

Tales Of Humiliated Sissies

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**The Sissy Pageant
Maid Permanent
Sissy In Denial
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The Sissy Pageant

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter –1 The ultimate revenge

I was really looking forward to this years Sissy Pageant as we're celebrating our fifth anniversary of the Pageant, and I'm proud to say I'm it's founding member.

So what's a Sissy Pageant? It all started when I caught my husband cheating on me for the third time. I'd heard of women getting their revenge on cheating or abusive husbands by feminizing them. I talked to some of them who admitted they relished the humiliation it caused them. But they were eventually disappointed when they could pass so completely that the thrill of humiliating greatly diminished.

It was when I read an article titled, "Don't feminize them, sissify them, the ultimate revenge." It was written by a Lilith Manchester who was the head of I.S.O.S., which stood for the International Society of Sissy Owners. The more I read the article and thought about it the more I realized the effects of sissifying him would be a never ending source of revenge. The never ending humiliation of being not a man or a woman but an in-between sissy.

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After talking to several women with cheating or abusive husbands we formed our own version which we called the American Society of Sissy Owners, or A.S.O.S.

The first thing we did was create a website, www.asos.com. On it we officially registered ownership of our sissies. Their new name, mine was Paul, although his new name is Sissy Priss.

What I found hysterical were some of the names our members came up with for their sissies. There was Sissy Flossy, Candy, Tinkerbelle, Fanny and Muffin. Some women named them after flowers like Sissy Tulip. Others after colors like Sissy Peaches and Pinkie while many gave them even more derogatory names like Sissy Little Dick, Tiny Bitts, Buttsie and, my favorite, Snowballs. No sissy could have a girlish or woman's name.

Front, back and head shots were downloaded, weight, height, size of his dickette including a close-up with a stiffie were all added.

To remind Priss of what he once thought he was I keep a Before & After photo dangling above his bed where it's impossible to avoid seeing them. When he thought he was a man his crowning glory was his long, shoulder length hair. So I had it cut in the perfect sissy hair style, a pixie! And then had him made up in the most sissiest of make-up. You should have seen the devastated look on his face when we turned him to a mirror. Trust me it was priceless.

Chapter -2 The most humiliating criteria we could think up.

We set up all kinds of the most demeaning, humiliating rules, criteria and categories. There would be Novice, Intermediate and Advanced Sissy categories. The most important rule was that the male could not pass as a woman. There could be no permanent physical alterations, like tits, fake or real, larger than a sissy A-cup, no physically enlarging their asses, no piercings except for the ears. And, naturally, no skirts. Their figures could only be augmented by dieting or a rigorous regime of corseting.

One particularly degrading rule that we made mandatory is that all sissies had to be kept on a leash at all times.

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Novice Sissies would have to meet this criteria. Waists must be ten inches less than hips, heels no less than four inches. Hair and make-up must be totally sissy and could not be mistaken for a woman's style or make-up.

Intermediate Sissie's waists had to be eleven inches less than their hips, with heels no less than six inches.

Advanced Sissies waists had to measure a minimum of twelve inches less than their hips, with heels at least eight inches or higher.

The most fun we had was coming up with the humiliating categories to judge them in. We finally settled on these.

Most Sissified Hair & Make-up

Best Sissy Figure

Best Sissy legs

Best Sissy Strut

Best Sissy Ass

The Most Decorated Sissy Bells

Most Glamorous Sissy

The month prior to the pageant all sissie's dickettes not only were not allowed to do sissy spurts with their dickettes remaining in the tiniest, completely flaccid state not permitted to make so much as a twitch. To ensure this Sissy Priss' Sissifier was set at "0." (I'll detail what a Sissifier is in more detail later.) Poor Priss, he knew the reason, having attended the previous four pageants and I thoroughly enjoyed the dismayed expression on his face.

Chapter -3 A purposefully humiliating weigh in.

The Pageant has evolved into an extended four day weekend, naturally in San Francisco where even a sissy being walked down the street on a leash is barely given a second glance. Friday, upon arrival sissies are checked in to be registered, weighed and measured. And in the most humiliating manner we could conceive. First they were weighed, then their figures and asses were measured. Most degrading was making them open their mouths to exam their teeth. Then biceps and legs were pinched and prodded for the least sign of muscle tone. Then their dickettes were mechanically excited until it was judged they had reached the fullest stiffie



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they could achieve and with calipers they were carefully measured. The final indignity was to measure and weigh their sissy pom poms to determine if they were carrying a “full load.” One rule we set up was that no sissy could do what we called sissy spurts one month prior to the pageant. To ensure this their Sissifier’s were set so that there wasn’t even a hint of an arousal.

After getting our rooms we dressed for the first event which was a Meet & Greet Cocktail party with special attention to dressing out sissies in the most flamboyant party attire to show off.

Then before he was dressed his trainer bent him over and inserted his Swishifier plug up his behind. The Swishifier wasn’t meant as a punishment, it was meant to train his bottom to swish, twitch and jiggle outrageously as he walked. It wasn’t all that big, but the end was weighed a full five pounds. In competitions it had to be removed. But you just imagine how his ass gyrated like two wobbly pistons as he walked and he was powerless to prevent it.

This pageant was an important one, as I said, as we were celebrating our fifth anniversary. Women with their sissies came from all over the United States and Canada. It was amazing, in just five years we had over a hundred women with their sissies registered.

Every year the pageant features a theme. Last year’s was, “Bows & Bottoms,” this year the theme is, “Bells & Bras.”

I was also admittedly nervous. In his fifth year of competing I’d finally decided to enter him in the Advanced Sissy category. I didn’t know how he’d do as I knew there’d be a lot of competition. But I felt sure he was ready, although, of course, I’m sure, and hoped, it would a traumatic experience as an Advanced Sissy was considered ultimate in sissification.

When I’d originally decided that turning my husband into a sissy I employed a young girl named Megan as his trainer. She was a college student that I gave room and board to in exchange for turning him into the perfect sissy. Megan was a six foot-one inch volleyball player and in her heels virtually towered over him. I couldn’t imagine how wonderfully crushing it was for Priss to be trained by a college girl. I love the scared, cringing expression on his face whenever she enters his sissy room. Megan works him every day, morning to dusk, turning him into the ultimate sissy. And since money was no object as I now had all of his, which was consider-

able, I also hired a sissy groomer and a stylist, who specialized in creating the most outrageous sissy outfits for this pageant.

Priss was slightly above average, at five foot, seven inches, for a sissy. But he had great legs which Megan made sure were completely devoid of the slightest muscle tone. Leaving them most shapely, I was even a bit jealous of them. Although with no muscle tone at all he got easily exhausted, poor thing. I had his groomer cut his hair, as I mentioned, into what I thought was the perfect sissy style, a pixie. Looking at him I was quite satisfied that he'd never be mistaken for a girl. All sissies had to learn to do their own sissy make-up which Megan made sure his make-up was a sissy as possible.

Chapter – 4 All sissied up.

As we got dressed in fancy cocktail dresses Megan and Adrian, the groomer, were dressing Priss. In co-ordination with Carolyn of Glamorous Sissy we'd put together an entirely new wardrobe for him, fifteen outfits in all, each designed to be as humiliating and demeaning as possible to be seen in.

The one he'd wear to the Meet & Greet was a pink satin, one piece that buttoned up the back and fit skin tight to show off his sissy figure and ass.

But first came his corset. Five years ago his waist had been thirty-four inches. Now it was down to twenty-eight inches. The minimum an Advanced Sissy could have was twelve inches less than his hips. In Prissie's case that would mean a stunning twenty-three inch waist.

Then to accent his sissy behind they put a cheek enhancing girdle on him that had inflexible plastic inserts that raised and spread his cheeks.

When his new outfit was on the top featured three tiers of ruffles over his sissy titties. The bottoms were so tight it clearly defined each cheek. In front was a short, two button sailor's flap with lace trim. As the theme this year was, "Bells & Bras" we fixed bells to the buttons. The hem was trimmed with two tiers of ruffles to match his anklets. Then on each wrist was a pink bracelet with a bell attached to each. On his feet, of course, were eight inch pink heels.

The pink collar was trimmed top and bottom with lace with a bell dangling in front. On top of his head they pinned an outrageously sissy bow.

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Clipping on his leash Megan ordered him to, “Heel” which was the command to walk. One of the things we all taught our sissies to do was to respond to the same commands as dogs did. Could anything be more purposefully degrading. Among the other commands he had to instantly respond to were, “Sit, Stay, Down, Beg” and, of course my favorite, “Fetch.”

The other nearly as degrading idea we came up with was to train them to curtsy. Priss was to curtsy to everyone in a room he entered and before he left. He had to curtsy before and after he spoke, And when introduced to other sissies. Which we couldn't help making even more degrading by insisting the when sissies met they not only had to curtsy to each other but to bend over and kiss each other on the lips for no less than two seconds. Obviously they hated it, two one time men, now sissies forced to French kiss each other. I never tired of seeing them kissing another sissy that used to be man.

A bit to our surprise a cottage industry had grown as the idea caught on. You could go online and see Julie's Hats for Sissies. Sissy Jewelry by Monica. Girdles, cheek enhancers and corsets by Sissy Foundation Wear, Ultimate Dainties that featured the latest in bras and panties and several designers specializing in the latest in sissy fashions. My favorite was Glamorous Sissy by Carolyn. Then there's Torment's Delights which features training, discipline and obedience implements which Kelly takes full advantage of and SD Electronics, that stands for Shocking Discipline, featuring various state-of-the-art devices for controlling sissie's dickettes and related implements. And finally my website featuring Outrageous Shoes by Veronica. I loved designing the most sissified, torturous shoes I could think up, and then forcing them to learn to walk in them especially my sissy. You can't imagine the amusement it gave me to see him terrified, staggering and mincing about in one of my latest designs.

At the spacious ballroom they all had booths set up to show off their latest sissy creations. With several booths set up by hair and make-up stylists promoting their latest sissy cuts and make-up.

Chapter -5 Old friends, new friends and Kissies.

As I'd planned I met up with the other two founding women of A.S.O.S. at the Meet and Greet with their sissies. We always looked forward, with amusement, at

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least for us, when sissies met each other. They had a precise ritual they had to endure as we'd made it as purposefully humiliating and degrading as we could.

We first met Angela Carter and her sissy Bittsie. First each sissy had to curtsy to each other. Then they had to gushingly compliment each other.

"Oh my Bittsie you look ever so much adorable in your mostest wonderfulest, yummy pink satin sissy romper! I totally adore pink. And your feet look so darling in your pink high heels with the most enchanting bells on your toes. I'm simply dying of envy," Priss lisped as excitedly as he could fearful of the punishment Kelly would deal out if she found his compliment less than satisfactory.

I feel I have to explain that each sissy is taught a sissy vocabulary that we went into hysterics creating. When meeting another sissy they had to use the sissiest words and sound as excited and gushing as they count. Of course they hated their sissy vocabulary, but that's precisely why we created it.

But what came next was so much worse. Imagine two sissies, formally thinking they were macho, stud men, leaning forward and kissing each other on the lips. Not just kissing but French kissing each other for no less than five seconds. Angela and I couldn't help grinning to each other as they French kissed each other.

Then we all met up with our other founding member, Gloria Simpson, and her sissy Titsie.

Poor titsie, he had to French kiss two sissies!

Chapter -6 Sissy shopping.

With our sissies on their leashes we visited the various booths displaying all manner of products, fashions and services for our, unfortunate, sissies.

We stopped first at Sissy Jewelry by Monica.

"I have your special earrings you designed for sissy Priss," Monica said, when we came up to her booth.

Taking them out of a gold box and holding them up for Priss to see I said, "Aren't these fabulous, fourteen karat gold and very expensive, but, of course, nothings too good for my sissy. Don't you just love them?" I asked innocently, thoroughly enjoying the crestfallen expression on his face.

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