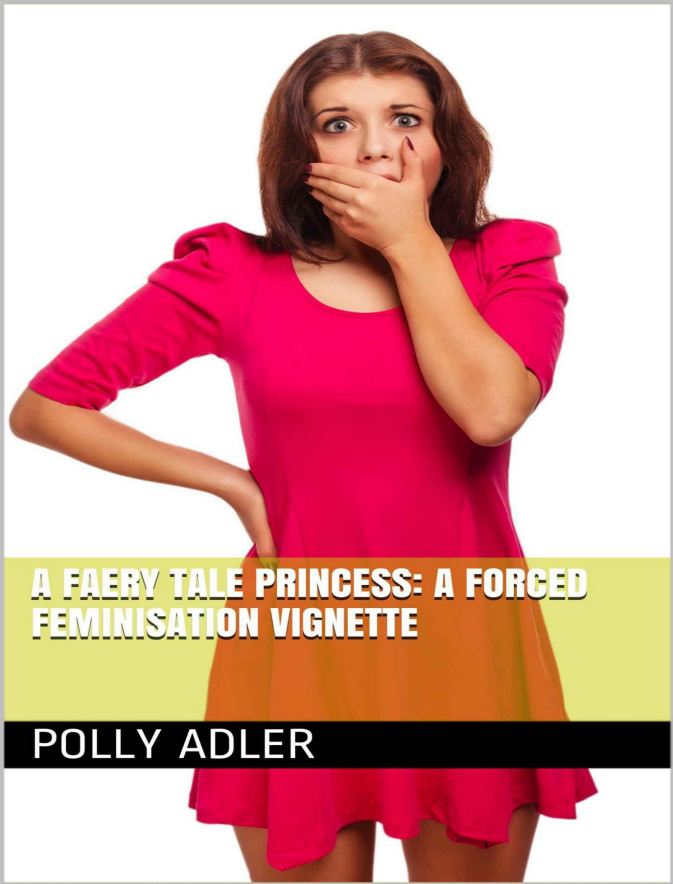




**A FAERY TALE PRINCESS: A FORCED
FEMINISATION VIGNETTE**

POLLY ADLER

A Faery Tale Princess: A Stefan and Belinda Vignette

I shudder pleurably as a million-million snowflakes dance inches from my nose. As far as the eye can see the grounds of Stefan's castle are turning white, a winter wonderland just for us. I am safely inside of course, watching through the lead paned windows, warm in my long-skirted Victorian style dress, with its multiple petticoats. Don't look at me like that. Stefan likes me like this and I like making Stefan happy. How much of that is post-hypnotic conditioning I'm still not sure. Right

now he's very happy. He's standing right behind me, long arms pulling me into his embrace.

“See *doushenka*? The winter snows set in. Time to don the Gloomy and Purposeless Trousers of Uncle Vanya and stoke the samovar.”

Unseen, I roll my eyes. Stefan feels the need to keep up this cod-Russian stuff to maintain the family tradition. One of his grandfathers was Russian. We think. Since he's an orphan and I was abandoned as a child genealogy isn't really an exact science for either of us. Of course it would be harder for me to trace my family line. When he turned me from Brian, his childhood bully, into

Belinda, his ideal girlfriend Stefan arranged to have any evidence that there ever was a Brian Jenkins altered or destroyed. That's why I'm officially three years younger than I used to be and without any qualifications – pretty much utterly dependent on Stefan for anything my salary as a pathetically underpaid part time nursery school helper doesn't cover.

Not that that's much of a hardship. Stefan is a multi-millionaire and loves to shower me with treats. There's nothing I can't have as long as I accept I owe it all to him. I suppose there's no control freak like a former geek who's finally got the children's home bully where he wants

him – or her.

In a way I'm very lucky. Stefan is generous, kind, funny, affectionate, thoughtful, endearing and brilliantly, dazzlingly clever. If he hadn't drugged me, hypnotically conditioned me, given me an unwanted sex change and made me into his demure yet passionate love slave I couldn't find a word to say against him.

The worst of it is, he *is* a genius – so smart that even though the best conditioning available in the world couldn't directly change my heterosexuality he found a way to make me respond to him. He arranged for me to become aroused every time I became

embarrassed. Right at this minute I'm wearing a corset and French knickers under a *dress*. Worse, I'm actually pretty! From my full bosom to my child-bearing hips I look completely natural. This get-up *suits* me. Six months ago I was a man and a hard man, though I say it myself. Now, no one would take me for anything other than Stefan's sweet, rather old-fashioned, clingy-in-a nice-way girlfriend. They would be right. That's just what I am and the fact that it was Stefan's decision rather than mine doesn't change that. Exactly how embarrassed do you think I feel? Quite. "Do you know what this reminds me of?" Stefan asks

“Tell me.”

“The beginning of Snow White.”

“Huh?”

“Do you know the story?”

“Not really. Tell me more?” Stefan sometimes forgets – his parents were very good ones right up until the car crash that killed them. Mine didn’t read me fairy tales or anything else. I’ve sort of got to like hearing them from him.

“The story begins when the Queen is sitting sewing by the window of a castle just like this one, on a winters’ day just like this one and pricks her finger with a needle. A drop of blood falls on the ebony of the window sash. She looks at it and thinks how beautiful a daughter

would be who had lips as red as blood, skin as white as snow and hair as black as ebony. A lot like you in other words. Nine months later Snow White is born and the Queen has her wish.”

“Stefan!” I say in warning tones. “Are you comparing me to a fairy tale princess?!”

“Yes!” He says squeezing me so hard I can’t say anything at all for a moment. Stefan’s bear hugs are the only thing I know that makes me more breathless than wearing a tight corset. This may be a blessing. I’m trying not to ask him what a samovar is. (I know what *doushenka* means; it’s ‘my little soul’. For a brainwashing, forcibly feminising, mad

scientist who plays computer games and makes me sew on his buttons he can be very romantic.) It's not that I don't want to know what a samovar is; I do. It's just that if I ask him I know what will happen. He will explain, in a lively, interesting fashion, and then he will be carried away by the expression he claims I always wear when I ask these sorts of questions. He calls it my 'puzzled kitten' look and I know the effect it will have.

First, he'll kiss me and I'll start to melt. He'll caress me and I'll tremble under his touch. Then he'll pick me up and carry me over to the huge fur rug in front of the open fireplace where a cheery

blaze of birch logs is roaring away.
He'll strip me, slowly, carefully. (OK,
he'll probably leave the corset on and
just pop my breasts out of the top to play
with.) An hour of slow, masterful,
insistent lovemaking later I'll be lying
spent in his arms and another inch of my
soul will have been conquered
and...and..and...Oh God, I'm so easy.

I turn in his arms, tilt my face up towards
his, wrinkle my nose and say "What's a
samovar?" He kisses me.

A few minutes later I'm lying underneath
him wearing only my corset and trying to
send up a silent prayer before I so lose
control of myself I can't think.

Please God, I know I'm stuck as a girl

*and I'm helpless to change that. I know
I'm stuck as Stefan's girl and I'm
helpless to change that. Please don't
make me more helpless, Dear Lord.
Please don't let me fall in love!*