

A Boy Called Cinderella

Part 2

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

Mindi Harris



**A Boy Called Cinderella 2:
An All-New, Dark, Kinky, First Time
Forced Feminization Fantasy Story**

Copyright © 2020 Mindi Harris All Rights Reserved

All rights reserved. Federal Law prohibits theft of intellectual property. Section 501 of the copyright law states that “anyone who violates any of the exclusive rights of the copyright owner ... is an infringer of the copyright or right of the author.”

No copying, transferring, performance, resale, re-use, retelling, recording, sharing, lending, or (re)distribution, as well as excerpting or summarization (other than for the purpose of reviewing) of all or any part of this work—including any of the descriptions, narrative language, scenes, characters, plot lines, events, or any other content—is permitted without express prior, written permission of the author, Mindi Harris.

This statement of reserved rights supersedes any other offer or agreement, express or implied, from, between, or among, any person, company, or other entity.

Introduction from the Author

Welcome to an all-new, outrageous, titillating, dark, kinky, forced feminization fantasy story with a (believe it or not) happily ever after ending!

This is the second part of a two part story. It will definitely make more sense and be much more enjoyable if you read part one first, which [you can find among my Amazon catalog here.](#)

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!

Reader discretion advised. This story is for mature readers only. Do not buy, borrow, download, examine, share, or read any part of this e-book publication if explicit kinky / fetish / erotic / taboo topics offend you, or if you—or anyone you might intentionally or inadvertently allow to see this material—are under the legal age for adult-themed materials in your jurisdiction or any jurisdiction to which you may travel with any device containing any material from this e-book publication.

You must delete or return this book if such materials are not legally permitted where you are, or if you are for any reason not legally permitted to buy, borrow, read, share, or possess such materials.

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.

Disclaimers

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 12,000+ 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, spanking, 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.

Table of Contents

Copyright © 2020 Mindi Harris All Rights Reserved

Introduction from the Author

Warning: For Mature Readers Only!

Disclaimers

Marissa examined Al closely as he became increasingly lost in thought for long moments.

“Aww, you blush just like a beautiful young girl! How totes adorbs!”

Al found himself in an upscale lingerie and clothing boutique.

“So you play Cinderella?” she asked, in a high-pitched breathy, bimbo voice.

In a daze, he realized he was outside, dressed as a precociously sexualized teenaged girl!

“In that case, I quit!” Al snapped, stamping his high-heeled foot for emphasis.

“Time’s up, princess!” said Natalie, mockingly pointing at her Apple Watch.

“Watch your tone, missy!” Marissa snapped as Al cowered. “Here, let me show you.”

Soon, they’d all see him humiliated and emasculated beyond his most extreme nightmares.

Yes, from the new maid’s submissive stance to her shy, downcast eyes, there could be no mistaking it. Al was gone.

The outrageous, erotic scene was titillating for Tatiana and for the rest of the women, but it was excruciatingly, deliciously humiliating for Alana.

Afterword from the Author

Marissa examined Al closely as he became increasingly lost in thought for long moments.

She tapped his knee to test his reflexes, and could see that his finger and toenails were shaped perfectly and flawlessly polished a luminescent pearly pink. She used an illuminated scope to check his retinal responses, but her patient sat passively as if in a deep, hypnotic trance.

Al was indeed entranced by what might be characterized as a powerful, debilitating post traumatic stress reaction. His mind wasn't in the examination room with Marissa. No, it was still across town in Andrews Investment Partners' head office, in his mother's lair to be precise.

Al mustered all of his concentration and, as if struggling to stride through quicksand to safety, he willed himself to push himself away, to flee from his mother's taunts. With a grunt he turned his back on her, purposefully fueling the fires of rage he needed to assert his independence, his masculinity, the identity he'd carefully constructed for himself.

Breaking free, he crossed the threshold of his mother's sanctum and moved slowly, haltingly into the reception area. Realizing that part of him wanted to turn back and rush into his mother's embrace, he felt his anger rising. He hated that he would even consider the sweet surrender that meant acceptance of a feminine life.

In an fit of pique, Al slammed the door behind him, hoping to shut out his mother's emasculating words and what he imagined would follow—without any actual evidence—her mocking laughter.

The loud noise startled Tatiana out of her habitual efficiency. She gave him a wide-eyed look of surprise, but then quickly shifted her

gaze downward, assuming a shyly submissive and deferential posture. Seeing the pretty young girl that way took Al out of his fury.

He stopped nearly close enough to touch her and said, "Sorry for all the noise. My mother can really get under my skin sometimes, you know?"

"Yes, I do know?" Tati said, her voice soft and melodic as a flute in her Valley Girl up speak, her way of talking that made everything she said sound like a question. "So actually? She like left the intercom on the whole time? Like, and I couldn't help but...."

"What! You heard...."

"Every single word...Alana," she smirked, her once-playful voice taking on the deep and gravelly tone known as vocal fry.

"Wait what? What did you call me?" the stunned young man asked, trying to make his own tone sound commanding enough to intimidate the ditzy office girl. He failed.

"I called you Alana? That is your name, isn't it?" she said, smirking.

When her boss's son didn't reprimand her, protest, or even reply, Tatiana looked him directly in the eyes until he looked down, surrendering to her will.

Feeling a new sense of powerful superiority, the soon to be promoted young woman pressed her advantage, "Ms. Andrews is absolutely right, though? I totally went to Marymount, and you would have fit in there like perfectly. You would have been soooo better off as a school girl. Also? You will definitely fit in my clothes? So, let's go into the ladies room and switch outfits right now, Alana?"

At this, Al struggled not fall over. He gripped the receptionist's desk for balance and fought not to picture himself in Tati's subservient, inferior position wearing her frivolous, feminine clothes. In horror, he realized that this accursed scenario was quickly moving from forbidden fantasy into reality.

He knew where this was leading. Unless he derailed his mother's schemes, soon it would be him deferring to Tati. To Miss Tatiana who was slated to be his boss. His superior. It would be him wearing the cute office girl outfit. He realized that he had already begun averting his gaze in submission to Tatiana, exactly like the demure, delicate daughter his mother had just told him he was.

He shook his head angrily, trying to erase these emasculating images from his mind, but he found himself once again staring at Tati. He was actually studying her beautiful, soft, feminine features and her gently alluring attire.

"Lani, you don't mind if I call you Lani? I can't wait to have you under me. Oh and you are going make a totes adorbs debutante." She looked directly into his eyes again and giggling, said, "see you bright and early tomorrow Lani, and girl? I take my coffee with two sugars, no cream?"

"No way!" Al fought to defy the feminized future Tatiana was describing for him. "That will never be me," he vowed again, but once more without the strong, masculine command he felt he'd needed to project. His heart thudded in his chest as he fled toward the elevators and made his embarrassing escape, all with the haunting of Tatiana's and his mother's taunts ringing in his head.

The scorn both women had heaped upon him intertwined and combined with the shame he felt at his unwanted reactions. Their emasculating mockery mortified and aroused him. Their laughter rang like the tolling of iron bells, signaling that the his days as a

person of substance were over, and clanging out a chilling and final ending to his status as a man.

All that had happened weeks ago, but he was caught and immobilized. The helpless young man was reliving these humiliating memories as vividly as if they were taking place in the present. His alternating blank and anguished expressions laid bare his internal turmoil.

Marissa, feeling a growing affection for Al—and even more so for the fairytale princess who she felt certain was trapped within him—committed herself to ministering to the lovely, tormented creature before her.

“I’m going to do whatever it takes to heal you, in both body and mind, to make you reveal your true self, and make you the happiest princess you can be,” she promised her patient. In response, Al merely sighed, but whether that signaled contentment or conflicted emotions, Marissa couldn’t say.

Unbeknownst to her son, Charlize had carefully orchestrated both the argument with him and his total humiliation at the hands of an office girl three or four years his junior. As usual, she was certain that she was correct about everything she’d said, but she left nothing to chance.

Immediately after the carefully scripted emasculating ambush, and again as usual, she did all she could to make sure that she would get her way. AIP had significant stock holdings in most of the largest movie and television production companies. That included Dreamyland Media—the parent company of the theme park at which Al currently worked. None of this was a coincidence.

The manipulative Charlize quickly and systematically arranged that no studio in Hollywood (or anywhere else) would ever give her son a call-back again, much less cast him in a part that might

advance his career. Al knew he had considerable talent as an actor, but thanks to his mother's Machiavellian scheming he'd never get a fair chance to show off his skills to any casting directors or producers.

He had been rocked to his core by his mother's scathing attacks on his male ego. "She's always been very supportive of me, at least most of the time," he thought, "well, at least before this acrimonious showdown. Then again, I've habitually backed down and given in to her every whim, but that ends now."

He knew that it didn't go well for his father the few times the elder Al Andrews had tried to defy his wife. He'd been "put out to pasture," or—more accurately—exiled to the golf course, long before his retirement was due. The company Alan Sr. had inherited from his own father, Al's grandfather, was now Charlize's empire to run.

Al was reliving one emasculating memory after another. He knew that his situation was precarious, with his mother's bet and Natalie's vengeance combining to push him almost inexorably toward a feminine existence.

"That will never be me!" was his mantra. He repeated the vow like a benediction silently over and over until the words lost all meaning. He didn't even seem to remember that he was in a doctor's office, trying to escape from his impending feminized fate.

Finally, Marissa shook her head and cleared her throat to get his attention. At first, Al remained dazed and unaware of where he was. However, he recovered quickly and finished telling the doctor a highly abridged version of his humiliating story.

"So.... Anyway, after I went through the painstaking 'Full Princess' makeover process, I returned to Dreamyland and was forced to perform in the Cinderella costume."

The beautiful young physician interrupted asking, "Did they give you breast implants too?" She was pointing at his small breasts that were poking out under the thin paper fabric of the examination gown.

Al cringed, shook his head, and said, "Ummm.... No. Actually, I've had these since the age of twelve."

Marissa nodded sympathetically, "That's called gynecomastia," she said. Then she gently added, "Sorry for interrupting, Alana. Would you please continue?"

Al blinked in surprise at her calling him the hated feminine form of his name, but he hesitantly returned her nod and said, "After they dressed me up as Cinderella, I had to walk around the park in the gown and crown. I had to smile constantly, and get my picture taken with countless children."

The sexy doctor laughed openly at the image this conjured in her mind. Once she caught her breath she said, "I really don't see the problem here. I'm sure you made an absolutely precious princess!"

Al blushed deeply at this, and the doctor teased him about that as well.

“Aww, you blush just like a beautiful young girl! How totes adorbs!”

Humiliated and a bit angry, Al said, “Several horny guys creeped me out! They stared at me and hit on me—teenagers, businessmen, even gross older dudes! That was bad enough, and tons of other guys winked and leered at me. More than a few demanded a kiss, my phone number, or both. O.K., so now you know the whole story. Now.... About that medical excused absence note? I really need it to get out of this crazy situation!”

Marissa looked pensive and explained, “I’d love to help you, but I can’t lie about a medical matter. I could possibly lose my medical license that I just earned. I’m not risking that after I paid so much and worked so hard and long to earn it.”

Al nodded in agreement. He’d never ask a doctor to risk her license! As he looked at the beautiful woman more closely, he suspected that Dr. Marissa Sullivan might be his age or maybe even younger than he was.

He saw that she really was truly captivating, with her smoldering dark eyes, full inviting lips, stylish black hair, voluptuous curves, and overall sexy body. Al struggled mightily and fought off his growing infatuation with the beautiful young doctor, forcing himself to focus on the matter at hand.

“Isn’t there anything you can do?” he pleaded, “I’m scheduled to be Cinderella again all day tomorrow!”

Marissa reached out and tenderly removed the hair tie that held Al’s hair in a low ponytail. She regarded him intently as she used her fingers to comb out his hair so that it casually fell into the sexy, feminine style he’d been given at the Pampered Princess salon.

She smiled and pursed her lips suggestively as she took in his small but unmistakable breasts, his ultra-femininely styled eyebrows, and his overall girlish innocence. She could tell he was smitten with her. Most men were. She felt herself growing attracted to him as well, however. She realized that wasn't totally unexpected, considering her particular tastes favored "soft" men and femboys.

"Well, I've got an idea," she said, "I can inject you with something that will make you feel too sick to work, and that would even help you with your little 'breasts.' Then, I could legally sign a note to excuse you from work, but I am only doing this because I have always loved beautiful princesses and Cinderella is my all-time favorite."

Al couldn't tell if she was being serious or sarcastic, but he was too desperate to let that matter to him. Without stopping to read the papers, he eagerly signed the waivers and agreements Marissa handed him—anything to get out of appearing as Cinderella in public again the next day.

The doctor looked over Al's signatures, nodded, and carefully prepared the five syringes she would need. She had him lay down on his side facing away from her, then wiped his left arm and shoulder, as well as all over his butt with alcohol swabs.

She methodically injected him three times, and then had him turn over on his back. He quivered as she wiped his breasts with alcohol and she smiled knowingly before injecting them as well.

Al soon started to feel cramped, bloated, and irritable. He explained this to Marissa, saying, "Ugh, Doctor, I'm aching all over and my stomach and head feel queasy. What's going on?"

"Don't worry, Cinderella, all of those symptoms are to be expected," she smiled. Then, she wrote out and signed a note, and

handed it to him. Al eagerly took the small sheet of paper, but upon reading it more closely he became upset.

“Hey! Wait a minute? This note will only cover my absence for tomorrow! I need to get out of this humiliating situation for much longer than that!” he complained. Feeling uncharacteristically emotional, he started to cry.

Sighing, Marissa leaned in closer to Al. She wiped away his tears with her soft fingertips and embraced him in a comforting hug. “There there! Don’t cry, Baby. How about this? I’ll give you another note to excuse you from work for next week, but only if you let me see you dressed up completely as a girl—for medical reasons only of course. I need to know exactly what’s going on here.”

Sniffing and stifling his sobs, Al nodded. He wasn’t even sure what this would involve, but Marissa was his only hope. He trusted her and was really starting to like her—a lot. After all, she was being so kind, comforting, and understanding.

Marissa buzzed Cindi on the office intercom and told the beautiful blonde receptionist that she’d be taking a long lunch. She told Al to put on his clothes and shoes and waited impatiently for him to comply. She didn’t even leave the room for him to dress in privacy.

The very moment Al was fully clothed, Marissa grabbed him by the arm. She pulled him out of the office and onto the sidewalk that surrounded the parking lot in front of the medical building. While the disoriented young man blinked in the bright sunlight, the determined doctor began marching her patient toward the retail part of the mixed-use office and commercial development. Marissa quickly dragged him toward her destination and eagerly pushed him through the double glass doors into Anastasia’s Fantasy.

Al found himself in an upscale lingerie and clothing boutique.

There—just like when he was at the beauty salon—he once again attracted attention from all the women present. They were intently examining the only male in the place. Al felt his face flush with piping hot embarrassment as countless pairs of female eyes regarded him with mixed curiosity and amusement. As embarrassing as all the women’s stares were, it was about to get much worse for him.

The young doctor was acting like a child in a candy store, dashing from rack to rack and wall display to wall display gathering armful after armful of cute, colorful, trendy, feminine outfits. Not just outer clothes, but also sexy lingerie including panties, bras, shape wear, and more.

The increasingly bossy physician forced Al to model one outfit after another. She compounded his humiliation by pushing him out of the private dressing room, saying she needed to see how he looked in the brighter light of the main floor of the store.

In a voice loud enough for the entire store to hear, she told him, “Come on Cinderella, this shouldn’t be a big deal for you after prancing around Dreamyland all day as a pretty storybook princess!”

Marissa had Al model a body-con dress in sapphire blue, with an off-shoulder neckline and a hem that fell well above his knees. Then, she had him do a turn in a flouncy rainbow-colored miniskirt with three ruffled tiers that she paired with a sheer crepe shell that clearly showed the outline of the red bra she’d also made him wear.

Al especially hated the neon pink romper Marissa picked out for him to try next, but it was hardly better than the pale pink chiffon prom queen style dress that quickly followed. Soon, it all became a

blur. He couldn't even remember all of the different styles and colors and fabrics she made him try on.

Despite her supposedly reassuring opinion, Al endured waves of humiliation as the sales girls and women shopping in the store openly giggled at him, elbowed each other, and pointed their phones at him to record his humiliating impromptu fashion show.

He feared that he'd soon become an Internet sensation, especially if anyone figured out he was a guy who had portrayed a fairytale princess at a fantasy theme park! He hoped anyone who'd heard Marissa say as much would assume she was just making fun of him. Still, his anxiety levels rose, along with his own, shameful sexual arousal. He felt delirious from all of the teasing, as well as the overstimulation that both titillated and demeaned him.

Before Al could worry about all of these conflicting sensations very much, he was back at Marissa's office, wearing the last outfit she'd made him try on. It was a particularly emasculating ensemble that seemed to regress him into a young teenaged girl. It was a matching lacy pink bra and panties set, stay up white fishnet stockings, a tight denim miniskirt, and an even tighter pink polished cotton halter top.

Al gaped in astonished embarrassment, stunned by his reflection in the mirror. He looked like a young sexy vixen, even without any makeup. As he stood frozen in emasculated shame, Marissa took the opportunity to put foundation, powder, contouring, bronzer, blush, eye shadow, liner, mascara, and lip gloss on him. She stood behind her feminized patient and said, "Well look at you, Alana, you make a very beautiful princess indeed!"

Cindi the receptionist knocked on the examination room door, and Marissa told her to come in. This embarrassed Al who remembered flirting with the pretty young girl while he waited for his

appointment earlier that day. “What will she think of me now?” he wondered. It didn’t take very long for him to find out.

At first, Cindi didn’t even recognize him, but when she saw his name on the medical chart she giggled and said, “Looking good, Miss Andrews!” She laughed, “You really should get a belly button piercing if you plan to wear midriffs like that! I know a guy who could do it for you for free if you gave him a blowjob! If you’re really good he’ll give you a sexy tramp stamp too,” she added with a sexy wink.

“Cindi! Who said you could talk to our patients like that?” Marissa scolded, but her wide smile and sparkling eyes revealed that she liked hearing Al humiliated that way. In fact, picturing him on his knees before a burly tattoo artist was turning her on. She unconsciously licked her lips imagining the feminine young man in the sexy submissive scenario. She was breathing heavily with her eyes partially closed.

Al was feeling absolutely mortified by Cindi’s comments. He too pictured himself at the tattoo parlor. He was lying on his front as a barrel-chested man painfully inscribed a swirling pattern of pink roses across the small of his back, adorning the name “Cinderella.”

He felt dizzy and questioned why his mind would even consider visualizing himself in such a bizarre and humiliating situation. Al’s eyes went wide in disgust mixed with...something else. He met Cindi’s gaze for a brief moment. She flashed him a look that said she wanted to pounce on him and devour him.

He wasn’t sure but she seemed to mouth the words, “I’m going to fuck your brains out.” He felt his blood drain from his face and recoiled from the cute little receptionist who had turned into a predatory huntress in the blink of an eye.

Al barely listened as Marissa casually described his options. Painfully aware that he was dressed as a saucy young girl, he felt

Cindi's lustful gaze fixating on him and holding him immobilized where he stood. The suddenly brazen young woman sauntered up to Al, reached out to take hold of his pretty pink top, and stared into his eyes.

“So you play Cinderella?” she asked, in a high-pitched breathy, bimbo voice.

“Well, I—I....” he began to reply, but the sexy receptionist firmly placed a finger over his lips and ordered him to “shhhhh!”

She deftly removed her name tag, and pinned it to Al’s top. “This says ‘Cindi’ and that can be short for ‘Cinderella,’” she said, still using the same mockingly bimboish tone. “I’m going to go by the name ‘Cynthia’ for now on, so you can keep it. For now on, your nickname is ‘Cindi.’”

As Cynthia spoke, she pushed Al backwards until he fell, his butt landing squarely in the receptionist’s chair. This was dangerously close to a particularly scary nightmare scenario that had haunted him. He clenched his eyes tightly shut and tried to take slow, calming breaths.

Increasingly desperate, he slowly stood but zoned out completely. He ended up incapable of following anything going on around him. That included all of Marissa’s warnings. It wasn’t that he wanted to ignore her medical advice. He tried to comprehend her medical jargon, but it was no use.

Al’s psyche was flooded with overly feminine sensations and ever more embarrassing treatment, leaving him confused and helpless. His dilemma became even more desperate when he saw Cynthia openly ogling his long smooth legs. Despite all his efforts to concentrate, he completely lost track of what Marissa was saying.

As it happened, the beautiful young doctor was offering to implant birth control in his upper arm, but Al missed most of what she was warning him about. This because Cynthia had slipped behind him and grabbed his ass, pinching it painfully. He gasped and

turned around to see the sexy receptionist winking at him suggestively.

He'd been so distracted that all he understood was that Marissa was offering to write him a note that would let him escape his role as Cinderella by giving him a longer, legitimately excused medical absence from work.

He probably didn't hear, or else he didn't care, that the treatment would likely have serious side effects including weight gain in his hips and butt, headaches, breast enlargement, mood swings, and even personality changes.

Al honestly didn't understand what she was saying, and decided that he didn't even want to know the details. Frustrated, humiliated, and ever more overwhelmed, he agreed to do anything she asked him to do in return for a note that would get him out of work as a fairytale princess for longer than a few days.

The smirking doctor agreed to write a note to get him out of work for a week, but only for a week. She insisted that he would have to undergo all of her "recommended" treatments, and come back to see her the next week if he wanted to get another note. Considering his humiliating alternative, Al quickly agreed to every one of her "suggestions."

He signed paperwork, releases, and more paperwork. Then, he disrobed for what seemed like the tenth time that day, and sat patiently as she implanted several time-released female hormone tabs in his arm. She also injected him with powerful androgen blockers and a mild long-lasting sedative.

Al of course had no idea what any of these medications were, and if he had any clue he'd probably have lost his temper. All he knew was that this doctor was helping him avoid more humiliation at the hands of his vengeful ex, Natalie. Or so he thought.

Al became distracted when he noticed that the doctor was breathing heavily, and he wondered why her face looked so flushed. She also seemed unusually flustered while she motioned for him to get dressed.

Al didn't see his own clothes anywhere, but before he could ask about that, Marissa handed him the sexy little outfit he'd just been wearing. Seeing no alternative, and feeling somewhat disoriented, he slipped back into the lacy pink panties, white fishnets, and denim mini.

He initially opted not to wear the matching bra, but he realized that his swollen nipples showed through the thin fabric of his skin-tight halter top almost obscenely. He quickly reached behind his neck, untied the bow, and let the top sag low enough so he could slip his arms through the satin bra.

Grinning, Cynthia fastened the clasps for him. It was a suggestively intimate act, and the saucy receptionist gave him a playful nip on his bare shoulder as a kinky exclamation point.

Suddenly, Marissa grabbed Al's face and kissed him passionately, pushing her tongue deep into his mouth. Dazed, he put up no resistance. To the contrary, he felt himself melt into her arms. His eyelids fluttering, he limply draped his wrists over her shoulders and moaned.

Marissa stood, lifting Al with her as she rose until she'd placed him firmly on his slowly steadying feet. His eyes went wide when he felt her slap his ass. He heard her snickering as she handed him a flirty little hot pink purse.

He looked inside, seeing that the flirty little bag contained his car keys and wallet—along with a few tampons, some makeup, and several other miscellaneous feminine items. He felt the sexy,

dominant doctor's hand pushing him along, forcing him outside of her office, and back out onto the sidewalk in front of the parking lot.

In a daze, he realized he was outside, dressed as a precociously sexualized teenaged girl!

He quickly grabbed for his car keys, which he noticed had a pink pompom attached, and jumped in his little red Corvette. It had been a graduation gift from his father. He usually thought it made him look like a macho player, but not in his current outfit. Checking his reflection in the rearview mirror, he feared that he looked like some eye candy chick off to see her sugar daddy.

Al was in a hurry to get home, change his clothes, and take the precious doctor's note to Natalie. That would mark his independence from this crazy string of coincidences that threatened to force him into a humiliatingly feminine existence.

The drive involved the usual SoCal terrible traffic. As he made his way slowly through the congested streets, he listened to some podcasts at random. One that immediately caught his complete attention was called "The Feminization Boudoir," a well-produced show that chillingly paralleled his current situation.

He listened to Kylie Gable's discussions and interviews with growing sexual excitement mixed with a morbid curiosity. When he heard talented voice actresses reading excerpts of strangely exciting stories, he lost focus on the road ahead and nearly crashed into a Ford SUV that suddenly stopped in front of him.

All of the stories involved hapless males transformed into helpless, feminine creatures. Trying to drive more cautiously, Al finally arrived at his measly little West Hollywood flat. Lost in thought and still aroused by the podcasts, he unlocked and opened his front door. Entering quickly, he hoped that none of his neighbors saw him dressed as a party girl on the make.

In his exhaustion, he pushed through the empty delivery Chinese and pizza boxes on the floor, and collapsed onto the second-hand futon he used as both a bed and his living room furniture. He closed his eyes just for a moment, but awoke early the next morning with barely enough time to hand-deliver his doctor's note to Natalie.

Al's smug expression infuriated the casting manager even more than his medically-valid documentation for taking a week off from working as a pretty princess. When she read the reported symptoms, Natalie snorted, "It sounds like your having a heavy period, girlfriend! That excuse will only get you so far, Cinderella. I better see you perky and pretty next week—or else!"

He shuddered and then quickly turned away, leaving before his angry ex could further berate, belittle, or threaten him. For seven blessed days, he dressed and acted like a man. He optimistically sent headshots and resumes to agents, studios, casting companies—anywhere he could think of.

He not only called every show business lead he could find, he desperately applied to work as a waiter, a Lyft driver—anything and everything imaginable to get a job quickly. Preferably one where he could wear pants, not panties.

In his spare time, Al hand-washed the sexy little outfit he'd worn home from his embarrassing and emasculating visit to Marissa's office. To his immense confusion, he felt compulsively driven to listen and re-listen to every episode of "The Feminization Boudoir."

He found each one stimulating in more ways than one, and kept wondering how it came to pass that his own life would so closely resemble some of Kylie's experiences in college. Most of all he asked himself, "How in the world could I possibly find any part of Kylie's or my own forced feminization so exhilarating? Am I losing my mind?"

He returned for another doctor's visit at the end of the week. He felt calm and somehow almost neutered as he sat on the examination table again, wearing a skimpy paper medical gown—this time in pale pink.

As he'd expected, once more Marissa injected him several times. She felt ecstatic noting (without telling him) that his hair was much silkier, his skin was much softer, and his already pronounced gynecomastia had significantly increased.

She felt aroused seeing that he had developed nearly b-cup breasts. His lips seemed fuller, his hips had expanded, and his butt had taken on a sexy, feminine bubble shape.

When Al asked for another doctor's note, she demanded to see what he looked like as Cinderella. Again, having no better alternative, he sadly nodded his reluctant agreement. "Did you bring your cute little outfit as I told you to?" she asked him. Again, he sadly nodded in the affirmative.

Acting decisively, the doctor quickly compelled Al to change into the same promiscuous girly girl outfit he'd worn before. She watched with rapt attention as Cynthia made him over. The sexy receptionist made him blush by saying, "I see you kept the name tag I gave you, Cindi!"

She'd noticed the name tag was still pinned to his pink halter top when he reflexively smoothed his denim miniskirt beneath him as he sat. Once again, the young man he had been disappeared. As if by magic, Al was replaced by Cindi, a fresh-faced, feminine girl.

Wasting no time, Marissa grabbed her prey by the hand and took him to a top-rated costume shop, also conveniently located in the same office park and mall development. There, she demanded he model their most authentic (and expensive) Cinderella costume for

her. He was embarrassed to notice that one in the place saw him as anything but the sexy young girl he appeared to be.

Marissa seemed entranced by the young blonde in the fancy baby blue ball gown. She put the costume on her credit card as he gagged at the \$2,500 cost. Not giving him a moment to think, she dragged Al, who she kept calling Cinderella, into her navy blue Lexus.

The aroused doctor jumped into the luxury sedan and drove them both toward her house in the valley. She tweaked his nipples and groped his crotch the entire way there, keeping him at the edge of orgasmic bliss.

Marissa used her remote to open the garage door, and parked her car inside. Confused by the whirlwind of humiliation and arousal that overwhelmed him, Al let this captivating doctor-turned-dominatrix lead him into her comfortable ranch-style home.

Hurrying, driven by rising her passion, Marissa shoved her feminized pet into her bedroom and tied him securely to her four-poster bed. There, she quickly donned a strap-on harness and lubricated him thoroughly.

With a growl of uncontrollable lust, Marissa leapt upon Al and began ferociously pegging him as he whimpered and frantically tried to pull away. Unfortunately for the soon-to-be-deflowered princess, Marissa had tied him too securely to allow for much movement or any escape.

The two twenty-somethings spent the entire weekend having raucous sex. At no point did Marissa give up her superior position. Instead, she dominated her captivated femboy toy at will. She drove into him again and again.

His moans of pain soon became cries of pleasure as they orgasmed together. Exhausted, she collapsed on top of him and said, “I have claimed you, Cinderella. You are mine now, my very own princess!”

If he were totally honest, Al—now answering to Alana or Cinderella, if not yet fully accepting either of those names—would have to admit it was the most exciting sex he’d ever had. This even though he had to walk with a mincing gait from the rough trade he’d been subjected to morning, noon, and night all day both Saturday and Sunday.

On Monday, Marissa refused to write Al another note, explaining, “Now that we’re lovers, it’d be wrong for me to be your doctor, darling. We will find you a better doctor for your needs. I can recommend another terrific gynecologist. The same one I see, Dr. Felicia Reynolds. She’s the best!”

Al’s eyes widened at the stunning realization that he’d been seeing an OB-GYN—an obstetrician / gynecologist—first as his doctor and then as his.... Girlfriend? Lover? He wasn’t sure what Marissa had become to him, but he knew he was falling madly in love with her, as much for her rough and dominating treatment of him as for her physical, seductive beauty.

Al reluctantly returned to Dreamyland after his two-week absence. His boss (and ex) Natalie laughed as she directed the wardrobe and makeover staff to go into action. They quickly dressed him in their authentic Cinderella costume, and fixed his hair and makeup. The final touch was the dainty tiara they wove into his alluringly elegant up do.

Noting how much more feminine he looked than the week before, they all praised him for his commitment to portraying the character of Cinderella in the finest Dreamyland tradition. He performed another humiliating shift in the baby blue ball gown with

countless kids gushing over him and nearly as many men hitting on him.

As he returned to change out of the fancy gown, he asked Natalie, "I know we didn't part on good terms, but what you're doing is just so unfair to me! How much longer do you expect me to portray an ultra-feminine princess?"

She tossed her raven hair and smiled, saying, "You're doing such a great job, Alana, we have decided to make you our featured Cinderella."

“In that case, I quit!” Al snapped, stamping his high-heeled foot for emphasis.

“If you want to quit, you have to buy out your contract and pay us back for the Pampered Princess Deluxe spa treatments you got. By my calculations, that’s more than \$100,000 total. You have until close of business today to pay us in full. Otherwise, we’ll exercise our three-year renewal option on your contract, and we’ll probably renew it again after that.”

“You know I don’t have that kind of money, Natalie! Why are you doing this to me?”

The embittered ex shrugged, “At first, I just wanted to pay you back for dumping me. Now that we all see how well you portray a feminine fairytale princess, I’d be crazy to let you go. Especially since Krista, your predecessor as our featured Cinderella, got knocked up and had to take a long medical leave of absence. Now, don’t you even think about getting pregnant, missy. I understand you’re on birth control anyway?”

Al tried to ignore her taunts, but he trembled with humiliation as her words made him feel utterly emasculated. He carefully pulled the tiara from his hair, and shook out his long, blonde tresses into a less formal but still flatteringly feminine look.

His heart kept beating faster and faster as he pulled his phone out of his purse and desperately tried to call Marissa for help. In his haste to phone his beloved seeking a last-minute rescue, he didn’t even stop to take off his tight white elbow-length gloves, even though they made it difficult to dial his iPhone.

He hoped his beloved could loan him the money to buy out his contract, or maybe suggest another solution. “She’s so smart, and always seems to know best,” he thought. Unfortunately for him, his

call went directly to her voicemail. He tried again and again with the exact same heartbreaking result.

For a moment he considered calling his parents to ask them for money, but he didn't want to risk them finding out about his humiliating predicament—especially not his mother. Recalling her hurtful comments about making him into a submissive office girl, he shuddered imagining her reaction to hearing about how he'd been totally feminized and forced to appear in public as an ultra-feminine princess.

Sadly, he slowly removed the Cinderella costume piece by piece, and dressed himself in the clothes he'd worn to the theme park. Marissa had persuaded him to dress as a woman to and from work to “avoid embarrassment,” she had said. It seemed to make sense the way she'd explained it to him.

Al sniffled dejectedly as he buttoned up the smart, sheer white cotton school girl style blouse over his plain rose pink bra. He paused and hefted his breasts thoughtfully, noting they were a solid b-cup in size, and his pronounced nipples and areolae had become very sensitive to the touch.

The feminized boy wiped away a tear as he shimmied into a flirty a-line miniskirt. It was pale pink with pleats that danced around his upper thighs most enticingly as he walked. He sighed as he realized how much the skirt made him look like a bubbly, perky cheerleader. He tucked the blouse into the waistband of the skirt, and smoothed his hands over his ample hips and bubble butt.

Natalie looked on smiling and nodding her approval at the dramatic physical and emotional changes wrought by the intensive hormone therapy Marissa had prescribed for her feminized ex. He was more feminine than masculine by far after the weeks of injections and implanted slow-release medications had performed their magic.

Natalie thought back, reflecting on how all this began. She had met and become fast friends with Marissa at a professional women's mixer about four months earlier. She'd been impressed by the young doctor, and they clicked immediately.

"I'm so glad I met you, Doc," said Natalie, "there's no one else around here who gets me!"

Marissa smiled and tipped her glass in agreement, "Back atcha, sister!"

The two women had been sipping their drinks at a local wine bar when their talk turned to decent men, good sex, and how both of those treasures were in such short supply.

Natalie was whining, "I can't believe that wimp of an ex of mine actually dumped me, and then he blew me off when I tried to get back together with him!"

"What kind of moron would dump you?" Marissa had asked, "you're strong, beautiful, smart...."

"Oh, just some little underweight pussy boy named Alan," Natalie pouted, "I'm way out of his league, but he dumps me? What's up with that!"

"Ugh! That hit hard," Marissa said, then she sighed wistfully. "What I wouldn't give for a wimpy femboy I could dominate! Ahhh! I'm getting turned on just thinking about it!" she said, her eyes closed imagining the erotic, kinky possibilities. The wimp in a school girl uniform, her spanking his tight little buns with a paddle....

Eyes wide, Natalie had said, "Wait, you say you're looking for a smallish, submissive guy? A little femboy in his 20s? My ex might be just what the doctor ordered!"

One thing led to another, and now Natalie's emasculated ex was at her mercy for years to come. He was already more female than male—a fact that Al was acutely aware of as he pulled up his virginal white sheer stay-up stockings and slipped his feet into his 3-inch snow white pumps.

The feminized twenty-something hit redial again and again. He cried tears of frustration when once again he heard Marissa's flirty message come on instantly in response to his increasingly desperate calls. As the seconds and minutes ticked away and the five o'clock deadline passed, he realized that his girlfriend wouldn't rescue him.

“Time’s up, princess!” said Natalie, mockingly pointing at her Apple Watch.

Al begged her, “Please! Natalie, can’t you just give me a little more time? Please? All I need is to do is get ahold of...”

“Hey, babe!” said a voice from around the corner.

It was Marissa, his dominant girlfriend, and she couldn’t look happier. With a huge grin on her face and a mischievous wink at Natalie, the gorgeous young doctor wiggled her phone in Al’s face. “Ten messages from you, my little princess? Oops! My bad. I guess I blocked your number!”

“Wait, what, huh, why?” Al babbled, “why would you block my number?”

“Well, it’s like this, girly,” I was getting all these calls from someone named Al, but I don’t know anyone named Al.”

“You know me!”

“Yes, but your name isn’t Al. It’s Alana, or Cindi!” she giggled.

From that moment onward, Al—or Alana, or Cinderella—felt his world spin dizzily out of control. He felt helpless as a mad tornado of changes rapidly erased every element of his old life and left him with a whole new existence. Step by step, every shred of his masculinity had been slowly, methodically undermined and eradicated.

As he looked from his ex to his current girlfriend—both grinning at him like a pair of predatory Cheshire Cats—he felt the last little bit of manliness that he still retained was being drained away, leaving

only a completely submissive, delicate form of fragile femininity in its place.

The renewed Dreamyland contract required Alan Andrews aka Cinderella to repay the company for all of the beauty treatments he'd undergone, as well as pay in advance for ever more extensive ongoing and new feminizing treatments. On top of those already considerable debts, Marissa also billed "Alana" for all of his past office visits and the several medical services she'd performed.

Under the legally binding agreement, all of these costs would be automatically deducted from "her" already-paltry paycheck. Even in his highly agitated confusion, Al understood that his income would fall far short of the amounts he'd already owed, even before the high rate of interest was calculated and added in.

Marissa helpfully invited "Alana" to move in with her, and with so little income in the face of rapidly compounding debts, the helpless young man-turned-girl had no choice but to accept. He was hoping to live rent-free with his dominant girlfriend at least long enough to get his finances back in order, but it was not to be.

Marissa charged her submissive pet for moving services when she sent a truck to collect all of Al's possessions from the mediocre overpriced flat he'd been renting in a squalid section of West Hollywood.

The next time "Alana" was busy working a double-shift as Cinderella, Marissa threw out all of his male clothing and other masculine possessions, replacing them with the cutest, trendiest ultra-feminine outfits and other items.

She bought Al drawers and closets full of feminine clothes, lingerie, accessories, and other personal effects from exclusive, overpriced Beverly Hills boutiques—the costs of which she added to his already astronomical debts, with interest, of course.

“These charges you’re running up are getting completely out of control, Alana my pet,” Marissa said as the two cuddled together on her opulent loveseat, just a few weeks after he’d moved in with her.

“Uhh, what costs?” Al asked.

Marissa sighed at her pet’s slow-wittedness and slid some bills toward Al across the glass coffee table. With his eyes blinking in dull surprise, he reviewed the print-outs and other documents. What he saw shocked him.

There were bills after bills. Several thousands of dollars in charges for clothes, shoes, accessories, beauty items, and makeup. Besides all that there were itemized charges for rent, food, moving costs, utilities, taxes and more.

On and on the litany of expenses went until he read a very confusing line item out loud. “What’s this? ‘Maid’s Uniforms—\$4,560?’ I didn’t buy any maid’s uniforms!”

“Watch your tone, missy!” Marissa snapped as Al cowered. “Here, let me show you.”

Marissa smiled delightedly as she opened a sliding closet door with an exaggerated flourish revealing rows of sexy French maid’s uniforms in every hue from black to virginal white, and every color in between. She especially enjoyed showing him the dainty little outfits in hot pink, lavender, and baby blue as his eyes went wide and his mouth hung open in shock.

“I need you to pay down your debt to me, and I decided you will do so by serving me as my French maid. Wearing these.”

Waving her hand to highlight the gamut of servile, degrading—and in many cases utterly demeaning fetishistic outfits—Marissa said, “Each one of these French maid uniforms comes complete with three or four matching bra and panties sets. I also picked out all the accessories you’ll need to be my perfect little servile maid, including frilly petticoats, garter belts, fishnet stockings, and high heels.”

Then she slowly turned, pulling out an intensely scarlet uniform that she presented to Al with a leering, predatory smile. Stunned, Al could only babble, “But, what, why? No! I don’t want, why are you doing this? I won’t, what, why?”

Smiling ever more excitedly, Marissa brushed off her pet’s concerns with an imperious wave of her hand, “Your parents and some friends are on their way for a little dinner party. They should be here any minute. Of course, you’ll be serving us drinks, appetizers, the meal, and dessert. Go get dressed in this uniform. Now girl!”

Al shook his head, “Absolutely not! I won’t do it!”

“Yes you will,” said a familiar voice that Al immediately recognized as belonging to Natalie, “I can’t wait to see you as a sexy

French maid. Oh, and by the way, we invited all of your exes that we could find. And Alana? Spoiler alert: we found a lot of them!”

“You’re crazy! It’s bad enough I have to dress as a woman for work. This is my home, and I am a man, not a serving girl! I’m not going to let you two humiliate me that way!” screamed Al, his voice breaking with his hands clenched into tiny fists.

Again Marissa sighed, “We can do this the hard way or the easy way. Do you want us to spank you? In front of your parents? In front of your exes? Either way, you will serve me as my French maid, starting today at this very exclusive, exciting soirée, and for as long as I want you to until you pay off your debt—at fifty cents per hour.”

Cynthia stepped through the front door and as if on cue chimed in, “Oh, and Cindi, with my maternity leave coming up, I expect you to fill in for me as a receptionist at Dr. Sullivan’s OBGYN practice. You already have the cute outfits and name tag.”

Al turned pale and looked nauseated. Remembering his wager with his mother and her explicitly detailed intentions to transform him into a submissive little office girl, he wondered what she’d say and do after seeing his complete bimboification.

Horribly disturbing images danced diabolically through his mind as he held his head in his hands and began repeating, “No, no, no,” almost too quietly for the three women to hear.

“Yes, yes, yes,” said Natalie, “either you do as we say or you will get fired and will be kicked out onto the streets with just the clothes on your back. You might just scratch out a meager living as a crossdressed hooker, but you’d better be careful! It’s dangerous out on the streets for a precious little femboy like you.”

Down to his knees Al fell, bitter tears flowing down his cheeks as he realized he’d been completely entrapped, outsmarted, and

manipulated at every turn. His parents and who knew how many women he'd known in the most intimate ways were about to arrive at the home he'd shared with Marissa.

Soon, they'd all see him humiliated and emasculated beyond his most extreme nightmares.

He began hyperventilating as the grim realization hit: there was nothing he could do about any of it. And there was no way out. Slowly, he began to regain control of his breathing even as he started changing into the scarlet maid's uniform.

He felt the now-familiar but still strange, sexual stirring when he stepped into the scandalously red satin panties—bikini style—and wrapped the matching bra around his burgeoning titties.

A single tear ran down his cheek, "I never wanted any of this," he whined, but he couldn't miss Marissa's lustful look as she ravished his feminized body with her sparkling eyes. Her gaze threatened to devour him while he performed a bizarre sort of reverse-striptease, drawing one enticingly salacious piece of the shameful maid's uniform after another onto his body—inch by sexy, seductive inch.

Pouting, Al carefully clasped the lacy scarlet garter belt around his slim, tapered waist. He demurely slid one red fishnet stocking up his left leg, then the other up his right leg, clipping each one to the delicate, dangling garters in turn. Of course his legs, like the rest of his body, were satiny smooth, shapely, and utterly feminine.

Al checked to make sure that the stockings were securely attached to the garter belt. Natalie made him check to see if the seams were straight, leaving him feeling more emasculated than ever before.

He stepped into the fluffy petticoats and felt weak-kneed as he heard and felt the luxurious taffeta rustle provocatively around his thighs. Trembling, he let Marissa slip the form-fitting torrid-colored maid's dress over his head.

He stood as still as he could while she tugged and pulled the skin-tight uniform with its lavish lace trim into place—encasing his sultry, girlish body inside the extremely slutty, wantonly-styled uniform.

The dominant doctor motioned for Natalie to tie the white, lacy half apron around Al's nipped-in waist with a big floppy bow. After months of hormone treatments, beauty and skin regimens, laser hair removal, permanent makeup, and piercings, Al had been fully transformed into Alana.

Yes, from the new maid's submissive stance to her shy, downcast eyes, there could be no mistaking it. Al was gone.

In his place stood Alana, a helpless young girl, dressed up like a delectable little treat. Alana was on display in a demeaning, servile uniform, and as the women stood her before the full-length mirror she couldn't deny the obvious facts. She was delicate and delicious to behold.

The transformed former male felt totally defeated as her ex placed an incredibly feminine, frilly maid's cap onto her head and pinned it in place atop her stylishly curled honey-blonde hair. As directed, Alana daintily slipped one foot and then the other into the high-heeled scarlet pumps Marissa had placed in front of her.

Natalie touched up Alana's makeup, fluffed up her softly cascading hair, and pronounced her ready to serve, just as the doorbell chimed. The newly-entrapped maid glanced through the window, recognizing her parents' royal blue Mercedes-Benz sedan parked in the driveway. "Of course they'd be the first to arrive," she moaned.

Alana wiped away a few stray tears, took a deep breath, and prepared to curtsy to her parents and take their coats—as well as endure her mother's knowing smile and his father's mocking statements. She knew that her mother would quickly make good on the threats to put her to work as a submissive office girl.

Nervously, the maid anticipated the worst humiliation in her life—and after what she'd endured over the past several weeks, that was saying a lot. She tried to steel herself for complete degradation, but all for naught. The actual events vastly exceeded even her most extreme expectations for sheer embarrassment.

It began when her mother and father strode inside after Alana opened the door for them. Her father would be known forever more as simply Alan Andrews—no “senior” would be needed as there was no longer any “junior” to differentiate himself from.

The elder man refused to let his newly outed daughter take his suit jacket, preferring to keep his perfectly tailored charcoal colored three piece suit intact. Charlize, resplendent in a cream colored Chanel pantsuit, smiled at her sexy, submissive new daughter. She had warned her husband what to expect, but nothing could have prepared him for this sight, and he was shocked and bewildered upon seeing the reality.

Before him stood his son—err child—the manly silver fox mentally corrected himself. He, or rather she, was actually curtsying to him while wearing a sexy French maid’s uniform that was really just a skimpy, salacious fantasy costume designed to rev up the libido of any straight man—or gay woman. She was unmistakably lovely, but that wasn’t the real issue for the proud, retired executive.

As he checked his reactions, the former CEO realized that most of his anger came from seeing his...daughter (the term was still difficult for him to apply to the young person before him) looking like a sex-starved slut. He raised his voice saying, “No little girl of mine is going out in public dressed as a cheap whore! Dammit, look at you! You’re like a walking wet dream!”

Alana choked back a sob at her father’s reaction. Of course his tirade was laden with insults, but even more damaging was the realization that he had called her his daughter and his little girl! That turn of events stung.

On some level, despite everything that happened, whatever tiny lingering masculine part of her had still held out a dim, dying notion that just maybe her fate wasn’t really sealed. Against all odds, Alana clung to a glimmer of hope that her father would call a halt to all of

this and demand the women around them would reverse her feminization and return her to manhood. Alas, it was not to be.

“Yes, we all agree, Dear,” said Charlize, more or less coming to Alana’s rescue. She continued, speaking in her customarily calm, authoritative voice, “Our little Alana is only going to be serving as a French maid behind closed doors, isn’t that right princess?”

There was no doubt to whom she was referring, and Alana dipped into a formal curtsy, nodding submissively and saying, “Yes Ma’am, as you wish, Ma’am.”

“Ah, that’s just splendid! I can definitely get used to this!” Charlize chuckled, “this has all turned out perfectly, even better than we’d planned!” Hearing no objection from anyone, and reveling in the startled, wide-eyed looks from Alana and her husband, she turned to Marissa.

“Dr. Sullivan, I have a big family reunion planned for this coming Saturday afternoon. Would you grant me the favor of borrowing your delightfully trained and subservient little maid to serve my guests?”

At this, Alana’s jaw dropped. “Mother no! You can’t possibly want to show me off as a French maid to all of our relatives?” she gasped, trying not to imagine herself welcoming her staunchly conservative grandparents wearing a sexy little dress and apron. But the humiliating thoughts were unleashed, and kept coming in excruciatingly exhilarating detail.

She tried not to picture herself curtsying obediently to all of her aunts and uncles, fetching drinks for her cousins, serving hors d'oeuvres to her little nieces and nephews. Her breathing grew labored as her sexual excitement grew.

Still, she defiantly battled her submissive nature, ashamed of her involuntary reaction. She’d accepted her status as a maid, but being

paraded around in front of her extended family this way? Oh no, that was just too much for her to bear. “You can’t possibly be serious, Mother!” she said.

Wordlessly, Marissa grabbed Alana and dragged her over to the loveseat. There, the lady of the house pulled her new serving girl over her knee, lifted the short skirt revealing the pretty satin panties the helpless maid was wearing, and began spanking her soundly.

Shocked, Alana could only kick her legs ineffectually like a little girl, putting on an amusing spectacle for everyone. Actually not for everyone. Alana was shocked and distressed of course, especially as all the women laughed. Her father Alan turned away. His paternal sensibilities were deeply wounded by watching his former son, his pride and joy humiliated and debased like a common domestic—possibly beyond recovery.

He was still processing his son’s transformation into a beautiful, feminine girl. He had accepted the jarring feminization of his former namesake. Seeing his new daughter disciplined like a naughty little school girl was just too much for him to take. He addressed the assembled women, “Ladies.... Alana,” he said gruffly, shaking his head as he fled the scene, letting himself out the front door.

Before Alan could close the door behind him, Marissa’s receptionist Cynthia let herself in, closely followed by Tatiana, the former receptionist for AIP. The latter was wearing one of her new power suits as befitting her promotion to junior executive. Her arms were full of several flirty, frivolous office girl outfits she no longer needed.

Through the open doorway, all of the women watched as Alana’s silver-haired father stalked toward the driveway. He clicked the fob on his car keys, roughly threw open the car door, hastily clambered inside, and then slammed the door. He took one last look back, shook his head, and quickly drove away.

Tatiana shrugged. Alan Andrews wasn't her boss, Charlize was. So when her boss told her to show up at this house and personally present her hand me downs to her replacement, she did so eagerly. She resented that everyone expected the boss's kid would just waltz into a top executive position. She avidly anticipated seeing the embarrassed look on the would-be big shot's face when she presented the girly dresses and skirts—all the fun, flirty office girl outfits she wouldn't need herself.

In a million years, Tati could never have imagined the hilariously kinky situation unfolding before her. She couldn't stop herself from giggling at the debasement of her soon to be underling.

There, splayed across a beautiful woman's lap, struggled AIP's supposed heir apparent turned office girl. Far more demeaning than that, the former male was getting spanked, with panties on full display, dressed as a sexy, slutty French maid.

The outrageous, erotic scene was titillating for Tatiana and for the rest of the women, but it was excruciatingly, deliciously humiliating for Alana.

For her part, the dominant doctor kept raining sharp slaps on Alana's rounded ass. Incongruously, she replied to Charlize's request as if nothing unusual were happening.

"Why of course, Ms. Andrews, I'd be glad to lend Alana to you, just so long as Natalie here doesn't need our misbehaving maid to perform as Cinderella?" She panted with exertion combined with rapidly rising sexual excitement then added, "but please call me 'Marissa?'"

Delighted, and laughing raucously at her ex's descent from a haughty scion of a wealthy family into a subjugated servant girl, Natalie shook her head. Gasping for breath and smiling widely she said, "No problem at all! I am sure we can cover Princess Cinderella's shift this once, Ms. Andrews, and any other time you need her services as your little maid," she giggled.

"Then that's settled," the domineering CEO said, "and ladies, won't you please call me 'Charlize.' After all, we're all liberated feminists here!"

"Yeah all of us except little Alana, she's nothing but a docile, servile little girl," smirked Tatiana, giving Cynthia a high five in celebration of this triumph of female domination.

In confirmation of the youngest girls' gleeful celebration, Marissa stood up, simultaneously pulling Alana off her lap and up onto her unsteady feet. The chastised maid was wiping away her tears with one hand, and rubbing her stinging backside with the other.

“Now, I don’t take any pleasure in hurting you, Alana,” said Marissa, her voice husky with erotic excitement, “well, that’s not entirely true,” she admitted to loud whoops and laughter from every woman in the room. They’d all delighted in witnessing this complete role reversal, and they especially enjoyed seeing a once-entitled man completely diminished in status, from a confident male down to the lowest ranking girl.

The clearly-aroused physician paused to take a deep breath, exhaled slowly, and said, “Alana, you can be sure that the spanking I just gave you will not be your last. You obviously need the firm discipline of a strong hand—and probably a hair brush or a paddle. Every woman here, and more besides, is entitled to order you around at their whim. You are at their beck and call, and if you talk back or even hesitate before obeying a command, they are all willing and able to spank you.”

All of the women laughed and nodded in agreement. The enthusiastic and beautiful young Cynthia, barely out of her teens, took it upon herself to say, “Me next! I want to discipline the naughty little maid!”

Everyone laughed and shouted their approval. Everyone but Alana, that is. She was appalled. Despite the irresistible sexual arousal she felt in response to her demeaning punishment, one endured in front of several women no less. She vowed to herself that she would rebel.

“There’s just no way that I can accept this!” she silently swore, “Marissa’s imperious declaration would essentially demote me into nothing more than a whipping girl. That’s going too far, way too far!”

Before she could voice her protests, however, Marissa glared at her pet, forcing the maid into subservient silence. “Did you like that spanking? Well, it doesn’t matter what you like or want anymore.

Because that's exactly what you're going to get any time you forget your place! Do you understand me girl?"

Alana considered arguing briefly, just for a fleeting moment, but in the blink of her mascara-coated eyelashes the moment passed. She pouted, but remained silent, signaling her tacit assent.

"You're no longer an actor, or a man, or any kind of person with choices of your own. No, you're just a sexy maid, a submissive office girl, and a living doll of a princess. That's all you are, and all you'll ever be. Do you understand me girl?"

The maid bowed her head, accepting every word as true. She knew that within days she'd be working outside her mother's executive suite, making coffee and running errands for men and women she'd known for years, with Miss Tatiana, the ultra-feminine former receptionist promoted above her. The prospect of serving as Miss Tatiana's underling sent tantalizing shivers of excitement through Alana's overstimulated, feminized body.

Marissa's stern expression softened as she said, "I truly love you Alana, and I know you love me. I love that I helped your mother and Natalie with their plans to completely feminize you, and I know you love it too. I realized almost from the first time I saw you that you craved humiliation and degradation. Otherwise, your total transformation into a lovely girly girl would never have gone this far. You had so many ways to stop all of this, but you never really did anything about it."

The assembled women carefully regarded the lovely, feminine blonde creature before them. Their jeering grins gave way to sympathetic, knowing smiles. Marissa kissed away the tears that were flowing down Alana's face, and then wrapped her delicate pet into a loving embrace.

“Yes, my sweet precious girl, I’ve known what you needed from the very first day we met. That’s what makes us a perfect match!” the gorgeous OBGYN smiled, “next week let’s shop for your engagement ring. I want to marry you, and make you my wife. Will you be my bride, Alana?”

She was relieved when her beloved happily nodded yes. She was also elated because dominating the former man this way made her feel truly alive, more than anything she’d ever experienced. She had no doubts that theirs would be a happy, if most unconventional marriage.

Would Alana be kept on at Dreamyland, interacting with children and even some adults as Cinderella during weekends and holidays? One look at Natalie’s mocking face answered that question affirmatively. Superiority and satisfaction were evident in the casting director’s ecstatic expression.

That would leave her time at home where she’d serving Marissa as a silly, frilly, ditzzy French maid for the foreseeable future. She knew that in mere minutes any number of women—her ex-girlfriends, no less—would see her humiliated and degraded, and she loved the idea.

She was facing a life of submissive servitude as Marissa’s sexualized French maid, but because she deeply desired it, not to repay her debts. These thoughts terrified, mortified, but also excited her. Especially when Marissa reached under Alana’s short maid’s dress and gave her pet’s most sensitive parts a predatory, possessive squeeze.

There was nothing Alana could do. Her deepest, darkest, most secret desires had been brought out into the light, and she felt liberation in her sense of humiliation. Each and every woman there was fully aware that Alana’s elaborate emasculation and final

feminization had nothing to do with any contracts she'd signed or the debts that she'd rolled up.

Marissa had told Alana and everyone there that the feminized maid was trapped and that all of her choices were gone. That wasn't exactly true. She had at first subconsciously but eventually eagerly joined in the conspiracy to unman herself and remake herself into a beautiful girl.

Every option that had supposedly been taken away from her was actually willingly given away by her. Yes, she'd fallen helplessly into a web of feminized servile inferiority, but only because she hungered for such a fate.

As she felt the scant tattered shreds of her former male identity dissolve like wisps of smoke on the wind, Alana looked deeply into her heart and realized that it was long past time to stop fighting against her femininity—or more accurately pretending to fight for masculinity. It was gone, and she'd never miss it.

She was who she was. She accepted herself, finally. Embracing all the facets of herself could never be shameful. Her father would come around, she felt confident of that, and so would most of her relatives and friends.

She remembered the old cliché, “Be yourself. Everyone else is taken. The people who matter will won't mind, and the people who mind don't matter.” Accepting that made her feel relieved, happy, and secure in her new identity.

She smiled and gratefully accepted the hugs and kisses from her lover, her mother, and the rest of the supportive women there. Even Natalie was smiling warmly, having finally let go of her anger and resentment at the romance with Al that could never truly be.

Alana knew then that she would live the rest of her life as an office girl, a French maid, and soon a doctor's attentive, loving, obedient little wife. She'd also perform as a (former) boy called Cinderella for many years to come.

It was truly a dream come true. Most of all, she knew that she would live happily ever after, a fate perfectly befitting the fairytale princess that Alana was, and was always meant to be.

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. 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