Men Turned Into Sissy Slaves

Sissy Men Serving Mistresses and Masters

ADULTS ONLY

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

ENSLAVED Sissies and Maids 4, 2003

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

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

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

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

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

True to Life Readers Letters

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

Dear Sissies and Maids,

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

Master Jonathan
Dear Sissies and Maids,

I’ve been an avid “Transformation” reader for some time but I’m writing today to tell you how much I enjoy reading your new magazine—“Enslaved Sissies and Maids”. As you can see, I’m an aspiring maid. I hope you’ll consider putting my letter and some of these photos in a future issue. I’m looking for a Mistress or Master who will help me develop my skills as a maidservant. I’m submissive, very feminine, and that this will be for my own benefit. I’m also willing to serve my Mistress or Master individually or for groups, as she/he desires.

So Jeri, please include my letter, photos and address in your fine publication. I look forward to enjoying many more future issues.

Sincerely,

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

Dear Enslaved,

Always being the dominant one in a relationship, I was drawn to Ned because of his placid manner and almost feminine face and figure. At first, he went along with being tied up for sex and often being kept that way for hours. He even shaved his scant body hair when I said I liked smooth bodies.

Next I put him to my final test and dared him to go for a walk one night in complete drag. He was intrigued and after a bit of coaxing let me put him in brief black lingerie, short black rubber latex dress, long gloves, stay-up nylons, and 4” stiletto pumps. I made up his face and placed a dark page-boy wig on his head. We were both turned on by his very feminine image in the full-length mirror. He suddenly got cold feet at the front door, but I solved that by tying his wrists behind him and draping a coat about his shoulders, then shoving his helpless, feminized body out into the hall. It was a delightful evening. No one was in the house with a large, high-fenced yard for privacy. We ordered clothes and articles from your Transvestite and other she-male catalogs and Ned wore several changes a day. I had a high paying job and good investments so I convinced Ned to quit his job and do all the womanly things around the house. He was thrilled to do so, as he’d never been a great lay. He was in actual she-male! I was set on him being one, as he’d never been a great lay. He was in chains and a brief French maid uniform with 7” heels, and was no match for me. I knocked him out with an uppercut, and he woke to find he was tied in a compact hall, a jaw-cringing penis gag in his mouth and a huge, humming vibrator fucking his ass at its highest speed.

For three weeks I kept him tied in the spare bedroom in every muscle-straining position I could conceive, lashed him with whips and belts, walked him on in 7” stillets, and screwed his asshole good with the vibrator, plastic and rubber dildos and my various stillets, which he sucked clean. Ned wisely gave in, and I increased the hormone creams and tablets. He was given female behavior lessons and lashed whenever he messed up. His dwindling prick was locked in a Phallic Fidelity Enforcer, and later in a FL3C Frenum Chastity that prevented a hard-on with heavy pain. At last his breasts had large implants and his small cock was locked permanently in a FL2C Frenum. Ned forever became Nan, a gorgeous, submissive, sissy she-male slave/slut.

I take bound Nan with me on those occasions I get an itch that can only be scratched by a man’s prick. Tied and gagged as a French or sissy maid, schoolgirl or naked beauty in 7” stillette sling-backs and imitation pussy hiding her metal-encased tiny cock, she watches me get what she can no longer give me. Mistress Elga
Man Turns A Man Into A Voluptuous Sexy She-male Cock Sucker

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

J.K.

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

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

When next I saw the customer I tried returning the copy he had left. He got so embarrassed he left the store never to return again. Through some friends I found out about a secret market in the USA. At this market you could buy people. Most of the buyers were overseas. It was safer to have your slave shipped to another country where their rights as a person could easily be stripped from them. The "merchandise" came mostly from poor families who needed the money but occasionally someone was kidnapped. Having no luck finding a willing slave, I decided to give the market a try. I was warned against trying to keep a slave in the USA. The "merchandise" didn't always go willingly into their new lives and if it escapes in the USA it could be a problem. I didn't let that deter me.

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

Training him to cook and clean turned out to be a bit harder. For that I needed his cooperation and he wasn't about to give it. Repeated whippings finally helped him to see my way. Working with him always made me horny. At first he refused to lick my pussy just because I told him to. Then I would just tie him tighter and rubbed my dripping cunt against his face until I would get off. I would also make him watch as I fucked other men. He was never allowed to touch himself, so I thought it would be very frustrating to see other men get what I couldn't have. Apparently he liked to watch and would cum all over himself every time. This un-lady like behavior turned off my lovers and me. I had hoped the hormones would have taken care of his hard-on and his cumming, but they didn't seem to affect it at all. I had to resort to installing your FL4 on his shrunken cock. As I broke off the permanent screws a new fear showed in his eyes. As the men used her ass and mouth she finally knew the extent of her slavery. They rammed her virgin ass showing no mercy for what she used to be or for what she had become. I had never cum so many times as I did watching them use her. With one cock in her mouth and one in her ass while others just jack off over her, she was a site I am telling you. The big black cocks in her tight white ass were the best. You could hear her screaming around the cock in her mouth as they rammed their cocks deep in her virgin ass. For days afterwards she walked bow legged but she never forgot her place again.

I hope the man who left me his copy of Forced Womanhood is still reading it. I just have to tell him thank you. I also want to thank you for your wonderful products and magazines without which I would still be living in the dark. Having a sissy around the house opens up so many possibilities.

Sexual Deviant in Oregon
When she complained that her chest hurt and her nipples were getting very sensitive all she did was sob when I candidly admitted it was probably a result of hormones. I finally got her in skirts full time when her pants split for the second time at the construction site revealing the red lace panties. I now demanded she wear them at all times. Naturally she was laughed off the site and, obviously, never got back or get another job anywhere in the city. So, I gave her the only job, with her boobs, that suited her - keeping house. Which she did an excellent job of, or she got her ass spanked. Still I always use, both surprised and pleased me. She-male Sissy Makes Nerdy Man Into Sissy She-male Sex Slave

"You want to tie me up? I just love being tied up," Lyle blurted, his femininely handsome face glowing excitedly. "Let me tell you how I like to be tied!" His reaction to my suggestion that he be tied up so we would not get carried away by hormones on our first date, aploy I often use, both surprised and pleased me. We worked in an accounting office, and his short, slight, girlish appearance appealed to me more than the "manly" men there. I'm a tall, buxom blonde whom all considered the office tease, because of my sexy dresses and not dating any of the men. I believe it is bad policy - and I have a secret, a kinky sex life. My turn-on is to talk a guy into letting me tie him up naked (or in my lingerie and stiletto heels, if he agrees) to a bed or chair, then do a slow, sexy striptease, fondling myself intimately and rubbing his bushy ass and throbbing pussy against his face while he pleads helplessly for sex. Usually he cums by himself while watching me or licking my cunt; if not I finally finish him off with my hand. Such an evening mostly put an end to future dates, but with Lyle it was a happy beginning so I was glad I broke my rule and went out with him. Lyle stripped, sat on the couch with his wrists and ankles crossed, and asked me to tie ropes above and below his "breasts" and touching elbows, about his wrists and slim waist, above and below his knees, and around his ankles. He also wanted to be gagged. His stiff cock throbbed when I said he would look nice in nylons and use of creams, female lessons and exercises, and made him feel better. His tight waist, round his hips and ass were getting very sensitive all she did was sob when I candidly admitted it was probably a result of hormones. I finally got her in skirts full time when her pants split for the second time at the construction site revealing the red lace panties. I now demanded she wear them at all times. Naturally she was laughed off the site and, obviously, never got back or get another job anywhere in the city. So, I gave her the only job, with her boobs, that suited her - keeping house. Which she did an excellent job of, or she got her ass spanked. Still there was one recurring problem. In one area Muffy was still all man and still wanting me to fuck her, even if it was on my terms. Naturally she was crushed when I informed her that a real woman wouldn't think of fucking a sissy she-male. Still she begged and begged which I frankly got fed up with. I told her she really needed to put all those silly thoughts out of her mind. Which, I said, I would help her do. I jerked her off one last time, which really wasn't all that easy as Muffy's organ no longer got stiff as it once did, and, as I pointed out, it was shrinking so rapidly. I didn't think she'd be able to put it in me and keep it there. Chastising her didn't hurt her at all, so I really couldn't understand her hysterical sobs when she looked between her legs. The days when I go out to fuck a real man Muffy stays in her bed, nicely chained up. She used to cry when I'd leave, now she just sits and does her nails.
Mark and I had always experimented sexually. We enjoyed bondage, although he did more than me. One night as we relaxed from an especially erotic evening I coaxed him into telling his deepest fantasy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sometimes! How about all the time. You obviously aren’t a real man. I truly believe you would be happier as a sissy. Oh look, here comes the van now.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re quite a docile, obedient thing now Muffy. But, quite often when a sissy doesn’t pass his final chance they forget all their training and get hysterical, some actually try to get physical as we take them to the clinic,” she said, then kissing him fondly on the nose, added, “I know how scared you are, but I’m sure you’ll pass. You came so close last time.”
At our divorce, I gave my worthless, cheating husband a choice. I’d take him for everything he had, or he could work for me for the next two years and I’d only take him for half. It was a bitter pill but, as I could leave him penniless, he agreed to work in my financial consulting company. And I made sure there’d be no backing out. He got nothing until he completed his employment, and any unsatisfactory work would add to the two years. Foolishly he thought he would be working as a market analyst.

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

“You’re crazy, no way,” he bellowed.

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

Making Darla his boss was, I thought, a stroke of genius. He’d made advances at all the women in the office, but especially Darla. He wanted in her panties in the worst way. Within the hour, after they bent him over a desk, tied him to it, every woman in the office had beat the living crap out of him. Darla removed her panties and ordered Jeri to put them on. Cowardly he did.

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

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

What followed were satin, frilly blouses, some sheer ones, pants with zippers in the rear hemmed above the ankles to show off his stockings, Mary Jane shoes, perfect footwear for sissies, with taps on them so everyone could look. Earrings for his pierced ears, of course. Dangling bracelets and feminine rings to draw attention to his long pink nails. All in colors appropriate for a sissy, although they favored pink.

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

As I pinned on the large gold name tag that read “Jeri, Official Office Sissy,” I said, “You won’t believe me now, but there will come a time when you will beg me to let the girls put you in skirts.”

I could see he could not believe me. But day after day he suffered the cruel, snide, belittling remarks of not only women at the office, but clients, and worse of all the laughter and giggles of strangers in public.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Enslaved,

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

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

Story on page 18

Mistress Makes Weakling Into Lovely Sissy She-male Slave

Dear Enslaved,

I met Palmer when I went to his small CPA office to have my taxes done. Short, shy, with an almost girlish face and figure, he attracted me. I'm a tall, gorgeous, busty brunette who likes to dress in leather, latex, spandex and high stiletto heels. Besides my flower shop, I work part-time as a dominatrix so I easily pegged Palmer as a submissive.

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

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

Things went smoothly for a while. Palmer grew his own long brown hair, which your products made silkier. His skin became softer, his figure more femininely rounder, and his breasts progressed nicely. The almost constant wearing of a corset and 4” to 7” stiletto heels (even sleeping in them) made his waist slimmer, his hips and butt rounder, and his legs and ankles shapelier! His face and body hair even disappeared. But Palmer noticed that his penis and sex urge were drastically shrinking. He insisted that he didn't want to become a real she-male and wanted to halt the whole process. I wrenched one of his slender arms up behind his back and forced him down to my dominatrix cell/torture room. For over two weeks I kept Palmer there and played fantasy games for real. I tied him to an “X" frame and whipped and dildoed him, stretched him on the rack, suspended him in various ways from wall and ceiling hooks, and spread-eagled him to ring bolts in the floor and marched on him in my high heels. Finally, he was a cowed, whimpering slave who obeyed my every command, even kneeling and crossing his wrists behind him for binding whenever I picked up a rope or leather strap.

In addition to lessons in all forms of femininity, I taught Palmer to suck cock by practicing on dildos, which were then used on his part ass. His dwindling cock was put in a FL4A Frenum chastity, then later permanently locked in a FL2 Frenum, ending its sexual activity. His breasts had big implants, and Palmer became Pam. Lovely Pam easily passes as a true woman and is my constant companion. She cooks, cleans, does my taxes, and satisfies me sexually with her mouth and fingers. I'm still a part-time dominatrix, and use Pam as my practice victim when I put on a private show or a client wants company in bondage. There are times when I do want sex with a man, and tied and gagged as either a French maid or a sissy maid in satin uniform and frills Pam watches me take it in all three holes (sometimes as a gang-bang), then it is her turn. I rest and watch, letting the men do as they want with my she-male slave/slut. Many of the things are deliciously depraved. Then I take charge again and the "fun" continues!

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

Returning from my vacation, I met Albert, who
had just moved into my apartment building, and
we soon became intimate. When I brought up
bondage he agreed and added that his last girlfriend
enjoyed making love with him wearing her lingerie
and high heels, besides often tying him up. I almost
came in my panties then and there! Albert spent
the night tied up in my sexy lingerie, stiletto
pumps and long blonde wig and makeup. In the
morning he seemed almost reluctant to be untied
stantly wearing a corset and stiletto heels, to slim
his waist, give his hips and rump a more feminine
look, tone his thigh and calf muscles and raise his
male bondage slave.

“April” easily passes as a complete woman, and goes
everywhere with me, with bound and a coat hid-
ing her arms. She is deft at licking and finger-fuck-
ing my pussy with her hands tied behind her. I love
to tie her sternly and face-sit her for hours. Her
she-male wardrobe is extensive, and I dress her
to tie her strenuously and face-sit her for hours. It's
great fun!

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

Dear Centurion,

I'm writing to thank you, for the wonderful life your products, and publications have given me. This is not so much a submission, as it is a testimonial, for women who are enduring what I've gone through.

You've asked to keep the submissions short, but there's just so much, so just read my story, and know it only happened because of your company.

Let me start from the beginning.

I met Jim at my bank. He had a remodeling company, and I was the branch manager. At a little over 5' 5", I towered above him at 5' 10". Still he was charming, and he won my heart. Understand, I seldom dated, concentrating on my career instead.

So when Jim came along, me in my mid thirties and him so romantic, we married.

It was a mistake I regretted from the beginning. After he moved into to my house, I realized he was obsessed with guns. He was also in trouble with the IRS, and when his truck died, I ended up buying him another. I did have the forethought to put it in my name. Comfortable with paying the bills, he started spending more time at his gym. He got involved with some body builders, and decided to pump himself up. The more hours he spent at the gym, the more his business declined, and what little money he made from his remodeling, he put back into tools, guns, and natural tights.

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

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

Everything changed on a Friday night. I had just gotten home. Jim told me he was going hunting with his buddies, and would be back Sunday. That was fine with me. He left, and I relaxed, happy for the solitude. Less than fifteen minutes after he was gone, she doorbell rang. "Who's the hell is that?" I thought. I opened the door, to see Julie, her tight body encased in a sweat drenched jogging outfit.

"Sorry to bother you!" she panted, "Your husband's gone, the doorbell rang. "Who the hell is that?", I asked. "It's Julie! I'm sorry Julie, I'll talk to him when he gets back in town from his hunting trip," I replied.

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

"The one for what?" I asked.

"Look, your husband's not out of town with his "buddies", he's two streets over, shacking up with some divorced bimbo. I'm sorry I had to be the one to tell you that, but your husband a pig. I've personally seen his truck parked in a half a dozen driveways, on my nightly jogs, and I know what he's remodeling. I'm really sorry if I hurt you, but you deserve a lot better. You're a smart, articulate, beautiful woman. Hell, if you weren't straight, I'd want to be with you," she said.

"You look dehydrated, why don't you come inside, and let me give you something to drink," I smiled.

She never left that night. We made love, and I finally understood what orgasms were supposed to feel like. We spent all day saturday together, just talking, and we had another glorious night. When she left sunday, I knew what I had to do. When Jim came back from his "trip", I confronted him. I told him that I knew he was cheating on me, and to gather his belongings and leave. He just glared at me for a moment, and stormed away. I thought that it was over, but he came back with a pistol.

Grabbing me by the throat, and holding the pistol to my head he spoke to me, in a cold, deliberate voice. "I like this arrangement, so we're going to stay married. The day you file for your divorce, is the day you die. I'll make you disappear. I have enough friends on the police force, to make sure it never comes back to me."

I called Julie on her cell phone, the next day, and told her what had happened. She was silent for a moment, and then spoke in a soft, firm voice. "No one threatens my girlfriend. I have some research to do, so give me until Friday, and when asshole leaves, come over to my house. Everything's going to be fine Janice, but I need to know you're with me. Are you?" "God, yes Julie! I loved our weekend."

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"Sorry to bother you!" she panted, "Your husband's been hitting on me since the day I moved here. I've been hitting on me since the day I moved here. I have some research to do, so give me until Friday, and when asshole leaves, come over to my house. Everything's going to be fine Janice, but I need to know you're with me. Are you?" "God, yes Julie! I loved our weekend."

Attention to Enslaved Sissy

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

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

Mistress Smith
after waiting half an hour, I drove home. I rushed Sunday afternoon, Julie dropped me at my car, and diving the truck, at an outdoor flea market, on night, to the next state. We sold everything, includ-
ing to help.
point. We drove back to her place, where we met
her house, like the pig that he was, and she made
her plan. It was brilliant, and we spent the next two
"Yes we will!" she replied, and proceeded to lay out
get away with it," I answered.
I read your articles, and saw your product line, and
"Transformation" magazines. I looked at them in
shop. "Quite a collection isn't it?" Julie said, watching my expression. "Hey I'm into leather, and I talk
to some people at this leather bar how to get. When
I explained your situation, they gave me
those magazines, and catalogs. Now, if you're seri-
ous about being with me, then I think two success-
ful women need a man. Take your time. Look at the
catalogues, the articles, and tell me what you
read your articles, and saw your product line, and
for the first time in my life, I felt passionate. Julie
read your articles, and saw your product line, and
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for the first time in my life, I felt passionate. Julie
Laura is one of our many she-male models that we turned into a sissy slave to model our many new sissy clothes and shoes for our huge all color sissy catalog and be a real sissy cock sucker.
Dear Enslaved Sissy and Maids, My name is Hilda and I am originally from Germany. I have been a subscriber to your magazine Forced Womanhood for years now. On one of my visits to America I met my husband. He was a shy, feminine looking man. In him I saw a female slave just waiting to get out. My wedding gift to him was a big six bedroom house with a full basement. We had been living together for six months when one day he got the mail and in it was my current issue of Forced Womanhood. He was outraged that a magazine like that would ever read such trash. Figuring there was no time like the present, I told him I had been reading them for years. Furthermore, I felt it was time to start his training. I will never forget the look of shock on his face. Being that I am much bigger and stronger then him it was easy for me to grab him before he could run. Unlocking the basement door and turning on the light I easily lifted him over my shoulder, and carried him down the stairs. I hardly noticed his feeble attempts to get away from me.

His first look around the basement, as he had never been allowed in before, brought new horror to his eyes. He seemed to realize I had planned this from the start. The walls were covered with photos of sissy boys and feminine male maids. There were hooks in the walls, ceiling and floors just about everywhere. I sat him down by one side of the room. Holding him down with my feet I opened the cupboard. Here is where I keep all my "boys", most of which have come from my company. In the past ten months I had been able to get a few new ones. Today I promised myself she had developed a nice set of B size breasts. I thought her training was coming along very well. She was great at servicing my every wish. She had even begun cooking and cleaning the rest of the house. I only kept her chained at night. She seemed to have lost all desire to escape. My friend Hans came to visit from Germany and I wasn't sure how she would react. Jennifer tried hard to get the scene to keep her eyes closed and her face as she was made to service me. In my opinion all men should be made to service at women's feet.

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Dear Forced Womanhood and Sissies,

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

Ms. Anderson
"We enjoy using dongs in every way we can for both of us."
Attention to Enslaved Sissies,

I have to write and tell you how much we like your new magazine. We’ve been reading your other magazines for the last couple of years, especially Forced Womanhood. When I read Sissies, I decided this is what I’m going to do to Keith. I actually just started turning Keith into a she-male. I will use what I learned from your magazine “Forced Womanhood” and “Enslaved Sissies and Maids”. We bought two of your outfits and Baby Doll shoes for Keith. I have started by binding him up andspanking him until he agrees to wear his satin sissy dress at home and his schoolgirl outfit to work. If he’s going to be my sissy slave, then everyone is going to know he’s just a sissy. I’m really having fun with this.

Also enclosed is our order for your Triple Strength Mammary, Feminique and Femglan. We really enjoy all your publications and catalogs. You’re really the only company we can depend on to get what we order.

JoAnn and Keith
Sissy Outfits

You’ll love showing off your sissy in this, all too revealing, matching outfit from our “Forever Sissy” summer collection. Who could miss his girlish figure or his budding sissy titties in this darling top? The skin-tight spandex capris feature a sur-grip seam between the cheeks to highlight his bottom and show-off his soft, shapely legs. With his little dickie and pebbles tucked safely between his legs the seamless front appears appropriately sexless. Matching, three high wedge heels and ribbons accent his delicate ankles and help him mince properly. Matching earrings and a wide sash draws attention to his sissy status.

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

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

I have been reading your magazines for three or more years. I haven’t seen any letters from Oriental women except in your Transformation magazine. I’m from Vietnam and a very strict dominant. More so than most of your Domin read-
ers. My once husband has been my slave for over two years. I disciplined him, now her, every single day. She’s kept in bondage constantly and whipped at least twice a week. She’s been chastised, had her breasts enlarged and wears a collar, corset and high heels at all times. Even when she’s tied down for the night her nipples have been pierced with chains attached. She must come to me in frilly panties, nylons, garter belt and heels and do every single thing I demand without hesitation. She is a true slave.

Mistress Lee
Enslaved Sissies and Maids 1
Stories of men turned into sissy slaves and maid slaves by men and women to serve them and others. We have received so many stories from sissies, Mistresses and Masters of how they turned sissy type men into real sissy maids that we had to produce this magazine for your enjoyment. A lot of stories and articles. Lots of unique art, real photos, costumes, lots of full color! Don’t miss it.

$16.50 plus postage

Enslaved Sissies and Maids 2
If you liked the first issue - this one is really good with tons of articles, stories, photos, art from Masters and Mistresses who have turned men into really sissy slaves. Some of the many real stories: "WIFE TURNS HUSBAND INTO PERSONAL SISSEY SLUT", "DOMINANT MAN TURNS WEAKLING INTO SISSEY SHE-MALE SLUT", "WIFE TURNS HUSBAND INTO CHASTISED SHE-MALE SLAVE”. A must issue.

$16.50 plus postage

Enslaved Sissies and Maids 3
It’s an incredible issue. It’s jammed with letters and photos from dominant men and women and sissy slaves, plus our fabulous art. Just some of the many stories: "WIFE ASKS DOMINANT TO CHANGE THE WAYS OF HER HUSBAND WHO HAS A WANDERING COCK", "A 60 YEAR OLD MAN TURNED INTO A SLUT PROVES THAT YOU’RE NEVER TOO OLD TO BE TURNED INTO A SHE-MALE SLAVE”, and more!

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Forced Womanhood 38
Some of many articles: “CROSSDRESSER LEARNS HOW TO SUCK COCK”, "MISTRESS TURNS HER MAN INTO WHISPERING SLAVE IN THEIR OWN DUNGEON”, “WOMAN CHANGES MALE MODEL INTO SISSEY SHE-MALE BONDAGE SLAVE”, "MASTER TRANSFORMS SISSEY LOOKING MAN INTO COCK SUCKING SHE-MALE”, “WOMAN FINDS MAKING MAN INTO MEER SHE-MALE SLAVE EASY” and more.

$16.50 plus postage

Forced Womanhood 40
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See page 47 for order form
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