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

Send your photos and stories to
CENTURIAN PUBLISHING
VISTA STATION
P.O. BOX 5710
SPARKS, NV. 89434-1710

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

Wife Turns Husband Into Her Slave And Likes To Fuck Him With Dildo Harness

Dear Centurian,

We read all your magazines and catalogs. We especially like your Enslaved Sissies and Forced Womanhood magazines. I've made my husband get breast implants and he must always be a lady for me. We make lesbian love and I like to wear one of your strap on harnesses and fuck him. He, in return, can use his cock and tongue to satisfy me. I love having both a man and woman in one.

Nancy
Dominant Lady Says Only One Person Should Be Boss If She Is To Marry Her Lover, So She Trains Him To Obey Her By Turning Him Into Her Real Fissy Slave

I have made my lover into my true slave. You see, I'm a very dominant woman and very set in my ways. I love my partner, but for us to have life together of companionship and love, only one of us can be boss. And that's me. If I am to marry him, he has to be my devoted slave, otherwise our marriage would never work. He is in training at this time. I love his feminine look and attire. At this time he is chastised with the Femurum Chastity with locks, but not permanently yet. He at all times must wear a lock on collar 24/7 and a slave bracelet.

Within a year I plan on making him totally submissive to me. He must kiss my high heeled boots or shoes to show his servitude.

Ms. DG
Dominant Woman Trains Lover For Womanhood And To Get Married To Her In Beautiful Pink Dress

Attention to Enslaved Sissy Magazine:
I am a very dominant woman. I like things my way or the highway. Because of this I had to make my lover into a very submissive female slave. For over a year I trained him to obey me. I kept him in bondage when he initiated me or didn't do what I said. I locked on one of your collars that he has to wear every day, even to work. It never comes off. In this way he knows he's mine, and others know he's taken. I plan on chastising him this week, not permanently until after we are married. I've already bought him a beautiful pink dress, high heeled white shoes and a new silver studded collar he will have to get married to me in. I myself have a beautiful white wedding dress with a veil. Also a pair of platform high heeled knee high white patent boots to go with my dress. When we walk down the aisle everyone will know he's my slave.

Ms. G
Mistress Georgia Made Into Her Bondage Sissy Slave

Anticipating my exciting day to come, I slide on my white stockings, matching garter belt, silky panties and bra under my store jeans and pin striped shirt. I loved to wear this party bra ensemble daily, of course I would mix and match with black stockings or some times red, but white was my all time favorite. On this day I was instructed by my Mistress, Mistress Georgia, whom I only knew for 6 months, to get up this early Saturday morning, buy some Starbucks’s Coffee and muffins and rush over. Accordingly, she had some special chores for me to do, and if I abided, I was to have the best session ever.

I had just started to see a Mistress for the first time. Mistress Georgia, was a beautiful person, serious and sadistic, and deeply understanding of my desires for woman hood, if this wasn’t love it was deep infatuation. Needless to say I was up and running. With my enlarged cock under my panties, I thought I would be given away standing in line at the Coffee House. Careful not to spill I drove just above the speed limit to be there on time.

Arriving at the door she stood there like a goddess from the Aegean, wearing a pin stripe pant suit with three inch heels, she was looming there like my boss anxiously waiting for my briefing. I could tell it was the coffee she was waiting for. I too am a caffeine addict, she gracefully took the cup from my hand while simultaneously slipping my face and grabbing my right ear. Before I could even react I was dragged through the doorway and was thrown to my knees. She hovered just on top of me with her heel just at my balls, “God this was so erotic,” I thought.

With a mouth of beautiful white teeth, she grinned as she ordered me to listen carefully. I was to submit to her this entire weekend and do exactly as she instructed. Simultaneously she pressed on my balls and emphatically said “Yes Mistress”, “Pathetic,” she said in reply, “if that is all you can muster you should leave now. I begin immediately to beg please I will do anything,” “My thing?” she replied in question and statement. My head bowing she stood me up. I swear I couldn’t fathom where she got that strength to lift me not to mention the power to mentally subdue me so quickly.

“Alright here’s the deal, you are to be my maid this weekend. I have some very special outfits made to your size that, of course, you will pay for. You will wear them to the tee, and not even say a word. I want you to serve this weekend. I may even drag you outside in public. I love to do this,” she said in exasperation as I was trembling with delight. “Now run up the stairs and go to the far room down the hall to the left. You can’t miss it. Now!” she
Up the stairs and down the hall, like a child racing for Christmas gifts I was at the room in 3 seconds flat. To my surprise the room was a standard guest room with a few extra amenities. A white goose down comforter and a four post wooden bed with three huge mirrors on three walls, the other wall, of course, was the closet. Glimmering through the dimness of the interior of the closet, I could see the shimmer of red and maybe even blue satin, there was just enough light to illuminate the fabric. I slid the door open for a full viewing and behold hanging were two gorgeous red and blue French Maid outfits and a pair of black patent leather Mary Jane high heels. I gasped from excitement.

I was in the red Maids outfit immediately. My head throbbing cock jetting out from beneath the short skirt and under my wet panties, I stroked it with joy. But something was off I thought, the petticoat, that was it. On the bed, it was these all along. The whole room was so white I just missed it. I put the petticoat on under my skirt; it fluffed out in a billow of soft fabric. I started to touch myself, but I knew I had to wait. I couldn’t help but see myself with all the mirrors; the satin red with billows of white fabric under, it was too much for my eyes to bear. “Thank god,” I said to myself. I wore white today everything matched. I put on my heels and instinctively went to the dresser, indeed there was an assortment of makeup. I knew what I was supposed to do next and having been a closet crossdresser, I knew exactly how to apply my makeup flawlessly. I have had a lot of practice at home on my own.

Almost dolled up, I realized she was at the doorway watching me. She glanced at me with a brief soft smile, then approached me like a stealth snake in the jungle only the sound of the fabric of her suit could I hear. She pointed gracefully to her right and said, “I have been watching you through the two way mirror, you have pleased me, but this rubbing of your cock must stop now.” She said this to me as her nails extended across my shaft, just hidden under my panties.

She then said my first training would begin with submission. “Bondage submission immediately to commence.” She explained that this was the only way I was to become docile and trained as a proper maid. Furthermore she explained, “All good Victorian Maids were reg
ually tied up to keep them in line, good or bad, it was an understanding of who was boss.

Then opening the dresser near the window, Mistress Georgia revealed piles of white rope, gags, blindfolds, hoods, and leather straps. I was in awe. I had been in some bondage recently, but this was going to be the real deal, more than I have ever experienced.

"Turn around," she exclaimed. I did so with out pause, my hands were tied in loops of rope, then my ankles and then my elbows, and it was so tight. Then more around my knees and chest. I could barely move, but only in some weird singular motion. She then added a rope from my hands to my knees, not quite a hogtie, but just enough so I could barely wiggle forward. She then retrieved a big red 3 inch ball gag and forced it in my mouth. Strapping it tightly against the back of my head, I could feel her breathing slightly heavily from this action. She was truly an expert at this. I was tied up in minutes.

"Jump around" she quipped. I tried in my three inch heels, but the long soft white carpet was dragging my heels. She laughed at my helpless struggling.

This was to be my weekend she said. And with a big gag in my mouth, I could not object. I moaned in fear, that I was alone with her, she could make me her permanent slave forever, no one knew where I went, I was alone. And I knew her real taste was for pain, bondage was just play fun to her. I could only imagine the possible hourly spankings or even castrations I would get. Then she read my mind, "You are not just mine, not to worry, Mistress Vandana will be arriving and we will have our way with you!"

I heard laughing and giggling at my side. Mistress Vandana was already there watching so amusingly. She immediately explained she had arrived early for the tying up show and watched it proceed from the adjacent room, "Nice to watch a colleague in action," and bowed slightly to Mistress Georgia in respect. Mistress Georgia was herself amused at Vandana's voyeurism and seemed to bow as well, they bonded together long ago in their common interests, voyeurism, exhibitionism, and public humiliation of their slaves. This is in fact another tribulation I have been through.
with both of them, but this is another tale to tell.

Mistress Vandana pulled from the bottom drawer a powerful hand held Hitachi Wand vibrator, the kind for aches way behind in your back. She approached me just as quietly as a cat and plugged the vibrator into the wall. Then Mistress Georgia grabbed my elbows tight with both hands so I would stand still, Mistress Vandana turned on the vibrator and inserted the Wand below my petticoat and rubbed it rhythmically against my thick rod.

I almost could not bear it, I was being forced to masturbate, though I wanted it. I could not control myself, they both had me, what a mind fuck. I was in tight inescapable bondage, dressed as a French Maid, and controlled by two beautiful goddesses. I thought in my ecstasy, Victorian maids were probably routinely abused, tied up and used mercilessly. I was in heaven and back, could I endure this all weekend?

The vibrator chugging at my hard cock, I began to shake and moan. Mercy I wanted, this was overload. I could see the two Mistresses peering at each other, amused at my utter helplessness and their authority over me. This was all too easy for them.

I almost exploded when the Hitachi Wand stopped suddenly. I was about to collapse to my knees, I was uncontrollably throbbing, yet Mistress Georgia held me fast on my heels. “No, Not yet,” Mistress Vandana whispered in my ear and near the mouth of Mistress Georgia behind me. You are to be played with and teased, but if you come now I will ruin all the planned torment in store.

Mistress Georgia escorted me to the bed, where I fell as a tree in the woods, I lay in the fluffy bed moaning and breathing heavily. I didn’t know what to do. They explained this was to be a weekend or maybe even longer. My mind raced as I remembered while all tied up on the bed, that they were Mistresses and had their own schedule, no office to attend too. They had no care for my work, I was to let it all go.

The weekend turned into an ecstasy extravaganza, I was tied up one time after another, in a hog tie, on the floor, in the living room on a chair to watch them eat dinner. In the closet and in many other bondage positions. The only time I was let out was to shower, shave, and freshen up. I was forced into the blue maids outfit on Sunday for more torment. All the meanwhile, they snapped one photo of me after another, “For the records,” Vandana said. They said this was to document my slavery. I was their slave and they would use these against me if I should ever turn on them. Now I was blackmailed too!

What ever happened to me serving only them became a mystery in my bondage delight. But this was not over, Monday arrived and I was still in strict bondage. Was this to end or would this go on? What proceeded next was more craziness.
Very Dominant Woman Turns Her Husband Into A Real Chastised Sissy Slave

To Sissy Magazine:
Hi. I'm a very independent woman who needs obedience of her husband. Before we got married I saw your magazine and decided that's what I want. Your magazine turned me on. So when I met Gil I told him what I wanted. To make a long story short, I made him take your vitamin hormones to enlarge his breasts. I bought some of your sissy dresses and sissy shoes and before we got married I chastised him. Now he is my very submissive slave and must show his servitude by kissing my feet. I keep him in bondage often to make sure he stays submissive and obedient to me.

Ms. Evelyn
"There'll Be A Man In The...

My husband's sister, Lisa, warned me that while Peter appeared normal she always felt there was something odd about him, like he had a deep secret. Well, after several months of married life, during which I learned what a dud he was in bed, I found out. While I was at the office, being the breadwinner, he was traipsing around in my clothes at home, where he worked, and jerking off in my panties. I let it go on as I was struggling to figure out what to do about it. When I confided in Lisa she said, "Now you know his secret, and why he's such a dud in bed. I think he needs to be taught a lesson he'll never forget. What do you think?"

When I readily agreed we hatched a plan that had us both laughing hysterically. A couple days later I walked in on him all dressed up and jerking off in my panties.

"So this is what you do at home. You pathetic excuse for a man. I should have known you were gay," I screamed at him. "I'm not gay, I'm a man. I just kinda like to dress up like this every so often. Sort of a hobby," he said, lamely.

"You're not a man. For Christ's sake look at you, and you're not a woman either. No wonder you can barely get it up for me. You're too busy jerking off in my panties. You're a fucking sissy, that's what you are," I stated scathingly, kicking him in the balls with my heel.

"Well, your days of jerking off are over. As ass your days of pretending to be a man. There's going to be a man in the house, it's just not going to be you," I stated.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You'll find out," I swore.

Two weeks later I invited Lisa over. When we were comfortably seated, I yelled, "Prissy get your girlish pantied ass in here."

"Oh my God, he, I mean, she's the most adorable, frilly thing I think I've ever seen," she laughed so hard she spilled her drink.

Lisa had every reason to laugh for Prissy, formerly Peter, was dressed in the most sissified creation I could dream up. My shortest peach taffeta dress with pink polka dots with hugely puffed, lace-trimmed sleeves. Pink, strapped shoes
House, But It Won't Be You

were padlocked on her feet. The frilliest little girl socks with bows to match her dress. Her now blonde hair my beautician had spent hours on creating the most girlish look. Her hair, tied with ribbons into bunches, with long sausage curls. Her face made up like a doll with huge eyes, ridiculously long eyelashes and big, pouty, pink lips.

A neck collar was laced and locked on her with her wrists strapped to it. "Say 'Hello' to your sister Prissy, then get down and lick the drink she spilled laughing at you off her shoes and the floor. Now!" I hollered, picking up my well used cane.

When Lisa asked about her wrists fastened to her collar and the shoes locked on her feet, I said, "I gave her chores to do while I'm gone, but, for some reason she's always trying to get out of her clothes. It's almost as if she didn't want to be a sissy!", I laughed.

"I was hoping I could deliver her to your salon when I go to work, and pick her up later. I'm sure she'd be in good hands, and what she learns there can be put to use."

"Oh, I doubt if the sissy will give me any trouble, will you Prissy?" she asked, picking up the cane and slapping her bare thighs with it.

"Asah, no Sister dear," she cried.

After dinner, which Prissy spent under the table between our legs, I ordered her to the Sissy Room to change into her "tutiorine" outfit. Half hour later she crawled, on all fours, into the room.

"You'll have to excuse Prissy she's just learned to stand in her ballet shoes. It'll be a while yet before she learns to walk in them, all day," I apologized with a grin.

"Get over here and keep your eyes closed until I tell you to open them," I dictated, then turning to Lisa added, "Every night I give Prissy a lesson on how to become the perfect Sissy. Tonight I think you'll find amusing. Setting something down that made Lisa's eyes widen I told her she could open her eyes.

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"Oh God, please no," she begged when she saw the most realistic looking dildo staring up at her.

"Now, now Prissy. This is your first sissy sex education lesson. You have to understand that sissies have different needs and wants than real men. All sissies love sucking a big, hard cock and having their little dickettes sucked by another sissy, just like them. Nobody would ever think of actually fucking a sissy. Now, first you give it some nice kisses and licks..."

"I can't, I just can't," she sobbed.

"Well, let's see, here's your choice. You can either start kissing and licking now, or Saturday when I have a date with a man with a real cock, you can lick and kiss the real thing." I said, gloating as she started kissing and licking. She got real good with Lisa and I encouraging her with the cane.

"Very good, now it's time for suckies, Prissy. I want to hear a lot of sucking and slurping," I dictated.

"You really aren't doing it right. All you're doing is nibbling. I want to see that entire cock disappear in your mouth and then some big time sucking," I ordered.

"It's too big, honest to God," she moaned.

"Oh nonsense, here let me help you out," I said, firmly placing a spiked heel on her back suddenly pushed as hard as I could.
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"There, much better. Breath through your nose sweetie and you won't gag so much. We'll practice nightly," I promised. If Prissy thought I was finished with her I had one more humiliating surprise in store for her. That Saturday I dressed her in an adorable mauve sissy party dress and spent extra time on her hair.

"Now Prissy, when my date arrives I want you to be on your very best sissy behavior for my date. If you aren't your next lesson will be sucking a real cock, his", I warned.

Poor Prissy, she nearly broke into tears when she curtsied and introduced herself to her ex-boss.
Beauty’s Obsession With TV Bondage Later Leads Her To Turn Meek Man Into Her Permanent Chastised Sissy Schoolgirl Bondage Slave

Dear Enslaved, As a teen I became fascinated with TV bondage (even more than women's bondage) when my best friend Evelyn showed me a catalog she'd found in the rubbish after her neighbors had moved. Wide-eyed, I stared at photos of beautiful women tying and dominating each other in exotic lingerie and revealing street clothes. The last half was of feminized men, wigged, made up, dressed in lingerie, woman's sexy street clothes, and schoolgirl dresses, skirts and blouses, all looking as gorgeous as the real women binding and dominating them. There was no nudity of either sex, so the catalog was really very tame. We would pour over it in the privacy of each other's room and even act out the photos, wishing we had a boy for the TV ones. Since we wore schoolgirl clothes anyway, Evelyn (who loved being tied up) often pretended to be a feminized male. It was fun but still not the real thing.

continued on page 22
Dear Brandy; Like most freshmen, mine came up with an embarrassing situation for its pledges. We were to dress as girls on pledge night and look our very best or else! A day ahead of time a box arrived at the off-campus bungalow I shared with Roscoe, an oafish football player. I tried to hide my arousal as I stared at the blonde wig, ruffled bus and panties, waist cinch garter belt, nylon, 5" opera pumps, and short sleeve white blouse with a checked collar to match the brief checked skirt. (I later learned they were from your Transvestite Sissy Catalog.) I hadn't "dressed up" since I was twelve, and the two sisters next door (whom bound and feminized me since I was six) had moved away with their parents. I'd been apprehensive on learning of "tennis" night, and indeed the delightful memories I'd tried hard to suppress over the years came back in a rush as I fingered the delicate lingerie.

"Brandy would just love to see you in those," Roscoe smirked. He listed for the leggy, strawberry blonde beauty but she only cared for girlishly pretty and slender me. As jocks were supposed to get the cheerleaders, he envied my good luck.

His smirk faded when I said only pledges and members would be present, then went to shower and completely shave my body.

He was going out for the evening so I would be able to prepare privately for pledge night by getting in touch with my female side again. In my room I slipped on the lingerie, nylons, and 9" heels, then sat at the mirrored dresser and applied makeup. Like riding a bike, it was something you never forgot. I was arranging the wig...
My obsession grew over the years but I couldn't find a man "into" such things in my small town. It didn't even have an adult bookstore. Grown, I moved to a big city. I did have adult bookstores, but the right kind of man was still hard to find. I bought your magazine and sister publications and was blown away by learning that your many real female herbs and vitamins with female estrogen could transform a man into a woman. Now more than ever I was resolved to find a willing male. It took a white while but in the Reader's Column of your Transformation magazine I found Mel, who lived in the same city. We met and in no time pooled our money for investments and were living together as two women.

Soon there was enough money so neither had to work, and we moved to a secluded house and began Mel's transformation into "Melody!" During that time he kept up his duties as either a chained French maid in a TV08 latex maid's uniform with locking, 8" red pumps, or else as a sissy in a pink or white satin locking sissy maid's bondage uniform and Petal Baby Doll "1" strap shoes. He was so darling.

Mel had a large wardrobe of his frilly sissy dresses, lacy socks, Mary Jane and Baby Doll shoes, nuffled "Forever Sissy" lingerie, over the knee schoolgirl stockings, Oxford, penny loafers, 4" Baby Doll shoes, and Baby Doll open pumps, schoolgirl short skirt and plainted skirts (suspenders type too), short and long sleeve white blouses, and some of your sexy adult dresses, nylon and 3" to 6" open pumps for those times we did go out in public.

The transformation was really marvelous! Mel grew pest breasts, had husky hair, soft, feminine skin, and a very shapely female figure, helped by your slimming waist nippers and the stiletto heels tightening his leg muscles and trim ankles.

I was extremely pleased but Mel complained that his little cock was becoming smaller and wished to halt his treatments. Angered, I slapped him to the floor, bind him in a ball, pulled up the hem of his sissy maid's uniform, stung down his panties, wammed his cute ass with my riding crop, showed a burning vibrator into it, then sat splay legged before him and made him eat my pussy while I lashed his body and red streaked bottom. Mel loved bondage but not true pain and quickly gave in. I tripled his herbs, vitamins and use of the various creams and put his cock into your T92 metal penis chastity until it was so small it only took a T92 femur that went on permanently. His breasts were ripe for big implants, and Mel truly became Melody, a gorgeous, chaste, so elusive sissy he male who is taken for a genetic woman.

I particularly like Melody as a schoolgirl (like the feminized male first saw in Evelyn's log) and she is kept like that most of the time, after her house chores are done. When she's "bad I put her in miters with a short chain connecting her waist cuffs and collars, and also hobbled her ankles in cuffs and short chains.

Then, in a short sleeve white blouse, brief suspender skirt, lacy socks and 1" Baby Doll shoes with a mid buckling strap, she is made to kneel on all fours and lick and kiss my ankle high 8" boots while, in cut out garter, garter belt, nylons, collar and open length gowns, I lean over and wheak her repeatedly with my riding crop. After her punishment she loves my pussy to exhaustion. She's such a good girl.

Mel had his bondi...
Wife Turns Man Into A Chastised She-Male Slave So She Can Have Sex With Her Girlfriend

Dear Enslaved Sissy,

In short, as you request, I have turned my TV husband into a beautiful she male chastised slave. I like women, so I changed him into one with the help of your products. Sometimes we let my sissy slave give both of us oral sex. He sure can't use his penis anymore. My girlfriend now lives with us and Pete, now Beth, is both our sissy slave.

Mr. "K"
Dear Enslaved; I hadn't seen Beverly since we were twelve, and was pleased to find we now lived in the same apartment complex. We'd been the other kids' favorite captives in tie-up games, so it wasn't a surprise to learn she was a professional bondage model. She showed me photos and magazines as the victim, then some as a dominant, binding beautiful girls. But a closer look showed they were TVs. My small cock got even harder as I visualized myself as a model. Bev said the photographer needed a sissy model for some private clients and showed pictures of her tying feminine-looking men in sissy dresses and shoes, schoolgirl clothes, French maid outfits, and pink or white satin locking sissy maids bondage uniforms. Many of the things were like what Bev had worn in our games, and I'd secretly wished to be dressed like her when I was the victim. As it would be a fun way to earn some badly needed extra money, I agreed.

Saying she'd show photos of me to her photographer, Bev had me shave my body, put on an off-the-shoulder, bare midriff blouse, short-shorts, lacy socks, penny loafers and long wig, then made me up and tied me up. The outfit wasn't overly femme and helped me adjust and let my female side take control. Bev gave me modeling hints and took a dozen photos of me well bound in various ways, and we were so aroused that we had sex and I spent the night tied and feminized.

The female photographer loved my photos and, completely submerging my male side, I posed in bondage wearing many wonderful things from your Transvestite Sissy Catalog: "Forever Sissy" ruffled bra and panties, over-the-knee schoolgirl stockings, oxfords, various Mary Janes and Baby Doll shoes, including Baby Doll opera pumps, lacy dresses, suspendered plaid and pleated schoolgirl skirts and dresses, blouses, French maid, with 6" stilettos, and sissy locking bondage maid uniforms with Sylvia Baby Doll shoes or 4" Baby Doll shoes. I was sad when there was no more work for a while.

Bev had been busy lining up clients for a mail order and Internet business of our own. We moved to an isolated house, ordered me as much as we could afford from your catalogs, and I let her talk me into becoming a sissy she-male with your herbs and vitamins with real female estrogen. Things went fine. I had lustrous hair, softer skin, nicely forming breasts, rounded out figure, aided by a corset and 5" to 6" heels, slimming my waist, giving my hips and ass a female roundness, firming my thighs, calves and ankles, and was becoming very 'passable.' But my cock was becoming even smaller! Bev took me to the dungeon/cellar in a brief lacy dress, socks, and 'T' Strap Petal Baby Doll shoes, where she gave me the real abuses we had only pretended in my photos. I was suspended in a hogtie, swung by my cock and balls, weights also attached, made to crawl in ropes to kiss her 8" boots and then walked on, dildod and made to suck it clean afterwards, and lashed front and back, the thin whip whacking my privates and landing down the center of my ass crack. Very soon I gave in and promised to even double my herbs and vitamins. Bev locked my prick in your non-permanent, non-piercing pure silver chastity until it became so small it could only take a FL2C frenum that was put on forever. My breasts had big implants, and I...
became Kristian, a lovely sissy she-male whom no one suspects isn’t a true woman. Our sissy bondage photo business is flourishing and I’m a cult favorite with fans all over the world. Though we often bring in women, TVs and she-males to bind me or be tied up with me, Bev and I are true to each other. We love being home alone at night, me tied kneeling on the bed in a short sleeve, ruffled green dress, white socks and matching Sylvia Baby Doll shoes, while Bev, in only a red corset, nylons, 6” stilettos, and long black gloves, kneels before me to have her hot, wet pussy kissed and tongued for hours and hours. There is hardly a minute, day or night when I’m not in some sort of bondage, and we both love my submissive helplessness. Look for my latest bondage sissy photos on the Web in your newest creations. Bev has really come up with some ingenious positions and extra tight tie-ups, I love all that she does to me! Sissy bondage model/slave Kristian
BE SURE TO SEE OUR SISSY CATALOGS WHERE MEN AND WOMEN TURN MEN INTO THEIR SISsy SLAvES WHILE MODELING ALL OUR SISsy CLOTHES AND SISsy SHOES PLUS ACCESSORIES.
Transvestite Sissy Catalog 6

This is probably our best ever sissy catalog with all our newest designs mixed with lots of sexy action including some hardcore action. This issue is loaded with all kinds of NEW SISY DRESSES, AND A LOT OF NEW SISY SHOES MADE ONLY FOR US AND DESIGNED BY JBL ALL IN STOCK. LOTS OF NEW FULLY ITMS, DRESSES, SKIRTS, TOPS, LOTS OF SISY PANTIES, PRETTY BOWS, TOPS, PETTICOATS, BABY DOLL SOCKS, SCHOOLGIRL OUTFITS, MAIDS OUTFITS, LOCKING SHOES, OUR NEWEST LOCK-ON SISY MAIDS DRESS, SPECIAL NEW SATIN CLOTHING, SLAVE AND SISY JEWELRY and more. One of our best. A must have! Soft cover, 8.5" x 11", 32 pages, all color. $20.00 plus postage

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Transvestite Sissy Catalog 5

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I make my living turning disgusting males into she-males or sissies. It's quite lucrative and I always have a backlog. There are voluntary and involuntary subjects. I specialize in the involuntary ones. It's payback, starting with my cheat of a husband. The majority of referrals come from women divorce lawyers. When I'm finished with them I either turn them back over to their ex-wives who pay my fee out of the divorce settlement. In effect the males end up paying me to turn them into she-male slum or I auction them off and split the fee with the wife, girlfriend or secretary.

I belong to an organization called World Wide Sissy Trainers. Once a year we have a convention and competition. We can only bring one sissy. There's a judging in various categories, and on the last day we put them up for sale to a select group of interested buyers. In effect it's my yearly bonus.

My entry this year is Pearl, it was Peter something, I don't remember. The minute I saw him I knew he'd be this year's entry. Slim, 5 feet, six inches and a baby face that had great potential. When he woke up he was chained to a wall. He started screaming, but stopped when he heard his high-pitched, girlish voice. Of course he went ballistic when I told him what I was going to do to him. Naturally he was in denial until I swung a full length mirror in front of him.

"Don't you just love your huge, melon shaped titties, and how tiny your waist is now? And just look at that ass. Any woman would kill for it. Then there's your slutty, permanently tattooed makeup, and those, 'I want to suck a cock lips'. Naturally your pussy is now uselessly locked up. It'll be up to your new owners whether they make it permanent or not," I gloated.

When I got to the convention I carefully positioned and chained her in the exact pose I wanted her in. In keeping with her name I draped yards of pearls on her. She couldn't move an inch as I had a plug up her ass. If she so much as twitched she got shocked.

"Smile at all times. Potential buyers are allowed to touch, fondle or pinch the merchandise," I warned. She smiled, but obviously was terrified every time a potential buyer came up.

"What's it's name?" a woman with a British accent asked.

"I've named it Pearl, but naturally you can name it whatever you want."

"What's it classed as?"

"A She-Male Slut, very well trained."

"Pity, I was really looking for a maid."

"Well, she certainly looks like a total slut to me. Is she trained to suck cock?" a woman commented, which turned Pearl deathly pale. As the other woman was her ex-wife.

"Oh, Pearl absolutely loves a good cock in her mouth, don't you Pearl?" I said, knowing that part of her training she'd been very resistant to.

"I've recently married and am away on business a lot. I don't want my new husband to get lonely so I thought a well trained slut for his birthday would be a real surprise. Can she take a good sized cock up her ass? Unlike my last husband's tiny little thing, he has a truly stupendous cock."

"Well, I've kept her plugged so she's nicely broken in, but still tight. I think he'll find her a good fit, as long as his member isn't over eleven inches. That's all I've trained her to," I apologized.

"Does that thimble between her legs function?"

"I milk it once a month. So I guess you would call a few dribbles in a shot glass functioning," I commented.

There were a half dozen other interested buyers before the auction started. I was really excited as her sale produced my biggest bonus ever. Poor thing, she nearly fainted when he saw me come over with the highest bidder. His ex-wife.

"I'm so excited, my husband is flying in to join me. I can't wait for him to try out his birthday present," she exclaimed.
Black Mailing Wife Makes Closet TV Hubby Into A Sissy Bondage Slave So She And Men Can Fuck And Bribe Him

Story on page 34
Dear Enslaved, I read that crossdressing starts from age three to thirteen, and though it is harmless it can't be cured. I've never wanted to be cured. I have another fetish: bondage. Together they are a potent stimulant that I love equally. I was introduced to both by my childhood friend Tommy who used to dress in his older sister's outgrown clothes. Their parents were divorced and Cathy spent half the year with her father and stepmother. While Tommy's and my widowed mother were at work we'd put on Cathy's undies and training bras (stuffed with tissues), a short frilly dress or brief skirt and midriff blouse, ruffled socks or baby doll socks, and Mary Janes or Baby Doll shoes. With practice we used lipstick and makeup and pinned our long hair in girl styles with barrettes. Usually we stayed in the house or fenced back yard, but if neighbors did see us they merely thought it was just kids playing. He had a big collection of comics with women like Lois Lane and Wonder Woman in bondage, and we'd pretend to be them and tie each other up. When I spent the night we'd lock his door, put on Baby Doll nighties, style our hair, and flip a coin to see who was tied in the moonlight. I cheated repeatedly to be the one. Finally Tommy said continued on page 34.
Dear Reader,

I was blackmailed since childhood by my now ex-wife, Sophia. Because of my dressing in girls' clothes, I can't remember how it started. I began wearing my slightly older sister's clothes. Though I was slender and wore a tight yellow tank and skirt, I was a good listener and was often used as an outgrown clothes from going away boxes and was able to keep my secret. One day I was alone and went into the fenced backyard in a knee-length, short-sleeve, fully white and lavender dress, matching socks, knitted panties, and small heels, white Mary Janes. Perhaps because of my male ego, I often turned myself up and imagined that my explosions of anger had disguised me as a girl. Hair pinned in a girlish way with barrettes, I swept and tied myself to a thin tree with yachts of clothing. I could see myself as a woman, but I couldn't get free without a real struggle. Full of tumbling questions, Sophia reached me and tightened my ropes before removing my gag. She tied me to a post. I screamed, fainted, and the next morning, I woke up with a bondagene and took photos of me. From that day on, I was completely in her power. When her parents or me were at home, I would dress up for her. That went on for years, with new photos every so often for blackmail. I hoped she'd move away but she didn't. By the time I was in high school, I finally realized that she was the only girl who knew and indulged in my private fantasy.

By college, my sister had married, and my parents had retired to Florida. Sophia had me share an apartment, and after classes, I'd be tied up in her college girl clothes and would study like that. She took photos and made videos with stories of me bound and feminized and I enjoyed acting in them. Sophia graduated, got a job, and by the time I graduated, I had a nice sum set aside. She showed me my magazine and didn't have to blackmail me into going to become a sissy after we married; me as a bride, her goom. We moved to a small town and opened a mail order business. In our isolated house outside of town, we began our feminization with your pure female estrogen pills and creams, and she bought me lingerie, dresses, skirts, and blouses, French and satin maid uniforms, shoes, and bondage gear. All was well until I saw that my small cock was shrinking. Sophia didn't care. I didn't want to use my tongue and fingers to satisfy her and she only wanted to do my mouth and ass. In her black dominating outfit and stiletto heels, she imprisoned me in the cell for two weeks in a Baby Doll nightie, lace socks and #5 Baby Doll shoes. Tied to an 'X' frame, weights on my cock and balls. I was spanked, lashed, and dilded repeatedly. She walked on me in her 7th boots, which I crawled in ropes to kiss and suck their heels that were also used to dildo me. She took photos and videos of all my abuses. As there was no escape, I gave in.

Sophia locked my pink in your non-permanent, non-piercing pure silver chastity until it only took a FL2C Premium chastity that went on forever. I had daily lessons in being a woman and increased my pills and creams. Soon my tits had implants, and with my silky hair, soft, feminine skin, and very shapely figure, I became Paula, a lovely sissy that all took to be a real woman. To celebrate, Sophia bought me an extra, more sissy clothes and items, then began inviting men over to fuck us.

Short black leather jacket unzipped to show her big boobs. Black peasant nylons and boots, Sophia puts out to her man of the evening. A thong white cloth between my teeth and red lips, wigs and nipples on, collar about my neck. I stand watching in a pink, off-the-shoulder dress, cutout, matching panties, white ruffled socks and Baby Doll open pumps. Then take her to be seen, mouth stuffed, face drenched in cum, while a big fan camcorder tapes it all. Finally, she gets into the action and I'm simultaneously face sat and either did or penis stuffed in my ass. She and the man always make a night of it (often a whole week) and by dawn I'm too exhausted to move. Still, I've learned to love the many degradations my dominant wife inflicts on me.

Sissy Paula

---

He should just keep tying me up until we get sleepy.

Our femme/bondage went on until high school when Tommy's mother remarried and they moved. In parting, he gave me a set of Cathy's lingerie, short black and white checked dress, fully socks and panties. I dated some in high school and college but never found the right girl. Graduating, I came into my trust fund and didn't need to work. I went to L.A., where I found my magazine in an adult bookstore. It was such a joy! I ordered loads of clothes, lingerie, shoes, and wigs from your Transvestite Catalog, as Cathy's things had worn out.

It was like Christmas when the items arrived and that night in my eagerness to try them all on, I didn't close the blinds completely. From her bedroom in the next apartment building, Marsha saw me in a "Forever Sissy" napped top and panties, nylons, and long blonde wig trying on shoes, dresses, skirts, and blouses, a French maid uniform and open pumps, and pink and white locking sissy maid bondage uniforms and petal Baby Doll shoes. Later she told me she was so happy that she dildod and played with herself the whole time she watched me, especially when I tied and gagged myself in a replica of Cathy's checked dress, fully socks and shoes.

The next evening, Marsha came over in boots and a black leather outfit and a copy of your magazine and boldly said she wanted me as her sissy slave. I agreed, and we took a secluded house in the hills where I began using your feminizing pills and creams with pure female estrogen and learning to dress and speak like a woman. Marsha was richer than I, and I showed her with more sissy clothes. Things went fine. My skin was softer, hair grew, my skin was wet, and my body more rounded and feminine. Then my cock grew smaller as my body changed. Marsha didn't give a damn; she only wanted my tongue and fingers inside her, and to do my mouth and ass.

In ruffled panties, fully socks and Baby Doll shoes, I was tied and gagged in the store room and kept there a week while Marsha spanked and lashed me with belts and whips, forced me with various dildos that I had to suck clean, and took photos and made videos of my abuses, to go over and impress on me the penalty for defying her. My lesson learned, I resumed my pills and creams. My cock was locked in your non-permanent, non-piercing, pure silver chastity until it only took a FL2C Premium that went on forever. My breasts had implants, and I became Sheila, a sissy sex and bondage slave.

We are happy nine and Marsha shares me with no one. I'm too clean in a French or sissy maid uniform, white stockings and shoes in casual and formal clothes and a big penis gag in my mouth. I'm tied in a ball and used as a footstool while she reads or watches TV, then removes my gag and sits splash legged before me to be kicked while a vibrator hums away in my ass. My favorite black and white checked dress, fully socks and panties, knickers chained and arms strapped behind me, big breasts bared, I suck her strap on dildo while in red corset, nylons and short boots, a collar and whips in her gloved hands, she watches, then soon fucks me. I love all that she does to me! Sissy sex and bondage slave, Sheila.
NEW STYLE SISSY SHOES

#4 Baby Doll Shoes
These have the perfect Velcro adjustable strap just like Sissy Baby Doll shoes. Pretty pink bow in front. Come in pink and white. Sizes 9 to 15. $69.95

#13B Baby Doll Shoes
These have a Velcro strap to pull shoe tight just like a real sissy shoe. Colors: black or white patent. Sizes: 8 to 15. $69.95

#16 Baby Doll Mary Janes
Note the row of bows in front. Buckling dainty sissy strap. 1/4" low heel a must shoe. Comes in red and black patent. Sizes 8 to 15. $69.95

#15 Sissy Shoes
These come in pink, white, and black patent. Sizes 8 to 15. Note the bow on the sissy "T" strap. $69.95

#32 Baby Doll Shoes
These are our newest style. They come in pink, white, and black patent. Sizes 9 to 15. They have a Baby Doll 1/4" heel for sissies. $69.95

#35 3" Heel Sissy Shoe
These come in white and black patent. Sizes 9 to 15. Note the strap and pretty bow. 3" Chunky heel. These can be worn everywhere. $89.95

Black and White Oxfords
The perfect shoes to be worn with some of our sissy dresses and schoolgirl outfits. These are a must. Sizes 8 to 12. $89.95
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.

But did you know? There are two herbs with natural estrogen in them that will give you the same effect as estrogen without all the side effects of possible cancer, loss of erection, etc. These two wonder herbs for crossdressers are black cohosh and blessed thistle. These two herbs will not only give you BREASTS, but softer, more feminine skin and slinkier hair. They will also feminize or round out your features.

If you didn’t know it, TRANSFORMATION has already mastered this truly wonderful formula with its three unique vitamin hormone pills.

Glandulars are the secret! Glandular therapy utilizes raw concentrates of glandular and organ tissue. The theory is that like cells help like cells. In practical items, this means that raw ovarian concentrate, for instance, contains a variety of known and unknown intrinsic factors that support ovarian functions in the recipient. The “raw” glandulars are used in feminant are dehydrated by a special process which insures they contain all of the enzymes and hormones that are present in the natural tissue. One of the key elements provides 200mg of raw ovarian concentrates to assist in the production of the essential hormones, FSH [follicle stimulating hormone] and LH [luteinizing hormone].

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

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Triple Strength Mammary

Formulated to enhance the breasts and develop the milk glands. Each tablet contains 300mg. of raw mammary concentrate, 150mg. blessed thistle, 150mg. black cohosh.

Contains no sugar, starch, salt, wheat, corn, soy, preservatives, artificial flavors or colors.

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One 100 tablets bottle...$24.95
Two bottles...$49.95

Raw Mammary Tissue Concentrate

Helps bring milk to the breasts...which enlarges them! The body tone formula for women. Again, we cannot make any claims, the label speaks for itself. Centuries and pharmaceutical laboratories have created this unique formula for those who wish they had a little of their own MOTHER’S MILK.

With such ingredients as real mammary, uterus concentrate, etc. All 100% natural.

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Feminique


Suggested use: three to six tablets daily as a dietary supplement.

One 60 tablets bottle...$32.95
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For women or men who want to become a woman

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Enhances all the womanly parts, including: hips, thighs, breasts, arms, etc.

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Octacosanol 375mg

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Now you can achieve beautifully convincing femininity by using our unique Breast Cream, along with our other breast-development products. It is suggested that you rub this into shaved breast just before going to bed every night. Approximately three months supply.

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Feminant has been specially formulated from raw glands, gland concentrates and specific elements.

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Feminizes the entire body, helps round out the breasts.

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Mistress Isobel seats Herself in the dungeon and gives slave manhole a taste of Her high heel. He sucks it like a cock for Her amusement and warm up. Mistress Minax, together with Mistress Isobel then begin his sissy sex slave training. They order him to strip, Mistress Minax ties up his cock and they laugh and enjoy his difficulty in putting on his pantyhose. Mistress Minax produces frilly pink panties and they laugh as their sissy puts them on and is made to bend over to show his pussy to Mistress Minax. She inserts a dildo into his ass and pulls his panties over it, warning him to keep it in. They spit repeatedly into his mouth and verbally abuse their humiliated sissy slave.

Mistress Minax and Mistress Isobel have their strap-ons ready and decide to tag team the sissy. He is made to do a final dance and song and then they take turns seeing whose cock he can deep throat farthest. Mistress Minax applies the crop to spur him on and then switches with Isobel to enjoy him gagging and choking on Her cock as Her partner encourages him from behind. The Ladies yell égoi when they want their kneeling cock sucker to switch cocks and enjoy taking turns fucking his mouth hole with their strap-ons. They kiss and hug and enjoy the moment. Mistress Isobel gives his panty covered as a few crop strokes and then they prepare him for a sound fucking. A vibrator is taped on the red bench and he lays down, his penis vibrating. Mistress Minax opens his ass with Her black gloved hand as Mistress Isobel face fucks him. The Ladies sissy sex slave is performing for them with his mouth and his pussy hole as he lies on the vibrator taped to the bench. His little clit is vibrating as Mistress Isobel mercilessly makes him deep throat Her cock. Her partner relentlessly drills him from the rear and then they switch places. Mistress Minaxwhips him a bit to take his mind off Isobel’s strap-on ramming in and out of his tight pussy hole.

Mistress Minax and Mistress Isobel continue to switch off, using their prone slut without pause. The Ladies thoroughly enjoy themselves as he squirms at the end of their rubber cocks that fill his pussy hole. They decide to lay him on the floor on his back and Mistress Isobel face sits him as he takes cock from Mistress Minax. Her black gloved hand strokes his cock, aroused from writhing on the vibrator from the bench, and he squirts for their amusement. They get him to his knees and remove the collar they had put on when his treatment began.
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Transformation Catalog 11
This is a large perfect bound catalog, all in full color with beautiful she-males modeling our newest creations and items. Perfect bound, high gloss thick paper. This issue is loaded with all the newest styles of dresses from pretty to sexy. In all kinds of materials. Jump-suits, pants, stockings, garters, shoes and boots including locking, skirts, tops, pretty chokers, capes sets, underwear, thongstone locking collar with thongstone handcuffs and more. A must have catalog. Collectors issue. Handcure! Soft Cover, 8.5" x 11", 68 pages, all color. $29.95

Transformation Catalog 12
We have everything here to change you from man to woman. New shoe styles, classy velvet wear, stretch jump-suits and outfits, patent clothing, hose-ry, real leather clothing, a lot of pretty dresses, petticoat corsets, collars, bras, wigs at low prices, silicone breasts, new insert bras, hip and bum panties, hormones, body shapers and more! Some hardcore photos showing off our new products. And, of course, you'll see Jeri and his new girlfriend on The Road Again in Canada. A must see catalog of new items. Soft Cover, 8.5" x 11", 68 pages, all color. $29.95

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This is an all color, perfect bound 70 page, 8 1/2" x 11" large format catalog with lots of action as pretty girls get bound up in all of Centurians bondage restraints including all of their new 2005 bondage devices. All kinds of cuffs, new colors of leather, collars, hog tie devices, new spiked items, gags, trainers, lock on binders, new bondage "U" gloves, armbinders, bondage mittens, metal and leather penis restrictions, and more shown with beautiful people all bound up. $29.95

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This is our 2007 collectors issue. This perfect bound issue is jammed packed with true stories of how men are fully transformed into beautiful women, then what they have to do to please their Mistresses or Masters and others sexually and the rigors of being turned into a female. True stories with incredible art and real photos. Soft Cover, 8.5" x 11", 68 pages, all color. $29.95

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This is our first special edition for Sissies and Maids magazine. It's a full color, high gloss issue, perfect bound 68 page magazine with tons of stories jammed into this all frilly color magazine. See and learn how men and women turn men into full fledged she-make slaves through bondage, hormones, domination, tattoos, surgery. Many get chastised so they can only serve their Mistresses and Masters sexually. $29.95
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**Enslaved Sissies and Maids 13**
Special all color issue with 88 pages of men being dominated and turned into sissy slave maids to serve sexually. In this issue: Sissy gets lots of letters from his picture in this magazine. Reader looking for dominant, the dominant woman. Man turned into housewife. Sissy husband sells his house, woman changes her name. In this issue: Sissy slave so that when they marry he'll be hers forever, more! This issue is loaded with true stories and lots of photos and erotic art.

$16.95 plus postage

**Enslaved Sissies and Maids 14**
Men being dominated and turned into sissy slave maids to serve sexually. In this issue: Man blackmailed by wife to wear sissy clothes, mistress makes sissy slave know what it's like to be a woman by training his pussy with vibration and dildos, sissy magazine changes woman's life, man is turned into lovely sissy submissive, she-male loves being abused with other sissy she-maids and more! This issue is loaded with true stories and lots of photos and erotic art. Soft Covers, 8.5 x 11, 48 pages, color and black and white.

$16.95 plus postage

**Enslaved Sissies and Maids 15**
This issue is so great, we had to do it in all color! Lots of articles from men and women who share how they turned men into their sissy slave. Some of the many articles: Reader says: "Sissy maid's uniform fits perfect", sissy girl boyloves to be sissy, feminized and collar trained into an effeminate sissy girl, sissy's new life, downtown cockslut party, lady man changes into sissy she-male bondage slave by childhood sweetheart. Lady turns man into sissy she-male slave, TV becomes man's sissy she-male lover, sister decides younger brother's future. Must have, all color issue! Hardcore issue.

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**Forced Womanhood 49**
Forced Womanhood is devoted to men and women who turn men into their she-male slaves. True stories of men turned into women through bondage, discipline and even chastitement. Some of the many stories: Punished by Mistresses, sissy slave looking for dominant women, sissy slave auction, man wonders if he's gay because he's in love with a beautiful sissy, and many more! Must issue with true stories, photos and incredible art. Soft Covers, 8.5 x 11, 48 pages, black and white and color.

$16.95 plus postage

**Forced Womanhood 50**
Can you believe this is our 50th issue? We have been publishing this issue for years. Note: you can order all our back issues online at www.womanhood.com. In this 50th issue, lots of women turning into she-male slaves. Lady turns man into she-male slave to satisfy her and her lover, woman makes man into beautiful she-male bondage slave to be enjoyed by men and women, master turns cross dresser into his beautiful she-male slave, Bob, how Bridgette, loved dressing up and feeling helpless, and more! Soft Covers, 8.5 x 11, 48 pages, black and white and color.

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**Forced Womanhood 51**
This is a special all color edition for the same price! In this issue: Marissa makes Michael Michelle (an incredible illustrated cartoon story of a man turned into a she-male slave), avid reader looking to be dominated, meet slave Frances, strong willed wife turns weak into a she-male to spike her affairs with other men, man turned into woman to do whatever she wants, enslaved: the miss adventures of MK and more. This is a very special all color issue not to be missed. Soft Covers, 8.5 x 11, 48 pages, all color.

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