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

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

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.

Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,

Long Time Reader Turns Husband Into Sissy Slave

Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,

We have been reading your Forced Womanhood for years. We also have the first six issues of your new magazine. I'm kind of in between now of your two magazines and starting to lean towards turning my husband into a sissy. Actually, my boyfriend gets more turned on with him as a sissy. I took this photo with my sissy in one of your polka dot dresses just before my boyfriend screwed him, I love to watch my boyfriend fucking my slave. It turns me on and I masturbate as I watch.

Ms. Wedinpool

Attention Enslaved Sissies and Maids,

Hello, I love your new sissy magazine. I have been sharing my husband's secret of him liking to dress in women's clothes. We have been reading your magazines and catalogs for years. Since reading Enslaved Sissies we both decided that this is what he is going to be turned into. He's 15 years my senior so I'm going to make him a sissy slave so I can have sex with some younger men.

Ms. Apleson

Older Husband Is Now A Sissy So Wife Can Fuck Younger Men

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Ms. Apleson

A note from the editor of CENTURIAN PUBLISHING

Thank you for the great response. We've received lots of photos and letters which I will put in this and future issues.

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

We get a lot of letters from readers who don't send photos. Our artists try to depict a story with their art. We spend $3,000 to $5,000 in every issue of "Forced Womanhood" and "Enslaved Sissies and Maids" on artwork alone. These two magazines cost more than the other adult distributed magazines. We think it is worth it to bring you, the reader, magazines that are unique and fun to read. A lot more work goes into putting these two magazines out.
Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,
I love your magazine, Mistress allows me to read it all the time. My slave name is Sheila. Mistress is forcing me to write this letter dressed as a schoolgirl with a ball gag in my mouth and large cock (dildo) in my ass. I'm also wearing my nipple clamps and dog collar and leash. Please print my photo, this will make Mistress very happy. Especially when she knows other slaves and Mistresses can see how well trained her slave is. If it pleases Mistress enough, she might let me have a real cock!
Love,
Sheila

Dear Jeri,
Great magazine! I can totally relate with the articles in your magazine, it’s awesome! I'm a 37 heterosexual who loves all aspects of lingerie. I have a large collection of various teddies, garter belts, nylons and outfits. I love to secretly wear and enjoy each and every one and many times I climax before I can get totally dressed. I worship ladies that wear sexy, glamorous lingerie and know how to show it off. I'm very clean, shy and submissive around shy women. I'm looking for a discreet woman to train me into serving them, my girlfriend would like to see me being dominated by another female and join in when allowed.
I have a maids costume and can't wait to put it on and serve you!
Send for information on lingerie masturbation tapes made just for you.
Ladies - please enclose photo of yourself if you love lingerie as much as I do! I will reply.

Please photo and SASE to:
L and T
PO Box 701
Sauk Rapids, MN
56379

I'm waiting to hear from you!
Lacy

Dear Enslaved Sissy Magazine,
I have been my Queen's panty slave for six years. Now I am shaved totally and take Mammary Pills to grow breasts. I no longer have any male underclothes and started wearing bras as well. I try to serve her well, I cook, I do laundry, wash dishes and anything she wants.
Here a few pictures of me working for her.
Glenda

Maybe someday she will bring someone home for "her pleasure" and me to serve.
The Houseboat Ride

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Sherry & David had been married for a few years. Sherry knew about David’s fantasies and even on a mild manner went along with them. She helped him with casual style cross dressing usually on Friday nights; however, recently David started wearing high heels with skirts around the house more than just Friday nights... it had become more like 5 nights a week. Sherry even accepted the idea of David shaving his body hair and keeping scented lotion on his skin. David’s life changing adventure begin on a Friday evening. The married couple were going on a houseboat ride with some of Sherry’s coworkers. David looked like any normal man; he wore a polo shirt, khaki pants, and dress loafers was absolutely shocked when he saw how his wife was dressed: Sherry had on a white lacy halter top, very short tight black skirt, no bra or panties, black high heels, smelled of heavy perfume and had on lots of makeup and jewelry. He could not believe how slutty his conservative wife looked. He also could not help but got aroused. He asked her if this was really appropriate to wear to an office party; she assured him that it was all in fun and it was going to be a small group that she felt very comfortable with.

The couple arrived at the houseboat dock. Then on the boat were two handsome, well built black men; each had on swimming trunks and tank tops. David noticed the men were smiling and really admiring his wife; he was even more surprised to see how his wife’s face lit up as she smiled back at them. As they boarded the boat, Sherry gave each of the men a round of drinks while his wife and two men laughed. As they were sipping their drinks, Sherry asked David to stand in front of her, as he stood, she placed a tape measure on his small - soft penis; as Sherry and the two men grinned at the small measurement, David just stood there almost in tears. Next Sherry asked Tony and Jerome to remove their swim trunks so she could compare sizes. As the two studs were removing their swim trunks, they were smiling at Sherry while their dicks were growing! The measurement was more than double David's little thing. Sherry told David that all girls like it when a man gets aroused around them. Sherry also told him not to act so embarrassed; she had already told the two men that in private David, her sissy husband enjoyed feminine things and that he cross dressed on Friday nights... and enjoyed it so much that he started 5 cross dressing most nights after work. David reluctantly put on the bikini and strapped on the Baby Doll shoes; this was the first time he ever dressed feminine outside of his home and in front of anyone other than his wife. Sherry said the swimsuit looked real cute and showed off his silky smooth legs and chest.

The two black men just looked at David and smiled in a lustful way. Sherry then said it was time to go to the master stateroom. David knew he was out numbered as he stepped into the stateroom. David was told to sit on a chair facing the bed (with Jerome behind him) while Sherry and Tony got onto the bed. He was also told not to say a word while the couple on the bed started to undress one another. What David saw was shocking and intriguing. His wife was fondling the large black dick... she was sucking it (she never touched him),... she then got on her back as Tony got on top of her... Tony was going in and out of her with a smooth rhythm while she moaned with pleasure... Tony then left just the head of his cock in her and pulled back... Sherry was so horny (the conservative wife) that he was trying to take as much of that black cock that she could get when Tony then pulled his penis out in a teasing way. David cringed as he heard his wife beg Tony to please stick it back in her Tony did... and David never saw his wife shake and tremble as she and Tony had an orgasm at the same time. After they calmed down, Sherry told David they had to talk... “darling, you and I have been together for several years and you are very fond of you. It’s just that as we do your cross dressing stuff, I am feeling more like “just friends” as lovers. Obviously Tony is having an affair...”

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Reluctant Sissies Are Given A “Fireside Chat”

Obviously no male is going to willingly submit to being turned into a sissy. We don’t expect them to. Being laced into a corset until they can barely breathe is the first step. After they’re uniformed, the first class they attend is obedience Class.

It’s patiently explained to them the importance of being an obedient sissy. That in order to become one they must be trained and, in effect, conditioned to never think on their own. All they must do is to instantly obey any order and that the slightest hesitation to so indicates that they are thinking.

“So before you graduate you will spend long hours each day being obedience trained. The best method is to instantly punish you for the slightest fault or infringement of the dozens of sissy rules you’ll learn. For example, when I came in I told you to stand at attention. Hands behind you, chests out, ankles together with toes turned out, and to bow your heads and fix the eyes on the tips of your toes, and not to move a single muscle, didn’t I?” she asked cracking her paddle so hard against the desk they all jumped in terror.

“Yes, teacher,” the cowed sissy whimpered.

“However, as I’ve been talking I observed Sissy Dolly’s left toe move just a fraction. So obviously Dolly we will have to punish you,” she declared.

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reluctant-sissies-are-given-a-fireside-chat

A Bet Turns A Young Man Into An Adorable Cock Sucking Sissy

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"For just moving my toe?" the sissy asked in disbelief. For which the teacher harshly slapped the sissy's face until she was sobbing.

Taking sissy Polly by the ear she ordered the other students to follow her. Yanking her along and ending up in the teacher's lounge in front of a massive fireplace. Ordered to stretch arms and reach up until she was just on the tips of her toes her face turned to one of fright as she had her wrists locked in steel cuffs dangling from chains. After lifting her schoolgirl skirt up she said, "Punishment for moving your toe will be 40 whacks with the paddle. Now. And another 40 at school's end in five hours. The class will count aloud each spank after which you'll continue and sincerely say, "I'm sorry I moved my toe teacher. I promise to be a good sissy and not move my toe again."" As expected even before the teacher was half way through paddling her she was screaming and sobbing and apologizing for moving her toe. It was also effective having the rest of the class participate by counting, as before the paddling was finished they all had this terrified look on their faces. And six hours later it was repeated. It's what we called, "A Fireside Chat." After that sissy Polly never his toe again, nor did the rest of the sissies for that matter. Sissy Polly is wearing the classroom uniform - the three-piece Schoolgirl's uniform comes complete with a matching said sissy bra to enhance her developing titties. Red, patent #9 Baby Doll Shoes and anklets are perfect for showing of her girlish, bare legs and little feet. The teacher wears one of Centurian's black, stretch patent leather jumpsuits (#926A Deluxe Jumpsuit) designed to intimidate the heart of every sissy in class. Especially when she arrives with most lethal looking wooden paddle in her hand.

When you're filthy rich, like my four best friends and I are, you tend to become a little jaded. Whenever we got together we took turns coming up with the most outrageous bets. "Okay Miranda, here's one you'll win," Meredith said to me. "You see that cute waiter? Bet you a hundred grand you can't turn him into a girl and present him at the debutante ball. You have to look like a real girl, right? Now, you have to learn to act like one and talk like one, I have to trust me. Oh yes, I also think a cute up turned girl will have her date foaming at the mouth. Now, really big. And titties naturally. I think a C cup is way too small. The stipulation to the bet was. But, now that we were almost there I felt the time was right. "I don't care about the money," she hollered one day in exhaustion. "I just want to win the bet. I want to win the bet." And in order to win the bet she has to suck her date's dick," she laughed.

The next day Meredith, to my slight surprise, because he supposedly had an enormous cock. I had to be absolutely convincing. If even one person realizes she's a man, you lose the bet. "Act up again, young lady, and you'll get the move my toe teacher. I promise to be a good sissy and not move my toe again," I said picking up a hairbrush and yanking her over my knee really letting her have it. "Act up again, young lady, and you'll get the move my toe teacher. I promise to be a good sissy and not move my toe again," I said. She immediately burst into tears and sobs when informed that until they graduate that he'll always be "on leash" as we refer to it.

A Bet Turns A Young Man Into An Adorable Cock Sucking Sissy

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"Now that's more than a little kinky, but I love a good sissy and not move my toe again," I said. Then after they dyed and permed her, fortunately, long hair we had an appointment with a friend of mine who's a plastic surgeon." Poor Amanda got really nervous as I told Olivia what I wanted done. "She needs a most convincing figure so take as much off her waist as possible. And she'll need a girlish ass so make it really big. And titties naturally. I think a C cup will have her date foaming at the mouth. Now, now Amanda, nothing's permanent. You'll have to trust me. Oh yes, also I think a cute up turned nose would look darling." When she was out I had Olivia stitch on a most realistic pubic pussy. Well, when she finally saw herself she was in shock, she didn't recognize herself. "Of course you don't. If you want to win the bet you have to look like a real girl, right? Now, you have to learn to act like one and talk like one," I declared. And she did, morning to night, with another friend who was a model. "I hate that I don't want to do it anymore. I don't care about the money," she hollered one day in exhaustion. "Fine, then leave. But if you do leave as you are," I said picking up a hairbrush and yanking her over my knee really letting her have it. "Act up again, young lady, and you'll get the move my toe teacher. I promise to be a good sissy and not move my toe again," I warned. So, she had no choice. She either turned herself into a girl or she'll be left as one.

I hadn't had the heart to tell her what the last stipulation to the bet was. But, now that we were almost there I felt the time was right. "I can't do that, please," she begged. "You have to, and you have to do it like a champ... The women have to hear from your date that you sucked his cock like a pro. Now since we have no idea what that shape or size your date's dick is I've arranged for several of my friends to tutor you everyday until the ball," I said. Well, for the first week I had to her kneeing and insert a circular bit in her mouth. But eventually, after my male friends had her broken in I could dispose of it. I was so proud of her the night of the ball all dressed up in the palest green chiffon gown with the daintiest floral pattern. A wide, gold sash shone off a girlish waist. Her boobs more than filled her strapless top. The long petticoat gave her just the right demure, virginal look. Although she certainly wouldn't be by the end of the night. And to add a touch of elegance I let her wear matching earrings and bracelet. When her date arrived poor Amanda's legs seemed to turn to jelly. Carl, her date, was this big, stripping football player I was nervous because he supposedly had an enormous cock. The next day Meredith, to my slight surprise, hollered me a check for a hundred grand. "You win," Carl said she sucked every inch of him and licked everything he'd had to give her. "Twice," she said. Now, how to break the good news, and the bad, to Amanda?

A Fireside Chat

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A Bet Turns A Young Man Into An Adorable Cock Sucking Sissy

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most of the students that are enrolled at The Royal Sissy Academy aren't admitted voluntarily. As expected when we inform them of why they've been enrolled and that the purpose of The Academy is to turn them into obedient, feminized sissies they put up a horrible fuss. Hollering, screaming, fighting and kicking for all their worth. A good caning quickly changes their attitudes, and takes so much of the fight out of them. However to ensure that they can't even think of rebelling the first we do is lace them into a corset as tightly as we can. The corset is mercilessly tightened until even the slightest excitement is painfully felt. Unless they remain perfectly calm and take careful, slow breaths fainting becomes a real possibility. They hate it and rebel. But once a rebellion die in their eyes, especially when told that if they faint their corset will be laced even tighter. It then becomes easy to collar them and snap their leash on. There's always a lot of tears and sobs when informed that until they graduate that he'll always be "on leash" as we refer to it. After their petticoats have been put on, childish, lace anklets and little girl "Mary Janes on their feet, their hair curled in an old style, and they've had their makeup permanently applied they're taken to the headmistress's office to be reviewed by her and her aids. the new sissies undergarments, like their uniforms are all selected by Jeri at Centurian. The corset he selected to calm new sissies is one of his most severe. A #9660 Turn of Century Streamline Corset. #1717 Silky Petticoats. SH174-207 Furry Ruffled anklets, and darling #82 Sylvia Baby Doll Shoes.
Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,

Thank you for including me again in your most recent issue (#6). It means so much to me that you feel my photos and letters are worthy of appearing in you wonderful magazine.

As a result of my appearance I was contact-ed by a Master who graciously agreed to invest his time and talents in training me. We’ve been together several times, and as tough as it was I know I’m a better sissy and maid for it.

As you can see, he prefers me to dress in outfits from your transvestite Sissy and Maids catalog. He feels your sissy dresses and maids uniforms look so feminine (and they fit so well, too). He’s also directed me to use supplements to enhance my feminine figure, so I’ve been taking your Triple Strength Mammary pills and using your Breast Enhancement Cream for a little over 2 months now. I’ll definitely let you know how I do but I already feel a soft fullness in my breasts that wasn’t there before.

My master always has chores for me to do – dusting, ironing, cleaning his toes or hand washing his underwear and socks for example. When the mood strikes sometimes he’ll direct me to pull my shirt up over my hips to display my panties. Other times he’ll have me remove my panties altogether, performing my chores fully exposed and accessible, for his enjoyment and my on-going humiliation.

Discipline is an important part of each session and I spend a lot of time on my knees, in the corner, or bound as punishment. When he chooses to watch TV I’m bound and gagged and set off to one side so I don’t interfere with his enjoyment.

He knows how much I love to suck cock and so he uses that as the ultimate reward for good service, not to be awarded too frequently, but enough to keep me performing well as I can hope to be allowed to do more.

In the near future he’s suggested I come along to clean the house of a Mistress.

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The Houseboat Ride

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Dear Enslaved;

I married Ralph because I wanted someone who would always let me have my way. I began training him while we were dating and refused sex unless he wore my lingerie, had his longish brown hair combed in a feminine style, and was all tied up. He went along meekly, and soon came to expect to be bound and feminized on all of our dates. We were in our last year of college and lived off-campus in the same apartment house. I would often dress him in my high school clothes: short, pleated, plain skirt, long sleeve white blouse, bobby socks and either penny loafers or saddle shoes, then made-up and wearing my long blonde wig, high school sweater about his shoulders to hide his tied hands, we would go for a long walk or to a movie.

After college we lived together and I really took charge. Being smart, beautiful and aggressive, I soon rose to a middle management position in my company while Ralph plodded along in his low-paying accounting job, unnoticed by his bosses. Just before we married we discovered your wonderful magazine and your various TV catalogs, and were intrigued by your sissy and school girl shoes and clothing. I told Ralph that, even though he’d worn my heels and erotic lingerie, he should now do as all girls did and work his way up from sissy clothing to school girl clothing, and finally adult women’s things. As usual, he agreed meekly and we sent off to your Transvestite and Transformation catalogs for the many items.

and take care of his date.

David was forced to give Jerome a full body massage followed by sucking his black dick. Poor David cried and said he did not want to go to the club, Sherry said fine, post these pictures of you wearing my bikini while sucking Tony’s dick all over the internet. David realized he was serious and he began walking down the gangplank to the dock. Jerome proudly told him “you are my girlfriend tonight... act like one... there will be dozens of men in there who would love a sweet little fresh bitch like you... you do anything to embarrass me and I’ll let you loose in there.”

David thought about it, forced a smile and put his arm around Jerome and gave him a kiss. David shuddered as he entered the bar with hands holding Jerome. The crowd mostly black and male or less smiled as they entered. A few called out to Sherry as she smiled and gave hugs and kisses to several of the men. David felt men rubbing against him, pinching his butt and smiling at him in a sexual way, as they did, David found himself wanting to be closer to Jerome, and Jerome would wrap his arm around David in a protective loving way. Sherry and Tony noticed how David started looking at Jerome with trust and even adoring eyes.

After a few drinks, Jerome announced that he was comfortable enough with David for David to be “properly received” at the club. David was nervous as his wife explained that the club was all male and it was an honor for a feminine person (male or female) to be received. Sherry went on to explain that she was nervous and even humiliated at the ceremony, but afterwards enjoyed the notoriety of being received. With that the music stopped, Jerome lead David to the bandstand... David was still wearing the two piece bikini and Baby Doll shoes as he was told to kneel in front of a statue-like chair. Jerome then called out to three of his friends to come forward; three of the largest black men headed toward David with smiles of lust on their faces. David was then ordered to give them a blow job and to get them off quickly. David was beyond humiliation, but he knew he would be in a worse position by refusing, he figured it would be better to do this and do it quickly.

Surprisingly, it went smoother than he thought the crowd cheered each time he finished a man... the applause made him do that much better on the next guy. He was relieved when it was over; however, he was surprised when Jerome came forward and said part one

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Couple Wonders
How They Went
Without Their
Own Sissy For
So Many Years

Wife Turns Crossdressing
Husband Into Sissy Slave
So She Can Have Sex
With Others
Wife Turns Crossdressing Husband Into Sissy Slave So She Can Have Sex With Others

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I am a black lady who married a very handsomely, but feminine white guy. The only thing that I found the least bit effeminate, he liked wearing women’s clothes. Besides this he had a somewhat smaller penis than I was used to. When I was in my adult clothing I was a sex toy I also picked up your magazine. I got infatuated with the idea of turning Harold into a chauffeur sissy slave, so I made a point of extreme low-cut clothes. I knew he would allow me to go out and get what I needed sexually, a bigger cock and a masculine man.

So one day, I did it, I bought him said, apologizing to me. He pulled out his hard cock and my slave’s expression was pure fear. Fear that I was actually going to let someone fuck her.

John stuck his large cock right up her ass, which only took less than a minute for him to come in her perfect little hole. From that night on every other visit to my house John would take Harold. One night I would get John and the other night he would fuck my poor sissy’s mouth and asshole.

always keep my sissy bound up every time I get visitors and always keep her in various sissy outfits I get from your catal- og. Ms. D.F.

Couple Wonders How They Went Without Their Own Sissy For So Many Years

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A few weeks ago my husband and I were in New York and decided to stop and see our college roommate. Oh boy. We were impressed by the wealthy neighborhood and the adorable maid who greeted us, with a curtsy. at the door. Although, frankly, I thought the French MaaUi Tuni- form was positively scandalous. I mean her boobs looked ready to pop out at any moment, the skirts were so short they didn’t even hide her panties. And I had no idea how she could stand, let alone walk, in the staggering high heels.
Colleen greeted us and we settled in the living room.

“Girl, where are your manners? Get my living room. Colleen said, “Don’t forget her hus-
band, he has his little lapses, which simply can’t be tolerated, can they, Suzette?”

“Now Missy, your maid is so sorry,” she perked. “I hear you say he. She’s a he?” I gasped.
Actually he’s what’s called a she-male. And I can recommend acquiring one if you’ve ever wanted a maid. After they’ve been altered and trained there’s a sissy, she-male placement service. And by trained I mean to everything,” she said. Then to me whis- tered, “Just go along with me and don’t act surprised.” Turning to Suzette she sternly said, “I think my friend needs a good pussy lick- ing, I wasn’t surprised, I was shocked, as he, she instantly fell to her knees, disappeared under my skirt, pulled my panties down and started licking, God, it was incredible. When I finally had to, gasping, push her away Colleen said, “Don’t forget her hus- band. Be a good girl and politely ask him if you can suck his cock.”

“Please sir, may I suck your cock?” she asked, not even blushing.

“Oh my god, I’m sorry honey, but nobody has ever sucked my cock like that,” he said, apologizing to me. Well, Colleen’s maid was certainly our main topic of conversation. Making a long story short the next day we found ourselves at Docile Darlings Placement Bureau. We explained we wanted a maid just like my friends. Months later we both agreed we didn’t know how we ever managed without our Wendy. She licks pussy like a champ. And John can’t wait to get back from the office and have his fly unzipped.

If she’s been good and done all her chores we unlock her chastity sheath and let her play with her tiny, little thing (one hand only) while giving John his “welcome home” blow job. Then it’s my turn.

The Houseboat Glide continued from page 14

Dear Sissy or Forced Womanhood,

A little over a year ago I picked up a transves- tile at a bar here in Hollywood who want- ed to be turned into a beautiful lady. I let him live with me and paid for his breast implants and his feminine hor-
mors. Now he’s pay- ing me back by taking care of me and some of my friends. Two and three of us get on her at the same time. She makes a fine she-male slut.

B.K.

Man Turns Crossdresser Into She-male Slut For Himself and His Friends

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BK.
Lady Turns Wimpy Man Into Sexy Sissy She-male Bondage Slave

story on page 22

Wife Turns Sissy Husband Into Transsexual Sissy

story on page 22
Lady Turns Wimpy Man Into Sexy Sissy She-male Bondage Slave
continued from page 20

Dear Sissies,

As I watch Dorothy, her luscious body wrapped in sunken ropes, wriggle across the floor, naked except for 6” stillets, I see an artificial pussy hiding her tiny FL2 chastity encased cock, to lick and suck my shoes and 7” heels and then my hot, steamy pussy, it is hard to believe that only a year ago she was a he.

We met at an adult bookstore, where we both reached for a copy of your magazine at the same time. Don bruised, embarrassed that a woman should see him with a she-male magazine. I put him at ease, saying that I loved seeing feminine men, and with that slight figure and handsome face, he would make a lovely TV. We both bought a copy of your magazine and went to a coffee shop to talk. Satisfied that we were truly on the same wave-length, I took him to my apartment, dressed him in my lingerie, 5” stiletto sling-backs, a blonde wig, and made up his face. We were pleased with the results, and I tied him up for the rest of the day and that night. He ate my pussy while he was in cock and ball bondage, then I freed them and gave him a blow-job while he was still all tied up. We began dating and soon moved in together. I'd already explained to my lover that I had a male magazine. I put him at ease, saying that she's not penis gagged with a real penis), she enters my three holes, and bound and gagged Dorothy watches me get what she never was more excited. After all this was a big day. “You’ve spent months as an intermediate sissy. Today you’ll be tested and if you pass then you’ll be an advanced sissy. Almost ready to graduate, and I’m positive there’ll be a lot of women eager to pursue such an admirable sissy. They’ll love having you as their slave. And the best sissy to show off to all their friends. Sissies at the Academy always go for the highest prices. And I understand from the Headmistress that even your ex-wife, who was so thoughtful to entail you, may even come on you,” she said. “Noooo, she can’t see me like this,” he sobbed. “Why I think she’ll really be impressed with how much you’ve changed. Just don’t worry if she doesn’t recognize you at first. You’re so much more dainty now, you barely weigh a hundred pounds, and you’re a figure now. Don’t you just love your adorable sissy tits? They’re so much more noticeable. And we’ve all noticed how excited and erect your nipples are now. With your waist now just twenty inches I’m sure you’re glad to be rid of those horrible corsets. I also think the women will so enjoy fondling your cute bottom. You remember how tiny and flat it was. More like a man’s, barely 34 inches. And now look a full wobbly forty inches and almost as sensitive as your titties. Your hair’s grown out so that it can finally be styled in an appropriately sissy style. And remember those horrible muscles you had. Now your arms and legs are so girlishly soft. I really can’t detect a hint of muscles anywhere. Where you’re put on display in your advanced sissy uniform you’ll really wow them isn’t this exciting?” she asked. “oh, yes Ma’am. Sissy Paulette is soo excit-ing.” she said in her simpering, pitched sissy voice. Sounding more like a little girl. Angela was so amused listening to him trying so desperately to sound more like a sissy! I’ll be good,” he lisped, suddenly looking nervous. “Please, not higher. I’ll never be able to walk in them,” he pleaded, as he forced his feet into them. “Oh ho. That’s what you said when we put you in five inch heels isn’t it?” “Yes...” he had to admit. “But you did, and it only took you two months. of course a six inch heel is obviously going to be so much more treacher-ous to walk perfectly natural in. So, don’t get discouraged,” she smiled, patting him on the head like you would a pet. In this case, a pet sissy. As she snapped his leash on she couldn’t help thinking what a dorky thing he’d become. Such a contrast from the macho bluster when he had arrived. Leading him to a bench just outside the testing room she chained him to the wall, then locked his ankles into a spreader bar. “Please ma’am, you don’t have to do that, I’ll be good,” he lisped, suddenly looking nervous. “Yes, I know you will. You’ve become such an obedient, little sissy. It’s just an added precaution. You may be here quite a while before they call your name. They’re just to keep you calm. While you’re waiting you might think of all the reasons you think you make a better sissy than a real man. It’s one of the questions you’ll be asked, and you need to sound very sincere,” she said. Five hours later sissy Paulette was still sitting there waiting for his name to be called. He couldn’t help himself. He was so nervous he started to cry.

Tanya Looks Adorable In His Advanced Sissy Uniform

Paula Marie

Sissy Testing Area QUIT!

Angela, the head sissy trainer at The Royal Sissy Academy, couldn’t understand why sissy Paulette wasn’t more excited. And don’t you just love how short the skirt is? It so perfectly shows off your sweet, girlish legs. And look, no more anklets, only advanced sissies are allowed to wear knee socks. And don’t you look so much more grown up,” she said, with a giggle that she simply couldn’t hold back. “And to make your legs look even longer, here’s your very first pair of six inch opera pumps!”

“Please, not higher. I’ll never be able to walk in them,” he pleaded, as he forced his feet into them.

“As she snapped his leash on she couldn’t help thinking what a dorky thing he’d become. Such a contrast from the macho bluster when he had arrived. Leading him to a bench just outside the testing room she chained him to the wall, then locked his ankles into a spreader bar. “Please ma’am, you don’t have to do that, I’ll be good,” he lisped, suddenly looking nervous. “Yes, I know you will. You’ve become such an obedient, little sissy. It’s just an added precaution. You may be here quite a while before they call your name. They’re just to keep you calm. While you’re waiting you might think of all the reasons you think you make a better sissy than a real man. It’s one of the questions you’ll be asked, and you need to sound very sincere,” she said. Five hours later sissy Paulette was still sitting there waiting for his name to be called. He couldn’t help himself. He was so nervous he started to cry.

Sissy Testing Area QUIT!

“Now your advanced uniform is called, your sweet, girlish legs. And look, no more anklets into a spreader bar.

Almost ready to graduate, and I’m positive you pass then you’ll be an advanced sissy. Today you’ll be tested and if you you’re glad to be rid of those horrible corsets. I also think the women will so enjoy fondling your cute bottom. You remember how tiny and flat it was. More like a man’s, barely 34 inches. And now look a full wobbly forty inches and almost as sensitive as your titties. Your hair’s grown out so that it can finally be styled in an appropriately sissy style. And remember those horrible muscles you had. Now your arms and legs are so girlishly soft. I really can’t detect a hint of muscles anywhere. Where you’re put on display in your advanced sissy uniform you’ll really wow them isn’t this exciting?” she asked. “oh, yes Ma’am. Sissy Paulette is soo exci ting.” she said in her simpering, pitched sissy voice. Sounding more like a little girl. Angela was so amused listening to him trying so desperately to sound more like a sissy! I’ll be good,” he lisped, suddenly looking nervous. “Please, not higher. I’ll never be able to walk in them,” he pleaded, as he forced his feet into them. "You wanted to be a girl, so now you are and you’ll never be able to have sex. Now lick my shoes and tell me how much you love them."

Your husband and I bound and gagged him, crushed under my weight, and I tied him up. The sissy who was so humili-ated, he went to bed crying that night. L, on the other hand spending every minute. Love to all, Candice

John Smith

Wife Turns Sissy Husband Into Transsexual Sissy
continued from page 21

When I married my husband he told me of his desire to wear women’s clothes. At first I enjoyed having sex with him all dressed up as a girl. But after a few years it wore off and I realized I needed a real man. We have been getting your magazines for years. We have read many issues of your Forced Womanhood and when we got your new Enslaved Sissies and Maids publication, Robert agreed to be turned into a sissy slave and agreed that I could have sex with others. He agreed because he knew how I felt about needing a real man for some real sex. What he didn’t realize is I could not wait to humiliate him for not giving me what I need- ed - a real man for a change. He agreed to get his breasts but he did not want to go under the knife so I got him to change his name and told him he would never have a new song and how others could.

“Your wanted to be a girl, so now you are and you’ll never be able to have sex. Now lick my shoes and tell me how much you love them."

Your husband and I bound and gagged him, crushed under my weight, and I tied him up. The sissy who was so humili-ated, he went to bed crying that night. L, on the other hand spending every minute. Love to all, Candice

John Smith
TRANSFORMATION’S SISSY CATALOG
BE SURE TO SEE OUR TWO NEW HUGE, PERFECT BOUND, ALL COLOR DESIGNS OF SISSY ATTIRE FOR SISSIES. ALL KINDS OF REAL FEMININE CLOTHES MODELED BY SHE-MALES AND CROSSEDRESSERS AND THEM SERVING MEN AND WOMEN IN THEIR NEW SISSY CLOTHES. HARDCORE CATALOGS.

Photos From 2005 Sissy Catalog
It was one of those rare occasions that Mistress let two slaves work together. Usually we are off in different parts of the house, tending to the seemingly endless list of chores that is the lot of a submissive slave. Not that I am complaining. I feel good, that Mistress has put me in my place. It feels good to take my rightful place of inferiority and to make life easier for those above me. Anyway, on this occasion, Mistress wanted the kitchen cleaned in a hurry, so She put two of Her maids to work. As Mistress left, we each naturally and reflexively gave Her a proper curtsy. (We curtsy so many times per day, it's impossible to keep count.)

Slave spanky and I dove into our task properly and made good progress quickly. However, after awhile, our mischievousness got the better of us and we foolishly decided we deserved a small treat. We started snitching from a bowl of candy that was reserved for company - not lowly little servants like us. We started having waaaaaaaaay too much fun and made two fatal mistakes. First of all, we ate almost all of the candy, leaving the bowl practically empty. Secondly (and even worse) we slipped into a raucous giggle fit - not as loud a schoolgirl slumber party, but way too loud for the meek, humble, servants that we were trained to be. Of course, Mistress heard all of this sissy, girlish behavior and was not pleased. She assured us that other parts of our bodies would be red shortly. To start, She quickly administered swift slaps across our faces with Her latex clad hand. There was no point in complaining; we knew we deserved to be punished. Mistress suspected spanky still had candy in her mouth and subjected her to a stern oral inspection. This was quickly followed by a spanking on our ass cheeks - first with our panties up but then Mistress pulled them down to get a better spread. Our butts are so calloused from our previous training sessions, that a simple, open hand spanking, really doesn't hurt that much anymore. As soon as Mistress left, spanky came up with another silly, girlish idea. Instead of getting back to our chores we started reenacting our just received punishment. We started really hamming it up - each taking a turn at mocking our Mistress. Of course, this was an extremely foolish endeavor. Mistress obviously knew we had calloused butts - She's the one who inflicted the wear and tear on them in the first place. She never intended for us to return to our chores when She left the kitchen. She simply went to get a paddle so She could inflict a more proper punishment for our wholly unacceptable transgression with the candy.

Well, as one might imagine, the term “livid” was an understatement when She returned. The scorn on Her face alone was enough to make us regret our stupid behavior for a long time to come, but we knew our butts were in for much worse. I was ordered out of the kitchen and into the bathroom to scrub the toilet, while She dealt with spanky. The paddle Mistress wielded had a wooden side with metal studs in a heart shape, while the other side was covered with soft fur. Needless to say, the fur side was not used once during spanky’s ordeal. Mistress bent her over the sink and proceeded to induce a searing, deep red into her cheeks. I could hear the whacks of the paddle and the sobs coming from spanky, but I just kept trying to concentrate on candy. When the sounds stopped, I trembled with fear, because I knew that I was next. Mistress switched to the leather paddle also with metal studs. I was bent over the toilet and Mistress proceeded inflicting Her will on my pathetic ass. Once my cheeks passed from pale pink to light crimson I thought that my ordeal was over. I faithfully kissed the paddle and thanked Mistress for administering the severe punishment, I most justly deserved. Alas, this was only the beginning. Mistress ordered me out of the bathroom and to change into my special punishment uniform. Fear and dread swept over my entire being - the punishment uniform could only mean that
Mistress was only getting started. The uniform has a huge cutout in the rear, so the ass cheeks are always exposed - no pesky panties or fluffy petticoats to get in the way of the evil instruments of discipline.

i was then ordered to the kitchen where i was bent over the counter and Mistress continued Her methodic artistry, of transforming my ass cheeks to an ever deeper shade of red. This time Her instrument of choice was a leather strap. It made a horrible noise as it gave up its energy upon connecting with its target. i tried to hold my breath and take it as best i could, but eventually, i started to feel faint as the pain rang throughout my body. Mistress instinctively sensed that i was about to lose consciousness, and mercifully ended this phase of my castigation.

With barely a minute for me to recover, She sat down on the couch and ordered me to clean Her boots. As i carefully rolled my tongue around Her beautiful, patent leather platforms, She made sure to verbally put me in my place by telling me that i am a slave, i am a sissy and i am inferior. In actuality, a warm sense of comfort came over me because i knew instinctively that She was right. If my tongue wasn’t so busy curling around the spiked heel of Her boot, i would have been thanking Mistress and repeating Her words: “Yes, Mistress i am a slave, Thank You Mistress; Yes, Mistress i am inferior, Thank You Mistress...”
Patti Gets Earrings To Remind Him He’s A Sissy

“Honestly Kristen, I simply don’t know what I’m going to do with my Patti. Just because he’s twenty four doesn’t make him too old to be sissified. As you noted he has that Michael J. Fox about him, and with the cute sissy hairstyle and the little makeup you permanently applied, well, personally I think he looks adorable,” one of my customers said.

“But, it’s been nearly six months now and you’re still having problems with him?” I asked.

“Oh god, yes. He still cries and pleads with me that he really doesn’t want to be a sissy, even when I patiently explain that it’s really important to me. I gave him a good job in the company, but explained that we have a strict ‘no real men’ policy, only sissies are allowed to work there.

“I don’t even dress him as a sissy like a lot of your customers do. What I’m looking for is something that will be permanent reminder of his sissy status, especially one that he can’t hide.”

“I think I have one or two things in our ‘Forever Sissy’ jewelry collection. Why don’t we go over to the jewelry counter, and bring Patti with you,” I said.

When we got to the display case I took out two items. A pair of long dangling earrings and a matching, gold collar.

Picking up the collar I could see Patti’s face go pale, as I described it. “The collar is two and half inches wide, and, as you can see, has large letters spelling out ‘sissy’ for everyone to see. What we do is custom size it, I believe Patti’s neck size is fifteen, so we’ll make it fourteen and a half. That way Patti will always be aware of it, and of course, what it says. You said you wanted a permanent reminder of his sissy status, which makes the collar perfect. The reason we customize each sissy collar is that it locks on permanently. There’s no key, although there is a tiny screw so it can be tightened or loosened up to an eighth of an inch, if it isn’t a perfect fit once on.”

“Please Mistress, don’t collar me,” Patti begged.

“But it would really look so elegant on you, Patti. The problem is,” she explained to me, “I insist that at the office all be tastefully attired in a blouse and tie. A sissy bow tie usually which would hide the collar.”

“I see, well then I would suggest the dangling earrings. Even if you let his hair grow out there’s no hiding them,” I said, holding up the earrings that, vertically, spelled ‘Sissy’. The dangling earrings were all of six inches long.

“No earrings, please, I’ll be a good sissy, I promise,” he pleaded.

“Nonsense, why they’ll look darling on you. And as Kristen says, you’ll never forget you’re a sissy with them on, will you?”

“No…” was all about he could get out, hanging his head in shame.

“Well, he’s already had his ears pierced, but what’s to keep him from simply taking them off?” she asked.

“Once we put them on we’ll use a small spot welder and weld them on. Besides people being able to immediately see his sissy status, Patti will always be aware of them, as they dangle back and forth, as each weighs a full pound,” I said.

“Perfect, I see no reason not to put them on now, do you?” she asked.

A week later I heard back from the customer.

“He cried for a week every time someone saw him and laughed or teased him. But, I do think they’ve really done the trick. He can’t help being horribly shamed as he now really knows what he is, but at least he’s stopped crying,” she said.

Our skin tight, stretch, leather look dress (T8-7a) has a variety of looks. With the sexy, deluxe red zipper, zipping from the bottom you can look oh so demure with it closed. Unzip it more for that naughty look, or as far as you dare for that slutty, “come and get me” look. Classic black, patent leather pumps and Fence Net Pantihose (black, red or white) complete the perfect outfit.
Dear Sissy Magazine:
I have slowly been changing my hus-
band into a sissy she-male after reading
your magazine and seeing your beauti-
ful Sissy Catalog. I have always had an
infatuation with women. In fact, I had a
couple of lesbian affairs before I got
married to Bob. That's probably why I
married Bob, because he was effemi-
inate. Bob readily agreed to become a
she-male sissy after reading your
Enslaved Sissies mag and your incredi-
ble sissy catalog with all kinds of
adorable things. We bought three of
your beautiful dresses and a petticoat
and two pair of your baby doll
shoes with frilly socks. That's all
he can wear now. Bob, who I
now call Barbara is so sweet
looking now as my slave. he
really turns me on all dressed up
so pretty and feminine for me.
We have great lesbian sex now
using double dildoes and lots of oral
sex for me.
I made him get a size C breast implant
and with continued use of your hor-
mones twice a day has smoothed his
skin to a very soft female complexion.
Maybe I'm a little weird, but seeing
how pretty he is now really turns me
on. Are their other women like me?
The way I look at it, I have the best of
both worlds. I love playing and sucking
on his new breasts and we both get
turned on using the double long dildo.
And when I need a real penis - it's there
for me.
Barbara is not allowed to wear any
male clothes. When we go out he must
always wear very feminine attire and
always wear one of his baby doll shoes.
At this time I have no plans to chastise
him. I still enjoy his penis once in a
while.
Ms. C.K.

Dear Enslaved,
It was a blind date that paid off, and I was delighted
to find that Dudley was just who I was looking for.
Slender, under medium height for a man (I am tall for a
woman) with brown hair and eyes, and girlishly hand-
some, he appealed to me instantly. After dinner we
drove to the beach, where I asked that as no one was
around he should strip so I wouldn't "have his way with me.
My penis throbbed when he opened
his glove box, took out ropes and said I could tie
him up. I could tell he enjoyed being bound, dominated
and feminized, so I agreed and his face lit up joyful-
ly. Below were his arms behind him at the wrists and
hands bound, I shielded him into stripping and put
him in black satin panties, stay-up nylons, 4" stiletto
kitten heels and bra, which was stuffed with his
continued on page 35

Wife Turns Effeminate Husband
Into Sissy So She Can Have
Lesbian Sex With Him

Dominant Wife Makes Weak Hubby
Into Sissy She-male Slave
Robert Into Kamasea

Dear Enslaved Sissy and Maids,

No friends, only jilted lovers, and haven’t talked there is no need, you checked out of your hotel and you quit your job. Since you have got about all this.” “O how sweet,” she said, “but first you will need a blanket she said, “But first you will need some sleep. I want you to be fully aware of what seems like days but was probably just any other day, the room was silent. She noticed that there was nothing to cover him so she covered him with a see-thru thong underwear and a maids outfit this was the maids room. There was some closet he remembered his nakedness. No mirror, no way to get loose that way. To feel his absence. The mark the women he saw turned him on. His chest. Despite his crying his makeup was still on, it was smudged when he made the marks on his face. He gave in, and I put his cock in a FL3C bondage fashion show for hours, walking and draping my black leather jacket about, making it easier to walk on the floor, and draped my black leather jacket about him to hide his bondage and sexy panties. The women were fascinated with the she was so hot, so hot. He kissed along the way and even sat on the jacket while he licked my breasts and I fon- dled him intimately. Returning to the car, I tied his hands behind him. He knew he would be punished. Then he finally got a blowjob after making me orgasm for hours with his skilled mouth and fingers. I didn’t untie him until I’d driven myself home. We made it from there on I always bound and feminized him. We soon married and settled into an isolated house. When Dudley quit his job in a dispute over pay. We showered and he convinced him to stay home, feminized, and be maid and cook. We sent to your Transvestite catalog for sissy and maid clothing and shoes. He still had it on his head that he was a woman (sex-f). He went the French maid or sissy (girl), then I rest and watch them gang-bang her while she’s tied. I get so aroused

Robert Into Kamasea

Dominant Wife Makes Weak Hubby Into Sissy She-male Slave

Robert Into Kamasea

The walk was exciting. We stopped and draped my black leather jacket about, making it easier to walk on the floor, and draped my black leather jacket about him to hide his bondage and sexy panties. The women were fascinated with the she was so hot, so hot. He kissed along the way and even sat on the jacket while he licked my breasts and I fon- dled him intimately. Returning to the car, I tied his hands behind him. He knew he would be punished. Then he finally got a blowjob after making me orgasm for hours with his skilled mouth and fingers. I didn’t untie him until I’d driven myself home. We made it from there on I always bound and feminized him. We soon married and settled into an isolated house. When Dudley quit his job in a dispute over pay. We showered and he convinced him to stay home, feminized, and be maid and cook. We sent to your Transvestite catalog for sissy and maid clothing and shoes. He still had it on his head that he was a woman (sex-f). He went the French maid or sissy (girl), then I rest and watch them gang-bang her while she’s tied. I get so aroused

cock. Now they thought they would remove the last trace of him from school. However he con- tinued to work. Pulling hands from his face try- ing to achieve a perfect look oblivious to the pain they were causing him. As they removed the cooled wax taking what little hair he had with it the tears began to flow. How much more could he stand? To the labia nub he stuck with a needle. Looking down he saw his sticky touch his nipple. Looking down he was rewarded with the newly formed breasts that seemed to have attached using his piercing. He tried to break free but the strong grip of the two women was unbreakable. They tickled him to tears. They moved him to the center of room. Pulling up his arms they cuffed him to chains that hung from the ceiling. “Look at what you did to him” they attached him by his ankles to bolt cuffs to the floor. “Please let me go,” he pleaded but his pleas were ignored. He lay there unable to work his silenced in spite of still not talking to each other. First they applied the hot wax to his penis, the women she used mostly on the cock. He was so exhausted from the physical and mental anguish that he finally passed out. He woke to the feel of cold metal touching his flesh. He laughed as she saw the fear in his eyes. “Truer, true,” she said as she ran her fing- ers over his bare skin, “but you didn’t really think you won a contest you never entered.” He started to sweat. He saw the tears in her eyes. “You have some money. How much do you want to let me go?" Once again the whip’s kissed laid out to his lower chest and thighs. “Stop your whining,” she snapped. “All I want is from you is obedience. If you behave well we will let you go. If not we will let you go for long hours, you will be punished.” Then she stormed out of the room. He struggled trying to get loose again. He had to get away from this psycho bitch. After what seemed like days but was probably more minutes he figured out a way to open the door. The light came on in his cell and temporarily blinded him. Once his eyes adjusted he noticed the maid was doing something on the other side of the room. Now that he was very sober he looked her over. Long legs, nice, in a way he liked, or maybe a C, cup but her shoulders were a bit broad. He wondered if this was one of the lady’s. “Hey,” he called out softly. “Over here. You go to help me.” The maid came over, releasing his hand and feet. He noticed that her legs were thin. To his surprise the left was a full size bed, small table, chair and closed bolted to the floor. Seeing the closed bolted to the floor, he knew she could go anywhere but the left was an unoccupied one. Looking though the closet he wondered if this was the maid’s room. There was some see-through underwear and novels in the maid’s room. A cabinet, a drawer. He noticed over the headboard the door was not closed. He opened it and grabbed his cock and gave it a little twist, “Oh, don’t worry we can fix that.” Now he was really scared with this bitch planning on castrating him? He needed to find a way out of this mess. “People will be looking for me, you know. Then it will be too late to just for- get about all this.” “O how sweet,” she replied sarcastically, “your worried about me. But there is no need, you checkedocumentation in your hotel and you quit your job. Since you have no friends, only jilted lovers, and haven’t talked to your family in years I think I am quite imagine for by me so if anyone out money it me not your.” “True, true” she said as she ran her fing- ers over his bare skin, "but you didn’t really think you won a contest you never entered." He started to sweat. He saw the tears in her eyes. "You have some money. 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To his surprise the left was a full size bed, small table, chair and closed bolted to the floor. Seeing the closed bolted to the floor, he knew he would never get away. She had left the light on in the back deck so this was his only chance to see his cell. As he looked around he noticed there was a toilet and sink to his right. No mirror, no way to get loose that way. To his surprise the left was a full size bed, small table, chair and closed bolted to the floor. Seeing the closed bolted to the floor, he knew she could go anywhere but the left was an unoccupied one. Looking though the closet he wondered if this was the maid’s room. There was some see-through underwear and novels in the maid’s room. A cabinet, a drawer. He noticed over the headboard the door was not closed. He opened it and grabbed his cock and gave it a little twist, “Oh, don’t worry we can fix that.” Now he was really scared with this bitch planning on castrating him? He needed to find a way out of this mess. “People will be looking for me, you know. Then it will be too late to just for- get about all this.” “O how sweet,” she replied sarcastically, “your worried about me. But there is no need, you checkedocumentation in your hotel and you quit your job. Since you have no friends, only jilted lovers, and haven’t talked to your family in years I think I am quite imagine for by me so if anyone out money it me not your.” “True, true” she said as she ran her fing- ers over his bare skin, "but you didn’t really think you won a contest you never entered." He started to sweat. He saw the tears in her eyes. "You have some money. How much do you want to let me go?” Once again the whip’s kissed laid out to his lower chest and thighs. “Stop your whining,” she snapped. “All I want is from you is obedience. If you behave well we will let you go. If not we will let you go for long hours, you will be punished.” Then she stormed out of the room. He struggled trying to get loose again. He had to get away from this psycho bitch. After what seemed like days but was probably more minutes he figured out a way to open the door. The light came on in his cell and temporarily blinded him. Once his eyes adjusted he noticed the maid was doing something on the other side of the room. Now that he was very sober he looked her over. Long legs, nice, in a way he liked, or maybe a C, cup but her shoulders were a bit broad. He wondered if this was one of the lady’s. “Hey,” he called out softly. “Over here. You go to help me.” The maid came over, releasing his hand and feet. He noticed that her legs were thin. To his surprise the left was a full size bed, small table, chair and closed bolted to the floor. Seeing the closed bolted to the floor, he knew he would never get away. She had left the light on in the back deck so this was his only chance to see his cell. As he looked around he noticed there was a toilet and sink to his right. No mirror, no way to get loose that way. To his surprise the left was a full size bed, small table, chair and closed bolted to the floor. Seeing the closed bolted to the floor, he knew he would never get away. She had left the light on in the back deck so this was his only chance to see his cell. As he looked around he noticed there was a toilet and sink to his right. No mirror, no way to get loose that way. To his surprise the left was a full size bed, small table, chair and closed bolted to the floor. Seeing the closed bolted to the floor, he knew he would never get away. She had left the light on in the back deck so this was his only chance to see his cell. As he looked around he noticed there was a toilet and sink to his right. No mirror, no way to get loose that way. To his surprise the left was a full size bed, small table, chair and closed bolted to the floor. Seeing the closed bolted to the floor, he knew he would never get away. She had left the light on in the back deck so this was his only chance to see his cell. As he looked around he noticed there was a toilet and sink to his right. No mirror, no way to get loose that way.
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This is a large, 9" x 12" perfect bound art book with full size art suitable for framing. It's 68 pages all in explicit color of his exotic art enlarged. Baker has been painting for Transformation magazine and especially for the Womanhood with art depicting enslaved she-male slaves in bondage forced to endure sexual enslavement by Mistresses and Masters. Lots of hardcore core sex of she-males serv-ing in their Masters and Mistresses. Limited quantity printed. Collectors issue. $29.95 plus postage

See page 46 for order form

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

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Enslaved Sissy Maid Video 2

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

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Forced Womanhood Video 1

A career woman comes home after a long day at work to find her husband slouched over a poker game with his buddy, drinking in the middle of the day and looking at porn mags. The wife, Kat, is furious, she makes up her mind right then and there that she will be the only woman in that house. Kat’s girlfriend then shows up and helps kat make her husband do anything for her. She bends him over and straps on cock, and when it doesn’t satisfy her anymore are painted cherry red and she makes him service her. With constant bondage she finally brings in a man to break his beautiful cherry ass and get fucked like the sissy she is.

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Forced Womanhood Video 2

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

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This is the story of a wife who finds her husband slouched over a poker game with his buddy, drinking in the middle of the day and looking at porn mags. The wife, Kat, is furious, she makes up her mind right then and there that she will be the only woman in that house. Kat’s girlfriend then shows up and helps kat make her husband do anything for her. She bends him over and straps on cock, and when it doesn’t satisfy her anymore are painted cherry red and she makes him service her. With constant bondage she finally brings in a man to break his beautiful cherry ass and get fucked like the sissy she is.

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ENSLAVED SISSIES AND MAIDS

Enslaved Sissies
and Maids 4

This has to be the best issue yet! We’ve had tons of letters and photos come in with stories and advice from sissies, mistresses, and others. This issue is jammed with stories and erotic art. Some of the stories:
- “Man Turning TV into She-Male Slave for His Own Pleasure”
- “Postponed Sissy Bows to Wear Skirts,” “Man Turns TV into Her Male Slave” and more.

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Enslaved Sissies
and Maids 5

In this issue: Sissies looking for others! Woman turns boyfriend into a sissy slave. They all work on it to make more. Jack and his husband turned into a sissy maids. Couple change roles into that same male maids, wife makes her DDHO choices. In a male’s uniform, many sissies wear. Many owner’s. Great issue you don’t want to miss.

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Forced Womanhood 43

True stories of mistresses and masters who turn their men into whimpering slave sissies to serve them and others. Some of the stories:
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- Photos from our readers.
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- Sissy-Rockin’ to Sexy Blonde.
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- Games to turn man into Sissy TV.

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