

ENSLAVED

Sissies and Maids

Issue 4 \$16.50

*Men
Turned
Into
Sissy
Slaves*

**SISSY MEN
SERVING
MISTRESSES
AND MASTERS**

ADULTS ONLY



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ENSLAVED

Sissies and Maids



This magazine is devoted to men and women who enslave and transform men into sissies, maids, she-males and sluts

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A note from the editor of CENTURIAN PUBLISHING

Thank you for the great response. We've received lots of photos and letters which

I will get in this and future issues.

WE NEED YOUR PHOTOS AND SHORT ARTICLES FROM MISTRESSES, MASTERS, SISSIES AND MAIDS. We have a lot of real, true stories from readers for this issue, plus we added some fiction to make this magazine more interesting.

We get a lot of letters from readers who don't send photos. Our artists try to depict a story with their art. We spend \$3,000 to \$5,000 in every issue of "Forced Womanhood" and "Enslaved Sissies and Maids" on artwork alone. These two magazines cost more than the other adult distributed magazines. We think it is worth it to bring you, the reader, magazines that are unique and fun to read.

A lot more work goes into putting these two magazines out.

***Send your photos
and stories to***

CENTURIAN PUBLISHING

VISTA STATION

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IMPORTANT NOTE: IT IS IMPORTANT THAT IF YOU ARE GOING TO PUT OUR PERMANENT FRENUM CHASTITY ON YOUR SLAVE'S PENIS THAT YOU REDUCE HIS SIZE WITH CONTINUAL USE OF REAL HORMONES OR HEAVY DOSES THREE TIMES A DAY WITH OUR VITAMIN HORMONES. IF YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DO THIS, WE HAVE INVENTED A NEW SILVER LOCK ON CHASTITY. (see page 40)

True to Life Readers Letters

Man Turns TV Into She-male Slave For His Own Pleasure



Dear Sissies and Maids,
I met this TV in a bar who wanted to be turned into a beautiful woman. This sounded like fun to me. For a year she lived in my house and did all the housework as I slowly turned her into a half way decent looking lady. I make her wear your sissy clothes and shoes at all times. This photo shows her in one of your black polka dot dresses we ordered from your Transformation Catalog. I never have to beg for sex. Bobbie is always ready and willing to satisfy me orally or with her nice round ass that your hormones have helped round out.
Master Jonathan

Sissy Slave Looking For Mistress Or Master To Serve



Dear Sissies and Maids, I've been an avid "Transformation" reader for some time but I'm writing today to tell you how much I enjoy reading your new magazine - "Enslaved Sissies and Maids". As you can see, I'm an aspiring maid. I hope you'll consider putting my letter and some of these photos in a future issue. I'm looking for a Mistress or Master who will help me develop my skills as a maidservant. I'm submissive, very trainable and eager to serve. I accept that discipline will be administered when necessary as an aid in my training and that this will be for my own benefit. I'm also willing to serve my Mistress or Master individually or for groups, as she/he desires. So Jeri, please include my letter, photos and address in your fine publication. I look forward to enjoying many more future issues.

Sincerely,
Barbara Roberts
P.O. Box 6372
Baltimore, MD
21230-0372



Dominant Woman Turns Weakling Into Sissy She-male Slut

Dear Enslaved, Always being the dominant one in a relationship, I was drawn to Ned because of his placid manner and almost feminine face and figure. At first, he went along with being tied up for sex and often being kept that way for hours. He even shaved his scant body hair when I said I liked smooth bodies. Next I put him to my final test and dared him to go for a walk one night in complete drag. He was intrigued and after a bit of cajoling let me put him in brief black lingerie, short black rubber latex dress, long gloves, stay-up nylons, and 4" stiletto pumps. I made up his face and placed a dark page-boy wig on his head. We were both turned on by his very feminine image in the full-length mirror. He suddenly got cold feet at the front door, but I solved that by tying his wrists behind him and draping a coat about his shoulders, then shoving his helpless, feminized body out into the hall. It was a delightful evening. No one was in the elevator or lobby, and on the street we received admiring glances from the few people we passed. We returned horny and had sex; Ned stayed tied and feminized the whole night. From then on he was hooked. He was bound and feminized on almost every date, and soon we began living together in a small house with a large, high-fenced yard for privacy. We ordered clothes and articles from your Transvestite and other she-male catalogs and Ned wore several changes a day. I had a high paying job and good investments so I convinced Ned to quit his job and do all the womanly things around the house. He was thrilled to do so, as he was then able to stay feminized all the time. Ned did the cleaning and cooking in either a French maid uniform and 4" to 7" stilettos or a pink or satin locking sissy maids bondage uniform, ruffled socks and Mary Janes or Sylvia Doll Shoes, and always penis gagged and in chains and leather wrist and ankle cuffs. He also wore schoolgirl outfits, gowns, velvet dresses, leopard outfits, skirts, tops and hosiery, lingerie, etc. It was such fun to tie and gag him looking like a sexy socialite, French or sissy maid, school girl in penny loafers, or a leopard bikini-clad jungle girl a la '50s bondage model icon Betty Page. He used your feminizing creams and pills and even slept tied up in a corset and stiletto heels, to nip in his waist, to give his hips and butt a rounder shape tone his leg and calf muscles and ankles, and raise his high arches.

Our bliss was shattered when Ned discovered that his dick and balls were shrinking while his breasts grew, his skin became softer, his hair more silky, and his body hair disappeared. He loved being a TV bondage slave, content to receive a blowjob or handjob instead of actual intercourse in exchange for eating and finger-fucking my cunt while in bondage - but he drew the line at becoming a limp-donged, actual she-male! I was set on him being one, as he'd never been a great lay. He was in chains and a brief French maid uniform with 7" heels, and was no match for me. I knocked him out with an uppercut, and he woke to find he was tied in a compact ball, a jaw-creaking penis gag in his mouth and a huge, humming vibrator fucking his ass at its highest speed. For three weeks I kept him tied in the spare bedroom in every muscle-straining position I could conceive, lashed him with whips and belts, walked on him in 7" stilettos, and

screwed his asshole good with the vibrator, plastic and rubber dildos and my various stilettos, which he sucked clean. Ned wisely gave in, and I increased the hormone creams and tablets. He was given female behavior lessons and lashed whenever he messed up. His dwindling prick was locked in a Phallic Fidelity Enforcer, and later in a FL3C Frenum Chastity that prevented a hard-on with heavy pain. At last his breasts had large implants and his small cock was locked permanently in a FL2C Frenum, and Ned forever became "Nan," a gorgeous, submissive, sissy she-male slave/slut. I take bound Nan with me on those occasions I get an itch that can only be scratched by a man's prick. Tied and gagged as a French or sissy maid, schoolgirl or naked beauty in 7" stiletto sling-backs and imitation pussy hiding her metal-encased tiny cock, she watches me get what she can no longer give me. Mistress Elga



Wife Turns TV Husband Into Pretty Slave Maid



Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,
I've enclosed a photo of my husband now. We have read your Forced Womanhood magazine for over ten years. Finally, two years ago I decided it was time to really make him into my slave. I made him quit work, I made more than him anyway. He stays home and does the house chores and housekeeping. He must always be dressed in your maid's uniform and high heels. I bind him up every night and give him instructions on what he has to do the next day and what to wear. If he doesn't agree with the things I tell him to do - he just doesn't get untied. I think she makes a very pretty girl after two years of training and hormones. I'm now thinking about chastising her.
Mistress Anna

Man Turns A Man Into A Voluptuous Sexy She-male Cock Sucker



I met Andrew through the internet. His ad asked for a dominant man or woman to train and help him become a woman. This intrigued me as I was not gay, nor was I a crossdresser. I had read a few issues of "Transformation" and the beautiful she-males that the magazine featured turned me on for some reason. I had been divorced from a manic depressive woman for three years. To make this short, Andrew moved in with me. We got on real good together. I agreed to feminize him. We didn't have sex for a year, but after a year and Andrew's breast job, I was starting to get turned on. He was looking so pretty. She had nice breasts and her skin was so soft. Andrew started it, by pulling down my pants and giving me an incredible blowjob. Andrew lives with me as my wife and passes easily as Audrey. I haven't had the guts yet to take her ass, even though she wants me to. Audrey now wants to be my slave and wife.
J.K.

Baby Doll Outfit From Centurians Transforms Sissy Into Sweet Little Thing

Every sissy's wardrobe absolutely must have a darling Baby Doll outfit. The "Sissy Sweet Baby Doll" (SL-L1688) is so darling and sweet in pointelle chemise with puffed sleeves and ruffled cotton eyelet trim. Sweet as it is it nicely displays her girlish bottom and sissy titties. No sissy outfit is complete however without shiny, patent Mary Janes (#3 Baby Doll Shoes) and matching anklets. Or, the matching thigh-high stockings that come with it. (Gloves not included)
Small, Medium, Large and X-Large.
\$79.95





Forcing A Bought Man To Be A Sissy Slave Is Worth The Money

Dear Enslaved Sissy and Maids,

I worked in a Department store and had this one male customer who was always trying on female clothes. He would say they were for his wife, which no one had ever seen. One day while cleaning up the dressing room I found a copy of Forced Womanhood. Now I know I should have just thrown it away but my curiosity got the better of me. I read letter after letter, not believing this was really happening here in America, the land of the FREE. Worse yet the more I read the wetter I got. Men who were forced to dress as women and serve other men were turning me on. I had to read more, so I called and one of your friendly phone operators helped me place my first order. I ordered every issue she had in stock. I never looked at men the same way after that.

When next I saw the customer I tried returning the copy he had left. He got so embarrassed he left the store never to return again.

Through some friends I found out about a secret market in the USA. At this market you could buy people. Most of the buyers were overseas. It was safer to have your slave shipped to another country where their rights as a person could easily be stripped from them. The "merchandise" came mostly from poor families who need the money but occasionally someone was kidnapped. Having no luck finding a willing slave, I decided to give the market a try. I was warned against trying to keep a slave in the USA. The "merchandise" didn't always go willingly into their new lives and if it escapes in the USA it could be a problem. I didn't let that deter me.

Using most of my savings I bought me a white male in his 20's. When he was delivered to me he was gagged and blindfolded. With his cute feature, I could see what a great sissy he would make. I kept him bound and gagged adding a locking corset to the mix. With his baby doll shoes and ruffled socks he was just a doll. I used your Triple Strength Mammmary to develop his breast and soften his skin. In only a few months he was rounding out nicely.

Training him to cook and clean turned out to be a bit harder. For that I needed his cooperation and he wasn't about to give it. Repeated whippings finally helped him to see my way. Working with him always made me horny. At first he refused to lick my pussy just because I told him to. Then I would just tie him tighter and rubbed my dripping cunt against his face until I would get off.

I would also make him watch as I fucked other men. He was never allowed to touch himself, so I thought it would be very frustrating to see other men get what I wouldn't let him have. Apparently he liked to watch and would cum all over himself every time. This un-lady like behavior turned off my lovers and me. I had hoped the hormones would have taken care of his hard-on and his cumming, but they didn't seem to affect it at all. I had to resort to installing your FL4 on his shrunken cock. As I broke off the permanent screws a new fear showed in his eyes.

As the men used her ass and mouth she finally knew the extent of her slavery. They rammed her virgin ass showing no mercy for what she used to be or for what she had become. I had never cum so many times as I did watching them use her. With one cock in her mouth and one in her ass while others just jacked off over her, she was a site I am telling you. The big black cocks in her tight white ass were the best. You could hear her screaming around the cock in her mouth as they rammed their cocks deep in her virgin ass. For days afterwards she walked bow legged but she never forgot her place again.

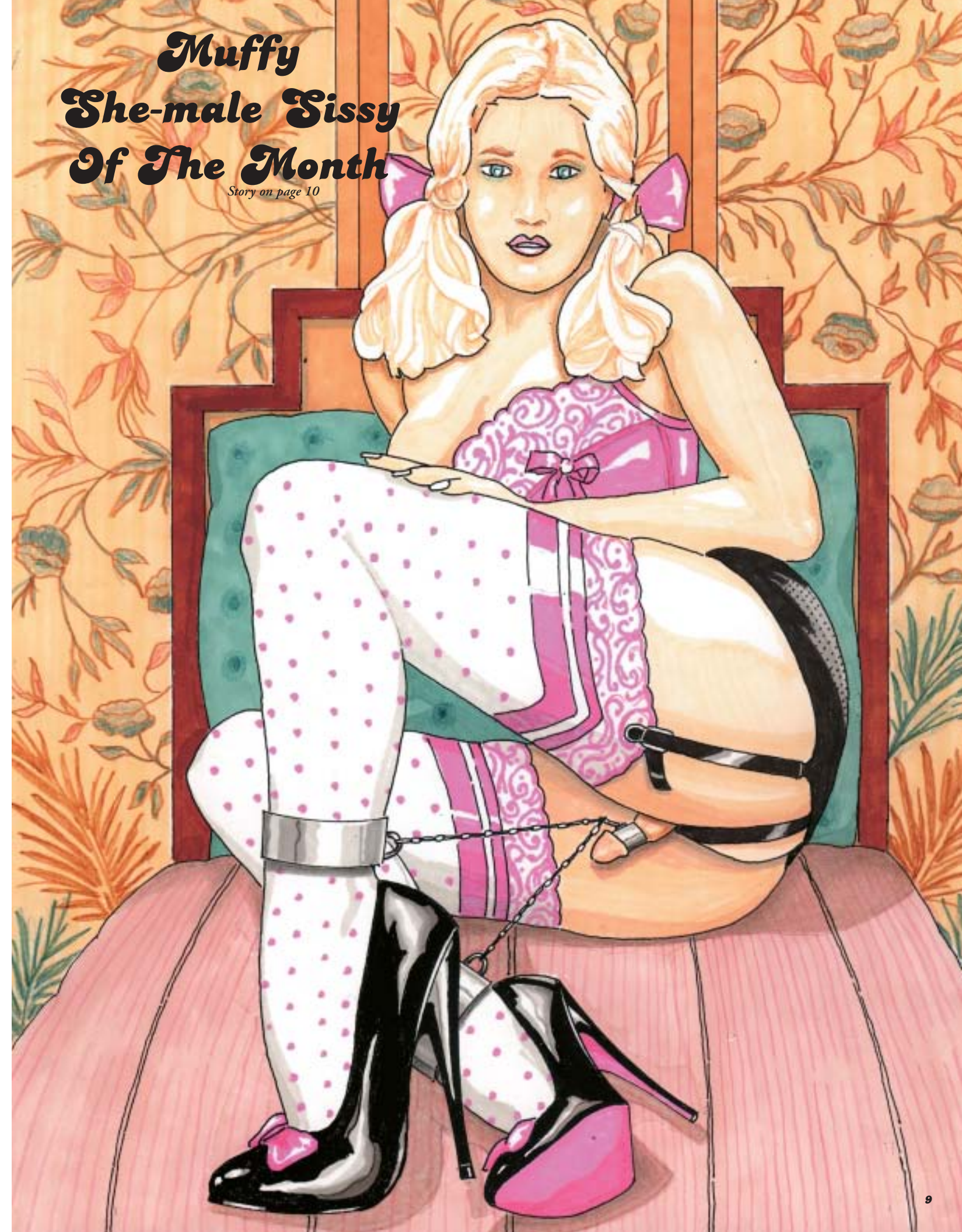
I hope the man who left me his copy of Forced Womanhood is still reading it. I just have to tell him thank you. I also want to thank you for your wonderful products and magazines without which I would still be living in the dark.

Having a sissy around the house opens up so many possibilities.
Sexual Deviant in Oregon

Kagan

Muffy She-male Sissy Of The Month

Story on page 10



Muffy

She-male Sissy Of The Month

MUFFY

She-male Sissy of the Month

PREVIOUS		CURRENT
38-35-36	Measurements	38D-25-42
5' 5"	Height	5' 11" in 6" heels
Lifting weights	Favorite Past Time	Primping, trying on new makeup
Watching football with the guys	Favorite Hobby	Shopping for new heels
Bossy, arrogant, macho, man's man	Personality	Dainty, ultra-girlish, airhead
Operating jackhammer	Speciality	Servicing Mistress' friends



I thought I'd die and gone to heaven when I met Mark. A real man's man. Burly, athletic, bulging muscles and best of all a truly huge cock that was like a piece of iron. He projected a no bullshit, do-as-I-say attitude in our relationship. Which, in a way, was a relief from my last boyfriend. A real milktoast, treated me like a Queen, always showering me with flowers and gifts.

But, after a while, it really got old. What I decided was I wanted a real man, and I thought Mark was it. That is until one day I surprised him at his apartment. Walking in to see him traipsing around in lingerie, stockings and heels. Worst of all, it was mine.

He tried to convince me it was just a harmless past time. A normal fetish that he declared a lot of men had. Well, I wasn't buying it, but I pretended I did. Thoroughly crushed I told him that if he wanted to dress up he was going to learn to do it right. I would help him, but he'd have to move in with me. He couldn't believe how understanding I was and immediately agreed.

I demanded he wear no men's clothing outside of work, and to ensure this I locked up all his clothes except his jeans, work boots and one T-shirt a day. Once in the apartment he was no longer Mark, he was Muffy.

I instituted lengthy, nightie instruction on how to sit, walk, stand and speak. "She" was to act meek, passive and very submissive. As muffy she no longer initiated sex. I was in charge and on top. I half expected the old Mark to show up, hoping that he would, but he was lost in his fantasy world. Well, so be it, I thought.

When I spanked her for the first time all Muffy did was cry. A result of the quite severe hairbrushing I gave her, but I was sure that the hormones I was secretly feeding her had something to with it as well.

When she complained that her chest hurt and her nipples were getting very sensitive all she did was sob when I candidly admitted it was probably a result of hormones.

I finally got her in skirts full time when her pants split for the second time at the construction site revealing the red lace panties. I now demanded she wear at all times.

Naturally she was laughed off the site and could, obviously, never go back or get another job anywhere in the city.

So, I gave her the only job, with her boobs, that suited her - keeping house.

Which she did an excellent job of, or she got her ass spanked. Still there was one recurring problem. In one area Muffy was still all man and still wanting me to fuck her, even if it was on my terms.

Naturally she was crushed when I informed her that a real woman wouldn't think of fucking a sissy she-male. Still she begged and begged which I frankly got fed up with. I told her she really needed to put all those silly thoughts out of her mind. Which, I said, I would help her do.

I jerked her off one last time, which really wasn't all that easy as Muffy's organ no longer got stiff as it once did, and, as I pointed out, it was shrinking so rapidly. I didn't think she'd be able to put it in me and keep it there. Chastising her didn't hurt her at all, so I really couldn't understate her hysterical sobs when she looked between her legs.

The days when I go out to fuck a real man Muffy stays in her bed, nicely chained up. She used to cry when I'd leave, now she just sits and does her nails.

Office Tease Makes Nerdy Man Into Sissy She-male Sex Slave

Dear Enslaved,
"You want to tie me up? I just love being tied up," Lyle blurted, his femininely handsome face glowing excitedly. "Let me tell you how I like to be tied!" His reaction to my suggestion that he be tied up so he would not get carried away by horniness on our first date, a ploy I often use, both surprised and pleased me. We worked in an accounting office, and his short, slight, girlish appearance appealed to me more than the "manly" men there. I'm a tall, busty, willowy blonde whom all considered the office tease, because of my sexy dresses and not dating any of the men. I believe it is bad policy - and I have a secret, a kinky sex life. My turn-on is to talk a guy into letting me tie him up naked (or in my lingerie and stiletto heels, if he agrees) to a bed or chair, then do a slow, sexy striptease, fondling myself intimately and rubbing my lush tits and throbbing pussy against his face while he pleads helplessly for sex. Usually he cums by himself while watching me or licking my cunt; if not I finally finish him off with my hand. Such an evening mostly put an end to future dates, but with Lyle it was a happy beginning so I was glad I broke my rule and went out with him.

Lyle stripped, sat on the couch with his wrists and ankles crossed, and asked me to tie ropes above and below his "breasts" and touching elbows, about his wrists and slim waist, above and below his knees, and around his ankles. He also wanted to be gagged. His stiff cock throbbed when I said he would look nice in my lingerie. He agreed, and I tied him the way he liked in my lingerie, and even a wig and make-up. We sat there and he told how he practiced self-bondage in nylons and panties only, as he did not know his bra, dress, shoe or wig size and was too shy to go to a store for them. We were so happy to have found each other that I even let him fuck me while he was tied and feminized, and I kept him that way the whole night.

We began dating, though no one in the office knew. When Lyle's section was pink slipped because of a merger with a larger company, I convinced him to take a small house with me and be my TV bondage maid and cook. We sent to Transformation and your other she-male catalogs for French maid and locking sissy maid bondage uniforms of pink and white satin, as well as school girl outfits, sexy rubber latex, leather, velvet, and spandex

dresses, etc. There were wigs of different colors and lengths, 4" to 7" stiletto heels, Mary Janes, ruffled socks, frilly lingerie, and bondage gear. I also got him to use your various feminizing hormone pills and creams. Things went well for a time. I even gave Lyle female lessons and exercises, and made him wear a corset and stiletto heels constantly, to further trim his waist, round his hips and ass more femininely, and tone his legs and raise his arches even higher.

He was pleased with his softer skin, silky blond hair, and growing breasts. Then he found his cock was shrinking, along with his sex drive, and tried to stop his treatments. I strung him up by his wrists to a closet door, in only "Forever Sissy" lingerie, over-the-knee school girl stockings and 6" stiletto sling-backs, then beat him with a whip that didn't leave marks and reamed his taut ass with various-sized rubber and plastic dildos. After a week of such continuous abuse Lyle surrendered to my will. I increased the dosage and use of creams, female lessons and exercises, and locked his prick in a FL4E Frenum chastity, with silver studs and an "O" ring to lead him on a leash. Not taking a chance on Lyle running away (though he had only sissy and erotic clothing) I tied and gagged him securely before leaving for work. It interfered with his chores, and I was glad when he could be trusted enough to be locked in a leather collar with its chain connected to the ones on his wrist and ankles cuffs; a rubber or leather penis gag was also added.

Finally, Lyle's breasts were ready for large implants and his tiny cock was locked permanently in a FL2 Frenum. "Linda" is my docile, sissy, she-male sex slave. Tied in only ruffled socks and 7" stilettos, she watches me have sex. Mistress Shana



Wife Sends Miserable Excuse For A Husband To Sissy School

Sissy Fiction

Mark and I had always experimented sexually. We enjoyed bondage, although he did more than me. One night as we relaxed from an especially erotic evening I coaxed him into telling his deepest fantasy.

He said he has always fantasized about wearing lingerie. I was disappointed but went along. The next night I dressed him in one of my frilly nighties, panties and bra, nylons and garter belt. When he asked if he could try on a pair of my shoes I gave him a pair of high heels.

I was disgusted by the way he looked. And even more when I saw his raging hard-on in my panties.

His requests for "dressing up" become unbearable, and when I caught him wearing my makeup and jewelry I decided this was enough. One Saturday morning I surprised him by asking if he'd like to spend all weekend "dressed up", and that I had bought a new outfit for him. He was clearly excited.

The outfit I had dressed him in was a darling schoolgirl's uniform. "This isn't what I expected," he said hesitantly.

"I'm sure you'll grow to love it. Besides the school requested that you be properly attired," I added.

"School? What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Well, you might as well know, there's nothing you can do about it. Your desire to dress up disgusts me. Do you remember those insurance forms you signed a few weeks ago? Well, you signed enrollment papers into Ms. Charlene's School For Sissies. you also signed divorce papers, and you inadvertently changed your name to Muffy."

"All I wanted was to dress up sometimes."

"Sometimes? How about all the time. You obviously aren't a real man. I truly believe you would be

happier as a sissy. Oh look, here comes the van now."

He was still crying and begging when I let two large women in to retrieve him.

"Oh my, looks like we have a whiner on our hands. Come along dear, open wide for me," one said, cramming a ball gag on his mouth while the gave him a shot. I couldn't have been happier.

I told the two that his new name was Muffy. Muffy has been at the special sissy school for six months. Today he's quite nervous and scared. This is his third attempt to pass the written part of his sissy test.

"This is your chance to pass your sissy test, Muffy. If you fail this time we will have no choice but to convert you into a she-male. You'll be given the biggest tits we can give you. Your little dickie will have to be permanently chastised and, I'm afraid, will never quite function again. And while you've become quite accomplished at servicing women's pussies that will not be as important as training you to take a good hard one up the ass. Which I'm sure you'd prefer not learning?"

"Oh no, headmistress," he said, horrified, in his, now, most girlish voice.

"If you're fortunate your new owner could have you trained as a ladie's maid, if she's a woman. But, if your new owner is a man, well you can just imagine what your primary duty will be," she said.

Led mincing into the classroom the instructor apologized for chaining him to the chair.

"You're quite a docile, obedient thing now Muffy. But, quite often when a sissy doesn't pass his final chance they forget all their training and get hysterical, some actually try to get physical as we take them to the clinic," she said, then kissing him fondly on the nose, added, "I know how scared you are, but I'm sure you'll pass. You came so close last time."

QUIET !
Sissy Testing





Ex Husband Turned Sissy Begs To Wear Skirts

At our divorce, I gave my worthless, cheating husband a choice. I'd take him for everything he had, or he could work for me for the next two years and I'd only take him for half.

It was a bitter pill but, as I could leave him penniless, he agreed to work in my financial consulting company. And I made sure there'd be no backing out. He got nothing until he completed his employment, and any unsatisfactory work would add to the two years.

Foolishly he thought he would be working as a market analyst.

"No, what you'll be doing is fulfilling a brand new position I've created just for you. You are now the official company sissy. Darla, my secretary, will be your boss, and you'll do anything she, or the other women, tell you to do. And she is going to see that you not only look the part but dress it as well," I said, gloating over his shocked reaction.

"You're crazy, no way," he bellowed.

"We'll see. Darla you and the rest of the girls can have Jeri now. You're no longer Gerald," I informed him.

Making Darla his boss was, I thought, a stroke of genius. He'd made advances at all the women in the office, but especially Darla. He wanted in her panties in the worst way.

Within the hour, after they bent him over a desk, tied him to it, every woman in the office had beat the living crap out of him, Darla removed her panties and ordered jeri to put them on. Cowardly he did.

Then it was on to the beauticians for sissy makeup and girlish hair do. There was nothing he could do after they'd tied him into the chair but cry like the big sissy he was becoming. Especially when he saw himself.

"If you're thinking you can just run home and wipe it off, think again. It'll be months before it even begins to wear off," Darla laughed, seeing his shocked reaction. The rest of the morning the women spent gleefully outfitting him with what they thought was the perfect wardrobe for an office sissy. Besides a collection of panties they purchased matching bras, stating that as a sissy they knew he wouldn't want to be immodestly showing off his boobies.

What followed were satin, frilly blouses, some sheer ones, pants with zippers in the rear hemmed above the ankles to show off his stockings, Mary Jane shoes, perfect footwear for sissies, with taps on them so everyone could look. Earrings for his

pierced ears, of course. Dangling bracelets and feminine rings to draw attention to his long pink nails. All in colors appropriate for a sissy, although they favored pink.

When they brought him back he just hung his head and whimpered, like the brow beaten sissy he'd become, as he stood in front of me.

As I pinned on the large gold name tag that read "Jeri, Official Office Sissy," I said, "You won't believe me now, but there will come a time when you will beg me to let the girls put you in skirts." I could see he could not believe me. But day after day he suffered the cruel, snide, belittling remarks of not only women at the office, but clients, and worse of all the laughter and giggles of strangers in public.

After just a couple of months of being laughed at and humiliated he broke down and begged me to let him wear skirts. Thinking that surely it would be the lesser of two evils.

"Very well, in one week you report to the office in skirts," I declared, handing him a knee length full skirt and a pair of medium, three inch heels with baby doll toes to practice in.

I even showed him how to walk. Right hand on hip, left hand fluttering above the waist, legs together, making sure to swish his ass, dainty steps, one foot precisely in front of the other.

He spent the whole week practicing and when the day came he confidently said he was ready.

"Great. Now the girls were so excited they bought you what they thought would be the perfect outfit for the office. Just go upstairs, put it on and we'll walk to the office," I said, chuckling to myself.

When he came down, frightened as he wobbled, holding onto the wall to keep his balance, I could see any confidence he'd built up was gone. I suppose he'd expected the girls to pick out something stylish and conservative for the office.

However the opposite couldn't have been more true. He was wearing a suit, sort of. The jacket was electric blue, the skirt a vibrant green. So short it didn't come to eve mid-thigh. Gone were the medium heels with baby doll toes. Instead his feet were crammed into five inch high shocking pink pumps with pencil thin heels. Jeri, as she's called now, did make it to the office that morning. But the jeers and laughter actually seemed to increase on the street, looking for all the world like a sissy in his first heels. Which of course she was.

Lady Makes TV Into Sexy Sissy She-male Bondage Slave

Dear Enslaved,

My interest in bondage started with my childhood games of cowboys and Indians, and has continued to this day. I enjoyed being the captive almost as much as being the captor. There was a regrettable lull in such activities (during which I practiced self-bondage and masturbation) until I joined a college sorority, where I then found it more delightful to bind and be bound by an attractive girl. That led to lovemaking which was much more stimulating than with a man. A woman knows how she likes to be pleased and does not ram a cock into your half-moist pussy after scant minutes of foreplay, then cum and pull out while you are still horny and unfulfilled.

Often I imagined my lover was a half-man/half-woman, as I always chose slim, somewhat feminine men for sex. Then one day I found your magazine in a hotel room (evidently left by a former guest) in Reno, and learned, to

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Mistress Makes Weakling Into Lovely Sissy She-male Slave



Dear Enslaved,

I met Palmer when I went to his small CPA office to have my taxes done. Short, shy, with an almost girlish face and figure, he attracted me. I'm a tall, gorgeous, busty brunette who likes to dress in leather, latex, spandex and high stiletto heels. Besides my flower shop, I work part-time as a dominatrix so I easily pegged Palmer as a submissive. Over lunch he confessed his secret fantasies, and in exchange for free tax work I made them come true that night.

Palmer enjoyed B&D and feminization more than any of my other clients, and that made me enjoy being with him more than anyone else. As we continued our sessions we both became immersed in his fantasies. He loved all of his domination and feminization, even keeping his body shaved and wearing a corset (except at his office) to trim his waist and give his hips and rear a more feminine appearance. I showed him your magazine and other TV/TS bondage ones, and he wished he could live life like that. We had a serious discussion, and he admitted that his business wasn't doing well. It was then that I asked him to move in as my cook, maid and TV sex slave. He agreed without a moment's hesitation.

I donated all of his clothes to charity and had him wear the lingerie he'd worn in his sessions until the many things I ordered from your Transvestite and Transformation catalogs arrived. Besides his erotic, maid and sissy clothing, I also ordered all of your feminizing hormone pills and creams, which Palmer used regularly. I had him switch back and forth from a French maid to a sissy maid in white or pink satin locking bondage uniform, ruffled socks and Sylvia Doll shoes or Mary Janes with little girl heels and steel taps from your "Little Tootsie" line. Those times he also wore a sissy bra, panties and often over-the-knee school girl stockings from your "Forever Sissy" line. Naturally, he cooked and cleaned in leather cuffs and chains and leather or rubber penis gags.

Things went smoothly for a while. Palmer grew his own long brown hair, which your products made silkier. His skin became softer, his figure more femininely rounder, and his breasts progressed nicely. The

almost constant wearing of a corset and 4" to 7" stiletto heels (even sleeping in them) made his waist slimmer, his hips and butt rounder, and his legs and ankles shapelier! His face and body hair even disappeared. But Palmer noticed that his penis and sex urge were drastically shrinking. He insisted that he didn't want to become a real she-male and wanted to halt the whole process. I wrenched one of his slender arms up behind his back and forced him down to my dominatrix cellar/torture room.

For over two weeks I kept Palmer there and played fantasy games for real. I tied him to an "X" frame and whipped and dildoad him, stretched him on the rack, suspended him in various ways from wall and ceiling hooks, and spread-eagled him to ring bolts in the floor and marched on him in my high heels. Finally, he was a cowed, whimpering slave who obeyed my every command, even kneeling and crossing his wrists behind him for binding whenever I picked up a rope or leather strap.

In addition to lessons in all forms of femininity, I taught Palmer to suck cock by practicing on dildos, which were then used on his pert ass. His dwindling cock was put in a FL4A Frenum chastity, then later permanently locked in a FL2 Frenum, ending its sexual activity. His breasts had big implants, and Palmer became Pam.

Lovely Pam easily passes as a true woman and is my constant companion. She cooks, cleans, does my taxes, and satisfies me sexually with her mouth and fingers. I'm still a part-time dominatrix, and use Pam as my practice victim when I put on a private show or a client wants company in bondage. There are times when I do want sex with a man, and tied and gagged as either a French maid or a sissy maid in satin uniform and frills Pam watches me take it in all three holes (sometimes as a gang-bang), then it is her turn. I rest and watch, letting the men do as they want with my she-male slave/slut. Many of the things are deliciously depraved. Then I take charge again and the "fun" continues!

Mistress Gretchen

Lady Makes TV Into Sexy Sissy

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my joy, that there honestly were she-males! I went to your store and bought sexy things for myself, as well as learning more about she-males. Your magazine and your other publications told how to make a man into one through your hormone pills and creams, and I really became determined to do just that with the right man. Unexpectedly, I soon got my chance!

Returning from my vacation, I met Albert, who had just moved into my apartment building, and we soon became intimate. When I brought up bondage he agreed and added that his last girlfriend enjoyed making love with him wearing her lingerie and high heels, besides often tying him up. I almost came in my panties then and there! Albert spent the night tied up in my sexy lingerie, stiletto pumps and long blonde wig and makeup. In the morning he seemed almost reluctant to be untied and turned into a male again. We saw each other constantly, and later took a house for more privacy when we both won big sums gambling in Reno. To celebrate we went to your Romantic Sensations Erotic Boutique and bought Albert an abundance of she-male clothing and articles, from French maid uniforms, locking sissy maids bondage uniforms of

white and pink satin, school girl uniforms, gowns, velvet dresses, rubber latex dresses, skirts, tops, stiletto heels from 4" to 7", Mary Janes from your "Little Tootsie" line with steel taps on the toes and raised heels, Sylvia Doll shoes, "Forever Sissy" frilly bras, matching panties, and over-the-knee, school girl stockings, erotic bras and panties, vagina panties, penis gaffs and pussies, besides wigs and bondage items. I got more sexy clothings of latex, spandex, and new tight fitting stretch materials for myself.

We wisely invested the rest of our money, and since I had a higher-paying, executive job, I kept working for a time while Albert stayed home as bondage maid and cook. He willingly took your various feminizing pills and used the creams, besides constantly wearing a corset and stiletto heels, to slim his waist, give his hips and rump a more feminine look, tone his thigh and calf muscles and raise his arches higher. Then he discovered his cock and sex urge were dwindling while his tits grew and his body became more lusciously female, with softer skin, silkier hair, and rounded in just the right places. We argued, and he wound up bound and penis-gagged in the cellar playroom, where I lashed,

dildoed, and walked on him with 5" to 7" stiletto shoes and boots three times a day. After a few weeks of constant abuse and bondage he gave in to me.

I locked his cock in a FL4E Frenum chastity, increased his dosage and use of creams, gave hours of female lessons daily (whacking his small balls and cockhead whenever he made a mistake), and female exercises that toned those muscles a woman uses most. Finally his breasts were ready for large implants, and his tiny prick was locked permanently in a FL2 Frenum, so that he was then a true she-male bondage slave.

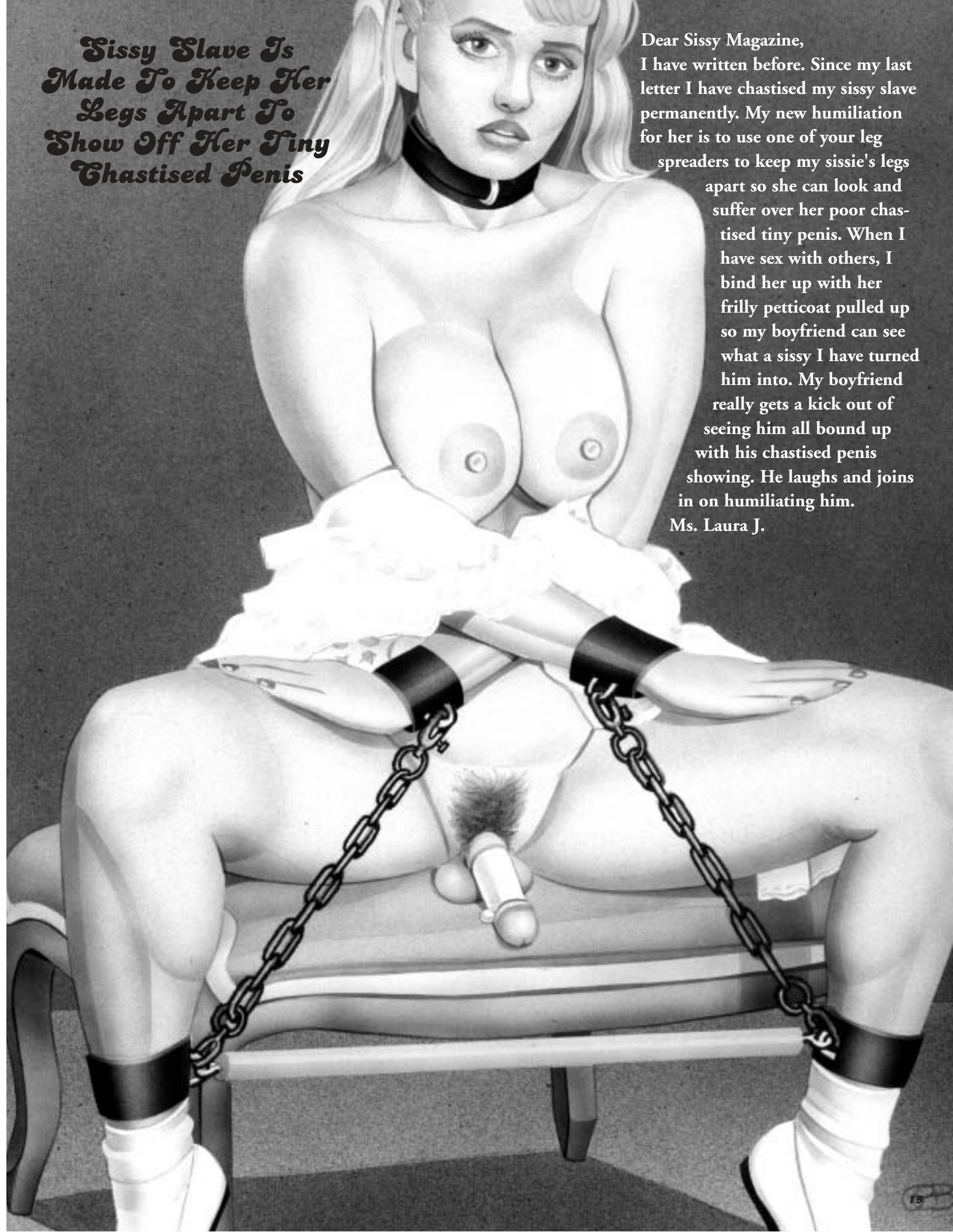
"April" easily passes as a complete woman, and goes almost everywhere with me, bound and a coat hiding her arms. She is deft at licking and finger-fucking my pussy with her hands tied behind her. I love to tie her strenuously and face-sit her for hours. Her she-male wardrobe is extensive, and I dress her as a French or sissy maid, school girl, or sexy slut when I have a man over for sex. Then we both abuse her tied body sexually for hours on end. It's great fun!

Mistress Reba Enslaved:

Sissy Slave Is Made To Keep Her Legs Apart To Show Off Her Tiny Chastised Penis

Dear Sissy Magazine, I have written before. Since my last letter I have chastised my sissy slave permanently. My new humiliation for her is to use one of your leg spreaders to keep my sissie's legs apart so she can look and suffer over her poor chastised tiny penis. When I have sex with others, I bind her up with her frilly petticoat pulled up so my boyfriend can see what a sissy I have turned him into. My boyfriend really gets a kick out of seeing him all bound up with his chastised penis showing. He laughs and joins in on humiliating him.

Ms. Laura J.



Wife Turns Husband Over To An Old Boyfriend To Train

Dear Enslaved, I have always wanted to transform my own sissy boy. Last year I finally got the chance. I was so excited about the results I just had to share my story.

I have to say I was caught by surprise when Mary called me. She is an ex-girlfriend that became my best friend. She remembered I was into some alternative stuff and wanted to know if I had ever heard of a magazine called Forced Womanhood. It seemed she had found a copy of it hidden in her bathroom. I told her I was very familiar with it. As Mary poured out her sob story, I learned that her husband had admitted it was his. Mary was at a loss as to what to do. When I suggested she try fulfilling his dream of being a submissive woman. She flatly refused. Loving her husband and not wanting to lose him, Mary asked if I could help. I readily agreed. Mary's husband was moved into my house the following month.

When he arrived he wanted to make it clear to me what he was going to do. He wanted to have all the privileges of being taken care of but expected to keep the control as well. I humored him in this. He also made it quite clear that although he wanted to dress and look like a woman he would not ever service men. After all he said I am not gay. I lead him to his room as I assured him that I was only here to

help him transform. Of course I was wondering, in the back of my mind, how long he would retain control.

He looked around the room wide eyed with wonder. Walking around he had to touch and feel everything like a kid in a toy store. I asked him to remove his clothing and attire himself in the proper manner. He quickly did as he was asked. She quickly learned to apply her make up and fix her hair. She wore the corset 24 hours a day, only removing it to bathe. As your vitamins began to work she needed her silicone breast less and less.

One year later she was ready to go home. Mary couldn't believe how beautiful her husband had become. Inspecting her, Mary ask about the metal tubing encasing her husband's shrinking cock. I assured her although this one could be removed, it could also be made permanent if she wished.

Mary decided she would give it a try and took her new maid Jenny home. Now Mary's house was spotless. When she got home from work she knew dinner would be waiting. Best of all he pleased her whenever she wanted. No longer did she need to worry about her husband's sexual needs and desires. She now understood why the women in Forced Womanhood agree to this life.

Master David



Macho, Two-Timing Man Turned Into A She-male Maid By His Wife And Her Lesbian Lover

Dear Centurian,
I'm writing to thank you, for the wonderful life your products, and publications have given me. This is not so much a submission, as it is a testimonial, for women who are enduring what I've gone through. You've asked to keep the submissions short, but there's just so much, so just read my story, and know it only happened because of your company. Let me start from the beginning.

I met Jim at my bank. He had a remodeling company, and I was the branch manager. At a little over 5' 5", I towered above him at 5' 10". Still he was charming, and he won my heart. Understand, I seldom dated, concentrating on my career instead. So when Jim came along, me in my mid thirties and him so romantic, we married.

It was a mistake I regretted from the beginning. After he moved into to my house, I realized he was obsessed with guns. He was also in trouble with the IRS, and when his truck died, I ended up buying him another. I did have the forethought to put it in my name.

Comfortable with me paying the bills, he started spending more time at his gym. He got involved with some body builders, and decided to pump himself up. The more hours he spent at the gym, the more his business declined, and what little money he made from his remodeling, he put back into tools, guns, and natural steroids.

The more muscular he got, the more turned off I became, and started fantasizing about Julie, my next door neighbor, who had moved in just after we were married. She was in pharmaceutical sales, and like me was career driven. Blonde, with short hair, she had a trim, toned figure, long legs, and the sweetest smile.

I would watch her as she jogged on weeknights, sometimes going out to talk with her. From the first time we met, I felt a sexual connection, and it was heightened every saturday night, when I watched her leave her house, dressed in exotic leather outfits.

Everything changed on a Friday night. I had just gotten home. Jim told me he was going hunting with his buddies, and would be back sunday. That was fine with me. He left, and I relaxed, happy for the solitude. Less than fifteen minutes after he was gone, the doorbell rang. "Who the hell is that?" I thought. I opened the door, to see Julie, her tight body encased in a sweat drenched jogging outfit. "Sorry to bother you!" she panted, "Your husband's been hitting on me since the day I moved here. I thought if I told him I was a lesbian, and I am in case you're wondering, it would turn him off, but it didn't. It only made him worse.

Now every time he sees me, he flicks his tongue at me, and says, "Hey lesbo, how 'bout a three way, with me and my wife."

"I'm sorry Julie, I'll talk to him when he gets back in town from his hunting trip," I replied.

"Oh God, why do I have to be the one?" she groaned.

"The one for what?" I asked.

"Look, your husband's not out of town with his "buddies", he's two streets over, shacking up with some divorced bimbo. I'm Sorry I had to be

the one to tell you that, but your husband's a pig. I've personally seen his truck parked in a half a dozen driveways, on my nightly jogs, and I know what he's remodeling. I'm really sorry if I hurt you, but you deserve a lot better. You're a smart, articulate, beautiful woman. Hell, if you weren't straight, I'd want to be with you,she said. "You look dehydrated, why don't you come inside, and let me give you something to drink," I smiled.

She never left that night. We made love, and I finally understood what orgasms were supposed to feel like. We spent all day saturday together, just talking, and we had another glorious night. When she left sunday, I knew what I had to do.

When Jim came back from his "trip", I confronted him. I told him that I knew he was cheating on me, and to gather his belongings and leave. He just glared at me for a moment, and stormed away. I thought that it was over, but he came back with a pistol. Grabbing me by the throat, and holding the pistol to my head he spoke to me, in a cold, deliberate voice. "I like this arrangement, so we're going to stay married. The day you file for your divorce, is the day you die. I'll make you disappear. I have enough friends on the police force, to make sure it never comes back to me."

I called Julie on her cell phone, the next day, and told her what had happened. She was silent for a moment, and then spoke in a soft, firm voice. "No one threatens my girlfriend. I have some research to do, so give me until Friday, and when asshole leaves, come over to my house.

Everything's going to be fine Janice, but I need to know you're with me.

Are you?"

"God, yes

Julie! I

loved

our

week-

end



Long Time Reader Of Forced Womanhood Decides To Turn Hubby Into Sissy Schoolgirl Slave After Reading Sissy

Attention to Enslaved Sissy,

I had to write and tell you how much we like your new magazine. We have been reading your other magazines for years, especially "Forced Womanhood". I had already turned my husband Alex into Alice when you came out with your sissy magazine.

But, on reading your new sissy magazine, I decided to make Alice into a sissy slave. I love dressing him up in your schoolgirl outfit and your sissy shoes with the two bows. She looks so sweet and innocent. You'll notice your new armbinder is on Alice. She becomes so submissive to me when I have this tightly laced on. I put a collar on and force her to kiss my feet and give me great oral sex. Your hormones have helped make her body very feminine over the last few years. I haven't chastised her yet, as sometimes I enjoy her penis.

Mistress Smith



together, and I'm so attracted to you. I want to be with you, in a real relationship." I answered.

"That's all I needed to hear. I'll see you Friday. In the meantime, hang on as best you can, and know that help is on the way," and she hung up. We didn't talk again for the rest of the week. Jim became even more hateful, even bragging about his conquests, telling me how much better they were in bed than me. Friday finally came, and after Jim left, I hurried next door. Julie met me at the door in a skintight leather jumpsuit, and four inch stilettos. She was so erotic. I stood there staring. "You like my outfit, don't you?" she smiled. "That is really sexy." I replied, still staring.

"Good! Come on in and let me show you what I have in mind," she said. She led me to her dining room table, that was covered with your publications. There was the bondage catalogue, the transformations and leather catalogue, as well as your "Forced Womanhood", and "Transformation" magazines. I looked at them in shock. "Quite a collection isn't it?" Julie said, watching my expression. "Hey I'm into leather, and I talked to some people at this leather bar I go to. When I explained your situation, they gave me these magazines, and catalogues. Now, if you're serious about being with me, then I think two successful women need a maid. Take your time. Look at the catalogues, read the articles, and tell me what you think."

I read your articles, and saw your product line, and for the first time in my life, I felt passionate. Julie sat there watching me, and when I finished poring through what was laid before me, she spoke. "What do you think?"

"You want to turn him into a she-male? We'll never get away with it," I answered.

"Yes we will!" she replied, and proceeded to lay out her plan. It was brilliant, and we spent the next two hours making a list of what we wanted from your catalogues, ordering it by phone. It all arrived at Julie's house in less than three weeks. It was time to put her plan into action.

On a Thursday, I told Jim that my mother wasn't feeling well, and I was going to spend the weekend with her. He didn't care, except to tell me I had better come back. I assured him I would. As soon as I left Friday evening, Julie went to my house, and told Jim she was longing for a cock, and wanted to take him up on his offer. He followed her back to her house, like the pig that he was, and she made drinks. His was spiked.

Once he passed out, she bound him up in your restraints, and picked me up, at our rendezvous point. We drove back to her place, where we met Valerie, a nurse, who knew my situation, and wanted to help.

Julie and I went back to my place, where we packed up all of Jim's belongings. His guns, his tools, his clothes, were all packed into the truck I owned, and dressing in his jacket and hat, I drove off. Julie followed me some minutes later, meeting at a pre-determined spot. We threw his guns in the river, and with her following, we drove through the night, to the next state. We sold everything, including the truck, at an outdoor flea market, on Saturday.

Sunday afternoon, Julie dropped me at my car, and after waiting half an hour, I drove home. I rushed next door, to see Jim bound up, awake, and ranting. When he saw me walk up and give Julie a kiss,

he went ballistic. "I don't know what fuck the two of you are up to, but when I get free, I'll fucking kill the both of you!" he shouted, doing his best to break his restraints. By the way, thank you for the quality of your bondage equipment. As muscle bound as he was, he couldn't break free. Valerie was standing by with a syringe. "Shut the bitch up, Valerie," Julie said, and Valerie walked over, shoving the needle into one of Jim's bulging veins. Jim quickly drifted off, and Julie watched, saying when he was almost unconscious. "Sweet dreams asshole! See you in your next life."

I made a point that night, to call all of Jim's friends, asking frantically if they knew his whereabouts. They all replied that he had probably found something better, and I should just get over him. That was, after all, just the way he was. The conversations just strengthened my resolve for what Julie and I were about to do.

Over the next six months we kept him constrained and heavily sedated. We used your pills, and creams, but coupled them with massive doses of female hormones Julie supplied from her company. He stayed asleep while we worked, and we only brought him out from his sleep, mornings and evenings, so we could walk him, and feed him. At those times he was never sure of what he was doing or where he was.

We sold our houses, and bought a house together, a three bedroom ranch, on ten acres. We moved him in a trunk, and I'm sure the movers had no idea of what they were moving. As far as any contact with the outside world went, we never had a phone installed, relying completely on our cell phones, that we kept with us at all times.

He became our project, and once moved, three months in, we dedicated nights and weekends to him. We bought an electrolysis machine from your catalogue, and combined with your creams, made his body smooth and hairless.

We had a woman plastic surgeon, a friend of Julie's, come in and feminize his face. We gave him a cute little nose, and big luscious lips. His diet was basically liquid protein, and vitamins, and coupled with the breast pump, and leather corset, we methodically transformed him. He went from a hundred and eighty pound gorilla, to a hundred and ten pound she-male, with a twenty two inch waist, thirty six inch breasts, and a thirty six inch ass. His barrel chest, turned into the sweetest tits. It was finally time to awaken our sleeping beauty, and train her to her new life. We lightly sedated him one last time, on a Friday night. Dressing him in the french maid's outfit we got from your catalogue, we did his makeup, hair, and nails, and locked him in a three inch pair of heels, also from your catalogue. We removed all of his constraints. Julie and I were watching a movie, the next night, when he finally came around. We heard a raspy scream coming from his bedroom, some thumping noises, and listened as he teetered out in his heels. Walking into the living room, he saw us cuddled up with one another. "I don't know what the fuck is going on, and I don't know how you did this, but I swear I'll get my body back, and I'll fucking kill the both of you," he rasped, not having used his voice in six months.

Julie leapt from the sofa, stormed to where he was teetering, and delivered a backhand that sent him sprawling. "That's a bad Mitzy," she shouted, picking him up by the hair. "So you want to become a man again, and kill us? Well, I guess we have to ensure that that can never happen."

She dragged him back to the bedroom, and bound

him up for the night. Sunday afternoon, a female surgeon arrived. Sitting him up, we strapped him to the bed, his legs spread. The surgeon administered a local anesthetic, and castrated him while he watched, him pleading, and crying the whole time. When the surgeon was done, she deposited his balls in a bowl, that Julie picked up, and held before his face. "No more testosterone, no more muscles!" she said, and walked to the bathroom, where she flushed them down the toilet.

For the next eight months, we kept him bound up during the day, only allowing him to do his maid duties at night, while we were there to supervise. It took two months of nightly beatings, for him to finally understand what was expected, and not just as far as cleaning went. But hair, makeup, posture, walking, and speech, were all to reflect what he was to be.

I should point out at this time, that Julie got me turned on to leather, and we both became avid readers of your many erotic publications. We were both drawn to the dominatrix, and bondage videos, and magazines, and used them to develop our skills as Mistresses. What we learned became quite helpful in "Mitzy's" training. In two months time, she was the perfect maid. When we spoke to her, she would hold her head down, never making eye contact, and would answer our requests, by responding softly, in a very feminine voice, "Yes, Mistress". Her sexual reorientation, took a little longer. "He" got his three way, the weekend after "he" was castrated. But it involved one of us fucking his ass with a dildo while "he", ate the other out. "He" wasn't very good the first time, but she would learn to enjoy it. We started bringing male friends home on the weekends, allowing them to have their way with her. The poor thing was powerless, and we videotaped each encounter.

Afterwards, we'd critique her performance, and there were more beatings if we felt she didn't look like she was enjoying herself. We also forced her to watch your she-male sex videos, strapping her in a chair, in front of a tv, each morning before we'd leave, and running the video on a continuous loop, until we got home. That part of her transformation took about three months, but in the end, she became very good at sucking cock, and eating pussy, and seemed to enjoy having her ass fucked. Our Mitzy was finally trained. It was time to take the manacles off, and let her run our house.

As a graduation present, we had her little tiny cock permanently encased in your FL2C frenum. It was done for pure erotic effect, since it was totally useless for sex. We call it her clit jewelry, and make her show it off to every new Master and Mistress we bring home for her to service. We also had her implants done at that time, and she now has the most gorgeous set of 38D's.

That was two years ago. Since then, I've been promoted twice, and Julie has become a regional sales manager, and we have you to thank for it. You see, our Mitzy takes such good care of us, that we've been able to concentrate on our jobs. She's such a good maid during the week, and she's such an accommodating submissive, when our leather clad friends come by on the weekends. It's just so entertaining to watch her gobble up cock, or eat pussy while her sweet round ass is being fucked, her encased tiny cock dangling between her legs. It's hard to believe our Mitzy was ever a man, and it's hard to believe I was so proper in my sex life. I love myself in leather, I love my female partner, and I love dominating my she-male maid.

Janice and Julie

"Fifi" The Ghastised French Maid

When I caught Frank dressed up in my clothes, or trying to, I knew I had the hold over him I'd been looking for. When we were dating, he was loving and caring. When we got married it all changed. He turned into a sarcastic, belittling shit, always putting me down in front of people. It gave his ego a feeling of superiority that he badly needed as I easily made three times what he did, and I was much taller him, even without heels.



I didn't let on that seeing him all gussied up turned my stomach, I played it just the opposite. I told him if I was going to tolerate such behavior he would have to look believable. I suggested a maid's uniform. "Honest? I can't believe how understanding you are being. I'd love a sexy maid's outfit, and I'll do whatever chores you want me to do," he proclaimed.

What I got him was a sexy, blue satin outfit,

matching heels and a corset to improve his figure. I showed him how to apply makeup correctly and how to do his nails.

I filled his bra with a huge set of falsies then said, "Let's see, I think you'll be a French maid and I'll call you Fifi, how's that?" Of course he liked his new name and outfit. "Okay Fifi, let's put you to work," I declared, Fifi eagerly minced about the house doing chores.

I thought everything was going well until one day I secretly caught him jerking off on the couch with his skirts up. I backed off, and ten minutes later I came back and asked him why he hadn't finished his chores.

"I got caught up with something else," he stammered.

"I think we can do a few things to make you more believable. You're falsies do not look real and you should really get your ears pierced, and while your makeup looks fine, it should really be professionally done. In fact, I talked to Betty, my beautician, and she said she'd be only too glad to make some cosmetic changes and you should not be embarrassed. She thinks it will be fun. And I have an idea to help you keep your mind on your chores."

Well, he was nervous, but Betty put it all at ease, and as soon as the "doctored" coffee put him out she really went to work on him.

When he came around we turned him to the mirror, "Well, how do you like the new you?" I asked.

Looking at himself closely, he smiled at first, then his expression turned to horror and disbelief. "They're real," he gasped, as he fondled his new breasts.

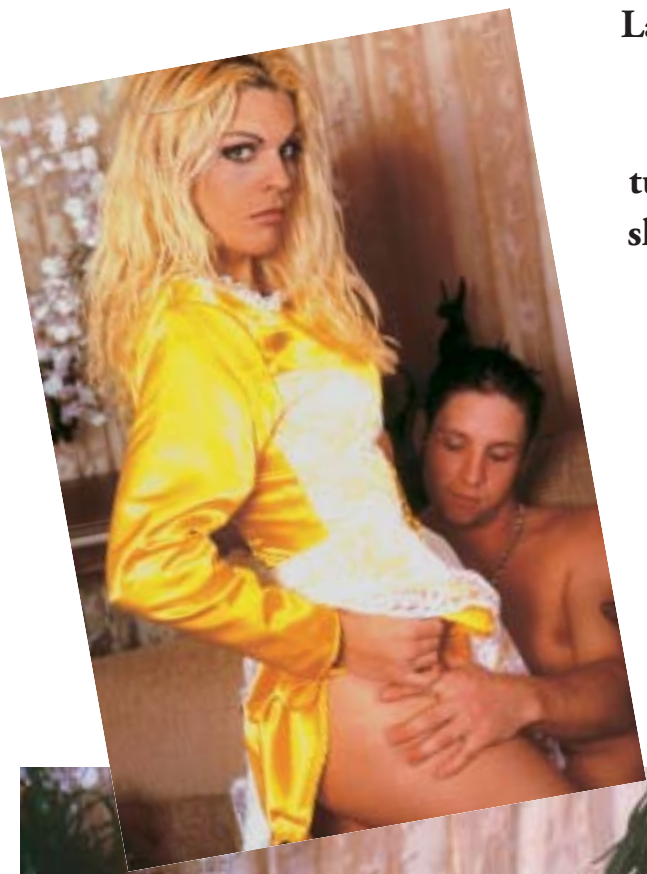
"Oh yes, quite real, which is what you wanted. And don't you think Betty did a great job on your makeup? The great thing is that it's permanent."

"What am I going to do?" he cried.

"Why you'll simply go about your chores as you have, or haven't been doing. After all you're now a real maid. Oh, and Fifi, lift up your skirts. We added something I'm positive will keep your mind on your chores and not pathetically jerking off like you were

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Laura is one of our many she-male models that we turned into a sissy slave to model our many new sissy clothes and shoes for our huge all color sissy catalog and be a real sissy cock sucker



doing the other day," I jeered. His disgusting little dick was all locked up in a silver Frenum Chastity Sheath. Over the past few months I have enjoyed humiliating Fifi in many ways. Here's one of my favorite ways to keep her in line, it involves her chastity sheath. You see it has two openings, or positions. When I remove the lock it springs back to a less confining position which allows for her pussy to become excited. As soon as she's given me my wake up orgasms there's a ritual I force her to perform. She must fetch the padlock, curtsy, kneel and kiss my feet and say one

phrase in French, "Please Mistress, would you please lock up my pathetic, little pussy so I can concentrate on my chores?" Which I do, with relish, clamping it so tight, then snapping the lock on. It's a painful reminder to concentrate on her chores. Of course, I'm not heartless, I do allow her pussy to squirt occasionally. But in the most degrading manner that I can think of. When I bring a stud back to fuck I put Fifi in the closet, chaining her hands to the clothes rack and her ankles together so she can't move a muscle. Then I unlock her sheath so it can get excited. After which I attach a remote con-

trolled pussy ring to it. As my stud royally fucks me I get so much pleasure knowing Fifi can hear everything. And she knows just when the stud is shooting his cum. Because at that exact moment, if she's been a good maid that day, I turn the vibrator up full blast. When my stud is shooting his load, so is Fifi. When my date is gone I first make Fifi lick all her pussy juice off the closet door. Then I make her lick the load in my pussy. I love it! Mistress Pauline

Hilda's New Husband Was Shocked When She Brought Him Home To Her House And Showed Him The Secret Dungeon He Would Be Put In.

Dear Enslaved Sissy and Maids, My name is Hilda and I am originally from Germany. I have been a subscriber to your magazine Forced Womanhood for years now. On one of my visits to America I met my husband. He was a shy, femme looking man. In him I saw a female slave just waiting to get out. My wedding gift to him was a big six bedroom house with a full basement. We had been living together for six months when one day he got the mail and in it was my current issue of Forced Womanhood. He was outraged that anyone would read such trash. Figuring there was no time like the present, I told him I had been reading them for years. Furthermore, I felt it was time to start his training. I will never forget the look of shock on his face. Being that I am much bigger and stronger than him it was easy for me to grab him before he could run. Unlocking the basement door and turning on the light as I easily lifted him over my shoulder, and carried him down the stairs. I hardly noticed his feeble attempts to get away from me.

His first look around the basement, as he had never been allowed in before, brought new horror to his eyes. He seemed to realize I had planned this from the start. The walls were covered with photos of sissy boys and feminized male maids. There were hooks in the walls, ceiling and floors just about everywhere. I sat him down by a large cupboard on one side of the room. Holding him down with my foot I opened the cupboard. Here is where I keep all my "toys", most of which have come from your company. The six months I had waited I hadn't been idle, getting many things delivered. Pulling out what I needed I placed it all in a sack for easy carrying. I closed it again and dragged him by his hair to a hanging bar on the opposite side of the room. After placing a pink half-shirt on him, I secured him to the bar. Using discipline gloves, I secured his arms behind him and over the bar. Lastly placing a leather strap around his chest to prevent him from getting loose. As I placed on the blue satin underwear, lacy socks and shoes, I had to hold his legs to prevent him from kicking. I pulled his cock out the small hole to allow me access to it. Securing his feet with cuffs and chains to hooks in the floor I was finally ready to begin.

I explained he was now my slave in training. He would learn to keep the house, dress as he was told and take care of my every need and desire. My first desire was that he would become a proper sissy maid. From this time on he would be called Jennifer, Sissy or Slut. How well he behaved would reflect how he was treated. For his fighting and trying to run he would now be punished. My whip's kiss lashed out! First scoring on his thighs. For 5

minutes I whipped him, covering every inch of bare flesh even his exposed cock. His screams changed to sobs as I continued.

"Now it is time for you to begin your training," I explained as I released him from the cuffs, gloves and bar. The first thing he did was to run for the door. I couldn't help but laugh as I imagined how the neighbors would react to his attire. Unfortunately for him I had relocked it. There was no escape. He knew he couldn't overpower me for the key, maybe he thought in time I would make a mistake. With his head hung low he slowly came back to where I was standing. Kneeling at my feet, he promised to do anything I wish if I just wouldn't whip him again. I thought of whipping him for trying to act as if he was in control, but luckily for him I decided it was more important to start his other training. I cinched him up in a corset and started Jennifer on your vitamins. I also installed an FL6 on her to remind her she was owned. After only 6 months of your Triple Strength Mammary she had developed a nice set of B size breasts.

I thought her training was coming along very well. She was great at servicing my every itch. She had even began cooking and cleaning the rest of the house. I only kept her chained at night. She seemed to have lost all desire to escape. My friend Hans came to visit from Germany and I couldn't wait to show off my new maid. Unfortunately, my maid wasn't as broke as I thought. She was outright rude to him and refused any order he gave her. I sent her back down to the basement and told her to change into her discipline clothes.

Using the discipline gloves and leather strap, I secured her to the bar again. This time I used a short chain and a thigh cuff to attach her leg to the bar. Spreading her legs so that there was a good view of her shrunken cock. Attaching the other to the floor cuff so she couldn't kick. This was something I couldn't just ignore. She needed a more severe punishment. Placing a smaller F1 on, I added your famous break off screws. Jennifer's screams echoed off the walls as I took the last link to her manhood away. Adding a small gag ball, I called to Hans. Hans' cock grew hard just at the sight of my sissy boy chained and waiting. I sat in a nearby chair to watch the show. Rubbing his cock against her leg he sucked, pinched and bit her very sensitive nipples. She arched her back trying to escape Hans' sexually desires. I could see the great pleasure he took in her misery. Rubbing and jerking his cock as he tortured her breasts. It didn't take him long to cum that first time leaving her encased cock, thighs

and legs dripping with semen. Grabbing a bottle of nearby lube, he prepared for the real treat. Slowly rubbing the lube into his cock he walked around to the back of Jennifer. Pulling her panties down just enough, he stuck his lubed finger in her tight virgin ass. Jennifer tried once again to escape his manly touch to no avail. Pulling his finger out, he replaced it with his cock. Ramming it in all at once, opening the way for his pleasure. Jennifer's muffled screams matched her look of horror as Hans' took her by force. I watched as his cock slid in and out of Jennifer's tight ass, the lacy silk panties brushing parts of his cock clean as it was removed only to be pushed back in the now open slave. My finger played with my dripping pussy as I awaited my turn to be serviced. This being the second time, it took much longer for Hans' to cum. He took his time to enjoy the sensation of the tight ass wrapped around his huge cock. Switching between riding her hard and fast to slow and easy. He fucked her for 20 minutes before injecting his hot load deep in Jennifer's ass. Hans removed her gag and restraints dragging her by her hair as she tried to crawl along. Forcefully he made her kneel in front of me and pushed her face into my dripping hot cunt. Rubbing her face into me as Jennifer tried to lick and catch a breath. Leaning back on the chair I came and came all over her face as she was made to service me. Since then Jennifer has been the most docile sissy maid I ever had. There have been many parties where Jennifer has been the main entertainment. Being forced to publicly service two men at once while everyone else waited their turn at her. In my opinion all men should be made to service at women's feet. Thanks again, Hilda

Dominant Decides To Keep Slave She Turned Into Beautiful She-male Slave

Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids, I'm a dominant who has turned her TV into a she-male. I've been reading your magazine for years and have had three live-in slaves over the last fifteen years. My latest acquisition is Karen who I met three years ago. When she agreed to be my live-in slave and housekeeper he was kind of an ugly man. Some men look so much better when they are turned into women. Over the last three years I kept him as my slave housekeeper and slowly with the help of your products turned him into a very pretty girl. Yes, he was recently chastised. I like to run chains from his chastity to his ankle cuffs. In this way, HE'S GOING NOWHERE. A good idea for other Masters and Mistresses. Anyway, I'm keeping Karen as my permanent slave. We go out everywhere now together and I like his company and his submissive servitude. At home he gives me oral sex and takes care of the household. Dominant Veronica



Wife Turns Husband Into Beautiful She-male Because She Is Bisexual. Now She Has Both, All In One Beautiful She-male

Dear Forced Womanhood and Sissies,
My husband knew when we married that I was bisexual and liked men and women. He was very effeminate. By me changing him into a beautiful she-male, we both now are very happy. Sexually - WE DO IT ALL! We use a double dong together in our butts, we give each other oral sex, we use dongs on each other, plus we can screw like heterosexuals do. We have all the sex life has to offer. Since recently reading your sissy magazine, we bought some of your sissy outfits, I especially like your schoolgirl outfits. Tanya looks so sexy when we go out wearing them. Men are always trying to pick her up, which turns me on. I can't wait until we get home to get at her fabulous body.
Ms. Anderson

“We love using the double dong in both our butts.”





“We enjoy using dongs in every way we can for both of us.”



*Wife Decides After
Reading Enslaved
Sissies To turn Her
Husband Into A Real
Sissy And Make Him
Wear A Schoolgirl
Outfit To His Job*



Attention to Enslaved Sissies,
I have to write and tell you how much we like your new magazine. We've been reading your other magazines for the last couple of years, especially Forced Womanhood. When I read Sissies, I decided this is what I'm going to do to Keith. I actually just started turning Keith into a she-male. i will use what I learned from your magazine "Forced Womanhood" and "Enslaved Sissies and Maids". We bought two of your outfits and Baby Doll shoes for Keith. I have started by binding him up and spanking him until he agrees to wear his satin sissy dress at home and his schoolgirl outfit to work. If he's going to be my sissy slave, then everyone is going to know he's just a sissy. I'm really having fun with this.
Also enclosed is our order for your Triple Strength Mammary, Feminique and Femglan. We really enjoy all your publications and catalogs. You're really the only company we can depend on to get what we order.
JoAnn and Keith

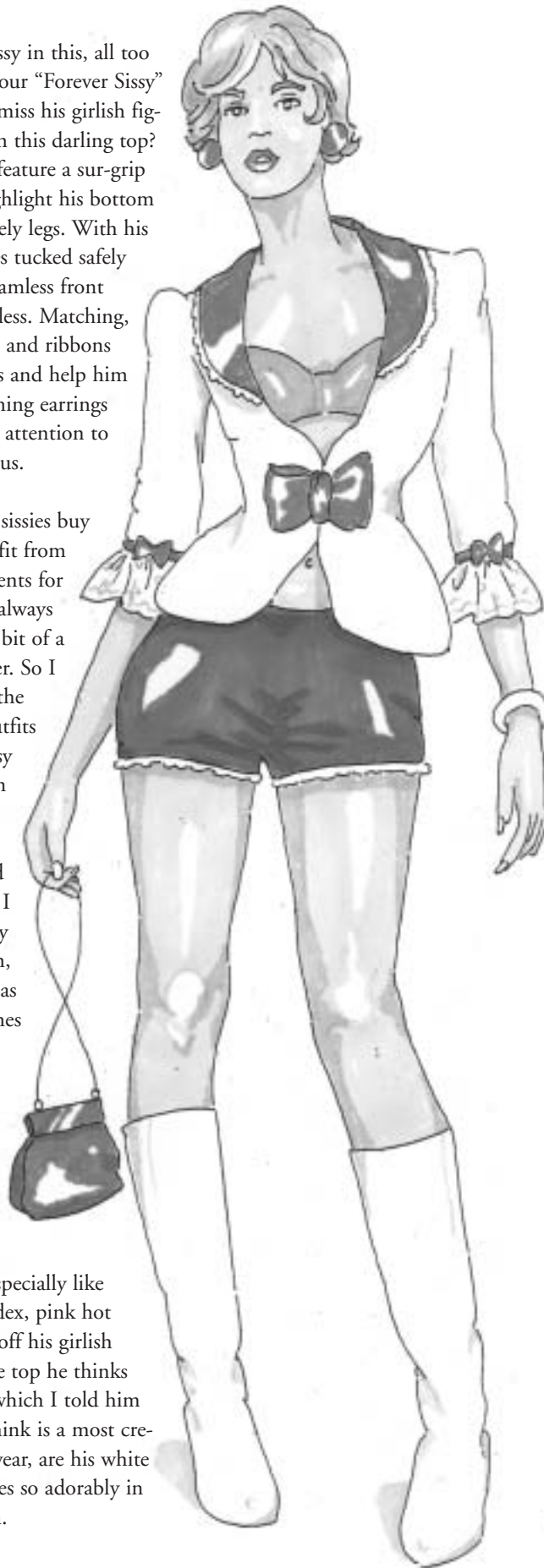
Sissy Outfits

You'll love showing off your sissy in this, all too revealing, matching outfit from our "Forever Sissy" summer collection. Who could miss his girlish figure or his budding sissy titties in this darling top?

The skin-tight spandex capris feature a sur-grip seam between the cheeks to highlight his bottom and show-off his soft, shapely legs. With his little dickie and pebbles tucked safely between his legs the seamless front appears appropriately sexless. Matching, three high wedge heels and ribbons accent his delicate ankles and help him mince properly. Matching earrings and a wide sash draws attention to his sissy status.

Some women with sissies buy "off-the-rack" outfit from the girl's departments for them. But, I've always fancied myself a bit of a fashion designer. So I design all the adorable outfits for my sissy myself, then have him sew them up. Poor thing cries and sobs so when I hand him my newest design, knowing that as soon as he finishes it he'll be wearing it.

This is one of my favorites, for summer wear, that drew the most sobs from him. I just love seeing him walking down the street with me. It certainly has drawn the most comments, and giggles. I especially like the ridiculously short, spandex, pink hot pants which truly do show off his girlish behind. The lime green tube top he thinks looks too much like a bra, which I told him was nonsense. But what I think is a most creative touch, for summer wear, are his white "go-go" boots. He minces so adorably in them.



Extremely Dominant Oriental Lady



Attention Sissy magazine, I have been reading your magazines for three or more years. I haven't seen any letters from Oriental women except in your Transformation magazine. I'm from Vietnam and a very strict dominant. More so than most of your Dom readers. My once husband has been my slave for over two years. I disciplined him, now her, every single day. She's kept in bondage constantly and whipped at least twice a week.

She's been chastised, had her breasts enlarged and wears a collar, corset and high heels at all times. Even when she's tied down for the night her nipples have been pierced with chains attached. She must come to me in frilly panties, nylons, garter belt and heels and do every single thing I demand without hesitation. She is a true slave.

Mistress Lee



Enslaved Sissies and Maids 1

Stories of men turned into sissy slaves and maid slaves by men and women to serve them and others. We have received so many stories from sissies, Mistresses and Masters of how they turned sissy type men into real sissy maids that we had to produce this magazine for your enjoyment. A lot of stories and articles. Lots of unique art, real photos, costumes, lots of full color! Don't miss it.

\$16.50 plus postage



Enslaved Sissies and Maids 2

If you liked the first issue - this one is really good with tons of articles, stories, photos, art from Masters and Mistresses who have turned men into really sissy slaves. Some of the many real stories: "WIFE TURNS HUSBAND INTO PERSONAL SISSY SLUT", "DOMINANT MAN TURNS WEAKLING INTO SISSY SHE-MALE SLUT", "WIFE TURNS HUSBAND INTO CHASTISED SHE-MALE SLAVE". A must issue.

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Enslaved Sissies and Maids 3

It's an incredible issue. It's jammed with letters and photos from dominant men and women and sissy slaves, plus our fabulous art. Just some of the many stories: "WIFE ASKS DOMINANT TO CHANGE THE WAYS OF HER HUSBAND WHO HAS A WANDERING COCK", "A 60 YEAR OLD MAN TURNED INTO A SLUT PROVES THAT YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO BE TURNED INTO A SHE-MALE SLAVE", and more!

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Forced Womanhood 38

Some of many articles: "CROSSDRESSER LEARNS HOW TO SUCK COCK", "MISTRESS TURNS HER MAN INTO WHIMPERING SLAVE IN THEIR OWN DUNGEON", "WOMAN CHANGES MALE MODEL INTO SISSY SHE-MALE BONDAGE SLAVE", "MASTER TRANSFORMS SISSY LOOKING MAN INTO COCK SUCKING SHE-MALE", "WOMAN FINDS MAKING MAN INTO MEEK SHE-MALE SLAVE EASY" and more.

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Forced Womanhood 39

This is an issue not to be missed. Lots of letters from Dominants and Masters on how they turned men into enslaved chastised women to serve them and others. "DOMINANT WIFE TURNS HUSBY INTO A SHE-MALE BONDAGE SLAVE," "WOMAN TURNS HER CHEATING HUSBAND INTO VERY SUBMISSIVE CHASTISED SLAVE TO GET EVEN", "MASTER SAYS SHE-MALE MUCH BETTER THAN REAL WOMEN", and much more!

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Forced Womanhood 40

Stories of men turned into sissy slaves and maid slaves by men and women to serve them and others. We have received so many stories from sissies, Mistresses and Masters of how they turned sissy type men into real sissy maids that we had to produce this magazine for your enjoyment. A lot of stories and articles. Lots of unique art, real photos, costumes, lots of full color! Don't miss it.

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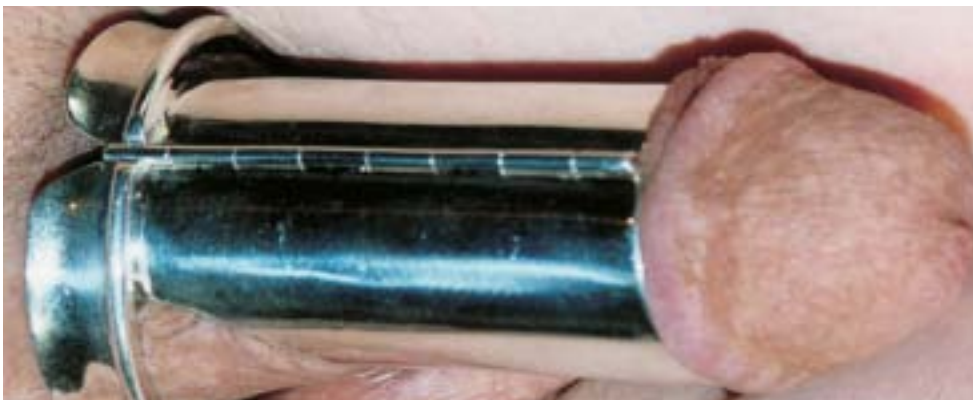
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TRANSFORMATION 44



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BIZARRE 19



If you like good bondage with fabulous chicks and guys, you can't miss this issue. It's jammed full of everything bizarre. The best real fetish magazine ever put out. There's ALICE COPPER, BONDICON - where everyone gets bound up, penis torture, nipple torture, tortured school girls, video and movie reviews, fetish parties, DITA fetish goddess, EROTIC BALLS, FETISH NIGHTS IN LA, MISTRESS OMEGA, BONDAGE at its best, fabulous art, GWEN MEDIA BONDAGE, BONDAGE BY CHOURAQUI, a HALLOWEEN BALL Vegas style and tons more including our specials. 100s and 100s of photos. This issue is by far the best. 116 pages all color.

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See page 47 for order form

How to feminize your body with natural herbs and vitamins that have natural female estrogen

In order for you to take synthetic estrogen (Premarin), you have to get a prescription from your doctor. This cannot only be difficult to do but embarrassing as well! But did you know?

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Each tablet contains:

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Triple Strength Mammary

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