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

Enslaved Sissies and Maids 14, 2006

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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 depict a story with their art. We spend $3,000 to $5,000 in every issue of “Forced Womanhood” and “Enslaved Sissies and Maids” on artwork alone. These two magazines cost more than the other adult distributed magazines. We think it is worth it to bring you, the reader, magazines that are unique and fun to read. A lot more work goes into putting these two magazines out.

IMPORTANT NOTE: IT IS IMPORTANT THAT IF YOU ARE GOING TO PUT OUR PERMANENT FRENUM CHASTITY ON YOUR SLAVE'S PENIS THAT YOU REDUCE HIS SIZE WITH CONTINUAL USE OF REAL HORMONES OR HEAVY DOSES THREE TIMES A DAY WITH OUR VITAMIN HORMONES.

SEE FORCED WOMANHOOD FOR OUR PERMANENT CHASTITIES

Send your photos and stories to
CENTURIAN PUBLISHING
VISTA STATION
P.O. BOX 3710
SPARKS, NV 89435-1510

Man Blackmailed By Wife To Wear Sissy Clothes

Dear Enslaved Sissies,
I have turned my boyfriend into a real sissy. He is taking your hormones which have already increased his breast size to a full "B" cup. He is coming along just fine. I keep him at my feet in one of your beautiful sissy dresses and your iron collar pole with handcuffs. I make him kiss my feet and wear whatever I want.
Ms. Sally

Man Into Sissy

Dear Sissy Magazine,
Enclosed a photo of my sissy who must always dress in sissy clothes when he comes home from work. This means all time, even including at bed time. This is a way of controlling him as he used to be worthless. Sitting around getting drunk at home. Now he cleans house and cooks instead of being a couch potato.
I have photos of him in his sissy outfits and if he doesn't do what I say I'll show the pictures of him at work and to his friends.
Ms. Alice
Dear Enslaved,

First, let me say we love all your publications. I have gotten so many ideas from your magazines on how to train and dominate and make my man into a real slave. I keep him bound up and made him take your vitamin hormones which have really enhanced his own boobies by at least one size in just a year. I get to dress him in what turns me on. Right now he’s tied to our bed with a pair of your bondage mittens and cuffs at his ankles. I love to see him in bobby socks and black and white oxfords. He has a vibrator stuck in his ass so he knows what it’s like to be a woman. Enclosed separately is a subscription to your Forced Womanhood magazine and Enslaved Sissies so we don’t miss any issues.

Love,

Miranda
Dear Jeri at Centurians,

We’re both writing to tell you how much we love all of your publications and catalogs. My husband and I are both into fetish bondage and changing my man into a real sissy slave for me. We both like our relationship. Me as the Boss and him as the feminine sissy slave. As I write this I have him bound up with a pair with of your sissy shoe and stockings, a dainty pink skirt and, of course, a sissy collar we just received from your sissy catalog and pink ribbons in his hair. He is also gagged. We both thank you for your hard work, Jeri.

Bob (now Barbie) and Beth
Here are some pictures my wife took of me all dressed up. I receive Enslaved Sissies and Maids at work. My wife did not know it until I had some in my car and she found them. Also, I would buy panties and bras and hide them until she went out and put them on after she left.

She said if I want to be a woman she will help me get my wish.

First, she had a stock built in the cellar and kept me in it for long periods of the time. Next she bought a maid outfit and kept me in it at home. She keeps me gagged with panties in my mouth. She keeps my cock tied to my slave collar.

When she goes out she chains me to the bar until she gets back. Sometimes, she keeps me chained up all night.

She also keeps me in bas and panties all the time even when I go to work. Right now I have a pink bar with pink panties as I write this letter.

Thank you,
Maid Rachel
Jeni,
This is a real story that happened last week. My wife and her sister were talking about their sex lives and my wife said that I liked to wear girls' clothes a lot. My sister-in-law was very intrigued and started asking questions. She asked if she could buy some things and if my wife would drop me off on Friday for the weekend. My wife agreed.

On Friday night we drove to Cozona and knocked on the door. My wife's sister answered the door and told me to go the bedroom and she would be in after she talked to my wife.

When I opened the door, on the bed, there was a wedding nightgown, padded bra, panties and a feminine napkin. The note on the bed said, "Look in the bathroom." When I opened the door to the bathroom there were two wigs, makeup, perfume and jewelry.

The next note said to look into the dresser. I saw several panties, a padded bra, a push-up bra, an underwire bra and also nylons. When I opened it my breath was taken away. I was looking at a pleated skirt, a sheer pleated skirt, a black skirt, several blouses, several petti

coats and slips, shoes, another nightgown and what looked to be a prom dress. Then the note said to sit on the side of the bed and that she'd be in shortly.

I heard the outside door close and she walked into the room. She said to just relax and asked me to lay on my back with arms and legs spread. She attached my left hand to the bed and asked if it was too tight. I said it was fine. She grabbed my right hand and did the same. I told her it was a little tight and she said it wasn't. I asked her again and she told me to be quiet. She said if I complained again, she would show me what tight is.
Before we were married I felt I had to tell Miranda that I occasionally liked to crossdress. I was really nervous, so I couldn't believe how open-minded she was. 

“Well, everyone has two sides to them. I want to see your other side,” she said. An hour later I introduced her to “Lisa”. “My God, if I didn’t know I would have never guessed. You’re actually quite pretty, and just look, you have all the girlish mannerisms down,” she exclaimed. That sounded like I had her full approval, so Lisa started making her appearance after our marriage. First it was once a week, then a couple of days, and before I knew it, it was almost every day of the week.

One night, dressed in one of my prettiest cocktail dresses, Miranda got an unpleasant look on her face when she saw me. “We have to talk. Sit down. Look Larry, or Lisa, this dressing up thing has to stop. I’m not interested in having another woman in the house. You’re more like a girlfriend than a husband. And I know this may sound cruel, but I don’t want to be in bed with a chick with a dick. I want a man. So, it has to stop, or else,” she said.

“I know, you’re right. I can see it’s ruining our marriage. I’ll stop, I promise,” I swore.
But, of course, I couldn't, and she caught me.

"I knew you couldn't stop. However I have thought of a way you can indulge in your frilly obsession while I'll have a real man. But, you have to put yourself in my hands, and totally trust me," she said.

"Whatever you think will keep our marriage together I'll do," I promised.

"Well, I don't know about our marriage, but it will keep us together," she said. I had no idea what she was talking about, and all she would say was to trust her.

To my surprise she asked me to dress as Lisa the following morning, that she had arranged a complete make over for me with her beautician.

Wow! I thought. I guess this was turning out better than I thought it would.

At the parlor Dottie had me put on a short smock, handed me a coffee and said she would be back with me in a few minutes.

I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew Miranda was looking at me, obviously pleased.

"Oh, Lucy is so adorable! You've really outdone yourself. I just love her little tit-ties, and what a simply precious pussy she has!" She exclaimed.

What? Pussy? I nearly fainted when I looked down. I had a pussy! Fuck, they didn't cut off my dick? No, I could sort of tell they hadn't.

"Let's get her up. I want to see what you've done with her bottom. Oh my, it's so much bigger and look at the girlish wobble, how perfect!"

"Miranda, what the hell have you done to me? I have boobs, and a pussy!" I hollered, or tried to. I suddenly had a girlish lisp.

"Now, now Lucy. Sissy girls don't swear or use their voices. If you do either of these again, I'll be forced to give you a spanking."

"A spanking, what the hell is going on?" I screamed.

The wrong thing to do because before I knew it I was yanked over her knees. I

__Continued on page 10__
saw her pick up a hairbrush and the next thing I knew she was paddling me with it, as long as she could. I couldn't believe how it hurt! I was soon crying and sobbing and begging her to stop.

"Are you going to be a good sissy girl, Lucy? Or should I resume spanking?" I was asked.

"I'll be good, but please tell me what's going on," I pleaded.

"It will be clear after we get you dressed," she said, putting a blindfold on me as she wanted it to be a surprise.

When they finished, and turned me to a full length mirror, for a moment I didn't realize it was me. I thought I was looking at an oversized doll dressed in the frilliest black and white polka dot dress with petticoats. Pink, little girl shoes were on my feet and the daintiest anklets. My eyes were huge with the longest, fluttering eyelashes that looked more like they belonged on a doll, as did my pink, cupid lips. My hair, that I had always worn long was now blonde and in childish pigtails tied with ribbons.

"Oh, please, say this isn't me," I cried.

"You have a good cry, Lucy. Your makeup is permanent so it won't run. Here, I know what will make you feel better," she said, reaching for a remote control and turning the dial. All of a sudden I felt the most incredible sensations pulsating and vibrating my dick, or pussy, I couldn't help it, my hips started bucking and then, and then just when I thought I was going to explode, it stopped!

"Now, that's what you get when you've been a good girl and a spanking, or worse, when you're not. Now, we're almost late for our next appointment. Say 'Thank you' to Dottie."

I couldn't believe I was being led down the street by her hand into a dress shop for girls. "You'd better act like the most excited sissy or I'll spank you in front of everyone. Curtsey when you're introduced."

To the matronly sales lady Miranda said, "My, Lucy is such a tomboy, but I'm determined to change all that. I'd like an entire wardrobe at the sweetest, frilliest outfits you have."

I can't tell you how many wretchedly frilly dresses and outfits I tried on, but I left wearing this yellow, dropped waist dress with a huge bow, and so short I just knew if I bent over my ruffled panties would show. There was one dress she picked out that I didn't see. "It's a most special dress for tonight," was all she said.

I got a further inkling of what role she planned for me when I saw what was to be my room. All pink, ruffles and lace everywhere, even dolls. Which she made me play with until it was time to get me in my special dress. When I tentatively asked her why it was special I panicked when she smiled and said, "I have a special guest coming for dinner, and he's dying to meet you."

"A guy? A man? No, I can't let him see me like this," I begged.

continued on page 22
“Well, we’ll have to work on your curtsy to show him how polite you are,” she said, fussing with my dress, “And actually you will be seeing Bill quite a lot. He’s moving in. Now, when you meet him be sure to tell ‘Uncle Bill’ how thrilled you are to meet him, or, well, I’m sure you don’t want a spanking in front of Uncle Bill.” Obviously it was the worst, most humiliating night of my life. He was everything I never had been. Gratefully, just at eight, she declared it was Lucy’s bedtime. Taken to my room in a sissy nightgown “Miss Conover”, as I was to address her, said, “You can stay up a bit.
There's an intercom which I'll leave on, you might find what you hear instructive.

In my sissy bed, reliving the shocking, humiliating day's events, I suddenly heard the two of them talking and realized my humiliation was far from over. I heard the sound of a zipper and then Miranda exclaiming, "I've never seen one that huge. My husband's wasn't even half that size. I don't know if I can take it all."

"Whatever happened to that wimp, anyway."

"Oh, I'm sure he's around, but I'll never see him again. What do you think of Lucy? She can be a bit uppity so you may need to spank her. Although she was quite the little lady tonight. I think she deserves a reward," I heard her say, and suddenly my pussy started vibrating and it felt like it was being squeezed. I was soon dying to cum. Without thinking of what I was doing I reached down to help it along. Only to discover, to my dismay, that there was a hard shield on something over it. I couldn't feel a thing or touch it.

I had to lie in bed, tortured, as I listened to them make love. Just as she screamed, "Fuck me, hard, I'm cumming!"

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Note: Be sure to get all our Sissy Dresses and Baby Doll Shoes in our Sissy Catalogs
The Sissy Missy Girls Club is a group of CD's who sometimes like to release their inner child by occasionally dressing as a girl. Sissy Stephanie West host parties twice a year for those who want to wear their fully best. This is an invitation only affair that for some involves the entire weekend. This gives the girls a chance to get in touch with their inner Sissy and wear their pretty dresses, frilly petticoats, ruffle panties, Mary Janes and more. The most exciting thing about this weekend is they go out and about to show off their pretty outfits. This year on Friday night several girls attended so that they were able to take pictures with the Girls. The other people attending the show started asking the Girls to pose for pictures. There were many flash bulbs, digital cameras, and cell phone photos taken. One lady asked Sissy Stephanie to come sit with her and her family. The following day is the big house party. Those that could not attend Friday came on Saturday. Sissy Stephanie is the perfect hostess. So many people came I lost count.

The talk of the party was Sissy Stephanie's new adult size bicycle. Many had fun riding it for a while. Sissy Stephanie was there doing her pedicures and foot massages for those who wanted to be pampered. Walter, with his magic show, was giving fabulous body massages. Several Mistresses attended and took full advantage of Sissy Stephanie's dungeon. It is painted pink, the perfect color for a Sissy's playroom, it also has a cub for those who want to curl up and nap for a while. The outfits were amazing, the food fabulous, and the first Sissy Missy Girls Club party of 2006 was a great success.
I knew I was going to have trouble with Art if I married him. I liked him a lot, but didn't really love him. I was a hell of a lot smarter than a secretary, even if I was his. The thing is he was loaded, owned the company, and I saw him as my ticket out of the watchdog life I'd been living.

That was the good part. The bad part is he had a terrible reputation as a womanizer. Even though he was a good half foot shorter than me, his money got him any woman he wanted. He liked to have a trophy date on his arm, and I was his. I used to model so I was drop dead gorgeous. He even encouraged me to wear my highest heels. It was like whenever we went to a party he wanted everyone to think, "She doesn't mind how short he is, she'll do anything to be seen with him."

When he proposed I said, "Yes," but I laid the law down. "I know your reputation with women, Art. Cheat on me just once and I swear you'll regret it." Of course he swore that his old ways were in the past. "From now on I'm a one woman man," he said.

Well, that lasted just exactly six months. I thought he was fucking someone and the detective I hired confirmed it. Some bimbo in the typing pool.

I didn't confront him, but over the next couple of weeks I slid some papers across his desk to sign, which he did without even looking at them. I almost knew it would happen from the day I said, "I do." And I knew precisely what I would do when it happened.

It started with a charity costume ball. I told him not to worry that I'd get our costumes. I went as Cat Woman in shiny black latex and couldn't help laughing to myself when I saw his intimidated expression when I picked up this wicked riding crop. Dave went as a prissy, little girl in theUILiest, Victorian era dress. He hated it and the corset I had to use to get him into it.

"I'm really sorry, Art. They had dozens of other costumes, but this was the only one in your size," I said, knowing his height was a real sore point with him.

"I sympathize, so for tonight I'll tell everyone you had to work and instead brought my little niece Ashley. Just act shy, hold my skirt down, and here, I'll teach you how to curtsey," I said, giggling to myself.

continued from page 22
Dear Enslaved,

We have been reading your magazine for years, especially your Forced Womanhood magazine and your fairly new Enslaved Sissies and Maids. I started training Kenneth, now Karen, over two years ago. To enlarge his breasts for implants, I started him on hormones. Then I put him on Estrogen hormones to reduce his penis so I could permanently chastise him with your Ferum Metal Chastity. Since getting your sissy magazine I keep him dressed in sissy clothes and baby doll shoes at all times. This keeps him submissive.

He is made to kiss my feet every time I walk in the house. I work and he is my house slave and must worship the ground I walk on. He is also kept in constant bondage to make sure he does what I tell him.

Ms. UK
Man Is Turned Into Lovely Sissy She-Male Slut

Dear Enslaved, Perhaps it was being the only boy in a household of women (my single mother and two older sisters), but I became obsessed with cross dressing at an early age. I would watch, fascinated, while my mother and sisters dressed and put on makeup, then when I was alone I would try it. One day my sisters came home unexpectedly and caught me in one of their cast off dresses and Mary Janes, my face made up and red ribbons in my long blonde hair. Instead of being angry or teasing me, Helen and Dotty were pleased to have another "sister." They eagerly began to introduce me to... continued on page 25.
Dear Enforced: Mistress Jeanine sends my bondage pictures (in a sissy dress and Mary Jane's or a schoolgirl outfit and penny loafer) to your magazine and other publications so she can meet Masters, Mistresses, and submissive TV/TS. She owns an old, non-working farm with plenty of places to bind and dominate me and other feminized males in complete privacy in the barn, farmhouse, and outside. It's so exciting to be dominated with another she male or TV, as it's comforting to know others really do share my masochistic, crossdressing fetishes.

I particularly enjoy being left tied but not gagged with another feminized slave so we can discuss our various experiences while my Mistress and "Her" Master or Mistress are having sex in another room. Talk is all we can do, as our cocks are locked in chastities and our squats, the male bodies are intricately bound. It is also arousing to be tied together, red lips pressed in a kiss as well as the erect nipples of our big, implanted tits, fat bellies, and small, feminine ensnared pricks, while we are whipped and dildoed, then left like that for hours.

Mistress Jeanine and I met three years ago when she saw my bound schoolgirl picture in your magazine and contacted me through your Readers Column. She lived in a nearby town, and we began seeing each other regularly. Soon every weekend was spent in classified bondage on her farm, and she convinced me to quit my job and be her full-time TV bondage slave. She ordered all sorts of clothing from your Transformation catalog as well as feminizing creams and pills. I let my longish blond hair grow well below my slim shoulders and learned how to correctly apply makeup. The pills and creams gave me softer, more feminine skin and silken hair, rounded out my features, and grew lovely breasts. I also wore a corset to further narrow my waist and round my hips and butt. Besides penny loafer and Mary Jane with little gir l heels, I wore 6" stilettos that fitted my thighs and calves, skinned my ankles, and raised my arches even higher.

Everything went wonderfully for a time; then I found my small cock was shrinking! Jeanine was unconcerned, as she loved her prissy tongued rather than prick fucked, but I did not want to be a limp dicked she male. I refused to continue using pills and creams but the anguished overpowered me and left me tied and gagged in the barn's hayloft in only a frilly "Forever Sissy" bra and matching panties. For the next month I not only spanked, whipped, dildoed, and walked on me in 8

continued on page 22
As expected nobody recognized him, just as we were leaving I slipped a viagra into his drink. "God, let's get out of here Jill, I've got a hard on that just won't quit," he moaned. I relieved him of it, still in his sissy dress.

"Oh my, you must really like dressing up as a sissy girl. I don't believe you've ever been stiffer," I commented. "No I don't, I hated it, but that was fantastic," he said, still gasping.

The next step came two weeks later. Another costume party. One I created. "This is so far out, I completely forgot to take back our costumes from the last one," I said to his intense dismay. So back into his sissy outfit he went, but with one big complication.

You see I purposefully hid it at our house. My two best friends were in on my plans and couldn't wait to play their part. Or, Ashley, begged me not to tell anyone who he was and I gladly complied. After the party my friend's car supposedly wouldn't start so I just had to offer to let them stay over. And when they pretended to call a garage they were told they couldn't get it to until Monday.

"But what will I do?" he asked in panic.

"Well, there's nothing to do but keep being my little niece," I said. Which, terrified, he did, and that night and the next two nights we made passionate, viagra-induced love. Four nights later I appeared in my sexiest, "let's fuck" outfit. Poor Art, he thought he was all for it, but crushingly, he couldn't get it up. Not even a little. Well, what guy could, with the muscle relaxer he had in him. Nor could he the next three nights in a row.

After his fourth failure to get it up I confronted him with the sissy costume, that I'd never returned. "Just put it on damn it. It's an experiment," I said, after he'd downs his Viagra cocktail.

"So, you can get it up dressed as a frilly, sissy, but not when I want a real man around the house," I said scornfully.

"This never happened before. I can't explain it," he cried.

"Well I can. You've obviously fallen in love with all your sissy frills, petticoats and panties. What the fuck do you call this?" I asked, getting a firm grip on his stiff as a board dick.

"Honestly, I hate dressing like this, I'm not a sissy," he sobbed.

"Well see. Tomorrow night you have one last chance to show me you're a man. If not, then I go out and find a real one," I declared.

Naturally the next night his limp dick didn't even twitch.

The next time she woke up it was actually several days later. From downstairs I heard him screaming. "What the fuck have you done to me? Oh God, it won't come off!"

Moments later he stormed into the dining room, and what a double sight he made. His now golden blonde hair was done up in pig tails with blue ribbons in it. His made up face with huge, curled eyelashes, pink cupid's lips and baby blue eyeshadow looked just like a doll's. He wore the sweetest, fluffiest white dress with blue trim, which matched his baby doll shoes. Without a bra his sissy titties bounced and giggled.

He stopped short when he saw the tall, imposing strange woman, then couldn't help desperately saying, "For god's sake Jill, what have you done to me?"

Ignoring him I asked the woman, "What, do you think, will you have any trouble with her?"

"Her the hell is she?" he, unfortunately, demanded. For without hesitation Caras got up and viciously slapped his face. Then grabbing him by the hair, yanked him over her lap and gave him a raping I thought would never end. Sobbing hysterically she made him stand in front of us.

"This is your new governess Ashley. She specializes in turning party loving males into total sissies. Obviously you're not a man and since the only thing that turns you on is frilly, sissy things that's clearly what you are," I said scornfully.

You can't imagine the satisfaction I got telling him that over the past weeks he'd signed everything he owned, including his company, to me. All spelled out in the divorce papers he'd also signed, as well as the one legally changing his name to Ashley.

"It told you what would happen if I ever caught you cheating. You're now completely at my mercy, and that of your governess. Now I'm free to find a real man to fuck, and you're going to become the daintiest, little sissy. You even cry like a sissy, but don't worry about your makeup running, it's permanent, like everything else. She's all yours," I said.
the mystic world of femininity. We were so carried away that we forgot about the time until we read our mother's car pulling into the drive. We caught and how would she take having another daughter? Helen, who was into tie-up games big time, had a brilliant idea. They tied me quickly with dress sashes and gagged me with a scarf, and when Mom entered she was told my penalty for not getting dressed earlier was to be tied up again while dressed like a girl. Over her surprise, Mom eyed me critically and said I made a lovely girl and she'd always wanted a third daughter. From then on that's what I was at home. It also saved badly needed money because I did not wear out my boys clothes so quickly as I wore girls clothes until I went to school the next day. I reveled in the delightful feel of satin, lace and nylon in contrast to my rough jeans and boys clothes. There was also an exciting sensation to be tied up, either by the girls or with one of them, while feminized. The years passed and I happily continued my ritual, moving from little girl clothes to teen school girl clothes, and saving us money on my own clothes. I even went to a local college and lived at home so I could continue crossdressing. My sisters had moved away so I had to indulge in self bondage which wasn't as much fun as being tied up by a pretty girl. After graduating I got a job with an out of state company. I crossdressed in my apartment, and found your fabulous magazine and sister publications, and also punched up your website. Knowing that many men and ladies shared my desires.

I slept bound in a baby doll nightie and your waist nippers made of Deluster fabric, or in a fully “Forever Sissy” bra and panties. Soon we saw a change in my appearance. My skin was soft, my blond hair silky, my body shapely (also helped by the waist nippers), and my breasts took an “A” cup. But I found my cock was shrinking, and begged to stop. Pretending my tongue and fingers in her pussy, Sandy dragged me up to the attic, where she kept me tied for over a week in only “Forever Sissy” bra and panties, waist nippers, nipped socks and Mary Janes with little girl heels. She spanked me, walked on me in 9" stilettos, did the face sat me repeatedly, and made me crawl in ropes to kiss her boots. I gave up and resumed the pills and creams. My pubic hair was locked in a R455 feminum chastity until it could only take a FL2C that was put on permanently and then my boobs had big implants, and I became Jenny, a lovely she male. Tied in an arm chair, my blouse open to show the chains from my nipple clamps running to my chastity’s ring, revealed by my short skirt up about my waist, my feet in #3 Baby Doll shoes with little girl heels, over the knee school girl stockings on my shapely legs that are strapped together at the ankles and below the knees, ribbons in my hair. I watch Sandy have sex with men, who are then allowed to mouth fuck me and cum in my face and on my tits. Then I’m tied in a ball on the floor and mouth, tit, and ass fudged for hours. I love it all!

Sissy She Male Slut Jenny
Man Turned Into Pretty Sissy And Made To Wear Patent Sissy Tap Shoes Everywhere He Goes.

Dear Sissy Magazine,
I have put my slave through so much over the last few years that he is now a very pretty sissy through cosmetic surgery, breast implants, bondage and complete domination by me. Right now he is bound up in products we got from your sissy catalogs. He is bound because he didn’t want to wear your pretty patent tap shoes to work.

Denise
hing Bondage Bride

It didn't take long after we were engaged for Chris's kinky side to show up. He liked me to tie him up, so he would feel completely helpless, while I fucked him. Not too much longer he couldn't get it up unless I had him in some kind of bondage.

"I just don't know what I'm going to do it's like he's addicted," I told my best friend. "You need to talk to my old college roommate. Her husband sounds just like Chris," she suggested.

Her name was Ella, and after a couple hours talking I knew exactly how to deal with him. You should have seen his eyes light up when I showed him the stack of Centurian catalogs Ella loaned me. I pointed out a collar with cuffs attached to it by short chains, a spreader bar, and a pair of bondage boots with staggering high heels.

"Wouldn't you just die if I put those on you in the morning and made you wear them all day?" I teased, and I thought he'd cum then and there.

"But those boots, they're for women."

"Oh, no, obviously for men too, look at the sizes," I said.

He checked the mail every day, waiting for them. When they finally arrived he was like an eager puppy dog.

Then, of course, the first problem came up. He couldn't get his feet in the boots. "Oh, how stupid of me. You'll need nylons. But first you'll have to shave your legs or you'll ruin them in a minute. Go and shave them and I'll get some nylons," I instructed. If he wanted to fit into the boots he'd have to wear nylons, and not ruin them he would have to shave his legs.

Then the next problem. "They need something to hold them up." I declared. "Something" was a wicked corset with no less than eight suspenders.

"Actually, I think you'll love being corsetted. It's so restrictive," I said, as I yanked as hard as I could on the corset, double knotting them so he couldn't loosen it. I quickly had him collared, cuffed with a spreader bar on.

Pushing him down on the bed I looked at his Cocked cock and smiled. I teased and tormented him until he was pleading with me.

An hour later, I finally let him get his cock off. The following morning I held the corset up and asked, "Ready?"

"All day?" Could you not tie it so tight?" he almost whimpered. So, I promised, but I didn't keep it.

"What am I going to do if I have to pee, or you know?" he asked with his short chains preventing him from reaching his pants.

The solution was a huge red skirt that I had found at a square dance place which had these petticoats sewn to it. He could sit down, albeit awkwardly, with a spreader bar on his ankles. I left for work with a smile, knowing something he didn't think of. He also couldn't reach his dick to give himself any relief. And I made sure he was still as a board before I left.

Well, that was a couple months ago. Needless to say I'm now totally in charge. Every morn

Lady Patricia Wants To Turn You Into A Sissy

Dear Embalved, Last week I invited over an advertiser from this magazine and had his girlfriend take these photos. We started by having him take off his clothing so I could see he was wearing the tie and panty I had sent him during our correspondence. Next I tied his hands together and then I stuffed his panty in his mouth. Then I wrapped them over his bulging mouth and over his eyes, pulled down his panties and gave him a real sound spanking with my bare hand and followed up with my paddle and a few other "Toys". When I finally untied him, he scurried out promising never to return. So what I'd like to know is there a real sissy out there who truly needs a firm hand. I will answer all honest detailed letters so maybe next time I'll have what I seek.

Patricia Hayward
6262 Firestone Blvd PMB 32
Downey, CA 90241
I love Saturdays. It’s my favorite day of the week to show off. I get all dressed up and spend all day shopping. The women I run across, I can see, are all dying of envy. For in front, and in back, of me are my symbols of wealth and social standing. On a leash, in front of me, is my very own, perfectly trained sissy. In his frilly pink bibbed overalls, candy striped sissy blouse, matching sissy shoes, all made up and his hair in pigtails, I know he’s trying so hard not to cry. Mostly I get admiring glances and nods from women with their own sissies, or would kill to have one of their own. The more, let’s say, socially elevated women however can be so cruel as they point and laugh, sneer and make simply the most horrid comments.

On the other hand they all wish they had a maid like the one wobbling behind me in staggering high, platform soled heels, sexy maid’s uniform, weighted down with packages. She doesn’t receive the cruel barbs poor sissy does. What I know she’s praying not to happen is for me to run into people she once knew like the three women last Saturday.

“Hi Portia. Seems like we haven’t seen you in ages! I see you’ve got a maid. My goodness, a good one is hard to find, aren’t they? Do you have her trained to your liking?” one of them, an old friend, asked.

“Oh, I’ve got her fairly well trained. But she does have her lapses which I correct immediately,” I said and turning to the maid, in my sternest voice added, “How many times do I have to tell you to curtsy to my friends.”

Hitting a button on my bracelet Mimi let out a painful yelp, the packages flew everywhere as she immodestly grabbed between her legs.

“Curtsy, and pick up those packages you stupid, clumsy girl. When I get you home get your paddle and present it to me,” I screamed at her, then to the ladies I said, “I’m sorry. As you can see she’s not yet trained to the level I expect of a mere servant.”

Then a second woman remarked, “You know, Portia, I know this sounds odd, but she looks a lot like your ex, cheating husband, doesn’t she girls?”

“Yes, where is that lying shit anyway. Whatever happened to him?” the third asked.

“That bastard is around somewhere. You knew that miserable excuse for a man didn’t you, girl?”

“Yes, I knew him Mistress,” she said with a sob.

Then, a few weeks ago, two guys who used to work with me, ran into me.

“We really miss you at the office, Portia. Weren’t you and the ex-boss a pretty heavy item?” One of them asked.

“True, we were, until he started slapping me around. I filed an assault and battery against him and I got everything. The estate, the cars, the bank accounts. As to what happened to him, I heard he met a woman who finally put him in his place. Well, it was nice seeing you boys again, I hope the new boss is treating you better.” I said as I turned to my sissy. “Now, come along long now Prissy, time for walkies.”

I smiled as I pulled on the reins, knowing full well I was that women who put him in his place. I yanked the reins hard this time. “Prissy, you must love seeing old employees, don’t you?”
Dear Forced Womanhood,

After four years of marriage our sex life became lacking. I was always ready for sex but Gerald wasn't, and intercourse became less and less. Finally I took Gerald to an adult book shop where we looked for things that would put spice back into our marriage. We discovered your magazine and other publications and were greatly intrigued. Gerald's cock bulged at the thought of being tied and feminized.

At home we went through the magazines avidly, then Gerald agreed to having his body shaved, dressing in my sexy lingerie, being made up, complete with a wig, and then tied up. He got a big kick on all by himself, and we had wonderful sex for hours, then fell asleep with his tongue in my pussy. I kept him tied and we discussed things the next morning. His ghastly handsome face and figure looked great feminized, and I liked the illusion of being loved by another woman. Waists and ankles rope hobbled, he fixed breakfast and served me, then crouched under the table and ate my pussy. Afterwards we decided not to wait for things to arrive from your catalogs and, putting Gerald in a short, sleeveless dress and 4" stilettos, I tied him up in the car and we drove the 200 miles to your Romantic Sensations Erotic Boutique. Your staff was very helpful, and we left with clothes, shoes, accessories, and all of your feminizing pills and creams. I tied and penis gagged Gerald for the drive home.

Gerald had wise investments so he quit his job and became the bondage maid and cook while I continued with my high paying job. Even more clothes and things arrived from your Transformation catalog, and we enjoyed dressing Gerald in them all. I taught him how to walk in 6" opera pumps and to talk and act like a woman. We played all sorts of bondage games. I was a bungler and 'surprised' the sleeping lady in baby doll nightie, and tied and spanked her to learn where the valuables were hidden, etc. The hormone pills and creams did their job and he grew breasts, had softer skin, more lustful hair, a more shapely figure, also helped by your Waist Nipper that took in his waist even more and gave his hips and behind a feminine roundness.

Then came the day that Gerald found his small prick was steadily becoming even smaller and parodied. I threw him to the floor and tied him in a back-arching hogtie, in only Waist Nipper, garter belt, nylon and 3" red opera pumps, shaved a jaw creating ball gag into his red mouth, and went off to work. By the time I returned late at night (secretly having sex with a man from the office), Gerald was ready to apologize. I face sat him before freeing him, only to tie him to a bedpost for the rest of the night with a multitude of ropes and small weights on his cock and balls.

Though Gerald resumed his pills and creams I kept him intricately tied and ball or penis gagged until I came home. I locked his prick in your FL2 metal penis chastity, until it could only take a FL2 feminine chastity. By then his jugs were ready for huge implants, and Gerald forever became Ginger, a stunning, submissive she male who passes as a real woman.

Since Ginger can only lick my pussy, I bring in a man whenever I want a big cock in my horny pussy. I enjoy making Ginger watch me get what she can no longer give me. Afterward it’s her turn to fuck and suck. I have her in a short sleeve dress, gloves with straps on their ends (to strap her arms to her body or else to a ceiling hook) and tie her ankles apart to the bed. She often wears ruffled socks and Sylvia Baby Doll shoes with small heels instead of 6" opera pumps, which the man or men seem to like. I’ll strap on a dildo and smear her butt good while the man stands in front of her and she submissively takes his erect cock into her warm, wet, highly trained mouth. Having once been a man, she knows what they like and can make a blowjob last a very long time.

We use her to exhaustion, rest, then start all over again. It's ever so much fun to bind and debase Ginger for hours on end. Secretly she loves being bound and abused just as much as we love binding and abusing her. Submissive she male slaves are the greatest!

Ms. Arthus
Sissy Chastised And Has To Use A Dildo To Satisfy His Mistress

Dear Jep,

My husband and I have been fans of you and what you give us readers for many years.

My sissy has been chastised because his penis wasn't good enough for me. I made him put a dildo over his chastised penis to screw me. My favorite outfit I made him wear is a schoolgirl outfit and oxfords that we bought from your sissy catalog.

Virginia and Sissy
Timid Man Lets Dominant Woman Turn Him Into A Sissy She-Male Permanently. And Does Not Regret It

Dear Erabwed:
I don’t know when it happened, somewhere back in my dim past, but ever since I can remember I’ve loved dressing in female things and pretending I’m a sissy or schoolgirl. I had this desire even before playing with girls as a child, as there were no boys in the neighborhood. My single mother worked, so I had continued on page 34...
loads of time after school to let the girls dress me up in frilly undies and socks, short dresses, Mary Janes, and red ribbons in my longish female styled hair. I loved the feel of the delicate things much more than the rough boy clothes I had to wear to school. We played everything from “house” to “cops ‘n robbers,” which I enjoyed the most, as being all tied up removed any guilt my masculine side felt about wearing girl’s clothes. It’s said we all have a male and female side, but I must have a larger feminine side.

In high school most of my friends were girls, but dressing up was something I mostly did in private. It was the same in college, and even after that when I was in home sales. That allowed me to be in my apartment, and the men and women I called never guessed that I was sitting there in your frilly “Forever Sissy” bas and panties, ruffled socks, and Mary Janes with little girl heels, my legs and ankles tied and my wrists rope hobbled. Other times I would wear your school girl outfit, with over the knee stockings and saddle shoes. On my breaks I’d punch up your website and look with envy at the gorgeous she male sissies and wish for a dominant beauty to share my lonely life.

Finally I got the nerve to send a photo of myself as a schoolgirl to your Readers Column, and that’s how I met Madelyn, a stunning blonde who was more than willing to take charge of me.

She had me quit my job, threw out all of my male clothes, and we rented a secluded house. From your catalogs she ordered me various sissy lingerie and nighties, dresses, shoes, and schoolgirl clothing, as well as wigs and all of your pills and creams with natural female estrogen. I did household chores in a French maid uniform and stiletto heels or else a white or pink satin looking sissy maid’s bondage uni.

For a while things went marvelously. My skin was softer, my hair more lustous, my body hair was gone, and my figure was more femininely shapely with nicely forming breasts. It was then that I saw my prick was shrinking, and tried to halt my change. That got me knocked out with an upper cut, and I awoke in our cellar in frilly “Forever Sissy” bas and panties, ruffled socks and Mary Janes while Baby Doll shoes, bound in a stringent hog tie and a jaw stretching ball gag in my red mouth.

For the next week I was spanked, lashed with a crop, walked on in 8” stiletto healed boots, which I had to kiss and lick, including their soles, face satand dildolced for hours. I ate in a compact ball with a myriad of ropes and a butt plug up my ass. At last I surrendered to Madelyn’s will and was released from the cellar.

My cock was locked in your penis chastity that engulfs the whole genital area and I was given female lessons in how to talk and behave like a woman. Every mistake brought a sound swat with the crop down the center of my ass, stinging its hole and both cheeks at once. Finally my tits were ready for large implants and my shrunken cock was locked permanently in a FL2C female chastity and I became Judy, a striking sissy she male whom no one suspects isn’t a true woman.

Wrist chained to a brass bed, a chain from my pierced nipples to my flaccid eromced prick, my ankles chained, clad in a chemise, panties, over the knee stockings. Baby Doll shoes with little girl heels. I satisfy Madelyn’s men friends with my mouth, hands and ass for hours. I love every minute of it!

Sissy Slave Judy
Forced Womanhood Special Edition 2006

This is our 2006 collectors issue. It's all color, perfect bound with 68 pages of photos and exotic art with true stories of Mistresses and Masters and wives who turn men into beautiful she-male slaves. This huge all color issue is jammed packed with true stories of how men are fully transformed into beautiful women through surgery, bondage, discipline, hormone treatments, breast enlargement, and more. And then what they have to do to please their Mistresses or Masters and others sexually and the rigors of being turned into a female. Most have even been chastised to only serve others. All color collectors issue.
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Enslaved Sissy and Forced Womanhood Videos

Enslaved Sissy Maid Video #1
This is a story of a beautiful woman who isn't getting satisfied sexually by her husband, so she has extra marital affairs. One night after one of her flings she catches her husband wearing her lingerie. This gives her the excuse she needs, she yells and screams at him that if he's going to wear women's clothes - they will only be sissy clothes for such a wimp as him. She begins with binding him up every night and slowly changes him into a complete sissy she makes a maid slave through bondage, hormones and breast implants. Then makes him suffer many humiliations of being a sissy slave including satisfying her boyfriends in all ways.

Enslaved Sissy Maid Video #2
This video is about a wife who finds out her husband has been cheating on her. She gets so mad that she slowly, through bondage and punishment, turns him into her sissy slave to be humiliated in all kinds of ways. While he's bound up, she forces him to take hormones, get breast implants until he looks like a beautiful sissy she makes a slave. She then forces him to suck cock while bound to get her lover hard for her so she can have fantastic sex in front of her new sissy slave. With constant bondage she finally brings in a man to break his beautiful cherry ass and get fucked like the sissy is.

Enslaved Sissy Maid Video #3
This is the continuing story of enslaved sissy Celeste. In the previous movie Celeste was a man, then she turned her husband into a sissy slave. She has now turned poor Celeste over to Mistress Foxy to be thoroughly trained as a sissy slave taught how to satisfy both men and women with her tongue, lips and mouth. That's the only way she can satisfy another because she was chastised permanently so she could never have sex. Poor Celeste is put through an ordeal of various sissy outfits until she is submissive and sweet enough to satisfy both men and women, and become a complete house maid to do whatever is demanded of her.

Forced Womanhood Video #1
A career woman comes home after a long day at work to find her husband has bought a new game with hi buddy, drinking in the middle of the day and looking at porn mags. The wife, Kat, is furious, she makes up her mind right then and there that she will be the only one wearing the pants in this family and her husband will wear the panties from now on. She even takes it one step further and forces her new plating into a permanent chastity device so that his cock won't get in her way of her pleasure anymore. Her husband is now a fully chastised sissy she makes the sissy forced to serve using those ruby red lips to arouse and stimulate her new lovers.

Forced Womanhood Video #2
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 male sissy slave. Hormone injections, breast implants and finally she chastises him permanently with a metal chastity belt, through into pens. And the finale of this ordeal is her binding her sissy slave to watch as she makes love to another man.

Forced Womanhood Video #3
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