

Transformed into the Belle of the Ball:

A Beautiful, Dominant Woman Seduces
and Spanks a Boy into Femininity



**Miss Jenn Davis
Mindi Harris**

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My name is Andreá Calista. I grew up living around the world in exotic locations because my mom worked for the State Department. My family had to move around a lot because mom was stationed at various US embassies.

We lived everywhere from Austria to Zanzibar and many places in between. I'd been tempted to go to college in Paris or some other foreign capital, but after growing up globally, I wanted to study locally. I looked forward to reconnecting with the good ol' US of A.

I didn't like to talk much about my life before I moved back to the States to attend Venus University. It always seemed like I was bragging, and I guess my life to that point had been pretty amazing.

I wouldn't trade my exciting, exotic childhood for the world, even though my experiences set me apart from my peers. I had more than a little trouble fitting in with the other students. They all seemed so childish, so immature compared to the people I was used to.

I got so bored with all the talk about frats and sports. I'd expected them to engage with me about philosophy and world affairs, but they acted like I was from Mars instead. That made me kind of a loner, and I'd given a lot of serious thought to transferring out of Venus to escape from all of the small-mindedness I'd found there.

The young people I grew up with were cosmopolitan, not obsessed with keg parties. I'd expected college to be a place where the students cared about weighty matters, not childish nonsense.

I couldn't hide my profound disappointment with my classmates, and that drove them away. All except the horny meat headed guys. They

wouldn't leave me alone! Not to be conceited or anything, but most people consider me attractive.

Before I got to Venus U, I was used to having a lot of male attention as well as a lot of friends. Girls wanted to be me with my sophistication, smarts, looks, and talents. And the guys, well, they wanted to be with me.

It's still a bit baffling how I got my exotic looks as both of my parents are American and I have a lot of my dad's physical traits as well as his strength and athleticism. There was no denying that I was his daughter.

Anyway, I didn't want to whine about all of this; that just wasn't my style. Even if I wanted to, I didn't really have anyone to complain to anyway. That said, occasionally I couldn't help but vent to my best friend Jessica Hampton.

Jess was a petite, bubbly blonde—book smart and street smart, alike. She was my own personal native guide to the America that seemed so strange to me. We were roommates our freshman year, and we stayed super close even after she joined some ditzy sorority.

It probably sounds like bragging, but my childhood friends included scions of the richest and most powerful families on Earth, even some young royalty. Dealing with bimbos and himbos (male airheads) was such a letdown compared with that.

It's not that I was a snob. Yes, my family was wealthy, but they didn't spoil me. I checked my privilege, and I never forgot that most people had it much tougher than I did.

For one thing, I knew I was pretty smart, but I didn't try to slide by on my native intelligence. I got good grades, but I understood that I'd had the advantage of going to some of the best boarding schools in the world. Even so, I didn't take anything for granted. I always studied hard for every A+ I got, earning me the nickname of "Genius Girl" freshman year.

I'd always been incredibly close to my mom and my twin brother. My dad left my mom when I was five, claiming that she'd always put her job

above him—as if men hadn’t been doing that to their wives forever!

I didn’t miss my dad, but I missed the rest of my family terribly. I barely ever saw them since they still lived abroad and I chose to go to college at Venus U. Another reason I’d second guessed myself. Luckily, we could FaceTime, but that just wasn’t the same. You can’t hug your loved ones through an iPhone.

I’d been blessed with high cheekbones and a lithe, athletic figure. To be honest, it was less of a blessing and more of a curse: I always attracted the interest of big dumb jock types, never the kind of guys I really liked.

As a “Genius Girl,” I preferred the smarter, smaller, softer guys. Guys that other girls brushed off as wimps or nerds. Guys who were apparently too intimidated by my looks to even talk to me, much less ask me out.

That cool early October day, I was once again venting to my best and only friend about my ongoing irritation with my situation. “Jess, why do I always get hit on by all the knuckle-dragging alpha jerks? This is a top level university, so where are all the smart guys? And why are all the guys who come on to me too stupid to spell their own names? I hate it!”

Jess shrugged. She’d heard these complaints a thousand times before, and she’d always had the same advice for me. It was no different that morning. “Drea, you’re one of the hottest girls on campus. Of course, all the alpha males are going to be after you!”

I shook my head, but Jess was on a roll. “Your problem is you’re out there on your own—unprotected. If you’d only change your mind and join Tau Beta Gamma! All of your sorority sisters would have your back, and we’d help you meet better quality men!”

“Quality men?” I sighed as I explained for the zillionth time, “you mean those macho frat bros I always see thirsting around TBG house? Sorry Jess, you know that’s not my type,” I said, shaking my head and rolling my eyes.

“Oh? And what is your type exactly?” Jessica asked, a teasing smile playing across her face.

I shook my head and sighed again, “I dunno, just some guy who is sensitive and maybe lets me take the lead in our relationship—”

“So in other words, you want a girl?” Jess laughed.

“No, and that’s sexist. A guy can be soft and submissive—”

“Oh really. ‘Submissive?’ Sounds like you want a sissy!”

“A sissy? No! Not—”

“Whatever! Hey, what about him?” Jessica asked, mockingly.

I followed her eyes and saw a slightly built, androgynous young man sitting alone a few tables away. He was in his own world it seemed, wearing pink earbuds, reading from an iPad, and daintily sipping some hot beverage. I stared at his elven face—full red lips, tiny nose, and big bright blue eyes—and my breath stopped. He looked like he could’ve been Ariana Grande’s younger brother—or sister.

“Earth to Drea! Earth to Drea!” Jess laughed.

“Wha?” I said, shaking the fog from my brain.

“I was saying, I have a challenge for you. I bet you can’t find a date on your own to take you to the homecoming dance on Halloween.” She smirked at me.

“O.K. and what do I get if I do?” I asked cautiously, aware that she must be up to something, but not knowing what.

“If you do, I promise I’ll never nag you to join TGB again.” Jess shrugged her shoulders, but something told me that she was only feigning nonchalance.

That was an intriguing, enticing offer. I’d wager almost anything to get my BFF to drop her annoying efforts to recruit me into her sorority. I wasn’t ready to agree just yet, though. This sounded too good to be true, even though homecoming was only a few weeks away.

“So what’s the catch?” I asked, dubiously.

“If you don’t find a date to homecoming on your own, you have to admit that you just can’t, and....” She paused for dramatic effect, and added, “you have to pledge Tau Beta Gamma!”

I groaned! To me, that was a fate worse than death, but I hated to back down from a challenge. Also, with all of the macho guys who were constantly chasing me, I knew I could bite the bullet and spend one agonizing night at the Halloween dance with one of them. Almost anything would be bearable, just to get “Sorority Barbie” off my back forever.

But Jess was too smart for that. She smiled and said, “Oh, and it can’t just be some random casual one-time date. You have to be in a serious relationship with the guy.”

I gritted my teeth. Looking at Jessica’s triumphant smile made me angry and I overreacted. “Fine! You’re on!” I said, reaching out and shaking her hand. “Fuck!” I said to myself, “now what have I gotten myself in to?”

Jessica laughed at my confounded expression. She knew that she’d manipulated me into falling for her cunning trap. I stared at her in frustrated exasperation.

Then, I looked a few tables over at the slim pretty boy she’d pointed out before. He was brushing a lock of blond hair from his bright blue eyes. It was a delicate, subtle, graceful motion—almost feminine in its fluidity.

Watching this, I felt a strange sensation. A tingling deep inside me. First, my breath caught in my throat. Then, my lips curled upward into a predatory smile. I had a cunning plan of my own, and Jess had given me my target! I vowed that this androgynous pretty boy would be my date to the dance.

Easier said than done, though. I’d have to act fast, with only two weeks to seduce him, dominate him, and turn him into the “girl” of my dreams. I hated to admit it, but Jess had a point. I’d dated all kinds of men and some women, but my needs in a partner included someone who recognized me as

the Alpha in the relationship. I hadn't found anyone I was attracted to who would give me that kind of control.

When I looked at my intended prey, I felt...something new. Something powerful that I'd never felt before. Something raw, primal, and very exciting. I saw an innocent little creature I could take and mold into anything I wanted. A sweet treat that I wanted to devour.

Already, just looking as he did then, he had my juices flowing. A low growl forced itself from deep in my throat. I was a huntress, a lioness on the prowl. I could tell that if I got him in the right girl's clothes, with a little makeup, I'd want to eat him alive. I had to have him!

I knew that I was envisioning a non-traditional relationship. Female-led was one thing, and rare enough. Adding in feminization, spanking, and my other desires made this even more unusual. Also, I didn't want a trans woman, a crossdresser, or anyone who wanted to be feminized. I had nothing against that, but for me, part of the thrill involved imposing my will on a reluctant guy. And he had to look cute if not outright sexy as a girl.

I felt a twinge of guilt thinking about how I wanted to transform this delicate boy into a submissive, feminine girl, but it was too late. The fire was already lit. I was burning with lust, engulfed by an animalistic flame.

As I approached the slim young guy, I could easily picture him as a beautiful sissy. Maybe I'd dress him as a naughty school girl and spank him? Ooh! That thought made my toes curl. He would definitely make a sexy little french maid, and I'd train him to serve me and curtsy. Or I could transform him into a demure little princess.

As I decided to try all of those looks on my little plaything, the torrent of sexy images flooded my brain, intoxicating me. I closed my eyes, feeling flushed with sexual electricity. I would stop at nothing in my quest to turn him into my dress-up doll. I tingled at the prospect of outsmarting him, overpowering him, and literally wrestling away whatever masculinity he might have, leaving him an emasculated, feminized sissy.

I summoned all of my self-control and calmed myself down. I knew that this required just the right approach. Like a big cat hunting on the savanna, I had to stalk my prey carefully, so he'd never see me coming, to avoid scaring him off.

Thinking quickly, I imitated Jessica's sweet sorority girl act. "Um, hi?" I said, biting my lip, "my name is Andreá? I was like, wondering if you had an iPhone charger I could borrow or whatever? I kinda left mine back at the dorms?"

"Uh, hi, my name is Bill," he said softly, not even looking up at me. At least not at first. His tone was soft and breathy. It could easily pass for a girl's voice, I realized with a delighted smile. I could hardly wait to hear him beg with it, sounding just like a little girl crying for mercy.

From a distance, he reminded me of a vulnerable little baby deer. Up close, the Bambi vibe was so strong I couldn't decide whether I wanted to scoop him up and rock him like an infant or spank him like a naughty little girl. I decided on doing both, and as soon as possible. "Calm down, Drea! Slow and steady," I reminded myself.

"So, um Bill?" I said in my silkiest most seductive voice, "you're really cute! Why haven't I seen you around here before?" That much was true. He was absolutely adorable as he sat there in a lime green hoodie, his long blonde hair tied in a low ponytail. Yes, I was already seeing him as a pretty girl, not as a guy in any way.

He finally looked away from his tablet and met my eyes. That was a good start, but when he took in my face and figure, he blushed deeply. I'd seen that look before. He was intimidated by my looks, and probably my height as well. I had to put him at ease before he ran away.

This was the make-or-break moment, but I was confident. I usually got whatever I wanted. In this case that meant making him into my plaything, and feeling certain that soon he would be mine.

"Mind if I sit down?" I asked, but I didn't wait for an answer. I slowly sat next to Bill and leaned in close enough for him to inhale my signature

scent, Coco Mademoiselle by Chanel. He made the most timid little squeak and squirmed when I brushed his arm with my perfectly manicured fingers.

“So, I never do this, and we just met, but...” I paused, bit my lip, looked down, looked up, looked deeply into his pretty eyes, and continued, “oh no, I’m sorry Bill. I’m acting crazy....”

Bill looked at me as I gazed at him hypnotically. When he tried to look away, I took him by the chin and, gently but firmly, made him meet my stare. He blushed and muttered something under his breath. But he didn’t try to look away. This was a very good sign. He was already submitting to me.

“I’m sorry, doll? What was that?” I asked, beaming my most radiant smile at him. I was intentionally showing off my perfectly white teeth, nodding, and encouraging him to engage with me. His softly whispered reply made me giggle.

I had apparently picked up a slight accent growing up abroad. I didn’t even notice it until Bill quietly, timidly said, “The way you say my name? It sounds like you’re saying ‘Bell’ not ‘Bill.’”

“Oh that’s so interesting, Belle,” I said with a giggle, now intentionally using the feminine name that seemed so fitting for this pretty little thing. “I’m so sorry for my accent! I hope it doesn’t offend you, sweetie?”

“S’ok,” he said, still trying to look away. Nope, I wasn’t going to let him do that. I kept holding his face in place, locked onto my gaze. I noticed his skin was oh so incredibly soft and smooth. I doubted that he’d even started shaving yet!

“O.K. I’m glad you’re secure enough in your masculinity to let me call you Belle—the feminine form of ‘beautiful,’” I smiled, trying not to laugh. “As if he has much of any masculinity to be secure in!” I thought to myself, “time to close the deal, Drea!”

“So, Belle? You know about the Homecoming Halloween Dance?” I asked.

“Yeah, well, I heard about it, but I’m just a freshman and I’ve never gone,” he said wistfully, “I wasn’t planning on going. I heard you’re supposed to take a date, so....” he trailed off.

“A freshman? This couldn’t be any more perfect!” I thought, even as I sprung my trap, looking deeply into his eyes and saying, “Then today is your lucky day, Belle!” I smiled warmly, “I don’t have a date either. At least I didn’t, but now that we’ve met, I think we’ll have a great time going together!”

I watched his face intently. If he was going to bolt, this would be his last chance. My confidence never wavered, however. I knew how good I looked, and I saw his eyes go wide in the most innocent, tender, delicious way.

I regarded my prey through half-lidded eyes. I could tell he was already smitten with me. I felt like pouncing on him right then and there, tying him up, and.... But that would have to wait. We were in public, for one thing!

I didn’t want to wait too long, though, so I took his hands in mine. They were tiny and soft, girlish. I freed his face and he looked away, but I exerted my control by ordering him, in a soft but assertive tone, “Belle, darling, look at me.” When he obeyed, I knew I had him. It was just a matter of time before I remade him into her.

A few days passed, and I hadn’t wasted a single moment implementing my plans. I took Bill out for an early dinner that first afternoon, every interaction planned and executed to the tiniest detail.

I guided him around with my arm draped over his shoulders possessively. I pulled out his chair, and even ordered for him (a salad, no dressing). The whole time, I treated him like a submissive girl. He didn’t object to any of it.

Out of the blue, while we were waiting for the check, I casually asked, “Belle dear, are you a virgin?” His wide-eyed gaping expression told me all

I needed to know. “I thought so, doll. Don’t be embarrassed. That’s good! I have so much to teach you!”

He nodded nervously, giving me redundant confirmation that I’d found the perfect little toy in him. Clearly, he had no idea that the curriculum I had planned for him was more like a crash-course from a finishing school for girls than the Kama Sutra.

Seeing my schemes coming along exactly as I’d planned them made me lick my lips. I closed my eyes and pictured Belle dressed as a harem girl, on her knees, worshipping me as a Goddess. When I saw the enraptured look on his face, I knew he was entrapped and decided to pick up the pace a bit.

After dinner, I took him shopping for clothes at a nearby trendy boutique. I quickly but methodically tested his boundaries by having him try on women’s slacks and blouses. This to determine his sizes as much as to acclimate him to the first steps in his feminization. When I insisted that he venture out of the changing room where everyone could see him, Belle complained a bit, “Drea, this outfit would look great on you, but isn’t it a little too...effeminate for me?”

He was wearing a slightly androgynous but definitely feminine ensemble including a pair of cream colored wool blend slacks with a side zip and mauve blouse in shiny satin. I smiled and said, “Actually? You look delectable in that, but I’m not sure that it’s feminine enough.”

I giggled when he groaned in reply, and he almost balked when I paid for the outfit, removed the tags and had the sales girl throw away the boy’s clothes he’d been wearing. She smirked and said, “Can I help you ladies with anything else?”

Belle blushed in reply, and stiffened noticeably as I giggled and said, “Not today, but maybe later this week? My girlfriend here needs a nice dress....” I delighted in his stunned reaction, feeling a surge of energizing triumph at my increasing power and control from dominating this petite femme boy.

For his part, Belle looked horrified, but I quelled any resistance by kissing him on the mouth, hard and aggressively. He trembled in my embrace, and sighed as I pulled out his hair tie and restyled his shaggy mane into a darling, girlish high ponytail.

“There!” I said, “now carry this and we’ll get some coffee!” I slipped my cute little Dooney and Burke crossbody bag over his shoulder. I carefully monitored Belle’s reactions. He seemed a bit sullen, so I asked, “Penny for your thoughts, Princess?”

He kicked at a few stones on the sidewalk dejectedly and grumbled, “I’m not a girl, Drea! Why are you treating me like one?”

Inwardly I thought, “If you think I’m treating you like a girl now, just wait!” But I couldn’t reveal my plans. Not yet, at least. So I said, “Oh baby, it’s all just a little bit of fun!” consoling him. “You look so beauti— I mean handsome in that outfit. It turns me on so much to be with a man who’s so confident in his manliness!”

In reality, converting this lovely little creature into my feminized fawn was what really turned me on. Between the thrill of overcoming his rapidly evaporating resistance and my anticipation of controlling the coquettish little co-ed I was transforming him into, I could barely hold back from ravaging him right there on the street corner. Not bad for a first day.

By the third day, Belle was acting up. It was absolutely my fault for pushing too hard, too fast. Everything had been going so well, and I admit that molding him into my sweet, submissive sissy girl was intoxicating.

He’d worn girl’s clothes in public a few times already, and carried my handbag around. I have no idea why, but somehow carrying a woman’s bag assaulted men’s masculinity in profound ways that I always found hilarious.

Still, he threw a temper tantrum when I made a few sensible suggestions. First, I said, “You know, a cute pair of panties would look better under your slacks, doll. They’d avoid making the weird lines caused by your bunched up boxers.” I added, “Also, a bra would hide your

nipples.” They were poking lasciviously through the sheer, form-fitting blouse I told him to wear for dinner at the student union.

Yes, I’d gotten a bit careless, but I never expected him to jump up from my bed and bolt for the door of my dorm room! I reacted with cat-like agility, springing after him and pouncing. I landed on top of my prey, and we rolled around on the floor a bit before I seized him in a leg lock.

We were both panting, but I was clearly superior physically. I smiled as I exerted my dominance. “Don’t make me spank you!” I said.

“Spank me? You wouldn’t dare!” Belle hissed, “what’s gotten into you, Drea?”

“Did you just dare me to spank you, little girl?” I challenged, gripping him by the arm. I was pissed off and letting my temper get the better of me. To be completely honest, I was more angry at myself for alarming my prey than I was at Belle for reacting.

She looked so helpless, trembling like a frightened little school girl. I had a nearly overpowering urge to dress her up in a short, plaid skirt and a tight white blouse, tie her up and spank her.

I calmed myself. I knew forcing her into a school girl uniform would be getting ahead of myself. There would be time for that soon enough. But spanking was another matter. That couldn’t wait.

“Oh, what am I waiting for?” I asked myself, “The dance is coming up soon. I’m gonna push this little sissy as far and as fast as I can!”

There are times to push ahead, and times to pause and savor a victory. There was no time to consolidate or worry about going too far. Still, I knew I had to be methodical as well as bold, so I pulled Belle across the room, sat down on my bed, and pulled her on to my lap.

I gently stroked her flaxen hair and cooed, “There there! I’m surprised at you, baby. You’ve been so brave this entire time! Are you angry with me? Do you want to break up?”

Belle's attitude changed immediately. She was totally in love with me—that was obvious. Even though we hadn't done anything more intimate than kiss while I caressed her little boobs, I'd hinted at much more erotic activities to keep her hooked.

By that point, still only a few days in, Belle was well on her way to turning into my toy. Even my hint at a breakup ended her little rebellion—at least for the moment. I wondered how she'd react to the upcoming drastic steps I'd planned?

She'd been going along with my demands for the most part, however, her potential resistance was a real problem. So, I determined to take her transformation to the next level immediately. I'd overwhelm her now, and let her adjust to her new, emerging feminine persona afterwards.

This was a key point in my plans. Unless I did something dramatic to confirm Belle's obedience, I knew she might start backsliding. I could not let her start thinking that she had any real say in any of this or her transformation might slow to a halt. I couldn't afford that.

"You love me, Darling?" I asked, in a soft, seductive tone.

"Yes! You know I do, Drea!" Belle replied, a nervous tremor in her voice.

"Do I? Do I know that?" I asked, with a shade of sadness and a dejected look on my face. This had the intended effect as Belle gaped at me with a look of pained confusion.

"You know how you can prove that you love me, and show that you respect me?"

"How, Drea?" Belle asked, wracked with desperation from her huge blue eyes down to her pink manicured toes.

"I think you should call me 'Miss Drea' for now on, Belle, and—" I said. She gave a startled yelp at that, but I plunged onwards. "And, you should show you're sorry by admitting you've been a bad girl."

Belle's eyes went from wide to wider to widest, but I wasn't finished. I took full advantage of her exasperated shock and pressed my advantage. "Go on, Dearest. Tell me you've been a bad girl?"

"I-I what? You want me to say I'm a-a-a bad girl?" She jumped up and backpedaled a few steps, but I knew she wasn't going anywhere.

I pretended this was compliance, rather than the confusion it really was, and I proceeded to the next step by saying, "Yes you are, now that wasn't so hard, was it?" I paused to gauge her reaction, which was more frustrated sputtering.

"Right! And what happens to bad girls?" I asked in a sing-song tone, as if I were talking to a small child.

Belle was clearly overwhelmed by all of this and stared at me blankly, slowly shaking her head, more in denial of what was happening than any kind of defiance. This was good. It assured me she was ready for the next big event that would seal her fate. I fought back giggles and forced a stern look as I explained, "Bad girls get spanked."

"You- you want to- spank me?" Belle said, barely above a whisper.

"The thought had crossed my mind," I smiled, "and since you feel the same way—"

"I feel the same way?" she gasped.

"Yes! I just said that. So, we're agreed," I pronounced like a judge imposing a just and fitting punishment. "Now come here, over my knees! Quick like a bunny!" This was another critical moment, and I felt a euphoric exhilaration as Belle slowly shuffled toward me, as if in a daze.

"Wait! This is a very important moment in our relationship. Don't you think a bad girl like you should dress appropriately for her first spanking?"

Belle shrugged helplessly and I made to crush her resistance completely as I pressed my advantage even further. "Open the package over there on

the dresser,” I said casually, as if I wasn’t squirming in sexualized delight watching Belle submit.

For a moment, a last flash of defiance lit up her eyes when she saw what she was about to wear. Instead of rebellion, she tried begging. “Drea, I mean Miss Drea? Is this really necessary? I mean—”

“Now Belle,” I scolded, “we agreed you’ve been a bad girl, and that bad girls get spanked?”

“Yeah but—”

“But nothing sweetest. To prove you’re truly sorry and to show me that you love and respect me, you will do as I say, as you agreed to do. Or were you lying when you promised?” I looked at her with a pouting expression, batting my eyes for emphasis. Our eyes locked together in a very brief but intense power struggle. I won of course, as I knew I would.

I cannot fully explain the intoxicating power I felt as I watched Belle, sweet submissive Belle, slowly strip down to the lacy pink bra and panties set I’d made her wear that day. My erotic exuberance spiked ever higher as she reluctantly donned the demeaning clothing I demanded she wear, one article at a time.

First, Belle slipped on a sheer white blouse. It wasn’t fancy or elaborate, but it was unmistakably a girl’s blouse. Then, she cautiously rolled white silk stay up stockings over each of her smoothly shaved legs. I trembled as I gazed at her, affectionately as well as possessively watching her dainty movements. I noticed with delight that she was also trembling.

Belle looked at me imploringly, her eyes wet with the very beginning of tears as she held up the short pleated tartan skirt I’d ordered her to wear for me. She was hoping for a reprieve from this emasculating, infantilizing garment, but I looked back with my sternest glare, imposing my will upon my helpless toy.

I felt my heart beating harder and faster as Belle slid the flirty feminine skirt up and buttoned it in place. It was all I could do to keep from touching

myself as my excited desire burned to a fever pitch.

I was increasingly fond of Belle. True, this began as a bet with my BFF, but as my plan proceeded, my feelings had grown in complexity and depth. I savored her submission and I reveled in my control over her.

My sense of artistry increased with each step I took in her compelled feminization into a sweet, sexy, sissy. Her mild resistance to my efforts to dominate and feminize her only added to my feelings of triumph. I savored this, as overcoming her challenges made her reluctant submission all the sweeter. It gave a tasty spice to the whole situation.

I almost began hyperventilating as she gently slipped her feet into the patent leather mary jane shoes and placed the head band in her hair. I giggled at her as she stood before me, humiliated and emasculated—dressed from head to toe as a submissive little school girl. But the best was yet to come.

I positioned the intoxicatingly sissified Belle face down over my knees. I'd been dreaming of this exact scene for days—and some very overheated nights. I wanted everything to be perfect, so I anointed her like a sacrifice with a spritz of Charlie cologne—a sweet, girlish scent. Appropriate because I was about to sacrifice the last remaining shred of her masculinity.

I lifted her cute little skirt and caressed her soft, round rear through her soft, silky panties. I sighed as I squeezed both of her cheeks, one in each hand. We both knew what was about to happen, and what it would mean. We were both trembling, Belle with nervous fear, me with triumphant excitement.

I lifted my hand and swung down with a *smack* and Belle cried out. She obviously didn't think it would sting that much, and she stiffened in response. I struck again, *smack* and this time she sniffled. I knew it wouldn't take much more to make her cry. Again, my hand slapped her soft, round ass *smack* and she began softly sobbing.

“Belle,” I said, quietly but firmly, “I want you to promise me.”

“P-P-Promise you what, Miss Drea?” she replied, with pearl-like tears rolling slowly down her pretty cheeks. My heart melted, but I knew I had to continue.

“Promise me you’ll never disobey me again. Promise me you’ll always be my good girl.”

“But but—” she almost protested, so I said again, a bit louder.

“Promise me you’ll never disobey me again. Promise me you’ll always be my good girl.” I pulled on her hair, not too sharply, but enough to get her attention.

“Yes, OK. I promise!” Belle replied.

“I want you to say it, every word of it, little one.” I pulled her hair just a touch more, and *smack* gave her another spank for emphasis.

“I-I promise! I’ll never disobey you again.”

“Yes? And?” I demanded.

“And I promise I’ll always be your g-g-good g-g-girl,” she moaned.

My eyes closed as I savored this moment of complete victory. I had nearly done it! I had transformed a cute boy into the girl of my dreams, and now I just had to make it stick. I felt flushed with intense sensual excitement at this, dizzy with arousal and sexual pleasure. That sense of superiority and control became a constant in our relationship. I openly dominated Belle. I loved it, and I think she was getting accustomed to it.

Still, it wasn’t easy to make her keep her promises. When I wanted her to go out dressed as a girl, she refused. I shrugged and wrestled Belle to the floor. With little difficulty, I tackled her and held her helplessly between my legs. I grabbed both of her wrists and pinned her hands above her head on the floor.

With Belle fully physically overpowered, I reminded her that I was in charge. Then, with my lips just inches from her face, I asked, “Are you

willing to go out in public as a girl now?”

Belle grunted and writhed, trying to break free. I just giggled. After a few moments’ struggle, Belle relented. I gently dried her tears and soothed her, saying, “Don’t worry. You make an adorable girl. Let’s fix your makeup and we can go visit my friend Jess.”

That afternoon, I took her to the Tau Beta Gamma house and introduced her to my BFF as a prospective pledge. Jess was her usual bubbly enthusiastic self, happy to welcome the new “girl.” Then, a look of recognition slowly crossed her face.

“Drea! What did you do?” she demanded.

When I explained my training and transformation of Bill into Belle, the poor sissy squirming and gripping the hem of her tight denim miniskirt in humiliation, Jess giggled, “Oh! You’re such a beast, Drea! I had no idea!”

Taking that as inspiration, I chose the couple’s costumes for us to wear to the Halloween Homecoming dance—Beauty and the Beast, with Bill, my little bookish waif, as Belle. Sighing contentedly, I visualized showing off my prize at the big dance, with her looking lovely in the delectable Belle costume I’d ordered for her.

I told her that we’d be going as Beauty and the Beast. She’d obviously assumed she’d be the Beast, but I think slowly, eventually it dawned on her that she’d be Belle in the pretty dress and all. At least I think she knew, but maybe she was in denial.

We had a wonderful time with Jess. Well at least Jess and I had a wonderful time. We ate dinner with all of the sorority sisters and their giggling potential pledges. Poor Belle was constantly humiliated as one girl after another urged her to pledge.

“Better her than me,” I said to Jess, and we both laughed.

When we got back to my dorm, it was time to get back to work. “We have to start preparing for the dance, my sweet,” I said.

“Prepare? How?” Belle asked, her innocent eyes looked so cute on her confused little face.

“Do you know how to dance as a girl?” I asked, my right eyebrow raised in challenge.

“Well...no....” she admitted.

“Then I shall teach you!” I said, and led her to the common room in my dorm. There, I waltzed her around the medium-sized space—with me leading of course. I delighted in the dominance I felt as I critiqued and controlled her every motion. It was more than that though.

When our cheeks touched while I was teaching Belle to ballroom dance, I felt a kind of chemistry. I realized something had changed, and I knew Belle felt it too. The butterflies in the stomach sensation took me completely by surprise. The electric sparks from my skin brushing against her skin created a smoldering, thrilling sexual tension and the beginnings of desire.

The rest of the days leading up to the huge homecoming costume party were a blur. Every day I added more feminine touches to Belle’s appearance. By the day of the dance, Belle had spent over a week living as a girl 24/7. She always wore makeup and did her hair in a trendy, girlish style.

Bit by bit, I had replaced all of the androgynous clothing I’d bought for her with unmistakably feminine fashions—from her flirty tops to her three-inch heels. She also kept her body smoothly shaven and her eyebrows plucked into a sexy arch. I had hoped this would acclimate her to presenting as a girl.

During these few weeks, I carefully prepared Bill for the role as Belle. Practicing doing her own hair and makeup, walking in heels, curtsies, and even speaking like the Disney character. I could tell Belle was getting swept away in all of this, and didn’t even realize that most of this was unnecessary for a one-night Halloween dance.

Still, I intentionally kept the changes happening so fast that she wasn't even capable of much push back. I also knew she was loving all the time and attention I lavished on my special sissy transformation project.

I'd ordered our costumes in plenty of time for delivery before the big night. All of a sudden, it was upon us. Belle freaked out when I showed her the costume she was going to wear: the iconic baby blue dress with its lace-up back and fitted pinafore-style top. That was enough to set her off, especially when she noticed the sheer white apron, puffy-sleeved white blouse, and frilly petticoats that added even more femininity to the ensemble.

She didn't even have to see the matching big beautiful bow I planned to tie back her long, luxurious hair with, much less the white stockings, bra, and panties she'd have to wear underneath. All that, along with the patent black three-inch pumps, greatly increased the overall girlishness of the costume.

I'd told Belle that we'd be going as Beauty and the Beast, but I'd actually ordered another costume for myself—Maleficent. When she objected, I could feel my chance to escape Jessica's sorority schemes slipping away, and I guess I kind of snapped. I vowed, "No way am I going to let her mess up my plans. Not after everything we've done so far!"

I took the opaque but still ultra-sexy stockings from the costume and—before she could react—I tied her up.

"Wha- what are you doing, Drea?" she cried.

I didn't answer her with words. Instead, I pulled up her soft, cotton paisley skirt, and began spanking her. When she still refused to wear the Belle costume, I pulled her long silky hair, making her cry in pain.

She begged me to stop, but I continued spanking her until she agreed to wearing the costume and taking me to the dance—so I could win the bet with Jess, but also for reasons I didn't completely understand and couldn't explain.

Belle agreed to all of this, but I knew it wasn't just because she wanted me to stop spanking her tender rear end. The look in her eyes told me plainly that she really wanted to take one of the most desirable girls on campus to the Homecoming Dance. At that point, she was still thinking that maybe I was just joking about going as Maleficent, and that we would be going in "role reversal" couples costumes.

I wanted to tease and mock her by showing her my own costume. But as I smacked her bare bottom, my already growing feelings for her exploded and blossomed into something more. As I wiped away her tears, I felt something new stirring deep inside of me. The earlier butterflies were replaced by fierce falcons. I was engulfed by raw animalistic attraction, a hunger that couldn't be satisfied.

I also felt protective of her. As a boy, she was just kind of "blah", someone I'd glance at and barely give a second thought to. Someone who just blended into the scenery. But as a girl, she was stunning! With soft skin, and dainty features so precious and delicate. I had started to crave more from Belle than just winning a bet.

We both worked painstakingly on her total look. The costume fit her perfectly and she looked beyond precious in it. I helped her style her hair and snapped the huge sissy bow into her fancy partial updo. Her makeup was flawless, with huge softly shadowed kohl lined eyes, false lashes coated with mascara, pink blush and lipstick, and alabaster foundation and powder making her look just like a movie princess.

My own costume, hair, and makeup were equally impressive—only I looked daunting rather than dainty. At the Homecoming dance, everyone was gawking at us—two of the hottest girls at Venus University dancing together. Other than Jess, no one could figure out who Belle was, since she was far too feminine and gorgeous to be a kid named Bill.

I smiled and laughed as I heard the buzz from the usual jocks, "Who is that girl dancing with Andréa?" And, "No one knows who that girl dressed up as Belle is!" And "Is Drea dating a girl from another college?"

As if in another world, I sensually stroked Belle's face. We spun across the dance floor, and after I dipped her, I grabbed her and pulled her head slightly back. Belle let out a low moan in response as I began slowing kissing up her neck while still holding and pulling on her hair.

Then, I moved in slowly and placed a soft kiss on her lips. A slow sensual kiss, followed by another. And yet another. I didn't care that everyone at the dance was staring at us. We were lost in our own world, shutting out everyone and everything else.

I was never the type to wait around for any Prince Charming to rescue me. So, I'd taken it upon myself to make my own fairy tale ending. After making Bill—now Belle—into my very own beautiful princess.

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