ENSLAVED
Issue 2 $16.50
Sissies and Maids

SISSY MEN SERVING MISTRESSES AND MASTERS

ADULTS ONLY

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

ENSLAVED Sissies and Maids 2, 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.

Records pursuant to law are in custody of Jeri Lee, Custodian of Records, 1065 South Virginia Street, Reno, NV 89502. All models are of age or older-proof is on file. All photos in this publication were taken before the year of 1994. Adults Only.

Distribution:
**A note from the editor of CENTURIAN PUBLISHING**

Thank you for great response from our first issue. We've received lots of photos and letters, plus requests for a variety of things which I will get in this and future issues.

**WE NEED YOUR PHOTOS 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.

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**Readers Letters**

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

Please keep your stories and articles short so we can get more in.

Your story has a better chance of getting in if you include photos.

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**True to Life Readers Letters**

Attention to new sissy magazine,
I read your first issue and was thrilled that you came out with this magazine.
I have been my wife’s maid for over six years now. She works and I stay home as her maid and take care of all the cleaning, chores and cooking.
Mida Karen
London, England

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Dear sissy magazine,
I read your first issue and thought it very good. I do think you need more photos of real sissies and maids. I realize it was your first issue. I’m sending you a photo of my husband who is my real life maid. I am an attorney and my life is much simpler since I made my husband my housemaid. During the day he is required to wear one of your maid uniforms, ruffled panties, you baby doll socks and heels. My house is kept spic and span. When I get home my dinner is ready. After dinner he satisfies me by rubbing my tired feet. If the house is not clean to my liking he gets bound up for the night and disciplined. More wives should think about making their husbands more obedient by making them wear sissy type clothes. It makes them much more docile and very easy to handle.

MS. Abott
Boston, MA

PS.
We bought all his outfits from your transvestite catalogs.
Dear Sissy Magazine,
I didn’t find out until after we were married that my husband Ken liked to wear feminine attire. I was shocked at first, but then decided I’d make the best of it.

I am somewhat of a voyeur. I dressed him up in a sexy dress and heels the first time. I didn’t like the he looked. Ken had a copy of your Transvestite Catalog in which I found lots of sissy frilly items that were more to my liking.

I told him if he was to dress, he’d have to dress in frilly sissy outfits. I told that he could no longer have sex with me because I needed a real man, not a sissy. It works, as now I can play around an have a sissy slave to do the housework.

Besides, when my first lover saw my sissy - the first thing he told me was, "You need a real man! I can see why you need someone like me." Actually with him dressed as a sissy it helps me attract men because they automatically think I need a real man.

My last lover turned on by watching my sissy husband in her satin frilly dress and high heels. I was surprised how many men get turned on by seeing a beautiful she-male like this.

Last night I bound my sissie’s hands behind her and made her suck my lovers cock to get it nice and hard for me. I got so turned on watching my sissy suck his first cock I came in my satin panties, then took my lovers very big and hard cock and pushed it into my me.

A Happy Wife
Dear Enslaved Sissies,

Jake and I lived in the same apartment house and often met at the pool. He was manly and muscular so I didn’t think anything about his looks at my slim, girlish figure or teasing compliments that I would make a pretty girl.

Hearing I was out of work, he invited me for a weekend to a friend’s mountain cabin before I started hunting for a job, and I accepted.

The area was isolated, and the quiet was a nice change. That night we played strip-poker (as I couldn’t afford to lose any money), and I was soon down to my briefs while Jake had only lost his shoes and socks. When I lost again, he offered me another chance: all of his clothes against tying me up naked. Having been tied up often in my childhood games, I didn’t mind it so I took the bed—and lost. I was tied on my bed with yards of clothesline and given thirty minutes to get free or pay a penalty. I failed, and the penalty was to put on the “Little Orphan Annie” costume supposedly left over from a costume party by a girlfriend.

Blushing as red as the curly wig, I shaved my sparse body hair, then slipped on the ruffled panties, training bra, short red dress with white Peter Pan collar and black Mary Jane shoes, all of which surprisingly fit me. There were other dresses, wigs, etc., in the closet and a purse with make-up. Going along with the penalty, I put on the light make-up and pink lipstick, and spent the next few hours tied up like “Annie” often was in the comics. Then I slept tied up in a frilly baby doll and new wig.

In the morning I was shocked to learn Jake had burned my clothes and, showing me copies of your magazine and Transvestite and Transformation catalogs, he said I was to be his sissy bondage sex slave. The cabin was his own, and he’d ordered the frilly and ruffled clothing, wigs, Mary Jane shoes, and feminizing pills and creams for me. My only job would be cleaning, cooking and sexually pleasing him. When I refused he strung me up by my wrists to the closet door and whipped me with a thick belt until I fainted. I woke to find I was cloth-gagged and hog-tied in the closet.

Soon I noticed my breasts filled the training bra and my small cock had shrunk. Locked in a sissy dress and leather wrist and ankle cuffs and chains, I tried to escape but became lost in the woods and was caught. Tautly spread-eagled between two trees, I was lashed with a switch and folded belt, then ass-fucked. Back in the cabin, I was stripped to ruffled panties and training bra, then tied in the closet and made to suck his prick, letting him repeatedly cum in my mouth, face and over my body. Also gagged, I was kept in there two weeks and beaten and sexually abused every few hours. Properly cowed, I begged Jake’s forgiveness.

Locked in a FL4A Frenum Chastity from your catalog, I became a perfect “little sissy lady” and modeled frilly dresses, petticoats, ruffled undies, baby dolls, and “play” clothes for him. I became skilled at blow-jobs and masturbating Jake with my hands tied in front or back. Finally my tiny penis was permanently locked in a FL2C Frenum, denying me sex, and my breasts had slightly larger implants.

When Jake has a male friend over I am mouth and ass-fucked at once while tied in my sissy clothes. I always please his friends, who love binding, spanking and fucking me to exhaustion!

Sissy sex slave Marsha Rhode Island
Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,

I just read your new magazine. I have enclosed some photos of me and my hubby slave. I knew before we got married that he had a lot of feminine traits. He got me interested in your magazine - Forced Womanhood. I think he has every issue you ever published except the first ten issues, which we found on your website. We printed these out and now have every issue.

I got so excited reading your magazine that I told Keith that if he wanted to be a female, then he'd have to do what your magazine showed. He agreed.

I have him on your Mammary Plus and your Feminique twice a day. I love to dress and torment him. He's kept in bondage constantly. Last month I pierced him and put rings through his penis. We only started six months ago, but I'm making progress with him. He's become quite submissive over the last few months.

I made him shave all over. When he goes to work he has to wear a corset, bra, panties, stockings and garter belt under his suit. At home he must wear clothes of my choice plus cuffs and a lock on collar so when I want I can immediately bind him.

I just started training him to take a penis in his butt-vagina. "If you're going to be a girl - you'll have to learn how to take a big cock!" I wear a pair of dildo pants with a large cock and pump the heck out of him.

I plan on getting him breast implants by next year. I wonder how he's going to hide his breasts under his suit. This should be fun. I can't wait.

Please find enclosed our order for your Locking Sissy Dress and your Style 1 Baby Doll Shoes.

I think I'll make him wear sissy items instead of pretty dresses.

Ms. Taylor
Denver, CO
Ms. Taylor eases the large dildo into her husband's buttock.

Ms. Taylor shows off her large penis she's going to make her slave take in.
I LOVE MISTRESS OMEGA. She named me pissboy. I have been serving her for the past 3 years. This year I have been honored to become a personal slave to Mistress Omega. We have spent hundreds of hours in her multiple dungeons where I have experienced the ecstasy of submitting to a beautiful sadistic woman with a limitless imagination and an artistic creativity that is a wonder to behold. Mistress Omega is a multidimensional person. Virtually anything is possible when I am bound in her dungeon. A touch of kindness is often the precursor to painful sadistic torment. I am always happy when my suffering causes her to smile with joy. In this series I will describe the various unanticipated situations and predicaments that I have willingly endured. I will also try to convey the deeply felt love and admiration I feel serving such a remarkable woman.

I am in MISTRESS OMEGA'S private dungeon. She has bound me to her torture table. Lying on my back with my arms and legs cuff ed to the four corners of the table. My head is secured tightly by MISTRESSES favorite head harness which is composed of straps of leather that allow the head to remain cool even as the straps tightly bind on both sides of the harness and at the top of the harness... I can not move my head even one millimeter.

My penis is pulled back and painfully stretched by a thin cord at the head which is... continued on page 11
In this series I will describe the various unanticipated situations and predicaments that I have willingly endured. I will also try to convey the deeply felt love and admiration I feel serving such a remarkable woman.
attached to a chin strap on the harness. My testicles are also tightly wound up by the thin cord and connected to an overhead eye bolt which lifted them upward.

Creating further painful pressure each of my big toes have been also tied to my balls.

Any movement causes a different part of my body to feel pain! I anticipated a particularly heavy session when I arrive and caught a glimpse of MISTRESS OMEGA wearing her 8" black patent platform ankle boots and a short shiny black patent mini dress. A vision a cruel, sexual power. Right now she is applying metal clips to my nipples. Although I am blindfolded beneath the harness, I can feel her majestic presence. Suddenly my nipples are pinched by her sharp red nails. As I squeal in surprise she quickly applies the nipple clamps. Her wonderful melodic voice is right above me as she chuckles, "My poor little Piss boy, you are my guinea pig today... are you ready?"

"Yes MISTRESS OMEGA, thank you for the privilege." I am enthralled. The joy of submitting to such a special and creative woman will carry me through the pain... I hope.

My rapture is interrupted by my own voice screaming in surprise as a huge glob of very hot wax drowns my nipples. Back and forth across my chest from nipple to nipple... a trail of agony. "Ow! Ow!" the searing wax is poured over my sensitive belly. I can't help squirming and yank my balls and nipples. I try moving from side to side but now my distended cock is fully stretched out. I realize I must remain as still as possible or I may lose my entire "package!"

MISTRESS OMEGA allows me the upper part of my body time to rest as the wax now drenches my toes, feet and legs. I am kicking furiously but my legs are barely moving. I am screaming pretty loud "OhOhOhhh!" The fiery wax is on my cock and balls. The pain is excruciating. After several minutes of this unbearable torment I hear MISTRESS OMEGA say the words I live for "What a good boy" I know my suffering is pleasing her. I am slapped hard and quick many times across both sides of my face. MISTRESS OMEGA has conditioned me to enjoy her slapping as if they were passionate kisses. In a gentle playful voice she warns me "Do not move or you will be burnt unintentionally."

MISTRESS OMEGA is very precise in her sadism. She controls the pain and suffering 100%. "Ahh ahhh ahyee!" My cock is being covered by an endless amount of extremely hot wax. I can feel something being pressed down on the wax which is acting as an adhesive. The horrible sensations are being repeated to my balls and nipples.

As the process now begins on my belly button. I began to howl. My squirming causes me to create simultaneous burning sensations around my cock and nipples.
My skin feels like it is on fire. I realize that I am being used as a candle holder!

Burning candles are resting on a bed of wax on my stretched out cock, balls and nipples and now my belly button. I can hear MISTRESS OMEGA laughing at my predicament. Her laughter allows me to reach deep down and within myself and give her all that I have. MISTRESS OMEGA is above my head again, she pinches my nose shut which forces my mouth open. I am receiving cool water directly from her mouth...

"How are you feeling?" she whispers in my ear. She's so close to me I almost pass out with joy. "I feel wonderful MISTRESS, thank you" MISTRESS OMEGA is gently stroking my flaming body with her sharp nails. As she grooms me by yanking extraneous wax from my hairy body, I quiver to her touch causing the lit candles attached to me to spill over their wax further burning my body. I cannot stop my howling it is so very painful. I am bellowing so loud, at first I don't realize MISTRESS OMEGA had already started to apply clothes pins to my balls. As each pin tightens the skin, I begin to moan louder and louder. I have about 25-30 clothes pins right on my balls. This, along with the recurring burns from the candles make me scream out at top volume!

Mistress Omega loves my screams, she plays me like a finely tuned instrument to achieve the sounds she desires. She purposely brushes and hits the clothespins, knowing how much I will sing out as I suffer. Once again MISTRESS OMEGA has created a sadistic masterpiece. The candles are extinguished. The clothespins are removed very painfully, mostly one at a time. Each time the pain is similar but still unique in its depth and duration. MISTRESS OMEGA can remove each pin slowly or yank then off it is followed by pinching the newly exposed area.

The hurt is diabolical in its intensity. If my head weren't tightly fastened to the torture table I would fly through the roof. Finally all the pins are removed. My sobs faded to softer whimpering. My legs, arms and head are still bound.

MISTRESS OMEGA slaps my face over and over and she pinches my nose again. When I open my mouth it is her tasty saliva that slides down my throat " such a good boy you are very entertaining this afternoon now wait here I may need to pee later."

Still blindfolded, I hear her 8" heels click as she leaves the dungeon. I am left in ecstatic reverie, already anxious for my MISTRESSES return.

I LOVE MISTRESS OMEGA!

Piss Boy
Attention to Centurian Publishing,

We have been reading your Forced Womanhood for years, just picked up a copy of your new sissy magazine. I love the concept! I turned my male lover into my she-male slave over the last three years. We are both very happy with this arrangement. She loves her bondage and being my live-in slave. I've chastised her permanently so that she can only be mine. Even before you came out with your sissy magazine I made Ruth wear your ruffled panties, stockings, corset and pumps. She must always be dressed in what I lay out for her. She is now so beautiful that when we go out, men ogle at her. That's why I chastised her. I had the plastic surgeon give her 40D implants. When she wears a low cut sexy dress, she gets stares from everyone. I have the best of both worlds. A beautiful she-male man woman.

Love your publications,

Master John
Mistress Declares Showing Off Her Sissy Is Good For Him

Dear Jeri,

Paulie is so embarrassed and humiliated when I take him out dressed as the sissy he is. If you can imagine he actually begs me, pitifully, to put him in a dress instead, but I simply won't have it.

I patiently explain that he's simply much too adorable as a sissy. And while he may not enjoy all the laughing and jeering he receives when I take him out in public, I point out how beneficial it is. It can't help but remind him that he's no longer a real man, but a cringing, meek, little sissy who I'm proud to show off.

Naturally he dreads it when I announce that I'm taking my sissy out for a walk. He never knows what he's going to wear, although I do have some favorites. One that brings the biggest sobs is a darling, baby blue satin knicker, satin jumper, that I got from one of the Centurian catalogs just for sissies (#201). It zips up the back and fits skin tight to show off his girlish figure and plump, sissy behind. It has delightful frilly ruffles at the neck and arms. Also from Centurian the perfect sissy shoes. Black, patent leather baby dolls with little girl, or sissy, heels (#3). And, of course, the most darling, white anklets with dangling, white pearls all around.

Women can be so cruel, laughing and pointing. I usually have to wait every couple of blocks until he stops crying.
Wife not satisfied sexually by husband decides to chastise him and make him wear frilly pastel uniforms, blouses and short skirts. So she can have real sex with men who can satisfy her.
Dear Forced Womanhood,

My wife has enjoyed browsing through your magazines for years now collecting ideas to use on me. Now Ann wants me to write you to share some of the methods she has come up with for me to endure. Her goal is to keep me from ever having another orgasm. She is furious for the years she spent with me in sexual frustration. My organ is very small, even erect only about inch and a half. Ann never was orgasmic unless I went down on her. I had this bad habit of masturbation, frequently, which she eventually found out about. Meanwhile Ann found a series of lovers and found out what orgasmic sex was all about. Ann wants to stay with me, for the trust fund income I have. I will love her, and really tried to stop masturbating but she doesn't do me anymore since her string of lovers.

We tried many of your chastity devices but I always found a way to defeat their purpose because of my smallness I could get it out or at least access the head of my penis to get an orgasm. I had never gone more than 16 days without orgasm since puberty, until this month when she put her own device on me. Now we are 25 days into the month and it works!

Ann tried a number of cock rings on me to determine the smallest that I could squeeze my balls through at a time, then work the little penis while soft through the remainder. I wore that for a few days without difficulty even erect and having my usual orgasms. Little did I know Ann had only begun. I already had a small frenum piercing from prior devices used. She placed a small lock and stainless steel chain from piercing to the ring itself, short. When I tried for orgasm, it stretched and hurt but I could make it and the pain even intensified the orgasm. I thought I had won but her design was not complete.

Knowing the inside diameter of the brass cockring to be one and a half inches, Ann now knew what to tell the guy at the machine shop.

Ann had the machine shop fashion a stainless steel disc, about 1/4 inch thick, with inner cut-out (you guessed it - 1 and 1/2 inch diameter). Outer diameter of the disc is about 4 and 3/8 inch. Around the edge, evenly spaced about 1/4 inch from outside edge were 30 holes drilled about 1/8 inch diameter. All the edges were buffed to mirror finish. Ann had me put this on May 30 as my new cockring, she said. It was a little heavier but comfortable enough. Then she told me to come as often as I could tomorrow because it would be my last time. I did but had heard it before and was not impressed. Then near midnight, May 31. Ann began sucking my tired little peter, which she almost never did. Somehow it rose to the occasion. She smiled and told me I had better enjoy this one last orgasm and that she would try and make it special. Her make-up was perfect, even wore negligees that she reserved for when her lovers visited. It was awesome.

Ann smiled at me and holding my eyes, she swallowed it, even though there wasn't much left to shoot after today. She had never swallowed it before. Then she brought out her surprise. Ann said she would now fix my plumbing once and for all. I begged her not to cut it. She told me not to be silly, she just wanted me to experience the years of craving orgasm and not getting one like she did for the first 20 years of marriage to me. Like I said, I had heard this before. Then out of the little paper sack she brought the little stainless steel lock and little chain, locked this in the frenum piercing with a length of chain dangling free from the lock. Then she brought a stainless sink drain out of the bag. She looped the little chain down through the cross piece in the throat of the drain and back through. She snagged the drain up close to the disc and reopened the frenum lock and snagged it up before relocking. Then Ann cupped my balls and penis into the drain. That is when I noticed the 30 little holes drilled around the flange of the drain. I hadn't noticed them before because the rubber gasket normally put under the flange was put on top the flange to meet the disc surface. Then finally she pulled out a pop-rivet tool and POP! - there was one rivet through. She pulled out a few little locks and locked them in some of the other holes. Then she told me that every day in June she would put in one more rivet. Ann has kept her word, but how? She has been wearing her sexiest stuff, or nothing at all, and tormenting my nipples which always gets me hot. I am beside myself with longing, my little hard-on curled up in a steel cage. I can't even come close to touching my little penis. I realize that this time, she has me permanently locked away from ever having another orgasm. She's right, I have had more than my share, it's now her turn. Ann says she will continue to play only with me until all the final 5 rivets are in place, but then her lover is moving in and I will become a house servant to them.

I will be expected to wear frilly pastel uniform blouses, short skirts, hose, heels, and garters. Ann says that her electrologist has agreed to make house calls to remove all my body hair and apply permanent make-up, first will be much larger areolas around my nipples to humiliate and feminize me. I am to grow my hair long, eventually to wear it in two pigtails. I will be given female hormones as soon as she can get to several different doctors for her hormone replacement prescriptions. She hopes to get the patches in max strength and put one on each of my nipples in hope of making them larger and more feminine. I am not to speak without permission rather than to try to mask my voice with a fake falsetto. Ann says her new lover, James is looking forward to the arrangement. She says my only sexual function now will be to suck James hard before they have sex, and finish him if he desires. I will have oral cunt clean-up duty and cunnilingus duty until climax whenever necessary. I am to be on constant call for this in addition to standard servant duties. I am also required to pay them $100 each time for this privilege and to pay for the house and bills from my trust fund income. She will continue to work part-time at the urologist's office for health benefits. She said that she will be able to save the sperm count samples and bring them home for spermicides for me. She will only charge me $50 for each spermicide. She will order me a penis gag and try to rig a way for it to melt into my mouth for my constant enjoyment. I can't wait.

Sincerely,
Robin
Dear Sissy,

I call my slave Fluffy because he-she ended up so soft and pretty. My slave has been going through her transformation for nearly three years now. He enjoyed crossdressing, I enjoy sex with a variety of men. When she showed me your magazine Forced Womanhood - we made a deal. I'd change him into a beautiful chastised slave and I could have extra sex. But, I now make him suffer that he can no longer have sex. You see, we have two twin beds in our bedroom. I chain him to his bed to watch others make wild passionate sex to me. I give great head and this upsets poor Fluffy so much that he can't have any. Most of my lovers think Fluffy is my real female slave and get turned on even more.

Last night I chained her to the bed wearing a pair of your red ruffled panties, a pair of your red bow stockings and your Baby Doll shoes. I attached little bows to his pierced nipples. His new breasts stood out so nicely. my lover went crazy with lust when he saw her. I had great sex, but my lover kept looking at my pretty slave Fluffy.

Ms. Diane
Texas

FLUFFY WEARS RED RUFFLED PANTIES $39.95
RED BOW STOCKINGS $12.95 A PAIR
AND BABY DOLL SHOES $89.95
CALL OUR MAIL ORDER LINE 775.322.5119
Boyfriend who loves being tied up and forced to dress as a woman to get more than her wish

Dear Jeri,

I can’t begin to tell you how shocked and dumfounded I was when after far too many drinks my boyfriend and I decided to swap sexual fantasies. His fantasy was to be tied up and forced to wear women’s clothes.

You can’t imagine how disgusted I was. After that revelation there was no way I could ever think of him as a real man again. Initially, of course, I decided to dump him, but then I had another idea I thought was much better. And perfectly suited him.

So, much to his surprise, I agreed to tie him up and force him to wear women’s clothes. You can’t imagine how disgusted I was when I did and his dick got stiff as a board.

“Well, obviously you liked that,” I said, “how about if I chain you up and dress you in a maid’s outfit?”

JOLIE WEARS HER FAVORITE FRENCH MAID’S UNIFORM FROM CENTURIANS (M2 MAIDS UNIFORM), MAY 1969 PLATFORM PUMPS, BALL GAG, AND LOCKING CUFFS. ALL FROM CENTURIANS.

“Yes, I think I’d like that,” he said sheepishly, although I could see he was also excited.

“Alright then, but first I want to measure you so I know everything fits just perfect. Now what about a corset, I understand they can be so restrictive. Want to try one?” I asked, and, of course, he did.

“And how about a higher heel. These are only three inches. Wouldn’t you like to try ones a bit higher?” I asked, and naturally this, disgustedly, excited him too.

I had it all planned, and fortunately, I had several catalogs from Centurian to pick out the perfect outfit for him.

I’d picked the longest, stiffest corset in the catalog. And as I began lacing him into it I thought his dick was going to explode. As I

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yanked on the laces he eventually said, “It’s getting awfully tight.”

“Just a little more honey, I know you love how it feels,” I cooed.

“Please, stop, it’s tight,” he begged.

“Just another inch, I want my maid to have a figure that I can be proud of.”

When I had “her” dressed in a scanty French Maid’s uniform, complete with a huge set of tits, I had her sit and hold her feet out for her slightly higher heels.

“These are much too high dear, I just know I’ll never be able to walk in them. And they’re already hurting my feet,” he whined, as I forced his feet into the towering platform pumps.

“I’m sure eventually you’ll get used to them. Now let’s get you all nice and chained up. We’ll start with your feet, put them together,” I ordered.

When I’d finished I had “her” ankles manacled, her feet hobbled by the short connecting chain. Her wrists manacled and also attached by a short chain. With another that connected them all together, not allowing her to raise her hands any higher than her waist.

“Just one more item,” I said, buckling a collar around her and then attaching a leash. “Well then, we’re ready to go,” I announced, tugging on her leash.

“Go? I can’t go anywhere like this,” he cried out.

Of course you can. You really don’t have much choice,” I said, and, of course, she didn’t.

“Please, where are you going?” she begged.

“Why to Natalie, my beautician. I absolutely insist that any maid of mine be as attractive and presentable as she can.”

“Maid? I’m not your maid,” she cried.

“Oh you will be by the time Natalie’s finished transforming you. And just to make sure you understand, I’m sure you’ve noticed that everything has locks. Well, this is the only key,” I said, watching her horrified expression as I flushed it down the toilet.

Jolie, as I’d decided to rename her, sobbed hysterically when she saw her new self. More so when I told her she could wipe the lipstick of her pouty lips, and the eyeshadow, eyeliner and mascara, and none of it came off. Natalie and I laughed till our sides split.

“Stop admiring yourself now Jolie. You’ll have plenty of time for that later. It’s already two and still have a whole days worth of chores to do when we get home.”

“Haven’t you forgotten something?” Natalie asked.

“Oh goodness, lift your skirts up girl. Since you’re not a real man anymore I’m sure you don’t want anything left to remind you of what you once were. Now let’s see your little pussy spurt one last time for Natalie and me.”

“One last time?” he asked fearfully.

Wife Decides To Make Him A Sissy She-male

Attention to Sissy Magazine:
I’ve been reading your Forced womanhood magazine and had decided over the last six months to make my man into a she-male slave. Now I just received your sissy magazine through your mail order and I have decided I’d rather make him into a sissy she-male slave. This sounds much more exciting and a lot more humiliating to him. Enclosed is a photo taken three months ago of me starting to make him wear feminine items.

Please find enclosed an order for your two new Transvestite catalogs. We both look forward to your monthly color brochure.

Ms. Jean
Arizona
Woman Makes Sissy Man Into She-male Bondage Slave

Dear Forced Womanhood,

It began with a bet. Wally and I were making out and watching an old movie on television. The heroine was tied up and left to struggle in an old warehouse, and I commented that the ropes were loose and the actress could really escape any time she wished. Then I added that when I tied someone they stayed tied. Wally only laughed, and I bet I could bind him inescapably. He accepted, as I knew he would, and I hurried to get the clothesline from the kitchen while he finished undressing. In black bra and panties I tied his naked body securely, from shoulders to ankles and gagged him with a scarf. He nodded his acceptance when I said I would pick the penalty if he didn’t get free, and if he did he could tie me up.

An hour later, after much writhing on the floor in a back arching hogtie, Wally admitted defeat. My penalty was for him to wear sexy lingerie and be tied up for sex. He agreed without hesitation, and I stuffed a bra, put him in a black waist-cinch, panties, garter belt, nylons and 5” stiletto-heeled mules. He is short, slim and almost effeminately handsome, so he looked very good like that, and I even combed his long dark hair in a womanly style. I didn’t want to push it this first time and put makeup and a wig on him. He was intrigued by his appearance and I tied him on the bed so he could see himself in the large wall mirror while we had sex. Afterwards he said we looked like two beautiful women having sex. Then I knew I had him. Also, what Wally didn’t know was that I have been tying up males and females ever since my childhood “cops’n robbers” days. My previous female roommates, as well as my past male lovers, have all ended up in my tight, inescapable ropes.

We continued the bondage/feminizing bets for awhile, then I felt the time was right to not only put a wig and makeup on him but to convince him to move in and work for me. I am a busy woman executive and don’t have much time for cooking and housework. Wally agreed, and even went along with being feminized. He absolutely adored your brief French maid’s uniform and does all of the housework in it and long-chained wrist and ankle leather cuffs.

Over the following weeks we ordered a whole wardrobe for Wally, from nighties to street wear, various color and length wigs, and leather bondage gear. I even talked him into using your creams and pills. Wally was the perfect servant, seeing to my every wish, and also spent hours in bondage without complaint. He became expert at loving my tits and pussy with his mouth and tied hands. We never had sex without him being tied up and feminized. I got him used to having a partial blow-job and being finished off with my hand. But after a time he began to demand real sex and also complain about the changes in his body, especially his shrinking cock.

I moved him out to the pool house and kept him in constant bondage, his cock locked in a penis chastity that engulfed the whole genitals. I lashed him with whips and belts, slapped and beat him with my fists, tied him in suspension and other very intricate ways. All the while I loaded his food (which he had to eat or starve) with hormone tablets and made him eat while tied up on the floor. He surrendered to my will, and his prick was then locked in a FL4E Frenum chastity until it finally shrank and could only take a FL2C Frenum chastity.

I gave Wally feminization lessons, whacking his balls and ass with a thin, limber whip every time he made a movement or his voice sounded like a man. He constantly wore waist-cinches and corsets to slim his waist and round out his hips and butt, and 5” and 6” high heels, to tone his legs and make them more feminine. His breasts grew nicely, helped by women’s exercises and even stronger dosages of pills and uses of creams. His whole body was soft, sleek and feminine-appearing, with his own long raven hair, styled in a pageboy. He had large breast implants, and I broke off the heads of the Frenum’s screws so he could not ever again have sex with his shrinking cock.

“Natalie” is my servant and bondage/love slave. No one guesses she’s really a she-male, and it depends on my mood as to whether I show them or not. She services my girlfriends with her mouth and fingers, and I allow them to bind, whip, face sit and dildo her, as long as they allow me to do those wonderful things to them. Occasionally I have a man over and Natalie services him and is bound and tormented by the two of us. It’s all great fun!

Mistress Rhea
New Hampshire
Prissy, my ex-boyfriend, hates his darling sissy dresses and outfits as much I love "her" in them. He was a real dud as a man, but he's so sweet, infatuated with me and submissive that I decided to keep him as my darling sissy.

My favorite is the pink, satin Sweet Sissy Dress I ordered from Transformation. Along with black patent, Baby Doll Mary Janes, the perfect sissy shoe, frilly anklets and crinkly petticoats, all from Transformation, Prissy is absolutely adorable. Especially with her page girl hairdo. I recently found a little matching purse and gold locket.

Prissy keeps telling me how horrible it is to be a sissy, so one day I gave her a choice. I'd give her back her ridiculous men's clothes and she could leave, but she'd never see me again. Or, she could stay and I would lovingly care for her. All she had to do to stay was to go and put on my favorite sissy dress.

She was crying when she came out and sweetly curtsied. To cheer her up I promised to buy her a new sissy dress and her first heels. For some reason she buried her head between my breasts and sobbed even louder.

**PRISSY IS WEARING, FROM TRANSFORMATION, A SWEET SISsy DRESS 12A BABY DOLL #2 SHOES FISHNET ANKLE SOCKS**
Dear Jeri,

Sometimes a sissy will have second thoughts when you decide to completely feminize them. Even if, at first, the idea excites them. So, as a precaution before putting their first corset on them; locking their wrists together is always wise.

My favorite garment to start with is a Corset Petticoat from Centurian. The corset, laced as tight as possible, will give him a very girlish figure. And the petticoat goes perfectly with what comes next. He probably won’t like his corset, but he’ll love his white opera pumps and demure stockings. All from Centurians.
Dear Jeri,

I found my newest sissy when I was out jogging. This most darling boy was sitting by a tree crying after he’d twisted his ankle. He was such a cute little thing that I decided to take him home with me and fix his poor foot for him. I supported him as we headed for my car, but then he fell. So I picked him up and carried him.

He was so grateful when I had fixed his ankle that he asked how he could repay me.

“I know how you could help me. I’m in need of a personal assistant. A combination secretary and ladies maid, and I really think you’d be perfect.”

“You don’t actually mean a real maid,” he laughed.

“Why, yes I do. I think you’d look quite fetching in short skirts. You have very nice legs and a darling face that I think can easily be made charmingly girlish, I said. He protested, of course, and tried to leave.

“Now, now, my mind is made up Suzie. You’ll make the most adorable sissy maid and, after you’re transformed and trained, I’ll send you to secretarial school,” I said, picking him up before he could get to the door, putting him across my lap and giving him a good spanking.

I was no stranger in transforming unwilling young men into sissies. Fortunately everything I need I get from Centurian catalogs. First, I laced Suzie in the tightest corset, which keeps her docile and easy to manage. The, knowing by experience, he wasn’t willingly going to stay in dresses and petticoats I put him in a white satin locking, sissy slave dress.

Ignoring tears and sobs I got his feet into a pair of five inch, spiked heeled pumps with a locking ankle strap. He wobbled over to the chair I asked him to sit in protesting bitterly that he could never walk in them. But, I knew better. Locked on his feet all day he’d be walking, just like a sissy, sooner that he’d imagine.

Once in the chair, as I expected, he panicked as I quickly had him chained and restrained.

“You just get comfortable. This will take a while, if you need to go potty just say so and I’ll get your leash and take you. I think we’ll start with your hair. You’ll be much prettier as a blonde. Then after I pierce your ears I’ll pluck your eyebrows, glue on the longest eyelashes that I know you’ll fall in love with. Then eyeliners and blue eyeshadow to highlight your eyes. Your lips I’ll need to tattoo as they’re much too thin, hardly kissable. And what’s really wonderful is that it’s all permanent. So, when you’re crying it won’t ruin your makeup, isn’t that great? But, I really do need to get started, the nurse is coming by in a couple of hours to remove all that unsightly hair.

The last thing is to make sure your little dickie is made quite harmless so you’re never bothered by unladylike urges. Now, do stop crying Suzie, it’s not going to hurt at all.”
True To Life - Many Of Our Readers Have Actually Been Turned Into Sweet Enslaved She-males. Many Into Pretty Little Baby Dolls. Yes - With Today's Plastic Surgery - You Too Can Look Like This.
Dear Forced Womanhood,

This all began two years ago when I was out of work and a friend introduced me to Tony, who was looking for a new typist. He was pleased to have a guy, as his women typists had been either prudes or "Libbers" and frowned on his adult sex and bondage books. Being a secret crossdressing submissive, I loved the work and had no complaints about the subject matter. I had a constant hard-on, seeing myself as the male, female or TV/TS bondage victim.

Tony would bring three or so handwritten chapters at a time to my bachelor apartment and pick up the ones I'd already typed. Sometimes we'd talk about the book, and one day I questioned the burglar tying the TV "heroine's" hand and foot with a lamp cord.

"You don't think I could tie you with this lamp cord?" he asked, pointing to my lamp.

As it was my only good work lamp and I didn't want to chance it having to be fixed, I said I had some clothesline in a closet. Heart pounding excitedly, I got the cut up roll of clothesline which I used on myself when I was dressed in heels, wig and lingerie. Tony measured off a length that matched my lamp cord, then tied my crossed wrists and ankles behind me in a hog-tie while I lay on the floor dab in only Levis shorts and squirmed helplessly. Aroused, he said I was made up and in drag I would be his perfect TV heroine. I slyly said I had things left from a "costume" party, and was untied to change clothes.

I quickly shaved what little body hair I had, put on my black padded bra, corset, panties, garter belt, nylons and 5" stiletto sling-backs. I added mascara, powder, red lipstick, and my long blonde wig. Turned-on at the sight of me, Tony wanted to tie me up like his heroine. I spent the rest of the day in intricate bondage, and surprised him by typing without a mistake while gagged and all tied up, wrists hobbled in front. It was how I usually typed when alone. He asked me to move in as his secretary and practice bondage model and live as a woman full-time. It was a dream come true!

That night, a raincoat over my lingerie and ropes, I moved into Tony's isolated house in the hills. Still in bondage and lingerie, I sat on a couch in the den and was shown many TV/TS magazines, including yours, and Tony made a list of lingerie, exotic dresses and outfits plus leather bondage gear from your Transvestite and Transformation catalogs, and various natural herbs, vitamins and creams to feminize my slender body.
Over the months I was in heaven. I typed in bondage and lingerie, cooked and cleaned in brief French maid's uniforms, and acted out the countless tie-ups in Tony's books while in erotic clothing or naked except for heels and corset. He made me always wear a corset and 4" to 6" stiletto heels and even bound me in bed at night so I couldn't remove them. I didn't mind—but then came something that really did freak me out!

The pills and creams had helped me have a more girlish figure, retarded my body and facial hair, and given me growing breasts. The corset had slimmed my waist even more, and the high heels had improved my calves, ankles and arches—only my already small penis was shrinking along with my sex drive! Tony said he was making me a real she-male, just like the lead in his new book. I had no place to go and only revealing female clothes. Locked in a sissy dress, I still tried to run away, but was caught, taken to the cellar, stripped to only stay-up nylons and 5" sling backs, strung up by my wrists, and brutally lashed all over with a thick belt until I fainted.

I spent two weeks in constant bondage, my prick and balls locked in a penis chastity and unable to get an erection, a fat dildo or butt plug up my ass and either a ball or penis gag stuffed in my mouth. "Master" Tony used a different whip on me daily, screwed my mouth, ass, and tit-tunnel, then wrote my various abuses in his book. My lesson learned, I was freed and used increased portions of the creams and pills, then had my tiny cock fixed permanently in a FL2C Frenum Chastity. Not long afterwards my breasts had large implants.

In leather armbinder and chained ankles, I studied voice and feminization from a stern dominatrix beauty who slapped my face, tits and balls, and spanked my bare ass until I got it right. Now I'm a gorgeous, feminine she-male who is content to be Master Tony's cock-sucking, secretary/bondage slave.

Soon I was Tony's all around she-male slave. He kept me in bondage when I wasn't his secretary. When he told me to work, it was only as a sexy secretary. I now knew what it was like to be his sissy slave girl. He used me to satisfy his big cock. He broke my cherry from the rear and I was his sissy cock sucker.

Peggy
Hollywood
My interest in feminizing men as girls rather than adult women began in childhood when my friend Bonnie and I caught her younger brother wearing her party clothes, complete with ruffled panties and petticoat, frilly dress, anklet white socks and Mary Jane black shoes, his longish blond hair combed in a feminine style. He was embarrassed but we put him at ease, and added light lipstick and make-up. From then on we blackmailed him (though he was secretly happy) into dressing up whenever we wished, or else we would tell his mother and friends. If he tried to change without permission, we would tie and gag him and delightedly watch him struggle helplessly.

A few years later my family moved, but those enjoyable memories of Bonnie's bound, feminized, little girl/brother remained to this day. I only dated passive men, and some went along with being feminized and tied up for sex. While it was enjoyable to see a male tied and dressed in my sexy adult lingerie, I still remembered Bonnie's brother. One day I found your magazine and catalogs and decided to put my current lover Monroe into those delightful things, as well as giving him your feminizing pills and creams.

Though submissive and often dressing in my adult lingerie, Monroe balked at the sissy girl clothes I had laid out on the bed for him to change into on returning from work. There were ruffled panties, a training bra, waist-cinch (which he already wore at home to nip in his waist and give his hips and ass a more feminine appearance), a short girlish slip (rather than an adult one), a short, frilly dress, white anklet socks and white Mary Jane shoes. He put on the waist-cinch but rejected the other clothing, even after I allowed him to wear panty hose instead of the socks. I took drastic action, stringing him up from a ceiling hook by his wrists, nyloned toes barely touching the rug. Muffling his cries with a rubber, mouth-filling penis gag, I lashed him with a long, then short, leather whip until he sobbingly gave in.

From then on he wore only sissy girl frills and ruffles, rotating between short dresses and panty hose and longer ones with petticoat(s) beneath and white anklet socks and black or white Mary Janes. He wore light make-up and pink lipstick and long blonde page-boy wig while cooking and cleaning in leather wrist and ankle cuffs and chains. When he was a "bad little girl" I threw him across my knees, lifted his frilly dress, and spanked his ruffled-pantied ass with my hands, a folded leather belt, or a wooden hairbrush. Then I tied and gagged him in a corner, standing or sitting on a stool. At night he slept tied and gagged in frilly baby doll nighties. Also, he always watched television while gagged and tied intricately in a straight-backed chair, wearing baby dolls or else sissy dresses and Mary Janes.

Soon Monroe tired of dressing like that and also noticed his penis and sex urges were dwindling while his breasts were filling the training bra. We argued, and again he wound up in bondage, this time in the cellar, and I beat him with whips and belts every day for two weeks. He ate tied in a ball, which left his ass vulnerable to fucking with my stiletto heels and various rubber and plastic dildoes and a long vibrator. He finally gave in, and I locked him in a penis chastity device that engulfed his genitals. Later he wore a FL4E Frenum chastity.

"Monica" has been a perfect little lady, though there was a flare-up when her breasts had medium-sized implants and her tiny cock was locked permanently in a FL2C Frenum, denying her sex. It took slaps on her cheeks, spanking with a hairbrush on her naked ass, then being left intricately tied and gagged, humming vibrator up her butt, in a closet over the weekend to tame her.
With my high-paying job, Monica now stays home and takes care of the house. She has grown her own long hair, styled in a little girl page-boy. If she's good I let her wear panty hose with her Mary Janes instead of socks when I have girlfriends over for sex. Tied hand and foot, Monica loves our cunts with her fingers and pink-lipsticked mouth for hours.

Occasionally I have men too, and, also tied and gagged, she watches me have sex with them, then her gag is removed and she services them with her mouth, fingers and pert ass. They are always surprised to find that my "little lady" is a she-male, and delight in abusing her even more. Often I join in, dildosing or face-sitting her while the men fuck and cum in or on her!

Mistress Carla
Vermont
Dearest Jeri,
Love your new sissy magazine. Enclosed per your request for photo, me in my maids uniform cleaning.
Tina
New York

Dear Jeri,
Just bought your new sissy magazine and your Transformation Catalog. Enclosed is a picture of me in my favorite sissy dress and Baby Doll shoes.
Karen
Montana

Dearest Centurian Publishing,
I've been an avid reader of Forced Womanhood for years and I just received your new sissy magazine. I think you have a winner. I like the concept. In fact, I'm going to start making my slave wear sissy and maids dresses.

I am Master Rolo who has turned a mere crossdresser into my cock sucking she-male slave. At all times she has to wear a collar to show her submission to me. I loved your large Transvestite Catalog with all the beautiful she-males. Separately find an order for your new lock on maids uniform and your new Baby Doll shoes.
Master Rolo
San Francisco, CA

A photo of our editor Jeri in his custom Velvet Sweet Dress and his Baby Doll Shoes.
A few months after we were married, half drunk, Martin confessed that one of his fantasies was to be the slave of a dominant Mistress. I was shocked as I thought I had married this aggressive, take charge, macho guy. I bought his story that being submissive helped ease the stress of the day, and it felt good to have someone else in charge.

The only thing is the more we played the Mistress/Slave roles the less respect I had for him. I had wanted a real man in my life and I felt cheated. What I wanted was revenge for duping me.

"Since you so enjoy this Mistress/Slave fantasy of yours I’ve decided to make permanent,“ I declared.

"Permanent? Really?“ he said, which I could see excited him.

"Oh yes, however we will do it my way." he naively said.

"Yes, of course, ah, Mistress,“ he naively said.

"The thing is Martin you’re not the man I thought you were, or wanted. Actually, as far as I’m concerned, you’re no man at all. What you are is a weak, sniveling little sissy, who doesn’t have the right to wear pants. And I have just the sissy outfit for you,“ I declared.

I thought he’d stand up to me when I put him in a special sissy dress I found in a catalog from Centurians. A girlish, baby blue sissy dress. Complete with ruffled panties, lacy anklets, and high heeled baby dolls. He wasn’t going to like it, but he would wear it because, you see, it looked on with padlocks at the collar and each cuff.

The wretch actually got on his knees crying and sobbing, begging me not to turn him into a sissy, or make him dresses.

"Oh, I’m not going to, I couldn’t be bothered Muffy, by the way that’s your new name."

Meet Vanessa,” I said as a tall, stern woman came in with a paddle.

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Hi Centurians,
I just received your new sissy magazine. Even before I ordered it, I had already ordered your schoolgirl outfit for my chastised she-male slave. I keep her dressed up as a 21 year old college girl in pigtails and a pair of you black and white oxfords and ankle socks. She actually does go to college dressed like this. Actually, my she-male slave is 32 years old, but she looks 21 in her outfits. All the college guys hit on her because she's so cute this way. Luckily I chastised her.

Master Jack
New Orleans
Dear Sissies,

Reluctantly I agreed to go to a costume party as “Jill” while my wife Julie went as “Jack.” I let her remove my slight body hair with a cream, then put on panty hose, ruffled panties, white petticoat, a training bra she’d padded with handkerchiefs, a corset (to further slim my waist and give my hips and butt a rounder look), frilly blue dress with a white, ruffled apron, and black Mary Jane shoes. Julie, in a Dutch boy jacket and pants and hair style, white anklet socks and black Mary Jane shoes, put light make-up and pink lipstick on me before adding a long, blonde page-boy wig. Staring in the mirror, I admitted I looked lovely.

At the party were some other lovely men dressed as female historical and fictional characters so I felt at ease. I guess I drank too much for soon I felt woozy. We left, and Julie drove home. I went straight to the bed, slipped off my shoes and collapsed across it, out like a light.

Late morning I woke to find I was still in costume (except for shoes) and was scarf-gagged and tied intricately with many thin sash cords. Clad in black lingerie, heels, long blonde hair loose below her slim shoulders, Julie told me to get used to being tied up and dressed in sissy clothes. She had drugged me at the party, tied and gagged me when I passed out, then disposed of all my male clothes. I would now wear only ruffled panties, petticoats, training bras, little girl type slips, panty hose, white anklet socks, dresses (short or long and frilly), “play” clothes, and white or black Mary Jane shoes. The adult corsets were to be worn constantly, to improve my girlish figure, and I was to sleep tied up in frilly baby doll nighties. Until my own blond hair grew long I was to continue wearing a wig.

When I shook my head and made muffled protests, she rolled me on my belly, put a fat pillow beneath my groin, pulled up my dress and petticoat, then walloped my raised, pantied ass with her hand and a hairbrush until I was in tears. Next I was made to hop to a corner and stand there until I collapsed. From then on I was Julie’s helpless sissy slave, and my pantied or naked butt was spanked viciously every time I was a “bad” little lady.

Julie ordered clothes and feminizing pills and creams from your Transvestite and Transformation catalogs, as well as subscribed to your magazine. I was tied up in all the positions in your magazine and wore similar clothes. Since I had a home internet business, I was gagged (scarves and ball and penis gags) and my wrists were hobbled in leather cuffs and chains while my legs and arms and torso were tied to a chair with ropes. Every day I was given several hours of lessons in how to act and talk like a sissy girl. If any maleness came through I was lashed with a switch or belt, then tied and gagged in a corner (standing, or seated on a stool) for an hour or more.

After a time I noticed my penis was shrinking while my small breasts grew. I wanted to stop the pills and creams but Julie tied and gagged me in the attic, in only ruffled panties, corset, and training bra, and beat me with whips, belts and rubber hoses until I fainted. Next I was ass-fucked with her high heels, plastic and rubber dildos, and a vibrator set on its highest speed. I also licked her pussy again and again. Within three weeks I surrendered to her desires.

My cock was placed in a FL3C Frenum, which prevented hardons with heavy pain, and remained in it until my shriveled tool could only take a FL2 Frenum, its screws broken off so I could never have sex. My growing breasts had implants that increased them to a B cup. The constant hormones and feminine training helped turn me into a lovely, well-behaved, sissy little lady that Julie is proud to show off to her girlfriends. They also enjoy choosing my clothes and binding and dominating me while I love their cunts. They are surprised at what a good pussy-eater I am, even when I’m being dildood at the same time.

Occasionally Julie had one or more men over and, tied and gagged, I first watch them fuck and suck, then my legs and mouth are untied so I can join in. They are always pleased by my skills, as having once been a man I know all the things they like best. After watching and resting a while, Julie straps on a dildo and ass-fucks me while I give the man or various men a good licking and sucking. They also like to spank me over their knees and tie and abuse me sexually for hours. I love being Julie’s sissy bondage/sex slave and do all I can to please her.

Sissy Slave Laura
North Carolina
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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

CENTURIANS Bondage Annual 10
This catalog magazine is stuffed with 100’s of our restraints. CUFFS OF ALL KINDS, TRAINERS, GAGS, BONDAGE HARNESS AND BELTS, NEW METAL COLLARS AND CUFFS, BELT RESTRAINTS, HOG TIE RESTRAINTS, COMBO BINDERS, LEG AND BODY BINDERS, and on and on. Collectors issue. All color bondage. $24.95 plus postage

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Every couple of years we come out with a large special edition. All in full color. Each page loaded with exotic art, photos and stories of MAN TRANSFORMED INTO WOMEN by Masters and Mistresses. Lots of photos sent in by readers. See the torture and what some have done to their penis. Explicit photos. Some hardcore. $22.95 plus postage

Forced Womanhood 37
This has got to be one of the very best issues yet. It's jammed full of photos and exotic art with stories and articles from Dominants and Masters of how they trained, bound and enslave men into female slaves and sluts. Many more stories of men turned into she-male slaves. This issue is a must. INCREDIBLE ISSUE. $16.50 plus postage

Forced Womanhood 38
Some of the many articles: "CROSSDRESSER LEARNS HOW TO SUCK COCK", "MISTRESS TURNS HER MAN INTO WHIMPERING 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 MEEK SHE-MALE SLAVE EASY", "MAN LOVES HIS SHE-MALE HO", "A MESSAGE FOR SLAVES", and more! $16.50 plus postage

Transformation Magazine 40
Fabulous she-males doing their thing. ARTICLES, PARTIES - some of the many features: ALL THE QUEENS MEN, SYDNEY'S WILD MARDI GRAS, SCREEN QUEENS, LADY DANTE, WILD SEXY HARDCORE VIDEO REVIEWS, LEO "T" GAL, "ASHLEY ALL STAR", PARTYING TVS AND SHE-MALES, Special Feature NICOLE, LILIAN, ILLIANA, and SHINO, FABULOUS CARLA - WOW! and you don't want to miss all of NIKITA. GREAT, GREAT Issue not to dare miss. $9.95 plus postage

Transformation Magazine 41
Some of the many things in this issue. MY BOYFRIEND BECAME A WOMAN, NEWS FROM EUROPE, CLUB CHERRY, 54 REASONS TO HAVE A CROSSDRESSER FOR A HUSBAND. TRANSEXUAL DIVAS, you won't want to miss - SHE-MALE COCK CRAZE! Hardcore! Wow! And, of course, the video and movie reviews, cartoons, erotic art, news - our photo spread on the most beautiful she-males and so on. A real fun packed issue. $9.95 plus postage

Bizarre 18
It's 116 pages of color with lots of action, tons of erotic bondage, lots of articles, stories, cartoons, video reviews, special features, lots of tied up bondage babes, movie reviews and so on. This issue is packed with entertainment. 100's of photos of bondage and fetish and bizarre people and events. $12.50 plus postage

See page 45 for order form
How to feminize your body with natural herbs and vitamins that have natural female estrogen

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

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