

# *The MILF's Revenge*



**Book Two:**  
*Feminizing My  
Step Son Into a  
Sexy Shop Girl  
and Regressing  
Him into an  
Innocent Little  
School Girl*

*Mindi  
Harris*



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***Sneak Preview: Mature Readers Only!***

I finally decided, “Why not? Why shouldn’t I have the satisfaction of raising the daughter I always wanted? Someone I could dress up, send to girls’ school, watch perform in ballet recitals, and so on?”

The only way I could think of to have my way was to feminize Jas and live out my dreams through him as my little girl. Unfortunately, he grew up with his mom and step father, only visiting Peter and me occasionally. Still, I never gave up on my dream. I bided my time and waited, scheming and dreaming.

I had been planning Jasper’s feminization into Jasmine for several years. When he came for an extended stay with us, I finally decided to put my plan into motion. I began ever so cautiously, taking care not to spook my prey. And also not to arouse any suspicions from his mother or father. No. I had to proceed with care.

I plotted every detail long in advance. When I compiled clear and convincing evidence that his father, my husband, was cheating on me, I knew the time was right. Using the vast financial, social, and other resources at my disposal as the wife of a disgustingly wealthy and well-connected man, I set and sprung my trap.

Using our hidden home surveillance system, I methodically compiled videos of Jasper doing all sorts of intimate and embarrassing things. After setting him up, seducing him, blackmailing him, and entrapping him, I quickly force-feminized him into a her, and she was my toy to play with.

I transformed her into my French maid, but that wasn’t nearly enough. Not even close. I wanted the full mother-daughter experience and more—at least as much as possible with a former-boy of eighteen. At first, she was sure this was all just kinky role play, and certainly that was a huge part of it. She was also sure that her father would return soon and liberate her from my control. In that she was sorely mistaken.

I soon grew a bored with having her serve as my French maid once all of the challenge had gone out of it. I'd been looking for a ways to further feminize my former stepson Jasper for a while. I decided to step up my schemes to emasculate and embarrass her ever more thoroughly and, when she was ready, I planned to regress her in age to a high school sophomore!

Without consulting Jasmine, I enrolled her into St. Catherine's School for Girls and I even hoped to make her join the cheerleading squad. She wasn't ready for that, yet, however. First, I needed to develop her feminine mannerisms and train her into the sweet feminine little daughter I wanted. I flat out told her of these plans, but she refused to believe me.

No matter. She had no choice. I knew that within months she would be surrounded by teenaged girls who would be her new school girl peers. On the day I informed Jasmine that she would be attending St. Catherine's School for Girls and that she would hopefully also be joining the cheerleading squad, she was absolutely appalled.

Still, as I mentioned, she'd refused to believe me. She'd already felt humiliated and embarrassed that I'd forced her to dress and act as a submissive maid. From that point on, he'd never be a male again. No, "he" was now and would forever more be a "she." I smiled knowing that my schemes to further feminize and age regress her had barely begun.

As always, my trap was carefully constructed and inescapable. She'd only barely managed to survive her emasculation by assuring herself that it would end quickly, as soon as her father returned to rescue her. When I explained that wasn't going to happen, that I'd caught her father cheating on me.

I'd threatened to take Peter's entire fortune from him and / or waste it on lawyers and legal motions in a nasty divorce, and the self-centered much older man immediately accepted my terms. I received about one-third of his wealth, more than a few billion dollars and more than enough to support me for several lifetimes.

I also demanded and received the mansion we'd lived in. So my feminized plaything and I continued living in the huge estate where I'd entrapped Jasper and transformed him into Jasmine. Oh, and I also gained complete control of the girl formerly known as Jasper's trust fund. Even though she was technically an adult, she was ill-suited to support herself.

I literally owned everything she thought she'd had including all of her male clothes, which I donated to Good Will. She'd never need them again. Also, I gained ownership of her brand new Mercedes, a high school graduation present from Peter which I gave away to her high school bully.

She'd be dependent upon me for transportation, food, housing—everything. I'd taken away and kept or gave away everything she'd ever had. Jasmine felt crushed by these revelations, especially by the thought of being enrolled in an all-girls school. But I was adamant and there was nothing she could do about it.

## *Table of Contents*

Sneak Preview: Mature Readers Only!

Table of Contents

Author's Forward

Copyright Notice

Reader Discretion Advised

Disclaimers

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Chapter One: The Story So Far

Chapter Two: Breaking Jasmine's Resistance

Chapter Three: Feminizing Jasmine Into A Sales Girl

Chapter Four: Regressing Jasmine Into A School Girl

Chapter Five: Jasmine Goes Back To School

Afterward by the Author

## *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.

Melissa never forgot or forgave Jasper for trying to blow up her marriage to his wealthy father, Peter. She plotted and planned to entrap him and force feminize him into her dainty French Maid and slutty, sexy plaything. Once she did that, she found she still wasn't satisfied. She decided to increase his feminization, even to age-regress him and enroll him in a private all-girls school!

Will Jasper regain any control over his life and reestablish his male identity? Or will he be forced to endure an excruciatingly feminized fate as Jasmine, his sexy step mom's flirty female maid, a sexy shop girl, and even a school girl? Find out what happens in this humiliating 9,900+ word Kinky, Crossdressing, Forced Feminization Fantasy (with 8,100+ words of actual story content)—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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None of the characters, entities, names, events, locations, or any other details refer to anyone or anything in reality. Any resemblance to any person living or dead is unintended and coincidental. This story is fantasy and for personal entertainment only. Do not try this at home!

**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. I'm a very young looking 30-something MILF, with long blonde hair, blue eyes, and a smoking hot body if I do say so myself. I've done a lot of kinky things in my life, both before and after I married Peter Alford. The kinkiest thing I ever did was entrapping then blackmailing, dominating and feminizing my step son Jasper—my husband's youngest child.

I'd been sort of a "wild child" before I married Peter. I doubt you'd believe even half of the things I'd gotten up to. I'd married Jasper's father over the boy's loud objections not long after his parents divorced. His mother dumped his father after she caught the older billionaire cheating on her—with me.

I had always been a reluctant step-mother. Still in my early thirties, I'd married my much older husband mainly for his immense wealth and the prospect of living a life of power, prestige, and luxury. In so doing, I had inherited three stepsons. For several years, I didn't have much to do with them.

The elder two were always involved in their own interests, and I never interacted with them that much. Jarvis, the oldest, was a dilettante who traveled the world and wrote well-received travelogue books. I found him somewhat dull and self-involved. The middle son, Jeremy, was a recluse. He didn't even attend the wedding, and no one really missed him.

My youngest stepson, Jasper, was sort of an exception. He had attracted my attention from the very first time I saw him. I was fascinated by his delicate features and personality. He was slated to serve as the ring bearer for the wedding ceremony. My young female cousin had been chosen as our flower girl.

She was a tomboy, and I'd suggested they switch roles. Just as a joke, more than anything else. Jasper didn't find the humor in this. He put up such an unimaginable fuss, it threatened to jeopardize the whole

wedding. Maybe I was a bit cavalier about his feelings, but who could blame me? He would have been absolutely adorable in the pretty little flower girl dress.

At the dinner the evening before the wedding, he looked so cute in his little tux, but he resembled a pretty girl play acting much more than a dashing young boy. I saw how delicate Jas was at the rehearsal dinner, and 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 trade outfits for the ceremony! That would have had Jas marching down the aisle wearing an ultra-feminine poufy white dress with a pink floral pattern and sewn-in petticoats.

I had only been teasing, but the idea absolutely intrigued me. Also, Alana’s enthusiasm was infectious. As a tomboy, she hated wearing dresses and, to be honest, she would have been a better fit for the Tux.

Alana 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 giggled at the idea, but the little brat pitched an absolute fit about it. It was so bad, my then-fiancé threatened to call off the wedding! I’d been forced to find a quiet room, get on my knees in my beautiful bridal gown, and give my soon to be husband the most mind-blowing blow job of his life.

I’m still not totally sure why I did what I did to Jasper, but he became sort of an obsession almost from the first time I met the little guy. Revenge for trying to break up my engagement to his father on our wedding day was a big part of it, but that wasn’t reason enough. No, revenge wasn’t enough of a reason for how I dominated and humiliated him in so many excruciating ways.

I’m pretty sure that his bratty behavior is why I first started thinking about all of this. Still, it doesn’t explain my nefarious and increasingly Machiavellian actions. Much less the extreme lengths I went

to in emasculating and feminizing him into a lovely submissive girl named Jasmine.

True, I never fully forgave Jasper for the disruption and embarrassment he'd caused me when I married his father about eight years previously. I vowed to have my revenge on the bratty little kid, and I dedicated myself to doing so.

It didn't hurt that I had always dreamed of having a daughter. So, when my new husband refused to have any more children, refusing even to consider adopting any, I had to take desperate measures.

When my husband first introduced me to little Jasper, I knew that he was the perfect candidate to make my dream come true. He was adorable! Petite and gentle, with porcelain skin and fine, delicate features. At first, I dismissed the idea as absurd. But as time passed, I began to wonder....

I finally decided, "Why not? Why shouldn't I have the satisfaction of raising the daughter I always wanted? Someone I could dress up, send to girls' school, watch perform in ballet recitals, and so on?"

The only way I could think of to have my way was to feminize Jas and live out my dreams through him as my little girl. Unfortunately, he grew up with his mom and step father, only visiting Peter and me occasionally. Still, I never gave up on my dream. I bided my time and waited, scheming and dreaming.

I had been planning Jasper's feminization into Jasmine for several years. When he came for an extended stay with us, I finally decided to put my plan into motion. I began ever so cautiously, taking care not to spook my prey. And also not to arouse any suspicions from his mother or father. No. I had to proceed with care.

I plotted every detail long in advance. When I compiled clear and convincing evidence that his father, my husband, was cheating on me, I knew the time was right. Using the vast financial, social, and other

resources at my disposal as the wife of a disgustingly wealthy and well-connected man, I set and sprung my trap.

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I transformed her into my French maid, but that wasn't nearly enough. Not even close. I wanted the full mother-daughter experience and more—at least as much as possible with a former-boy of eighteen. At first, she was sure this was all just kinky role play, and certainly that was a huge part of it. She was also sure that her father would return soon and liberate her from my control. In that she was sorely mistaken.

I soon grew a bored with having her serve as my French maid once all of the challenge had gone out of it. I'd been looking for a ways to further feminize my former stepson Jasper for a while. I decided to step up my schemes to emasculate and embarrass her ever more thoroughly and, when she was ready, I planned to regress her in age to a high school sophomore!

Without consulting Jasmine, I enrolled her into St. Catherine's School for Girls and I even hoped to make her join the cheerleading squad. She wasn't ready for that, yet, however. First, I needed to develop her feminine mannerisms and train her into the sweet feminine little daughter I wanted. I flat out told her of these plans, but she refused to believe me.

No matter. She had no choice. I knew that within months she would be surrounded by teenaged girls who would be her new school girl peers. On the day I informed Jasmine that she would be attending St. Catherine's School for Girls and that she would hopefully also be joining the cheerleading squad, she was absolutely appalled.

Still, as I mentioned, she'd refused to believe me. She'd already felt humiliated and embarrassed that I'd forced her to dress and act as a

submissive maid. From that point on, he'd never be a male again. No, "he" was now and would forever more be a "she." I smiled knowing that my schemes to further feminize and age regress her had barely begun.

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She'd be dependent upon me for transportation, food, housing—everything. I'd taken away and kept or gave away everything she'd ever had. Jasmine felt crushed by these revelations, especially by the thought of being enrolled in an all-girls school. But I was adamant and there was nothing she could do about it.

## *Chapter Two: Breaking Jasmine's Resistance*

I realized that, as feminine as she already was, Jasmine still wasn't yet ready to go to an all-girls school. Physically, she could blend in with a whole school of cliquish, catty teenaged girls. That wasn't enough. They'd tear her apart, even if they didn't figure out that she'd been born as male, five or more years before them.

I had accounted for that as well, though. I had arranged for her to work as a sales girl in an exclusive little boutique I co-owned with one of my old sorority sisters. Jasmine was both confused and embarrassed when I told her she was going to be working as a sales girl in my boutique.

She looked at me with a mixture of disbelief and fear, unsure of what to make of this sudden change in her life. I could tell she was uncomfortable with the idea, but it was too late for her to do anything about any of this. I had already made up my mind. She was not happy when I described what her new life as a shop girl would be like.

The idea of spending hour after hour, day after day around all those women and girls, dealing with pretty dresses, skirts, and accessories—even lingerie—made her feel incredibly uncomfortable. Still, she need to live as a girl, and interact with other girls, coworkers and customers alike.

I knew that women behaved very differently in all-female settings. The presence of even one guy changed the dynamics in ways large and small. Jasmine would have to learn how to navigate those feminine currents of conversation and non-verbal communications.

She'd have to act and react as a girl would. To get her to that level of femininity, I'd have to keep her immersed in an exclusively feminine environment until her personality evolved to the point that behaving as a girl was second nature.

Unfortunately, she had some inkling of just how much I wanted to change her personality. Somehow she sensed that my goal was to erase Jasper from existence, and transform her identity completely into Jasmine. At times like these, her bratty nature sometimes showed its snotty little face.

“I don't want to work as a shop girl! I want to go to college!” she said, crossing her arms and scowling.

“You have to,” I said, “It's the perfect opportunity for you to learn how to be a feminine young woman.”

“But I don't want to learn how to be a young woman,” Jasmine sulked, “This is crazy! I don't even see how that's possible! You couldn't! You wouldn't dare make me work as a girl!”

“Oh no? Just watch me!” I replied, getting exasperated, and wondering where I'd left my old sorority paddle. I was surprised by Jasmine's defiance, and realized that she might need some sound spankings to change her attitude.

“I don't want to be around all those women and girls all day, dealing with pretty dresses, skirts, and accessories—even lingerie,” she whined, “it makes me feel incredibly uncomfortable even to consider it.”

“You'll get used to it,” I said, “and you'll learn a lot.”

I tried to convince her that it was the perfect way for her to learn how to be a well-mannered female. Still, she disobeyed me. So I wrestled her down, and tied her up with soft but strong ropes. Once she was helpless, I stripped and cut off all her clothes, and put her in pink adult-sized diapers. Then, I dragged her into a large custom-made crib I'd ordered for punishing her.

I asked, “Are you going to apologize, accept that you're going to be a shop girl at the boutique, and behave yourself?”

When she shook her head, “No,” I said, “Fine! Suit yourself!” Then, I checked on her every twelve hours or so to see if she’d changed her mind yet. After the first day as an abandoned baby girl, she remained stubborn.

Just before I went to sleep I asked, “Jasmine, are you ready to behave yet?” She remained obstinate, refusing to say anything. “Okay, see you tomorrow,” I shrugged and walked away.

The next morning, I asked again, “Are you ready to obey me yet?”

She refused to speak once more, so I turned and began to walk away without saying a word. That seemed to give her a jolt.

“I don't want to,” she mumbled, obviously humiliated by having to sleep in a diaper and lie in her own mess. She was also obviously tired, thirsty, and hungry.

I sighed, “Jasmine, I don't want to treat you like a baby, but if you act like a baby, then that's how you'll be treated. You need to learn how to behave properly.”

She started crying and I shrugged, “Jasmine, let's face facts. None of this is up to you. Your opinion doesn't matter. Sooner or later, you're going to learn how to behave like a proper lady whether you like it or not.”

Whining, she repeated, “No, I don't want to.”

Sternly I replied, “What you want is unimportant Jasmine. The only thing that matters is what I want, and I want you to learn how to behave like a lady, and that is final.”

She moped silently, so I turned away and walked out of the nursery saying, “I'll see how you feel tonight, ta-ta!”

I was astounded by her resolve, but also erotically tantalized by the challenge she was presenting. I knew it was doomed, and I'm pretty sure

she knew that too, but that evening she again refused to apologize or commit to being a good girl.

“I’m not a girl! Why are you treating me like this?” she sniffed, “I- I admit that role playing as your maid was...kinda kinky and sexy, but that’s all it is. I’m a man! You can’t possibly expect to keep me as a girl 24/7!”

“You’re a man, are you?” I spat, “in a dirty pink diaper? With a smooth, silky hairless body? A man?” I laughed bitterly, but inwardly I was roiling with sexual energy. Breathlessly I vowed to myself, “Once I’d broken her and got her cleaned up, I’d dress her up as a sexy slut and....”

Seeing her struggled in her bondage, helpless to escape or assert her will in any way, yet still defying me made me wet with passionate lust. But I had to stay focused. If I backed down, it would only encourage even more defiance. I couldn’t allow that.

I tore myself away from my helpless, humiliated step child, and the delicious enticing situation and left her languishing there. I tossed and turned all night, struggling with the erotic excitement of this battle of wills. When I awoke the next day, I found Jasmine was more compliant. As I entered the nursery, she was looking haggard, with dark bags under her tear-stained eyes.

I said, “This is your last chance to apologize and promise to be a good girl, Jasmine.”

She said, “I don't want to,” but voice was weak, barely more than a whisper. She sounded distant, as if dissociating. I knew that slowly but surely I was wearing her down. I could smell her from across the room, and it broke my heart to see my poor little girl in such a state.

I softly said, “You don't have a choice, Jasmine. You know that? You can’t win. You're going to learn how to behave as a young lady, one way or another.”

Clinging to her stubborn pride, she whined, “No, please! I don't want to be a young lady!”

I sighed, “Look at yourself, Jasmine. You have no volition in this situation. You'll behave, you'll agree to become the young lady you were always meant to be, or you'll be punished until you do. It's as simple as that.”

I turned to abandon her again, and finally she broke, “No, please! I'll be good, I promise!” she pleaded.

“You'll be a good what?” I asked.

“I'll be a good... a good... g-g-g-girl,” she moaned.

“And you'll do what?” I asked.

“I'll work as a shop girl,” she whispered, her eyes hollow, and her face a mixture of anger and humiliation.

Having no other choice, she eventually, reluctantly agreed. Or more like she pretended to agree. Whatever. It didn't matter. I had once more imposed my will on her. Whenever she didn't immediately agree with me, she was punished.

Once I untied her and pushed her into the shower for clean up, the next phase of her punishment began. I enjoyed spanking her bare ass and slapping it with my hand, a hair brush, or—when she was really willful—my old sorority house paddle. This punishment called for the latter.

As I smacked the hard wood paddle down onto her cute, round ass, I wondered if she'd ever join my old sorority? To think of it! My own little step daughter Jasmine following in my high heeled footsteps as a sister in Epsilon Beta Gamma! It gave me a tingle in my lady parts and made me gasp.

Just picturing Jasmine dressed in the EBG signature pink angora sweater and white pleated skirt standing among her fellow Gamma Girls

almost made me come! I made a mental note to make it happen, but first she'd have to graduate from high school as a girl. Before that, she'd have to learn to move, act, and think as a girl.

### *Chapter Three: Feminizing Jasmine Into A Sales Girl*

To ease her transition, I took Jasmine shopping at the boutique to pick out some cute little feminine outfits. I wanted her to get acquainted with the shop and its ambience, as well as get her outfitted with cute, stylish ensembles that would help her fit in with the other shop girls. The boutique was located in a small strip mall in the heart of the city, and it was a haven for women's fashion.

The store was decorated with bright and colorful wallpaper, and all the furniture and displays were painted to match the vibrant walls. The clothing was organized in neat racks and shelves, and the store also had accessories and jewelry to complement the outfits. The atmosphere was warm and inviting, and the staff was always friendly and helpful.

The three sales girls working at the boutique that day were all in their early twenties and were dressed fashionably in trendy and stylish clothing. They all had friendly smiles. Their names were Sarah, Rose, and Rachel.

Sarah had long, curly blonde hair and was wearing a light pink jumpsuit with a white blouse underneath. She had a bright smile and an outgoing personality. Rose had short, dark brown hair and was wearing a bright yellow dress with a black belt and a pair of beige sandals. Her eyes sparkled when she smiled.

Rachel had chin-length, wavy brown hair and was wearing a white lace dress with a floral pattern and a pair of black boots. She had a sweet and gentle demeanor. Jasmine was overwhelmed by the sight of the three friendly sales girls. She clearly felt embarrassed and out of place as they all looked so fashionable and confident while she was wearing her step-mother's hand-me-downs.

I had forced Jasmine to come to the boutique to buy women's clothes, an experience that my step daughter felt she was not ready for. I knew better. Despite her insecurities and obvious anxiety, she made it through this test quite easily.

It helped that all of the sales girls were incredibly inviting and ingratiating. Sarah was the youngest of the three, and had a bubbly personality that made customers feel welcome. Rose was the most experienced and had a warm, outgoing personality that customers loved. Rachel was the oldest of the group and had a quiet, gentle demeanor that customers found reassuring.

All three women wore professional-looking, stylish makeup that enhanced their natural features. They offered Jasmine helpful advice on what styles and colors would suit her best, and they were eager to share their opinions with her. They made Jasmine feel comfortable and confident, helping her to find the perfect outfit for her first day as a shop girl.

After a few hours of browsing and trying on different clothes, we finally decided on a simple, navy blue dress with white polka dots.

I chose a few cute dresses, skirts, and blouses for Jasmine that were trendy and sexy without being too “out there.” She blushed deeply when I forced her to try on the outfits and model them for everyone in the store.

When Jasmine was forced to try on the clothes and walk around the boutique, the salesgirls had mixed reactions. Sarah and Rose were both surprised and impressed by Jasmine's delicate beauty, but Rachel was more reserved and could sense the tension in the air. She silently watched as Jasmine nervously modeled the outfits, and when she was done, Rachel gently gave her a reassuring smile.

The other salesgirls were kind and encouraging as they helped Jasmine select the perfect outfits for her coloring and body-shape. In the end, I chose a few other cute dresses, skirts, and blouses for my darling step-daughter.

Jasmine thanked the sales girls for their help and said goodbye, feeling a little more confident in her new look. The experience was intimidating, but the three sales girls had made it much easier. Jasmine

was still in shock that I had made her come to the boutique and thankful for the help of the friendly sales girls.

The experience was obviously nerve-wracking for Jasmine, but in the end, she felt relieved that she had survived her first public exposure as a girl. She looked confused about whether she should be happy that she'd passed as a girl so effortlessly, or to feel humiliated for the same reason.

She breathlessly thanked the salesgirls for their help and left the store with a look of stunned relief on her face. Of course I'd left nothing to chance. I selected the three most LGBTQ+ friendly shop girls and sat them down to explain the situation. Well, at least my version of the situation!

I told them that Jasmine was really—or rather used to be—my step-son Jasper. That she had always felt she was a girl, and had only recently come out to me as her true self. I was trying to build up her confidence, and had decided to see if she might like to work at the boutique.

Sarah, Rose, and Rachel all were most supportive and enthusiastic, and promised to treat Jasmine as the young woman she appeared to be. Based on their reactions, that preparation might well have been unnecessary.

Jasmine passed with flying colors, and each girl assured me that they'd have never suspected she was anything but a true girl, assigned female at birth, from her exquisite looks and her charming, feminine manners.

So it was settled, Jasmine was now a shop girl. Every day she came to work wearing a cute little feminine outfit, typically a skirt and blouse with a frilly scarf around her neck. Her hair was styled in a cute bob with bangs, making her look like quite the young lady.

Jasmine sadly, slowly settled into her new job. Of course as a new girl, she had difficulty getting accustomed to her new feminine activities.

Still, I made sure she did her best. It wouldn't take long before she was able to help customers choose outfits for special occasions, or sometimes just assist them as they'd browse through the racks of clothing looking for something office-appropriate.

Before too long, she got involved with the other shop girls, discussing trends and fashion tips while they worked together. After about a month, Jasmine began to almost accept her new role as a shop girl, although she always still felt embarrassed and out of place amongst all of the dresses, skirts, blouses, and so on.

She'd never be one of our most popular salesgirls, but it was still adorable watching her helping other young women select sumptuous gowns and couture outfits wearing stylish ensembles.

After gaining some experience, she even went out of her way to add extra touches like suggesting accessories or makeup that would complete the look—something she would never have been able to do prior to her feminization.

When she wasn't working at the store, Jasmine reluctantly tolerated spending time with the other girls who worked there. They would often go out together on their breaks and lunch hours, shopping or just hanging out at the mall.

I could tell that Jasmine was starting to reluctantly tolerate this new side of herself—she even started asking the other girls their opinions about clothes, makeup, and jewelry on occasion!

I knew my plan would work. Jasmine had slowly begun to settle into her new life, even though I wondered if she'd ever fully embrace her feminization. After all, it had been imposed upon her through my schemes, most against her own will! With pleasure I watched her slowly grow in confidence and feminine self-expression as she slowly grew ever slightly more comfortable in her new identity.

Jasmine had been forced to work at the boutique to continue her journey into further feminization. I knew that being around women,

being forced to study women, and interacting exclusively with women would inexorably alter her personality. Most of all, being forced to pass as a woman meant her mannerisms, even her thought processes would become more and more feminine as time passed.

The transformation began with Jasmine's new wardrobe; she was outfitted in the cutest floral blouses and skirts, paired with knee-high white socks and shiny patent leather pumps.

As she reluctantly worked in the shop, her new feminine activities became second nature to her. She helped out the other sales girls, folding clothes and putting together stylish ensembles for customers. She even caught onto makeup and hair styling quickly, delighting customers with her talent.

Jasmine soon found herself becoming more and more comfortable in her new identity as a young woman, despite how much she protested at the beginning. I had a special place in her heart for Jasmine, setting aside time on weekends for manicures and pedicures so that Jasmine could feel truly beautiful inside and out.

Eventually, what started as an unwilling transformation turned into Jasmine's newfound passion and she became an important part of the shop's daily operations. As soon as she'd adjusted to life as a salesgirl, it was time for her to endure another humiliating, emasculating change.

## *Chapter Four: Regressing Jasmine Into A School Girl*

Jasmine had hoped that I was just teasing her about sending her to an all-girls' school as a sophomore, but when I took her shopping for her school girl uniforms and accessories, she was in shock.

Back when she was still Jasper, she had been expecting to go off to college and have a normal life as a man. By this point, it was finally sinking in that she would be attending a school for girls instead. She wanted to rebel, but her most recent punishments convinced her that she had no choice but to comply with my wishes.

As we entered O'Reilly's uniform store, hand in hand, the sales girls greeted us warmly. They noticed nothing amiss with Jasmine's presentation. She looked just like all of the other young school girls shopping for their back to school needs.

I'd dressed her specially for the occasion in a white blouse, a blue pleated skirt, and white socks with pink Nike sneakers. She had her hair in a ponytail, tied up with a pink ribbon. Her makeup was subtle and young girlish, with pink lipstick and blush and just a bit of mascara, eyeliner, and eyeshadow. As I looked at all the other girls in the store, I smiled. She looked just like them.

My daughter looked stunned and overwhelmed as she looked around the shop. She saw racks of school girl uniforms and shelves filled with feminine accessories including small purses, hair clips, ribbons, and countless other girly items.

The sales girls were all dressed in various school uniforms and they seemed to take pleasure in helping customers find what they needed. A shop girl with bright blue eyes and long blonde hair in braids, bounced over toward us and said, "Hello, ladies! My name is Megan. How can I help you today?"

I said, "Hi, Megan! My daughter here needs a complete wardrobe for St. Catherine's school." Megan smiled widely at this. I could almost

hear the “ka-ching” sounds of a cash register going off in her head.

She said, “Just to be clear you want—”

“Everything a new student would need. Skirts, blouses, knee socks —” I said.

Megan smiled even wider, something I didn’t believe possible, and said, “How about the approved cardigan? The suggested Mary Jane shoes? Tights? Maybe a backpack, some hair bands, some hair clips? She could use a belt, a scarf, a straw hat, a jacket, and a watch?”

“Yes, all of that!” I smiled, “everything you have!”

Jasmine had been in disbelief for weeks. As the realization finally hit her, this was really happening, the look on her cute little face was adorable. Megan dashed around the store gathering all the items we’d discussed. I could tell Jasmine was dreading the impending moment when I’d force her to try on a school uniform and accessories.

I was thrilled by Jasmine’s reaction. To maximize her embarrassment, I stood back and let the perky sales girl take charge of my blushing daughter. Her expression of helpless humiliation revealed her increasing embarrassment as Megan took her measurements and then made her try on different sizes of skirts and blouses until she found the sizes that fit her perfectly.

“Come out! Let me see you, Jasmine!” I said, when she refused to venture out of the changing room. When she still didn’t emerge, I grew impatient. “NOW!” I said, with an edge to my voice.

She stepped out nervously and presented herself. She swayed back and forth, making her plaid, tartan, pleated skirt dance around her silky smooth legs. She really looked incredibly innocent and girlish with her white blouse adorned by a matching plaid bow tie and hair band.

I smirked seeing her looking down ashamed at her knee-high white socks and black Mary Jane shoes. She was the very model of the darling

little school girl, and I told her so. She shuddered as I said, “Jasmine, you look so sweet as a school girl!” I said, “you’re going to fit in perfectly with all of your little classmates!”

Megan smiled, “I know right? She looks just precious in her new uniform!” she said, “let’s get you fitted out with all of the accessories you’ll need!”

Jasmine flinched as if struck when this pretty young sales girl told her how adorable she looked in the cute little uniform, and again when she placed a cute, feminine straw hat that matched the uniform onto her head.

As Jasmine pursed her lips petulantly, I could tell how uncomfortable she felt wearing these clothes. I saw little tears welling up in her eyes. Despite feeling humiliated, Jasmine knew that there was no way out of this situation. She would have to go along with my plan no matter how emasculated it made her feel.

Megan rang up all of the uniforms and accessories and helped us carry out the dozen or so parcels and garment bags, and place them all in the back of my BMW. I’d made Jasmine wear one of her new little uniforms out of the store, complete with her cute Mary Janes, a hair band, and a cardigan. She looked so delicious I felt like eating her up!

I turned to thank Megan again for all her help. Before I could, the enthusiastic young sales girl hugged Jasmine and asked her “Did your Mom say you’re going to be a sophomore?” She didn’t wait for an answer before saying, “My little sister Mandy is going into her sophomore year at St. Cate’s too! I’ll tell her to look out for you!”

Jasmine forced a smile, but I could tell she was feeling nauseated by the idea of being a sophomore at an all girls’ school. I acted like this was nothing remarkable, but inwardly I felt thrilled! My plan to regress her age was almost complete.

We both knew that soon she’d have to befriend this Mandy and other girls too young to drive. They were going to be her peers, and she

would be theirs. The idea made me squirm with sexual excitement.

We no sooner put on our seat belts when Jasmine started whining, “Oh please, I'm begging you not to make me go to a girls' school! I can't bear the thought of dressing up like this every day and being laughed at.”

“Why would they laugh at you? You look adorable! Just like every other little girl who'll be attending there.” I said reasonably, even though my heartbeat was accelerating and my breathing grew ragged. Hearing Jasmine beg like a typical teen princess while dressed as one was exciting me beyond words.

“They will think I'm a joke! Isn't there any other way?” she pleaded.

I took a deep breath to calm myself and firmly said, “They won't. Megan saw you as just another sophomore girl and so will her little sister Mandy, soon to be your classmate and hopefully your new bestie.”

She groaned loudly at that prospect, making me gasp with delight at the complete power I had over my daughter. Emasculating her, bending her to my will, and forcing feminizing her into the little girl I always wanted to mold into my image was a dream come true.

I smiled triumphantly and said, “I'm sorry you're not more self-confident Jasmine, but you look just adorable wearing that cute school girl outfit. All the other little girls will be wearing the exact same thing. Just try to put on a brave face and no one will think anything of it. I promise it won't be so bad!”

“But that's just it!” she whined, “I'm not a little girl!”

“Oh no? What are you wearing?” I smirked, “is it anything a college-bound young man would wear?”

“You know what I'm wearing! It's only because you made me—” she protested.

“Say it!” I commanded.

“No! I won’t!” she pouted.

“You’re so stubborn, Jasmine! Just like any other little girl going through growing pains as she develops into womanhood. New hormones bringing forth new feelings and so many other changes.” I laughed as Jasmine sulked.

It was true. The hormones and testosterone blockers she’d been taking were remaking her into the little girl I wanted her to be. Maybe she realized that every word I said about her emerging young teen girl identity and personality was true. Maybe she was just exhausted from her emasculating ordeal. It didn’t matter.

I considered threatening her with punishment to force her to confirm that her clothing marked her as a school girl. Then I shrugged, knowing it wasn’t necessary. She was right. We both knew what she was wearing and we both knew exactly what it meant. She was going to go to St. Catherine’s school for girls, and there was nothing she could do about it.

## ***Chapter Five: Jasmine Goes Back To School***

The big day was finally here. Jasmine was sitting next to me in my car. She was wearing her little school girl uniform with her purse and backpack in her lap, looking more adorable than ever. The day before, I'd taken her to a salon where they'd given her an unmistakably teen girl look.

Jasmine turned to me and begged, "Please don't make me do this. It's not fair. It's humiliating. I don't want to be a sophomore school girl!"

I smiled and asked, "Would you rather be a freshman?"

"No," she moaned, "you know what I mean! I'm an eighteen year old man! No one will ever believe I'm a fifteen year old girl!"

I felt like she'd have stamped her foot if she'd been standing, so complete was her personality converted into that of a little girl. Her appearance was unmistakably girlish as well. I giggled at the idea that she couldn't pass!

"No one would believe that you're *not* a fifteen year old girl, darling," I laughed as I regarded her closely. She was sitting in a prim and proper position, befitting her new role as a school girl.

She was dressed for the part as well in her plaid, tartan, pleated skirt, and her white blouse with peter pan collar held together by the little matching bow tie. Her regulation Mary Janes, navy blue knee socks and a girlish cardigan completed her little school girl uniform.

Her hair was styled in a fishtail braid with a plaid hair band that matched her skirt. She wore age-appropriate makeup including a subtle mascara and eyeliner, pale pink lipgloss, and just a slight touch of blush.

Her perfectly manicured hands featured pretty pink nail polish. Her jewelry was modest and youthful: a simple pair of gold stud earrings with a gold cross on a chain necklace and a dainty, girlish watch.

Jasmine sulked, looking all the more precious for it. I went on, “I’m sorry, but this is for your own good. You need to be in an environment that’s more suitable for your development into a young woman, Jasmine.”

She wasn’t convinced. Not that I expected her to be. Imagine yourself in her place. You’re a proud, even arrogant young man on the cusp of adulthood. Born wealthy and raised in privilege. Never denied anything.

You’re looking forward to a life of power and prestige, you’re ready to attend a top university and then embark on any career you wanted to pursue. You’d always known that you were destined for greatness. You were poised to become a man among men. Empowered by wealth and breeding to become anything you wanted to be.

Then along comes me, a willful stepmother, and it all changes—along with your name, your gender, even your age and your very identity! Instead of a powerful man, you’re transformed against your will into an adorable little girl! One helpless, powerless, unable to defy me. Subservient to my every whim.

How would you feel in her place? Jasmine was very vocal about how she felt. “I don’t feel like you care about me or my needs! Please, just give me a chance to explain why this isn’t right for me,” she said whimpering.

“Jasmine—” I sighed, sounding exasperated, but really I was exhilarated. After all this, she still didn’t understand that the more she struggled against her forced feminization, the more I liked it.

“Please, don’t make me go to this all-girls school. I’m begging you!” she said, making me wriggle with erotic delight. My heart thudded in my chest as I reveled in my conquest over my step child.

“What’s wrong with an all-girls school, Jasmine?” I asked, my voice husky with sexual tension, “unhappy that you won’t have any boys

around? That's not necessarily a bad thing. You'll have more time to focus on your studies and—”

“You know that’s not it! I’m not into boys!” she whined.

I giggled, “Are you sure about that? You’re just fifteen after all?”

She fumed and huffed at this, her frustration silencing, strangling her protests in her throat. “Just like a little girl,” I noted, “you’ll have plenty of time for dating. For now, focus on making some new little friends.”

“Mommy, Please, don't make me go to an all-girls school. I’m an eighteen year old an, not a fifteen year old girl! I was expecting to go to college this year. It would be so embarrassing! I just can't do it.”

I laughed out loud. “Look at yourself, Jasmine! Do you look like any kind of man? Would a man willingly dress himself in such an adorable little school girl uniform?”

She started to object, but I talked over her, “I know it’s embarrassing to be emasculated like this, but you didn’t really resist, did you? You ‘can’t do it?’ Don’t you really mean you can’t resist it?”

She sat still for a few moments, looking out the car window and seeing all the other adorable little school girls heading inside for the first day of school, each one dressed exactly the same as Jasmine, in their own adorable little school girl uniforms. “I guess I’m not going to change your mind about this?” she sighed, a far away look in her eyes, “at least not right now,” she murmured almost inaudibly.

As if I could read her thoughts, I knew she was telling herself that this was all just some kind of role play. That we’d just drive away and have hot, wanton sex. Or maybe I’d make her attend school for a day, and then we’d have sex. Well, she wasn’t entirely wrong.

I was so turned on, I did briefly consider rushing home, bending her over, and having my way with her ASAP. I struggled to contain my

urges, but it wasn't easy. Yes, we'd indulge my kinky passions, but not until later that afternoon. Not until after her first day at her new school was over.

But no, this was not a role play just for a day. I was serious about my young daughter's education. Jasmine absolutely was enrolled as a sophomore here, and so she'd stay. Until her junior year, when she'd be a junior school girl. Then, for her senior year, she'd still be a school girl. I'd decided that she was a school girl for the next three years, and that was that.

When I picked her up after school that afternoon and asked her about her first day, she glared at me with unconcealed contempt. I couldn't stop myself from laughing, but her expression made me rapturous and ravenous. I hungered for release. It was all I could do to keep from getting into an accident as I rushed home, drinking in the demure, coquettish little school girl beside me.

As soon as we got home, I grabbed her cutely manicured hand and dragged her into the master bedroom. There, I threw her onto the bed and mounted her. I was dizzy with desire, gasping for air, unable to control my animal urges.

I knew she was far from accepting her new status as an age-regressed school girl, and that made me even more frantic if anything. I felt my juices flowing as I looked her up and down. I growled with unbridled intensity as I surveyed my creation. I had taken a young man and transformed him into an adorable little school girl.

I locked my legs around her torso and reached back to feel the hem of her cute little pleated skirt. I slowly, teasingly lifted it and snaked my probing fingers underneath. The illusion was so perfect, I almost expected to find dripping pussy lips as I explored her body instead of the plastic cock cage I'd locked onto her tiny little cock, little more than a clitty.

When she groaned with sexual frustration and begged me, "Please, Mistress, could you remove the cage? I'm going insane from the orgasm

denial. It's been weeks! Please?" she moaned, making me sigh with my own erotic energy.

"No, my pet, not yet," I cooed, as I stroked her smooth, hairless legs between her knee socks and her lacy panties, focusing on her tender, supple thighs. This would tantalize and her, and drive my passion to even further extremity. She gasped when I stopped my gentle massaging to unbutton her cute, girlish blouse.

After the top few were undone, her training bra was exposed, white, lacy, and virginal. Her breast development was such that her womanly bosoms threatened to burst out of her bra. "You're going to need new brasiers, Jasmine," I teased, "you've outgrown the ones you have!"

Jasmine whined wordlessly at this as I began to rub her nipples. The pleasure jolting from this stimulation joined together with her embarrassment at having budding boobs. This created an intoxicating mixture that filled her mind with conflicting, erotic, humiliating emotions. She began writhing beneath me as I held her arms helplessly above her head.

I took one last long look at her slim waist, flat tummy, and slightly flaring womanly hips and growled again. I bit into her skin, first her left nipple, then the right, then I moved down her body nipping and licking all the way. Her struggles intensified as I had my way with her, using her flesh for my pleasure.

When my passion grew, I unzipped and shrugged off my dress. I was laying on top of her on the bed, but I still wasn't fully nude. Jasmine gasped, her little penis tried and failed to become erect inside the small cage. My arousal spun madly out of control as I toyed with my girlish prey.

I reached back to unclasp my bra, letting it fall and setting my breasts free. I said, "Please me, Jasmine!" as I slipped out of my thong and placed my pussy directly over her mouth. She complied eagerly, making love to my lips with hers.

She intensified her kissing, licking, and sucking. She increased the power and passion, sending powerful lightning bolts from my toes to my head in a mind-blowing climax. She still didn't stop, and sent me into ecstasy again, and yet again. I gripped her head and pushed it away, gasping, laughing, but unable to speak.

Finally I felt my arousal ease enough for me to catch my breath. I said, "Remember the first time you brought me to orgasm by worshipping my clit? I warned you that if you took me to orgasm this way, you would seal your fate as my little lesbian lover and my subservient little sex toy forever?"

Struggling for air, she nodded her head hesitantly. I smiled and reminded her, "Jasmine! You vowed to be forever more my subservient little sex toy! You agreed to be my sex toy, my plaything, my lesbian lover, my subservient servant girl, forever!"

She looked shaken. She said, "But I thought this was all just some kinky role play game?"

"Then you thought wrong, didn't you Jasmine?" I laughed.

~ End Part Two ~

Continued in The MILF's Revenge Book Three:  
Force Feminizing My Step Son into a Ballerina,  
a Gymnastics Girl, and a Cute Little Cheerleader

## *Afterward by the Author*

I cannot thank you enough for reading my book! I hope you [try some of my other](#) stories as well. Some are even edgier while others are much sweeter and more sentimental than this one. Please [give them a look on Amazon?](#)

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I hope you liked reading this story as much as I liked writing it! I am very fortunate to have so many kind and enthusiastic fans. Not everyone is able to publicly say they enjoy these types of stories. Still, you can rate this book with 5 stars anonymously. Also, if you're so inclined, please add a positive review—anonmously if you feel that's best.

Thank you again, Dear Reader! I wouldn't write a thing without your kind support!

XOX

Mindi Harris