

TRAINED IN FAMILY VALUES

By April Green



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

TRAINED IN FAMILY VALUES

BY APRIL GREEN

Number #948 tried so hard to be very, very good. If you were good, you weren't punished... much. And he was determined not to give his keepers any reason to punish him. That's why he had so carefully dressed the way he had been taught. He wore a pretty sleeveless dress of navy blue cotton which contrasted so strikingly with his long curly platinum blonde hair and pale complexion. His fine legs, shaped by daily exercise, were bare below the knees except for a pair of blue three inch heeled shoes.

He had been as attentive to his face as he had his body. His red lipsticked lips, made pouty by collagen treatments, blossomed like a fresh rose. Number #948 hated his nose, the nose that was so different from the one he was born with. Now it was a little button nose, a cute nose. Not a beautiful aquiline nose like the ones fashion models had.

His hair was as glorious and golden as any model's mane. He unconsciously played with it all the time, twisting it nervously between his long pink polished nails. His eyes were filled with pale blue fire, simmering with the taught need to please, and tempered by stringent training. Of course, Number #948 didn't think of his eyes that way. He just thought they were pretty, like everything else about him. But his keepers knew better. They knew fully what changes they had wrought in their domesticated pet.

The changes went deep. They only started with the surface appearance— his clothes, his face and hair. Then they went deeper. Underneath his dress, Number #948 could feel the change— the feeling he was just getting familiar with.

The training brassiere was a delicate harness of white lace and shaping wires which Number #948 had been taught should be a source of great pride to him.

“When a girl begins to grow breasts, she is beginning to tell the world she is becoming a feminine young lady. Be proud of your budding breasts Number #948. Stick out your chest proudly and show them off!”

That had been the instruction of one of his keepers and he had endeavored to obey. There seemed to be little to show at first. His mounds barely broke the plane of his dress, and yet... his nipples had become sooo sensitive lately.

When he had been given the brassiere, a pair of matching white lace panties had accompanied them. The soft pretty thing matched the lace floral design of his brassiere.

“Put on your pretty panties, Number #948. You should always be as fetching underneath your skirts as you are over them.” His keepers were so strict about his appearance, always demanding perfection of him!

Only one thing confused Number #948. That was what he wore underneath his panties. It was actually a delicate thing that might have been a fine piece of jewelry, so finely crafted was it. It was made of silver and so cleverly designed that when Number #948 moved, the delicate links moved with him as smoothly as flowing water. But even still, it caused him such pain and confusion. His keepers had explained it to him often enough though.

“Number #948, your little girdle will keep you from disobedient behavior. It will prevent you from thoughts you must not have. At times, your shameful secret will cause you pain, but it will remind you always of your new purpose. Because you are not a boy anymore. You are a pretty faux girl who will be trained to please your owners.”

The door opened. One of his keepers had come for him. It was one of the Masters—swarthy, older man dressed in a business suit. Number #948 had not seen him before, but only his keepers had keys to his room. This one seemed to be Middle eastern in complexion and accent.

Number #948 rose and smiled sweetly at him.

The man smiled curiously. “Hello, pretty young thing. How old are you?” He sat on the bed, gently pushing him down with him.

“Nineteen, Sir.” Number #948 felt his hand stroke his thigh through his skirt.

“You are a cute thing. What is your bra size? You seem flat for a girl your age.” His hand rubbed his upper arm now.

Number #948 averted his eyes, face flushed. His keepers could ask such cruel questions. “Thirty-two A, Sir.”

Both his hands now cupped his small mounds.

“Small, too small. If I decide to keep you myself, I may have these pumped up,” he said. Number #948 didn't know what this meant, but never thought of asking a question. His hands closed gently over the mounds and Number #948 took in a sudden breath. “But they are firm... firm and excited. Your nipples are hardening.”

It was true. Number #948's body was reacting. The man's hands were so... commanding. He had no will beside his, silently accepting his familiar caresses.

Pulling him toward him, Number #948 felt the man's tongue enter his mouth, even as his hands continued their fondling.

“Pretty Number #948” the man said mockingly.

Number #948 sighed softly, even as he twisted his mouth away. But the man's tongue continued to invade his wet mouth, jabbing in and out. His hands held his squirming body firm, pushing him down onto his back. The same hands swept up under his skirt, fingering his panties in a way Number #948 knew was naughty. But what did naughty mean after all? When his keepers told him to act modestly and be-

have like a proper young lady, it was one thing. But then they came to his room like this and touched him this way!

The visitor continued to explore his mouth even as he tried to resist weakly. His rough skin scratched his downy cheeks, rubbing them a ruby red in his excitement.

Number #948 accepted the rough kisses as his due. His keepers had often explained to him that it was his own prettiness that excited such interest in him, that made men and women want to hold him this way. Number #948 was to blame for it, that was all.

The man was rubbing his breasts now, tweaking his nipples into hard points of heat. Under his skirt, his hands eagerly rubbed his soft panties, making him moan unconsciously.

“What a naughty lassy you are Number #948!” he chided him.

He blushed in guilt, even as he continued to grope his hardening chest. Looking up into man's dark brown eyes, he let a hopeless smile escape. Simultaneously, he felt his thighs part as if by their own power, feeling the man's strong rough hand ride up his panty with a search for secret surrender.

But even as he felt the liquid warm desire to be held, to be kissed, to be touched, his visitor abruptly rose from the bed. Number #948 looked up, his pale blue eyes beseeching in their disappointed confusion.

“Have I done something wrong?” he instinctively thought.

“Enough petting for now, pretty girl. I think you are too free with your favors, you little minx!” His laugh was hard and it made #948 feel ashamed.

His feminine hands flew down to smooth his skirt and straighten his bodice, even as the man continue to chuckle derisively at him. Number #948 sat straight up, with an angry pout on his pretty face. He had made him feel like a little fool, all flustered and shamed with his own sighs.

The dark man's chuckling ceased, a wry hard leer replacing it. His hand extended down to cup #948's small chin. Examining him with a proprietary air of a buyer inspecting merchandise, he turned his head to the right, then left. His lips remained in a tight, angry curl.

“I don't care for your attitude, lassy. Let me see a big bright smile on those sweet lips... now.”

The man's insistent dark tone made him light up like an ornament in his hands. Number #948 forced a squeaky giggle for him and his mien softened.

“They'll be plenty of time for you to offer your charms in the future, missy. Just behave yourself like you've been trained, all right?”

Number #948 nodded appropriately. The man patted his head, gave him one last appraising look, then left, shutting the door firmly behind him. Number #948's smile, still frozen on his face, slowly dissolved as he wondered what other strange visitors and training he would look forward to this and following days.

“Suzie, are you ready?”

The teenager shook his head, holding the towel tightly to his feminine breasts. He had no memories of his past as an adult snatched from a 'homeless shelter' and transported to 'The Facility'. There was no memory of anything about how the Keepers had used their medical and psychological skills to revert his body back to its current teenage form where he began life anew with his 'mommy' (actually his ex-wife) and vague remembrances of his 'first' twelve years with her as 'her little sissy boy'....

“Uh, not yet,” he yelled, “I just washed my hair!”

“Hurry up, young lady!” the male voice bellowed up the stairs. That was 'Daddy', his step father, who had married his 'mommy' when he was 'thirteen'. Suzie was a faux-girl by then, to his ever lasting shame. His 'mommy' had made him into a faux-girl!

“Yes, Sir!” he answered promptly. He rubbed his long black hair with the towel, combing it out quickly with his pearl handled comb. The party would begin soon and he just had to hurry up or his stepfather would be upset. He hurriedly dried his hair with the hand-held dryer. Rubbing the thick towel over his bare skin, he dried off all five feet six inches of himself. Looking in the mirror, he applied his roll-on Secret deodorant carefully on his shaven bare underarms, then did a visual check on his legs. He had shaved them in the shower and they were properly smooth and silky.

Finished in the bathroom, he returned to his bedroom. He looked at the clock by his bed. Seven o'clock!

Gosh, Daddy's going to be mad! he thought furiously.

He opened his top dresser drawer and his eyes searched for some pretty panties and a bra. His drawer was awash with soft filmy pastel undies punctuated by the occasional white pair.

Tonight would be a special night though... there would be boys there. Without realizing it, he inhaled deeply and reached underneath the soft pile. He drew out a strapless pink brassiere. It was almost new, only worn three or four times, and would be very appropriate for the night's upcoming events. He slipped it on effortlessly, letting the modest pink cups snugly uplift his 32-A-sized breasts.

Reaching back into the drawer, he pulled out a matching pair of pink lace bikini panties. He giggled softly to himself as he drew the naughty things up his shaven legs. There was something so grown-up about wearing the skimpy things, for the lace seemed to practically disappear between his legs.

Only the slim elastic bands hugging high on his thighs reminded him that he had anything on below his waist. That was because the elastic tugged on his imprisoned maleness, the maleness that was locked away in a dainty chastity belt that drew around it in a steel web of chain and thin wire!

He remembered for a moment how his 'mommy' had delighted in dressing her little sissy up in pretty satin and lace party dresses. How she teased him about how weak and feminine he was, until he cried like a little girl. How she added to his shame by

taking him with her; to buy new frilly clothes, trips to the beauty salon, to visit her many friends, or to sit in the lap of the man that was to become his step father, who loved to stroke and fondle the poor faux-girl.

He remembered that awful day that she caught him playing with himself, and how she paraded him into the doctor's office to complain about her little girl's nasty habit, only to be assured by the woman doctor that there was a simple cure!

"Oh, I don't want little Suzie to be changed into a girl, I just want to be certain that she will not be able to masturbate," his 'mommy' protested in horror over the doctor's suggestion that such surgery was quite common. "I simply adore the idea that he will have his nasty wee wee as a constant reminder that 'she' is really a male made to prance about as a little feminine girl. Her constant shame and humiliation is so very amusing, and ever so sweet."

"Quite delightful," the doctor agreed looking at the adult child with a knowing smile. "Well then, we shall place his randy little toy in a pretty silvery chastity belt that will allow his little snake to squirm with masculine urges, but will not be able to ejaculate. It can wiggle just enough to remind him of his childlike male impotence, inside a sexless smothering cage that will maintain a smooth doll like femininity under his panties.

"The chastity belt is a little steel alloy mesh cup that is actually secured at the top by enfolding and suturing the skin around the cup. An especially designed short double catheter is inserted into the urethra to the prostate so that the seminal fluid can 'weep' uselessly. The meatus of the glans is surgically attached to an orifice in the screen cage where a female's urethra might be located. There are two final options. The base of this special cod piece might be surgically secured just before the anus opening or a special electronic locking device might be installed to allow for the opening and closing of the chastity belt.

"Whenever he is naked he will be reminded of his useless maleness, because he can see to his shame his imprisoned organs within the cage. But, his little wee wee will be held somewhat compressed so that he will need to rush to sit to pee with a female gushing, because he will not be able to hold or direct the flow with masculine arrogance. Therefore, he will have to wipe his little orifice just like a girl does. From time to time he will experience a little dampness from his 'weeping' prostate that may stain his panties like a girl's vaginal fluid might seep if she becomes sexually excited. Since he cannot ejaculate it is really a rather passive feminine response."

The doctor gazed at the frightened 'youth', who saw that his 'mommy' was delighted by her suggested cure, and then he heard the doctor ask quite casually, "Do you wish to have the belt fitted with an electronic key, or fixed permanently secured?"

"Oh, I want Suzie fixed," his 'mommy' responded with an amused smile over the double meaning of her response as Suzie began to cry. "Now, Suzie, it is all for your own good. You do want to be a sweet little innocent sissy for your mommy, don't you?"

Fearfully he obediently nodded his unwilling agreement as he watched as 'mommy' undressed him to the buff so that the strange woman could examine him before she took his male organs in hand and soon had them securely put away forever in the little

silvery chastity belt he now wore as a silent reminder of the freedom he would never have again.

The two women seemed to think that the whole matter was a mere triviality, and quite suitable for a little faux girl, despite his tears of humiliation and shame as he daintily covered his now smooth and quite sexless groin with a pair of pink satin panties. His proud `mommy' then took the faux girl home to show Daddy how sweet and innocent `she' had become..

Suzie was technically a boy, but that had been “knocked out of her” by his stepfather when he had been fourteen, right after his mother had died. Now he was eighteen and thoroughly feminine in every way. “Daddy” had had his breast buds implanted when he was fourteen as a birthday present— “about the right age”— and they had been augmented year by year afterward. At first, they had been small, barely noticeable. But the last six years had brought them out in a gradual bloom that had drawn the eyes of “Daddy's” male visitors—and some of his female ones too!

“Suzie, you get your little butt down here in five minutes, or I'll tan that hide of yours but good! You got that girl?”

“Yes, Sir! I'll be right down!”

He knew what dress he wanted to wear and pulled it out of the closet. It was a simple pink taffeta, strapless dress that fell right to the top of his knees. He zipped himself up without delay and felt the taffeta tighten around his bust and hips snugly. It fit well, showing off his rounded figure well both above and behind. He slipped into a pair of pink, high heeled party shoes without looking down, and began painting his face.

Daddy normally didn't allow him too much leeway with make-up, but on special occasions, he was expected to make his face up as well as he was able. He applied the foundation over his olive skin lightly, then painted his thick lips with pink lipstick. His blue eyes needed little highlighting and he left them alone except for the barest hint of mascara.

Brushing his thick hair back into a pony tail, he used his Topsy Tail to give it a fancy flip up in the back. Satisfied with the fun yet feminine lift the Topsy Tail had produced, he clipped on a pink plastic barrette to keep it in place. After a quick check of his nails (painted and shaped into a flawless pink collection), he gave his hair a quick covering of hair spray.

Five minutes had suddenly become one! He fished into his jewelry box and pulled out a pink plastic bangle. Then, looking closely in the mirror, he drew on a necklace. The thin gold chain carried an ornament which hung between his cleavage, a pair of scalloped breasts drawn up by the cup of the dress bust. The ornament was a small gold heart which bore cursive gold lettering.

It read: “Daddy's Girl.”

With no time left to spare, he snatched up his pink hand clutch bag and skipped down the stairs lightly, trying not to be too anxious.

Daddy was waiting. From the expression on his face, he was sure a second more would have seen him over his knee with his panties drawn down and his dreaded belt on his behind!

His dark eyes clouded briefly, then cleared and the danger was gone. "Well, aren't you a pretty party girl!" He made a circular motion with his finger. "Let me see all of you. Turn around Princess."

Suzie looked up at him, smiling sweetly and spun lightly in his high heels. Suzie felt his eyes drink in his dress, his legs and hair, then finally rest on his chest. He looked down modestly, but his cleavage, the object of his interest, flushed a rosy red.

"Very pretty, Suzie. You look like a little debutante tonight. What do you have to say?" He crossed his arms expectantly.

Suzie clasped his hands coyly and giggled. "Thank you, Daddy. And you look so handsome in your sports coat!" He looked up at him with adoring eyes, batting his lashes at him.

Suzie's father smiled and inwardly he sighed. He expected Suzie to act this way with him, like the dutiful daughter who noticed everything about him, who worshipped him without reservation. He didn't feel it was right, but if it kept him from punishing Suzie, he must do it.

He slipped his arm around Suzie's slender waist and steered him toward the front door. He spoke into a small speaker, which was mounted in the door.

"Suzie loves her Daddy."

The door slid open to the left soundlessly. They walked to the garage and Suzie slipped into the seat of the red convertible as the older man started the car. The expensive car sped effortlessly into the summer dusk, leaving the huge house in the bluish twilight of the country.

"There will be boys at the party tonight, Suzie," the man informed him needlessly. His tone was light, amused and excited at the prospect.

Suzie smiled blankly. "Yes, Sir?" he answered simply.

Suzie's father smiled, a thin-lipped slash that ran across his square face, examined him humorously. "Well, you're at that age, aren't you Princess? The age for going boy-crazy, that is." The voice was deep, rich, educated and cruel.

"I—I'm not sure, Sir," Suzie answered uncomfortably. His hand began to twirl nervously with a black lock of his long hair.

One of his hands dropped from the steering wheel and fell on Suzie's thigh. Wordlessly, his hand ran up the length of the soft thigh, pushing the dress up to below Suzie's waist.

Suzie gasped as his hands familiarly felt for the lacy elastic band of his panties.

He fingered it and chuckled humorously.

"We both know why girls put on pretty panties, don't we now?" he asked. His voice knew the answer to the question already and said he should too.

Suzie felt lost in the car seat as he nodded dumbly. “Yes, Sir.”

The car flew through the deepening night in the lonely countryside until at last some bright yellow lights emerged from the darkness. They belonged to an estate much like that of his Daddy's. Light, music and laughter trickled out confidently into the country night. Many expensive foreign cars were parked about the expansive front yard, but Daddy pulled up to the large front door.

A butler without emotion opened Suzie's door.

Suzie stepped out. “Thank you, Sir.”

The butler ignored him and Suzie stepped lightly into his Daddy's arms. With an arm tightly around his waist, Suzie was brought forward into the great mansion. Inside, scores of guests who were chatting, danced, sipped drinks and ate hors d'oeuvres as they glided by him.

A couple approached them. The man, thin and graceful in tailored evening clothes, extended his hand.

“Eric, thank you for coming tonight. It is wonderful to see you here. And to finally meet your fetching stepdaughter Susan!”

He felt the man's eyes fall on him, and he curtsied. “Thank you, Sir.”

“Oh she is lovely,” the woman commented casually. “How old are you, my dear?”

“Uh, eighteen, Ma'am.”

The woman, a very pale blonde with deep red lips, licked them briefly. “Oh, she's a very tempting treat, Eric. Very tempting indeed.”

“But not as beautiful as you Marta,” Suzie's Daddy responded. Suzie was grateful for the shift in attention away from him. There was something unnerving about the couple's interest.

“Ah, well, let me introduce you to some of our other guests. Marta, let me have them for now, and I promise to return them both later.”

Marta's ice blue eyes rested on Suzie for a moment. “Of course, Conrad. But please darling— I do want to get to know Eric's darling daughter better.” Then her eyes melted off him and focused on a full champagne glass traveling by on a serving tray.

The thin, elegant host led his guest and his guest's step daughter through the mingling groups of visitors, stopping before one group then another.

Suzie was struck by the uniform configuration of the groups of guests at the party. They were made up of handsome men and stylish women, mostly on the older side, but some as young as twenty-five or so. All were dressed in fashionable and expensive party garb, the men in sports blazers and silk ties, the women in daring evening gowns. And in attendance to each older man, woman or couple, there was a young woman, sometimes two, hanging back in attentive silence. The girls ranged in age, some as young as twelve but none older than early twenties. Their dress differed from the somewhat older women to being younger looking, less mature, more juvenile in ap-

pearance. Even the girls in their early twenties stood apart from the other women by the prom-dance style of their party dresses.

Suzie curtsied politely, instantly forgetting the names of the men, women and girls he was being introduced to. All seemed overly interested in him and Suzie suddenly felt less like a guest and more like some pedigreed pet brought to a showing. As he was paraded from group to group, the “adults” chatted freely, complimenting him on his own pretty party dress, and the girls his own age who remained shyly quiet. As Suzie was introduced to each girl in turn, the “adults” wondered aloud how well Suzie and Barbie would “play together” or whether Suzie and “Missy” would be close girlfriends as they grew older. As his Daddy insisted that Suzie would indeed be a suitable playmate for one of the said girls, Suzie noticed the intense blush that the comment brought to the other girl's face. It was then that he knew what his Daddy meant by “playmate.” Daddy often liked to “play” with his pretty stepdaughter. And as he looked into the face of the blushing girl, Suzie knew instinctively without being told that she, like himself, was only a pretend girl. And that every other “girl” at the party was really just a boy in a dress!

As if by prearranged cue, his daddy asked his host about his son.

“How is he, Conrad? Still doing well at college?”

“Why thank you for asking,” the host answered, a little too elaborately thought Suzie. “Biff is doing very well at Yale. Marta and I are so proud. Did you know he was made captain of the crew team? Yes, we couldn't ask for more. If it weren't for one thing...”

“What would that be, Conrad?” his Daddy asked earnestly.

“Well, you know he's so shy with girls. It's always been hard for him for some reason.”

“Well, I bet he wouldn't be shy with Suzie! She's very friendly with boys, aren't you Princess?” his daddy asked him.

Suzie didn't answer and his Daddy took him by the arm sharply. “Suzie, don't be rude. Now answer me— wouldn't you like to meet Biff?”

He looked up at him as he pinched his upper arm cruelly. “Yes Sir!”

Eric dropped his arm. “Well ask Mr. Lash if you might meet him, then.”

He looked up and batting his eyes helplessly, asked, “Mr. Lash, would you please introduce me Sir to your son Biff?”

The host looked at Eric and smiled broadly. “Oh I think that could be arranged. Come along and I'll take you to him.”

Navigating through the crowd, he led them up the winding stairs past door after door till finally, they stopped at a closed door. Conrad knocked lightly then entered.

“Biff? Someone heard about you and asked to meet you. It seems you have an admirer.”

A young man of twenty looked up from a book and smiled broadly. “Please come in.”

His Daddy's palm pushed him gently into the bedchamber. "We'll let you two get better acquainted. Just beware Biff, Suzie's a little boy crazy."

Suzie didn't like that he winked when he said it.

Biff nodded knowingly at the unspoken joke. "I'll take care of her, Sir."

The two men left.

Biff pushed the door behind them and he couldn't hear what the two men were laughing about as the door closed on the hallway. Biff looked down at the teen. Suzie guessed he was six and a half feet tall at least, with huge broad shoulders and a powerfully built athletic frame. He was wearing his Yale varsity sweater and a pair of tight jeans. He was not smiling at Suzie so much as leering at him.

"Please sit down. Let's get to know one another better." As he walked from the door, he turned the lock on the door with a neat, final click.

There was no place to sit in the room but the bed. Suzie smiled and sat, smoothing his dress skirt and keeping his legs close.

"Where do you go to school, Suzie?" he asked. He recognized the rising excitement in his voice, but forced his mind not to panic.

"Uh, my father teaches me at home."

He didn't seem to hear the answer. "So he said you're kind of boy crazy. You have a boyfriend?" His eyes had fallen on Suzie's chest now.

"N-no, I don't." Suzie felt the panic rising like mercury in a thermometer. His smooth skin tingled now.

"Ever have one?" He was moving closer now, his hand behind his back.

"N-no."

Now he dropped his other hand on Suzie's knee. He pushed the pink taffeta skirt up so that his hand rested firmly on his bare knee.

"Bet you want a boyfriend, don't you? If you're so boy-crazy, I bet you just can't wait for a guy to ask you out."

Suzie didn't answer, but Biff fell on top of him now. Suzie bunched up his fists into small balls of fury, but Biff laughingly grabbed them and held him down. Taking Suzie's hand, he placed it on the crotch of his tight jeans. "Be a good girl and give it a rub."

Suzie shook his head. "No!"

Biff hadn't expected an answer, but obedience. He held Suzie's hand down on his crotch and forced Suzie to massage the beast underneath. He tried to draw his hand away, but his grip was iron.

Suzie stopped resisting and seizing on this advantage, the older boy placed his other hand squarely on his small breasts.

Suzie gasped. "Please, don't!"

But the boy shook his head. "No." He cupped a pretty breast roughly.

“Small but firm, baby. Small but firm! Let's get you out of this thing so you can show me how boy-crazy you are!” He let his hand drop and unzipped the dress.

Suzie started to scream, but it was broken by the crisp slap that answered it.

Biff held his finger up to his pursed lips. “Don't be a tease, baby. Just lie back and take it.”

Pushing Suzie back, Suzie did just that in terror.

“Let's see what sexy stuff you're wearing under this hot, tight dress of yours!” He drew the dress down, revealing a soft feminized body, bare but for the matching bra and panties and pink high heels.

With a flick of his finger between the brassiere cups, the bra sprang open, offering small pert breasts. Unzipping his jeans, Biff looked down at Suzie in unstoppable lust. his erect member jutted out.

Suzie's arms instinctively rose to cover his chest, but Biff knocked them back just as instinctively.

“Keep your arms down, baby. I can see why you might be ashamed of having such small tits, but I want to see your little knockers— got it?”

Suzie nodded in fright. He had been taught that males must be obeyed. His Daddy had taught him that.

“Say 'Yes sir' when I tell you to do something,” Biff ordered angrily.

“Yes, Sir— I'll keep my arms down!” Suzie replied, not sparing a second.

“No— I have another idea. I want you to massage those little titties of yours... yeah, that's it! Go on, baby— play with those ta-tas!”

Suzie looked up at him in disgust and fear, then watched as his eyes dropped down to pink lace bikini panties. The naked hunger in his face told Suzie what his choices were. Suzie's shameful secret hung limply inside those lacy panties, a secret that his Daddy said he must not share. Nimbly Suzie's hands cupped his small breasts, and began to toy with them.

Biff grinned and leaned back to watch Suzie perform for him.

Biff's hand idly stroked his pink-red pole and Suzie closed his eyes to avoid looking at the blue veined shaft of real maleness as its glistening reddish purple glans emerged.

Suzie's pale pink breasts were swelling, his nipples rising like hard, dull rubies.

The boy admired the small ripe mounds and enjoyed the perspiration that dampened the teenage girl's brow now.

“Faster, harder, baby! Show me how proud you are of your pretty hooters!”

In response to his command, Suzie began to buck, raising his flat tummy into the air, lifted by the pleasure he was forcing himself to feel. It did feel good, his fingers flicking his stiff nipples that sent pleasure rippling through his hot, perspiring chest. Undulating his upper body like a wave of pleasure, his body began to burn all over.

He felt Biff's hands on his shoulders as Biff drew him up from the bed, but kept his eyes closed. Suzie shuddered as his hands firmly gripped his breasts. And as Biff pushed him to his knees, he felt the thick prong of his hard rod along the length of his smooth, bare face. Even as Biff rubbed it over his cheeks, he kept his eyes shut. Even as the sticky pre-cum drooled onto his pretty made up face, he remained blind. But as the head of the member was placed to his lips, Suzie felt a hard tug on his hair.

“Open your eyes, baby, and pucker your lips with a happy smile for my special treat.”

Biff looked up. He seemed to speak from the clouds as he ordered Suzie to keep his eyes open as Suzie gave him pleasure.

“Blow me, bitch.”

Suzie answered the way he had been trained. “Yes, Sir.” Humbly, his lips parted to accepted the massive club.

The college boy looked down in rising satisfaction. He could tell that the brunette had sucked cock many times from the practiced way he wrapped his tongue skillfully underneath his balls. She might be eighteen, but she was an expert at giving pleasure. Biff kept Suzie's mane of hair wound tightly in his hand as a reign, jerking it time and again. But for the most part she served his lust obediently, concentrating on his pleasure at all times.

Finally they both felt the surge within him rise.

Suzie arched his naked chest upward and took Biff's cock full just as the torrent of liquid thunder crashed down his waiting throat from his shooting rod. Suzie gasped as the sticky goo flooded his throat.

But now Biff held the hair tightly, making Suzie take every drop that burst from within him. Humbly he accepted Biff's treasure till it ran dry. Without a second thought, Suzie licked his lips clean, drinking down the last remainder.

Suzie looked up at him the way his Daddy liked him to look at him after he was through— with a bright, sweet smile that said, “I hope I made you happy!”

He looked down at him in disgust.

“I'm done with you. Get dressed and get out, you little slut.”

A tear dropped from Suzie's eyes and flowed down his face, streaking his mascara. “Yes, Sir.”

Suzie's hands trembled as he tried to put his brassiere back on. He was shaking so badly that he couldn't close the snap on the front.

“What's a matter? You shouldn't have any problem putting those itty-bitty titties away, bitch. You're not exactly built like a babe, are you, honey?” The tone he used demanded an answer.

He closed his pretty lace cups and hung his head sullenly. “No, Sir, I'm not.” He rose shakily from his knees and Biff slipped his hand over his pantied backside.

“You do have a tight little ass though, don't you slut? I guess you have too, since you don't have a pussy for a boyfriend to fuck.”

Suzie stiffened. He had known Suzie's secret all along!

Biff's hands were pushing Suzie down again. "No use in passing up a tight little piece of ass. Get on your fours, bitch."

Suzie looked at him in disbelief. "You mean, you want to—"

"When a man tells you to do something, aren't you supposed to do it?" His thick stiff member was rocking in the air, ready for use again.

"Yes, Sir." Suzie knelt down on the cold floor, placing his cheek against the linoleum and arching his backside up for him.

Snickering, he knelt behind Suzie.

"Such pretty panties for a sexy teenage whore!" Biff complimented snidely, then yanked them off impatiently noting with amusement that they were actually dampened at the crotch like a girl's panties would be...

Suzie felt as vulnerable as possible as Biff grinned down at Suzie's now bare loins while his hands examined the silvery cage of the chastity belt as Biff noted with tolerant interest that Suzie's little penis was squirming uselessly in response to her own stimulation of her breasts.

"I see you are getting all hot and bothered sissy boy," Biff laughed as he tossed the panties aside.

Suzie could feel the hard, rubbery tip from the warm rod probe him from behind. He gasped as Biff's finger slid into his tight pink hole. He grunted as he twirled his finger around, making Suzie roll his hips in tandem with his motion.

"Yeah, shake that ass for me— yeah, I LIKE that!" Biff exclaimed. He jerked the intrusive finger to the right, then left, then up, then down. With every twist, Suzie did an unwilling bump and grind. He wondered in exasperation why his chastity belt wasn't designed to protect him from these kinds of assaults. It only seemed to work in reverse— to keep him from letting his little thing get hard rather than actually protect his sex.

And his sex was like honey to Biff's stinger now. He teased Suzie with his mast-like pole by rubbing it against his tight pink portal, then pulling it away at the moment before penetration. Combined with his insistent penetrating fingers, it was driving Suzie into a state of absolute wildness. His pale soft pink hips, which he was trained normally to keep pressed tight or crossed with ladylike grace now scissored open and shut, wriggling in a circular motion that excited the college boy even more.

Suzie grimaced as he felt his portal forced open by Biff's member. The sharp sting brought a soprano cry from his throat as it drilled deeper and deeper into his soft recesses. His wiggling was stayed now by the vise grip of Biff's hands, thighs splayed open to his driving invasion. He bucked against him now, trying to match his precise thrusts. His eyes were shut now. All he could see or taste now was a hot blackness, all he could feel was the college boy's commanding hands on his hips, his member buried within him.