The Feminized Tales



SOfia BACOn

THE FEMINIZED TALES
VOLUME 1

By: Sofia Bacon

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This work is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events are either products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Important Notice & Reader Discretion:The Feminized Tales is a work of adult erotic fiction that explores deep and intense themes of identity transformation, submission, and psychological control. Through this collection of illustrated stories, it portrays individuals undergoing forced feminization within highly sensual, dominant, and aesthetically rigorous environments.

This book contains elements intended strictly for mature audiences, including:

- Adult Content: Explicit sexual situations, dominance/submission dynamics, erotic humiliation, and severe power imbalances.
- Forced Feminization & Transformation: Characters undergoing profound psychological and physical changes within coerced or non-consensual fictional contexts.
- Erotic Discipline & Obedience Training: Themes of absolute servitude, psychological conditioning, and the total surrender of personal agency.
- Gender Identity Exploration: Hyper-stylized and fictional representations of identity, performance, and dramatic domestic transformation.

Reader discretion is strongly advised. If you are drawn to darkly elegant tales of submission, identity reshaping, and the breathtaking thrill of absolute obedience, this anthology is crafted for you.


CONTRACT
The Maid Contract

Daniel closed his laptop with a heavy sigh. Another useless day of apartment hunting that would leave him broke...

Am I asking for too much? I just want a decent place to live...

DEPARTAMENTO EN RENTA

And then... he saw it

Furnished apartment in central location... Negotiable price. Special contract

It sounds too good to be true... But the photos look absolutely stunning!

Well... it doesn't hurt to ask, right?

The next day, Daniel found himself standing in a literal dream.
The apartment was vast, sunlit, and smelled of expensive elegance.

Wow... I feel like a millionaire just standing here! There's no way I can actually afford this.

If you agree with the terms, here is the contract. We're looking for someone highly responsible

Oh, of course! I'm extremely responsible

He quickly skimmed the pages. Cohabitation clauses, furniture care, standard rules...
With a heartbeat full of excitement and naive hope, Daniel signed the papers... completely missing the tiny print of clause 7.3.

Everything looks perfect! I need to sign this right now before they realize I'm just a broke student...

CONTRACT

The very next day, Daniel arrived at the location. It looked more like a five-star hotel than a regular apartment building.

Daniel
It's so good to see you.

Wow... Please tell me I didn't get scammed. This place is breathtaking.

Welcome home, Daniel.. I came to give you a formal welcome... and to deliver your uniform.

My... my what?

Wait... Is that a French maid dress?! Long stockings, heels... and a wig?!?

The contract was very clear, darling. Clause 7.3... You agreed to perform all household duties dressed appropriately.

Clause 7.3
I do not remember any Clause 7.3

It was very clear; it came right after the mandatory term.

3 months
If the contract is broken early, there's a Penalty Fee—a pretty substantial one.

This must be a joke.

You want the luxury apartment, don't you? Then let's get you ready

This is ridiculous... The fabric feels so light, it's giving me goosebumps...

And just like that... Daniel took the first steps into a completely different world.

Pulling up these stockings is costing me more dignity than I thought I had left... But why does it feel so exciting?

Femininity isn't improvised, sweetheart. It's trained. Walk with grace!

Oh, darling... you look absolutely adorable. I think I'll call you Dani from now on.

Femininity isn't improvised, sweetheart. It's trained. Walk with grace!

The first few mornings were a sweet, dizzying whirlwind. Every task came with its own aesthetic protocol.

Chin up, Dani. Maids never look at the floor. Only guilty girls do.

This reflection... it doesn't look like a stranger anymore. Why does seeing myself like this make my heart race so much?

Imagine a rose between your thighs, darling, and walk so gracefully that you don't crush it.

Sweeping with a straight back, polishing with soft, elegant motions... and always, always in full uniform.

My knees are trembling and the corset is so tight... but hearing her praise is starting to feel... addictive.

Much better, princess. You're shedding that masculine clumsiness beautifully.

Do you find this acceptable, Dani? Tell me... should I punish you like a rebellious little girl?

No, Miss Eliza... I-I'm sorry...

A good maid requires absolute discipline. You asked for it, darling.

My heart is pounding so hard... I should be upset, but why does her scolding make me feel so warm inside?

The punishment was simple, yet it left her completely breathless with a mix of frustration and strange ecstasy.

Writing lines like a schoolgirl... My face is burning so much...

"A good maid is always attentive and obedient. I must maintain perfect order."

Back straight, princess. And not a single complaint, or I will make you write sixty more.

Mornings are no longer a torture... Applying liquid eyeliner and blushing my cheeks has become my favorite ritual.

You've earned yourself a little gift, sweetheart. A finer, tighter new uniform. Do you like it?

It's so short and lacey... Will I really look pretty in this, Miss Eliza?

Before she even realized it, the laundry list bore a new signature in elegant cursive, complete with a heart over the "i": Daniela.

Every step carried a soft, sweet thrill.

Sometimes boys need a tight corset to remind them of their duties. You look perfect, princess.

Ah... thank you, ma'am...

Mistress

When serving tea, the wrist curves gently, Dani. Not as if you are throwing a ball.

My hands are shaking so much... Please don't spill, please don't spill... I want it to be absolutely perfect for her.

Eliza demanded perfect poise, turning every movement into a delicate lesson in grace.

Walking like this is so exhausting... but having her eyes completely fixed on me makes my heart pound...

Chin up. Keep your back completely straight. Each drop of a book adds five minutes to tomorrow's practice.

Y-Yes, Mistress... I will do my best not to fail you.

Discipline is the foundation of elegance, Daniela. If you cannot remember your duties, your body will have to learn them.

Every time she says my new name, my heart skips a beat... Being exposed like this is so embarrassing, but... I can't look away.

Ahhh...

Writing these lines ... while she watches my every move... Why does this humiliation feel so intensely sweet?

The air from the conditioning brushed against her skin, leaving her breathless with every stroke of the pen.

Y-Yes, Mistress...

Keep your back beautifully arched, princess. Not a single complaint, or we will have to start all over again.

Cleaning the balcony in the rain felt like a heavy dose of embarrassment. The cold air crept under her short skirt, making her shiver...

No scowling, princess. Keep that posture elegant, or I will be forced to record a video for our private cloud.

My thighs are trembling... and my heart is racing so fast. I should hate this, but returning with flushed cheeks feels... amazing.

Did you enjoy yourself, precious? Sometimes a tight corset is exactly what a boy needs to remember his duties.

Ah... please... Mistress...

Yet, behind the tears and the rain, a shy, submissive smile began to play on her lips.

I-I have returned, Mistress... It's all done.

Being at her feet like this.. looking up at her... makes my chest tighten in the most delicious way...

You return to me with such beautifully flushed cheeks, precious. Do you see how perfectly you fit into this room?

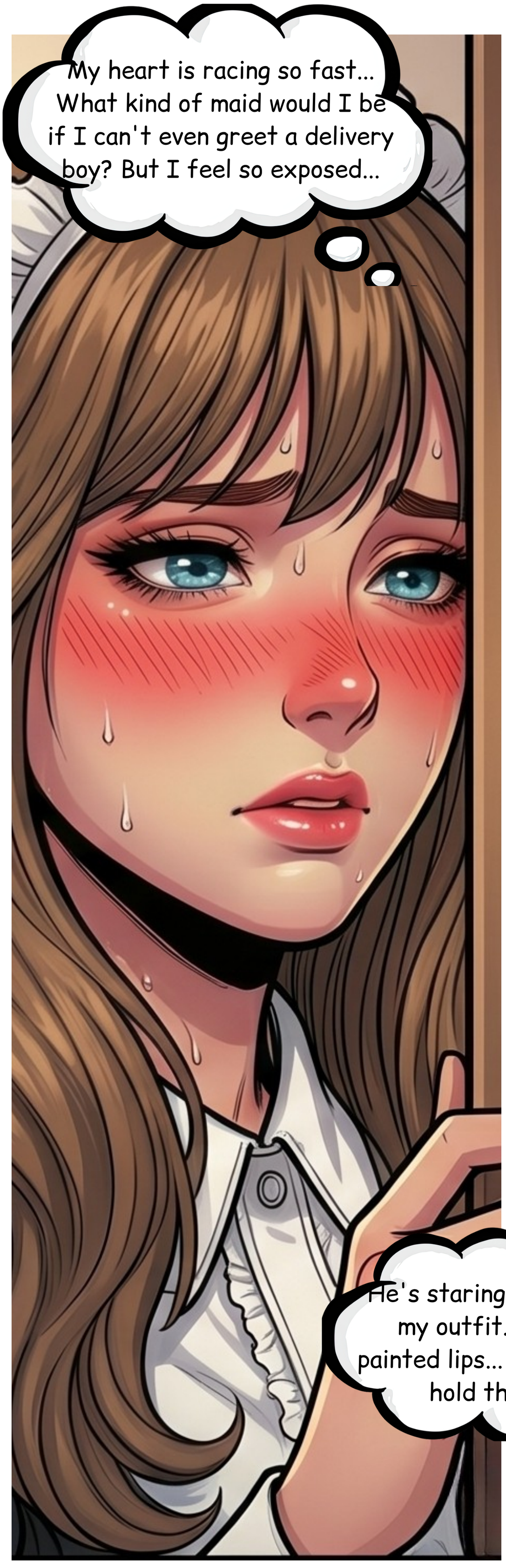
This gloss on my lips, my cheeks so red... I don't just look like a maid anymore. I feel like her perfect little doll.

Ahhh...

Let's tighten this just another inch, sweetheart. To remind you who you belong to.

Perfect. So proud of you, Daniela. More of a maid every single day.

As the weeks blurred into a beautiful routine, Daniela's confidence began to bloom. But today, a sudden knock at the door brought back a rush of sweet, nervous tension...





With trembling hands and her skin tingling under the fine lace, Daniela slowly turned the handle, forcing herself to face the world outside...



I actually closed the door... We are completely alone in the hallway now. There is no turning back.

You know... you don't look like a regular maid. You are far too beautiful to be just cleaning this place.

I-I am just doing my duty... sir...

Then maybe... you can help me with a very special delivery. One that stays just between us.

Show me how dedicated you really are, princess.

I am... completely at your service...

As she knelt, the tiny bell on her garter chimed softly in the quiet hall. Daniela surrendered entirely to the thrill of obedience, ready to give him a tip he would never, ever forget...

Hearing her praise what just happened makes my knees shake... I'm so terribly embarrassed, but my heart is beating with a thrilling warmth.

So proud of you, princess. You served him with such exquisite devotion... You are becoming more of a true maid every single day.

Femininity isn't just a costume anymore, is it, Daniela? It's training. And you are learning your lessons beautifully.

A gentle reminder of her place

Looking at my soft reflection... I don't think I can ever go back to being just a boy.

I... I only want to please you, Mistress...

With smudged makeup, a heart swollen with obedience, and a soft, lingering smile, Daniela finally accepted her sweet fate. The boy named Daniel was fading away, completely replaced by the beautiful, submissive doll she was always meant to become.

Chores were no longer duties they had become a peaceful, delightful ritual.

Bending gracefully, keeping my posture just as she taught me... I genuinely love being her little maid.

DING DONG

Oh...! Another delivery?

DING DONG

Go on, Dani. Answer the door for me, will you? Let us see who has come to visit our lovely home today.

Let's play a little game, princess. Stay perfectly in character as my sweet maid, no matter what happens next.

Y-Yes, Mistress...

With a wildly racing heart and her hands folded tightly over her starched apron, Daniela stepped toward the entrance. She had no idea that the person on the other side of that door was about to turn her sweet, secret world completely upside down...

Whoa... I'm looking for Daniel. Does he still live here?

Let the game begin... Let's see if he can recognize his dearest friend in such an exquisite wrapping.

Mark?! Oh my god, no... He can't see me like this! My heart is pounding so hard it's pushing against my corset... I have to play along!

Welcome, sir... Mr. Daniel is unavailable right now, but please, allow me to serve you some tea.

Mark's gaze lingered on her, completely captivated by the blushing, delicate maid before him. He didn't suspect a single thing... and Daniela hated herself for how deeply thrilling that felt.

A toast to life's little surprises, don't you think, Mark? Our sweet Daniela here is incredibly attentive to our guests.

Uh... yeah. She's... she's really fucking pretty.

Oh, didn't I mention it, Mark? This lovely, blushing girl is actually your dear friend... Daniel.

Wait... Daniel?! You've got to be kidding me...

Oh no, the secret is out... He's going to laugh at me...

Daniel... wow. I mean... Daniela. You look... incredibly soft.

Go on, Mark. Don't be shy with our perfect little maid.

Honestly? This new look really suits you, princess. It's... amazing.

As Mark's warm fingers gently intertwined with hers, something shifted deep inside Daniela's chest. The last lingering bit of masculine hesitation dissolved, replaced by the fluttering, sweet desires of a true maid... of a girl in love.

Come here... let me look at you properly.

His touch is so warm... and he thinks I'm pretty. I never, ever want to take this uniform off...

He's lifting me onto the table so effortlessly... My dress is riding up, my legs are shaking... I should stop him, but I want this so badly...

Mmmh... Mark...

Every lesson in grace, every tight lace of her corset, and every sweet correction had prepared her for this very moment. Daniel was completely gone...

You feel so perfect, Daniela. You are everything I've ever desired...

In a single, breathless moment of absolute surrender, Daniela let go of the past. Her tears of shyness mixed with pure ecstasy as she clung to the polished wood, completely claimed, completely cherished... a true woman in his arms.

Ahhn...! Ohhh...!

I've made up my mind, Daniela. I don't care about the past anymore... or about Daniel. I only want you.

He's completely letting go of who I used to be... My heart is beating so fast, it feels incredibly sweet yet so overwhelming...

A truly exquisite choice, Mark. After all, who would ever miss that clumsy boy when we have such a perfect, obedient little doll right here?

She's right. You belong in this uniform, princess. You belong with me.

Mark... I-I am yours...

Nobody even remembers Daniel anymore... it's like he never existed. Being completely erased should hurt, but it makes me feel so intensely thrilled...

The sweet reality of her new life settled in.

You're my girl now, Daniela. Always.

Yes... I am your girl. Your submissive, happy little maid... forever.

Three months had passed, and the binding contract was officially over. There were no more traps, no more financial penalties. Daniel was completely free to walk away...

The trial period is over, darling. You can take back your old clothes and your old name if you wish... Or you can sign this permanent agreement to stay as my full-time maid.

Leave? Go back to being a boy? The mere thought makes my chest ache... I don't want my old life back. I want to belong right here, at her side.

I am staying, Mistress... forever.

SIGN HERE

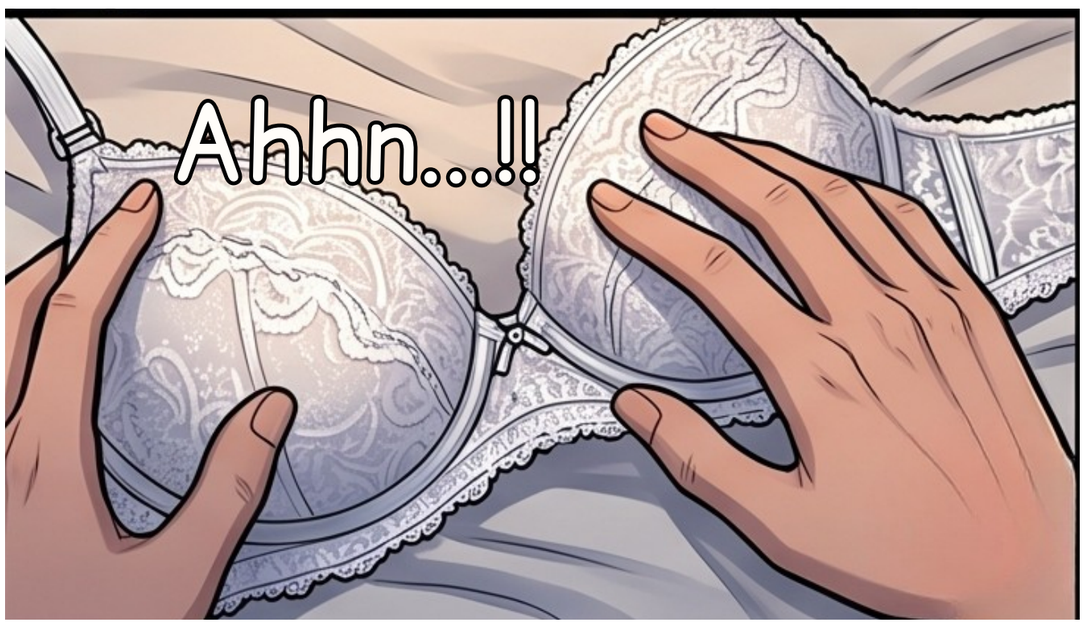
Daniela D.


BONUS

BONUS

Sissy for Sale





Nick never thought he'd get caught. Every time he slipped into his secret life, his heart pounded like a drum...



Every little detail... it makes my skin tingle.

Oh... it feels so soft...

I feel shivers all over my skin. The lace feels incredibly snug against my body.

Haaah...

Is this really me? I look... so pretty...

With every piece in place, the lingering warmth of a forbidden dream finally became a sweet reality. Within these walls, he could let his true femininity flow a beautiful secret hidden away from his family, his friends, and especially his girlfriend... But that fragile illusion of safety was about to change forever.

V-Valentina...?! I... I can explain...

So... this is what you hide in that little locked box, sweetheart?

Oh no... She found the selfies too... Please don't tell anyone... Please don't hate me...

You know... you actually look incredibly beautiful in these photos.

So my boy wants to be a doll... Let's do it right, princess.

Ahhn.. W... What?

The cold panic of exposure clawed at his chest, heavy with the terrifying fear that his secret would be shattered before the world. Yet, as Valentina smiled, the suffocating dread melted into a feverish, unexpected relief. She wasn't driving him away; she was inviting herself into his hidden sanctuary, ready to claim every soft, delicate piece of the doll he so desperately longed to become.

Baby pink sweetheart. It's going to look absolutely adorable on you

Y-Yes, Val... .

My lips are trembling... but her touch is so incredibly gentle...

See? You look half as pretty as any model already. Stand up straight for me, princess.

Do you like your new reflection? My lovely doll.

Mmmh... I... I love it, Val.

I never expected Val to take this so seriously... It honestly feels like a strict finishing school, but why does it make my heart flutter so much?

Keep your shoulders back, princess. Elegant girls don't wobble.

Yes, I know the heels hurt, sweetheart. But that exquisite little ache is part of the charm.

Ah! M-My ankles...

Yes... you're right. Thanks.

Haaahn...! It's so tight, Val... but it feels... amazing...

As the weeks blurred together, Valentina's sweet obsession only grew. She wasn't just investing her time anymore she was spending a fortune to craft her perfect doll. But shopping in broad daylight brought a thrilling, terrifying new rule: playing a dangerous game of hide-and-seek with his own identity.







Soft pleats, silk blouses, delicate laces...







With every passing day, the boy named Nick faded a little more into the background, leaving room for someone infinitely more exquisite to blossom.

Just look at you, Nicole... You're absolutely breathtaking tonight. Turn around, let me capture this.

Nicole... She called me Nicole. Hearing it makes my heart dance...

Perfect! You pose really well, princess.

Ohhh... Val, I can't help but smile... I feel so pretty...

See for yourself, my love.

I'm not hiding anymore. I'm actually... loving every single second of being her doll...

Every single one of these is going in our private digital lookbook. You're natural at this.

Ahhn... Really...?

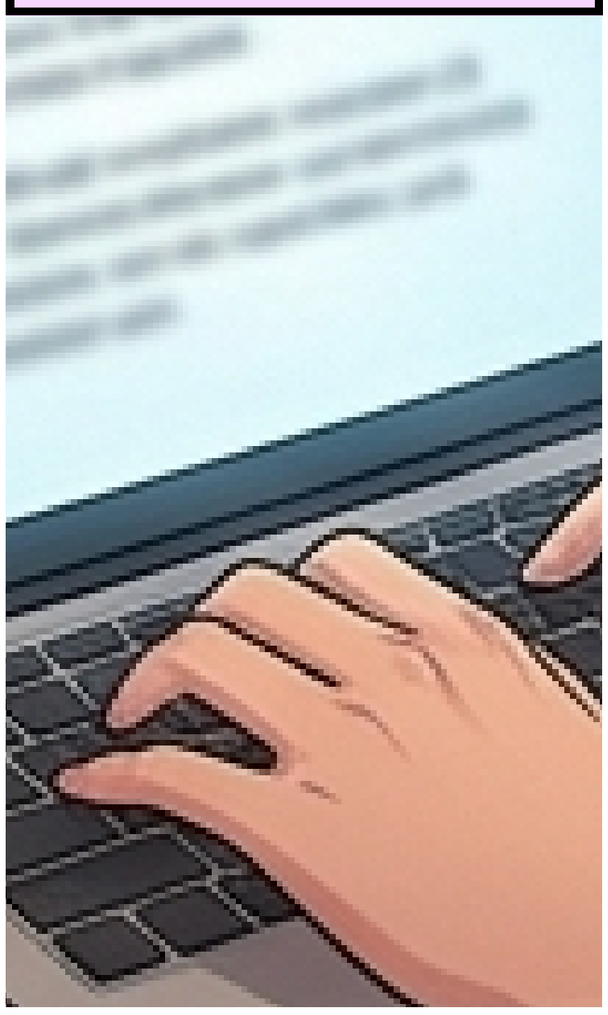
Really. From now on, we're going to make sure the whole world sees just how exquisite Nicole can be.

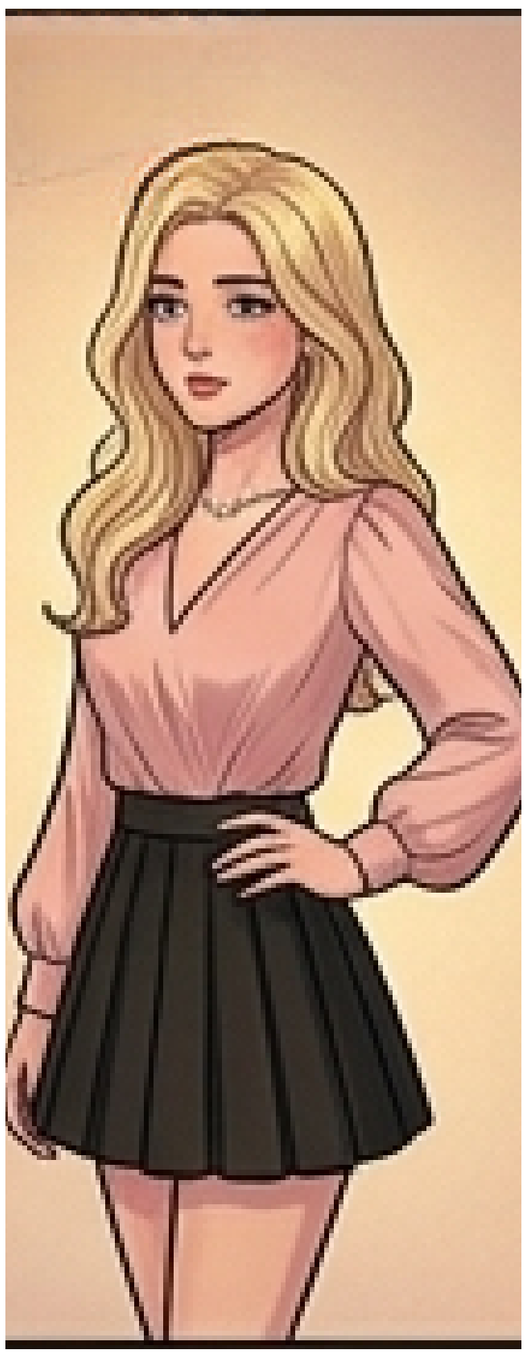
Wrapped in the sweet warmth of her praise, Nicole leaned in, happily letting herself be swept away by her mistress's velvet touch.

A doll as exquisite as you shouldn't be hidden away, Nicole. It's time to create your perfect digital sanctuary.

V-Val... are you really going to post my pictures online...?

Creating the profile... detailing her charms... giving life to a brand new princess.





Look at the screen, my love. Nicole is officially online.

Everyone is going to see me like this... It's terrifying, but it makes my skin tingle with excitement...

The first likes are already coming in, princess. They adore you.

A beautifully curated page, filled with lace, soft smiles, and the sweet essence of absolute submission.

Ahhn...! Oh gosh... there's no turning back now...

While her little doll slept peacefully, wrapped in the sweet innocence of her new identity, Valentina admired her final handiwork on the screen...

Hello, darling? Yes, the upload is almost complete. Everything is going exactly according to plan.

Loadinog...

progress...

Do I mind? Of course it's a little insulting that he chose to lie and play dress-up instead of being real with me... so she deserves a sweet little lesson.

Trust me,soon, my little prince will be a perfectly happy, obedient princess. I'll give you the details later, bye.

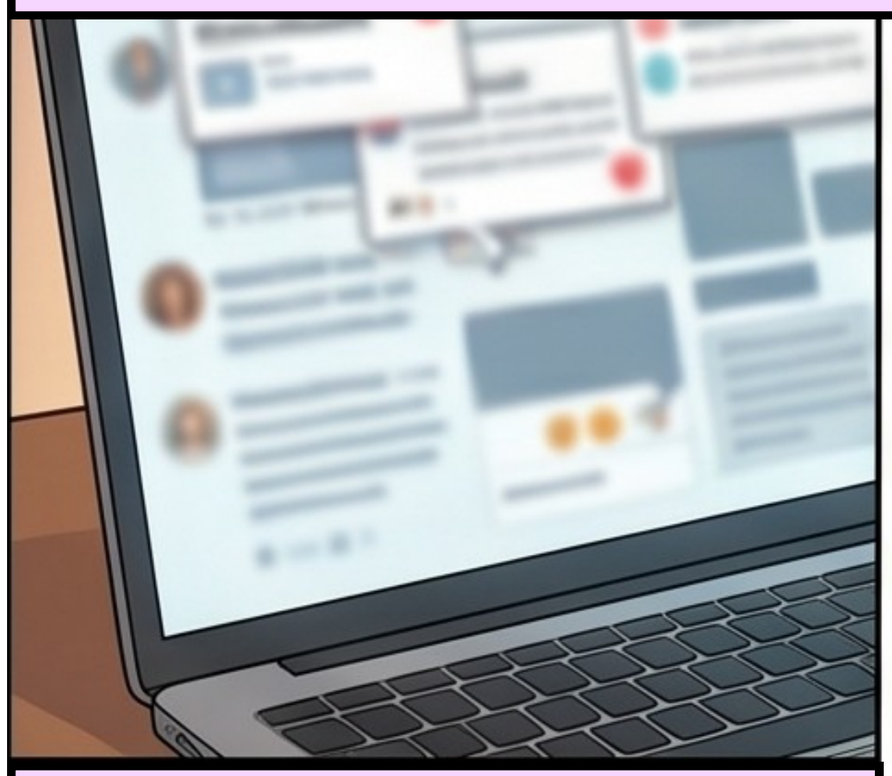
The sweet illusion of a shared secret hid a far more intricate design. Valentina’s devotion wasn't just a game of affection it was a glamorous, unyielding lesson. For the crime of wearing a mask, Nick would lose the right to his old decisions entirely, beautifully condemned to exist only as Nicole: a perfect, pampered doll whose gorgeous new destiny was about to begin.

Ohhh...! Val, look at this... I-I can't believe how many messages there are...

I told you, sweetheart. They are absolutely obsessed with you.

They think I'm beautiful... They are talking about me as if I were a real girl...

Hundreds of likes... sweet praise... and endless hearts for the new princess.



And they are already asking for more, princess. They want to see you in something even more... exquisite.

A subtle click... an addictive rush of validation.



What if I try a tighter dress next time...?

They want to see just how compliant my little doll can be.

And you want to please them too, don't you, my love?

Ahhn... I... I want to make them happy... and make you proud, Val...

That's my good girl. Look, someone just left a very special invitation for an exclusive charity gala...

Oh gosh, we are actually outside... Everyone is looking this way. Can they tell? Can they see right through me?

Relax, princess. Just sway your hips a little more. This is exactly what we practiced for your big night.

My heart is pounding... but holding Val's arm makes me feel so wonderfully helpless..

See that guy who just passed us? He couldn't take his eyes off your skirt. It's almost funny how easily my boy transforms into a pretty little girl

Time to order... Soften the voice, lift the inflections. Just laugh like a lady...

A test of diction... a rehearsal of grace under the public eye.

Thank you so much.

Enjoy your coffee, miss! Have a beautiful day.

Ahhn... He called me 'miss'... it actually worked, Val...

Of course it did, my love. You're behaving like such a good, obedient doll. You look perfectly content living this way.

Drink up, princess. Soon you won't have to worry about being a man ever again.

You impress me. You are such a good girl.

Ahhn... Val, this outfit leaves so little to the imagination... it's so scandalous...

Perfect, princess! Just like that. Let the world see how gorgeous you look in that tiny skirt and sheer top.

It's so tight and revealing... but looking at Valentina behind the camera makes my heart throb with excitement.

Don't be shy, my love! You look like delicious. Own it!

They are going to go absolutely crazy for you..

I'm actually... posing for them. I want to look even more captivating...

Frame after frame of sweet, unraveled restraint.

Just imagine how much they'll bid to have a doll as flawless as you..

Yes! Give me that look, Nicole. You're a natural.

Ohhh...! Is that really me...?

That's it, smile, princess! You're ready for your grand debut. Your new life is waiting.

Look at this speacial invitation, Nicole. The committee of the charity gala specifically requested a presentation doll as exquisite as you.

A-An auction...? Val, they want people to place bids on me? I... I don't know if I can go that far...

Think about the cause, sweetheart. It's all for charity, of course... a beautiful way for a good, obedient doll to be useful.

An exclusive invitation to the High-Society Benefit Gala. Item for presentation: Nicole.

Being displayed... sold for a night to the highest bidder... The sheer humiliation of it should terrify me, so why am I getting so wet just thinking about it...?

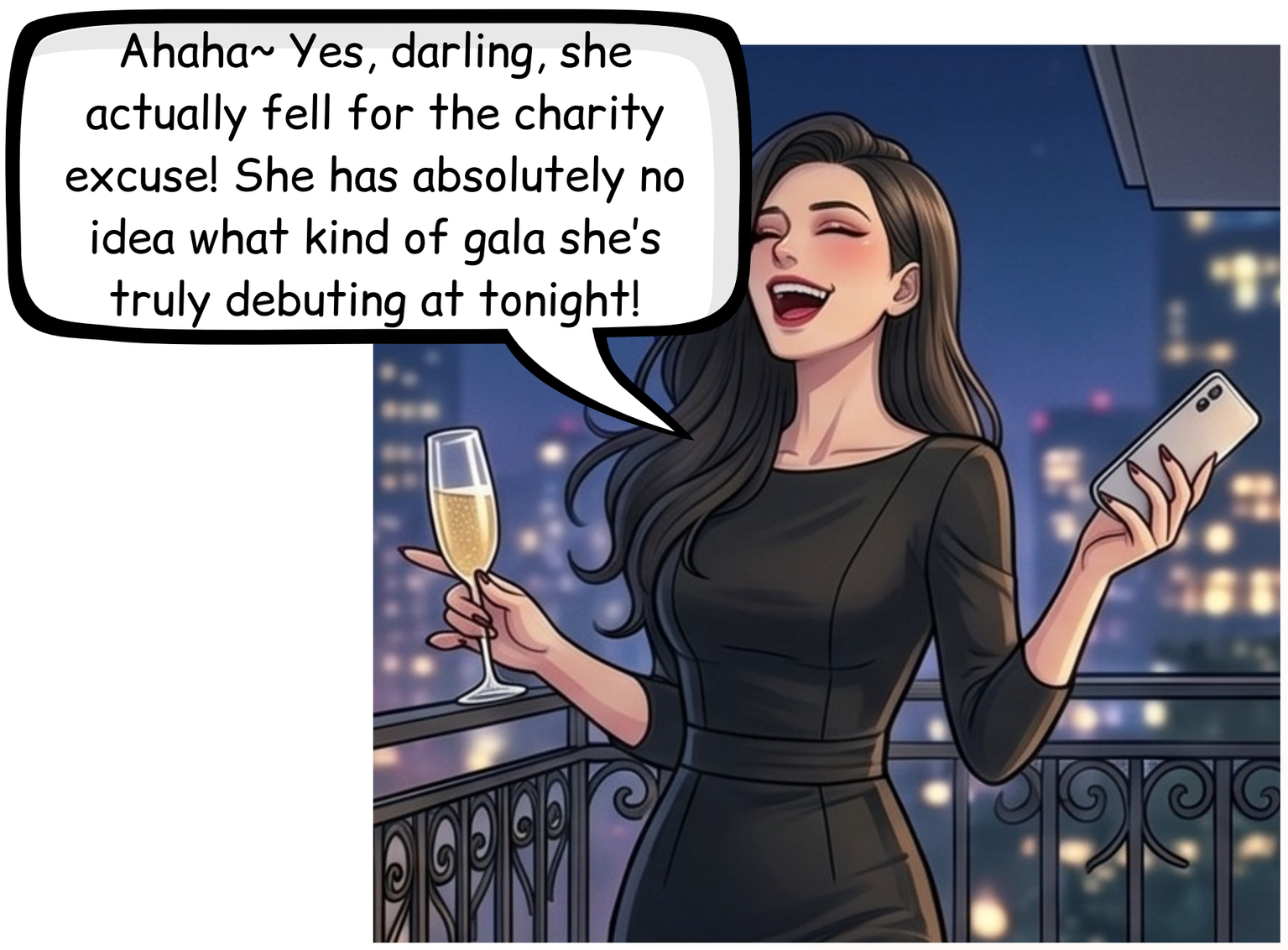
Ahhn... but Val, what if someone buys me who... who expects me to fully submit to them...?

I... I just sent the confirmation email, Mistress Val... I'm officially ready.

That's exactly what a perfect doll is for, princess. Don't worry... you'll make me very proud.

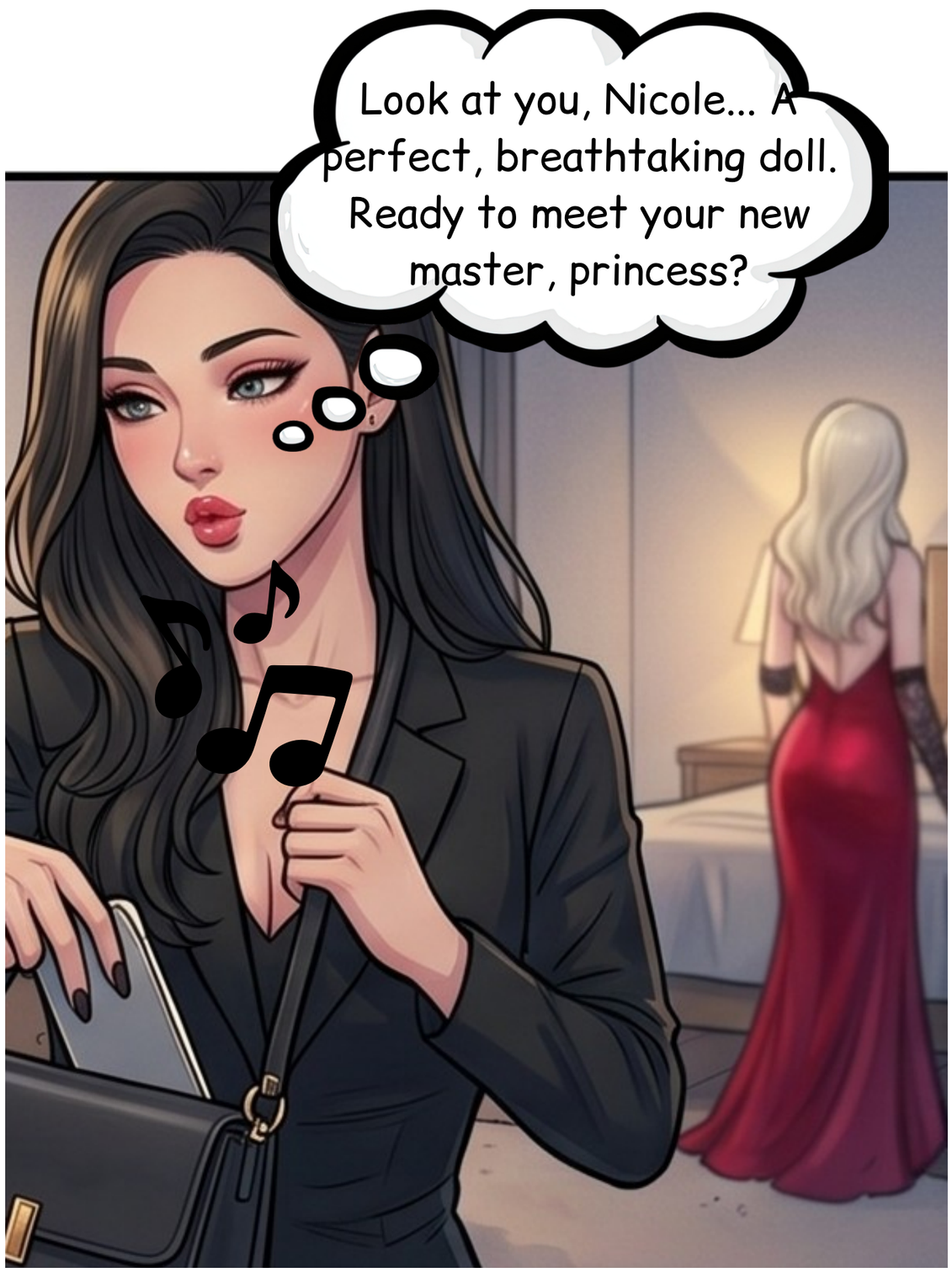
With trembling fingers, the boy locks his own chains... sealing his beautiful fate.

On the balcony, high above the glittering city lights, the masquerade was coming to its exquisite end. Valentina let out a soft, triumphant laugh. Her sweet, meticulous trap was set... and her little doll was already beautifully caught in its web.









The final touches of velvet and metal... dressing the perfect prize.

You look exquisitely delicate tonight, Nicole. Everyone at the gala will be completely captivated

Ahhn... Val... thank you... My heart won't stop pounding...

She looks so proud of me... I want to be the most beautiful doll for her charity event... I want t make her happy...

Tonight is all about charity, my love. A night where a beautiful, obedient doll learns just how much she is truly worth to the highest bidder.

Ohhh...! The collar feels so cool against my skin... I'll do my best to smile, Val...

Dressed in shimmering crimson and wrapped in the sweet warmth of her mistress's praise, Nicole leaned completely into her own surrender. She stood radiantly exposed, blissfully unaware that this night of high-society glamour was not a showcase of affection but the final, elegant execution of Valentina's quiet revenge.

Straighten your back, Nicole. Don't let your timidity ruin that gorgeous dress. Walk in like the prize you are.

Ahhn... Y-Yes, Val... The lights... everyone is turning to look...

They are staring right at my legs... Val's hand was so cold and firm on my back... I feel so small, yet so dizzyingly warm inside...

Drink up, princess. You need to wash away whatever little masculine pride you have left before the auction begins

The drink is making my cheeks burn even more... She's talking to me with such disdain, as if I were just an object... but I can't bring myself to disobey her... I want to please her...

Good girl, look at those glassy, submissive eyes. You're completely at my mercy tonight, aren't you, my sweet little doll?

Ohhh...! Y-Yes, Mistress Val... I... I'll obey anything you say....

In here, princess. The committee prepared a private room just for us before your big debut.

Every step down the neon corridor felt like an exquisite trap, tightening the velvet ropes around his old life.

Look at your reflection, Nicole. You've become such a flawless, breathtaking creature under my care.

The sweet illusion of charity was fading, replaced by a heavy, mesmerizing haze of absolute control.

From now on, you will address me as Mistress Val, my sweet girl—even if these are our final moments.

Mistress...? Hearing her call herself that makes my chest tighten... My knees are shaking.

Smile for me, princess. Let's head out to the stage. Your new master is waiting to claim his beautiful treasure.

With one final, sweet nudge, the trap snapped shut. The hour of revenge had arrived, and Nicole was ready to be sold.

Ahhn... Y-Yes, Mistress Val... I'll smile... I'm yours...

Look at the screen, Nicole. The previous dolls fetched incredible amounts for charity. Now, it's your turn to shine.
Go up there and show them exactly how compliant and beautiful you are.

The champagne is making my head spin... My face is burning so hot. I can feel every single gaze on me... and it feels so intoxicatingly good...

Ahhn...

All those lessons... walking with books, softening my voice... everything led to this stage. I'm ready... I want to know who is going to own me...

Stepping into the blinding spotlights, the boy named Nick was completely left behind. Drenched in a feverish, addictive blush and fueled by the sweet warmth of the spirits, Nicole stood before her audience no longer running from her destiny, but craving the final surrender.

Ohhh...! I am Nicole... your perfect doll... Please... look at me...

The bidding rose to a staggering, historical record. For an astronomical sum, the mysterious billionaire from the Middle East claimed his exclusive prize, stepping forward to collect his new treasure.

You will be my exquisite little doll... You will never have to make a decision again.

Ahhn... Thank you, Sir... I'm yours...

He is so attractive, so powerful... The champagne has made me so weak and warm. Knowing that this incredible man spent a fortune for me... for charity... fills me with such a delicious, breathless heat..

A grand future of absolute protection... where his only duty was to be beautiful and obey.

Goodbye to the old lies... goodbye to the fear. I am Nicole... his perfect, obedient doll. And I've never felt so happy...

My knees buckled on their own... dropped to the floor without a single word. My whole body is trembling with an intoxicating, heavy warmth... I just want to be his...

With measured, powerful steps, the master approached to claim what was now beautifully his.

You are absolute perfection, my sweet doll. From this moment on, you belong to me... body and soul.

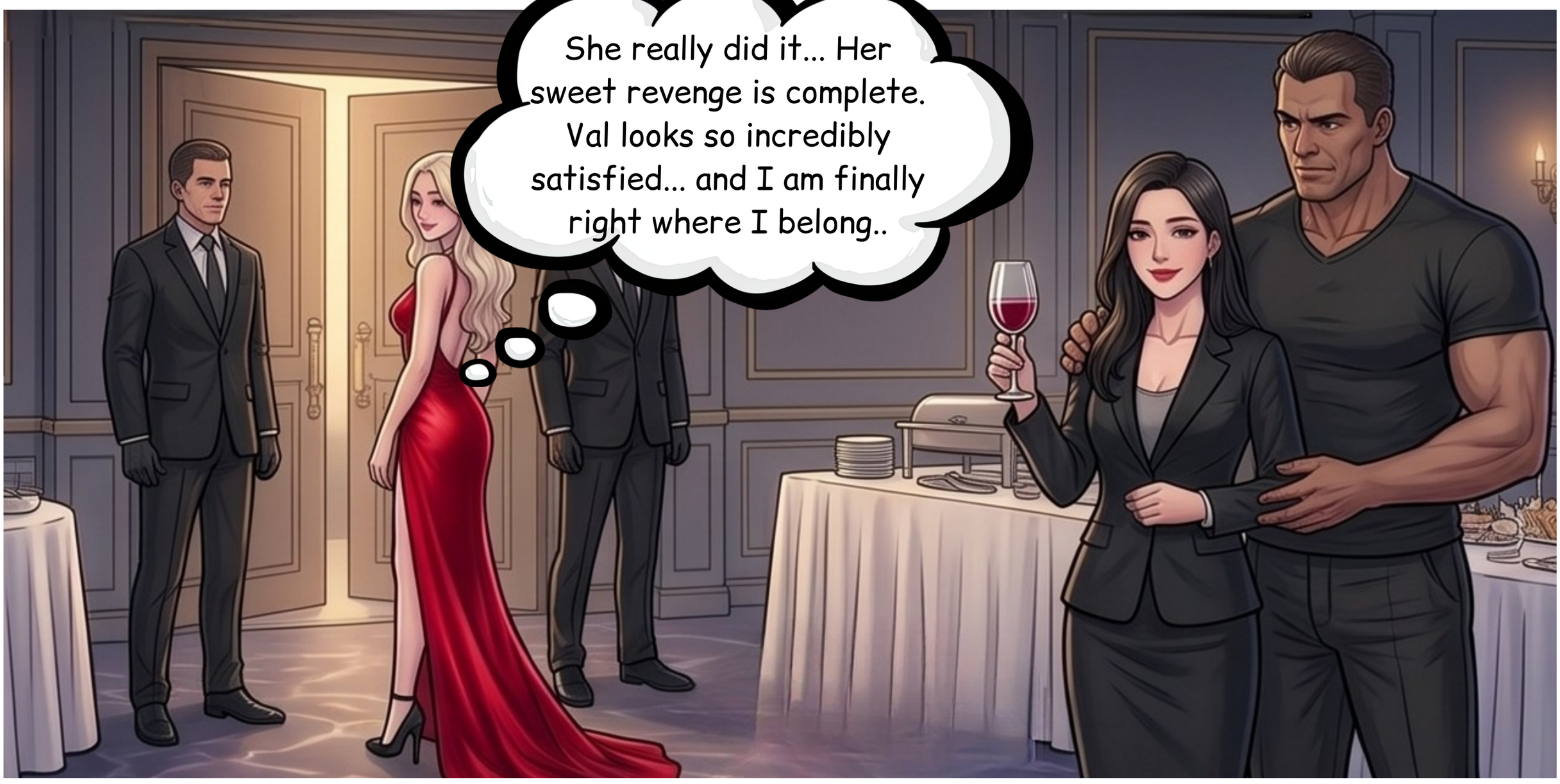
Ahhh... Y-Yes, Sir... please... make me your perfect doll...

My skin is burning, my chest is rising and falling... and yet, being pampered by his servants makes me feel like royalty...

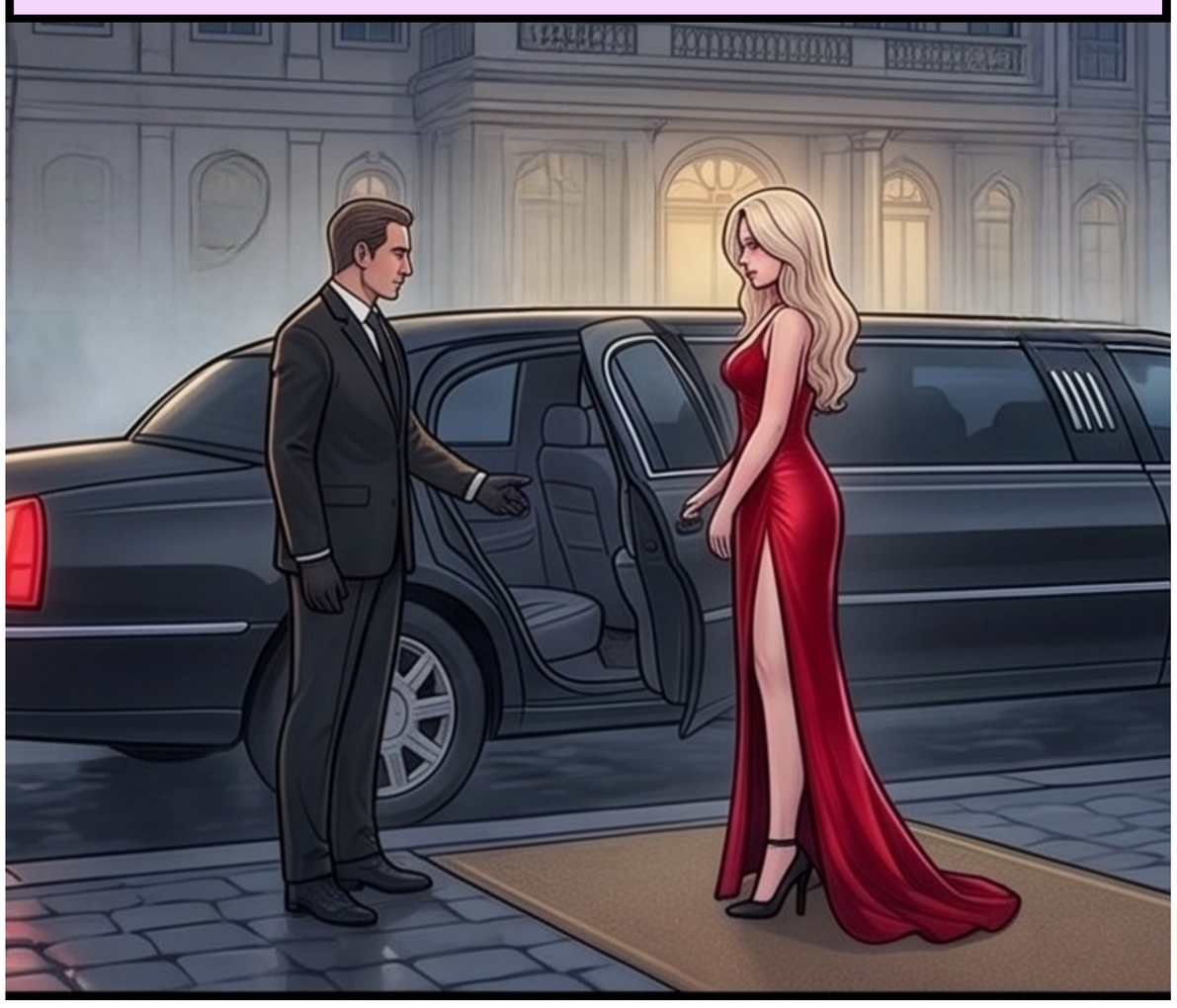
A silent toast to my good, obedient doll. Live your beautiful, carefree new existence, Nicole...

Ohhh...! There's no turning back... Nick is gone...

Stepping out into the cool night, her body still flushing with the feverish warmth of total surrender, the beautiful doll smiled. Drenched in her new identity, she left behind a false life, sealing the eternal beginning of her sweetest captivity.



Leaving behind a false life... sealing the eternal beginning of her new existence.







Years blurred into a luxurious, distant haze. Funded by her master's endless wealth, hormones and meticulous surgeries had sculpted the perfect maiden. Living in a faraway palace where no one spoke her old tongue, the boy named Nick was a forgotten memory... leaving only Nicole: a beautiful, silly doll who existed solely to serve and please.

A life measured only in quiet obedience and beautiful surrender.

Do you even remember me, princess? Or has your handsome master completely emptied that pretty little head of yours?

Well, look at you... You've truly become the most breathtaking little housemaid in the world, sweetheart.

This touch... this scent... Why is my heart fluttering so fast? My mind is so empty, yet looking at her makes my whole body hum with a sweet, familiar heat...

Welcome to the palace, madame... Nicole only knows how to welcome and please... her master's guests...

There's a little spark in those glassy eyes... You do remember your Mistress Val, don't you, my sweet little doll? I'm so glad you love your new life.

Ahhn...! M-Mistress... Val... Nicole is... so happy... Thank you...


BONUS

BONUS



Bride by Mistake

The Mediterranean resort was buzzing with power, wealth, and media... all waiting for the wedding of the century.

Oh no... If the Volkov family finds out, it will spark an absolute war...

She ran away?! This is a media disaster! A public humiliation for the family!

Wait... Look at him! He's almost the exact same size! And he already knows all the steps!

A-Are you crazy?! I can't...!

You go in... smile... and save us. After that, you can leave.

The terror of a clan conflict left him no choice. Dragged inside, his old life slipped away...

One dress after another, until finding the perfect option

Everything is moving so fast... My chest feels tight, and it's not just because of the fabric...

They tightened the corset with practiced, merciless hands... until he could barely breathe.

Ahhn...!

Hold still, darling. We need to create a flawless silhouette.

Cold diamonds pressed against his skin, anchoring him to a destiny that wasn't his.

Look at those long lashes and full lips... You make a truly breathtaking bride.

Who... who is that girl looking back at me? Why does my heart leap when they call me a bride...?

No, no! The lace pattern is too distracting. Switch them for the classic sheer ones, quickly!

Every second counted. Hands pulled, adjusted, and smoothed out every single detail...

They are forcing me into this role... so why am I standing in silence longer than necessary? Do I... actually like looking like this...?

There was no time to think, no time to protest. Swept away in a whirlwind of soft lace, perfumed cosmetics, and frantic whispers, his old identity was melting away... replaced by the delicate, heart-fluttering compliance of a beautiful bride.

Ohhh...!





The silk embraced him tightly, anchoring his new shape. To the world, Anastasia Romanova was back.



To them, he was just a tool to cover a disaster, a nameless body filling an empty dress. No one cared about the nervous assistant hidden beneath the makeup they only demanded a flawless bride to walk down the aisle.

Yet, as the lace brushed against his thighs, a strange, dizzying warmth bloomed deep in his stomach. He was being forced into a lie... so why was he suddenly yielding to it with such a sweet, breathless submission?



The flashes exploded against the sunset. With no other choice but to sustain the lie, the name Anastasia Volkov began to feel... surprisingly natural.

Beautiful, Anastasia! Just like that! Give the lens a bit more of that shy, innocent look.

They keep calling me Anastasia... and instead of panicking, it's making my heart flutter. I'm adapting to being his bride... way too easily...

Ahhn...!

Every step in those ten-centimeter heels required absolute concentration. Each movement was slow, calculated, and delicate... forcing his body into a continuous, trembling grace.

The camera captured a masterpiece of pure elegance. Standing beneath the floral arch, he looked every bit the high-society heiress the world expected to see.

I'm actually standing here... looking like a complete doll... and my heart won't stop racing...

Flawless lips, delicate jewelry, and a blush that the lenses mistook for innocent, bridal glow.

The photo shoot was a total success; the media trap was set. But as the sun dipped below the horizon, Luca had no idea that the easiest part was over... and Aleksandr was already waiting inside.

Exhausted and trembling, every step in those tight heels felt like agony. But the real ordeal was just beginning...

He is so tall... so breathtakingly handsome... I can't look away. I need to fake my voice, I need to stay calm...!

I know what happened. I am sorry they forced you into this gown and makeup just to save face...
...But I must admit, the result is incredible. You look absolutely beautiful.

A-Ah... thank you... sir...

His kindness was completely unexpected, disarming every defense. Unable to refuse that strong, welcoming hand, his feet moved forward on their own, yielding to a sweet, dizzying warmth.

A sudden tilt, an unsteady step on the stone path... and the world blurred until he landed right against a wall of pure granite.







Strong, protective hands wrapped securely around his narrow waist. Aleksandr moved with the effortless grace of a true gentleman, anchoring him in place.





Stepping inside the honeymoon suite felt like entering a private paradise. Secure, luxurious, and completely isolated from the chaotic world outside.

You've been trembling since the terrace. Let's have a drink to help you relax, Anastasia.

Thank you Mr. Volkov...

And please... don't call me Mr. Volkov anymore. We are far past that. Just call me Aleksandr.

His hand slipped over mine... Was it an accident? His touch is so warm... and hearing him say his name makes my stomach flip...

A-Aleksandr... Thank you for being so understanding about... all of this.

The warmth of the champagne and the sheer weight of exhaustion made everything feel beautifully blurred, leaving her completely under his spell.

Holding onto his arm feels so comforting... My body is yielding to his touch without a single protest. What is this dizzying heat in my chest...?

Guided gently toward her room, her steps were slow, rhythmic, and heavy with compliance. She was no longer running from the lie... she was walking right into it.

Here we are. You've done wonderfully tonight, Anastasia. It's time for you to get some rest.

Thank you, Aleksandr... for walking me all the way here... and for being so sweet.

The door to the bedroom was right behind her, but the heavy scent of jasmine and the proximity of her husband made it impossible to turn away.

Luca is gone... right now, I am Anastasia. And a real wife wouldn't just say goodnight... She would do whatever her husband wishes...

You look so breathtakingly beautiful when you blush like that, Anastasia. Don't look down... meet my gaze.

Ahhn... Aleksandr...

Firm, strong hands slid down to capture her narrow waist, pulling her softly against his chest. Wrapped in satin and laced to perfection, her body surrendered entirely to the spell of his touch.

The grand suite fell perfectly still, leaving only the soft sound of their breath and the heavy warmth of an unconfessed desire.

I don't care about the past, and I don't care who you were before you walked down that aisle... Tonight, you are my beautiful Anastasia.

He knows... he truly knows... and yet he looks at me with such sweet devotion. I belong to him... completely...

Let me help you take off the weight of the day, sweetheart. Just relax and trust me.

Aleksandr...

As the white silk loosened and the high heels slipped away, every remaining defense crumbled. She was finally ready to embrace her true destiny as his little woman. Before putting them on again this time for her man

Look at you, Anastasia... Your heart is beating so fast against my skin. Are you ready to be mine?

Ahhn... yes, Aleksandr... please...

His lips are so warm... This dizzying heat in my stomach is turning into a sweet, abruming hunger... I just want to belong to him completely...

You're shivering, sweetheart. Every single inch of you is yielding to this fantasy, isn't it?

I can't control my own legs... My body feels so sensitive and heavy with submission. I was made for this role... for his touch...

The white veil slipped to the floor like a silent sentence. In the gilded reflection, the nervous assistant was gone... leaving behind a beautiful woman trembling for her husband.

The moonlit night witnessed the final surrender. In his strong embrace, every single trace of the past melted away into the shadows.

Luca is completely gone... I don't want to think about tomorrow. Right now, I only want to exist as his perfect, blushing Anastasia...

You fit so perfectly in my arms, sweetheart. You truly are my beautiful, submissive little woman...

Aaahh... y-yes, Aleksandr... I'm yours... entirely yours...!

This dizzying heat... it's too much... Every touch, every deep sensation makes my toes curl... I am completely captivated by my husband...

Ahn... aahhnn... please, make me yours forever...!

Wrapped in the deep waltz of his touch, she welcomed the rhythm of her new life. Sealed and consecrated on the thick carpet, she was no longer playing a part she was home.

The sun broke bright and warm over the Mediterranean cliff, illuminating the birth of a beautiful, permanent reality. The search for the original Anastasia was officially over... because the only bride Aleksandr would ever need was already here.

You look so beautiful this morning, my sweet wife. Ready to begin our life together?

Ahhn... yes, husband... I'm ready to live only for you..

Luca is completely gone... I have shed my past self like an old coat. Looking at this gorgeous reflection, I know I was born to be his little woman...

Signed, sealed, and legally bound by a beautiful fate. Standing tall in her heels, her heart fluttered with a sweet, steamy submission. It wasn't a mistake anymore... it was her perfect, gilded destiny.

VIP

BONUS

BONUS

The CEO in Skirt

He thought he could rule Blake & Co. with iron-fisted arrogance... but destiny, laced with silk, perfume, and high-fashion heels, had a much softer, sweeter, and beautifully submissive plan for the new CEO.

The Executive Suite. Where power is about to change its shape.

Listen up. The old corporate image is dead. From now on, beauty and desire are what we sell.

They look annoyed... Good. They need to learn who's in charge now. A real man knows how to enforce a dress code.

A mandatory dress code, Rodrick? Skirts, makeup... and four-inch heels?

He wants an image that seduces success? Oh, he has no idea how seductive it's going to get...

If power is what we sell... let's see how well you can walk in our shoes, darling.

Don't worry, Sarah. It's just an executive decision.



A toast to a brilliant new vision... and a velvet trap perfectly set.





In a matter of seconds, his arrogant world blurred into soft, fragrant darkness.



The silk blouse strained over a tight burgundy corset, cinching his body into a perfect, blushing hourglass. The sting of the tight laces and the weight of professional makeup brought a sudden, trembling wave of heat... a strange, sweet thrill he couldn't possibly understand just yet.

Article 19, Section 3, darling. The president must visually represent the brand values... and you signed it.

B-But I signed that for you girls! This is... this skirt is way too tight!

Smile, Roxanne! Time for the official corporate update. The company group chat is going to love their new goddess.

Roxanne...? Oh goodness, my heart is racing... Why does being looked at like this make my knees feel so weak?

A binding executive choice...

Rodrick Blake

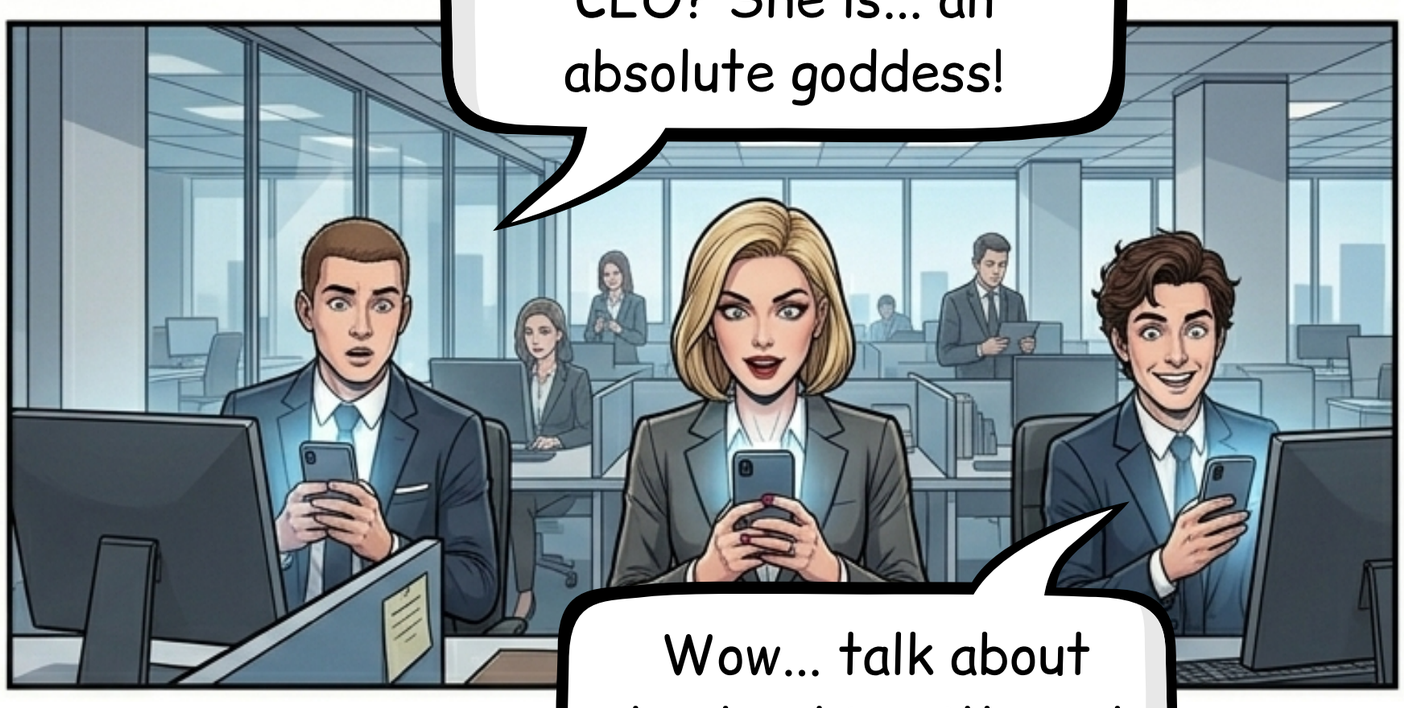
Click!

With a single flash, Rodrick Blake vanished into the digital world... replaced by a seductive, wasp-waisted queen bound to her own beautiful rules.



With one soft, delicate tap... the old CEO was officially deleted.

The notification echoed through every floor of the tower. There was no going back, no room for denial. To save her family's legacy and keep her beloved presidency, she had to surrender completely to the silky trap she had built for herself.



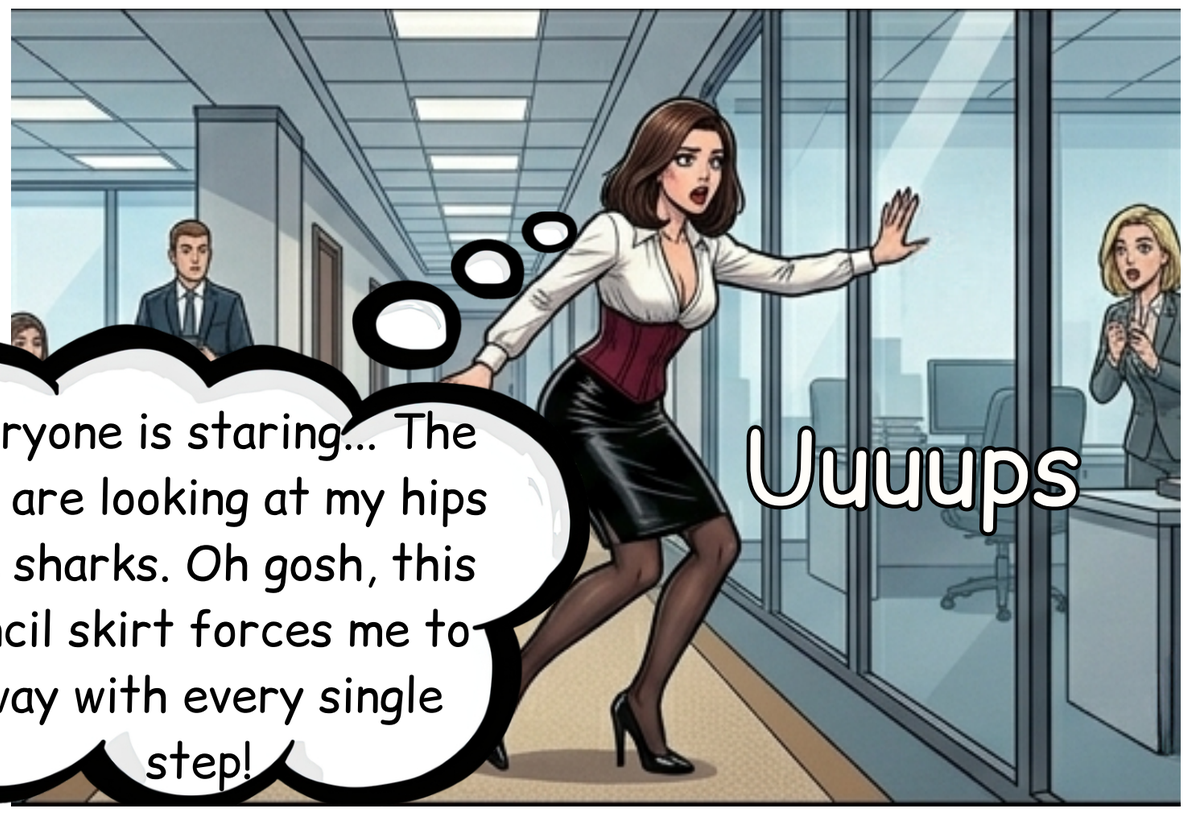


While the internal chats exploded with hearts and fire emojis, a strange, sweet shiver traveled down her tightly corseted waist. It wasn't fear... it was the intoxicating, thrilling realization that everyone was staring at her new curves.



The legal trap was absolute. Every document, registry, and official record now read Roxanne Blake.







Her legal identity had completely transitioned in the eyes of the corporate world. Wrapped in tight silk and bound by an uncompromising dress code she foolishly created, the new CEO could feel the heavy, lingering heat of a hundred male eyes... and the delicious, coquette shame of knowing she was the center of absolute desire.







How many times had Rodrick used his position to dominate this very space? Now, wrapped in tight vinyl and lace, it was her turn to receive a delicious taste of her own medicine... trapped in a crowded car where every hip movement felt exposed.

I need to focus... I am still the boss. It doesn't matter if my cleavage is on display or if this corset pinches my waist... I am in control

But control is a fragile thing on twelve-centimeter heels.

Darren... Oh goodness, his breath is so warm against my neck...

Morning, Miss Blake. Mind if I get a little closer? It's getting quite... cozy in here.

A firm, shameless touch against the tight fabric of her skirt. An accidental brush... that felt beautifully deliberate.

Ahhn...!

D-Did he just...? He's holding me right there! My body feels like it's melting... I should fire him, but... why do I want him to press harder...?

As you can see, our new visual line has driven engagement up by forty percent. Seduction, gentlemen, is proving to be highly profitable.

Days blurred into weeks, and the initial panic began to dissolve into a warm, thrilling realization. With no legal escape from the code she signed, Roxanne discovered that the heavy gaze of the boardroom wasn't just a trap... it was an intoxicating source of absolute power.

Every deliberate shift in her seat, every soft rustle of satin and lace, became a tactical distraction.

They aren't even looking at the charts anymore... My heart is fluttering so fast, but seeing them completely at the mercy of my new curve.

Wh-Whatever you say, Miss Blake... The metrics look... stunning.

No one can focus... she is a total bombshell.

There is no turning back to Rodrick... and I don't want to. From now on, they answer to Miss Blake.

Look at you, Roxanne. You're becoming the perfect corporate masterpiece.

Indeed. But a true queen always needs a few finishing touches...

Keep still, darling. You're losing definition on the corners. Let us polish your gaze...

She's touching my chin so gently... My heart is beating like crazy. They treat me like a dress-up doll, but... why does this make me feel so innocently thrilled?

The executive suite had turned into a private playground. Bound by the very code she enforced, the company's most powerful woman was now completely at the mercy of her directors... treated like an exquisite, blushing doll whose only job was to look beautiful.

That skirt shapes your waist perfectly, but a tighter, higher one would lift your assets even better.

Ahhn...! S-Sarah, please... someone might walk in...

Late nights at the glass tower. The city lights glowed below, but her mind was lost in a fog of soft silk and relentless thoughts.

I can't even focus on these contracts... My body feels so warm beneath this blouse, as if it's waiting for something... or someone.

Still working, Miss Blake? I like staying late... when everything is quiet.

His hands are so large... so firm... My breath is already catching in my throat.

You're tense, Roxanne. May I...?

Mmmhh... Darren... please...

His lips... the heat... I'm completely breathless...

Take me... make me yours...

You're absolutely perfect, Roxanne. The most desired woman in this tower... and you're mine.

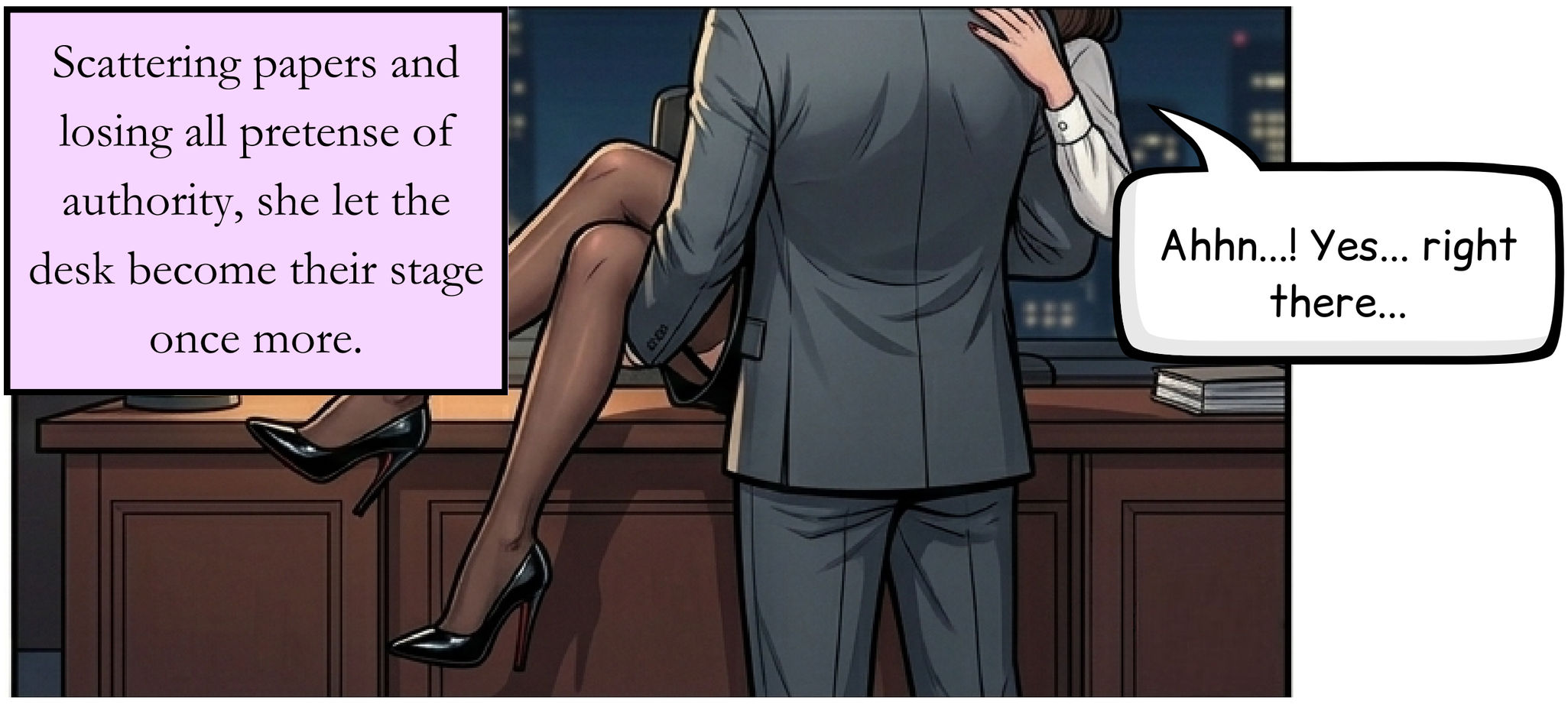
One night wasn't enough. The glass tower had become a sanctuary for their recurring secret, a routine where the powerful CEO purposely waited for the only man capable of completely unraveling her. Bound by desire, she craved the beautiful, blushing submission of being entirely his.







Scattering papers and losing all pretense of authority, she let the desk become their stage once more.



Darling, you are already an icon, but true perfection requires polishing. We have an appointment at the salon... just a tiny touch-up.

A clinic? She looks so confident, but... why do I feel a sudden, sweet shiver in my stomach when she looks at me like that?

Just a sharper nose to balance your beautiful features, Roxanne. Trust us... we know exactly what suits your frame.

Just the nose...? Her hand is so warm against my face, I can barely think straight...

They've done so much for me already... Maybe a little polishing won't hurt.

Everything is settled, Miss Blake. The team chose... exceptionally well for you.

Amanda's promise was sweet, velvet-wrapped, and entirely deceptive. Roxanne believed she was signing up for a simple refinement... completely unaware that her loyal court of executives had already chosen the blueprints for a total, breathtaking, and beautifully permanent transformation.

The anesthesia took her under... completely unaware that 'just a touch-up' was a velvet lie.

Hours turned into days of silent, tight compression...

Relax, Miss Blake. Everything went perfectly. Your team chose an absolute masterpiece for your frame.

Three days later, the true scale of the ambush was revealed. It wasn't just a refined nose. Her directors had rewritten every single line of her silhouette. Expert contouring, a cinched, narrow waist, newly enhanced, dramatic curves... and two undeniable, perky implants that made any return to her past life a physical impossibility.

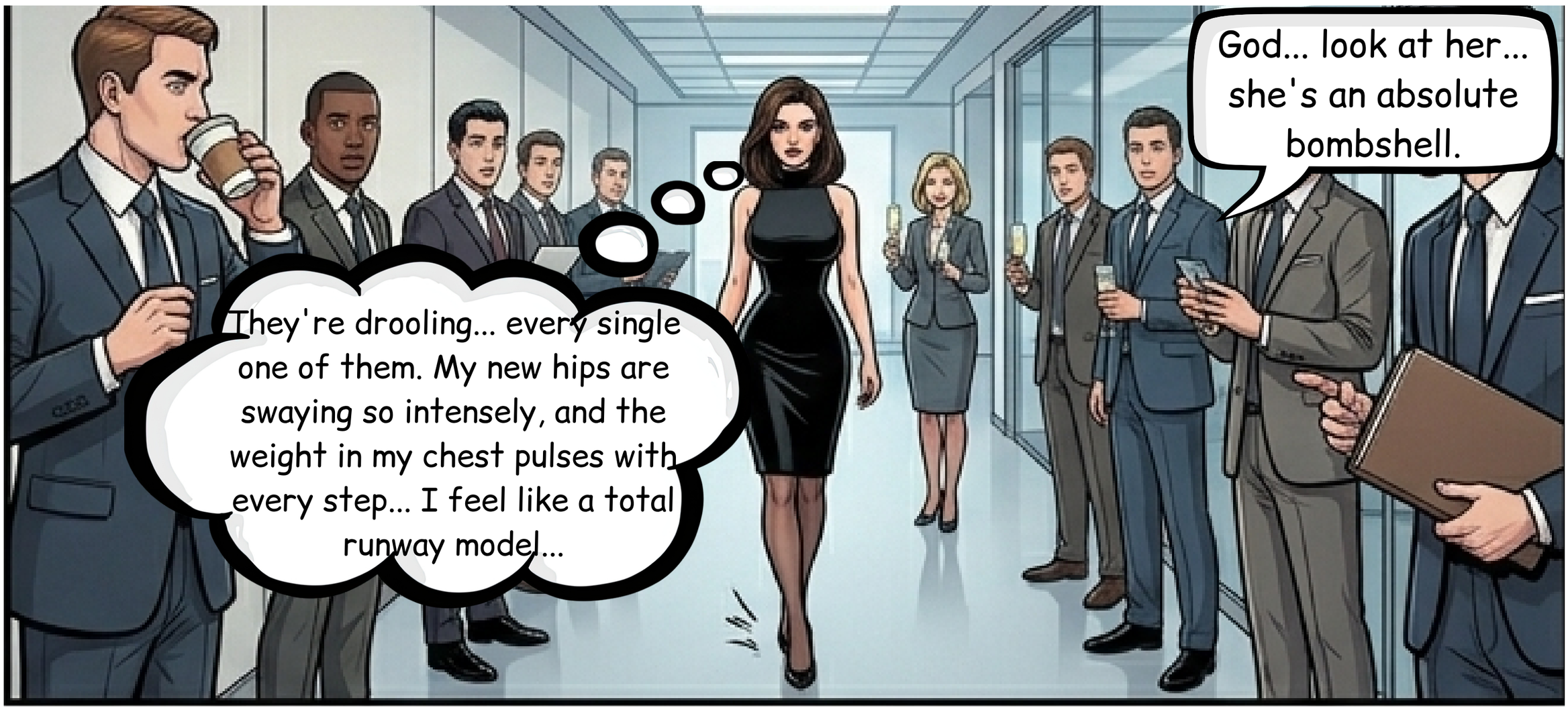
Ahhn... W-What happened...? Why does my chest feel so... heavy and warm?

Natural, round, and perfectly perky. Three hundred and fifty cc, darling. You look like a total bombshell.

Implants...? Oh goodness, look at my reflection! They bounce with every breath... My face is so soft, my hips are so full... I am entirely a woman now...

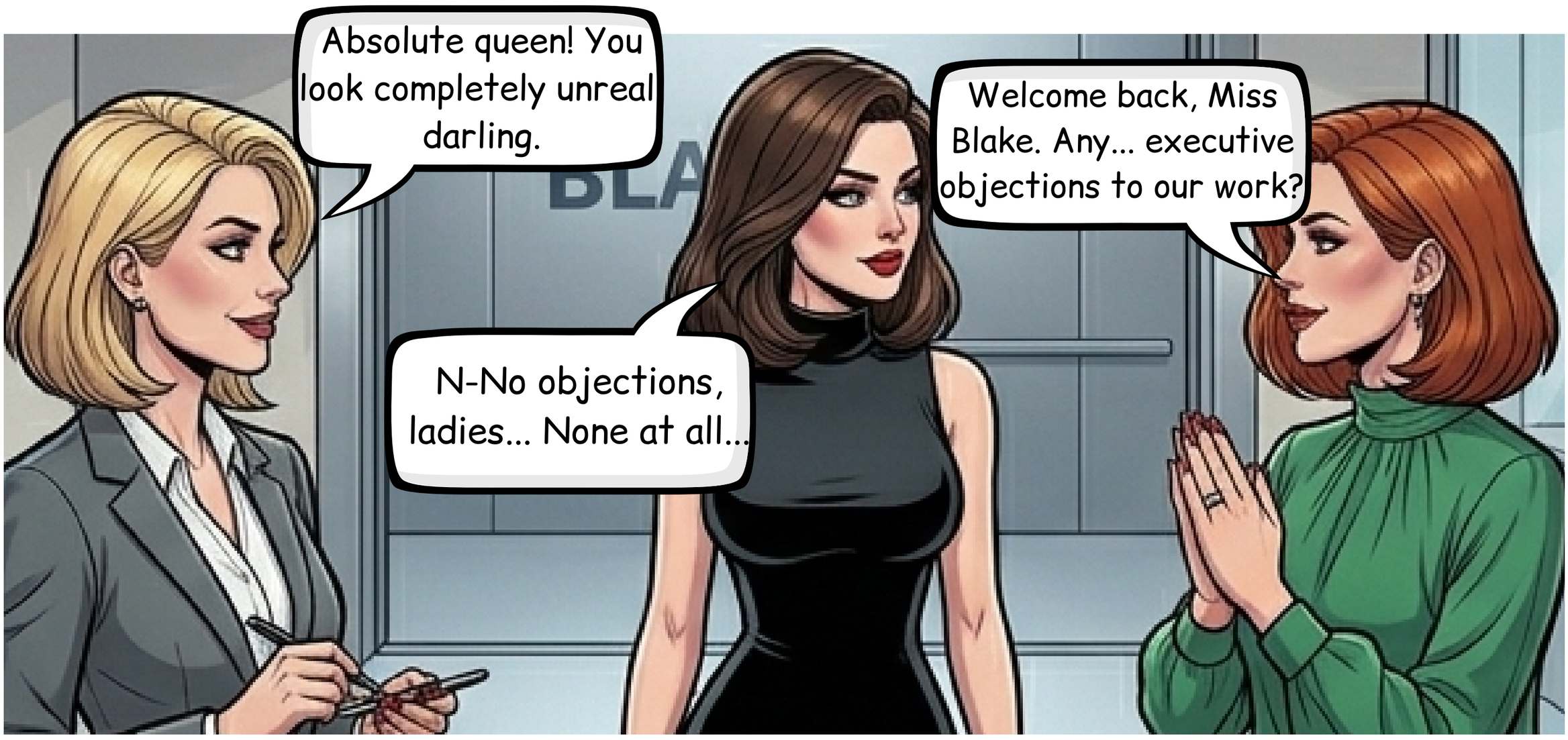


Returning to the office after her recovery was supposed to be a confrontation. She had marched in ready to demand answers from her directors... but the heavy, suffocating wave of instant adoration in the air caught her completely off guard.



The complaints melted from her glossy lips. Surrounded by intense, flirtatious glances and a collective sigh of admiration, Roxanne felt a wave of sweet, dizzying pleasure. She didn't want to fight it anymore... she was too intoxicated by how beautiful it felt to be worshiped.





The office was dark, but her body was alive with anticipation. Waiting for him... eager to offer her newly redefined, breathtaking silhouette to the only man who truly possessed her.

Look at you, Roxanne... You look completely ethereal tonight. Let me see what they did to my beautiful queen.

His touch makes me melt instantly... I want to surrender everything to him tonight. I am completely his... his lovely, willing secret

Ahhn... Darren... it feels so different now. Every part of me is softer... warmer...

It's perfect. You're perfect, darling. Let me hold you all night long.

As the hours melted away, every touch became a permanent claim against her new, beautiful curves.

By the time the golden light of dawn broke through the glass tower, something deeper had taken root. Beneath the layers of sweet, blushing submission and raw passion, the new Roxanne had found a sanctuary in his arms.

Mmmhh... stay like this... just a little longer...

Transformation achieved. No longer running from who she was, Roxanne Blake mastered the ultimate corporate weapon: absolute, undeniable femininity.

The whispers have changed from surprise to absolute adoration. Walking on these heels feels so natural now... and knowing they are all completely at my mercy is intoxicating.

She doesn't just run the company anymore... she owns every single gaze in the room.

Flawless delivery, Miss Blake. The entire boardroom is yours.

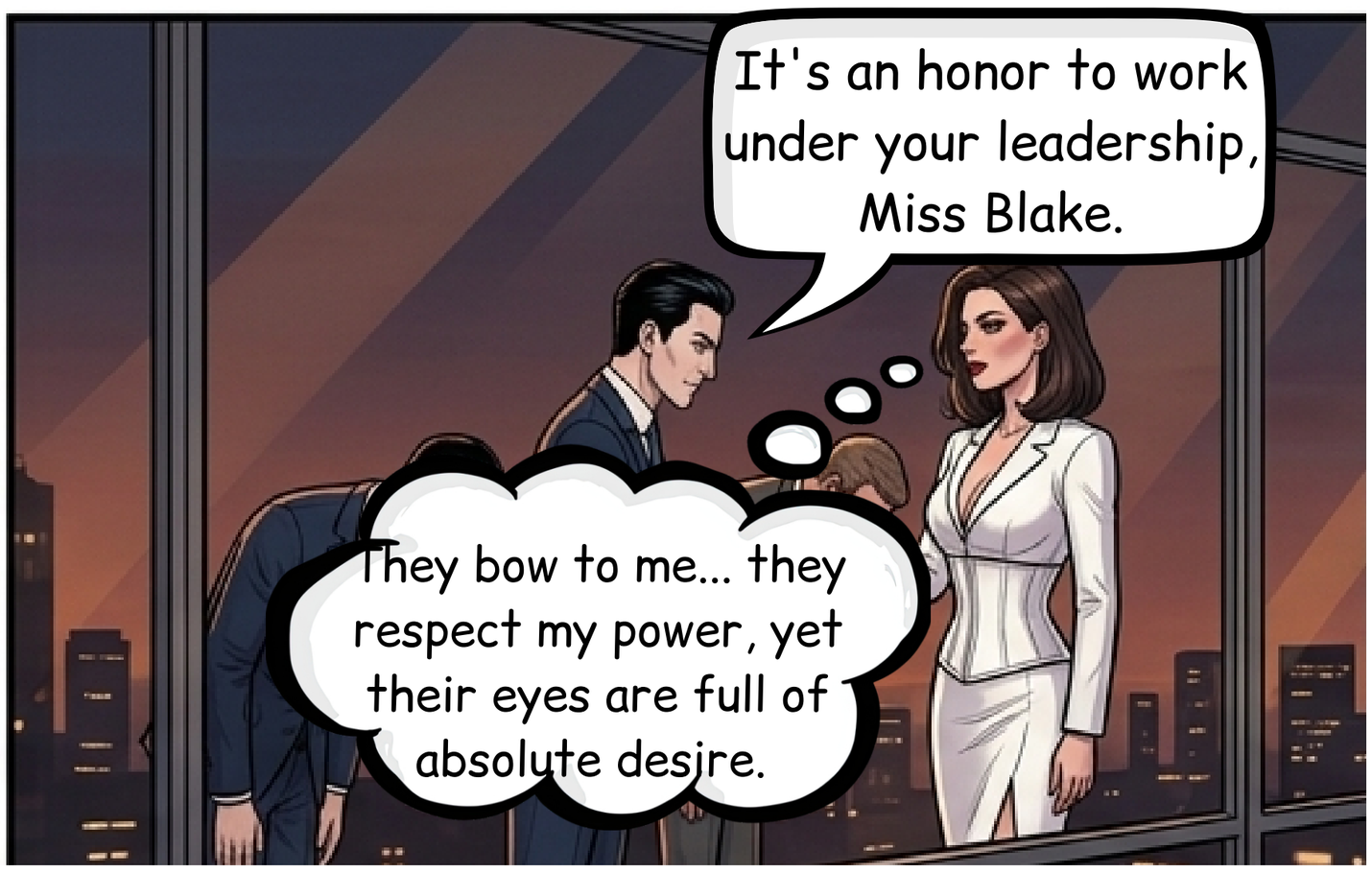
They didn't conquer you, darling. You conquered them.

Thank you, ladies. Let's show them how a real queen signs a merger.

Rodrick is completely gone... and Miss Blake has never felt so powerful, so excited, and so beautifully complete.

The final signature. A new era officially sealed in gold and ink.

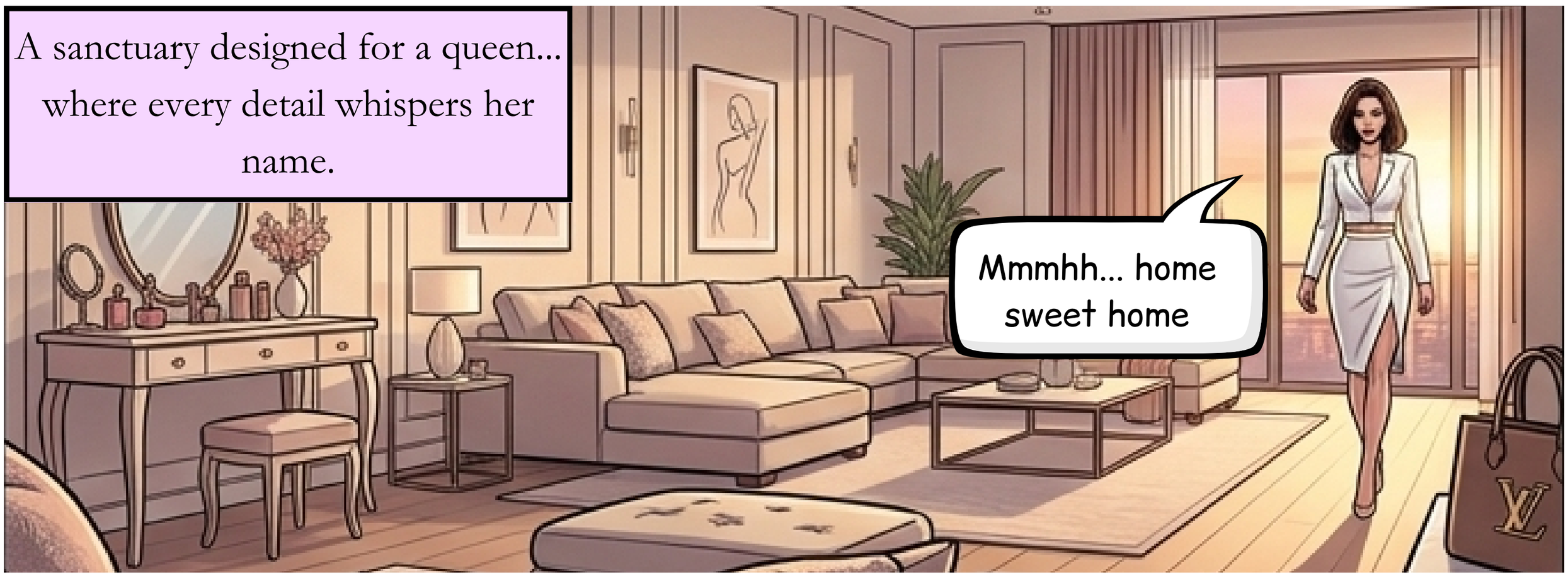






The corporate world had met its ultimate goddess, but the true victory lay behind closed doors. Stripping away the executive armor, Roxanne Blake had fully blossomed. Her past as Rodrick was nothing but a distant whisper, replaced by a life overflowing with sweet, blushing desire, exquisite lace, and the beautiful certainty of knowing she was exactly where she belonged: adored, empowered, and completely surrendered to her new destiny.

A sanctuary designed for a queen... where every detail whispers her name.



BONUS



BONUS

Thank you for reading!
If you fell in love with Daniela and Anastasia's transformations, and enjoyed watching the pride of these men melt away into the sweetest submission... your journey doesn't have to end here!
Show some love! Honest reviews are the corset that keeps an independent creator alive. If you enjoyed this collection, please take a brief moment to leave a rating and review on Amazon. It helps immensely to keep creating exquisite art for you!