

# Forced Womanhood

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ISSUE 32 MEN TRANSFORMED INTO SHE-MALE  
**SLAVES** BY MASTERS AND MISTRESSES



**TRUE STORIES  
OF SLAVERY  
AND SHE-MALES  
ARTICLES  
AND PHOTOS  
FROM READERS**



ADULTS ONLY

# Forced Womanhood

THIS MAGAZINE IS DEDICATED TO THE  
ENSLAVEMENT, TRANSFORMATION  
AND CHASTISEMENT OF MEN

## Forced Womanhood 32, 2001

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

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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, Walter, and Megan.

**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](http://www.forced-womanhood.com) or [www.centuriandirect.com](http://www.centuriandirect.com).



#### Dear Forced Womanhood,

My husband, well, he used to be my husband, owns an adult store. He enjoyed dressing up when I wasn't around. One day I caught him and showed him a copy of Forced Womanhood that was in our store. I was turned on by your magazine and told him that I would let him live his dream, but I'd run the business and he would, from now on, be my slave.

To make a long story short, I started him on your Mammary Plus, Feminique, and Estrogen twice a day for a year until his breasts were large enough for implants. After that cause permanent tattoos and so on. Now, two years later I opened up a cubical box in our store which locks from the outside. On the outside is a small hole to insert a penis with a sign above saying "FOR BLOW JOBS, INSERT PENIS". I bet you can imagine who's bound up with hands behind her in this caged box. Our store has never been so busy.

**Mistress "K"**



#### Dear Forced Womanhood,

My husband, Max, has always been my slave in our 23 years of marriage. He has always been my household pussy slave doing all the cleaning, folding clothes, cleaning toilets, vacuuming, etc. If things aren't done well enough I just chain him up and whip and torture his cock and balls until he has learned his lesson. I've trained him well, but something was missing in our relationship.

When Max brought home an issue of Forced Womanhood, I knew immediately that what I really needed was a she-male slave, since then I have trained Max, now Sally, how to be a woman. Sally has to sleep every night wearing high heels, stockings, lingerie, and a slave collar. I also put one of her many cock and ball devices on and put her in bondage so she can't touch her penis.

She can never have me sexually and rarely will I let her cum. When I finally allow Sally relief, she must shoot her cum into a dog dish and eat it after. There is no other way for my she-male pussy slave to cum. Her entire existence is servicing me.

I've made Sally shave her entire body except a small tuft of hair above her pussy. She must sit when she pees, and wear girl's panties at all times. She even must wear a pad when she's on her period, which is always when I am on mine. I'm grooming Sally to suck cock by training her with my strap-on. After she gets it nice and juicy, I bend her over and fuck her with it. I have also trained Sally to properly apply her makeup. She also has a variety of wigs to choose from when I want a girlfriend to go out and party with.

I'm about to start her on your Triple strength mammary and feminize drugs so my she-male can fill out her new bra better. I'm really excited about attaching one of your frenum chastities on Sally.

I love my she-male slave. Now I can have a man or a woman when I want. I can dress Max or Sally up any way I desire. I love whipping either one of them. Forced Womanhood is the best magazine for our lifestyle.

**Mistress Linda**



**Dear Forced Womanhood.**

I have enclosed some pictures for your magazine, which I enjoy very much. Feel free to use them as you like.

These pictures are from a session on New Year's Day (2000), when my partner made me endure this strap-on tie for over an hour! He tied me up like this, then went upstairs to order a pizza. I wasn't untied until the pizza was cold, and yes, my hands were getting quite numb by then too. The pictures don't show it, but the ropes from my harness hallogag were tied to a barbell on the floor with 100 lbs of weight on it. Believe me, I was very very happy to finally get untied from this!

**Love, Rachel St.Clair**



**Dear Forced Womanhood.**

I was wrong, my master/husband is allowing his horny over weight friends to use my surgically constructed cunt as their personal sperm depository. At first I thought he was being considerate, offering me to his buddies as an occasional piece of ass.

Then one day, I learned the truth when I walked in on my spouse as he accepted a couple ten dollar bills from a friend whose appearance in our house has become more and more frequent.

"Lain to me, bitch," he screamed raising his clenched fist as if to hit me again. "This guy is going to fuck you and you're going to let him! Understand?"

Since the publication of my letters in issues 23 and 27 - my husband/master has been more excited about me finishing my total sex change. And since the few dollars I made from modelling such lingerie as a sheer red lullier chemise (boy, my enlarged tits couldn't hide under it) and other sexy items wasn't enough, my husband coerced a banker into giving me a signature loan, with certain conditions that he'd explain later.

What happened during the actual sex change - I can't say. But my future legally married husband recites the following.

"First the doctor makes an incision in your scrotum, separating the two pieces, he said they'd use the skin for the construction of your labia. Next the doctor makes another incision down the length of your penis and pulls the skin back. With your erec-

tile tissue exposed, he then carefully cuts that all away - leaving your urethra intact. But only for a few minutes - because he later cuts it at a desirable length.

A third incision was made below the base of your former penis; this was done so that the doctor could shift some inter body yurp aside. Next he widens the cut so it could become more functional as your vagina. Once the skin from your penis was sewn into place - the doctor concentrated on the construction of your clitoris. Of course most of your clit was built with some of erectile tissue. Now all he had to do was create your labia - and as you can see he did a truly marvelous job." Even as I continued to dilate myself several times a day just to keep my vagina open, my husband was sticking his hard cock into my mouth, saying that he'd soon be spraying his warm fertile cum into little virgin pussy.

Right now, we're planning our bachelor/bachelorette - which will be prior to our June wedding. Just as important we're creating a list of friends, family and financiers whom we'd like to invite to our very private wedding.

I'm sure that my master has made arrangements for some videographer to record our entire honey-moon. (I've gotta go - my husband and his friends are waiting for me to serve them several rounds of beer while they're watching the Super Bowl. I guess I'll be the hall time entertainment, as my husband feeds me his thick creamy stick.

**Lovingly yours,  
Michelle**

# SLAVE GETS TURNED INTO PETTICOAT SHE-MALE SLAVE

Tim was a very timid, submissive young man, who admitted that he didn't need a strong, dominant woman to supervise him and make decisions for him. And I agreed. The problem was that I needed a maid, and he had no crossdressing fantasies at all. Which never stopped me. I saw a lot of potential in the guy and knew that if I could convert him I could get a lot of years of work out of him. I started by using petticoats to punish him, which he hated, and so tried even harder to please me. I was in no hurry, for what he didn't know was that I was mixing hormones into all his food. In the meantime I at least got him addicted to wearing satin panties. I'm sure he harbored secret fantasies about making love to me, and between my teasing and mercilessly wearing the sexiest clothes and his panties, Timmy's penis couldn't help himself. When I finally caught him masturbating with his favorite panties, I told him I found it perfectly natural.

Eventually, of course, his titles grew larger and larger and more sensitive, especially his nipples. Poor thing he cried so with what he'd been taking for the past few months. "What I need, Timmy, is a maid, which I think you'll be perfectly suited for. Your titles are going to get even bigger, as is your behind. I know you hate dressing as a girl, but I've decided, and there's nothing you can do about it. You'll also begin to notice your penis getting smaller and smaller. This may sound cruel, but I know you harbor secret fantasies about me, which I don't mind at all. In fact, I'm flattered, and you can continue to do so, as long as you realize that it will never happen. You will be my maid, nothing more. My thinking is that your penis will eventually reach such a diminutive size that you'll realize how hopeless it would be, on your own," I said.

To comfort him, I added brightly, "I will, however, ensure that, small as it becomes, it will continue to function properly and you can enact your fantasies with your panties. Although I'm sure you'll also come to love playing with your titles and feeding your nipples."

Tina cried and begged pitifully as I forced her into her first corset, buttoned her into the wine-colored velvet maids uniform and pink apron, which would become her favorite. She swore that she'd never be able to stand, let alone walk in, the five-inch heels I guided onto her feet. Knowing she wasn't going to like them, and would undoubtedly try to remove them when I wasn't about, I triple-knotted the ribbons across the insteps to prevent this. Then attached a short chain to the backs to teach her how to mince daintily.

There were tears for weeks, as I expected. Months later I couldn't help smiling when I quietly opened the door to her room. Tina was playing with her tiny, little penis in one hand, and vigorously fondling her titles with the other. I didn't interrupt her, just quietly shut the door.





### ***Dear Forced Womanhood.***

I am writing this letter because my Mistress wants me to tell you about my punishment, for misbehaving. As usual when I got home I immediately got cleaned up and change as soon as I got home from work. My Mistress had put on a pair of black silk panties, a black silk bra, a black waist cincher with garter, black stockings, white silk top, a short black mini-skirt with a slit in it and a pair of 4" black spiked pumps with an ankle strap. Mistress stepped out for a moment and told me to clean the house and to stay inside. Well, I went outside for a few moments and that is when my Mistress came home and caught me outside instead of inside cleaning the house. She was furious and told me to get in the house so she could she deal with me.

Once inside the house she had me remove the blouse and skirt and made me put on a black corset. She then took me into the bedroom and tied each hand and leg to a bed post as I was laying face down, she also put a ball gag into my mouth. She then began to beat my ass with a belt until it was hot red and very sore.

She then told me that was only the beginning and she strapped a leather hood on me so I would be blindfolded and she strapped a butt plug in me and told me I would have something else in my ass later.

A few hours past and I heard her return it sounded like someone was with her. I heard the door open, and I could hear that it was one of my mistresses friend with her.

My mistress said that she had a little surprise for me and so did her friend. She said that she would return in an hour or so and that her friend, who I would call Mistress Donna, would inflict a little



more punishment, so Mistress Donna then told me that she had a 10" strap on black penis that she was going to pound my ass with until I begged her to stop. She then began to insert the penis inside me which hurt a great deal but she said I would take it like a good little slut should. After she was done she then untied me and told me to go and sit in the chair she had set up in the closet. Mistress Donna then tied my legs to the chair with rope she then tied my waist to the chair. She put a pair of handcuffs on my hands behind my back and used an old pair of pantyhose to rope around my chest and arms. Then she put the hood and ball gag back in and finally she ran a rope around my neck and secured it to the coat rack. She then closed the door

and told me that my Mistress would be home soon. I then heard the door open and I was very scared when I heard a couple of my friends come in who did not know that I crossdress.

So as time went by my two friends left and my Mistress opened the door and she said next time that I disobey her that I will receive the same treatment, but my friends will be able to see me which scared me pretty. I have enclosed some pictures and I hope you can use my letter and pictures in your next publication.

***Slave Katherine***

**CLASSY LADY TURNS MAN INTO VERY SEXY**

**HIGH CLASS SHE-MALE SLAVE TO BE HER COMPANION**



**BRUCE TURNS ROBERT INTO ROBIN FOR HIS SEXUAL SLAVE**

**Dear Forced Womanhood,**  
I'm enclosing a photo of my she-male slave just after inserting your permanent frenum chastity. I love your magazine, and had no trouble finding a guy who wanted to be my she-male slave. It seems a lot of people read your magazine. This is a recent photo. It only took me a year to change Robert into Robin. He's had breast implants and strict bondage discipline. Robin is now my sex slave and housekeeper. Just look at that fine little asshole Robin has. I love to fuck her. I've also taught her how to give good head. She-males make the best slaves when they want to be.

**Master Bruce**

**Dear Forced Womanhood,**

I'm enclosing a photo of my slave after three grueling years of strict training.  
I, myself, am a high class woman with my own business. I have over 40 employees in my factory. I work hard and I need a mate that would and could take care of the womanly chores, pay the bills, clean the house and be a companion. But I needed someone special to fulfill my fantasy. When I first read your magazine, it fit home.  
When I told George that I didn't want just an ordinary she-male - I wanted a most beautiful and sensual she-male slave: who I could be proud to be with, take places, be my companion and do what I wanted. He agreed!  
After three years of strict corsetry, your hormones, breast implants, and strict training on how a lady should act, eat, walk, and dress sexy, George became my beautiful Lauren. She is a most beautiful woman now. Last week I put on your permanent chastity. (I didn't want to go through all this work and have him run off someone else.) Lauren is made to wear stockings and high heels at all times which now she has a huge selection of. Even at night in my presence she must wear sex lingerie, spike heels, and look lovely for me. Believe it or not we have a fabulous relationship.

**Madam KC**

# A LETTER FROM A DOMINANT WOMAN WHO BELIEVES ALL MEN SHOULD BE DOMINATED AND CONTROLLED FOR THE BETTERMENT OF THE WORLD



I am a dominant woman who keeps a male slave in complete subjugation to me and I want to address the wives of some of your readers, the women to whom the whole idea of a man being tied-up or a female dominating a male seems repulsive and unnatural. You see them all the time in the audiences of television talk shows, sitting like scandalized old ladies every time some one mentions the idea of women practicing B&D on men. This kind of woman thinks they can only be turned on by a manly male - who takes charge of things, does male stuff and lies on top of them pumping up and down between their legs - because that's how you prove to yourself you're female.

But if a female depends on a man to define or validate her womanhood, she's already in trouble. As for letting them take charge and make decisions, several recent psychological studies

I show men consistently overestimate their abilities. How many bad decisions - from dumb to disastrous - have the men in your life made? As for his pushing it in and out between your legs, a woman's physiology simply isn't built to cum that way. You know it and I know it. How often do you cum now, the way he does it? Then, there's the whole infidelity thing with men. And how constantly have you been pressured to do it when you didn't want to?

If you mostly come from being ficked or fingered, you can experience sexual satisfaction each and every time when the man performing the services has been made your complete and obedient slave. You never have to worry about infidelity, or where his penis has been last, because he will always be under lock and key. You also get sex when you want it, and only when you want it, without your ever being pressured again.

Looked at that way, what's so wrong with the idea of women being the dominant masters in the relationship and the men the subjugated sex? Hey, who causes wars, crime, violence anyway? Couldn't every woman walk the street safely and experience emotional safety in her own home, wouldn't the world be a better place to live in, if all men were bound, fettered, restrained, without the right to assert themselves or object?

So, say you decide all this makes sense and want to get started turning your moment to your slave, chastity device, leathers and all. How do you talk him into it?

Actually, it's not difficult at all. Surveys show most men have a yen to be a woman's chattel, to have their sexuality restrained and controlled by us, we fantasize about it constantly. Interviews with professional dominatrices



reveal this is especially true of normal and "very masculine" males—who patronize these women because they are afraid to tell their wives and girlfriends they want to be enslaved.

So all you have to do is leave a few ads from "Craigslist" of women dominating men lying open, or "accidentally" channel hop to a movie or documentaries on this theme, or mention a girlfriend, who told you about doming her husband. Then, carefully watch how he responds. You will probably find to your surprise that the manly, controlling man who has been the bully has laid himself down at your feet for you to walk on.

When the way opens, remember every pressuring, hurtful and disastrous thing he has ever done and imagine what your relationship might be like if you could control and purge it of those elements completely. This will help you find the proper mental view point of dealing with a troublesome, inferior, dangerous creature.

Next, order many of the restraint and humiliation items advertised in this and similar magazines. Most importantly, order one of the male chastity devices. That way you can maintain total control over his sexuality. If you are likely to crave a penis from time to time, get one of the removable metal ones. If you are one of those women who are sick and tired of sex or the male organ altogether, order the permanent one with the ones you break off that can never be removed.

What I am going to urge next will doubtless scandalize or shock you. Don't just stop with dominating and enslaving him. Order some of the

story continued page 12



10 FORCED WOMANHOOD



FORCED WOMANHOOD *H*

story from page 9

frilly feminine outfits offered through this magazine or the companies who advertise in it - especially the lingerie and shoes. The image of a man dressed up like a woman may turn you off at first. But consider this: Why do men have women wear make-up and shave their bodies, and wear silky, frilly clothing and nylons and high-heels? It's to make us feel vulnerable, insignificant, valued only for sex. Think of how grotesque and unnatural you often feel when you are dressed that way. What's so bad about men being the one's to feel - and be perceived - that way?

Besides, this is a sure way to get him to cooperate and fall in with your plan. Surveys also show most men envy women's lives and roles so much (there's known why!) that they experience a constant feeling to dress like one - and will eagerly agree to become your slave if you only let them (order them to) wear panties and all the other feminine accouterments. And don't YOU deserve a wife to clean, and pick up after you, and cook the meals and soothe your brow at the end of a hard day's work?

Discipline and punishment are an important part of this program. How often have you seen males throwing a childish tantrum and thought that they deserved to be spanked? Set down rules the is your slave now (after all) about how you want things to be and how you want him to behave and then discipline him whenever he breaks one, and you will be surprised at the change you will see in his behavior. One good way to start is by bending him over your knee, pulling down whatever underwear he is wearing, and spanking his bare, like bottom like the spoiled child he is. (You can find other fun ideas for disciplining your slave in many of the letters in this magazine.) Also, there are websites and e-mailing lists for dominant women along with several conferences and conventions where you can meet like-minded women and their male slaves.

### **Sneerily in Sisterhood, A Woman Who Knows**

Utah

(P.S. If you are a man who dreams of this kind of relationship and thinks your wife ought to read my letter, you can mail or e-mail it anonymously or to a name almost like hers that might have been a mistake. Or stick it into the bottom of a carton you bring home from the supermarket as if left there by someone else.)





# SHE MALES IN HISTORY

ANCIENT DECADENT ROME— THE EMPEROR HELIOGABALUS WAS A COMPULSIVE CROSS-DRESSER AND "PASSIVE PEDEREST." A BEAUTIFULL YOUTH, HE WENT ABOUT IN RICH SILKEN WOMEN'S ROBES. HELIOGABULUS OFFERED A HUGE FORTUNE TO ANY SKILLED SURGEON WHO COULD "TURN" HIM INTO A WOMAN! NONE DARED TO MAKE THE ATTEMPT. BY NIGHT THE EROTICALL DRIVEN EMPEROR ROAMED THE CITY STREETS, SUCKING THE PENISES OF ANY CITIZEN WHO WISHED IT. IN THE END THE SHE-MALE EMPEROR WAS KILLED BY HIS OWN SOLDIERS!



## SHE MALES IN HISTORY

ANCIENT CHINA — (1127-1279)  
TRANVESTITE MEN-GIRLS KNOWN AS  
"KSIANG KU" OR "MOCK WOMEN" WERE  
ORGANIZED INTO GUILDS TO SERVE THE  
PERVERSE TASTES OF THE UPPER CLASSES.



## SHE MALES IN HISTORY

AMONG AMERICAN INDIAN TRIBES, THE SHE-MAN  
OR "MUJGRADO" WORE GIRL'S GARMENTS, LIVED  
WITH THE WOMEN, AND SOMETIMES SERVED  
AS A PROSTITUTE FOR THE TRIBE'S MALES.



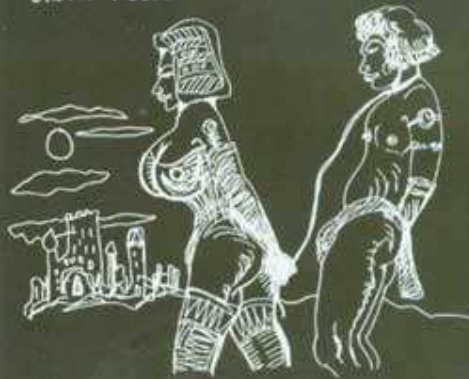
## SHE MALES IN HISTORY

THE HIJARAS OF INDIA —  
THE HIJARAS ("SEXLESS ONES") OF INDIA  
ARE TODAY A SECRET CULT OF  
SHE-MALES. WHEN YOUNG BOYS JOIN THE  
CULT THEY ARE OFTEN CASTRATED BY  
CULT PRIESTS IN SECRET RITUALS. THE  
NEW "BOY WOMEN" THEN DON FEMALE GARB  
AND LIVE THE LIVES OF DANCERS OR  
PROSTITUTES. THERE ARE OVER 3500  
HIDARA EUNUCHS IN INDIA TODAY.



## SHE MALES IN HISTORY

IN 1880 SIR RICHARD BURTON MADE THIS  
REPORT — "EACH DESERT CARAVAN IN  
AFGHANISTAN IS ACCOMPANIED BY BOYS IN  
WOMEN'S ATTIRE WITH KOHLED EYES AND  
ROUGED CHEEKS. THESE SHE-BOYS SERVE THE  
EROTIC NEEDS OF ALL TRAVELERS."





# SISSY SHE-MALE SECRETARIES MAKE A LAW FIRM PROFITABLE

At the law firm of Stern, Miller, Coyover, and Kendall every employee is expected to bill a certain amount hours each week depending on their position.

By far the most profitable department is the clerical staff. The secretaries, typists, and file clerks, you see, are all sissies. They get to fulfill their fantasies dressed so sexy and girlish. But once they're chained to their desks, each morning at six o'clock, they're expected to work their pantied fannies off for the firm. Except for a four minute toilet break, allowed once every five hours, they never leave their chairs. Coffee breaks of five minutes every four hours, and a ten minute lunch break are all taken out at their desks.

Worked until 6:30 Monday through Friday, and until five on Saturdays they are expected to bill no less than 70 1/2 hours a week. That is if they aren't kept late, don't come in to work Sundays, and aren't given work to take home to do. In truth the average sissy bills between 95 and 100 hours a week.

The firm also has strict office rules regarding their clerical staff. There is positively no talking allowed at anytime. Once put in their chairs at six they are not permitted to stand except when taken to the toilet. If a sissy is seen even lifting up slightly, she receives an office demerit. At the end of the day all demerits are added up with ten spanks for each given out.

Once seated sissie's eyes are expected to remain glued to her keyboard or monitor. If they're seen anywhere else she gets a demerit and face slapping.

At the end of the week the sissy with the least amount of demerits has her pussy unlocked and is dealt with by hand. The sissy with the most billable hours gets all Sunday off, if there's no further work for her to do.



## TRUCK DRIVER MADE INTO SHE-MALE TO SUCK AND GET SCREWED BY OTHER TRUCKERS

**Dear Forced Womanhood,**

I have been reading your publication for many years now My SLAVE (husband) which I have renamed Ronda and I are long haul truckers. Over the past four years I have transformed Ron into my she/male SLAVE Ronda.

It all started the day that I caught Ronda reading my secret stash of SLAVE, PERCING and FORCED WOMANHOOD magazines and to my amazement I noticed these magazines had excided him. Due to the obvious large bulge in his shorts. We talked about this for several weeks and at the end he agreed to let me transform him into my she/male SLAVE. Which had been one of my fantasies for many years.

I started by ordering your FL6J Preman Chastity, and several of your natural herbs and vitamins to start the transformation. During the next month we stopped at several lingerie stores across the country where I would instruct Ronda to go into the dressing room and disrobe and wear for me. Until I had the salesperson take the items I had picked out into Ronda. I had told Ronda that I wanted him to try each item on and come out to model them for me and that I didn't care who was in the store at the time, to my surprise I found many stores and sales persons that had no problem with my request.

Upon returning home our first stop was to the Tattoos and Piercing studio where I had the Chastity installed and a tattoo put on Ronda's rear which says "PROPERTY OF MISTRESS J" and started Ronda in on her natural herbs and vitamins. That seems just a short time ago.

Now the days and nights running across the country are more interesting than ever. By day I require Ronda to wear herbs, stockings, garter belt and bra (40 B) while driving and that's all I allow her to wear. You should see the looks she gets from other truckers as they pass by. Her Chastity is chained to the dash.

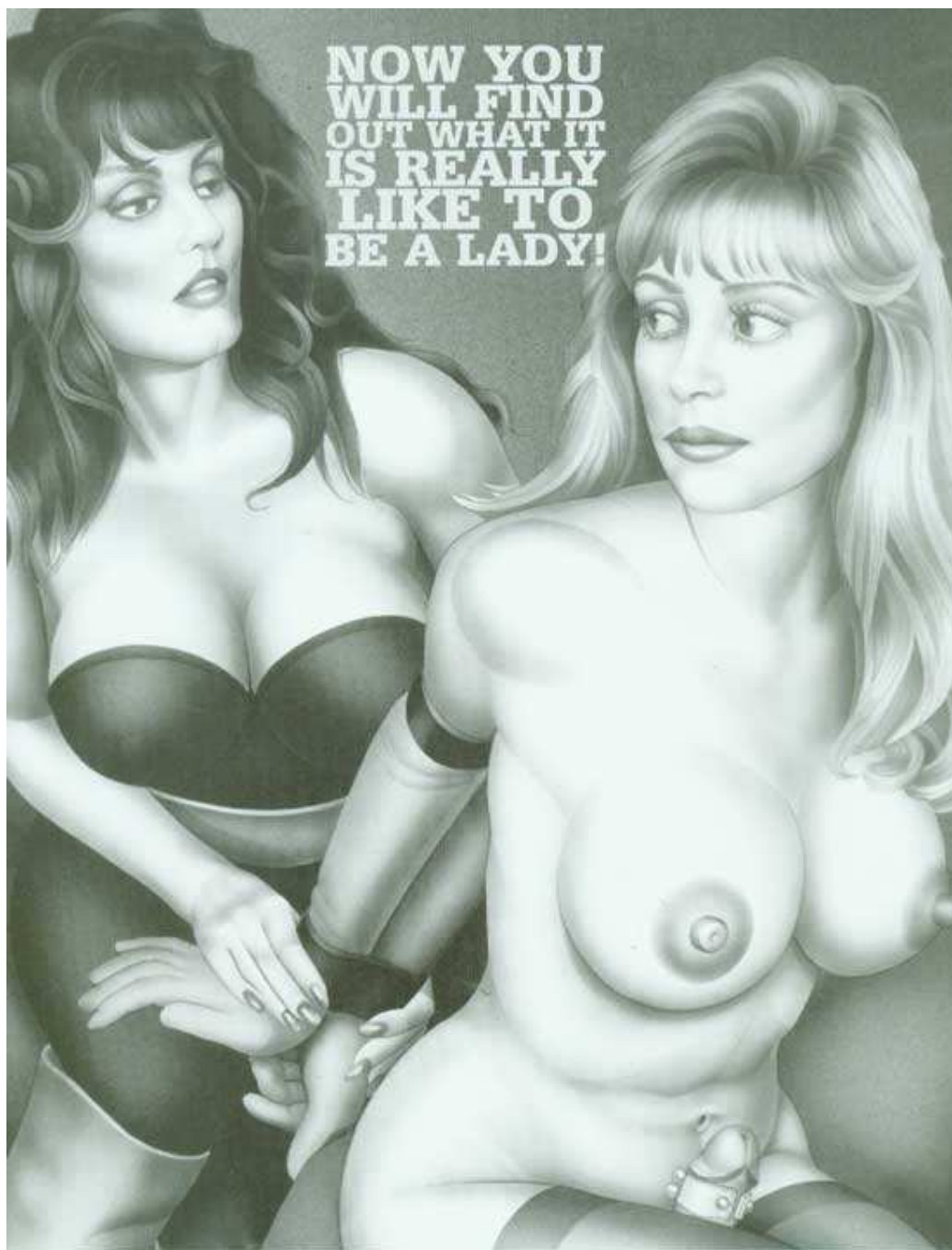
The nights are for my entertainment. I have Ronda service some of the other truckers that we have run with during the day. I enjoy it when they take her from behind then make her orally clean there made appendages after they are done with her. I then have Ronda service me orally. In this way Ronda receives her sexual needs since the herbs and vitamins have done their job and made her little useless penis shrivel up. I don't have any plans to have it removed or changed because I want her to always remember what she was and who she belongs to.

I have also recently changed her chastity to a FL2C since her penis is now so small the FL6J was just too large and no longer needed. I never knew that life could be so complete by having a she/male SLAVE for all my wants and needs.

**Mistress J**



**NOW YOU  
WILL FIND  
OUT WHAT IT  
IS REALLY  
LIKE TO  
BE A LADY!**



## WOMAN TURNS MAN INTO SHE-MALE CALL GIRL TO MAKE MONEY



### *Dear Forced Womanhood,*

I have to tell you my story. When I broke the story to my wife that I liked to crossdress, she laughed. "If you're going to crossdress," she replied, "then why not go all the way and find out what it feels like to be treated and abused as a woman?" I, of course, agreed. I found out later, and too late, that the woman I married had been abused and raped by men before, she did not like sex - but liked to watch me get abused by other men.

After two years of turning me into a she-male, strict dieting and womanly training, she put an ad in one of the underground papers in San Francisco for CALL GIRL and our phone number. We were pretty broke at the time and one her friends was a hooker who bragged to my wife how much money she made as a call girl. This is when my wife started training me on how to satisfy a man and what to do. For two years she enslaved me and constantly trained me on posture, high stiletto heels, hormones, and finally a breast implant. I had to wear a strict, heavily boned corset for two years, day and night.

During the day she would pull the laces at back very tight until I could hardly breathe. As the months went by my waist got smaller and smaller as she kept tightening the laces. At night she would loosen the laces a little so I could sleep - but she would bind me up at night with 6" stiletto shoes tied to my feet, to train my arches in a high arch. I couldn't get the corset or shoes off because I was bound down to the bed. My wife enjoyed every minute of my two year ordeal. Always finding new techniques





to use on me to make me what I am today. She would wear a dildo harness and make me kneel in front of her and trained constantly on how to suck a penis. And then she would use it to screw me from the back. She would always comment, "This is what it is to be a woman. In this world, you have to give a man what he wants, and that's sex for his fucking penis."

She trained me in keeping myself shaved all over, the right perfumes to wear, every aspect of training to satisfy a man.

She'd make me wear sweet, very feminine dresses that would turn men on.

I became a very high class call girl. Men would take me out and wine and dine me. By the time we got back to the apartment, they couldn't wait to get me to bed. If I hadn't told them sooner I was half-man and half-woman, I'd tell them at the apartment, but by now they didn't care what I was, they just wanted to have sex with me. I found that one of the best ways to break the news to them is when I start kissing and caressing them, then slowly work my way down pulling down his pants as I'd pull out his penis, and while he was completely turned on. That was the best time to tell them that I was once a man. At that time, this did not make one bit of difference to them.

I soon had a regular clientele. We didn't even have to advertise anymore. My fee for the night was one thousand dollars with tip and all. One week I made \$15,000. My wife handled all the finances. We soon had an apartment in a Ritz Hotel building.

I've met a lot of interesting people. My wife has saved up over half a million dollars now, even with our high expenses. I'd like to quit now, but my wife is insisting we do it for one more year.

My wife and I are very close, but I think she's a little money hungry now. We've never had it so good. Besides, she likes to see me being abused by men. It turns her on.

We both love reading your magazine.

In fact, your magazine is what started this whole thing. Please find enclosed an extension of your subscription for Forced Womanhood. Your welcome to publish my story if you want. It's all true.

**Slave Call Girl "Linda"**

## MAN MEETS MAN ON THE INTERNET THAT TURNS HIM INTO SHE-MALE SLAVE

### *Dear Forced Womanhood:*

It all started on the Internet - one night after one too many beers and I answered an ad from a dominant man seeking "sissies." I e-mailed him. The next morning, when I was sober, I found a reply asking me if I was serious.

My little cock immediately sprang to attention and I answered him. I told him that I might be interested in pursuing this fantasy of mine.

So, that weekend I met Sir Peter in a local cafe where it was safe. He and I talked for quite some time, and phled

with a few drinks. I opened my heart to him and told him all my dirty little fantasies. Honestly, I don't remember what happened that night, although I am told that I shamefully sucked my first cock. What I do remember is waking up in my bed the next morning with my toenails painted all my body hair shaved off and a padlock locked securely around my testicles.

I panicked and tried to squeeze my now swollen balls out of the lock but it was too tight. I was so scared that I started to cry. Finally, I begged Sir Peter to come remove the lock from my testicles.

He told me that he would remove the padlock if, and only if, I would dress completely as a woman and allow him to tie me up, blindfold me and willingly let him use me as his sex slave for the evening.

Little did I know, but Sir Peter used my internet connection to contact other men who showed up at my apartment and fucked me throughout that fateful night. All-and-all, six men used me as a sex toy that night and the next morning when I woke I was sore and had cum stains drying all over my body, but I was free of Sir Peter and his damned padlock around my balls.

Two months later and I am now forced to wear panties and pantyhose each day to work. When I arrive home, I am given 15 minutes to shave, get naked or in complete drag and ready to accept whoever shows up at my apartment. I take three of your vitamins each day, and sleep tied up in bed at night just in case somebody wants to use me in the middle of the night.

My body is completely shaven, my toenails painted and my nipples are pierced. Sir Peter tells me that my tiny penis is next.

**Thank you,  
Sean**



# SUBMISSIVE MAN GETS CAUGHT BY WIFE AND IS REALLY TURNED INTO A SISSY SHE-MALE SLAVE

## ***Dear Lee:***

My wife and I have long since enjoyed your fine magazine and wish that you published it more than you do. It has given her many new ways to dominate and humiliate me. She thought you'd like what she did last week.

She'd found me hanging in the office closet by my nipples with my secretary panties over my head. I was wearing a pair of six-inch heels, garter belt, nylons and nothing more. My hands were tied tightly behind me with a pair of pant hose as my restraints. Jayne had left me in the closet for the night, because I'd opened my mouth and said things I'd promised never to say again. We'd gotten into an argument and being the idiot that I was I had to make it personal. She reached over the desk, grabbed my nipples and started playing with them and I knelt at her feet begging her to forgive me for being such an asshole. She told me to remove all my clothes as she took her pant hose off and tied my hands behind me, then put her panties over my face. Next she took a clothes hanger and glued it to my nipples.

She took a suitcase with some of my things out of the closet, got a garter belt and looked it around me then had me sit on the desk while she rolled the nylons up my legs and hooked them to the garters. Finally she picked the highest heel I had there and put them on my feet. She grabbed me by my limp penis and led me to the closet, where she fitted the hanger up over the pole and left me there. I watched her put my clothes in a paper bag and take it with her as she left, leaving me there for the night.

That's how my wife found me the next morning. She'd been wondering where I was and had called Jayne to find out. Jayne told her to look in the office, that's where she saw me last. Having spent the night standing in six-inch heels, hanging by my nipples with my arms tied tightly behind, not being able to move all night was uncomfortable to say the least. My nipples felt like they were about to be pulled off and my feet were so sore, that even as much as I didn't want her to find me, I was happy that she did.

My wife would hang me by my nipples when she went out for the night to get her itch scratched, then feed me her lovers' cum when she returned in the morning. Although Jayne and I had known each other since we were kids, Carol wasn't aware that Jayne even knew about my desire to crossdress or be dominated. Not was she aware that I was playing with Jayne.

Carol stood there laughing at me as I hung in the closet. "Wait me to take you home or would you rather stay here?" "Please, Mistress! Take me with you!" I begged her. She lifted the clothes hanger up and told me to follow her out to the car. "Please can I have something to wear?" I begged her. "What?" She asked. "Because if someone sees me..."

"... You should have thought about that before you got yourself into this situation." She grabbed my penis and led me out the back to the car. She opened the trunk and had me climb in it, shut the lid and left me.

When we reached the house she helped me out of the trunk and led me inside. I was left that way while she went shopping. I was able to walk up the stairs and lay on the bed. When she returned, she removed Jayne's panties and began making my face up. Then she removed the clothes hanger and put a pair of nipple clips on me. She laced a corset around my waist and hooked a pair of nylons to it. Put a pair of five-inch heels on my and untied my hands. She handed me a bra and pair of panties, then a chemise and half-slip. She locked the penis chastity on me and handed me a long sleeved blouse and dangarie skirt. She glued acrylic over mine and painted them red to match my lipstick. Adjusted a wig over my head and put a pair of earrings on me.

I looked in the mirror and saw a gorgeous looking lady looking back at me. I couldn't believe it was me. I had not known that it was me. I wouldn't have believed it. "Well, little boy! There is something that you need to know. You've begged me to dominate and humiliate you ever since we were first married. Tonight you're going to get your wish. Remember the story of the wife from Los Angeles, who changed her husband into her she-male slave and took him to Las Vegas? Remember how she dressed him in a half-slip and left his tits exposed, with his nipple rings showing, wearing an arm-binder and bondage belts? She left him kneeling with his penis chained to the bed while she went down to the Casino and picked up a stud for the night. Remember how you begged me to do that to you? Well tonight is your lucky night. Tonight you get to enjoy my lover's cum." She laced an arm-binder on me, locked a slave collar around my neck and hooked a leash to it.

She stood there feeling her body up. I watched, playing with her huge tits as she smiled at me. Then ran her fingers deep inside herself as she tweaked one of her nipples. She continued to tease me while I stood there watching her. She put on a garter belt and nylons, then stepped into six-inch heels, slipped a thin lace dress over her body and touched up her makeup. She led me down the stairs and out to the car. Put the blindfold back over my eyes and buckled the seat belt around me. We must have driven for well over an hour before she stopped. I was left there while she went into car. She came back out with a sandwich that she fed to me as I sat there. She held a soda bottle to my lips as I drank. She wiped my mouth when I finished and put more lipstick on me. Then started the car and drove off. Again we traveled for another couple of hours. When she stopped I was helped from the car and led along a gravelled path and across a wooded walkway. Then she held me as I climbed a short ramp. I felt the flow move and realized that we were on a boat. She guided me along a narrow passage way and down a short steep stairway.

She had me kneel down and tied the collar to my ankles, leaving me in an extremely uncomfortable position. I felt the boat sway as I knelt there wondering what she had planned. I heard her leave the cabin as the situation became clear. She was finally going to give me my wish. I remembered her words, "Be careful of what you wish for." I was able to spread my knees, helping me to keep my balance, as the boat rocked from time to time. Then I heard another voice as she came back down the stairway. "Nice looking slave you have there!" "Wait until she sucks you off. Then you can thank me!"

I recognized the voice as I felt a soft piece of flesh enter my mouth. I would do anything except take it in, as he held my head and thrust his hips towards me. I began to suck on him until he became hard. He continued to hold my head as he pumped his shaft deep into my mouth, almost gagging me. My wife removed the blindfold as he stepped back, it was my partner.

She stood there in her garter belt, nylon and heels staring at me. He buried his fingers deep within her as he picked her up and placed her on the bed. She stuck a shoe into my mouth to suck on while she laid under him smiling at me. After they erupted she had him place me by the side of the bed, and suck him to another erection. He was so busy fulfilling her needs that he didn't even notice who I was. After they both climaxed a second time they laid on the bed, talking. She had spread her legs and moved her hips so that my face was buried in her groin. Once I'd fed and sucked her clean, she had him place his long flesh in my mouth again. She reached over and unclipped the skirt I was wearing. When he was hard, she untied my ankles and had me stand.

There was the steel penis chastity exposing me for a male. She told him to bury his shaft inside me, that I was a virgin as far as she knew and wanted him to do the honors. He leaned me over the mattress and buried his shaft deep inside me, driving against me as he pumped back and forth. The final humiliation was when she made me suck him afterwards. She then removed the wig and he was shocked that I was her slave.

She looked at me and said that she had considered getting a divorce but decided that humiliating me and having a sex slave was more fun. She'd decided to leave the penis chastity on me permanently. The only thing left, is pair of D implants to make my wish come true.

**Sissy**

## **DOMINANT TEACHES A WIFE HOW TO TRANSFORM HER SISSY HUSBAND INTO SHE-MALE MAID FOR ALL**

As a professional dominatrix, I take great delight in putting men where they belong. On their knees, begging for mercy. A friend of mine, Susan, was married to a rather snide, arrogant chap, who made her life a misery, and I often fantasized about putting him in his place.

About six months ago, Susan called to tell me she'd come home early to find Steven (her husband) trying on a pair of her panties. He was horribly embarrassed and despite spattering excuses, could not come up with a plausible explanation. I told Susan exactly what we would do to him. She readily agreed.

I arrived a couple of nights later, carrying a vial of tranquilizer in my purse. It was an easy matter, slipping it in his drink, and when he woke up he found his entire body shaved, and dressed in pink panties and bra, and a black garter belt and stockings. Susan had done his makeup, and I had brought over a long red wig.

Needless to say he was shocked and stupefied, but he couldn't deny the raging hand-on brought about by his transformation.

We strung him up - ankles in a spreader bar and wrists above his head with the clothes line - and I whipped him with my crop, while Susan brought him to the edge of orgasm over and over again. By the time we finished with him, he was completely under our control.

He's now on hormones and growing rather lovely breasts. He spends the day in a maid's outfit, and the nights in babydolls. He's no longer allowed to have sex, and to make sure he doesn't, we have him in one of your Prensus Chastity's. He does however, service us both, and when we have real men over, we force Stephanie to clean us up after we're finished. And for our entertainment, we make him service our boyfriends orally as well.

Recently Susan has taken it into her head that Stephanie's ass is for more than just punishment, and has bought a selection of strap-ons. She trained Stephanie to take them by making her wear a butt plug for several hours at a time. This stretched her out nicely, and now Susan uses her whenever she feels like it. Or if she feels Stephanie needs taking down a peg or two.

Stephanie's only responsibility is taking care of the house and doing whatever Susan tells her.



Susan rules him with an iron fist, and on a regular basis, I join in the fun. The arrogant Steven, is now just a distant memory. For Christmas, we bought Stephanie a subscription to Forced Womanhood. She reads it constantly. I think she

finds it reassuring to know she's not alone.

**Mistress Sonja**  
[www.MistressSonja.com](http://www.MistressSonja.com)

# STRAIGHT MAN MEETS DOMINANT WOMEN IN CLUB WHO TAKES HIM HOME TO SHOW HER SLAVE AND LETS HIM FUCK HER SHE-MALE SLAVE

## ***Dear Forced Womanhood:***

I always thought those letters from publications like yours, about wives who feminize their husbands, were fake. But I learned differently a few weeks ago, and now I know they are true.

It all began when I went to a singles bar where we met this tall, dark woman. After we had a few drinks and talked for a while, I thought I heard her say she had a "female" slave who would do whatever she said, and would I like to try her slave out. I guess I thought this woman was a lesbian or a bisexual who liked to dominate other women or something. At any rate, I did-

it even tumble when we reached her condo and I was introduced to her slave, who she called Christie. I thought I was seeing a beautiful, busy blond woman in a tight pink leather bustier that lifted her plump breasts forward, leaving exposed pink nipples pierced by gold rings. Christie wore a latex miniskirt that revealed the pink straps of a garter belt, nylon, and smooth feminine legs crammed into eight-inch pink patent leather heels. Christie was standing in a corner as if being punished, a chain leading from a pink leather collar to a radiator held her padlocked in place.

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story from page 25

The dark-haired woman unchained Christie, ordered the slave to bend over, lifted the miniskirt, and pulled pink panties down to expose a deliciously rounded derriere. Then she finished punishing Christie for some earlier infraction by whipping her bottom it so hard with a black leather riding crop that it became a mass of flaming red stripes.

When she had finished, the woman turned her slave's ass toward me, spread the glowing cheeks, revealing a dark puckered hole, and told me that if I wanted to bury my dick in it - it was all mine. Who could resist? I was so hard just looking at all that undefended soft, round flesh that I was going crazy. Still thinking Christie was a girl, I stepped out of my trousers. The woman slid a lubricated condom on me, and literally guided my cock into her slave's rectum with her hand. Christie's asshole was tight and hot, and I heard a moan as I shoved all the way in. Christie clenched all up and down the length of my penis, making my pleasure even greater. I took hold of the slave's hips and really gave Christie a good riding, till I dumped a man-sized load down her backdoor.

It was after that when the woman ordered her slave to turn around that I discovered the "she" was really a "he" - that he was her husband and a "shemale" not a "female." But by then I was seeing the slave as a "her", and it didn't make any difference to me. Instead of a pussy, I saw a tiny pink penis (the wife said she had used some kind of female hormone creams to shrink it and make the breasts grow) poking out of a small metal collar. The woman showed me how she liked to torment her slave's penis by making it hard - because each time she did, the chastity device bit into the flesh, making Christie groan in pain and immediately deflate.

Christie's shemale mouth had been outlined so vividly in crimson lipstick that you could only think of one thing. So, later when the woman took hold of her slave's face, pointed those lips toward me and asked me if I would like the best blowjob I'd ever had, I got hot all over again and took her up on the offer. But, first the woman took a pair of small clamps and put them on Christie's nipples. I saw the shemale whimper when the metal teeth bit into their soft, tender brown tips. Then the wife told her slave to do "an extra special job" because the clamps

weren't coming off until I had cum. Christie got right down on those beautiful, nyloned knees and opened her mouth to receive me. The wife slipped in behind with a black leather dildo, and drove it in and out of her slave's defenseless ass, so that Christie's lips were driven back and forth over my shaft without me having to move a muscle.

As things turned out, I spend the weekend there, joining the wife in fucking her slave every way we could think of - and the wife was very creative. At first, as a normal heterosexual male I felt a little strange about the whole encounter - especially because I enjoyed it so much.

But, later I realized that whatever she had been, and despite her tiny penis, Christie had been totally transformed inside and out into a woman.

That's when I began to think I wanted a shemale sex slave of my own. I'm a long-distance trucker, and while I am out on the road I have been keeping an eye out for a likely prospect. It might even be one of your readers.

**Bill W.**  
Alabama



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***Dear Forced Womanhood.***

I am one woman who highly approves of your magazine. Let me introduce myself and my slave, Samantha, to you. I am a wealthy woman who owns her own business. I am married to a feminized male who has been trained to be my slave in every way. His mother had reared him to wear girl's clothing and obediently serve women. She and I met at a business conference, and once we discovered we shared the same view of men and their proper place in the world, she decided I would make exactly the kind of wife she'd always dreamed of for Samantha. I keep Samantha chained and shackled while I am at work, of course, and have trained her to be the perfect little pussy-cater.

I massage your nummy cream into her breasts and they have grown at least two full cup sizes. Samantha has a perfect bell-shaped figure with a wasp-waist, because I coach her into a corset so tightly she can barely draw enough breath to move (and certainly can't draw the breath to argue with or defy me!). I make her wear those bras with open tops that show the naked areola, and have pierced her nipples, hanging a bell

from each. I also hang a bell from one of the rings on your wonderful PLS Feminin Chantey, which now encases her penis permanently since I have broken off the heads of the screws. Now, unless she takes the most delicate ladylike steps, you hear the sound of tinkling whenever Samantha goes. I also keep her podlocked in nine-inch heels to insure she maintain that perfect, sway-hipped female posture — or fall on her face. A leather dog collar locked around her neck has a tag that reads "Samantha — property of Carlotta. If found return for reward." During the day, she wears a cute, frilly black and white maid's uniform, with matching panties, garterbelts and hose, and waits on the hand and foot. At night I dress her up like a whore — or in nothing at all.

**Carlotta M.**  
Trinton, NJ



## DOMINANT WIFE PICKS UP MAN FOR FIRST TIME EVER FOR SLAVE AND HERSELF IN LAS VEGAS

### *Dear Forced Womanhood,*

I married a man who liked to crossdress. At first he looked like a man to drag. I told him if really wanted to be feminine, I would help him. But I told him he'd have to do everything us women have to do. And he'd have to be my permanent slave.

After two years of your Manitory Plus and other hormone vitamins, his breasts were large enough to get implants. I then also chastised him permanently and told him that seeing as how he can no longer satisfy me I'd have to get my sex elsewhere. Last week while in Vegas I bound him up in the room. I told him I needed a man and was going out to find one. I did, and brought him

upstairs to our room. Tom, the man I picked went nearly crazy seeing my beautiful Kevin all bound up on the bed. He asked, "can I have her?" I figured why not. It was time Kevin learned what it was all about. I watched in awe as Tom pulled his cock out and stuffed it into poor Kevin's mouth.

It sure turned me on. Kevin worked Tom in complete ecstasy. I jumped on Tom before he could cum and made love to him right in front of poor bound up Kevin. What a great first experience. It turned me on humiliating Kevin like that.

**Ms. Kay**





**"I'M GOING TO HOBBLE YOU  
TO YOUR RING ON YOUR  
CHASTITY SO YOU WON'T BE  
GOING TOO FAR"**

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

