

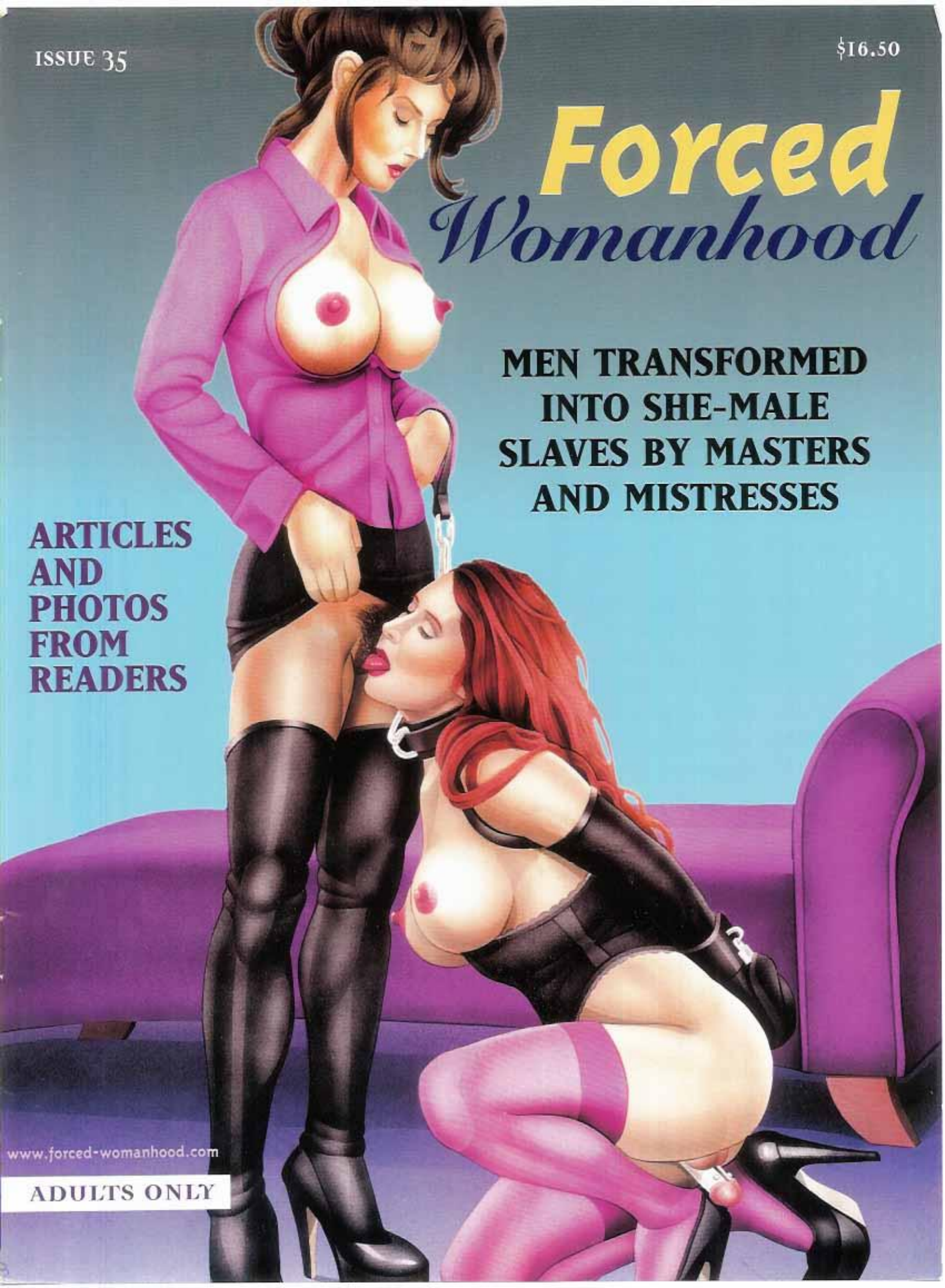
ISSUE 35

\$16.50

# *Forced Womanhood*

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

**ARTICLES  
AND  
PHOTOS  
FROM  
READERS**



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

**ADULTS ONLY**

# Forced Womanhood

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

## Forced Womanhood 35, 2002

is produced as an adult entertainment. It is a publication of Centurian Publishing, Inc., and is distributed by Centurian Publishers, Inc. Material in this publication is copyright 2002 by Centurian Publishing and may not be reprinted, duplicated, or otherwise reproduced in any form without written consent of the publisher. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage and wrapping must accompany all correspondence, manuscripts, artwork and photographs. Printed in the USA.

This magazine is published in the interest of informing and educating the adult public of the various forms and means of sexual expression. It is the publishers belief that every adult has the right to view such material. Any similarity between the fictional and semi-fictional persons in this publication or real places or persons is strictly coincidental. All persons depicted in this publication are professional models, at least 18 years of age, portraying fictional characters. Under no circumstances are minors to be offered, possess, or purchase this publication.

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.

Records pursuant to law are in custody of Jeri Lee, Custodian of Records, 1065 South Virginia Street, Reno, NV 89502

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

Distributors:

**USA** TMI Wholesale, **UK** Moby Limited, **Germany** Publishing House Eggers,

**Netherlands** Select International



erotic art by Aldo, Baker, Patrick and Rogan

**WE HAVE ADDED A NEW Sissy SECTION TO FORCED WOMANHOOD**

# MASTER LOVES HIS SHE-MALE SLAVE



## **Dear Forced Womanhood,**

Just a short note as you request with a photo. For two years I have been training my she-male slave I met at a gay bar. She was just a plain transvestite. We talked and she told me she'd love being a slave and turned into a she-male. After two years on your vitamin hormones she had size "B" breasts so that when she had her breast implant her skin was stretched enough to give her large "D" implants. Your Mammary Plus, Feminique and Estro Glan has made her body very soft and round in all the right places. We now go everywhere together as man and wife. She has such a nice ass for me to fuck. I can suck her nice new tits as I fuck her. She always has to dress in sexy attire. Around the house she must wear sexy lingerie, stockings and heels. She keeps the household, does the cooking and is my slave lover. And yes, it's time to chastise her. Find enclosed an order for your FL3C Frenum Chastity and your permanent rivets. I've actually fallen in love with her.

**Master Derek**

## **MISTRESS INVITES TWO MEN TO ROPE AND RAVISH POOR SLAVE BETTY**



## **Dear Forced Womanhood,**

I just wish you'd put out more issues of Forced Womanhood. I really enjoy hearing what others do to their slave. I've written before how I feminized and chastised my slave to get even with him. Enclosed is another photo taken recently when I had two of my friends come over and ravish Betty once Ben. She had to suck cock and get fucked and satisfy both.

**Ms. Lora**

## **WIFE TURNS HUSBAND INTO SHE-MALE SLAVE TO SUCK COCK AND FULFILL HER OWN FANTASY**



## **Dear Forced Womanhood,**

I've been reading your magazine for years. I finally finished transforming Bill into a beautiful she-male slave. I've always fantasized about having sex with my friend Kelly who is black. The other night I had my slave bound at his feet to give him a blow job to get him ready and hard for me. Kelly got so turned on he wants to come back as soon as he can. Did I ever enjoy my fantasy! I will never regret turning Bill into my slave.

**Mistress Denise**

# JUSTINE'S SHE-MALE WIFE HAS LOVERS AND SHE MAKES HIM A SLAVE TO SATISFY HER MEN

## Dear Editor,

I am another of those males who has been feminized and turned into a slave by his wife who writes into your magazine all the time. We met at a fetish, B&D convention. I was dressed up in a maid costume for the masquerade ball. She said I would make the ideal maid for her, and she would support me so I could live full-

time as a woman, if I agreed to be her slave. Considering she had one of the most beautiful bodies—full-curves, voluptuous thighs, shapely arms, buxom breasts—I had ever seen, I was eager to say yes. But she said there were two stipulations, I had to give her my name legally so she could collect an inheritance and I could never have sex with her. I wasn't her type. Looking at her ripe, luscious body, it wasn't easy to agree; but I thought of being

able to wear pinafores, panties, maid uniforms, and high-heels all the time, and I did. Usually she has me dress the same every day. Heels so ultra high, I can barely walk in them, and have to maintain perfect posture to keep from falling over. Ankle cuffs, with a chain between them so short I can only take tiny feminine steps and can't run away. Black,

story continued page 6



thigh-high nylon stockings that come almost up to my crotch. A skirt so short you can see the tops of my stockings. Panties with ruffles around the waist and legs. A lacy corset cinched so small at the waist I can barely breathe and have fainted twice. Long silk gloves that reach all the way to my shoulders. A starched white, ruffled apron, maid's cap and choker around my neck.

At first, it wasn't easy keeping my side of the bargain. Being around her all the time, seeing her nude and half dressed, got me hot for her. And I came on to her a few times. But she soon put a stop to that. One day she summoned me. I have to crawl into her presence on my hands and knees and kiss her feet before I speak. She made me stand and pull down my panties. Before I realized what she was doing, she had fastened one of your frenum chastities FL6A, you know the one, on my cock. Since then I don't dare even think about sex. Every time I start to get hard gazing at my wife/mistress, your device reminds me painfully of my place. Then it shrinks right back down like she wants it to be. I especially need it when I have to wait on her while she has one or both of her lovers over. One is a man and the other a woman. I don't know which is worse, having to see a powerful, hairy, heavily muscled man with her ripe, white legs and arms wrapped around him while his hips drive his cock in and out of her, or to see her head clasped between another woman's

thighs, while she licks her female lover in places I can only imagine her licking me. Sometimes it makes me frustrated, and I get surly or am slow fulfilling her commands. Like when she wants me to bring Champagne and caviar to her and a lover. When I am disobedient, she always punishes me in front of her guests. She knows why I am acting the way I do. Sometimes she chains me to a big ring she has fastened to the basement ceiling, until I am hanging from my arms stretched high above my head, with just tips of my toes touching the ground. Then she whips my naked buttocks and penis with a riding crop until I am sobbing for forgiveness. But the worst punishment for my jealousy is when she fastens my elbows together behind my back, chains them to the bedroom wall, and calls all her friends and invites them over to have sex with her. She loves to look at me squirm helplessly in my chains while she is lying on top of one man who has his dick in her twat, while another lies on top of her, with his dick up her butt, and a third is down on his knees in front of her feeling his dick in her mouth.

For complete humiliation she gives me to the men, who take me anally and orally, while the women laugh. Then the women stick things in me or make me lick them or suck dildos. Finally they take me down and all pee on me, and sometimes the men masturbate and spray their come on me as well.

**Slave Franmie**



**WOMAN FEELS IT'S ABOUT TIME MEN GOT CHASTISED INSTEAD OF WOMEN**

**Attention Forced Womanhood,**

Why is it that men always cheat on their wives? Seems like the latest statistics show that out of all the marriages in this country, 80% end up in divorce. If only more women knew of your magazine, I'll bet there would a lot less divorces, and for sure a lot less men cheating. Especially if they're chastised. What a brilliant idea your magazine presents. How many centuries was it that only women were chastised and treated as slaves. Now you present us with a magazine that proves and shows that it's the men who should have been chastised. What a great concept. Please send a subscription. I've enclosed a phot of how I chastised my husband. I put a lock through his frenum piercing. When I want sex, I unlock him. He's never to bring up sex until he's unlocked.

**Diana**

# TORTURE ANYONE?

My name is slave Julie and I am a permanently chastised and feminized bondage and sissy slave. My Mistress has instructed me to write to Forced Womanhood and tell all interested parties how she dominates me.

It has been 2 years, 10 months and 3 weeks since Mistress slipped me into my Deluxe Penis Chastity Tube (for good!). Now, unless you have worn a penis "tube", 24-7, for any length of time (as in almost 3 years!), then you may not be able to appreciate the pain and frustration that the device brings to its wearer. As for me, it has helped me to become a more docile and submissive slave, much to my Mistress's delight. I am way passed "horny" and I often cringe at even the thought of being near women. The addition of the Prince Albert penis head ring-a few months after I was unrelenting in chastisement. She is now talking about (gulp) having her initials tattooed on my penis head! I mean, the chastity tube piercing hurt, and the Prince Albert piercing was excruciating, but a tattoo needle on my penis head!! One thing about Mistress-she loves to tease and torture and me. She calls it "training" to purge the "maleness" from me. You would probably call it cock and ball torture, forced feminization and very severe bondage. There is no "going back" for me, however. Mistress wouldn't allow it for sure, and besides, I am too femme to be a "man" again. I am at the mercy of Mistress. I often times feel so...helpless. And my chastity tube-it's driven me to the brink of madness. Mistress doesn't give me anything that directly calms my hormones. She has instead decided to torture my penis into submission. It has worked to a degree but I still have unlady-like thoughts which might cause my penis to try and bloom, which only gives me pain and grief.

Two nights ago Mistress made love to my ass with her strap-on dildo. Mistress loves the midnight rodeo! I accommodated her with my best femininity. As she pumped my ass. She kissed and fondled me. I became so dizzy with horniness that my penis became uncontrollable-it tried to bloom! Mistress spotted it, but continued her fun. When she was finished, she sent me to the ladies' room to freshen up. She then tied me down face up spread-eagle on



her bed and proceeded to administer a (gulp) penal enema to me!!

It was sobbingly painful. Mistress set the inflow of water (2 cups) to trickle which made it last longer! I had to beg forgiveness for being so unlady-like before she would suck the water out of my ball sac with the hand-held suction pump. The extraction process itself will bring you to

tears! But it does quell the unruly penis, at least for a while. Mistress is just waiting for the first time!

**Slave Julie**

# TRANSVESTITE AT FETISH BAR MEETS MASTER WHO TURNS HIM INTO A GORGEOUS SHE-MALE SLAVE

*Dear Editor,*

I used to think I was a heterosexual male. But now I know I am really a heterosexual woman. When I look down at my body, with its swelling D-cup breasts, curvaceous hips, and slit pussy, I can't help wiggling in happiness. And I owe it all to my master, Gunther.

Like a lot of men, I have crossdressed in secret all my life, dreaming about finding some dominant, understanding woman who would encourage or even force me into feminine clothes and a feminine role. I have been married twice. But, of course, when I would meet a woman I would present myself as a normal, manly man to win her. (I would have been too ashamed of my crossdressing then to make my innermost self vulnerable by telling anyone else about it.) SO, when, each of my wives discovered after several years of marriage that I liked to wear panties, she was surprised, horrified, felt betrayed-and filed for divorce.

Then I'd go right out and start dating some other woman, presenting myself to her as a man, while secretly hoping she'd somehow sense my secret self (without me telling her) and make me crossdress. Why was I so stuck on it being women who feminized me? I guess I was afraid that wearing dresses and panties meant that I was some kind of homo-and we all know that's bad, right? So I went twice as hard the other way-toward women-when I wasn't crossdressing. If you'd suggested I let a man feminize and enslave me, I'd have said you were crazy.

Then one night I was out dressed with some members of a Boston area CD club. When everything else closed up, they wanted to go to a fetish bar across the river. The people there were clad in all kinds of B&D garb-leather, chains, whips, collars, leashes, piercing, etc. I saw one woman in black latex who led a male slave around on a chain. He wasn't feminized, but I envied him anyway.

Then this big, hairy guy in a leather vest and chaps dropped into a vacant chair at the table I was sharing with a few other transgender ladies, and announced his name was Gunther. He must have read my mind or something. Maybe masters like Gunther have radar that helps them zero in on likely slaves. All I know is he read me completely, and started right in telling me what a hot little she-male slave I would make and all the dirty, humiliating things he'd make me do. I tried to get Gunther to go away, at first. I told him I was a heterosexual man and just because I crossdressed didn't mean I liked other men-I didn't, in fact the whole idea turned me off and nauseated me! But Gunther didn't blink an eye. He just said that was good, because if I was his slave he would always make me wear the highest heels, the flimsiest panties, the frilliest garter-belts and the sheerest nylons, plus three-inch crimson nails, slut makeup from morning to night. I'd spend all day with my penis locked up tight in a chastity device so I couldn't cum, he would only take it out to punish it. Moreover, he would make me learn to take it up the ass like a woman and like it.

I continued to tell Gunther I wasn't interested, I was straight. But, to be honest, what he described turned me on. And that made me uncomfortable. The next thing I knew, Gunther had grabbed me and bent me over his knee, pulled up my skirt and was spanking me hard on the bottom right there in front of my friends and everyone. And I felt so much like a haughty high school girl being chastised by her boyfriend, and he felt so much like a strong, dominant man, that I couldn't help what happened next. I was too hot and steamed up. It was my every fantasy come true, even if it was coming from a man putting me in my place as a woman. I found myself in Gunther's lap kissing him madly and swearing to be his she-male slave forever. Gunther took me home and before the night was out I was tied up my knees up by my head, my butt high in the air, being fucked like a piece of meat. My anus' response proved conclusively to me that I was a heterosexual all right. Not a heterosexual male-but a completely normal, submissive heterosexual woman.

The next day "Master Gunther" had my nipples pierced, his name tattooed on my ass, and my penis helplessly encased in steel. Then he began training me to be his personal urinal. He told me what an important honor this was for a worthless she-male slave like me.

How important it was I prove my gratitude for being his slave by doing a perfect job.

He punished me every time I choked or spilled a drop, and eventually I learned to swallow all his pee without spilling any, no matter how much beer he'd had to drink.

Since then, he has used hormone pills and patches to grow my breasts, and after I had proved my devotion by serving him faithfully for several years, sent me overseas to have my body completely transformed into that of a woman. Then Master Gunther took my virginity all over again. Today I am a happy female slave, completely and contentedly feminized, thanks to my beloved master, Gunther.

**Slave Suzie**  
**Dallas TX**

# THOMAS TURNED INTO TAMMY TO SUCK COCK

## ***Dear Forced Womanhood,***

About two months after our wedding, Thomas decided he wanted to wear the pants in the family. During our courtship, I was always the one who made the major decisions. I chose the house we bought, decided on the furnishings, and when we made love, I was on top. In fact, I would take great delight in riding him until he

reached the point of orgasm over and over again, then making him beg for release.

Before meeting Thomas I'd had some delicious encounters with women, and often wished Thomas had beautiful breasts for me to play with and suck on. I had always been the dominant partner, and this was not going to change. No way. After considering all the aspects of my

situation, I realized I had all the answers right there in front of me. What I had to do, was turn Thomas into Tammy!

I was a successful fashion designer, and the first step in my plan was to bring home some lingerie samples. I told Thomas they were for larger size women and I had no larger sized models. I had him strip naked, then don a pair of very frilly

**story continued page 10**



panties and a lacy bra. To my glee, I noticed his cock growing inside the silky underwear. I slid my hand inside the waistband and grabbed it. He groaned, and I squeezed harder, forcing him to confess, in a shattered voice, that wearing the lingerie turned him on. I knew right then, the rest would be easy.

Each day, when I came home from work, I'd bring home more samples. Teddies, slips, baby doll pajamas, garter belts and stockings. Each time he wore them he became more and more enamored with them... more and more excited.

When I knew the time was right, I made the major move. I had him in a particularly pretty pink peignoir, and had brought him to the brink of orgasm half a dozen times. He was almost sobbing, on his knees in front of me, begging for his release. I told him he could only come if he agreed to having a complete make-over. Eye shadow, wig, the whole thing. Then, and only then, I'd let him come.

Over the past weeks his submissive nature had completely taken hold, and he nodded his head, red-faced. But he was in for a shock. Rather than take him in the vanity area myself, I placed a telephone call. Ten minutes later, Rusty, the hunky hair and makeup artist I used for my fashion shows arrived, Rusty and I had a thing for each other, and as soon as he walked in the door, he came over and kissed me, running his hands over my breasts. I looked over at my sissy husband, and he couldn't believe his eyes. He

lurched forward and grabbed at Rusty, trying to pull us apart. Before he knew what hit him, his hands were tied behind his back, and he was bent over the bed. His pretty pink pantied ass was high and vulnerable.

I pulled off Rusty's belt and walked over to him. I said, "Thomas. Such bad behavior. Bad sissies get spanked. Didn't you know that?" "What???" he cried.

"You heard me..." and I brought the strap up and with a flick of my wrist, let it snap against his pantied butt. Over and over again I spanked him, pulling his panties down halfway through. Finally, howling loudly, he agreed to behave, and confessed that what he really wanted, was to be my sissy.

Thirty minutes later, Rusty had worked his magic. The transformation was amazing. With the expert makeup and long blonde wig, Tammy was as lovely as any she-male you can imagine. I informed her that she was going to start taking hormones, and every day her breasts were going to be toyed with and sucked on by a breast feeding machine. I told her I wanted at least a C cup by the time I was finished with her. She was to be dressed in whatever I laid out for her each morning, and whenever she served tea or coffee to my friends and I, she would be dressed in a French Maid's outfit.

To make sure there was no mistaking that I was totally and completely in charge, I told her to get on her hands and knees, and follow me out of

the vanity area back into the bedroom. Obediently, Tammy dropped down on all fours and followed me back into the bedroom. Rusty was laying on the bed naked, stroking his cock. He swung his long, lean legs over the side and sat there, waiting.

"Come over here little sissy slut," his deep voice purred, teasing his engorged cock.

Tammy looked over at me horrified.

"Problem?" I asked, walking forward. "You can pack your bags and leave if you're not going to do as you're told."

"Leave?" she whined.

"That's right. Stay and be trained, or leave... go back to the boring life you lead before you met me."

Tammy looked at me wide-eyed, then over at Rusty—still holding his stiff member, stroking it lightly.

Swallowing hard, surrendering to her fate, Tammy crawled over to him, and went to put his cock in her mouth. But he pulled it back.

"Beg for it sissy slut," he ordered. Tears welling in her eyes, she stammered, "Please, I beg you. Please let me... ss ... ss ... suck your cock."

We haven't looked back since that night. I'll be happy to send you more tales of Thomas Turned Tammy. Like, the night we started her dildo training. She was in a very tight corset... but that's another story. Until then,

**Sincerely, Madeline**

## MASTER HAS TWO SHE-MALE SLAVES

Dear Editors,

I have two she-male sex slaves, Shirley and Edwina. Each of them wears one of your frenum chastities on her cute little dick; and both have hoops pierced through their nipples. I keep them dressed in high heels, lacy nylons, short skirts, skimpy blouses, heavy eye and lip makeup, the whole works.

I like to tie their hands behind their backs, make them get down face to face on their nylon-clad knees, lock their nipple rings together, and make them french-kiss each other. That gets me so hot that my dick swells up to giant size and I slip it between their mouths, so that they are tongue kissing each other around it. I slide it in and out, and when I am ready to cum, I shove their heads tightly together and spurt into both their mouths at once, making Shirley and

Edwina both swallow it. Since I come in buckets, there is more than enough to go around.

Sometimes I take off their chastities, order Edwina to pull down her panties and put her little nub of a penis into Shirley's beautiful little ass (or vice versa), while I force my own massive cock up inside her tight, round butt. I pop off quite a load in there too.

Even then, neither of my slaves is allowed to cum. Only I get to do that. If I find any signs afterward that either of them has cum, I promptly turn her over my knee and take my belt to her butt. Then I attach a painful clamp to the offending penis until she is crying and begging to be released. Shirley and Edwin hardly ever come by accident any more.

Right now I am sitting on Edwina's face, making her lick my butthole, writing this on a laptop, while Shirley sucks my dick.

**Master X**

# SHE-MALE MAID



## *Dear Lee,*

When I came home unexpectedly one day and found Martin prancing around in my clothes I finally understood why our marriage had been going downhill for so long.

Thinking about it, I finally decided to use it to my advantage, I would tolerate his dressing up, I told him, but only as a maid. He couldn't believe how understanding I was being, and seemed thrilled at the idea of dressing as a maid.

However what "Missy" didn't understand, until it was far too late, was that I didn't want a part time maid, I wanted one full time. I expected him to protest, he only wanted to dress up when he wanted to. But I was adamant, so after luring him to my beauticians, we strapped him down in her chair. It took the whole day, but when we finally let "her" up "Martin" was forever gone. No more job, no more buddies to golf and drink with. Not with a blonde dye job, permed hair and pierced ears.

Certainly not with tattooed lips, false eyelashes, permanent eyeliner and eye shadow, plucked eyebrows, and unbreakable three-quarter inch nails. And certainly not with the biggest boob job a doctor friend could give her.

Reaching down and grabbing his cock I said, "Enjoy this dear, it'll be your last one. As a maid you really don't have any use for this any longer."

After I jerked her off Cora pierced his balls, welded on rings, bent his deflated thing back, and with another ring welded all three together.

Missy cried and sobbed all the way home, but I had no sympathy for her, she was now just a maid after all.

This was the first thing I impressed on her as soon as we got back, with a paddle. She would be taught precisely how I expected my maid to act. The slightest mistake and she'd be punished. She'd be taught how to do all her chores. If any of them were not completed perfectly then she would be punished. I picked up a cane and gave it to her until she stopped screaming and begging. She would get the same if any chore wasn't done within the time I gave her to do it. One second more and she'd be punished just as severely as if she was ten minutes late.

I designed, and had made a special punishment rail that I fastened her to, bent over with straps and bracelets to keep her stationary with her ass sticking straight up for either the paddle or the cane.

Whenever I come home I expect her to have, on her own, fastened to the railing. I then take my time inspecting her work, leaving Missy terrified, not knowing if she is going to be punished, and if she is whether I'll use the paddle, or the cane, which really horrifies her when I pick it up. She also doesn't know if she'll get three or four, or twenty or thirty.

You can imagine how the dread and fear build up the longer I leave her at the rail. Sometimes I'll leave her there for three or four hours. When I finally do come in she's already crying for who knows how long. Her begging and pleading finally got on my nerves so I've added a ball gag for some peace and quiet.

I once came home and simply forgot her. About five hours later I remembered. The poor thing was so terrified she fainted when I came in.

# MAN TURNED INTO SISSY MAID

"You are now Panlette, and will be referred to only by that name."

I was in the dressing room of Realmstone, a Femme Domme club in Anaheim, California where Mistress Colleen holds court. Her assistant had just led me to the room and was giving me instructions prior to my first meeting with the Mistress. I was nervous; I had served professional Dommies before as a male sub, but on this occasion I wanted to explore something new. In an exchange of emails with Mistress Colleen, I had confessed a growing impulse to put on female clothes, to express the femininity I felt welling up inside. She assured me she was skilled at handling those sorts of desires and I knew she was well known for this.

After waiting alone on my knees naked as instructed, the door opened and Mistress Colleen appeared with a riding crop. She was awesome with her flaming red hair, beautiful face, luscious breasts just barely contained in a black pvc top and matching skirt, revealing shapely legs whose beautiful feet slipped into a pair of five inch black heels. She frowned and walked over to inspect me. She ran the crop teasingly along my shoulders and back, then abruptly whacked my cock with it.

She frowned and walked over to inspect me. She ran the crop teasingly along my shoulders and back, then abruptly whacked my cock with it. The pain was intense.

"What's a girl like you doing with a thing like this?"

I mumbled an apology, which earned another whack, this one harder. You're a sorry excuse for a bitch. I never want to see you like this again.

She ordered me to stand, and directed my attention to a chair near the makeup table, which had lingerie laid out on it.

"Put on the stockings, bitch."

I hesitated. Was I really ready for this? I'd long yearned for a walk on the wild side, but felt sudden fear of realizing the fantasy.

Mistress Colleen decided the issue. She whipped my ass with the crop and all but pushed me down into a nearby chair, then picked up a black stocking and threw it at me.

"Now, bitch, or your ass gets beaten and you do it anyway."

I pulled it on over my leg, and immediately gasped as the soft nylon swept over my skin. With a stern voice, a frown, and a ready crop, she forced me to put on the rest of the outfit; garter, panties, bra, and with each item I felt a rush of sweet femininity wash over me.



*Slave Paulette Arrives*

**story continued page 11**



*Mistress Colleen says, "Let the games begin."*



*A hot cropping to start*

Ready to trample!



Bare bottom spanking



Hi heeled domination



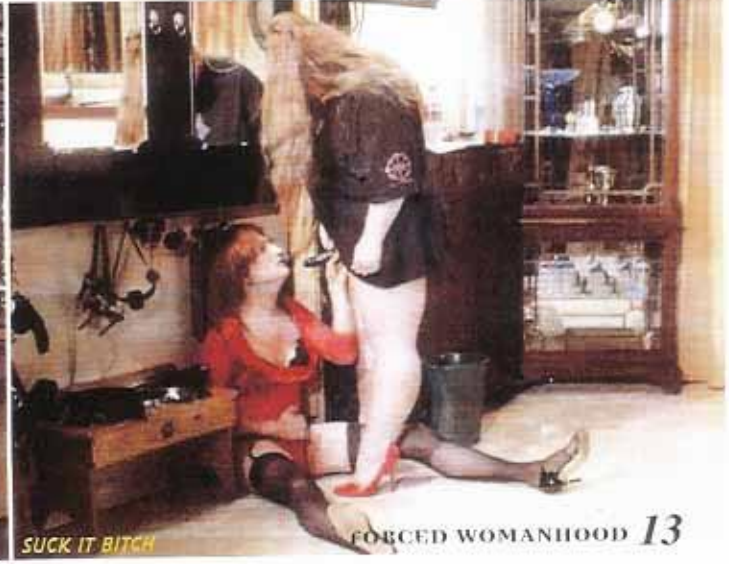
Ready for th Exam



Gagged and made to stroke it



Dildo time for Paulette



SUCK IT BITCH

"You're going to make a very good woman," she told me.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied.

She slapped me. "Get rid of that low voice!" she said. She forced me to speak at a higher and higher pitch till the bass was gone and I was totally femme.

"I never want to hear that male voice again, understood bitch?"

"Yes, Mistress," I sniffled.

I was already quite high from the lingerie alone, but the humiliation of speaking in the femme voice pushed me higher still.

She next helped me with makeup, guiding me on applying base, blush, lipstick, eye shadow. I watched in the mirror as the transformation took place. Waves of still more feminine intoxication passed over me as I witnessed my old persona disappear a little at a time and Paulette take its place. I was high as a kite.

At last, in 4" black heels and wearing a beautiful flaming red wig, Mistress Colleen had me stand in front of the mirror. I was blown away. My old self was gone and there looking back at me was a gorgeous redhead with perfect glowing skin, jewels for eyes, shapely legs and fuck me red lips. I blinked my richly mascara laden eyelashes at myself several times in disbelief but the woman in the mirror blinked back at me and I knew for sure it was true that the woman in the mirror was me. Mistress Colleen had pulled off a miracle.

She inspected me and whipped me once for a twisted garter, which I quickly fixed, then nodded approval and ordered me out into the sanctuary.

"And wiggle that ass!" she said. "Walk like a woman!"

I did so; the flowing movements seemed to come easy to me. Once in the sanctuary, she ordered me onto a padded sawhorse; I mounted it on hands and knees, quite exposed and vulnerable. She told me my journey into womanhood had just begun, and that she would be there all along the way to guide me. She said she could tell by our brief conversations before I'd arrived, and by my reaction to cross-dressing, that I was a natural, predisposed emotionally to yearn for femme side, and gifted with a body that lent itself to a persuasive transformation.

She told me to open my mouth, and quickly shoved a cock-gag into it and fastened it around my head. Again she seemed to read me perfect-

ly. I'd only made passing reference to bisexual fantasies to her before our session, but my transformation into a woman had set them on fire.

You like having a cock in your mouth, don't you, bitch?

I nodded emphatically and mumbled.

You have to earn the real thing, she said. The first step on your long road into womanhood is perfect subservience to me. In the mirror I could see her retrieve a single-tail bullwhip from the cabinet. She ran it teasingly along my legs and ass, and told me I had to beg for cock.

I mumbled through the gag. She responded with the whip, and scolded me about keeping my voice high and not mumbling. I desperately tried to fulfill her request; in response, she started whipping me in earnest. She was an expert, landing each lash with precision. I twisted and turned to no avail. With each stroke she scolded me to beg in a sweeter more feminine voice; each stroke brought the shock of both raw pain and delicious pleasure.

At last, with my ass hot with pain, my body sweating and trembling and on fire with exploding female sexual energy, she relented and ordered me off the horse.

I stumbled uncertainly from my perch; the room was spinning. She laughed at my plight, then ordered me to lie on my back on the nearby table. As soon as I did so, she lifted my legs and secured them with cuffs to two chains hanging from the ceiling. She pulled my legs up high and spread far apart, then abruptly opened the snaps of my teddy and yanked aside my panties, leaving my ass-pussy quite exposed.

"You begged so nicely I think your prayers may be answered, Paulette."

I nodded. My heart was pounding. She disappeared from view for a moment, then returned to the sanctuary, guiding a blindfolded guy. He was slender, well-built and clean cut, and the type that might turn my head casually during an ordinary day, but in this context with my body on fire with feminine arousal I thought he was gorgeous. He was also wonderfully hung and clearly as aroused as I was.

"Paulette, this is Randy, Randy, Paulette."

We managed to exchange greetings, though he couldn't see and I couldn't talk.

Mistress Colleen smiled.

"You ready for this, Paulette?"

I nodded emphatically. I could not believe how quickly Mistress Colleen had so completely transformed me into a cock-craving slut. (an experience available to those who are lucky and who call her directly at 714-901-9771, or visit her website at [www.MistressColleen.com](http://www.MistressColleen.com)—the means by which I first came across this beautiful, skillful Goddess).

I held my breath. Suddenly I felt lube applied generously to my ass-pussy, and soon after that felt Randy put his hands on my legs, and felt his cock touch my ass-pussy.

"Fuck her, Randy, fuck her good," Mistress Colleen said.

He began to thrust and I moved my pelvis to try to help him. Quickly he thrust inside me; at first it hurt so much I thought I would split open. But soon enough I relaxed, and the initial pain morphed into gooey delicious pleasure. He grunted and groaned; I gasped; Mistress Colleen admonished me to gasp in a femme voice; I did my best, though the room was a blur as he took me deeper and harder.

At last Mistress Colleen gave him permission to come, and Randy and I were locked in an incredibly intense dance of orgasm. He finally slowed and then stopped. Mistress Colleen ordered him away, then unfastened my bonds and gave me a few moments to catch my breath and come down from the intense high.

She told me I had done very well on my first time, and that we would have many adventures and explorations together. I have been with her ever since, and she has led me ever more deeply into my feminine side.



Worship my cock you slissy slut



*Bend over for it bitch*



*Training Paulette to suck cock*



*Taking that BIG 8 inch*



*Working her slave*



Now the hair brush!



RED



Crack that crop

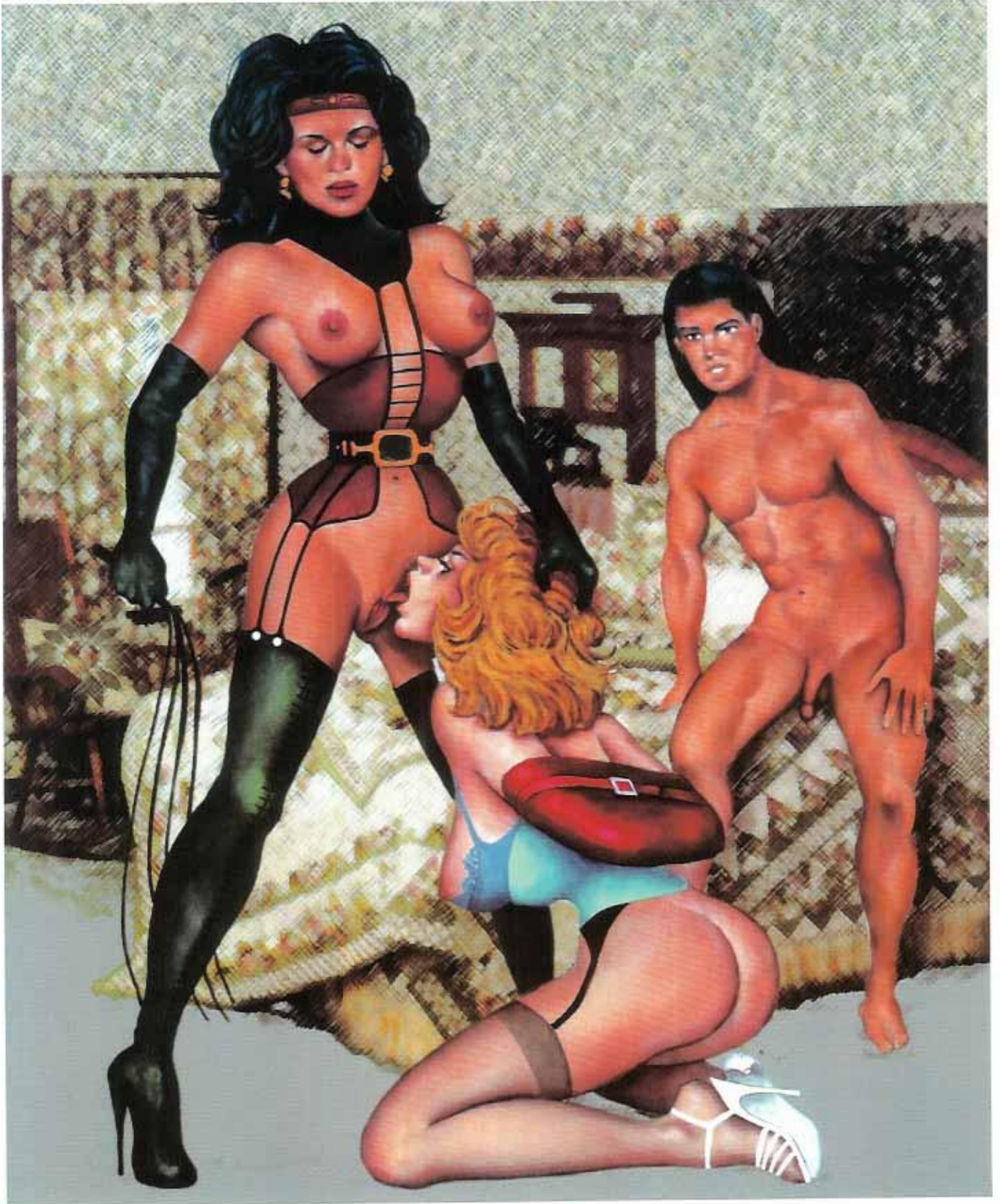
[WWW.MISTRESSCOLLEEN.COM](http://WWW.MISTRESSCOLLEEN.COM)  
[WWW.PHONEFETISH.COM](http://WWW.PHONEFETISH.COM)



# WOMAN GETS EVEN WITH HER ABUSIVE HUSBAND

DOMINANT WOMAN ENJOYS HUMILIATING HER SHE-MALE SLAVE BY BINDING HIM UP AND MAKING HIM WATCH WHILE MEN MAKE LOVE TO HER. THEN SHE MAKES SLAVE SUCK OUT HER LOVERS CUM FOR EXTREME HUMILIATION

story on page 22



# TWO DOMINANT LESBIANS CHASTISE AND MAKE A MAN INTO THEIR LESBIAN SLAVE

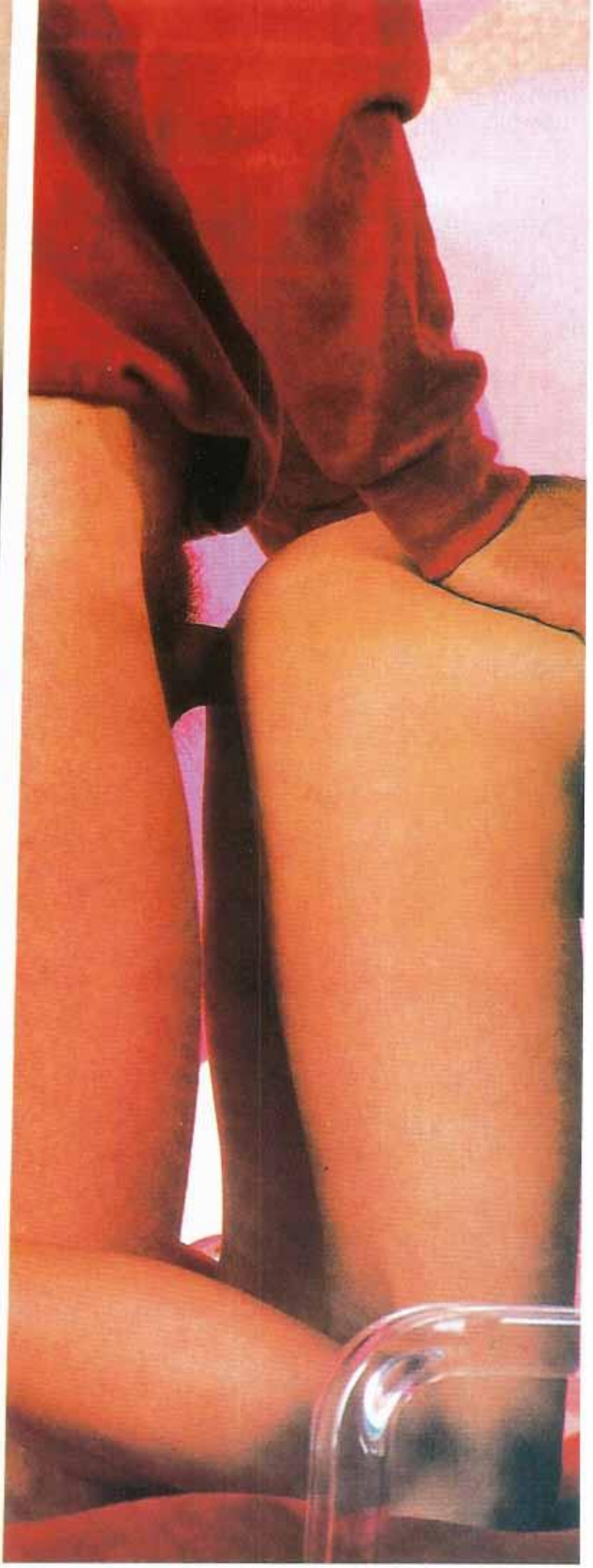


We met Kenny (now Karen) in a gay club. He was trying to dress as a girl, but not doing a very good job of it. He just looked like a guy in drag. To make a long story short, we became friends. He asked for our help. We agreed if he'd be our slave. He loved the idea. He probably thought he would be able to make love to both of us. Ha! He had a big surprise

coming. We kept him in bondage and made him our love keeper while we changed him into a very pretty lady. After a year on your hormone vitamins, his body became more feminine and his breasts enlarged enough to have breast implants. We tied poor Kenny up and showed him the chastity permanently so he can only use his

tongue to satisfy us. He cried, "No! No! Please don't!" Now he's a she and ours to do what we want with. We make sure she's dressed all sexy for us at all times. We get a lot of oral sex and our nipples get taken care of every day. She's our sex slave.

**Veronica & Tracy**





# WIFE TURNS BOB INTO BOOBSIE

story on page 22 & 23



# WOMAN GETS EVEN WITH HER ABUSIVE HUSBAND

*continued from page 17*

A few things led up to me making my husband into a she-male slave. #1 He subscribes to your Transformation and Forced Womanhood magazines. #2 I found out he was cheating on me with some Dominant. #3 he was abusive in many ways, but not physically, mostly verbal. I started reading Forced Womanhood and found it really interesting. MEN GETTING CHASTISED AND MADE INTO SUBMISSIVE FEMALES! What a switch. It has always been women that had to put up with this kind of shit. Now women are doing it to men and able and ABLE TO HAVE OUTSIDE AFFAIRS! I loved the idea. DOES THIS MEAN I CAN MAKE HIM GO THROUGH WHAT WOMEN HAVE SUFFERED FOR YEARS! I couldn't wait to start. Because he was already into bondage and crossdressing. It took me two years to make him into a gorgeous she-male and then chastise him.

"Now, you son of a bitch, you're going to find out how it feels to be a woman and be cheated on."

And I did right in front of him. I had already set myself up with some real men. I even told them I had a slave and what I was doing. I love to give my lover a blow job right in front of him

because my slave used to love it when I'd give him oral sex. Then I'd have mad passionate sex in front of my bound slave. My lover would scream in ecstasy as I would give them the best sex ever.

My slave would be so distraught hearing and seeing this. Even better sex than I had ever given him. And making him watch as my lover went crazy with his climaxes. Here I was giving an incredible blow job, my lover moaning in ecstasy, then having incredible sex. And then me screaming as I climax over and over again.

Then to top it off, I stood over my bound slave and made him suck out all my lovers cum and swallow it.

My slave actually cried he was so humiliated. He knows that he can never again have sex with me, let alone anyone else.

He wanted to be a slave, but now he regrets it because there is no turning back.

**Love to all who do  
Forced Womanhood.  
Ms. Candy**



## WIFE TURNS BOB INTO BOOBSIE

*continued from page 21*

I thought I was pretty open minded about sex, so one night when Bob, my husband of six months, and I were talking about fantasies. I was surprised, but not shocked when he said he got excited wearing his old girlfriend's panties. Well, okay, I thought, so I gave him some of mine to wear. Same subject a few weeks later, he coaxed me into sliding my finger up his ass while we were having sex. I didn't even mind the bondage games he talked me into. But the more I tied him up, or strapped him down, the more he wanted do it all the time. Which bothered me, and the fact that he was now wearing panties almost all the time, even to work.

I finally got disgusted with him when he couldn't get it up unless I had put him in some form of bondage. The breaking point came when I caught him jerking off in my panties all tied up. This was a marriage I wanted out of. My best friend, Sheila, however convinced me to talk to a friend of hers, Andrea, who had a husband

with similar perversions. She told me exactly how she handled them with her husband, and I thought it was perfect.

About a week later, when my miserable excuse for a husband asked me if we were going to play games that night, I said, "Oh yes, I have something special planned, starting with this. I know how you love to feel so restrained, so, I thought why not a corset!"

I couldn't help smiling as his cock sprang up. "Please June, it's getting awfully tight," he protested.

"Yes, but I can see you're really loving it," I said, yanking on the laces with all my might, then circling his girlish waist with a steel band which locked.

When I had his arms tied to the bed posts, I grinned, and said, "Now time for your bra..."

"What? A bra? I don't want to wear a bra..." "This is a special bondage bra, you're going to love it," I promised fitting the red rubber bra,

with huge C cup inserts on him, tightening the straps, then glued them shut. As soon as I let go he fell forward as much as he could.

"My god, what's in them," he gasped, trying to straighten.

"Oh, the falsies? They're steel and each weighs ten pounds. Now let's get you bent over for the next surprise," I said greasing up his asshole and sticking my finger in and wiggling it around.

"You like that, don't you?" I whispered.

"Oh god, yes," he moaned.

"Great, then you're going to love this," I said, removing my finger and replacing it with an anal plug.

"Honey, what's that? Oh please take it out, it's too big," he wailed.

"Nonsense, this is simply a trainer dildo, they have much bigger ones. Relax, I'm sure I'll be able to get it in," I promised, and eventually, it popped right in.

"Now I have something really special for that excited thing between your legs," I said, waiting for him to soften up a bit before lubing it with vaseline. Tying a noose just behind his nob I began pulling it through the Phallic Fidelity

Enforcer. When I finally had the knob through the chrome tube that engulfed the entire length of his cock I tightened the steel cuff behind his balls, tightly, before locking it.

You can order the Phallic Fidelity to fit so that an erection is not only impossible, but painful. However, taking Andrea's suggestion, I had it sized just large enough to produce a very hard, unbelievably excited erection.

"I'll bet you never felt harder in your life, have you?"

"No, this is torture," he moaned.

"That's what I've been told. If it's worn long enough the wearer will beg to do anything to get it off," I commented, then added, "Now, the special cuffs I ordered just for your wrists."

Each steel cuff weighed five pounds, inserting the key, I locked them on. A sturdy chain dangled from each, which I attached to the ring on the chrome sheath. Before deciding on the length of each chain I carefully made some measurements while he slept. Once locked to the sheath they were too short to put his hands together in front. Too short to get to his bra. And too short to reach the new shoes I'd be putting on him.

First, however, came a pair of crotchless panties, then seamed, fishnet stockings. When he protested I said, "If you love how your panties feel, you'll love how sexy your stockings will too. Besides I'll never get your bondage shoes on without them."

"Bondage shoes? What are you talking about? Please, your not going to put those on me?" he begged, when I took them in your size, so I'm sure they'll fit," I snickered, forcing first one foot then the other into the towering high heels. As I did I wondered if he'd even be able to walk in them. I hoped not. You see, they had a four inch platform, rocker soles, with staggering high ten inch stiletto heels. Once I had the ankle straps buckled I secured them with a lock. When the shoes arrived I hollowed out the soles, put in five pounds of fishing weights, then reglued the bottoms.

Then it was time for his ears. Piercing them and making the holes large. "You'll get your new earrings once they've healed," I said.

"June, please tell me what you're doing," he begged.

"Very well. As a husband you're a perverted, miserable excuse for one. I thought I'd married a real he-man. Instead I get a panty loving, wimp who can't get it up unless he's tied down with a finger up his ass. The marriage is over, but my new friend convinced me that if you indulge in your perversions you could still be useful around the house as my maid." I said, and naturally he bellowed that he wasn't going to be anyone's slave.

"Fine. However here are the rules. If you don't do as I say, if you don't do your chores, or act as I train you to act you don't get fed. How much you get fed depends on all of the above. Oh yes, about what's on your quite useless pussy, which you'll now refer to it as. It's my revenge. Perhaps



I'll remove it twice a year, other than that it never comes off. Every time you pull on your chains, or feel your sexy panties, or see me playing with myself you'll get tortuously hard, over and over again. You'll get this desperate urge to make your pussy spurt. But, after tonight, I promise you, it will be the last thing you'll want to do," I said, fondling his ballooned penis with one hand and wiggling the plug around in his ass. When he finally shot his load he screamed bloody murder.

"Oh my, we're going to do something about all that noise. Open Boobsie, that's your new name," I ordered, which he wouldn't do when he saw what I was going to put in it.

"I know how much you love spankies, but I think this will get you to open your mouth," I said, and with a swish I slashed his panties with a cane.

In between the ninth I got the rubber bit in his mouth, tightening, then locking the strap.

"You can just stay as you are tonight. Tomorrow Andrea's coming over to do your hair and make-up permanently, and is bringing one of her sissy ex-husbands, which you now are, by the way."

A week later I couldn't believe how I'd ever gone this long without a maid. Also at the end of the week we welded on her two pound earrings. Between her tits, cuffs, earrings, and bondage shoes, thirty-two extra pounds is hard to manage over a 16 hour day. However, she does try to do her chores as perfectly as she can, otherwise she doesn't get fed. I'm afraid the poor thing will waste away before she gets them right.

# MISTRESS CHANGES MAN INTO REAL WOMAN. COMPLETE GENDER SURGERY

## **Dear Forced Womanhood,**

At the insistence of my Mistresses, I am writing you for the first time. My name is Michelle Marie, and Mistress Charlotte wrote to you and her letter appeared in issue 28. I used to be a guy named Mike who made the unforgivable mistake of raping Mistress Charlotte when we were both in college. That male lust caught up within me when I could not resist her invitation to a threesome, a decision that has changed me forever.

When I awoke from my sedation and saw myself shaved, painted, dressed in a bra, corset, stockings, crotchless panties and a pink bow wrapped around my cock, I was shocked, angry, and frightened and with the showing of the videotape. (I soon became resigned to the reality that the women, who would become my Mistresses Charlotte and Barbara literally had me by the balls.

That all seems so long ago now. I remain very much in the service of my lesbian Mistresses and have very much become proficient in the domestic duties Mike believed were for women to do. I have learned to cook, sew and do laundry, iron, clean house and allow my Mistresses to live the lives they deserve, without having to tend to the matters that a maid, which I am, should handle.

In the five years I have been a captive, I have gone through many physical and mental changes that my Mistresses said in the beginning would be good for me and for them, though I did not believe it. My total immersion into an all female environment left me with two options, fight it, which I knew would bring severe punishment, or surrender and make this as easy as possible on my Mistresses and myself. There really was only one option, and once my name was legally changed and the hormones began changing my body there was no turning back.

In her letter Mistress Charlotte wrote she and Mistress Barbara were discussing breast implants and a sex change for me. Both have been completed, my breast surgery was done nearly a year ago, and my gender reassignment just over three months ago. As I said I have been living as a woman since that day 5 years ago when I was lured here on the premise of a threesome, and have been in therapy for much of that time. As the hormones radically changed my body, and took hold of my emotions and the therapy helped me understand what was happening to me I lost my ability to think and act like a male. Mistress Barbara's image consultant friend drilled me day after day and hour after hour in feminine movements, mannerisms and

speech. Within the first year I was very effeminate and without thinking doing many of the things that women do, how I sat checking my hair and makeup, and was devoid of the male ego and sex drive that had led to what was occurring.

My breasts were already developing well prior to my implants as they became fleshy and my nipples very itchy at first, then ultra sensitive later Mistress Charlotte and Mistress Barbara used to bind me to my bed, and each would take a nipple and stroke, pinch, blow on, lick and suck once I became sensitive there and would bring me to the edge of climax, yet, then, still chastised and unable to have an erection with what was left of my cock and balls, they would delight in how helpless and vulnerable I was, then would go to their bedroom and make love. There were many nights I went to bed in tears, wanting someone to fondle and arouse me through my breasts, something totally foreign to a male.

I now wear a 36C bra and after a period of adjustment, to learning to walk with the new weight on my chest and finding a position to sleep with them, I adjusted and very much love having breasts. Derek the man Mistress Charlotte wrote about, my first boyfriend loved my new breasts, and so do my other male friends and lovers.

Mistresses Charlotte and Barbara liked to have me walk topless before them in a pair of sheer crotchless panties, with my tiny stub showing, a garter belt, nylons and high heels Mistress Charlotte took special delight in seeing me that way.

My gender reassignment surgery took place in early November, and by the start of the new year I was fully recovered and learning to live with my new equipment. By the time the surgery was done I could not wait to get rid of my former cock and balls, they were useless, and got in the way. Now my panties fit beautifully, I love how my new crotch looks and most of all, I love how I feel.

Since Derek was my first man, and I have a special place in my heart for him, I was hoping he would be the first man to penetrate my vagina. Mistresses agreed and determined it was to happen on new years eve, symbolic of my new life as a complete woman. As the ball began to fall in New York, I began to fall as Derek seduced me, hands rubbing my breasts first through my dress and bra, then as I took off both, on my breasts themselves, Mistress Charlotte and Mistress Barbara followed as Derek carried me to my bed, and slid off my panties, stockings

and garter belt and began sucking my nipples. I reached for his cock to suck and make it hard. Once I did Derek pushed me back, spread my legs and pushed into me, little by little I felt him going deeper inside me, his weight pressing on my hips and breasts, thrusting in and out, as I began to moan at the new sensation going through my body and mind. I wanted him so much and was in never, fore felt ecstasy when I felt him shoot his cum into me. Soon I had my first female orgasm, again while my Mistresses watched.

Like a typical male, Derek was done, but, I wanted more. I have learned since all about how men quickly climax, and now know what it is like to not have one at the same time. But, I have also learned that my climaxes are more intense as a woman and sometimes even when I achieve

**continued on page 27**



# SISSY KAREN TAKEN TO *Romantic Sensations* TO GET AN OUTFIT AND MARY JANE SHOES



Sissy Michelle is always so nervous when his Mistress brings him to shop. He breathed a sign of relief when she said she was looking for something casual for him, "not too frilly", she said. Sissy Michelle actually didn't mind the baby blue outfit she picked out, even though it was satin.

Poor thing, he couldn't help a little sob as I fixed the bows to the front. And when I picked out a pair of shoes that I thought would be perfect, neither of us could understand his tear stained cheeks.

"Why they're perfectly darling. You know Michelle doesn't have a single pair of Mary Janes in his closet. I'm sure they'll look just so precious on his little feet, I'm sure he'll make all the girls jealous," she declared, taking the white, glossy patent leather Mary Janes with buttons from me and handing to her sissy.

I was right, they went perfectly with his "not too frilly" outfit, and the matching hand bag was just the right touch. Before they left she purchased matching panties and a sissy bra in the same color.

**order through the mail or come to our store**

**Call 775-322-5119**

**Fax 775-322-6362**

please add \$6.00 for shipping and handling

To order by mail: CENTURIAN

VISTA STATION P.O. BOX 51510

SPARKS, NV. 89435-1510

## Baby Doll #1

Two Bow Straps.  
Sizes 9 to 13 White  
or Black Patent  
\$89.95



## Baby Doll #5

One Dainty Strap.  
Sizes 9 to 12 White  
or Black Patent  
\$89.95



## Baby Doll #2

Two Dainty Straps.  
Sizes 9 to 13 White  
or Black Patent  
\$89.95



## Baby Doll #3

One Large Buckle.  
Sizes 9 to 13 White  
or Black Patent  
\$89.95



## Baby Doll #4

One "T" Strap.  
Sizes 9 to 12 White or  
Black Patent  
\$89.95



# GENDER REASSIGNMENT SURGERY

*story from page 21*

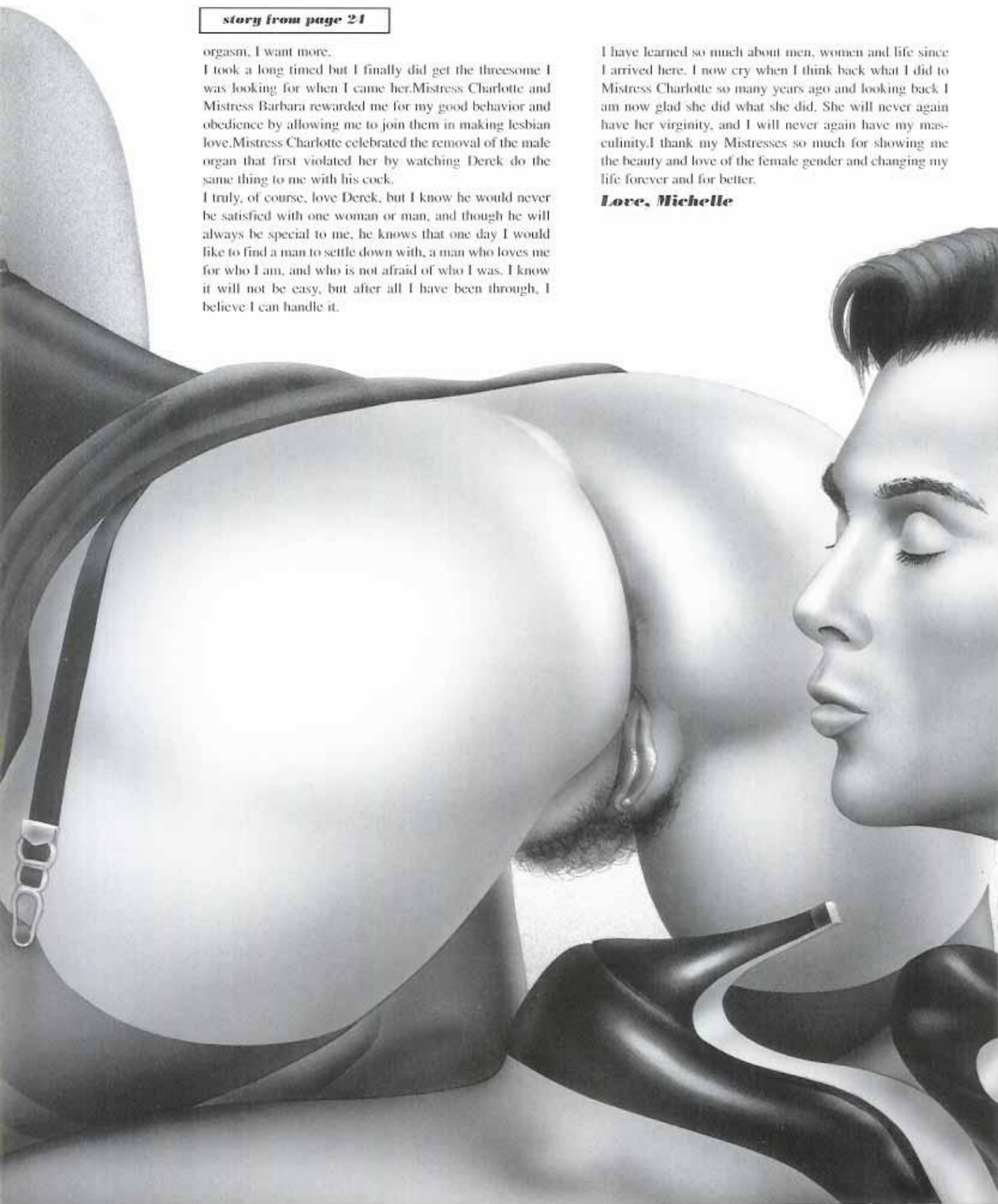
orgasm, I want more.

I took a long time but I finally did get the threesome I was looking for when I came her. Mistress Charlotte and Mistress Barbara rewarded me for my good behavior and obedience by allowing me to join them in making lesbian love. Mistress Charlotte celebrated the removal of the male organ that first violated her by watching Derek do the same thing to me with his cock.

I truly, of course, love Derek, but I know he would never be satisfied with one woman or man, and though he will always be special to me, he knows that one day I would like to find a man to settle down with, a man who loves me for who I am, and who is not afraid of who I was. I know it will not be easy, but after all I have been through, I believe I can handle it.

I have learned so much about men, women and life since I arrived here. I now cry when I think back what I did to Mistress Charlotte so many years ago and looking back I am now glad she did what she did. She will never again have her virginity, and I will never again have my masculinity. I thank my Mistresses so much for showing me the beauty and love of the female gender and changing my life forever and for better.

**Love, Michelle**



# WIFE JOINS SWINGER CLUB AND MAKES HUSBAND WATCH

I'm writing this letter to complain. My wife has been reading your magazine for years. She has a subscription so she doesn't miss an issue. Over the last two years she has changed me into a she-male-then just three months ago she chastised me permanently-then joined a swingers club. WHY HAVE YOU PUT OUT THOSE DAMN CHASTITIES FOR MEN! I now get bound up and forced to watch as couples have a threesome with her. I get all turned on wishing I could join them-but when I get hard I get major pain from my chastity. Your magazine has made my life miserable.

**Slave Ben**



# MISTRESS LOCKS UP HER SLAVE IN TRANSFORMATION'S LOCKING MAIDS UNIFORM AND MAKES HER SLAVE GIVE HER ORAL PLEASURE



## ***Dear Forced Womanhood,***

I married my white husband knowing he liked to dress in women's clothing. That was okay with me because I liked more of a submissive man. I am a very sexual black who enjoys wearing stiletto heels and sexy clothes to tantalize men. So our marriage was perfect. My husband had a subscription to your magazine which I absorbed immediately. We bought one of your locking maids uniforms and a pair of Mary Jane Baby Doll shoes out of your new Transvestite Catalog. Now I can lock him up all day in this to do the chores, and service me. He's had breast implants with the help of your vitamins and he's been chastised. I love to have sex with other men and have my slave kneel and lick me clean and I usually climax over his face. Then he has to kiss my stilettos and tell me how much he loves being my slave.

## ***Mistress Dorothy***



## ***Bondage Maids Uniform***

In black.

**\$199.95**

## ***Bondage Sissy Dress***

In blue

**\$189.95**

We have everything for sissies, maids, slaves in our new locking maids uniforms and baby doll locking dresses, modeled by she-males and all kinds of other goodies.

**Call 775.322.5119**

# WIFE BINDS HER SHE-MALE SLAVE UP WHILE SHE IS AWAY

## *Dear Lee,*

With my housekeeper away for a week on vacation I'm frankly nervous about leaving the new maid alone in the house while I'm at the office.

Mrs. Black has only been training her for a few months, and while she appears to be fairly well trained I, at times, see a bit of hesitation in carrying out an order. Which tells me the girl is still thinking, which I absolutely won't tolerate in the help.

I do take precautions with her before I leave. She is laced, and then locked, and tight as possible in a rigid corset. Once I have her laced and strapped into a full-length hobble skirt I know she won't be able to get to the six inch heels buckled on her feet. Both of which would make escaping and running away an all day effort, and how far could she go.

I make sure she has eyes only on her work lacing a steel boned, leather reverse posture collar on her, and then padlocking it.

Still, I was antsy about going off to the office and leaving her in the house to get into lord knows what kind of mischief.

So, before I left the house on Monday I ordered her to put her arms behind her so I could attach a pair of handcuffs that had a 30" sturdy chain connecting them. They barely allowed her to put her hands in front of her. When she complained that it would make it difficult to get all her work done I told her that was silly. I showed her how, if she strained real hard she could hold a broom or vacuum with both hands, or a duster in either one. I admitted that some chores might prove difficult, such as polishing all my shoes, and washing dishes, but I was sure she'd find a way to manage.



# MEN TRAINED AS SLAVE MAIDS

**Dear Jeri Lee,**

When my husband passed away me wealthy woman, and I inherited a huge estate. Set on ten acres it has everything. A pool, tennis court, even a stable. The house itself is enormous, with eight bedrooms and ten bathrooms.

However much as it, the maintenance, up keep and staff was a real drain financially. At least it was before a friend from college days explained how I could acquire more than enough staff to meet my needs and they wouldn't cost me anything!

And she was right. Before I had a staff of eight. I now have a staff of twenty, with a waiting list, and I don't have to pay any of them. I now know what my friend, Claire, does for a living. She supplies me with a steady stream of unsuspecting males who's fantasy is to be dressed up as a maid.

They're so easy to trap. In exchange for dolling them up in quite fetching uniforms I ask them to do "a little maids' work around the estate".

They're always so excited when they arrive. They're expertly made-up, put in corsets, high heels, and one of several uniforms they'll get to wear. Only their corsets are laced until they can hardly breath. Asked how high a heel they've worn, they're put in ones two inches higher.

Then, introducing them to my housekeeper, Ingrid, my only paid employee, she lays the law down.

Having them raise their skirts she pulls their panties down and locks a stainless steel sheath around their penises. "The Mistress promised to feminize you and see that you wear a full array of dainty, smart uniforms. She never said you would get to enjoy them. You're now part of the staff and your only duty will be to work as long, and as hard as you can."

"Hold out your hands," she barked, and had them manacled, connected by a short chain, before they knew it.

Picking up a cane she told the terrified new maid, that we'd named Gertrude, "If your lucky, and don't have to be punished, you'll get to sleep a full five hours. You'll be worked a standard seventeen hour day, is that clear Gertrude?" she asked, slashing her behind with the cane.

"Yes, it's clear," she screamed.

"Every two hours you get a five minute break, which you'll take on your knees. You'll have four uniform changes, and for each you'll be allowed precisely ten minutes. One second past and you get this," she said, punctuating it with two slashes.

"For breakfast you're allowed two minutes, and four for dinner, you'll be too busy serving lunch to have any yourself. You're allowed two toilet breaks, each no longer than two minutes. Unfortunately we've found that we can't work a maid seventeen hours a day for more than five days. So every sixth day you'll be given four



whole hours off, plus you can sleep in an extra hour," she dictated to a shocked Gertrude.

"Each of your four uniforms costs \$600, which you'll pay for by working the cost of at the rate of one dollar an hour. You could have them paid for in 3 1/2 months. However any work not done perfectly, or on time, and any faults you make not only adds one hour, but one stroke with the cane, administered twice daily, lunch and evening. Oh yes, you won't have to worry about your job, or friends, we've arranged it so that absolutely no one will miss you," she said. Since there was an unlimited number of males dying to be turned into maids, neither of us

were the least bit concerned with working them to the bone.

Gertrude probably wouldn't last any longer than the others, about five months. At which point, with heavy doses of hormones she'd not only be totally feminized, but completely trained, and broken, to her new life as a lady's maid. She'd be turned back over to Claire, who had a waiting list of women in need of a well-trained, hard working maid. Which is how she made her money, putting them up for sale.

# FORCED WOMANHOOD MAGAZINE

The magazine devoted to men enslaved and changed into she-male slaves for life



FORCED WOMANHOOD #32



FORCED WOMANHOOD 33

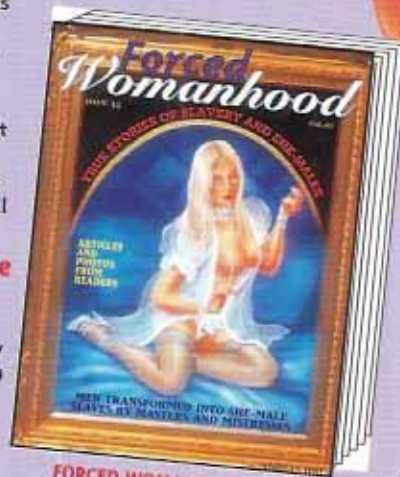
It's now happening all over the world, men are being enslaved - chastised and turned into women by dominant men and women. Read true stories of ultra bondage- slavery and men turned into women. Exotic photos and art.

This tremendous best-selling magazine is devoted to men and women (masters and dominants) who transform men into women for life by all kinds of means, including hormones, breast implants, surgery, tattooing, permanent eye make-up, permanent red tattooed lips and all kinds of other ways. Plus the permanent chastisement of the penis. Letters and photos from readers and what they do to turn men into real females, for good, lots of photos, art, stories etc. All other issues completely sold out. The latest two issues still available. You'll see the devices that will lock up the penis permanently for life or ones that have a key. Real metal chastities for men.

\$16.50 each plus postage

More copies of this magazine sell than any other TV magazine, except Transformation

Order now!  
(775) 322-5119



FORCED WOMANHOOD 34



QTY	TITLE	PRICE

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ SUBTOTAL \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_ NV RES. SALES TAX 7.25% \_\_\_\_\_  
 City: \_\_\_\_\_ St. \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_ POST. \$4.50 PER ITEM  
 \_\_\_\_\_ \$1.75-2.00 PER ITEM  
 \_\_\_\_\_ FOREIGN ORDERS  
 \_\_\_\_\_ THREE POSTAGE  
 Debit Card  Cash  Check  DISC  
 Money Order  M/C  VISA  AMEX  DISC  
 Exp. Date: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Signature: \_\_\_\_\_  
 certify I am over 21 years of age

Phone or fax orders when using charge cards:  
 7 days a week  
 PHONE (775) 322-5119 FAX (775) 322-6362  
 or mail your order to:  
 DIZARRS  
 Vesta Station P.O. Box 51510  
 Sparks, NV 89425-1510

# TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT CHASTITIES

Our Frenum Chastities can be put on temporary or permanently. The scare or threat for slave is, "if you can't take it off, I'll put it on permanent and you'll never again be able to use your penis!"

The Barbells on each end of frenum Stud screw on and off. We suggested in our previous issues that to put it on permanent was to use a welder's liquid solder (found at any hardware store) or perma glue on the screw threads, then screw into studs while your slave is tied down and while the glue or solder dries.

Now Centurian has invented a new device for real sincere people who want their slave pierced and no way out. See further in this article, (Permanent break off screws.)

## FL2 FRENUM



Many people have their slave wear this as a sign of being a slave. Also many women like the feel of the knobs going back and forth in their vagina.

Includes Frenum barbell. Comes in 7/8," 1" or 1 1/8" in diameter.

\$168.00

## FL2C FRENUM



This is not necessarily a chastity because it is not long enough to prevent an erection. Actually many people have their slave wear this as a sign of being a slave. Also many women the feel of the knobs going back and forth in their vagina.

This can easily be put on temporarily or permanent.

Includes Frenum barbell.

\$275.00

## FL3C Frenum Chastity



This one is 1 1/2" long and is made as a chastity and prevents erection with heavy pain. It does not have the knobs like the others, but it has ring for attaching a leash. Comes in 1" or 1 1/8" in diameter.

Includes Frenum barbell.

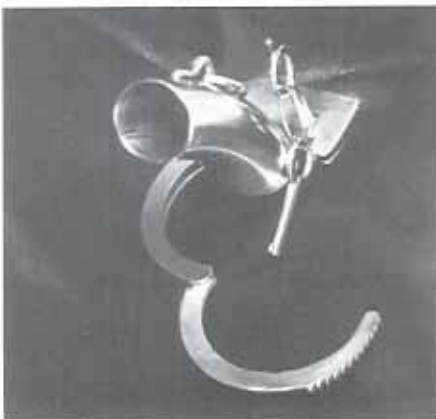
\$385.00



# The Phallic Fidelity Enforcer



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



PLEASE SEND ME THE  
 PHALLIC FIDELITY ENFORCER \$325  
 PLUS \$4.50 POSTAGE AND HANDLING  
 NV RESIDENTS ADD 7.25% SALES TAX

▼ NAME AS IT APPEARS ON CREDIT CARD ▼

Cardholder Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

▼ CREDIT CARD BILLING ADDRESS IF DIFFERENT FROM ABOVE ▼

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

M/C  VISA  AMEX  DISC  M/0  CASH  CHECK

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Exp Date \_\_\_\_\_

I certify I am 21 years of age

To order by mail: CENTURIAN  
 VISTA STATION P.O. BOX 51510  
 SPARKS, NV. 89435-1510

When using a credit card:  
 phone: (775) 322-5119 fax: (775) 322-6362

Check out our website [www.centurianonline.com](http://www.centurianonline.com)

# MEN TRANSFORMED INTO SHE-MALE SLAVES BY MASTERS AND MISTRESSES

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

