

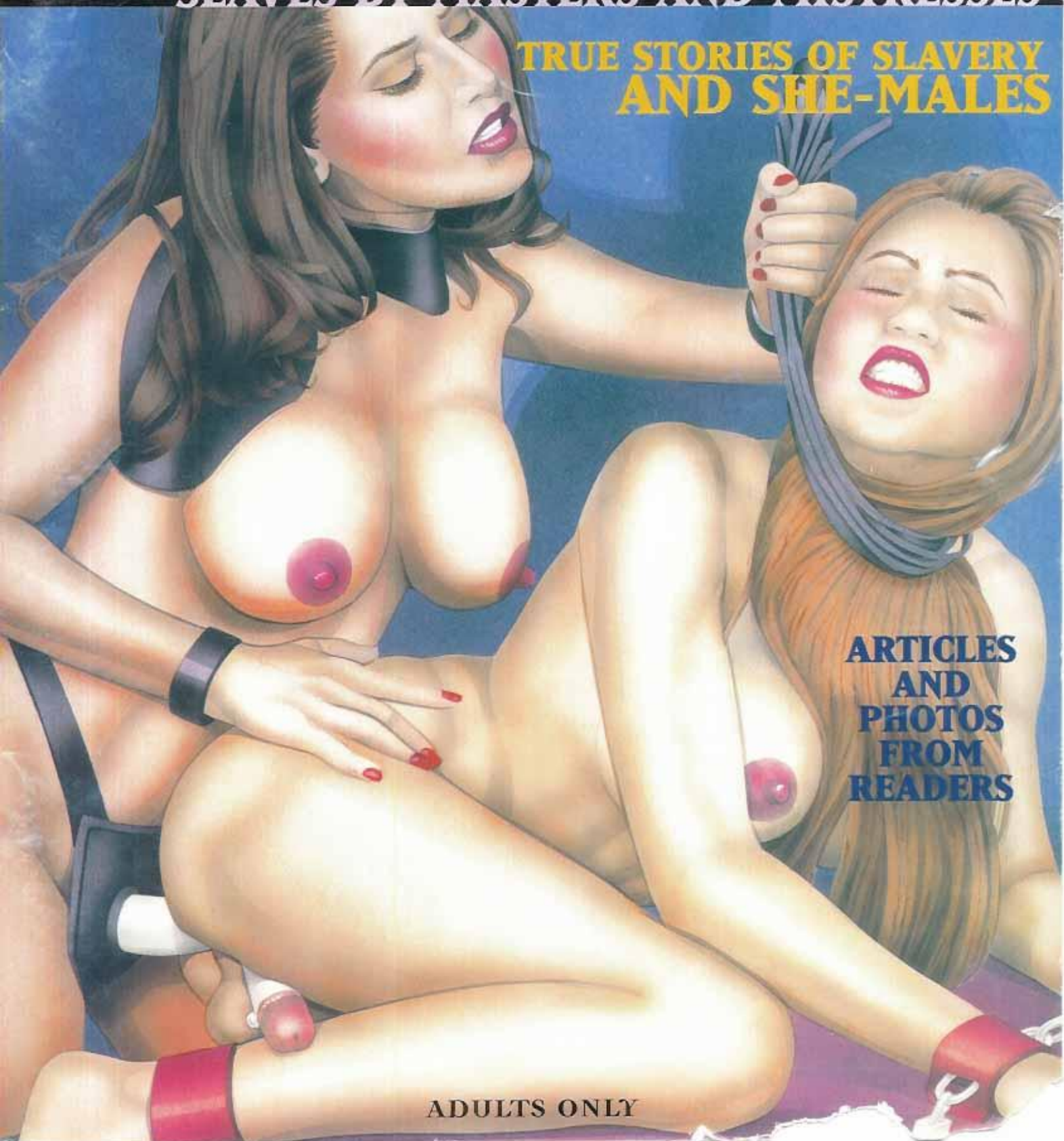
Forced Womanhood

\$16.50

ISSUE 33

**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 33, 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

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erotic act by Aldo, Baker, Patrick and Kagan

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

CENTURIANS

P.O. Box 51510, Vista Station
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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.

TESTIMONY OF A CHASTISED SLAVE

I am writing this with the blessing of my Mistress. She wants everyone is interested to know how she has totally dominated her "man". From the first time we met, she knew that I would be her slave. She pursued me relentlessly. At first she dropped hints and made references concerning forced feminization, but slowly she tapped into my submissive nature and, during the next few months of her "courtship" of me, turned the next few months of her "courtship" of me, turned those hints and references towards me! I was thrilled that such an attractive and alluring woman like Mistress was interested in me, and it was only a matter of time before I succumbed to her very dominant way of life. When I finally agreed to be her slave, she was too was thrilled! She was a dominant woman who needed a slave, and she was very pleased that the one she had picked, namely me, had agreed to let her transform him to her bondage slave - for life!

The first day I moved in with her she gathered all of my clothes and got rid of them. She had

a few women's things for me to wear, and over time my wardrobe would be added to. I was put in bondage, of which I've been in some form ever since. Over the next few weeks my body hair was removed, my nipples were pierced, and my penis was pierced twice, one for a chastity tube and one for a "Prince Albert" penis head ring. The bondage got progressively severe, and the teasing and torture got to be a daily ritual. There were times when I had my doubts about my situation. But being naked, femmed, and in bondage there was little I could do! When my piercings had healed, Mistress fitted me - permanently - with a steel chastity tube and Prince Albert ring. I knew, laying there spread - eagle on the torture table, tied down, as she put these cruel devices on me, that my fate was sealed! When she was finished, Mistress had gleam in her eyes and a devious smile on her lips. Now the fun would begin!

***Submissively,
Slave Alicia***

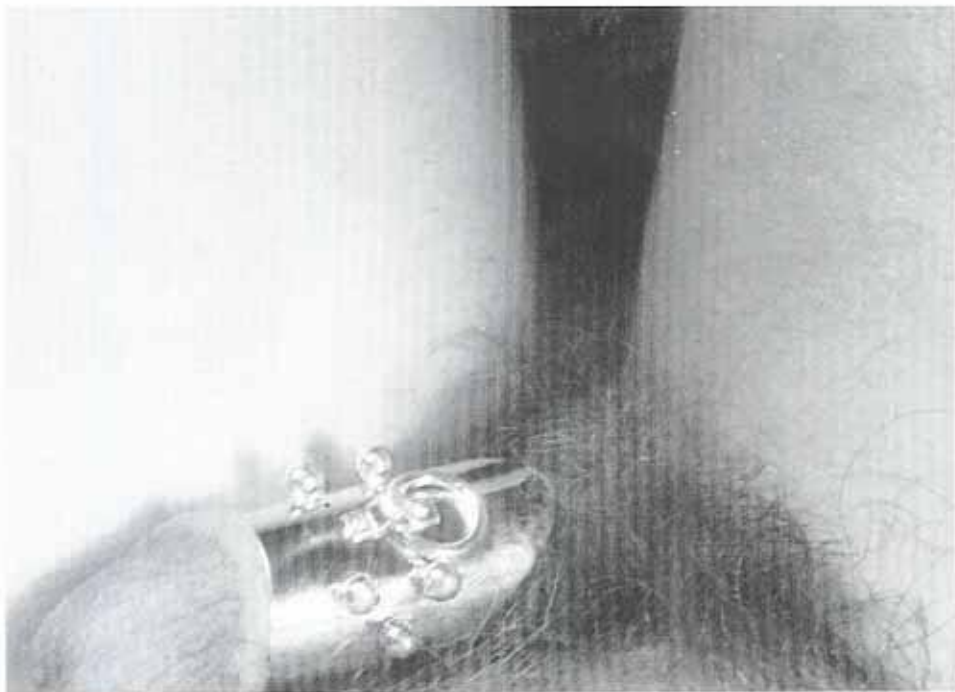
SLAVE WANTED

OLD HIPPIE / EX BIKER. JUST FOUND YOUR RAG, AND I NOTICED THAT YOU AIN'T GOT NO PERSONAL ADS. ME AND THE OL' LADY ARE LOOKING FOR A SLAVE/MAID. HOPE THAT YOU CAN HELP US OUT. WE'RE BOTH UNDER 140 lbs. UB2. MUST HAVE A TRUE DESIRE TO BE A LADY. NO WHORES NEED APPLY. BLUE COLLAR 46 BEARD. TATS. I LIKE TO SPANK, AND MAKE YOU CRY. MY LADY DON'T GET TOO MUCH INVOLVED IN THE DOMINANCE THING, BUT SHE WON'T NEED TO GET UP TO PEE. SHE HATES TO COOK, CLEAN, SHOP, BLAH-BLAH. THIS IS WHY WE NEED YOU. I LIKE A WHITE PETTICOAT MAKING SURE THAT MY BEER'S FULL. AND I LIKE IT A LOT WHEN MY MAID SITS IN MY LAP. I LIKE BOOTY.

I DO ALRIGHT WITH THE BUCKS COMIN IN, I AIN'T RICH, BUT I CAN AFFORD YOUR PANTIES. IF YOU'RE CHOSEN, AND HAVE THE DESIRE TO HAVE YOURSELF SURGICALLY ALTERED, I CAN HELP. NOT THAT THIS WOULD BE REQUIRED. THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING THAT WE CAN DISCUSS. AS LONG AS YOU CAN COOK, BITCIL, AND SUCK MY ASS AND MY COCK.

THIS WOULD BE A EASY GOING LIVE-IN SITUATION. YOU GET THE COUCH UNTIL YOU PROVE YOUR WORTH, DURING THE WEEK WE NEED BREAKFAST, BAG LUNCH, AND A NICE DINNER. LAUNDRY, AND ALL THAT SHIT WOULD BE ON YOU. ON ON THE WEEKENDS, YOUR SISSY ASS IS MINE. AND YOUR EXPERIENCE OVER MY KNEES WILL BE MEMORABLE. IF YOU'RE A NICE HONEST WHITE FEMININE PETITE YOUNG MAN, WHO NEEDS TO BE A WELL DISCIPLINED SISSY MAID. DROP ME A KITE. PHOTOS WILL BE SUBMITTED, WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM OTHERS WHO SHARE OUR INTERESTS. TOILET TRAINING IDEAS APPRECIATED. THANKS FORCED WOMANHOOD

Nomad & Linda
611 S Palm Canyon 7-295
Palm Springs, CA 92264



FEMININE WOMAN H



AS SHE-MALE SLAVE



I am an ultra-feminine woman who keeps a she-male slave to wait on her. I personally cinch her up every morning in one of your tightest corsets, until she has an hourglass figure. This forces her to stay on her salad and breadstick diet. If she gains a pound the corset hurts. I have one of your Frenum Chastities on her cute pink little penis, and encased in metal like that, with the whale boned corset on, she looks just like a coffee urn with the spout down below! In fact, I sometimes refer to her as my "little coffee urn." Sometimes I; even take the Frenum restrainer off and tell her I want a cup of coffee. Then I give a few jerks on the spout, and sure enough, stuff

comes spurting out into my cup. She blushes down to her red painted toes, but I know she likes it, because those same toes curl up when she comes. I could have a regular male slave or female slave, I suppose. But, while I like to be surrounded by feminine things at home -silks, satins, lace, softness, sweet scents—and feminine companionship, I also like certain things about a man that women lack. A she-male slave is the perfect compromise. I can live in an environment surrounded by feminine placidity and softness. And yet, sometimes when I have a craving, I can take your chastity off her, straddle her from above, and satis-

fy myself with her that way. Other times... well lets just say she has a sweet little lip sticked mouth and she knows what to do with it! I have taught her to wait on me completely. She clips and paints my toenails, washes my hair, lays out all my clothes, cooks every meal, brings me wine. She has cute, pointy little titties from your hormones that just fill an A-cup. Often when I have guests I make her wait on us topless so everyone can see her breasts and comment on them. She always turns a bright red. Sometimes I even give her to my guests to enjoy. Her mouth has become very adept at pleasing both sexes. But, what I like to watch is

her bent over, in heels and nylons, with some man's thick, beefy column sinking between the soft, hairless white globes of her cheeks and right down into the brown puckered rim of her rectum. It always gets me hot. Sometimes I play with myself, others I get my release from another woman, or with a man. But it's seeing her take it up the rear that really gets me off. You may be wondering what her name is. She doesn't have a name. She's a slave!

Mistress Elaine
Fort Worth, TX

MASTER ROBERT FRUSTRATED WITH REAL

My name is Master Robert, and I am part of a growing number of life long heterosexual men, who frustrated by continual failures with women, has found the greatest pleasure imaginable since I got my first she male slave, Amanda, and recently completed the training of my second slave, Danielle.

Amanda was a crossdresser whose ad I found in a local alternative paper. She was looking for a man who would allow her to live full time as a woman and agreed to become my slave and tend to all of my needs. I had no problem allowing her to suck my cock, because she was and is so beautiful she could be nothing but a woman.

Amanda has been with me for five years now and had breast implants after about 6 months on hormones. Of course she is chastised, first with the FL2c Frenum, then later with the FL6A. It insured obedience and total commitment to me.

Amanda opened up a whole new world to me and I became very interested in the entire world of she-males, transvestites and transsexuals and increasingly became very excited about taking a male from scratch and transforming him into she-male slave, two is better than one and I needed another slave.

With the help of many publications, especially yours, I began to build a room in my basement where one day I would hopefully take a young man and turn him into a young lady. Being in the medical equipment business, and having Amanda helped me obtain what I would need to undertake this transformation. Then 2 years ago I found the perfect candidate.

That summer I hired a college student to do some painting at my house and as I watched him work I could see the feminine potential in him. He was slender, tan, blonde, yet muscular, he obviously worked out. I told Amanda what I was thinking and she was excited at the prospect of helping me make a she-male out of him. With my blessing Amanda would flirt with him as he worked, sit and watch him and strike seductive poses in her short, tight low cut dresses, or her low riding jean shorts with halter top and the cheeks of her ass showing. On the day he was to finish his work I had Amanda drop a drug into his drink as he painted. Moments later while sitting with Amanda, Dan passed out and me and Amanda went to work.

We put Dan in a wheel chair and took him to the bathroom and removed his clothes. Amanda lathered up his legs, arms, underarms, chest, pubic area and face and shaved his entire body, except for the hair on his head. That was bleached into a very light blonde and Dan was placed in the tub and bathed, powdered and perfumed and then wheeled to Amanda's vanity where she painted his nails a bright red, after placing longer-false nails on his fingers. That was all I wanted at that time because I wanted Dan to see all that was happening to him.

We carried him into the basement and shackled him to a medical table, equipped with stirrups, cables and pulleys to lift and lower the new slave. The ceiling above the table and the walls around it were

mirrored so no matter which way he looked he would see himself.

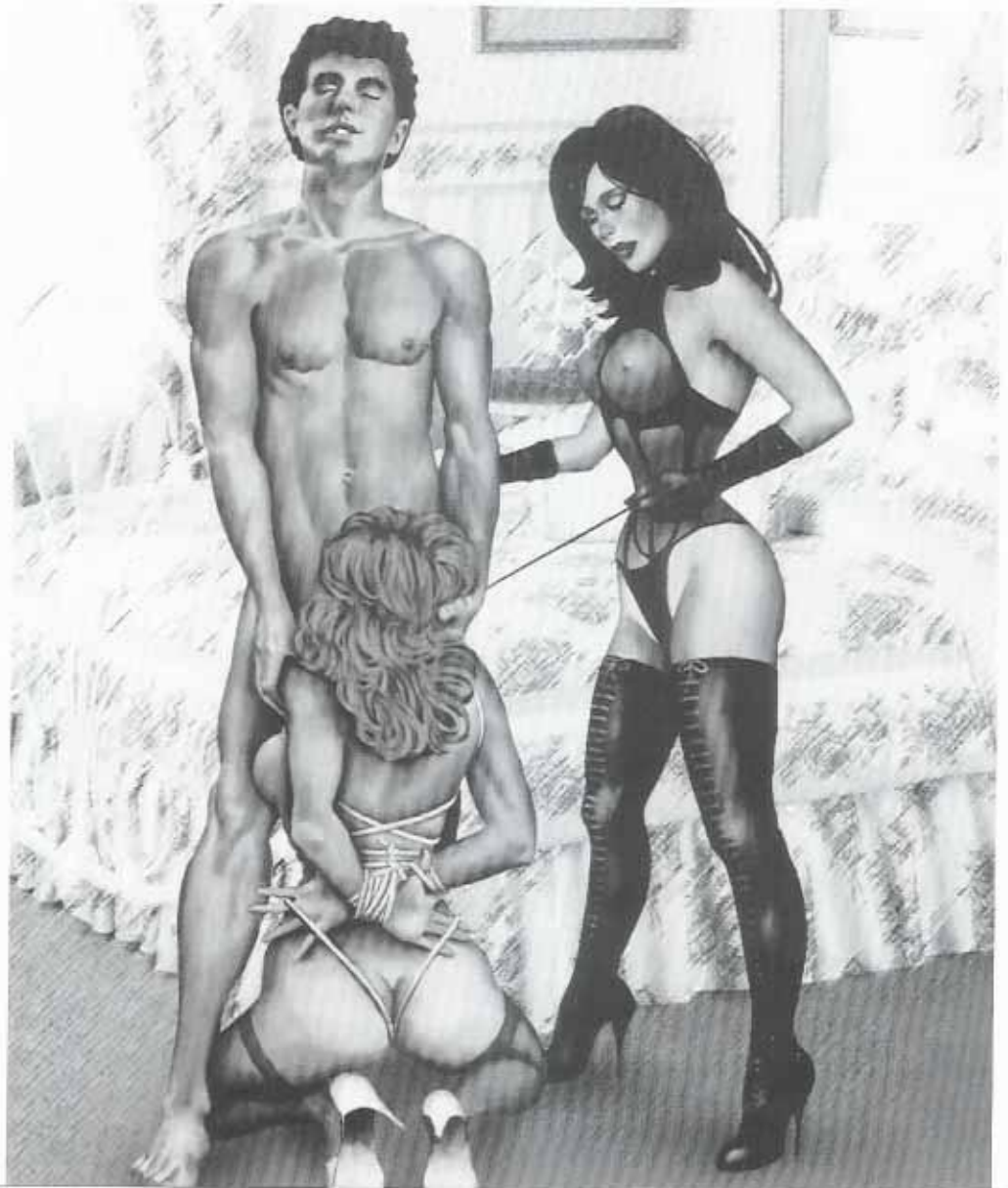
Several hours later Dan awakened, unable to move but now seeing his shaved body and bleached hair. When we heard the screams we ran down to see my struggling captive. He screamed to be freed, but I told him I was not finished with him. Then he noticed his painted nails and screamed even more. I told him I need more help around the house and Amanda desperately needs a sister. He looked totally confused and then I had Amanda disrobe, showing her beautiful breasts and her tiny chastised cock and balls. I told him that Amanda was my slave and he too would become my slave. "Your name is Danielle and I am Master Robert, you will do as I say willingly or you will do what I say with the help of the many methods and treatments I have access to. If you do not cooperate you will be sedated for lengthy periods of time and treatments will be administered regardless of your protests."

When he would not cease, I had Amanda fetch me the bag where I kept my syringes and hormones. Like A GOOD nurse Amanda wiped a spot on his arm with alcohol and I injected him twice, once

with female hormones and once with testosterone blockers. Now totally frightened, Dan was beginning to lose his belligerence. I told him not to worry that he had just been injected with his first female hormones and something that will stop his body from producing testosterone, helping the hormones work more quickly and effectively.

We left Danielle alone with her thoughts for about an hour, hoping she would fall asleep. She did not and began yelling and screaming again.

Me and Amanda went back downstairs and I slapped Danielle repeatedly across the face to get her to shut up. I hooked the cables and lifted her off the table. Underneath I placed a cock shaped device, had Amanda lube her rectum and Danielle was lowered to the table with Amanda guiding the device inside. As Danielle screamed at the pain and pressure from behind, I put another cock shaped device in her mouth. Now totally helpless and unable to speak I lowered her completely. Both devices were hooked up to bags containing a sedative and nourishment for Danielle. She was not totally knocked out, enough to make her weak and cooperative, but not so much she could not see what was happening.



WOMEN, NOW TURNS MEN INTO WOMEN

There she stayed for months, except once a week she was allowed to be hooked to a leash on a slave collar or to the strap wrapped around a slowly shrinking cock. Amanda would bring Danielle to me where she would be forced to kneel, hands and ankles shackled and backed up to the wall and I would face fuck her. She was becoming too weak and could not stop me any longer.

When she returned to her sedation each time she saw more changes in her body. She was placed in a tight corset which accentuated her now thinning waist and her now budding breasts. By the time 6 months had passed, Danielle's breasts were no longer subtle, and Amanda had plucked her eyebrows, made up her face and would assist the electrologist I hired to remove Danielle's facial and other unnecessary hair.

The treatments, bondage and repeated face fuckings took their toll. In the seventh month of this, Danielle, when brought to me begged to be freed, but not from me, from her bonds. I told her that could only happen if she agreed to obey all orders and sign a slave contract bindin' her to me and

stating that her transformation and all that goes with it are being performed with her permission and blessing.

From that point on Danielle, though at first was very afraid, became much easier to handle. She was taken for implants and then when she returned I enrolled her with a woman who helped Amanda and many others who taught them how to be women in behavior, movements, thoughts, desires, and taught them all about makeup and wardrobe and coordination of colors. I would drop Danielle off every day as I went to work and picked her up at night. In a few short months Danielle was so effeminate it was becoming harder to believe she had been that guy I hired to paint for me. By then she had been chastised as Amanda is and was now sleeping with both me and Amanda.

On the one year anniversary of Danielle's capture Amanda, who has become a very good cook, baked her a cake. Appropriately there was one cock shaped candle for Danielle to blow out. I said she had to tell us her wish aloud... and it was the greatest wish I could have imagined...she said she

wanted to suck my cock. Amanda gave her a big hug and I carried the now much lighter Danielle, down from 180 to 130 pounds to our bedroom where she pulled off my pants and shorts and gave me one of the most exciting blow jobs I ever had. In the year since then Danielle has become the perfect obedient slave. She and Amanda take care of all the house work. I am able to live a life of leisure here now. All my needs including my sexual needs [are taken care of by my slaves. They are beautiful, sexy, and far more woman than any woman I ever dated. I awaken each morning with two pretty girls in my bed and come home to them each night knowing my masculine needs will be attended to always.

It may be time to start looking for another slave, but, I could not be happier with the two I have and with the feeling of power and strength I feel knowing that I was able to make a sweet she-male out of Danielle.

Master Robert

COWBOY TURNS SISSY MALE INTO A SHE-MALE COWGIRL SLAVE

Dear Forced Womanhood,

It was only supposed to be a dream weekend but it became a permanent life-change for me. It happened last year when my temporary joke ended and I said to a guy there that I needed to earn some money fast. Ed knew someone who had a small ranch and paid young men to let him tie them up for a weekend. Ed didn't like to be tied up, but he would arrange a meeting if I wanted. I agreed, and for more reasons than just money.

Master Bob and I met at a coffee shop. He looked and dressed like a macho rancher, and after he approved me, I felt I should confess my obsession since childhood with bondage and crossdressing. To my relief he grinned and said it would be a change to have someone play "Dale" to his "Roy".

The next day we drove to his ranch in his pick-up. When we were out of heavy traffic he pulled over and took some ropes from the glove compartment. Before he tied me tightly hand and foot, I removed my shirt and pants and shoes, to reveal a black slip, waist cincher, panties, garter belt and nylons. The silicone padded bra, four-inch stiletto heels, and long blonde wig were in my suitcase and had to remain there until we reached the ranch. A denim jacket was draped about my drawn back shoulders to conceal my slip and bound arms from passing vehicles, then we drove on without further stops. It took a wonderful three hours.

That weekend at the secluded ranch was ecstasy. I was kept in ropes and drag the whole time, even sleeping like that. Master Bob tied me inescapably in every position he could imagine—and he was very creative. I was bound and gagged all over the large ranch house, in the barn, to trees, fence and corral posts, and even to the saddle when we went horseback riding. I felt just like a beautiful movie cowgirl from the past. Sadly, Sunday came all too soon.

I was about to change into my hated male clothes for the drive back to town when Master Bob came into the guest room with a copy of *Forced Womanhood*. He said I was the first he'd tied up and also the only person who honestly loved bondage. He found he enjoyed tying a TV much more than a "plain" man, and wanted to transform me from a pretty man dressed as a woman into a gorgeous, really feminine she-male.

He left the magazine and said to study it closely so I would know what I was in for if I agreed to let him. I had two hours to decide.

It was a life-changing proposal and a very serious decision to make. I read the magazine, and as I'd done since childhood whenever I'd seen a lovely

woman in bondage, I imagined myself as the bound she-males in the pictures and drawings. Even the blow-jobs and anal sex didn't turn me off.

If I were helpless like the she-males and couldn't resist, then I could only let my master do as he wished to me. That night I slept tied in Master Bob's king-size bed for the first time, gave my first blow-job, and had my first ass-fucking. Since then I've had lots of practice and am told I suck cock better than a woman. Master Bob ordered all of your creams and vitamins, and I now have nice big breasts. He loves to fuck their cleavage (it's a wild sensation) and have me lick and suck his cock when it pushes out at my face. I swallow his cum or else he showers my face and breasts with it. My small penis has become even smaller and I wear a FL2 Frenum (as the others are too big for me) to remind me that I am Master Bob's she-male cowgirl slave.

Doing house work I wear a brief French maid costume and chains and shackles, all from your Transformation catalog. At night I'm dressed like a whore. I also have sexy cowgirl outfits, for when we go riding or to a rodeo or country-western bar. Master Bob likes me to suck off men in parking lots with my hands tied behind me and also take it in the rear bent over a car trunk or fender, or else in the back of a pick-up truck.

When friends visit we play rodeo. In my cowgirl outfit, hands tied behind, I run about the corral while the men try to rope and hogtie me in the fastest time. I'm very adept at dodging ropes and even getting loose if I'm tied too hastily. The winner then ties me over a corral rail and uses either my mouth and pert butt. If it's a tie the winners use my mouth and ass simultaneously. I love being a she-male cowgirl slave!

**Donna
Idaho**



MAN LOVES SHE-MALES BETTER THAN WOMEN BECAUSE HE GETS BETTER SEX



Dear Forced Womanhood,

I'm sending you some photos of me and my chastised she-male slave. I've been reading your magazine for years. You have really brought a lot of ideas to me. I don't think of myself as gay, but I'll tell you - she-males sure are better than real women - especially for sex. I get blow jobs whenever I want. I have a nice tight ass to fuck and they are very humble and submissive.

Homer



BISEXUAL WOMAN HAS EVERYTHING SHE NEEDS IN HER SHE-MALE SLAVE

Dear Centurians,

I love all your publications and merchandise, but, most of all I love your Forced Womanhood magazine. I had a couple of lesbian affairs before I married Jimmy. I enjoyed them. Early in our marriage, Jimmy said he would be my slave and I could transform him. I have so much enjoyed doing this. He's had breast implants and is on your herbal hormone vitamins which are safe. They keep his skin clear and shape his body, hips, and legs in a beautiful woman form. I keep him in nice lingerie and high heels. I love sucking on his new breasts,(see photo enclosed). I don't think I will chastise him as long as he stays sweet and sexual towards me. I have everything I want. A man and a woman all in one.

***Love,
Jenny***

WOMAN LOVES HAVING HUSBAND CHANGED INTO SHE-MALE SLAVE

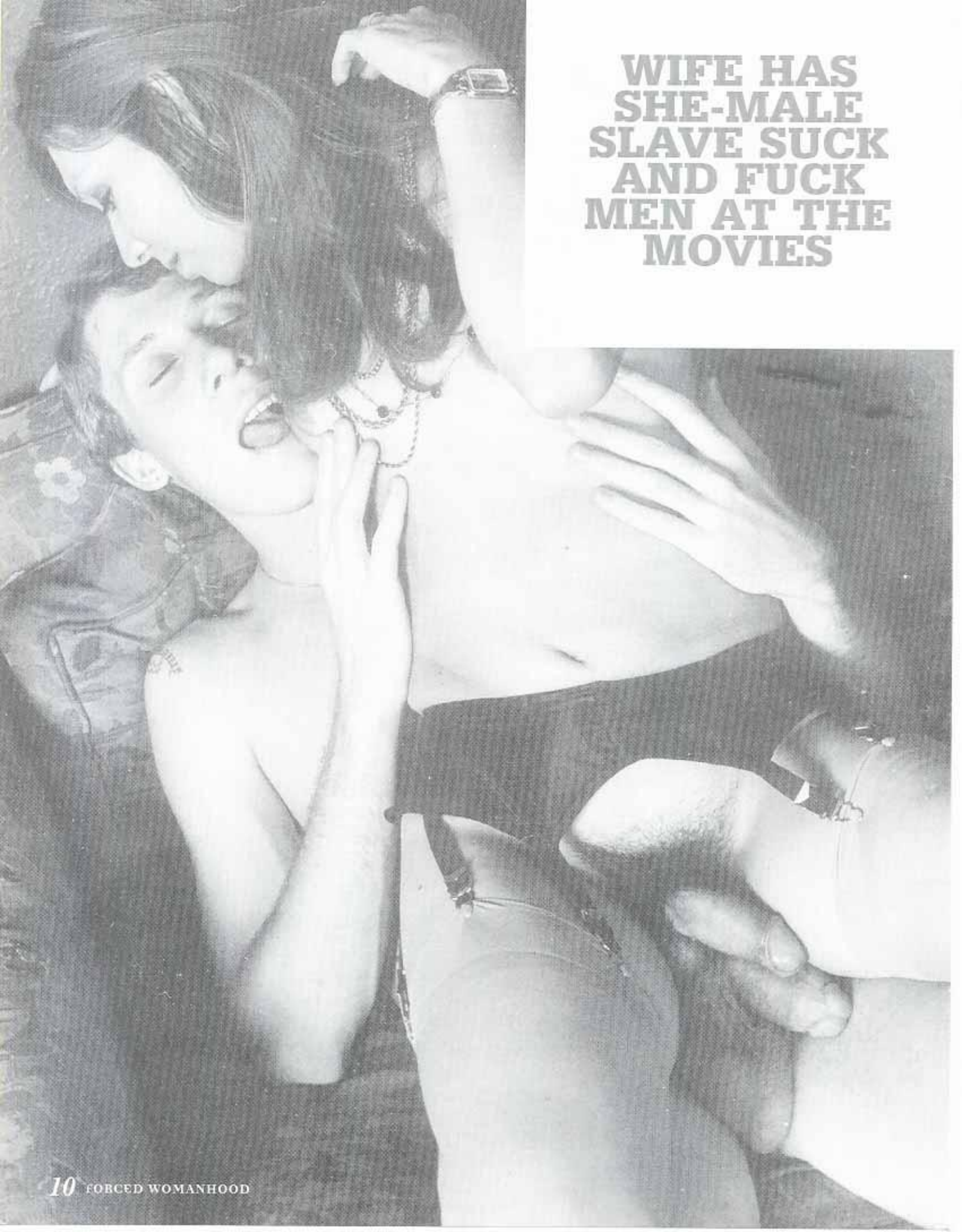
Dear Forced Womanhood,

I'd like to write to you and say how much your magazine has meant to me. My life is much better since I have changed my husband into a beautiful enslaved she-male. I've been reading your magazine now for over two years and in that time I have had him permanently chastised, on your female hormones; Mammary Plus and Estro-Glan which enabled his breasts to enlarge enough to have transplanted nice "D" breasts. I also must tell you how we enjoy all your many bondage devices. As I write this I have him in one of leg binder shoe locks and one of your body harnesses. We just received these items this weekend from you. I have his chastised penis chained to a metal "D" plate in the floor. He dare not move an inch. I'm training him to wear very high heeled shoes. I have control of our marriage and my life. He is kept bound for at least an hour each day.

***Thank you for such
a great magazine.***

Brenda





**WIFE HAS
SHE-MALE
SLAVE SUCK
AND FUCK
MEN AT THE
MOVIES**



Dear Forced Womanhood:

I want to tell you what my wife, Mistress Alexis, did to me one day last week. Dressed as a maid I was dusting, penis gagged, wrists and ankles in chains and leather cuffs, when she said she had a surprise. Freed, I undressed, folded my arms behind my back, and was tied wrist-to-elbow with white sash cord. That position is comfortable for long periods (the arms fit into the curve at the back of the waist), so I knew I'd stay tied for hours. I also sleep that way (nude or in sexy nightgowns), my ankles tied, and penis-gagged unless she wants to use my mouth. I wear a FL2C Frenum to remind me I'm a slave, and for those rare times she wants to fuck me, and likes to feel the knobs going back and forth in her cunt.

Mistress dressed me in black bikini panties, garter belt, nylons, 5" ankle strap sandals (showing my red toenails which matched my fingernails and lip-stick), wrap-around miniskirt, and tube top that could be pulled up or down to expose my big lush breasts and pink nipples. She checked my appearance (with my long raven hair in a page-boy I'm told I resemble '50s bondage model, Betty Page), then draped a light sweater over my shoulders so no one would see my tie-up, and led me out to the car. We drove to an old theatre that shows double features and met Bill in the lobby. He'd been told I was a kinky girl friend who loved being tied up during sex. I was having my period but my other holes could be used. We went to the empty balcony and I sat between them. When the movie started she told Bill to do what he wanted to me. He pulled my top

down, kissed and fondled my breasts, tongue swirling over their erect nipples, then forced my head to his crotch and his penis poked my lips demandingly, wetting them with its sticky fluid. I opened my mouth obediently and swallowed the throbbing shaft, almost gagging as he thrust to the back of my throat.

After I'd gulped down his load and sucked his wifing cock clean, Mistress turned me to her and had me lick her hot, moist pussy to climax after climax. While I was still doing her Bill spread my wrap-around skirt wide, slid down the back of my panties and stuffed his lubricated condom encased penis into my tight asshole. Mistress thrilled as the breath from my muffled cry wooshed to the end of her cunt-tunnel when Bill began to pump back and forth inside me. Finally he came and withdrew, and I sagged back into my seat. At intervals throughout the rest of the movie I was forced to please them with my mouth and ass.

When intermission came Mistress tied my ankles with a sash cord from her purse, fastened the sweater together over my naked breasts by one button, then threw back my skirt and yanked my small chastity-ringed penis out of my panties for Bill to see. He stared in disbelief while she explained, then grinned and said it didn't matter; I was woman enough for him and he wanted to see me again. I was left there helpless as they went down the aisle, planning our next meeting. A few people were now in the balcony and it was a nervous yet exciting experience sitting and wondering what to do or say if a man came to flirt or someone sat next to me.

After what seemed eons, I saw Mistress coming up the aisle with two strange men. To my distress they sat on either side of me while she took a seat in front and looked back at us. They commented on my penis, then untied my ankles as the movie started and took turns fucking my butt while I gave the other a blow-job. Mistress sat watching us instead of the screen and was so aroused by my debasement (especially when I was forced to suck their rectum-tainted cocks clean) that she repeatedly finger-fucked her pussy to one orgasm after another. Thankfully the men left before the movie ended, and like Bill they praised my cocksucking and nice tight ass.

When we returned home Mistress was still so aroused from watching my humiliations that she stripped me naked, tied me to the St. Andrew's cross in our basement/dungeon, whipped me from shoulders to the backs of my calves, then strapped on a huge rubber dildo and screwed my ass continually.

Mistress plans to return to the theatre next week and leave me tied alone in the balcony to see what happens. Who knows, one of your readers might find me like that...

**Leslie
Chicago, IL**

SHE-MALE SLAVE BECOMES DOMINANT AND TURNS THE TABLE

MISTRESS ENDS UP SUCKING COCK



**"You're going to be my Slave.
Not me yours."**



"You're going to enjoy being my slave."

He grabbed her and pushed her against the fence, quickly immobilizing her hands then finishing the job by tying the rope around her neck. He told her she was now to address him/her as Mistress Lisa. No exceptions! He went into the house and let her stew over her predicament. He polished his nails and fixed his make-up. He then put on a whorish black PVC dress, black stockings, 5 inch studded pumps, and teal green thong panties. He had been saving this outfit for Halloween. He had planned on attending a party they were invited to every year as "Elvira". But now was the time to put it to use, as he had always dreamed he could. Now he could let that Dominatrix bitch that had been hidden within him out. He returned to the garage and immediately assumed the role he had dreamed of most of his life. Jessica was amazed! Who was this incredibly gorgeous creature, and what did she



**"You turned me into a half-man, half-woman -
but I'm going to be the dominant."**

have in store for her? Lisa calmly walked over, untied her little submissive and coldly pushed her down on all fours. She then straddled her and started whipping her ass with the riding crop. "I've always wanted a pony," she laughed. "Now, PRANCE!", she commanded. Jessica did so with out hesitation. They both were falling into the roles they had dreamed of for so long. Falling in so quickly and naturally.

After her ride around the garage, Lisa took Jessica over to a makeshift stand he had created to hold up his motorcycle while he/she worked on the rear suspension. It was perfect, he tied Jessica up to it and began taunting her again. He/She rubbed her nipples and pinched them between her long, red fingernails. She then began to suck on them. The red lipstick she left behind had Jessica dripping with anticipa-



"You're going to beg for mercy like you made me do."

tion. Lisa then pulled out her She-Male cock and ordered Jessica to suck on it, "Suck on it like a good little whore", Lisa demanded. "Your life's purpose from now on is to please your Mistress." Jessica just nodded. "You're going to teach me to love being the woman I am. You're going to teach me to love taking your strap-on up the ass, teach me to love giving you head like the slutty little bitch I was born to be." "From now on, I AM the woman of the house and you are my meager little slave." Lisa pronounced. Jessica just gazed up at Lisa lovingly. She had always hoped of living some kind of alternate lifestyle, and now it was coming true. They planned on selling the house and moving to a different city. Somewhere to get a fresh start and live as they had chosen. Like 2 lesbians madly in love. The extra money from the house would go for Lisa's breast implants, and hormones. They did decide that Lisa should become a true she-male, and keep her 8" of 3 manhood. After all it felt so good in Jessica's pussy and ass, and it looked so wonderful in her mouth.



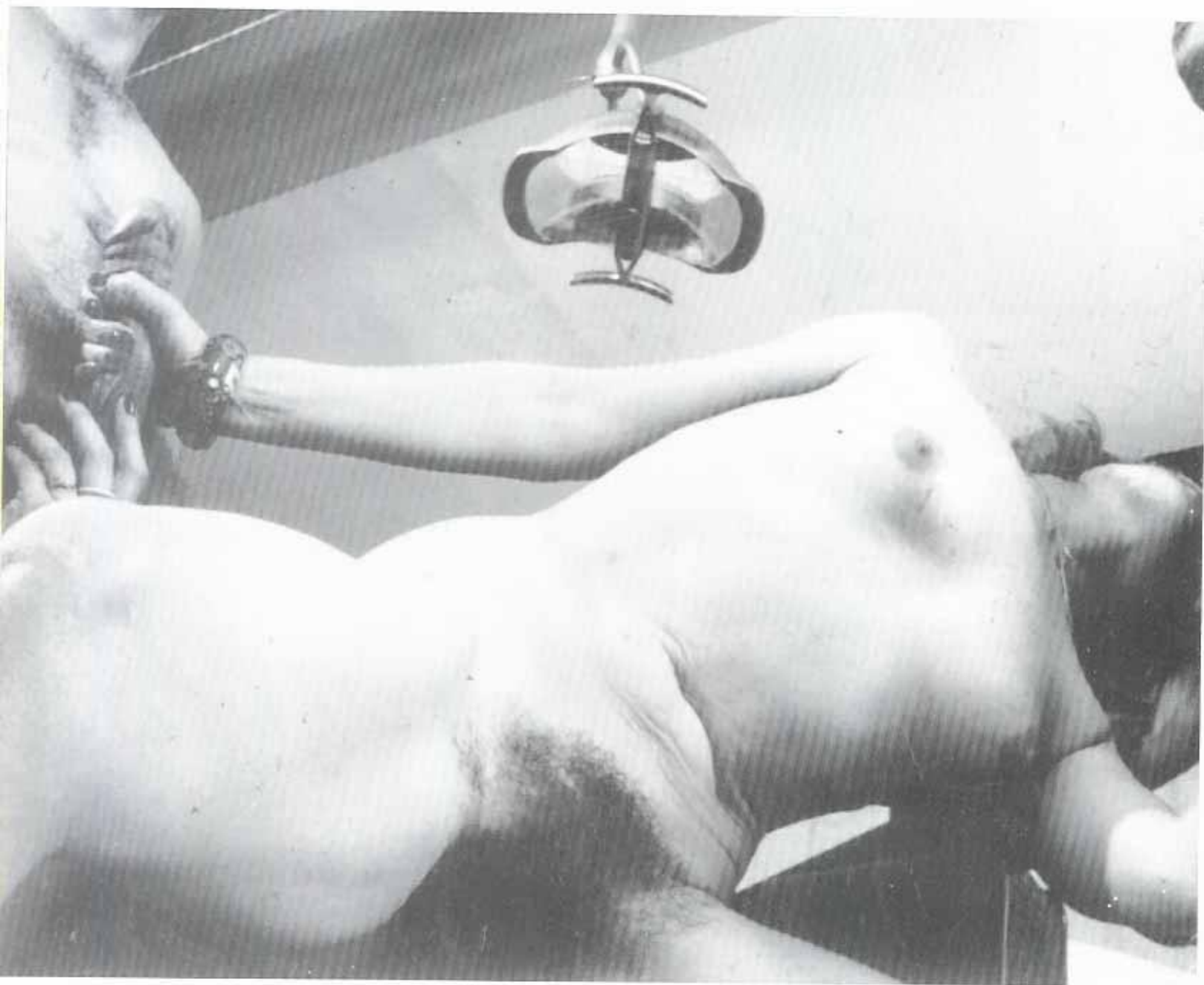
"Suck slut, you're my slave. I'm no longer yours."



"Let's start this right, you were going to make me suck cock, remember?"

story continued page 16

NON-SEXUAL WIFE GOT RAPED AS TEENAGER MAKES HUSBAND GO THROUGH THE SAME THING SHE DID. SO SHE TURNS HIM INTO A FEMALE TO GET RAPED.



Dear Forced Womanhood:

I got married to this man who thought he was real macho. He used to put down anyone who wasn't like him, blacks, gays, etc. For me, I was raped when I was a teenager by three men. I don't much care for sex because of my ordeal. John did have a feminine side so pushed it to the limit when I read my first copy of your magazine. My husband didn't understand why I was still in trauma and not interested in sex. He'd give me a hard time constantly. (I'm trying to make this as short as possible) I decided to make him a slave and turn him

into a woman and make him go through what I did - maybe then he'd understand.

For two years I dominated him, of course I chastised him early on so he couldn't have sex. He had his breast implants just three months ago.

Last weekend I did it! While he was bound up in a hotel room I brought two guys to the room to rape and molest him. I met them at a bar and told them how I had a slave. They more than agreed to teach him a lesson.

They saw poor Johnny all bound up on the bed in her splendor, in high heels, sexy lingerie, garter

belt, her big new breasts aching for love. She looked so pretty yet vulnerable.

They went right to work. They scrambled right out of their clothes while Johnny kept asking, "What's going on?"

They climbed on top of her. One would force their cock in her mouth, while the other screwed her from the rear - then they switched.

I think I got the point across to poor Johnny. He's been very submissive and understanding this week.

Tania





"You're going to be the one sucking cock and I'm going to do to you what you were going to do to me - I'm going to bind you up and make you suck other men's cocks."





DOMINANT MISTRESS TRANSFORMS MAN INTO SHE-MALE SISSY SLAVE

Dear Forced Womanhood:

"You would make a lovely woman," was Mistress Tanya's opening remark. We were in the TV/TS section of an adult bookstore, and I was so engrossed in your magazine that I didn't know she'd been watching me. Flustered, I looked up and saw a tall, shapely, brunette beauty in a brief, black latex dress and 5" stiletto pumps towering over me. Having a small, delicate frame and blonde hair, I would be considered almost petite if I were a woman. Her devastating smile put me at ease, and we went to a coffee shop to talk.

She drew me out, and I confessed my secret desire to dress in drag. We began dating and I went to her luxury apartment where she made my fantasy a reality, with wig, make-up, sexy lingerie and 6" stiletto heels. Next came erotic dresses and a French maid's costume, rope and leather bondage, with a variety of gags, but Tanya still wouldn't have sex with me.

I did maid chores and cooked, then she would bind me to a chair, bedpost, table, door, or on the floor, and do a striptease. She would rub her big, firm, naked breasts over my gagged, painted face and tied, feminized body until I squirmed and whimpered for relief. But she would dildo or fingerfuck herself, and I'd be so horny I'd cum without my cock being touched, then she'd force me to eat it.

Soon I quit my job, moved in, and became her maid and cook. I didn't mind when she got rid of my clothes and had me wear a waist-cinch day and night under my baby-dolls and other sexy clothing. I cleaned in wrist and ankle hobbles and a skimpy French maid's uniform, and even let her put me in a Phallic Fidelity Enforcer, though I was faith-

ful to her. I did my best to please Tanya, eating her pussy, submitting to hours of intricate bondage, and spankings where, writhing bound on her lap, I would sometimes rub my penis to orgasm on her sleek, taut

Tanya exploded and, kneeling my balls, slapped and punched me into unconsciousness.

I awoke hog-tied in the back of her SUV, ball-gagged, and wearing a combination corset and padded bra,

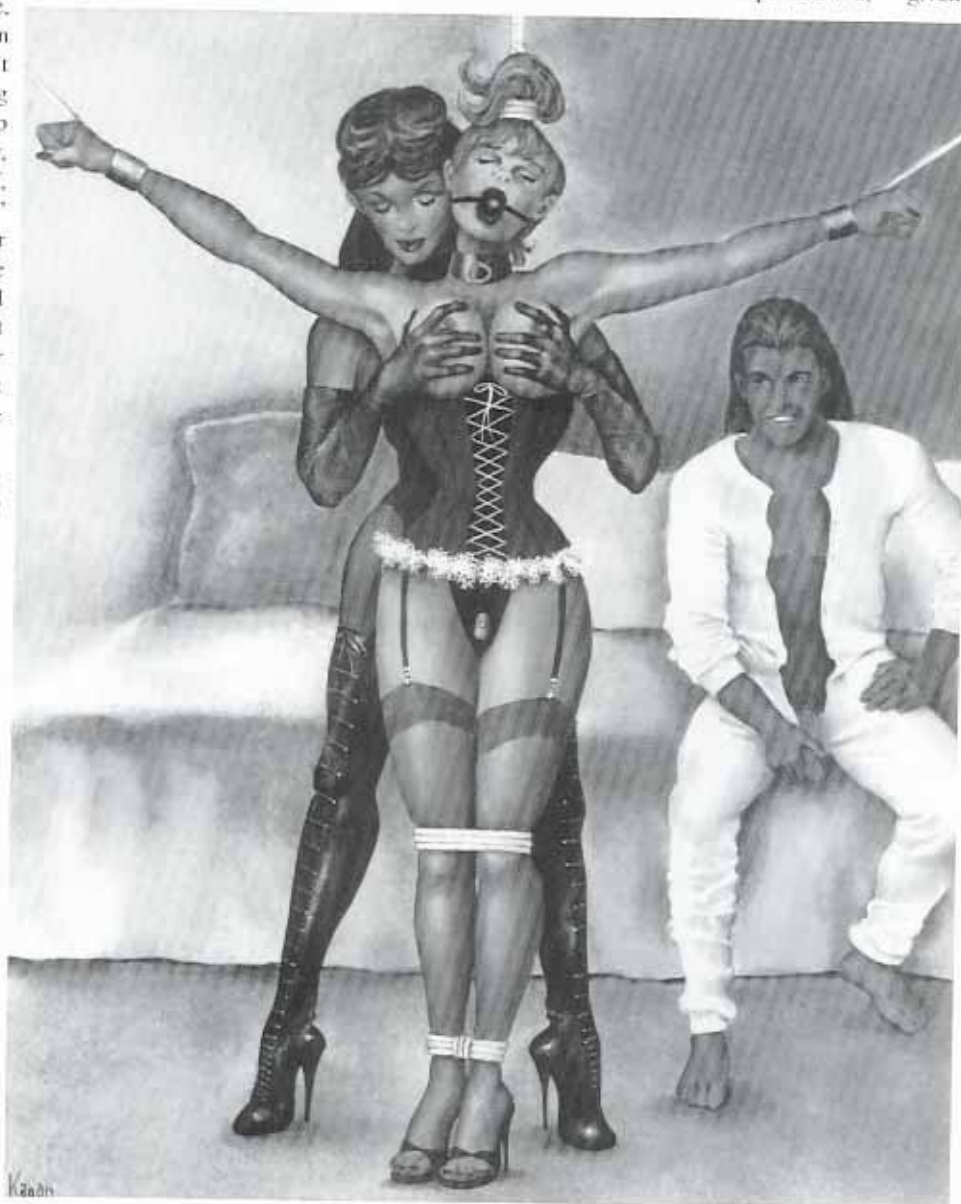
me. Suddenly I saw a car's headlights and panicked. I started for the woods but fell and couldn't get up. Luckily the driver was Tanya. She removed my gag and I begged forgiveness. Dragged into the woods, I

was hung by my wrists from a tree branch and whipped viciously in front and back with a riding crop. She whacked my prick's sensitive area until I came, then told me to remember the wonderful feeling, as I would never have another orgasm. When we got home my penis was put in a FL3C Penum Chastity, which prevented erection with heavy pain, and Mistress Tanya admitted giving me hormone pills secretly, but now my transformation would really begin.

I used your various creams and pills and my body became much more feminine, with breasts, softer skin, silkier hair, and my scant face and body hair was retarded. I wore waist-cinchers and corsets constantly, to make my waist even smaller, and high heels, to help my arches and leg muscles. I let my own hair grow well past my shoulders, and learned how to care for it and do my own make-up. Mistress Tanya instructed me figure training, voice modulation, and how to suck a cock. I practiced on a dildo and then it was used on my ass, as Mistress enjoyed fucking me. My penis shriveled until I could only wear a FL2 Penum, and by then my breasts were ready for implants.

Now I look and act like a real woman, and whenever I sexually service Mistress Tanya's male and female friends, they are surprised to find I'm a she-male - but they keep coming back!

**She-Male Slave Jane
Seattle, WA**



thighs, but she continued to refuse to have real sex.

Finally, the novelty of being constantly bound and in drag wore off, aided by my sexual frustration, even though I had noticed my sex drive was diminishing and strange things seemed to be happening to my slight body. I told Tanya that unless things changed to suit me I was through. That was a big mistake, especially since I was in the French maid's costume with wrist and ankle hobbles,

stay-up nylons, 6" ankle-strap pumps with tiny padlocks, and my flowing blonde wig. We stopped and, my ankles freed then hobbled, I was taken from the SUV by yanks on my cock. Without a word Tanya drove off and left me standing on the side of a dark, lonely country road. I was in a dilemma: I wanted to be found, but there was the humiliation of how I was dressed. At last I started walking. It was hard with 6" heels, hobbled ankles, and my arms tied behind

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I met Master Charles at a costume party, where I came as the "GOLDFINGER" Girl (some say I resemble the actress when I am made up and have my long blonde hair styled like hers) in a gold bikini and my slender body sprayed gold. He was a cowboy, and even had a lariat, which I let him tie me up with. No one thought anything about him hand-feeding me and holding my drink glass, and there were even jokes that I was now really one of the "Bond"-age girls. Soon I began to feel very tired and he offered to take me home. Still tied, I fell asleep in the front seat during the drive. I awoke in the morning to find myself in a strange bedroom lying on my belly across a king-size bed, just like the girl in the movie, only my arms were extended in front of me, wrists tied and attached to a leg of the bed. My long, shapely legs were spread wide, ropes about my slim ankles fastening them to other bed legs. My bikini bottom was off but I still wore my padded bra and flowing blonde wig. The taste of cum was in my mouth and there was a sore throbbing in my asshole and its inner tunnel. I had been used for sex and didn't remember a thing.

Master Charles came in, naked, and sat beside me, his erect, oozing cock poking my cheeks and red lips. To my surprise he knew all about me, and that I worked at a dead end job and barely made ends meet. He was very wealthy and wanted a she-male sex slave - me! In return I would live in luxury. He admitted putting tranquilizers in my drink at the party and then bringing me here to his mountain lodge, which was ideal for my transformation. I was secretly flattered and intrigued, but being drugged and abducted made me rebellious.

It was futile. I was lashed soundly with a riding crop, from shoulders to calves - and repeatedly down the center of my ass crack, simultaneously searing its hole and butt cheeks. My paint washed off, I was made to put on a garter belt, nylons and 5" ankle-strap pumps with tiny padlocks, then tightly laced into a black corset. Next I was tied in a closet in a ball position with a multitude of ropes and a huge rubber dildo was shoved up my throbbing ass while a jaw-creaking leather penis gag filled my mouth. Also disconcerting was a metal male chastity device that engulfed all of my genitals and prevented an erection. I was kept in there so long I lost track of time. I ate and drank from dog bowls while still tied in a ball and also had my mouth and ass screwed. Finally, I was forced to admit defeat. In garter belt, nylons and heels, I was strung up to the closet door by my wrists and beaten with a thick leather belt on my back and front (with extra whacks on my penis and balls), then ass fucked. Afterwards I knelt by the door and sucked his tainted cock clean, as proof of my total submission to his will, then my transformation began in earnest.

I used your creams, pills and hormones that removed face and body hair, gave me breasts, softer more feminine skin and silkier hair, and feminized and rounded out my girlish features. I wore corsets day and night, to nip in my waist and give my hips and butt a wider, rounder appearance. I also constantly wore high heels (4" to 6") to help my leg muscles and achieve that sexy swell to my calves before they tapered down to my trim ankles. Made up, my blonde hair growing long, I was kept in erotic clothes from your Transformation catalog and, besides ropes, leather bondage gear out of your Transvestite and Centurians Bondage catalogs. Not large, I wore a FLAA Premium Chastity until my steadily shrinking penis would only take a 7/8" FL2.

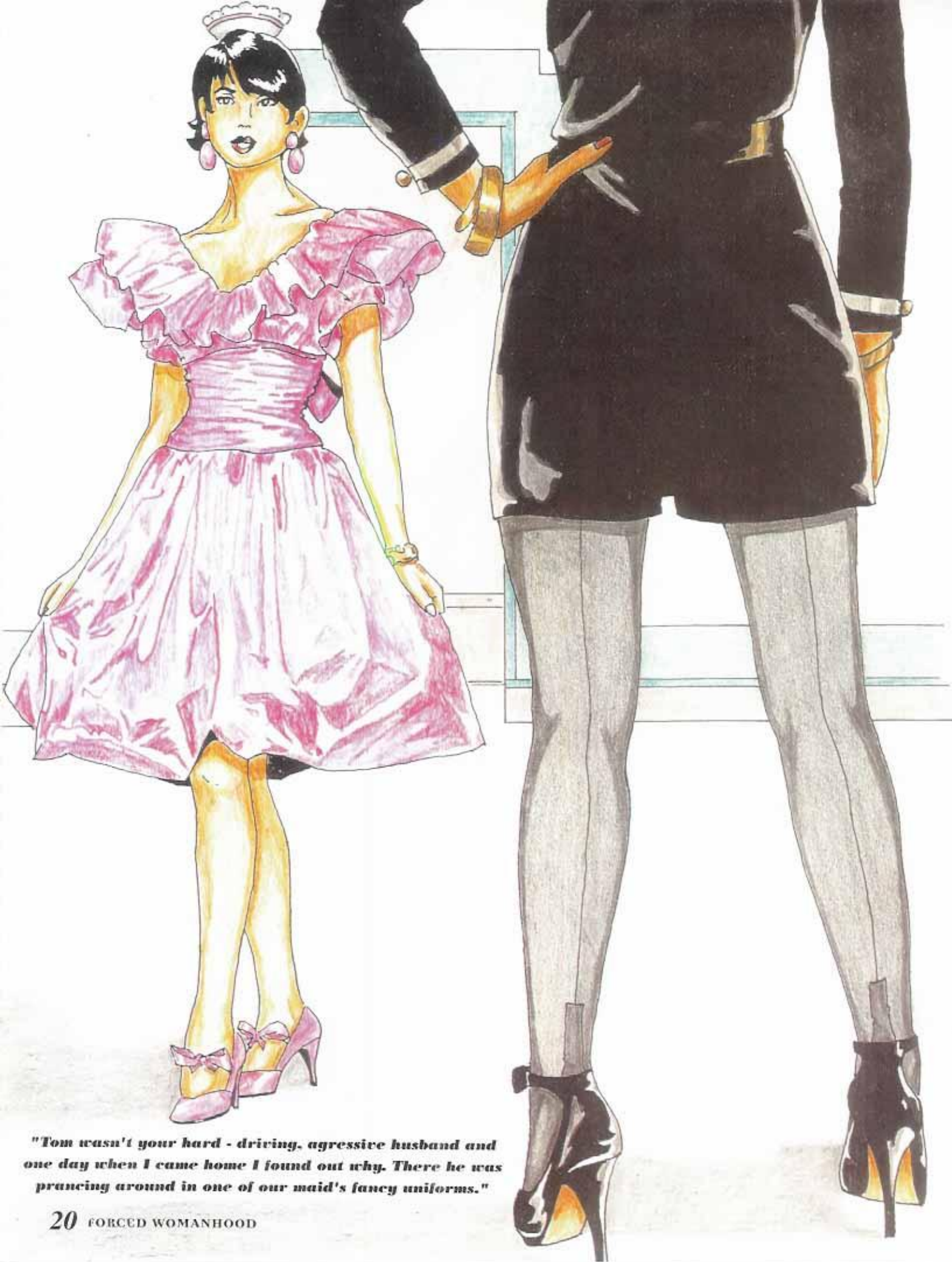
Lady Kara, a gorgeous, redheaded dominatrix, trained me in all female aspects: voice, movement, exercises for my breasts and muscles used more by women than men, etc. She lashed me severely with a thin leather whip whenever I lapsed into any maleness. Finally my training was over and I conducted myself like a real woman. Lastly came breast implants, then Master Charles showed me off proudly to his closest friends as his she-male slave, and to strangers and business associates as his very "special" lady.

My tight ass and highly skilled mouth (taut by Master's cock and Lady Kara's dildo) have helped Master put over many important business deals both here and abroad. He calls me his Golden Girl she-male slave, and still enjoys using me sexually when I'm all tied up and painted gold, like when we first met.

Sheila San Francisco, CA

STERN MASTER TURNS SUBMISSIVE MAN INTO SEXY SHE-MALE SLAVE

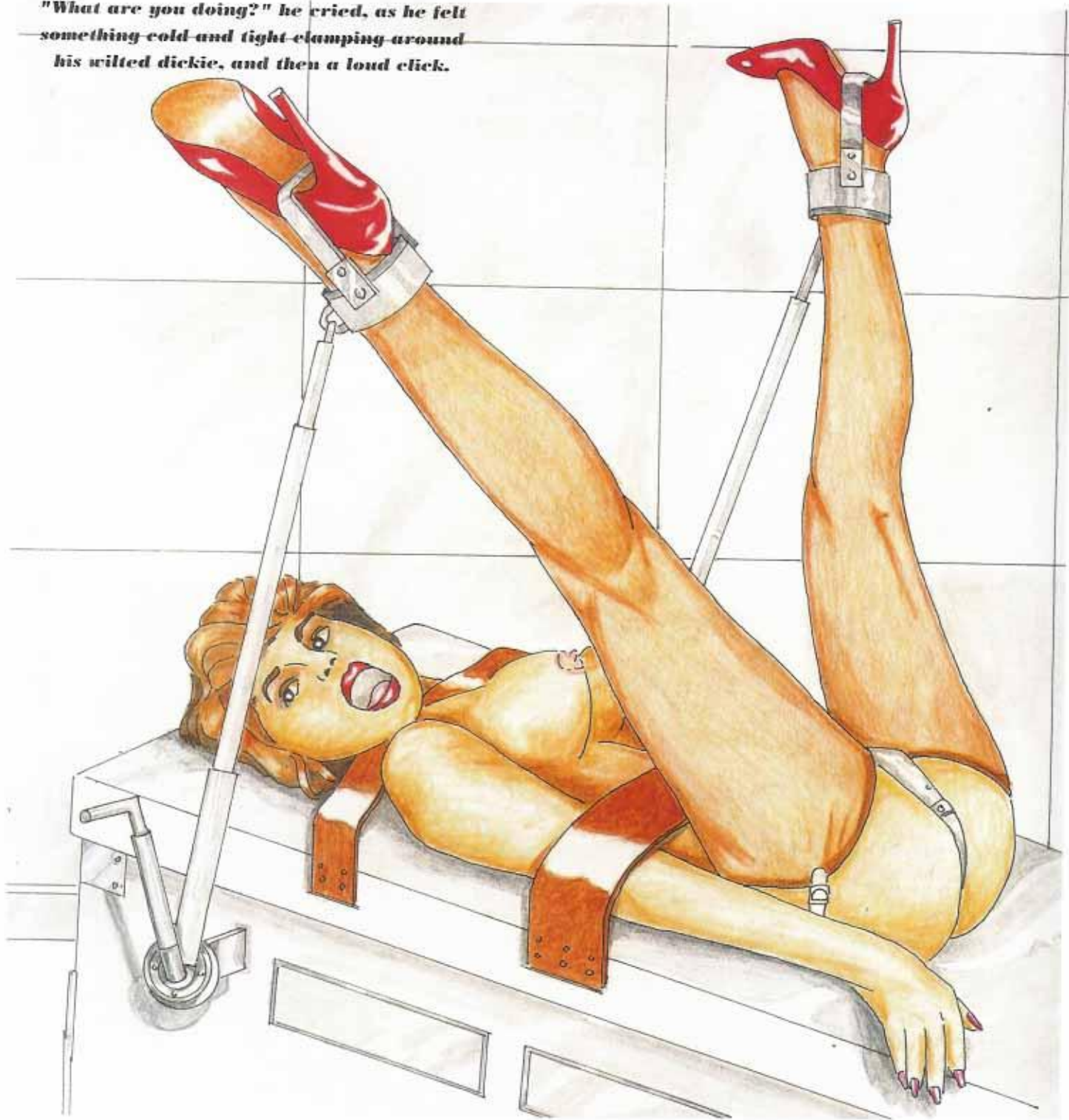




"Tom wasn't your hard - driving, aggressive husband and one day when I came home I found out why. There he was prancing around in one of our maid's fancy uniforms."

WIMPY HUSBAND TURNED INTO SISSY MAID

"What are you doing?" he cried, as he felt something cold and tight clamping around his wilted dickie, and then a loud click.



Dear Jeri,

Tom was a nice enough guy, but I didn't marry him for love. I married him for his money, and to get ahead. When I joined his company I was one of a dozen secretaries. By the time I was finished wrapping him around my finger I was head of Public Relations Company.

He wasn't your typical hard driving, aggressive male you run into in business, and one day when I came home early I found out why. There he was

prancing around in our maids uniform. I was shocked and disgusted. Ignoring his crying and attempts to explain himself I said, "don't say a fucking word until I decide what I'm going to do about this."

Going down stairs, and pouring a drink, I thought about it. What I wanted to find out was how deep my pansy husband was into panties and skirts. More importantly how I could use it to my advantage.

"Honest Lorie I - I wont ever do this again." He started to babble and cry.

"Shut up and get your heels back on, Tiffany," I shouted.

"T - Tiffany?"

"Who am I to deny you if you want to prance around in Mary's uniform. As long as you act like one. Here is a list of chores she does. You have until 6 o'clock to do them. Any that aren't done, or not done perfectly, you'll be punished by being spanked. Were you going to say I can't?" I asked, shocking him by slapping his face as hard as I could several times.

"N- No I-I wasn't" he cried pathetically.

"As of now I'm the head of the house, and you're nothing but a lowly servant you'll address me as 'Mistress'."

Throughout the day it was so easy to intimidate him. "Better get your ass in gear or you know what you'll get, don't you?" I thundered.

"Y - Yes mistress," he cowered.

"How dare you speak without curtsying first!"

"Y - You want me T - To" was all he got out before I soundly slapped his face again.

"Do it, and when you're finished you'll learn how to curtsy properly, and when I dictated. Both of which he learned after I took much pleasure pulling his panties down and spanking the crap out of the, by now, scared sissy.

He didn't know it but that weekend sealed his fate. Tiffany, I informed him, would be taking Mary's place. Despite the disgust for him I felt, purposefully humiliating him as much as I could. I actually caught him with his hands in his panties. Which I put on my list of things that would stop.

The following day I decided that while I would leviate his dressing up he was, at least, going to look presentable.

"My beautician thinks your little perversion is amusing, so she's agreed to give you a professional make-over. Do something with your hair, and make you presentable. Don't worry, she promised not to do anything that anyone will notice," I lied.

That Saturday, dressed as a maid, I took my nervous pansy to Lydia's shop.

Putting him at ease she said, "Really Tom I think this will be so much fun. Now, just take off that cute outfit and relax."

He didn't grow alarmed as she shampooed his hair. He did however, when she started in with clippers and began putting his hair in curlers.

"I'm just giving a light perm to add a little body, nobody will notice," she winced at me. Promising the same thing when she began to plucking, a few strays, and then pierced his ears.

"Now for your very own titties. These are the most realistic on the market. They glue on, then you just remove them later," she lied, gluing the melon d-

cup titties on him. After combing his hair out, she turned him to the mirror and you can't believe the satisfaction I got at his shocked, horrified expression.

"Oh m - my god, w - what have you done?" He wailed. Staring at the jet-black hair that had once been blond, and now fell to his shoulders.

"Why tiffany, honey, I think you look very pretty. A bit too sexy for a maid, but you did want Lydia to give you a complete make over, which she's done, permanently," I giggled.

"W - What do you mean permanent?"

"Well poor thing, you know so little about make-up that she used permanent dyes instead of make-up. Your long, sexy eyelashes are glued on and will never come off. She waved hair extensions in until yours grows out. You'll never have to worry about plucking your eyebrows; they'll never grow back, and notice how she's made your lips so much fuller and kissable? You'll have to get used to your really heavy earrings as they have been welded on," I said gleefully, watching his face turn deadly pale.

"The office, my business, I can't go there: looking like this," he whimpered, like the panty sissy he was.

"Now don't you worry your silly little head about such things? You see, because of your unfaithful, adventurous ways I divorced you. This is one of the papers I slipped in for you to sign. It's the divorce settlement. I now own everything, including the company."

"B - But I was never unfaithful," he protested.

"Well I was sure you wouldn't want it to be public knowledge why I divorced you. Oh yes, this paper you signed legally changed your name to Tiffany Taylor, and to quickly get you in the right frame of mind, there's always this consent form, for a boob job. At any time I feel like it I can make those titties the real things. Now get up, thank Lydia in your most girlish voice, curtsy, then kiss her feet," I ordered.

"Now there's just this last paper, you signed yesterday's an employment contract. In which you agree to work as a maid, and lowly servant girl, for room and board only. The contract is renewable each year, at my option, not yours. So, at the end of the year if I'm not happy with you, I'll simply kick you out with 20 dollars severance pay. Oh, poor thing, look she's crying. You just go ahead, it won't ruin your make-up a bit" I laughed.

"Oh my I almost forgot one last thing. Get on that table and lay down," I ordered, and in minutes we had my ex-sissy husband strapped down to it, his feet in stirrups elevated almost to his head.

"As I reward for being so good I've decided to see if we can get your little thing to sprout for us," I said and despite the humiliating position he was in it did.

"Now just this little addition and we can go home."

"W - What are you doing?" he cried as he felt something cold and tight clamping around his wilted dickie, and then a loud click.

Neither of us could help laughing as he looked between his legs to see a steel band, just behind the head of his thing. "I discussed it with Lydia, and we both think this is necessary addition, honey, I know how sexy and thrilling you find your panties and skirt. However they're bound to be a distraction don't you think, and I just know you'll be able to concentrate on your chores so much better if your not getting so uselessly excited all the time. However, I'm sure you'll be so happy to know that when you've been a very, very good little maid I'll allow you to stand in a corner and play with your pussy for five maybe even ten minutes," I said.

We honestly thought tiffany would be so excited by her new uniform, but to our surprise she started crying all over.

Perhaps it was the rigidly stayed corset that we tightened as much as we could.

"Oh P - Please, it, it's too tight," she pleaded,

"Oh nonsense Tiffany. If you want an attractive figure you simply must put up with discomfort," I declared. Or it could have been the five-inch sexy high heels that so terrified her. Or, once we got a bra on her, deciding how much sexier she'd look without one.

"Isn't it a pity how the skirt hides her dainty panties, plump behind," Lydia remarked.

"Well she's already wearing an apron, so she really doesn't need a skirt, does she?" I declared pulling it off. "Oh that's perfect. Imagine the naughty sight your guests will have when she turns around," Lydia laughed.

"And goodness, just look at the shameful immodest way her titties bounce and giggle so uncontrollably. I'm afraid she's going to have all the male guest's drooling at the mouth," I added.

When I got her home the real training started. I'm afraid I was rather heartless, but as far as I was concerned she was a sissy maid to me, nothing more. She cried for weeks as she curtsied and kissed my feet, I had absolutely no sympathy for her, nor did I ever show her any leniency. Every week I brought home a new cane or paddle, and in an amazingly short time I had her absolutely terrified of me.

When I'm out usually with a hot, young stud, I keep her at the end of a leash. In her in her box if I know I'll be out all night. Or if she's been bad, I'll leave her standing, quietly until I get back.

"Tiffany was reluctant to learn how to curtsy until I pulled down her panties and spanked the crap out of the scared sissy with a wooden paddle."





"We decided it was a shame not to show off Tiffany's dainty panties and plump girlish behind, so now all she wears is an apron when doing her chores."

One year later

Looking down at the obviously nervous and frightened sissy maid I lit a cigarette and reflected on the past year. I was rich, powerful, and of course single. I had at my beck and call a thoroughly brow beaten maid. Best of all a sissy maid who was all too aware her year was up and no idea of what I'd planned to do with her.

It is impossible for me to remember what she looked like as a ma. To think she was once actually my husband was ridiculous. I had so enjoyed training her, humiliating her, and reducing her mentality to that of my servant, and, still did.

"Your one year is up tomorrow, girl and frankly I'm still not sure of what to do with you."

"P- Please Mistress I'll improve," she whimpered terrified at the thought of me throwing her out.

"You have improved a lot for me to keep you girl. You'd have to agree to certain provisions I have stipulated in this renewal contract," I declared, curious to see how far she would sink just not to be thrown out.

"You could be more obedient, couldn't you girl?"

"Y - Yes Mistress."

"Then in your new contract you will agree to be caned double if I see even a hint that you hesitated to do as you're told. Well?"

"Y - Yes Mistress I - I agree," she quaked

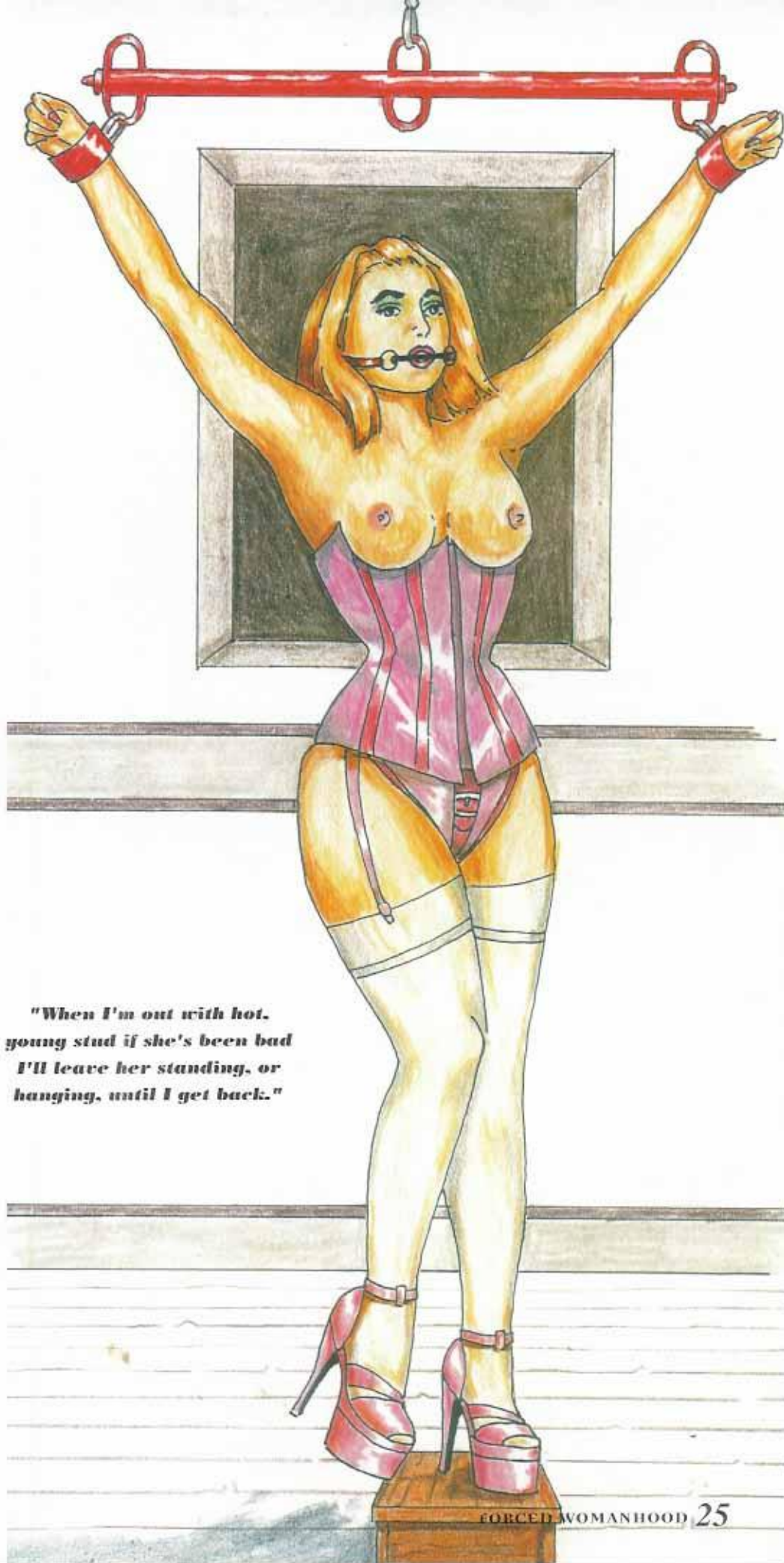
"I will also take the cane to you if I detect even the smallest sign that you are attempting to think on your own. Is an inferior servant girl ever allowed to think?"

"N - no Mistress."

"If I ever catch you thinking it will immediately be ten with the cane, and you'll be gagged till the same time the following day. If you agree, sign here."

"I also don't like the idea of my maid running loose in the house while I'm gone. I actually caught you outside the house last week, didn't I?"

"Y - Yes mistress. B - but I was just getting the paper..."



**"When I'm out with hot,
young stud if she's been bad
I'll leave her standing, or
hanging, until I get back."**

"As all your duties are inside I see no reason for you to ever be allowed out, do you?" I asked the quivering wimp.

"N - no mistress."

"Then from now on you'll be kept at the end of a leash. Put it on and lock it," I said tossing him a steel collar at the end of a long chain.

"Except when I am entertaining certain guests you'll be kept on a leash 14 hours a day. Now do you think your figure could improve?" I asked and what could he say but 'yes mistress.'

"I'm not at all happy with your chubby 24" waist. Every three months it will be laced down another inch until you've attained a more presentable 20 in waist I declared listening to her moan in disbelief. I'm also not getting enough compliments on your legs, I said taking out a shoe box I'm sure you'll start getting more compliments in seven inch heels and in six months you'll start learning to adjust to eight inch heels. Now to the most annoying problems. I absolutely will not tol-

erate any flinching on you part whenever any of my guests want to fondle or pinch your ass. That's after all what's it's there for. You will also stop blushing whenever anyone makes a loud comment about your over sexed behavior. In fact from now on you will thank them sincerely for their comment, as you will when you are pinched or fondled. Understood?"

"Y - Yes Mistress," she lied.

"Now the one area that I think you could be much more helpful is when I invite one of my gentlemen friends, or a young stud that I've picked out over." I said.

"I know you don't mind ironing their shirts' pants and underwear, and polish their shoes while I'm upstairs fucking, do you?" I asked.

"No M - Mistress," she lied.

"But I was most upset with your lack of eagerness, last Saturday, when I simply asked you to take off my friend's clothes while I got ready. I was especially angry that you hadn't taken off his underwear. This will be one of your assigned duties from now on. I also think I would like you to

remain in the room whenever we fuck. Just in case we need something or I need you to do something like helping to insert his cock into my pussy if it's to huge to get both hands on you see?" I asked almost laughing watching his shocked face collapse in misery. "Now just sign at the bottom and initial all the clauses that I've just explained and I'll keep you fro another year", I said.

I couldn't believe she actually signed and initialed every humiliating clause albeit a shaky hand.

"Excellent now I feel you deserve a reward. I forgot when was the last time I let you play with your pussy?"

"I - I think four months ago..."

"My god has it been that long? I simply couldn't imagine going four days without an orgasm let alone four months! Poor thing you're little pussy must be truly aching. Well hold up your apron and I'll unlock it. You can stand in that corner facing the wall and play with your pussy for five no six minutes. Better hurry times already started," I smirked.



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FORCED WOMANHOOD 25



FORCED WOMANHOOD 26



FORCED WOMANHOOD 27



FORCED WOMANHOOD 28



FORCED WOMANHOOD 29



FORCED WOMANHOOD 30

MAN BECOMES SHE-MALE SLAVE TO TWO WOMEN AND THEIR MALE FRIENDS

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I am a cum slave. My two girlfriends found out about each other, and now they have blackmailed me into slavery. They're both wealthy. Another thing they found out was that I was living off each of them, having them pay my expenses. Now they keep me fed and clothed and with a roof over my head. But it's in their town house, as a feminized male slave. I rebelled at first. But I was used to being kept, and finally gave in.

What they like the most is to see me on my knees choking down a load of some man's cum. They say I made them both perform oral sex on me so often, I should learn what it's like for a woman.

They also keep me dressed and made up like a three-dollar tart. Start with a big, fluffy Dolly Parton type-wig, then add heavily made up eyes with big feathery false eyelashes and lips painted so large, red and thickly glossed they look like a target. Bangles and beads on my shaven arms (and under-arms) and dangling from my ears. An ultra tight knit top over a big stuffed bra that sticks out half a foot at least. (They are threatening to have a doctor give me implants that are even bigger.) A skirt so tight I can hardly move my legs to take a step in it, and so short you can see the lace of my red silk panties unless I stand up absolutely straight—and the top of my stockings and the black tips of my garter belt even when I do. And I'm always standing up straight. I have to or fall over, since my feet are thrust into six inch patent leather heels, and that displays every inch of my black mesh stockings. My girlfriends say since I treated them like whores, turnabout is only fair play.

And thanks to you, I can't ever have sex again. They bought one of your permanent chastity devices. To get it off, I'd have to cut my thing off. And my girlfriends even threaten to have that done in some sex change clinic. They say maybe I should I have a pussy to really get a glimpse of life from the other side.

Last Friday is a good example of how they treat me. They brought home five men they met at a nightclub. They had told the men all about me. They said I had been trained to give better head than any woman, and promised them all a great bj.

My former girlfriends ordered me down on my knees. First they made me kiss their feet to show how totally I had been trained into the subservient, female role. Then they ordered me to suck every one of the men's dicks, and to drink down all their cum "like the whore you are!"

I think the girls must have chosen those fellows for the size of their cocks. Two of them were so long, even when they were all the way down my throat with my lips stretched as far forward as possible, my lips never even touched their pubic hair. And from the quarts of cum they shot and made me gulp down, you'd think they were sailors who'd just stepped off a ship after months at sea.

After I'd sucked off all the men once, and two of them twice, my former girlfriends lay back, pulled their panties aside and made me eat them out, too. It takes a long time to make them come and they can both come a dozen times in a row if they have a man who can keep at it. I had no choice and I wore out my tongue on their hot, wet buttons.

Then two of the men wanted to fuck me in the ass. My girlfriends made me bend forward and tied my wrists to my ankles, so my butt was thrust way up and my cheeks wide open. One of them dipped her finger into some lube and slipped it up my ass crack to get me ready. Both the men already were. I don't know how they could get that erect and that big again so soon. The girls had forced me to take it up the butt before. They'd forced dildos and vibrators into me, and brought over men fuck me, just so the two of them could watch me squirm in humiliation. But last Friday was the worst. Those two guys were really built, like a brick silo, if you know what I mean. The first one couldn't even get in at first, he was so much bigger than me. He kept sliding off to the side. The other man had to do it. He was big, and



it felt like I was being split wide open painfully while a pole was rammed down into my ass/twat. Then he gave me a reaming so hard that if he hadn't been holding on to my butt real tight, I'd have fallen right down. I felt like my ass was being slapped half unconscious. I was groaning and gasping. I knew what it meant to be a woman in a world where men have dicks right then. It felt like a California earthquake when in my bowels when he came, and his dick throbbed like a diesel engine up inside me.

That made it easier for the second man to get in me.

When that was over, one of the other men said he'd always had a fantasy and asked my girlfriends if he could act it out. They said "yes" without even asking what it was. He rubbed his hot, sweaty dick all over my face, made me suck it, rubbed it over my face some more, then took it in his hand and shot his wad into my eyes and all over my face, making me lick the last drops off the tip. Then he told me to open my mouth and when I did, a hot stream of pee sprayed into my face and mouth, and spread in a warm, humiliating stream down my body. He made me swallow some.

Then my girl friends wanted to do it. They said they had never thought of that. I was made to strip completely naked except for high heels, wig and jewelry, and then everyone took turns peeing on my naked, shaven body, making me lick up whatever ran on the floor.

Now I am a cum-pee slave to my former girlfriends. And their friends.

Robbie X.
San Francisco

**SUCK MY COCK,
YOU BITCH SLAVE!**



TRAINED, INSPECTED AND SOLD

The poor girl was so scared and humiliated she was near tears. She couldn't believe what was transpiring. It was the first time she'd been put on display to prospective buyers.

She'd been led into the room naked, except for the towering platform heels she was still terrified of, and a dainty ribbon around her neck. Her melon sized breasts giggled and bounced, she couldn't stop her sexy bottom from twitching with each step.

Ordered to stand perfectly still by Angela Barclay, her Mistress, while she was inspected by three women who were interested in "acquiring" her. She tried to covering her little dickie that had once been the size it now was, but her Mistress would have no false sense of modesty. She jumped when one of the women fingered her sensitive ass, and was sharply ordered to "stand still and raise your head so the women can get a good look at you, and smile!"

She had no memory of how she got home here, wherever "here" was. For this was the first time she'd been in any room other than the training or conditioning rooms. Nor did she have any idea how long she'd been "here." There were no clocks, no windows. Certainly months, but how many.

"Naturally the girl has been thoroughly conditioned, trained, and as you can see completely feminized. And, of course, she's highly pleasure trained.

"Now that we've gotten her to this point if any of you are interested in purchasing her, as soon as the sale is complete, she'll be trained to suit your needs. She can be made into anything you have a desire for. Her training completion can be specialized to serve as a maid. Although you will have to let us know if you want trained as a simple house maid, parlor maid, chamber maid, ladies maid, or a serving wench. If you wish she can be taught beautician skills, cooking, and seamstress skills."

"If you purchase her to be turned into secretary she'll be put in an accelerated, 18 hours a day, seven days a week program which turns out the perfect secretary. She'll know all word processing software, will be capable of 90 words a minute without a mistake, she'll take dictation, short hand, office skills and etiquette. Or, of course, she can be made into anything in between," Angela said.

"Oh my, her ass is really sensitive, isn't it?" The first woman remarked, parting her cheeks and running a gloved hand between

them, then asked. "Are her titties just as sensitive?"

"You'll find them, especially the nipples are highly sensitive. She absolutely loves having her ass and titties petted, don't you girl?"

"Yes Mistress, ooh," she replied truthfully, moaning as the woman lightly pinched her nipples.

"What I'm wondering is what do you do with, ah, the little thing between her legs, the red jacketed woman asked, the added, "Does it still, well, function?"

"We refer to it, quite properly, as her pussy, and "yes" it's still quite functional despite it's reduced size. Normally the girl keeps it tucked between her legs. What is eventually done with it is, of course, up to her new owner. It can be left as it is, or it can be surgically tucked into a most adorable, and realistic pussy. Which will lose none of its sensitivity, so if you wish to reward her by fondling, or playing with it, she'll have the same thrilling reaction as a normal girl," she explained.

"If you do decide on buying her, or one of Angela's others I'd strongly recommend locking her into a chastity belt, which I have all three of mine in," the second woman declared.

"I just find that once they learn how exciting it is to play with their new pussies you catch them doing it all the time. My 'girls' have to earn a good petting, it's the only way to keep their minds on their work," she stated.

It's been four months since the girl was sold to the woman in the red jacket, Cynthia Bridges. The girl's name, which her Mistress picked out, is Sheila Spencer. Her age according to the birth certificate is seventeen.

At her Mistresses suggestion she's writing a "thank you" note to Angela Barclay, telling her how happy she is as Mistress Cynthia's Ladies Maid. She likes her new Mistress very much. She does work hard, and her Mistress does occasionally give her a spanking when she admits she deserves it. But Mistress Cynthia is very kind and affectionate. She loves all the beautiful uniforms she has, even her French Maids Uniform, which causes her to blush. And when her Mistress announces she's been "a very, very good girl" She gets very excited, for she knows that, after the chastity belt is removed, Mistress Cynthia will pet her pussy as a reward.





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DOMINA 3: SISSY



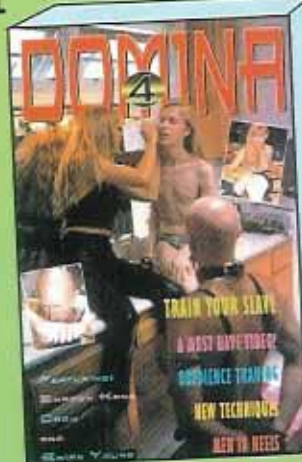
See a macho defensive back transformed into a sissy little girl, who behaves like a wide receiver. An real transformation from toughy to softy.



DOMINA 4: TRAIN YOUR SLAVE



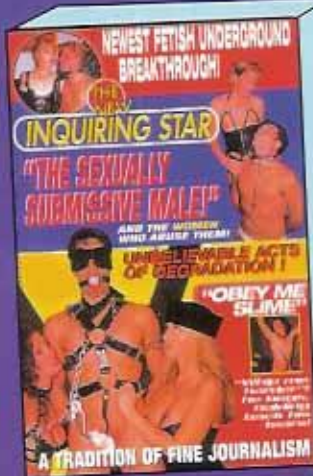
Form makeup tips to oral techniques, watch Sharon Kane change Brian to Brianna her slave. See how you can get the most pleasure from your slave.



THE SEXUALLY SUBMISSIVE MALE



In the beginning, he was terrified of the giant strap-on penis...today he fetches it like an obedient puppy. His genitals are tied to whatever is handy.



MEN INTO WOMEN



His wife and another woman puts her husband in women's clothes, straps on a dildo and ravishes his ass, while he's bent over a toilet bowl.



TRAINING FOR TORMENT



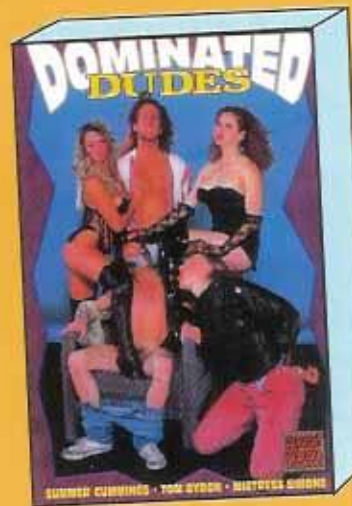
Mistress Serena invites her friend Linda to watch and assist in male slave Michael's test before entering slavehood. Combining agonizing torture and sensual teasing Linda loses control and demands that he immediately satisfy her sexually. Linda suddenly finds herself enduring extreme punishment.



DOMINATED DUDES

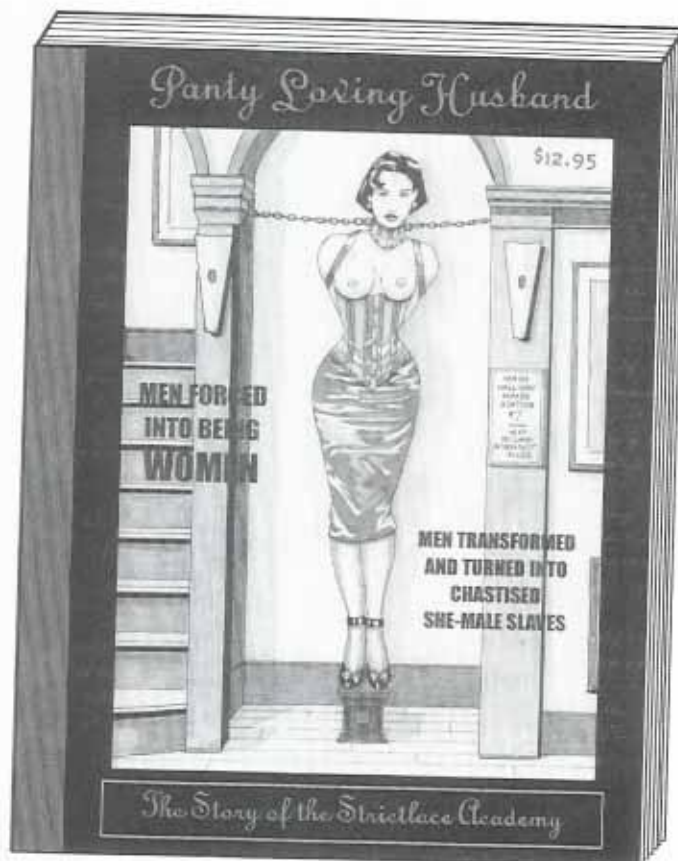


Summer and Simone drag a cocky young dude into a men's toilet, where they degrade and abuse him. Having unleashed their sadistic lust, they force the creep into a basement, where in full mistress regalia, they break his will. Their boyfriends come upon the scene, they too are engulfed in the female frenzy.



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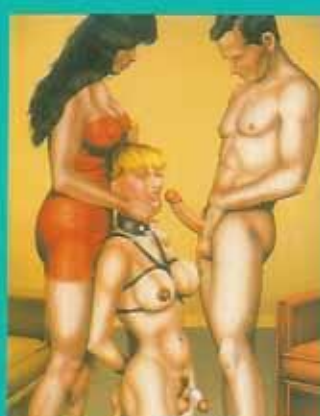
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