

The Hot MILF's Revenge: Feminizing My Step Son

A Dominant Older Woman
Transforms A Younger Man Into Her
Submissive Sexy Sissy French Maid

Mindi
Harris



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*A Dominant Older Woman Transforms A Younger
Man Into Her Submissive Sexy Sissy French Maid*

A first time forced feminization fantasy

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For Mature audiences only. All characters are above the legal
age.

Sneak Preview: Mature Readers Only!

My name is Melissa. I'm a 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.

Probably the kinkiest thing I ever did involved entrapping then blackmailing, dominating and feminizing my step son Jasper—my husbands's youngest child. I'd married Jasper's father after his parents divorced, over the boy's loud objections.

I'm still not totally sure why I did what I did to Jasper, but he became my 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. It may have been why I started thinking about all of this, but it doesn't explain my nefarious and increasingly obsessive actions. Nor the lengths I went to in emasculating and feminizing him into a lovely submissive girl named Jasmine.

I first noticed how delicate Jas was at the rehearsal dinner the night before our wedding. On the special day, he served as the ring bearer. He looked so cute in his little tux, but he resembled Liza Minelli in that old movie *Cabaret* much more than a dashing young boy.

Noticing this I thought aloud, "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! 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 a dress and, to be honest, she would have been a better fit in the Tux.

Alana grabbed Jas and said, "Come on *Jasmine!* Let's trade clothes so *you* can be the flower girl!"

I almost gave the idea my blessing, thinking it'd be so cute to see Jas all dolled up in a cute little dress in front of everyone, but Jas ran to his father crying, accusing me of orchestrating his public feminization. Though that's not how the little guy explained it. He screamed, "Melissa is trying to turn me into a girl!"

I wanted to deny it, but Alana confirmed that I'd said what I'd said. To be totally honest, I wouldn't have minded seeing the two kids trade places! Sadly, for once Peter put his foot down and denied me.

"No way! Never! No son of mine is ever wearing a dress! Not ever!" he said with such anger that it scared me. This forced me to scrap the idea of putting Jas in the cute little flower girl's dress, but I never forgot the exciting tingle it gave me.

For the first time ever, my fiancé was actually angry with me, so much that he briefly called off the wedding! It took every little bit of my feminine wiles—along with a mind-bending blow job—to get him to go through with our nuptials.

I never forgave Jas for imperiling my wedding, and I never forgot Peter's visceral reaction to the mere idea of my delicate little step son crossdressing. This became important later on.

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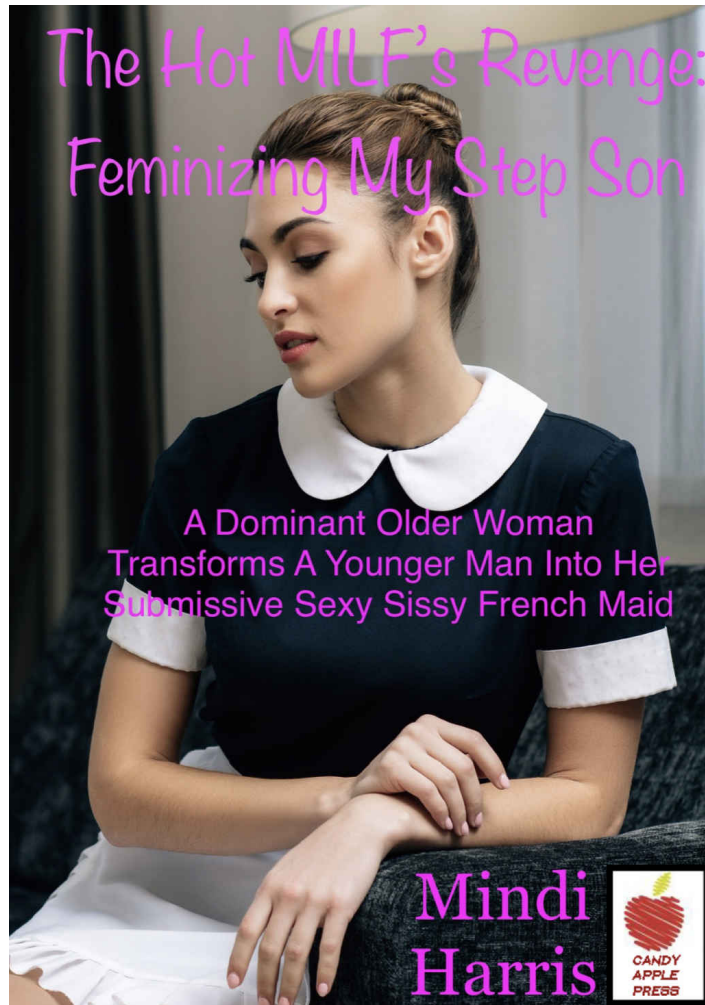
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Author's Forward

Jasper Alford's step mom Melissa was a MILF. 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.

He'd tried to sabotage her wedding to wealthy businessman, Peter Alford, and Melissa never forgot or forgave him for that. Not even after many years had passed. She plotted and planned to entrap her step son in a web of manipulation, setting him up, and catching him in kinky acts. All this to force feminize him into her dainty French Maid and slutty, sexy plaything!

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? Find out what happens in this humiliating 7,600+ word Kinky, Crossdressing, Forced Feminization Fantasy—if you dare!

This book includes feminizing makeovers and humiliation of a young man by a sexy older woman, male nudity with clothed women, spanking, chastity, small penis humiliation, female domination, and other 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, and sissification. **If these topics offend you, stop reading!**

Chapter One: Jasper, My Effeminate Step Son

My name is Melissa. I'm a 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.

Probably the kinkiest thing I ever did involved entrapping then blackmailing, dominating and feminizing my step son Jasper—my husband's youngest child. I'd married Jasper's father after his parents divorced, over the boy's loud objections.

I'm still not totally sure why I did what I did to Jasper, but he became my 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. It may have been why I started thinking about all of this, but it doesn't explain my nefarious and increasingly obsessive actions. Nor the lengths I went to in emasculating and feminizing him into a lovely submissive girl named Jasmine.

My husband Peter is about 20 years my senior. He's an extremely wealthy businessman, I mean wealthy wealthy! As the Chief Operating Officer for Capriceco, one of the biggest high-end retailers in the world, he had money, power, and prestige.

Caprice sells everything you could imagine to the discerning top tier elite. I'm talking Russian Oligarchs, Saudi Princes, and US Hedge-fund Hegemons. Think of the "it store" for millionaires and billionaires. If you've never heard of Caprice, then it's not for you!

I first met Peter when he hired me as his personal assistant. I did everything for him. Errands, scheduling, banking, investments, even foot massages, and...other things. He trusted me with his all of his passwords. Before long, I knew everything about him—what he liked,

what he didn't like—everything. I used that knowledge to entice him into marrying me.

I wasn't even that attracted to Peter, actually. He was way too "Alpha Male" for my tastes, and he was a bit old for me. As kind of a dominant cougar, I was much more attracted to younger, softer boys, but I did love Peter's prestige and all that money didn't hurt either!

I've been married to Peter for almost ten years, but like I said, the marriage almost didn't happen. My step son to be tried to sabotage the wedding. It took years, but I finally got revenge on the little brat.

I first met Jasper at the wedding. He was only about five or six back then. He caught my eye immediately. I was delighted by his porcelain complexion, button nose, jet black hair, and big dark eyes, along with his slight—almost dainty—arms and legs.

I started calling him "Jas" but pronounced it more like "Jaz" as in "Jasmine." Peter didn't like that one bit, but I was both much younger and far more beautiful than his first wife Gloria, so he spoiled me and basically let me do whatever I wanted.

As I mentioned, I first noticed how delicate Jas was at the rehearsal dinner the night before our wedding. On the special day, he served as the ring bearer. He looked so cute in his little tux, but he resembled Liza Minelli in that old movie *Cabaret* much more than a dashing young boy.

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Chapter Two: I Plot My Revenge

Jas grew up with his mother and stepfather, so after the wedding, I only ever saw him during a few Summer vacations until he was in his late teens. Peter and I were living in a huge mansion in Orange County, across the country from Jas, his mom, and step dad. So when he visited us the few times he did, it was always for at least a month.

I pretended indifference, but I studied the boy very closely. Even though he was quite dainty, almost feminine, Jas was obviously hetero and cis. In fact, he was into girls in the worst way. Whenever he visited us, he'd get into Peter's porn magazine collection, this began at a very young age. I even caught him masturbating a few times, and the embarrassed look on his little face was simply adorable.

As Jas matured, I could tell he was becoming infatuated with me! I have always been kinky, and I was getting bored with Peter's plain vanilla tastes in bed. When Jas visited us after his 18th birthday, I intentionally left a sexy picture of myself in the guest room where he was sleeping.

In that photo, I was wearing sexy black stockings and a very short dress little black dress that showed off my shapely legs. I secretly hoped and expected that he'd masturbate to that picture.

When he did, I knew he was ready to fall into the devious trap I'd dreamed up several years before. One evening, Peter and I left Jas home alone. I planned to keep leaving him alone until I caught him doing something kinky on our home security cameras, and sure enough it worked the very first time.

Like I said, we were extremely wealthy. Peter was kind of paranoid, so he had our stately mansion wired up with a state-of-the-art surveillance system. I wondered if he worried about me cheating on him as much or more than anyone breaking in?

Anyway, I took advantage of the hidden video cameras throughout the place. I was really curious to see what kind mischief Jas might get into. So I was delighted when I found out he had a lingerie fetish as I watched the video recorded by the cameras in our master bedroom!

They clearly showed Jas rifling through my dresser drawers and snooping through my lingerie! My fingers invaded my panties as I got wet watching him pawing through and playing with my intimates, sniffing and fondling them. His delicate features betrayed his excitement!

I was a little disappointed he didn't try anything on, but I felt myself blushing when he did find a dildo I'd often used to pleasure myself. He kept looking around and eventually he found the photo album I'd "hidden" in our closet. It was usually well-concealed beneath big boxes of random junk, but I'd intentionally left it on top of a pile of Playboy magazines in hopes Jas might find it, and he did!

This photo album had a lot of naked pictures, mostly of me. There were some including his dad, and there were even some with other people. The majority of these pictures exposed my naked body, some even showed me masturbating and performing various sexual acts with my husband.

I feverishly tweaked my swollen clitty watching the video recordings that showed Jas reacting to my naked pics! He couldn't get his pants down quick enough, and I moaned with pleasure watching him stroke his tiny little cock! I couldn't stand it anymore! This was exactly what I was waiting for!

My artful fingers teased and tantalized my throbbing button until I climaxed with several electrifying orgasms. It was so sexy, almost like a mutual masturbation session, and it enflamed my desire to have my kinky twisted way with my young step son. He was about to become my play-thing, my dress up doll, and the sensation of power was intoxicating.

The rest of the time he was visiting that Summer, I'd plotted and planned to bend him to my will—and to bend his gender as well! I knew that every time Peter and I were going to be gone for more than ten minutes, that photo album would come out and he'd whack off to it. I had the videos to prove it!

Like I mentioned, I had all of Peter's passwords, and I used them to save all of these incredibly exciting and incriminating videos of Jas. I knew that Peter would hit the roof if he saw the evidence of Jas masturbating to pictures of me! So I hid them in a special file.

I planned show them to Jas and then threaten to show them to Peter. My scheme of blackmailing my step son was ready to go. I thought that maybe I could accuse Jas of masturbating to pictures of his dad naked. I knew that was a lie, but it would terrify the horny soft boy and might even let me make him do whatever I demanded.

Chapter Three: I Spring My Trap

My plan was in place, and I sprung my carefully-crafted trap on little Jas at my first opportunity! I chose a rainy day, when Peter was out of town, and showed my delicate step son the incriminating videos. I didn't even have to explain the dire consequences, but I warned him anyway.

“Look at you, you little pervert!” I said sternly, the videos clearly showed him jerking off to the photo album full of naked photos. He knew how bad this looked, and immediately broke down crying. “There there!” I cooed, beginning my well-practiced lines, “it doesn't have to be that bad! I'm sure your dad will understand?”

At this, Jas began wailing. He knew that his hot headed uptight father absolutely would not understand. He'd murder Jas, or at the very least disown him. “Please! Please don't tell my dad!” Jas moaned, “I'll do anything! Just please!” the teen blubbered, tears running down his rosy cheeks.

He looked so soft, so vulnerable! It took all my will power to keep myself from devouring him right that moment! Still, I was so close to executing my diabolical plan, I forced myself to move cautiously to ensure I ensnared him completely.

“OK you sneaky little creep!” I smiled cruelly, “this is how it's gonna be! You're going to tell your mom that you want to live here with your father and me starting now. We'll get your stuff shipped here,” I said.

So suddenly instead of having Jas visiting us occasionally, Peter and I were his acting parents. He sadly complied, calling his mom on his cell and explaining that he'd be living with us for now on. That gave my plans a green light, and I could hardly wait for the next phase!

Still, I was patient. I didn't want to scare him off by letting him know what I had in store for him. I knew he'd fit into basically all of my

clothes—even my intimates and shoes with his dainty little feet. He was about five foot six, one hundred thirty pounds, about the same size as me! The opportunities were endless!

Of course that was exciting to me because I was going to totally feminize “her,” and I wanted to get right to it! It almost killed me to wait, but for the wicked plans I had I needed to make sure he was helpless, totally helpless. I didn’t want him to have any hope of escape.

As destabilized as Jas was, he almost immediately tried to find that photo album again. He probably didn’t wait more than a day or two before he went back into our bedroom to look, but it was gone. It had served its purpose and I’d hidden it carefully.

Jas just about tore the whole house apart looking for the thing, but it was no use. He never found those photos again, but he continued to snoop through my lingerie. He even developed a fascination for going through my dirty underwear. That was apparently a pretty big turn on for him.

The videos showed him doing that on a regular basis. He’d smell my used panties and fondle them, but frustratingly he never tried them on. He seemed to have no real sissiness in him, despite his effeminate appearance. That was so frustrating for me, but I still bided my time until I could force feminize him.

I watched videos of him creeping on my clothes. He’d go through my dirty hamper and find my worn, dirty panties. Sometimes he would touch himself with my clean panties while he was sniffing my used ones. He was eighteen at that point, an adult.

I could tell that he was horny pretty much all if the time. I did nothing to discourage him. I was obsessed with transforming him into a pretty girl, so I flirted with him a lot. I knew exactly what I was doing. I was his hot, young-looking stepmother.

I knew he’d fantasized about me, and he’d even jerked off to my naked sexy pictures—on video no less. I counted on being a prime target

of his masturbation fantasies. I even caught him trying to get a peek at me while I was showering. I'm sure he didn't know I knew.

Our shower had a frosted sliding glass door, so he couldn't have seen much, but it was just another one of those things that let me know how much I turned him on. I enjoyed pleasuring myself to videos of Jas doing kinky, naughty things, but I was growing impatient. I wanted to finalize my revenge by feminizing him!

Chapter Five: Feminizing Jas Into Jasmine

Four or five months after Jas moved in with us, after he'd had been whacking off and fantasizing about me on a pretty regular basis, he really screwed up. He was a very immature eighteen, too horny for his own good. This time he crossed a very serious line, and I knew I had him by the balls.

He was naive and not very smart, and I took advantage of that. I turned up the heat on my flirtatious, seductive behavior until I led him to believe that he had a chance with me, a opportunity to have a real sexual experience.

He must have assumed that I'd already gotten everything I wanted from him with the blackmail videos, so he lowered his guard. I wish I could claim that I'd engineered his big downfall, but to be honest I'm not that clever. The stupid kid did this to himself.

I liked crocheting, and I used to keep track of my stitches with Post-It notes. We'd be sitting there together watching TV, all three of us, and I'd be sitting there flirting and crocheting. I'd make little marks on the sticky pad, and apparently Jas saw this.

On one fateful day, he decided to write a note in that little yellow sticky pad. He put the note a couple of pages in from the top one that I'd been writing on, so it took some time before I saw it.

Eventually I got to that fateful, incriminating note. He had written a single line, "I want to make love to you."

How stupid was that? Looking back on it, I had to wonder, "Like what was he thinking?" It was obviously one of the dumbest maneuvers of his young life. I guess he was so obsessed with me, so beguiled by me, that his dick overrode his brain. I still can't believe he did it!

I sat him down and showed it to him. Jas realized what would happen if I told his father about what he'd written. He was stunned,

speechless, and I was ecstatic. I had waited a few days before I sprung this on him.

I used that time to buy some special items, and to run through several different scenarios in my mind planning every detail of what would happen next. I left nothing to chance.

To make sure he knew he had no escape, I threatened to show the note to his dad, along with the videos of him jerking off to my pictures and him snooping on me while I was in the shower.

He fell to his knees and began sobbing, promising to “do anything” if I didn’t expose him to Peter. I didn’t have to. I really had him by the short and curlies! Still, I pretended to be upset, and insisted his father needed to know what a sick little creep his son was.

I could tell Jas was probably terrified, but I wanted to make sure of it. I said, “This time you’ve really gone too far! I think you realize that?” He nodded sadly, so I continued, “Here’s how it’s gonna be: I’m calling your dad and the three of us will have a talk.”

It was just the two of us alone at home, like we usually were. Peter was due home from a two week business trip the next day, and Jas knew his dad was often aggravated and short-tempered. I saw the horror on his face as he imagined the shit storm he’d get.

Jas was not only visibly shaken, he was panic stricken, sobbing, and begging me to give him another chance. He even fell to the floor and clutched at me.

I took a deep breath and made my move. “Okay! Okay! Let go of my ankles, Jas! I’ll give you one last chance, on one condition—”

He gasped and started yelping, “Thank you! Thank you so much ___”

“Wait!” I snapped, my voice rising and still pretending to be furious, even though I was delighted, “you haven’t heard my demands!”

He nodded, falling silent at once to hear my terms. Which were these: “For now on, you do whatever I tell you to do, no hesitation, no back-talk, no attitude. You got that?”

He nodded again and started to speak, but I cut him off, “No! No talking from you unless you’re spoken to. I mean it! I say it, you do it. No hesitation, no back-talk, no attitude!” I repeated for emphasis.

“Now, you’re probably going to hate this, but I need your obedience. Your immediate unquestioning obedience!” I reached into a pink shopping bag I’d stashed nearby and pulled out a tiny box. Jas watched me with teary eyes and obvious curiosity as I opened the box and showed him the object it had contained. I barked, “Strip!”

Jas flinched, but to his credit wasted no time pulling off his sandals, sweat pants, t-shirt, and boxers. I looked at his svelte, trembling body and I liked what I saw. He had almost no fat on him, and what he has was mostly in his rounded butt.

I sighed taking in my step son’s—soon to be step daughter’s feline form! His penis was tiny, so easy to conceal! His waist was so slim, and his arms and legs were decidedly feminine in appearance. I knew this would work perfectly.

Jas was totally humiliated standing, shuddering naked before my predatory gaze. I took the opportunity to slip the clear lucite device onto his minuscule manhood and slip the stainless steel ring around his balls.

Then, I clicked the lock into place, imprisoning him in chastity. I put the key on a delicate gold chain I wore around my neck. Jas looked shocked, but I was just getting started.

I coolly, casually explained, “From now on, you’re mine to command. You will cook for me, clean my home, and serve me hand and foot!”

“Like...like this?” Jas whined, gesturing at his waifish, naked form.

“Oh no, *Jasmine*, not like that. I have a uniform for you to wear, several of them, in fact!”

He recoiled with a start at hearing me call him “Jasmine,” as if I’d slapped him across the face. I smiled serenely even as my heart beat like a heavy metal drum solo. I held my breath as I pivoted back to the pink shopping bag.

I exhaled sharply, mumbled to myself, “Here goes nothing” as I pulled a skimpy bit of cloth from the bag and presented it to my shivering step child. “Put this on, girl,” I said, with pretended nonchalance.

He reluctantly, fearfully accepted the offered garment as if I’d tried to hand him a cobra. He could tell immediately that this wasn’t anything that any man would ever wear. It was very light weight, black satin and white lace. It was a French maid’s uniform!

This was the moment of truth. If Jas refused to wear the uniform, if he resisted now, then all of my scheming would fail. Yes, his father would lash out and severely punish him, but that wasn’t what I wanted, what I needed to happen.

I had a secret weapon to make sure Jasmine would do as I told her. I reached under my skirt, pulled off my panties, and handed them to my overwhelmed step child. Jas gasped, dropped the uniform to the floor, and eagerly took the silky black thong with trembling hands. “Put this on first!” I commanded.

This was sort of the culmination of both of our fantasies. I knew how much he perved on my lingerie, especially my unwashed panties. He felt the flimsy scrap of satin, still warm from my body heat and damp from my excitement.

He didn't have to sniff them to enjoy the scent of my excitement. I could smell my sexual juices from five feet away! But he brought the thong up to his cute little button nose and inhaled deeply, sighing with his own excitement. His tiny penis tried in vain to get hard, imprisoned as it was.

“Yes, I know you've worshipped by dirty panties, you little fetishist!” I mocked as he moaned. I understood instinctively that demonstrating my knowledge of his obsessions would flood his sex-obsessed psyche with overstimulation. “Put. Them. On.” I said, in a cold monotone that belied my own nearly overwhelming passion.

His breathing became heavy and ragged as he slowly, tantalizingly complied. He reluctantly lifted one foot then the other, and slid the tiny thong up his slender legs and into place snugly over his chastity cage.

I pressed my advantage immediately saying, “Why, you're shivering! Are you cold, doll? Better put on your uniform!” I said breathless with excitement, nodding at the scandalously short black dress with a coquettishly petite attached frilly apron and fluffy white sewn-in petticoats.

Robotically, Jas once again complied without the slightest protest. He shrugged and unzipped the black satin dress, stepped into it, then positioned the short poufy sleeves over his shoulders. Finally, he pulled the sexy little outfit into place.

The uniform fit him perfectly! I noticed that the short little dress fell only to his mid thighs and the petticoats fluffed out the hem enticingly, leaving half of his body still bare and exposed to my hungry stare. It clung tightly to his waist and butt, but was loose around his chest.

I made a mental note to get him some breast forms. “Some nice B cup titties would look sensuous on Jasmine,” I sighed to myself.

Chapter Six: Making Jasmine My Maid

Jasmine shifted nervously from side to side as I made *her* slide a pair of fishnet pantyhose up her legs. As upset and afraid as a bunny caught in a trap, *she* reluctantly complied. I pressed on, forcing her dainty little feet into high heeled candy apple red “fuck me” pumps.

Smiling at her obvious discomfort, I pinned a frilly black and white head piece to her dark silky hair. Next, I affixed the matching neck piece around her graceful, swan-like throat, symbolically strangling any masculinity she might have had.

I opened a makeup kit and expertly painted *her* face. I used grey and pink shadows to give Jasmine a smokey eye look. Darkest brown mascara and eyeliner brought out her huge chocolate eyes, making them pop. She looked like a baby fawn, wide-eyed, vulnerable, and naive!

I smiled noting that she still had the same porcelain skin that first drew my attention all those years ago. I could tell she didn't have to shave her smooth, satiny face as I brushed rosy pink blush on her high cheekbones. Finally, I used a bright red lip color to complete my masterpiece.

For a few moments I paused, admiring the beautiful feminized creature standing before me trembling submissively. My sexual excitement was so intense that I wondered if my pussy would overflow with my juices and—with no panties to contain them—they might run down my legs!

“Maybe Jasmine would clean me?” I pondered, and shivered in anticipation at the thought of this demurely coquette on her knees before me, pleasuring me at my command. That would have to wait, although I couldn't wait much longer, such was my arousal!

Triumphantly I pushed my creation before a full-length mirror. The look on her freshly made up face was precious! Her full red lips opened widely into a startled “O” shape as she swooned with emasculation and

embarrassment. She was obviously shocked at her blossoming femininity, stunned by how easily and how completely I'd transformed her into the very model of a sexy maid.

I took advantage of Jasmine's discomfort by walking her towards a little-used room in the basement. I giggled as he daintily tip-toed down the stairs beside me. I opened the door to the special room with a flourish, and pushed her inside.

"Here's your new room, Jasmine!" I laughed. She gasped taking in the pink walls, the rainbow-colored area rug, and a girlish canopy bed with a pale pink comforter adorned with princesses. Yes, this was a bedroom that only a tween girly girl could love.

"Open the closet door, girl!" I commanded, and giggled delightedly as she did so, revealing a rack full of maid's uniforms, most in traditional black and white, but some in pink, yellow, blue, and red. On the floor, I'd placed various high heels in a rainbow of colors.

Jasmine looked dizzy if not nauseated as she stared at her new room. Her face turned ashen as I explained what her new life as a girl entailed. "You'll wake up early enough to cook my morning meal, and bring it to me in my chambers. As with my lunch and dinner. You'll dust, vacuum, and wash the windows, do the laundry, and all other chores I direct you to perform. You will do anything I say without hesitation!"

She looked surprised, then dismayed, and last of all I saw a look of resolve cross her pretty little face. I could tell that she'd realized something important, something that would negate my commands and free her from her feminized submissive servitude.

Of course she had figured out that it'd be impossible for me to keep her as my live-in lady's maid once her father, my husband returned. I pretended not to notice, and blissfully imposed my will on my reluctant little servant girl. Over the next few days, I alternated pain and pleasure to establish Jasmine into her new routine.

I accelerated the necessary changes, as if I were afraid that my husband's imminent return would put an end to Jasmine's feminization and ruin all of my fun. Under my strict tutelage my captive little toy got really good at doing my nails, giving massages, and...other services.

I was surprised and thrilled by how quickly she fell into an obedient role and by how amazingly good she was at it. "You know, Jasmine, you were born to be a maid!" I said, knowing it would demean and humiliate her. If she had any defiance left in her, it didn't show.

She blushed and whispered, "Thank you, Ma'am," in response, and dropped into a demure curtsy as I'd taught her. She didn't take to that subservience easily, however.

The first time I demanded she show me that respect, she stamped her high heeled foot and complained, "Look, Melissa, I understand that I really messed up and all, but I—"

I was prepared for this rebellion and, honestly, I had even been looking forward to it. I lashed out at her and slapped her across her soft little cheek. "That's for insolence! You know better than to defy me!" Then, I grabbed her by her slender arm and pulled her across my thighs. "And this is for the audacity of using my first name!"

I lifted up the short skirt of her skimpy sapphire blue maid's dress, exposing her frothy petticoats, and began spanking her right on her cute bubble butt. Her lacy little thong provided no defense against my hand as it slapped her hard first on her left butt cheek, then her right over and over alternating one side then the other.

She began crying out in alarm and pain, kicking her shapely legs as I easily held her helplessly splayed in my lap just like a little girl. I continued her punishment without saying a word until she began sobbing and begging me for forgiveness.

I made her promise me to be "a good girl" and "an obedient maid" and with the tears running down her cheeks, she made a most convincing, submissive feminine little creature. I stood up and pulled her

to her feet, and gave her one last swat on her bottom, more for emphasis than to hurt her physically. The damage to her last vestiges of male ego was massive.

She became much more docile after that, offering very little trouble. Instead, her behavior became increasingly feminine and compliant from that moment on, especially when I reminded her that I had incriminating videos of her perversions as well as new blackmail evidence—specifically hours of videos showing her mincing about, dressed and made up as a sexy French maid.

Chapter Seven: Having My Way With Jasmine

The second evening of her new life as my maid, we were together in the master bedroom. She had just served me a delicious dinner and stood submissively by my bedside with her pink manicured hands clasped at her waist. She looked at me furtively, eagerly but also with evident anxiousness as I tasted her well-prepared garden salad.

“This is so good, my sweet girl,” I smiled, “your cooking skills are basic, but you show real promise. After a few months, you’ll be an exquisite little chef!” I smiled as I saw her mixed emotions.

She was afraid of offending me and getting another spanking. Yet, she absolutely hated the way I trifled with her, humiliating her, and mocking her for her newly feminized loss of status. She wanted nothing more than to shed her slutty little uniform and reassert her masculinity. I could see it in her eyes.

I couldn’t very well punish her for an involuntary look in her eyes, I knew. Luckily I had other tools to control her and imprint my desires into her fragile psyche. I ignored the hint of incipient insolence and gazed at my sexy little step daughter-*cum*-maid seductively.

I was wearing a sexy emerald robe over a matching skimpy baby doll nightie. I stretched languorously, letting her see the outlines of my enticingly bouncing breasts. I sighed, “Jasmine, I need a massage now.” I motioned for her to join me on the large California King bed as I slid out from beneath the ivory colored satin sheets.

All defiance forgotten, she hurriedly clambered up next to me as I turned over onto my stomach. Yes, I’d spent the last several hours force feminizing her, humiliating her, and spanking her. I’d even locked her tiny “manhood” away in chastity. Still, she remained infatuated with me, and I knew I could use that to control her.

Her soft, delicate fingers found several knots in my back. While this had been an excruciating, emasculating ordeal for Jasmine, it had

been a very tense experience for me as well. The whole situation had turned me on beyond my wildest dreams.

Even so, I feared in my ecstatic emotional roller coaster that I would get too carried away and make some mistake. I was so eager to complete her transformation, I risked pushing her too far, too fast, and ruining all of my carefully crafted plans. I'd also had to hide my rising anxiety behind a facade of confidence lest she find some way to escape her emasculation.

Now, as she was settling into her new status as my feminized maid, I felt I could both relax a bit and use my alluring sexuality to ensnare my newly acquired servant girl even further. I knew she still considered this a bit of kinky role play, a temporary lark that would end upon her father's return. I let her think that as I entwined her emotions into a permanent state of subservient femininity.

When she gasped, "Mistress, maybe you should take the robe off so I can get a little bit better massage going here," I immediately shrugged off my robe. I still had the baby doll on, but it wasn't much of a covering at all, because my tits were kind of coming out of it when I was laying on the bed, but I still wasn't fully nude.

Jasmine moaned as her little penis struggled inside its tiny prison. She was in agony and ecstasy, but kept rubbing my back and shoulders. I felt my own arousal skyrocket as I heard her sighing and cooing most girlishly. I guess her own excitement was overwhelming her and she was shaking with uncontrollable desire.

I decided, "What the hell! Let's just go for it!" as I took her hands and placed them on my breasts. She had been rubbing my back at that point, but she hesitantly but obediently began gently caressing my titties through my gauzy nightie. I felt my nipples get erect immediately.

I started to moan with unbridled passion! I was enjoying Jasmine's delicate ministrations. Encouraged, she played with my nipples for a little while. This was sending electric jolts from my nipples to my clitty and all over my body!

With a growl, I writhed around on the bed, pulling off my top and wriggling out of the matching panties. Now, I was completely nude, panting with arousal, and ready for the next phase!

We wound up entangled, our arms and legs enmeshed in an interwoven shuddering mass of smooth flesh and enflamed passions. Twisted together like an orgasmic origami, we tumbled onto the floor. Jasmine turned around to face me, and she started moving her hands down a little bit lower, then lower still.

She was still fully dressed as a slutty little maid, and she seemed to understand that this would be all about my needs, my desire, and my sexual gratification. Despite her eager participation, she had to understand that she was so far beneath me, so low in status, that her needs meant nothing.

Jasmine would come to realize that in her new station in life, she'd have to seek her own satisfaction exclusively through serving me as my sexual plaything. Again, I'm sure she believed this was all just a temporary situation. She was wrong about that. I knew with absolutely certainty that this was permanent, that her life would be all and only always about pleasing and pleasuring me, forever more.

If she had any inkling of her fate, she didn't show it as she started stimulating my clitty. Her fingers were gentle but insistent as they probed around my eager opening. I shuddered and stiffened when her finger slid inside of me.

She started cooing with contentment as she tantalized me, and then dropped her face between my legs and started licking me! It was incredible. I didn't come just then, though. Instead, I gripped her head and declared, "You know this is a very momentous decision you're making, my little maid! If you take me to orgasm this way, you will seal your fate as my little lesbian lover and and my subservient little sex toy forever?"

Gasping, she nodded her head enthusiastically, a look of dizzy delirium in her wide, lustful eyes. I wanted to make sure she understood the seriousness of the choice she was making, so I emphasized again, “Jasmine! Listen to me! If you make me come by acting like a little lesbian lover, you will be stuck forever more as my subservient little sex toy! Do you understand?”

She gasped, “Yes! Yes Miss Melissa! I will be your sex toy, your plaything, your lesbian lover, your subservient servant girl, forever!”

I still wasn't sure that she completely grasped what was happening. She wasn't a very bright little slut. Maybe she thought this was all just part of a role play, some kinky bedroom game that wouldn't mean a thing by the light of day. Maybe she was confident that Peter's return would free her from any obligations undertake during the heat of passion. If so, she was wrong about that.

I had all the assurance I needed. Jasmine was mine forever, to play with and feminize any way I wished, and she'd just agreed to all of it. I nodded, smiling at my victory over Jasmine, and gestured to my throbbing womanhood. She dutifully resumed licking my clit. It felt so good, both the direct stimulation and the knowledge that all my plans for my little step daughter were coming to fruition!

Chapter Eight: Sealing Jasmine's Fate

I was laying on the floor. Her tongue was inside me. I was picturing her future as a totally emasculated, completely feminized girl and I giggled. Then, I came so hard my toes curled as my body shook. It was amazing!

I had finally gotten my revenge on the former step son I had fantasized about feminizing for so many years. She had just licked me to orgasm, dressed and made up as an alluring feminine little French maid! I was her step mom, and she was now my step daughter forever! Not a guy anymore, not a him, but a cute, chastised little feminine her!

Even as I was lying there all sweaty and breathing heavily I was already planning my next steps! "Summer is almost over," I thought, "I think there's still time to enroll Jasmine in...but I couldn't? Could I?" Again I giggled. There was nothing I couldn't make her do now.

Still, I didn't want to do too much too soon. There was no escape for her now, that wasn't a concern. I wanted to savor every single new step, each new imposed debasement on my feminized prey. No sense rushing things.

Jasmine seemed more confused than ever the next morning as she brought me my breakfast in bed. Perhaps she sensed my nearly-maniacal exuberance as I smirked at her? "Something on your mind, girl?" I asked.

"It's...it's just...my dad, Mistress Melissa," she said in a quavering voice, "where is he? Wasn't he supposed to be back from his business trip...by now?"

Ah, there it was. Just as I'd expected, the silly little bimbo had been counting on her father's return to deliver her from my carefully crafted captivity. "This will be fun!" I thought to myself, gloating at the revelations I was about to drop on her fuzzy little head.

I ignored the gist her question, and explained her situation instead. “About that. You’re now my maid, obviously, but that’s not all my dear!” I said, my excitement rising to nearly unendurable intensity, “you were planning on going to college? Well that’s not happening. Not for a few years at least! No, you’ll be attending Saint Catherine’s School for Girls!”

Stunned, she looked at me with wide eyes, the shock and hurt evident on her pretty little face. I shrugged and made a few quick calls as Jasmine looked on helplessly, feeling the jaws of my trap clap closed on her.

I arranged for her to work as a sales girl in an exclusive little boutique I co-owned with one of my old sorority sisters. Using that connection, it was easy to ensure she’d be hired. Hell, with the power and prestige I had I could’ve gotten her hired as anything I wanted—a Hooters Girl, a Lakers Girl, any kind of girl I wanted.

“For now,” I told her, “you’ll be a smartly-dressed young thing, helping other young women select sumptuous gowns and couture outfits wearing stylish ensembles.”

“After that,” I continued, “I’m going to regress you in age and rebuild your entire personality.” She shook her head angrily, but I just went on, “Back when you were still pretending to be a boy named Jasper, you had plans to go to college?”

With trepidation, she nodded her head, making her adorable little curls shake adorably.

“Well, I have a better idea. Your father and I endowed a local private girls’ school, and I decided that you—my precious little step daughter—need to spend a few years as a school girl there. You’ll start as a sophomore. You look just a tad too old to be a freshman!”

“I have it all planned out. You’re going to enter the exclusive girls’ school as a sophomore next week. You’re going to look absolutely

adorable in your tartan skirt and white blouse.” Jasmine’s mouth dropped open in astonishment. She seemed to wonder whether I was joking, and then the realization hit her like a meteor strike that I was serious. Deadly, deliciously serious.

“Don’t worry about being bored retaking three years of high school classes, doll. I already enrolled you in ballet classes and I’ll sign you up for some extracurricular activities. Maybe cheerleading or gymnastics? Maybe both? Yes, both!” I decided with a laugh. Her knees buckled as she collapsed to floor silently mouthing, “No, no, this can’t be happening,” over and over.

I nearly climaxed in anticipation of her shame as I continued describing her inexorable decent into public humiliation as a young school girl and ballerina.

“I can’t wait to see you delicately pirouetting and plie-ing in your skin-light bright pink leotard and matching flouncing tutu with your hair wound up into a tight bun! Can you imagine it?” Her ghost-white face indicated that she could imagine it, in fact was imagining that totally emasculating situation, but I wasn’t done.

“Just picture yourself as a beautiful little ballerina. Can you think of it? Practicing your graceful little steps with other little girls? Performing at recitals in front of their parents? Maybe I’ll invite your father, mother, and step dad? I’m sure your brothers would love to watch you dancing?”

She starting crying at prospect of being exposed as an emasculated little ballet princess, but that only made me ever more sexually excited so I went on, “Then, you’ll be such a cute little gym girl, learning to tumble and prance on a balance beam, performing evocative yet adorable floor routines as a flirty feminine gymnast.”

By this point she was shaking, and my arousal enflamed me as I smiled, “Your dance and tumbling training well serve you well as a prissy little cheerleader! I’ve fantasied about watching proudly as you perform sassy routines in your short pleated skirt, chanting

encouragement to the boys from the Brothers of the Holy Name Academy.”

I looked directly into her weepy eyes and smiled again, saying, “I can’t wait to see you with smoothly shaven legs, flamboyant makeup, and a high pony tail tied up with a colorful ribbon shaking your pompoms at all the pep rallies and games!”

“Wait, what?? No way! NO WAY! My father will never allow this!” she whined. Somehow she didn’t have much confidence in that, but I quickly erased any hopes she might have had.

“About that? I caught your father cheating on me. We’re getting a divorce. I happen to know about some other major indiscretions, and... let’s just say I have him completely over a barrel.”

I saw the shock register on Jasmine’s face. Still, I wasn’t done. “By the way? I already showed your father the videos of you perving on my pictures and panties. I didn’t even have to show him the videos of you as my sexy, servile little maid.

He’s going to disown you, and he’s agreed to let me have you. He even paid off your mom and step dad to renounce you, so I’m the only family you have left!”

Tenderly, I stroked her soft, silky face and kissed away her tears as she broke down weeping piteously as her last hope for salvation evaporated. “There there, darling girl, I cooed. This is all for the best. You were always meant to be a girl.”

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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Mindi Harris