

Forced Womanhood

ENSLAVEMENT AND CHASTISEMENT OF MEN

Forced Womanhood 31, 2001

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All models are of age or older-proof is on file. All photos in this publication were taken before the year of 1994. Adults Only



erotic art by Aldo, Baker, and Kagan

MASTERS, MISTRESSES, AND SLAVES
send your stories and photos to:

CENTURIANS
P.O. Box 51510, Vista Station
Sparks, NV 89502

Please keep your articles short. Your story has a better chance of being published if a photo is included.

LETTERS & PHOTOGRAPHS

from our readers

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Forced Womanhood is now on the internet, it includes many of our back issues. You can click on and see what fabulous stories and photos you may have missed. Connect to www.forced-womanhood.com or www.centuriandirect.com.



Dear Forced Womanhood,

I was turned into a very sexy she-male and then chastised by a very dominant woman I met at a bar. For two years she kept me as her slave and turned me into a lady and then chastised my penis after many doses of hormones. Then she kicked me out! Now what do I do? All I'm good for now is satisfying men orally or letting them screw me. What do I do? Is there anyone who will take me in?

Begging, Jennifer



Dear Forced Womanhood,

About a year ago I made a big mistake and showed my wife your magazine. Nothings been the same ever since. I liked to crossdress-now I'm a full fledged chastised she-male slave. My wife found a macho man as her live-in lover. Now I end up doing all the house chores and I have to satisfy them both. I'm there sex toy. My wife is in heaven. Now I can't even have sex. It's your magazines fault. And your slogan-"don't read this magazine or you may end up like this" is true.

Slave Betty
Once Named Ben

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I just read your magazine. I love it! All men should be made into females so they know what we have to endure. (see photo) In a year I'll send you another when he's fully a she-male.

Veronica

WIFE GETS TURNED ON BY HAVING BOUND SLAVE WATCH AS LOVER HAS SEX WITH HER

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WIFE AND LADY WHO WAS MADE PREGNANT BY HUSBAND GET EVEN

Dear Forced Womanhood:

I guess, from what my wife said, I was a little abusive. Everything had to be my way. I had been going out on her and was finally caught when a girl I got pregnant made quite a stink. I knew you want short story experiences, so I will make it as short as possible.

My wife read your magazine which I had bought - she found it my bottom drawer. She got so turned on by it, she bought a subscription and reads every story.

Over the last year and a half she enslaved me and turned me into a real girl. All because she caught me and made me promise to do this so she wouldn't get a divorce. Her and Gail (the girl I got pregnant) agreed this would be a great retribution. Last week she locked me in my room and then let a man in to abuse me like I did to other women. Afterwards, Gail and my wife celebrated with Champagne while I was gagged, bruised and bound at their feet.

Slave Tina



WIFE GETS TURNED ON BY HAVING BOUND SLAVE WATCH AS LOVER HAS SEX WITH HER

Dear Forced Womanhood:

My wife and I have been avid readers of your magazine for years. Even when it was called "Slave Piercing" years ago. It's taken a long time. She started when I was thirty five years old. Now I'm forty two. She has made me taken your Fenniquie, Mammary Plus and Estro-glax twice a day now for seven years. I now have a size "B" breasts - Thank God I didn't need an operation to get breast implants because of your hormones. Yes, I've been chastised which is now my wife's excuse to have lovers.

The other night she had her long time lover over. She bound me up in one of your arm-binders and tethered me to the floor in our bedroom in our bedroom and made me watch as they had sex right in front of me. I couldn't even talk because she gagged me. She loves to humiliate me this way because I can no longer have sex because of my chastised penis. Besides this - it turns her on to have me bound up while she has sex with someone else. Are there a lot women who get turned on this way?

Trina

MISTRESS TURNS MAN INTO SHE-MALE



Dear Forced Womanhood,

I'm enclosing a photo of my she-male slave. You asked for photos so here's one of my obedient slave. Over the last two years I've completely enslaved him. He's kept in bondage every night. He's been chastised and had breast implants. Your hormones helped to enlarge his breasts so I could make him get large size "D" implants.

We go everywhere as girl friends and men try to pick us up. My slave is nearly ready to be broken in by a man.

Ms. Jenna

ENGLISH DOMINANT TORTURES AND HUMILIATES SISSY SLAVES THROUGH TOILET TRAINING, MAID TRAINING AND ANAL TORTURE.

Dear Lee,

Another Mistress, called Martha, lent me your great Slave Piercing Magazine's Volume 6 and 8, possibly there are lots more in circulation?

Well, Lee, we do have many wimps and male housemaid toilet cleaners, which are classed as the lowest type, on their knees cleaning up all excrement and toilet pans which is all they are fit to do. I have trained many for this work, they must wear long pinafore aprons over gingham uniformed frocks, and rubber mop caps, they are used by real men in lavatories sucking big pricks and made to swallow all the cum. Head held down while men pull up their frocks and pull down their rubber knickers loading their ass with huge amounts of cum.

In my castle, I take on wimps as Scullery Housemaids, I have one called Pansy, who I've trained for a year now. Your hormones have given him nice lities.

When I first examined the wimp, I told him he should have been a girl, his little prick was proof of that, being the size of my little finger and all. This was, of course, fully erect. I laughed at him and he tried to speak, but I whacked his little pecker with my cane.

Weeks later, he was cleaning my toilet and bidet with a toothbrush. The thought of him scrubbing aroused me, so I decided to break his virgin ass in. I told him he would have to get used to this, since I run a prostitution service for men on the side, the janitorial arts doesn't pay that well.

I recently visited a farm owned by three lesbians. I brought Pansy with me to enjoy the humiliation of my own slave. The women had three slaves of their own, and they worked them hard. The slaves and Pansy wore yokes and were made to plow the fields. Then, after that, they were forced to load tons of manure from the horse stable. The slaves live in a barn of their own, which is actually heated with the manure.

These slaves are never allowed in the house, because they always smell. What do lesbians need with stinky she-male slaves anyway?

At sunset we retired to the house, I made Pansy sleep in the barn. After a wonderful orgy with the three women, I decided to sell them Pansy for a good price.

I said, if they clean her up, she could do very well as their housemaid. Sometimes, it's good to sell your slaves. We sealed the deal with another intense sex session. I have a feeling I may visit Pansy quite a few times, to check on her progress, if you know what I mean.

**Mistress Barbara
England**



WIFE AND SLAVE ENJOY WHAT THEY'RE DOING AND WANTS TO HEAR FROM OTHERS



Dear Jeri,

Hope all is well, I haven't write lately, enclosed are some pictures. One shows my progress to becoming a lifetime woman, the hormones and training has done wonders, I live about 75% of my time as a woman, I still have to go as a boy (yuck) sometimes. We'd love to have our photos published with our address to meet others that like what my wife and I like. Thanks so much.

Lore Rachel and Cindy

51870 HWY. 60
Salome, AZ 85348

P.S. Keep up the good work, great magazine.





Dear Forced Womanhood,

I'm a black lady who many call a real bitch. I work every day and I am stronger than most men. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to dominate wimpy white men. My slaves are for real and must serve me any way I want. I want their heads between my legs giving me pleasure constantly. I have a slave that I've been training for a few years now. He's been completely transformed and chastised for my pleasure alone. He is kept bound everyday. He's only let out to serve me and clean house. I read your magazine. I'll bet a lot of letters are from weak Mistresses. I am real. The best slaves are those men who like to wear women's clothes, these men you can make into very submissive enslaved she-males if you're strong and very dominant like me. You'll be able to see me on Forced Womanhood's new website.

Dominant Bitch Tracy



WIFE AND DOMINANT



Gentlemen,

I have been instructed by my Mistress to write you and tell you how she transformed me.

My Mistress/Wife is Debbie. I married her thirty years ago. She has always been the dominant person in our relationship. I was always submissive. Four years ago I saw your magazine at the store and bought it. I enjoyed it so much I continued to buy them when I could find them. I hide them from my wife because she had warned me that I can't spend money on magazines she didn't approve before hand.

The problem with your magazine is that the more I read it the more I wanted to be like the men in it. This is to be forced into a woman. Well, my little hiding spot was found out a night when my wife did some spring cleaning.

When I got home from work she was sitting at the dining room table with all eight of the issues I had on Forced Womanhood. She said since I like to read these, I must want to be one! I answered her that I had thought about it a lot in the past. Well, since I wasted her hard earned money on these magazines we better not waste the information

contained in them. She told me that I must write up a contract. In that contract I was to sign over all property to her, also I must state I was willing to give her permission to totally control mind, body, and soul. Also another legal contract requesting my sex and name change. You see, I am a lawyer and it was an easy thing to do. After this was all done I was told to quit my job. I did!

Then Mistress Debbie ordered to donate all my Italian suits to the poor, as well as my male underwear, foot wear, hats, toilet products and sporting equipment.

TURN MAN INTO SLAVE

Next Mistress Debbie informed me that I would only answer to "Slave, The She-male Whore, or Her Little Whore." That I would be required to shave and keep off all my body hair. The hair on my head was allowed to grow to shoulder length where it was formed into a girlish style. My hair color was blonde, now dyed black.

Mistress Debbie also informed me that I had to slim down from my 300 pound weight to a slimmer 210. She wanted to own the tallest she-male slave, I'm 6'9" tall. She said that men love to have sex with tall women. Especially to get their cocks sucked! She

told me I had to wear a body brief that was three sizes smaller than my waist. That I would have a butt plug in my asshole at all times to help stretch it out so when I'm fucked in the asshole I would enjoy it more with less pain. She started me with a large size butt plug the size of three fingers. I had to go to a beauty shop on a weekly basis so they could fix my hair, toes, and finger nails. For this service I would be the maid for the owner of the beauty shop on weekends.

The owner of the shop was named Mistress Gail. She was single and enjoyed punishing submissive men. She had seven slaves of her own. There were three who were transformed into she-males and one had been turned into a full woman.

The first weekend I learned to suck her dou-

ble dong. After I wetted it nicely, she placed one end up her pussy and the other end in her ass and had me work it until she came several times. She then pulled it out of her and had me lick it clean.

She tied me up to a folding chair and stuffed three fingers with hot sauce on it. My ass hole felt like it was on fire. She then ordered me to suck on her clit or she would give me an enema filled with hot sauce. I must have licked her clit for hours, my jaw and tongue were feeling fatigue, but the thought of that enema kept me going.


On monday I was returned to my Mistress. My training continued. She put me on hormones, yours work particularly well, and my body has blossomed into womanhood. My butt plug has grown to the size of a fist. She now regularly watches me take it up the ass. On my birthday, she tied me down and fucked my ass as I sucked off her new boyfriend with an eleven inch cock. He came in quarts. I have learned to swallow.

I wear woman's clothing all the time and breast implants are a size 42DD. I suck cock regularly while my wife/Mistress fucks my ass. Despite all of this, I am perfectly happy.

Thank you for the pleasure of reading my letter.

Joe Peachlow





**"WELL HONEY,
YOU'VE BEEN IN
TRAINING A LONG
TIME NOW. TO
BECOME A GIRL, IT'S
TIME TO FIND OUT
WHAT GIRLS HAVE
TO DO! WHO'S NEXT!"**

ANTI-GAY MAN ENDS UP A SHE-MALE SLAVE SUCKING COCK AND PUSSY AND TRAINED BY TWO DOMINANTS

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Dear Forced Womanhood.

Please let me introduce myself. My name is Jessica, totally devoted feminized slave to Mistress Cyndi and Mistress Barbara. Mistress Cyndi's account of my story appeared in *Forced Womanhood* 25. It details the brilliant plot my former girlfriend and her friend put together to stop from abusing her as I did. Looking back from where I sit now, my legs crossed, skirts ruffled down and my and body of woman, I can see Jason from a new perspective and do not blame Mistress Cyndi for doing what she did. In fact, believe it or not, I applaud it.

Like most men, my cock got me in trouble. I was turned on by Rhonda, having no idea who or what she was. When I awoke from sipping the spiked drink I was blindfolded, bound, but as I found



ANTI-GAY MAN ENDS UP A SHE-MALE SLAVE SUCKING COCK AND PUSSY AND TRAINED BY TWO DOMINANTS

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out. I had been shaved, plucked, pinned, pierced and perfumed. I also had been chastised, making erections very painful.

9 months later, I know Jessica was no longer Jason. Mistress Cyndi was praising the way I looked, acted, and moved. She kept dropping inferences about how I would attract men. At first I did not pay much attention, but it got me thinking that I could turn a man on. Being anti-gay I could not believe I was having these thoughts.

The Mistress brought home a handsome friend to seduce. I knelt down and took his cock into my mouth and sucked him to climax. It pushed into my mouth and oozed down my chin. Mistress Cyndi was very pleased, so was her friend. Oddly, so was I, because I had done something I would never consider before.

When I was asked how it felt to suck cock, I could only say wonderful. When she asked if I wanted to be Jason, I replied sternly with a "No." I admitted I loved being Jessica and I loved my first cock sucking experience. She told me that I would be sent home in two weeks. She also said in that time I would suck two cocks a day which now excites me very much.

I delight in serving my Mistresses in every way. I bathe them, do their laundry and ironing, clean, cook, dust and vacuum. I love to really please both of them.

They have taken out ads in an alternative papers advertising me as a feminized macho sissy boy cock craver and eager to please. They set me up in a hotel room which they pay year around and I turn my tricks there and all the money goes to my Mistresses. It never ceases to amaze me how much men love having their cocks sucked. I love gring head and and have requests and I make out the schedule around my household duties. Men bring things they would like me to wear. Since I have been doing this I have dressed as a nurse, cheerleader, hooker, little girl, show girl, play boy bunny in latex and leather. I have fucked and sucked straight men, gay men, bisexuals, transvestites, even a female to male transsexual. This is my career and I never need to do anything else. Any sign of disobedience, and there really are nose, and my Mistresses threaten to put me on the streets as a hooker. They know punps, so I know they would do it.

Mistress Cyndi says they are saving me to get a sex change, which will make me more appealing to men and lesbians. I am due to be on the table sometime in March. By spring time my vagina will be put to good use.

I have become an avid reader and will continue to be forever. I am pleased for women who have done what my Mistresses have. I must warn



men that this could definitely happen to any of you. Jason would still be here today if he wasn't thinking with his dick. Fortunately, he is not and my Mistresses have the life they deserve.

And so do I.

Slave Jessica

SLAVE TAKEN TO CHICAGO CONVENTION WHILE MISTRESS PICKS UP MAN FOR HER BOUND SLAVE TO SUCK HER FIRST COCK

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I'm writing to tell you what I did to humiliate my slave last week.

I took Samantha to Chicago for the weekend. She can no longer dress as a man. She's a full woman except for chastised penis. We ended up in a hotel that was having a computer convention. I don't have to tell you the men at these conventions want to screw anything that walks. They're away from their wives and want to play, and pick someone up.

I had Brenda, my slave up in the room and went down to the bar. My purpose to pick up a man. It was easy. I picked up the typical convention attendant. A guy trying to act manish, but you could tell he didn't had much experience in life. We had a few attendants and while he was after me to go to bed with him I explained that I was a dominant lady and not to be had, but I had a beautiful slave tied up in the room. He was fascinated and, of course, wanted to hear more. I told him I might get my slave to suck his cock.

I could see he was totally turned on. I told him she was still a virgin and had never sucked a cock before.

To shorten this story - we got to the room, poor Samantha was all bound up on the bed, I untied her legs and with her hands behind her, I made her kneel down in front of Kenneth. My slave looked so timid and scared.

I told Ken he could go ahead, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his penis. No sooner had he slipped it into Samantha's mouth that he started spurring his 'wun' all over poor Samantha. Ken then got a little embarrassed and kind of frighered said to me "Thank you," and left.

I looked at Samantha all bound up with cum all over her face, tears running down her cheeks. How pathetic she looked. I couldn't help but go over to her to her and hug her. "You poor thing, how's it feel to be a girl?"

Mistress Jordan



SHE-MALE SLAVE GETS MARRIED AND HAS ONE OF FORCED WOMANHOOD'S PERMANENT CHASTITIES PUT ON HIS PENIS. THAT WAS HIS WEDDING RING OF OBEDIENCE AND SERVITUDE

Bear Forced Womanhood.

Thought your readers might want to hear about our wedding. We had just promised to "Love, honor and obey." Born a boy, I was getting married as the "wife," and though Jack had been born a woman, she was to be my "husband." We had met at a transgender conference, and Jack, with bulging muscles, had conquered my heart at once. I thought I only wanted to be a woman part-time, but Jack was very masterful and now I was one full-time, and a devoted slave.

I was dressed like any bride all in white from the inside out. I wore snowy split-crotch panties and matching corset, white garter belt with white stockings, shoulder-length white gloves, choker, and billowy satin gown. (all my underwear and cosmetics we had ordered over the years from your company.) I clung to my new husband in 9 inch high white patent leather heels.

Now came the part of the ceremony we had

written ourselves. I was required to face the audience, lift my skin an reveal my defenseless, lifeless little penis hanging between the white lace of the panties, in full view of everybody, while I stood there blushing proudly. Jack fitted a sterling silver chastity device over my penis, and then with a sudden shove, pierced the foreskin with the fastening pin, and broke off the screw heads so it could never be removed. (There was a ring on the top. Soon it would be attached to a chain in the floor of our home, and would spend the rest of my life confirmed there, keeping loose for my husband.)

The narrow metal band was only about an inch and a half long, and prevented erection by inflicting so much agony it shrank back immediately. From here on, the only sexual satisfaction I could experience would be in gratifying my husband and master's needs. Then I was allowed to lower my skirt, but had to unlatch the bodice. Jack had paid a surgeon to give me enormous breasts, and I uncovered two huge,

brown-tipped very mounds. While everyone watched, she painfully pierced each tender nipple, and slipped a ring into each, so that the tung, round and gleaming, from the tip. Last Jack slipped the gold ring on the third finger of my left hand that made me, literally, his blushing bride.



MAN IS A REAL MAN. HE CALLS MANY OTHERS PUSSY MEN. HE ENSLAVES AND TRANSFORMS A PUSSY MAN AND PUSSY MEN SHOULD SUCK COCK

Bear Forced Womanhood.

I want to tell you about my she-male slave, Charlene, and how I came to tame and train her. I am a survivalist and a real man. I believe there are only two kinds of men: real men and pussy men. I believe a real man can make a pussy-man into a woman, just like I did with Charlene. I live in a cabin in the mountains far from any road. Like to read your magazine and anything that shows her men dominating women or transsexuals. I decided I needed a woman to keep the place and submit to rather kinky desires.

I missed the idea of a real woman. Don't want to squalling bits. Don't want to have to put up with the menials, either. I wanted myself one of those she-males, like in your magazine. With big tits up on top and a little vulnerable thing down there I could keep locked up and use as I wanted her.

One day I spotted this young blonde mate back-packer sleeping, he was small and delicate. I knew he would make a nice young hot girl. I could already imagine my prick sliding into her lipsucked mouth.

When she woke, she was nude, and I was standing over her. I am very tall and I could see she was nervous and very owed by me. She modestly tried to cover her crotch with her hands, just like a woman.

I told her I was a real man and she was a pussy who was going to learn to be my bitch and like it.

It was cute. She demanded her clothes back immediately. I told her she was going nowhere, and that soon she would be feminine to the core. And I would prove it.

I pointed to a box of lingerie and said a real man would never wear panties, no matter what you did to him. He would rather die or suffer tortures of the damned. But, a pussy-man couldn't take it and would give in and agree to wear the panties. Then I told her she would be wearing those panties and calling me master and sucking my dick before morning!

Charlene said I was crazy, again, and tried to get away. Instead, I locked her hands onto manacles set over her head and her ankles to manacles on the floor. Charlene began to cry, her naked body locked so helpless and feminine. I got hard looking at her. I gagged her and things quieted down. Her first lesson in silence.

Her eyes bulged when she saw me bring out the nipple clamps. When I fastened them on her nipples and penis, tears rolled down her cheeks. I knew she was more than willing to wear panties and offer her ass to me.

I had a beer, watched some tube, let her think. When I returned, Charlene hung from her chains in an attitude of complete surrender. Satisfied I removed the gag and unchained her.

Without a word, Charlene put on her panties, knelt before me, unbuttoned my pants, and looking up at me, submissively as wanting to know what she did not my approval, took my cock in her mouth. Charlene learned to choke down my cum and like it.

She also found I was right. She thanks me every day for liberating her from being a man. She even went off willingly to get breast implants, and returned with two beautiful white globes that fit a D-cup and begged me to lusture them. She says that it's pleasurable to bear pain for me now.

**Ken B.
Alabama**





Hello Forced Womanhood:

About six years ago I sent you a letter in Forced Womanhood. I had no name back then. I asked your readers to send a list of names that would suit. My legal name is Sheila Gay Fesselman. Since then, I have been altered. This is a list of what was done to me. My tits were enlarged to 38D's, nipples enlarged and forced, my asshole was surgically altered for easier anal fucking. I now have to get an enema daily. This way my hole is always for whoever. My tongue was split down the middle with both sides pierced. My cock has been chastised, permanently and now I get fucked by whoever my Master wants. My asshole is penetrated a few times a day by dildos, cocks, vibrators and fists. I have to go now because my Master is branding me.

Thanks And Love To You All!
Sheila Gay

DOMINANT ENCASES SLAVE'S ARMS IN BLACK ARMBINDER AND MAKES HER SHE-MALE SLAVE SUCK MAN'S COCK



It's Your fault!

Forced Womanhood:

My Mistress ordered me to write you about an incident inspired by your magazine, so here goes. Last night I was down on my knees, with my arms lashed behind my back in a single black leather glove. My waist was cinched tightly in a corset that pushed the small white cones of my bedding, but very real breasts, out like ripe fruit for the eating. Taint, mylons, held up by a lacy garter belt, covered fresh-shaven legs and scarlet-tipped toes in five inch heels with ankle straps. The lacy panties that once modestly covered my babyfied genitals, had been removed. My penis, permanently excused for charity purposes in a three inch metal tube, the studs pierced through my foreskin, was pulled far back under me and out behind, by a small chain that ran through a ring and was attached to metal cuffs on each ankle, so that I dared not rise from my position. A dog leash ran from a leather collar around my neck to my Mistress's hand. Directly before me, a man reclined, the hairy shaft of his cock, strained out toward me in a long, swaying column as he forced my head down with his hand. I had never had a penis in my mouth before, the thought made me sick. I had rebelled at my Mistress's commands. She had found me at a fetish fair a few months before, reading a copy of *Forced Womanhood*. She was a dominant woman looking for a male to feminize and make her personal slave. I volunteered immediately.

Since then, she had begun to feminize my breasts by applying mammary creams to them every morning or night. She had also made me "take it like a woman" with her black leather dildos. She had taken away my right to have an orgasm, and taught me dozens of ways to satisfy her sexually, some so degrading I can't describe in this letter.

But, when she told a man that I was so obedient I would suck his cock if she told me to do so, I did not to disobey her, especially in company, I tried. She pulled my panties off, revealing my pink, blushing penis in it's chastity restraint, and tanned my bottom until I had surrendered. Now, with tears of shame and revulsion in my eyes, my mouth a whimpering "O," I leaned forward and as the salty, meaty stuff moved over my tongue and it's hardness filled my throat, I gagged in humiliation, anticipating the hot revolting gobs that would soon be shooting into my mouth with their masculine taste, knowing I would have to swallow it all down. That was when I knew I was fully feminized. And my Mistress laughed as she saw my penis struggle from it's chastity. Yes, I was aroused and in a lot of pain.

*Suzie Q
Toronto*



MISTRESS TURNS MAN INTO SHE-MALE FOR HERSELF AND TEACHES HER HOW TO TREAT A MAN

Dear Forced Womanhood,

My name is Mistress Kim, I wanted to tell you about my she-male slave Billy. I have transformed him over the course of the last three years. He is now a very pretty and feminine girl except for his chastised penis.

It all started when he came into my clothing store. I deal in formal gown and wedding dresses. I had many transvestites for customers, but Bill was different. He saw a lovely black sequin cocktail dress in the window. He asked how much it was. I had had transvestites come into the store before and figured their money was as good as anyone's. Bill was different. He was cute and shy. It was really slow so I asked him if he would like to try something on. His eyes lit up and he said he would. I got a pair of matching shoes and followed him into the dressing room. He must have had stockings on under his jeans and already had the dress on and had let his hair down. He really looked good. We talked for a long while and he bought the dress. I told him I would give him a free pair of shoes if he would come to my house for dinner.

He showed up Friday night with the dress. I helped him dress, curled his hair and did his makeup. It was like having a full sized doll to do with as I pleased. It was obvious he was excited from the unlady like bulge in his dress. We ate dinner and he told me of his desire to live as a woman and how nice it was to have someone to share it with. I am usually not very forward with men, but I told Bill to eat my pussy for desert. I was wearing a garter belt and stockings with no panties so he had easy access and did not hesitate. I let him make love to me that night before sending him home.

I thought about that night a lot and really enjoyed having complete control over Billy. I invited him back and told him I would make his dream come true of living as a woman, but only if I had complete control. He would be my maid and do exactly as I said or he would have to leave. He agreed! He quit his job and moved into the spare bedroom. He was a pretty good maid, but had a lot to learn. I would reward him by letting him eat my pussy whenever he was good. If he was exceptional I would let him make love to me. After some research, I found a doctor to put him on hormones, his breasts filled out nicely.

It was around this time that I found a copy of "Forced Womanhood" and after reading the stories I realized that for Billy to truly be a woman he would have to love me too. I knew I would have to find a special girl for Billy. I had a real good time looking.

Finally, I found just the right guy. Billy made dinner and I brought home just the right dress from the store. Cliff was a good looking man, it was obvious that he found Billy attractive. To my surprise, Billy was quite a flirt. Billy wasn't exactly ready when I told him that it was time for desert and Cliff was providing it. It took some encouragement and coaching, but Billy was soon on his knees sucking dick like an old pro. Cliff was really surprised to learn that Billy was not a female at all, but offered to pop his cherry for me anyways. I bent Billy over the couch and Cliff entered his virgin ass. I went up stairs and went to bed.

The next morning Billy informed me that Cliff stayed until dawn and fucked Billy a few times times. It was obvious Billy enjoyed herself! I was a little jealous to tell you the truth. Just after that, I had his penis chastised.

Billy now works in the store with me. I allow her to eat my pussy whenever I have the urge. Cliff takes her out a few times a week and I think Billy is ready to go out on her own. I only hope I can find someone to replace her.

Yours,
Mistress Kim





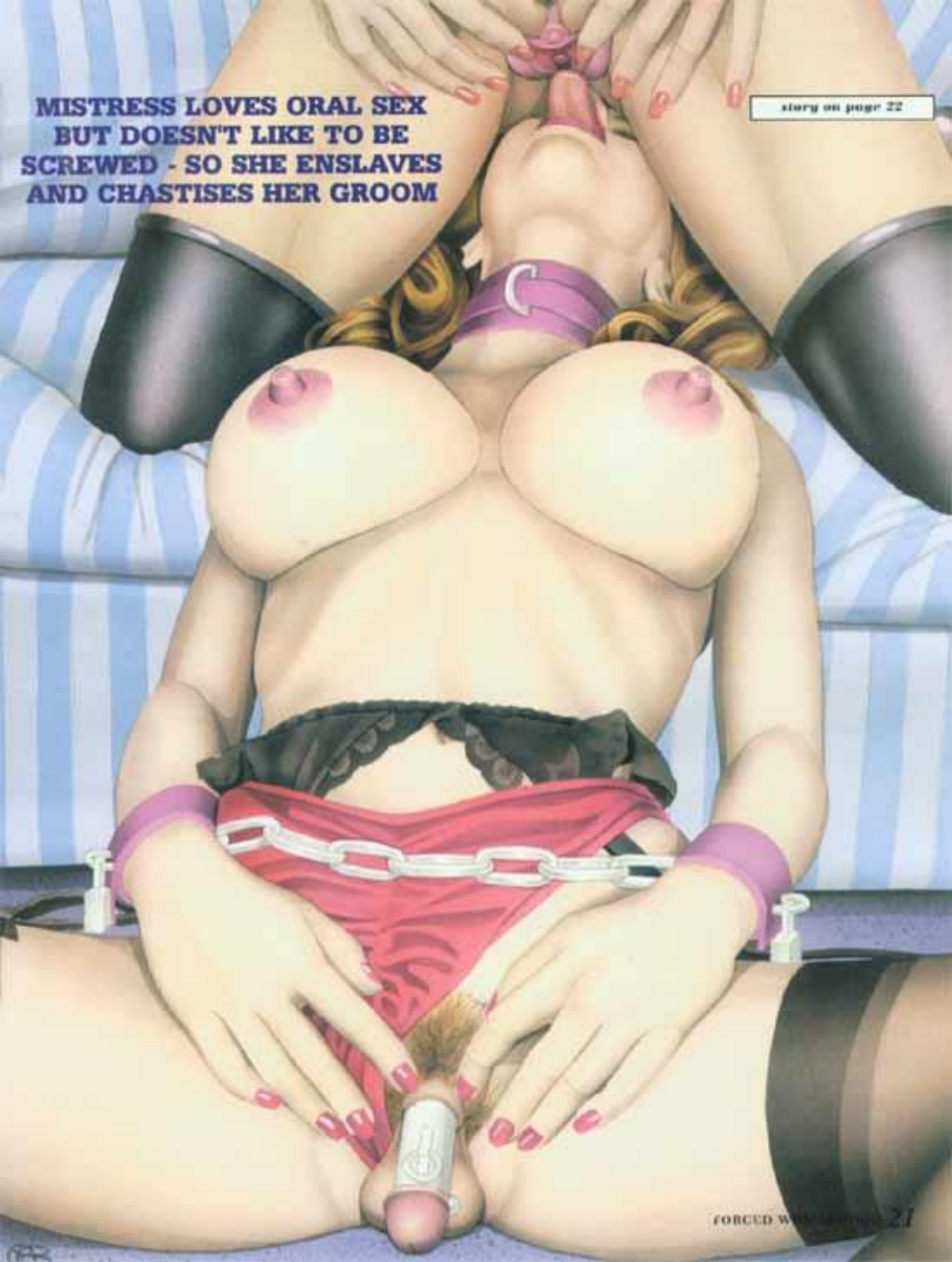
Dear Forced Womanhood,

You can add me as another enslaved shemale because of your magazine. I don't have any photos yet, but I'm six foot, and had "D" breast implants. I've been on your hormones for two years which helped me enlarge my breasts enough to get my implants. I'm kept as a slave to a real man I love and I've been chastised permanently by my master. I now have a very feminine body and pass everywhere as a sexy lady.

Virion

**MISTRESS LOVES ORAL SEX
BUT DOESN'T LIKE TO BE
SCREWED - SO SHE ENSLAVES
AND CHASTISES HER GROOM**

story on page 22



FORCED WHORE PAGE 21

MISTRESS LOVES ORAL SEX

story from page 21

Dear Forced Womanhood,

My slave and I have been reading your magazine for years. There is no other magazine printed that relates to what I really wanted. Until I read Forced Womanhood I didn't realize there were so many people who had the same feelings as I. Your magazine introduced me to what I wanted; a faithful male that would take care of me, not only financially but sexually. I like oral sex, but I don't like to be penetrated.

Forced Womanhood gave me everything I needed and wanted.

I looked for a man who was submissive. When I found the right man I married him on the condition that he would be my slave. He enjoyed crossdressing when I met him, so it wasn't too hard to convince him to become a woman for real. Especially after I gave him a few copies of your magazine to read. Two years ago we got married. Now I have the perfect she-male, he's happy and so am I.

Some of my friends know he's really a she. Acquaintances think we're lesbian lovers. Phil, now Cheryl, passes easy as a woman. We go everywhere together as women and we both share womanly things.

Cheryl has breast implants and is taking your hormones twice a day, and he is chastised. I enjoy oral sex a lot, and he gives it to me willingly as he's always turned on because he can no longer have sex himself.

For the first two years of his training and transformation, I used to keep him in bondage everyday. Now I only have to bind him up a few times a few times a week to remind him he's a slave.

At all times he has to wear a lock - on collar. Even when we go out, I have over eighteen different collars. Depending on what I make him wear, I have a matching collar. Most of them are from Centurians. We especially like you petite patent collars in all colors.

It's really nice to have a man who's a woman. To enjoy all the same things together and at the same time have a close relationship. It's not just sex. It's a mutual loving bond.

Ms. J.K.



TWO LESBIANS TRANSFORM A MAN

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I was taken in when I was broke and down on my luck by two pretty lesbians. After being with them for a week they had told me if I wanted to stay longer I'd have to become a girl. I thought at the time that would be fun. I didn't realize how far they would make me go. I was put on estrogen along with your hormones to remind ruff my body and soften the skin. In six months they paid for my breast implants.

All three of us had great sex for another six months. They loved my new breasts

and the three of us were always together. I now had wigs, shoes, clothes and could pass in public.

But after six months they both started arguing. It was because I had an active penis and I could usually only satisfy one. So their solution - chastise it or permanently turn it into a vagina. I chose the chastisement. Now they make fun of the puny little penis I now have. They also increased my dosage of hormones.

So now it's anal and oral sex for me. But again, we're all enjoying being together.

Carey







SLAVE PLEADS FOR MORE ISSUES OF FORCED WOMANHOOD

Dear Forced Womanhood,

This is more of a plea than a letter, a plea to get you to publish more Forced Womanhood. You see I have been a chastised she-male slave for two years now. I have all the things your readers write about done to me except that I am not permanently chastised. My wife/mistress takes off my FLC3 chastity when a new copy of Forced Womanhood comes in.

When it comes in, she puts me in a special corset, stockings, ballet boots, discipline helmet, and straps into a OB/GYN exam table including stirrups. Once strapped in, she pushes a 8" electric dildo up my ass, takes off the FLC3 device and puts on an electric pussy. Then she starts the devices and sets into read the entire magazine. By the time she has read the mag to me I come about six times. She then grabs a double dildo and fucks herself and me in the ass until she cums repeatedly. Please Publish more!

Trish



SLAVE FORCED TO WEAR SCHOOL GIRL OUTFIT

Dear Forced Womanhood,

Here's what happened to me when I rebelled early in the second year after my wife began to feminize me and call me Henrietta. I hated the routine of having to shave my body from head to foot, so my skin would be "smooth and feminine" while soaking in a scented bubble bath, then massaging my breasts with your hormone breast cream.

Then I had to put on the same schoolgirl outfit all the other husbands wore to the finishing school for very special young ladies where we were taught to walk, talk and behave like refined young ladies. There were pink little cotton panties, training bra, long cotton stockings, shiny patent leather shoes, white tight blouse, and short blue skirt that ended decorously just above my knees.

Twenty minutes went into carefully applying my makeup: concealer, foundation, blush, lipstick and liner, along with eyebrow plucking and eyelash curling. Plus twenty minutes spent brushing and braiding my hair.

But this morning, I got halfway through the first braid, threw down my brush and cried, "I can never get those braids right. I want to go back to the office and wear pants, like it used to be."

My wife grabbed me firmly by the ear. "I'm sick of your whining like a baby, Henrietta," she announced. "Women did all this every day for centuries. If you're not happy with your clothes - take them off!"

Remembering the severe punishment I'd received last time I rebelled, I was soon stripped naked before her disapproving eyes.

"Drink this." She handed me a large glass of juice, knowing I had lost the will to disobey.

When I finished, she handcuffed my arms behind my back and drew something up between my legs, fastening it securely around my hips. When I saw the diaper, I panicked and began straining uselessly at the handcuffs, while she put a pair of frilly baby panties on me.

"Throw a tantrum like a baby, and be treated like a baby," my wife was saying. "Instead of going to school with all the other husbands, you'll stand in the corner - all day if need be - until you do Number One and Number Two in your diddle."

"You don't mean I have to actually pee in a diaper?" I pleaded.

"Pee and more," she answered. "That diaper stays on until you either do Number Two, or it's so full of pee I see it running your legs." She stood me in a corner, and left me to contemplate my transgressions.

I soon understood why she had me drink such a large glass of juice, as I began to feel pressure on my bladder. "I really have to go," I shouted.

"Then go," my wife said sternly. "Perhaps you

will think twice before you act like a baby again."

I was really writing in torment, and swearing I would never throw a fit over anything again. The next moment hot pee burst from my bladder and poured down over me in the diaper. My wife watched the little yellow stripe turn blue. "Did baby wet her diddle?" she crossed. "Good baby."

All the pee quickly turned clammy, uncomfortable. "Please, I won't do it again. Couldn't you take it off now?"

"No," she answered severely. "I want you to learn a lesson. You'll stand there until that diaper is filled or you do Number Two."

Shamed at the thought of what my wife wanted to do, and of soiling myself that way, I wanted to cry. I knew I could never relax enough to do it, and would have to stand in the corner forever.

That's when the doorbell rang. "Stay right where you are," my wife said firmly. "You're still being punished. Since I have to stay home from the office and watch you, I invited a few friends over for bridge. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. I'm sure many of them have probably diaper trained these husbands, too."

I turned crimson at the thought that anyone might see me standing naked in a wet diaper being punished. I felt suddenly very alone, naked, and wet, in that corner. And resolved even more strongly to be a good little girl.

"Pay no attention to Henrietta," my wife greeted her guests. "She was naughty today and is being punished."

"Oh, that's all right. I had to do the same thing to my Carla. They sure stop acting like babies once they've been diaper trained."

My face turned fiery hot, and tried to shrink into the corner so I would go unnoticed.

Suddenly, I knew the juice had contained a diuretic. I felt a deep spasm in my turn - turn, and sticky, smelly stream poured out from my behind.

"Stinky baby," one of the women said. I swooned from humiliation.

"Does baby want tuns diaper changed?" my wife asked.

"Yes, mam." My voice was fervent with repentance.

She laid me on the couch, put on latex gloves, and opened the diaper. "Oooh, baby's clittie is all messy. We'll have to wash it, too." She squirted baby soap on one glove and began to clean my penis (clittie).

Coated with pee, it leaped to attention and began to throb at her touch.

"Isn't that just like a man," my wife said laughing. "Getting turned on in his own poop and

pee. No wonder they are so easy to control."

I didn't want to cum, not with all the women watching. But I couldn't control myself, my clittie began to explode in her hand, shooting stuff all over me. The humiliation of coming in my poop diaper before her friends was so great I have never disobeyed my wife again. However, my wife says she doesn't want to have to clean up any more cum, so she is considering me some kind of penis restrainer, so I can only cum when she wants me to.

**Terri
New York**





**BEWARE!
THIS COULD
HAPPEN TO YOU!**