

Transforming A Transphobe
Force *Feminizing* An Online
Bigot Into A Silly Bimbo

First Time
All New
Forced
Feminization
Fantasy

Mindi
Harris



Cover image Copyright © DepositPhotos.com
All other content Copyright 2013 © Mindi Harris
All Rights Reserved, For Mature Audiences Only



Sneak Preview For Mature Readers Only

Persephone threw up her hands and admonished me. “Why do you even bother to listen to that jerk Walt Marsh?” she asked, exasperated, “you know he’s just a troll and it only pisses you off? It ruins your mood for an entire day!”

“Ugh! I know, right?” I conceded, “but these online bigots are dangerous! This guy is the worst of them! He has his followers so hyped up that they’ve been calling in bomb threats to children’s hospitals! It’s only a matter of time before his stochastic terrorism causes a mass murder!”

“Yes, I know!” Perse agreed, “and his stupid ‘documentary’ about ‘What is a Woman’ is beyond stupid and so hateful! But Lexi, you’re tying yourself up into knots over him! It’s not good for your physical health or emotional well-being!”

Finally she said, “OMG! That’s brilliant Lex! No wonder I call you ‘Lex Luther!’ You’re an evil genius!”

Now that we had him under our control, we began forcing him to feminize himself. That included letting his hair grow longer, keeping his face clean shaven, and soon thereafter keeping his whole body hairless, wearing panties under his suits, and after that wearing a bra as well.

We kept adding cumulative feminine changes every time he said anything bigoted, and that happened quite regularly. While we let him go back a step toward masculinity every time he said anything inclusive on his show, he refused to do so until he was well on the way to full feminization.

He couldn't stop himself from making incendiary uninclusive comments. So we made him start wearing lady's cologne every day. Then we made him get a "tramp stamp," a rainbow tattoo with a smiling unicorn. We'd warned him about this, but Marsh's rhetoric remained outrageous. His audience couldn't see any of those feminizing changes, but he knew all too well.

All of that was easily hidden on air, but would be obvious if he tried to have sex with a woman. He stubbornly kept making hateful homophobic and transphobic on air, and each time we added another feminizing step. These became subtle but visible on line when we forced him to undergo brow shaping and single, then double, then triple ear piercings.

Table Of Contents

Sneak Preview For Mature Readers Only

Table Of Contents

This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards

Copyright Notice

Content Warning/Reader Discretion Advised/Disclaimers

Forward By The Author

Chapter One: The Plan

Chapter Two: Springing the Trap

Chapter Three: Under The T-Squad's Control

Chapter Four: The Subtle, Public Transformation Begins

Chapter Five: Fully Feminized Off The Air

Chapter Six: Feminized On Air, Rebellion, And Switching Sides

Epilogue: Two Years Later

Afterward by the Author

This Book Meets All Amazon/Kindle Standards

All characters are of the legal age, and all are willing, consenting participants in all activities depicted, implied, and referenced. There are no sexual or other intimate relations or actions between or involving blood relations, minors, etc.

There are no depictions, references to, or implications of any illegal, unethical, immoral, criminal, violent, non-consensual, abusive or other improper or wrongful activity, contact, nor conduct; nor is any objectionable behavior promoted, advocated for, nor implied.

Copyright Notice

Federal Law prohibits theft of intellectual property. Section 501 of the copyright law states that “anyone who violates any of the exclusive rights of the copyright owner ... is an infringer of the copyright or right of the author.”

No copying, transferring, performance, resale, re-use, retelling, recording, sharing, lending, or (re)distribution, excerpting or summarization (other than for the purpose of reviewing) of any part or all of this work—including any of the descriptions, narrative language, scenes, characters, plot lines, events, or any other content—is permitted without express prior, written permission of the author, Mindi Harris.

This statement of reserved rights supersedes any other offer or agreement, express or implied, from, between, or among, any person(s), companies, or other entities.

Content Warning/Reader Discretion Advised/Disclaimers

Warning! This is a forced feminization fantasy. It involves kinky, taboo themes like naked man and fully-clothed women, female domination, small penis humiliation, mockery, detailed and embarrassing emasculating makeovers, male chastity, BDSM, gagging, power exchange, lifestyle change from a wealthy young man into a sissified French maid, and more! ***Do not read this book if any of these or similar themes offend you!***

This story is for mature readers only. Do not buy, borrow, download, examine, share, or read any part of this e-book publication if explicit kinky / fetish / erotic / taboo topics offend you, or if you—or anyone you might intentionally or inadvertently allow to see this material—are under the legal age for adult-themed materials in your jurisdiction or any jurisdiction to which you may travel with any device containing any material from this e-book publication.

You must delete or return this book if such materials are not legally permitted where you are, or if you are for any reason not legally permitted to buy, borrow, read, share, or possess such materials.

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 such as male-to-female, transgender, crossdressing, spanking, chastity, erotica, featuring a conflicted / reluctant / defiant character's forced-feminization, humiliation, submission to female domination, public humiliation, emasculation, lifestyle change, and sissification. *If these topics offend you, stop reading.*

Forward By The Author

This is a stand alone, First Time All New Forced Feminization Fantasy with nearly 13,800 words, including 12,000+ words of actual story. I touched on the real-life “debate” about LGBTQ+ rights in my book, *Chasing Gisette One*. This is the first book in which I focus on the ongoing assault on our rights. Specifically, the rise of demagogues targeting innocent people for abuse.

Don’t worry! This is a back to basics forced feminization story, not a “political” story! It depicts a gorgeous trans girl seducing an influential online transphobe. She lures him back to a hotel room, and into an ambush. Some cis and trans women and men working together tie him up, cut off his clothes, and completely feminize him. They video the whole process, hack his MyTube video channel, and threaten to expose him as a sissy to all of his supporters.

Now he’s under their control. They force him to accept incremental feminizing changes. Every time he says anything transphobic, homophobic, or otherwise offensive, they give him demerits, each of which forces a change on him. As these changes continue and escalate, so does his embarrassing emasculation. What will happen next? Find out in this first time forced feminization fantasy.

WARNING: This book features humiliation, bimbofication, naked man with clothed women and men, kinky LGBTQ+ themes, forced feminization, lifestyle change, power exchange, and transformation and public exposure of a right wing bigot into a reluctant, demure, submissive school girl French maid, a quinceañera princess, and subservient young miss under the control of a trans girl and friends. Do not read if these themes offend you!

XOXO

Mindi Harris

Chapter One: The Plan

In which I plan to set up and ambush a MyTube transphobe

Persephone threw up her hands and admonished me. “Why do you even bother to listen to that jerk Walt Marsh?” she asked, exasperated, “you know he’s just a troll and it only pisses you off? It ruins your mood for an entire day!”

“Ugh! I know, right?” I conceded, “but these online bigots are dangerous! This guy is the worst of them! He has his followers so hyped up that they’ve been calling in bomb threats to children’s hospitals! It’s only a matter of time before his stochastic terrorism causes a mass murder!”

“Yes, I know!” Persephone agreed, “and his stupid ‘documentary’ about ‘What is a Woman’ is beyond stupid and so hateful! But Lexi, you’re tying yourself up into knots over him! It’s not good for your physical health or emotional well-being!”

“You’re right, Babe,” I said, kissing her on her nose in the way she loved, “but I can’t just let him get away with all this!”

“Right right,” she nodded, “but what can we all do about it?”

I smiled hearing her say, “What can we all do.” I was so happy that she’d included herself and her huge network of followers in my personal crusade against this bigot. This was one of those times that I appreciated having an enormously popular influencer for a life partner.

“Thank you for this, Perse!” I said, “I’ve got an idea!”

“Oh of course Lex!” she smiled, “I’ve been an ally of the LGBTQ+ community forever! That’s even before I fell for you, supported you through your transition, and became a lesbian or at least bi when we committed ourselves to each other.”

I kissed her again, loving her more and more with each passing heartbeat, if that were even possible. “So you’re in?” I asked, “even though this plan might sound crazy?”

“Duh! Of course I’m in!” she kissed me back, “all I ask in return is that we add wedding rings to the engagement rings we gave each other last year?”

I laughed and said, “This again? Yes of course let’s get married! We can celebrate our love after we celebrate our victory over Marsh?”

She jumped into my arms saying, “Yes! That would be ah-MAY-zing!”

“You haven’t asked me about the details of my plan,” I said.

“Oh I know!” she smiled, “it doesn’t matter though. I already know that it’ll be crazy, unbelievable, and yet somehow brilliant. Just like you!”

She wrapped her arms around me, and we made out for the rest of the afternoon, and then I told her my plan.

“Are you crazy?” she asked, “you can’t do that!”

“Why not?” I asked.

“Well for one thing, it’ll confirm some of what he’s saying! That trans women are into tricking straight men into sleeping with them to—”

“He won’t be able to complain about that, though,” I countered, “at least not publicly.”

“Why not! It’d be perfect for his hateful narrative!” she said, “he’ll tell everyone that a trans woman lied to him, seduced him, and—”

“He won’t be able to tell anyone any of that, because it’d expose him as a hypocrite and, much worse for him, as a member of our community,” I smiled.

“Wait what?” she said, regarding me curiously with a bewildered expression, “you totally lost me.”

She shook her head as I began explaining. She was dubious at best at first, but as I went on, I saw the “aha!” look on her face. She went from frowning to pondering to smiling.

Finally she said, “OMG! That’s brilliant Lex! No wonder I call you ‘Lex Luther!’ You’re an evil genius!”

“Yeah,” I smirked, “but you love me for it!”

“I do,” she agreed.

It was a small matter to put our plan into operation. Phase one was almost too easy. Walt Marsh had been chasing Persephone for one of his “debates” forever. She was the Holy Grail for him and all the rest of the online hateful homophobes and truculent transphobes seeking to stoke the algorithm and boost their engagement.

She was a not only a famous cis woman who was an outspoken LGBTQ+ advocate, but she was also a gorgeous vivacious blonde influencer in a notorious relationship with a tran woman, namely me. I kept a very low profile, so no one outside of our close-knit circle knew who Persephone’s fiancée was or what I looked like.

On top of that, Persephone had millions and millions of loyal followers, some of whom would tune in to anything she did. She was in high demand for nearly every light night, daytime and other morning TV talk show, radio show, and online podcast or MyTube channel. She provided an irresistible but elusive target for Marsh on so many different levels.

The first step in our plan took no effort at all, really. Persephone simply unblocked his number on her phone and waited. He'd been calling and texting her nearly four times a week, so it only took a couple of days til she was ready to hook him.

The next time he texted, "I know you're afraid to debate me, but I'm hoping you're not too much of a coward to at least reply!!!!" Yes, he added that many exclamation points to the end of his missive.

To avoid tipping him off, she still played hard to get, but she slyly stoked his interest at the same time. She replied, "New phone, who dis?" This to both put him in his place, and to provide a rationale for her next careful steps.

When he replied, "This is Walt Marsh! Don't dodge me again! Come on my show, unless you just want to prove I'm right about everything." This was just a simple-minded effort to goad her into replying and eventually agree to appear on his MyTube show.

We knew we had him hooked. Now all we had to do was reel him in. We left him on read for a few days, to heighten his interest. Then we began reeling, very slowly and gently at first. This was probably overcautiousness on our part, but we didn't want to leave anything to chance.

"Fine!" my darling texted back a few days later. Just that one word.

It only took a couple of seconds before he replied, "Wait what? You'll come on my show?"

Then, apparently aware of how overly eager that seemed, he texted again a few minutes later, "I mean, of course you'll come on. Let me know when?"

Again we left him stewing, not even opening his text, but we didn't have to. We'd read the reply from the notice, and even then we knew what

it would say before he'd even sent it.

A few days later, Persephone had her agent Alicia contact Marsh with a form email asking for a choice of dates for her potential appearance. As we'd planned, Licia waited until the last proposed date had passed and nonchalantly informed him that none of those dates would fit in Persephone's schedule.

We laughed as he reacted in frustration, and kept playing cat and mouse with the bigot knowing he was getting more and more angry. We kept the gambit going, refusing to reply to his invitations, until finally Licia confirmed an appearance for Persephone on Monday of the next week.

She stipulated that before Persephone would appear, they must have a face to face pre-show meeting, off-line and in public, that Saturday night. Take it or leave it. We knew that Marsh couldn't resist that "demand." In fact, we offered it as catnip just so we could lure him out to a place where we could spring our trap on the self-centered little jerk.

As we expected, he agreed almost immediately. Licia sent him the address of an exclusive private bistro known only to members of the LGBTQ+ community.

"Are you sure about this?" Persephone asked me, "letting a flaming transphobe know about *The Matrix* is so risky! What if he—"

"He won't," I reassured her, "and it's the perfect place for our little trap!"

"Ugh! I wish you wouldn't say 'trap'! It's what they call—"

"Yes, darling I know! It's what they call trans women who seduce straight men," I said, soothingly, "but when we're done with him, Marsh will be the sexy little girl with something extra. You know I'm all about subverting the paradigm!"

Chapter Two: Springing the Trap

In which I lure the bigot into an ambush.

Later that week, our plan was ready. We'd selected the scene for our trap, and briefed all of the supporting players in our drama. I felt certain that *The Matrix* was the perfect place for all of this to go down.

Walt Marsh was a small, slim man, standing at about five foot five inches tall and weighing no more than one hundred and fifteen pounds. He had neat dark brown hair that looked recently cut. He looked somewhat nervous as he entered the lobby of *The Matrix*, alternately rubbing his hands against his beige trousers and his incredibly precise dark brown curly beard.

When he walked into the exclusive bistro, he looked around the place anxiously as he waited for the hostess to acknowledge him. All around him, waiters and waitresses glided between the tables, mannerly and efficient in their service. There was no outward sign that anything was out of the ordinary.

The bistro was busy as usual. About a dozen diners sat in comfort at polished hard wood tables, perched or reclining in delicately curved chairs that were upholstered in a soft, strong, sophisticated grey fabric. They were all seemingly fully engaged their quiet conversations.

In every direction, Marsh saw well-dressed people savoring their meals. He heard the relaxing, subdued melodic sounds of baroque masters playing on the state of the art sound system. The musical offerings leaned heavily on the works of Johann Sebastian Bach and George Frideric Handel.

For such an outrageous on-air personality, in real life he blended into the background. Ordinarily, such a person wouldn't draw much attention, and so he wasn't at all surprised at going unnoticed. The hard-working waitstaff all intentionally ignored him, as we'd coached them to do. That was all part of our plan. I watched him very closely, however.

I smiled as I realized the opportunities his slight, petite stature afforded us. I tried not to laugh as I pictured him dressed as a school girl, a French maid, and as a cheerleader. He'd look absolutely adorable in all of those guises, and I couldn't wait to force him to model short skirts and dresses.

I noted that his current clothes were just a bit out of style, but they were clean and well-tailored befitting his out-of-date and fastidious social and political opinions. He was wearing pressed a light blue shirt and a red "power tie."

As I closely regarded his bearded face, I guessed that beneath his whiskers hid boyish if not girlish prettily, rounded cheeks. I surmised that he'd grown his beard to camouflage his lack of gravitas. "We'll find out about that very soon," I giggled to myself.

His shoes were dark brown and a bit scuffed, as if he had been wearing them for some time. He hadn't replaced them, I thought, "That's because they weren't apparent on his on-line broadcasts, and all he cares about is how he appears online. He's obsessive about his image. That's just what I was counting on!"

He looked impressed by the sumptuous dining room, beautifully decorated in an art deco style with marble flooring, velvet drapes, and other refine decor. The lighting was muted, softening the colors and making the room feel inviting and intimate. Spherical chandeliers hung from the ceiling, encrusted with dozens of tiny mirror-like discs that glinted softly in the warm, glowing light.

The walls were adorned with a variety of original artworks, and the deep tones of classical music filled the air. An open kitchen at the back of the room promised a relaxing, rewarding culinary experience for all guests.

Persephone winked at me as she recognized our prey. I was dressed as one of the staff, ready to play my part in the intricate scheme. My love

nodded to the beautiful hostess, a trans woman named Roxanne, who immediately went into action ensnaring our hapless target.

We'd informed *The Matrix's* staff and patrons of our plans, starting with Roxy and the general manager, named Peter Pastor. We'd had to quell their concerns at first, but once we did they were all enthusiastic participants.

About 25 years old, Roxy was tall and thin, standing about six foot tall with a long, slender figure and broad shoulders. She had short, spiky black hair that was dyed with hints of blue and pink, giving it an enviable sheen.

Her almond-shaped eyes were a warm chestnut brown. She accented them with dark, smoky eyeshadow, mascara, and eyeliner. Her rosy blush emphasized her cheeks, and her full lips popped with a sexy pink gloss.

She wore the sophisticated yet sexy black and white uniform of *The Matrix* staff, complete with a white blouse, a black knee-length pencil skirt, a black vest, and a white apron. Her feet were shod in black leather pumps with a pointed toe. All this gave her a sleek, tailored look.

I was dressed in almost the exact same uniform, but my skirt was a few inches shorter. I wore an alluring hair style and mesmerizing makeup. My hair was carefully coiffed in long and wavy look, with a few loose cork screw curls framing my face. I used warm brown highlight and golden blonde lowlights, making my bronze-brown eyes stand out.

To augment that effect, I used golden eyeshadow, and blackest thickest mascara that brought out the flecks of gold in my irises. The rest of my makeup was simple yet stunning, a natural yet glamorous look, using warm tones that brought out and amplified all of my best features.

My lightly-contoured cheeks, accented by a layer of plum-rose blush, created an irresistibly feminine look. I added a scarlet red lustrous lip stain to finish my face in an overall seductive presentation.

I wore a pair of three inch black strappy heels with a shorter than usual pencil skirt that together made my legs look even longer in *The Matrix* uniform. To draw attention to them, I wore black fishnet stockings. The combination of my glamorously sexy hair, makeup, hosiery, uniform, and shoes made for a truly irresistible look!

Roxy regarded Marsh warily, asking him for his name and reservation code. She knew who he was, of course, but she didn't want to let him know she knew. That was all part of the plan.

He said, "My name is Walt Marsh? I'm here to meet Persephone, you know? Persephone Didrikson?"

"I'm not seeing anything here...." Roxy began, pretending that she was looking into an iPad, letting Marsh get even more anxious. "Oh wait, here it is, Persephone Didrikson," she said, pretending she'd found something on her tablet. "Follow me, Sir, she's waiting for you."

The hostess escorted the clueless podcaster to the table where Persephone awaited his arrival. When Persephone saw him approach, she stood to greet him as if they were old friends. He was immediately taken by her beauty and charm, enchanted by everything about her.

She had a casual yet fashionable look. Her hair was pulled back into a low, sleek ponytail, highlighting her chiseled cheekbones. She wore a crisp white blazer over a soft grey blouse and a white pleated skirt that danced around her knees. She also wore classic black pumps.

Her jewelry was unprepossessing but tastefully fashionable: gold drop earrings, a smart gold chain necklace, some gold bangles, and a few simple rings along with her engagement ring.

Her makeup was subtle but dramatic, accentuating her natural beauty with a bronze eyeshadow, a hint of blush, and a glossy pink lip. She carried an effortless confidence, making her undeniably irresistible.

“There you are, Walt!” she gushed, “I was afraid that you might back out!”

He bristled at this implied slight impugning his courage, but Persephone’s bewitching smile and wink disarmed him, even before she said, “Just kidding!”

They sat down and chatted, and when I approached the table in the guise of a waitress, Persephone said, “I’ll have the usual. The same for my little friend here too.”

“And the wine?” I asked.

“The usual for that as well,” Perse smiled. She explained to Marsh, “I come here literally all the time!”

I smiled back at her and nodded. I noted that Marsh was indeed a tiny little man, and I silently celebrated seeing his slim, lithesome body. It was very easy to picture him all dressed and made up as a coquettish little ingenue.

I made a mental note to rechristen Walter Marsh “Juanita Martinez,” and I felt more certain than ever that my plan to dominate, emasculate, and feminize him would work perfectly.

The on-line loud mouth seemed put off by the “little friend” put down, and at least as much by enduring a woman’s presumption that she could order his meal for him. Before he could complain, my love explained, “I have a two for one coupon!” as if that made everything clear.

I returned with two glasses containing Perse’s favorite vintage, she said to Marsh, “This is a fine Cabernet Sauvignon. It’s full-bodied and robust, with notes of sweet cherry and blackberry on the nose. It has round tannins and a pleasant spiciness to the finish, leaving a velvety texture in

the mouth. It's well-balanced, with a long and lingering finish that I'm sure you'll appreciate."

Marsh seemed increasingly confused by all of this. Persephone's take-charge manner, her alternating between kind and condescending statements, her non-sequitur comments, and most of all, her charismatic and sparkling persona kept him off balance and ill at ease. Still, he was also intrigued if not enthralled.

"Thank you again for joining me today!" Persephone said, smiling radiantly, "I'm looking forward to a respectful exchange of ideas on my show! A toast to good faith debate!" She raised her wine glass to honor that premise.

"Well, yes, thank you and...uh wait? I thought you were coming on my show?" he blinked, even more confused than before.

"Your show?" Persephone frowned, "why would I go on your show?" She took a deep sip of her wine to hide her smile. She knew she was toying with him, and it made her feel both powerful and highly amused.

Marsh started rubbing his close-cropped beard furiously. He gulped a large mouthful of his wine, nearly draining the large glass. He seemed barely able to contain his anger as he leaned forward, poised to complain about Persephone's jarring change in plans.

We'd carefully plotted this latest wrinkle in the ongoing and enervating runaround we'd been putting him through. Just then, I frustrated him by placing the first course of the meal on the table in front of them.

This consisted of two freshly prepared kale and quinoa salads with roasted vegetables, pickled onions, roasted beets and carrots topped with crunchy pepitas and fragrant herbs, with a creamy herbed tahini dressing.

He clearly didn't want to erupt with me standing there, and I refused to leave. As I reached across the table, I presented my C cup boobs mere

inches from Marsh's face to distract him. He obviously lost his train of thought as I "accidentally" brushed against him and asked, "Please let me know if you want anything else?"

For the main course, I served them steaming plates of seitan and mushroom Wellington with a tomato-onion gravy. Alongside this savory dish came roasted potatoes and pearl onions. My stomach growled as I carefully placed their meals before them. I knew this was one of the most delicious dishes on the menu.

As they ate, I kept their wine glasses filled. Although as planned, Perse barely sipped at hers while March drank deeply. Before long, he was showing signs of inebriation. His tiny stature certainly left him susceptible to intoxication, and the delicious wine combined with the salty food and lack of water made him drink more and more.

Marsh desperately pleaded with Perse, insisting that she had agreed to the debate days ago. She just shook her head saying, "I'm sorry, but you should have set that up with my assistant, Alicia."

The bigoted bully was shattered. He said, "But I already confirmed all of this with your assistant!"

Perse just shrugged as she glanced at her phone and began texting. She took a brief moment from her online antics to say, "Oh! You really must try this dessert!"

By that she meant the vegan blueberry cheesecake, topped with a blueberry-vanilla sauce I'd placed in front of her, while refilling Marsh's glass again.

He looked too upset to eat anything, but she scooped up a morsel on her fork, and fed her guest as if he were a baby. He reluctantly parted his pursed lips and accepted the delicious bite. The cheesecake was light and creamy, and he clearly wanted more, but none was forthcoming.

This continued the bait and switch tactics we were using to mess with Marsh. Perse was sending a flurry of mixed messages the whole time, confusing, confounding, and vexing him. She'd raised his hopes by hinting that she'd enjoy debating Marsh and that she was an air-headed bimbo he'd easily defeat.

But then she demoralized him by denying that she'd formally committed to appear on his show and even by subtly demeaning him, both for his physical attributes and his ability to book guests properly.

“You know, when you start to get a real audience and maybe become serious about your show, you should start taking bookings more seriously,” she advised in an ostensibly helpful but fundamentally condescending tone.

“Also, since you have difficulty with keeping details straight and get all fuzzy headed about the business, you might want to hire an assistant,” she said, “my assistant Alicia is an absolute goddess-send. You should find your own assistant. If your little bitty channel ever gets monetized, that is.”

before he could get to the point, her phone rang and Persephone held up a finger as she stood up and walked away from the table.

I walked up to Marsh pretending not to pay attention to him, but then I dropped the credit card tray I was carrying, then kicked it toward his chair so that it slid almost to his shoe. I bent over insouciantly, presenting my apple-shaped rear alluringly.

I held a butter knife to my eyes pointed so I could see his reaction reflected in the mirror-like surface. I could tell that he was bewitched by my scantily clad body and my apparently inadvertent but carefully calculated flaunting of it. His hungry male gaze told me everything was going according to plan.

I stood up and turned back to Marsh saying, “I’m so sorry, but I couldn’t help but overhear? Is she breaking an agreement with you?”

“Yes! She did! And it’s making me so...so...I can’t even say it!” the piqued podcaster complained in his squeaky, whiny little alto voice.

His face revealed his frustration. He’d probably normally be miffed at this invasion of his privacy. We’d strung him along for so long, however, and he was so desperate to have Persephone on his show that he’d become too agitated to care about less important things like that.

“Oh that’s not fair!” I pretended to side with him, “I might be able to do something about that. She comes in here all the time and I thinking I can get her to understand that what she’s doing is wrong. Maybe I could even change her mind?”

He literally jumped at my offer, leaping from his seat in excitement at the prospect of Persephone uncancelling the appearance he’d lusted after for years. A bit tipsy, he stumbled into my arms. I hugged him closely, overcoming my strong feelings of revulsion, and whispered, “Don’t worry, I’ll make it all better, Baby!”

This gave him a good whiff of my intoxicating Givenchy *Irresistible Eau de Parfum*, a floral-woody fragrance featuring notes of luscious rose with radiant blond wood, and a touch of musk. This effervescent scent symbolizes a carefree woman with a strong magnetic charm.

“Listen, this is how we get her to keep her word,” I said, then I whispered into his ear in my most seductive tone.

“Are you sure that will—” he began.

“Shhh!” I said, putting my finger over his lips, “I am totally sure!”

I scribbled an address onto his arm using lipstick, winked, and said “See you there in twenty minutes! Don’t be late if you really want Persephone on your show!” He really did, so he made certain to be there on time.

Chapter Three: Under The T-Squad's Control

In which we force feminize Walt Marsh and take control of him.

I dashed upward to the Orlando Inn, a discreet, upscale lodging house a few flights up above *The Matrix* bistro. By a quirk of cartography, it had a different street address, making it a perfect location for our complex gambit. I counted on Marsh becoming confused, giving us more than enough time to orchestrate his downfall.

Our accomplices, who I'd christened "The T-Squad," had already arrived and prepared the room with all of the accoutrements we needed. Then, they'd hidden themselves behind the thick velvet, draperies, inside the closets, and inside the rest room. Soon, they were all in their appointed places, and all we had to do was wait for Marsh to take the bait.

The carefully-chosen team included Michaela, a young beautiful trans woman with long brown hair, an olive complexion, and shining green eyes. She was wearing a long, flowing purple dress with a matching blue shawl and wears a tiara on her head. An upbeat and cheerful person, always up for shenanigans. We'd chosen her for her expertise with make up.

Also poised to help was Carlos, a powerful gay man with short black hair, tanned skin, and dark brown eyes. He was wearing a black suit with a red shirt and tie and a black fedora hat on his head. He was a confident and assertive Lothario, always sure of himself. He was an expert at BDSM, and we relied on him to serve as the muscle in the operation.

Key to our scheme was Dena, a tall lesbian woman with curly blond hair, fair skin, and blue eyes. She wore a long pink dress and a white apron. She was a strongly self assured and confident person, with a take charge personality. She'd suggested some important improvements to our plan, and was uniquely qualified to help us achieve our goal.

We also relied on Raul, a young man with short brown hair, olive skin, and hazel eyes. He wore a blue suit with a white shirt and tie. He was

a very calm and collected person, always offering reassuring words. He was positioned down the hall, ready to play a decisive role in our scenario.

I glanced out of the third floor window using binoculars. I watched Marsh scratching his head while staring at his phone, and then looking around. It took him a bit longer than I'd expected to puzzle out the fact that the inn was in the same building as the bistro, and go back inside. There, he probably asked for directions to get to the upstairs.

“Battle stations, everyone!” I shouted, and then texted Raul, who'd act as our look out. About ten minutes later, he'd texted me back, alerting us that Marsh was almost at ground zero.

Marsh tapped lightly on the door of the room. “It's open!” I called out, as everyone on our team readied for action.

He cautiously opened the door and entered. Looking around, he saw the quaint, comforting decorations and furniture. The room was warm and inviting, with luxurious carpeting, thick velvet curtains and heavy mahogany furniture. An ornate floor lamp illuminated the center of the room.

Against one wall stood an impressive writing desk, and in the corner sat a cozy armchair and footstool. The bed was comfortable, with lavish, satin sheets and a vintage quilt draped across the top. A small window, framed by gossamer lace, let a bright beam of sunlight into the room.

“Umm...you said you could make sure Persephone would appear on my show?” he asked hesitantly, obeying my unspoken command for him to sit on the bed. “How exactly are you able to do that?” he asked. I could tell that he was more than a little skeptical, but his obsessive desire to ambush my fiancée was so compelling, he was willing to try almost anything to make it happen.

“Easy,” I said smiling, “she's going to be my wife!”

“Wait!” he said, standing up with shock, “then that means...”

Before he could finish that sentence, the team burst into action. Michaela and Carlos jumped out of the closet and bathroom respectively. He grabbed our prey and tied him up with nautical rope that was incredibly light and virtually unbreakable. She locked the door and fastened the security chain, ensuring that Marsh couldn't escape until we were ready for him to do so.

Within moments, Michaela had cut up all of Marsh's clothes, pulled the scraps off of him, and unceremoniously thrown them away. Carlos gagged him with a pair of panties, fastened them in place with a roll of duct tape, and held him helplessly in place. Michaela confidently locked the shaking little man's little man into chastity.

“Mmmh! Mmmmmph!” Marsh tried to cry, but the frilly, lacy panties in his mouth rendered any attempt at communications completely impossible.

“This is how it's going to work, ‘Juanita’ my dear,” I said commandingly.

I saw the look of perplexed fear and disbelief in his eyes.

“Your name is now ‘Juanita Martinez’, and for now on, you're a pretty young Latina, or you will be very soon!” I gloated, “shave her and dress her!”

“You sure that calling him that isn't offensive?” I asked Carlos.

“No not at all,” my friend said, “this bigot's ignorant, hateful rants against immigrants makes that name perfect poetic justice.”

Michaela produced an electric razor, and quickly removed all of Marsh's hair beneath his eye brows. This took relatively little time, as he

barely had any body hair to remove. She particularly enjoyed sheering off his beard, exposing his cherubic cheeks.

“Just as I thought,” I said seeing his dainty, delicate face, “yes, you’ll make an absolutely adorable young girl!”

Marsh redoubled his efforts to escape, making louder protests that only came out as “Mmmh! Mmmmmph!” once again, even as we all laughed at him, mocking his helplessness.

Once he was naked and denuded, we commenced dressing him up like a pretty young girl eagerly awaiting her quinceañera. Michaela affixed a beautiful long human hair wig to “Juanita’s” head, as I videoed the whole process.

In minutes, he had a head full of lusciously soft, long, dark brown hair, styled in glamorous waves that cascaded down his back. Then, Michaela began her makeup magic. Soon, his face was lightly powdered and elaborately made up with shimmery silver eyeshadow, electrifying electric blue eyeliner that highlighted his hazel eyes, and a subtle pink blush that gave him a delicate, girlish look. On his lips, he wore a deep, glossy burgundy color that perfectly complemented his features. It was time to dress our pretty little princess!

Carlos untied him but warned him to cooperate, “Or else!”

As we’d expected, Marsh made a run for it, but as he ran past Dena, she tackled him. Raul, who was poised to cut him off had he run the other way, quickly joined Dena, and together they carried him struggling helpless in their grasp, back into the room.

There, Dena forced the stunned, demoralized young man into a bright turquoise lace bra with a soft cotton lace trim. His panties were in a matching turquoise and lace with a white ribbon accent. Raul laughed, pointing out that our little guy’s little guy was getting hard in his panties!

We then easily forced him into a most beautiful quinceañera dress I'd ever seen. It was a custom-made, one of a kind ballgown made of electric blue and silver tulle with a fitted bodice encrusted with diamond-like sequins.

The elaborate gown sparkled and shimmered with each movement. A sparkling tiara adorned "her" head and a pair of stunning white satin sandals with sparkling crystal soles completed the lovely young Latina princess look.

Carlos remarked, "That dress is even more lovely than the one my little sister wore for her quinceañera!"

We heard a knock on the door, and I went to open it, even as Carlos un-gagged our captive who then dashed in front of me. "Juanita" begged, "Please don't open the door! I can't be seen like this!"

I loved how the long, feminine dress swirled and billowed, dancing around "her" hips as if "Juanita" were a beautiful hummingbird in flight.

I used the AppleTV connected with the big screen to show "her" the video I'd just recorded that clearly showed off "her" transformation. I laughed out loud at the aghast, ashen expression on "her" beautiful, feminized face as she staggered backwards and flopped onto the bed.

As she entered the room, Persephone said, "It'd be such a shame if the 'Macho Manosphere' saw this, say if someone posted it to their ClickClock account like mine, with a few million subscribers!"

Seeing and hearing this, Walt Marsh, now transformed into the *bonita, linda, hermosa* Juanita Martines slumped in abject emasculated embarrassment. He realized he was under our control.

I explained our terms. "You've been an irresponsible, bigoted, hateful, dangerous, and dishonest demagogue. This stops now. Unless you want the world to see how you're secretly a luscious little Latina?"

“She” shook “her” head no, looking mortified and mystified by “her” rapid change of apparent age, gender, and genetics.

I said, “This is how this is going to work. Every time you say anything transphobic, homophobic, racist, xenophobic, or otherwise bigoted, we’re going to give you demerits. Each demerit will lead to us forcing a new feminizing change upon you. Do you understand, ‘Juanita’?”

“She” nodded sadly.

I smiled at Persephone who walked up to me and kissed me deeply. We had our target where we wanted him. Soon, we’d teach and train him to obey us, slowly taming him and hopefully changing his attitudes. This was a noble experiment that was already delivering dividends far beyond our plans.

While it wasn’t apparent that he was persuadable, but we definitively enjoyed emasculating him. Worse come to worst, I knew that we would especially enjoy exposing him in a feminized state to his audience and the world if he dared to disobey us.

Persephone said, “You know? Now that I think about it, I did agree to be on your show, ‘Juanita.’ Will you be dressed as a man for that, or as a pretty young girl? I vote for ‘girl’ as you look so much better this way.”

Chapter Four: The Subtle, Public Transformation Begins

In which we make Marsh accept incremental feminizing changes.

Now that we had him under our control, we began forcing him to feminize himself. That included letting his hair grow longer, keeping his face clean shaven, and, soon thereafter, keeping his whole body hairless.

That was all immediately after Persephone's appearance on his show. In the aftermath, he was quickly also wearing panties under his suits, and soon after that wearing a bra as well.

Their debate followed familiar patterns, with Marsh rehashing science denying bigotry, and Persephone debunking his claims as fast as he could make them. After introducing his guest, Marsh said, "Trans people are just men in dresses pretending to be something they're not. They're deceiving people and trying to muddy the waters of what it actually means to be male and female."

Persephone said, "That's absolutely not true. Trans people are just people who simply identify as a different gender than the one they were assigned at birth. They are being authentic to who they are, not pretending to be something they're not. We should be respecting their gender identity and validating their experience."

Marsh snidely countered, "I'm sorry, but that is just fundamentally wrong. We can't just go around letting people decide they can just be whatever gender they want. There are male and female traits and characteristics that just don't line up with what so-called trans people are trying to say."

Persephone countered, "Society has constructed definitions of gender, and those definitions may be limiting, but that doesn't mean people don't have the right to identify as whatever gender they want. There are countless transgender people who are living their lives authentically and not pretending to be something they're not. We should be embracing their

unique experiences rather than trying to keep them from being their true selves.”

They went back and forth, as Perse kept making great points, supported by science and expertise while Marsh kept accumulating demerits. As agreed, we kept adding cumulative feminine changes every time he said anything bigoted, and that happened quite regularly.

While we let him go back a step toward masculinity every time he said anything inclusive on his show, he refused to do so. At least until he was well on the way to full feminization. This because he couldn't stop himself from making incendiary uninclusive comments.

Soon, we made him start wearing lady's cologne every day. Then we made him get a “tramp stamp.” We'd warned him several times before this, making it clear that his would be a real tattoo, permanent unless he could somehow have it painfully lasered off. He was too stubborn to listen, his rhetoric remained outrageous.

And so we'd grabbed him and tied him down in the same suite in the Inn. There, we videoed the process as Carlos' cousin Rodrigo permanently inked the inclusive message into the skin of Marsh's lower back. This was a rainbow tattoo with a smiling unicorn saying “I love LGBTQ+ people.”

His audience couldn't see any of those feminizing changes, but he knew all about all of these embarrassing emasculating impositions all too well. While all of them were easily hidden on air, they'd all be obvious if he tried to have sex with a woman or a man. Especially his being locked in chastity.

Still, Marsh stubbornly kept making hateful homophobic and transphobic remarks on air, and each time he did, we added another feminizing step. These went from subtle to more and more visible on line. He started to complain when we forced him to undergo brow shaping and single, then double, then triple ear piercings.

“You’re making changes people can see online!” he whined.

“Don’t blame us,” I said, “we warned you that this would happen ‘Juanita!’ Stop complaining unless you want to come out as a spicy Latina?”

As we expected, Marsh knuckled under, but we were disappointed that his progress was only temporary. When he said a few enlightened things about the need to respect diverse people, we let him go on air without his earrings in, but when his audience continued ragging him about his “metrosexual” eyebrows, he lost it and went on an awful, offensive transphobic tirade.

After those demerits, we had no choice but to order him to wear subtle foundation and clear lip gloss. Then, he had to replace that with faintly pink gloss. Then we made him add blush. Then a touch of mascara, followed by pale eye shadow, and then eyeliner. Then ever more obvious and noticeable makeup.

We could tell his fury was increasing, even as he went day after day with his little cock locked away in chastity. Under this pressure, he became ever more unstable. This devolved into a vicious cycle as each new feminizing detail made him feel forced to amp up his hate speech to reassure his audience of troglodytes that he wasn’t going “woke.”

He threw a livid tantrum on the air, and in response we made him exchange all of his men’s suits for subtly feminine pantsuits. He wore those while doing his show with little impact. When he promulgated a particularly pernicious conspiracy theory accusing trans people of vandalizing cemeteries, we made him wear more obviously feminine pantsuits.

Finally, we had him wearing skirt suits, but we let him hide his skirts when he was recording videos, so long as he remembered to stay seated with the feminine garments hidden from his viewers’ view. He screwed up a

few times, revealing he was wearing a pencil skirt and pantyhose a few times, causing a stir.

To emphasize our displeasure with his childish tantrums, we arrived one day after his show and barged in using the keys we demanded he give us. Persephone tossed him a package of clothes. He tried to catch it, but fumbled it.

“What this?” he asked, unfolding a plaid garment and a cotton shirt among other items.

“It’s your uniform,” I said, “you’ve been acting like a spoiled child, so we decided that it’s time you dress the part.”

As he examined the clothing he realized what it was. A Catholic school girl uniform. “I can’t wear this!” he cried.

“You can and you will, little girl,” Carlos said, “and you’ll do it right now or else I’ll dress you in it and then I’ll take you over my knee and spank you.”

“You wouldn’t dare!” the belligerent bigot spat.

“Try me!” Carlos challenged.

Marsh threw down the cute little school girl uniform and took off running. I collected the pieces as Carlos dashed after Marsh, who’d managed to lock himself in his bedroom. He was a faster runner than he looked.

Carlos took about five minutes removing the door from its hinges, and we all marched into the room.

“Let’s try this again,” I said, tossing him the uniform, “unless you want to come out to the world as Juanita?”

Marsh hung his head, and within minutes he'd stripped naked and started turning himself back into the reluctant Latina we'd forced him to become. First Juanita put on her girlish underwear, a pair of white panties with a frilly lace trim and a matching bra.

She then continued to dress herself, beginning with the pleated skirt in a yellow and red plaid pattern against a navy blue background. The skirt barely reached her knees, leaving her smooth hairless legs exposed. Next, she put on a white cotton button-down blouse, which she tucked into the skirt.

She added a navy V-neck cardigan sweater, continuing her classic, preppy school girl look. She slid a pair of knee-high white socks up her legs, and stepped into a pair of closed-toe, low-heeled black shoes to finish the outfit. Raul forced her to admire herself in her cute little school girl uniform in the mirror. She shook with embarrassment.

With her school girl uniform complete, Juanita was ready for her next ordeal. Carlos grabbed the online bigot who now looked like an adorable adolescent tween queen and pulled the hapless, dainty little thing over his knee. The powerfully built man easily held down the squirming brat with one arm, and lifted her little skirt with the other, then began spanking her on her frilly little panties.

Juanita cried out with each slap on her soft little ass, kicking her legs the entire time. After about ten solid swats, she was sniffing and crying, at least as much from the humiliation as from the stinging pain. But her humiliation had barely begun.

Carlos and Raul tied up the livid but helpless little thing using maritime cords, gagged her with her own panties that they'd pulled down and over her shoes, and carried her outside to our waiting SUV. We drove to the nearby private girls' school where there were dozens of teens playing in the afternoon sun.

Each of them was dressed exactly like Juanita who, like it or not, was deemed by us ready for school in her cute little school girl uniform. She shrieked through her panties-gag, terrified of being caught on campus impersonating a school girl but without any underwear under her skirt. She knew her reputation would be shattered if arrested under such circumstances.

We shrugged and pushed her out of the car. She landed on her naked ass on the driveway. Raul and Dena began dragging her toward the fence as the playing school girls began to take notice of this odd occurrence: one of their own being carried and forced to join them.

As a crowd of curious young teen girls began to move forward to investigate more closely, Raul and Dena abruptly reversed course and brought the apparent truant back into the relative privacy of our vehicle. Juanita collapsed from sheer emotional exhaustion.

There I said, “Do you understand that we have all the power here? That if we decide to drop you off here, tied up and gagged, nothing can stop us? Nod if you understand!”

Juanita nodded furiously, as if her life depended on it.

“You understand that we could carry you into their administration offices, and we could say that we caught you lurking outside the fence, spying on the girls? Do you know what they’d do to you?”

Again, our captive nodded furiously, desperately.

“If you ever disobey us again, we’ll enroll you as a student here. We’ll make you get dressed for school, in your adorable little uniform. You’d make a darling school girl, right up until the moment they found out you’re not really a girl. Do you understand me?” I demanded.

Once more, Juanita shook her head “Yes,” like a bobble head. We drove back to Marsh’s condo, and there we left him locked outside in his

adorable little uniform.

We weren't totally heartless. We left him with his cell phone so he could call a locksmith to get himself back inside. We imagine he made up some story about a bet or a costume party.

Chapter Five: Fully Feminized Off The Air

In which we force Marsh to live as a woman at home.

At that point, Marsh knew that our mercy extended just so far. After he flogged yet another outlandish conspiracy theory, this time claiming “illegal immigrants” were impersonating right wingers to steal their identities and frame them for sex crimes, we only let him hide his feminine garb as long as he lived as a woman nearly 24/7. That is, whenever he was off the air.

That meant we’d require that he wear dresses and skirts, bras and panties, hose and makeup every single day. He had to practice doing his makeup, styling his now shoulder length hair, walking in heels, and even moving and talking like a girl.

He was a very quick study. Within a few weeks he passed easily for a young woman. This gave us some sadistic ideas! We appeared at his home studio immediately after his show one Friday afternoon with a suitcase and a garment bag in our hands.

“What’s all this?” he asked, nervously.

“You’ll see!” I smirked, “put on everything in this suitcase, then put on this! It should be familiar to you.” I pushed the rolling suitcase toward him and handed him the garment bag, which he unzipped, revealing his quinceañera dress.

“Oh no,” he moaned.

“Oh yes,” I said, “get changed now, Juanita!”

After he undressed as we all watched, laughing, Dena helped him into an icy blue, virginal white and baby pink lingerie set: a lacy thong, a matching padded push up bra, and garter belt. “Those are the colors of the trans flag,” she giggled.

“Roll these up your legs, Juanita!” Carlos commanded, noting that Marsh had kept his legs silky smooth and hair free as we’d demanded. That made the *linda señorita’s* lithe shapely legs look sexy and very feminine.

Next, Dena draped the stunning gown over his head, and fastened it up the back, and then she directed him to step into the girlish sandals. There stood Juanita, once again in her custom-made quinceañera dress.

Michaela and Dena then told Juanita how to do her makeup in a flamboyant, yet innocent style befitting a fifteen year old girl preparing for her “coming out” party.

Juanita, sighed, “Do I have to do this?”

Dena shook her head yes, “You know that you have to, little one. Michaela spent hours teaching you how to make yourself pretty, now show us what you’ve learned about hair and makeup.”

Juanita whined, “Ugh, I really don't know how to do this. I feel like I'm going to mess it up.”

Michaela smiled and said, “Dena’s right. I’ve seen you make yourself up to look like a gorgeous girl! You know how to do this. Don't be nervous, just start with a light base and some blush and then work your way up from there. Take your time and you'll get it right.”

Juanita rolled her eyes like the little teen queen she was dressed as and said, “Okay, I'll try. What color blush should I use?”

Michaela said, “A pale pink would be perfect. Apply it lightly and blend it evenly.”

Dena said, “For your eyes, you can use a neutral shade of eyeshadow with a pink base to highlight your natural beauty. Then, use a black eyeliner to make your eyes pop and add a touch of mascara.”

Michaela said, “I want to see you go bolder with the eye shadow. ‘Go big or go bigger,’ I always say. Use these false eyelashes. I want you to make a bigger impact. Also, let me turn up your eyes to eleven with this reddish shadow. I’m drawing wings that will make them look extravagant and outrageous!

Juanita whined, “What? That all sounds way over the top!”

Dena laughed and said, “That’s the whole idea! Don't be afraid to take your femininity to the max. You're going to look fabulous!”

Our “Glam Squad” draped a dressing gown over our princess to protect her gorgeous gown. Then, they stared at her and motioned for her to start rolling up her hair and making up her face.

Of course I videoed her doing all of this herself without anyone else in the frame. It would appear that Marsh was eagerly, expertly dolling himself up as a sweet little teenaged girl. He’d find that very difficult to explain to anyone, most of all his homophobic and transphobic followers.

Within several minutes, Juanita looked far beyond fabulous and well into the flamboyantly fantastically female zone. Her hair cascaded in flirty girlish curls, and her face was made up like a young girl trying to look older. It was a classic coquettish look.

Dena accessorized our cute little girl’s beautiful electric blue and silver tulle couture confection with a pink sash that read: “*Quinceañera Reina.*” Our captive finally began to understand the significance of that message.

With that loop of pink and silver satin positioned over the tightly-fitted bodice of Juanita’s gorgeous gown, there could be little doubt of who the girl of honor was as guests began arriving. Each of them kissed the appalled feminized young man on the lips, and presented her with a brightly wrapped package.

These gifts accumulated on a coffee table, until it was nearly overflowing. As she stood there in her sequin-encrusted elaborate gown, Juanita's entire ensemble sparkled and shimmered with each anxious, embarrassed movement.

From the tiara on her head to the white satin sandals with sparkling crystal soles that showed off her pink pedicured toes, she was the very picture of a young Latina princess greeting her guests at her.

Juanita could barely recognize the room. It had been boringly appointed by the tasteless Walt Marsh earlier that day. Within hours, under Dena's and Raul's guidance, it had been transformed almost as much as Marsh himself had been. It was elaborately decorated to celebrate Juanita's coming of age

Now filled with vibrant colors, from bright streamers hanging from the ceiling to colorful balloons adorning the walls, it made the perfect setting for the reluctant Latina's quinceañera. In the center of the room was a large dance floor, surrounded by tables filled with traditional Mexican food, including tacos, tamales, and churros.

The walls were decorated with "deep fake" photos of Juanita throughout the years, as well as traditional Mexican art. The young girl who'd been Walter Marsh gaped at the genuine-appearing photos that depicted her development from a cute little baby girl, then a cute school girl, and all the way through today.

Only the latest school girl pose and the quinceañera pictures were real. All the rest were created using software and clever image manipulation techniques, yet they all looked authentic.

She had little time to contemplate that as Raul said, "Let's get this quinceañera going!" He took Juanita's delicate hand, and led her into the middle of the living room. A Mariachi band began playing in the corner as

Raul began dancing with the girl of the hour, adding to the festive atmosphere.

We paused the dancing to let our teen queen open her presents. Inside the colorfully wrapped pages she found a wide array of gifts any fifteen year old girl would absolutely adore.

I instructed her, “Show over the top appreciation for all of these presents, Girl! Or else!”

Juanita sadly nodded her assent as she began opening her gifts in front of all the guests.

I said, “Oh my gosh Juanita! Here, open this one first!”

She tore open the wrapping paper revealing a gorgeous makeup assortment. Doing a great job feigning delight, Juanita said, “Wow! Thanks so much! I can't wait to try all the different eyeshadows, blushes, and lip colors!”

We called up the guests who'd given her this exclusive “Too Faced” kit, and smiled as the feminized young man curtseyed and kissed them submissively.

I said, “Now here's another one. I can't wait to see it!” as I handed her a long, low box. Juanita unwrapped that package, and lifted up the beautiful new sun dress inside.

She said, “Oh wow! It's perfect for those hot summer days coming up!” We repeated the process of her calling up and thanking the gift givers. “Thank you so much!” she simpered.

I smiled wickedly picturing her wearing the feminine and sexy sundress. It featured a form-fitting shape with a halter-style neckline that

exposed the shoulder and upper back. The dress had a high waist line, just below the bust, and a slim skirt that would fall to Juanita's mid-thigh.

The fabric was lightweight cotton in a pale pink floral pattern with accents of ivory and pale blue. The halter neckline tied around the neck and swept down to a dramatic keyhole cutout just below the bust.

The back of the dress was open to just above the waist, allowing for a subtle, sexy peek of bare skin. The dress had a light shirring detail at the sides of the skirt to create a flattering silhouette.

"Here, open this one next!" I said, handing Juanita a small package. She opened it and showed the audience a pair of oversized Gucci designer sunglasses with pale pink frames.

Juanita chirped, "These are great! Now I can fend off those bright summer rays! Thanks!"

I smiled and said, "Those glasses will go perfectly with your new pretty dress."

On and on it went. Under my watchful eye, Juanita was absolutely mortified yet was forced to pretend she was totally thrilled to receive her fabulous, feminine gifts. Her eyes were wide in forced delight as she stared at the shiny new pink laptop, complete with plenty of speed and storage for all of her computing needs.

In addition, she was compelled to act overjoyed at finding a stylish handbag and a cozy sweater, perfect additions to her rapidly expanding stylish new womanly wardrobe.

She was especially embarrassed but forced herself to act excited at discovering another, even more elaborate makeup set, a sparkling bracelet, a glamorous headband, a gift card to the Pampered Princess beauty salon, and pair of elegant silver drop earrings.

Juanita was conflicted, feeling emasculated while having to act as if she were ecstatic at all the new things she could add to her girlish style.

I smiled and said, “You’re such a lucky girl, Juanita! Just imagine all the things you can do with all of these amazing gifts!”

Again and again, we made her call up the generous benefactors as she opened each offering. We forced her to thank each and every one of them with a gleeful gushingly girlish display, and reward them one by one with a demure, dainty curtsy and a kiss on their cheek. All of this made for an incredibly incriminating video we could release unless she behaved herself.

Chapter Six: Feminized On Air, Rebellion, And Switching Sides

In which we force Marsh to reveal his transformation and he tries to escape.

I'd honestly hoped that this accumulation of video evidence would give us more than enough blackmail material to force Marsh into behaving like a human being. If not that, then the pressure being locked in chastity 24/7 and of having to constantly dress and act as a young woman would force him to behave contritely. No such luck.

Oh well, we were ready to push on with his behavioral modification. This involved us making him expose himself as a feminized sissy, a bit more each time he acted out. This began by us forcing him to stand up on camera and reveal that he was wearing a skirt, very briefly at first, but for longer intervals as he continued to resist our conditioning.

At first, he had to show his skirt for a second, but the length of exposure kept doubling with every demerit. He had to stand up for two seconds, then four seconds, doubling again each time he says anything offensive. He finally began limiting his obnoxious comments, and even started saying some enlightened things. This because each time his time showing off his skirt would be cut in half.

This finally began to condition him to anticipate our punishments and he started to self-censor. For about a week, he made real headway trying to roll back his feminization, and he was actually doing better than OK for several days.

Then, the insulting comments from his fans calling him a soy boy and a simp combined with his naturally belligerent attitude pushed him past the breaking point.

Looking back on it, we did push him too far, too fast. His rebellion shouldn't have surprised us. Still, even though we made a mistake, he had

to own his actions in response, otherwise none of this would have made the difference we'd decided was our goal when this whole project began.

He went on a horrendous misogynistic, homophobic, and transphobic tirade, and accumulated with dozens of demerits during a single show. We gave him a choice: either face forced feminized exposure through Raul hacking his stream, or else outing himself by dressing completely as a woman at the upcoming national conference of Conservative Independent News Entertainers and Reporters.

He decided to dress as a woman but claimed that he was only doing it to mock trans people. Unfortunately for him, by this time he was much too good at dressing, acting, talking and generally presenting as a woman. His audience felt uneasy from the first moment they set on him in his ensemble.

The crowd live-cast Marsh's entrance even as they gasped seeing what he was wearing. To all of us, we saw our girl Juanita making her in real life debut, and she looked stunning. Juanita's outfit was a long, navy blue off-shoulder dress. The dress had a delicate, ruffled neckline and intricate lace detailing on the bodice.

She paired that with a five inch navy blue high heeled pumps, adding a lot of height and an extra elegant to her look. The ease and grace with which she walked on stage in those shoes were an unmistakable signal to all of the women present. They knew that no one—male or female, trans or cis—could possibly navigate stilettos that high that well without a lot of practice. The murmurs increased in volume as they shared that insight with the clueless men.

Juanita had accessorized her outfit perfectly, another clue that tipped off the transphobic crowd. We saw her sprinkling of diamond earrings, her diamond necklace, and jewel encrusted rings and bracelets as a stylish sparkle that elevated her look. They all regarded her expert style with deep suspicion.

Her flawless natural makeup look, using soft, warm hues around her eyes and rosy highlights on her cheeks, added further fuel to the fire even as

her alluring rose colored lips made more than one of the male right wingers there getting hard in their boxers.

Her hair was pulled into a classic updo, allowing her to show off her swanlike neck and her diamond earrings. She finished off her look with a shimmering pair of sheer off-white hose. Her over all look made many of the female “America Firsters” in attendance more than a little jealous.

Within seconds, she was targeted for transphobic abuse. An outcome we’d warned her about, but of course she stubbornly refused to listen to us. With nowhere else to go, Juanita fled from her former supporters to seek our protection.

We predicted this when she’d told us she was going to appear as her new true feminized self. She had no other choice but to “switch sides,” as all of her family and friends were rabidly transphobic. We agreed to harbor her until she could safely return to her former life. We knew that that was utterly impossible. Still, we took her in, with one important condition.

When we told her what that was at first she adamantly reused. She raised hell, and called us every derogatory name in the book. We shrugged and told her to “Suit yourself!”

But as the death threats and other abuse from her erstwhile allies kept escalating, she soon realized that she really was out of other options. She signed an iron clad personal service contract for five years, renewable at our option up to ninety nine years.

We took her in to live with us at our country estate. She traveled in deep disguise, trusting us to keep her safe. That we did, but we exacted a very high price. She reluctantly agreed, and so we all lived together. Persephone and I were happy. Juanita, not so much.

Epilogue: Two Years Later

In which Juanita Realizes Her Fate Is Sealed.

As she put away the last of the hand-cleaned dishes, Juanita paused to take in her humble and servile circumstances. With a heavy heart, she realized that this was now her life.

She looked over at the tofu scramble and vegan bacon sizzling on the stove and, seeing they were ready to serve, plated them, placed them onto a tray alongside two cups of coffee, and prepared to serve her mistresses breakfast in bed. This as she'd been forced to do every morning since taking refuge with us.

She slowly climbed the stairs to the master bedroom; the sight of all our decadent furnishings—pride posters, rally signs advocating for LGBTQ+ liberations, and so on—reminded her of how and why she had agreed to this arrangement. Yet her own pride still kept her mortified at the thought of being forced to serve and cater us, and all of ours guests, cis and trans women alike as our own submissive demure feminized French maid.

She took a long deep breath, steeling herself for what she knew was to come. She gently knocked on our bedroom door, and announced herself saying, “Morning Madames! It’s Juanita with your morning meals!”

When we gave her permission to enter, she daintily stepped inside and curtsayed demurely. Then, she placed the dining tray onto our queen sized bed. I never stopped marveling at how utterly femininely she looked. Her every motion was a graceful girlish swish.

Juanita’s French maid uniform was a simple, traditional ensemble consisting of a straight bustier and a tiny black mini-skirt with a white apron. Her long, dark hair was carefully swept up and away from her face and held in place with a frilly white headband.

We'd had her hair dyed a ultra girlish pale pink, and styled into a face flattering bob. It was easy for her to maintain. This so she could attend to her appearance and grooming without substantially cutting into her time cooking, serving, and cleaning.

She always had ample opportunity to adorn her face with cute little freckled and vapidly vivacious makeup. She didn't need much more than a hint of lipstick and a few strokes of mascara to look like a girly girl.

Still, she'd gotten used to augmenting her beautiful newly-blue eyes with flamboyantly overdone eye shadow and eyeliner. This gave her a wide-eyed, cat eye look. Seeing her, no one would ever believe that this stereotypical bimbo was ever a hateful right wing men's rights misogynist—unless they'd known the truth.

She wore black patent pumps with five inch heels that gave her a slightly taller, but no more imposing look. The fishnet stockings on her legs were a most alluring touch, and every time she bent down or even moved suddenly, her tiny skirt rode up, revealing her fluffy white petticoats beneath.

Sometimes we even caught a glimpse of her sexy black satin panties and the beribboned garters that held up her frilly feminine hosiery. This even though her posture was upright and formal—a dramatic change from her former masculine and casual behavior. Her overall manner was meek and demure as she had more or less effectively adapted to her new life as our submissive serving girl.

“Where is the juice, Juanita?” Persephone demanded, “fetch it now!”

“I am so sorry, Miss Persephone!” she curtsied again, “I am so stupid! I'll be right back!”

Muttering sadly to herself, the humble and humiliated maid pranced back down the stairs to the kitchen. There, she juiced several oranges, poured the sweet liquid into a crystal pitcher, and quickly returned to our

bed chambers. She appeared chagrined, once again apologizing for her lapse.

“Don’t let it happen again!” I scolded her, “you know that I’ve been looking for an excuse to spank you on your cute little buns!”

Persephone laughed at that saying, “I think it’s my turn to spank the maid!”

“Actually my dear,” I said, “I believe it’s your turn to *peg* the maid! Maybe we can both do both to celebrate the reunion, with them as an audience of course?”

Juanita moaned miserably hearing that mentioned as even a possibility. We could tell that she’d absolutely die from humiliation of being spanked and pegged as our closest friends laughed and applauded.

That had happened at the last reunion. Persephone live-cast the whole thing, and then posted it on-line where it went viral. We forced our emasculated French maid to watch herself become famous online once more, this time as a feminized fetish sex object, not as an inflammatory bigot. She dreaded a repeat performance, but she knew better than to complain.

“She’s been so good for so long, I’ve lost count,” my beautiful wife pouted, “the last time she acted up was when we made her serve as our flower girl at the wedding.”

“Ah yes,” I giggled, “it was a struggle, but it was so worth it seeing her in the adorable little dress. She made such a sweet little prepubescent princess in her frilly little outfit.”

“Yes she did,” Perse laughed, “maybe we should find that little dress and make her wear it for the reunion today? Imagine how our guests would love seeing her all done up in her adorable little dress?”

Juanita knew all too well we were discussing her ivory, sleeveless A-line dress with a rounded neckline and a sheer overlay of white dot lace. This was the flower girl dress she'd worn at our wedding. Of course we still had the dress, along with the dainty lingerie she'd worn with it.

The dress had a nipped in empire waistline, adorned with a big, satiny pink ribbon belt with a flower side accent. The skirt was full, with layers of organza for a twirly effect, topped off with an ivory satin sash and a huge, matching cream-colored flowery bow for her hair. In that outfit, Juanita was the most adorable little flower girl anyone had ever seen, despite standing five foot six in her cute little white virginal kitten heels. All the guests gushed over her!

A few hours later, she was dressed in the humiliating, age-regressed dress. Juanita was forced to greet all of the guests with an infectious, little girlish smile. As we'd insisted, she kept twirling around and showing off her adorable little flower girl dress and her innocent girlish undies. She raised her arms in mock delight as her fluffy tulle skirt billowed around her. She had to give each guest a big hug and a sweet kiss on the cheek.

We all had the most wonderful time, marking the anniversary of our cunning plan to feminize and emasculate the loud mouthed bigot Walter Marsh into the stunningly beautiful and undeniably girlish Juanita Martinez. And so she was in every way that matters.

We used our connections to expedite the paperwork, including the name change and gender updates to female on all of her government records. We debated enrolling her in an all girls school, so we could send her off to learn dressed in an adorable little school girl uniform. Persephone wanted to make her join the pom pon girl dance squad and I saw no reason not to do that. Maybe this Fall?

Adding extra sparkle to our special day, we let all the guests watch as Perse and I both pegged our pretty little princess while she squealed and writhed wearing her adorable flower girl outfit. Then, everyone lined up to

spank her and ask her for “special favors.” We didn’t force her to comply, but she would receive generous rewards for each guest she agreed to please.

The evening finally came to a close and all of guests, straight, gay, bi, cis, nonbinary, and trans alike, said their goodbyes to us and our darling little Juanita. They each kissed her, thanking us for our gracious hospitality.

Juanita bowed her head and forced out a smile as she kissed them all back, then waved goodbye to everyone. She stood in the doorway, alone and defeated as she watched them go, her eyes silently pleading with us to let her go back to living as a man. Juanita watched the guests leaving for a few moments before she finally sighed and shut the front door.

Persephone and I watched Juanita as she watched all of the guests drive away. Perhaps she was hoping that one of them would plead her case and convince us to let her go. Maybe she still harbored hope that one day, some way, she would find a way to break free from her feminized fate and take control of her own life once again. If so, she was sorely disappointed.

No one had to say a word, but she knew and they all knew that this was her life now. We made her dress up again, humiliated French maid, and ordered her to clean up after the party. No rest for our emasculated servant girl! As she grabbed a dusting cloth from the cupboard, Juanita quietly resumed her duties.

For her, it was the only life she knew or would know for the foreseeable future. She slowly dusted and cleans, almost in a trance-like state; her thoughts and emotions all locked away, just like her tiny cock, caged in chastity as it had been for two dozens months and counting.

Hours later, when she finally finished her cleaning duties, Juanita dropped into her tiny bed in her tiny maid’s quarters, utterly exhausted both physically and emotionally. There, she dreamed of her old life, a different life, one in which she used to be a he. Those days seemed a lifetime ago to Juanita.

She'd answered to that name, dressed as that girl, and acted like the sweet Latina she'd been treated as for month after month for so long, it was hard for her to remember that she'd once been an up and coming right wing on-line operative. It all seemed like such a dream to her now.

She used to be a man who had all the choices and freedom in the world. He could boldly say and do whatever he pleased. He took delight in insulting and harm whoever he wanted to hate. Now, the he that once was was gone. There was no more Walter Marsh.

Juanita desperately longed for another chance, a new opportunity to regain her empowerment and her masculinity. But she had to know that day was far off and might never come. As that part of her died and dissolved, she slowly and reluctantly accepted her place and fate as a French maid.

With each passing day, the girl who once was a transphobic, homophobic, and racist bigot settled more and more into her new life as a silly bimbo. With every week that went by, she became ever more certain about her bleak future as a servant girl. Our community had celebrated her downfall earlier that day, and she'd been forced to observe our joy at her fall from grace.

We'd all been burdened and even threatened by her formerly bigoted and oppressive behavior, and we had all wished for her to find karmic justice. My plan set the wheels of justice into motion. But her own behavior led her into the trap and made it impossible for her to extricate herself from it.

Through her stubborn refusal to educate and reform herself, she dug herself in deeper and deeper until she'd become stuck inexorably in life of humiliated feminized servitude. And so she would remain until we tired of her. And that wasn't going to happen any time soon.

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?](#)

I am fortunate to have so many kind, enthusiastic fans. I hope that you liked reading this book as much as I liked writing it! If so, and if you want me to keep writing more books like this, please give me a 5 star rating and a great review. Do so anonymously if you feel that's best. That would help me so much!

This book is an all new stand alone story. If you liked it, you can hire me to bring your inner gurl (or dream gurl) to life through "[Buy Me A Coffee](#)." To commission a story using *your plot* with *you* as the main character,

Click

Here:

<http://www.BuyMeACoffee.com/MindiHarris/e/19875>

Thank you again, Dear Reader! I love and need you! I couldn't and wouldn't write or publish anything without your kind support!

XOXO

Mindi Harris