

A Boy Called Cinderella

Part 1

An All-New, Dark,
Kinky, First Time
Forced Feminization
Fantasy Story

Mindi Harris



**A Boy Called Cinderella 1:
An All-New, Dark, Kinky, First Time
Forced Feminization Fantasy Story**

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Introduction from the Author

Welcome to part one of an all-new, outrageous, titillating, dark, kinky, forced feminization fantasy story with a (believe it or not) happily ever after ending! [Part two is already published](#), so you can read the complete story without waiting for the conclusion to come out.

It's difficult enough to succeed as an actor, even when you're talented at your craft and adept at turning yourself into someone else. For one young man, his dreams of movie and television stardom seem beyond his reach.

Then, his beautiful female boss turns into a bitter ex, a captivating female doctor takes control of his life, and even his once-supportive mother turns into a manipulative, dominant, controlling force. Will Al's dreams come true, or will they turn into an out-of-control nightmare?

This story is told in my usual "feminization vérité style" in that the events and reactions depicted actually could happen in real life—no magic, wishes, science fiction, or other supernatural or unrealistic elements.

Also, I've tried to give all of my characters somewhat realistic motivations for the things they do. Everything happens for reason, at least in my books. **That said, this is a complete fantasy, created entirely from my own imagination.**

I hope you enjoy this book, and—if you do—you will kindly leave a glowing 5 Star review! Also, please check out my full catalog on Amazon by visiting my author page. [Click here to see \(and hopefully order\) the books I've written, co-written and/or edited.](#)

Warning: For Mature Readers Only!

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This book meets all Amazon/Kindle standards. All characters are of the legal age, and all are willing, consenting participants in all activities depicted and referenced. There are no sexual or other intimate relations, contact, conduct, or activities between any blood relations, minors, or others that might imply or depict any illegal, unethical, immoral, or criminal activity of any kind. No such impermissible activity is promoted, presented, or implied herein.

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None of the characters, events, locations, or any other details refer to anyone or anything in reality. Any resemblance to any person or thing, living or dead, is unintended and purely coincidental. All of the action in these stories is for personal entertainment only. Do not try this at home!

Don't Read This Book unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by dominating, sexy women! **Beware!** This 13,000+ word story will immerse YOU into a kinky new life! You will find a character helplessly transformed in body and mind—from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! The women in this book tease a young man about how he should look and act like a feminized fairytale princess, a submissive office girl, and a French maid, and then they make him do it!

Warning! This story contains MTF (male-to-female), TG (transgender), BDSM (bondage, discipline, sadomasochism), LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender) erotica, including a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, cross-dressing, and female domination, as well as taboo, kinky, fetish scenes of rough sex, medical play, hormones, power exchange and role reversal, bimbofication, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification.

**If any of these topics offend you, please stop reading
now.**

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Introduction from the Author

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Disclaimers

In many ways, Alan Andrews, Jr. was just another out-of-work actor.

A forceful feminine voice stirred Al from his reverie, startling him and commanding his attention.

Feeling defeated, Al sighed deeply and whispered, “And.... I was told to take her place.”

Hoping to get this humiliating ordeal over as quickly as possible, Al approached her and started to introduce himself, “Hi, I’m....”

“Ah, there’s our gorgeous princess!” Natalie said, casting her eyes up and down Al’s feminized form from his spun-gold hair to his pearly pink toenails.

“I’m not trying to demean you by calling you feminine, Alana, I am merely pointing out facts. You’d really make a simply adorable little office girl.”

Al grimaced and pleaded for mercy, “Mother! Would you please stop! You know I’m not that way! I’m your son! I’m a man, not a girl.”

Afterword from the Author

In many ways, Alan Andrews, Jr. was just another out-of-work actor.

Alan Jr., or Al to his friends, had recently graduated from a prestigious east coast business school. He wasn't much interested in business. He'd attended the Old Ivy university after bowing to his parents' wishes.

He'd returned to his family home in Los Angeles, California, but not to launch into a financially rewarding career in business as his family expected. He had next to no interest in the high-stakes financial world his mother and father thrived in.

His snobby parents had supported him for years, but they were quickly running out of patience with him. His father, Alan Senior, had always been stern, but he had recently unexpectedly retired and become even more withdrawn than usual. His mother Charlize had insisted he join her working for their investment firm, first as an executive, but then in a more demeaning job after they'd argued.

His mother's determination was legendary. As a young girl, she'd sued her high school demanding a chance to play football. She wasn't physically stronger or more athletic than any of the boys on the team, but when her father—Al's maternal grandfather—tried to force her to join the cheerleading squad, she decided to teach the right wing male chauvinist a lesson.

She found a feminist judge to order the football coach, a grouchy curmudgeon named Dirk Ducey, to let her try out. The loudmouthed macho sexist agreed, but only after he realized that she could try out if she wanted, but he didn't have any obligation to put her on the team.

The whole situation turned into a local media sensation. Playing up the optics, Charlize wore the red and white pleated cheerleader's miniskirt and matching skin-tight shell top to the football field and pronounced herself ready to show her stuff.

Angry at being shown up by a teenaged girl, Ducey had her try out for tight end. He blew his whistle and the play began, with the quarterback dropping back to pass, and the determined young girl drawing a blocking assignment that made her face off against a 240-pound defensive end more than twice her size.

Thinking quickly, she hip-blocked the larger boy just as he dashed by her, knocking him off balance. Then, she twisted and launched herself at his exposed flank, driving her shoulder into his thigh and making him stumble past his intended target.

Infuriated, the coach told her to return a punt, which she started to do by lining up much too close to the punter, and on the far left side of the field. Ducey was laughing at the “dumb chick who doesn’t know squat about football,” right up until she began running headlong toward the kicking formation even before he blew his whistle to start the play.

She had track-star speed, and used every bit of acceleration she could muster in a mad dash through the confused blockers. She jumped up and slapped at the football, blocking the punt, and then pulled it of the air. With her short skirt flapping, she burst through would-be arm tacklers and into the end zone.

Coach Ducey cursed out his punter, the special teams unit, the judge, the local TV and newspaper reporters, and anyone else he could think of. When he finally settled down, he offered Charlize a position, if only to humiliate his team.

She refused the offer, “I was only trying to prove a point. Girls can do anything boys can do, but we’re generally too smart to play a stupidly dangerous game like football.” Then, she agreed to join cheerleading and was elected squad captain in her sophomore and junior years. She graduated from high school early, and won scholarships for academics, leadership, and cheerleading.

Charlize attended a state college, her parents couldn’t afford a fancy

private school, and she excelled at nearly everything she'd tried there as well. She joined a sorority and became her pledge class chairperson. She was the first sister ever elected house president as a sophomore. Next, she served as Pan-Hellenic cochair, editor of the college paper, captain of the cheerleading team, and speaker of the student council—all as a junior.

She had even found time to model at some major fashion events, and she acted here and there—usually bit parts in big time TV shows and a few movies. She again skipped her senior year, enrolling in a top business school on a full scholarship.

By the time she'd finished her MBA program as valedictorian, she'd met and fallen in love with Alan Andrews, the heir to the Andrews Investment Partners (AIP) hedge fund empire.

They'd married and she went to work for AIP, only pausing in her meteoric career trajectory to try to have a child, maybe even a few children. For the first time in her life, Charlize Andrews experienced real frustration bordering on failure.

After three years of trying in vain to get pregnant, she finally conceived. Charlize hoped her first child would be a girl, a daughter she could mentor and groom in her trailblazing, feminist image.

Instead, she delivered a boy—Alan Junior. Her pregnancy wasn't easy, and she endured serious complications. First, she had difficulty keeping up her weight, and then she went into labor after barely eight months. Premature and underweight at birth, the little boy never gained much size or the athletic prowess both of his parents displayed.

Alan Sr. had been a world-class golfer. After lettering in college, he even briefly considered joining the professional tour. Instead, he bowed to family pressures and gave up on his dreams of PGA glory, becoming an investment executive.

When Al returned to Los Angeles after respectable but not remarkable

achievements in business school, he was 24 years old. He stood about 5'7" tall, with a very slim body—weighing just under 120 pounds. He looked much younger than he was, about 18 at the oldest.

Al closely resembled his mother in appearance, but there the similarities ended. He had always been an easy-going child, well-behaved, conscientious, and obedient. Unlike his mother, he had no drive to dominate or compete, and few ambitions outside his one passion: acting.

He tried out for school plays, amateur productions, any opportunity to get on stage and play a part. Often, he won a lead role, but as he got older without getting much bigger, the leading man parts went to more physically impressive men. That did nothing to dampen Al's enthusiasm.

On many occasions, his mother told him, "With your lithe figure, shoulder-length golden blonde hair, and sparkling blue eyes, you'd have a better chance to break through in acting if you were an aspiring starlet named Alana!"

He tried to brush off these demeaning remarks. "You're just mad that I refused to work for AIP!"

"Damn right, I'm mad," his mother replied, "do you know how many young people would kill for the chance we're offering you?"

They both knew that much of her frustration came from her inability to conceive again. She and her husband had considered adoption and even surrogacy, but the time never seemed right, and before they knew it too many years had passed.

Charlize was well aware that she was being unfair, but she just couldn't help herself. She'd placed all of her hopes for her legacy onto Al, and he just wasn't interested in living out her dream.

"Mom, I love you, but I have dreams of my own."

He had done everything his mother had asked him to do all of his life. He'd grown up in his parents' lavish mansion in an exclusive Bel Air neighborhood, and dutifully attended all the exclusive schools they'd selected for him. He did well enough academically, but he'd increasingly devoted himself to mastering the craft of acting.

He'd been the obedient little son, but he wanted to live his own life. He was hoping to make it big in the land of magical dreams known as Hollywood California. He infuriated his mother when he turned his back on the "family business."

That "family business" was a massive hedge fund empire that essentially leveraged a huge ancestral fortune to engineer hostile takeovers of large- and medium-sized corporations.

Instead of taking a job as an investment executive, Al dedicated himself to an endless pursuit of auditions. He tried to book movies, television shows, even training videos, voice overs, and commercials.

His father seemed to have expected if not happily accepted this decision, but Al's mother took his disappointing news unsurprisingly poorly. She'd relentlessly pressured him to change his mind saying thing like, "We didn't pay all of that money for college and grad school just so you could do Shakespeare in the Park or dog food commercials!"

Al tried to explain, "I only went to those stuffy old schools because you made me! I never wanted to be a corporate raider!"

Stubbornly, his mother dismissed his words out of hand. It's not that she was totally uncaring, but having grown up in the epicenter of the entertainment industry and having had only a modicum of success in it herself, she knew all-too-well the bleak prospects her only child faced.

Charlize's frustration grew exponentially like a unicorn startup. As a famous feminist icon, she'd always hoped to raise a daughter who would follow in her high-heeled footsteps all the way up the corporate ladder to the

top echelons of high finance.

She kept pleading with her son, “Come on, dear! You know that it’s the complications during my pregnancy with you and your delivery that made another pregnancy too dangerous, possibly even life-threatening for me! You owe it to me to join me in the business!”

Her words brought tears to his eyes, but Al remained resolute, or—in his mother’s view—obstinate. “Yes, Mom, I know this is a big disappointment for you, and yes, I owe you everything, but investing isn’t for me! I’m an actor, not an investor!”

On some level, the angry woman understood what her son was saying, but even so she saw Al as her only chance to carry on her legacy into another generation, into the future. She bitterly vowed to force him to reconsider.

“Look, we’ve been over this a million times, *Alana*. Unless you plan to try for female leads, you’re never going to make it in show business.”

He bristled at his mother’s demeaning comments, and he decided he could no longer dismiss or excuse them, even as he understood they were born of her resentment over him rebuffing her plans for his life. He’d grown more and more upset hearing her increasingly tiresome warnings about how his diminutive size and delicate features made him poorly-suited for leading man roles.

Some five months before, he’d become so fed up with her insults and nagging that he’d moved out of his well-appointed basement suite in the Andrews compound. He packed up whatever he could manage to cram into his VW JETTA, and moved across town to live in what his mother called “a dingy old dive in the slummiest part of West Hollywood.”

She wasn’t completely misinformed in that point or many of the other points she’d tried to drive home to her recalcitrant child. His new neighborhood wasn’t the best. Also, so far in his young career he hadn’t booked any auditions for starring parts, and even callbacks for supporting

roles were few and far between. Still, he was more determined than ever to prove his domineering mother wrong. The personal, emotional stakes for him were so high that failure was unthinkable.

His father suggested a compromise, but it hadn't been even close to fair in Al's view. Under this proposed deal, he would have to get a job—any job—within six months or they'd cut him off.

With only a few days before his parents' deadline arrived, Al very reluctantly accepted the only offer he'd gotten in his desired profession: working at a major theme park called Dreamyland portraying various fairytale characters.

Even then, it wasn't easy for him to land that low-paying and otherwise undesirable job. He'd been turned down at first by the casting manager, a beautiful woman called Natalie Allegro who said, "I'm sorry, kid. Your audition was fine, and you definitely have a wide range of acting and vocal skills, but you're just too small for what we need!"

With almost no time left before his parents' deadline ran out, Al was desperate. He'd used all of his charm trying to enchant Natalie into giving him a chance, but she just couldn't see any way it could work.

Eventually, after he flirted with her, he wore down her resistance. She relented but could only give him a short term deal on a trial basis. He eagerly signed the contract, even though at first he'd told Natalie that he had some reservations about the three year renewal option clause that Dreamyland could unilaterally exercise.

She'd never expected him to stick anyway, so she explained, "Don't worry about the option, kid, it's just boilerplate language the company includes in every contract. It's so we can gain a windfall if any of our talent hits the big time. That's of no concern to you."

"What do you mean?" he asked, trying not to get upset at her implied lack of confidence in his prospects.

Natalie, thinking that he just didn't understand the legalities, tried to explain, "It's like this? For example, if an actor playing say Peter Pan for Dreamyland won a major TV or movie part, that project's producers would have to buy out the actor's contact from us. We'd get a fair return for the experience and opportunity we provided."

Al nodded, although he still felt the terms weren't fair. When he asked his parents about the deal, they weren't pleased by any part of it and dismissed his "job" as something a teenager could do during Summer break.

His father grudgingly accepted it as meeting the terms of the compromise, but Charlize considered this whole situation nothing more than an unconscionable insult to all of their investments in their son's development.

The private all-boys schools, the Ivy League college, and the top five business school tuition and other expenses weren't the half of it. They had always held the highest expectations for Al, and they had their social standing to consider.

Charlize growled, "We counted on you to blossom into our heir apparent, not waste your time and our money 'slumming it' as a low grade fifth-rate actor!" She'd found the whole situation disappointing and embarrassing, especially when her rivals mocked her about her son's career choice.

"So how's your little thespian? About ready to star in the feel good hit of the Summer?" asked the haughty and judgmental Margret Granderson, a particularly venomous "frenemy" who'd regularly clashed with Charlize on various charity, symphony, and museums boards.

Al's mother hated being embarrassed, and she was actually quite stunned that he'd landed a job acting at all—even in such a minor-league form of show business. She returned from an unusually acrimonious board meeting for the Southern California Junior League, and imperiously declared to her son, "Alan Andrews, I insist that you give up your ridiculous acting dreams at

once, and report to work at AIP as an investment executive!”

When Al refused, his father went behind his mother’s back and agreed to let him borrow against his trust fund to pay for his astonishingly high expenses. They both understood that this arrangement would end the moment Charlize learned of it.

Unfortunately for him, Al couldn’t seem to economize. As his debts began to rise alarmingly, his mother investigated this drain on the family resources. In no time she located the source, and immediately cut him off. She even canceled the credit cards he had in their name they’d given him in case of emergencies.

Trying to cope, Al seduced Natalie and showed her just enough affection to make his way into her heart and thereby get himself into the regular rotation of characters at Dreamyland. With his boyish good looks and his lover pulling string for him, he drew the desirable part of Prince Charming more often than not—even though he was a bit too small and slight to pull off such a plum role effectively.

Soon after he was secure in his position, he broke off his affair with Natalie. That made his interactions with his boss more than a bit awkward. It wasn’t that he considered her unattractive. On the contrary. He found her dark, Mediterranean looks enticing. At first, he was captivated by her position of authority over him, but she soon became acquiescent—almost submissive—in the bedroom. After that, he began to lose interest in her.

“So you used me to get a job and then you dumped me after I fell for you? After you took all you could get from me?” Natalie said, her eyes misty with a volatile mixture of sadness and anger.

“Hey, no Nat. No, it’s not like that at all,” muttered Al without much authority. He felt guilty for drifting away from his sort-of girlfriend emotionally and then shutting her out physically. He sincerely wanted to comfort her, but the sexual chemistry between them was gone—the spark had flickered, faded, and died. He was over her, and he just couldn’t fake it

anymore.

He tried but failed to meet her eyes as he said, “Hey now, we had some good times, so let’s not make this into some kind of messy drama! Let’s stay friends and keep things professional, O.K. Babe?”

“Don’t you ‘O.K. Babe’ me, you little jerk!” snapped Natalie, incensed at being shoved into the friend zone, “this isn’t over!”

Al rolled his eyes and said, “Sure, whatever you say, Nat.”

That was a few weeks before Natalie exacted her embarrassing revenge on her smug, uncaring ex. She’d engineered an unimaginably humiliating situation, prompting Al to seek an escape. That’s exactly what the diminutive would-be movie star was doing on that typically warm and sunny Southern California morning.

As it happened, Al was still fuming about the phone call he’d had with his angry ex just the day before.

“That was a childish prank you played on me, Natalie!” he’d said, his voice rising up into a shrill, unmanly octave.

“Oh, it’s no prank, pretty boy! That’s your new role at Dreamyland for the foreseeable future!”

“The hell it is!” yelled Al.

“You listen to me, you little bitch!” Natalie shouted back, “either you show up at seven o’clock tomorrow morning for your costume fitting, hair, and makeup appointments, or you’re fired!”

Realizing that his parents would come down on him hard if he lost this job, and shaken by unspoken horrific implications that he was too terrified to even contemplate, Al felt chagrined about his rapidly deteriorating options.

He paused, took a deep breath, and forced himself to speak in a mild, conciliatory tone, “I get it, Nat. This is all my fault. I’ve been a real jerk to you. Isn’t there any way we can work this out...you know...like friends?”

Hearing the dreaded “like friends” brush off from a guy she’d really cared for, Natalie spat, “Nope! Nothing!” She felt her temper rising despite or maybe even because of her ex’s submissive overtures.

Her tone became cold and her words were surgically precise as she said, “Listen to me, Princess! Either you show up tomorrow for your new regular role as Cinderella, or else you’re fired, and you know what that means!”

“What if I’m sick and can’t make it tomorrow?” Al asked, hoping to weasel out of the humiliating trap Natalie had set for him.

“Then you’d better get a doctor’s note excusing you from work. You know the rules!” she snapped, exasperated by his stubborn efforts to escape her carefully crafted revenge. “I’ll email you the approved doctors in our health plan.”

Natalie hung up on Al, leaving his sputtered apologies and angry recriminations unheard. She was furious at him, she felt used and betrayed, but true to her word, she’d emailed him a list of in-plan doctors in the greater Los Angeles area. There were exactly seven choices, with names and phone numbers.

Al had looked over and researched his choices on the web. Then, he called each of them one by one. With every attempt, Al’s frustration and desperation increased. None of the first six were accepting any new patients at that time. Finally, he mouthed a prayer and called the last name on the list, a Dr. Randolph Sullivan.

According to the health plan’s website, Dr. Sullivan was a man in his mid-50s. Looking at the provided photo, Al felt comfortable with the doctor. He had a crew cut and his bio indicated that he’d served as a medic in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Major Sullivan seemed to be the sort of staid, conservative kind of man's man who would help Al get out of the mess he'd found himself in. He expected such a man would immediately understand how wrong it was to force an employee to cross dress in public, and he'd hoped to get his medical excuse without much fuss or questioning. "That's exactly what I need at this point, and I'm sure I'll get it," he reassured himself.

Still, Al was cautiously entering the quiet waiting room of the doctor's office, worried about his absolute lack of viable alternatives should this medical appointment somehow not pan out to his liking.

Adding to his anxiety, he noticed that no one was around—even the reception desk was vacant. He had no other choice, so he sighed and plopped himself down on one of the utilitarian chairs as boring instrumental music played softly from a hidden sound system.

Both bored and agitated, Al glanced at the stack of magazines on the end table nearest to him. He selected an old battered copy of the Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Issue and glanced at the address label that read, "Sullivan and Sullivan, OBG Practice."

With his low-grade but steadily rising anxiety, he indulged his subconscious urge and nervously peeled off the label. He rolled the sticky scrap of paper between his palms. Not seeing a garbage can, he threw the resulting tiny ball into a nearby planter that contained some kind of pink flowering plant. Then, he slowly leafed through the glossy colorful magazine pages replete with photos of beautiful beach bunnies.

Usually, he loved staring at the glamorous models in their skimpy bikinis, but for some reason, he just wasn't feeling them that day. He sighed again and began flipping through the rest of the magazines, hoping to find something more interesting to pass the time.

Before Al could find another magazine to distract him while he waited, a perky feminine voice called out, "Mr. Andrews?"

He looked up to see a beautiful blonde wearing a hot pink minidress smiling at him. He figured she was about his age—no, actually she seemed definitely younger as he saw her more clearly—20 years old at the most, he decided.

The sexy woman stood about 5'6" with flowing platinum blonde hair, bright sapphire eyes, and an iridescent smile. She posed provocatively behind the reception desk as she held out a light pink plastic clipboard toward Al.

She smiled again and repeated his name, "Mr. Andrews? Please fill out these forms. Dr. Sullivan will see you shortly."

As he approached her, Al saw that her name tag read "Cindi." He noticed her long bright pink manicured nails, but no engagement ring on her finger. He returned her smile and nodded to her as he took the clipboard. He said in his rich practiced voice, "Thank you miss...Cindi."

He let his fingertips glide softly, flirtatiously along her wrist and then slightly higher upward along her arm. He smiled noticing that his touch elicited goosebumps all along her smooth, porcelain skin.

Cindi giggled at this, her laughter ringing gently like the tinkling of bells, but then she stepped back. Her movement took her out of his reach as she slipped farther behind the reception desk. Still, she regarded him slyly from the corner of her eye, and he thought that maybe she even winked at him.

Shrugging, Al leafed through the usual medical forms on the clipboard held tightly by the metal clip. He didn't notice anything unexpected in the forms as he sauntered back to his seat.

Taking hold of the attached pen, which had a plastic daisy flower glued to its top, he made quick work of the paperwork he'd been asked to fill out. He laughed as he had to skip a few pages full of questions about pregnancy, menstruation, and similar "female issues."

He brought the clipboard back to reception and extended it out toward Cindi. The young beauty held up one slim, feminine finger to signal that he should wait a moment. She was talking to someone on her headset, and he could only hear her side of the conversation. Something about, “Yes, he’s here. Uh-huh, yeah. Right, that’s the one.”

The lithe and leggy receptionist winked at Al—this time there was no question about it—as she pressed a button on her headset, ending the call. She smiled widely, moved closer, and took the clipboard from Al’s outstretched hand. She seemed to stifle a laugh as she looked him up and down, then motioned for him to return back to his seat.

There Al waited for about 15 more minutes, whistling a tune from the recently-released musical, “Cinderella, the Princess of Our Dreams.” To Al, it felt like an hour as he fretted about his current situation, but he quickly began to daydream away his cares by fantasizing about having sex with Cindi.

He regarded her with rising interest. She was exactly the kind of naive, nubile conquest he favored for one-night stands. He licked his lips hungrily, savoring the fantasy of bedding the bimboish Cindi. “She’d definitely do in a pinch,” he smiled to himself. She’d make a delicious snack, but for longer-term relationships he was usually more attracted to the strong, dominant type—women like his mother.

A forceful feminine voice stirred Al from his reverie, startling him and commanding his attention.

“Hello Mr. Andrews. Your requested physician Dr. Randolph Sullivan is unavailable this morning. I’m his daughter, Dr. Marissa Sullivan, MD. I’ll be seeing you today.”

He was surprised by the stunning young redhead nodding at him. She was wearing a typical doctor’s white lab coat over a ruby red silk blouse and a black pencil skirt. Al wasn’t any expert on women’s fashions, but Marissa’s outfit seemed like an expensive ensemble to him. It certainly fit her perfectly, showing off her well-toned body to its greatest advantage.

Her long, supple legs looked extremely sexy in her nude hose, and her black business-like pumps with four-inch heels gave her calves a most striking shape. She had a stethoscope hanging around her neck, and she was peering at him avidly over the clipboard that held the forms he’d just filled out.

Her stance was commanding and her resonant, melodic voice conveyed authority. “Follow me into examination room one, and please put this on,” the doctor instructed, holding out what looked like a pile of baby-blue colored paper.

Al stood up and noticed that the doctor towered over him. She was probably taller than he was even in her stocking feet, he observed. He tentatively accepted the bundle that she’d offered, and it turned out to be a tiny, skimpy examination gown. Al confirmed that it was made of somewhat stiff paper—just as he’d thought it would be—and he quickly started objecting, “I don’t think I need an in-depth examination for what I’m asking you to do, and I really don’t think I need to even change into....”

Marissa snapped, “Are you challenging me because I’m a female doctor? Do you have a problem with women in authority, Mr. Andrews?”

“N-n-no,” he stuttered in reply, shrugging submissively and looking downward at his shoes sheepishly.

“Good! Because I graduated first in my class from U.C.L.A. Med School while moonlighting as a Lakers Girl. Now why don’t you just be a good boy and get changed right now!”

Al hurried to comply the moment after she left him alone in the indicated examination room. In minutes, his shorts, shirt, socks and sneakers were in a sloppy pile on a chair, and he was shivering from his frazzled nerves as well as the chilly breeze blowing out from the cranked up air conditioning.

Marissa knocked on the door and shouted, “I hope you’re decent!” before barging in without waiting for Al’s answer. Fortunately, he’d figured out how to wrap himself in the paper gown barely in time, but he still felt both exposed and diminished. “I look like a to-go sandwich from some deli,” he thought.

The alluring doctor smirked at Al and tapped the examination table. She said, “O.K. now, hop up on here! Quick like a bunny!”

Al complied, feeling an increasingly uncomfortable loss of control. Because of the bizarre and embarrassing nature of his current situation, the timid young man was feeling ever more nervous as Marissa began examining him. He was acutely aware of how exposed he looked, sitting awkwardly on the cold metal examination table, wearing nothing but his boxers and a short paper medical gown that barely covered half of his backside.

He was feeling a growing attraction to this commanding woman, and he hoped she wouldn’t ask him too many questions about the reasons for his visit. “This is a very simple matter after all,” he tried to reassure himself, “even with the ridiculousness of the humiliating situation Natalie has put me in!”

His hopes for a less-than-embarrassing encounter quickly faded, as he

tensed up under the gorgeous but intimidating doctor's piercing gaze. When her fingertips tenderly stroked his left hand and continued upward along his smooth, hairless arm, he felt his concerns—and certain sensitive body parts—rising.

His skin reacted exactly the same way Cindi's had moments before, producing goosebumps everywhere Marissa's fingers lingered, and all the way down his back as well. His breath caught momentarily as he realized he was experiencing an ironic role-reversal.

Even though he'd written, "I need a doctor's note to get out of work" on the form under "reason for visit," Marissa still asked him why he was there. Before he could answer, she said, "Excuse me, *sir*? I just have to ask. Why don't you have any body hair?"

Her exaggerated emphasis on the word "sir" made her question sound somewhat teasing if not outright sarcastic. Al cringed involuntarily in response. Shrugging uncomfortably to hide his increasing unease, he said "Well.... Um.... That's partly why I'm here. It's about my job."

With an inscrutable look on her face, Marissa asked, "What about your job requires you to feminize yourself?"

After wincing at the reference to him somehow intentionally making himself feminine, Al mumbled, "Well, it's kind of a long story?" He didn't see how that part of his situation was any of her business, and he really didn't want to discuss any of the humiliating details with this woman his age who he'd considered very attractive.

"Go on, we've got time, Precious. So, tell me this 'long story,' *Mister Andrews*" Marissa said, again with a not-so-subtle tinge of mockery in her vocal emphasis, her enticing lips pursed in a cryptic Mona Lisa-type smile.

The young man seemed to be stalling, but once he began explaining, his words flowed forth in a torrent of conflicted emotions. "Well," he mumbled, "after my parents threatened to cut me off financially and demanded I get a

job, I quickly ran out of money waiting for my big Hollywood break as an actor. So, I applied to work at the Dreamyland theme park, kind of as a last resort.”

Marissa seemed only somewhat interested, but as Al looked into her enchanting eyes, something about her attitude seemed a bit—off? Her eyes actually looked to be out of focus, and her voice became husky—almost hoarse—as she first casually but then increasingly sharply kept prompting Al to continue every time he stopped talking.

“O.K.? And then what happened?” she asked at one point and, “Please continue?” she insisted after another awkward pause.

He was hoping to impress and possibly bed this beautiful physician, so he chose not to mention that he was flat broke and also falling farther and farther behind in his rent each month.

He really didn’t want to go into any of those details, but this forceful female told him to do so. So he said, “Well, I got the offer of a job portraying Prince Charming at Dreamyland, and I accepted it—even though the salary would barely keep up with the minimum payments on my maxed-out credit cards.”

“You will be able to pay your bill for today, won’t you?” asked Marissa, with a hard edge to her voice.

“Yes, of course! My job has a pretty good health insurance plan at least,” said Al, “I made sure you—or rather your dad—was covered in my healthcare plan.”

Al had intentionally omitted the alarming detail that this office had been his last chance. Then, he started to worry that while her ex-marine father Dr. Randolph Sullivan was in-plan, maybe this stunning vixen was not? He bit his lip, wondering how he’d be able to pay for the office visit on his own if that were the case.

He gratefully stopped talking when she slipped a thermometer between his lips and told him to hold it there for a few moments. She noted the reading and nodded at him, “99.2, a tiny bit high, but nothing to worry about! So back to your ‘long story’ or is it a fairy tale?”

Al haltingly started again and then began babbling, “Anyway, so... Well... I ended up taking the job at Dreamyland because my parents were demanding I get some paying work, and at least it still involves acting—my one true passion in life. I was hoping I might be discovered and signed by a talent agent or some movie executive there, and soon be on my way to making it big.”

“O.K. Typical Hollywood dream story. So, why do you need me?” Marissa asked as she listened to his heartbeat through her stethoscope, her own heart starting to beat rapidly and heavily.

“So... Everything went great for the first few weeks. I like Krista, the actress who plays Cinderella, the princess I was paired with most of the time. I even enjoyed putting on all the performances as Prince Charming for the kids who come into the park.”

“Again? So? I still don’t see why you’re here. I mean, your vitals are all good. You like your job. So what’s the medical issue or problem?” asked Marissa, as she finished checking his blood pressure, “in other words, you’re looking fit and well, if a bit underweight for your height. Tell me, why do you need a doctor’s note from me to get out of work?”

He took a deep breath and explained, “Well, we were crazy busy last week on the 4th of July, but Krista—the actress who plays Cinderella, like I said—got overheated and she felt sick to her stomach. She started throwing up so she had to go home. And...”

Al paused, reluctant to continue, until the doctor rolled her eyes impatiently at him. “Sounds like she got heatstroke, or maybe she’s just pregnant,” Marissa said, “So you’re saying this Krista had to go home? And?” She looked at him, tapping her scarlet red finger nails on the desk,

impatiently waiting for him to get to the point. Then, she sternly asked, “Anyway, you’ve been going on and on, but you still haven’t explained why you’re here to see me.”

“Well, there’s really not much more to say?” said Al, hoping to avoid going into the real reason for his desperation.

“Yes? Well, finish your little story, and I’ll be the judge of that,” said Marissa, “what happened after the woman playing Cinderella left?” She asked her question with a breathless but animated lilt to her voice. She nodded slowly as if encouraging Al to confess some deep dark secret, and looked into his eyes expectantly.

As the awkward moments passed with only the faint tick-tock of a wall clock punctuating the silence, her expression grew skeptical. Before long, she raised her eyebrows and began tapping her foot, her lips pursed and stubbornly refusing to speak again while she waited him out.

Feeling defeated, Al sighed deeply and whispered, “And... I was told to take her place.”

Beyond the obvious embarrassment inherent in this confession, he felt like something much larger—unseen, undetected, but nonetheless fundamental—was at stake at that very moment.

He shuddered with the cold, perilous sense that he had just surrendered much more than the mere superficial humiliation he was enduring. That somehow he’d just crossed some line, and in doing so he’d lost something truly significant. Marissa’s reaction only confirmed his feelings of dread.

“Wait, what!?! They wanted you to dress up as Cinderella and perform for the public? You refused, certainly?” the stunning woman giggled, her eyes widening. She felt an exhilarating sense of elation she’d never even dreamed of before, and this sensation was only increasing as she closely examined her new patient with the practiced eye of a trained medical professional.

Marissa’s wanton emotions were unleashed and they immediately threatened to overwhelm her. She bit her lower lip as her sexual arousal and an uncontrollable will to dominate combined into an intoxicating feeling of triumph.

She almost staggered imagining Al prancing around dressed from head to toe as a pretty princess. Then her pulse quickened and she actually swooned, charged with irresistible electrifying anticipation. She resolved to see his complete degradation, his total forced feminization for herself—and soon.

Humiliated and unaware of the doctor’s reactions, Al started babbling rapidly, his words running together, “Yes, of course I refused, but under my stupid contract, the Dreamyland management said they could assign me to play ANY role they wanted. And If I didn’t perform for a full shift without a

medical excuse—and proved I really was too sick to play my part with a doctors’ note—I would have to pay a \$15,000 penalty for every shift I missed. I obviously can’t afford to even pay for one missed shift!”

“That really is an embarrassing situation!” Marissa said between panting breaths, “so what did you do?”

“What could I do? I had to go along with it. My boss Natalie—she’s a woman I’d dated a few times and dumped—sent me to a beauty spa near Dreamyland. She laughed at me and said I was scheduled for the ‘Full Princess’ makeover.”

Marissa was barely keeping herself from trembling with unbridled passionate lust. She kept smiling like a madwoman, trying her best not to break out into laughter as she asked her new patient, “What happened there?”

With a sour look, Al said, “The girls waxed off all my body hair. Then, they shaped my eyebrows into these high feminine arches and put all kinds of makeup all over my face. They styled my hair all fancy, into an ‘up do’ they called it, with a golden blonde dye job and platinum highlights. They even glued in these long hair extensions.”

He emphasized the last point by hefting his low ponytail and rolling his eyes in a way that reminded Marissa of a teenaged girl. She could see that his hairstyle was obviously, exquisitely feminine.

Even with his hair tied back into a sort-of boyish (or more like a tomboyish) ponytail, Al still looked very girlish. Fighting back her animalistic urges, she played along as if the feminized young man looked masculine in the slightest.

“OMG! Are you kidding?” asked Marissa, her hands barely covering her smile that was growing so enormously that it threatened to split her face wide open. Of course she knew he was serious, That guilelessly innocent earnestness plus his increasingly feminine mannerisms were driving her mad with a kinky desire she’d never imagined before.

Motioning at his silky smooth legs Al asked, “Do I look like I’m kidding? Long story short, I had to work a double shift as Cinderella in the shiny blue dress, the crown, the elbow-length gloves, the high-heeled slippers....”

As his words completed the picture in Marissa’s mind, the dam burst. Her explosive laughing fit made it almost impossible for her to speak. Still, she managed to gasp out a few words between gales of laughter while she barely was able to force air into her lungs.

“Oh... My... GOD!! That... is... so... funny! I would... have... loved... to see... you... wearing... all that....” Then, she surrendered. She gave up even trying to restrain her reactions and broke down into spasms of hilarity. She shocked herself as she felt her sexual arousal spiraling out of control toward an impending toe-curling, mind-numbing, earth-shaking orgasm.

Al could tell Marissa’s reactions were disturbingly over the top, but with his psychological turmoil, there wasn’t anything he could do about it. It confused him, but he was in no condition to even try to make sense of her behavior. He felt humiliated beyond words as her laughter washed over him, joining with and amplifying all of his still-raw emotions into a perfect storm of shame and embarrassment.

Against his will, Marissa’s mockery triggered Al, forcing him to relive his spa treatment experience. He shook as he felt the cascading memories of each detail. As if watching a video, he visualized every excruciating and emasculating step of his total forced feminization—to say nothing of his subsequent humiliating performance as a beautiful enchanted fairytale princess.

His eyes glazed over as he recalled the still-unbelievable events. He’d arrived at the Pampered Princess Emporium, identified by name on a lavender sign in a frilly feminine pink cursive script. Upon entering, he heard a delicate bell tinkle amidst the chatter of the women in the spa.

Looking around, he saw the expected hair and other stations, potted plants, stylishly modern swivel chairs, posters of beautiful models with trendy hairstyles, and mirrors placed strategically on all of the walls and stations.

There were women wearing lavender smocks with pink lettering everywhere. They were attending to their clientele, dashing around, and calling for help from other women who wore identical smocks. The clients were women and girls of all ages from about five to, well, much older than five.

Unsurprisingly, he was the only male in the establishment. His entrance attracted a lot of attention, mainly curious looks as the stylists and customers alike wondered why a guy would dare to intrude into such an oasis of estrogen.

A twenty-something girl with bright purple hair in a pixie cut and wearing a wireless headset was seated in front of a Mac Book laptop at a post-modern work station just inside the front door. Al took her for the hostess or receptionist or whatever such a greeter was called at a beauty salon.

Hoping to get this humiliating ordeal over as quickly as possible, Al approached her and started to introduce himself, “Hi, I’m...”

“Alana!” the girl shouted, as if finishing his statement for him, “Natalie told us all about you. So you’re going to be Cinderella today?” she asked in a loud voice, eliciting giggles and outright laughs from the dozens of women who were watching the unfolding scene intently as Al cringed with mind-numbing humiliation. This compounded by his dick tingling and getting hard.

He could hear the piping voices of some young girls amidst the din of chatter and laughter. They said things like, “Cinderella? I love her!” and “WOW! She’s lucky!” and “I’m soooooo jealous!” Of course, Al would have gladly traded places with any of them in a heartbeat.

“Hi Alana, I’m Sapphire,” said the purple-haired girl.

Al started to correct her, “Actually my name is...”

“...Cinderella! Right! You’re already getting into character. That’s a great idea, princess. Cinderella! That’s like the top princess over there. You must be so psyched! I auditioned myself there last week. I hope I get the job. It must be so awesome walking around as a princess! Follow me, Cinderella... or maybe I should say, ‘Your Majesty!’” said Sapphire, dropping into an exaggerated curtsy with a giggle.

Al sighed and decided it was pointless trying to argue with her. Instead, he followed where she led him toward the back of the salon. There, she directed him to pass through some pink satin curtains, and into a secluded, private room.

The humiliated young man looked around, his eyes fixating on a sort of examination table positioned in the center of the room. To Al, the table seemed ominous, and it was surrounded by wheeled carts covered with arcane devices, strips of cloth, and clean white towels. He also noticed

several other objects he couldn't identify.

Sapphire had Al change into a pretty pink robe, and before he could say a word, she disappeared carrying all of his clothes away. What followed was a hectic and horrifying series of "beauty treatments" that were all physically and/or emotionally painful for Al.

The "Full Princess" makeover included five techs working as a well-choreographed "Glamour Girl Squad." Two girls quickly stripped off Al's robe and placed him on the table. They securely strapped him down using Velcro restraints on his wrists, biceps, neck, feet, and thighs.

"We don't want you to move during the treatments, that could make us hurt you!" they explained in an ambiguous tone that almost hinted at a threat, but Al found himself completely immobilized. With a shudder, he feared that it was too late for him to resist.

He was strapped down completely helplessly and at their mercy. With his job hanging in the balance, he chose not to object. Then, the duo began pouring and smoothing hot golden wax all over his arms, legs, chest, and even his genitals which shamefully began stirring again.

Al was already thoroughly humiliated by lying there naked and helpless in front of five females he didn't know. His mortification became much worse when one of the techs, a tall slim redhead named Alyssa, pointed to his penis and said, "I think Cinderella is excited about her makeover. Is she getting hard? That clitty is so tiny I can't really tell."

The other girls all agreed, laughing and joining in with this humiliating teasing about his diminutive manhood. A few of the girls even held up their thumbs and index fingers about an inch apart to emphasize the point.

The young man shuddered and gasped feeling overwhelmed by embarrassment. "This is so humiliating! Why is this making me aroused? What is wrong with me?" he wondered.

His feelings of confusion and arousal at his emasculation were so perplexing that he became almost paralyzed and so he offered no resistance as two other techs began his manicure and pedicure. They pushed his hands and feet into containers of warm sudsy liquid, soaking them in the softening soapy water. He closed his eyes, trying to mentally escape from this demeaning experience.

For a moment, Al could almost relax, but then Alyssa and her lovely accomplices began using strips of cloth to pull the wax off of him, painfully ripping out his body hair at the root along with the cloth strips. While all of that was going on, another girl named Fiona glued in long golden blonde hair extensions and applied a thick, foul-smelling glop to his hair.

Fiona used a metal hook to pull several locks of Al's hair through the holes of a plastic covering. Then, she meticulously added more goop, and carefully but firmly placed another plastic cap over his head to prevent dripping. She smiled at his obvious discomfort, assuring him, "Don't worry, girly girl. When we're done with you, you'll be the fairest princess of them all."

The torture they called waxing went on for what seemed like hours to Al as his skin became irritated and also perfectly smooth and hairless. Meanwhile, the two nail techs had finished soaking, filing, shaping, and roughing up his nails. They pushed his cuticles back and trimmed them revealing lovely pinkish nail beds. Then, they began gluing acrylic nail extensions onto his fingernails while tidying up his toenails as well.

They had already removed the dead skin and tiny calluses from him. They moved on to moisturizing and massaging him from his ankles and heels to his toes, leaving his smallish feet looking positively dainty. Finally, they selected and applied a luminous coral pink polish to his nails—fingers and toes alike. All this without asking his opinion. Not that he had any preference anyway.

After the body waxing, Alyssa carefully painted more wax along Al's brow line, pressed two more strips of cloth over his brows, and pulled twice.

It hurt more than he'd expected, but he knew that the sting was only temporary. He was more concerned with how he'd look when he tried to dress as a guy. With good reason, as it turned out. Al winced when she showed him the results in a mirror. He gazed in disbelief at the ultra-feminine shape of his brows.

As he moped about his almost complete feminization, an African American girl named Aisha gently rubbed soothing lotion into his skin that smelled of cucumbers and lavender. That was probably the only truly pleasant part of the whole ordeal. Then, they let him put his skimpy, feminine robe back on. It gave him only very slight coverage, because it was barely long enough to cover what they kept calling his "little clitty."

While Al trembled with embarrassment, the giggling girls led him back through the pink curtains and out to the main floor. There, the hairstylist—a goth-looking girl with jet black hair and heavily lined eyes who called herself Ennui—went to work on him. She washed out the hair dye, used keratin to deep condition his hair, checked that the extensions were still glued in tightly, and then cut it all into a long and flirty feminine style.

Ennui blew out Al's hair, wrapping his locks around a barrel brush section by section, fluffing and volumizing with product as she went. She worked methodically, up-combing each section of his newly blonde hair into the famous Cinderella up do. Stunned, Al barely flinched as they triple pierced each of his ears and injected several shots of lip-plumping liquid to give his mouth a kissable, feminine bee-stung look.

At this point, Al was far beyond believing any of this was really happening to him. He sat impassively as a woman with stunning ruby red hair applied makeup to his face. When she'd finished, she turned his chair to face one of the countless large mirrors. He was shocked to see that he had the fine porcelain complexion, candy apple red lips, huge doe-like eyes, and pronounced contoured high cheekbones of a storybook princess.

Al studied his reflection. He tried to find any sign masculinity in it, but to no avail. In all honesty, he saw no evidence that he was a man at all.

Instead, the reflection showed a beautiful young woman who was ready to slip into a pretty princess gown and dance the night away in the arms of a handsome prince.

Stunned, he stared with his mouth dropped into a wide open, but blank expression. The women gathered around him laughed and teased him. They called him a “beautiful princess” and a “perfectly feminine Cinderella,” but they weren’t joking. He did look every inch the sweet, beautiful, and adorably feminine girl they’d described.

The newly-created reluctantly-transformed Princess Cinderella berated himself, “This is horrendous! I look like a beauty queen! How could I let this happen to me? Why didn’t I just say no and storm out? Am I really this weak-willed?”

Al sat in the doctor’s office, with all of those identity-shattering memories flooding back. Somehow, he barely suppressed a plaintive whimper at the memory of his first glimpse of himself as a girl. He knew all too well the reasons he’d allowed them to remake him into a gorgeous young girl.

He thought about Natalie, the girls at the beauty salon, and even Marissa. They had no way of knowing just how vulnerable he was, but he understood the high stakes game he’d been playing—and he knew exactly how much he had to lose if he made even one mistake.

Looking back on this most bizarre experience, he wondered why the theme park would invest what was probably a lot of money just so he could perform one or two shifts as Cinderella. Natalie’s spiteful revenge only became clear when he returned to the backstage area for her inspection.

“Ah, there’s our gorgeous princess!” Natalie said, casting her eyes up and down Al’s feminized form from his spun-gold hair to his pearly pink toenails.

“I had a feeling you’d make a lovely girl, but this is so much better than I’d ever imagined!”

Before this embarrassing emasculation, Al had still held considerable affection for Natalie. She was a stunningly beautiful young woman, with high intelligence and a drive to succeed. In that, she closely resembled his mother, Charlize Andrews who was also a strong, smart woman.

Al admired his mother. She was dismissed by many as a mere trophy wife for his much-older father, who himself was the heir to the large hedge fund management empire, Andrews Investment Partners, L.L.C. also known as AIP.

True, Charlize Swenson Andrews was a beautiful woman, a former beauty queen and a model/actress. Within months after their marriage, however, she had established herself as an innovative investor and a cut-throat businesswoman. Of course that should have been expected, because of her high academic achievement and well rounded leadership skills.

Still, people tended to underestimate Charlize. They saw the pretty face and shapely figure, but never saw her pit viper ability to strike without warning, as if out of nowhere. Over the previous ten years, she’d slowly and strategically eliminated all of her rivals, pushed her husband into an early retirement, and solidified her role in control of the influential financial firm.

Thinking about his mother sent Al’s mind down a rabbit hole of highly charged memories. He was sitting in Dr. Marissa Sullivan’s examination room, but his thoughts were somewhere else entirely. He vividly recalled the series of events that had led him to his present state.

Last January, Charlize Andrews was promoted to CEO and Chairperson of the Board of Directors for AIP. Al was proud of his mom, and supportive of her rapid climb. Right up until she demanded he join the firm. When he politely declined in favor of continuing his pursuit of Hollywood stardom, the two clashed bitterly.

“You know you lack the rugged good looks the entertainment industry demands for leading men, and there just aren’t enough decent parts out there for undersized, skinny young men like you, Al!” Charlize said.

Al glared at his mother and replied angrily, “You may know a lot about investing, Mom, but I know a lot more about show biz than you ever will. I know I have what it takes to be a TV or movie star—or both!”

Their heated exchange escalated rapidly. Charlize had never seen Al this way. She soon lost her temper at him. This was no small matter to her. She’d been grooming her gentle, accommodating son to be her rubber stamp on the top executive level and on the Board of Directors at AIP.

Her position was secure for the moment, but she knew that all power was fleeting. She had counted on him to serve as a reliable, even an unquestioning ally. She needed someone she could rely on, a solid, secure vote no matter which ways the corporate winds might blow.

She didn’t like this new stubborn streak in him, not in the slightest. Her sharp mind spun one scenario after another until she settled on a plan that was extreme to say the least.

“This will take some astonishingly intricate planning,” she thought to herself, “but if it goes as I envision it, this just might work!” Then, she set into motion her elaborate scheme to bring her son back under her complete control.

“I’m a very good actor, Mom, you’ve admitted it yourself,” said Al, “we both know I have what it takes to get my name on a star on the Hollywood Boulevard!”

“Oh is that so?” she asked mockingly, “I hear that Dreamyland Studios is remaking ‘Cinderella.’ If you want, I can make some calls over there and get you an audition for the starring role? You’re too effeminate to ever make it as a leading man. Maybe you’ll have more luck as a lovely ingenue?”

Her comments struck Al deeply. She was upsetting him and making him feel diminished and attacked. She’d never undermined his masculinity or self esteem that way before.

Sure, she’d made the occasional teasing jokes, like remarking how “in Shakespeare’s day men played all the women’s roles, too bad you didn’t live back then. You’d make a simply delightful Juliet!” Things like that, but nothing like this!

He was angry, but also strangely and inexplicably somewhat aroused—an oddly intoxicating brew of interlaced sensations that confused and embarrassed him. To cover his mixed emotions, he lashed out at his mom.

“If you’re so sure I can’t make it as an actor, let’s make a wager! When I am successful as an actor, you will release my trust fund to my complete control and never again try to force me to work for AIP!”

“Fine!” snapped Charlize, “but when you fail to book a decent role in the next three months, you will work for AIP—but not as an executive as I’ve been offering.”

Charlize smiled fiercely at the confounded look on her son’s face. Her ability to read her opponents and use their weaknesses to trick them into making colossal mistakes was legendary. Having never opposed his mother before, Al had no idea what he was up against.

Feeling calm and under control once again, she twisted the knife, “Since I see you lack the killer instinct a true investment executive needs, you will work for AIP, but not as an executive. You will work as our new receptionist. I’ll just promote Tatiana, the current receptionist, to junior executive and

place you under her. You can serve Tati. That's about your speed!"

Shaken, Al looked through the wall-to-ceiling window of his mother's executive office suite and out into the reception area. There, he saw a beautiful petite strawberry blonde with bright green eyes and immaculate makeup. From what his mother had just said, he knew the cute fresh-faced office girl was named Tatiana—or Tati for short.

He could tell she was younger than he was—maybe 21 at the oldest—and although they'd spoken briefly earlier that day when she'd ushered him into his mother's office, he hadn't paid much attention to her.

At his mother's taunting, he felt reluctantly compelled to study Tati's appearance as—against his best efforts—he imagined himself in her role. He saw himself sitting at the receptionist's desk, and—Lord help him—wearing her cute little outfit.

She was dressed in a stylish but playfully flirty suit—a short pencil skirt and matching blazer made of a light dusty pink cotton blend, with grey pinstripes. Its exaggeratedly feminine puffed sleeves and wide lapels gave it a girlish, but still office-appropriate vibe. Appropriate for a lower-level office girl, that is.

Underneath her suit, Tati wore a sheer emerald green blouse that accented her eyes and allowed hints of her bra to peek through flirtatiously, enticingly. The mental image of himself looking like a precious little receptionist upset Al deeply, even as he felt an unnatural, insistent stirring inside his boxers.

"What the hell is happening to me?" he berated himself silently, shutting his eyes tightly and trying to banish the shamefully demeaning thoughts from his mind. It didn't work. Even in his mind's eye he kept imagining himself looking every bit as demure and coquettish as Tati—the very picture of a sweet, obedient, and servile office girl.

Like any successful businessperson, Charlize knew how to read the

competition, and she read her son's expression as if it were a neon sign. She had fought her way to the top by finding and exploiting every weakness of anyone who dared to defy her, and at the moment Al was defying her. He had threatened to derail her carefully constructed plans, and therefore she had to defeat him—if not destroy him.

“Yes, he's my own flesh and blood,” she mused to herself, “but he's bringing all of this down on himself. Eventually I'll lift him up again, but only after he's broken and completely subservient to me. I need someone I can control. Someone willing to fulfill my needs without a moment's hesitation. It might take some time, but it will happen. And after all, I always did want a daughter.”

Charlize smiled as her predatory tendencies overwhelmed her maternal instincts. Once again, she struck at Al's weakest point—his insecurities about his lack of traditional manliness.

She used her well-practiced faux-casual tone as she said, “I see you're studying your future boss, and I bet you're also thinking about how well-suited you are to take her place as a pretty, feminine receptionist. How do you like the sweet little secretary suit she's wearing, Alana—or is it Alice?”

Feeling waves of humiliation and confusion rising, threatening to drown him, Al merely grunted in reply.

Feeling exhilaration at asserting her dominance, Charlize carried on, demeaning her son and demolishing his sense of masculinity word by carefully-crafted word. “Yes, you've always been a great little actress, Dear. Who could forget your performance in ‘Alice In Wonderland?’ You played the starring role so perfectly. Then again, maybe you weren't acting?”

When Al complained, “That wasn't my choice! You sent me to Groton West, an all boys' school! I never wanted to go there! Anyway, they cast me as the lead mainly because I was the best actor, and besides no one else had the long blonde hair to play....”

“...Alice, yes I know dear. I guess they’d never heard of wigs?” she snorted, “but you make a fair point. We never should have sent you to Groton West. You would have fit in much better at the Marymount Academy.”

“But that’s an all-girls Catholic School!”

“Yes, exactly so. You’d have looked so adorable in their precious uniform! You know, the little plaid skirts and white blouses with knee sox. Maybe you could have tried out for their cheerleading team...”

“Ugh, Mother! Please, will you just drop this nasty...” he interrupted, trying not to lose his temper, but she wouldn’t let go of this demeaning, emasculating topic. She merely shifted her focus from high school days back to the here and now.

“Tatiana looks so delicate and girlish sitting there like that. But of course she’ll need a whole new power wardrobe for her much more serious new job as a junior executive.”

“That’s so nice for Tatiana,” said Al in a dull monotone through his tightly-clenched teeth.

“You seem to be about her size, Alana. Maybe she’ll give you all of her submissive feminine office wear after I promote her?” Charlize asked rhetorically, “soon she won’t need such frivolous, flirty outfits. She won’t, but you will, won’t you my dear, little demure daughter?”

Al tried his best, but once again he failed to disregard his mother’s taunts. So he looked around the executive suite until he saw a glass award reading “Feminist of the Year,” honoring his mother. She’d placed it atop her large mahogany desk, indicating its importance to her. That gave him an idea for a new line of argument.

“Misgendering me and threatening to feminize me and put me in skirts? That’s not very feminist of you, Mother!”

“I’m not trying to demean you by calling you feminine, Alana, I am merely pointing out facts. You’d really make a simply adorable little office girl.”

He tried again, but again failed to ignore her taunts. Instead of arguing back, he followed her gaze and watched with nearly-obsessive attention as the girl called Tati diligently answered the phones and directed incoming calls to various agents and executives.

He assumed that she also prepared coffee and tea, filed papers, made copies, and performed other typical menial support duties for her coworkers—her superiors. “That’s the role my mother wants me in?” he thought to himself in stunned disbelief.

He clenched his hands into tight fists, but felt an increasing sense of vulnerability. “Just like a pretty young girl,” he whispered as Charlize smiled at him knowingly—a smug, self-satisfied expression on her beautiful face.

“That will never be me,” he vowed, muttering the words under his breath. He mouthed the oath as defiantly as he could, but it was no use. Feeling himself growing weaker, he wished he had the strength to muster much more determination in defense of his fading, flagging male pride.

He wanted to rage against his mother. He knew he should be demonstrating his macho superiority, proving her wrong. Instead, he felt himself blushing like a school girl—or perhaps more accurately like an office girl—at his mother’s emasculating taunts.

He gritted his teeth, but his teeth weren’t the problem. The oddly sexual response he felt, the fluttering of his heart and the tingling in his groin, manifested itself in his flushed cheeks and heavily-lidded eyes. He sighed involuntarily—a soft, sweet contented sound that sent a clear signal to his mother.

From his mild, docile reactions, Charlize discovered that her young son felt a forbidden attraction to her references describing him as submissive and feminine. She was surprised at the power these teasing taunts held over him, that he found her demeaning statements oddly alluring.

She knew that she could use her son's subconscious sissy tendencies to force him onto a path of forced feminization that would undermine his independence and erase his new, bothersome stubbornness. If need be, she would ruthlessly exploit his weaknesses and lead him inexorably to a diminished, bimbo-fied status.

Charlize smirked, envisioning her machinations step-by-step culminating with his ultimate debasement and complete surrender to her will. She wouldn't be losing a stubborn son, she would be gaining an agreeable, docile daughter. This realization gave her a sense of triumph.

By contrast, Al felt sick to his stomach knowing that he had no answer strong enough to silence his mother. Her words wounded him deeply. Even worse, they were casting an enchanting spell, implanting girlish self-images in his mind and making him gasp in astonishment. Helplessly, he felt his resolve draining away and he moaned pathetically lamenting the loss of his sense of entitlement, his rapidly evaporating white male privilege.

"What's that dear?" asked Charlize, smirking at her child's girlish blush and his high-pitched keening exhalation, "did you say you want to begin your new job as a submissive little receptionist immediately?"

Her last remark pushed Al too far, making him lose his temper. He had a bit of his mother's defiance in him after all. "I will be successful as an actor, Mom! And when I am, I will remember this. I will definitely not thank you when I win my Oscar!" he yelled. By now, his face was red, both from frustration and what was left of his embarrassment from the kinky arousal he still felt from his mother's verbal debasement of him.

"An Oscar? Maybe for best supporting actress in a comedy?" she said, her heartbeat accelerating as she moved in for the rhetorical kill. "Hey Alana,

why don't you go out there and switch clothes with Tati? She's better suited to wear your pants and shirt, while you deserve to be dressed in her pretty little panties, bra, and skirt."

At that, Al gasped and sputtered, unable to formulate a coherent reply. Throwing up his hands, he started the long march out of his mother's huge and decadently decorated office—the one that had once belonged to his father.

Back then, it was merely a typical if opulent old boys' club in the form of a macho CEO's office. Now, it was a shrine to female domination, as he was about to find out to his regret.

Since Charlize Andrews had taken over the "family business," she'd redone everything in AIP to mirror her "femme fatal" tastes. Gone were Al Senior's golf trophies and photographs of the now-deposed CEO posing with powerful men. In their place hung certificates of appreciation and merit awarded by the Girl Scouts of America and all of the leading women's rights organizations.

"She might as well have hung Dad's testicles on the wall," Al groaned quietly to himself as he blinked back the tears that were dampening his eyes.

Charlize wondered out loud, "If only my stubborn husband, your thick-headed father hadn't fought me every step of the way, we'd have sorted you out a long time ago. I knew you would have been happier if we'd raised you as the girl you were always meant to be, Alana."

Al grimaced and pleaded for mercy, “Mother! Would you please stop! You know I’m not that way! I’m your son! I’m a man, not a girl.”

His declaration gave her pause. “Son?” She muttered to herself, “hardly!” Then she noticed his tears, and her maternal love for the emotionally conflicted youth melted her icy resolve. With a burst of motherly compassion rising in her bosom, she reflected on her only child’s usually placid character.

“Yes, I dearly wanted a daughter, an empowered feminist take-charge woman who would follow in my footsteps. Instead, I got a meek, mild-mannered son with a sharp mind but no drive to conquer. Even so, I’ve always loved him,” she sighed to herself, cursing that his sudden and very uncharacteristic stubbornness was bringing a lifetime of unresolved issues to a head.

Out loud she said in an affectionate, nurturing tone, “I always sensed you had a traditionally feminine timidity in you, Alana. There’s nothing to be ashamed of! You know I strongly support trans rights, and there were so many signs that you were a trans girl deep down—even though you always denied it.”

“Mother, no, we’ve been over this a million times, and....”

But Charlize just continued talking, as if her son hadn’t said anything at all. “We’ve lost so many chances for you to fully experience who you are, darling. You’ll never get to be a ballerina or a pompom girl. You’ll never get to live in a sorority, but we can still make up for lost time.”

Al’s noisy release of the deep breath he’d been holding created a soft, sibilant hiss that did nothing to dissuade his mother from continuing her soliloquy.

“You’re just a tad old for it, but there’s still time for a right of passage.

I'd love to see you come out—you know—as a debutante? We'd present you to society in a scrumptious, floor-length formal gown. You'd turn every head as you made your entrance wearing your lovely, glamorous Southern Belle style dress.”

“Mother, no....” he sighed in a dreamy tone without any edge or force behind it, offering no real resistance.

“We'd have the most elegant gown made for you, with a tight lace bodice to show off your girlish assets. I think something ultra feminine in silk and satin would be simply delightful? A fairytale frock in a sexy hot pink or a coquettish lavender would be so enchanting on you!”

As Charlize kept methodically spinning her emotionally entangling web, entrapping her helpless child deeper and deeper, Al fought to break the spell his mother was weaving over him. His efforts became increasingly difficult as she continued.

“All our high society friends would applaud when the emcee announced your name and as we watched you gracefully descend a wide staircase, clinging to the arm of some hunky young man....”

“Mother!”

“...probably a dashing military officer in his dress uniform. You and your manly escort could dance the night away, you in your....”

Feeling himself awash in unwanted but irresistible thoughts of experiencing a social debut as a blossoming young lady, Al finally understood his peril. If he succumbed to the magnetic allure of the enrapturing femininity his mother was creating for him, he'd be lost.

Without any defense, he tried to focus all of his willpower in defiance of his mother's clear, manipulative designs to emasculate him. “I can't endure another moment of this!” he realized, “if I let her go on for one more second, she'll entrap me using my own unspeakable desires!”

In a panic, he called upon hidden reserves of intention he didn't even know he had. With all his willpower, he launched himself into a last-ditch effort to escape.

He resolved, "I have to get myself free from Mother's silken trap immediately somehow, before she pulls me in too far!" He set his jaw defiantly, but he couldn't suppress a nagging fear that it might already be too late.

— End of Part One —

Afterword from the Author

I thank you for your time and attention, Dear Reader! I hope you've enjoyed reading this book as much as I enjoyed writing it. [Part two is already published](#), in case you want to see how this story ends right now.

I put so much time and energy into writing and sharing these naughty fantasies with you. I hope you understand that your feedback means so much to me! Also—if you liked this sordid little tale—would you please kindly leave a glowing 5 Star review?

Your 5 Star review will help other readers find my stories and encourage other people to give my efforts a try. The more people read my writing, the more I'll be able to write! Why 5 Stars? Because 4/5 stars is only 80%—a mediocre mark at best. Anything less than that is actually a failing grade of 60% (or worse), so please only share positive energy!

If you liked this fantasy, then maybe you'll like my other books on Amazon. Find out by visiting my author page. [Click here to see \(and hopefully order\) the books I've written, co-written and/or edited.](#)

Hugs and kisses,

Mindi Harris