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Sissies and Maids

Issue 9 \$16.50

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MISTRESSES
AND MASTERS

Men
Turned
Into
Sissy
Slaves

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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

ENSLAVED *Sissies and Maids 9, 2005*

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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. All writings and items shown are for entertainment purposes only. Centurian takes no responsibility for use of these items. Use at your own risk.

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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 put 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
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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.

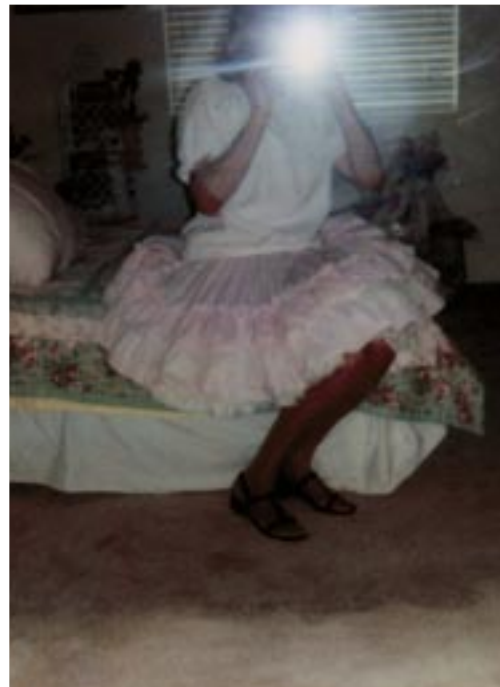
Sissy From Germany



Dear Sir,
I m a German sissy-maid (DWT) and search contact with a mistress about your magazine. I search a friendship pen-pal mistress contact, with visit in America later, if we're founded the point for it.
I m 50 years old, have blond hairs, grey-blue eyes, ca. 170 cm tall, loves art (surrealismus), music (Pink Floyd) and musicals.
I loves to wear fashion and underclothes of women like sissy-maid, or like a bride (see,the pictures for you), all kind of good underclothes. I like "Barbara, Passionata, Malizia, Miss Elaine", cause the underclothes in U.S.A. are different of the Europe s kind. I needed the Nylon and Perlon kind, which you can buy in U.S.A.
I wish to serve a mistress, to smothering and rimming the ass of the mistress.
I wanted to be a good sissy-maid.
Please give my email address on your mistress readers from your magazine.
Often, I can buy the magazine in Germany. In German give it not this magazine in german language, cause the world of sissy-maids are very unknown in Germany, so my wish for the contact. Please forgives my bad english.
My email address: ichtrauemich@hotmail.com .
Thanks for an answer on my address:
Joachim Buchholz
Rathaus str. 90
12105 Berlin
Germany

Wife Finds Husband Attire And Decides To Turn Him Into A Sissy Girl

Confessions Of A Lovely Sissy She-male Bondage Slave



My infatuation with sissy and teenage clothes began in childhood. My single, working mother (who had always wanted a second daughter) had me wear my older sister Judy's cast off clothing when I returned from school and save wear and tear on my boy clothes. Mother and Judy were delighted by my girlish appearance, even putting light make-up on me and calling me "Carla" instead of Carl. At first I was embarrassed but I soon came to love the delightful feel of frilly party dresses, ruffled panties and socks, Mary Jane shoes with little girl heels, and bows and ribbons in my longish blond hair. Ribbons were also used to bind my hands behind me so that I couldn't remove my feminine clothes, and I soothed my "guilt" over enjoying my feminization by telling myself that I was "forced" to do so. I became adept at doing things with my hands tied (in front or behind me), and later insisted on staying tied whenever Judy offered to free me. The years passed and I graduated to Judy's teenage clothes, but still enjoyed wearing my "younger" clothing as long as it fit me. Judy gave me hair removal creams, and I kept my face and body shaved and smooth with other creams. She also taught me how to do my hair and make-up before tying me up. It was such a turn-on to see my

femme reflection in various mirrors as I walked about wearing everything from a frilly "Forever Sissy" bra, matching panties, over-the-knee, school girl stockings, and gleaming pink Mary Janes with little girl heels, to a ruffled midriff top, short pleated skirt, bobby socks and penny loafers. Sadly, Judy moved away after finishing business school and I was left to dress up alone until Mother returned home from work. A few years later it was my turn to move out, as I'd gotten a computer job in a nearby town. I discovered your excellent magazine and sister publications and began ordering from your Transformation catalog; Mother had helped me determine my various shoe and dress sizes, etc. Just as I used to do after school, I would change into a sissy or school girl dress after work. Still, I missed having a lovely girl like Judy help me with my feminization and tie me up. Then she came for a weekend with her friend Astrid, whom she'd told about my desires, and they kept me tied and feminized the whole time. Afterward, I began a sexual affair with Astrid, though it was mostly me eating her pussy while bound in either sissy or school girl clothes, as she much preferred that to being cock-fucked. Soon we invested in a mail order business that could be run at home with a computer,

which left me free to dress up as I wished, my wrists and ankles locked in chains and leather cuffs and a penis or ball gag in my red mouth. I begged to stop the treatments, but Astrid pulled up my party dress, took down my ruffled panties and spanked my butt a vivid red. I was tied and gagged in the cellar in only my "Forever Sissy" frilly bra and panties, lacy socks and black patent Sylvia Baby Doll shoes and kept there for a week, being spanked, whipped, dildoad, walked on with 8" stilettos, and bound in a multitude of muscle-straining positions. I ate tied in a taut ball, and had to crawl, hogtied, across the floor and kiss and lick her high heels and dildos before they were used on me. After I gave up I was put on a crash-course of feminization and my little cock was locked in a FL3C frenum chastity that prevented erection with heavy pain. Finally my breasts were ready for large implants and my shrunken prick was put permanently in a FL2 frenum. Astrid then took me to lesbian orgies, an artificial pussy hiding my tiny cock, and I spent hours tied in sissy clothes, lingerie and Mary Janes being face-sat by the various beauties. Sissy-slut she-male bondage slave, Carla

Dear Sissy Magazine,
I have been an avid reader of your magazine for many years. My wife found an issue about 6 months ago and has been very supportive of me. She has gone shopping and told me to write to you about what she does to me nightly. To begin with, she has taken one of the bedrooms and made it into a little girl's room. My dresser has several bras, panties, nylons and slips in the drawers. In the closet I have many different sissy outfits. Tonight, as I write, I have on a lacy padded

bra, panties, Kotex and a pretty pink nightgown. When she comes home I'm to hand her this letter, then go upstairs and lay on the bed. She will come up there and bind, blindfold and gag me then leave the room. About an hour later she gives me a jar of baby food then gags me back. Just before she goes to bed she unties my legs and puts a diaper on me with a pair of panties and says good night. In the morning she will come in about 5:00 am and takes the diaper off. She puts another pair of panties on me and then unties me. She rolls

me over on my stomach and has me lay on a pillow with bells on it. She then tells me to rub into it. When she doesn't hear the bells anymore she will come in and untie me. I'm not allowed to touch her breasts but twice a month and only for a minute or two. She feels it's better this way and wants me to get a few sissy dresses and pretend I'm a girl and how wonderful it is. I love your magazine, Teddie



Letters From Readers

Dear Enslaved,
I'm a recent subscriber to "Enslaved Sissies and Maids" and I must say that your magazine is wonderful. I used to read another magazine that only had letters and stories about crossdressers every once in a while. When I read my first issue of "Enslaved Sissies" I was in heaven.

I have been a crossdresser all of my life (off an on) but since my wife passed away I have come to realize that life is too short. So for the last few years I have been slowly feminizing myself. I have thrown out all of my men's underwear and I bought several dozen pairs of panties and bras. Also, I bought a pair of silicone breast enlargers to fill out the cups of my bras. I shaved my legs and I wear panty hose all the time, and I wear polish on my finger

and toe nails. Many people have noticed my feminization but none says anything to me. I have also bought blouses and shirts from different crossdresser companies. I don't like wearing a wig so a few years ago I stopped going to the barber and let my hair grow. Now my hair is past my shoulders and halfway down my back. My hair has always been curly. It looks like I have put it up in rollers, but I don't. It does it all by itself. When I first started reading "Enslaved" and "Forced Womanhood", I thought to myself, "Why couldn't something like that happen to me?" I would gladly put on a French Maid uniform and become a Lady's Maid to a Mistress. She would not have to chastise my cock, it hasn't worked right in years. But what I lack in one area I make up for in another. My

late wife said I had a very wicked tongue and when I would eat her pussy she would bump my face so much that we almost fell out of bed. She would beg me to stop but I would keep eating her pussy. I just love the taste of pussy juice. I would love to be a Lady's Maid and live full time as a woman. With my long hair in a ponytail people already think I am a woman who dresses in men's clothes. Thank you again for publishing such a wonderful magazine. I have subscribed to "Enslaved" and "Transformation" and I plan on getting a subscription to "Forced Womanhood". Keep up the good work!
Sincerely Yours,
Richard

Dear Forced Womanhood and Enslaved Sissies and Maids,
I believe every sissy should be subjected to forced insertion of a thick penile tampon into the poor things penis. What could be more humiliating and devastating for any sissy than to have your limp, hairless penis penetrated against your will. I find the best technique for penile tampon training involves the use of a spreader bar. I like to lock my sissy's legs wide open so I can have full access to his tiny pee-pee. Sissy handcuffed from behind, with a pink bonnet on his head, and made to open his mouth for a penis gag. I am dressed in black heels, black g-string and black push up bra showing my ample DD's. I use my left thumb and forefinger and lightly

apply pressure to each side of my sissies pink penis head. I slowly separate his unguarded opening and watch his eyes widen with fear and anticipation. I comfort and reassure my sissy by whispering in her ear that is needed to further control her. I forcefully push the lubricated tampon up and in. I slowly pull back a little and shove again. I repeat this process at will as my sissy whimpers into the penis gag. Sissy is now being wee-wee fucked. As tears roll down her cheek, I remind my sissy how useless her little pee-pee has become since I insisted he start female hormone therapy. When Mistress has had her fun, I leave the tampon firmly in place and instruct sissy that this will become a regular ritual to please Mistress.

Mistress will institute a strict and painful program of tampon training and to stretch sissy's urethra. Even peeing will cause discomfort for sissy. Mistress will keep that sissy penis plugged to ensure no unauthorized leakage into secured pink panties. Poor sissy has not been able to fuck, masturbate, or even achieve an erection since moving with Mistress six months ago. The poor baby never will again. Sissy has had no choice but to endure a cruel combination of electrolysis, piercing chastisement and tamponing to that little wee-wee. Thank you,
Mistress Penelope

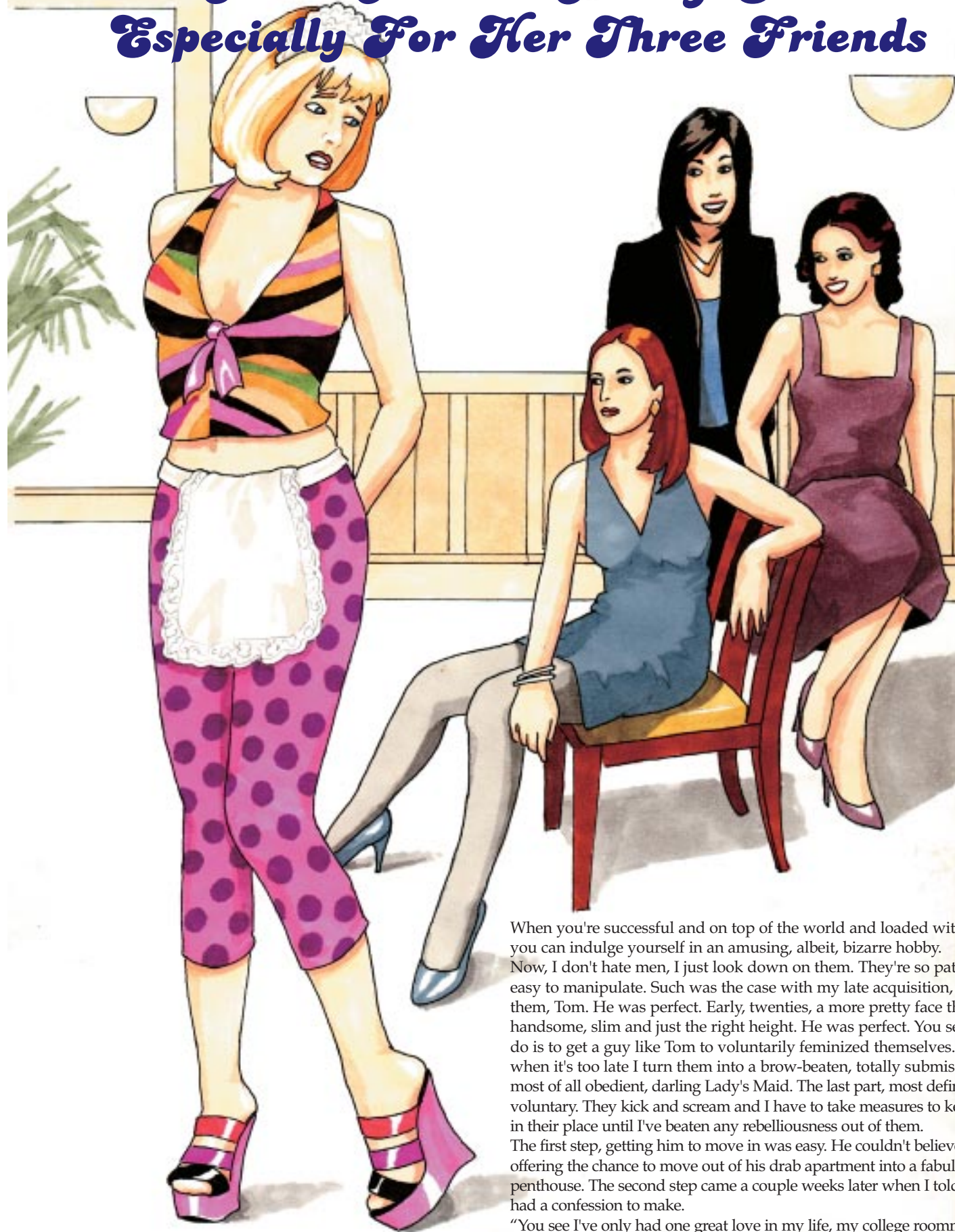
I am sitting in the corner of topless dance club. My wife is sitting next to me, but she pays no attention to me. The reason is clear. Since she is currently working giving a lap dance to a young and handsome man. At the very table I have been sitting with an enormous butt plug stuffed firmly up my ass. My wonderful wife insists that I remain like this during her entire work shift. I am dressed in sissy clothes with a feminine curly hairstyle. I am forced to watch my wife Angela bounce her 38DD tits and jiggle her perfect ass for her favorite customer and friends. The worst part is I can no longer get excited. My wife has seen to it that my penis cannot get hard. Beautiful Angela is very forceful and took me to a boyfriend's beauty salon. She ordered my hair done along with a painful

penile piercing. Her boyfriend really did enjoy the entire process as Angela instructed him to shave my back and ball sack and insert a gold ring behind my scrotum. Angela got so excited when another gold ring was inserted through my penis head and the two rings were like pulling my penis back tightly toward my asshole. Angela told me that she enjoyed fucking bigger men than me and that I should remain a faithful sissy husband. One year ago Angela was dancing for me and now I serve her in every capacity. One night at the club I made the mistake of confessing my love for her and even paid her \$200 to stuff panties in my mouth to prove her loyalty to her. She quickly married me after learning that I owned a successful business and frequented gentlemen's clubs for kicks. She relished in

turning the tables and controlling my assets. I am now required to do all the cooking, cleaning and house work during the day and watch Angela have fun with her boyfriends at night. As my house cleaning skills have improved, Angela has decided to rent out my maid services to her dancer friends. I am afraid that further changes are in store for me. My wife has threatened to put me on female hormone therapy and take me back to the beauty salon for permanent makeup and a big boob job. Angela plans on training me to be a eager cock sucker for her boyfriends, if I refuse she'll divorce me and leave me penniless. When will the punishment end?
Cuckholded Sissy



Woman Finds Bizarre Hobby Entertaining Especially For Her Three Friends



When you're successful and on top of the world and loaded with money you can indulge yourself in an amusing, albeit, bizarre hobby. Now, I don't hate men, I just look down on them. They're so pathetically easy to manipulate. Such was the case with my late acquisition, as I call them, Tom. He was perfect. Early, twenties, a more pretty face than handsome, slim and just the right height. He was perfect. You see what I do is to get a guy like Tom to voluntarily feminized themselves. Then when it's too late I turn them into a brow-beaten, totally submissive, and most of all obedient, darling Lady's Maid. The last part, most definitely isn't voluntary. They kick and scream and I have to take measures to keep them in their place until I've beaten any rebelliousness out of them. The first step, getting him to move in was easy. He couldn't believe I was offering the chance to move out of his drab apartment into a fabulous penthouse. The second step came a couple weeks later when I told him I had a confession to make. "You see I've only had one great love in my life, my college roommate Tammi, and I've never really gotten over her," I said. "You mean you're telling me you're a lesbian?" he said, obviously shocked. "No, I really don't think so, after all you're here and I think you can help

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Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,
About two years ago I came home and found my husband wearing one of my dresses. I was furious! I went through his dresser drawers and closet to see what else he might have. And what did I find! His stash of Forced Womanhood and Enslaved Sissy magazines. Well, that did it. I sure didn't want him wearing my clothes so I told him if he wanted to dress he'd have to be a sissy girl slave. Now after two years I keep him bound up in sissy outfits. He's been permanently chastised with a Frenum chastity, had his breast implants and is now my complete sissy slave who I keep bound up in an armbinder and baby doll shoes.
Ms. Allen

Woman Finds Bizarre Hobby Entertaining Especially For Her Three Friends

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me get over her once and for all," I said. "How can I help, you know I'd do anything," the poor lamb said. "Well, I think it would really help me if you were a bit softer, just a little less masculine." Startled, he asked what I meant. "When we make love it's incredible, but you feel so rough. I keep thinking how nice you'd feel without all that hair." "You want me to shave my legs?" "No, actually everywhere. Swimmers and bodybuilders do so I don't see it as any big deal. And I'll do it for you," I declared, which is exactly what I did. Actually I waxed him ears to toes even his cheeks and leaving his crotch with the tiniest bikini wax. For which I rewarded him later in the bedroom. And it was just as easy to get him to dye his hair blonde. "I just have always had this thing for blondes. And I just know you'd drive me crazy if your hair was blonde," I said, and the very next day, at my beauticians it was, and had it styled and permed in the cutest flip with bangs that I declared, "Oh, it's so you!" Step three was no problem. Getting him to do some chores around the place. For which I insisted he wear the frilliest aprons to protect his clothes. The next step was rather hard on the poor thing, but it had to be done. One afternoon when we got back from jogging he found all his clothes gone. "Oh my, what a dreadful mix up. You see I called Goodwill to donate all my sister's clothes that she left when she moved out. Obviously they took everything of yours instead. And your wallet was in one of the jackets? Well, don't worry I'll call and I'm sure they can track them down," I said, but when I got home I had further bad news. "This is a disaster. They don't have a record of picking anything up at this address. And with your wallet gone you can't even go out and buy new clothes. Wait, my sister and you are about the same size. You can just wear some of her things," I declared. Naturally he protested but he was becoming more unsure of himself. Undoubtedly due to the daily ingesting of the hormone pills I'd been crushing up in his food. At first what I got him was pretty unisex, but gradually they became more girlish and sexy. It was when he was in one of my favorite outfits that disaster struck. He was wearing a tight, striped, halter top, and skin-tight, pink polk-a-dotted, satin capris. Around his waist was a frilly apron and on his feet platform soled, wedge heeled sandals. As he was dusting the door suddenly burst open and in walked my three best friends. He looked at me terrified, hoping I would rescue him. Which I did, sealing his fate, he just didn't know it.

"We didn't know you had a maid, Lauren," Lexus said. "I just acquired her. Her name is Tammie. Tammie, would you go into the kitchen?" I asked. When he did I was all apologetic. "I'm really sorry, I didn't know what else to say. I can't let them know that I have a young guy living with me. It'll be all over that I'm robbing the cradle. So, for a few hours you'll have to be Tammie, my maid. I know you can pull it off as long as I do a few things to make sure your masquerade is fool proof," I said. It wasn't too long before "Tammi" re-entered the living room wearing a bra and a big set of falsies, makeup, a maid's cap and instructions not to speak unless spoken to, and to curtsy when given an order. Tammi thought I was coming to her aid when I said, "I apologize in advance for any mistakes the girl makes. She's still untrained and a bit of a tomboy." They all understood. But then Lynn said, "Don't you have any Maid's uniforms for her? What she's wearing is hardly traditional maid's wear." "Yes, I know that was next on my list." "There's no need to spend any money on her, I have several uniforms hanging in the closet that she can have. Just send her over tomorrow morning," she stated. When they left naturally he pleaded not to go. "I don't see any out. You'll have to go, besides, all you're going for is some uniforms," I stated. I'm sure he was surprised to see all three of my friends there. "What we decided is to do Lauren a favor. We noticed how tomboyish you are as well. So besides some uniforms we're going to give you a complete make-over and glamour you up," Lynn said. What could frightened Tammie do? She was trapped and had to go along, undoubtedly praying nothing they'd do would be too severe. I'm sure she got an inkling of just how severe a make-over she was going to get when they glued a huge set of tits on her. "We could all tell what you were showing weren't real, but you'll love these," Lexus said. Poor Tammie nearly passed out when they finished making him up and was informed the makeup, eyelashes, and pouty red lips were all permanent. When her new uniforms wouldn't zip up they corsetted her as tight as they could. When they returned her dressed in a French maid's uniform and wobbling in five inch, spiked heels she started crying and sobbing as soon as they left. "I'm sure they just thought they were being helpful." "Helpful? But what am I supposed to do now?" she sobbed. "Well, there's only one solution. Until the make-up wears off (which it never would) you'll simply have to be Tammie, my maid."

"Your maid, I'm not going to be anybody's maid!" "Yes you are, and I know what will convince you," I said picking up a long wooden paddle and really laying into her now, girlish behind. That got a few things straight. But I knew I couldn't trust her not to do something foolish before I had her thoroughly broken in to her new role. So the following morning, before I left for the office in my pin-striped power suit, I got her into her "maid in training uniform. The perfect discipline outfit I got from Centurian. The dress, long gloves, stockings, even her panties were latex. She'd be sweating over her chores in more ways than one. She wore staggering high heels that locked around her ankles so I knew she'd want to kick them off as soon as they started hurting. Then I locked a stiff collar on her. And to make sure her only thoughts were on her chores and not foolishly thinking of running away I fastened the collar to a long, heavy chain secured to a marble column. "If your chores aren't done and done absolutely perfect you spend the evening as well in your discipline uniform after I've taken the paddle to you," I warned my new maid before I left. It was weeks of daily, painful spankings and all day in her discipline uniform, chained 24-7, before Tammie finally understood the level of perfection I demanded in her chores. She seemed utterly relieved when the day finally came that I declared myself satisfied with her chores. And even more relieved when I unchained her and let her out of the discipline uniform. She actually acted excited when I took out a new uniform. That is until she saw it. She let out a dismayed moan when she saw herself in it. "I really thought you'd be more excited Tammie. When I saw it in Centurians catalog I just knew you'd look so darling in it. Notice it shows off your huge titties. And it's so short it shows off your big, luscious ass even when you aren't bending over, Which is why I certainly don't want you wearing panties, Of course lots of guests will see your tiny girly thing in its little restrainer. But, I feel it's important for you to let everyone know you're not a girl, don't you?" Poor Tammie she couldn't help but wimper as I laced the thigh-high, black patent leather boots with towering heels on her. "Just because you're off your leash doesn't mean I want you running off on me," I chuckled. Then because I was letting her into the kitchen, I felt it necessary to gag her. "After all," I told her, "you're going down 115 pounds." A year later I saw the most darling bartender and knew he'd be my next challenge. The next night I invited the girls over and auctioned Tammie off to Lexus.

Open Wide And Say, "Ahhh!"

When I caught my husband cheating on me for the third time I decided that divorce would be too easy on him. Taking him to a doctor friend to have a mole removed he questioned why he needed to be "put under" to have a simple mole removed. But, by then it was too late. When he finally woke up there was the expected hollering and screaming. "Jesus Christ, what have you done to me?" he shouted, staring down at his enormous, jiggling tits. Why I thought since you have this addiction for women and sex that I'd just make you into one. Then you're certainly going to get your fill of sex." I assured him. "Nothing that my friend has done to you can't be reversed. You can almost be put back to normal. Although you'll never have to shave

again, anywhere." "How can I get it reversed?" he pleaded. "Do you think I'm entitled to a little revenge for all your cheating and the humiliation you've caused me. I'm the laughing stock of all our friends. The last to know," I asked, and what could he say? "Well, yes, you're entitled to you revenge. What were you thinking?" he asked, and when I told him I thought he was going to pass out in fright. "I've talked to all three of the girls you had your pitiful little affairs with. The best I can count up is you had sex with them a combined total of 97 times. So for each time you cheated on me you're going to get fucked in the ass, while I sit and watch. I think tonight you'll start getting fucked by your best friend, Tom,

who I invited over." "No, please," he wailed. "Don't worry, dear. There;s no possibility he'll ever know who he's fucking. All you have to do is look in the mirror. You look just like the hot, little slut all men will think you are. Of course by the time all 97 get through with you that's all you'll be." It was a simply matter to get "her" bent well over the dining table and chained down to it. And as an added precaution I crammed a ball gag in her mouth. Her eyes had just a wonderfully terrified look as Tom's mammoth cock sprang out of his pants. "Open wide and say 'aah' honey. It might help if you spread your ass cheeks as wide as you can. It looks like its going to be an ungodly tight fit," I couldn't help gloating.



Transformed Into A Satin Clad Sissy Maid



For as long as I can remember I have been over sexed and into kink and fetish. By the time I was just 18 years old I craved the touch of satin, leather and latex. I dreamed of being bound for days on a bed of satin while women in satin gowns and gloves would masturbate me to the point of orgasm over and over only to deny me release. By the time I was 20 my fantasies continued to grow and I felt the need to get out and explore them. I began to make trips to New York City to see professional dominants. The women I saw were both kinky and gorgeous and I began to explore my kid leather glove fetish, latex, catheters, golden showers and bondage fantasies. The women I explored my fantasies with all told me it was ashamed I

wasn't a female because I had the most perverted imagination they had ever encountered and I would have made a great dominatrix. The female dominants I saw were all very professional and actually loved kink and fetish. One day I stopped to watch videos at an adult shop on 42nd street and saw the early Shemale Encounters videos with Sulka and Camal Candy. It was the first time I saw a she-male and I thought that a shemale in leather or latex would be the ultimate fetish experience. I picked up a copy of Screw and called my first she-male. Unlike the female dominants I had seen the transsexuals I saw had no clue what fetish and kink were about. They only saw it as a way to demand more money for a session. The ones I saw were only

interested in getting as much money as they could from a client and then rushing you out as fast as possible to rip off the next client. After several attempts to find that one shemale into fetish and kink I became disgusted and just gave up. I went back to playing with female dominants and began exploring my desires to be transformed into a satin clad sissy maid. After my first full transformation I looked in a mirror and saw that I made a very pretty girl. I began then to really work on makeup and my image. As I improved I decided that I could become the shemale I had always desired. I began running ads as a professional dominatrix and was soon doing my first sessions as a Mistress. I

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also started on some mild hormones at that point. I wanted to be very careful to not lower my sex drive or lose my ability to get an erection.

In 1997 I went back to the dungeons of NYC to be a dominatrix and not a client. I found a staff position at a new dungeon called Excalibur in the heart of Manhattan. I was soon seeing as many as nine clients a day. My first magazine covers came next followed by an interview for Penthouse.com. I treated all my clients the way I wish I had been treated when I was a client seeing transsexuals. At first I loved working in a dungeon but after

a few months it began to wear on me. I wasn't living out any of my fantasies, only those of my clients. Also all my clients were male and to be honest I am just not turned on at all by men. My sexual interest is centered on females and other T girls.

In April of 1998 I had enough of the dungeon scene and headed home to Pennsylvania unsure of where to go next. A friend of mine who is a photographer suggested we start a web site and fetishshemale.com was born. The site allowed me to live out my most perverted fetishes and fantasies with other T girls and females in front of a camera.

By the year 2000 fetishshemale.com was getting over 2,000 visits a day. I was having the time of my life planning and doing the photo shoots. There was still one thing missing however. Despite years of mild hormones I was barley an A cup. I was running a shemale site but in reality I was still far more TV than Shemale. The hormones and androgen blockers I would need to grow my own breasts would kill my sex drive. I began to seriously think about implants for the first time.

I began making calls to plastic surgeons in my area only to be left frustrated. They all wanted letters from a psychologist proving that I was

a TS in full transition. No local surgeon would give implants to a T girl who wanted them for fetish and fantasy reasons.

In September of 2000 I headed off to SCC in Atlanta to meet up with a gorgeous female named Peaches to do a photo shoot. I was having the time of my life with Peaches but did think to ask her if she knew a surgeon who would give me my implants. Peaches told me she might just know of the perfect plastic surgeon back in California who could give me my dream breasts.

Before long I was headed to California to stay with Peaches and have my surgery. The doctor

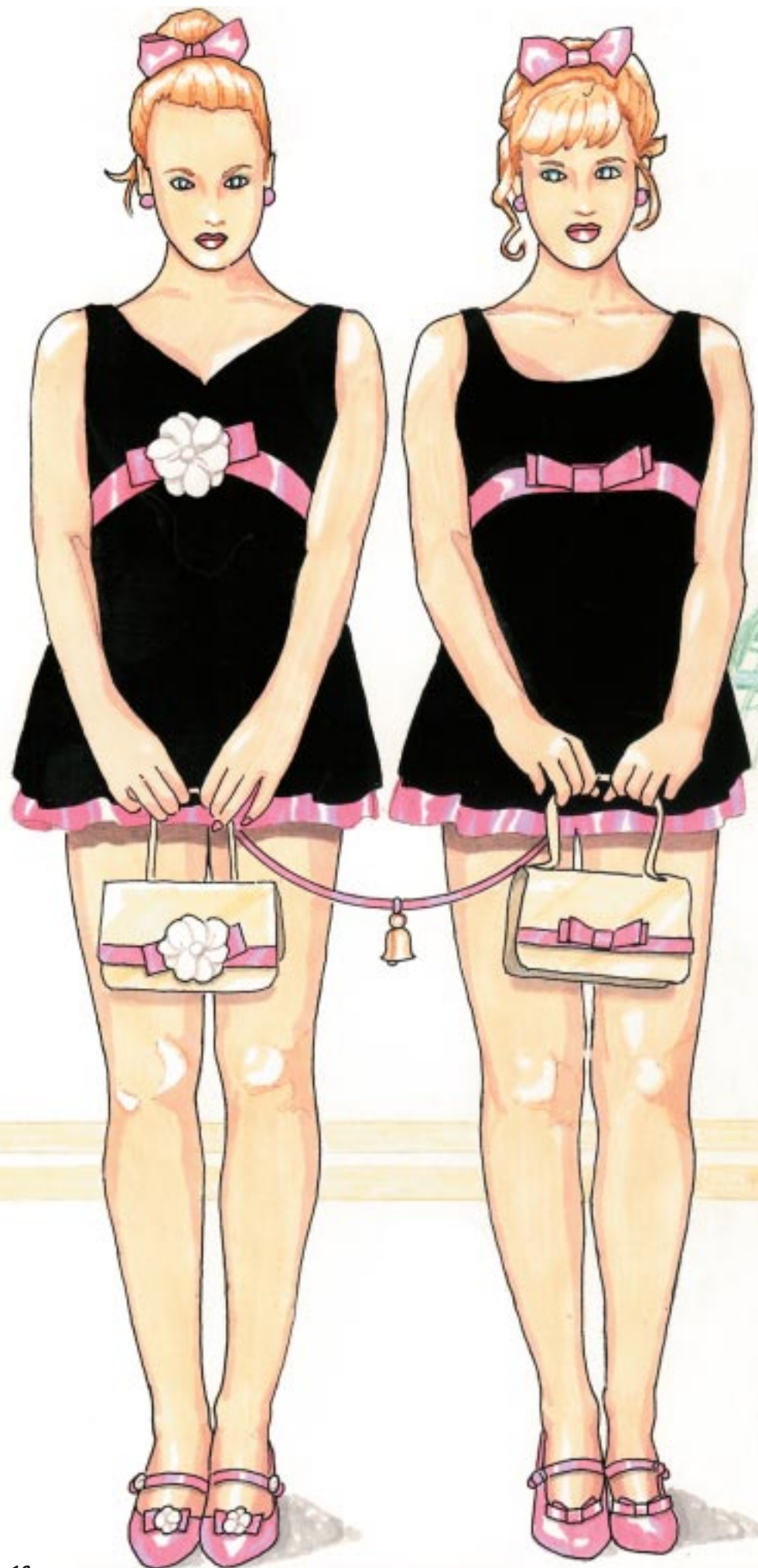
asked me what I wanted my breasts to look like and I told him I wanted, "Big, round, porno boobs." He just laughed and said it would be no problem.

I soon had a set of full DD cup breasts. Peaches took care of me after the surgery and just eight days later we were shooting photos and video again for our sites. After spending a month in California with Peaches I headed home and began work to upgrade my site to make it the best on the web. I began working with a professional make up artist for all the shoots and added professional level cameras and full studio lighting to produce the highest

quality photos. After that I invested in a faster computer to edit video and produce movies for my site.

The only thing missing now was a beautiful, kinky female to share it all with. In April of 2004 Peaches moved out from California to start a life with me. We plan to marry soon and live our lives together exploring our kinks in front of the cameras.

Barbi Satin



Wives Turn Cheating Husbands Into Adorable Sissies

My best friend, Emma, and I had a duel wedding. I married Ed, she married John. The two husbands became best friends. Golfing, fishing and Friday nights out with boys.

Both our marriages were great. For about a year. John started working late three or four nights a week. Then Ed did. Sex became more and more infrequent, and it certainly wasn't what it used to be.

One night we decided to surprise them at their office. We got there around eleven, but nobody was there. What we did find in Ed's office was a calendar on the wall filled with the names of women, places, phone numbers and stars after their names. I was shocked, but then so was Emma when we got to her husband's office and found a similar calendar filled with women's names.

We were both devastated. What we did was bug their phones at the suggestion of a lawyer friend of ours, Grace Becker. Well, it turns out the two of them were having a contest who could screw the most women in a month.

When Grace asked us what we wanted to do I said, "Divorce. Take him for everything he's got, and then revenge." Emma, just as vehemently, stated the same thing. With a twinkle in her eye Grace said, "I think I know the perfect revenge."

When she finished talking Emma and I couldn't stop laughing, it was perfect. So, the following night we confronted them. Their faces turned deathly pale as we played the tapes of their conversations, plus depositions from every single woman.

"Obviously Ed, the marriage is over. And with this evidence my lawyer assures me I can take you for everything. However if you agree to enroll in a special program I will leave you something to start a new life," I said.

When he asked what it was I said, "Let's call it a gender sensitivity program.

When you finish it you'll have a whole new appreciation of women, trust me."

So, finishing the drink in his hand he signed all the divorce papers, as did



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Shopping Trip To Romantic Sensations Turns Cheating Husbands Into Adorable Sissies

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John when offered the same alternative.

Going through the papers I said, "Excellent. The house, cars, boat, stocks and bonds they're all mine. Let's see, oh good, you also signed to have your naughty, little dick permanently chastised, and the legal name change."

"John, I mean Melinda, signed all 'hers' too," Emma gloatingly said.

"What the hell are you talking about, and who's Melinda?" John asked angrily.

"Why you are, honey. You're no longer John Peters, you're new name is Melinda Cream," she giggled.

"And you're no longer Ed Stanford. You're now Melissa Cream. You see, you're now sisters," I said.

"This is a joke right? Hey, I can't get up," he cried in alarm.

"You girls just sit there while we take your clothes off for you.

Eventually the drug will wear off. You see, what Emma and I decided is that the best thing is simply turning you into women. Actually that's not quite right. What you're going to be turned into is what they call She-male Sissies. We've enrolled you in a highly respected Sissy Academy.

When you finally graduate you'll be completely feminized head to toe. Except, that is, for your cocks. You'll still have them as a reminder of what you were once were. Although they'll dwindle to half their size, hopefully even less. But, I'm sure you'll be relieved that after they're put into the tiniest, steel, chastity sheaths your sissy pussies, as they'll be referred to, will never get excited again," I said, just as the doorbell rang.

It was about a month later that we got a call from the Headmistress of the Sissy Academy, asking us if we could come in and view the progress they made so far on Melissa and Melinda.

When they were brought in on leashes they were naked except for girlish, ankle socks and high heel mary Janes. When they saw us they tried running to us only to be yanked to their knees.

"Oh good Elaine, please don't do this to us, I'm begging you," Melissa begged, as did Melinda.

"Pay no attention to them. All our involuntary students are like this for the first couple of months," she said, picking up a cane and letting both have it until they were screaming.

"That's for not addressing your Aunties properly as Auntie Elaine and Auntie Emma. Now I'm sure you've noticed some of the basic alterations we've made. As you can see they're now blondes, with gorgeous long hair. Permanent makeup, including the lips. Since they're sisters, we gave them matching C-cup titties and sissy behinds, each measuring forty inches. All hair, except on their head has been permanently removed and their naughty dickies have been chastised permanently to prevent any problems that occurred in the past.



Dominant Woman Turns Hubby Into Full She-male Sissy Slave. Then Her And Her Boyfriend Bind The Sissy To Bed To Get Its First Fucking



Vana and Her Boyfriend bind Bambie up to bed.

My husband just didn't turn me on. In fact he was in an adult book store and picked up your Enslaved Sissies and Maids magazine. I read it over and over again. I was fascinated with the idea what some women did to their men. I had already caught Ryan wearing my underwear so I knew it wouldn't take much persuasion to talk him into being my slave. I showed him your magazine and he actually was turned on by the whole idea. Ryan at the time didn't realize

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how far I planned on really taking him. This was two years ago. Ryan agreed to let me make him my slave and keep him in bondage until he became very submissive and let me do what I wanted to him. Over the last two years I made him take your hormones to enlarge his breasts so he could have nice implants. Your hormones smoothed out his body to a very soft feminine shape. I changed Ryan's name to Bambie and made him dress in sissy outfits with baby doll shoes at all times. Now after strict discipline, heavy bondage, hormones breast implants and the right sissy clothes, he was ready to meet my boyfriend who was all man. I had Bambie all bound up to the bed when I brought Keith in. I told Bambie that now that she was practically all woman he had to find out what men really liked.

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When Keith saw Bambie all tied up on the bed in her pretty sissy outfit, pink baby doll shoes with lacy socks he immediately got a hard on.

Keith asked me if he could make Bambie do whatever he wanted and I said, "Help yourself Bambie has to learn what it's like to be a sissy girl."

Keith jumped right in and stuck his cock right in Bambie's face and made her suck it. "Bambie you're going to feel my cock in your ass."

Keith turned poor Bambie over and took her in her virgin ass. Poor Bambie had tears running down her cheeks. He screamed at me, "YOU DIDN'T TELL ME I HAD TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS!" "WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME."

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I said, "Because your now just a sissy slave. This is just the beginning of what you're going to have to do." You agreed to be a sissy slave, and this is what you can now expect the rest of your life."

"From now on you will always be attired in the outfits I get you, which will be sweet dresses and pretty sissy shoes. You will also be prepared to satisfy me with your tongue and eat my lover's cum out of my pussy. You will also be prepared to satisfy any man I want you to."

We now have all your publications and get many ideas fro them. We also love your products.

Ms. JS



Wife Uses Hubby To Turn Hubby Into Sexy She-male Slave

story on page 30



*Woman
Makes Man
Into Sissified
She-male
Cock Sucker*

story on page 30

Wife Uses Hubby To Turn Hubby Into Sexy She-male Slave

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Dear Enslaved:

After three years of marriage Tobey and I had settled into a rut. Then I bought a book of sex fantasies and our lives changed forever. Wanting new, sexy things I made the thirty minute drive from the California side of Lake Tahoe to Reno and spent most of the day shopping at your Romantic Sensations Erotic Boutique store. While there I was entranced by your huge selection of not only women's wear but clothing for TV/TS's and bondage gear. I bought your magazine, and by the time I finished reading it I knew that I wanted to turn Tobey into a real she-male. He'd never been that good in bed, and the only honest enjoyment I'd ever been given was on those rare occasions he licked or fingered my clit so I sure would not miss his cock inside me. I bought a vast supply of all of your feminizing hormone creams and tablets and began to formulate a plan. Returning home loaded with packages, I ground up various tablets in his portion of our dinner meal. Tobey never suspected a thing Later I sprung the fantasy game on him and, long red hair piled atop my head, I wore a black rubber latex dress, gloves, and 7" stiletto pumps and acted a dominant mistress. Tobey was a dud at role-playing but he went along, assured that no one would ever know but us. To both our surprises his cock was rock-hard and oozing by the time I helped him into a brief French maid uniform,

5" stiletto sling-backs, black page-boy wig, and had made up his face. He wasn't hairy and had a slender, near-girlish face and figure. We both got really hot when I tied his arms in front with white ropes above and below his padded breasts and out his wrists. I hobbled his nyloned ankles, stuffed a red ballgag into his mouth, then thrust a feather-duster into his hands and -commanded him to clean the den. I disciplined him with slaps and a spanking across my lap. That night we had sex, and he followed my orders and well licked and fingered my pussy. The actual fuck wasn't much, as he was so horny he came way too soon for me. Still, that night was a good start. I talked Tobey into selling his business and wisely investing the money so that neither of us needed to work and we could constantly play our fantasy games. He went along with being feminized and we bought a mountain lodge for privacy. He wore a corset and 4" to 7" stilettos, slimming his waist and giving his hips and rump a feminine roundness, and making his legs more curvaceous and his arches higher. He willingly took your pills and used the creams and let his hair grow. We continued the subjugation fantasies, and I tied him both inside and out of doors. Tobey was pleased with his feminine changing body - until he saw that his prick was wilting as his breasts grew.

His complaints were useless. He was tied at the time in your "Forever Sissy" frilly bra, matching panties, over-the knee, school girl stockings and Mary Janes with little girl heels, so I shoved a huge rubber penis gag into his red mouth and kept him tied up. With the solitude I was able to very thoroughly abuse and discipline Tobey in the lodge and out in the woods (which was a nice variety) for well over a month' with lashings, spankings, suspension from beams and tree limbs, and other severe, muscle-aching positions. After Tobey gave up I locked his cock and balls in your Phallic Fidelity Enforcer and gave him even more tablets and rubbed on the creams while he had a crash-course in female speech and behavior. Finally I locked his shrunken prick permanently in a FL2C Frenum Chastity, making it totally useless for sex, then had him have large breast implants. "Tonia" is my compliant sissy, she-male sex slave/slut. Still, I keep her bound almost constantly, as we both enjoy her helplessness. She has countless clothes from your stores and we order even more from your Transformation and Transvestite catalogs. She wears several different outfits a day and rotates between a French maid and a sissy maid in a lock on white or pink satin, frilly uniform and Mary Janes or Sylvia Doll shoes.

Woman Makes Man Into Sissified She-male Cock Sucker

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Dear Enforced:

I first became obsessed with sissy males in childhood when my friend Lisa's brother would dress up in her clothes and play house with us. To me he looked ever so much better in a party dress and petticoat, anklet socks and black Mary Janes with little heels than Lisa or any of my girlfriends. Sadly my family moved away, and I never met another boy who dressed up like a girl. The image stayed with me but it was not until I was an adult and living alone that I was able to recreate it with a male. I was in an adult bookshop buying your magazine and sister publications when I met Joel. He was a bit self-conscious but relaxed when he saw the magazines I'd chosen. We went to a nearby coffee shop and talked. He admitted his interest in female clothes, from sissy dresses and teenage school girl clothing to French maid uniforms and other sexy clothing. He'd never ordered from your Transformation or Transvestite catalogs because he didn't know his size and, until meeting me, was too shy to ask any woman to help him. My pussy became wet and steamy as I helped him determine his sizes and then select the sissy and school girl dresses and shoes, including maids uniforms and your various feminizing pills and creams. While we waited for the orders to arrive I simulated a maid uniform with a black slip, white apron, nylons and 5" stilettos of mine. Joel was also into bondage,

which pleased me even more, and I gagged him with a thinly folded scarf, tied his hands in front, ropes from shoulders to waist! hobbled his trim ankles, and had him feather dust my apartment. When the various clothing, wigs and shoes arrived Joel and I moved in together in a small isolated house and he quit his job and stayed home. He rotated from French and sissy maid locking bondage uniforms and 5" stilettos to Sylvia and Mary Jane Baby Doll shoes of various colors and styles. The pills and creams worked fine, giving him smooth skin, more lustrous hair, a rounder, more feminine shape (also helped by a waist-cincher to nip in his waist and give his hips and butt a rounder appearance), and lovely breasts. He would also rotate between sissy party dresses and Mary Janes with little girl heels, and school girl blouses, short pleated skirts, bobby socks and saddle shoes or penny loafers. I loved binding him up while dressed as a sissy, school girl, or French maid much more than naked, although he had a nicely forming female figure. Then one day Joel flatly told me that he was not using any more pills or creams, as his already small penis was becoming even smaller as his breasts grew and his body continued to change. I wanted a sissy she-male slave and told him so. Though he was in a sissy pink satin lock on maids outfit and lacy white socks and #3 Baby Doll shoes with one large buckle, he tried to escape. I caught him,

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tied his hands behind him and forced him up to the attic where I tied him to an upright beam with sunken ropes from shoulders to ankles and a mouth-filling penis gag in his red mouth. For the next several weeks I spanked, whipped, dildoeed, walked on him in 8" stilettos, face-sat him for hours, and tied him in many uncomfortable positions. I also kept him in only a ruffled "Forever Sissy" bra, matching panties and anklet nylons so that his dresses wouldn't get wrinkled and dirty and his shoes scuffed when he crawled to me in ropes and kissed and licked my shoes and heels, then my pussy. Finally he gave in and was allowed to cook and do housework in sissy and school girl outfits and Mary Janes or penny loafers while in wrist and ankle cuffs and chains and a ball or penis gag. I locked his small penis in a Phallic Fidelity Enforcer until it became so small it could only take a FL2 frenum, and his breasts were ready for large implants. Now "Jody" is a beautiful she-male sissy whom I make service my girlfriends with her skilled mouth and tied hands. They love her best as a sissy, in a party dress, frilly sissy maids uniform or "Forever Sissy" lingerie and Mary Janes.

The few men I have over when I get an occasional itch for a cock in my three holes love Jody in school girl clothes and penny loafers. They bind her and fuck her mouth, ass, and tits, cumming in her face, then I join in with them. Great fun! Mistress Ursula



Two variations of TV36A Polk-A-Dot Dress with #36S Baby Doll Shoes. White thigh highs with ribbon top White anklets. Be sure to see our new sissy catalog for hundreds of items.

Wife Makes Her Sissy Slave Wear Doll Tap Shoes Wherever She Goes



Dear Jeri,
 I have taken your magazine to heart and changed my husband into a real life sissy slave.
 A lot of your readers I'm sure have only made part time sissies of their men, but I've taken it all the way. I read all three of your magazines including Forced Womanhood.
 When your sissy magazine came out two years ago I was completely fascinated with the idea of turning Chris into Christina. I ordered your hormones Feminique, Triple Mammary and Estro-Glan which I make Kristina take twice a day. I don't need to make her get breast implants because she's a just a girl sissy and your hormones have given her a large size "A" breast or maybe they're a small "B" cup. They look so cute this way on her new trimmed figure.
 After two years Kristina is so cute. I make her wear frilly dresses with matching ribbons in her hair and at all times she has to wear Baby Doll shoes with taps on. I bought taps and put them on all her sweet shoes. This is very embarrassing to her because everywhere she goes, her taps make a pretty feminine tap, tap, tap. It makes poor Kristina feel very sissified and quite humiliating to her. Also in the house or outside I know exactly where she is at all times. To me this is kind the crowning glory to humiliate Kristina.
 I hope your readers get some good ideas from what I have done to my once husband.
 Ms. C.H.

Get Your Sissy Tap Shoes Now



Note: Sold with taps

Note: You can put different color ribbons on shoes for various sissy looks to match dresses.

Note: We just got a deal on black patent tap shoes with a bow in front. We just ordered a few pair in sized 10, 11 and 12. Call 775.322.5119 to order. Call before they're sold out. Regular \$129.95. Sale price \$49.95 plus \$7.00 shipping.



Feminized Husband's Uniforms Lead To Ultimate Humiliation

When I accidentally found a hidden stack of magazines in my husband's office I was frankly disgusted. pictures, articles and letters, all well thumbed, on female domination. And then I found out that he'd actually written a letter about how he fantasized being dominated by his wife as her sex slave. So that's why our marriage, especially the sex, had been running seriously down hill for the past year. He had another side of him that he was keeping secret.

I really didn't know what to do. Finally I thought, well if he actually wants to be my sex slave that was fine with me. When I threw the magazines at him that night he actually started sobbing, saying how sorry he was over and over again.

"Stop slobbering all over yourself. If you want to be my, what did you call it, sex slave, then that's what you're going to be," I stated.

"But those were fantasies, I don't really want to do all those things," he protested.

"I always knew there was something missing in our marriage. I should have been the one wearing the pants, so now what you've secretly wanted has become all so real, starting now. Get your fucking clothes off, I have something more appropriate for your new role in our marriage," I screamed at him, produced the cane I'd been holding behind my back, and started letting him have it.

"You get this if you even hesitate to obey me, is that understood slave?" I demanded to know.

"Yes, please don't hit me anymore," he whined like a wimp.

"You'll address me as Mistress. When you forget, I'll slap the shit out of you, like this," I said, rocking his face with half a dozen hard slaps.

"Now get over there and put your new outfit on. Start with the panties."

"Oh goodness, don't make me wear this," he begged as he stared at the maids uniform laid out on the bed.

"If you don't want more of this I suggest you get on with it, Mitsy. That's your new name," I laughed. The laughed even harder when he was finally dressed.

"Look in the mirror Mitsy and see the new you. You'll be my sex slave, don't worry. But every woman of the house needs her very own maid to serve and cater to her every need and demand. And you're mine. Don't you just love your maid's uniform Mitsy, you look so fluffy."

"No, I hate it," he said defiantly.

"Wrong answer," I said, viciously slapping his face. "Now I'll ask you again, don't you love your new uniform, Mitsy?"

"Yes, Mistress, I love my uniform," he cried. "What is it you love about it? Is it how frilly it is with all the mounds of petticoats and ruffles? The beautiful blue satin material, or the sweet, heart-shaped apron and dainty serving gloves? Oh, I know you must love the sheer nylons feel on your legs or the darling blue high heels, well?"

"Yes, I love how the nylons feel on my legs and the heels. But please, they're too high, I'll never be able to walk in them," he pleaded.

"Oh sure you will, you'll be locked in them all day after all. But don't you love it because look, now you have your very titties. Don't you just love showing them off?" I asked, picking up the cane, and fearfully spying it like a cowering wimp he whispered, "Yes."

"Yes, what Mitsy?"

"Yes, I love my new titties and showing them off."

"Well, you're appropriately dressed, even though you look, well, ridiculous. Never mind, I'll fix that," I promised, and did the very next day.

Early the next morning I put a blindfold on Mitsy, then before she could react I tied her hands behind her, and strong-armed her out to the car. When she asked where we were going I told her it was a surprise.

When we got to our destination I pushed her into a chair to which we strapped her into.

"Oh no!," she cried, utterly humiliated when I pulled the blindfold off. There she was strapped to a beautician's chair with Marge and her two assistants staring down at her.

"What on earth, it's Mark," Marge exclaimed.

"No, not Mark anymore. She's Mitsy my maid and sex slave," I said, explaining what I'd found.

"She looks rather ridiculous now, which is why I brought her to you. Do whatever you to make her believable. Girlie her up as much as you can, I don't want anyone to think, for a moment, that she could actually be my husband."

Marge and her girls went into hysterics, and then went to work. Hours later when they turned her to the mirror all she could do was hide her face and sob. Her light brown, near shoulder length hair, was now jet black, permed and styled in a cute page boy. Eyebrows plucked, full makeup dyed on. The longest eyelashes. Pierced ears, the longest nails and not a hair on her body.

"You be a good girl and obey your Mistress, sweetie," Marge laughed. Before we left I made her "thank" them for making he so pretty. The girls couldn't help laughing at how her boobs jiggled so. Marge had come up with the idea of filling balloons with water and stuffing

them in her bra.

The first thing I made Mitsy do when we got home was to make a fire and throw un every stitch of male clothing. Then I gave her a long list of chores to do.

"You'll be punished for every chore not done perfectly, and double for each you didn't get to," I warned.

Over the next week I couldn't help wondering how I'd ever gone without a maid before. I worked the whimpering thing to exhaustion every day, then punished her for her efforts. When she begged me not to give her so much I laughed and said, "But Mitsy, a maids work is never done. And I worked her tongue to death as well. "Time to service your Mistress's pussy," I'd say for the third or fourth time in a day.

After several weeks I decided it was time to show her off, for which I got her a more appropriate uniform.

"But first we really need to do something to show off your new titties more," I declared.

She really sobbed so pathetically when she saw the huge set of boobs I glued on her chest. They were virtually undetectable from the real things. I couldn't help laughing myself silly at how they wildly gyrated. For, you see, I'd filled them with something called "liquid lead", with each bob weighing five pounds. I had weeks ago stopped thinking of Mitsy as my husband. how could I think of this cringing, effeminate thing as a man?

"Just look at you," I said scornfully. "I just can't wait to show you off to all the women in my bridge club tonight, they'll be so jealous."

"Oh no, please don't," she cried. "But Mitsy don't you think you look so sexy and ravishing in your new uniforms?" I asked, for she did. What she was wearing was a yellow satin, traditional maids uniform.

Although I had made a few alterations. I'd shortened her skirts to show off her legs, new six inch heels, and panties whenever she bent over. And the plunging neckline was so deep I laughingly cautioned her not to make any sudden moves as one, or both, would surely pop out.

"I think as each girl comes you'll greet them at the door, get down on your knees and kiss their feet. The after you serve everyone drinks you can go around and lick all their shoes. Boy, will they be surprised. As we play cards I'll have you show them what a good sex slave you're becoming by getting under the table and licking their pussies. Doesn't that sound like so much fun?" I asked cheerily.

"Please don't show me off like this, and make me do those things," she cried pitifully.

"But Mitsy you're the one who wanted to be



dominated and be my sex slave. Now you'll be in heaven, imagine seven women ordering you around and wouldn't it be so exciting if I showed them how I punish you with the cane, then let each try it on you?"

"Please, I'll do anything, but don't let them cane me."

"You really are such a contemptuous wimp. Very well, If you sign this document I won't let them use it on you," I said, and when he asked what it was I replied, "Oh it's nothing. It just legally changes your name."

"Changes my name? What to?"

"I think I'll let it be a surprise, so you can either sign it or I give the girls this," I said picking up the cane, and as the spineless sissy she was, she signed it.

"Congratulations! You are now legally Mitsy Doormat. My Doormat to be precise. When the doorbell rang no amount of threats could get her to answer it. I finally had to put a collar and leash on her and yank her to it.

To say the women were surprised was an understatement. "It's hard to believe this is Mark. And you say this is what he wanted, to be your slave," one of the women said, looking at her scornfully.

"Well, admittedly feminizing him was my idea. I've always wanted a maid, and he's proved he's not much of a man, hasn't he?"

"Then what you need is a real man to satisfy you, and a huge cock," another remarked laughingly.

Looking directly at Mitsy I said, "Yes, as a matter of fact that's next on my list. Mitsy's little thing obviously is totally useless and it's actually getting smaller. As soon as I deal with it I'll start looking for a real cock to get inside me," I declared.

Later that night, as she held her skirts up, I jerked her off in her panties. As I did I said, "You really made a big hit with the girls tonight, so I'm rewarding you, but we're really going to have to deal with this little stub of

yours, aren't we?"

"I don't know what you mean," she gasped. "Oh, you will, first thing tomorrow, along with a couple of other things, including a new uniform I'm really going to love seeing you in."

The next morning she was strapped into Marge's chair for quite a long time, crying and sobbing pitifully, as we made her boobs real ones. Huge and very heavy. Then after her little wee-wee was permanently chastised I had a delightful, tinkling bell attached.

Mitsy gasped in shock when she saw herself in her new uniform. Nothing but a pink corset with a lace half bra that clearly showed her nipples, a tiny apron, and slutty seven inch heels.

She tinkled with every slight movement and if she wasn't really careful her tiny wee-wee and bel showed themselves.

Which is how she answered the door that night when my date arrived.

Baby Doll and Mary Jane Shoes



#1 Baby Doll Shoes
Black or White patent.
Sizes 9 to 14. \$89.95



#3 Baby Doll Shoes
Has a mid buckling strap and 1" baby doll heel. Now in four colors Red, Pink, Black or White patent.
Sizes 9 to 14. \$89.95



#4 Baby Doll Shoes
The dainty "T" strap is all sissy and comes in Black or White patent. Sizes 9 to 12. \$89.95



New Petal Baby Doll "T" Strap Shoes
Has petal baby doll cutouts with dainty buckling "T" strap. Comes in Pink, Red, and Black. Sizes 9 to 14. \$99.50



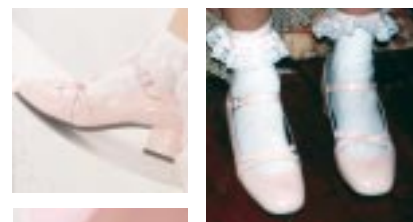
New Petal Baby Doll Shoes
Has petal baby doll cutouts with dainty buckling midstrap. Comes in Pink only. Sizes 9 to 14. \$99.50



#5 Baby Doll Shoes
Black or White patent.
Sizes 9 to 12. \$89.95



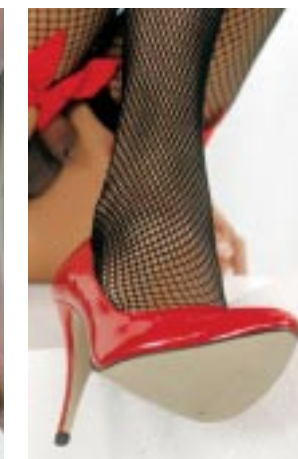
#12 Baby Doll Shoes
Baby Pink, Black or White patent.
Sizes 9 to 14. \$89.95



#13 Baby Doll Shoes
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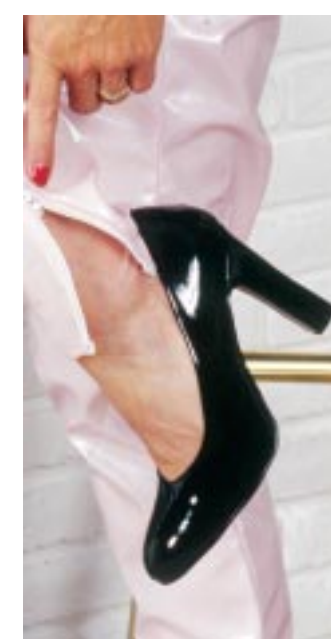
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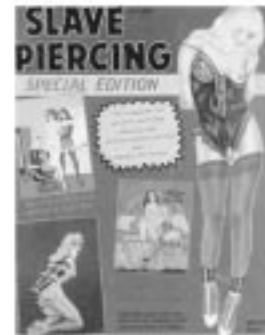
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PENIS RESTRAINTS 5



TRANSVESTITE CATALOG 12



TRANSFORMATION CAT 9



TRANSFORMATION CAT 8

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Transvestite Sissy Catalog 2

SISSY SHE-MALES IN HARDCORE ACTION

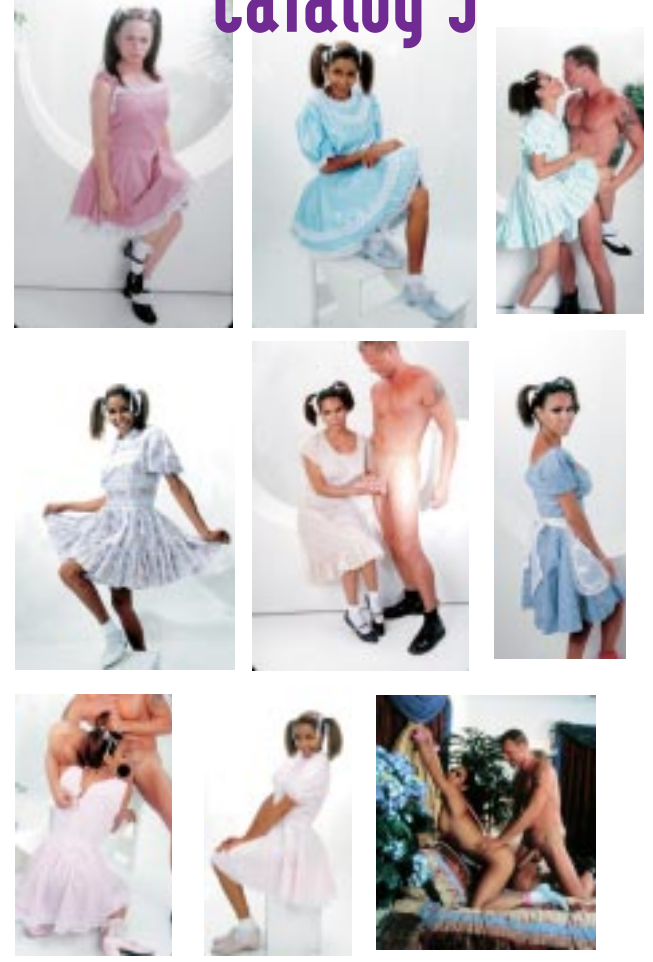
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One of the best catalogs you'll ever see. It's loaded with the most feminine clothes ever created including lots of very feminine designs from Paris. Femininity is "In" this year and our feminine style sissy clothes are a must see. All custom made for your measurements. MODELED BY OUR SISSY TV'S AND TS'S IN ALL THEIR GLORY AND DOING WHAT SISSY GIRLS DO. Lots of HARDCORE ACTION IN OUR SISSY OUTFITS. NEW STYLES OF BABY DOLL SHOES, LOTS OF RIBBON AND LACE DESIGNS, PETTICOATS, RUFFLED PANTIES, CORSETS, SCHOOLGIRL OUTFITS, SISSY LOCKING COLLARS, MEN AND WOMEN TURNING SISSIES INTO SISSY SLUTS, BOUND UP SISSY TO FUCK. Large, all color, 8 1/2" x 11" catalog. Hardcore issue. SISSIES GETTING FUCKED AND GIVING HEAD IN OUR BEAUTIFUL NEW STYLES. Regularly \$24.95 plus postage

Transvestite Sissy Catalog 3



We had so many photos and so many new designs of sissy and feminine clothes, we had to put out another sissy catalog this year. It's a huge perfect bound catalog, all in color. This issue is just as exciting as Transvestite Sissy Catalog 2, even a little more exciting because of all the action of our beautiful she-male and crossdresser models in hardcore action all done up in their many new sissy outfits designed by Jeri. All kinds of pretty feminine attire, Masters and Mistresses turn men into sissies to suck pussy or cock. Bound up sissy gets it in all kinds of ways. We've combined our new outfits with lots of action. Are you ready to become a sissy slave to a Mistress or a Master? If so, we have everything in our two new sissy catalogs to make you into a real sissy. Huge all color catalog. Between both Transvestite Catalogs you get 136 fabulous photos and designs with many outfits you can even wear outside. New 2005 designs of sissy shoes in colors. No one else but Centurians and Transformation could create such a catalog. It's all in brilliant color perfect bound and will be one of the top collectors issues. Regularly \$24.95 plus postage



HARDCORE ISSUE

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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?

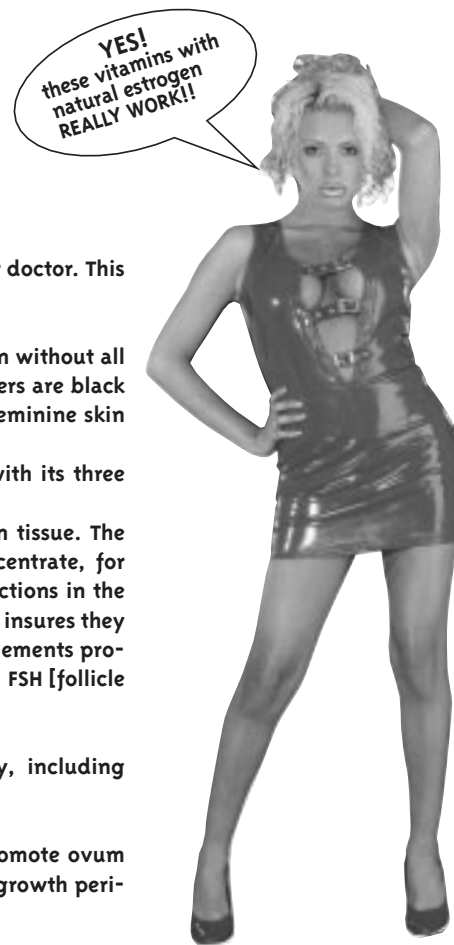
There are two herbs with natural estrogen in them that will give you the same effect as estrogen without all the side effects of possible cancer, loss of erection, etc. These two wonder herbs for crossdressers are black cohosh and blessed thistle. These two herbs will not only give you BREASTS, but softer more feminine skin and silkier hair. They will also feminize or round out your features.

If you didn't know it, TRANSFORMATION has already mastered this truly wonderful formula with its three unique vitamin hormone pills.

Glandulars are the secret! Glandular therapy utilizes raw concentrates of glandular and organ tissue. The theory is that like cells help like cells. In practical items, this means that raw ovarian concentrate, for instance, contains a variety of known and unknown intrinsic factors that support ovarian functions in the recipient. The "raw" glandulars are used in Feminant are dehydrated by a special process which insures they contain all of the enzymes and hormones that are present in the natural tissue. One of the key elements provides 200mg of raw ovarian concentrates to assist in the production of the essential hormones, FSH [follicle stimulating hormone] and LH (luteinizing hormone).

These hormones perform basic biochemical and physiological changes in the female body, including increasing breast size and softening of the skin.

Other changes include development of special glands in the fallopian tubes and uterus to promote ovum implantation, enlarging of the pelvic area, faster extension of bone growth, decrease in bone growth period and mild retention of protein and calcium.



Feminant

Feminant has been specially formulated from raw glands, gland concentrates and specific elements.

Each tablet contains:
 Raw Ovarian concentrate 200mg
 Mammary Gland concentrate 20mg
 Raw Ovarian concentrate 25mg
 Black Cohosh 10mg
 Raw pituitary concentrate 10mg
 Raw uterus concentrate 10mg
 Raw adrenal concentrate 10mg
 Vitamin E 100 IU
 Manganese Gluconate 10mg
 Suggested use: three to six tablets daily as a dietary supplement.
 One 60 tablet bottle.....\$22.50
 Two bottles.....\$39.95



Feminant



Natural Feminizer

Natural Feminizer

Feminizes the entire body, helps round out the breasts.

Two tablets contain:
 500mg. Raw ovarian, 75mg. Raw mammary, 50mg. Raw adrenal, 25mg. Licorice root, 15mg. Kelp, 10mg. Siberian ginseng, 25mg. Damiana, 50mg. Black cohosh, 20mg. Cranesbill, 30mg. Raspberry, 50mg. Goldenseal, 15mg. Uva-URSI, 20mg. False unicorn, 20mg. Cayenne, 30mg. Blessed thistle, 10mg. Irish moss, 10mg. For-ti, 10mg. Golu kola, 100IU Vitamin E d-alpha
 Suggested use: two tablets daily as a dietary supplement.
 60 tablet bottle.....\$21.95
 Two bottles.....\$38.95

60 tablet bottle.....\$21.95
 Two bottles.....\$38.95

Femglan

Softens the skin, just like a woman's

Each tablet contains:

Raw ovarian concentrate 50mg
 Raw gland concentrates of liver, duodenum, pancreas, heart, pituitary, kidney, spleen, thymus and adrenal 225mg
 Valerian root 25mg
 Lobella 25mg
 Cayenne 25mg

Have you ever wished you had the softness of a woman's skin? The roundness where you should be? This formula is all-new with such good things as raw ovary, raw gland concentrate, raw pancreas, kidney, pituitary, plus herbs. Suggested use 3 to 6 tablets daily.
 100 tablet bottle.....\$23.95
 Two bottles.....\$40.95

100 tablet bottle.....\$23.95
 Two bottles.....\$40.95



Femglan

The glands are processed at controlled low temperature to preserve the natural constituents by our exclusive process Lyophilization by sublimation.

Triple Strength Mammary



Triple Strength Mammary

Formulated to enhance the breasts and develop the milk glands. Each tablet contains 300mg. of raw mammary concentrate, 150mg. blessed thistle, 150mg. black cohosh.
 Contains no sugar, starch, salt, wheat, corn, soy, preservatives, artificial flavors or colors.
 Suggested use 1 to 3 tablets daily or as prescribed.
 One 100 tablets bottle.....\$29.50
 Two bottles.....\$49.95

One 100 tablets bottle.....\$29.50
 Two bottles.....\$49.95



Raw Mammary Tissue Concentrate

Raw Mammary Tissue Concentrate

Helps bring milk to the breasts...which enlarges them! The body tone formula for women. Again, we cannot make any claims, the label speaks for itself. Centurians and pharmaceutical laboratories have created this unique formula for those who wish they had a little of their own MOTHER'S MILK. With such ingredients as real mammary, uterus concentrate, etc. All 100% natural.
 One 100 tablets bottle.....\$19.95
 Two bottles.....\$34.95

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Estro-Glan

Enhances all the womanly parts, including: hips, thighs, breasts, arms, etc.

Two tablets contain:
 Raw Ovary 300mg
 Mammary Gland 50mg
 Raw Pituitary 20mg
 Raw Uterus 25mg
 Raw Adrenal 20mg
 Goldenseal 25mg
 Saw Palmetto 50mg
 Gentian 25mg
 Cayenne 25mg
 Kelp 15mg
 Octacosanol 375mg

One 60 tablets bottle.....\$21.95
 Two bottles.....\$38.95



Estro-Glan



Feminique

Feminique

A new formula to create the perfect woman. Each tablet contains 160mg. Ova-Nome (Raw ovarian concentrate), 5mg. Pit-Nome, (Raw pituitary concentrate), 10mg. Utero-Nome (Raw uterus concentrate), 10mg. Adreno-Nome (Raw adrenal concentrate), 100IU Vitamin E, 10mg. Manganese Gluconate.
 Suggested use: three to six tablets daily as a dietary supplement.
 One 60 tablets bottle.....\$19.95
 Two bottles.....\$38.95

One 60 tablets bottle.....\$19.95
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For women or men who want to become a woman

Breast Cream



Now you can achieve beautifully convincing femininity by using our unique Breast Cream, along with our other breast-development products. It is suggested that you rub this into shaved breast just before going to bed every night. Approximately three months supply.
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Body Hair Removal Cream



A unique patented Hair Removal Cream especially formulated for heavy, unwanted, strong dark, masculine body hair. If used regularly it will gradually lighten and weaken unwanted body hair.
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	RAW MAMMARY CONCENTRATE	\$19.95	\$34.95
	FEMINIQUE	\$19.95	\$39.95
	ESTRO-GLAN	\$21.95	\$38.95
	FEMINANT	\$22.50	\$39.95

QTY	ITEM	PRICE	FOR 2
	NATURAL FEMINIZER	\$21.95	\$38.95
	FEMGLAN	\$23.95	\$40.95
	BREAST CREAM	\$19.95	\$34.95
	BEARD RETARDANT CREAM	\$39.95	\$69.95
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Enslaved Sissy Maid Video 1

This is a story of a beautiful woman who isn't getting satisfied sexually by her husband, so she has extra marital affairs. One night after one of her flings she catches her husband wearing her lingerie. This gives her the excuse she needs, she yells and screams at him that if he's going to wear women's clothes - they will only be sissy clothes for such a wimp as him. She begins with binding him up every night and slowly changes him into a complete sissy she-male maid slave through bondage, hormones and breast implants. Then makes him suffer many humiliations of being a sissy slave including satisfying her boyfriends in all ways.

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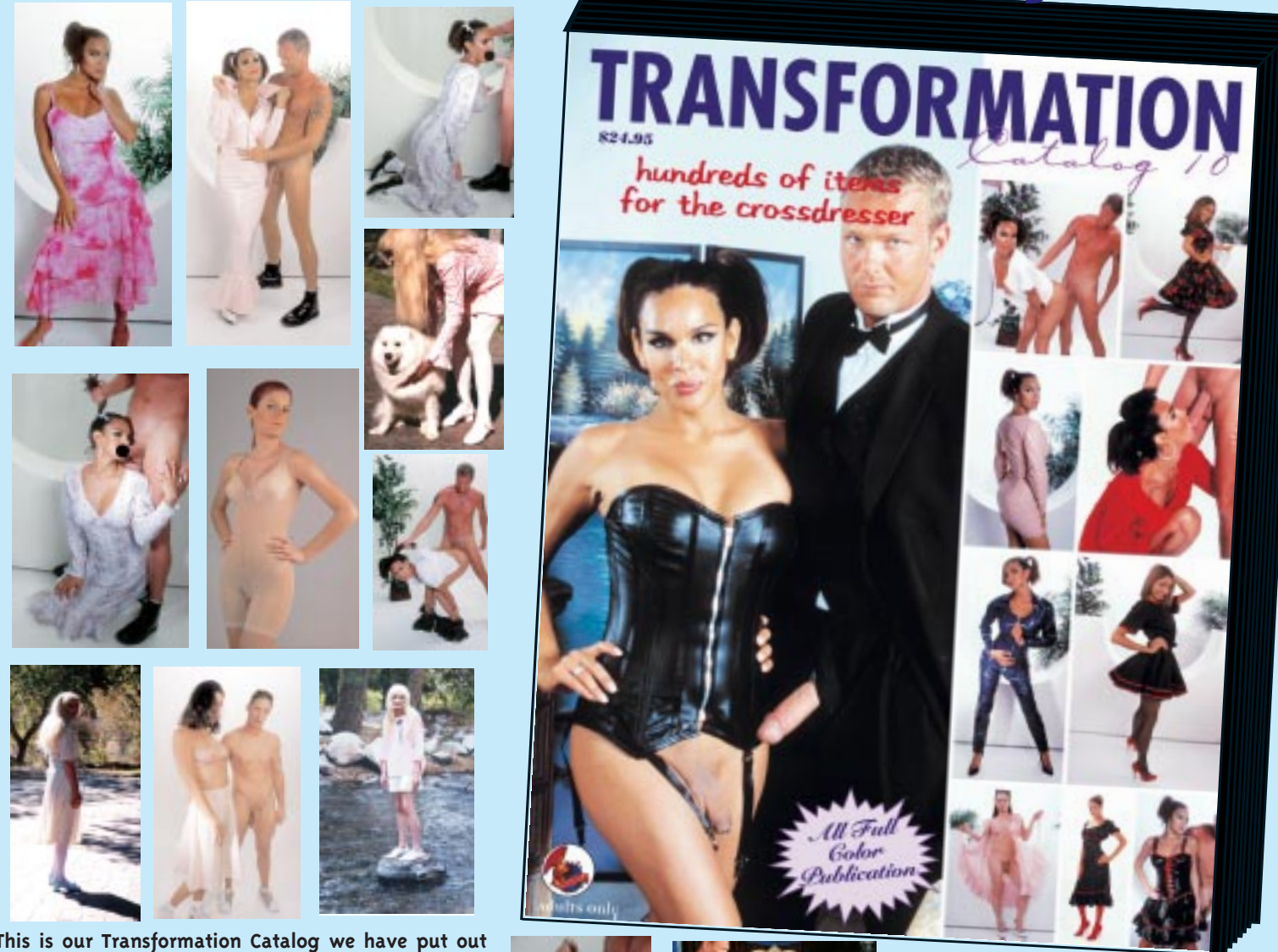
Enslaved Sissy Maid Video 2

This video is about a wife who finds out her husband has been cheating on her. She gets so mad that she binds him up and tells him that she will get even and make him find out what it feels like to be humiliated like she has been. She slowly, through bondage and punishment, turns him into her sissy slave to be humiliated in all kinds of ways. While he's bound up, she forces him to take hormones, get breast implants until he looks like a beautiful sissy she-male slave. She then forces him to suck a cock while bound to get hard for her so she can have fantastic sex in front of her new bound up sissy slave. With constant bondage she finally brings in a man to break his beautiful cherry ass and get fucked like the sissy she is.

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This is our Transformation Catalog we have put out every year for the last ten years. It's a large, ALL COLOR, PERFECT BOUND CATALOG OF EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO PASS as a lady. All the latest fashions, the newest in breasts, BRAS, BRA INSERTS, CORSETRY, VERY FEMININE DRESSES, AND SKIRT OUTFITS, SHOES, the latest PATENT AND LEATHER CLOTHING in the newest COLORS, WIGS, NIPPLE ITEMS, HORMONES, TAPES AND GLUES, BUN AND HIP PANTIES, NEW BODY SHAPER UNDERGARMENTS to shape your body, the all new REALISTIC FEMALE VAGINA just for you so you will look and feel all woman, and a lot more. Plus, of course, JERI AND JEAN ON THE ROAD AGAIN. This is all photographed with real crossdressers and transsexuals. Hard core action in our new designs. A must catalog for anyone who wants to pass. **\$24.95** plus postage

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Forced Womanhood Video 1

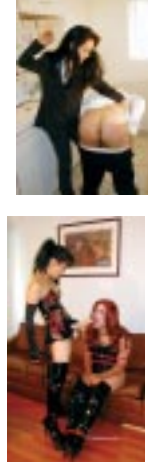
Forced Womanhood Video 2

Forced Womanhood Video 3



This is a serious one hour movie about a wife who catches her husband at the beginning of this movie making love with another woman. She is so furious that she wants to kick him out of the house. Instead he promises to be her slave, not really knowing what he is really in for. Through bondage and discipline she slowly turns him into a she-male slave. Hormone injections, breast implants and finally she chastises him permanently with a metal chastity pierced through into penis. And the finale of this ordeal is her binding her she-male slave to watch as she makes love to another man.

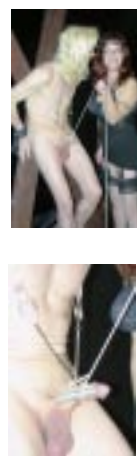
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A career woman comes home after a long day at work to find her husband slouched over a poker game with his buddy, drinking in the middle of the day and looking at porno mags. The wife, Kat, is furious, she makes up her mind right then and there that she will be the only wearing the pants in this family and her husband will wear the panties from now on.

And that's not all, Kat starts dressing her husband up like a slut in sexy stockings and bustiers, putting him in bondage and making him wear makeup. Once his cheeks are painted cherry red and she makes him service her strap-on cock, and when it doesn't satisfy her anymore she bends him over and breaks in his other hole.

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This is the story of a wife and her girlfriend who decide that her lazy husband, who just sits around the house drinking and watching TV while his wife works, has to clean the house and see what it's like to be a woman. They bind and gag him then take him to their dungeon and turn him into a girl. They torture him until he agrees. They dress him up putting makeup and female clothes and shoes on him slowly turning him into a woman. Then they bring a boyfriend over and make their slave find out what it's like to be a woman and satisfy a man.

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