

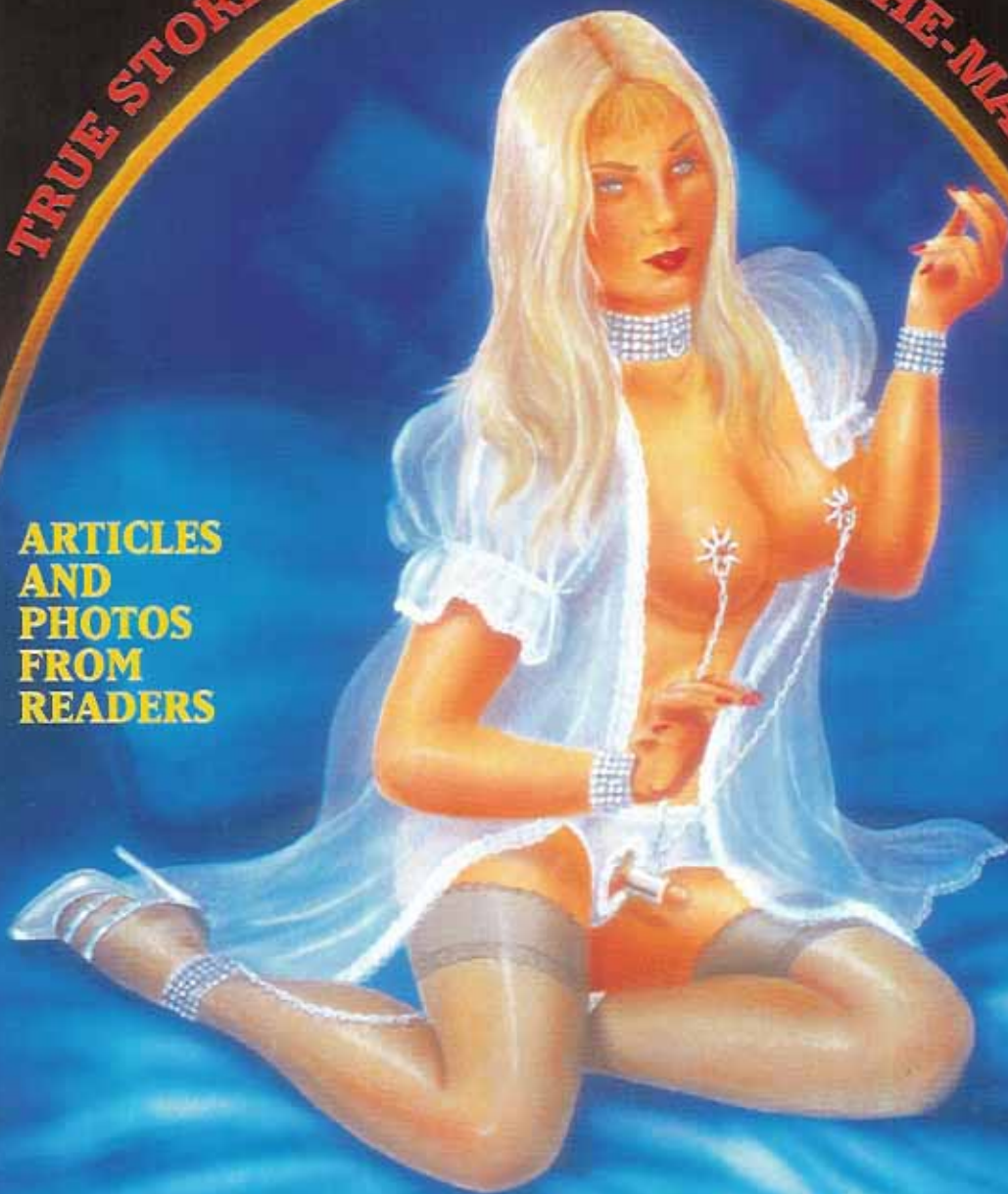
Forced Womanhood

ISSUE 34

\$16.50

TRUE STORIES OF SLAVERY AND SHE-MALES

ARTICLES
AND
PHOTOS
FROM
READERS



MEN TRANSFORMED INTO SHE-MALE
SLAVES BY MASTERS AND MISTRESSES

ADULTS ONLY

Forced Womanhood

THIS MAGAZINE IS DEDICATED TO THE

**ENSLAVEMENT, TRANSFORMATION
AND CHASTISEMENT OF MEN**

Forced Womanhood 34, 2002

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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

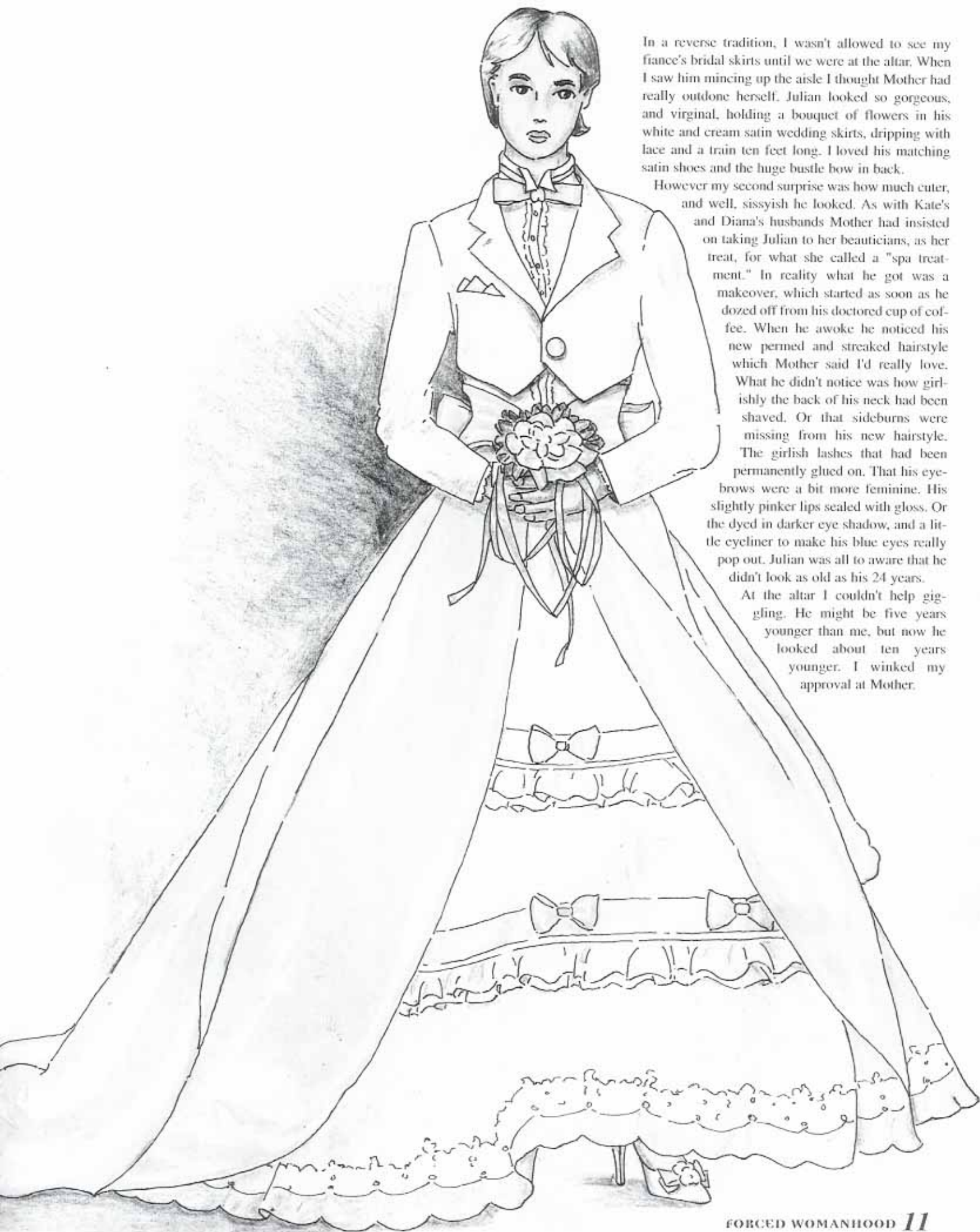
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WE HAVE ADDED A NEW Sissy SECTION TO FORCED WOMANHOOD

erotic art by Aldo, Baker, Patrick and Kagan



In a reverse tradition, I wasn't allowed to see my fiance's bridal skirts until we were at the altar. When I saw him mincing up the aisle I thought Mother had really outdone herself. Julian looked so gorgeous, and virginal, holding a bouquet of flowers in his white and cream satin wedding skirts, dripping with lace and a train ten feet long. I loved his matching satin shoes and the huge bustle bow in back.

However my second surprise was how much cuter, and well, sissyish he looked. As with Kate's and Diana's husbands Mother had insisted on taking Julian to her beauticians, as her treat, for what she called a "spa treatment." In reality what he got was a makeover, which started as soon as he dozed off from his doctored cup of coffee. When he awoke he noticed his new permed and streaked hairstyle which Mother said I'd really love. What he didn't notice was how girlishly the back of his neck had been shaved. Or that sideburns were missing from his new hairstyle. The girlish lashes that had been permanently glued on. That his eyebrows were a bit more feminine. His slightly pinker lips sealed with gloss. Or the dyed in darker eye shadow, and a little eyeliner to make his blue eyes really pop out. Julian was all too aware that he didn't look as old as his 24 years.

At the altar I couldn't help giggling. He might be five years younger than me, but now he looked about ten years younger. I winked my approval at Mother.



Slit Purple Dress

For our first anniversary I wanted to get him something really elegant as Mother and my sisters had reserved a private room in a chic restaurant. I saw exactly what I thought Julian would look not only elegant, but very sexy in, in a copy of Vogue. I couldn't find it anywhere so I tore the picture out and gave it to the discreet seamstress the family uses to duplicate it.

The only change I had made her make was in the length of the slits on both sides, in the photo they were only slit just to just above the knees. I had her extend them all the way up, and over his bottom. Instead of panties I got him a matching purple, sequined thong. Julian was very self-conscious of how much was showing off, especially when we walked in the restaurant to our private room. But, my feeling is you should flaunt long sexy legs, not hide them.



Black Hobble Skirt

Julian agreed with Mother that he should learn how to walk naturally in heels so he wouldn't look foolish. To teach him she said she had a special "training skirt" she wanted him to wear everyday until the wedding, three weeks away. Asking him to press his legs and feet as tightly together as he could she zipped him into the high waisted black leather, hobble skirt, then locked the waist in back. He wore it all day long for three weeks.

On our wedding day Mother was quite pleased with dainty, mincing, tiny little steps he took. Declaring that his walk still didn't look as natural as it could, as soon as we got back from our honeymoon, she put him back in the training skirt for an entire month. Julian now walks quite naturally, in or out of skirts.



Pink Ruffled Skirt

I was so proud of Julian when he won his first Ashley Sissy Skirts award. Of course I couldn't tell him why he was being rewarded, later standing in front of me holding his skirts up with his panties draped over his excited dickie as I expertly friggd him off until he completely filled them.



All the Ashley women were dying to know where I got the outrageously frilly, ruffled skirt and pink leather waist cinch with the most darling matching shoes. They all declared that was definitely Julian's color, and I'd have to agree. I call it "Sissy Pink."



Grey Tank Top and Diagonal Skirt

I don't mind Julian wearing his old tank tops, or even socks, when he's dressed casually. As long as he's in an appropriate skirt and heels, of course. Everyone has remarked on how long and shapely his legs are now that heels prevent him from getting any exercise. He can't even run in them and they've become so girlishly soft. So when he's dressed casually I always pick out one of his shortest skirts to show off his legs. I also like his skirts to be as frilly as possible. It's really hard to fit short, frilly skirts, but when I saw this one in a window, I just had to buy it for him.



Red Hobble Skirt and Pink Bow

Christmas is always a special occasion with the Ashley family. We always dress up and I shopped for weeks before I found a really special holiday skirt to go with his grey tux and pink tie. Sissy pink is definitely Julian's color although he looks good in red too. I didn't know if he could actually get into it, but when I saw it with the enormous pink bow I was, somehow, determined to get him into it.

He received so many compliments that I had him wearing it throughout the holidays. poor thing, he was hampered in it and his first ever six inch heeled sandals. I often had to stop and wait for him to catch up. he couldn't bend over at all in it, and it did seem to take him forever just to sit down.

who promised "to love, honor and obey me." He loved the sailing we did on the family boat. It was just the two of us so he spent our honeymoon in skirts and heels, and at night, Nighties.

Once we got back, things settled into a routine for Julian. A routine dictated by Mother. Stating that he did appear nervous and less than graceful, he was still to wear his training skirt and higher heels, and practice with a book on his head, until he could do so without it falling. Dinners were the exception as we all dressed up.

I always decided for Julian what outfits he wore, meaning skirts and heels. Although Mother sometimes gave him a matching skirt and heels as a present. Getting him to carry a purse was easy. Jackets and shirts without pockets. He didn't like the idea, but within weeks he grew accustomed to never forgetting to take his matching purse with him.

Getting him into panties was almost as easy. All I had to do was get him excited a few times so that his skirt looked more like a tent.

Handing him a pair of satin panties with lace trim I said, Here try these. I do so love getting you excited but you need something that doesn't make it obvious, don't blush so, I think you'll like how they feel."

Mother handled getting him into ballet with the other boys. "I know how hard you're trying to act graceful and natural in your skirts and heels, but you're still self-conscious aren't you," she said sympathetically.

"Yes, I guess I am, Mother Ashley," he agreed.

"What I think will help you is attending a ballet class we conduct here every day after work with some of the Ashley children. Second, if you agree to wearing higher heels I think we dispense, for now, with your training skirt."

"You want me to take ballet and wear even higher heels," he said, obviously shocked, raising his voice.

"Did you raise your voice, Julian?" she asked in a stern, cold voice.

"I'm sorry Mother Ashley, I was just surprised," he said. Mother intimidated all the Ashley boys, and Julian was no exception.

"Ballet will help you become more graceful, refined and poised, obviously a higher heel will not be pleasant, however it will force you to concentrate as hard as you can with each step to walk as you're supposed to."

"Yes, I'm sure they will," he said miserably.

Pretending to feel sorry for him she said, "I'll just ask you to wear them around the house, and not to dinner."

So in the space of a few weeks having returned from our honeymoon Julian had gone from three, to four, to five inch heels. I didn't even wear five inch heels.

Naturally, he was shocked when handed a baby blue leotard, white tights, blue toe shoes, and the cutest tutu. He joined two of our Aunt's boys, Kim, nineteen, who arrived in a darling poodle skirt, frilly ankles, and heels. And Jimmie, a year younger, who'd arrived wearing the shortest, petticoated kilt, knee socks, and high heeled Mary Janes. I was exaggerating when I said all Ashley men wore

skirts and heels.

Outside to the office Julian was almost never out of skirts and heels. It really bothered Mother until she finally came up with a brilliant idea. She moved corporate headquarters to the estate, and promoted Kate Diana's husbands to the corporate level. Eventually Julian will be promoted, then he'll be permanently in skirts.

Even our vacations, which we always took together, were arranged so that our husbands spent them in skirts. Either sailing, or renting a private village of lodge. We seldom take them out, hating the idea of seeing them in pants. And we all see to it that they're happily skirted. We adore watching them play tennis in their ultra short skirts, flashing their rumba panties. Or horseback riding in skirts, side saddle. In the recreation room there's billiards, which is a bit difficult in their tight skirts, or ping pong, although they're hampered by huge, petticoated skirts and ultra high heels.

Of course the most fun the Ashley women have is on Sundays when the whole family gathers. We have a competition to see who can dress their male in the most extravagantly frilly and feminine skirts and the sexiest heels. The aren't aware of the competition of course, which makes it so amusing. We call it the "Ashley Sissy Skirts" award.

I just love picking out frilly, sexy outfits for Julian and thought you'd enjoy seeing some of them.

VICTIM BECOMES ENFORCER

When I was in my teens, I had a terrible experience with a man I knew. He offered me a ride home from a school dance but instead took me to my place. He forced me inside and locked the door and threatened to rape me. I will never forget him taking his penis out rubbing it until it got erect then chasing me around the room telling me the terrible things he was going to do me. I nearly died of fright.

I decided that day when I got a man, he would not be able to do the same with his cock.

So now I have a man or should I say slave. I have his cock completely under control. To accomplish this I had a metal sheath made to the shape of his penis at it's smallest, it starts behind the knob and goes right to the base with a hole in the bottom for the balls, the back of this hole

was cut and opened out, to get it on the head of the penis was pulled through with a piece of cord as the sheath was worked down the shaft. The skin above the balls was forced through the gap in back, when it was the balls in there right place the gap was closed by squeezing it together in a vice then a piece of metal that fitted over the join and continued up between the balls was riveted on firmly front and back.

It is highly polished inside and out making it easy to keep clean, as it is made from the highest quality stainless steel (including the rivets). It has to last a lifetime, as the only way to get it off is to remove his balls first.



SECRETARY TURNS BOSS INTO COCK SUCKER

I decided it was about time I put my boss in his place. I'm a legal secretary and have been working for Barry for about five years. He's a very talented attorney and makes lots of money. But he was paying me what I considered a measly salary, and was very gruff and brusque. I couldn't figure out how to get even, or get some kind of power, then one night it happened.

I was working late, not being paid overtime of course, and I decided to step out for a takeaway coffee. I hate the coffee in our office. I wandered into the coffee shop across the street and when I returned, the office was as silent as I left it, but the light in Barry's office was on. I assumed it was just the cleaners, so I walked right in. Well knock me down, there was Barry, naked, and about to pull on a pair of women's briefs.

Now Barry is in good shape for a man who sits behind a desk all day. But a lifeguard type he's not, and he was having a hard time pulling them up over his rather large ass.

"You need a size 10," I quipped.

He spun around and his face was as white as a sheet. I thanked the Panty Gods that I caught him. When I glanced around the office, I was even happier. The panties were just the beginning. Sitting on the sofa was a dress and shoes. He was going to completely transform himself. Now he was totally in my power.

I told him to get dressed and follow me back to my place. If he didn't, I'd tell the whole world about his little "secret". Mumbling and fumbling, he finally acquiesced, and hastily gathered up all his belongings, and followed me down to the garage. Fifteen minutes later, he was in my living room, those panties now stuffed in his mouth.

"From now on, your name is Barbie." I told him. And proceeded to give myself a hefty raise, and the promise of an assistant. Then the fun really began.

I laid him on his stomach and hog tied him with some nylon cord I use to hang in the bathroom to dry my lingerie, left the panties in his mouth, and took some Polaroid pictures. Just for insurance. Then leaving him there to squirm, I went to my closet and dug out some great clothes that were from my heavier days. Most importantly though, I found the perfect corset to get his body into shape.

When I returned I took the panties out of his mouth, and made him reconfirm his servitude to me. Made him admit he was Barbie now, and as such, he would have to do what I said, when I said it, and dress the way I told him to. Finally I

released him from his bondage, but retied his hands in front of him.

Standing him up, I walked him over to the dining room table, and ordered him to put his hands on it. I put the corset on him and it was perfect. It was of Lycra and cotton so it stretched around him and pulled him in very tightly. It wasn't a lace up corset, but had ties that could be pulled just as effectively, and by the time I'd finished, he was truly cinched.

There were garters hanging, and I untied his hands, and forced him to pull the stockings on himself. More Polaroids.

I made him kneel in front of me, in his extra tight corset and stockings. His cock was standing straight out, I found a small thong in my panty drawer and put it on him, pulling his cock down between his legs. He whined and complained, and I soon put a stop to that by whacking his ass with a ruler a few times, and stuffing his original pair of panties back in his mouth.

Then I began to pinch and pull at his nipples. They started to grow beautifully. I leaned in and sucked on them and decided if he was going to do be my femmy slave, he'd better have decent tits. I told him he was going to purchase some hormones and breasts pumps so I could have a pair to be proud of.

Suddenly there was a knock at my door. I knew it was Brad, my studly boyfriend. I immediately bound Barbie's hands behind her, and tied her ankles together. When I let Brad in and he saw my new plaything, he was delighted. He pulled out his gorgeous prick, and taking the panties out of "her" mouth, made Barbie suck it to get it hard for me.

I'd known for years that "barry" had a crush on me and would love to

have gotten between my legs. Well now he'd have to watch a real man have me.

But first, after Barbie had gotten Brad nice and hard for me, I put some make-up on "her" so "she'd" be a bit prettier. And fussed with "her" hair a bit as well.

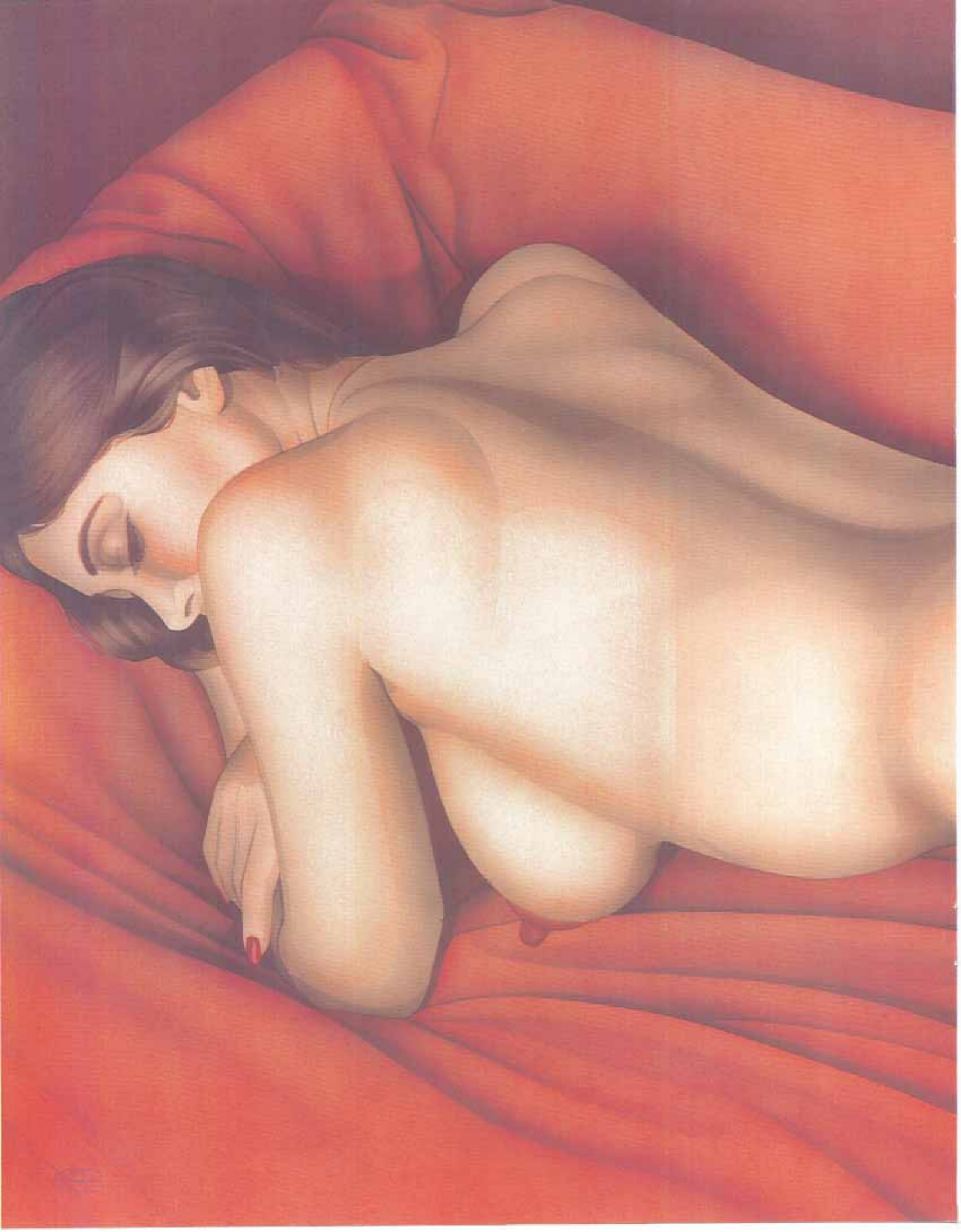
Then Brad slowly stripped me, and proceeded to make love to me right there on the couch, in front of Barbie. When we were finished, Barbie did exactly as she was told, and licked us both clean. She hesitated at first, but a few good straps from Brad's belt convinced her to behave.

Barbie is now my little plaything and her titties are coming along nicely. I love kissing and fondling them. She must report to my apartment three nights a week for training, and most of the time, Brad is there to enjoy her as well.

The extra money I'm making is coming in very handy, and now I have an assistant, there's no more overtime for me. Those nights I used to spend in the lonely office, are spent in a much more - shall we say - productive way. It's fascinating, watching Barbie grow into herself. And my Polaroid is recording every, single, step.

Mistress Susan





MAN PREFERS SHE-MALES TO REAL WOMEN

Dear Forced Womanhood.

I was married two times to real women. Both were disasters. Real women these days don't know how to be women. They don't dress like women, they want to be equal - but they don't know how. Instead they become bitches. I could go on but I know you like short articles.

I met Jim, who at the time was just a crossdresser. We became good friends. I was in his apartment one day and in his bedroom was a copy of your magazine. To make this short, over the next year I started Transforming him into a woman. Jim enjoyed bondage and I enjoyed being a dominant. I started him on your own hormone vitamins until his breasts were big enough for implants. Your hormone vitamins taken three times a day actually softened his body to a beautiful women's skin and figure. I also had him on a diet to go along with his hormone treatment. Corset training was also necessary. A year after we met I paid for his breast implants.

In all this time we never had any type of sex. I was strictly heterosexual. I then saw how beautiful Jim had become. Besides, he was quite docile and very easy to get along with. He started dressing in beautiful clothes, high heels, stockings, sexy lingerie. We started going out together as girlfriend and boyfriend. Then one night after I brought Jim home, (his name is now Janice) he knelt in front of, unzipped my zipper and slowly pulled my penis out. He held it and with his bright lips sucked the tip of my penis, then slowly engulfed my penis into his mouth. I couldn't believe it. I was getting the best blow job ever, and by a man! No - he was now a woman. I can handle this.

After that night I had Janice move into my house with me. I keep her in bondage in quite often. I play the dominant role very well. Janice acts like a real woman. She cooks for me, takes care of me. We go out together enjoying life. And when I need sex, which is quite often. I insert my penis into her tight ass.

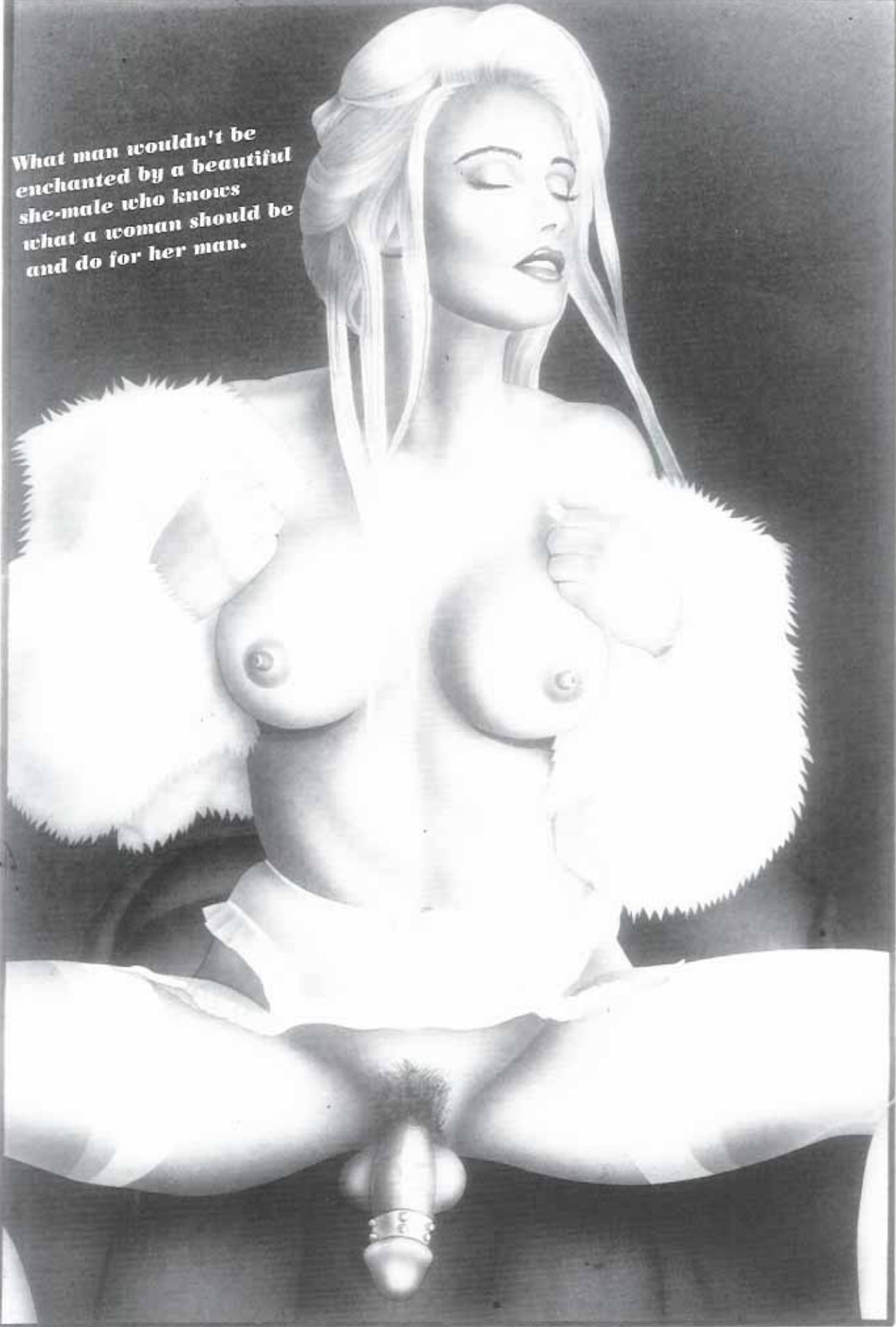
Too enlarge his anus to fit me, I would bind Janice down for the night wearing your lock on discipline pants with a dildo in it. This slowly enlarged Janice's anus. These I found to be one of your best items in your Centurians Whole Catalog of Bondage.

I have already ordered your FL8 Frenum Penis Chastity with the permanent rivets. Janice had her frenum piercing done two months ago. So, as soon as we get it, poor Janice will be mine forever. I still feel that I'm strictly a heterosexual.

Master Keith



What man wouldn't be
enchanted by a beautiful
she-male who knows
what a woman should be
and do for her man.



WOMAN CHANGES SISSY KISSING COUSIN INTO SHE-MALE SLAVE!

Dear Forced Womanhood,

It began when I saw my second cousin Chris dressed as a gorgeous girl in a neighborhood playhouse production. I went backstage and cajoled him into staying in drag and going out with me. We had coffee and became reacquainted after not seeing each other since we were thirteen. As kids, we played tie-up games where he would pretend to be a girl and I would bind him, often in drag. Since then I never found a boy who enjoyed bondage or crossdressing. We felt each other out and I was delighted to find our "interests" hadn't changed.

Chris and I began seeing a lot of each other, and I helped him with his make-up and taught him how to act more like a woman. He showed me various bondage and TV/TG magazines, including yours, and said he'd love to earn extra money by modeling but didn't know anyone to help him. My interest grew as I flipped through picture after picture of TV/TGs and real women, all lovely and all tied up. We took pictures of each other bound and gagged in teddies, lingerie and other sexy items. As in our childhood, I found I enjoyed it most when Chris was the bondage victim. The magazines and mail order companies took our pictures and wanted more, especially the TV/TG places.

To save money and also take pictures whenever we wished, Chris and I moved in together. Shortly afterwards I was pleasantly surprised when a distant relative on my side of the family left me a good inheritance. With money to support us, I had Chris quit his low-paying job and be a maid and cook besides a TV bondage model. He loved all three jobs and was unaware of my real plan. Ever since reading your magazine I had wanted to turn Chris into a beautiful, sexy she-male slave.

I sent for your various pills and creams and had no trouble convincing Chris, who was already growing his blond hair longer, to remove his body and

facial hair and make his skin soft and his hair silky. He also agreed to wearing a tight black corset, to nip in his waist and give his butt and hips a rounder, more feminine look, and 4" to 6" stiletto heels all the time. Soon he wanted to quit when he found that the pills and creams made him grow real breasts while shrinking his cock.

Being a tall, slender, buxom brunette beauty skilled in self-defense, I (like U-89 with Sweet Gwen, some say we resemble the two women) had no problem overpowering Chris and tying him to a post in the cellar, where I viciously lashed his feminized form from chest to thighs, lingering on his penis and balls. I put the FL3C Frenum Chastity on him, then further tortured him by doing a sexy strip-tease and playing with my tits and cunt, as the chastity prevented an erection with heavy pain.

From that time on I ruled Chris with an iron fist. He cooked and did housework in a French maid uniform and leather cuffs with chains hobbling his slim wrists and ankles and a different type of gag each day, from penis to harness ball gag. I dressed him in other sexy clothes and leather bondage gear from your TRANSVESTITE, TRANSFORMATION, and CENTURIANS BONDAGE Catalogs, and often took him out on walks bound and gagged, a leash attached to his Frenum ring. When Chris learned that I was determined to change him from a pretty man into a gorgeous, womanly she-male, he tried a "sit-down strike" that only brought him a month of daily beatings, constant bondage, and dildos, with various size rubber and plastic dongs as well as my 6" stiletto heels!

Finally his breasts were ready for implants, which he balked at and earned himself a very brutal whipping, then had to crawl across the floor in bondage and kiss my shoes and suck their stiletto heels (which had fucked his ass) clean, as if sucking men's pricks. After he had nice big breasts I put his tiny penis in a FL2C Frenum and broke off the screw heads, permanently denying him sex.

It's been over a year since then and "Christy", with her trim, feminine figure, looks absolutely stunning. I have to go elsewhere for sex and often take her with me. Naked, tied hand and foot, Frenum-encased penis hidden between her sleek, crossed thighs, Christy watches me fuck various men, then she sucks and is ass-fucked-by them. I love degrading her!

Mistress Margo
St. Louis, MO



WIFE TURNS HUBBY INTO SEXY SHE-MALE MAID SLAVE FOR PROFIT

Dear Forced Womanhood,

Ever since high school I used to make-up my date's face if he fell asleep. Most boys took it as a joke, a few got mad, and not one was interested in being feminized. Then in my senior year of college I met Brian, who was slight, with a rather girlish figure and longish blond hair. He not only let me make up his face but dress him in sexy lingerie. He made a very beautiful girl. We began dating, but soon he felt self-conscious about being constantly feminized, though he did love it. I solved that by being dominant. I slapped his face, commanded him to strip, then bound him before starting his feminization. I found I loved dominating a feminized male, and Brian was the perfect subject.

continued on page 22

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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.centurianonline.com.

WIFE TRAINS WIMP HUSBAND TO BE MAID SERVANT



Dear Forced Womanhood,

I have been training my wimp husband to be a maid/servant for almost three years. After two years on female hormones I was still not satisfied with the unfeminine bulges in his panty crotch. I took him to a clinic in Mexico and had his balls removed. His diminutive pierced and ringed penis is now the size of a child's little finger. It really looks cute pecking out from under his brief maid's apron. This is his only clothing when he serves me and my male and female guests. I have trained him with a large strap-on dildo to orally and anally please my male lovers. I often loan him out to friends of both sexes to attend as a house servant and sex slave. My favorite humiliation for the little wimp is to have him serve as my oral clean up boy after

a lover has shot a big load in my vagina. I squat over his face and command him to suck out all my lover's sperm while reminding the wimp of his eunuch state and total lack of sperm and male hormones.

I have had his empty little scrotal sack pierced and ringed. A bell is clipped to the ring before I or one of my male studs give him a good ass pounding. I just love to hear his bell tingling away as he gets a good ass reaming.

A lady friend of mine is training two of her slaves to be pony boys. She claims they now give much better performance after having been gelded and they no longer sport unauthorized erections.

**Love your magazine,
Mistress Julie**

SHE-MALE SEX TOY

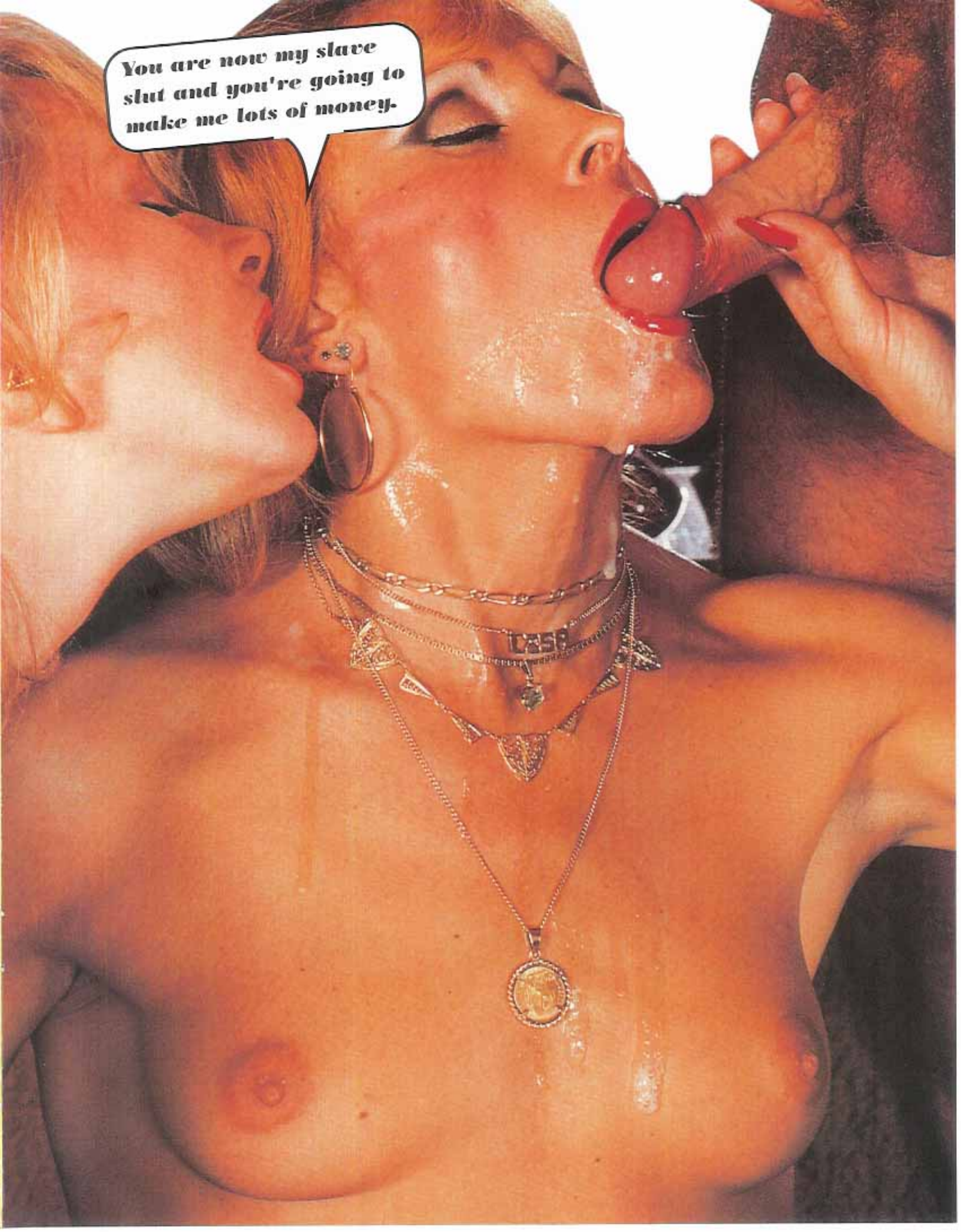
Dear Forced Womanhood,

I just wanted to write and tell you that because of your magazine, I have been turned into a woman. My manhood taken away by your *Feminique* and *Mammary Plus*. I've been chastised, tattooed and had breast implants. Now I serve my wife and her lover as their maid and sex toy. At night I'm bound up until morning.

Vera



**You are now my slave
slut and you're going to
make me lots of money.**



We took an apartment off campus and lived together for the last semester. Except for the days he had sports, Brian wore a waist-cinch, panties and pantihose to his classes. When he came home he changed into sexy female clothes (from your TRANSFORMATION and TRANS-VESTITE catalogs) put on a wig and make-up, then studied, relaxed, or did the cooking and housework in leather wrist and ankle hobbles, until I arrived to bind him more restrictively with ropes or leather gear.

We married after graduation, and I wore a black leather tuxedo and 6" stiletto pumps while Brian dressed as the bride. He was stunning. He wore 4" stilettos and ankle hobbles under his long gown, and his red-nailed hands were fastened together by the rings on his wrist cuffs, with a big bridal bouquet hiding his bondage. I slipped the wedding ring on his finger, just like a groom. As we got into the car, I took the bouquet and tossed it for my girlfriends; Brian hadn't invited anyone.

On our honeymoon we traveled by train, and I kept Brian in bondage and sexy things the whole time, taking our meals in our large compartment. At the hotel we posed as sisters, and rarely left the room. By the time we returned to a new, isolated house Brian was comfortable posing as a woman, and I then began giving him your pills and creams and having him constantly wear a corset and 4" to 6" stiletto heels. He didn't mind growing breasts but was soon distressed as his small penis began to shrink.

The attic, with all of its beams, made a good discipline room, and I strung Brian up by his wrists, ankles, and even by his long blond hair and lashed him soundly with a variety of whips. I kept him up there, tied in intricate, strenuous ways, for a month, eating and drinking from dog bowls, until he surrendered to my will.

My aunt retired and gave me her house cleaning business, which I ran while Brian stayed home and did-the accounting.

One day my friend Connie came by and Brian, in French maid's uniform, wrist and ankle hobbles, penis gag and FL4A Frenum Chastity, with barbells and a leash ring, waited on us, then resumed his housework. Connie was so taken, not only by his feminization but thorough job of cleaning, that she suggested I rent Brian out to selected friends. I liked the idea and stepped up Brian's feminization.

Soon Brian had breast implants, his figure was as sexy as any woman's, and his little cock was permanently put in a FL2 Frenum, with the screw heads broken off so he couldn't have sex. It took another trip up to the attic for a few weeks of heavy discipline; spankings, whippings, dildos, and crawling in bondage to love my cunt and shoes and their high heels with his mouth and tongue, before he was a proper meek and obedient, sexy she-male maid slave.

"Bridget" was so popular that I also rented her for cleaning and other "services" out to rich women. Now I am looking for more sexy she-male maid slaves for my business. Perhaps some of your readers would like to apply for training and transformation.

Meanwhile, I get sex from various men—all of whom are better lays than Bridget was when she was Brian. I often take her along to watch, tied hand and foot and gagged, her tiny Frenum imprisoned cock hidden by a G-string. Then she is spanked, whipped, tied all sorts of ways, and fucked in the mouth and ass. I also join in with my big dildo!

Mistress Jennifer Mississippi



SISSY PANTY SLAVE



Dear Editors:

I am writing to you because I don't see enough letters in your magazine from wives and girlfriends.

Frankly, I like to see my boyfriend's penis poking out from frothy pink lace. I make him keep it shaven, because not having pubic hair takes the look of manhood and makes his pudendum look as smooth and naked as a baby's. That makes his penis look all the more pink and helpless and defenseless in a pair of panties.

I love the sensation of the nylons being on his legs wrapped around me, with his feet in high-heels crossed at the ankles above my back, while I'm the one shoving a big, red phallus shaped latex dildo up his butt. I love to hear him gasp and moan, and feel his long red nails clench tightly in my back. And I love to reach down to his little joystick while I am still inside him and tug at it until I make it yield what I want, and know he is coming around my dildo, feeling me in the deepest part of him. Even more fun is to get him down on all fours, slip one finger as far up inside his anus as it will go and then reach down between his legs and milk him

until he spurts, and I can feel his whole body heaving and shaking around my finger.

I make him wear a bra, garter-belt, panties, and nylons to work every day under his work clothes. As soon as he gets home, he has to take off the man clothes, make up his face, put on his nails, curl his hair, step into a dress and pair of heels ... and then make my dinner!

I have taught him to eat pussy better than any lesbian I ever had. I hold him exactly where I want him by the ears or the hair. And I keep him there until I cum. I make him lick me all clean afterward.

I want to get him one of your frenum chastity's soon. I think it would make his penis look even cuter pecking out of his lacy little panties.

Here's for more women wearing the pants and more men in panties.

**Karen C.
Orlando**

EX-MARINE BINDS UP SHE-MALE AND LOVES IT.

I just saw your magazine for the first time this afternoon, until then I had never seen anything like it—and it seemed like a message from above. You see the night before last I had the best sex of my life, and it was up the butt (or should I say “pussy”) of another man (or should I say “she-male”) who I had just forced to be my own personal feminine sex slave.

You see, I live in one of those high-rise apartments, with a balcony overlooking other high-rise buildings. I’m a manly man, an ex-Marine drill instructor, and I like a dame as good as the next guy. But I’ve never gotten on well with women. Maybe that comes from spending so much of my life talking to males, mostly raw recruits.

So without no girlfriend, now that I’m retired, I spend a lot of time on my balcony. Almost across from me is this apartment with a big picture window facing my way, and unless someone remembers to draw the curtains, which is rare because it is so high up, you can see the whole living room through then. Recently someone new moved in. One night I saw a hot, leggy blond babe in lingerie right out of Victoria’s Secrets—a sheer white bustier, white garter-belt, white lace panties, sheer white stockings on long, feminine legs, and a pair of five-inch high white satin pumps! And she had bright red lipstick on pouty lips that made me just want to sink my dick between them. I just about creamed. I might have, I had a boner, but the phone rang. By the time I got back the lights were out for the night.

A couple of weeks ago, I caught on to the truth when the blond was relaxing in front of the TV in fluffy satin house slippers, a long pink negligee, and a pink silk house coat when her doorbell must have rung, because she jumped up looking panicked, glanced at the door, then suddenly rushed into the bedroom, stripping off her lingerie, and shouting something. When she stripped off her wig and pulled her panties down, what I saw wasn’t what I expected! The blond babe was a dude!

He dashed out of the bedroom a few minutes later, dressed as a guy, and let some friends in the door. It was clear he didn’t want them knowing about his “secret” life.

At first I was mad I had been tricked and gotten turned - on by a guy. But I couldn’t get the picture of how hot “she” looked in bustier, heels and stockings out of my mind. Or those beestung, crimson lips that were like a target making a perfect little “O.”

Cutting to the chase, I decided that if I was willing to overlook the fact that for all but a few square inches of her long, luscious blond body she was all woman, I was in a perfect position to get all the get all the sex I wanted and to be completely in control of the relationship from the beginning! So I set out to blackmail him or her.

I got a camera with a telephoto lens, took a few snapshots of him made-up as her and dropped them off in his mailbox along with a little note. When I saw he had gotten home and read the note, I called up.

“She” was crying and begged me not to reveal her crossdressing to anyone. I said her secret was safe, as long as she did whatever I told her. That she was going to be my sex slave now - or I would make sure everyone saw those pictures. She swore she would do anything I wanted. First, I wanted her to put on her wig and sexiest underwear because I was coming over and she was going to suck my dick!

When I got there she was all dolled up, and just as hot looking close up as she was from a distance. She was wearing a white lace corset with little pink bows that cinched her waist in so tight she had an hourglass figure and squeezed her tiny breasts so tight it forced them into two small, pink tipped mounds, just a hint of nipple showing above the lace, and it forced her hips out so wide you wanted to sink your dick right into them. Pink, glittery stockings showed the curve of her legs and her feet were arched so high in 5inch pink spike heels I didn’t see how she could move. But that didn’t matter, since she was down on her knees like I’d told her, with the door unlocked so I could get in.

She was so vulnerable and helpless and feminine with tears coursing down her face, and her body all but naked that sheer lingerie, that I got even harder. I patted her on the head as I unbuckled my pants, and repeated that if she was a good girl and did what I said, nothing bad would happen to her—in fact, she would like what she got. When she got a good look at what I had waiting for her, her eyes went big with fright. But I didn’t give her time to protest, I held her head tight and fed my dick into in to her warm, tight little mouth. She knew better than to struggle, and I got to say, it was fine. She choked and gagged, and accidentally sucked me in deeper, and what with the action of her mouth and tongue on my dick trying to accommodate it, I came almost immediately, shooting gobs of cum down her throat.

Next I put a dog collar and leash on her and trotted her around the room on all fours, to get her used to the idea that she was my bitch and slave right from the start—so she wouldn’t be likely to offer any resistance later. Then I also I mounted her from behind, to reinforce the lesson. And, boy, was her ass sweet, tight and virginal. She’d never had a man before, mine was the first dick to spill a load of cum inside her.

Finally I ordered her to take off her panties. When she was slow to obey, I tied her hands behind her back, turned her over my knee and paddled her fanny black and blue. Then I pulled them down myself. What she had underneath them was a pale little thing so small you couldn’t call it a cock. It was more like a clit. I

informed her that since she was my bitch, I couldn’t have her using it like a man. I showed her your frenum chastity #FL2C and explained how it worked. She protested, cried, tried to resist, but was tied helpless and no match for my strength. So I put it on her, pierced the permanent break off screw through her frenum, and while she looked on, broke off the heads of screws so it can’t be removed - making her penis my permanent possession.

I told her I would be back the next night for more. On the way home I felt pretty satisfied with myself, and the way I’d forced her to become my sex slave. But as I left her apartment, I noticed that from her window she could see into my living room, where I had stood to watch her every night. I began to wonder if she had known I was there all along, and if I’d really forced her into anything she didn’t want to do after all?

**Jake M.
Ohio**



WOMAN CHANGES TV INTO REALLY FEMININE SHE-MALE SLAVE



I delighted in whamming with the rubber hose. I let his bound body smash to the floor, bashing his breasts and prick and balls beneath him on the wood floor, then left him penis-gagged with a fat butt plug up his ass.

For the next month I whipped and fucked Bruce cruelly and kept him locked in the attic. He finally gave in and begged me to make him a true she-male slave. I face sat him for half an hour, having climax after climax, before untying him. From then on Bruce was a model slave, hastily obeying every command and servicing my pussy day and night, and I began giving him lessons in how to be a female.

Helped by lashes from my riding crop and other whips, Bruce learned quickly. I even taught him to kneel and cross his wrists behind him for binding whenever he saw me pick up a rope. When the lessons were over he would serve me in a maid's uniform or else a harem girl's costume, his wrists and ankles shackled, then kneel between my legs and lick my cunt while I ate or drank. He performed the same service whenever I had a girlfriend over. My friend Marta helped me bind and permanently chastise Bruce's tiny penis with a FL2C Frenum, rendering it useless for sex. His well trained mouth and tongue made up for the loss of his cock.

Dear Forced Womanhood:

The sight of a helpless male in sexy lingerie has always turned me on. Over the years I dated weak, girlish men whom I could dominate but few really liked bondage and dressing up. I experimented with women, and while it was enjoyable (I acted both mistress and slave roles) it still wasn't the same thrill.

At last I met Bruce, a closet TV, and had no trouble introducing him to my sexual games. Being a submissive, he went along with everything. After a time I had him quit his job, give up his apartment, and move in as my slave/lover. I bought him various sexy lingerie and clothing from your Transvestite and Transformation catalogs, and bondage gear from Centurians Bondage and Patent Bondage catalogs. He did house work in a brief French maid's uniform and leather wrist and ankle cuffs and chains and either a ball or penis gag, then was tied under the dining table and licked my pussy while I ate. I fed him by pressing tasty

morsels into his red painted mouth while he pleased me. Other times I tied him in a ball and had him eat and drink from dog dishes.

The more I read your magazine the more I wanted to turn Bruce into a really feminine she-male slave. I sent for all your pills and creams, and he obediently began the treatment. He was already growing his own long raven hair and constantly wearing a tight corset and 5" to 6" high heels, to nip in his waist, make his hips and ass rounder and give his legs a more curvaceous look. In time Bruce's breasts grew and were able to take an A cup. To his distress his small penis began to shrink drastically. He begged to end his treatment and again be a mere TV. I flatly refused, and when I caught him not swallowing his hormone pills I took swift and drastic action.

Oblivious to his screams and sobs, I suspended Bruce in a hog-tie from an overhead beam in a corset, stay-up nylons and 5" open-toe, ankle-strap stilettos. I used both a long whip and short rubber hose on him and swung his body in all directions by his hanging cock and balls, which

Some months later Bruce was ready for breast implants, then his feminization was complete. I left his tiny penis as a reminder of what he once was. "Brenda" is a breath-taking, very feminine, raven-haired beauty who easily passes as a real woman. She is my love/slave and companion, and I often take her with me when I go out for sex with a man or woman. Chastity-encased penis hidden between her sleek thighs, she watches in tight bondage while I make passionate love with a man or woman until it's time for her to join in. She is just as good at cocksucking (having sucked on my various dildos before - rammed them into her ass) as pussy-eating, and her pert ass is well broken in for use by a dildo or real prick, which she licks clean afterwards.

My various lovers are surprised to find Brenda is a she-male, but it stimulates them even more to sexually abuse her willing, lovely feminine body, and I just love to watch her various humiliations!

Mistress Rose
New Orleans, LA



CRUEL WOMAN CHANGES MEEK

Dear Forced Womanhood:

My horny pussy throbbled wetly as I watched the five men gang-bang gorgeous Shirley who lay tied naked on her back before me on the rug. Her slim arms were extended above her blonde head and secured by her wrists to the legs of a heavy couch. Her right leg was straight in line with her magnificent body, shapely ankle tied to my armchair. Her equally lovely left leg was crossed over her right at an angle that twisted her torso at her trim waist and was tied to another chair. The position left her taut ass vulnerable to the huge prick of the man kneeling behind her. A second man straddled her firm midriff and shoved his cock back and forth between her big tits. A third man knelt above her head, hairy balls banging her nose and cheeks, and fucked her red lips. The fourth and fifth men sat beside her bound hands as her slender red-nailed fingers slowly masturbated their rock-hard dicks.

As I looked at Shirley's tiny FL2C Frenum encased penis, I thought if it were completely removed, making her a "real" woman, then she could take on a sixth man with her cunt. Perhaps I'd do that one day, as her shrunken cock was permanently fastened in the metal chastity and useless for sex. I didn't mind, as I only wanted occasional male sex and she was skilled in loving my breasts and pussy with her mouth and fingers. It had taken two years to transform shy Sid into stunning she-male Shirley, but it was worth it.

He had worked in the mail room of my accounting company and delivered mail to me twice a day. He was polite and impressed with my position as one of the vice-presidents, and I was taken with his looks, particularly his cute, tight ass. He was blond, slight, medium height, and almost femininely handsome. He was taken with me too, as he always secretly eyed my long

legs and statuesque figure. I flirted with him and he was flattered, especially when I said with long hair he would look like a beautiful girl. I slyly worked on him over the next few months and took him to lunch and dinner. Then, at my cozy, isolated house, I told him he would have to put on a wig and lingerie if he wanted to have sex with me. He was so hot he agreed—and I really had him in my power.

Soon there were cut-backs and Sid was let go. I had him move in with me and be maid and cook. Broke, he had no choice but to go along with my desire to feminize him. I sent for sexy clothes,



MAN INTO BEAUTIFUL SHE-MALE

bondage gear, pills and creams from your Transvestite and Transformation catalogs. Besides the pills he took knowingly, I ground up more in his food to speed up the process. I insisted he wear a tight corset and 4" to 6" heels constantly, and backed up my demand by spanking his butt red, then leaving him tied and gagged in a closet for 48 hours. Soon he was very docile and obedient.

At first Sid was enthralled with the changes. His hair was silkier, his skin smoother and more feminine, his breasts were growing, the corset nipped his waist, made his hips and cute butt

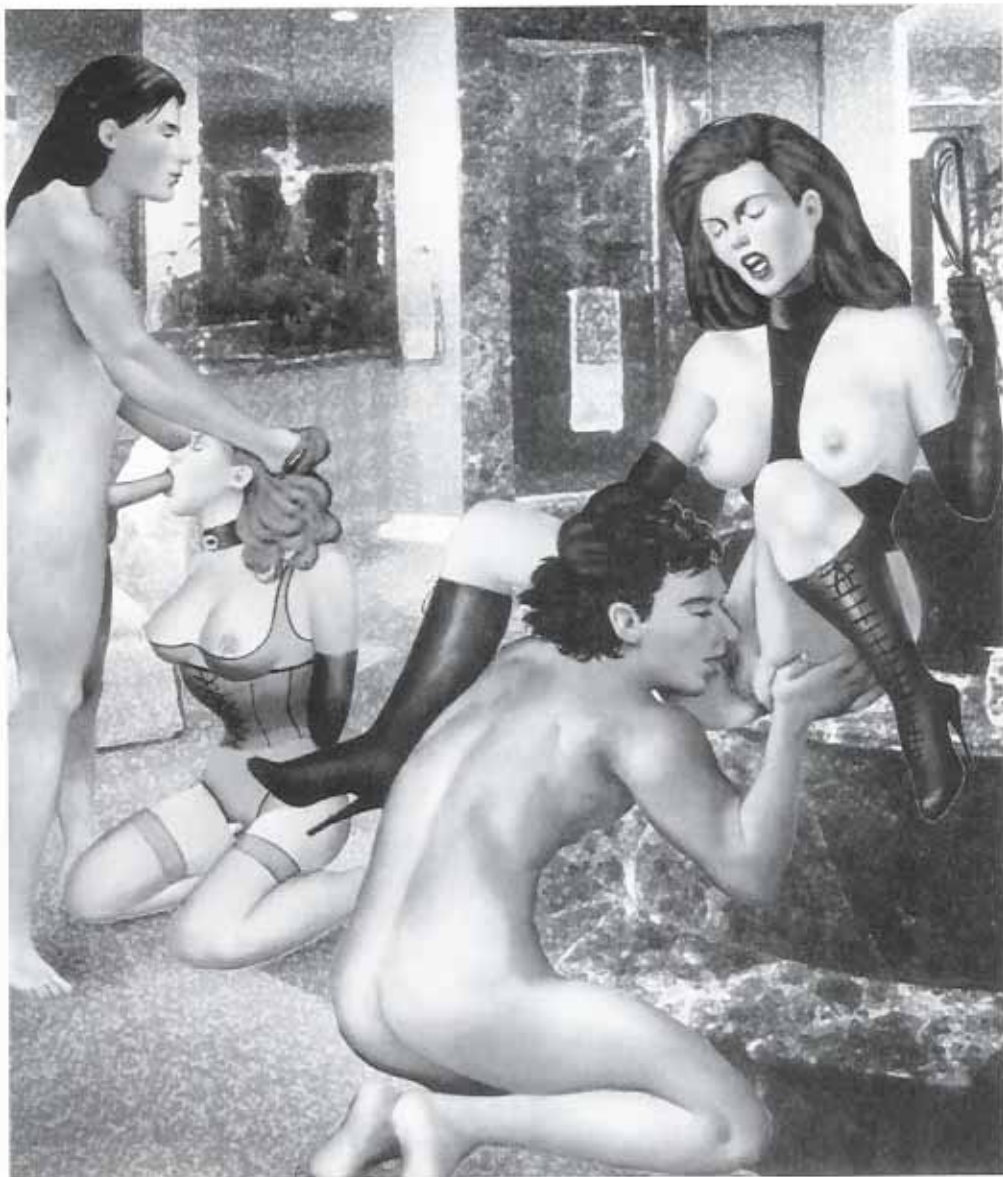
rounder, and the very high heels tightened his thigh and calf muscles, trimmed his ankles, and gave him a higher arch. But he noticed that his small penis was becoming even smaller and his sex drive was fading. I ignored his pleas to stop using the creams and pills, and kept him tied in the closet for weeks, a penis gag and either a butt plug or vibrator rammed deeply inside his ass.

When Sid was released from the closet I locked his prick in a FL3C Frenum Chastity, which prevented an erection with heavy pain, and kept him in leather cuffs and chains to do his work, then tied tightly and intricately when I went to work. I'd invested time and money, and wasn't about to lose it by letting feminized Sid run off. Of course, he had only very sexy lingerie and

dresses to wear if he did. As the changes continued, I instructed Sid (who had a soft voice anyway) in feminine voice, diction, walking, etc., so he could pass as a lady. His tiny penis was permanently placed in a FL2C Frenum, and a year later he had large breast implants.

I love to go to orgies or else have a group of men over when I get a male itch, and have "Shirley", her tiny cock on display, tied hand and foot, first watch me, then take on the men all at once. I love seeing her degradation when the men come inside her holes and over her lush body for hours on end!

Mistress Denise
Santa Fe, NM



MAN ENSLAVES TV AND TURNS HIM INTO THE PERFECT WOMAN FOR A WIFE TO BE

Dear Centurians,

I had to write and tell you my story. I guess you'd call me a bisexual man. I don't know. I have always read your bondage magazine until I decided to order one of your forced Womanhood magazines. I was enchanted by the stories. Then I ordered your Transformation magazine and was in awe over all the beautiful she-males. I had already had one failed marriage because of my interest in bondage, which she didn't share.

At a fetish party I met Kevin who was a TV who needed a lot of work. We started talking. I had already read your magazines and thought, "I can really make Kevin into a beautiful she-male. It just so happened that Kevin was also on your mailing list. We talked through the night and at the end of the evening I gave him my phone number and asked him to call me if he was interested in being dominated by a man. He told me that up to now he only went out with women. Two weeks later he called. Within a month Kevin moved in with me.

I told him I wanted to change him into a beautiful woman, but also my slave. Kevin agreed.

Over the next year, I kept Kevin in bondage constantly. I made him take your Feminique, Mammary Plus, your Hair Removal Cream and your Natural Feminizer. These helped feminize

his body and made his breasts large enough for a breast implant. You just can't have a breast implant put into a flat chested man. You have to build up the breasts to have this operation, your hormones taken two times a day did this for Kevin so that after a year I paid for his breast implants.

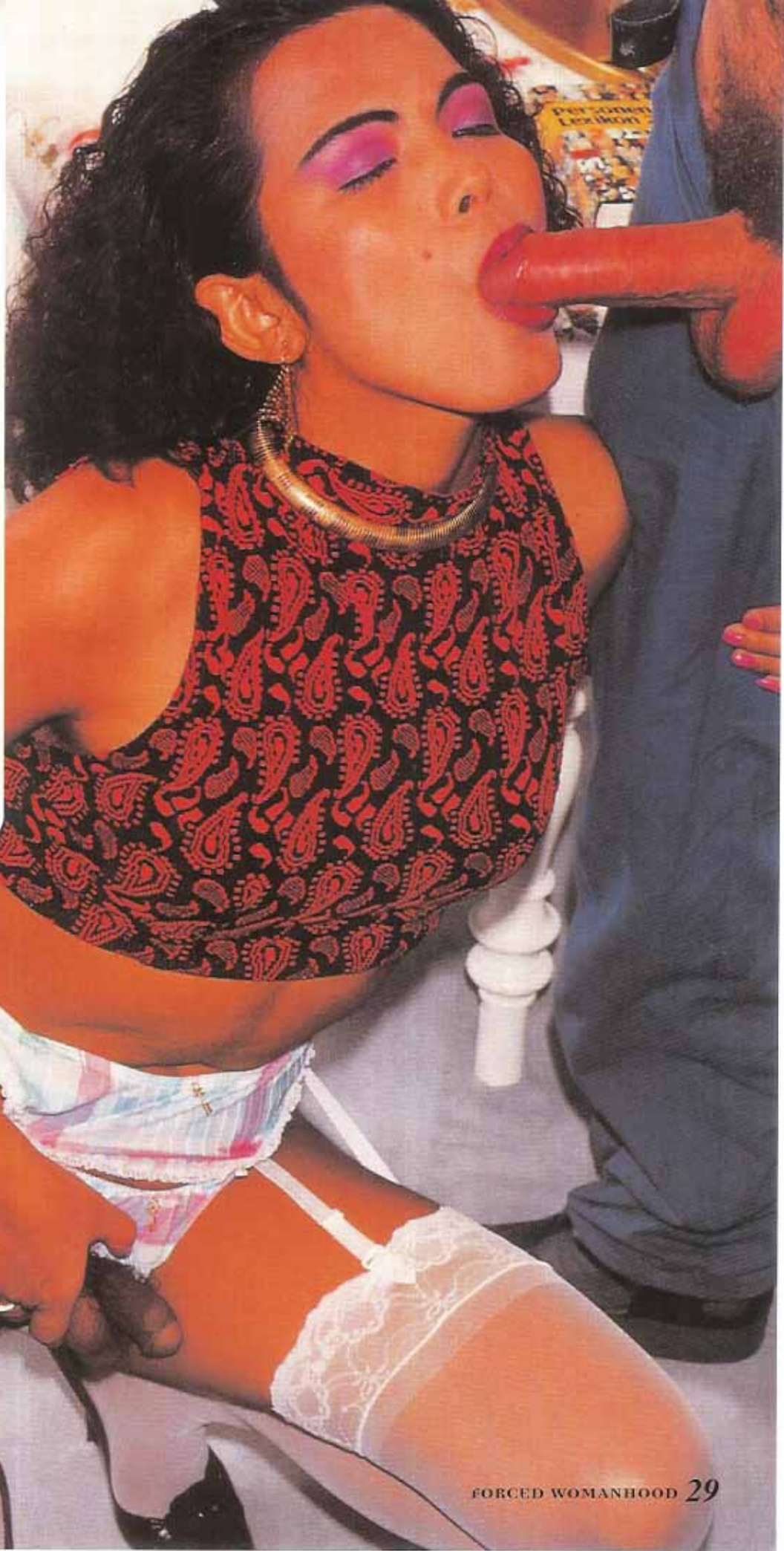
continued on page 29



I kept Kevin on a diet, your hormones rounded out his figure and softened his body to a beautiful soft, sexy lady. Especially after his breast implants. Kevin, who took the name of Teresa, was keeping our house, cooking and actually turning into a beautiful housewife.

We started actually dating. I took her everywhere as my girlfriend. She became the perfect lady and my companion. Soon she became my lover. A thing I wasn't sure would happen. What is really ironic is that we were both heterosexual. Now what are we? Teresa is a beautiful woman. Instead of a vagina she has an anal hole for intercourse. She gives blow jobs just like a woman. Besides that, she acts like a woman, dresses like a woman, cooks, cleans and is the perfect lady outdoors or in the house. At night she dresses in nice lingerie and gives me whatever I want. Oh, and yes, I still keep her in bondage once in a while when I feel the need to dominate her. She is still very submissive to me because that's what she wants. Teresa has become the perfect mate in every single aspect. We enjoy many of the same things and go everywhere together. I have turned a wanna be transvestite into the most beautiful woman and perfect companion.

continued on page 31





Last week I offered to marry her on one condition - THAT SHE GET CHASTISED PERMANENTLY and be mine for the rest of our lives.

Teresa agreed. We're both planning a trip to your store Romantic Sensations to pick out a wedding dress and other accessories, plus some bondage items.

Also, please find enclosed an order for your FL4A Frenum Penis Chastity and the permanent rivets.

***Thank you for being there.
Your company has made a lot of
people happy.***

Ken and Teresa



MISTRESS MISSY AND HER MUMMY SLAVE



The taut mummy wrapped torso helplessly writhed about on the motel room floor amid uncontrollable sobs and intense groans. Then another vicious flurry of strikes from the leather crop rained down upon the petite young coed's supine form.

The college freshman's cries were muted by a thick rag jammed deeply into her mouth, which was held open by two pieces of hard shaped rubber. Each was pushed into the far corner of her mouth, holding her teeth apart and jaw half open. Leaving her facial pussy open and totally vulnerable to the stunning TV Mistress' passions and desires.

The assault suddenly ended as quickly as it began, then the tall leggy latex clad beauty stepped over the helpless girl and began sensuously kneading her crotch. To the uninformed eye, this scenario would appear to be a heinous act, but the captive's thighs squeezed tightly together and she shuddered to climax, revealing even more intense passions that were flowing deep beneath her surface anguish.

"It's time to consummate our first session together," Mistress Missy lustfully whispered, pulling the latex higher. A thick perfectly formed cock began to swell and push out from under the

latex material. It's head was throbbing and oozing with anticipation.

Missy slowly knelt over the slave's upturned face and removed the rag. She sat down over her mouth, letting her obediently lick the nut sack.

"Yes, lick it and make me hard!" Missy exclaimed.

Then very deliberately, Missy began to feed the rigid phallus down into the slave's open mouth. The latex clad beauty let out a passion grunt, and a long contented sigh as moist rhythmic suckles sounded.

Missy thrust half of the throbbing cock deep into the pleasingly tight pocket of slick oral membrane, ramming the bulbous head of flesh against the back of her mouth. Then withdrew it almost to the head before hunching forward again.

The slave sucked hard on the cock and slathered it with her tongue, sending delightful sensations coursing through her captors loins. Stimulation that only a talented, well trained mouth can give. In time, the sultry transgender beauty was aggressively fucking the prisoners face towards one explosive orgasm.

"Deeper! Harder!" Missy breathlessly commanded. Gripping the girl's head with both hands pulling it closer as the hunches grew faster. Instinctively driven to bury the seed rod to the hilt as one tremendous climax welled up from deep within their loins. "Now throat it!"

"Oh shit, yes!" Missy snarled out as the cock head bent and was swallowed down like a baby bird devouring a worm. The slave's face sank hard into Missy's crotch and muzzled it. Her slender neck swelled as the entire orgasm was sheathed in the warm moist sleeve of her mouth and throat.

Missy's thighs clamped tightly shut around the slave's head trapping it in place. Then the gorgeous domina's pelvis began to violently thrust in short bucks. Strangled groans of pleasure spilled from Missy's pursed ruby red lips, feeling a surging mass of passion bubbling up from deep within her loins.

Missy staved off the climax, relishing their intense pre-orgasmic plateau until the slave girl began to apprehensively shift and shudder to one thunderous climax. Bending and twisting to the delightful sensation of their prostate spasms, pumping the slave's gullet full of sticky white gobs of cum.

Missy held the slave until every last drop of pleasure was sucked from her balls. Then, she rose off the girl's face and pushed it away like a discarded condom.

"You'll have to do much better than that, if you plan on coming back and ever serving me again!" Missy curtly spoke to the wheezing slave.

The girl panted for a time, stopped, then swallowed one glob of semen on her tongue.

"Yes, Mistress," she replied.

Mistress Missy
transformer_4_u@hotmail.com





SISSY LESLIE

I acquired my current sissy, Leslie, two years ago when I interviewed him for a secretarial position. I could tell by how shy, timid, and intimidated of me that he'd make excellent sissy material.

When I asked him why he'd gone to secretarial school he confirmed it when he said, "It's where my Mother sent me. She thought I'd make a nice lady and excellent secretary."

"So you wanted to be a secretary?" I asked. "It's where my Mother sent me," was all he said.

His sissy training started just after he signed the five year contract I put in front of him. There was no strict dress code for office staff, I informed him, but for grooming, behavior, office etiquette and proper posture. "There's no need to worry about such things Leslie. I will pick up a few outfits for you that I deem proper office attire, and have set up an appointment for you with my beautician this afternoon, oh yes, if you're interested I have a spare room in the house that I occasionally rent out."

Well, that was two years ago, and I was right on the mark. Leslie has turned into the most adorable, obedient sissy. He no longer works at the office, but has plenty to keep him busy at home. His outfits have gotten progressively more decidedly sissy. After his hair was restyled and the girls gave him a complete make-over he didn't look twenty-one, his age. Most people don't know what to make of Leslie when I show him off in public. Not dressed in sissy pants, ruffled blouse, pink Mary Janes and carrying a purse. If asked I say that I acquired the boy two years ago and have trained him as my house boy. A combination girl Friday, maid, and beautician I say, patting him affectionately on his pantied behind.

I had a long conversation with his Mother, actually step-mother, who totally approves, and thinks he'll make an excellent houseboy. She did say that if I planned on utilizing him in a more intimate matter that she was positive he was a virgin. He'd only had one date his whole life. I was surprised, and pleased, and assured her that Leslie would certainly remain a virgin. She did caution me that she did once catch him playing with himself and forbid him ever to do it again, although she wasn't sure he obeyed her.

Now, some women with sissies think it's quite harmless to allow such childish acts as long as they do it in their room. However, I'm not one of them. I believe in a strict regime of scheduled hand-rearing to keep their thoughts on their work, and as an occasional reward.

A trip to Romantic Sensations Boutique for a special pair of "Can't Touch" sissy panties, I assured her, would quite nicely prevent any nasty habits from developing.



Be sure to see our new 2002 Transvestite Catalog 13 for all kinds of sissy wear, including Baby Doll Shoes!

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DOMINANT DREAM FOR A SLAVE FINALLY COMES TRUE

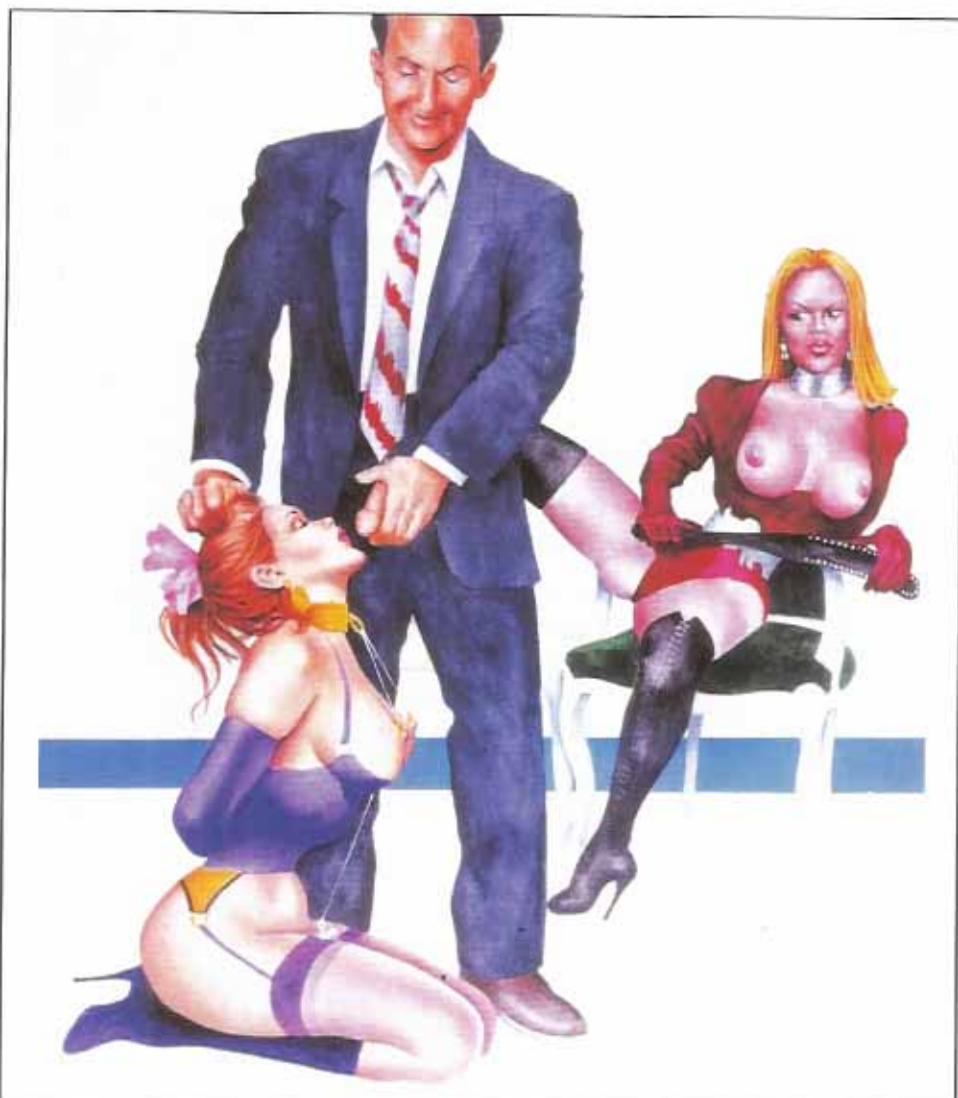
Dear Forced Womanhood,

I have always been attracted to quiet, almost delicately feminine men. It goes back to adolescence when my girlfriend Betty and I used to bind and feminize her younger brother Ted whenever he was being a brat. I didn't realize it at the time, but I'm sure he was acting up just so we girls would overpower, tie, and feminize him, even with make-up and his longish hair combed in a girlish style.

I'm sorry I lost touch with the two over the years. None of my dates in high school or college would go along with my desire to feminize them, and it wasn't until three years ago when I met Walt that I was able to realize my fantasy. We'd been interested in each other, but it was at an office party that we really got acquainted. I went to his apartment afterwards and was looking through a stack of magazines while he was in the kitchen making coffee, when I came upon your magazine and other TV/TG bondage publications. My eyes lit up and my breath caught in my chest as I flipped! through page after page of beautiful, feminized males bound and gagged, being dominated by equally beautiful real women.

Walt wasn't embarrassed and talked freely about his love of TVism and bondage, which he practiced alone since he'd never met the "right" woman. He suspected I was the one and that's why the magazines were where I would find them. I confirmed it by staying the night and binding and feminizing him. We began dating, often going to other parts of town where we wouldn't be seen by anyone from the office, with him in complete drag. He made a lovely woman, and I instructed him in how to act like a female.

Soon we moved into an isolated house, and Walt would change into drag as soon as he came home, then do the cleaning and cooking in



leather penis gag and wrist and ankle hobbles. One day his department was laid-off, and I got a promotion. It wasn't hard to talk him into staying home and managing the household while I went to the office. That was when I got the idea to completely turn him into a she-male slave. I ordered your various creams and pills, removed the label, and had him use them.

After a time he began complaining about strange changes in his body, and also being restless to go back to office work. I nipped that in the bud. I strung him up by his wrists from an overhead beam in the den, wearing only a wig, garter belt, nylons and 5" pumps, then whipped him until he fainted with a long, thin leather whip that left marks for several hours afterwards. Next I put him in a FLAA Frenum Chastity and an even tighter corset. He awoke to find he was spread-eagle to ring bolts set in the floor. I walked on him with my 6" stiletto heels, relishing his muffled shrieks, while telling him of TS permanent slavery.

It took two months of constant, stringent bondage and intense daily whippings to break Walt. Even then I still beat him twice a week to remind him of his slavery. He continued using the creams and pills, grew long, lustrous, dark

brown hair, and his cock shrunk while his breasts became larger. Also helped by the corset and 4" to 6" stiletto heels, his figure became very feminine.

Walt tried to rebel when it was finally time for breast implants, but I suspended him in a hog-tie from the beam, swung him in all directions by his Frenum-encased penis, and pounded him viciously with a short rubber hose. I tied him in a ball, made him suck a huge rubber dildo until it was juicy, then rammed it up his ass all the way to its hilt, and used him as a footstool all day. Before freeing him I sat in front of his face and made him eat my pussy repeatedly. I broke the screw heads off his Frenum after his implants, and from then on he's been unable to have sex.

"Wanda" is now a gorgeous she-male who easily passes for a real woman. Often I take her with me when I go out for sex and other times I put her, tied and gagged, in the bedroom closet with the door open a crack so she can watch me enjoy myself with a real man. Usually I make her clean us orally after sex, then let the man screw her lovely mouth and tight ass. It's fun to see men abuse my helpless, she-male beauty!

PREJUDICED MEN TURNED INTO SHE-MALE SLAVES FOR BLACK MEN

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I am the black Mistress whose letter appeared in Forced Womanhood #30. I did want to update you and your readers on Heather, formerly Kevin and Meghan, formerly Michael.

When last I wrote the two slaves had just been sold to Black Masters, Heather to Master Luther and Meghan to Master Morris. By the end of 2000, Heather had sucked enough cocks, many of them black and had been fully fucked enough times to bring her Master a substantial sum of money. Much of that money went to her breast augmentation and sex change, which was done in November 2000.

With that done and Master Luther now in total possession of a white maid and sex slave Master Luther as he said he would like to do, made the relationship not only legal in terms of slave ownership, but, as husband and wife.

I was very pleased that Heather called me to help in the planning of her wedding, choosing a gown and so many other things she needed to do.

The first time I saw Heather and Meghan since their sale was at Heather's bridal shower. They both did all the decorations for the hall, the African American Social club, perfect for two former white bigots.

They also did all the cooking and made out the seating charts and name tags. They of course were the only whites there and Meghan and a couple other slaves were quite busy with Heather opening her gifts and greeting and kissing all the guests.

Once all the gifts were open, Master Luther arrived and ordered Heather to the center of the room where a small platform was set up. Master Luther had found a FUNK VERSION OF THE wedding march and ordered Heather to the platform to dance and to do a strip tease, while tossing her clothes toward her future husband. The guests, well aware of her former status as a male white supremacist, were delighted when her bra came off to reveal a pair of 38C breasts, which bounced quite obviously as she danced and ran her fingers, with her long glossy nails over her nipples. As her hips rotated Heather slid her fingers into her pink panties and slid them one by one into her new vagina, removing them and licking each finger. She then slid her panties to the floor and kicked them toward her Master to the cheers of her guests, who marvelled at how it never looked like she ever had a cock. Master Luther then snapped his fingers and extended his arms and Heather jumped into her Masters arms and gave him a very passionate kiss.

Meghan could not take her eyes of Heather remembering both of them as young mischievous boys with no tolerance for blacks, women, gays, TV's or TS's and no desire to understand anyone different. Meghan had undergone breast surgery as well, and it was obvious she had col-

lagen injections to make her lips fuller and her cheeks fuller. While Master Luther wanted Heather to be a bleach blonde white girl, Master Morris had Meghan's features altered to incorporate some African American traits, darkening her skin some and darkening her fair hair and having a black beautician kink up her hair making it more African American natural.

The wedding was in June at an African - American church. The entire congregation except the bride and Meghan, who was a bridesmaid were Black. One of Master Luther's best friends took Heather by the arm and escorted her down the aisle to meet her new husband. Their vows were in Swahili, something Heather has been learning, along with so many other things. The band at the reception specialized in rap and urban music and Heather and Meghan were out on the dance floor most of the time. The honeymoon was in Africa and the entire scenario makes me very happy and satisfied that both of them have adapted to their new lives, new gender, and new cultural awareness and acceptance. The wedding day was a most satisfying day for me as I watched the two remembering their capture and initial feminization. Though the changes are subtle, I noticed in both a different way of speaking, feminine of course, but their living in a totally black environment has changed diction and even vocabulary. It is most remarkable.

Master Morris has told me that he intends to take Meghan for her gender reassignment surgery in March, but, has not said anything about a wedding.

Now for more very exciting news. Heather and Meghan have become so conscious and vigilant about civil rights, they gave me the names of brains behind their little white supremacist group. Not long after the sale of Heather and Meghan, I had some of my slaves stalk and snatch them. Mark and Andrew were brought to my home, kicking and screaming until they were kicked in the crotch several times stripped and tied. Both were hogtied naked, perfect for the pigs they were, they were gagged with penis gags. Once immobile I went over and gave each of them a golden shower and for a month they were bound and served as my personal toilets. That treatment and being kept in small pens and fed like dogs had a very positive effect on their demeanor. When they were freed of their bondage, they were silent, obedient and cooperative.

I told them I had plans for them and revealed to them in photos and video the transformation of Kevin and Michael into Heather and Meghan. They both gasped and stared and shook their heads on looking at the 2 former friends. I told them that they had given her their names so that I could stop them from continuing their racist behavior and destruction. I also informed them of the sale of Heather and Meghan to black Masters and of the impending sex change and

Heather's wedding.

It was then that I informed them that they too would immediately begin intense feminization training, including body shaving, piercing, female clothing, female hormone therapy, intensive psychological therapy and eventually a life as females. The words brought tears to both their eyes and that just made me smile. I told them they were off to a very good start and had them hug each other.

I sent them off for their baths and shavings, and for their beauty treatments. When they were returned to me they were dressed fully feminine, slinky dresses, slips, bras, padding, corsets, garters, stockings, high heels, wigs, makeup and jewelry, their ears already pierced.

I ordered my new feminized slaves to kneel before me and told them from this day forward their names are Marie and Amanda. I made them say their names over and over, "My name is Marie, My name is Amanda, I am a girl and I am the property of and total slave to Mistress Shala. It was then that I let them know that sex education would be a very large part of their training. I told them now that they have admitted they are girls and have accepted their new names, they must always strive to look, think and act like the girls they admit they are.

I then ordered both to lift their dresses and pull their panties down.

First I had Marie suck Amanda, then Amanda blew Marie, having a slave hold their heads in place so their mouths would fill with cum. I then had them kiss and exchange each others cum. I told them not to worry, that they were not cock suckers, I said girls do not have a cock, they have a clitoris and that each of them sucked a clitoris. But, I told them it was their destiny to become cock suckers and so they have.

Training is now into its second year and both Marie and Amanda have become the male prostitute with an exclusively black clientele. When they are not working for me as whores, they take care of my house and my personal needs. I have had several offers to sell them, but for now I enjoy watching these sissies do their work. They have proven quite popular among black men who love to seek revenge on racists like the former Mark and Andrew.

I am hoping to arrange a visit from Heather and Meghan, perhaps after Meghan's surgery, just to get the girls together for the first time since they were boys. Now that Amanda and Marie's bodies have really shown the effects of the hormones, it is time to think about breast surgery for both. I am going to work them hard for the next few months, hopefully, they will have their breasts before Heather and Meghan come. That will make the reunion even more special.

Mistress Shala

JUSTINE BROTHERS TRANSFORMED BY WIVES WHO ARE SISTERS

Dear Sirs or Ladies:

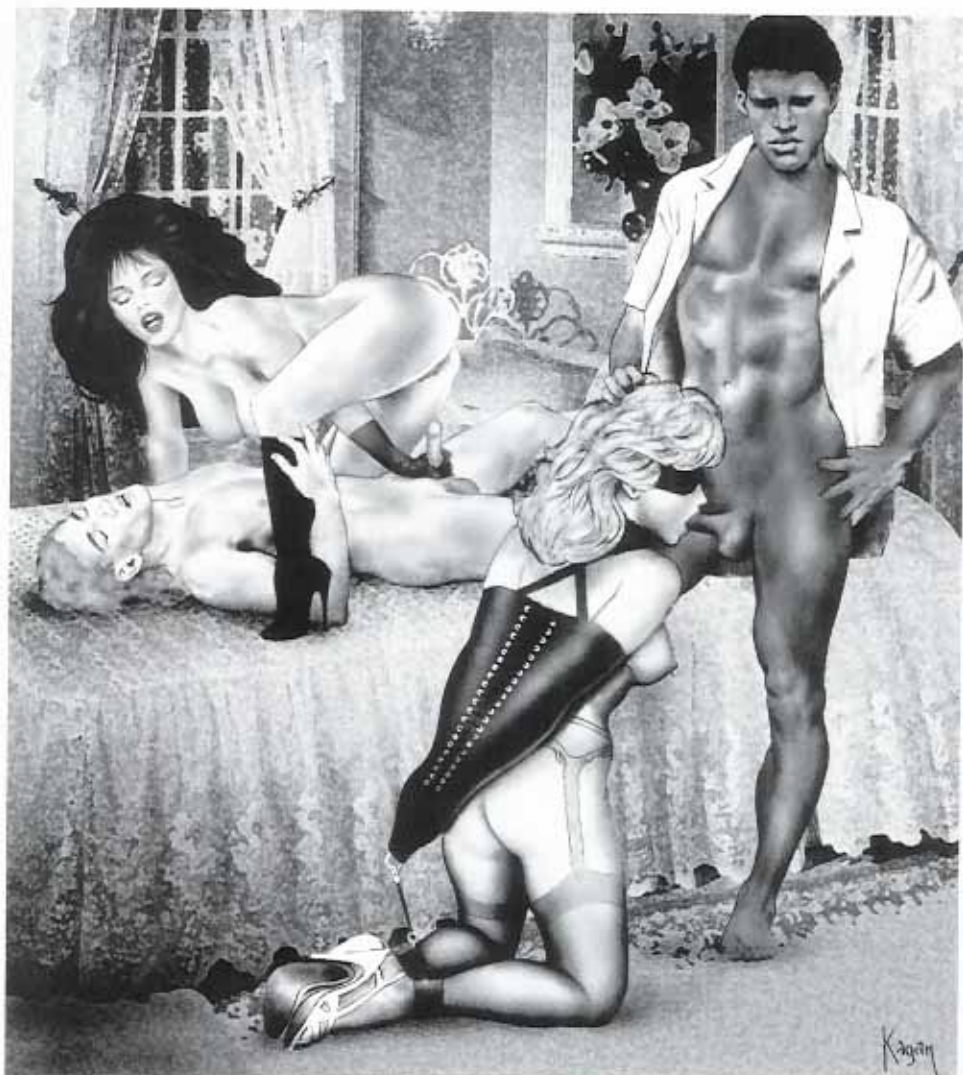
We are two brothers who own a small regional chain of dry-cleaning establishments who married redheaded twin sisters, Janet and Trish. Janet had been married before and ended up with most of her husband's money, and my brother and I were warned they could be gold-diggers. They were both very beautiful and sexy, but they said that they didn't believe in sex until the wedding night. On the other hand, they were so worried something might happen to us that they insisted we both make a prenuptial deposit at a sperm bank. So we were all married in a lavish double ceremony, and then left for a vacation to Thailand.

For some reason, my brother and I fell asleep early in Bangkok on the wedding night. When we woke up, we thought it was the next morning. But we were soon to discover it was more than a month later. We also discovered something else, we were strapped to hospital beds.

Our brides came in, and that's when they dropped the bombshell. They announced that while we had been unconscious, they had had sex change surgery performed on us and turned us into women. We didn't believe them at first, but then they pulled down the sheets and showed each of us that we had been given big, protruding breasts and our manhood was gone forever, replaced by labial lips and a vaginal cavity. Then they held up mirrors and we saw that our faces had been changed too, that now no one who knew us would recognize us, our features were so perfectly feminized.

Our new wives then gave us two choices. They could refuse to pay for the surgery. In which case my brother and I would be sold by the doctor to a local house of prostitution. Or we could agree to sign over our business, property and bank accounts to them and live with them as their maids. Then to put their point across, they touched our pussies between our legs and tweaked our bulging breasts. My brother and I were so shaken by finding we could never be men again, and at the thought of being forced into prostitution to men, that we agreed to accept our wives' terms and they produced the necessary papers immediately.

Now they go to work and run our companies while we stay at home and clean the house and shop and cook the meals. We have to wear maid's outfits all the time (to remind us of our place, they say), so short we can't sit down without showing our panties (so we have to keep standing—that's to remind us our job is to wait on them), while we totter around with mops and



dust brooms in black patent leather pumps with six-inch stacked high-heels (to remind us to take small, lady-like steps), all of which leave yards of nylon showing between them and the hems of our skirts (to remind us we are women and sex objects).

We have to spend an hour every morning putting on our makeup. And if our wives are dissatisfied with the result, they make us do it all over again until they think it is perfect. We have to get out of bed every morning two hours before they do, to put on our make up, dress and prepare their breakfasts and baths. We wait on them all day long, serve them their dinner and then eat our own at a small table in the kitchen. We go to bed at night an hour after they do, to finish all our chores, and sleep in small trundle beds at the feet of their beds.

We also found out why our wives insisted on our visit to that sperm bank. Each has used our sperm to become pregnant, and as soon as the baby was delivered, they were given to us hus-

bands (or are we the wives now?), and we have had to diaper, nurse and raise them ever since. That's right, I said nurse! Our wives make us take pills prescribed by the doctor that make us lactate! You don't know what true humiliation is for a man until his breasts swell up until they ache with milk, and he is relieved to have a baby suckle at his nipple.

You might see my brother and I some time. We have to walk the babies every day. But you'd never know it was us.

We look just like two buxom, shapely young matrons pushing a pair of strollers through the mall!

That's all I have time to write now, I have to go and make my wife's lunch.

**“Amy”
San Francisco**

SHE-MALE IN ST. LOUIS

Dear Forced Womanhood,

I just read your magazine for the first time and I am very excited to find out that others share my fantasy. I am a she-male that lives in St. Louis Missouri. I have enclosed some photos in hope of meeting people with similar interests. I could make such a good girl with the proper training and discipline.

Hallie

**4621 A. Oldenburg
St. Louis, MO 63123**



Dear Forced Womanhood:

I'm my wife's pee slave. She makes me take off my bra and blouse so they won't get splattered and lie on my back. Then she squats over me with a leg on each side and I have to drink every drop of the hot golden stream she lets forth.

She has kept me in panties and dresses and fed me hormones so long I don't have any will of my own.

If I refuse, she has a leather paddle with chrome studs set in it, and makes me bend over her lap so far I can see my own nyloned legs upside down. Then she pulls down my panties and whales the tar out of me until I beg to drink her pee. Then she makes me stand in the corner in special pumps made for "penance" with spike heels ten inches high! For additional punishment, she makes me lick her rectum clean when she takes her next BM.

So I don't resist very often.

My wife keeps my testicles and penis in the metal restraint you sell that encloses both. She doesn't take it off very often. And then only to make me hold it out where she can pee on it "to show what she thinks about men and their dicks" and sometimes to let me come between her feet if I "lick up all my mess afterward."

I have learned to lick up all kinds of messes. That's not all she's taught me to lick. But I bet you can guess the rest.

Alice M.

WHITE MAN TURNED INTO SHE-MALE SLAVE FOR BEAUTIFUL DOMINANT BLACK WIFE



Dear Forced Womanhood,

I am married to a black woman who has always been very dominant over me - even when I was a man. When she found after we were married that I like dressing in women's clothing, she loved it and got more dominant, especially after she read one of my magazines she forced in my bottom dresser drawer. **FORCED WOMANHOOD!**

Well, to make a long story short - she did it to me! I've been chastised and turned into a beautiful lady. Her boyfriends know I'm her slave - which turns them on even more to my wife. I'm usually bound up to watch them make love in front of me. After they're done i'm untied to clean them both with my tongue and mouth. Sometimes when my wife is not around and I'm bound up some of her

lovers have taken advantage of me and screwed me in my tiny anus. I dare not tell my wife. I'm only allowed to wear sexy undergarments, high heels and nylons. Even when I'm doing housework.

Slave Jan

THE FAMILY WHERE THE MEN WEAR THE SKIRTS AND HEELS

Fiction Story

My sisters and I are all happily married to bright, intelligent, easy-going men. The only difference is that they wear skirts and heels, while Ashley women wear the pants in the family.

Even Dad, when he was alive, wore skirts and heels, while mother wore the pants in more ways than one. It was her philosophy that keeping Dad in skirts and heels would be an ever present reminder of exactly who the head of the house was. She is dominating, assertive, successful business woman who built an empire from nothing. Which is how she taught the three of us to be.

"I don't care who you date, but who you marry is another thing if you want to stay in this family," she said, setting down her criteria for who we could marry. He had to be at least five years younger, and five inches shorter. It was her thinking that the younger and shorter they were the more shy, unassertive and intimidated they'd be. Ashley men were expected to be submissive to their wives success.

Ashley men must sign pre-nuptial agreements in which they agree never to contradict, argue or question anything their wife says.

They are allowed to disagree, but may do so only in writing. They are also never allowed to raise their voice to their wife, or to make any decision without their wife's approval. They ask permission to leave the house, we decide what they will wear, and, of course, when they will have sex, and what form it will take.

They must also agree to take their wives last name, to work in the family business starting from the ground up, in the mail room, and to live on the family estate.

Lastly, they must agree to wear skirts and heels, which, naturally means nylons, and shaving their legs at all times while on the Ashley estate, and to all family functions and gatherings. Obviously they can't wear skirts and heels at the office, but to remind them of their place, nylons and ladies shoes are mandatory.

I was sure Mother would approve of Julian when I brought him home. He wasn't five, but six inches shorter than me, and in four inch heels, which Mother required us to wear, almost a full foot shorter, and at 24 he was the required five years younger.

Julian was truly a wonderful boy, which is how we thought of our spouses from the start. I easily dominated our relationship, which didn't cause his ego to flair up in the bit.

As Mother taught us I quickly had him so wrapped around my finger and so totally infatuated that he'd do literally anything I asked. Sex, I doled as a reward when he was "a good boy" although I didn't put it that way. After a relaxing welcoming dinner, Mother took Julian into another room for a Mother/Son-in-Law talk. No, he wasn't a male chauvinist. Yes, he was comfortable with me as the decision maker, and that I would, "in every way" as Mother put it, wear the pants in the family. He hesitated just a bit before agreeing to the pre-nuptial agreement. But, naturally, was shocked at the last edict.

"All the Ashley men wear skirts and heels, while the women wear the pants in the family. They're merely a safeguard, a reminder, if you will, of each others role and position. It's also a test of your ego. If you truly don't believe that clothes make the man, then it really shouldn't matter, should it?" she challenged.

It was up to me to convince him, and my sisters had a persuasive talk with him as well.

He finally agreed, although he was still dubious, when I convinced him that nobody was going to laugh, or make fun of him, least of all me. "After all," I said, burying his quivering penis to the hilt and clamping my pussy like a vise on it, "I certainly know you're all man." As soon as we were engaged we moved into the estate, where we all lived, and Julian's indoctrination began. Mother and my two sisters supervised it, thinking it best for his ego that it wasn't his future wife that was putting him in skirts and heels.

Kate instructed him on how to shave his legs. Which was necessary because to get into his heels he'd have to wear nylons and surely he didn't want to look silly with hair sticking out, or constantly getting runs, did he? Then she showed him how to put them on, making sure the seams were straight and showing him how to either garter them or attach them to a garter. "We are aware, of course, aware of how this is all so strange Julian," Mother said, "and we know the last thing you want to do is look silly and foolish, right?"

Naturally he agreed, "Which is why Diana and I will teach you proper skirt etiquette and how to walk naturally in heels so that you're not always stumbling or tripping or spraining an ankle," she said, and couldn't help winking at Diana when he actually thanked her.

So they taught him how to sit, smoothing his skirts out and spend time nicely arranging

them, how to stand and walk in them, being careful to hold them down in a breeze.

Poor Julian pleaded with them that he could never walk in the dainty four inch heels they put on him. "We wear higher heels all day, so, of course, you'll eventually learn. Now keep your legs together when you walk, put your feet precisely in front of the other as you walk, put your feet precisely in front of the other as you walk with the toes turned out, and in heels, if you want to avoid spraining an ankle, you have to take much shorter steps. The proper length being no more than the length of one foot," she instructed. Of course he was hopeless so they decided to put him in what they called a "training skirt." A full length hobble skirt so tight he could just barely put one foot in front of the other. They were quite pleased at how Julian's walk suddenly became much daintier and mincing.

"See how much you've improved already? There's only three weeks until the wedding so I want you to wear your training skirt at all times. And don't worry if you still haven't mastered your heels by then. You'll only be wearing three inch heels at the wedding," she said. "I-I'm to wear skirts and heels, at, at my wedding?"

"Well yes, of course, in fact our seamstress is coming tomorrow to have you fitted for your wedding skirts and heels. And don't worry, there will only be family there," she said, as seriously as she could.

So all day for the next three weeks Julian was relentlessly trained in his hobble skirt and heels. To teach him how to act graceful, and not awkward, they had him walk, sit, stand with a book on his head. Which he found almost impossible to keep from falling.

He couldn't help blushing as he minced up the aisle at our wedding. For he was wearing an enormous, gorgeous, satin, beaded skirt with a long train being held by two little girls. Underneath were six petticoats and ruffled pantaloons down to his ankles. Around the waist was a huge sash tied in a bustle bow in back. Above his waist he wore all white. A men's short tuxedo, formal shirt and bow tie. In his hands he held a bouquet of flowers. Naturally I was dressed in a black tuxedo with pants. We exchanged vows, only it was Julian

story continued page 14

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

