

Forced Womanhood

ISSUE 38

\$16.50

**MEN
TRANSFORMED
INTO SEXY
SHE-MALE
SLAVES BY
MASTERS &
MISTRESSES**

**ARTICLES
& PHOTOS
FROM
READERS**

ADULTS ONLY



Forced Womanhood

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

Forced Womanhood 38, 2003

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

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All models are of age or older-proof is on file. All photos in this publication were taken before the year of 1994. Adults Only

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erotic art by Aldo, Baker, Patrick and Rogan

WE HAVE ADDED A NEW SISST SECTION TO FORCED WOMANHOOD

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

LETTERS & PHOTOGRAPHS

from our readers

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

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

Connect to www.forced-womanhood.com or www.centurianonline.com.

Note: Four new issues have just been added!

CROSSDRESSER LOVES TO SUCK COCK

Dear Jeri and the beautiful girls of Nevada,

Hello out there in the sunny west, I'm here on the frozen Eastern shore of Maryland! I wrote before, and must say I look forward for each month's flyer. I just wish there wasn't any bondage stuff. My name is Erica. I'm going on 33 years old, blonde hair and blue eyes.

I have crossdressed since I was around 15 years old and love going out and meeting special guys who enjoy mostly awesome evenings. I really get off sucking dick, I love men in control and crave guys fucking my pretty mouth. A girlfriend of mine caught me in our bedroom with two big black men a few years back, I had a thick uncut 11" black cock up my ass, while sucking the other guy's 10" rod down my throat!

She watched me get screwed balls deep for over an hour and my hole was stretched, gaping open, both Tony and Leon blew their juicy loads, splirt after splirt down my throat. I sucked their cocks off and Marie witnessed my private side. After we were alone together she and I talked and she said there were a few (8) black guys she had been seeing off and on at work. Marie is a hot red-head, She's a nurse during the day and dances at a nightclub in Delaware at night. My sex life was really awesome. I had guys she'd bring home and I mean my lips hurt one week.

I got hooked on being the slut I'd become, my ass was reamed to the point where I had some big guys pumping away regularly. I can only say nothing makes me feel more feminine than an evening of fun and partying with a nice man, I love foreplay and role playing is a favorite, sucking on a nice thick cock and having my guy tongue me out, wildly drives this girl crazy! I have lived a lone now for 7 years and have moved from my old "sucking grounds" and have focused on my job and "furthering my education degrees." I have been with quite a few women and some are so turned on by how I can transform myself so damn good, I usually end up having them strap on a realistic harness and fuck me like women like! I've been getting dolled up, and living a very private lifestyle in a small town. It leaves a very limited way to have fun meeting horny people.

I go out Friday and Saturday nights and park my Jaguar in town (Easton) and usually walk around and soon enough, some horny guys are asking what it'll take for some head or a quick fuck. I had gobbed 20 loads in one night.

Word of mouth gets around and I give some awesome blow jobs, sloppy, noisy,



loud, any way to have a load shot in my mouth. One guy started taking pictures of me blowing guys and getting fucked. I like it and have a few pictures for you.

So I'm enclosing a couple pictures of me doing my thing with a couple of friends, I love black men and usually found a liking to big cocks, and I happen to see my share of white guys too. The biggest white cock I've taken on was 11" and he's 6' 6". Wayne made me have wicked orgasms, I thought he pushed my stomach in my chest!

Erica



Dear Forced Womanhood,

Thanks to you, I have completely controlled my former husband and transformed him into a little wimp.

With your very effective chastity tube, I have focused his sexuality only on his mouth and asshole. For three years his cock has been completely useless. Thank you very much.

My younger sister wants to live with him and continue the Transformation to the complete step with enormous tits, permanent makeup, and shrunken penis. She is very motivated.

Florence

MISTRESS TURNS HER MAN INTO WHIMPERING SHE-MALE SLAVE IN THEIR OWN PUNISHMENT ROOM

Dear Forced Womanhood.

Last night, I had to punish my she-male slave, Sheba, for breaking a rule. Her formerly mannish figure was encased in a white leather corset I had cinched tight so that she had a perfect hourglass waist; while her darling little pink penis, which I have imprisoned in one of your metal chastity devices, poked bashfully from a hole I had cut in her white lace panties. In the thigh-high white leather boots with seven inch stiletto heels I always make her wear, and the 38 EEE breast implants I had her given, she could barely walk down the steps to our basement "punishment" room. I fastened her hands with a length of chain to a big ring that hangs from the ceiling, and with another length of chain fastened the ring through the end of her penis to a smaller ring on the floor. Then I raised the ring holding her hands until, to relieve the pressure on her arms, she had to strain up a bit on her toes, and shortened the chain attaching her penis to the floor so it hurt when she did try ease her arms by standing on tiptoe.

As her mistress, I was all in black latex, boots, slacks, tunic, gloves, and hood. All Sheba could see was my eyes. I carried a long black riding crop so she would know what was coming and have time to think about it. I sat down in a chair and began to eat an apple, just dreaming about the sound of the whip smacking against her delicate butt cheeks, the red welts it would leave on their creamy whiteness, and the excruciating pain she would experience.

Then I began to beat a tattoo with my riding crop on Sheba's derriere with all my might. She would flinch, and whimper, and tears ran down her cheeks. But she had to take it, or strain her chained arms and penis. I laid more than one hundred stripes across her bottom before I was through; it was so red, she won't be able to sit down for a month. Afterward, she had begged for forgiveness and promised to try to do better next time. I allowed her to prove her sincerity with her tongue, and had her eat me out until I had cum so often her

face was dripping with cunt juice. Oh, and her crime? I had left her chained in a closet for twelve hours while I was out with my boyfriend and when I returned, she had peed her panties and nylons. Sheba said she couldn't help it, she had to wait so long. I told her that she should have held it in. She was being trained to obey my orders; no matter what, so I would not have to punish her.

Mistress Jolie



WOMAN CHANGES MALE MODEL INTO SISSY SHE-MALE BONDAGE SLAVE

Dear Forced Womanhood,

It started as a dream job. A beautiful brunette artist asked me to model tied up naked for a series of drawing for magazines and private collectors. Having loved bondage ever since I can remember, I agreed. I was out of work and the money came in handy. I was nervous the first day, especially about getting a hard-on when I was tied tightly in various intricate positions, but Sharon put me at ease and asked me to stay hard as long as I could so she could draw me like that.

I was sorry to see the job end a week later. It had been fun and not hard work, as I was usually rigidly tied, lying, sitting, or else to a post or furniture, so there wasn't the strain of constantly holding a position - I couldn't move if I'd wanted to! I was happy to hear she had another assignment and jumped at the chance to be in her tight ropes for hours on end once more. It was doing TV modeling, and though I'm under medium height with a slender, almost girlish figure, I was still self-conscious that first day.

Body shaved, face made up, a long auburn page-boy wig on my head, I wore a tight black corset that nipped in my waist and gave my butt and hips a round, feminine appearance, a bra with silicone inserts that swayed like real breasts whenever I moved, stay-up nylons and 5" stiletto sling backs. I got an immediate hard-on when I saw my allur-

ing self in a full-length mirror, which pleased Sharon since I was to also have cock and ball bondage for most of the poses. The newness of feminization with tight bondage brought out my submissiveness even more, and we both enjoyed these poses more than the previous naked ones. Sharon asked me to move in and be her regular model. I was delighted when she asked me to wear only sexy lingerie and high heels all the time and keep my face and body shaved. She loved tying my feminized form just as much as I loved being tied, and often I was in bondage for hours even though she wasn't drawing or painting me.

Sharon gave away all of my male clothes and bought me sexy items from your Transformation and Transvestite catalogs, including wigs, leather bondage gear and the various pills and creams to make me more feminine. Everything seemed to be absolute heaven - then I became aware of a diminishing sex drive and a diminishing cock! I told Sharon that even if it meant my small breasts would not grow larger I was finished with the pills and creams. My mistake was saying

that while she was tying me up for a pose. She slugged me in the balls, bending me over, then gave an uppercut to the jaw that snapped me upright and sent me toppling backward, unconscious.

Later I awoke tied and gagged in the cellar, where I stayed for the next two weeks. I was whipped, dildoad, walked on with stiletto heels, suspended by my wrists and ankles, and forced to eat from dog dishes while tied in a tight ball. I was sure the food was loaded with feminizing pills but it was eat or starve!

Finally, after a very hard session where I was suspended in a hogtie, whipped and then swung by my balls and prick, I gave up. The time I'd spent in the cellar hadn't been wasted for Sharon, as she both drew and photographed me in bondage for her work.



My cock was locked in your phallic fidelity enforcer and I resumed my she-male modeling. I was also given voice lessons, taught how to walk and act like a woman. Any infraction brought a swat on my balls or down the center of my ass, searing its hole and both cheeks at once. My breasts continued to grow and soon I was ready for implants. I tried unsuccessfully to run away but was caught and soundly whipped then kept locked in a closet, stringently tied, for over a week. After my large breast implants, my tiny cock was locked permanently in a FL2C Penumi chastity so I was unable to have sex, though I had rarely had real intercourse with Sharon to begin with. She preferred me to lick her cunt while in bondage, and I also became expert at caressing it with my hands tied behind me.

Mistress Sharon and her she-male slave Bambi (me) go places together and enjoy the interested looks from men. Except for restaurants, my hands are usually tied behind me and covered by a wrap. I am also kept in bondage when she goes to have sex with men, who then use my mouth, ass and tit-tunnel, cumming in my face, while she watches. Later she pulls off my G-string to reveal my tiny metal-encased penis, leaving me in only stay-up nylons and 5" stiletto sandals, and relishes the men's surprise. They humiliate me even more, and she joins in with her dildo!

She-Male Slave Bambi New York



Dear Forced Womanhood,

Hi! My name is slave Juli. I am a permanently chastised and feminized bondage and sissy slave. My Mistress directed me to write to you and tell you a bit about my life as her domestic servant. She takes great pride of the results of my Transformation, especially the steel frenum chastity tube and the addition of the Prince Albert penis head ring. She gets immense pleasure out of teasing and torturing me, and she is a firm believer in bondage. After 2 1/2 years of slavery. My appearance is very, very feminine. My wardrobe is that of a woman's. I haven't had sex in 2 1/2 years! The bondage was certainly instrumental in my transformation, keeping me in place whilst Mistress had her way with me. She was - and is - very supportive of me, however, because she knows that since since I'm so femmed that the odds of me escaping is low. Where would I go? How far would I get in my 5" stiletto pumps? So, since I'm not going anywhere, I can devote my energies into becoming a very ladylike, very femmed slave.

As I stated before, the hardest part is the horniness. I try very hard not to get aroused, but it's hard when I'm around Mistress and her lady friends! Sometimes, though, my penis overwhelms me. It strains and struggles against the chastity tube, and and I'm usually wearing a penal tampon, so my poor penis must contend with that too. Everything around me turns me on, my nylon stockings, my heels, my perfume, and the fact that I'm around women all make me dream of getting a full erection and cumming! But I can't. All I do is have spasms. The other day I had an outbreak of spasms. I was naked except for thigh high nylon stocking and 5" pumps. I had been calm and ladylike for several days, but today I just couldn't hold it back. My penis, which was plugged with a penal tampon, was a reddish purple and it was trying so hard to fully bloom. All I could do, though, was to shake my hips, bend my knees, and bite my lip! It was so frustrating! It got so bad that Mistress noticed it, so she handcuffed my hands behind my back and chained me, standing up to a nearby wall via my Prince Albert penis head ring. The wall chain was about 2 feet long, so I was on a very short leash! I continued my spasm, bending, dipping and shaking the best I could. Mistress spritzed me with perfume and that even made it worse! Mistress sat down to watch me squirm. I must have looked quite the sight - a shapely figure, smooth, hairless skin, nice breasts, a pretty face, and a chastised penis! As Mistress pondered my fate, I bit my lip.

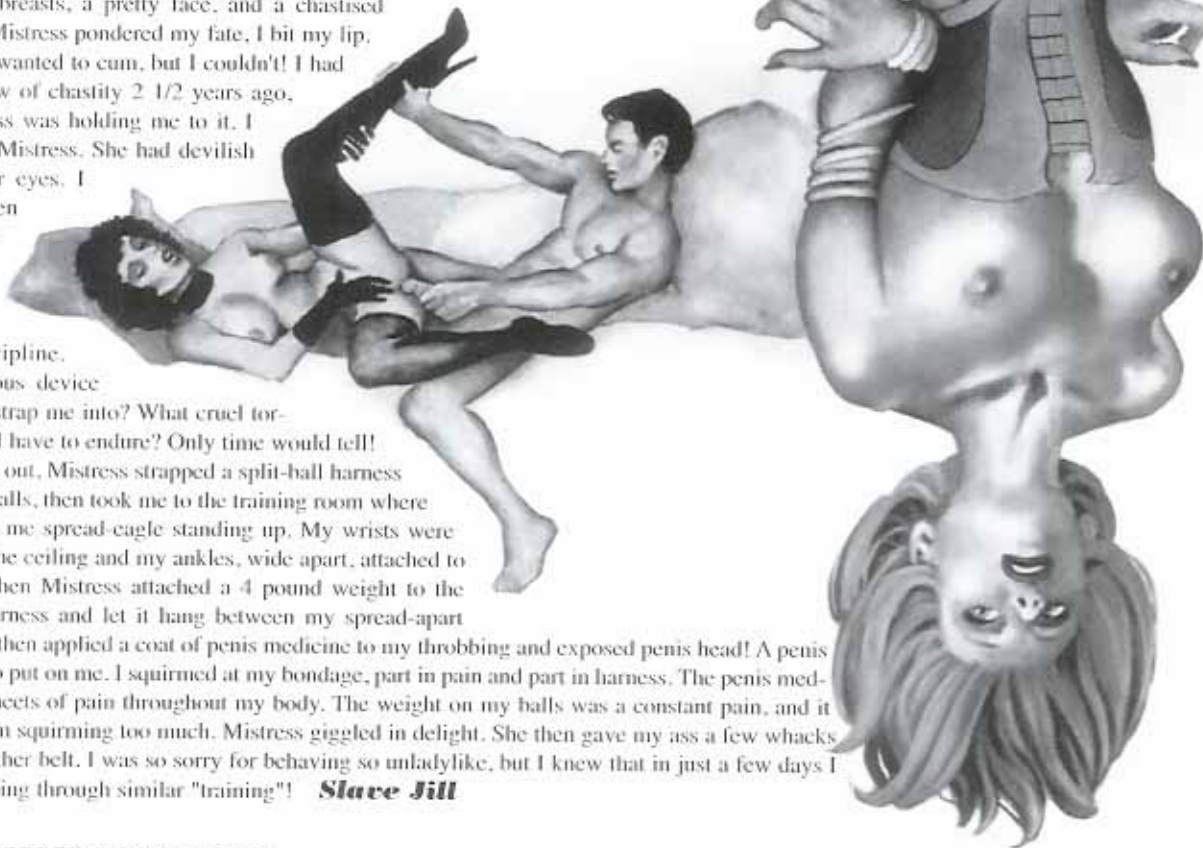
Oh, how I wanted to cum, but I couldn't! I had taken a vow of chastity 2 1/2 years ago, and Mistress was holding me to it. I glanced at Mistress. She had devilish look in her eyes. I knew then that I was in line for some of her discipline.

What devious device

would she strap me into? What cruel torture would I have to endure? Only time would tell!

As it turned out, Mistress strapped a split-ball harness across my balls, then took me to the training room where she secured me spread-eagle standing up. My wrists were secured to the ceiling and my ankles, wide apart, attached to the floor. Then Mistress attached a 4 pound weight to the split-ball harness and let it hang between my spread-apart thighs! She then applied a coat of penis medicine to my throbbing and exposed penis head! A penis gag was also put on me. I squirmed at my bondage, part in pain and part in harness. The penis medicine sent sheets of pain throughout my body. The weight on my balls was a constant pain, and it kept me from squirming too much. Mistress giggled in delight. She then gave my ass a few whacks with her leather belt. I was so sorry for behaving so unladylike, but I knew that in just a few days I would be going through similar "training"! **Slave Jill**

JULI TRANSFORMED INTO DOMESTIC SISSY BONDAGE SLAVE



MASTER TRANSFORMS SISSY LOOKING MAN INTO COCK SUCKING SHE-MALE

Dear Forced Womanhood,

My MASTER has ordered me to write to you in hopes that you will publish this story in your magazine. He would like it to become an historical record of how he was able to seduce, imprison, enslave and force me to become a she-male. I am writing this in my own words and I am doing it in respect and love for my MASTER.

I was born in March of 1982 and given the name Stephan. I never knew my father for he died when I was fourteen months old. I was a small baby and as I grew up, it was easy to see that I would not be as big and tall as most of my peers. There were many obstacles in my life that prevented me from being 'normal'.

First of all, my mother had wanted a girl. I paid the price by having to wear cute dresses almost until the time I went to school. Second there was my size and looks. I had light blond hair, deep set blue eyes with long lashes, a small upturned nose, bow shaped lips and a light complexion. My mother kept drumming into me that I had to be polite and speak softly and have good manners.

As I grew up, I stood out from my classmates, unfortunately to my mother's delight. She didn't want me to be a ruffian like most of the others. She used to say that I was refined and dainty, my classmates said I was a femme, a pretty boy or a fag.

Because of the attitude of my classmates, I had few friends and as time passed by and I grew into my mid-teens, the only friends I attracted were those who were gay. By the time I had graduated from high school, I had succumbed to the overtures of two of them and had what I considered heavy sex with them. In reality it amounted to no more than fondling, mutual masturbation and some kissing, nothing more. The two of them had told me about a way for me to make some 'big bucks' they suggested that I go to a place they called "the block" a location near the center of town where I could be picked up. They said that with my looks I could get top dollar.

I avoided the area fearing that I could get into trouble but then things turned worse at home. My mother wanted me to become a hairdresser and I wanted no part of it. So without my permission she enrolled me into a school that would begin in September. We had a big fight over it and I stormed out of the house. Not knowing where to go, I headed for the area my friends had called "the block".

I no sooner got there and someone attempted to pick me up, I didn't like his looks so I refused. Within minutes two more men approached and I again refused. Then this convertible came along and in it was the most handsome boy I'd ever seen. He was about twenty-one and very well dressed. He beckoned me to the car and asked if I would like to spend some time with him and I said yes.

As we were driving off he introduced himself as David, he asked if I had any plans for the night. When I told him no, he asked if I would spend the night with him if he paid me three hundred dollars. So I quickly replied yes. I felt good that I wouldn't have to go home until the next day..

As we continued on our journey, I noticed that we were heading for the country. He looked over at me and asked what I was into, when I told him what little experience I had, he looked shocked. He then broke into a grin and said, "Are you telling me that you're still a virgin?" I hesitatingly said yes, half expecting him to turn : the car around and dump me off. Instead he said, "Wow !!! it looks like I hit the jackpot."

We finally reached his house which was a ranch style, set deep into the woods far from any of his-neighbors. He told me to get out and to take off all of my clothes right there in the open. As I began to undress, he stood there leaning against the fender of the car watching me. When I was all bare, he smiled and let out with a long and loud whistle. He then came over to me and began to caress my body, he then put his arms around me and said, "You are without a doubt the most beautiful boy I have ever seen." He then led me to the house which had six rooms upstairs and led me into the basement. It was the most unusual place I'd ever seen, seventy percent of it was a large room with three concrete walls. The fourth side had bars that went from the floor to the ceiling, part of which was a cell door with a panel and lock in it. As I turned to look at him and ask what it was supposed to be he unceremoniously shoved me into the cell and slammed the door. As I began to protest, he told me that the whole house was soundproof and it would do me no good to yell for no one would ever hear me. He then went on to explain that when he had the house built this dungeon had been put in for this specific reason, to house a young guy and to train him into becoming a sex slave. He then told me, that in his wildest dreams he never thought he would find a boy as beautiful as me to fulfill his fantasy.

He then turned and went upstairs leaving me to take stock of my surroundings. Outside the cell there was a large board and a series of shelves along one of the walls. The board had hooks on it and attached to them were chains, all types of restraints made of leather. There were hand and ankle cuffs, whips of all sizes, hoods, even leather harnesses. The shelves had dildos, teat clips, gags and blindfolds and other toys. I then took a good look at my new home, it was well furnished, it had a large double bed a bathtub, a sink, a toilet and a table with two chairs. The cell was some thirty feet wide and about thirty five feet long. In the ceiling there were a series of hooks and on the floor beneath them some eye hooks.

Within a few minutes my new Master came down the stairs and he too was all bare, he unlocked the cell door and came in, telling me that it was time to begin my slave training. First he told me that there were going to be some rules and regulations. I had to call him Master. I would have to get down on my knees whenever he appeared before me. I would have to kiss his feet suck his cock, rim his ass and be fucked by him whenever he desired.

He then made me suck his cock until he came in my mouth and I had to swallow all of his load. He then put me over his knees and he spanked me

hard until my ass was all red. Then he made me raise my ass while lying on the bed and he entered me and took his time while he made me his woman.

Afterwards he slept with me all night with his arms around me. In the morning he decided to let me in on the purpose for my being imprisoned. He said that two years previous his father who had been a wealthy businessman had died leaving him his fortune. Master David then said that he had always preferred boys to girls but he liked them to be effeminate. After he'd inherited the fortune he bought this land and built the house specifically to entrap the most attractive boy he could find and train him to his personal needs and demands. During his search he had found three or four boys that met his requirements but that there was always something missing until last evening when he had spotted me.

Then he dropped a bombshell on me, he said that he thought that I was too pretty to be a boy so he intended to make me into a girl. The first thing he did was to put a corset around my waist so tight that I could barely breathe. He then gave me instructions on a series of exercises I would have to do with the corset on so that I would have a real girlish figure.

He then brought in a series of containers, some of them contained pills. He said that they were hormones and that there were four different kinds I would have to take.

In the other containers there were creams, one was to retard the growth of hair on my face, a second to soften the hairs on the rest of my body and the third was to be rubbed into my breasts as a supplement to the hormones. He cautioned me to do as I was told or I would be tortured and deprived of my meals if I didn't do what I was told.

Over the next year I was tortured with whips, dildos, teat clips, paddles weights on my balls, ice water inserted into my penis, ice cubes inserted into my ass all while I was suspended by chains to the ceiling with my legs spread and hooked onto the rings on the floor.

Sexually, he made me suck him, rim his and let him fuck me. All the while I felt myself becoming more and more effeminate. As of this writing it has now been twenty-eight months since I was enslaved and I am totally dependent on him. Not only for my food and lodging but for any pleasure that I might derive from a sexual need. I now truly enjoy being naked all the time while I'm indoors and I like to dress up now when he takes me out on dates. He has bought me a number of nice outfits, including shoes with stiletto heels. My body has been totally depilated through electrolysis and I have become a perfect girl. The only thing is I have a nice prick and balls which Master David enjoys sucking and playing with. I no longer live in the cell, I now share his bed and for all intents and purposes I am his girl and I love him very much and he has told me to inform you an your readers that he intends to marry me on my in March.

Stephanie

Dera Forced Womanhood.

For years my wife and I have enjoyed imaginative role-play. Usually I was her Master, "forcing" her to submissively please me in many ways. I guess I went a bit too far when I suggested another woman, our neighbor Karen, join us. Oh, not for real. We just pretended she was there and my wife had to play the passive role, describing how good her tits felt, and begging to eat her pussy. It was pretty hot for me to listen to my normally shy, demure wife get into the lesbian thing, and I thought she kind of enjoyed it. Later though, she said she felt degraded. Occasionally I'd encourage her to be in control, and she would half-heartedly spank me or put me in lingerie, but with little enthusiasm. Until last week. It seems she found the F/W site on my computer and that got her thinking. That night she made me wear a short, pink nightgown, low heels, and even made my face up a little. I was thrilled! She showed me a new toy she'd bought, a strap-on dildo of all things. She blindfolded me and demanded I suck it. Blushing happily, I obeyed while she called me names, laughing at my erection. All the while the VCR camera she'd secretly set up recorded everything, even my falsetto voice begging her to fuck me. She put me on the bed, butt lifted high, totally exposed. Still blindfolded, I could hear her behind me, moving around, but I was too excited to twitch. She'd NEVER been this adventurous before! I trembled with anticipation.

Well, sometimes we should be careful about what we ask for. I wanted to be feminized, forced to be used like a woman. And, that's what happened. The cold lube was applied to my anus, and her soft hand massaged my engorged cock. Then the pressure began against my little hole, and she whispered that I should press back, push it into my pussy. I did, controlling the painful process until it popped past a point. Suddenly it felt only full and pleasant, and feminine.

"Move your ass, sissy!" Ordered my wife. "Tell me you want to be fucked by a man!" I moaned as her 'cock' slid in and out. "Yes, yes I want to be a girl for you. I'll be your whore, do anything you tell me!" I was so excited anything seemed possible. She wasn't through teasing me, though. "Tell me you'll suck a real cock. Beg to have a real cock up your little pussy!" The thought was so foreign, especially when suggested by my passive wife. "Yes!" I moaned. "Yes I will let you watch me suck cock, and I DO want to be used by a man!"

At that point, my identity was erotically blurred, and I DID feel like a woman. She laughed evilly upon hearing my testimony.

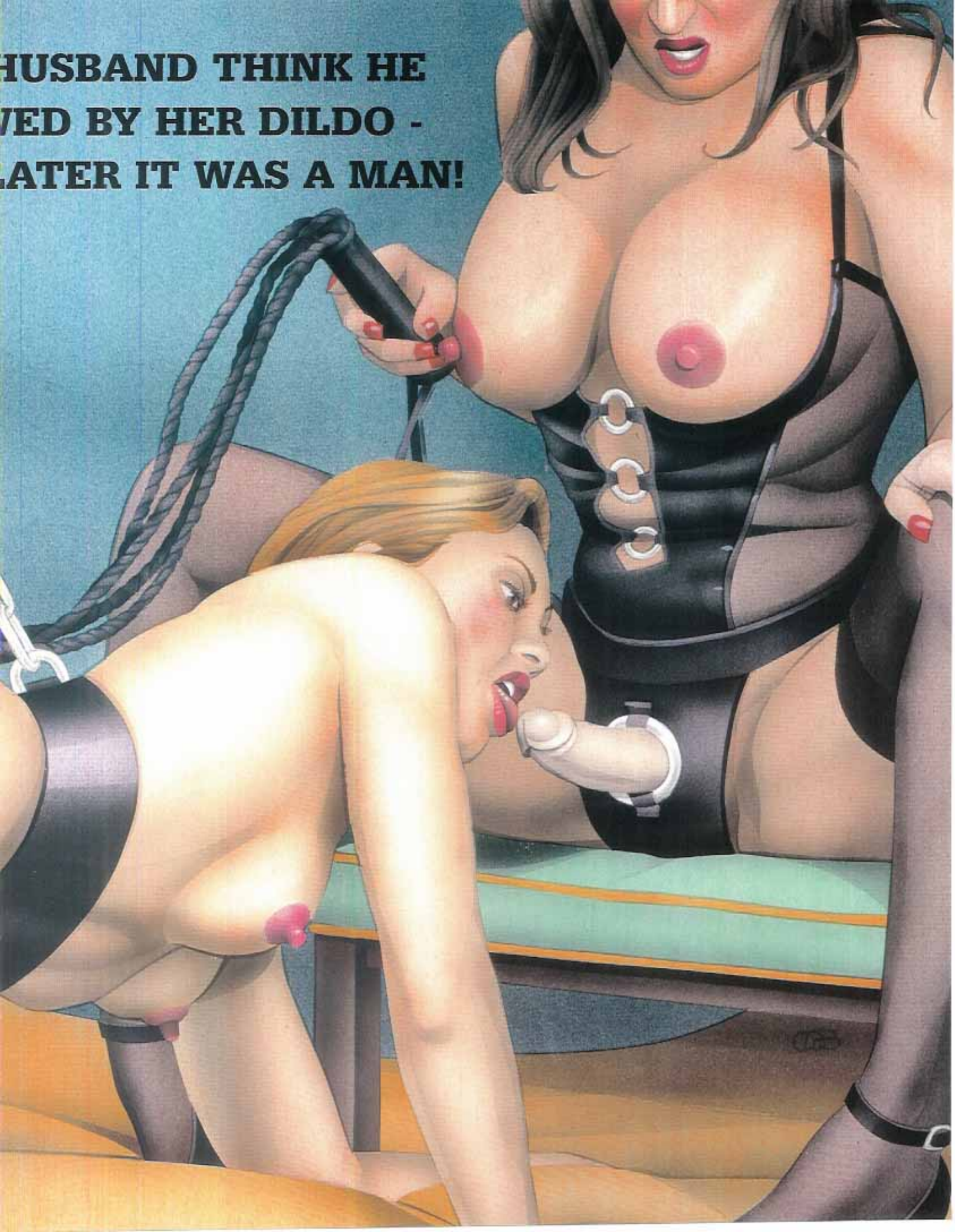
I bucked like a bronco, wiggling my hips and shaking my butt. All the while my wife somehow managed to reach around and stroke my shaft. For a moment the thrusts stopped, and her dildo seemed to throb, but then she was stroking me again, harder, and I came hard, moaning like a true bitch in heat. I collapsed onto the sheets I'd soaked and fell asleep immediately. An hour later I awoke. She had cleaned the room up, put away "my" clothes and toys, and suggested I shower. After dinner she asked if I remembered embarrassing her with Karen during one of our games?

I did, and even though it was only as a fantasy, I felt bad, and told her so. "That's alright sweetheart," She said. "I can now understand how exciting it was for you to hear me talking about being with another woman. And I want to make you happy. Besides, I have to admit it was erotic listening to you play the part of a woman, begging to be fucked. Did you enjoy it?" What a woman! I felt so close to her right then. She really understood me, and my sometimes strange little desires. "Yes dear, it was one of the best times of my life." I replied honestly. Her smile was ear to ear now as she turned on the TV remote. "I'm glad honey." She purred. "There isn't anything we need to be embarrassed about with each other, is there?" I agreed, and looked at the screen. "This," She announced, "is a copy. I thought you might find it interesting and somewhat revealing." There we were as I remembered, kneeling on our bed. From the shadows a male figure, naked, is standing there too! My blindfold keeps him hidden, but my wife is stroking his cock, making it swell. She slips a condom on him, and presses it to my ass. While her hand jacks me off, I am shown pressing back onto him, then humping him with pleasure. Even my voice can be heard begging to be fucked deeper, asking to be turned into a woman. My shy, delicate wife is fondling his balls even as she strokes my dick. Soon the man arches his back and apparently cums. When he withdraws his withering penis from my now gaping ass hole, the condom is squishy with sperm. I'm too busy to notice however, as my wife makes me cum. Just before he leaves the room the camera catches his face. It is Steve, Karen's husband, from next door! I'm standing over my wife now, fists balled, ready to smack her around. There was a new look in her eyes that I'd never seen before. "Sit down, sissy. Unless your poor little pussy is too sore." I did. She's been in charge ever since, which is all right, I guess. Steve and Karen are coming over for dinner tonight. Then we'll watch a movie. Should I be worried?

**WIFE MAKES HER I
IS GETTING SCREW
THEN FINDS OUT I**



**HUSBAND THINK HE
VED BY HER DILDO -
LATER IT WAS A MAN!**



WOMAN FINDS MAKING MAN INTO MEEK SHE-MALE SLAVE EASY

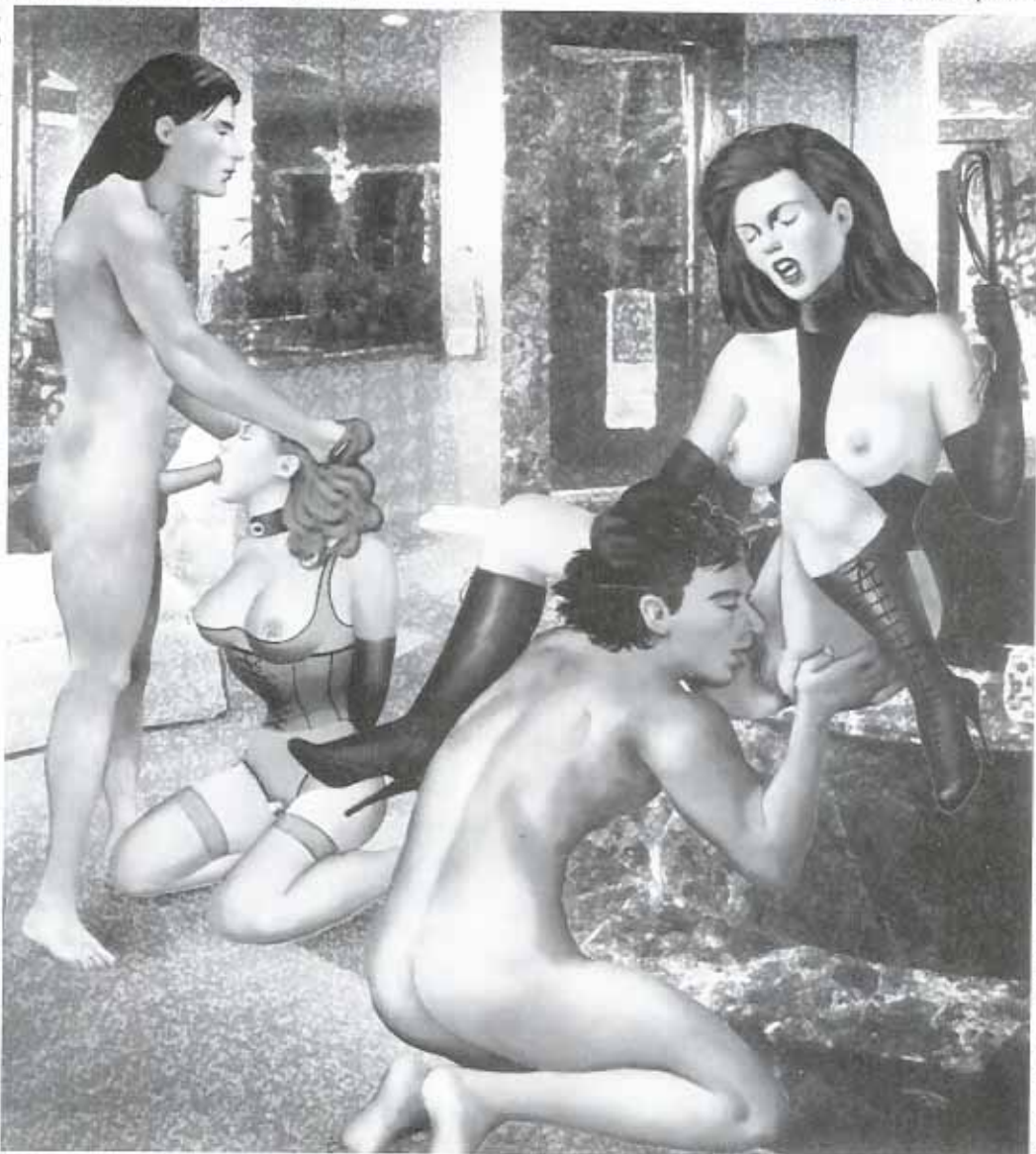
Dear Forced Womanhood,

As I write this in my easy chair my 6" stiletto-heeled, black pumps are resting on Kitty, my human, she-male footstool. A huge red rubber ball gag is wedged between her soft red lips and her long black hair is gathered in a pony-tail, the other end of the rope running down her balled-up form and winding around the bases of her 6" stiletto sandals. Her black gloved arms are folded in the middle of her back and tied wrist to elbow, leaving her raised, shapely, naked ass vulnerable to spankings and dildos. Her only other article of clothing is a pair of black mesh, stay-up nylons, and her lovely, willowy body is secured tightly in yards and yards of white rope that contrasts nicely with her pale skin and black articles of clothing. Her magnificent, implanted tits are hidden beneath her bound, doubled-up body, as is her tiny FL2C, permanently encased cock. When I finish this letter I shall sit splay-legged before her face, remove her gag and have her tongue my pussy to multi-orgasms. Then she will kiss and lick the tips and soles of my pumps and suck their high heels like they were men's pricks. Finally I will dildo her ass with one

thin heel, then make her lick it clean before replacing her gag and going out to mail this letter. Now then, I want to compliment your magazine on its very easy instructions on how to make a male into a she-male. Before discovering your magazine I had always thought it was a long and costly process. Was I wrong? Keith became Kitty in only a year and a half.

I was attracted to Keith right away. He was under medium height, slender, and "too pretty" handsome, besides being shy and insecure. He was flattered that a tall, busty, lithesome, redheaded beauty like myself was crazy about him. Telling him that I was always aroused if my partner wore bra,

panties and nylons during sex, I soon got him used to that. Once he was hooked I slowly added other things, make-up, wig, high-heels, and finally bondage. He was self-conscious at first but I convinced him that no one would ever know about it but me.



Next he moved in and, as I had a well-paying job, I talked him into quitting his small-time job and staying home as cook and maid. I showed him your magazine and catalogs, Transvestite and Transformation, and though he blushed he did not refuse to wear the sexy uniforms, lingerie and clothing, as well as wigs while growing his own hair long. I slyly put the various feminizing tablets in his foot and convinced him to use your creams, again reminding him that no one but me would see him. He wore a waist-cinch and 4" to 6" stiletto heels constantly, even while sleeping. I had to bind him to keep him from loosening the waist-cinch or removing his heels. I even locked tiny padlocks on

the straps of his high heels so only I could remove them.

At first Keith, his male personality ever submerging, because of the tablets and creams, was delighted with his growing breasts, slimming waist, rounder hips and buttocks, and shapelier

legs. He learned to love bondage and cleaned, cooked and did other household chores in leather wrist and ankle cuffs with hobbling chains, when he wasn't restrictively tied-up. I was pleased with his easy transformation, as he knowingly took the tablets besides the ones I still secretly put in his food. Then he saw that his cock was steadily shrinking and panicked. Easily overpowering Keith, I took him to the attic and kept him there in tight bondage, whipping and dildooing him repeatedly day and night until I finally broke his will. He would crawl to me while roped from shoulders to nyloned ankles and kiss my shoes and promise to be an obedient she-male slave every day, even when released from the attic. I put his prick in your penis chastity which engulfed his genital area and prevented an erection, until your FLAE Frenum chastity arrived, complete with studs and an "O" ring.

It was great fun to lead Keith, arms bound behind him, ankles hobbled, around by the cock ring. Soon his breasts were ready for large implants, then several months later I replaced his chastity with the FL2C Frenum and broke off the screw heads, so he could never have sex again.

"Kitty" is my obedient she-male, maid slave and I make her orally service my visiting female friends, and also offer her mouth, ass and masturbating hands to the men I occasionally invite for sex. She's a great favorite with all my guests!

Mistress Marisol

TURNING MEN INTO SHE-MALE SLAVES IS EASY! JUST READ FORCED WOMANHOOD



MISTRESS STAMPS OUT UNAUTHORIZED ERECTIONS

Dear Jeri,

I didn't have to force my sissy maid into her uniforms, she went willingly. I noticed her ad on the internet and it intrigued me. It read, "Novice, submissive, young male loves dressing up. Searching for a long term relationship with an understanding woman. Willing to be trained to conform to your needs." the picture was of an attractive, young male, slim with long hair. He obviously had potential, so I met him, and got right to the point.

"Specifically what I'm in need of, Brian, is a ladie's maid, you would be trained to keep house and cater to all my needs, which will always come first. You'll be trained in precisely how a maid is expected to act, and, of course, you will not hesitate to obey me. In return you will be well paid and will have a wardrobe full of the frilliest uniforms I just know you'll enjoy wearing. However I will expect you to be totally convincing in appearance and completely feminine, which, under my guidance, you'll become. If this interests you I will expect you to sign a five year contract," I said, which he did.

Over the next two weeks, Yvette, as I renamed her, became completely feminine, or to be more accurate, completely feminized.

All day at my beauty salon transformed her into a very attractive, and in her French Maid's uniform, quite sexy maid. Then it was on to a doctor friend of mine for her titties. Which I explained she could have removed later. Although with the hormones I

was secretly putting in her food I was sure she'd hate to part with them after her titties and nipples became so sensitive.

I found Yvette quite easy to train and I could see she was trying her hardest. She was quite devoted to seeing to my more intimate needs, which greatly pleased me. She absolutely loved all her uniforms, which I picked out from the large selection in the Centurians catalogs. I even let her pick some. However I quickly noticed a real problem that simply had to be dealt with. As soon as she put her panties on her little pussy, as I rightly referred to it, couldn't help becoming so excited. Which I didn't mind when she was tending to my needs. Frankly, I thought it was cute.

But I wasn't happy when she kept it up while she went about her chores all day. And, of course, it got worse when her titties and nipples started becoming so sensitive. Increasingly I caught her playing with them, instead of going about her chores, when she thought I wasn't looking. It was obviously distracting her from her work, which she was having a hard time concentrating on. Obviously something had to be done.

So, when she would change into her work uniform I had a special bra for her. The stiffest torpedo bra I could find. There'd be no playing with her titties and nipples, if she could even feel them, in this bra. Second I dictated that while she did her chores there was to be absolutely no unauthorized erections. And that she would be subjected to frequent,

on the spot panty inspections. If her little pussy even hinted at being excited I immediately dealt with it.

I have a low coffee table in the living room. If I see her with unauthorized erections I immediately order her to remove her uniform and get on the coffee table, poor thing, she knows what's coming and begs and pleads as she obediently lies on the table and spreads her legs. Which I keep that way by attaching a spreader bar to her ankles. She sobs as she puts her arms above her head so I can fasten them and then tautly chain them to the wall nearby. After which I strap her down, at the waist, to the table. Her eyes are wide, and fearful, as she watches me remove the shoes I'm wearing and replace them with the special punishment shoes. "Oh please, Mistress, I'm sorry, I try not to, but I can't help it," she cries.

"I know, I know," I say patting her consolingly, and affectionately, on the cheek. "But we simply must stamp out these unauthorized urges you have, mustn't we?"

"Yes, Mistress," she sobbed.

"But, you should look on the bright side," I said, inserting the gag. "At first I was having to put you on the table sometimes twice a day. Now, look at how much progress you've made why in just a week you can almost go all day without my having to deal with your little urges. I'm sure within a month you'll be completely cured, and you'll be able to concentrate on your chores."

Bringing my foot down I was sure it wouldn't take that long.



It's easy to restrain a she-male with a collar and ball gag, cuffs, spreader bar and waist belt, all from Centurians.



My favorite uniform I have for Yvette is the French Maids outfit from Centurians (I.G-AV5503) and locking pumps. Collar and cuffs are also available from Centurians.

AFTER WIFE CHASTIZES HUSBAND, HE FINDS OUT OUR FRENUM CHASTITIES WITH BREAK - OFF SCREWS REALLY ARE PERMANENT!

Dear Forced Womanhood.

I am not like your other readers. My wife doesn't feminize me or anything.

But she did buy one of your frenum chastity devices and put it on me.

I used to cat around with other women and stuff. And I drank a lot too. Then one night I was out late with some lady I met at a bar, and I came home and passed out stinking drunk.

When I woke up, I found my wife had been a busy little bee while I was sleeping it off. She had fitted one of your longest chastities on my penis. The one that's 2 3/8" long and encloses your entire shaft from the base to the edge of the corona.

Worse, she had used those special "break off" screws, the ones you warn should only be used "if you want your slave chastised for the rest of his life." And she had broken off the screws!

In one of your ads, you say these chastities and screws "are for real slaves who are not allowed to have sex." Well, let you tell me, they work! I can't ever have sex again. Not even with my wife!

I can't even think about sex! When my penis starts to swell up against your steel frenum chastity, and it hurts so much something has to give. My erection!

How dare you offer a product as dangerous as this to the public where it can fall into the hands of someone like my wife!?

Jason B.

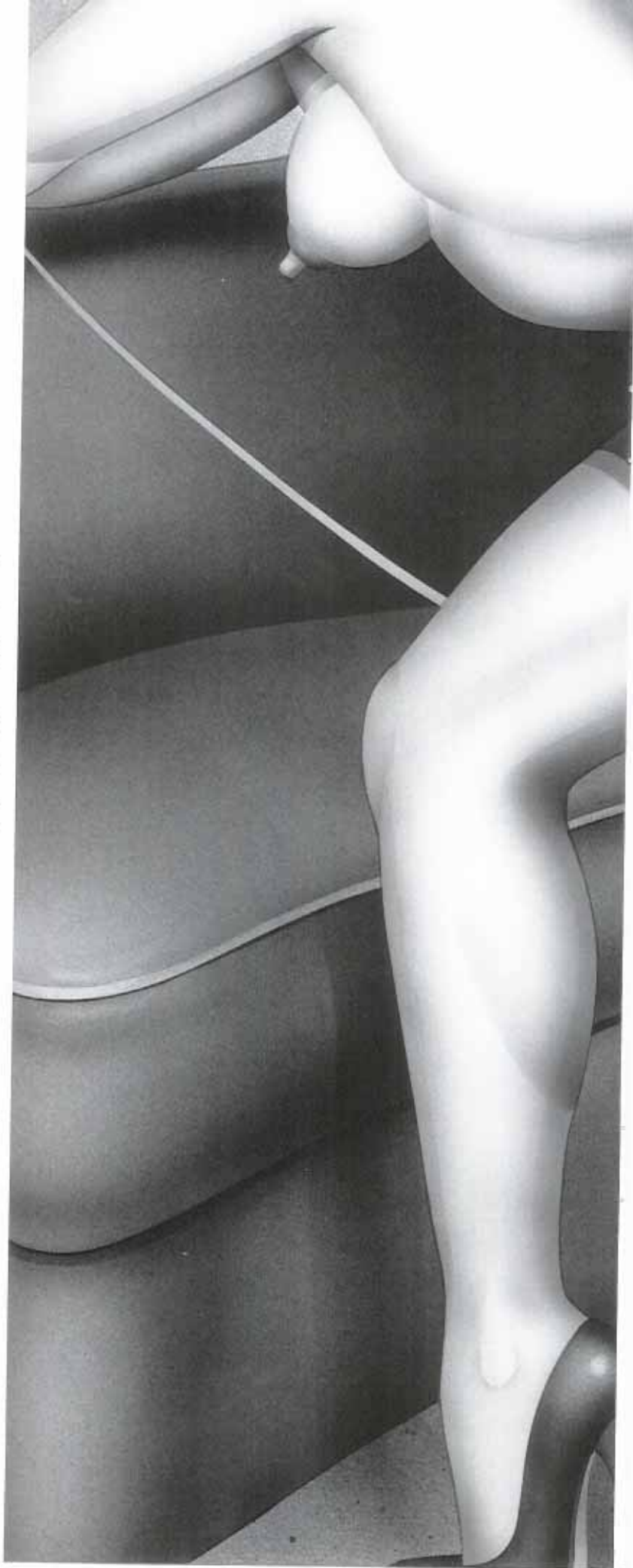
MN

This is Jason B.'s Wife adding a postscript.

God bless you people, whoever you are!

Your frenum chastities are the answer to a married woman's prayers. My man used to chase around and drink all night and cheated on me all the time. Now he is home every night, because he is afraid to go out with his friends for fear they might see what he now wears on his penis, or it might get hard while they are at some strip club. Of course, he's in no condition to be after me for sex; and if I want release, I can always use a vibrator or have him perform oral sex on me - or even go out to a night club and pick someone up!

Helena B.





WIFE BINDS UP HER SHE-MALE SLAVE AND LETS HER BOYFRIEND BREAK HIS VIRGIN ASS CHERRY

Dear Forced Womanhood,

My story is like so many others I've seen and read in your fabulous magazine. My husband was messing around with his secretary, I found out and took the action so many of your readers have done.

At first Ronald thought it would be a fun sex thing. Him acting like a slave. But, I wasn't acting! I turned one of our bedrooms into a dungeon and started his training. I played along with him for awhile - then slowly got more serious until one day after hormone treatment - his penis didn't work so well. He saw tiny breasts form from making him take your Mammary Plus which I told him were just vitamins.

Soon he was tied constantly until one day I made him go to work as a girl. From then on it got more serious. I threw all his men's clothes away. I made him get large "C" implants. And then when we he was all bound up I chastized him permanently with your Frenum Chastity put on with your permanent break off screws. He was screaming and cussing at me when I explained he'll never be able to screw around on me or anyone else - ever.

"YOUR TINY PECKER IS PERMANENTLY FUCKED!" "Ha, Ha! You cheating son of a bitch, I yelled, now all you can do is satisfy others, but never yourself." You're a permanent slave for the rest of your life!"

I bought a pair of your baby doll shoes and ruffled socks and told him these are the only shoes he can wear from now on. His maid's uniform will be here any day.

Then I bound him up and gagged him in our makeshift dungeon. By now, Ronald looked very pretty and feminine. Any man would want her.

I walked in with Jason - my new friend and said, "Ronnie you're going to find out what it's like to be FUCKED, in more ways than one."

Jason, this is my slave, and you're going to be the first to have his virgin ass. Ronnie has no choice - she's agreed to be nothing but a slave.

Afterwards, poor Ronnie cried. I just laughed and said, "My dear, your life is just beginning."

Love, Vera





PARTY TIME



I was in sexy, slinky, short dress, cuffed to a cushioned bondage chair, bent over in a very exposed position, surrounded by a roomful of beautiful dominatrixes led by the gorgeous Mistress Colleen, and several well-hung males were waiting in the wings to do me from a variety of angles all at once.

How did I get into that position?

It had begun a few hours before when Mistress Colleen, a stunning redhead with the most voluptuous figure this side of heaven, invited me to her place to serve her during an evening party to be attended by her favorite female Domme friends. I had arrived two hours early at her instructions, intent upon cleaning up, running a vacuum and preparing hors d'oeuvres.

She greeted me, looking stunning in a casual bathrobe, and invited me inside. She ordered me to my knees and instructed me to kiss her feet. "They're hot and sweaty as I haven't yet taken a bath, so I want you to kiss them and lick the sweat off," she told me.

Perhaps my Mistress had intended this as some sort of punishment, but for me it was nothing of

the kind. I readily kissed and worshiped her beautiful feet, licking off sweat that seemed both salty and sweet. I was already getting high and I'd only been there five minutes.

"Enjoying yourself?" she asked. "Yes, Mistress," I said.

"Good, because before the guests start arriving I need you to bathe me and shave my legs."

My heart skipped a beat. I could see her ample cleavage peeking out from between the folds in her robe, and could only guess at the joy a slave might have actually bathing her.

"Is that something you'd like to do?" she asked.

"Oh yes, Mistress."

"Good. Run the bath water and come to me when it's ready."

"Yes, Mistress."

I quickly went to the bathroom and started running the bath, my excitement rising along with the water level. At last, when I'd judged it sufficiently full and just the right temperature, I shut it off and went out to my Mistress and escorted her back into the bathroom, then waited politely for her next instructions.

"What are you doing?" she asked after a silence.

"Just awaiting your instructions on bathing you, Mistress," I said.

"I'm not going to let some man bathe me!" she said. "What do you think I am, some kind of slut?"

"NO, Mistress!" I said, my spirits sagging. Perhaps I'd misunderstood. "But I thought—" I began.

"Yes. You are to bathe me. You had that correct, but I am not letting a man do it."

I was still perplexed, but the light began to dawn on me.

"This way," she said, then led me to the bedroom.

Laid out on the bed was some flaming red undergarments and a tiny red and black dress, along with black stockings and heels. Realization finally settled in.

"Get out of those ugly male clothes," she said,

"They don't look right on you. In fact, they're all wrong for you."

"No, Mistress, please," I pleaded. "Strip!" she said.

I kicked off my shoes and rapidly shed my clothes till I stood completely naked in front of her, my cock quite hard.

She pulled a riding crop from the wall. "What is this?" she said, pointing the crop at my cock. "I don't want to see it!"

She whacked it hard with the crop. I tried to conceal it with my hands. She whacked my ass.

"I want it covered up with panties, those red panties, not your hands. Now!"

"No, Mistress!" I cried. "Please, no!"

"Quiet!" She whipped my ass repeatedly; I flinched from the white-hot pain.

"Put the panties on now. You're a girl, and you know it!"

"No, please," I whimpered.

"Why do you do this to yourself?" she asked. "You know you're a girl. You know you're Paulette, my pretty little bitch. You know that's what you were meant to be. Get with the program!"

She whipped me a few more times, then grabbed the panties from the bed and threw them at me. I caught them fearfully, they felt silky soft and oh so feminine in my hands.

"Come on, bitch, you can do it. I know you can, and you know you can. You can't fight what you're meant to be, and you're meant to be a woman!"

She struck me again on my cock and ass, then at last pushed me onto the bed. She grabbed my long blonde hair and whispered with a voice that was sweet and silky smooth "Come on girl, you know what you have to do. You know what's right for you. You're a woman - my woman - my bitch, my property. I like my property dressed up like the whore she is. You can do that for me, can't you, beautiful?"

I nodded fearfully 'yes.'

"Why are you so afraid of what you are - a woman? Now slip those panties on over those great legs, or I'll whip your ass so hard it'll bleed." She let go my hair. At last I lifted my legs and pulled the panties on over them; they slid softly along my legs, sending a shiver of pleasure through me. My Mistress was right. I had a primal urge, a primal need, to be a woman, and with the panties pulled on, that urged burned inside me and overwhelmed everything else.

She picked up the bra and tossed it to me. "You know what to do with this. Can't have your nipples hanging out. Put it on!"

I fumbled with the bra uncertainly; she whipped my ass once more. "Let's move it! My bath is getting cold!"

I slipped on the bra. My breathing quickened and yet at the same time I felt a warm, relaxing feeling come over me. The feminization was having its effect. After I managed to fasten the bra, the rest seemed to slip on easily - silky black stockings and garter, dress, then the makeup that she'd laid out,





After I slipped into the heels I was high as a kite, feeling 100% female, cooing and chirping at my mistress's commands. She inspected me and smiled, then put the riding crop away and led me to the bathroom. I freshened up the bath with some warm water, then she stood before me and unfastened her robe, gesturing for me to remove it. My heart leapt.

I gently slid off her robe and she was naked before me; I stole a glance at her beautiful breasts, as luscious and full as my own chest was flat. I immediately felt the sting of her hand spanking my ass.

"What are you, some kind of lesbian?"

"I'm sorry, Mistress," I chirped.

"I expect you to respect my privacy."

"Yes, Mistress."

I helped her into the tub while averting my eyes, then proceeded to bathe her, my brain fried by the twin impact of her considerable feminine beauty and my own sudden womanhood, my arousal only enhanced by the awkward dance I was made to do - touching her and bathing her with a washcloth, but being unable to look at what I was doing.

When we were through, I dried her off and helped her dress; I received two more whippings for accidentally glancing at her body; the rush I got from admiring her exquisitely voluptuous form more than made up for the scolding and whipping.

After she was dressed, I slipped into my outfit and my heels and touched up my makeup just as the doorbell rang. Mistress Colleen gave me a quick inspection.

"You look good. Now serve them well - and be sure to check out the men, and signal to me any of them that turn you on. If you're good, and I'm in a good mood, I might persuade his owner to let you suck him off."

"Yes, Mistress," I said nervously. In my highly aroused female state, my bisexual urges were certainly hot, but the reality of sucking off a guy filled me with nervousness and awe.

Mistress Colleen slapped my ass and sent me off to serve - and serve I did.

The guests - about a dozen Female Dommies, most of them accompanied by male subs - started to arrive. Each Domme was a stunning variation of female beauty; the styles varied but the way they dressed and held themselves was a wonder to behold. I was very busy hanging up their coats, serving them food and drink, and otherwise doing my best to make them happy.

I also furtively checked out the men, as Mistress Colleen had instructed, and quietly noted one guy, named Charlie, who seemed slender and had what I judged to be a cute face. I decided I'd point him

out to my Mistress when the time was right.

After a few rounds of drinks had been consumed, and things seemed to be getting mellow, I whispered to my Mistress about Charlie, and furtively pointed him out.

"He is a cute one," said Mistress Colleen. "You have good taste." "Thank you, Mistress."

"I'll bet your lips are just aching to kiss and suck his cock, aren't they, whore?"

"Yes, Mistress," I said, my heart pounding. "I'll be he's really well hung," she said.

"I don't know but I hope so, Mistress," I said.

"You have been extraordinarily good tonight, Paulette, so I do think you deserve something special," she said.

"Thank you, Mistress."

"Tell you what. Put the tray down in the kitchen and come back here and I'll ask some questions and see if we can get you a little sex."

"Thank you, Mistress," I said, my heart pounding even more, excited yet fearful about what she was saying.

I nervously went to the kitchen and set the tray down, nearly knocking over some bottles, then strutted back to Mistress Colleen. She was already engaged in conversation with several Dommies, who looked me up and down as I approached. I waited patiently for them to finish speaking, then they nodded to each other and gathered around me.

"We've decided you can't have sex with a man tonight, Paulette," Mistress Colleen said.

"That's okay, Mistress," I said, my excitement diminishing while my sense of relief rose.

"You're going to have sex with all the men. This way, whore," she said. The other Dommies smiled, while several of the guys started checking me out. My sense of excitement and fear rose again sharply as Mistress Colleen led me to the bedroom, where she strapped me on all fours on the small cushioned device resembling a footstool with upright wooden beams. She then yanked



down my panties, leaving my ass pussy completely exposed, and improvised a sign that she hung near the door reading "Whore is open."

The Dommies cheered and quickly ordered their men to strip naked, then everyone crowded around in the bedroom. Mistress Colleen dispensed condoms and lube for the guys coming at me from behind while those coming at my mouth simply served their flesh to me completely naked. There were twelve guys in all - six lined up in front and six behind me. Two at a time, the Dommies ordered them forward, and one would thrust his cock into my mouth while the other fucked my ass pussy.

I was very tight in the rear, so there was a lot of pain each time a new guy mounted me, but as they thrust the pain morphed into gooey sexual pleasure. Meanwhile the cocks that I sucked were just pure pleasure for me. As the guys who were screwing me moaned and groaned with pleasure, their Dommies occasionally ordering them to make out with each other while they fucked me. It was a dizzying, mind-blowing transsexual orgy, with well-hung guys fucking a t-girl while they made out with each other.

One at a time they begged for permission to come, and one at a time their permission was granted. By the time Charlie came around I'd swallowed a lot of come. Still, I lovingly kissed and sucked his cock before he shot into me.

And that's how I wound up in that unusually vulnerable position, tied up, whipped, ravenously fucked while beautiful dominatrixes cheered. When at last they were all through, I was exhausted but high as a kite.

As I helped everyone with their coats on their way out the door, Mistress Colleen was sure to remind them that my ass and mouth were available for parties or other special occasions, so I knew this first time would not be the last.

For those seeking to serve a beautiful Domme who knows how to turn a man into a woman, Mistress Colleen can be reached at (714) 356-2800 and at www.mistresscolleen.com or at www.phonefetish.com.



MAN LOVES HIS SHE-MALE HO

Yo, Man!

I read your Forced Womanhood magazine. I'm writing to tell you I have a she-male ho. She's the best all around woman I ever had. She's there when I need a piece of ass! She's there whenever I want a blow job! She cooks my meals, takes care of the house and is always ready for whatever I want. Recently I've been thinking of chastizing her. I don't want to loose her and, yes, she loves bondage and discipline. We just got your recent Transvestite Catalog and enclosed you'll find an order for baby doll shoes and a frilly dress, which I want to see her in. Turns me on thinking of her in these.

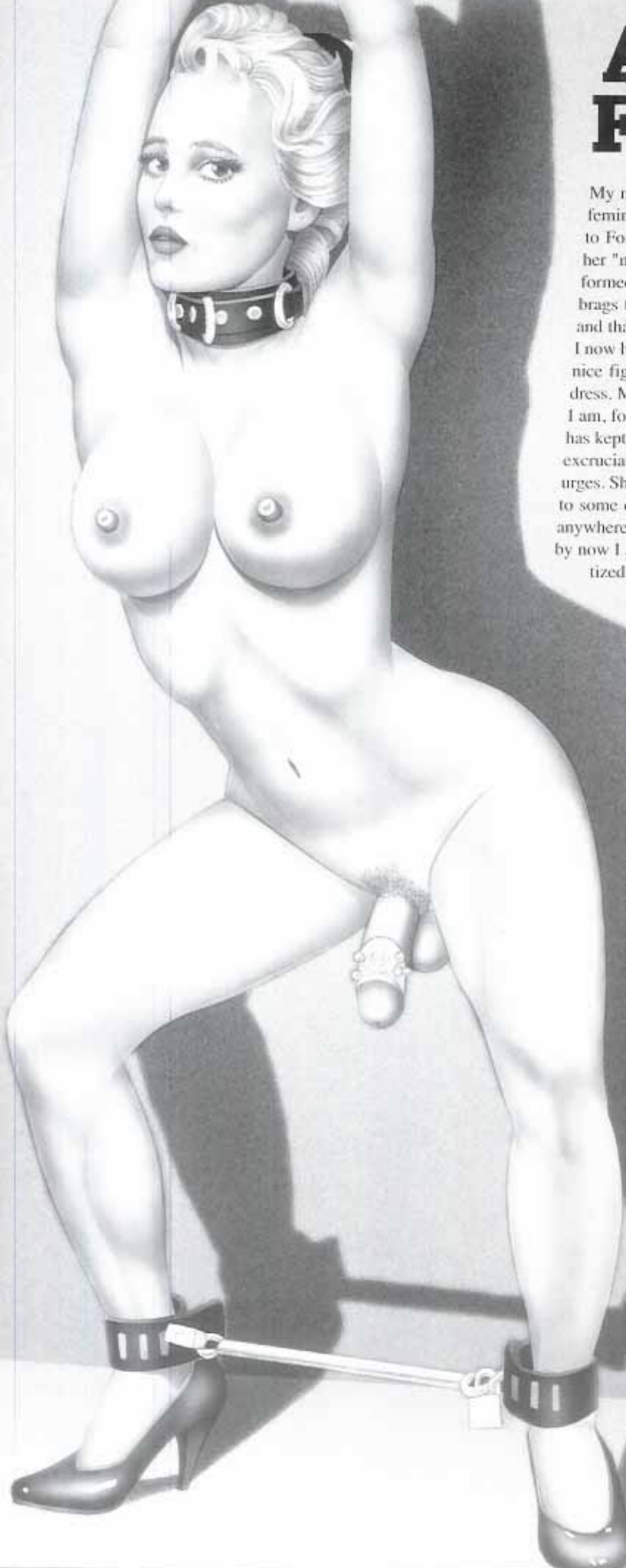
Sincerely,

Lobo





A MESSAGE FOR SLAVES



My name is slave Juli and I am a permanently chastised and permanently feminized bondage and sissy slave. I am compelled by my Mistress to write to Forced Womanhood and tell all who are interested how she dominates her "man"! Mistress takes great pride in my transformation. She has transformed me into a very pretty - and very passable - woman. Mistress often brags to her lady friends that she can trust her "man" to be 100% faithful, and thanks to the chastity tube that I've worn for three years, she is correct! I now have smooth, silky, hairless skin. My breasts are 34C and I have a very nice figure. My legs are to die for and my ass looks good in a short, tight dress. My hair is styled and Mistress has taught me the art of makeup. I am, for all practical purpose, a "woman". The very permanent chastity tube has kept me faithful - and horny! The first 2 years or so wearing the tube was excruciating. You see, Mistress does not give me anything to quell my male urges. She has instead chosen to torture my penis swelling away. It has worked to some degree - but I still get aroused! But, as Mistress says, I'm not going anywhere so she'll keep on with her training schedule! So, as one would guess, by now I am not only very docile, I am extremely horny! Because of my chastitized condition, I give intense oral sex to Mistress's pussy - and she loves it!!! She never has to worry about her "man" being satisfied.

A large part of my transformation is to subdue my "maleness".

Due to my chastitized condition, my feminine appearance, and the fact that I am always around real women, I am horny 99% of the time. I have naughty and unladylike thoughts, which makes my penis swell, which leads to spasms, and those lead to pain and frustration!

Depending on the circumstance, Mistress will hand out either discipline or punishment for my unauthorized arousal. For example, one day last week I was home doing my morning chores. I was wearing a long sleeve, white lacy, low cut blouse, a pair of thigh-high sheer nylon stockings, a pair of black 5" pumps and some perfume. Nothing else in the way of clothes. Mistress was home at the time, and wouldn't you know it, one of her lady friends stops by for a visit. Well, needless to say, a short time after her arrival I was behaving in a very unladylike way, so Mistress decided punishment was in order. In a few minutes, I was tied spread-eagle, standing up. Mistress secured a split-ball harness on my aching balls, and then hung a three pound weight from the d ring on the ball harness. Then, with her friend sitting in front of me, Mistress whipped my ass with her belt. The lady friend smiled, licked her lips and giggled. I couldn't twitch too much from the belt because, when I did, the weight would pull on my balls! When Mistress finished the whipping, she came to my front side - and coated my penis head with Ben-Gay, then she sat down next to her lady friend and watched me desperately strain at my bondage. Mistress called this discipline. She said that the whipping and weight was punishment for my unladylike behavior.

The Ben-Gay was to teach me not to do it anymore, it burned like hell! I must have looked so funny - femmed, chastised, spread-eagle with Ben-Gay sending sheets of pain throughout my body. So, all you slaves out there - BEHAVE!

WIFE TURNS NOT MUCH OF A MAN INTO SHE-MALE AND DILDO TRAINS HIM FOR FUTURE MEETINGS WITH MEN

Dear Forced Womanhood,

Per your request I'm sending photos of my enslaved she-male who was once my husband, Actually he still is my husband in a way. We've read your magazine for years. It only took two years to transform him into a really beautiful lady. I prefer him as my girlfriend. As a man - he wasn't much. But I loved him anyway. But now I love him much more. We have great lesbian-type sex. I'm now dildo training him so we can both go out and meet men. Seeing as he's chastized. I need a real penis once in a while.

Ms. Kathy



Dear Forced Womanhood,

I am a man who has always wanted to have a female sex slave. Most of the women I met would have been outraged by the suggestion. None would have agreed to submit to me completely, obey my every order, fulfill my every desire, sexual and other wise, even if that meant her experiencing pain just to turn me on so my orgasm would be bigger. Then I saw your magazine, which I first thought was about tying up real women. I was a little disgusted when I saw that these beautiful, looking women were really guys with dicks and balls. I almost threw your publication away. But then I caught a picture of this shapely looking babe. She had big blue eyes, blond hair, and huge boobs whose dark nipples were being crushed by metal clips. She was down on her knees in high-heels and corset, and the small little thing that hung down between her legs hardly looked like a male organ, and it was encased in a tiny metal tube that kept it diminutive. Her hands were tied behind her back and this guy's cock was filling

her mouth, shoved in almost to the base, his ballsack bulging right up against her chin, while tears trickled out of her eyes and her face pleaded with him for mercy. It seemed from what I read in *Forced Womanhood* get off on being a man's sex slave and the feminine role a whole lot more than today's so-called "real" women do. So I began advertising in some of these she-male magazines, saying I was a master with a taste for B&D looking for a true submissive to become my permanent, full-time, live-in sex slave. Her name is Belinda. She is twenty-six, a statuesque redhead, with naturally wavy hair, spectacular legs in or out of nylons, and very full breasts, with nipples I get my rocks off from torturing. She now wears one of your FL6A stainless steel frenum chastities to keep her permanently chastised and remind her who is the outie and who is the innie. She was a virgin in the most important way when I met her. She had only come out and begun taking hormones two years ago, only dated men a few times, and all she had done was give them a few blow jobs and a few handjobs. The

really important part of her had never been penetrated by any man before me. I made her wear all lacy white lingerie, like a bride. Then I tied her hands to the headboard of my bed and gagged her with her own panties. I raised her legs up around her ears with my arms, so she was practically bent double. I made her look straight into my eyes while I forced my big, broad dick into her tight, tiny little hole. Lucky I gagged Belinda. Otherwise the neighbors might have heard her screams. She clenched up her anus even tighter. But I kept pushing in until I was all the way in. And I watched the wildness and fear flare into her eyes at first, then slowly smolder into submission. And, my dick felt so good, that I kept easing it in and out of her until her little bunghole was slippery with my precum, and it began to relax, and soon she was moaning, and her long red nails were clenched in my



arms. After that she was clenched tight, but not to keep me out-to keep me in. I began to bite and pinch her nipples hard. And she went wild, clenching me tighter and loving every minute. But she was my slave, and it was all about my pleasure, so I didn't hold myself in any longer. I shot and shot and shot and shot. Like I have never heaved loads of semen into a woman before. That was our first night together. Sometime I will write in and tell you how I trained her

Master T.

VIRGIN SHE-MALE DEFLOWERED



THE LAST STEP

**SHE-MALE MAID GETS
TURNED INTO A REAL
WOMAN THROUGH SURGERY**

I am writing you to thank you for your invaluable help and to update you on my now totally trained and transformed former boyfriend.

My name is Mistress Charlotte and me and my lesbian lover Mistress Barbara captured and successfully feminized Michael, now Michelle, who as I wrote in issue 28 took away my virginity back in college and wouldn't call, see me or acknowledge what happened.

Shortly after my last letter we sought out a therapist for Michelle to begin the process toward a complete sex change for Michelle whose shrunken powerless little cock, the one that had done so much damage to me was a useless and ugly appendage on what Barbara and I now saw as an increasingly beautiful and feminine body. Michelle had the curves of a woman and her derriere was round and cute, especially, with her heart tattoo with the words sissy slave on it.

Her therapist had no problem prescribing the proper treatment, Michelle looked, acted, dressed, sounded and thought as a



woman, Barbara and I were so proud when Michelle was proclaimed a classic transsexual. It is such a feeling of power to know that we were able to so devastate what had been a typical male mind and body.

An altered hormone regimen was prescribed. Bimonthly shots were started. The results were very quick enhancing what the oils Barbara had been giving her until then. Not only were the physical changes very apparent, Michelle began to behave much more like a woman, becoming more moody and developing symptoms that to us sounded like PMS. She had been on testosterone blockers for so long the hormone shots were even more effective more quickly.

Though Michelle's breasts were well developed on hormones, we did our research on implants and had Michelle taken for surgery. Knowing how Mike lusted after women and would seem to be obsessed with breasts it was quite a shock when she emerged with a pair of 38C breasts. It was so much fun watching her struggle to walk, lay down, bend and otherwise move now that she was endowed very well. Of course we had to go bra shopping to get her the proper size. Michelle quickly noticed how she was being stared at by men even more now that she was well filled out and showed a little bounce when she walked. Michelle became very self conscious about her breasts, but Barbara and I loved them and Michelle was very attractive to us now, except for that one defect, which we were on the way to having removed.

As the therapies continued, both psychological and hormonal Michelle began to move from fear of gender reassignment surgery to anticipation. To help raise money we put Michelle to work as a maid cleaning the homes of our female and male friends. She had become very domesticated while taking care of our home, learning to cook, sew, doing laundry, ironing and all the things Mike always considered women's work. Now a woman, for Michelle it was her work.

We bought maids outfits for Michelle to do her work, helping excite our lesbian and dominant

female friends and of course the men. We bought her outfits in black, pink and blue along with coordinating ruffled panties, chiffon petticoats locking collars, coordinated stockings, nylons and fishnets and 5 and 6 inch heels in which to do her work. Demand was high, the money good and Michelle raised the money for her operation. It also helped that early on all of Mike's possessions legally became mine.

One of the more exciting developments while Michelle was working as a maid, I got in touch with her old college roommate, who I knew very well and who was a real womanizer himself. He is still not married and being the typical man does not keep house well. Naturally I offered Michelle, who when she found out was shocked, and terrified. Brian had no idea this maid was her old college buddy and roommate, and was very turned on by her and would never miss an opportunity to tell me and ask about her. He said it was surprising someone so beautiful did not have a boyfriend or husband, and I assured him Michelle was not a lesbian, which of course was not entirely true.

Michelle begged us to take her off the assignment to clean Brian's home, saying he was always staring at her, looking up her dress waiting for her to bend or move to reveal her panties. She said Brian would touch her leg and rub up against her breasts, making like it was unintentional, but, now being a woman, she knew it was deliberate. I was so excited hearing all this knowing that they used to be roommates.

When the day arrived for Michelle's surgery both Barbara and I remained at the hospital during the operation. The surgery was done on a Monday and Michelle was home for the weekend. Michelle had the more popular penile inversion to form her vagina, clitoris and labia. When she and me first saw her now vagina we all cried. She ran her hands down marvelling at the smoothness and compactness of what she now had down there. Her body was now just like ours and we were very, very happy about that, especially me who had been violated by what had now been reconfigured into a beautiful and working pussy. Michelle was now capable of having something other than oral

sex. At first douching and working to keep her new vagina open were a regular and required routine, but when it was time for sex she I know wanted it to be Dereck, the man whose cock she first sucked. She felt a special bond with him because he was the first, but, we had another idea.

When she was fully recovered, we sent her back out to work as a maid, and yes Brian's house was on the list. I kept telling him that Michelle was hot for him but she was too shy to say anything. This, as it would any man who thinks with his cock, got him all fired up and when Michelle would come over the fondling and touching increased.

Finally one day while cleaning Brian's house when she got to the bedroom he was standing there naked. He pulled her close and ran his hands over her breasts through her maid's uniform and ran his hands up her legs and began stroking her new pussy through her panties. She screamed and begged him to stop, but she could not break away. He got her out of her dress, petticoat, bra, panties and stockings and carried her to the bed. He lay on top of her and began stroking and licking her breasts. He then made Michelle lick and suck his cock. Then rock hard he pushed it into her vagina, her screaming and crying all the time and soon he erupted inside her, perfect, raped by her old friend and roommate, just as I had been raped by Mike. Michelle found out what it is like for a man to use her for sex, get what he wants and leave the woman without reaching orgasm. A very valuable lesson to further put into focus what she as a he did to me.

Michelle has had sex since then and has experienced the feeling of a female orgasm. I think she truly does love Dereck, and says his cock feels so good inside her. She is amazed at the height of sexual feeling she gets as a woman, but, also now sees sex and love as one, and is not at all as she was before when sex was sex to make a man feel good.

Michelle does love cock, despite her rape, but she finally did get that threesome with me and Barbara that I called Mike about so long ago. We have taught Michelle the joys of lesbian sex and she is now very much bisexual. A far cry from the heterosexual male seeking sex I used to know. We are both enjoying so much her ample breasts and delicious pussy and having another sexy woman in the house.

Michelle now joins us when we meet with our lesbian friends and lovers and is beginning to fit in well despite her former male status. What's more she has apologized for what she did to me in college and speaks harshly of many men, especially Brian.

I asked her how she thought Brian might look as a woman. She looked me straight in the eyes and smiled. I told her it is worth considering after what he had done to her. Me, Barbara and Michelle are beginning to work on a plot that could see Brian one day become Brianna, feminine, obedient and sissified.

**Sincerely,
Mistress Charlotte**



Dear Forced Womanhood,

Enclosed per your editorial request, photos of my she-male slave taking care of me in all ways.

Master John





SHE-MALE TRAINING STARTS WITH LICKING SHOES

Dear Forced Womanhood.

Not all she-males start out as obedient, submissive slaves. Which really doesn't bother me because I really enjoy training them. When I'm finished, trust me, they'll lick anything.

It's like an amusing hobby for me, and I'm quite patient and sensitive - at first. They're so pitifully over-joyed when I indulge them in their fantasies and gussy them up. Makeup, hair, sexy lingerie, the works. Only then do I start their training.

I currently have two in different stages. Fifi's training started the day she woke up and found a heavy collar locked around her neck with short chains ending in manacles around her wrist,

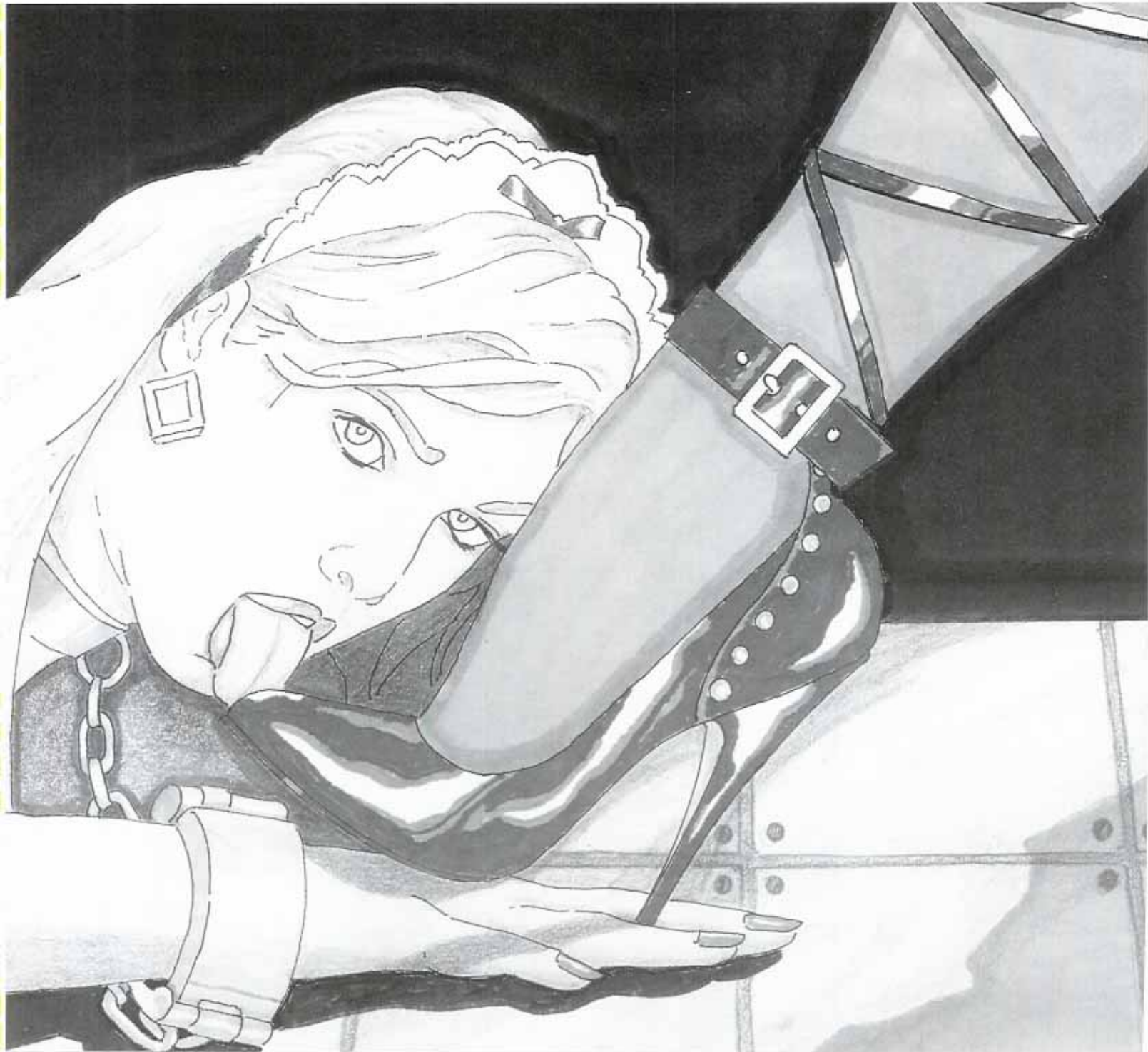
I start them slowly, at the feet, then working up. I patiently explained all she had to do was get down and instantly kiss the toe of my shoe. Which she learned to do without much resistance. However, she balked when I told her the next thing I wanted her to do was clean my shoes, including the soles. Meeting resistance I told her to put both palms flat on the floor, which I pinned with my stiletto heels. To get her to lick all I do is keep applying pressure with my heel, until licking my shoes becomes the less painful choice.

Now Yvette is quite advanced, although she's still quite resistive being trained to lick and suck a good sized cock. The first time is always the hardest on the poor dears. So, first I have them kneel

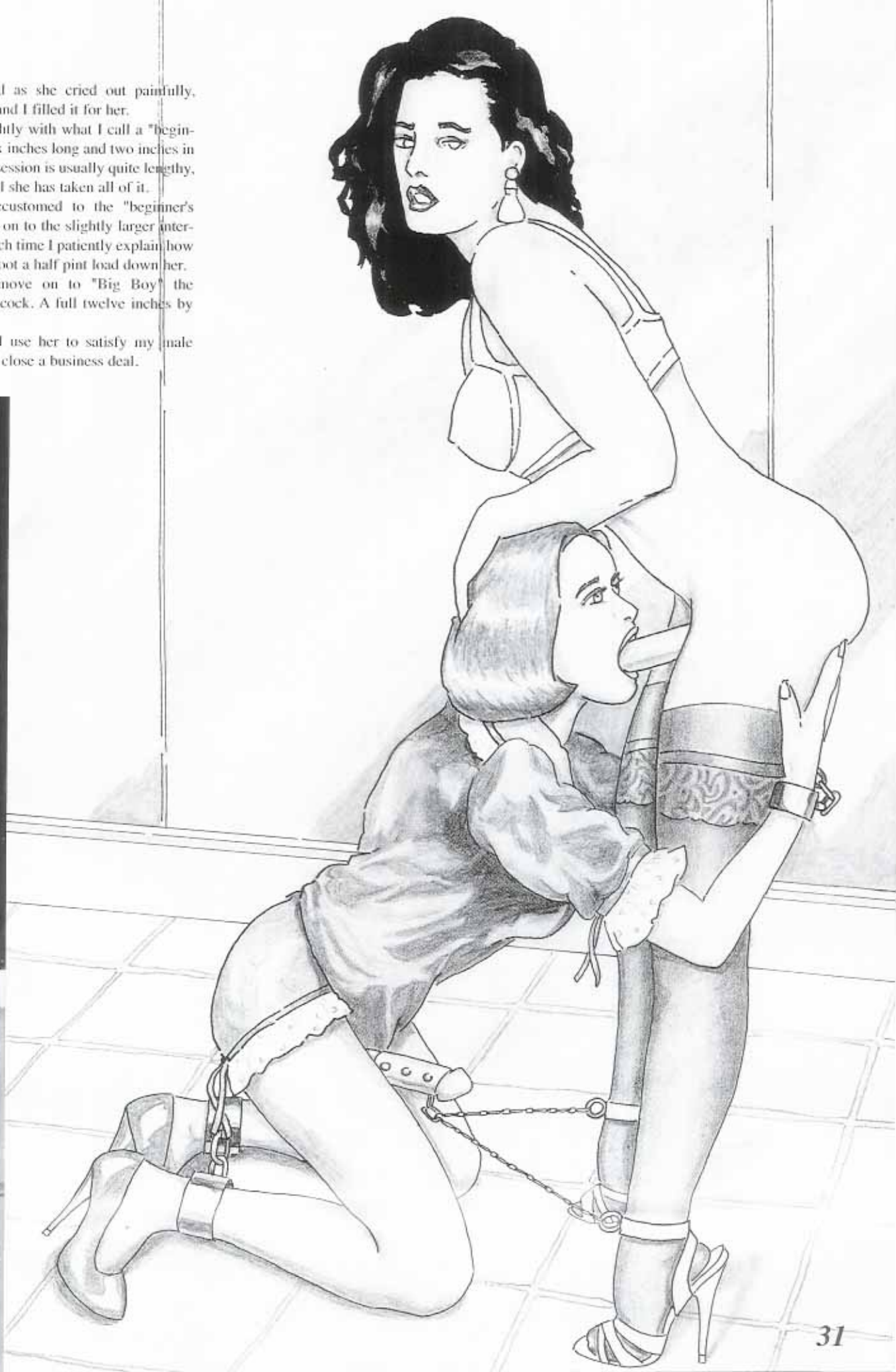
and put a blindfold on them so they can't see what's to come. Having them kneel I first manacle their ankles together, then having them hold onto my legs, I attach manacles connected by a short chain to their wrists to keep them in place.

By now Yvette is quite incapable of an erection except on command. Even so, I keep a tight chastity sheath, from Centurians, locked on her little thing for decorative purposes. But, also at this stage in training it serves another purpose. With sturdy chains I attach it to my shoes.

When I whipped off the blindfold for the first time and ordered her to start sucking she was, as expected, refusing to open her mouth. Which was easily verified. All I had to do was yank sharply



with one foot, and as she cried out painfully, opened her mouth and I filled it for her. I started her off lightly with what I call a "beginner's cock", only six inches long and two inches in diameter. The first session is usually quite lengthy, but doesn't end until she has taken all of it. When she gets accustomed to the "beginner's cock" I'll move her on to the slightly larger intermediate one, at which time I patiently explain how to breath while I shoot a half pint load down her. Eventually she'll move on to "Big Boy" the advanced student's cock. A full twelve inches by four in diameter. Once trained I will use her to satisfy my male guests or use her to close a business deal.



Dear Forced Womanhood,

My husband and I have been reading your magazine for years. Over the last three and a half years I have transformed him into the most beautiful chastised slave. I'm an attorney and bring home the bacon, as they say. I've been having an affair with a fellow attorney and I told him about myself. He put on a mask so he wouldn't be recognized. I chained my slave, Beth, to the ceiling.

When my lover saw how beautiful she was with a pink corset, ruffled pink panties and white baby dolls (all of which I purchased from your new Transformation Catalog) he went crazy and started caressing poor Beth. I guess men give to see something so sweet, innocent and beautiful at the same time. I pulled my lover away and had fabulous sex with him while poor Beth had to watch.

Ms. Johnson

