ENSLAVED

SISSIES and Maids

SISSY MEN SERVING MISTRESSES AND MASTERS

Issue 3 $16.50

www.centurianonline.com

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

A note from the editor of CENTURIAN PUBLISHING
Thank you for the great response from our first issue. We’ve received lots of photos and letters, plus requests for a variety of things 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.

Send your photos and stories to
CENTURIAN PUBLISHING
VISTA STATION
P.O. BOX 51510
SPARKS, NV 89435-1510

Readers Letters
We would also like to add a Readers Letters section to this magazine. If you want to be in it, send 25 to 100 words and, if possible, a photo. Send your address, preferably a P.O. Box or your email address so our readers can contact you.

Please keep your stories and articles short so we can get more in. Your story has a better chance of getting in if you include photos.
Dear Jeri,

When I caught my hubby prancing around in one of my best party dresses, nylons, heels, bra and panties he actually convinced me it was just a harmless pastime, something he liked to do “sometimes.” However after he convinced me it was harmless “sometimes” turned, eventually, into every damn time I came home. And frankly it disgusted me, especially when he tried using my makeup.

Looking at him I thought he was pathetic. He wasn’t a man to me anymore, and, despite how he dressed up, he wasn’t a woman. I decided that he was a whimpering sissy. So, one day I told him that if he wanted to “dress up” that was fine with me, as long as I picked out what he was to wear. Naively he couldn’t believe how understanding I was. Until he saw his new wardrobe.

“You aren’t a man, and you aren’t a woman. What you are is a fucking sissy, and that’s how you’re going to dress. Specifically I think you’ll look perfect as an over-sexed, sissy schoolgirl. Fortunately I ran across a catalog from Centurian just loaded with sissy outfits and schoolgirl uniforms. But first you need a few additions,” I said.

“You’re going to love these,” I said as I glued huge, melon-seized tits on him, and I think he actually did. Until, with a smirk, I told him that they were glued on permanently.

Then to ensure that he got absolutely no pleasure dressed as a sissy I locked his penis in a tight chastity sheath also from Centurians. Once I got him dressed I said, “I can’t wait to take you out in public and see what people think of you.” And I was sure he’d cause quite a few double-takes and disapproving stares. While he wore a traditional schoolgirl’s blouse it was sheer, everyone was going to see his tits and nipples. The plaid skirt was ridiculously short. No more sexy nylons and high heels for sissy. What he wore were the most adorable, turn-down anklets, ruffled with red trim. And the most girlish of shoes; shiny, patent, Mary Janes.

He begged and pleaded, then flatly refused to be taken out in public as he was. He knew, looking in the mirror, the humiliating ridicule he would suffer.

I expected it would take a little convincing. So I yanked him over my knees, pulled his skirt up and panties and down, and gave him the spanking of his life. I soon had him screaming, sobbing, kicking his Mary Jane feet, and begging me to stop, like the wimp he is he meekly walked in front of me down the street, crying all the way.

“You’re just going to love the uniform you’re to wear tomorrow, you’ll look just like an over-sexed schoolgirl,” I laughed.
We Would Like To Donate This Part Of Our Magazine To You, Our Readers.

Send Us Your Photo, And If You Want, Your Address, And We Will Print It Here.

Please sign the back that we have permission to print.

Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,

Enclosed is a photo of my sissy in your ruffled panties. He’s been changed into my pretty little sissy girl slave.

Ms. Devina

Sissy Emma from England

Slave Letta, a submissive slave from Germany.

Sissy Florence doing her tasks.

Sissy maid Jenny from New York.

Sissy Francine with lots of frilly ruffles.

Sissy slut in training, Paulette.

Attention Sissies and Maids. Enclosed is a photo of me in a Maids Uniform.

D.K.

I’m sissy Emma from England

Sissy slave Anna from Michigan.

Sissy slut in training, Paulette.

Sissy Maid Alice from Kansas.

Send your photos and stories to

CENTURIAN PUBLISHING
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P.O. BOX 55510
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To The Editor,

Early in our relationship I trained my wimp hubby to orally please me as I found his penis inadequate for the task. To prevent unauthorized masturbation I had his penis and scrotum pierced and ringed. A small padlock to which I alone hold the key, keeps his little penis affixed to his nut sack. In addition to the female hormones I have the wimp take daily, he must also keep his body clean and shaved. I no longer consider him a man. He is my maid, servant and slave. Around the house he wears a small maid’s apron which displays his bottom that I keep bright red with my riding crop.

Using a large strap-on dildo I trained hubby to please a real man’s penis orally and anally. For my first male lover I brought home, I made hubby suck cock while I filmed the event. My lover got turned on watching hubby suck and lick all his cum out of my well fucked pussy and hubby got to give his second blow job and have his ass cherry fucked by a real cock. After two years on female hormones I took hubby to a clinic for a boob job. At the same time, having hubby sign the required forms, I easily persuaded the well-hung doctor with the promise of the best blow job he ever had, to snip off hubby’s unnecessary testicles. He also removed most of the erectile tissue of the wimp’s little penis. The tiny penis now resembles an oversized clit and is good only for peeing. The empty scrotum has been stitched up to resemble a woman’s labia.

To erase any doubt as to my slaves status and lack of masculinity I have had “slave wimp” inscribed on his left ass cheek and “balless cock sucker” inscribed on right ass cheek. An additional line says, “born to suck cock”.

To add a little humiliation for my wimp I have him suck my lovers cock to full hardness before they fuck me. I also take a photo of the big beefy cock and one with his mouth on it. These photos decorate the walls of his room and he has quite a collection. I love showing off his room, and cock sucking skills to friends. The wives seem to be more impressed with his oral skills than their husbands.

Love to all,
Mistress Julie

I was born and raised in South Korea. My American husband bought me by paying off my family’s debt. It was my job to take care of the house and his every need. He grew use to having me around so when it was time to return to the states he married me so I could go as well. At first I couldn’t believe how American women treated their men. I was raised to do whatever the men around me said. In America the women did what ever they wished. The more time I lived here the more I learned to act as an American woman. However when I started to express my needs and desires my husband threatened to send me back to Korea. That is when I found a copy of your magazine Forced Womanhood and it change my life forever. Your magazine not only showed me a way to make my husband listen, it gave me a chance to treat a man the way they had always treated me.

Since my husband was rich, there was no need for him to work, but still he spent little time at home, which left me free to plan. I had my own credit card, which he allowed me to use as much as I like, so money wasn’t an issue either. Your company’s phone operator was very helpful. They had me get measurements so everything would fit just right and ever offered helpful
Dominant Lady From London Keeping Husband In Bondage Until He Says He Will Be Her Sissy And Wear Sissy Clothes

Attention to Centurians New Sissy Mag

We got our new magazine here in London at one of our adult stores. My husband is a wimp. He said he won’t let me make him wear sissy dresses or baby doll shoes. As you see by the photos enclosed – I’m in the process of changing his mind a lot of us women in England like our men submissive. I’m one who is training my man to be a very submissive sissy so she does everything I ask. Also enclosed is a money order for a pair of your baby doll shoes, your locking sissy dress and a subscription for Enslaved Sissies and Maids.

Mistress Blanca

Longtime Fan of Forced Womanhood Loves Sissies

Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,

I just got your premier issue and wanted to tell you how wonderful it was! I have been a longtime fan of Forced Womanhood, and think any type of related magazine is a great idea. I hope, perhaps, in a future issue you might choose to print my letter, obviously not because of its erotic content, but simply as a tribute, to how important your publications are to little sissy sluts like me. If you do decide to add a Readers’ Letter section I’d love to find a Superior Woman, who’d like to mold me into her own private little tramp. She can ask for me by name, in future issues, I’ll be watching. Thanks again!

Love,
Miss Cassandra

Dear Jeri,

Greetings from Colorado, my wife and I love your magazine and have been subscribers now for three years. We hope you can include our letter in your magazine telling all the men, that can’t “pass” but love to crossdress and their wives that enjoy them, that we also belong to your wonderful group. For business reasons my wife, Irene, and I have been secretly enjoying our “maid” and your magazine for years. We would love to hear from other ladies and men that enjoy our special way of life and the pleasures that it brings. Please keep up the wonderful work in your magazine. We will always subscribe and look forward to many more great issues. Hopefully, this picture is not “too explicit” for publishing, as we would love to see “her” in your magazine for your readers to enjoy.

Anyone wanting to reach us can at MadeMolly@aol.com

Made Molly

Made Molly

Dear Enslaved Sissies,

I have enjoyed your magazine issue after issue, and have always identified with the enslaved men. I have always wanted to find an owner who would bring out the sissy in me. I love dressing like a slut. I am enclosing some photos of me doing one of the things I love to do best. Please print them along with my address in the hopes that someone needs a she-male sissy slave to train and own. I will, of course, sign any legal document with regards to my ownership by my Master/Mistress. Thanks again for such an outstanding magazine. I will let you know should I be fortunate enough to find an owner. Take care, and stay well.

My Address:
C/O Box Holder
P.O. Box 584
Yonkers, NY 10704-0584

Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids Magazine your company has showed me what it means to truly be their men. Thank you once again, your company recently produced. I can’t wait to open my new girl.

My Address:

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Love,
Miss Cassandra
My finger was shaking bad as I went to push the doorbell. Miss Linda had told me how my slave training was going to change. She told me she was going to turn me into her sissy slave. Oh My God! What was I doing here? Why did I even come back here? I was afraid of what my heart said in response. The truth was, I really wanted to be a sissy. Even the thought of the intense humiliations that were to follow excited me. I rang the doorbell and felt my doom consume me. Ms. Linda answered the door holding a blonde wig and pink satin little girl dress.

“Right on time, sissy. You must be very excited to become my sissy slave. Well, you will not be so happy with all the embarrassments you will suffer, I guarantee you. You will start as my little girl and be very obedient. Here is a pretty party dress and wig. You will get out of your boy clothes and put the dress and wig on. Then, you will ring the doorbell again.”

Oh no! I could not believe the implications of her words. I was to change into a sissy dress right there on her front stoop. In front of everyone outside! I looked around and did not see anyone. I quickly took off my shirt and looked around again. There was still nobody there. I took off my shoes and pants. I was shaking as I pulled the dress over my head with my arms in the arm holes. The sleeves were short and lace trimmed. I pulled it down. Oh my God! It was so short you could see my underwear. I must have been blushing 10 shades of red. I was only able to get the zipper half way up the back. Then I put on the wig. It was a long blonde one. I nervously looked around again and saw nobody.

Still shaking I rang the doorbell. Miss Linda answered with an evil grin on her face. She told me to pick up my boy clothes. As I bent over she said, “Oh no! We can’t have my sissy showing off boys underwear. Take them off right now.”

Oh no! This was too much. I could not take off my underwear here in public. I balked a minute and she slapped me hard across the face. I immediately took them off. “There, that’s much better,” she said. “Now present me with your clothes and beg me to please throw them away as you will not have any need of them anymore.”

I could not believe what I was hearing but did not hesitate. I bowed my head in shame and held my boy clothes out to her and begged her sweetly to take them and throw them away. She pulled a hand from behind her back and held up a pair of pink panties with rows and rows of ruffles all around them.

continued on page 14
Training A Sissy
continued from page 12

“I bet you really want to wear these, don’t you, sissy?”

Blushing in shame I said, “Yes, please, Miss.”

She took my boy clothes and handed me the ruffled panties. With shaking hands, I took them. She told me to put them on. I stepped into them and pulled them up my legs and into place. She told me to pull up my dress so she could check them. She ran her fingers around the leg bands and waist. She told me to put my dress back down. When I did she laughed at me and said, “Oh my, your dress is so short your pretty sissy panties show.”

She told me to turn around and show the neighbors my pretty dress. I reluctantly turned and she said, “Oh I see you could not get your zipper all the way up.” She pulled it up and then put a lock through the zipper and a loop on the end called “a collar.”

She said, “There now you can’t get into any trouble trying to take it off.” Next she held out to me a bright pink petticoat, and said, “I bet you want to wear this too.”

I mumbled, “Okay,” and sat there blushing under her gaze. Here I was a grown man 46 years old under the total control of a beautiful 21 year old woman. The massive sissy deep within me would not let me disobey her every word.

She pulled out the front of my pink rubber panties out and looked into them and said that I had a little accident in them. She laughed and said not to worry about it, that there was nothing sissy about that and we all had accidents in our lives.

She told me to turn around and spin and said that I should get used to it because I would be wearing it every night and sleeping in it. When I did she laughed and said, “Well, sissies don’t have hair on their legs.” She took my boy clothes and handed me the rubber sheet under another pink rubber sheet.

She told me that she would be wearing it every night and sleeping in it. She untied me and helped me take off me. Miss Linda came in as I was getting out of bed and asked me how little sissy slept. I mumbled, “Okay,” and sat there blushing under her gaze. Here I was a grown man 46 years old under the total control of a beautiful 21 year old woman. The massive sissy deep within me would not let me disobey her every word.

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She took my boy clothes and handed me the rubber sheet under another pink rubber sheet. My head was spinning and I could not believe what looked back at me.

After she was done she told me to look into the mirror. She had me follow her into the living room and put some sweet smelling powder into the bottom of my dress. Miss Linda said to follow her. I followed her into her bedroom. There were ropes on the bed coming from the four corners. She told me to lie down on the bed face down. I did as I was told, so scared I must have been white as a ghost. She took my ruffled panties off then told me to hold my arms out to the corners. She tied my arms tight to the corners then she got two big pillows and shoved them under myarms to keep me from moving. Then, ankle by ankle, she tied them tight to the corners. She was doing something I could not see and then she walked up to the head of the bed and I saw her with a big dildo strapped to her. Oh no! I struggled but could not move. She laughed and said, “See, the bondage was necessary.” She made me kiss the dildo and beg her to take my cherry.

Knowing I had no choice I begged as I began to whimper and cry. She got up on the bed and pressed the tip of the dildo up into my anus. Thankfully, she had put some lubricant on it. The pain was bearing as she shoved it all the way in. She laughed as I cried while she took me like a slut often. When she had finished with me she made me again kiss the dildo and thank her. Through my tears I did as she told me. She untied me and helped me up.

My mind was numb because of the implications of her words. Would my shame ever end?
Dear Jeri,

My philosophy regarding my household staff of sissy maids is that a good maid is always "on her toes", eager to perform any task. However I take the philosophy of keeping the sissy maids always on their toes quite literally. While sissies love high heels and don’t complain when trained to walk in the highest, I insist that all my maids be trained to actually walk on nothing but their toes. They plead and swear they could never learn to walk on just their toes. They’d rather suffer and swear they could never learn to walk on just their toes. But I know differently, as does Coretta Perkins, my housekeeper. She devised a training routine that while quite lengthy, and admittedly painful, ensures that eventually a new sissy maid’s feet will be broken in.

Four times a day after she has the sissy corseted, arms laced in a single glove, and gagged to stop their childish protests, she laces them into crotch high ballet boots. Helping them stand, she attaches clips to their nipples that dangle from a bar overhead. It has a small motor that runs its length and slowly, at first, tugs them from one end to the other. They’re terrified, naturally, but once Coretta flips the switch on there’s nothing they can do but follow. Coretta starts them with crotch high ballet boots to give as much support as possible, especially their ankles. At first all they have to do is make ten trips slowly up and back, four times a day. But each day she gradually increases the speed and adds two more trips. When she’s satisfied they’re put in knee length, then ankle length ballet boots. Then finally into ballet shoes, obviously the most treacherous to walk in. Their training is relentless until they’ve finally learned to walk on their toes all day. However, their training is hardly over. Now they must learn to curtsy, bend and do everything on their toes. The only drawback, which really doesn’t concern me, is that being trained to be on their toes at all times is painful even when they wear the highest regular heel.

If you want to train your sissy to always be on their toes Centurian has a wide range of ballet boots and shoes, corsets, armbinders and gags. Call their mail order department at 775.322.8995.

A Good Sissy Maid Is Always On Her Toes

"After a sissy is trained in ballet boots they finally receive their cherished maid's uniform, courtesy of the wonderful fashions of Centurians. Then comes the more admittedly torturous task of teaching them to walk, curtsy and serve in ballet shoes."

"Our newest sissy wears a red 7 piece maid's outfit that includes wristlets, garter, choker, hairpiece, apron, stockings and uniform. She'd love her new uniform except for the criss-cross ballet shoes with ankle strap. I'm wearing one of my favorite dresses, also from Centurian. The Black Patent Corset Dress (SH3924)."
Dear Forced Womanhood,

I never considered having a she-male slave until I answered a couple’s ad for a dominant woman to initiate them into B/D. The wife was who I wanted; a stunning, statuesque blonde resembling a busty, European sex goddess actress popular some years back. I greatly enjoyed binding, spanking and dominating her. To my surprise her husband was a very feminine TV whom she was slowly turning into a she-male. She explained how it was being done and showed me your magazine. I spent a delightful weekend dominating the two and having my pussy loved by both, and surprisingly, the TV husband was even better at it than his submissive wife. Being all tied up and "forced" to do it seemed to stimulate him much more than her.

Afterwards, the more I thought about the couple the more I liked the idea of having my own she-male slave to train and dominate. I finally settled on Lee, a meek, slender, effeminately handsome man whom I felt would make a lovely, submissive she-male. In no time I had him wearing my wigs and sexy lingerie and being tied up for sex so I was the dominant one on top. It was then easy to convince him to quit his low paying job and move in as my servant and TV lover.

Soon I had Lee growing his blond hair longer and wearing only lingerie and erotic dresses and uniforms from your Transvestite and Transformation catalogs. I started him on your many pills and creams and kept him constantly in corsets and 4” to 6” stiletto heels. After I caught him trying to loosen his corset and remove his heels, I spanked his taut, bare ass a bright red, then put him in 6” tiny padlocked ankle strap heels and kept his wrists tied behind him, except when he cooked and cleaned in leather wrist and ankle hobbles. He even ate and drank all tied up, using only his red mouth.

I gave him feminine training; voice, movement, sucking a dildo as if it were a real cock, eating my cunt, and being ass-fucked by dildos and vibrators. The pills and creams worked wonders. Lee’s hair was silky and lustrous, his skin soft and feminine, his body hair was thinning, and he began growing breasts. The tight corset trimmed inches off his already slim waist and made his hips and butt rounder and more feminine. The high stiletto heels formed his thighs and calves, and narrowed his ankles. His arched feet were raised so that he had no trouble wearing 6” heels for many long hours.

Lee became concerned as his penis shrank while his breasts grew bigger. Rotating between ropes and leather bondage gear, such as armbinders and bodybinders, I kept him in constant bondage, forcing him with whippings to take his pills and unknowingly the others ground up in his meals. I put him in a FL4A Frenum Chastity and delighted in leading him about with a leash attached to its ring. Besides leaving him tied and gagged whenever I went out, I also tethered him to the bed, door, post, or other stationary objects by his cock ring. Complaints earned him very painful whippings, spankings, and being gagged with mouth-stretching penis and ball gags for hours, until he finally realized he was destined to be my submissive, she-male sexual slave and that was that!

Lee’s cock continued to shrink, finally only taking a FL2 Frenum which was attached permanently so he couldn’t have sex. His breasts grew and were soon ready for size D implants. Now his figure is the envy of many a real female.

"Lee" is a beautiful she-male slave and companion. She loves my pussy better than any-
Dear Enslaved Sissy Magazine,

My enslaved husband and I have been reading your Forced Womanhood for many years. We now have read the first two issues of your new sissy magazine. We are an interracial couple. I married Kenny knowing he liked to crossdress. We were married for eight years before I started making him into a chastised slave. Don’t get me wrong. I love him very much. But his white little penis just didn’t do it for me. I wanted a big cock that could really turn me on. Kenny agreed to become my slave after we both read a few issues of your magazine. I told him I’d turn him into a beautiful woman with breast implants and I’d date other men to make him a real slave.

We bought your locking maid’s dress and a pair of your baby doll shoes, and of course, more bondage gear. I now keep him locked in your locking maids away all of his male clothes and ordered sissy forms with leather bondage items. We began a regimented exercise schedule, with Monroe doing only women’s exercises to tone those muscles used more by a woman. I also kept him in a black corset that slimmed his waist and gave his hips and butt a feminine roundness. He wore stilettos that slowly grew in heel size from 4” to 7” as his legs became more shapely and his body hair completely retarded. He begged to stop the treatments, but I was adamant. His tongue had always felt better in my pussy than his cock! He tried to leave in his French maid uniform but I backhanded him to the floor, stunning him. Then I tied his arms behind him, with those ropes also looped above and below his thrusting breasts, and gagged him. Depending on my mood, I would dress her as a sissy girl, French maid, or school girl. She always looked great in only stay-up nylons or ruffled socks and 7” stilettos, her tiny Frenum-encased cock hanging limply, and of course, yards of tightly tied ropes. Usually when he finished with her she was only good for eating my pussy while she watched, tied and gagged, which was what I loved anyway! Mistress Laura

Ms. Laura
implanted. His body was void of all hair, he examined them, he traced the small lines could see the realization dawn in his face. He noticed the long red nails on his hands. We went to work. Once he was out, our Doctors couldn’t remove it without hurting himself. He rubbed at his lips trying to remove the permanent red tattooing on them, to no avail.

To balance as best he could he tried to remove the corset but found it to be securely in place. As Kara and I walked into the mirror looking so quiet as I added the collar and cuffs to her outfit. Attaching the leash I reminded her that if she passed this test she would be takenooking for the rest of her life. If not, she would be turned out on the streets to fend for herself. She held back as I said it was time to go. This would be our first time out as a woman. She looked very afraid, but I assured her she wouldn’t be punished if she just obeyed orders. Reluctantly she walked out the doors. I kept her on the leash as she was forced to watch from the window as she turned one after another of the men used her dainty mouth, never once did she resist.

Kara now takes John out at least once a week. Kara enjoys the men and then allows him to have sex with men. Then I say she’s having sex with men. She performs oral sex on women even though as a woman she doesn’t know all the things to do to please men. She becomes so aroused seeing the men abuse and humiliate Liz endlessly, then join in with my huge dildos. Owning a she-male sex slave is the ultimate goal. She complimented my work with Marla, and I even let her bind and spank my she-male. Asking to be treated as a object of affection was basically all the she-male would request.

Returning home with your magazine, I called your company and ordered all of your pills and transformation creams and pills and constant wearing of a tight corset and high heels, into a large, secluded house. After that I join in with my dildo. It’s so thrilling when we both

Wife Makes TV Hubby Into A Lovely Sissy She-male Slut And Is Made To Suck Cock And Get Fucked

Dear Enslaved,

Marlins, limp, and that’s why I happily married him. He meekly indulged my every wish, and it was completely feminized and placed in some sort of bondage the instant he returned home until he had to leave for work the next morning. Also, he kept his face and body shaved and let his hair grow. From your Transvestite and Transformation catalog I ordered scanty French maid uniforms, 4” to 7” stilettos, frilly dresses, all sorts of sissy items (latex lock on uniforms, Mary Jane and Baby Doll shoes), school girl outfits, “Forever Sissy” lingerie, sexy black lingerie, rubber latex clothing, and bondage items as well as various style wigs.

I was content with Marvin being my TV maid slave until my wealthy, former college roommate moved to a nearby town and invited me for a day’s visit. That visit was to change Marvin’s and my life forever! Leaving Marvin home in a sissy, pink satin maid uniform, ruffled socks, pink Mary Janes with little girl heels, leather wrist and ankle cuffs and chains and a red rubber ball gag (that he could remove with some difficulty), I drove to Greta’s, large secluded, house. A gorgeous blonde in a lotion slip and beautiful form and 7” stilettos answered the door and led me into the den where Greta, her sexy, short black latex dress, long gloves and a switchblade knife. At the sight of me, she giggled and said he made bound her in a ball position on the floor while introducing her she-male husband, who had once been Paul and was now Phyllis. We used the well-bound maid as a footstool, digging our spike heels into “her” body. Occasionally, as Greta told me how she had transformed Paul, with the aid of your various feminizing creams and pills and constant wearing of a tight corset and high heels, into a large, secluded house. After that I join in with my dildo. It’s so thrilling when we both

Wife Asks Dominant To Change The Ways Of Her Husband Who Has A Wandering Cock

continued from page 18

My name is Mistress Felicity and I work for Our Ladyboy Finishing School. I was asked to write about a client we had named John. John’s girlfriend, Kara, was fed up with him. Seems John had a wandering cock but didn’t want to lose his rich girlfriend. Kara asked if we might help John become more faithful and we agreed, for a price, of course. Since money was no issue, John came to stay with us. Also, he was to wake up, Kara and I watched from the other side of a two way mirror. Slowly the walls began to change. John looked as if he was trying to remember where he was. It was as if he was looking around the little girl’s room he was in. It looked as if he was trying to remember where he was and who he was. Slowly, John noticed the movement in the mirror. Staring at the girl he saw there, then looking around the room to find her. When he tried to stand he quickly fell back onto the bed. Looking down he noticed the 6” heels attached to his body as he noticed the changes. Newly formed C cup breasts stuck out from his once flat chest. As he examined them, he traced the small lines where they had been surgically implanted. His body was void of all hair, except on his head. His face showing the horror as he checked to see if they had removed his cock as well. We had placed an FL4C with break-off screws on him, so try as he might he couldn’t remove it without hurting himself.

Remembering the shoes, he reached down to remove them only to notice the contrast in his body. He chose to leave them on. The movement in the mirror was too fast that he lost his balance and fell to the floor. “What the fuck have you done to me?” he yelled. “You did say you would do anything to keep me!” Kara asked as she helped him to his feet. “How did I ever, why this?” he stammered. “Well this way you know I will be faithful. Beside me I like the idea of having a slave of my own.” Someone who does what they are told. Someone who’s only desire is to please me.

Kara smiled as she looked over the doctors work. Something seemed to dawn on him by the look on his face. “I will hire a lawyer. You can’t do this to me without my consent. I will have all your money without you,” he smiled. “Uh sorry,” I said “But you did give your consent, in writing no less.” Handing him a copy of the papers he signed we could see his face drop. “If you want to be taken care of you will have to learn to behave like a slave. If you complete this program I will take you back. If not, you will be turned out on the streets just as you are. I would like to see how your thoughts on your new life.” His_dictated the text that John didn’t want to be put out on the streets as he was still a bit resistant to his training. As with all our little girls, we applied rewards and punishments as needed.

Dear Enslaved,

Marlins, limp, and that’s why I happily married him. He meekly indulged my every wish, and it was completely feminized and placed in some sort of bondage the instant he returned home until he had to leave for work the next morning. Also, he kept his face and body shaved and let his hair grow. From your Transvestite and Transformation catalog I ordered scanty French maid uniforms, 4” to 7” stilettos, frilly dresses, all sorts of sissy items (latex lock on uniforms, Mary Jane and Baby Doll shoes), school girl outfits, “Forever Sissy” lingerie, sexy black lingerie, rubber latex clothing, and bondage items as well as various style wigs.

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Wife Asks Dominant To Change The Ways Of Her Husband Who Has A Wandering Cock

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one, and I take her with me, bound, to visit women. We enjoy our surprise when they find the highly skilled cunt-lucker is actually a she-male.

Still I occasionally desire a man, and again tied up Liz goes with me. Bound and gagged in only G-string and 5” sandals, she first watches

me have sex with men. Then I say she’s having her period and turn her over to the man, or men. They fuck her face, ass, and tied-up shotgunning their cum in her face, mouth, and over her twin mounds. After they’ve finished she pulls off her G-string to show her tiny Frenum-encased penis, and they are always amazed that the shapely beautiful body in fact is a she-male.

Having once been a man, sulty-cocked Liz knows all the things to do to please men. I become so aroused seeing the men abuse and humiliate Liz endlessly, then join in with my huge dildos. Owning a she-male sex slave is the most fun a woman can have! Try it!

Mistress Samantha Detroit, MI

It turns me on watching my lusty sissy forced to suck cock.
Dear Enslaved Sissy & Maids,

I found my first copy of Forced Womanhood about 4 years ago. I haven’t been able to put it down since. I impatiently wait for the next issue to come out every time. I love all the letters. Then one day I found a web site that became my ticket to having my own little girl. The web site was for matching foreigners who wanted to live in the U.S. with Americans who would marry them for money. I didn’t need the money but I wondered what else someone from another country might give up to live here. Off I went to Europe where I married a white man from Africa who was running for political reasons. I used the money his family gave me to open a dream come true account.

Once home I explained to him if he wanted to stay married and not be deported back to Africa he would have to become my slave. He agreed to do what ever I asked as long as I would stay married to him. The breast implants were perfect and so real that it was hard to tell they were fake. The hair extensions lengthening his brown hair brought out the feminine features in his face. Even after the surgery he showed no signs of liking his new body. Taking some time off work, I began his training. I got the cutest baby doll shoes and lacy socks from your company along with several dresses. Adding Triple Strength Mammary to his food and a 24 hour corset helped to improve on the doctors work.

Although he didn’t refuse anything I asked of him he found ways to make his transformation harder whenever he could. Lots of time just acting as if he hadn’t heard me or didn’t understand what I had asked of him. I would remind him that he could always go back home. He explained that was no longer an option since he couldn’t go back looking as he did or he would disgrace his family and, of course, there was always the fact that he would be killed if the right people caught him. After our talk he would always behave for a few days at least.

One day I caught him jacking off. It was so unlady-like I couldn’t believe he was still acting like a man. I chained him to his bed and ordered an FL6 with break-off screws. Your company was so fast in filling my order that I had it the very next day. As I placed it on him he screamed that he would never do it again. His screams turned to sobs as he realized I now owned him forever. It was so exciting that I sat on his face and made him lick me to several orgasms.

The next week I arranged for a coming out party for my new slave. Afraid of how he might act I had a special table made. I placed the table in the center of the room. Before the party I dressed him in a flowered corset with lacy socks and his baby doll shoes. Chaining him down to the table by his thighs, I could see the look of anger growing in his face. Not wanting any of my guests to be hurt I used bondage gloves chained to the ceiling to secure his hands. I also chained his feet together to make it hard for him to kick anyone. Touching up his makeup and adding a small ball gag he was finally ready.

That first party went great. I even auctioned off his virginity and raised $10,000 for my favorite charity. As he stuck it in her tight virgin ass the audience looked on with envy. All had wished they had been the first to use my new little girl.

I had to write to thank your wonderful company. All your wonderful products and magazines have added new color to my life.

Thank you from the bottom of my heart,
Amber
Dear Jeri,

I wanted to let you know how thrilled I was when I heard about the new magazine Enslaved Sissies and Maids. Don’t get me wrong, I love Forced Womanhood but to have a magazine solely about sissy and maids. Wow, I have read the first one so many times already that it is starting to fall apart. Enclosed is $24.85 for another copy to be rushed shipment to come from your company.

I currently have several sissy boys of my own. All my girls take your Triple Strength Mammary/Estro-Glan combination and have developed nicely. I also order all my girls’ clothing from your company. It’s great to know it will fit just perfect. I am very thankful for your company. All of your merchandise is always top of the line. I wouldn’t know what to do without your great vitamins either. I am looking forward to another 30 years of your being in business.

Keep up the good work,
Master Charles

One day I had to go out for a short while. Elizabeth was making sure all the girls performed their duty. Apparently, Crystal snuck up behind her and tied her wrists quickly behind her back. Tying her arms tight as well. She added a ball gag to keep her from crying out for help. Pulling down her ruffled panties she attached a chain to Elizabeth’s FL9. Elizabeth arched forward, each time Crystal pulled; trying to reduce the pain to no avail. Crystal then began to fuck Elizabeth’s tight ass, as if she was a dog showing who was the alpha male. Unfortunately for Crystal, I had forgot something and had to return home early. I couldn’t believe that a slave of mine would pull such a stunt. Chaining Crystal to the wall I made her service my other girls while I decided what to do. I explained to her a disobedient girl was not worthy to please anyone better. My other girls were all given permission to use Crystal in any way they wished. Several took the time to fuck Crystal hard in her ass and mouth, which left her dippings with cum. For two days I allowed them to use her while I waited for the shipment to come from your company.

Crystal cried quietly as I opened the package. She tried pleading for mercy as I shoved the break-off screw in place. Snap! Snap! Now I knew Crystal would be an obedient slave for life. Grabbing my crop I flogged her thighs, balls and permanently chastised cock. Crystal screamed as the tight metal bit into her hardening cock.

Now she knew, as a disobedient slave, she would never be allowed to cum again. As her screams died down all that could be heard were her sobs. My other girls had watched in silent horror. All hoping they never incur my wrath, I am sure. Since then, Crystal has been a wonderful slave. Plus, my other girls have been even more pleasing than ever. I am hoping you come out with more Enslaved Sissies and Maids soon. Until then, I guess I just have to read the old one again. I am very thankful for your new sissy magazine. I do not know what do without your vitamins either. I am looking forward to another 30 years of you being in business.

Keep up the good work,
Master Charles

Dear Centurian,

We’ve had a subscription to your Forced Womanhood magazine for the last four years. We just received your first two issues of your Enslaved Sissies and Maids and they are incredible. Only you could come out with such a great magazine.

What’s more, I’ve been dressing my husband slave for the last two years. He’s already had his breast implants. I haven’t chastised him yet. I use your cock cage instead. I like to dress him up in schoolgirl outfits with high heels and baby doll socks. I don’t know if your readers know this or not, but men really get turned on seeing my slave in sissy clothes. The other day my lover got so turned on watching my sissy walk around in her schoolgirl outfit that I decided to let my slave find out what it’s like to get fucked by a man. Ernie, my lover at the time, was already hard with the anticipation of fucking my sissy slave. He tore my slave’s clothes off and stuck his big cock into my slave’s virgin ass and immediately came.

My poor sissy wept afterwards. He was so humiliated. “I’m not gay,” he cried, “Why did you let him do this to me?”

“If you’re going to be a lady, then it’s only appropriate that you learn what we women have to go through!” I said. “You’re just beginning, next you’re going to learn how to suck cock.”

I actually got turned on watching my sissy slave get fucked for the first time. This is the beginning of a new era for me and my slave. I look forward to receiving your magazines for new ideas. Please find enclosed my subscription for your new sissy magazine. I do not want to miss a single issue.

Ms. Kelly
Dear Centurians,

We have been reading Forced Womanhood for years and recently bought your sissy magazine from your website. It gives me a whole new concept on what I’m going to make my slave wear to excite me and my friends.

I met Jamie, now Jennifer, at a bisexual club. Jamie was a man dressed in drag at the time and he was sixty years old. I was in my fifties. We started talking and one thing led to another so I let Jamie move in. He was on your mailing list and showed me a copy of your Forced Womanhood magazine. I asked him if he would like to be turned into my she-male slave with breast implants. Jamie was excited and agreed.

"If I do this for you, pay for breast implants and hormones and everything else involved, then you will have to be mine completely. You will have to stay home, keep house, cook and give me sex when I want it and if I tell you to have sex with my friends, you’ll have to obey." Jamie agreed.

I turned Jamie into Jennifer, it took a few years. Jennifer was nearly 63, but her body was like a sexy forty year old woman. At this time I invited an old friend of mine to show off my handiwork. His name was Ben. I made Jennifer pull down her dress to show off her new breasts. Right away Ben got a hard-on.

I told Jennifer to pull Ben’s dick out of his pants. Then I kissed Jennifer on the cheek and told her to take good care of him.

The next day, I called Ben to ask him if he enjoyed my new toy. He was ecstatic, "I’ve never had a she-male before," he said, "When can I have her again?"

I laughed and said, "Wait until you see her next time."

I didn’t tell Ben, but after reading your sissy magazine, I’m going to have her all dressed in a frilly dress, ruffled panties, baby doll shoes and ruffled socks. I can’t wait to see his reaction to this. But before he gets her in the new outfit, I’m going to have my turn first.

You’re never too old to do what you want and be what you want.

Master Jonathan
Dear Centurian,

I’m an older gentleman who met Kathleen through your Readers Section of Transformation magazine. Kathleen wanted to be turned into a she-male, and I, as an older man needed companionship.

I have always been fascinated with she-males shown in your transformation magazine. I never thought of myself as gay, but beautiful she-males turn me on. To make this short, Kathleen moved in with me. In less than a year I turned her into a beautiful she-male bondage maid. She’s now been chastised and must wear heels, and one of your maids outfits at all times. When she doesn’t obey I bind her down and whip her with my cane. Kathleen is in heaven - as she gets what she wanted and so do I.

An Older Gentlemen

---

**Affordable Summer Outfits For Sissies**

**White Romper**
A darling white terry cloth romper with pink bow tied waist perfectly shows off a sissy’s girlish figure and legs. White boots, sun hat and matching purse make perfect accessories for summer.

**Polka-Dot Dress**
An ever so sweet and demure ensemble that shows off a bare midriff and boobies tastefully. Blue tights, white T-straps, matching purse, and wrist length gloves all add girlish touches. You sissy will never look sweeter.
Wife Turns Cruel Non-caring Husband Into A She-male Sissy Slave

continued on page 34

Sissy Debbie Finally Gets To Dress Up In A Prom Dress

story on page 34
Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,

I just wanted to thank your company. You have changed my life in so many ways. My Husband was always complaining that my breasts are too small. A friend of mine told me I should try your vitamins. He said if they work on him they should work great on me. When I ordered I was put on your mailing list. In the first flyer I got I saw an ad for your magazine Forced Womanhood. I couldn't believe what I read when I got one.

There were actually women who forced their husbands into women slaves, who saw to their every need. My husband was always putting me down and expecting me to wait on his every need. No matter how I felt. "Wouldn't it be nice," I thought, "To turn the tables on him."

Secretly, I started adding your vitamins to his food. I even replaced his normal vitamins with your Triple Strength Mammary. I ordered dresses, shoes and undergarments in my husband's size. Hiding them all away, I sat down to wait.

Three months later my husband started to complain he wasn't feeling quite right. I was noticing the changes as well. Although he hadn't put on weight, it looked as if he may have at least an A size cup breast. His facial hair was lighter and his skin much softer too.

He called his doctor and made an appointment for the next day. There was no way I was going to let him ruin this for me. While he was at work I had some metal hooks going to let him know I wanted female hormones. He said he was leaving my psycho ass and I could just find someone else to play my sick games. He screamed until he was hoarse but I just continued my work. I added long red nails to show off his tender fingers and a short wig to bring out his feminine features.

I added female hormone shots to his daily dose of your vitamins. I threw out all his male clothes and locked all the female clothes away.

Tying up loose ends I sent in his resignation to his employer and canceled all his appointments. Finally after four days he agreed to do what ever I wanted. Not trusting him to break that easily I kept him chained to various hooks through out the house. Although I couldn't see all the changes.

Noticing the changes as well, he secretly wish to see what would happen if he got loose. Running around with no clothes, I was able to find out that moving hurt. The tight chain longer I made him watch. I always made sure he had a good view of my lover's cock fucking my hot wet pussy. Once my lover left, I would make him lick all of my and my lover's cum off me. One day I had him chained in his usual positions licking away when my current lover came in. My lover surprised me when he removed his pants and began to massage his throbbing cock. I shook my head, "Yes," as he asked if he could join. Grabbing my slave's head, I rubbed my dripping hole against his mouth to muffle the screams. My lover rammed his 10" cock into the virgin ass so proudly stuck out in front of him. This was my husband's favorite thing to do to me.

I couldn't believe the tables had turned so much. As my lover rode my husband I came harder then I ever had before.

Since that first time I have shared my slave with all my lovers. Sometimes I even grab a strap-on filling whatever hole is open.

I thank the Gods the day I found your company.

Thank You,

A Happy Wife

I added soft leather cuffs and attached them with chains to the hooks in the floor. I placed him in a kneeling position with his head resting on an armless chair in the center of the room. Adding your FL6J with break-off screws I then attached him to the third ring. Then, finishing with a blindfold so he couldn't see all the changes.

When he woke he screamed to be released. At first he tried moving to free himself only to find out that moving hurt. The tight chain pulled on his encased cock making him scream in pain. He explained how he had called your company that day and that he knew I was giving him female hormones. He said he was leaving my psycho ass and I could just find someone else to play my sick games. He screamed until he was hoarse but I just continued my work. I added long red nails to show off his tender fingers and a short wig to bring out his feminine features.

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A Happy Wife

Well, a bargain’s a bargain. But, I’d be damned if I was going to spend money on an expensive outfit. God only knows when I’d let her wear it again.

Then I had a thought that truly did leave me chuckling. Up in the attic I still had my old dress from high school, that would do, and she did look so darling in it. It was a pink chiffon with many sheer layers. I really had to lace her corset tight to get her into it. And I actually had to let the top out to get her “C” cup titties crammed into it. She looks demure and sexy at the same time with her nipples sticking out. I let her wear her white high dolls from her day uniform as the perfect touch.

She was so excited I had to give her a good hand-rubbing,スポリング a perfectly good pair of panties, to get her calmed down.

“You’d better not get excited when we’re out. I don’t have another pair of panties to match, so you’ll have to go without any.” I warned.

I’m afraid by the time we get back she’d all but ruined the dress several times.
Baby Doll and Mary Jane Shoes

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Sizes 9 to 12 White or Black Patent
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Sizes 9 to 13 White or Black Patent
$89.95

#3 Baby Doll Shoes
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Sizes 9 to 12 White or Black Patent
$89.95

#4 Baby Doll Shoes
One "T" Strap.
Sizes 9 to 12 White or Black Patent
$89.95

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Sizes 9 to 12 White or Black Patent
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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 but also 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 feminine skin and silvery hair. They will also feminize or round out your features.

If you didn’t know, 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 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 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 especially formulated from raw glands, gland concentrates and specific elements.
- Each tablet contains: Raw ovarian conc. 200mg, Mammary gland conc. 200mg, Raw ovarian conc. 25mg, Black Cohosh 5mg, Raw pituitary conc. 20mg, Raw uterine conc. 10mg, Raw adrenal conc. 10mg, Vitamin E 50mg, Manganese Gluconate 200mg.

Suggested use: three to six tablets daily as a dietary supplement.

60 tablet bottle...$32.50
Two bottles...........$58.95

**Triple Strength Mammary**

Formulated to enhance the breasts and develop the milk glands. Each tablet contains 50mg. of raw mammary concentrate, 15mg. blessed thistle, 15mg. black cohosh.

Contains no sugar, starch, salt, wheat, corn, soy, preservatives, artificial flavor or color.

Suggested use: 1 to 6 tablets daily or as necessary.

One 100 tablets bottle...$49.50
Two bottles...........$124.95

**Feminique**

A new formula to create the perfect woman. Each tablet contains: 50mg. Ova-Home (Raw ovarian concentrate), 50mg. Uterine conc. (Raw uterine concentrate), 25mg. Adreno-Home (Raw adrenal concentrate), 400IU Vitamin E, 10mg. Manganese gluconate.

Suggested use: three to six tablets daily as a dietary supplement.

One 60 tablets bottle...$69.95
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**Femglan**

Soothes the skin just like a woman’s

Each tablet contains:
- Raw ovarian conc. 20mg
- Raw gland concentrates of liver, duodenum, pancreas, heart, pituitary, kidney, spleen, thymus and adrenal conc. 20mg
- Lobelia 25mg
- Cayenne 25mg

Have you ever wished you had the softness of a woman’s skin? The femininity 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.

Two bottles...........$19.95

**Natural Feminizer**

Feminizes the entire body, helps round out the breasts. Two tablets contain:

Suggested use: two tablets daily as a dietary supplement.

60 tablet bottle...$39.95
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**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 the mix into shaved breast just before going to bed every night. Approximately three months minimum.

Only...$9.50 a jar
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**Hormonal Beard Retardant Cream**

A unique patented Hormonal Retardant Cream that gradually weakens the hair structure and slows down the growth of the facial hair. After extended use, it will lighten and reduce the amount of facial hair. It helps accelerate the results of electrolysis/photography.

Only...$9.50 a jar
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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.

Only...$9.50 a jar
Two jars...........$17.95

**For women or men who want to become a woman**

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