

The *Hot* **MILF's** *Revenge* **Three**

*Mindi
Harris*



*Force Feminizing
My Step Son into
a Prima Ballerina,
a Gymnastics Girl,
and a Cute Little
Cheerleader*



The Hot MILF's

Revenge

Book Three

Force *Feminizing* My Step Son
into a *Prima Ballerina*, a
Gymnastics Girl, and a *Cute
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Mindi Harris

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Sneak Preview: Mature Readers Only!

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philosophical discussions with world-renowned professors about the important issues of the day and the eternal existential questions. Instead, I'd forced her to spend time with giggling girls discussing boy bands and makeup, a huge loss of prestige.

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On that special Friday night, I stood beside Jasmine watching her greet all of her classmates and their parents as they arrived. She took each little present from each little girl with a demure smile and a softly spoken "thank you."

I had told them all that this was Jasmine's birthday party, a little white lie, and arranged for each to bring a present specifically intended to embarrass and inspire my emasculated little step child to accept her new life as a school girl.

I spared no expense and spent hours and hours selecting just the right gifts to make the biggest possible impact on my living doll and to cement her status as the new "it girl" at St. Catherines.

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Author's Forward

When I wrote *The Hot MILF's Revenge*, I didn't expect to continue the story of Jasper Alford and his beautiful, older, but still young, step mom Melissa. Still, I felt there was still a lot more to tell. As we saw in the first part of that story, he was obsessed with her and that led him to take foolish risks. Maybe that wouldn't have mattered, except she was also obsessed with him. She entrapped him, emasculated him, and feminized him into a French maid named Jasmine.

In the second part, Melissa increased Jasmine's feminization by turning her into a shop girl, then she age-regressed her and enrolled her as a sophomore in a private all-girls school. She still wasn't satisfied, and plotted to make her step daughter take gymnastics and ballet as a girl.

Will Jasmine ever regain his (or her) identity as Jasper? Or will he (or she) be forced to endure an excruciatingly feminized fate as Jasmine, his sexy step mom's school girl daughter, girl gymnast, prima ballerina, and even a cheer girl? Find out what happens in this humiliating 15,700 word Kinky, Crossdressing, Forced Feminization Fantasy, with 14,000+ words of actual story—if you dare!

This book includes feminizing makeovers and humiliation of a young man by a sexy older woman, brief forced diapering, age regression, spanking, paddling, male chastity, crossdressing, humiliation, female domination, and other taboo kinks. **Do not read this book if any of these themes offend you!**

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Beware! This book describes a character helplessly transformed in body and mind from a normal male into a sexy feminized sissy! **Don't Read This Book** unless you enjoy reading about a young man who is humiliated, emasculated, and feminized by dominating, sexy women!

Warning! This story contains kinky themes including male-to-female, transgender, crossdressing, spanking, chastity, erotica, featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, cross-dressing, submission to female domination, public humiliation, emasculation, lifestyle change, diapering, chastity, age regression, and sissification. **If these topics offend you, stop reading!**

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Chapter One: The Story So Far

My name is Melissa, and I'm a nasty lady if I say so myself. I've always indulged my kinky tendencies, before and after I married billionaire Peter Alford. Maybe some day I'll tell you about some of my wild exploits before I met him, but for now, I'll tell you about the kinkiest thing I ever did: feminizing my step son Jasper, my husband's youngest child.

I'd married my much older husband for his money and power, definitely not to inherit three stepsons. To be honest, I never wanted to be the step-mother to boys. I always wanted a daughter I could relive my glory days through. A cute little lady I could enroll in ballet classes, gymnastics, and cheerleading. I loved being a cheerleader in high school and college! A daughter who could follow in my high heeled footsteps!

Around my thirty-fourth birthday, my biological clock began ticking. I was a stone cold fox, with long blonde hair, blue eyes, and a hot body. My husband infuriated me by refusing to father a fourth child. He wouldn't even agree to adopt a little girl. My dream of having a delightful daughter was dying. My heart was breaking. I began scheming.

My youngest stepson Jasper had delicate features and a mild, if bratty personality. From the very first time I saw him, I saw how delicate Jas was. I was fascinated by him. At the rehearsal dinner the evening before the wedding, he looked adorable in his little tux. As I looked at him more closely, my mind played a trick on me. I started seeing a pretty girl play acting as a young boy.

I thought aloud, "Maybe Jasper should be the flower girl instead of Alana," who was my six year old cousin. Alana jumped on that idea and insisted they swap roles for the wedding! I felt a powerful tingle between my legs picturing Jas in the girlish white dress with a pink floral pattern and poufy petticoats.

Alana was a tomboy who hated wearing dresses. When she grabbed Jas and said, "Come on *Jasmine!* Let's trade clothes now so we

can see how you'll look as the flower girl!" I almost came on the spot!

Horrified, little Jasper pitched such a fit that Peter almost called off the wedding! I was devastated! I'd plotted and planned to engineer his divorce by getting a menial job as his personal assistant, then seducing him. Now, all my plans were threatened because this little brat refused to even try on a dress?

I fixed the crisis by giving Peter a mind-blowing blow job. Still, I was furious with both him and his sniveling little son. After that, Jasper became my obsession. I vowed to have my revenge on him for nearly sabotaging my marriage.

I discovered to my delight that Jasper was equally obsessed with me. During his infrequent visits to stay with us, he'd stare at me, even follow me around like a little puppy. That was the least of it.

I used our video security surveillance system to monitor his behavior, and discovered his interest in me was intimate, even erotic and I quickly realized I could use this to entrap him, emasculate him, and transform him into the daughter I always wanted.

After carefully planning Jasper's feminization, I put my plan into motion when during his extended stay with his father and me. Once my cautious, step-by-step plan was ready, I transformed my step son into my step daughter.

Once my trap was sprung, I dressed Jasmine as my French maid and made her serve me in every way she could, cleaning and cooking as well as kinky service. After a few weeks of that, I felt that wasn't nearly enough. Not even close.

To be honest, I knew there were other reasons I did what I did. Mere revenge wasn't a sufficient motivation for the lengths I went to dominate him and feminize him into a girly girl.

My longing to enjoy the complete mother-daughter experience weighed on me more heavily with each passing day. So I decided to

force Jasmine to live as my little protégée—my little material girl—as much as she possibly could, considering my raw material was a former-boy of eighteen.

When I told her of my plans, it was obvious that she didn't believe me. She assumed that this was all just more sexy role play, and didn't take me seriously when I told her she'd have to be a shop girl, a school girl, a ballerina, a female gymnast, and a cheerleader. She dismissed this age regression as impossible.

I was sure that she'd counted on her father's impending return to extricate her from my control, freeing her to pursue her plans to attend college as a young man. She could not have been more wrong! Instead of letting her go to some elite university, I'd decided to regress her age to fifteen and send her to St. Catherine's school for girls. She'd be attending high school, starting as a sweet little sophomore, and there wasn't anything she could do about it.

First, I needed to get her both of her birth parents and her step father out of the picture. This I did by threatening to take Peter's entire fortune and / or waste it on costly divorce proceedings. He knew that I could carry out my threats, because I'd set him up.

I'd hired three different escorts who seduced him and videoed him in some very compromising positions. He might have been an absolutely dominant lion in the board room, but I knew he was a submissive sex addict in the bedroom. So that part was easy.

I seized just over one-third of his estate which included just less than three billion dollars, far more than money to keep me living in the style I'd grown accustomed to.

Jasmine's mother Denise and step-father were comfortable, but completely dependent on Peter, as Denise's divorce lawyers were overwhelmed by my husband's team of attorneys and my Machiavellian machinations.

The final settlement left her with conditional alimony, with escape clauses I carefully engineered. Jasmine was too embarrassed to let them see her with her new feminine personae to reach out to them for help anyway. Long story short, they wouldn't present any problems.

Peter also capitulated to my other demands, ceding to me the huge mansion my feminized toy and I were living in. He also abandoned control over his child completely, letting me secure my total domination of Jasmine.

I had power of attorney over every aspect of her life, including all decisions concerning her medical care, her education, her trust fund, and everything else she owned. Although she was an adult, I had her wrapped around my finger.

I gave all of her male clothing to Good Will, and took away all of her credit cards, savings accounts, investments, all her assets. I made her dependent upon me for everything. I crushed Jasmine's male ego, and rendered her helpless to defy my plans to turn her into the little daughter I decided she would be.

To impose and instill a new, effortlessly feminine identity upon her, I made Jasmine work as a sales girl at a boutique I co-owned with one of my sorority sisters from college. It wasn't easy. I had to break her will to compel her compliance.

She knew that she'd have to interact with discerning women—both coworkers and customers—all day, every day. To conceal her masculinity, whatever little was left of it, she'd have to talk, walk, act, and even think like a girl. It took a bitter showdown, but she finally relented and began working at the boutique.

After several weeks of this, her femininity was so deeply engrained into her that I knew she was ready to go back to school, this time as a sophomore at an all-girls high school. She tried to put up a lot of resistance to that as well, but soon she was fitted with everything a school girl would need: cute little uniforms, head bands, Mary Jane shoes, the works!

She'd attended her first day at St. Catherines school for girls, and even though she was furious with me, she'd pleased me sexually the afternoon after her first day of classes. I knew I was taking advantage of her submissive nature and her obsession with me, but I didn't care.

I knew that she was always meant to be a girl, that she was better off embracing her femininity and so she would be forced to do so. Most of all, I loved having her as my pretty little daughter and sex toy.

I was living a dream come true. I had remade my former step son Jasper into my feminized French maid. I'd seen her blossom into a gorgeous girly girl already, but I still wanted more. Much more. As usual, I was intent on getting whatever I wanted, whether or not Jasmine wanted it as well!

Chapter Two: Introducing The Girls To Jasmine

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On that special Friday night, I stood beside Jasmine watching her greet all of her classmates and their parents as they arrived. She took each little present from each little girl with a demure smile and a softly spoken "thank you."

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I spared no expense and spent hours and hours selecting just the right gifts to make the biggest possible impact on my living doll and to cement her status as the new "it girl" at St. Catherines.

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She tried her best to hide it, but I could tell that Jasmine was totally embarrassed to receive this present, much less use it. Still, she knew she'd have no choice, as several girls all volunteered to tag along to help her pick out stylish outfits.

Olivia gave Jasmine a pair of bright red high heels, and the assembled girls made her try them on, which she reluctantly did. I knew it would be embarrassing for her to have to model them and at first she refused, but her little friends cajoled her into strutting around like she was sashaying her way on a catwalk at a Milan fashion show.

I had Mandy give her a gag gift, a pink, frilly apron with the words “For All Your Little Chores” embroidered on it in darker pinky cursive letters. Everyone laughed as she tied it around the deeply-blushing Jasmine’s waist.

Mandy was a petite girl with long blonde hair and bright blue eyes. She hugged my step daughter and said, “J/K! Here’s your real gift, girl!” This was a delicate gold necklace with a pretty pink heart-shaped sapphire stone. I’d paid for this of course, but my little girl didn’t need to know that.

Carrie brought a cute little baby doll nighty. It was jade colored with lacy trim at the neck, wrists, waist, and legs. It was quite saucy for a fifteen year old, and the girls all insisted Jazz change into it immediately.

She tried to beg off, but I caught her eye and mouthed, “Do it, or else!” then made a spanking motion with my right hand into my left. She got the message and dashed off to put on her sexy little nighty. I couldn’t wait to see her in it!

When Jazz returned, she visibly cringed at all the cat calls, wolf whistles and other teasing from all of her classmates. They were all just joking, but to the ears of a force feminized former boy, each remark was a stunning shock to an already weak and waning male ego.

Before she could ever catch her breath, Jasmine faced what was for her an ominous portent of things to come when Becky Brooks, Lucy Landry, and Roxy Dupree, the three cheerleaders at the party, stepped up to present her with their gifts. I’d worked out exactly what each one would bring, and I tingled with excited anticipation.

Becky's parcel contained a complete cheerleader uniform in pristine white and scarlet red, along with pom poms and a megaphone. The uniform was pristine, and had the school colors proudly displayed with the cheerleading squad's eagle mascot across the front.

Lucy brought a collection of cheerleading hair bows, from shiny and glittery to huge a floppy, all fashioned from the same colors and mascot as the uniform. Some of the frilly girly bows featured colorful streamers and ribbons, others were smaller and slightly less gaudy. She also gave Jasmine a stuffed animal, an eagle mascot dressed in a cute little scarlet and white cheer uniform.

Roxy, the cheer captain, gave Jasmine a scarlet gym bag with the words "St. Catherines Eagles Cheerleading" written in a flowing feminine script in bright white, and a pair of shoes that she could wear while cheering. The shoes were white with a gold sparkles and scarlet trim, with the Eagles mascot on the side. These were the official cheer team shoes in the school colors.

"But she's not a cheerleader!" someone in the crowd said.

"Not yet," smiled Roxy, who enjoyed wearing the top of the line uniforms I'd sponsored for her squad over the past few years. She'd assured me that my daughter would follow in my "cheer steps."

That was, unless she turned out to be absolutely hopeless as a cheer girl. I assured her that Jazz would work her little ass off to become an above average cheerleader, if not one of the more highly skilled girls on the squad. I'd made careful arrangements to make sure my girl was an accomplished cheerleader.

Jessica presented Jasmine with a bright pink Dooney & Bourke Kiley bubble gum pebbled hobo style purse. The attached note said, "A Lady Can Never Have Too Many Accessories." I made Jazz read the note out loud, and every girl there enthusiastically agreed.

Janice strode forward and handed Jasmine a present wrapped in bright pink paper. She was tall and athletic, with short auburn hair and

hazel eyes. Jan was the most eccentric of the girls at St. Catherines, often leading other girls into daring adventures or silly pranks.

She was bold and confident, a star field hockey and volley ball player, and the perfect girl to protect my delicate flower of a daughter from any bullies. She also had a rebellious streak that made her an excellent partner in crime to bring out and also control Jasmine's mischievous side.

She knew that my daughter would be too embarrassed to even take it out of the box, but she thought it would be funny. She was right. When Jazz saw the contents, she dropped the present on the floor in shock. Her expression was hilarious. The assembled St. Cate's girls burst out into raucous laughter as the vibrator fell out of the box and rolled across our hard wood floor.

Jessica said, "Wow, Jazz, your present is really...interesting!"

"Looks like somebody's ready to have some fun tonight!" laughed Mandy.

Jan smiled, "What were you expecting, Jazz? A romance novel?"

Becky laughed, "Oh wow, look at that present!"

Carrie whistled and said, "You go, Jazz!"

Lucy, trying to see what was going on from a back corner asked, "Is that a vibrator that just fell out of the box?! Whoa!"

Roxy said, "Yes it is! Guess you'll be having some fun tonight, eh Jazz!"

Jasmine, looking stunned and turning several shades of red sad, "Um...no, I didn't ask for this!"

Becky smirked, "Oh come on, Jasmine, don't be shy! Everyone needs a little pleasure every now and then!"

Carrie chimed in, “Yeah, you should let loose and embrace your inner wild thing!”

Lucy echoed, “You know you want to!”

Roxy said, “Go on, Jazz! Live a little!”

This teasing went on for a while, making my little girl tremble with humiliation and making me tremble with erotic excitement. To calm down the crowd and my own arousal after that thrill, I summoned Aoi, another little girl to present the final two special, intriguing gifts I’d selected for her to present to Jasmine.

Aoi was a quiet, intellectual girl with an air of mystery about her that impressed me, and kept everyone guessing about what she was thinking. She had shoulder-length jet black hair and deep brown eyes that gave her an exotic look.

She wasn’t afraid to speak up when she felt strongly about something, but she usually kept her own council unless asked directly for her opinion on something. She offered Jazz a breathtaking handcrafted wooden box.

A jade dragon with blue-wings was carved into the top. The mythological beast was depicted in stunning detail, crafted from bright hues of violet and jade. This magical, iconic creature was traditionally considered to bring good fortune. The deep, dark mahogany wood was inlaid with luminescent mother-of-pearl and lapis lazuli, a deep-blue precious stone long prized for its intense color.

Inside the box, Jazz found a beautiful necklace made up of exotic coral beads in the same stunning colors as the dragon, decorated with gold and silver charms. This along with a unique silk scarf depicting the exact same dragon, also in the same vibrant shades of purple, blue, silver, green, and gold, with the most delicate lace trimming around the edges. I’d selected these emblems of luck to bless Jasmine’s coming out as a school girl.

Soon, the party broke into little klatches of giggling girls, talking loudly, snacking on the tasty appetizers I'd had catered, and sipping on the juices and smoothies I'd provided.

I loved watching my daughter listen to boy-crazy, Mandy, go on and on about her crushes on various celebrities. She was bubbly and friendly, I loved how eager she was to help Jasmine adjust to her new life as a school girl. She was always full of energy and enthusiasm, often pulling Jasmine out of her shell with her infectious laughter.

I made sure Jazz spent a lot of time with Janice as well. I'd made sure her parents could afford to send Jan to the finest athletic summer camps for the previous three years. She knew this, and was unshakably loyal to me in gratitude for my support. That's why I'd chosen the lady jock to give my daughter her first vibrator. With her genitals locked away, she'd be forced to pleasure herself as a girl would.

Chapter Three: Jasmine Starts Life As A School Girl

Jasmine slowly became more comfortable with her new female friends as they gossiped and shared secrets over lunch, or went on shopping trips and tried on clothes together after school. They slowly built a strengthening common bond with my daughter through their shared developing femininity. As time passed, she grew ever more dependent upon them for support, and became more and more like them in behavior, speech, and even in her thought patterns.

Jasmine's sophomore classes included English, Math, Science, Social Studies, and Physical Education. Even though she'd taken all of these courses before, that was back when she was pretending to be a boy. Despite her acceptance from her sisterhood of girl friends, she was still struggling under the pressure to keep up the image of a teenaged girl under the scrutiny of her classmates.

It wasn't so much that she had trouble behaving like a girl. Her experiences as a shop girl had engrained feminine behavior deeply into her psyche, even as it erased any masculine mannerisms she might have had. No, the difficulty arose from her need to act like a fifteen year old, not the eighteen year old she used to be.

I'd expected this, and as she labored to master the material in all of her classes while pretending to be a teen girl, she'd get confused and would come off as a bit flighty. As I predicted, she was falling behind.

The teachers at St. Catherine's girls' school were very kind and supportive, and offered her special attention. They also assigned "older girls," seniors and juniors who were really a year or two younger than Jasmine, to help tutor her. Being treated like a younger girl by girls who were actually younger than she was embarrassed Jazz, exactly as I'd intended.

Mrs. Roberts was the English teacher who had long blonde hair and a warm smile. She was especially patient with Jasmine, and helped her feel as comfortable as possible in her class. With this special help, my daughter was able to catch up to the rest of the little girls.

I was so proud of her! I knew she was smart, and as she acclimated herself to her new life as a school girl, her talents asserted themselves. She even played the part of Juliet in the classes presentation of Romeo and Juliet. Janice played Romeo, and treated Jazz as a precious little girl. I wondered if Jan really was attracted to my little princess?

Ms. Jenkins was the Math teacher. She short brown hair and thick glasses. Jasmine appreciated her no-nonsense approach to teaching that kept her focused on the task at hand. As Jasper, math and computer science were her best subjects, but I steered her toward more traditionally feminine studies.

I'd immersed her in girlishness, and bombarded her senses with ditzy, bimboish influences. Even so, her inherent abilities in STEM subjects kept shining through, despite my best efforts to emasculate her. It didn't matter. Nothing could impede my plans to completely transform my daughter into a girly girl princess.

Jasmine's Science teacher was Ms. Williams, a thirty-something woman with bright blue eyes and short brunette hair in a smart bob style. She had an encouraging attitude that motivated Jasmine to keep pushing forward. She usually wore pastel colors, with a few brighter pieces mixed in.

When I met with Ms. Williams to make sure she didn't push Jasmine into the advanced science curriculum, she wearing a lovely pale amethyst skirt suit with a bright violet silk blouse from Christian Dior. One I'd given her just the week before.

The head mistress, Dr. Violet Vance, did most of the talking. She had mid-length straight blonde hair that she was wearing loosely around her shoulders. She usually wore neutral colors, with a few pieces of understated silver jewelry.

When we left the meeting, Williams was convinced that putting any additional pressure on Jasmine would be a terrible idea. She even

agreed to help us keep her focused on fashion design, cosmetology, and other more appropriate studies.

Ms. Brown was the Social Studies teacher. She had curly red hair and a kind heart that made Jasmine feel like she could ask questions without judgment or criticism. She usually wore brightly colored clothing, like flowing dresses with candy tones or floral patterns.

Coach Johnson, her Physical Education teacher, had a strong build and an inspiring attitude about fitness. She always encouraged Jasmine to push herself beyond her limits in order to reach her fitness goals. She often wore sweat pants and a t-shirt or hoody, and had close-cropped salt and pepper hair.

Jasmine initially found it difficult to interact with her teachers because of her embarrassment over being a feminized boy in an all-girls' school, spending six or more hours every weekday with much younger girls. She'd been sent to school in a cute little uniform, looking just like her classmates. All of this against her will.

Still, eventually Jasmine opened up more and more as she got a bit more comfortable with them as individuals rather than just as teachers or authority figures. She appreciated their patience as they allowed her to take extra time on assignments when needed.

All of her teachers encouraged Jazz to speak up during class discussions whenever she felt confident enough to do so. They also provided her with extra help outside of class when she needed it, which was invaluable in helping her catch up to the other students.

She developed strong relationships with her teachers as they provided her with guidance and support throughout her transition into femininity. She reluctantly participated in all the feminine activities that were expected of her at the school.

I was pleased to see her lean on the female role models in her life. She gravitated to Mrs. Rose, an elderly woman who supervised the sewing lessons with a strict but kind demeanor. Miss Jones, an energetic

young teacher who directed the fashion club, encouraged Jasmine to try new things. Ms. Smith, an experienced teacher helped Jasmine find a new passion for writing poetry.

Jasmine was relieved to find that she could relax a little bit as she eased into her role as a school girl, despite her unique and challenging circumstances. She was even able to find a way to express her developing girlishness through her extracurricular activities at the school. As the weeks passed, she began to accept her feminization and her new life as a sophomore school girl.

To be clear, Jasmine was not happy about living as a schoolgirl. She had been looking forward to attending college and all the freedom that would bring. She found her age regression and forced feminization humiliating. But, with my adamant enforcement, she had no choice but to accept her fate as a fifteen year old girl attending St. Catherine's School for Girls.

It never failed to excite me seeing her wearing the cutest little uniform consisting of a white peter pan collar blouse, along with a knee-length tartan plaid pleated skirt and patent black Mary Jane shoes with knee socks. Her long hair, that I'd had dyed platinum blonde was often down, and held in place by a matching hair band. I loved seeing her looking like Alice in Wonderland.

Sometimes, I'd braid her hair and pull it back into two neat pigtailed held carefully in place with small bows. Other times I'd style it into a high, flirty ponytail with a matching plaid ribbon. I never tired of playing with my little doll, playing with her hair, and giving her all different girly girl looks.

At school Jasmine engaged in stereotypically feminine activities such as cooking and sewing. Meanwhile her little girly peers filled her head with stories about their adventures outside of the school grounds. For the first several weeks, Jasmine felt like she would never get to experience any of these things herself, as I kept her on a tight leash at home.

Nevertheless, I made sure she'd make the most out of her feminized school girl situation by inviting other little girls home to play. Under my firm guidance and clandestine scheming, she developed close friendships among the other girls at school. She reluctantly capitulated to my demands, and soon after she'd started attending classes at St. Catherine's she found herself surrounded by a group of curious girls who were eager to learn more about their new classmate.

To fit in, Jasmine began taking on more feminine attributes and behavior, such as painting her nails, wearing dresses and skirts during the weekends, and learning how to walk gracefully in heels. She slowly made friends with more and more of her classmates.

There was Anna, an outgoing blonde girl who always had something funny to say. Also Bella, a quiet girl who loved reading books. She was thin and a bit of a tomboy.

Chloe, like Janice, was an athletic girl who eagerly participated in outdoor activities. DeShawna was an artistic girl who liked painting and drawing pictures, and she partnered with my daughter on art projects.

Emma, a bubbly girl who always found ways to make everyone laugh, clung to Jasmine and the two of them spent a lot of time texting each other. Fiona was an intelligent girl who excelled at schoolwork and helped tutor Jazz.

Then there was Anna, who was tall and athletic with a bubbly personality, and Sarah, who had long blonde hair and a sweet voice. She was an accomplished vocalist with real talent.

Jazz especially liked Lucy, who was shy but always had a smile on her face. All of these girls welcomed Jasmine into their circle with open arms and accepted her as one of their own. They all enjoyed helping her find her way in a world full of girls. With their friendship and support, Jasmine slowly came out of her shell and embraced the girlish activities she once thought would never even be remotely tolerable for her.

Jasmine got along very well with her new girl friends, despite their differences. She even reluctantly tolerated going shopping with them and trying on an endless variety of outfits. Jasmine also found that she could talk to them about almost anything without feeling judged or ridiculed for being different from them.

Jasmine's teachers at her new school were also very supportive and accepting. Besides the ones who taught her core classes, several others were instructors for electives or served as club advisers. There was Mrs. Smith, an older woman who could be strict at times but had a gentle heart. Madame Etienne was always encouraging and helpful. Ms. Lee, who was quite young and always offered helpful advice.

Jasmine interacted well with all of her teachers, asking questions when she needed help or clarification on anything. She even found that she could talk to them about things she wasn't comfortable talking about with her gal pals. Like how she felt conflicted and confused about her budding feminization, which they readily listened to without judgment or ridicule.

I was delighted when she began taking part in giggle-filled conversations with the other little girls, chatting about boys and gossiping about their teachers and the other girls in the sophomore halls. Despite all of her efforts to defy me, Jasmine was becoming increasingly enmeshed in her feminized life!

Chapter Four: Jasmine's Social Life As A School Girl

Jasmine slowly, reluctantly adjusted to her new life as a sophomore school girl. She was required to take part in some of the girly extracurriculars and electives St. Catherines offered including sewing and cooking classes as well as etiquette lessons, fashion club, and cosmetology club—all of which she found quite emasculating.

She slowly made friends with some of the other girls at the school. She had to interact with them at school all day, of course. But I strongly encouraged her to spend time with her adorable little classmates after school as well.

Jasmine's new classmates were all unique, despite having to wear the same uniforms to school. They all behaved somewhat differently from one another, but they were all young girls and almost all of them spoke and acted in similar ways.

I insisted she invite some of her little besties to our home nearly every day. There I'd watch delightedly. She was forced to endure hours and hours of them gossiping about boys and talking about their dreams for the future. As time passed she started to join in with their adolescent antics.

On one particularly warm day, I picked Jasmine up and drove her to our home along with three of her classmates. These were Carrie, Alison, and Olivia. All of them were also sophomores, and were among her closest companions. Jazz looked utterly embarrassed when I caught her giggling and chattering excitedly with her new perky, pubescent peers.

Later, the four school girls gathered around the pool in our huge back lot and once again Jasmine looked and acted exactly like the rest of them in their adorable, identical school girl uniforms. She'd made friends with many of her classmates, and these three girls were among her favorites of all of them.

Carrie was leading their little discussion. I heard her say, “Hey, guys! So, you know, what are we gonna do today?”

Alison, the second most assertive of the cute little quartet said, “Well, I was thinking we could like go in swimming or something?” flashing her characteristic huge, toothy smile.

Carrie said, “Awesome! Like, I brought my new bikini and I can’t wait to try it out and, you know, tan a little while I’m at it!”

Even the mild mannered Olivia agreed nodding enthusiastically and saying, “Wow like for sure? That sounds like a great idea! I mean like yeah, I brought my favorite bikini too!”

Alison said, “OMG That sounds awesome! I see they’ve got some beach balls like in the pool, and we can toss them around or whatever!”

Of course they’d all had their cute little swim suits packed in their cute little pink, plaid, or princess picture backpacks. I’d made sure of that when I texted all of their moms the day before and told them the girls would be swimming at our home. I’d connected with these frazzled women on a personal basis.

Since they were all busy career women, they deeply appreciated my willingness to host their daughters nearly every afternoon. My welcoming their little girls to a safe, reliable after-school environment lifted a lot of pressure from their shoulders.

So they all went out of their way to support every one of my suggestions for activities their girls could engage in with my own precious princess. I used this influence to engineer an unending series of situations that forced Jasmine to act, talk, and even think like a fifteen year old girl.

I giggled seeing Jasmine’s face flush bright red as she realized that with her little friends so eager to swim, she’d have no choice but to join them. She knew that she’d probably have to change into her own little swim suit and frolic with her little friends in our olympic-sized pool.

As the other three girls changed out of their school girl uniforms and into their cute little bikinis inside the privacy of our lavish pool house, my embarrassed, emasculated former step-son joined me inside where I waited to help her choose her swim suit.

I met Jasmine just as she entered through our sliding glass doors and said, "Come Jazz, we need to pick out a nice bikini for you!"

She whined, as expected, "But I don't want to wear a bikini. Can't I just wear a t-shirt and shorts?"

After all this time, she was still pushing back against my relentless efforts to fully feminize her. This thrilled me! The more she struggled, the more excited it made me. So I pushed on.

"No, Jasmine! You're not dressing as a tom boy anymore. That part of your life is over!" I scolded, "A bikini will be so much cuter on you, and it will look great with your girlish figure. Come with me and we can pick out a cute little bikini together."

I had all the power in this situation, and she had no choice but to obey me. Still, she tried refuse, which I found absolutely adorable. "I won't do it!" Jasmine said, stamping her foot in her patent black leather Mary Jane shoes, making her plaid pleated skirt dance around her silky smooth hairless thighs.

I gasped with excitement at this, but somehow managed to disguise my erotic reactions behind a pretense of exasperation. In reality, I could barely contain my overstimulated, sexual response to her bratty little girlish actions.

My breath caught in my chest, making it difficult to speak, but I forced the words out, saying, "Jasmine! You will wear a bikini and play in the pool with your friends. We both know that. The only question is whether or not I have to spank you first!"

She groaned, knowing I'd absolutely carry out my threat. She also knew that if the girls found out she'd been spanked, she'd be exposed, making her a laughing stock among the girls at St. Catherines school.

She reluctantly let me take her by the hand and lead her to her bedroom suites. There, we looked through her bikinis to pick which one she'd wear that afternoon.

I opened one of her wardrobes and said, "Look at this one! It's a hot bubblegum pink with big white polka dots. I love the ruffled top and nice ruched bottoms. It'll look so cute on you!"

Jasmine sulked and said, "Cute? You know that's the last thing I want! To look cute! That swim suit is for a little tween queen! I guess you've forgotten that I'm an eighteen year old man, not a ten year old little girl?"

I laughed loudly at that. "You? A man? Have you looked at yourself lately Jasmine? You've been going to an all-girls school, and not one person has questioned your identity as a little girl. Not one teacher. Not any other little girl. Not one person! Not once!"

She had to accept that, but she had no idea that, as usual, I'd left nothing to chance. The Peter and Melissa Alford Foundation had endowed the private girls' school for several years, ever since I first decided to feminize and age-regress Jasper into Jasmine and enroll her there. The school had soon become increasingly exclusive as their endowment grew, thanks to my generosity.

Even as their academics and facilities became among the best in the world, the school became ever more dependent on our generous donations, exactly as I'd intended. I used my near-absolute control over their budget to force their board of directors to update their admissions policies. At my urging, they began enthusiastically accepting trans girls, albeit only very reluctantly.

We even had an acrimonious showdown with the Catholic Diocese. We'd worked that out quickly and quietly after my team of private

investigators shared some very sensitive, incriminating videos, photographs, and other evidence with the local Cardinal. With the Church's begrudging blessing, we instituted the most inclusive policies of any parochial school on Earth.

All of the administrators, teachers, parents, and every other adult involved in any way with the St. Catherines school had to undergo intensive sensitivity training if they wanted to work there. Even if they just hoped to enroll their daughters there, they would have to be accepting and supportive of diversity.

Some families and faculty expressed concerns, but they were told that unless they were enthusiastically pro-LGBTQ+ they would no longer be welcome at the school. A few teachers and parents still refused to respect trans rights, and they were immediately excluded. Still, all in all this worked out well for St. Catherines as several wealthy and powerful families transferred their trans daughters into the school. This also mainly due to my efforts.

I'd set up a support group for the parents and trans girls, and would be joining along with Jasmine shortly. Until then, it excited me that Jazz thought that she was the only trans girl there. This belief forced her to try her best to pass as a little girl of her own free will.

Yes, my scheme was working perfectly, even as Jasmine was acting out like the little girl she was. Inwardly, this pleased me beyond belief, but I pretended to be stern saying, "Fine! You don't like that one? Let's take a look at a few more."

I only barely suppressed a smile at Jasmine's stunned reaction. I hyped her humiliation saying, "Ooh, I like this one better! This one is baby blue, with a high-waisted bottom and a halter top and an adorable tie in the front."

She glared at me as I went on, "Your little friends will be so jealous when they see how cute you look in that skimpy, grown up bikini!"

My sweet little step-daughter snapped, “I won’t do it! I’m not a little girl and I won’t parade around in a childish little bikini like one! I’ve put up with your stupid kinky little games for too long, and—”

I narrowed my eyes and my hand struck like cobra. I grabbed her by her dainty wrist, twisted her arm sharply, and quickly sat down on her four poster bed. This motion forced her to flop across my lap, face down.

“You will not talk back to me, young lady,” I said as I lifted her school girl skirt, pulled down her lacy white panties, and started to spank her soft, rounded ass. One smack! Two! Three slaps! Four! Five times I struck her ass with my hand.

“Are you going to stop being so foolish and put on your bikini?” I demanded.

“No!” cried my stubborn step child as big, wet tears began running down her cute cheeks.

I sighed with pretended frustration, but again I was elated. Nothing excited me more than imposing my will on this would-be wealthy, powerful young man. I spanked her ass again and again, harder now as she began to struggle impotently in my clutches.

I felt waves of passionate empowerment wash over me, sending sparks of scintillation throughout my entire body. Dominating this once-male former scion of an obscenely rich and influential family nearly brought me to climax. I shuddered with elation, knowing I had rendered a formerly powerful him into a powerless her.

The laughing and splashing of the other little girls reached us from outside through the opened windows, and I knew that Jasmine was aware of the girlish sounds as well.

“Do you hear that, Jazz?” I asked, just to twist the knife, “your little friends are out there having such a wonderful time and here you are getting a spanking. Don’t you want to join them? Don’t you want to show off your cute little bikini to them?”

At that, I felt this prospective prince wriggle desperately but in vain to escape my control, both physical and mental. It was no use. I'd emasculated and force-feminized her into a pretty little princess and there was nothing she could do to stop me.

I sighed with sexual stimulation once more as I spanked Jasmine again, once, twice, three times, and she kicked her shapely legs helplessly. Finally she relented, as I knew she would. Sobbing, she said, "Mom! Please stop! I'm sorry! I'll be a good girl!"

I grinned behind her back. I nearly came on the spot hearing her agree to be a "good girl" without my having to command her to say that or even prompt her at all! So powerful was her conditioning, she knew what she had to say and do and complied with her training as second nature.

For a moment I wondered, "Is she only defying me because she knows she'll get punished and she actually enjoys the discipline?" It certainly wasn't impossible. I decided to explore that prospect soon, but for now I had to get her changed and out to the pool.

"Great!" I said, "Those are the two cute little bikinis for you to choose from. You can decide which one you want to wear." I didn't want to complicate things by giving her more than two choices, and I knew that making her choose was forcing her to actively participate in her own feminization.

I dried her eyes and put ice cubes beneath them to stem the puffiness, directed her to dress in her chosen bikini, and slapped her lightly on her burning butt to propel her out toward the pool and her little friends. When they saw her, they all whooped excitedly.

"OMG, Jasmine! You look so cute in that bikini! I am like so jelly!"

Alison agreed saying, "Wow! You look so awesome sauce!"

“I love that bright powder blue color!” Carrie said, “and that halter top is so trendy!”

Olivia chirped, “I know, right? And look! It has a cute little bow in the back! So feminine!”

Jasmine looked like she wanted to drown herself in the water to escape her besties’ appreciative commentary. The little girls’ characteristic short attention spans spared her much more scrutiny, however, as they quickly turned their discussion to each other.

“I love your suit, Carrie!” said Olivia, “the tiny ruffles across the top are just so, you know, awesome.”

Carrie thanked her and said, “Alison, your swim suit is so cute with the little polka dots.”

Alison laughed and said, “This? It’s just some old hand-me-down from my big sister Katie! But Carrie? The one you’re wearing is so beyond! It’s so cute I can’t even with the fun tropical pattern. Perfect for the beach!”

Olivia shyly asked Jasmine what she thought of her bikini, forcing my step daughter to engage awkwardly. She quietly said, “I like it. It’s like soooo cute! The umm light pink color and the lace trim are so like girly, you know?”

I smirked hearing how her constant immersion in the teen girl culture had my own little princess unconsciously adopting their cute, girlish ways of talking. She looked even more awkward as the petite red head hugged her saying, “Yes! Thank you bestie! That’s like exactly the look I was going for!”

“So, like do you guys know what you want to be when you grow up?” Carrie asked, before adding, “I want to be a business executive like my mom!”

Alison said, “That's awesome! I want to be, you know, like a doctor!”

Carrie, always artistic, said, “Well, like, I'm gonna be an interior designer.”

The mousy Olivia said, “Wow, that's so cool you all know what you're gonna be when you grow up. I'm not sure what I wanna do yet, but I know I want to make a difference in the world.”

“Jasmine, how about you?” Carrie asked.

“I'm thinking about becoming a lawyer,” she said, making me choke on my iced tea. There was no way that was going to happen.

I might let her be a personal assistant at best, but she'd probably end up as a simple office girl. Fetching coffee and picking up dry cleaning for some high-powered female attorney would suit her much better than anything more ambitious.

She'd look absolutely adorable running errands in her smart, subtly sexy business casual attire. I could picture it clearly. Jasmine's look would be fresh and not quite professional. Her hair would be styled in a messy bun, with a several strands pulled out for a soft, wispy look.

Maybe a short pencil skirt falling barely too far above her knees, a crisp low cut blouse, a blazer tailored to emphasize her boobs, and a pair of sexy stiletto pumps at least three inches high if not higher. She'd wear a garter belt and sheer stocking to show off her smooth, slender legs.

Her makeup would be too dramatic for the office where natural-looking cosmetics were the norm. Instead, she'd call undue focus to her sexy eyes with a bold coating of mascara on her lush lashes, thick eyeliner, and brash eye shadow in colors better suited for the back room of a night club than a board room.

In my vision, she was wearing alluring red blush accentuating her porcelain complexion, and draw attention to her luscious lips with wet-

look colors, mainly brilliant scarlets and bright pinks. She'd look like the office slut, whether or not she had the promiscuous personality to go along with it.

I watched and listened, intrigued as the fifteen year olds splashed, played, and talked together. I was delighted at how well Jasmine fit in with Carrie, Olivia, and Alison.

Carrie led the discussion, as usual, asking, "Jasmine, did you hear that Tyler asked Lucy to the inter-school homecoming dance?"

Jasmine looked baffled. She'd been much too concerned with trying to pass as a sophomore school girl to involve herself in the nascent romantic affairs between her little classmates and the boys from the nearby all-male school. She hadn't even thought about the boys!

Carrie didn't miss a beat, however, and picked up the slack saying, "Yeah, I did! They would make like, such a cute couple."

Giggling, Olivia said, "Speaking of cute couples, did you see Ethan and Katelyn at the lunch in the food court at the mall yesterday? Oh my gosh, they were so adorable."

Alison, laughed, "Yeah, Katelyn looked so happy when Ethan gave her that locket! It's so nice to see people so in love!"

Carrie sighed, "I know, but love is always so complicated, isn't it?" she asked wistfully.

Olivia agreed, "For sure, but it is wonderful to experience it."

Alison chimed in, "Like for sure! And it's fun to watch other people experience it too! What do you think, Jasmine?"

My cute little school girl looked perplexed. She visibly wracked her brain, closing her eyes tightly trying to think of some relevant experience she could add to the discussion.

She'd dated back before I'd entrapped her and emasculated her, but that involved going out with girls as a boy. Eventually she said, "Ummm... I agree with Carrie?"

Understandably, my lovely daughter found it difficult to connect with them about boys at first, but eventually she grew to mimic their giddy reactions to their pubescent interest in boys.

I enrolled her in finishing school on the weekends. She attended tea parties where she learned how to properly hold a teacup and saucer. She took sewing classes where she learned how to make dresses.

She also attended etiquette training where she learned how to properly behave in public settings. She also had to take deportment classes where she learned how to move more gracefully, as well as music classes where she learned how to play the piano.

Despite being forced into all of these activities against her will, Jasmine slowly began to learn the lessons they taught her about gracefulness, poise, and elegance. She also began to value spending time with her new girl friends, learning about their lives and developing meaningful relationships with them.

At first, she did so only reluctantly, barely tolerating their silly girlishness. With each passing week, however, as if by osmosis, she adopted more and more of their characteristics. Soon, it was impossible for me to tell them apart if I closed my eyes and listened to them speak with their unmistakable feminine uptalk and vocal fry so typical of teenaged girls.

Through all of these feminine activities and conversations with her peers and teachers, Jasmine was forced to embrace her girlish identity in ways that she never thought possible. Of course that was before I so completely feminized her against her will. Soon, she was accustomed to sitting demurely in her school girl skirt and learning how to do her hair, nails, and makeup.

One day, I reminded her about my plans to force her to learn ballet and gymnastics and, eventually, join the cheerleading team. I saw all of these as more ways to teach her how to be more feminine and graceful. More importantly, I had always loved the idea of raising a daughter who would excel at ballet, gymnastics, and cheer. Now that I had my chance to experience that, I wasn't going to waste it.

Jasmine was still adjusting to all of the changes her life I had imposed on her. So when I announced that she was going to become a ballerina and a gymnastics girl, she was horrified. She begged and pleaded with me to let her return to being a young man. She said she had to attend college and get on with her destiny as a rich young man, but I wouldn't budge.

I said it was time for her to take her next step into feminization, and that was all there was to it. Jasmine had more or less settled into her life as a high school sophomore attending an all-girls' school, and I had decided that it was time for her next big change. So I enrolled her in gymnastics class as a girl, of course!

Chapter Five: Jasmine Becomes A Gymnastics Girl

Jasmine had enjoyed a very easy life, indulged by her mother and step-father and never having to do anything she didn't want to do. That was before I got my hands on her and forced her into a new life of submissive femininity.

She was barely adjusting to her new life as a schoolgirl. She'd now been forced to become a female gymnast. She carried a pink gym bag in which was a gymnastics outfit that included a light blue leotard with white leggings and white shoes. She also had to wear her hair in a bun with a pink bow on the side.

In the girls' changing room, my daughter changed out her street clothes into her little gymnastics outfit. Jasmine found the outfit to be quite uncomfortable as well as completely emasculating, but she had to wear it or risk severe punishment from me.

In her gymnastics classes, Jasmine was surrounded by other cute girls of various ages, sizes, and personalities. There was Lucinda, a shy, petite girl who was always getting the attention of the boys. Then came Emily, a tall, athletic girl who was always striving to be the best. Also Ashley, a bubbly, outgoing girl who was always trying to make everyone laugh and have a good time.

The star of the school was a girl called Lily, who was tall and slender with long blonde hair. She was a natural gymnast, and the other girls looked up to her. There was also Belinda, a petite brunette with a bubbly personality everyone called Bindi. She was always encouraging Jasmine to keep trying and get better.

Lastly, there was Amy, who was the strongest and most muscular of the group. She was always pushing the other girls to reach their full potential. Jasmine was the least experienced girl in the group, but the other girls all pushed her to get better.

When I first enrolled Jasmine in an all-girls gymnastics school, she was completely unprepared and struggled to keep up with the other girls.

They were all beautiful, confident and graceful. No matter how uncomfortable Jasmine felt, I made sure that she pushed through and continued to train hard in her gymnastics classes.

The other girls in the class were impressed by Jasmine's drive and hard work, even if she didn't yet show the highest skill levels. They'd eagerly offer her advice on how to improve her technique, and began to treat her more like a part of the group, rather than as an outsider. One day, they invited her to hang out with them after class.

Jasmine was happy to finally be accepted by her peers and felt like she belonged. She soon began to begrudgingly appreciate the difficulty of gymnastics and the exhilaration that came from finally sticking the landing a difficult move.

She was grateful that she was given a chance to learn the sport, even though she didn't love anything about it, least of all the girly outfits she had to wear and the even girlier movements she had to employ. Still, she was determined.

She became close friends with the other girls in her class. With the help of her teammates, Jazz first managed to learn the basics of gymnastics. As she worked diligently to improve, she eventually began to master some of the more advanced skills. All this strenuous exercise gave her a tight, sexy little body I loved to ravish.

I seduced her and found her acrobatic skills astonishingly apt for amorous activity. She showed off her new prowess, especially her supple flexibility, as she maneuvered her sexy body underneath me and even on top of me. I'd used her with my strap on, and even let her use it on me.

As always, her talented tongue tantalized me, as she brought me to orgasm after mind blowing orgasm. Soaked with sweat, giggling, and tingling all over, I hugged her head tightly between my thighs, celebrating my decision to feminize her into my sex toy yet again.

She practiced hard and became more and more proficient at the different gymnastics events, including the floor exercises, vaulting,

balance beam, uneven bars, and tumbling. She kept increasing the difficulty of her floor routines. This would be especially important when she tried out for cheerleading.

Even though I had forced her into this activity, Jasmine was glad that she was able to make the most of it. She was now a respected junior member of the St. Catherine's gymnastics team, and she had made some wonderful new friends.

She was also resentful that I had forced her to reenact my glory days as a female gymnast so I could relive my triumphs vicariously through her. Despite being forced into femininity, Jasmine found a way to survive the situation and even find some joy in her life. She'd become comfortable as a gymnastics girl. It was time to increase her femininity once more, so I enrolled her in ballet class.

Chapter Six: Jasmine Becomes A Beautiful Ballerina

I decided that it was time to enroll my little girl in ballet classes. I couldn't wait another day to see her in leotards, leggings, and ballet slippers. I was determined to make Jasmine into the sweet, graceful, feminine daughter I had always wanted. She wasn't thrilled with the idea of taking ballet, but I had already enrolled her.

Jasmine's ballet instructions would be held at a local dance studio near our house. The studio had a large, mirrored wall where she could watch her reflection while practicing her steps and movements. She'd be taught by an experienced ballet teacher named Madame Etienne, who had a no-nonsense attitude and demanded perfection from her students.

I had a list of all the required clothing, and I excitedly took Jasmine shopping at an exclusive dance and yoga boutique. There she was outfitted with a variety of outfits for her ballet classes, including skin-light leotards in several colors, matching flouncing tutus, delicate tights, and ballet shoes.

I bought her one set in soft baby pink, white, powder blue, and lavender. She looked delicious in every one of her new outfits. In addition to these ensembles, Jasmine was also required to wear her hair in a tight bun on the top of her head so it would stay out of the way while she danced.

She reluctantly attended her first class, feeling embarrassed and out of place. Jasmine's were all wearing pink leotards and frilly tutus with their hair pulled back in tight buns and ribbons. Jasmine was attired exactly the same way, making her feel incredibly feminine, and acutely aware of her lithe, dainty, supple and in no way masculine body.

Most of the other students were friendly and welcoming towards Jasmine, but a few weren't so kind. The other students in Jasmine's class were all teenaged girls. There was Emma who was always first at everything; she was tall and slender with long blonde hair that reached down to her waist, and a kind personality that made everyone feel welcome around her.

There was also a girl named Isabella who was short but incredibly strong; she had short brown hair cut into an asymmetrical bob, and an outgoing personality that made everyone smile when she spoke.

Katia, on the other hand, was more of a tomboy. Outside of ballet class, she wore simple t-shirts and shorts in bright colors, and accessorized them with sneakers and a baseball cap. She also loved to wear accessories that were more sporty than girly. She went to public school, like the others in the class. All of the St. Catherine girls were in a more advanced session.

Jasmine's experiences with Madame Etienne were always filled with tension. Madame would often correct Jasmine harshly on her form or technique but always offered a few encouraging words because she realized that Jasmine was new to ballet. This made it difficult for Jasmine to feel comfortable in the class and it left her feeling frustrated and helpless more often than not.

Despite being forced into the class against her will, Jasmine eventually began to reluctantly tolerate it more and more as time went on. She found solace in the movements of ballet which helped distract her from all the stress in her life outside of the studio walls. Eventually, she found that she was actually getting better at ballet as her skills slowly began to improve.

I was proud of Jasmine's accomplishments and watched with a smile as she grew in confidence and skill. Still, albeit completely feminized, Jasmine was the only former boy in the class. That made her feel totally intimidated by the other girls who'd danced for years.

She tried to blend in as best as she could but her slightly awkward movements made her stand out. Her classmates were polite enough, but Jasmine still felt odd, despite her steady progress as a ballerina.

Emma was the first one to approach her and she welcomed her warmly with a friendly smile. Isabella seemed to take pity on Jasmine

and often included her in conversations and activities with the other girls so she wouldn't feel left out.

Samantha had fiery red hair and a spunky attitude. She often poked fun at Jasmine's lack of gracefulness, but never in a mean way. She just wanted the newbie to feel comfortable with herself.

Overall, Jasmine felt welcomed by her classmates. They accepted her for who she was and helped her fit in as best as possible. After initially feeling uneasy and uncomfortable in the class, embarrassed surrounded by all the girls, Jazz slowly got over it.

Emma did her best to make her feel welcome. She would often give her encouraging words or offer help with steps she was having trouble with. Jasmine felt grateful for her kindness, but for the first few weeks she still couldn't bring herself to relax and reluctantly tolerate the class.

Isabella, on the other hand, took a much different approach. She had somehow discovered that Jasmine hadn't been born a girl, and she was constantly teasing Jasmine about being a boy ballerina in a girl's skimpy dance outfit.

Izzy never told the other girls, but she always giggled at the former boy prancing around dressed as a girl in a ballet class. Despite her teasing, she always had a good-natured way about her that made it hard for Jasmine not to like her. It seemed that Jazz even felt oddly attracted to her. I think that was because Izzy considered my daughter a boy, and this was unique among all the people in her life.

Jasmine's teacher, Madame Etienne, was tall and slender with shoulder length brown hair and bright blue eyes that seemed to penetrate right through Jasmine's soul when she gazed at her. The strict instructor taught my daughter the basics of ballet technique including poise, gracefulness, and coordination while simultaneously emphasizing the importance of discipline in dance training.

Besides the technical aspects of the ballet, Madame Etienne also taught Jasmine about etiquette and proper behavior at the barre and on stage during performances. She encouraged her to be confident in her movements as well as in her exchanges with other students and faculty members at the school.

During her exchanges with her ballet teacher, Jasmine found herself feeling embarrassed and uncomfortable due to Madame Etienne's strict demeanor and sharp criticisms when she failed to stand in the proper positions or take the steps correctly. She often felt like she was being judged harshly under Madame's critical gaze whenever she made an error or forgot a step during practice.

However, despite this intimidation, Jasmine found herself steadily improving in the art of ballet under Madame Etienne's tutelage as the days passed. Mainly because I paid extra to provide my little daughter with hours and hours of extra instruction.

Despite her strong reservations about attending ballet classes, Jasmine eventually grew to reluctantly tolerate it as she learned more about technique and gained confidence in herself as a dancer. She made friends with some of her classmates who shared similar interests outside of dance class. They'd occasionally gather at our mansion to play video games or watch movies in our immense, state of the art home theatre.

As time went on, Jasmine began to become more comfortable in the class and even started making friends with some of her classmates. She slowly began opening up to them more, both in class and out of it.

Emma asked her questions about her interests and encouraged her to join in on conversations with the other girls. Isabella seemed intrigued by a male-born person who looked and acted so femininely. She offered to help Jasmine with any moves she may not have been familiar with, but I suspected she just wanted some time alone with my daughter.

The other students were also generally friendly towards Jasmine. They asked polite questions about why she was there and what her

interest in ballet was. She answered honestly that it was her stepmother's idea and that she wasn't sure why I wanted her to take ballet classes.

Jasmine's relationships with her classmates improved steadily over time, as they all got to know each other better through their conversations during class breaks. Even though Jasmine felt out of place at first, she began to reluctantly tolerate her classes more and more. Bit by bit, she grew more comfortable around the other students.

Jasmine never looked forward to going to ballet classes every week, but before long she stopped whining about them as much. I took that as a victory! Considering that she was initially defiant about my plan to feminize her, she slowly began to accept that she'd have to join in with the girlish activities that I'd decided she had to do.

That included ballet, and other feminine behavior like shopping for clothes with her classmates. I drove Emma, Isabella, Samantha, Katia, and Jasmine to high end boutiques where they would try on cute clothes. The girlier of the girls would model floral sundresses, ruffled skirts, and delicate blouses. They'd often accessorize their outfits with statement necklaces and bracelets, colorful scarves, and stylish head bands.

Samantha was more daring with her fashion choices, sometimes trying on daring jumpsuits or crop-tops paired with funky earrings. Isabella was hard to pin down, her fashion sense was all over the place. Katia was amused watching the other girls eagerly try on such feminine fashions. The most she'd try on were jeans.

Jasmine felt uncomfortable at first trying on all these girly clothes, especially in front of the other girls. Isabella kept picking out the most girlish items for her to try on while teasing her about being the most feminine of all of them. Still, eventually she got used to it and even started to reluctantly tolerate it.

The girls often went out for ice cream after their ballet classes and would talk about their day or the latest gossip. Jasmine joined it. Finally, she felt like she was part of the group and was able to open up more and share her thoughts with them. They also had movie nights at our

mansion. They would watch romantic comedies or classic Disney movies while eating popcorn and sharing laughs.

These activities helped Jasmine to relax and forget about her worries for a while. In time, she embraced her new feminine identity as a ballerina, and was even able to gain some confidence in her dancing abilities that she hadn't had before.

She and Emma became especially close, and would often go shopping together, just the two of them. I loved watching them try on colorful dresses in various styles, from ruffled chiffon and lace to more subdued fashions.

They'd examine accessories in all different styles and colors until they each found something that suited them. Glittery earrings, delicate necklaces, and fancy bracelets. They would also pick out cute tops with ruffles or sequins and skirts in a variety of colors and patterns. They always finished by searching for the perfect shoes to complete their looks.

Jasmine was always amazed at how great she looked in the girly clothes she tried on—something she never thought she'd be able to do! I encouraged that. I made sure that Jasmine felt comfortable in her new girly girl wardrobe, and always reassured her that she could express her feminine self through her emerging fashion sense.

Occasionally, Jasmine joined in on sleepovers where she and her friends would play games, do each other's hair, nails, and makeup, then watch movies, and stay up all night giggling and talking about their dreams for the future. Through these experiences, Jasmine began to feel more comfortable in her own skin as a feminine girl, learning to accept herself for who she was, and who I expected her to be.

Though it took some time for her to adjust to this new activity, eventually Jasmine embraced it. Her femininity developed through her newfound practice of ballet and her preparations for dance recitals—something that I had been hoping for all along!

Jasmine had been dreading this day for weeks. She was standing in a midsized theater with her ballet teacher and me. To her astonishment, I had enrolled her in ballet classes against her will, and now she was about to face the full implications of my plans.

The girls were putting on a recital. Jasmine, Emma, Isabella, Samantha, and Katia wore matching body suits and tutus in different shades of pastel, made of light chiffon and adorned with sequins that sparkled in the light. Jasmine in pink, Emma in ivory, Isabella in pale lemon, Samantha in sky blue, and Katia in Navy.

Their faces were all made up in a flamboyant, glamorous style, with a bright pink blush, silver eyeshadow and shiny rose-colored lip gloss. Their hair was pulled away from their faces into wispy buns with a few tendrils framing their features.

They flew back and forth across the stage in carefully choreographed moves that delighted the crowd. Next, they pirouetted with their hands above their heads like spinning tops turned into adorable little girls. Finally, they clasped their hands together and pranced gracefully on their tip toes. When the music ended, the adorable ensemble took a synchronized bow as the audience clapped, cheered, and threw flowers onto the stage.

Jasmine was flushed with excitement as she bounded off the stage, her face stretched into the biggest smile I'd ever seen on a girl. Until she saw who was standing around me. Then, she froze in place, trembling like a frightened rabbit that desperately wanted to run away, but found itself unable to move.

She hadn't seen her mother, father, brothers, or step father in some time. I'd secretly invited them to witness this spectacle and there they stood. They'd all watched her dancing like a prima ballerina. They'd also seen the delighted look on her face as she bounced toward them.

There was nothing Jazz could say to deny her willing, even eager embrace of her femininity. Peter, her father, was in shock. He looked like he was going to have a heart attack, or if not, that he hoped he would soon. Her mother was equally stunned, but didn't seem as upset.

Her step dad hugged her mom, and asked her, “Are you OK?” She nodded weakly. Her two older brothers smirked at each other. One of them said, “Well I guess we have a sister now,” and shrugged. Neither of them seemed surprised at all. None of them knew what to say to Jasmine, and she certainly had no words for her family to explain her situation.

We all went out for a celebratory dinner. The men wearing fine suits, the women, including Jazz, in lovely dresses. As we waited for our meals to arrive, I explained, “Jasmine told me she was always a girl inside and, after consulting the finest experts, we decided she’d try living as one.”

I smiled at my daughter, and saw her roiling with unspeakable humiliation and boiling with barely-suppressed rage. Again, there was nothing she could say to deny it. They’d all seen her looking exuberant after her ballet recital, and now they saw her dressed and behaving like a refined, dainty young girl.

I whispered into her triple-pierced ear, and she obeyed my instructions. She breathed, “It was so lovely to see all of you. Now that you know who I am, I can relax. Thank you so much for attending my recital! I hope I see you again soon!” I could tell she was dying inside, even as she swayed her hips over to each of her startled family members in turn, and kissed them all on the cheek, one by one.

I had always been a strict step-mother. I determined that Jasmine would follow my rules, no matter what. She’d been somewhat cooperative but too sullen and rebellious at times. I needed to send her a clear signal that I was the boss, and her opinion meant nothing.

This show of power was essential for the next step in my plan. Jasmine had been dreading the day that I would carry out my scheme and force her to join the cheerleading squad at St. Catherine's School for Girls. After I had intimidated, coerced, threatened, and finally exposed her to her family, she reluctantly agreed to try out.

Chapter Seven: I Force Jasmine To Join Cheerleading

Her gymnastics and dance lessons had already made Jasmine a perfect candidate to join the JV cheerleading squad, but first she'd have to qualify during try-outs. As a guy, Jasper was somewhat small and wimpy.

As a girl, Jasmine was a tall, athletic teenager after the rigorous training she'd been through, especially compared to the other sophomore girls. She was shocked at first, but accepted that she was being forced to try out for cheerleading, something she had never wanted to do, and never imagined doing.

I had been a cheerleader in school and I was resolved to make Jasmine cheerlead too. I was determined to ensure Jasmine would make the squad. I informed her that she would be joining the cheerleading squad and warned her that she would need to try out for the team.

I knew that the try outs would be intense and competitive—about ten or twelve girls were all vying for the same four spots on the team. She'd never tried to cheer before, but I left nothing to chance. I decided she need intensive one-on-one cheer training. So I'd hired some of the best cheerleading coaches in the world to tutor her in every aspect of her new sport.

The first coach was a petite former professional cheerleader named Sarah. She had a bubbly personality, and always had a smile on her face. She wore a colorful tank top and yoga pants, and her hair was always in a neat bun.

The next coach was a muscular former college cheerleader named Chris. He was always serious and focused on getting Jasmine into shape. His workout clothes were tight and were made to show off his muscles. He always had a stern look on his face, but Jasmine could tell he was kind deep down.

The third coach was a tall, slender former Olympian gymnast and college cheer captain named Emily. She had a very intense and intense

attitude, only her clothes were loose and comfortable. She had a powerful voice, and was always willing to push Jasmine past her limits.

The last coach was a tall and muscular former college cheerleading champion named Ryan. He was always encouraging and upbeat, and his workout clothes were always bright and fun. He had a bright smile and always had a positive attitude, and Jasmine couldn't help but be inspired by him.

These four coaches all worked hard to prepare Jasmine for her tryouts, and when the time came, I knew she was ready. She worked hard during the process, impressing the judges with her enthusiasm, although I knew that emotional charge came largely from my threats of punishment and humiliation if she failed to make the cheer squad.

With the help of her amazing coaches and her gymnastics classes, Jasmine had developed impressive tumbling and cheer skills. Jasmine performed all of the stunts flawlessly and with great enthusiasm, impressing both the coaches and her fellow squad mates.

Finally, each candidate had to do an individual routine showcasing their skills and abilities. I made sure that Jasmine would do her best and prove herself worthy of being on the squad. She knew the consequences of failure, and I had ensured she'd be prepared.

Jasmine was nervous about the cheerleading tryouts, but I assured her that she would do fine. The judges evaluated each girl at tryouts on her abilities in these categories:

1. Tumbling: cartwheels, round-offs, back walkovers, and back handsprings
2. Jumping: height and form doing herkeys, toe-touches, tucks, and pikes
3. Dance: style, arm motions, facial expressions, and footwork
4. Spirit: voice projection, confidence, enthusiasm, and sassiness

In the end, Jazz made it through with flying school colors and was accepted onto the team. To her surprise, she was the best of all the girls

at the tryouts! Her tumbling skills were top level because of her time as a gymnast.

Her jumps and stunts were spot on thanks to her training with the professional cheer coaches. They'd prepared her for this exacting evaluation in every possible way. Her ballet training helped her excel at dance.

Most impressively, her spirit was exemplary as she performed her routine with the most vivaciousness and girlish sass. She demonstrated plenty of enthusiasm and energy. I was thrilled, even though she was totally humiliated by the entire process.

Jazz was selected as one of only a few rookies on the team, and she was welcomed with open arms by her new teammates. Roxy, Becky, and Lucy had befriended Jasmine at her "coming out party," and made sure all of the other cheerleaders were welcoming to my little pom pom princess. That wasn't a big deal, as the whole team respected her cheerleading skills.

Elena, a petite brunette flyer with bright blue eyes congratulated Jasmine saying, "Congratulations Jasmine! You must be so excited to make cheerleading!" She was always bubbly and cheerful, and brought a lighthearted energy to the cheer team.

Lola, a tall leggy blonde with an infectious smile, was a base. A born leader, she always encouraged her teammates to work hard and push themselves to reach their goals. She grabbed Jasmine in a bear hug and said, "Way to go, Jasmine! You made it! You should be so proud of yourself! You worked hard and it paid off!"

Jazz said, "Thanks so much, Lola!" she said, "you were always so encouraging and I appreciate it so much."

Lola lifted Jazz as if she were a little doll and smiled, "No problem, girl! I just wanted to see you succeed. I hope you're my flyer!"

She hadn't considered which position she might have on her new cheer squad, and here Lola was saying she'd love to throw Jasmine up in the air and catch her! My cute little girl looked mortified by the prospect of flying up in the air and touching her toes, with her skirt also flying up and revealing her underwear.

I'd instructed her to be gracious, so she forced herself to smile and said, "I-I- hope so too!"

Cara was a fiery redhead with an independent spirit, she was unafraid of speaking her mind and stood up for what she believed in. She was the squad's top flyer and resented the top base Lola dropping her in favor of Jasmine.

In a snarky voice she said, "Wow Jasmine, who knew you were such a talented flyer? How does it feel to be a rookie trying to replace the star flyer?"

Jasmine looked hurt as she said in a soft voice, "I don't think that was why I was chosen."

Cara snapped back, "No? Then, like why were you chosen, Jasmine? You don't have the same experience level as the rest of us."

Jazz didn't even want to be a cheerleader, much less a flyer. She was humiliated by the whole situation and mystified by Cara's reaction, so she said nothing in response.

Cara took her silence as a challenge and said, "What's up, Jasmine? Looks like you think you deserve the best spot on the squad. Bet you didn't expect that, did ya? Or maybe you did? Did your mommy buy your spot on cheerleading?"

Feeling guilty, Jasmine tried to appease her new teammate saying, "No, I mean I don't know? If it were up to me, you'd be—"

But Cara cut her off, "Oh, so you do think you deserve to be the top flyer? That's too bad since I'm the squad's best flyer and Lola should

pick me to fly in her group.”

Roxy, the cheer captain, took Cara aside and the two girls had a whisper argument. I couldn't hear what they said, but I could tell the fierce little red head wasn't satisfied. I made a mental note that her passion could be useful if Jasmine got out of line again.

I'd try to buy her loyalty and, failing that, engineer her expulsion from the school. I hoped it wouldn't come to that, because I was sexually aroused by the prospect of the tiny little red-headed freckle-faced girl dominating Jazz at school and cheer practices.

It had taken a lot of hard work and planning, but I'd finally accomplished my goal! My precious little step daughter was following in my prancing, dancing footsteps as a cheerleader!

Now that she was part of the team, I insisted that Jasmine follow all of the strict rules imposed on all of the other cheerleaders. Of course, that included wearing an adorable girlish cheerleader uniform; the short pleated skirt, the tight shell top, a body liner, cheer panties, and sports bra with the bright white cheer shoes and ankle socks. All of these items in the St. Catherine's school colors of scarlet and white, trimmed in silver, adorned with the cute little eagle logo.

I couldn't wait to see her shaking her pom-poms and her sexy bubble butt at all of the games and pep rallies. I knew that Jasmine was reluctant to perform as a cheer girl in her skimpy little outfit, but as usual she had no choice in the matter.

~ End Part Three ~

**Continued in *The Hot MILF's Revenge Book Four:*
Jasmine's Final Development Into A Sexy School Girl
Force Feminizing My Step Son Into A Popular, Gorgeous Girly Girl**

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