

MAIDEN TEARS

A FORCED FEMINIZATION LOVE STORY



MELISSA DANIELS

For Ren

***M**y Love, My Life, My Soul*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

A few years ago, I began telling a short story called Maidenhead. I never intended it to be a novel, but the story kept growing.

It was one of the most fun projects I ever worked on. I loved telling the deconstructed story, and what started as a little erotic smut story somehow blossomed into something almost akin to a romance novel—to be fair, it was a smutty romance novel.

Romance in the realm of forced feminization is complicated. Dominant/submissive relationships are tricky, and what plays well in fantasy seldom works in Real Life™. I hope all of you will consider that as you read, knowing that this isn't meant to be realism but rather romanticized erotica.

This is not a sequel to Maidenhead. It is a spiritual sister to it. You will meet new characters and a new situation and hopefully experience the same type of arousal, laughter, tears, and joy that I tried to infuse into the first book. You should quickly see why it is related to the first book. The tone is similar, even if the situation is not.

This whole story started as a simple 'what if' question. The concept has probably been done before—Rule 34 applies to forced feminization more than anything—but I have not read this type of story before. I'm excited for you to meet these characters and experience their shared grief, joy, and the relationship they create.

More than anything, I'm excited to have you read this.

Enjoy!

Melissa Daniels





WARNING

Did you look at the cover of this book?

No really! Did you look at it?

Just to be clear... it depicts a Sissy sitting subserviently to a dominant male. If that does not interest you, then turn back now.

The following pages have some content that is not appropriate for anyone. Do not kid yourself. You are about to read forced feminization erotica. This is genre writing at its finest, and we all know that there are a lot of nooks and crannies in our kinks.

I suggest putting this book down if you find yourself offended or just plain uninterested in any of the following things: men dressed as women, forced exhibitionism, tease and denial, sexy outfit descriptions, non-consensual sex, bondage, S&M, submissive fantasies, indentured slavery, gratuitous sex scenes, an obsession with flowers, she-males, sissy costumes, and so much more.

Still here? Seriously. This is your last chance. This is a very graphic, dirty...dirty... DIRTY... book. Our helpless hero/heroine finds herself doing things that cause her great physical and mental distress, and if that is not your cup of tea, then let us part ways now. It will not offend me.

Are you still here? I just knew you were a slut.

...and precisely the kind of reader I was looking for.

Let's strap on our sexiest heels, put on our slinkiest outfits and have a little adventure together. You may find your hand slipping between your legs. That's fine. Just remember, you're not allowed to release without permission.



Prologue

His eyes focused on the flowers. Jenny had always loved flowers. The house was always filled with colors and scents, blooms of different shapes and sizes, each a little precious treasure to her.

Charlie could not tear his eyes away from them—little white blooms with pink buds in a green vase.

Maiden tears. He was almost sure of it.

The crushing sadness inside of him wanted to laugh at the irony. He had no more tears to shed. At least not right now.

It felt weird to be wearing a suit. He still wore panties beneath it. What choice did he have? Panties were the only underwear he had left.

The gentle weight of the chastity cage shifted as he crossed his legs and adjusted his seat. At one point, it had felt like a prison; now, it was more of a comfort—just to be held.

The two men in the room were looking at him. He felt their eyes. The one behind the desk cleared his throat and spoke in a deep bass voice.

“Are we ready to begin?”

