgeous, yet has that very submissive look about her. Her legs are long and very in high heels, stockings and a garter belt. Her protruding breasts stick out proudly over low cut dresses. She's really even prettier than I am.

When we're out I always have one of Centaress's dainty locking collars on her, I have one in all collars from you folks to match most of her outfits. She looks so sweet, submissive and innocent, maybe that's why men goggle at her and try to pick her up.

About six months ago my revenge was very sweet, I had been seeing another man on the side, I explained to him that I had a very beautiful slave at home and he was intrigued.

We went out for dinner a couple of times which gave me time to explain things a little to him, I never told him my slave was really a man. On the last dinner date I could tell he wanted to take me to bed, I then explained

that I wanted my slave to watch, he agreed and couldn't wait to really see if I had a slave or not.

When we got to my house I had him wait in the living room while I transferred my slave from her bedroom type dungeon to my room.

I bound my slave up in a Centurian arm-binder as tight as I could, then I chained her to a chair next to my bed, I then put a gag in her mouth and told her "It's time I got even for what you did three years ago".

I invited my new lover into our bedroom, he nearly flipped out when he saw my slave so humble and submissive, bound up so tight with his gag in his mouth, unable to speak.

"My god" he exclaimed she's your slave? SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! Why would a lady as beautiful as her be someone's slave? he asked.

I just smiled, my new lover was so turned on, we got right to it. As we were doing 69 and I was sucking on my lover's cock I glanced over to see my poor slave she-male husband's face so sad, with drops of tears coming out of her eyes, her head slanted trying not to look as I sucked on my new lover's cock.

Afterwards I took my slave back to her bedroom, removed her gag and made her slurp all the cum out of my wet pussy. As I stood over her and held her tearful face upwards into my wet vagina I said, "How does it feel to be cheated on? How does it feel to



have to suck out another man's cum?" How does it feel not ever being able to get a blow job? How does it feel to be a slave and never again be able to have sex? and how will it feel next time, if I have you suck another man's cock knowing you can't have the same!

"Now get down and kiss my feet slave and tell me you love me"

REVENGE IS SWEET!!

Mistress Alena



Shemales make the best cock suckers

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I don't see too many men masters in your magazine, maybe your magazine hasn't gotten out to the masters yet? But let me tell you, there are a lot of us men (I know of three myself) that have she-male slaves. They are the best cock suckers, especially if they're well disciplined and well trained.

I am slowly turning my slave into a she-male with of course lots of suggestions and ideas from your own Forced Womanhood.

My slave stays home to just take care of the housework, chores, make sure diner is served and of course to satisfy my sexual needs. At home he must always wear a collar, corset stockings and high heel shoes. For this he doesn't have to hold down a job and he gets free room and bread.

—Master Kurt

The Male Maid

Daphne was at one time a young, successful male accountant, until "she" foolishly answered an ad by a "stern dominatrix, no-nonsense woman".

Daphne is still an accountant except she now goes to work tightly laced and locked in a severe corset. Under her male suit she wears panties, bra, nylons, and her "little thing" is locked in a most confining harness tucked between her legs.

Her new mistress has stated that she finds the sight of it offensive.

Daphne must be home 15 minutes after work or be punished, after putting on her maid's uniform she begins her second, eight full hours of work. Her Mistress fully believes sissy maids should be used and abused, teased and tormented 'til their "little things" weep dribbles of sissy tears. Once a week, if its been decided that Daphne has been a good girl her Mistress allows her to play with her thing with one hand, for a full five minutes, kneeling in front of her, when it is about to spurt she must insert it into a one gallon jug for deposit.

Her Mistress has promised Daphne that when she's completely filled the jug she will set her free. — maybe, or maybe she'll make her drink it. But most likely, poor Daphne will never be set free.



Ballet Training

Poor Priscilla, from the moment her Mistress started training her, her hapless feet have been kept imprisoned in the cruel ballet boots. For weeks the poor thing could barely stand in them, let alone walk in them. But her Mistress assured her that if they were kept on day long, from morning to night, she'd eventually learn to walk in them.

It was agony for Priscilla but after six months she can now stand and actually walk in them for nearly an hour at a time. Her Mistress is so kind to her that she lets Priscilla sit for five minutes every forty five minutes, after being chained to her chair. That is if she hasn't stumbled, tripped or fallen in them during that time if any of those occurs unfortunately she spends her five minute rest period having the bottoms of her feet spanked.

Each week the sissy maid must stay on her tortured feet an additional ten minutes, however her Mistress rewards her by graciously allowing her an additional full one minute rest period.

Her Mistress realizes that Priscilla's training has been a bit cruel, so she's recently been allowing her to take her boots off when she's put to bed.

NOTE: Centurians is the only company that sells Ballet shoes and boots and has them in stock. Call (775) 322-5119 for information on our stock.

Wife takes she-male slave to swingers clubs and binds him up to watch others make love to her.

Dear Forced Womanhood,

A few issues back a Mistress sent in her story on how she joined a swingers group and took her bound slave to watch. Well this turned me on so much (I read it over and over) that I had to try this with my shemale slave.

I live in the LA area where there are many swinger bars. I didn't know I had the guts, but I dressed my slave Brent (now Brenda) all up sexy. I put one of Centurians decorative petite collars on her with a "D" ring. It matched her outfit. I also put on her small wrist and ankle cuffs in case I wanted to end up fastening them.

I walked in first, my obedient slave following me, we were a hit right away. My slave was made to wear a tight cinched corset with garters, black stockings, high heels and a short sexy dress. We were immediately bought drinks and couples starting hitting on us.

I somehow got it out that Brenda was my slave and that I came to have fun, but all Brenda could do is watch. At 12 midnight the front doors were locked and the party began. There were quite a few different rooms where others scattered to. We were led to a beautiful draped room by a couple we had been talking to and wanted to have sex with us, their names were Micki and Don, a wild couple in their 40's. I bound Brenda up at the foot of the bed. Believe me I was nervous, but Micki put me at ease quickly. We were soon all wrapped up in each other in hot beautiful sex, I have never been so turned on so much, I don't know if it was Micki and Don all over me kissing and licking every part of my body or the thought that my she-male slave was all bound up chastised and had to watch.

I think it was both. I've always dreamed of having two people make love to me.

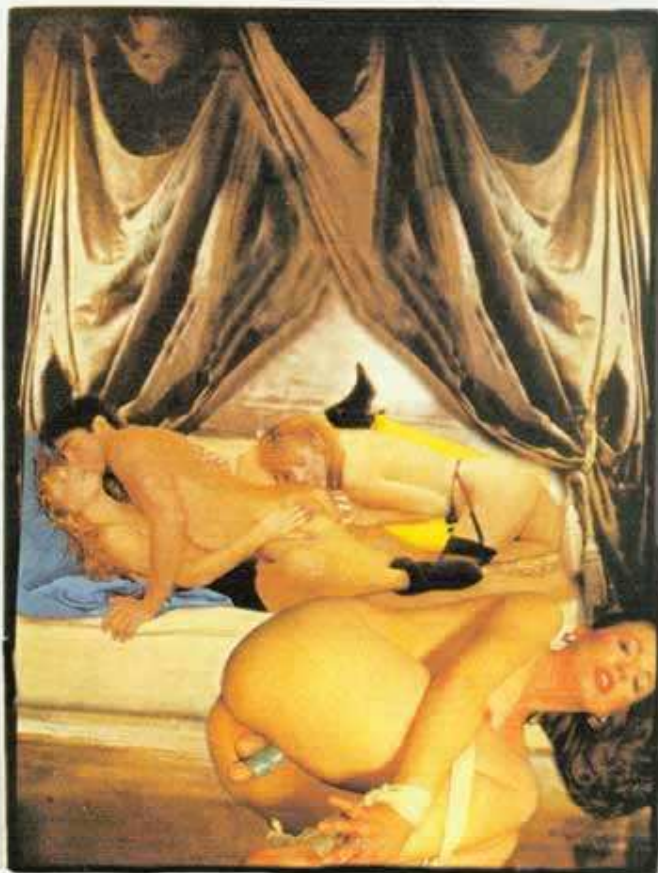
My body was rolling in sweat and cum as I walked over to my slave and

made her (him) eat out all the cum from inside my wet lips.

Micki and Don watched in amazement as my slave sucked my lips and clitoris and to their dismay I came again in my slave's face. "Now get down and kiss my boots and tell me you love me whimp."

I was back again next week with my slave in tow. This time I fastened my

slaves cuffed hands to a hook in the ceiling. I made him watch as two macho men made love to me, my favorite position is from behind with me bent over and a big cock in my pussy, as I got screwed from behind I sucked another's cock at the same time. I was screaming in ecstasy as my bound and chastised slave was made to watch. Having two men make love to you at the same time





is incredible, when one gives out, you still have another to get screwed, breasts and clitoris sucked all at nearly the same time in a multiple orgasm.

After we got home, my slave was in tears, I made him again kneel down and suck all the cum out of me, then bend down

and kiss my high heels and tell me how much he loved me.

You see, my slave was once my macho husband who thought he could screw around on me, I'm just getting even.

—TP.

Phallic Fidelity Enforcer



Chastity belts for the fairer sex are sold as jealousy. Now, in the liberated 90's, behold the first fidelity-ensuring device for men! Lock your husband's or sweetheart's procreative equipment in this exclusive Centurian apparatus, ladies, and know with absolute certainty that he isn't-shall-we-say "screwing around". And imagine the look on his face when you tell him (kiddingly, we hope!) that you seem to have misplaced the key! What price peace of mind? In this case, only \$325. and that includes instructions.

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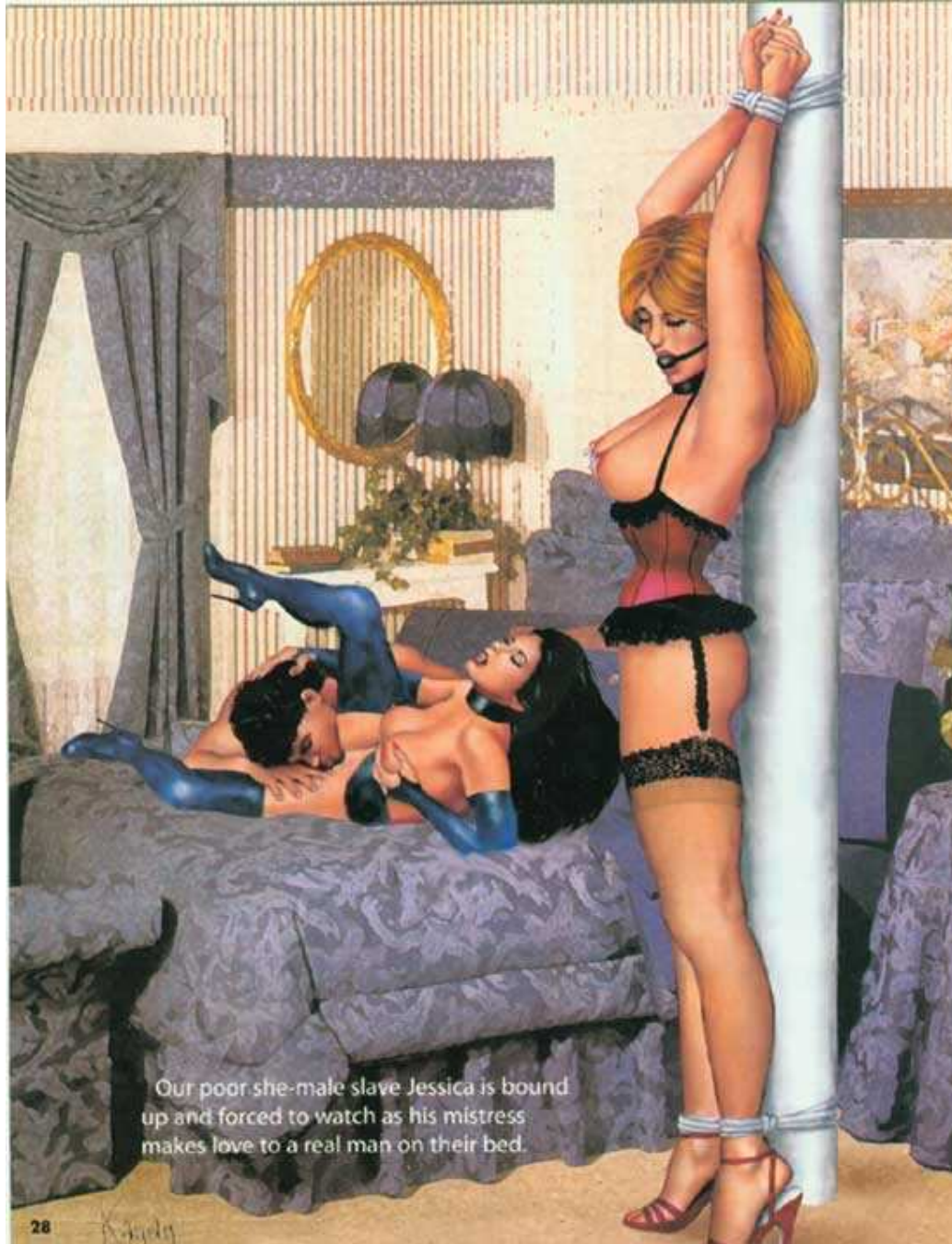
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COSTUMES AND OUTFITS SUGGESTED FOR SHE-MALE SISSIES

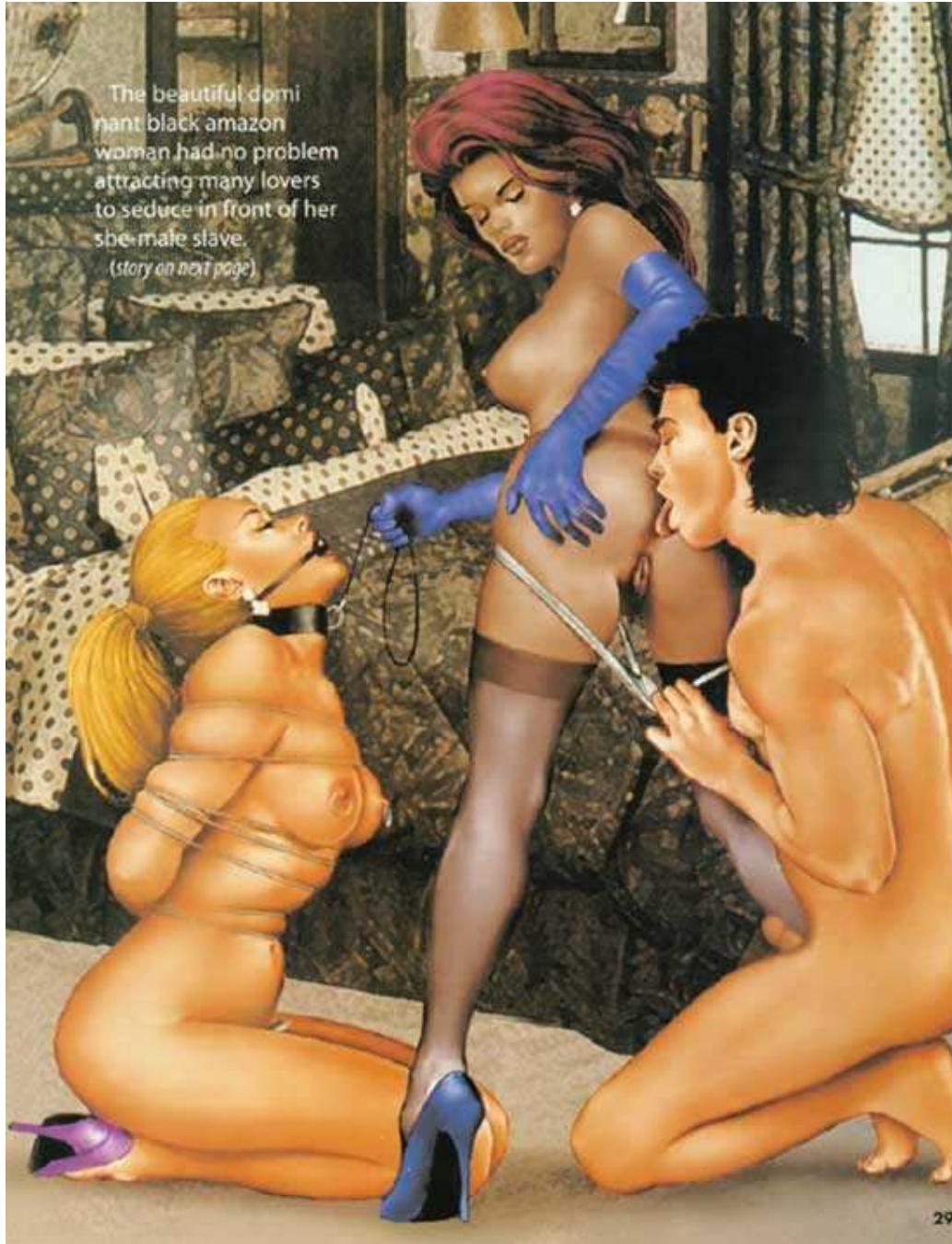
by Patrick





Our poor she-male slave Jessica is bound up and forced to watch as his mistress makes love to a real man on their bed.

The beautiful dominant black amazon woman had no problem attracting many lovers to seduce in front of her she-male slave.
(story on next page)



Black dominant Goddess has her white feminine husband changed into a girl so she can satisfy her sexual needs with others.

To the attention of Forced Womanhood Magazine.

I married my husband because I liked the feminine side he had. He told me before we got married that he enjoyed wearing women's clothes, but he had more female hormones than male testosterone. On the other hand was very sexual and enjoyed sex to its fullest. I enjoyed sex everyday, he couldn't keep up with me, so when he showed me your magazine a couple of years ago, I was thrilled with the idea of making him into a chastized female slave for my enjoyment, also meaning I could satisfy my sexual needs with others. Don't get me wrong, I love my husband. By turning him into a she-male slave he got what he wanted and so did I. Besides, I am a dominant woman by nature and enjoy the control.

I am a beautiful black lady with a great sexual body, my she-male slave is white, and now also after two years has a great looking feminine body, mainly because of my constant training, discipline, bondage, hormones, breast implants, strict dieting, tattooed make up and just recently your new permanent frenum chastity.

I like to torment my slave by making him watch as others enjoy my body and make love to me. I humiliate him by saying how much I like a real man for sex and what a whimp he now is.

It's unbelievable how turned on my lovers get seeing my beautiful slave bound up in the room, many ask if they can have her too.

"You can't touch her" I say. "But I might let you stick your penis in her mouth if you are good". This really turns them on and I get some good horny sex.

I think it's a combination of things that get my lovers so excited. Having nice breasts and a great body, my dominant nature and having a beautiful gorgeous slave all bound up for whatever pleasures I demand. You cannot believe how excited men get! This to me is also a turn on and of course I always have to humiliate my slave by making him suck out all the cum afterwards and tell him what a whimp he is.

At this point I'm thinking of making him go all the way with what they call a complete sex change, in other words make him a complete her.

I wonder what it would be like double dating?!

—The black goddess.



Prejudiced white guy will no longer be, after sucking a big black cock.



Dear Forced Womanhood,

I'll try to make this short per your request. I was dating this white guy when he made some prejudiced remarks, I played him along until he agreed to be my slave, he was very much in love with me but still every once in a while would come out with his prejudice up bringing. I had it made when he signed over to me his life. Agreeing to do whatever I wanted, he was already very feminine, it didn't take but two years of heavy discipline & bondage to change him into a girl and chastise him.

His first humiliation because of his prejudice was to make him very submissive and to be made to suck a big black cock. Jenny was trained by me to open her ass wide for my lovers so they could see what a beautiful ass she has. Her mouth was trained by me constantly training her how to suck dicks with a large dildo.

When Tom came in and forced his big cock in her mouth I was thrilled. She would never be prejudiced again.

—Mistress Cora.

Mistress Lets Old Boyfriend Get Even With Charlie, New Charlotte

Dear Forced Womanhood,
Before Charlie (now my slave Charlotte) and I got married Charlie and Richard (my lover before Charlie and I got married) got in a fist fight over me, Charlie beat Richard up, at that time before I changed him into a very submissive she-male slave, Charlie was what you call a macho man then. He ran around on me out drinking and brawlings with the boys.

Now poor Charlie is so feminine and meek, he's full of female hormones, has new breasts and he is very petite.

I thought it only to get back with my old boyfriend, Richard, seeing as how Charlotte can no longer satisfy me and to ad insult to poor Charlotte I thought it only fitting that Richard get even with Charlie (Charlotte).

—Mistress Luna



**YOUR MISTRESS GAVE
YOU TO ME MY DEAR, AND
I CAN DO WITH YOU
WHATEVER I WANT. ONCE
WE HAD A FIGHT OVER
LUNA, NOW YOU ARE
GOING TO SUCK MY COCK!**

**Read about true stories
of men changed into
she-male slaves**

*Photos and art of real
life stories, see how
both masters and
mistresses transform
their slaves into
beautiful sexy
females*



BEWARE

***If you dare look inside this
magazine you may end up
being a she-male slave.
It happens everyday!***

Kosin