

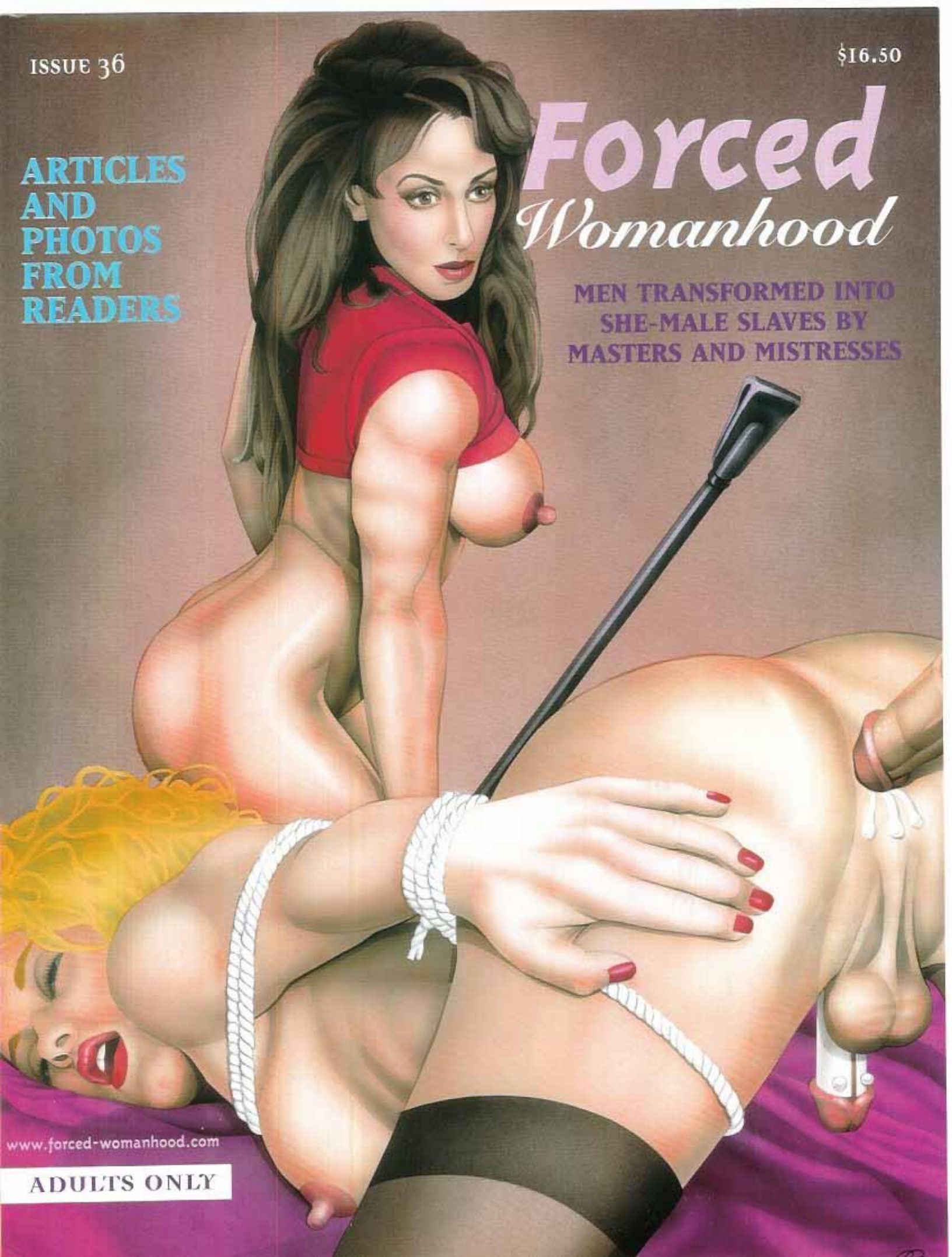
ISSUE 36

\$16.50

ARTICLES  
AND  
PHOTOS  
FROM  
READERS

# Forced *Womanhood*

MEN TRANSFORMED INTO  
SHE-MALE SLAVES BY  
MASTERS AND MISTRESSES



[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 36, 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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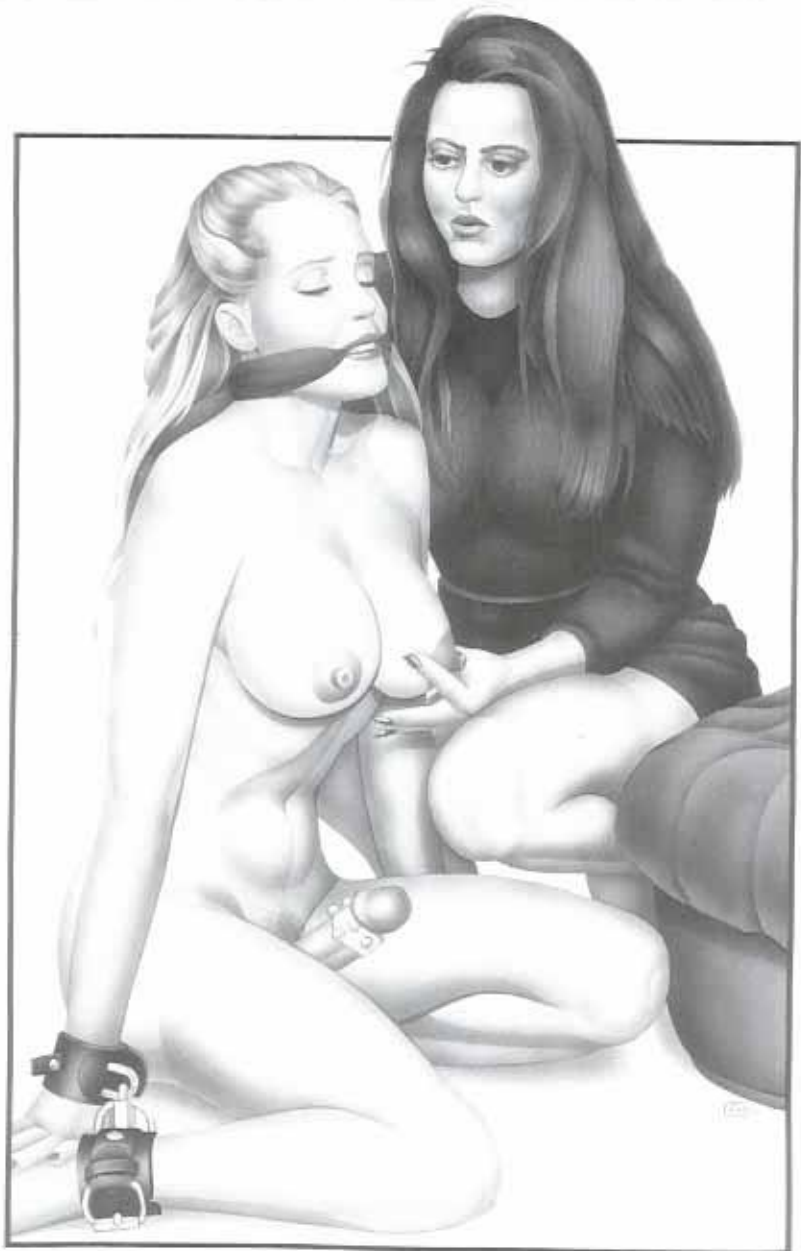
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WE HAVE ADDED A NEW SISST SECTION TO FORCED WOMANHOOD

**MASTERS, MISTRESSES, AND SLAVES**  
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**CENTURIANS**  
P.O. Box 51510, Vista Station  
Sparks, NV 89502

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

# LETTERS & PHOTOGRAPHS

from our readers

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Forced Womanhood is now on the internet, it includes many of our back issues. You can click on and see what fabulous stories and photos you may have missed.

Connect to [www.forced-womanhood.com](http://www.forced-womanhood.com) or [www.centurianonline.com](http://www.centurianonline.com).

**Note: Four new issues have just been added!**

## BODY BUILDER GETS FEMINIQUE TREATMENT

*Dear F/W Editors,*

A quick note to thank you for your Feminique product. My husband, Rob, had a wandering eye, which of course his cock followed. He's a body builder and takes many diet supplements and vitamins, so substituting Feminique for his silly seaweed pills was easy. Soon Mr. Macho was having problems getting it up. During a weekend drinking party I managed to talk him into wearing my panties. His performance as my lesbian lover was recorded on tape, as was my strap-on deflowering of his sissy ass. He even came while being fucked, to which I pointed out proved he loved it! Later, I threatened to show the safely stored tape to his buddies as well as my girlfriends if he didn't obey me. He really had no choice. He still works out at the gym, still dresses and acts masculine. I enjoy the envious looks from other women I get as he dotes on me. What they don't know is that my stud continues to take your feminizing products, and some hormones too. Thanks to your Feminique he has cute little marble size balls, and an adorable tiny penis. It's useless for pleasing a woman, but he eats pussy like a champ, so I'm happy. If he's a good "girl" Rob, now Robin, gets fucked in the ass while jacking off his pink "clitty" which he'd NEVER let another woman see!

*Mrs. Gatz*



*Dear Forced Womanhood,*

Being a dominant Mistress, I love your magazine. I enjoy the letters from other Mistresses who have their slaves balls removed. I firmly believe it's an important step in a slave's training. I had my blonde slave husband's balls castrated and I'm very pleased with the results. He's much more obedient now and gives much better performance too! Ball removal also makes the feminization process quicker. As the Eunuch slave loses his male hormones.

My husband is now my gelding pony boy slave! As I fuck other hung studs and take their big loads of cum in my hot pussy, I love making my eunuch slave lick it clean after my hung studs fuck me good! I've trained him to suck cocks and take them in the ass too in his feminized state.

When I do allow my slave to have an erection he stays hard much longer, as he's unable to cum and go soft. He is totally humiliated now having an empty ball sack as he must watch other hung studs fill my pussy full of cum. His behavior is excellent since he's been gelded.

I plan adding more slaves to my stable and doing the same to them too. I hope other Mistresses consider ball removal as an important part of slave training and feminization. I swear by it.

*Mistress Jane*



# WOMAN TURNS BOSS INTO PUSSY EATING SLAVE

Auntie Jane said that I should write and tell you about the time she had broken her ankle and I was taking care of her. We'd had a couple of drinks while we watched a video before turning in for the night.

I was asleep on the couch when I heard a noise and wondered what it was. Then I saw a dark figure enter the back door. I was going to say something except the moon was shining through the window. I saw that it was all in black with its hands behind its back. Wondering if I was dreaming I silently waited for it to get closer so I could inspect it better. Sure enough! Whatever or should I say! Whoever it was, was dressed completely in black. From a pair of four-inch heels with the skirt reaching the ankles, a black blouse, hands locked or tied behind, to the black helmet covering the head.

The couch I was laying on was in the dark so the person didn't see me. I waited until it passed me and quietly followed it into Auntie's bedroom. It was kneeling on the floor with its head under her cover's. I could see that the hands were locked behind with a pair of black leather wrist cuffs. Whoever it was moved down to the bottom of her bed. A few seconds later I saw Auntie Jane stir. She turned the light on as she threw the covers

back exposing the person under them. Something looked strange. Here was this person, all dressed in black with their hands locked behind them and a black leather helmet laced over their head. Auntie Jane reached down and pulled the skirt up and I saw what looked like a bright silver metal tube covering his penis locked around his testicles. Although her ankle was in a cast, she was able to move around. She reached down and took hold of the leash and pulled him up between her legs as she spread them. She slid the leash under her and pulled until his face was buried deep in her crotch.

I stood there looking at him as he knelt there. The skirt up around his waist, his nylons held up by four garters on each leg. No panties to hide the metal penis chastity hanging between his legs. His wrists locked together behind his back. I reached down

and held his testicles in my hand. His shaft was erect. Auntie Jane smile was the message I needed. I pushed his face deep into her crotch. My feet held his ankles apart as I held his testicles with one hand and his head with the other until Auntie Jane climaxed.

story continued page 5



There was a blindfold hanging around his neck that Auntie Jane had me put over his eyes. She told me to lead him outside and tie him to the porch and leave him there. I did it, except I removed his shirt and tied the penis chastity to the post leaving him to stand there with his arms behind him, not knowing what to expect next.

When I went back into her bedroom, I asked her if it was who I thought it was! Yes she said! It was her boss and once a month when there was a full moon, he'd put a pair of nipple clips and penis chastity on, before dressing himself up and facing the helmet over his head. Then he'd put a pair of wrists cuffs on, lock the slave collar around his neck walk outside and lock his wrists together before starting his "midnight walk". She showed me the hundred dollar bill that he carried in his teeth. I asked her what she did to earn a hundred dollars! Abuse and humiliate him she replied. Hell, for a hundred dollars I'd abuse him. I told her!

She told me to wait a couple of hours and then lead him back to his house. She said to keep the blindfold on him and to gag him with my soiled panties. She told me where he hid his bondage equipment and said that if I tied him up properly she was sure he'd reward me. She gave me a couple of magazines showing women dominating their slaves. I started reading and was hot in no time. Before I realized it, it was time to lead him back to his house.

Quickly I threw on a pair of jeans and tee shirt, slip into my sneakers He was still standing just

where I'd left him. I slapped a pair of panties in his mouth and zipped the helmet shut. Unhooked the leash and led him back to his house. I tied him to the tree out front as I went inside to see what was there to tie him to. I found a weight rack and remembered one of the stories about where the wife had locked her husband to a pole using a muffler clamp. I couldn't find a clamp, but there was a large padlock that fitted nicely over the bar with room to spare. Up in his closet I found a black leather armbinder that covered most of his body.

I led him inside and had him kneel down. I removed the panties gagging him. Dropped my jeans and put my moist pussy against his lips. His tongue began licking me and before long I had him on his back, straddling his face. I slid forward as his tongue continued to search my body. It was the first time I'd ever been eaten and having his tongue up inside me was fantastic. I moved my crotch backwards until his tongue was deep inside me. I slipped the tee shirt up over my head and knelt on top of him as I pinched my own nipples. The feeling of power was unlike anything I'd ever felt before.

After I climaxed I found the keys to his cuffs. I unlocked them and slipped the armbinder over his head and laced it up with his arms in front of him Then led him to the weight rack. I removed the metal penis chastity and locked his testicles to the bar. Locked his ankles to the legs and left him there

I went into his bedroom and found the pile of bondage magazines It was almost dawn as I put my clothes back on, took his keys and a pile of magazines and drove back to Auntie Jane's. She was still asleep as I entered her bedroom I laid down beside her and fell asleep. It seems like a few minutes but was really a couple of hours before she woke me. "Have fun?" she asked. When I told her what I'd done she laughed. "Sounds like you enjoyed yourself." She began telling me some of the things she'd done to him over the years. She even showed me a couple of articles that she'd written and some that he'd written.

I left him there a day, while I took Auntie Jane to work. Later that night, I returned and asked him (after removing the gag) if he was ready to serve me. "Please Mistress! Let me be your slave! Let me worship you!" "I need a car!" I told him. He promised to give me a used one that was old but in good running condition. I told him that I'd tell my mother that he was letting me work it off over the summer. For the next two months, I'd dress him up and punish him after work. If found many ways to abuse him. A few times I even had him dress up in his girlfriend's, daughter's clothes while he cleaned the house, wearing his heels, her training bra and little flowered panties. I teased him, threatening to invite her up while he was doing his chores. Needless to say, he spent many hours between my legs servicing me.

**Corry**

## SUBMISSIVE NEEDS A MISTRESS



Very straight, fabulously sensual, shaved submissive white 33 year old crossdresser desperately desires feminization by attractive single woman with gorgeous stocking-clad legs. Eminent sissy already wears panties and stockings every day. Predestined girl adores NT, CBT, candle wax and receiving anal. Her slave is not yet pierced, tattooed, on hormones or chastised. Seeking permanent and loving relationship with Mistress. Please send photo and phone number.

**Marina**

P.O. Box 202  
Forest Park, IL 60340



FORCED WOMANHOOD 5

# THIS DOMINANT WOMAN OTHERS AS HER SHE-MALE

I have been reading your magazine for years. It has brought us so much enjoyment over the years, and not only gave us ideas to make our life happy, but for me very sexual. Because of your magazine, I get more turned on than I've ever been. The reason I believe is two-fold now that I've changed my husband into a she-male slave.

ONE, I love the fact that he cannot have sex because he is chastised. I get very turned on with him being my slave and that he wants me so bad, but can't have

me. I enjoy having sex with men in front of him while he's tied down watching us have fabulous sex... **THIS REALLY TURNS ME ON!** I look at his sad face as I have sex with others and get even more turned on. So do my lovers...they want a dominant woman, and when they think I have another beautiful woman as my slave, and look at my slave all bound up...they go crazy!

Sometimes, I make my slave suck my lover's dick before we have sex. This really gets me hot because the idea that my she-male looks so tame, subdued, and submis-



# ENJOYS HAVING SEX WITH SLAVE IS MADE TO WATCH

sive, and he/she is forced to suck another man's cock...a cock that will be making love to me afterwards; and the ecstasy of my poor slave having to suck a cock knowing he/she will never get his own cock sucked again, and believe me, he used to really enjoy having his little pecker sucked.

...and TWO, to top it off, after I send my lover home, I sit on his face and make him swallow not only my cum but my lover's cum. I usually climax again because my slave gets turned on by eating me out, but he can't do anything with his small, chastised penis. I make him eat me and at the same time swallow all the cum. Now this is a humiliation that I love to do over and over again.

For some reason, I don't know why, but I really get turned on with my slave wanting me so much and not being able to have me, but others can. If I have a choice, I like him bound and gagged to watch my love affair, but sometimes I just tie him in another room and then afterwards make him eat our cum.

I seem to be always turned on now. I constantly bind my slave up and tell him of the lovers I'm going to have because he can no longer satisfy me. This even turns me on...watching him while he is tied down helpless and him knowing he cannot have me, but another will.

I LOVE YOUR MAGAZINE. I am now in charge of my life and my she-male slave.

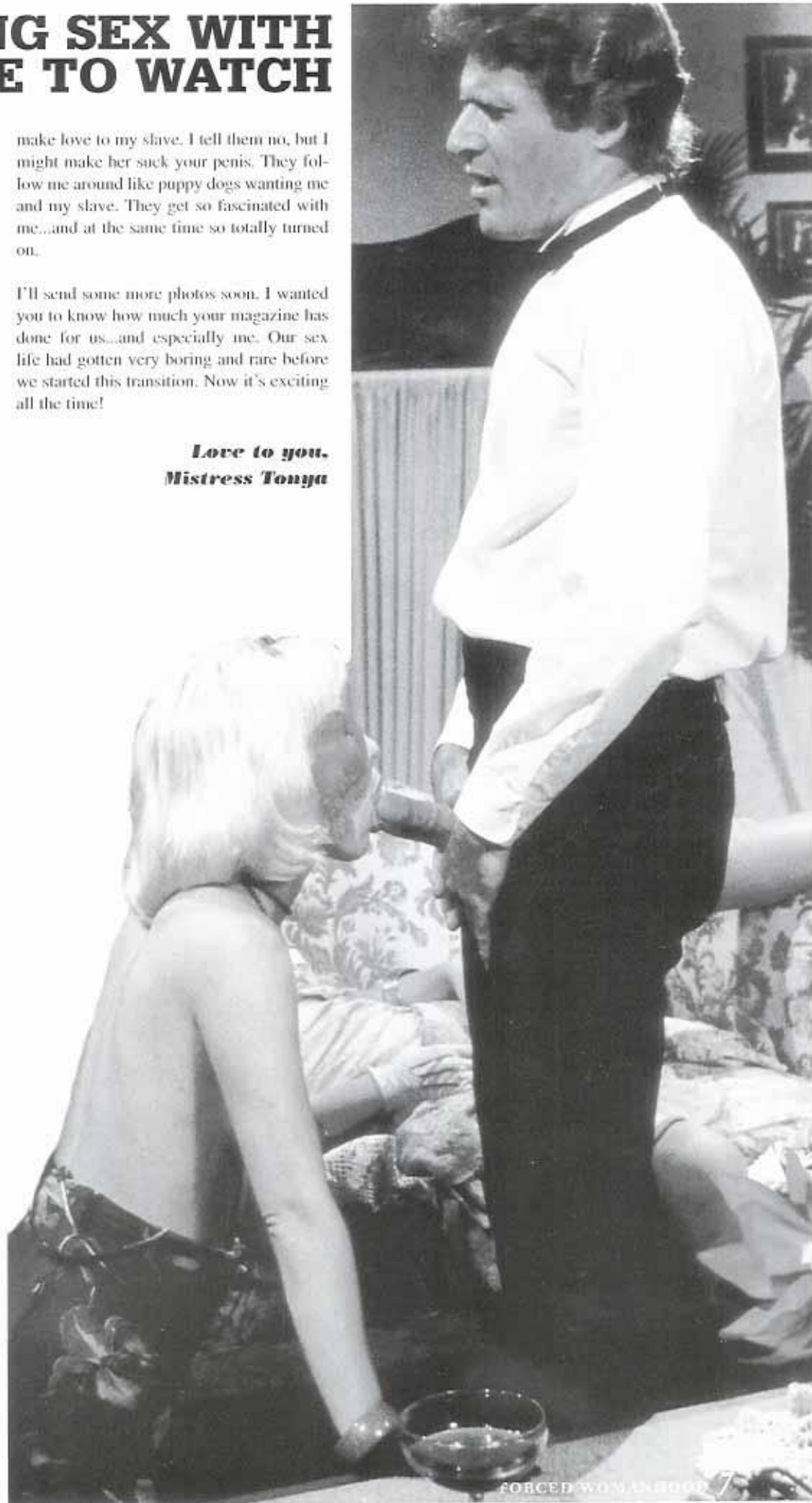
Don't get me wrong, I love my slave and my slave loves me. The more of a slave I've made him, the more he depends on me and the more he adores me. He shows me his love by eating my cum and my lover's cum. Usually afterwards, I make him kiss my feet, and make him tell me how much he loves me. For some reason, this make it alright between the two of us and shows we both love each other even though he is truly my slave.

My slave now has his breast implants and lives full time as a woman. I always make my slave wear high heels, garter belt, stockings, and sexy underwear wherever he goes. Men get turned on by sexy-dressed women. This makes it even more fun when men try to pick him up, and then I tell them that she is my slave. Men get turned on by the whole idea, and most men go berserk over me because I have such a beautiful, sexy slave to make and do anything I want. Some men even boldly ask if they can

make love to my slave. I tell them no, but I might make her suck your penis. They follow me around like puppy dogs wanting me and my slave. They get so fascinated with me...and at the same time so totally turned on.

I'll send some more photos soon. I wanted you to know how much your magazine has done for us...and especially me. Our sex life had gotten very boring and rare before we started this transition. Now it's exciting all the time!

***Love to you,  
Mistress Tonya***



## MISTRESS TURNS MAN INTO GORGEOUS SHE-MALE SLAVE

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

I was drawn to Ralph because of his submissiveness, and the fact he looked so feminine in make-up and lingerie. On our early dates I let him fuck me if he put on sexy lingerie and one of my wigs. Next I introduced him to bondage sex\* and from then on he was my willing TV sex slave.

We often went on dates with him tied up in women's clothes, a sweater or jacket draped over his slim shoulders to hide the ropes on his wrists and arms, or a raincoat about him so his ropes and only scanty lingerie were not seen. We would go for drives, walks, and even to the movies. We also picnicked in isolated areas and I'd tie him to trees with many ropes (like the drawings of "Sweet Gwendoline"), and on the blanket and hand-feed him. We regretted the demise of drive in movies and restaurants, with their privacy for sex and bondage.

I slowly weaned Ralph from intercourse, making him love my tall, slender, busty body with his fingers and tongue before seeing to his wants. He would be so aroused that all I had to do was barely masturbate him (by hand or a rope tied around the sensitive area of his cock) and he would cum. When in a generous mood, I'd give him a blow-job and have him shoot in his face or over his tied, feminized body. He also became expert at playing with my tits and pussy (stroking my clit for hours) with his hands tied behind his back.

Deciding I would find no one more suited to my desires, I proposed to Ralph and we were married; just a J.P. and witness. He had a phone sales job

and worked at home, wearing a wig and lingerie and either leather wrist and ankle cuffs and chairs, or yards of rope, with his hands hobbled in front. My computer design job allowed me to also work at home, and for the first month of marriage we hardly got any work done, as I was so busy binding and dominating Ralph.

From your magazine I ordered all the creams and pills, even secretly giving Ralph extra doses ground up in his food. He meekly went along, letting his light brown hair grow long and constantly wearing a waist-cinch and 5" or 6" stilettos, to further trim his slim waist, give his butt and hips a rounder look, and help his calves, ankles and arches. Soon his face and figure were appearing more feminine and his cock and sex drive were shrinking.

I locked his pecker in a FLAA Frenum Chastity with studs and ring, to which I attached a leash and led him around the house, yard, and also woods when we went on picnics. It was fun to tether him by his leash to a tree and leave him tied and gagged in only corset, garter belt, nylons and 5" sandals, the nipples of his growing breasts colored with red lipstick that matched his lips, finger and toenails, to worry when I would return - and if he would be found like that by hikers.

Finally Ralph understood that I was turning him into a she-male and not a very feminine TV who could have sex. His threat of divorce earned him a trip to the playroom, where innocent things became sinister. The ceiling plant hooks were used to suspend him by his wrists, ankles, and long hair for cruel beatings with whips, belts, and

my fists. Tied over a footstool or comfortable chair, he was spanked and dildoad. Sitting bound in a corner of the pool table with his lovely nyloned legs tied wide apart, his balls were used instead of the pocket for the hard-hit pool balls. There were hours of intricate, strenuous bondage on the floor or to pieces of furniture—and me walking over his body with my stiletto heels. In only a week his will was completely broken.

I placed Ralph's small penis in a FL2C Frenum and broke off the screw heads, depriving him of sex permanently, then gave him voice and feminine training, whacking his tiny balls with a riding crop whenever he displayed a male mannerism. A year later he had breast implants, and was a ravishing, complete she-male who easily passed as a real woman.

"Rona" satisfies me with her tongue and fingers, but at times I want a real prick inside me. Usually she accompanies me and watches, tied and gagged, while I fulfill my male urges. Then her mouth and ass are used to exhaustion by the eager men while I fuck myself with a vibrator, fingers, or a man whose waiting his turn with my submissive, sissy, she-male slave.

***Mistress Anna***





# HER OWN PERSONAL SLAVE

*Dear Sirs or Madam,*

I embarked on dominating my husband over four years ago before we married. I have found that firmly increasing my control over his entire existence has been not only remarkably easy, but also tremendously rewarding! Surprisingly enough, my slave Markie seems to also have enjoyed the transition from a successful and independent, young man into a servile, little wimp. A wimp who is totally [independent, worships me and the very ground I walk on, and is also a very caring, loving "nanny" to my infant children. With my own personal slave, am more than able to successfully pursue my career while Markie conscientiously cares for the household and my children. Best of all, I have continued to enjoy an exciting sex life with a wide range of bed partners.

When I first met Markie, I quickly realized that he could present the ideal solution to the classic problem faced by ambitious women in today's society. I wanted a dynamic career with no interruptions, children at home by a caring parent, and I desired to enjoy a varied and fulfilling sex life with varied partners. In other words, I wanted a traditional wife (a grateful and devoted mate) who would be, totally dependent on me for financial well-being, take care of all domestic chores, raise my children, and silently bear the constant humiliation of being cuckolded by a philandering spouse.

Markie not only fit the bill for a mousy wife, but also presented additional exciting possibilities of even greater levels of dominance that are not possible with a traditional spouse. I must admit that I have always found the process of manipulating and humiliating another human being while exercising my own natural dominance both totally pleasurable and quite stimulating. I have transformed Markie into a completely submissive and dependent wussy while thoroughly enjoying myself. Gradually but firmly, I began destroying his weak and silly male pride. It has been one of the most fulfilling experiences of my life! The exhilarating intoxication of knowing that you are consciously transforming an independent person and making them into, a totally wussy slave and possessing them is just wonderful! And the fact that he allows you to do so is beyond words! I thought you might enjoy a few suggestions on techniques that I have used to break his will and domesticate him.

On my first date with Markie, he was a bit awed to be going out with a beautiful and intelligent woman. His shyness and lack of experience made him backward compared to most of my dates.

However, I did enjoy his wit, intelligence and good looks. Following dinner, the conversation slowed down and I asked Markie, "What's next on the agenda tonight?" He began to think

about what he should say. So to save time and get things going, I simply asked, "Your place or mine?"

From that moment on, I have been in charge. Markie was surprised by my forwardness, and failed to quickly respond. So, I just took him by the hand and told him we were going to my condo. Once at my condo, I assumed full command - from feeling him up in the elevator to sitting him on the bed once inside, I brazenly stripped before his grateful eyes, and then I undressed Markie. I got the surprise of the evening when I saw his little cock! For a man over six feet tall and weighing over two hundred pounds, his tiny cock is hardly five inches long and little more than one inch in diameter when erect - a baby pecker and hardly enough to satisfy a woman!

I grabbed Markie by his itty-bitty pecker, led him to the bed, sat down in front of him, spread my legs wide and told him I would like him to lick me. Markie proved to be a very

good cunt lick, though of course his little cock is simply inadequate. I did let him fuck me that first evening, and on a few subsequent dates. Fortunately, he is a premature ejaculator, so I did not have to spend too much time riding his tiny pecker. With Markie, I am always on top. On our first date, Markie did learn one new experience. I insisted that he go down on me after he came in my cunt, and he received his first taste of sperm as he licked me to several more orgasms.

I kept seeing Markie for several weeks, and he was totally in love with me and a devoted cunt lapper. I encouraged him to bare his soul to me focusing on his submissive nature. At my prompting, he told me with such cute embarrassment that his primary sexual outlet was jerking off to girly magazines. He also admitted that his pecker was tiny. To my profound shock, Markie told me that I was only the fifth woman that he had made love to. I was

**story continued page 12**





astounded, as I had conservatively bedded several hundred! I began to subtly reinforce his feelings of inferiority about having a tiny pecker. He accepted my dominance more with each date, and at my insistence, learned how to lick and tongue my asshole quite well. Often he would cook dinner, eat my ass and cunt for an extended desert, and then do the dishes while I relaxed.

After three months of dating, I told Markie that he could move in with me. But as I owned the condo, he would be responsible for the shopping, housework, cooking and other wifely chores. I insisted on seeing the packing and storage of most of his belongings. While helping him pack, I discovered his "secret" stash of lingerie. At my insistence, we immediately threw out all of his male underwear and took a break from packing so that Markie could give me a fashion show and model his panties and teddies.

I complimented Markie on his selections, but told him that he needed to shave his body - especially his crotch, legs and chest so that the lingerie would look its best. He hesitantly agreed, and we finished with him wearing a really cute teddy.

Later that day, I helped him shave his body clean. I insisted that he wear only his lingerie around the house, and he now enjoys parading around dressed like a wimp with only the slightest encouragement from me. He especially enjoys being taken shopping for lingerie, and of course I encourage the activity as it reinforces his submission when I insult and humiliate him in front of all the giggling, star-gazing girls.

During this time, I have always continued to have several light weight affairs as well as my favorite habit which is sport - fucking. For I need a good, hard, big cock several times a week. Markie, of course, was blissfully unaware that I was fucking other men behind his sissy back, and like the very well behaved docile pet she-male that he really is, he totally accepted at face value my incredibly lame, poor excuses for needing to work so late. I would even be gone overnight, especially on weekends, and he never suspected that I was getting lots of sex on the side from real men.

After he had been living with me for four months, I picked a day when he was particularly submissive and vulnerable to let him know about my affairs with other men, and also my need to have sex with real men. He acted shocked and immediately started to cry. I simply informed Markie that he had no choice but to move out if he couldn't accept the fact that I would never be faithful to him. I pointed out that his tiny prick, which I had kindly fucked over a dozen times in our seven months of courtship, was simply inadequate and good only for self - abuse.

Markie wined and cried pathetically, so I sent him to his room for the afternoon to consider

his predicament. As for myself, I visited a boyfriend for a brief dalliance. I purposefully did not clean my cunt after my boyfriend filled it with his cum, and raced home to see my houseboy. Markie wimpishly apologized for acting badly and said that he agreed to whatever I desired. I sat in front of him, pulled down his panties, and stroked his baby pecker. As he stood before me, I told him that he would have to accept that I would fuck other men, that I would bring them home, that he would have to be a respectful houseboy with them, and that he would never again be allowed to have intercourse with me or anyone else as long as he stayed with me. Like a good wimp, he agreed to all points, pathetically saying he would do whatever I wanted as I continued to hold and stroke his hard, little baby pecker.

As his reward, I told him that my cunt was full of another man's sperm, and that he must lick it clean. He lay on the ground and I squatted over his face so that he could lick the fresh sperm oozing from my cunt. My orgasm from his cunt lapping were absolutely delightful and one of my favorite memories.

I had Markie move to the smaller guest bedroom and got him a nice little bed. Because he enjoys looking at girlie magazines so much, I had him decorate all four walls in his bedroom with nudie pictures cut out of his favorite magazines. He really does like the decoration, and I enjoy making fun of him when my friends see his special, little boy's room. I also removed his bedroom door so that he has no privacy.

I immediately began bringing men home to fuck several times a week. I particularly enjoyed seducing the friends, co-workers and the acquaintances of Markie as it reinforced his humiliation. Seducing his boss proved particularly rewarding, as he is a great fuck and enjoys kidding Markie about being a full-service employee. To further embarrass Markie at work, I had him write a rather explicit and degrading memo to his boss for his personnel file. He had to explain in detail why he was unable to satisfy me because of his tiny size and his premature ejaculation. He also had to profusely thank his boss for helping me with my sexual needs! Of course, the letter made the rounds of the office, and everyone he knew started kidding him and making fun of him! I was pleased with the results as Markie wanted to quit work and stay home like a good wife.

I had a special wardrobe of both overly female maid's outfits as well as feminine looking tuxedos made so that he should be the perfectly dressed domestic servant when my dates and friends come over for dinner. Cuckolding him and constantly reminding him about his inadequate and pathetic little baby cock is deliciously humiliating. I even occasionally allow him to watch me have sex with other men, but only as a very special reward. He never fails to get aroused and excited when he knows that I am fucking. I really enjoy coming home after a good fucking only to let Markie lick my cunt

and ass while I tell him all about the real men who filled me with their cocks.

Rationally, Markie has accepted that he is simply unable to please a woman with his tiny pecker, but he has also admitted that he still fantasizes about intercourse. He always get excited when I openly flirt with other men in front of him, or when I have him assist me with dressing for a night out. He acts just like an anxious puppy when I return from a good sport-fucking outing. I never tire of reminding him that he will never be permitted to make love to me with his cock, rubbing in his total inadequacy compared to my other men.

I really enjoy pointing out to Markie that women have always preferred bigger, stronger men who are better at sex, and that it is normal to mate with men who can please me fully.

Little men like him. I remind him, have to be content with playing with themselves. The dominant men and women get their pick of sex partners and mate together, while weaker, submissive males get what's left or don't get any females at all and have to jerk off. Markie is learning to fully accept that he is simply an inadequate male and was meant to serve a dominant female as a slave. He readily admits that serving me is preferable to being alone.

We instituted a weekly ritual in which he stands naked in front of me as I stroke his tiny prick while he suggests new ways to please me and debase himself. This ritual has proved invaluable in increasing my control, and and Markie has shown that he is quite imaginative. I have learned that while spankings and other punishments are useful, humiliation, especially in front of other people, is most effective in destroying his misplaced male pride. Also important is allowing him the pleasure of masturbating only as a reward for good behavior. The hornier that he gets the more obedient and servile he becomes.

For our first anniversary, I took Markie out for dinner and proposed that we marry if he would accept certain conditions. He accepted even before I could tell him that I wanted him tattooed with the inscription "Slave of Kristin" on his ass. He was also to begin hormone treatments so that he would become uniquely my wimp. He agreed to these conditions immediately, but had to think twice about it when I informed him that I wished his boss or another of my many boyfriends to impregnate me. I told him that he would be the nanny to the children that I would have by other men.

He reluctantly agreed that a man with a real cock be allowed to father my children, but kept bringing it up as if I would reconsider. Even after I told him he was unfit to father any children, let alone mine because of his itty - bitty pecker, he kept wining. He even suggested that I consider artificial insemination since I will not allow him to fuck me. He was getting so preposterous and whiny that I told him the marriage was off unless he immediately got a vasectomy as I was tired of his begging. Of course, the wimp agreed!



After the operation, he was sulky but perked up as we planned the wedding. Two weeks before the wedding, Markie and I finished our pre-nuptial agreement in which he agreed to total and permanent servitude with a six page list of specifics. Making him list out his inadequacies and terms of submission, and the having him go to the local print shop to have it typeset for framing, reinforced his commitment. Markie also changed his last name to mine after the wedding.

We had a private marriage ceremony at my club. Markie, wearing his most feminine tuxedo, knelt and agreed to be my slave and chattel. In front of my friends, he acknowledged that he had a tiny pecker and was not permitted to have intercourse with me, and that he approved of me having sex with others, and he asked that I bear another man's child. Following the wedding reception, I and the three men I had selected for the wedding party (my best men) retired to a suite at the Fairmont Hotel for the kind of night most brides can only dream about. I kindly let Markie come along and videotape the orgy as well as show his skills at cleaning all the messy genitals following heated sex.

I gave birth to my first child just ten months after our wedding, and Markie resigned his job to care for my baby. Markie did a delightful job hosting the baby shower while I and Markie's boss (the father of the first child) made sure everyone knew the true parentage of the child. Last month, I gave birth to my second child, and this time the father was a close friend of mine and Markie's. Now Markie stays home with both infants and does a wonderful job with the housework as well. I have sent him to many classes on childcare, sewing cooking and decorating. He has become a very skilled wife.

The transformation of his personality into a total wimp has been remarkably easy to achieve, and at times even surprises me at the completeness of the change. He breaks into tears at the slightest cross word from me or look from me, and he is also very prissy about his housework. He watches the soaps on TV and even carries on just like the stereotypical housewife, even clipping coupons! At times, I miss some of the wit and initiative that he once showed, but after all, it's better to have a properly housebroken husband who is as devoted as a pet dog.

Markie is quite submissive and between the petting, hormone treatments and the tattoo on his butt, he definitely looks like a kept house-husband. I find the concept of having his little pecker pierced quite entertaining as I would like to exercise more control over his ability to attain his little erections. I would also like control over his ability to enjoy orgasm, and I wish to have him pierced with a chastity ring attached, but it would have to be secured by some form of lock for which I only have the key.

A permanent chastity device with superglue or welding is just too cruel for my little slave as he so enjoys masturbating. I just couldn't permanently deprive him of his favorite pastime. However, I would enjoy having absolute control over his little pecker as I suspect he disobeys and plays with himself without permission or supervision. If you have a locking gauntlet device, I would love to have it installed on Markie. I would truly enjoy wearing a small gold, key as jewelry always knowing that the key is the only way to unlock my slave's little pecker so he can play with himself.

Unlike some of your readers who subjugate men as revenge to get back at infidelities, I did it simply because I enjoy it and love showing my natural superiority. I am certain that Markie was always faithful and would have remained so. However, his shy personality combined with his insecurity about how to deal with women, provided the fertile ground that I could exploit to completely pussy whip him. Though he started out being mildly submissive, I encouraged his wimpishness to blossom reducing him to a helpless slave whose only wish is to make my life more pleasant. This assertiveness is normal and proper for a dominant woman, and Markie is living testimony to my superiority!

I hope that more women will assume their natural dominant role, and domesticate and feminize their mates. With a little forethought, it is easy and quite rewarding. Truly, it's like having your cake and eat it too! I have probably fucked over five hundred men, and I have learned that men are simply incapable of the kind of love, care and devotion shown by my Markie (who is only allowed to use his cock under very controlled conditions and then only

for supervised self-abuse). By totally humbling himself and allowing me to transform him into a pantied wussy, Markie has accepted his proper role and has shown that he is truly in love with me and capable of caring for my children.

Since the dawn of time, successful men have used women as their wives and chattel while they aggressively pursue their careers and the garnering of power, influence, pleasure and wealth. To successfully compete, a modern woman must use the same tactics to subjugate her spouse so that he is totally devoted to her and supportive of her goals and focus. Just as successful men have known that wives are role cast to care for their home, their mistresses and their secretaries (who are placed on the earth for their amusement and sexual gratification), certain other men are naturally good as house-boys and nannies while others are best suited for pleasurable stud service and very little else. Modern women will not be able to successfully compete with men until they assume the totally dominant role and teach their husbands that they will be happiest when serving their wives. Panty training, feminization, public humiliation, frequent physical punishment and strictly limiting sexual gratification to self-abuse are the most effective techniques to humble a man and turn him into a wussy. As your publication shows, an increasing number of women are taking control of their destiny and dominating males. As this trend receives more attention, an increasing number of women are sure to take advantage of male insecurity to subjugate and feminize their foolish mates.

**Very truly yours,  
Vickie**





# THE ULTIMATE REVENGE

Rhonda and I operate an incredibly profitable service that we provide to a select, and growing, clientele of women.

Our far ranging network of women divorce lawyers and judges tip us off when they encounter a male who fits the profile we're looking for. Namely habitual cheaters, husbands who abuse their wives, and cases of recurring sexual harassment. We discuss our services with the wives, victims, or the employer. All, I might add, have been highly enthusiastic of what we propose.

What happens then, after careful arrangements and cover stories have been created is that, one day, the miserable excuse for a man, or husband, simply disappears.

When he wakes up, several weeks later, there's nothing left of them to ever recognize him as his former self, and more importantly, as a man. He awakes with the biggest tits, surgically altered face, new hair, one inch long unbreakable nails, a radically altered figure, a huge ass, and permanently changed voice.

His balls have been pushed up and sewn, his disgusting penis chastised. We could easily remove it but it's a devastating reminder of what he once was.

This phase we refer to as our physical castration phase. You can imagine the effect on him when turned to a full length mirror.

The next phase is the total feminization phase. With whips, canes and cattle prods they are too terrified, or we've found cowardly, not to try their hardest, until everything masculine about them has been completely eliminated, and they walk, talk and act like mindless bimbos.

By now we've had buyers come in to look them over, and they've already been sold before their final, customized training begins.

The phase we call final revenge. In the first illustration I'm conducting, on Mitzy, the "skirts up" command. Regardless of the situation, or location, as soon as she sees a woman raise her skirts she's to immediately kneel, arms behind her, and start licking as if her life depended on it. Not to stop until pushed, or kicked away.

As soon as we have Mitzy fully trained she'll be boxed up and shipped to her new owner in New York. She owns a women only restaurant called Chez Femme. Mitzy's only duty, after she's been chained under a table will be to lick anything that's been put in front of her. They only last about a year before the woman brings them and trades them in on a new one.

In the other illustration you see Rhonda breaking in another girl, named Gigi, with our own invention we call The Space

Invader. Basically a double dildo with several amusing features. Squeeze the balls and it inflates to enormous proportions. Touch a switch on the right and it vibrates at various speeds. Turn the switch on the left for a light, to intense, rippling effect.

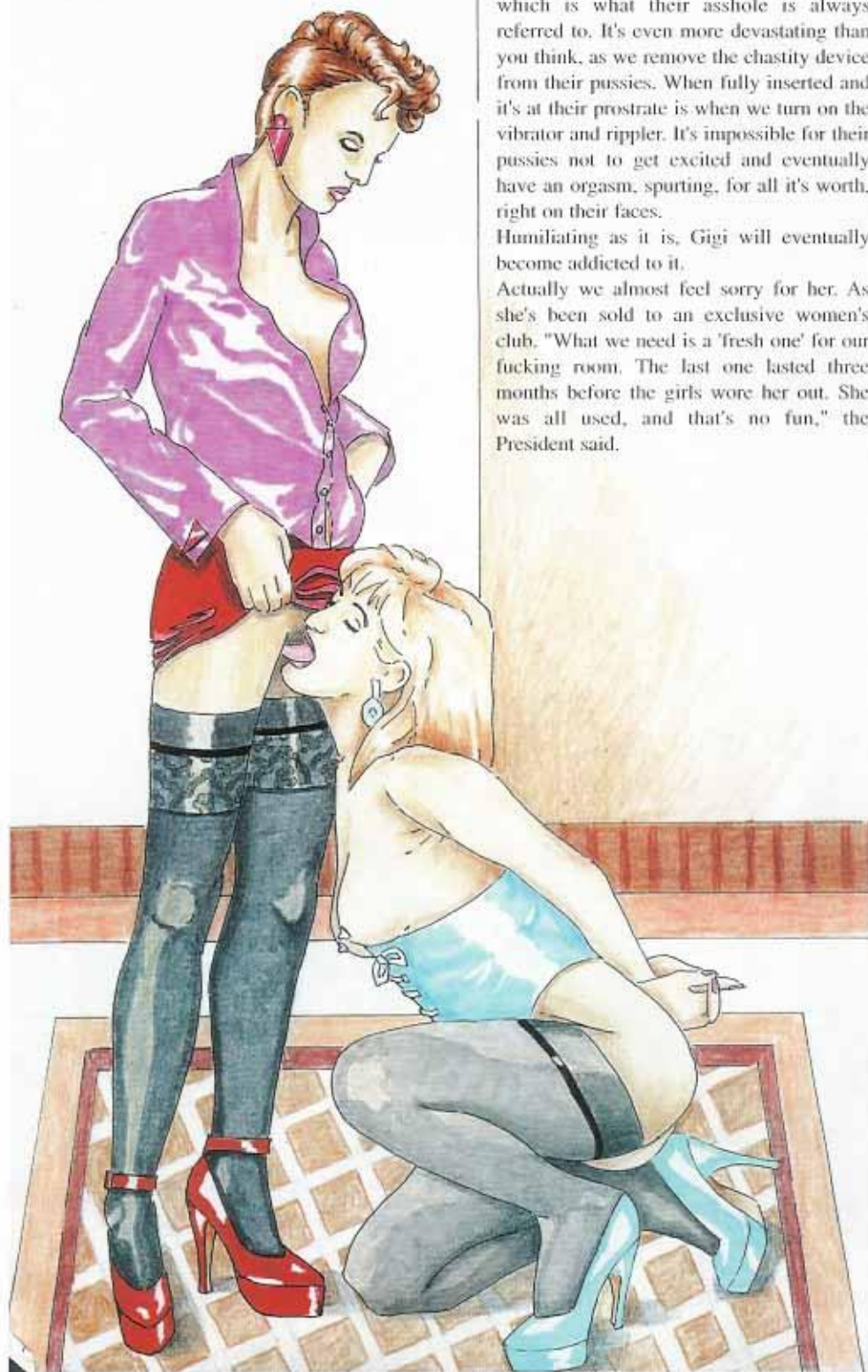
Naturally neither one of us has ever tried the business end, but we know from the sobbs and cries of our she-males it's precisely like being fucked. After their first experience with the Space Invader, they're broken men, or girls.

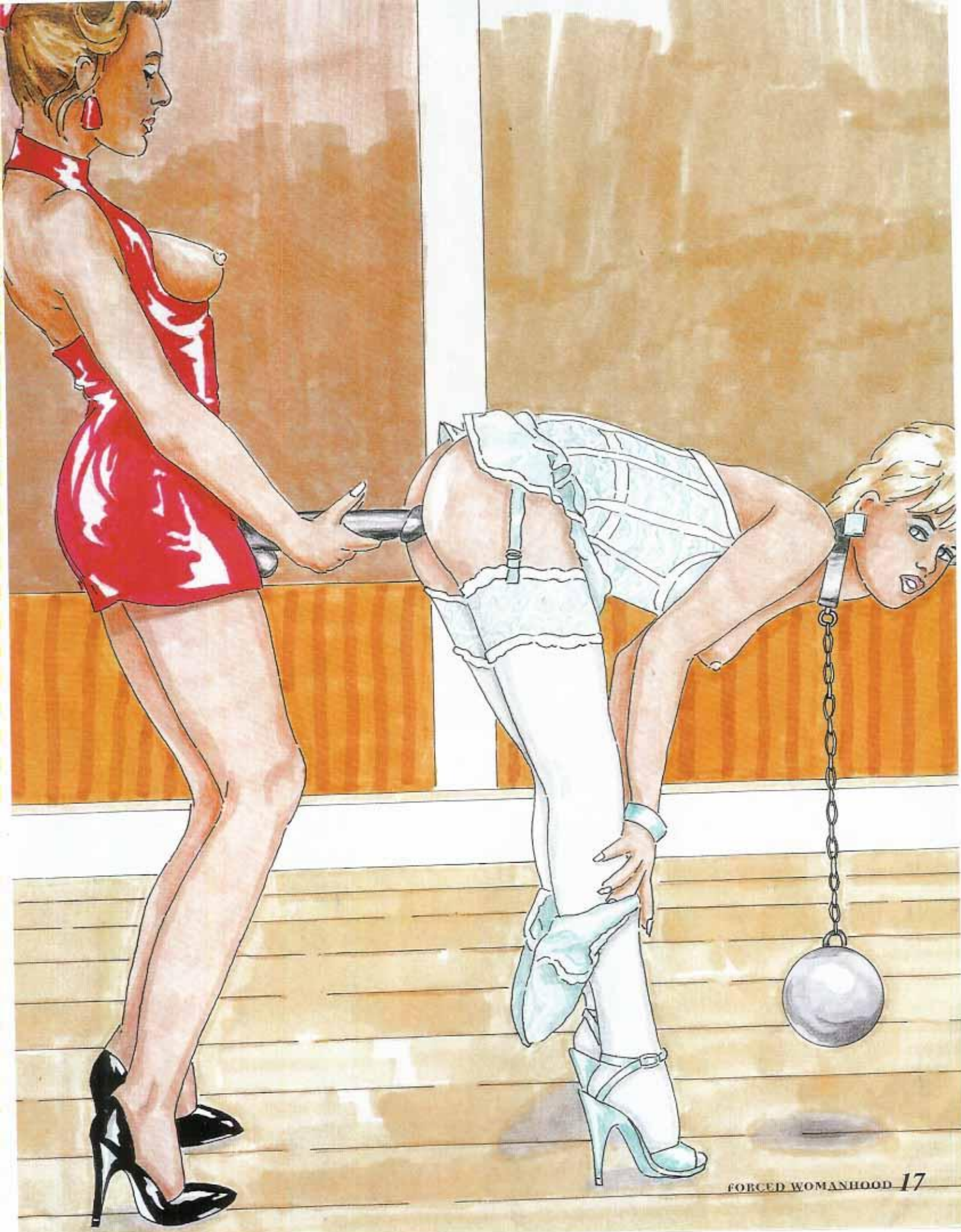
The first time they're so scared it's hard to get them to bend over, stay still, and open wide. We use a heavy ball on a chain attached to a collar to train them with. It keeps them very still, and by the time the ball touches the floor their faces are actually below their knees. Naturally it's impossible for them to lighten up, so the Invader goes in quite easily, until we start blowing it up.

You can imagine how utterly degrading it is the first time they get fucked in their cunt, which is what their asshole is always referred to. It's even more devastating than you think, as we remove the chastity device from their pussies. When fully inserted and it's at their prostrate is when we turn on the vibrator and rippler. It's impossible for their pussies not to get excited and eventually have an orgasm, spurting, for all it's worth, right on their faces.

Humiliating as it is, Gigi will eventually become addicted to it.

Actually we almost feel sorry for her. As she's been sold to an exclusive women's club, "What we need is a 'fresh one' for our fucking room. The last one lasted three months before the girls wore her out. She was all used, and that's no fun," the President said.





# SLAVE PUNISHED IN HIGH HE

## **Dear Forced Womanhood,**

I had always been irritated whenever I have to take the time out of my busy schedule to punish Daisy, which is at least once a day. First of all, it's time consuming, I really could be doing something better with my time. Second, it really is so tiring. Endlessly spanking or taking a cane to her.

However, a few months ago I came up with a way that not only doesn't take up any of my time, while I punish her, but it's proved a source of amusing entertainment. And, it's actually improved her work.

She really dreads when I come home and inspect her work. With each fault I note her expression becomes more frightened and distresses. She has such a look of pleading despair when I say, "Ankles, Daisy," knowing that the slightest hesitation will only make it worse, she grabs her ankles after crouching.

After I strap her arms to her ankles I then announce her punishment. And over the past months I've devised an almost endless variety that both punishes her and entertains me. If she's done her work reasonably well I'll just have her duck - walk around the dining room table twenty times in her every day heels/ She knows the rules. If she stops, or even hesitates, one more circuit is added. Sometimes a cane, liberally applied, helps her along.

If I find her work not to my liking I add a pair of "punishment" shoes with five inch platform shoes and ten inch stiletto heels. You can imagine how hard it is to duck - walk around in them. They often cause her to tip forward and fall, which is also against the rules, and I have to stop what I'm doing and cane her until she rights herself.

Making her duck - walk around the table in platform shoes I consider a mild punishment. For more serious offenses I have a special set of earrings. Dangling from her ears, on twelve inch chains, are steel balls which only weigh three pounds each, but you can imagine how heavy they feel after twenty trips around the table, pulling on her ears, flying about.

She knows not to beg or plead, but she does get such a look of despair when I attach a second set to her nipples. Watching them all swinging wildly, banging into each really is entertaining!

And recently I added one more little thing if she's been really bad. A ten pound ball on a longer chain which I attach to the ring of her chastity sheath.

When she sees me with it she can't help begging and swearing she'll do better the next day. "Oh, I'm sure you will little Gigi," I say, attaching it.

Twenty times around the table is entertaining, but I prefer to make a game of it. Often inviting my best friend over. Sitting comfortably on the sofa we make bets on how many time Gigi can duck - walk around it in, say, an hour. With a side bet on how many times she loses her balance and falls over. Or we may bet on how fast she can go twenty, or thirty times around the sofa.

Recently I've thought of an all new game of "Fetch." I have this big rubber doggie bone which I throw as far as I can. Then order her to fetch it, bring it back in her mouth, and drop it at my feet. Each time I throw it she has to bring it back faster than the one before or she gets punished with the cane. It really is so much fun.



# EL PLATFORMS, THEN CANED



## SLAVE FORCED TO WEAR SISSY OUTFIT AND BABY DOLL SHOES WITH TAPS

Sissy Shelly's Mistress can't understand why he wasn't more excited over the adorable bibbed outfit she brought back from her visit to the Sissy Boutique. It even had matching shoes and socks.

She pointed out how the short, cuffed pants really showed his long, smooth sissy legs. How the high waist showed off his corsetted girlish figure and behind. How the heart-shaped shiny, white buttons so perfectly matched the earrings she bought to go with them. She even bought Mary Janes in the exact same color and had double-click heel and toe taps added. Although she supposed she could understand his distressed look when he heard that.

Shelly always got such a sweet, frightened little look whenever he had to wear shoes with steel taps on them. He always had to mince so daintily and carefully in them to avoid slipping or sliding. Especially on polished, hardwood floors or tile, which was everywhere in the house.

His Mistress knew Shelly didn't like taps on his shoes, especially when she took him out in public. The smirks and giggles were so hard for him to bear. But she delighted in hearing the charming clicking them, and, of course, she could always hear when he was.

So much that, much to his dismay, she'd put taps on all his shoes, even his sneakers.

But she was truly in love with the double click taps she'd had put on, on a whim. With every step Shelly took you heard four distinct, loud clicks. They would certainly take some getting used to, she thought, as she watched him trying to walk on her hard wooden floors. He did look so nervous and frightened, poor thing, but she couldn't help noticing how much more pronounced he was forced to mince in them.

She was sure that Shelly couldn't help but draw much more attention than he usually did, she giggled.

BE SURE TO SEE OUR NEW TRANSVESTITE CATALOG 2003 OUT IN DECEMBER 2002 WITH OUR NEW BABY DOLL SHOES WITH TAPS, AND ALL KINDS OF ATTIRE.



### **Sissy Bra, Panties and Stockings**

One of our favorite models is another store sissy named Robin. We could see his potential as a top lingerie model. After diligently eliminating all unwanted hair under his arms, around his titties, between his legs, and finest hair on his bottom, we have his skin massaged daily with creams, lotions, and bubble baths to keep it glowing and soft. Robin wears one of the frilliest sissy bras called "Forever Sissy" with matching panties, and over-the-knee, school girl stockings.

Sissy Bra \$49.95 Please Send Chest Measurements  
Sissy Panties \$39.95 Please Waist Chest Measurements  
White Stockings \$12.95 A Pair



### **Mary Jane Baby Doll Sissy Shoes**

If you truly want your sissy to be noticed for what he is in public, then you simply must get him a pair of these in gleaming pink for his dainty feet. Little girl heels just high enough to be noticed and giggled at. As a delightful option, add a pair of steel heel and toe taps to draw much unwanted attention to his sissy footwear. These are custom made. They come in sizes 9 to 13 in white or black.



From the "Little Tootsie" line of sissy shoes we have the perfect shoe. The classic "Mary Jane" in shiny, black, patent leather. An "absolute must have" for your sissie's closet. Nothing cries "sissy" more than a darling pair of Mary Janes. They come in sizes 9 to 13 in white or black.

Also be sure to see our other sissy and Baby Doll Shoes in Transvestite Catalog 13. Romantic Sensations also has hundreds of styles of shoes and boots and over 15 styles of Baby Doll Shoes. Also black patent Baby Dolls with taps available at our store.



# BABY MARY JANES WITH RUFFLED ANKLETS

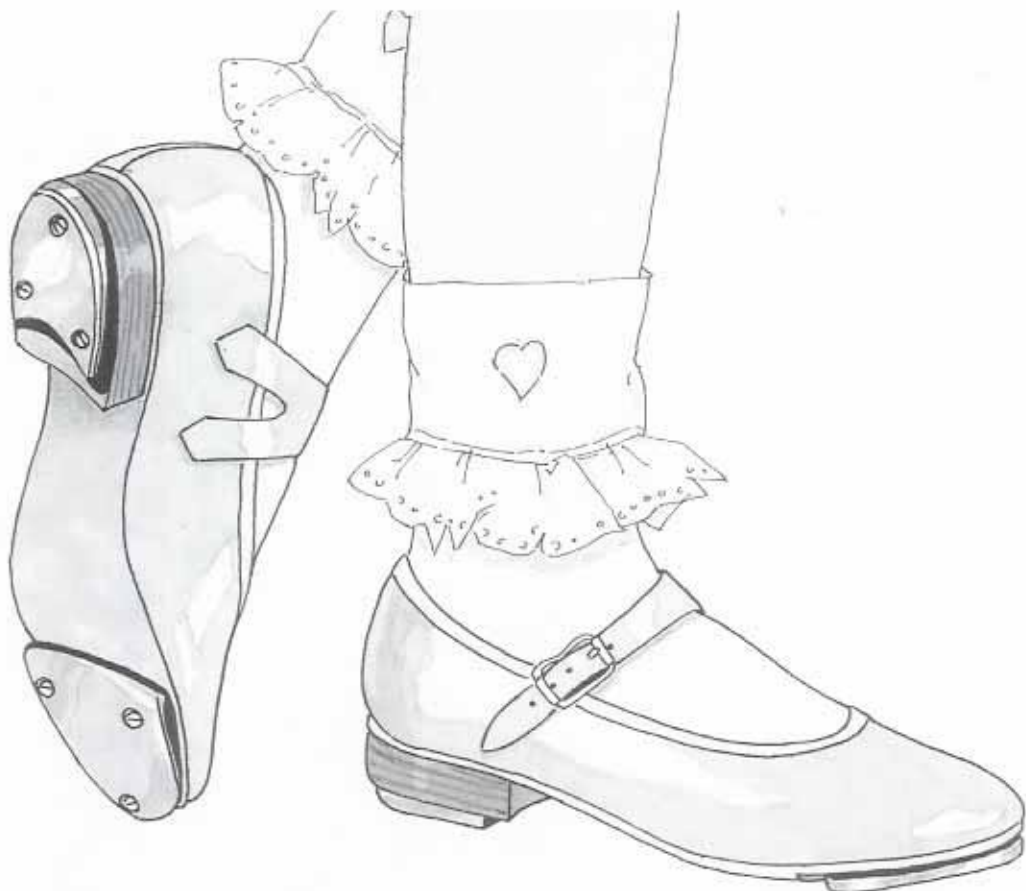
Owners of sissies dress them in a variety of ways. From tastefully conservative to absurdly sissy. However the one thing they all agree on is that every sissy must have several pairs of classic Mary Janes in their Sissy Mary Janes on their feet mark them for what they are.

Take out a pair of his Mary Janes and you can just see him cringe. Especially if the sissy has been told he's being taken for an outing.

However to ensure that much unwanted attention is drawn to his sissy shoes we recommend the addition of steel taps be added to the heels and toes. For a minimum cost the Sissy Boutique can fix the heels and toes with the same taps you find on tap dance shoes. Which we've found make the loudest noise, and can be heard from quite a distance.

Shown here is a classic Mary Jane in patent leather. Taps come in a variety of shapes and sizes and you can choose from "single click", or "double click." Which really the poor sissy cringe. Especially if you add a pair of dainty ankle socks.

Note: Be sure to see our large, all color Transvestite Catalog 14 for all kinds of sissy items.



## BABY DOLL SHOES

### Baby Doll #1

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



### Baby Doll #2

Two Dainty Straps.  
Sizes 9 to 13 White or Black Patent  
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### Baby Doll #3

One Large Buckle.  
Sizes 9 to 13  
White or  
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# MISTRESS CHANGES MAN INTO GORGEOUS SHE-MALE SLAVE

*Dear Forced Womanhood,*

It started innocently enough when our office had a "switch sexes" party. We girls still did our best to look feminine and not like a bunch of dykes, while most of the guys treated it as a joke and looked silly in drag. A few, such as Perry, seriously did try to look like women: I'd never seen a man dressed as a woman except in movie and TV comedies, and Perry's very feminine looks and manner aroused my interest.

He took me home after the party and ended up spending the night. We made love fully dressed in drag, then later with me naked and him in lingerie and heels. The sexy feel of his wig, nylons, and black satin lingerie rubbing against my naked body while our painted lips kissed and our long red nailed hands explored each other intimately was a real turnon for both of us.

We began dating, and Perry was flattered by my praise of how well he looked dressed as a woman. Soon I had him going out like that on dates to places where we wouldn't run into anyone from the office. Finally we got an apartment together, and I really began feminizing him. At work he wore panties, stay-up nylons, and a body slip under his clothes. At home he wore either lingerie or erotic dresses and outfits from your TRANSFORMATION and TRANSVESTITE catalogs. I was very intrigued by the bondage photos of TVs and she-males, and Perry went along with my desire to bind and gag him. I used ropes and cloth gags until the leather bondage gear ordered from your catalogs arrived, then rotated between ropes and leather. Perry was very submissive and enjoyed his bondage, even going along with occasionally having his penis and balls locked in the Phallic Fidelity Enforcer and the Penis Chastity that engulfed all of his genitals.

While reading your magazine I decided that I honestly wanted to turn Perry into a gorgeous she-male slave. I sent for your various creams and pills which he took, unaware of their true nature. As luck would have it, Perry's division was phased out. We had money set aside and some in good investments, besides I still had my executive job. It was then that I put my transformation plan into full swing.

I threw out all of Perry's male clothes, put him in a FL4A Frenum Chastity, and increased the dosage and usage of pills and creams. He began to complain that he was actually turning into a woman, and I then revealed my whole plan. He tried to halt the process, but I tied him up tightly, gagged him with a huge penis gag,

then whipped him hard with a thick leather belt on both sides of his body, particularly on his cock and balls.

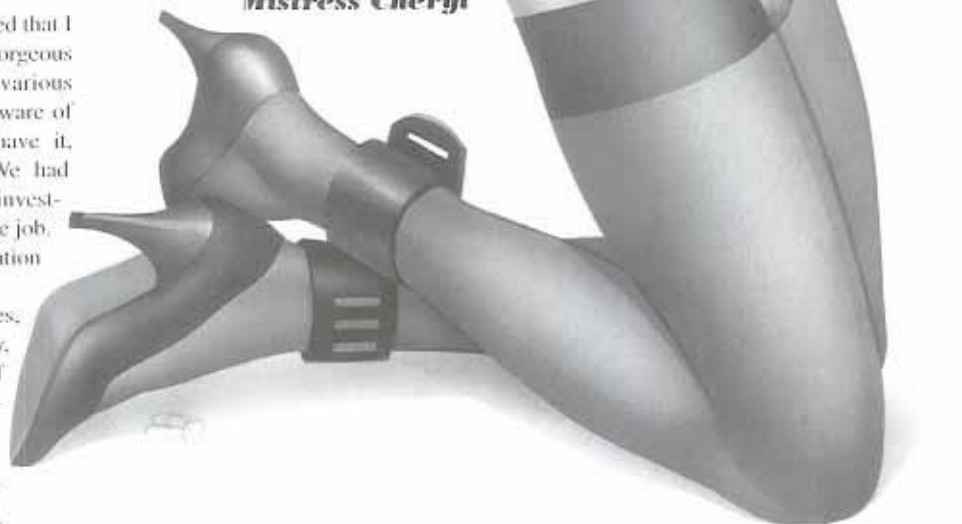
For the next month I kept Perry intricately tied, gagged, and locked in a closet whenever I left home. He ate and drank from dog dishes while tied up, and I screwed his ass with various-sized rubber and plastic dildoes, which he first lubricated with his mouth and tongue. I also whipped him daily with a different whip, some only stung while others left marks for days.

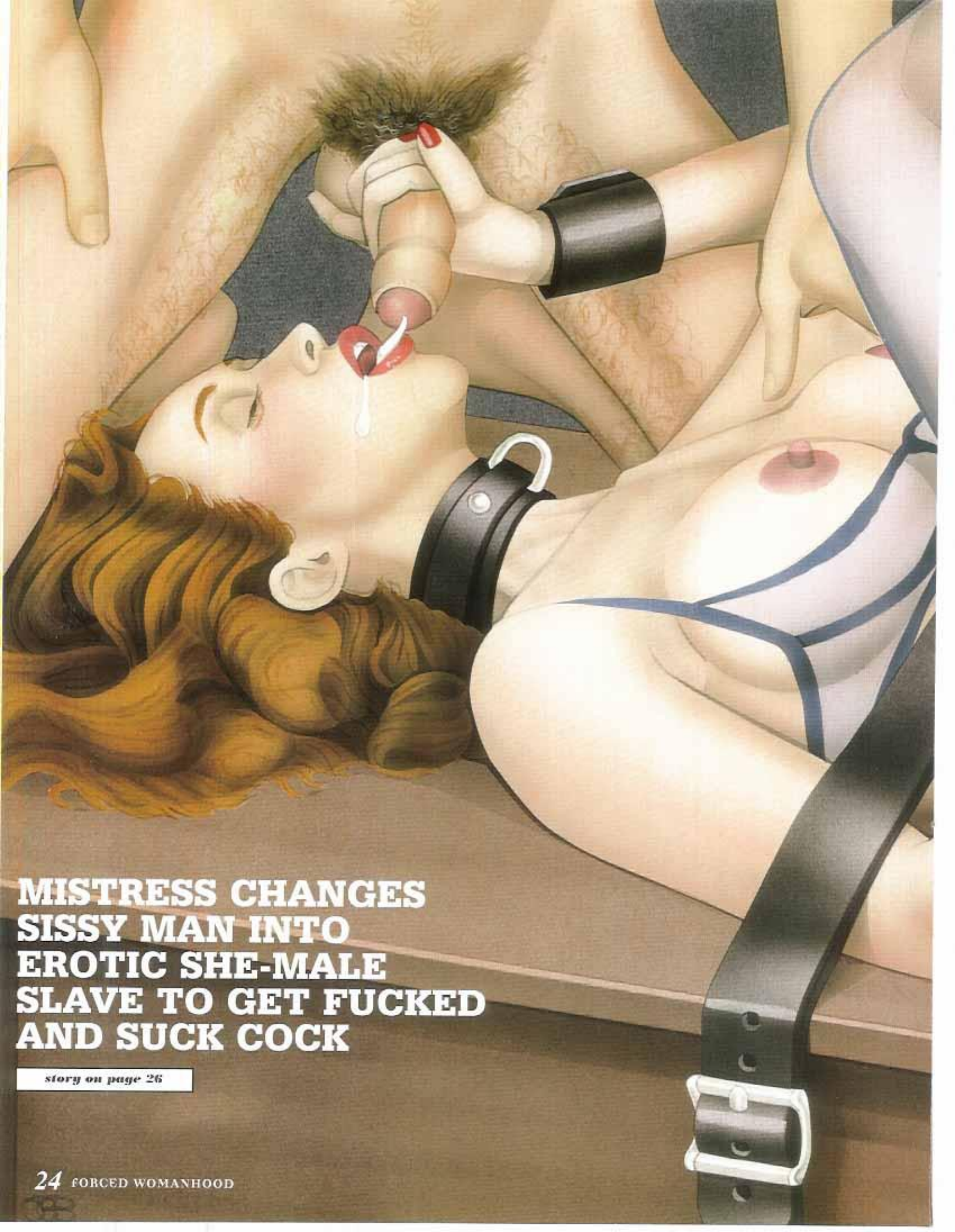
Even after Perry surrendered to my will I kept him gagged and tied to the bed or other furniture when I went out. Often it was to see men, as I no longer thought of him as a man - and he was much better at cunt-licking than fucking, especially with his steadily shrinking penis while his breasts grew. I kept him in a tight corset continually to narrow his waist and give his ass and hips a rounder and more feminine appearance. As the changes became more evident I tied him in front of a full-length mirror so he could admire his new self while waiting for me to come home.

Finally Perry's breasts were ready for implants while his cock had shrunk so that he had to wear a FL2 Frenum, whose screw heads were broken off right after his operation.

Now "Peggie" is a willowy, gorgeous, blonde she-male slave. I take her with me when I go out to have sex with men and have her watch, tied and gagged in only high heels and G-string. Often I dildo her pert ass while the man fucks her mouth, then we switch ends.

*Mistress Cheryl*





**MISTRESS CHANGES  
SISSY MAN INTO  
EROTIC SHE-MALE  
SLAVE TO GET FUCKED  
AND SUCK COCK**

*story on page 26*

