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

ENSLAVED Sissies and Maids 6, 2004

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A note from the editor of CENTURIAN PUBLISHING

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

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

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

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

Send your photos and stories to
CENTURIAN PUBLISHING
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.

I smiled as I answered her by exclaiming, “Lucille at this stage of his entry into Feminized Servitude he and any other subject is beyond suffering any embarrassment, or ridicule on their appearance as in their femininely indoctrinated minds this is how they should look and act. In most cases, depending on the individuals, the training period takes six months, three for looks, demeanor, voice and maid training and three or less for their sexual reprogramming which lifelong heterosexual males can be a terribly traumatic experience initially when they learn that their permanently painted, collagen filled facial orifice and plug stretched, silicon bubbled curvaceous assholes are to be used and abused by countless cocks, dildos and as a depository for their sexual juices and tasty body wastes of not only myself but dozens of my intimate female associates.”

“Dear Jeri,
My wife and I live in a very conservative neighborhood, so it can sometimes be difficult to meet other girls and guys who enjoy the same things as we do. It is wonderful to see your magazine and to understand that we are not alone. My wife is a strict disciplinarian, and has also been my biggest supporter, taking me out to Hollywood once in a while to show me off. She has taken the enclosed photos and encouraged me to write to you in hopes of getting responses from others in our area who might be interested in getting together.
Take care,
Michelle St. Ange
P.O. Box 53241
Irvine, CA 92619

“My call over the intercom to immediately cease her duties as Household maid and prepare her for to be imprisoned in her black vinyl Travelling cape would bring a lof of mortification on her exotic, emasculated features.”

Dear Jeri,
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Important Note: It is important that if you are going to put our permanent frenum chastity on your slave’s penis that you reduce his size with continual use of real hormones or heavy doses three times a day with our vitamin hormones.
Dear Enslaved Sissies and Maids,
What a wonderful surprise I got when issue 4 arrived and I found you included my letter and photos. Thank you so much. It’s really a thrill to be in your wonderful magazine. The response from your readers has been good and I’ve heard from several who are interested availing themselves of my domestic and more personal services.
Since I last wrote I attended a Sissy Maid Academy with several other girls. We were each assigned to a Mistress who we served for the entire weekend. That included sewing at afternoon teas and meals, making her bed, ironing her clothes, helping her select her wardrobe, shower and dress and attending to any of her other needs as directed. We also completed training in domestic arts such as table setting, sewing, ironing and the all important sitting, standing and walking like a lady. In the evening we sewed as playthings for our Mistresses in the dungeon, bound to a rack we were spanked, flogged and endured CBT. What a truly wonderful experience.
I’ve included more photos, which I hope you’ll include in a future issue, along with my name and address so other readers can contact me. You can see that in addition to performing my duties I’m sometimes disciplined, either because I’ve done something wrong or simply because it amuses my Master or Mistress. That’s how it should be.
Sincerely,
Barbara Roberts
P.O. Box 6372
Baltimore, MD 21230

I recently received your new Transvestite Sissy Catalog and have ordered several dresses and some shoes for my sissy wardrobe.

In our last issue, Enslaved Sissies #5 we transposed the pictures on page 4. We apologize to T.S. and Gladys for any inconvenience. Here’s what it should have looked like. Our “sissy” typist is get “her” just deserts!

Dear Jeri,
I do really enjoy your magazine. I am a very submissive and very feminine crossdresser. I am looking for a good man who will enjoy me and let me pamper him or I like to meet a nice woman who will enjoy my crossdressing. I do aim to please my partner or partners. I am very serious.
Gladys
P.O. Box 23443
Charlotte, NC 28227

Dear Centurians,
Enclosed find a couple of photos you may use and publish. I am a Sissy White Male, 52, 5’7”, 165 lbs. I love dressing, playing, acting as a Sissy little boy/girl. I want to meet other sissies like myself for dress up fun and cum. Firm believer in petticoat and diaper punishment, used a lot on me when growing up, so let’s get together and be sweet sissy sisters for life.
Send to:
T.S.
P.O. Box 1254
Easton, PA 18042
Gentlemen,

My Mistress sent me a copy of Enslaved Sissies and Maids issue 4 which she had me order from Centurian Publishing for her. She loves the publication and all the new ideas it gives her about how to treat me and transform from a man into a “Sissy.”

My Mistress would like to know, is there a universally recognized symbol for a genetic male that has been transformed into a “sissy”? If there is such a symbol, my Mistress would greatly appreciate your sending me a photograph or a drawing of it. She says if such a symbol exists, she wants it tattooed on my upper thigh, below my ruffled lace panties.

If there is not now such a symbol, could you suggest one that would indicate “Male into Sissy”?

Sincerely yours,

Nancy
San Diego

Note to Nancy From Jeri

Hi Nancy,

It’s funny you asked about such an item. We just got the following letter and these two drawings from a reader asking if anyone could make sissy type Logos or Jewelry.

If there is anyone out there that can make sissy type jewelry, please write me.

Jeri

Note to Jeri

Dear Centurians c/o Sissy,

I’ve read your new sissy magazines recently and I’m turning my boyfriend into my sissy slave. I have all your catalogs but saw nothing for jewelry items that I can make my sissy slave wear at all times. I created a couple drawings of what a sissy should wear when he leaves the house.

Can you supply anything like this?

Mistress Brenda
Sissy Leslie was so excited when his Mistress said she was going to get him a bike as a reward for being so well behaved. Cycling had been a sport for him, and he remembered the 10 speed road bike he used to own, before he became a sissy. So you can imagine his dismay when presented with his new bike. It had been his Mistress's first bike when she was a little girl. He tried so to sound excited that she had it painted in his favorite color, she called it, "sissy pink". Of course it wasn't his favorite color, but it was the color she thought he looked most adorable in. Still it was a bike, and it excited him that he was going to get ride again. His excitement, and spirits, were crushed, although he tried not to show it, when he was dressed in the outfit Mistress had bought for him to go riding in. He expected the frilly pink sissy bra as his Mistress always insisted he keep his little titties modestly covered. He also expected the little shorts, as she always wanted him to show off his bottom. But the white satin with big polk-a-dot shorts fit so tight, and were so short that even sitting straight up on his bike they not only showed off his cheeks to everyone, but it was going to be almost impossible to hide ruffle trimmed panties and bows. Worse yet, even though he tried to close his little, satin top, there were no buttons, and no matter what he did he couldn't hide from passers-by his sissy bra. Since becoming a sissy his Mistress had always insisted he wear sissy heels, so he was so thankful that his Mistress had been thoughtful enough to buy his sneakers. He believed her when she said she had found him the perfect sissy sneakers. Poor Leslie had almost as much trouble walking in them as did his sissy heels. He couldn't help but wonder how he could ever peddle in four inch high platform sneakers. The laces, tied in perfect bows, were not only tasseled but had bells. Even walking as daintily as he'd been taught he couldn't stop their delightful tinkling. When sissy Leslie came back from his bike ride his Mistress asked him how he'd enjoyed it. As excitedly, and bravely, as he could he said how much he'd enjoyed it, between shameful sobs. Happy to hear that, she announced that, from then on, whenever he finished his chores she'd allow him to ride his bike, every day.
In a previous life Tabatha was a successful, high-flying broker until she foolishly answered an ad by a woman searching for an attractive male who enjoyed dressing up. To Tom it was just a harmless pastime. But to Monica Weathers it was how she'd become quite wealthy.

She always started off slowly so as not to scare the poor things. Tabatha, she declared, was to be his fantasy name. He was to come to her
Dear Enslaved,

It was fantasy sex games that brought Ralph under my complete control. I'm a dominant, take-charge gal who loves to tie up and feminize men for sex, and it's easier to do if there's a fantasy kidnap scenario. I'll sometimes be the victim, but the guy has to disguise himself as a woman when he "abducts" me. After he's had his fun then I "free" myself and turn the tables on him. Ralph was the only one who really loved being the feminized captive, and I never had to switch roles unless I felt like a little variety.

Soon we were deeply into our dominant/submissive roles and Ralph gave up his dead end job and moved in with me. I delightedly broadened the fantasy games. I was the fed up maid who transforms her bossy employer into a TV maid. We ordered all sorts of things from your Transvestite and Transformation catalogs, and Ralph even agreed to using your feminizing creams and tablets. Again doing fantasy sex games, I made him wear sissy frilly dresses, "Forever Sissy" lingerie, ruffled socks and Mary Jane shoes, as the humiliated "boss" had to begin like all girls do, with frills and ruffles before graduating to erotic undies, French maid uniforms and 4" to 7" stiletto heels. I disposed of all of Ralph's male clothes, saying his "boss" character would think twice about trying to escape his situation while wearing only women's sexy clothing.

Under the guise of fantasy games he had unwittingly become my real-life TV slave and sex toy. For some time Ralph was happy

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home twice a week and all day Saturday. "She" was to wear lace panties at all times and keep her legs and underarms shaved. "Once here you are no longer Tom, but Tabatha. Becoming a believable girl will take hard work and I will always expect your best effort," she lectured.

Monica was relentless and demanding. Hours spent learning to apply makeup, style her hair, learning how to walk, sit and stand and speak in a feminine voice. She believed in endless repetition until everything became all too natural. A Sunday session was added when she went on to the next phase. "She" was introduced to what she called a "Beginner's corset", garter belt, seamed stocking, and bra, to be worn at all times, she dictated, meaning to the office as well. Which made Tabatha very nervous, but Monica was very firm, believing in total immersion. By now Tabatha was like putty in her hands. She couldn't believe how nice and encouraging Monica was in helping him fulfill his fantasy. As a further incentive whenever she'd tried extra hard Monica would fiddle Tabatha's "pussy" which she insisted she call it, eventually allowing her to spurt in her panties.

As she fully expected Tabatha unconsciously started acting more girly during the day. Which didn't go unnoticed. Tom began losing clients and eventually lost his job. Naturally he was devastated, not knowing what to do. To the rescue Monica suggest he move in, but with a couple of stipulations. She was inviting Tabatha, not Tom, to move in. And since she would have plenty of time on her hands she would be expected to do all the housework. Which commenced her maid training, obedience training and eventually punishment. She became stricter and stricter and less tolerant of the slightest masculine gesture. She cried and waved the first time Monica took a hairbrush to Tabatha. There wasn't a spark of rebellion when she ordered her to kiss the hairbrush and, as sincerely as she could, apologize for being a "Bad Girl". Tabatha was no longer the self-assured, aggressive decision maker. She became noticeably more submissive, meek and timid.

With Tabatha now well "under foot" it was time, she declared, for a professional makeup job and a decent hairstyle. Taking her to her special beautician Tabatha nearly went into shock when, hours later, she saw herself. She was now a blonde with sexy curly hair. Plucked eyebrows, full eye makeup, luscious, full red lips. Long, unbreakable nails, pierced ears. She wouldn't have to worry about doing her makeup each day as they had used a dye, although she was told it wasn't permanent. Which was a lie, as her makeup and lips had been tattooed on.

At home Monica was relentless. Tabatha's heels got impossibly higher, her corsets unbearably tighter. Finally Monica decided it was time. She let her "pussy" spurt one last time. Then, on the pretext of removing a mole from her back she unsuspectingly allowed herself to be strapped down to an operating table. When she awoke she cried so when she saw her huge, melon-shaped tits and sobbed in anguish when Monica held a mirror up so she could see her tiny, permanently chastised "pussy".

Locking a steel collar around her, attached to a chain Monica candidly explained that transforming young males into docile, she-males is how she made her living. She could see the shock on Tabatha's face when she was to be put up for sale in the next couple of days. If you're lucky your owner will buy you as a house pet or if you're really lucky she may even put you in skirts and train you as a maid, she said, trying to reassure her. Which, poor Tabatha, found little consolation as she was led off on the leash.

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**Lady Uses Fantasy Games To Turn Man Into Sissy Sex Toy**

with his real and fantasy lives, even wearing a corset constantly as well as stiletto high heels (except on the days he was a sissy in Mary Janes), to give his girlish figure a trimmer waist, rounder butt and hips, and even shapeless legs and ankles. In the context of our fantasy games, I played a female burglar, etc., and tied him up at night so he couldn't remove his corset or high heels.

Then things changed as Ralph became alarmed to find that both his penis and sex drive were dwindling while his nicely formed breasts grew and his hair and skin became silken and feminine softer. He demanded an end to his feminization, as he had no wish to become a she-male with an ineffective cock. Pretending to be one of my fantasy characters, I easily overpowered Ralph and took him down to our fantasy torture room in the cellar for some real-life abuse!

During the next month feminized Ralph was whipped, spanked, face-slapped, and dildoed. I made him crawl all tied up across the floor to kiss my shoes, suck their high heels, and eat my pussy. I tied him to the St. Andrew's cross maker, leashed and dildoed him, suspended him in a hog-tie from beams (whipping him and making him tongue my cunt and swinging him by his cock and balls) and bound him in every intricate and severe position I could dream up. All the while I kept in my fantasy character roles, and Ralph finally submitted and played his characters. Still, I kept him down there until I was certain he was actually well-cowed.

Afterward, Ralph's prick and nuts were locked in your Phallic Fidelity Enforcer device and we began the fantasy game where a cheating husband is sent to a she-male maids academy. I was the strict Amazon teacher who cruelly trained him in every aspect of femininity, corsetry, high heels, discipline, etc, with my various whips and stringent bondage. I rotated Ralph's clothing from French maid to sissy satin, frills and Mary Janes each day of his training. His shrinking cock was finally locked permanently in a FL2C Frenum chastity, and large breast implants soon followed.

Though I am supremely happy with my she-male French maid/sissy, frilly slut, whom I also occasionally dress as a school girl, with bobbie socks and penny loafers, I do get a craving for a real man's cock. Staying with my fantasy games, I dress the man in erotic lingerie, wig and stiletto heels, then blind and have sex with him while Ralph (only nylons and 7" heels) stands watching, tied and gagged. When I've had my bondage and sex fun with the feminized male, I let him do what he wants to me and then to Ralph; often they are both tied. I love watching the two "ladies" get it on!

Mistress Gwen
I'd like to thank you for showing me how to enslave my (sissy) husband. I'm from the Philippines and met him when he was working overseas. Although he was older than me, he was so charming and attentive that I didn't care that he was struggling with a love affair. We are now married and living happily ever after.

After returning to this country, I found some of your magazines he'd hidden. At the time I thought it interesting that some women turned their boyfriends and husbands into sissies, taking possession of all their assets, having the sissy serve the wife as well as their new lover. I wasn't interested in any of that. I only wanted to please him and make him happy that he married me and brought me to this country. Living here has so many wonderful opportunities for me. I learned how to speak English fluently and began nurses training.

Busy with all the studying I had, I gave in to his constant begging and began tying him up at night while I studied. Then he began wearing one of my old 32B bras and a pair of my soiled panties to work under his clothes. He was happy as I handed them to him, telling him to put on a pair of pantyhose and a waist cincher. He knelt down and promised to do anything I asked. I told him he could be my Maid and clean the house after work. I was surprised to find him busy mopping the floor when I returned home, the clothes folded and he had dinner cooking on the stove. He was still wearing the things I'd given him that morning. I decided that each morning I'd give him something to wear to work to remember me through the day. He began asking if I could get him hormones to increase his breasts saying he wanted to be one of the sissies we read about.

His collection of bondage items from your company fills the spare bedroom where I kept him locked up while I study. There is a small steel framed bed that his arm and legs are locked to while enjoying a peaceful evening to myself.

Thinking about all the neat things that have happened since I gave in to his desires really isn't that bad. He now comes home and changes into what I lay out on my bed and then cleans the house, makes supper, does the wash and ironing while he's dressed in five-inch heels, corset, nylon stockings, a pair of nipple clips, training bra, a pair of ankle cuffs locked together with a short chain and wrist cuffs locked to his penis chastity so he can't remove the pair of my soiled panties gagging him (the pair he's worn that day) as he waits for me. When I arrive home I'll put a slave collar around his neck and decide where I want to leave him as I sit down to enjoy the meal he's cooked. I might remove the gag and let him lick the leftovers out of his dish or I might decide to put a blindfold on him and then take him out to the garage or down into the cellar and tie him there while I have a peaceful evening studying.

Last year he was laid off and received a large settlement from the company, which I've wisely invested in my name. He has been at home since then and I've allowed him to become the woman he wants to be. At first he enjoyed dressing and playing as my maid but when I told him to throw out all his masculine clothes he started arguing so I locked him in a Parrot cage I bought and had hidden in the garage. He refused but I pinched his nipples until he agreed. If he wanted to be a slave then he had to act like one and that was doing whatever he was told to.

I had him carry it down into the cellar and locked him in it while I was in class. What he didn't know is that I intended to leave him there until he agreed to do everything I told him to without any argument. The first few days were difficult with his yelling and then crying but he finally accepted what I said after almost a week of confinement.

Next I then inserted a pole up inside him and tied his ankles together so he was implanted on it. I pulled the corset as tight as I could and reduced his diminishing waist from a thirty-two to twenty-eight with a goal of twenty-two inches. A pair of suction cups had increased his chest to an A cup but I want him to be at least a B before getting his implants. After being kept in the cage with practically no food and little to drink for over a month he readily agreed to submit to anything.

Your metal slave collar and cuffs are great in that he's unable to remove them and has to wear them out in Public along with his sissy clothes. When I want to humiliate him I connect the leash from his penis chastity to his slave collar. His pierced nipples show through the sheer silk blouse. I've threatened to have his nose pierced to further humiliate him. Sitting at the lawyers office as he signed everything over to me dressed in a black leather mini skirt and sleeveless white blouse with a pair of five-inch spike heels, while the secretary looked at his penis chastity peaking out from his short skirt. He told me it was the most humiliating thing he'd even done when we returned home. I now have everything of his, his pickup, both his bikes and the checkbook. Last week I made him sell his tools dressed in the mini skirt and blouse he wore to the lawyer's office. He refused at first until I threatened to give them away. The couple just laughed as I stood there looking ridiculous, although the guy looked at me like he was interested.

Your article where the master had wrapped his slave in plastic and used her as a turn on, so I wrapped him in plastic and inserted a large opening plastic bottle in his mouth with the end removed and used it as a funnel when I use him as my toilet slave, then gag him with the panties he'd worn that day before tying him to his bed for the night. It's such a great joy to see my once masculine husband who ruled the house as the sissy he's turned into, doing everything I instruct him to. I haven't decided whether to take on a lover and further humiliate him or find a girlfriend and watch her abuse him.

The last thing I plan to do is to take him to his class reunion next year with a pair of gigantic size tits as a final humiliation. He's aware of this and has resigned himself to the idea that I might actually do it. I've even threatened to lend him to one of his old girlfriends.

Just thinking about it makes me wet. He's been acting up and I need to punish him. Think I'll put him in the cage and implant him on his pole then invite the neighbor over to watch as I abuse him. She may even have a few ideas of her own once she sees him.

Keep writing those great articles.

Miss Tina.
The Ives sisters, Agatha and Gladys, were wealthy spinsters who lived alone in a huge mansion. Their biggest problem was the hired help. They were brutally hard and constantly critical, working them to bone-day and night. After all, they reasoned, they were just servants. Too low to even bother speaking to. They just turned them over to their housekeeper. So it was no wonder they couldn't keep a maid more than a few months, before, absolutely terrified, they ran away.

It was with friends at the country club that they were complaining about the help that one of the women said, “I had the same problem but no longer. Call a woman named Porsche Justice, tell her what your requirements are and she'll fill it down to the last detail, and set a purchase price.”

“You're saying she sells servants?” Agatha asked.

“Specially trained maids. To be precise she converts young males into sissy she-male maids. Her academy breaks them in and when you get one they're totally docile, submissive, obedience trained and you can, literally, work them almost twenty four hours a day.” You'd think the Ives sisters would be shocked. But they were too wealthy and jaded. They knew money could buy anything.

“Just make sure you ask for one that's been neutered. The neutered ones are the most docile,” the woman added.

A few days later at the Justice Sissy Academy, Porsche Justice said to her assistant, “We have a new order to fill
from two sisters. They want a young, blonde, very attractive, totally feminized and, oh yes, neutered."

"I don't think that's a problem. I've had my eye on a waiter. After some discreet inquiries I'm positive no one will miss him," Julia said.

Two days later Julia entered Porsche's office yanking a terrified, blindfolded and manacled young male by a leash. Taking up the leash she said, "You fit all the specifications for an order we've received. You're here to be transformed into a completely feminized maid. Once you've been broken and trained you'll be sold to the purchasers."

"But you can't do something like this. Pick out a someone you decided you're going to turn into a girl," he cried out in disbelief.

"Well, you won't be completely feminized, however, the purchasers are adamant that you be neutered. Don't worry it doesn't entail the removal of the organ, it will simply be permanently chastised."

Julia let him spurt one last time then you can prep him for Dr. Monroe."

Several months later the Ives sisters got a call from Porsche stating that their order was ready to be picked up. They were excited but on their way out for a golf match. So they sent the housekeeper to pick up their purchase.

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"Is this her? My god, she looks like a slut," Muriel, the housekeeper, remarked. "This is how we present them to new owners. Some owners prefer the slutty look, but you can always tone her down," Porsche said, handing Muriel the she-male leash. She honestly didn't know how the thing could stand, let alone walk in the staggering high, platform shoes. She looked disdainfully at her enormous, melon-sized tits. Couldn't conceive of having to wear a corset. She did have to admire her figure, which Porsche proudly stated was 39D-19-42. Then lifting up the ruffled skirt on her corset pointed to her tiny, chastised organ. "And as promised, as you can see, she's permanently neutered. The Ives sister's reaction was much the same as the housekeeper's. "She looks like a trashy streetwalker. When you have her decently dressed bring her to us and we'll take a look," they directed. Just before dinner the housekeeper brought her back in to the sisters on a leash with her hands manacled behind her. "That's more like it," Agatha said, looking down her nose at their new maid in a much more conservative grey, satin uniform. Although the squared-off neckline couldn't contain her enormous breasts. "The school advises to keep her on a leash and restrained for several months until she gets acclimated to her new owners and duties. I'm also to take the cane to her every morning until she understands that nothing less than her best effort will ever be tolerated," the housekeeper said. "Explain to her we are her new owners, that her legal name, we've decided, is Daisy Bell. You'll be in charge of her, she's never to speak except to answer a question, and she's never to speak directly to us. I understand she's been conditioned to work long hours..."
"Yes ma'am, the school states that she can easily be worked an eighteen hour day."
The sisters were positively delighted with their new maid. In contrast, poor Daisy spent her days being worked to death, terrified of the housekeeper, but even more so of the the two sisters. Fortunately for her, the two sisters both passed away within months of each other about a year later. Daisy was obviously so relieved mistakenly thinking she was now free. However when the will was read to her favorite niece, "We leave ownership of Daisy Bell, maid, to Julia Ives."
Julia, a young, up and coming executive, signed the papers transferring ownership of the maid to her. Attaching her leash Daisy was yanked out to her car, put in the trunk, and driven to her new home.
My sissy maid gets so excited when I treat her to a night out as a reward. She spends all her days in the cute uniforms she’s forever changing into. When I held up the sexy, black, cocktail dress she “oohed” and “aaaahed” so, even though she was only seeing the front. She didn’t get at all apprehensive when I told her she won’t be wearing panties as I often had her without them.

She did get confused and a bit nervous when I powdered and rouged her now quite ample bottom. When I had her strapped into it and turned her around to the mirror she turned six different shades of red.

“Please Mistress, couldn’t I wear another dress?” she pleaded.

“But I bought this just for you. I think you look very sexy and attractive,” I said.

“But it’s so revealing. It shows my whole behind,” she protested.

“Of course it does, it’s meant to. You know that it’s your best asset, pardon the pun. I really don’t understand you, you should be proud to have the opportunity to show it off to so many people. I think you’ll have all the men’s tongues hanging out. And if you feel a pinch on your bottom remember to politely thank the person for their nice compliment.”

Needless to say, she did a lot of “thanking” that night.
Men Were Crea
Dear Enslaved Sissy and Maids,

I just had to write and share my story with your readers. Especially your women readers who have secret fantasies they are afraid to share. You see I have been married for 10 years now but only truly happy for 3 years. What changed for me? It was that I finally came out to my husband and stopped denying my dominating side. Reading your magazine helped me realize, I wasn’t the only one out there with these fantasies. See it all started when he went through his mid-life crisis and started sleeping around on me. Of course I was the last to know. When I confronted him about it he said that we had just drifted apart and if I would just give it to him sometime, maybe he could get over it. He moved out to a hotel that day. I was furious! How dare he try to leave me after I had given him 7 years of my life. There was no way I was letting him go or splitting all our stuff, I had to do something. I gave him a month on his own so I could make a plan. I converted our basement to a dungeon and ordered many things from your company during the wait. I wonder what the neighbors thought of UPS being at my house so much.

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The bigger packages like the cage and bondage bench must have really made them wonder. I “ooohed” and “aahed” as each new item appeared on my doorstep. Things like leather straps, gags, shoes, clothing and even an FL.

After all the stuff had arrived and the basement was ready, I called him. I asked him to come for dinner that night. He agreed since he thought we had some stuff we should talk about. When he showed up to dinner I couldn’t believe it. He was wearing shorts and a t-shirt, instead of his usual suit, and he had bleached his black hair blonde. He looks like an old man trying to pretend he was much younger. Of course when I was done with him he would look much different.

We had a candle light dinner with all his favorite foods but it was wasted on him. All he wanted to talk about was getting a divorce. He talked about selling our house so we could split the money or maybe I could just buy him out. I was so mad it was hard not to argue with him but not wanting to tip my hat I bit my tongue.

Finally it was time for dessert. As I planned, he ate a huge piece of the chocolate pie. Commenting that maybe we could be friends and I could make him pie some time. Grrrrrr. It was such a relief when his non-stop mouth finally stopped as his head hit the table. The sleeping powder in the pie had worked great.

It wasn’t cheap, but when he woke up he was a whole new man or should I say “wo-man”. With the breast implants, plastic surgery and a hair weave, I don’t think his own mother would have known who he was. It was all worth it because he was a very sexy woman. I heard him moan into his gag and knew he was finally awake. He tried to sit up but couldn’t as the tight leather straps held him in place. The mirror above him gave him a great view of his new body. Despite the fact that his appearance shocked him he was still turned on, which was obvious from his hard-on. He struggled to get free to no avail, as she was tightly secured.

Gently I took her cock in my hands, not saying a word, I rubbed my hand up and down her shaft. I explained as I went that her new name was Sissy Powder Puff and from now on she was my slave. Horror showed in her eyes as she realized I would never let her go. She was enjoying my rubbing despite the situation. It didn’t take long for her to cum all over her new body. Leaving the cum everywhere else I cleaned her cock with a cold rag. Now it was time to complete my slave. I explained that beside the cosmetic change I had one last thing for her. She was never to allow her cock to run her life again and to help her in this I installed an FL8 on her now soft cock. As I broke off the permanent screws, I notice I was also turned on. Removing her gag I forced him to lick me clean. She tried to fight, but if she wanted to breathe she had no choice but to use her tongue.

The fight needed to be taken out of my new slave. The repeated whippings on her soft flesh didn’t seem to help. At times I whipped her so hard her skin broke and she would bleed but still she refused to do as she was told. I had to keep her chained at all times, which meant she couldn’t start on her duties of cooking and cleaning.

When not whipping her I kept her in a corset, which helped to round out her body. She also took your vitamins that really soften her skin. I racked my brain on a way to make her serve but nothing seemed to work. I quickly got bored of the lickings and wanted something more. I would go out to find a “real” man then come home and make her lick his cum off of me. I was still afraid of what she might say or do if I brought one home and I definitely wasn’t going to lose her after all this work and money. Then I found a man into S&M. Here was a good match. He would like to see her tied and gagged.

I dressed her in her little pink nighty with matching pink socks and baby doll shoes #2. As I bound her in place she kicked so much that I had to replace the shoes several times. Using a ball gag to keep her silent I was now ready. I explained to my lover that she liked to pretend she was being raped so that’s why she struggled so much. As my lover came into the room where she was placed he gasped with excitement. His cock stood at attention with no need for any help at the site of my bound slave. He studied the encased cock and breast implants as best he could through her bounds. His cock obviously approved, but he was a little put off by the fact that she used to be a man. Once I told him he would be her first, his cock would be denied no more.

Shoving his cock in to her tight ass brought moans of pleasure from his lips and of pain from Sissy Powder Puff’s lips. Even through the gag I could tell he was screaming in pain. My lover fucking her hard, smashing her balls as he rammed his cock home. My cunt was dripping at the site. Here was my husband being fuck in his virgin ass, raped by another man, and I was more turned on then I had ever been. Not even bothering to remove the gag I rubbed my hot wet cunt against her gagged mouth. Cumming and cumming as my lover fucked her hard. My lover made it last for almost an hour by stopping and going again, taking great pleasure in her tight ass muscles wrapped around his throbbing cock.

Then he pulled out. Asking me to remove the gag he forced my slave to suck his cock, shooting hot cum down her throat.

Since that fateful day Sissy Powder Puff has become a great maid and cook. I keep her in your locking Sissy Maid Bondage Uniform (baby pink of course), baby doll socks, and shoes for around the house. Whenever she goes out she wears your 12A Sweet Dress with tights and heels. Your company has provided me with the means to achieve true happiness through your products and magazines. My only regret is I wasted 7 years. So to all your woman readers; “Don’t wait, make it known we are the stronger sex. Men were created to serve us.”

A happy wife
"What the fuck is this?" I screamed at my sissy, sticking the unpolished sole of one of my favorite pumps in her face.

"I'm sorry Mistress, I just missed it. There were so many," she quaked.

"Don't give me excuses. I counted them this morning. There's only 20 pair of shoes and six pairs of boots, and you've had all day in the closet. If I've told you once, I've told one hundred times. I wanted the soles, the insides of the heels polished like new. Absolutely won't tolerate this laziness. Perhaps I've been too lenient with you. Maybe you'd get your chores done if you were worked 18 to 20 hours a day instead of just sixteen."

"Oh please, it won't happen again," she begged in quivering terrified voice.

"You're damn right it won't, not when I'm through with you. Come with me sissy, I have surprise for you," I said dragging her by the ear into the dreaded room I set aside for disciplining her.

Sissy lived fear of that room for she never knew what awaited her. Today I was quite excited as I did have something quite new for her.

"Strip and put your punishment shoes on," I ordered, watching her force her feet into the torurous eight inch heels with a platform sole.

"Now spread your legs. More!" I hollered, kicking them as far apart as I could.

"Now bend and put your arms against your legs," I ordered, strapping them to each other. Bent painfully over she finally saw what was on the floor. A stupendously heavy wrecker bar that I'd bought at a construction site. They couldn't figure out why I wanted it, but they delivered it.

"Open," I said, cramming the ball gag in her mouth. Then I chained her collar to the ball, and then chained her chastised, little dickie to it. The ball was too heavy for her to even budge.

The slightest movement I was sure would cause her silly little thing a lot of pain. But what I enjoyed the most was her terrified look when I put the riding crop, and not the paddle or hairbrush, where she couldn't help but stare at it.

"I'll leave you to reflect on your laziness. When I return if I hear you've been a bad, lazy sissy I may, or may not, forgive you. I'll be back in two hours," I said.

Sometimes, I chuckled, you don't even have to punish a sissy, all you have to do is terrify them. I had no idea if I'd accept what I was sure would be a thoroughly degrading apology. It would all depend on my mood.
I knew as soon as I saw him that he'd make the most adorable sissy to have around the house and to proudly show off. He was so short, just barely five feet, he looked tiny and dainty, and what beautiful, long blonde hair. I just knew, once it grew out, I'd be able to do a lot with it.

I hired him as our new office boy with a promise to eventually move him up. And he was so grateful when I offered him a spare room. Which I decorated just like a girl's room before I had him move in. He was even more grateful that I kept the rent so low in exchange for a little work around the house. In no time at all I had him in frilly aprons and darling girls' outfits, working more in the house than the office.

Poor thing he cried and pleaded so when I informed him that I thought it best to sissify him and that I thought he'd be much more comfortable dressed as a girl. I really couldn't understand his reluctance and he put up as much of a fight as the little thing could.

Several good spankings was followed by putting a collar on him. Not around his neck, but the tiny pebbles between his legs. He calmed down considerably when I attached his leash. Just a slight tug is all it took for him to comply with my wishes.

Naturally he didn't like being leash trained. But I patiently explained that sissies need to be kept on a leash to keep them docile until they're obedient and house broken. When I let her out to sun by the pool, for example, I feel it's safest to attach her collar to a chain. So I know that wherever I put her she won't have moved from that spot. I spent months, and spared no expense, creating just the right look. I didn't give her huge breasts but bouncy, little boobies, although I did give her quite a girlish ass. Her crowning glory, besides her sweet, innocent appearance, is her hair, which she spends hours on every day. She's such a dainty, doll-like sissy that I thought she would be best kept as a housepet. And I came up with the perfect name for her, Kitty.
Dear Sissy Mag,

My husband used to go out on me all the time. He liked dominant women and I found he frequented a Dominant’s dungeon. I found a bunch of dominant magazines in his closet and a copy of your sissy magazine. When he came home with bruises on his neck and wrists I freaked out and threw the magazines at his feet and then opened up your sissy magazine. I read the sissy magazine before he got home over and over again. It intrigued me to no end. I could turn this cheating son of a bitch into a girl and actually chastise him permanently so he could never have sex again! Wow! Now that sounded like fun.

I threw the sissy magazine down in front of him, yelling, “Is this what you want? You want to be dominated, is that it?” Looking at the bruises his breasts, I yelled, “You motherfucker, you just got out of bondage! I’ll show you domination my way. Put your hands behind your back,” I commanded.

I pulled out a roll of tape and taped his hands together behind his back. I pushed him down and taped his legs to his hands hogtie style, then taped his eyes closed.

I told him that from now on, I’m turning him into a real sissy slave and he would never be able to go out on me again. He screamed from his bonds that he liked bondage but didn’t want to be turned into a sissy. I said, “Too bad.”

The next day I ordered some Centurian Bondage gear and baby doll shoes, a sissy outfit, a schoolgirl outfit and your hormones.

That was nearly a year ago. I now have a subscription for your Forced Womanhood and Enslaved Sissies magazine so I can learn all the things I can do to him.

Over this last year I slowly turned him into the sweet little thing he now is. Two months ago I made him get breast implants. A month after that I chastised him permanently. And guess what I did last week!

I had an old boyfriend come over. I had Brent, now Brenda in a schoolgirl outfit, baby doll shoes, white knee high stockings and I put his hair in pigtails. My ex boyfriend got a hard on right away and then fucked the hell out of her. Then, with Brenda’s hands bound behind her I made her get on her knees and suck my ex boyfriends cock to get hard for me.

Then Brenda had to watch as my ex made mad passionate love to me.

When my ex left I looked down at my sissy slave and in a very stern voice said, “Now you know what it’s like to have your mate go out on you. Not only did you get fucked and have to suck a man’s cock, you had to watch another man make love to me. How does feel, you rotten cock sucking son of a bitch?”

“Now, you prickless ass, I want a divorce and you’re going to have to spend the rest of your life as a girl with a useless, chastised penis. Tomorrow I want you out of the house.”

Brenda was crying the next day when he left. I might take him back, but I’m not sure at this time. I could use a sissy slave around the house to do all the chores.

Ms. Jennifer K.

PS. I really enjoyed this last year. Thank you for great publications. I learned a lot.
Dear Sissy Magazine,

I met Bruce, now Betty in a gay bar where crossdressers hung out. Soon after, Bruce moved in with me. Now, I liked women for their looks but I really liked my cock sucked and liked anal sex. So what better to do than turn a simple crossdresser into a beautiful woman with a perfect ass.

I was surprised when Bruce told me he read your magazines too. Now Bruce has had her breast implants, her penis chastised and I keep her in sissy outfits we bought from your catalogs. Betty is bound up at night and during the day she cleans, cooks and keeps the house. When we go out, we go out as man and wife. We’re both been wondering if we can actually get married. Betty passes very well as a girl.

Mr. Glen D.
Dear Centurians,

We love your magazines. My friend and I love all the beautiful she-males in your Transformation magazine. We picked up a crossdresser who said he'd be our live-in housekeeper if we'd help him with his transformation to a woman. This worked better than we thought. Not only did we get Karen her breast implants and her hormones but she kept our house clean, she cooks and lets both of us fuck the hell out of her. Best of all, Karen enjoys both of us on her at the same time. We take turns fucking her ass and getting blowjobs. The three of us live together in harmony. Karen has our dinner ready when we get home and she's ready and willing to satisfy either of us or both at the same time any time we like.

After we read your magazine we decided that starting now we are going to turn her into a sissy schoolgirl. See our order enclosed.

Bob and Mike
Dominant Woman Makes Man Into Sissy She-male Sex Slave

Dear Enslaved,

My interest in feminizing males began in childhood when I caught my younger brother Lin wearing my pink satin party dress and Mary Janes. He confessed his love of pretending to be a girl and, intrigued, I indulged him. He gave me his allowance and I bought him makeup, frilly undies, etc., as well as giving him clothes I no longer wanted. We continued like this until I went off to college, and then took a job in another state so Lin and I rarely saw each other.

In college I had one boyfriend who allowed me to dress him in frilly sissy things, then we later split up and I did not find anyone else. It was so frustrating!

Finally I found Ray, who lived across the hall in my apartment building. Slim and girlishly handsome, he anxiously went along with my feminizing him and showed me your excellent magazine. He loved to be tied up while feminized, and practiced self-bondage as he'd been too shy to tell anyone of his desires before we met.

We saw each other almost constantly after work, and I helped him get the

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Dearest Enslaved,
I was introduced to crossdressing by my childhood playmate Johnny, who used to dress us in his older sister's clothes while she was off at boarding school. I found the school girl uniforms and the ruffled undies, over-the-knee stockings, pink and white party dresses, Mary Janes, with small heels, all so exciting to wear. We also combed our longish hair like girls. An added thrill was playing cops and robbers and seeing my tied school girl reflection in a large mirror. I didn't try to free myself and would just lie there admiring myself. Unhappily, a year later my parents moved, and my new friends had no interest in dressing up. Still, the memory of those wonderful "dressed up" days remained with me into adulthood.

I met Ashley when she was working at an X-rated theatre as a cashier and I was an usher. One week the movie was about forced crossdressing, with the male being dominated by a sexy woman who resembled Ashley. The man was not only made to wear adult lingerie but sissy and school girl undies, clothes and shoes. We were watching the movie during our break and I timidly brought up my childhood experiences. Ashley was very intrigued and asked if I wanted to act out the movie with her. I instantly agreed, and the next day we went shopping for me.

We drove several hours to Reno to your Romantic Sensations Boutique, which was a delightful, eye-opening experience, and we wished we had even more money to spend. We came away with a "Forever Sissy" frilly bra, panties, over-the-knee school girl stockings, black Mary Janes from your "Little Tootsie" line, penny loafers and saddle shoes to

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Woman Turns Weak Man Into Sissy Schoolgirl Slave

...and behaved like a woman. Ashley whacked my tits, ass, cockhead and balls with a thin whip whenever I made a mistake so I did my best to become a woman. I was tied tightly and penis gagged in the cellar or a closet whenever Ashley went out. Until she finally felt she could trust me and let me in cuffs and chains so I could work around the house.

Finally my tits were ready for large implants and my tiny cock was locked permanently in a FL4A Frenum, ending its sexual activities. My maleness is gone and I am a gorgeous brown she-male who looks like a complete woman. My name is now Sheila, and I am Ashley's bound, school girl companion and sex slave. With my mouth and tied hands I suck and masturbate her male and female friends and submissively submit to mouth, ass, and tit fucking plus any other depraved whims the guests might have. Still, I love it all and look forward to each bondage/sex weekend.

She-Male Slave Sheila

Dominant Woman Makes Man Into Sissy She-male Sex Slave

sizes right to order sissy undies, shoes, and clothes from your Transformation and Transvestite catalogs. Soon we took a small house together and I convinced him to quit his job and become my sissy sex slave maid. In pink or white satin locking sissy maids bondage uniforms, wrists and ankles cuffed and chained, Ray would tend to the chores while I was off at work. He grew his long brown hair longer and I arranged it in a feminine style. He also agreed to try your various feminizing creams and pills, and was at first enthralled with his silken hair, softer skin, rounder, more feminine figure, and breasts. But he realized that his cock was shrinking while his breasts grew and his body became more feminine, and refused to continue his treatments.

I had already decided that I wanted a sissy she-male sex slave so I overpowered Ray and kept him tied and gagged in the attic wearing only a frilly "Forever Sissy" bra, matching panties, over-the-knee, school girl stockings and black #1 Baby Doll shoes with two bow straps.

I made him eat from pet dishes (the food laced with strong doses of feminizing pills) and face-sat him for hours while he licked my horny cunt to repeated climaxes. I also fucked his ass with various sized rubber and plastic dildos and my 8" stiletto heels, which he afterwards sucked clean. I spanked him with my hand and a ping-pong paddle, as well as lashing him with whips and belts.

By the end of the week Ray had sobbingly surrendered and agreed to all of my demands. I kept Ray tied and gagged and locked in a sissy dress when I went to work until I felt I could trust him to be only in less restrictive cuffs and chains so he could do the house work. Every night I gave him an hour or more of feminine lessons and lashed him with a thin whip on his cock, balls, and down the center of his ass-crack whenever he screwed up. His cock was fastened in a FL4E Frenum chastity and I attached a leash to its "O" ring and led him around, often tethering him to objects. Finally he was ready for large breast implants, and his small cock was secured permanently in a FL2 Frenum.

"Rachel" easily passes for a genetic woman, and I dress her in sissy and schoolgirl clothes, Baby Doll, Sylvia, and Mary Jane shoes, as well as saddle shoes and penny loafers. Her highly skilled mouth, tongue, and tied hands delight my girlfriends, and they enjoy dildoing her. I have her put on a fashion show for them, wearing various frilly sissy dresses, pleated, suspended skirts, midriff blouses, bobby socks, ruffled socks, Sylvia and Mary Jane shoes, and sissy lingerie.

When I have a man over to give me what Rachel no longer can, he feels at ease about indulging me and wearing sissy undies, socks and Mary Janes with little girl heels, and being tied up for sex. When he sees Rachel tied and gagged in a sissy or schoolgirl dress, and is then allowed to molest her after I'm well satisfied, I love to see him fuck she-male Rachel's mouth, ass, and ti-tunnel, cumming in her gorgeous face. I get so aroused I join in with my dildo and screw them both. Then the man and I continue to humiliate sissy, submissive Rachel for the rest of the night—often they both remain in bondage over the whole sex-filled weekend. It's such a blast to dominate them!

Mistress Jean
Sissy She-male Sex Slave For Sale

Schedule of Events
Graduation Noon
Students on display 1:00 PM
Sale by owners 2:00 PM
Student Auction 3:00 PM
Woman Turns Submissive Man Into Her Shemale Sissy Slave And Makes Him Suck His First Cock When All Dressed Up As A Sissy

Her sissy slave bound up with Centurians Lock On Sissy Dress with attached collar and cuffs.

Check out this nice fuckable sissy's ass.

If you're going to be a sissy then you have to learn how to suck cock!

With her hands bound behind her, she is forced to suck her first cock.

Now suck his cock you sissy or else!
Don't just look at it, suck it!

Bob got hard right away seeing her all dressed up in a Satin Sissy Dress and Baby Doll Shoes.

Ok, That's a good girl, now take it all the way into your mouth.

I don't want to have to spank you, now put it in your mouth and suck it.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>ENSLAVED SISSIES AND MAIDS</strong> and <strong>FORCED WOMANHOOD</strong> Back Issues</th>
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| **Enslaved Sissies and Maids 2**
If you liked the first issue - this one is really good with tons of articles, stories, photos, art from Masters and Mistresses who have turned men into really sissy slaves. Some of the many real stories: "WIFE TURNS HUSBAND INTO PERSONAL SISSY SLUT", "DOMINANT MAN TURNS WEAKLING INTO SISSY SHE-MALE SLUT", "WIFE TURNS HUSBAND INTO CHASTISED SHE-MALE SLAVE". A must issue.

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

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| **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 articles from sissies, mistresses, wives and masters. This issue is jammed with stories and exotic art. Some of the stories: "MAN TURNS TV INTO SHE-MALE SLAVE FOR HIS OWN PLEASURE", "EX HUSBAND TURNED SISSEY BEGS TO WEAR SKIRTS", "WIFE TURNS TV HUSBAND INTO PRETTY SLAVE MAID" and more.

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| **Forced Womanhood 38**
Some of many articles: "CROSSDRESSER LEARNs HOW TO SUCK COCK", "MISTRESS TURNS HER MAN INTO WHIMPERING SLAVE IN THEIR OWN DUNGEON", "WOMAN CHANGES MALE MODEL INTO SISSY SHE-MALE BONDAGE SLAVE", "MASTER TRANSFORMS SISSEY LOOKING MAN INTO COCK SUCKING SHE-MALE", "WOMAN FINDS MAKING MAN INTO MEEK SHE-MALE SLAVE EASY" and more.

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| **Forced Womanhood 39**
This is an issue not to be missed. Lots of letters from Dominants and Masters on how they turned men into enslaved chastised women to serve them and others. "DOMINANT WIFE TURNS HUSBAND INTO A SHE-MALE BONDAGE SLAVE," "WOMAN TURNS HER CHEATING HUSBAND INTO A VERY SUBMISSIVE CHASTISED SLAVE TO GET EVEN", "MASTER SAYS SHE-MALE MUCH BETTER THAN REAL WOMEN", and much more!

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This is really an important issue. Not only does it have tons of letters with photos from readers, but it tells you the nine things you have to do to turn your man into a she-male slave. Plus our brand new penis lock. It also has tons of hardcore photos showing what she-male slaves have to go through, and of course, our extraordinary sexy art.

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See page 45 for order form
Baby Doll and Mary Jane Shoes

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

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

For women or men who want to become a woman

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

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