



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Sissyhood 2

Cheryl Lynn



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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# Sissyhood Part 2

**By Cheryl Lynn**

With the corset on, his clothing hung loosely from his diminished frame. Daphne had chosen a full skirted black velvet dress with a scoop neck and short sleeves for him to wear. Four layers of white nylon net petticoats filled out the skirt.

He was in misery as she put him through an afternoon of deportment and charm classes. Walking just right in the three-inch spike-heeled black patent leather pumps, sitting coyly with a hint of petticoat hem exposed; his hand and arm movements, designed to create a flirtatious atmosphere, drained what energy he had left.

Lee was so tired after he demonstrated what he had learned before the camera, he only nibbled at his dinner. He didn't complain when Daphne sent him to bed early. As he slept, the "I Love Sex with Boys" CD was playing. If he listened very carefully, Lee might have heard, "Nothing turns me on more than seeing a naked boy;" "I love being caressed by a boy;" "Kissing a boy is fantastic;" "Seeing an erection makes me drool. I want to suck on it like a lollipop" and "Having him fill my boy pussy makes me cum." After each sentence, the tinkling of little bells could be heard.

Daphne sat at the computer, smiling broadly as she hit the send button. Everyone on Lee's friends list would receive the latest video of him flaunting around in his black velvet dress.

"What with the sissy tapes and Ms Howard, he has really surprised me by how far you have progressed. Who would have guessed just how much a few subliminal tapes and hypnosis could change the mind? His father certainly blew a gasket when he saw that last video. He told me that he was no son of his and that I should kick the little fairy out of the house. I'm having entirely too much fun right now with him to do that," she thought.

"Besides, I need more time for the sleep corset and chastity device to do their jobs. Another three or four weeks, he'll have an hourglass shape and his penis will never get erect again. I wonder if I should get him some breasts. I still have that 'I need breasts' CD but

I'm not sure. I think I want him looking into the mirror and seeing a flat chest. With boobs, he might start thinking that he is a real girl," she continued thinking.

"Then again, if he had boobs, he would know he could never go back to being a boy. Maybe small ones, like a full A-cup with extended nipples. Ms Howard did say that without treatment, over time he might revert to his old self. Oh, the dilemma. What should I do? It might be hilarious if he had boobs and his mind got back to normal. Either way, I guess that this will teach him not to fuck with me," she thought as she typed "breast enhancements" into Google.

## Ooo

Daphne let Lee sleep in Saturday morning, wanting the CD and corset to take full effect. When he awoke, she helped him out of the corset and turned off the CD player. He was told to do his morning toilet, then she would help him dress.

With Lee out of the room for a few moments, Daphne had time to reflect. The last few years had been very interesting. Lee's ongoing feminization had been proceeding well. Fortunately, the boy's body hadn't matured anywhere nearly as much as his male classmates' bodies had. Also fortunately for Daphne's program, Lee had contracted an illness during his Sophomore year that let her keep him from school which meant that she could keep him in feminine mode 24/7. By the time he was well enough to go back to school, he was well on his way to full-time girlhood. At 18, Lee was somewhere between masculinity and femininity and heading permanently toward the latter.

As the tub was filling, Lee sat on the toilet and removed the sanitary pad. "Oh shit!" he exclaimed when he saw the sticky mess on the pad along with several red spots. He rolled it up in a mass of tissue and threw it disgustedly into the trash. Next he filled his douche bag with warm water and a few drops of perfume. Sliding the large nozzle into his rectum, Lee was surprised to discover that he liked how it felt.

"I never enjoyed doing this before, so why do I like it now? I feel so stretched and full, yet when I shove it in... Oooh that's the spot. I wonder if that is what Roger would feel like? Crap! Why am I thinking of him doing that to me? I'm no queer. Shit! Shit! Shit! That hurts!" he thought as he moved his hand from the nozzle to the metal tube covering his penis.

"I've got to get this thing off before it rips my clit, I mean my dick, to pieces. Mommy just has to take it off," he mumbled.

After finishing his bath and toilet, he went back to his room, dressed in negligee and bunny slippers. Daphne was waiting for him with his wardrobe lying on the bed. As he removed the negligee, she was pleased by what she saw: his flat chest and arms without any muscle tone, his hairless body looking so soft and smooth, his stomach flat yet soft, and the sanitary belt and pad tucked between his legs.

"With a pair of boobs, he could surely pass as a real girl but he is no girl. The boobs would have to be larger than life to make the parody look just right. A D-cup at the least. On his small frame, a D-cup would look humongous and there would be no way he could

hide them. Then again, small ones would make people question his sex. I'm going to have to give this some serious thought," she mused.

Her thoughts were disrupted when Lee spoke. "Mommy please, you have to take this thing off of me," he said while tapping his fingers against his padded groin.

"Don't be ridiculous, Stacy. You need that to protect your clothing. You know how you stained those pretty panties and I won't have you doing that again," she said.

"Oh no Mommy, I didn't mean the pad. I mean this chastity device. It's hurting me down there. I had some blood spots on my pad this morning and it scared me," he replied.

"Don't be such a whiner, Stacy. The instructions said that might happen a few times but it would soon stop. Maybe if you are a good sissy today and do everything right, I may take it off before Roger comes over. Now stop whining and get dressed.

After he put on his lingerie, in a soft mauve-colored nylon, Daphne helped him into a light gray linen housedress. The dress had short sleeves, white cuffs and collar and a full mid-calf length skirt. Fluffing out the skirt over several crinoline petticoats, he stepped into a pair of three-inch black pumps. A white plastic large square beaded necklace, onyx stud earrings and several white plastic bangles for his wrist and he was ready for the day.

He posed for the camera, then had breakfast. Daphne told him to dust, vacuum, mop and do other household chores as Henrietta had the day off. He wanted to complain but the idea that she would free him from that dreaded device stopped him. His scowl did not go unnoticed, however, and she decided to put the "Happy Homemaker" disc in his CD when Roger left.

"Remember what Henrietta showed you. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes when she returns to a less than perfect house," she told him.

By three o'clock, he was exhausted but the house was clean enough to pass inspection. Noticing his fatigue, Daphne decided to send him to his room for a nap. She wanted him fresh for his date with Roger. While Lee rested, Daphne set up the den with several hidden video cameras designed to work in low light. She planned to save the resulting coverage as a surprise for her husband at the proper time.

At four, she woke him and told him it was time to get ready for his date. In the bathroom, she removed the chain that held the small key to his chastity device from around her neck.

Sitting on the commode wearing a pair of latex gloves with him facing her, she released the lock and carefully removed the device. Taking his small penis in her hand, she examined it. The head was red and somewhat swollen. As she touched it, Lee's penis seemed to shrink back into his body.

"Ouch! That hurts. Please don't touch it anymore," Lee exclaimed.

Getting up, she found a tube of medicated salve. "Here, just let me put some of this on it. It will dull the pain and help it heal," she said as she bent over and applied a liberal amount to the head of his penis.

"Now I want you to douche. When you have finished your bath and shaved, call me," she instructed as she left the blushing boy, taking the chastity device with her to clean.

As he was performing his toilet, Daphne was in her bedroom removing the chastity tube and replacing it with a smaller one. "According to the instructions, after another week I need to change this one out for the smallest tube. By the end of the third week, his mind will associate so much pain with an erection, he won't be able to have one. The salve will prevent any infections but will heighten sensation at the same time. I think Roger will have him screaming in no time. Hopefully, he will think Stacy is screaming in pleasure," she thought.

After about forty-five minutes, he called her back into the bathroom. She inspected him and removed some hairs off his backside. Donning latex gloves, she had him bend over. Taking a large dollop of lubricant, she pushed it inside his boy pussy. Next she turned him around and applied a liberal coating of the medicated salve to the head of his penis.

"Please Mommy, please don't put that thing back on me. You said if I was good, you wouldn't do that," Lee pleaded when he saw her pick up the device.

"Stacy, I said no such thing. What I said was that I would take it off. I didn't say anything about not putting it back on. Hold still while I do this or I'll get the hairbrush and tan your hide with it. Besides, if I don't do this, you will most likely embarrass yourself when Roger gets here. You don't want him seeing a wet spot on your dress, do you? You can leave your sanitary belt and pad off for tonight. A sissy boy's first date shouldn't be hampered by a period," she stated.

Back in his bedroom, she helped him get dressed for the evening. The first step was to splash perfume behind his knees, wrists, throat, between his breasts and behind his ears. Taking a pair of white nylon lace frilled full-cut briefs, a matching bullet bra with a hook and eye closure and half-slip with four inches of floral lace trimmed hem from the dresser, she handed them to him.

As he was putting them on, Daphne went to the closet and selected a pink full-cut poodle skirt, four white crinolines, a white semi-transparent chiffon blouse with billowing sleeves and low-cut rounded collar with lacy jabot. Once dressed, she had him put on a pair of white ankle socks with three rows of pink lace ruffles and black and white saddle oxfords.

She accessorized him with a short pink silk scarf tied around his neck with the bow over his left shoulder, four pink and white plastic bracelets on his right wrist, several rings for his fingers, gold studs with four thin gold chains with tiny bells at their ends and a gold lady's watch. The gold studs had come with the training CD's to be used as enhancements to his "Sex with Boys" CD.

With him dressed as she wanted, Daphne had him sit at the vanity and redo his nails with fire engine red polish. As his nails dried, she placed a towel around his shoulders to protect his clothing and began applying his makeup. Long false eyelashes coated liberally with black mascara, black liquid eyeliner, frosted pink eye shadow, rosy blusher and fire engine red lipstick. Daphne only had to use a little hairspray after patting a few stray hairs back into place. As a final touch, she removed the navy hair band and replaced it with a pale pink one.

Finished, she led him over to the full-length mirror. The reflected image came right out of the Fifties and Lee stood in a daze. He thought he looked pretty which pleased him but the old-fashioned image unsettled his mind.

“No girl would dress like this. Certainly no boy ever would. Yet I see myself as being pretty. I don’t want to be pretty, do I? Roger, he’ll see me like this. I hope he thinks I’m pretty. If he thinks I’m pretty, he will protect me and maybe get me away from her. I’ve got to make him like me so he will take me away from her,” he thought.

Promptly at seven, Roger arrived. Lee answered the door, “Hi, Roger, I’m soooo glad you could come. I helped Mommy prepare dinner and I hope you will like it. Please come in. Mommy so wants to get to know you.”

“Wow! You look great, Stacy. You sure have taken this retro look to the max. I really like, no, I love how beautiful it makes you. It’s so feminine and you know how much I like that,” he said, smiling broadly.

Lee blushed at the compliment and felt a tingle run up his spine. He whispered a thank you. Then, blushing, Lee kissed him on the cheek and excused himself so he could finish dinner preparations.

While Lee was in the kitchen, Daphne had Roger alone in the living room. “Roger I know you like my step-son Stacy and he certainly has taken a liking to you. It seems like all I hear is Roger this and Roger that all day long. I was hoping that since he came out, someone would watch out for him. He’s a sensitive boy, you know. He is so vulnerable, especially with his retro look. Can I depend on you to watch out for him? If you do, you have my permission to date without any conditions. You look like a boy I can trust so I won’t set any curfew. Just enjoy yourself but remember he is just coming out. He may at times act like he isn’t what he is, if you know what I mean. You will need to be forceful with him at times but I’m sure that you will do the right thing,” she told him.

“Sure, Mrs. Campbell, you can trust me. I like the new Stacy. He use to be real mean to me back before he changed but I’ll do my best. I’ll help in anyway I can. I promise,” Roger replied.

“By the way, you do use protection, don’t you? I mean one can’t be too careful now-a-days. Stacy has mentioned that she would like to be more intimate with you. Should you and my sissy step-son become involved, well, I don’t quite know how to put this delicately but leave the condom inside him if you would. That way I will know you are being safe,” she instructed him.

“Of course, if you want but...” Roger said, taken aback by her forwardness.

“Now, not another word dear, I think I hear Stacy coming to call us to dinner,” Daphne said with a smug smile.

As they entered the dining room, Daphne couldn’t help but giggle at the thought of Roger’s condom dripping its contents down Stacy’s thighs. It would serve the little sissy right to discover just how messy having sex with a boy could be.

As Daphne and Roger sat at the table, Lee served dinner. Lee was really looking forward to this meal. He had helped Daphne bake a chicken and finally he would get to eat some real food. He had tried talking her into serving steak but she absolutely refused.

The meal was pleasant and when it ended, most of Lee's chicken breast was left uneaten. He was just too full to finish it, much to his dismay. As he started to clear the table, Daphne surprised the hell out of him when she said she would do it and for them to go into the living room. Shortly afterwards she entered and told them that she had to run errands and wouldn't be home for a couple of hours.

Lee didn't know what to think about that but realized he now had a chance to tell Roger all about her. Maybe when he knew the truth, he would help him escape all this madness. Instead, as soon as the door shut, Roger pulled Lee into his arms and gave him a deep probing French kiss. When the kiss finally broke, Lee was left breathless and his heart was pounding. Any thoughts he had of telling Roger about his step-mother were forgotten.

"Ooohhh, that feels so good. I feel all tingly inside," Lee thought as Roger moved his lips over to Lee's left earlobe and began nibbling on it, then licking inside the ear. Lee nearly jumped out of the seat when Roger did that to him. It tickled and sent a shock wave to his senses. It also made the little bells on his earrings jingle and jangle loudly.

As Roger's lips moved slowly down Lee's neck, shivers went up and down Lee's spine. The tinkling of tiny golden bells could be heard in his ears as new fantastic sensations filled him completely.

Lee didn't object when Roger unbuttoned his blouse and shoved it off his shoulders and began kissing the top of his breasts. It didn't take long to unhook the bra and shove it up and over Lee's boy breasts. When he took a nipple into his mouth and began sucking and pulling on it with his teeth, Lee almost saw stars. The tinkling in his ears got even louder.

Lee did not realize that the tinkling sound was a key part in his "Sex with Boys" CD. As the necking got hotter and heavier, the tinkling got louder. The message that was being sent to his subconscious was that the louder the tinkling, the better he would feel.

As Roger sucked Lee's nipple as deep into his mouth as he could, Lee let out a soft long moan. Encouraged, Roger slid his hand down to Lee's leg and began running it up to his crotch. Feeling the hand rub his thigh, Lee reached down and pulled it away and placed it on his other breast. He would be so embarrassed if Roger discovered his chastity device.

Roger was satisfied for the moment and began messaging Lee's breast while he continued to suckle the other. Lee knew that he had to keep Roger preoccupied so he reached over and began rubbing his crotch. Roger stopped suckling long enough to tell Lee to open his slacks. Soon his dick was freed and Lee's hand was caressing it. The tinkling got louder in his ears and another moan escaped his lips.

All too soon Roger's lips left Lee's right breast leaving it pulsing to return for another French kiss. As their tongue intertwined, Roger reached down and removed his slacks and boxers. With his groin now fully exposed, he reached behind Lee's head and guided it down to his straining member.

"Come on baby, I can't wait to feel those luscious lips around my dick. Come on, you know you want it," Roger gasped.



Lee wanted to resist but the pressure on his neck was too strong. As his face got closer and closer to Roger's dick, Lee was salivating in anticipation and scared at the same time. It was so much bigger than his. It was at least eight inches long and two around with a large mushroom reddened head. As he stared at it, something clicked in his mind.

"This is why I am a sissy. My penis is more like a girl's big clit than a real man's penis. It is a sissy's place to please a real man. Lick it like a lollypop and suck on it like a Popsicle," he thought as his lips touched the head.

Soon Lee's head was bobbing up and down in a steady rhythm. He couldn't take much more than half of it but he tried as the tinkling in his ears became even louder. Roger was moaning and groaning in pleasure as Lee expertly worked on him. The vision of Stacy the school asshole and joker who did his best to fuck over the gays bobbing up and down on his dick was too much. He came in a torrent. Moaning loudly, he pushed down hard on Lee's neck, forcing him all the way down to his pubic hairs as he came.

Lee felt the massive dick bump hard into his upper palate then pass by his gag reflex and fill his throat. He couldn't breathe and was beginning to panic as he felt hot cum flow down his throat. At last, Roger eased up and Lee was able to pull back enough to get a deep breath. A last spurt covered his tongue just as Roger lay back, setting his dick free.

Lee collapsed on Roger's lap, his left cheek brushing the still damp limp dick. He rubbed his lips together, tasting the salty slimy deposit that covered his tongue. As he lay there, he could feel Roger messaging his back and burped. He cringed as Roger's smell engulfed his mouth and sinus.

"Ohhhh shit! What have I done? I just sucked off another boy! I don't think I should have liked that but I did. The taste isn't all that bad, kind of slimy but not bad like I thought it might be. Even so, I shouldn't like it. We're guys, after all. Yes, but he is a man and I'm just a sissy boy. Sissy boys do that. Yes, sissy boys love sex. I wonder what it would feel like if he put it in my boy pussy? I enjoy my douche now and I like inserting my tampons too. They make me feel full but they are inert not like Roger's dick. It is all warm, velvety smooth and stiff but not hard. Mmmmmm I wonder," Lee thought.

Lee's thoughts were interrupted as Roger pulled him up to sit beside him. After a deep French kiss, Roger asked him, "Baby was that your first time? If it was, it was pretty awesome."

Lee blushed and nodded his head in the affirmative. He felt very pleased with Roger's comment and blushed when an image of what he had done flashed through his mind. Roger took Lee's hand and moved it back down to his crotch.

"I like you rubbing me down there. It feels so good. Have, have you let anyone, you know, put it in your other hole? I want to be your first if you haven't. Why don't you suck it some more and get it hard again?" Roger whispered into Lee's ear.

Lee pulled back and the tiny bells tinkled loudly in his ears. He looked down into Roger's lap and saw his hand wrapped around the limp shaft covered in Lee's lipstick. Again something clicked in his head. As he lowered his head, Lee thought, "Oh my, it looks like a strawberry popsicle." It did not take long for Roger's shaft to harden into a stiff rod.

Lee wanted to keep sucking on his Popsicle but Roger gently pulled him off. Roger handed Lee a condom and told him to put it on for him. Unable to stop himself, Lee did as he was told. Soon Roger's dick was covered in a lubricated bright red latex sheath in bright red, the color of power.

Roger repositioned Lee over the arm of the sofa and lifted up his skirt and crinolines and pulled down his panties. After rubbing his hands around Lee's butt for a moment or two, he spread the ass cheeks. Spitting onto his fingers, Roger rubbed it into the exposed anus. Telling Lee to relax, he pressed the head of his dick into the anal opening. Then he pushed hard, forcing the head through the opening. Grabbing Lee by his hips, Roger thrust his forward.

Lee let out a loud squeal as Roger's penis entered his backside. Tears began flowing from his eyes as he tried to tell Roger to stop. The pain was too great for him to do anything other than to pant heavily between squeals. He felt like his backside was being torn apart by a hot poker. The pain shot through his nervous system like lightening, one searing sharp stab after another. Roger was ruthless in his efforts to push his dick as far as possible up Lee's rectum.

As he withdrew almost to the tip and thrust forward once more, Roger mumbled, "Take that you bitch for all the times you fucked with me. By the time I'm finished with you, all the guys in the society will have a go at you. You're going to be our fuck toy and the biggest fairy faggot on campus. Let's see who is going to be laughing at the queers now."

A short while later, Lee's pain became a dull ache as Roger rocked above him. The tinkling of his earrings seemed like the peeling of church bells as Roger shoved him forward, then pulled him back. His relief was short-lived as suddenly a new sharper pain filled his brain. His chastity device was hurting him cruelly.

Finally, with a loud grunt, Roger filled the condom. He lay across Lee's back to recover. "That was the best fuck I have ever had and the most satisfying. I might have been too hard on him though. I don't want to scare him away, at least not yet," he thought.

Recovered, Roger stood up and carefully removed his softened dick from Lee's ravished asshole. As he pushed the end of the condom into the sphincter, he noticed some blood on his finger. "Oh well. I guess this proves he was a virgin," he thought as he backed away and slapped Lee's ass.

Redressed, Roger sat on the sofa, lifted Lee's head and placed it on his thigh. Lee was still sobbing loudly and his makeup was smeared all over his face. As the crying slowed to whimpers, Roger handed him his handkerchief.

"Baby, you're the best. I'm sorry if I hurt you but I understand that first times can be like that. I tried to go slow but you were so hot and tight. I promise it will be better next time. You'll see. Here let me help you back onto the sofa," he said.

As Lee slowly moved onto the sofa, the tiny bells tinkled in his ears. "Oh damn! That really did hurt! I remember doing Mary Beth and she said it had really hurt. She even showed me some blood on her panties but she's a girl. I guess it's the same with sissy boys. It was starting to feel good until that damn chastity device started cutting into me.

That hurt even more than what Roger was doing. I don't think I want to do that again anytime soon," Lee thought as he pulled his panties up.

Sitting back on the sofa, Roger started kissing and telling Lee just how fabulous he was. The kissing and compliments made Lee feel a whole lot better. Roger leaned down and began sucking on his boy nipples. The sucking actually felt good except when Roger bit down on the nipple and pulled with his teeth. The hurt from his biting wasn't as bad as the burning sensation in his rear but his penis hurt worse.

"I can't blame Roger for hurting me. Daphne's chastity device is causing all my real pain. I've got to get Roger to protect me from her. I know he really cares from the way he is kissing me," Lee thought.

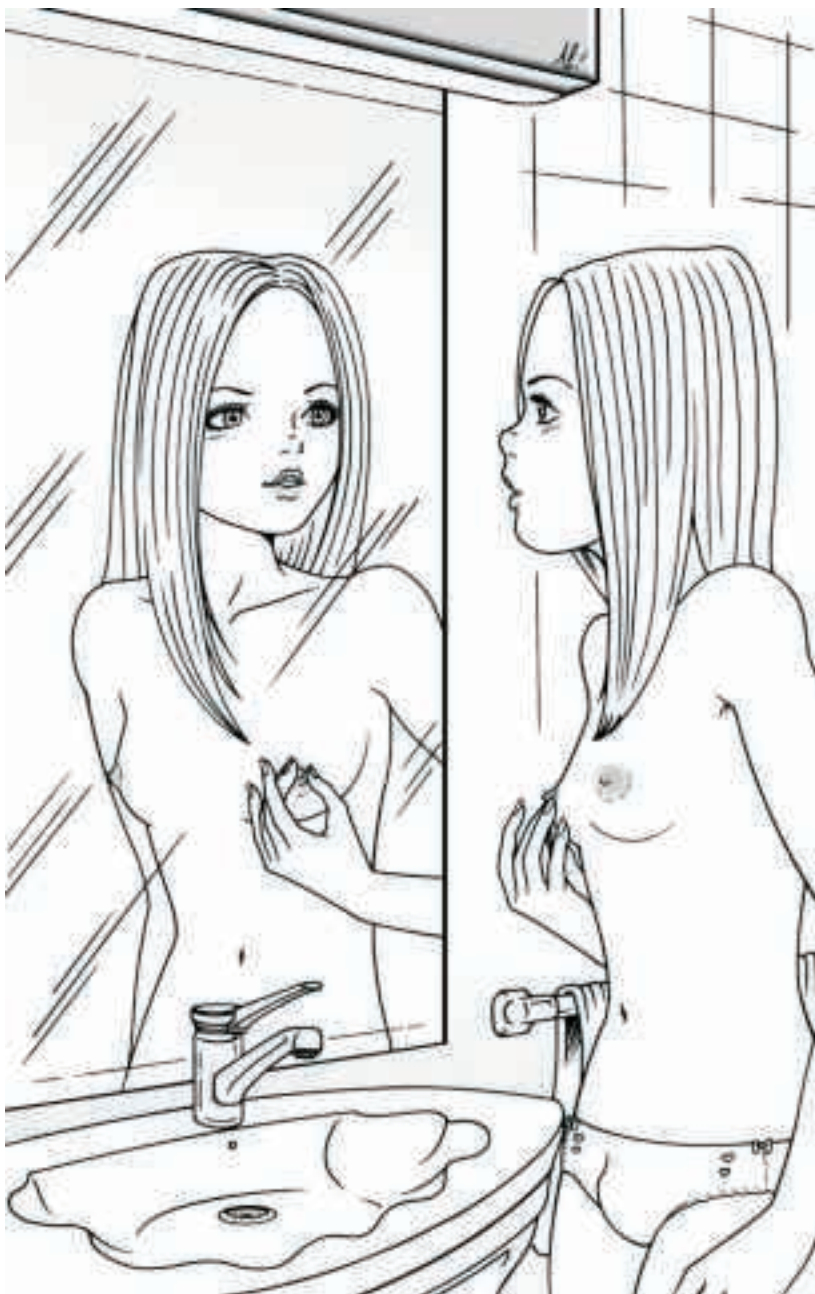
Their make-out session was brought to an end when they heard the garage doors opening. Daphne was back. "Oh my gosh! I can't let her see me like this," Lee said getting up.

"Go get yourself cleaned up, baby. I'll keep her occupied. Just don't take too long," Roger told him.

Settling the blouse on his shoulders, Lee hurried to his bathroom. There he removed his blouse and looked into the mirror. "Damn, I look like a raccoon and my lipstick is almost gone," Lee said while grabbing a jar of cleanser.

He quickly removed the damaged areas with the cream then started to fasten his bra. "Look at my boobies. They are all red and swollen," he whispered then reached up to touch his right nipple. "Ouch, that hurts. Got to find something to put on them," he added reaching for the body lotion.

He fastened his bra and pulled on the blouse. It took him a few minutes to button as he was still not use to the long



fingernails. Before leaving the bathroom, Lee brushed his teeth. Looking once more into the mirror, Lee noticed that the roof of his mouth was covered in small dark bruises.

"Oh shit! What's wrong with my mouth? Oh, Roger's cock must have done that," Lee mumbled. Dressed, he hurried to his bedroom and did his best to repair his makeup.

While Lee was cleaning up, Daphne was seated next to Roger on the sofa. The smell of sex was heavy in the air. "Tell me, Roger, did you manage to make a woman of my little Stacy? I really want to know how he took it, no pun intended. You can be candid with me, dear boy. I'm not the judgmental type and only want what is best for the both of you," she said.

"Um, we did but I, I don't think he liked it. Stacy was crying really hard even after we, we finished," Roger admitted shyly.

"Really? Well I'm not surprised. I have him in a chastity device. I guess when he got excited, well, you know. I probably should have removed it for tonight as you probably were left, err, unfulfilled," she said.

"Oh no, that's alright. I was more than happy. I'm not like most gays. I like my guys on the submissive feminine side," he blurted.

"Then you won't mind if I leave it on him. It helps to keep his panties clean and teaches him control. Something he had a problem with, if you know what I mean. If it hurt him that much, then he must have really enjoyed what you two were doing," she replied.

"I don't care. Like I said, I'm different. I like girly boys. I don't particularly care to have them take the masculine role in a relationship," Roger reassured.

"Good, just remember to leave your condom in him so I'll know that you practiced safe sex. By the way, let's keep this conversation just between the two of us, shall we?" Daphne asked.

"Sure, Ms Campbell, whatever you say is fine by me. So it's alright if I see Stacy again?" Roger replied.

"Of course, my dear, I wouldn't have it any other way. You seem to be a nice boy. I just know I can trust you to do the right thing by my Stacy. Like I said, I won't set any curfew when you two go out. Just be considerate of the time. Well, I have some things to do in the kitchen. Stop and say goodbye when you leave," she said with a broad smile.

When Lee returned, Roger pulled him into a tight embrace and they kissed deeply. "You were magnificent, babe, and you look fantastic. I can't wait to see you again," Roger said as they broke the kiss.

For some reason, Lee felt very glad that Roger thought he was fantastic. Roger's compliments along with the peeling of tiny bells rang in his ears. Looking deep into his eyes with a big smile on his face, Lee reached down and brushed his hand across Roger's crotch.

"Oh Roger, I really enjoyed tonight and..." Lee started to say but was interrupted by Roger's kiss.

When Roger left, Daphne took Lee back to his room and told him to strip. Taking off his white panties, there was an obvious wet spot covering the double nylon gusset along

with some red splotches. Lee blushed and wadded the panties up in his hand but Daphne demanded to see them.

He blushed even more as she shook them out. Tapping her foot on the floor, she glared at him. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded.

Lee was so flustered that he didn't feel the trickle of fluid slowly running down his upper thigh. "I, er, I mean I must have had, had an accident in my panties," he stammered.

"You had an accident or do you mean Roger had an accident in your panties?" she asked while thinking, "Oh, this is just so much fun. Look at him blushing. I wonder if I should pull that condom out of his ass or let him discover it on his own. No, I've got to do it. I can't miss the look on his face when I do."

Lee held his head down in shame. His thoughts were in conflict. "I can't tell her what we did but if I don't, then she will think I messed in my panties and she will never remove this damn device. What should I do? This thing is killing me, tearing my penis to bits. I've got to get her to take it off some how. Oh geez, what should I do?"

"What's that dripping down your leg? Turn around this instant. I want to check your boy pussy. Do it!" she screamed in mock anger.

Humiliated and embarrassed to his very core, Lee slowly turned. When he had his back to her, she pressed her hand to the back of his neck and pushed. When he bent over, she reached out and plucked the condom out. Holding it between thumb and forefinger, she held it up and swung it in front of his face.

"Just how were you planning to explain this?" she demanded.

With that, tears spilled down his cheeks as sobs racked his body. "I, I, it, it just happened," he managed to finally stammer thru his tears.

"Well, it looks like my sissy boy is a slut, doesn't it? Things like this don't just happen. Now hold out your hand," she said. When his hand came up, she dropped the condom into his palm.

"Now take that into the bathroom and dispose of it properly. When you are finished, we'll put it into your scrapbook. Then you will put the time, date and the name of the boy that did it. After all, you will want to keep track of all the boys you have done it with," she demanded.

Lee stood sobbing as he held the condom in his palm. He wanted to be sick. He wanted a hole to form at his feet so he could just disappear.

**Ooo**

Daphne let Lee sleep in again Sunday morning. She entered his room around ten and helped him out of his sleep corset. She examined his naked body as he stood, trying to rub out some of the soreness in his ribs.

"I can see definite changes from the corset. His ribs are compressed and while he doesn't realize it, he is standing with his chest out and pelvis in. I saw some spotting on his

pad, guess I'll have to put some more salve on it after his bath. He must have lost close to ten pounds and now he is almost the weight of a girl his age," she thought.

Seeing that he had put on his negligee, she said, "Stacy, take your bath while I pick out your clothing for the day. Call me when you are finished. I want to check your device."

As she watched him swish to the bathroom, walking heel and toe, she grinned widely. "Yes, I think a pair of full A-cup titties with large nipples would do nicely. An A cup is small enough to embarrass a real woman yet big enough to humiliate a sissy boy. A D-cup might make him think he could pass as a real girl. I'll change out the Happy Homemaker CD for 'Boobies are a sissy's best friend' for a few days. I don't think that idiot guidance councilor needs to know about that, though.

"I can't wait for that breast pump, nipple extenders and hormonal crPme to arrive. In a few months, he'll be such a pansy. Between the video from last night and his new look, his father will certainly write him out of his will. I'll get everything when the fat bastard dies. I can't believe I'm having so much fun doing this. I've soaked my panties every day so far. Think I'll pick out something extra femmie for him today," she thought as she entered his closet.

She decided that, since it was Sunday, he should be dressed up nicely. Daphne selected a just above the knee full-skirted lilac chiffon cocktail dress. The dress' bodice was embroidered with purple sequins, white seed pearls in a floral pattern. It was V-necked with draped chiffon shoulder straps and had a wide dark purple satin ribbon tie at the empire waist. She also picked out three bright white net crinolines and a pair of white sling-back sandals with four-inch stiletto heels.

As she lay the clothing on the bed, Lee called out, saying he was finished with his toilet. In the bathroom, she donned a pair of latex gloves, sat on the commode and removed the key from her neck.

"Alright Stacy, I'm going to remove your device as we want to make sure you are not really damaged down there," she said.

After the device was off, Daphne took his penis between thumb and forefinger and examined it. The head was red and slightly swollen but other than for a few minor nicks, it showed no real damage. She coated it liberally with the salve and replaced the device, much to his chagrin.

"Stacy, how could you say that your clitty was cut to shreds? You saw it for yourself. Other than a little irritation, there's nothing seriously wrong. I think you were just using that as an excuse to get me to remove it. Well, I can assure you that after this, I am not taking it off any time soon. So stop your sissy whining and let's go get you dressed," she told him.

After he was dressed and put his makeup on, Daphne handed him his scrapbook. The first page read, "MY FAVORITE MEMORIES," and his name "Stacy Lee Chapman." Inside the book were pasted his first tampon box cover and instruction sheet, the wrapper from his first maxi-pad, the tags from his first bra and girdle, the braids that Norma Jean had cut off and other items, all with short written comments and dates in his handwriting. As he turned to the next unused page, Daphne handed him the used condom and some cellophane tape. His face was bright crimson by the time he closed the book.

"There dear, you'll have this book filled in no time. In the future when you look at your scrapbooks, you will be glad that you took the time to preserve all your precious memories. I just wish my mother made me keep a scrapbook. I've forgotten so much. Come on, let's go get something to eat," Daphne said as he was putting the book away.

Sunday morning, Lee stood before the camera holding out the full skirts of the cocktail dress with his finger tips. "I so love this darling dress. I couldn't wait to wear it. I hope Roger asks me to the prom, so I can really show it off. All this chiffon makes me feel so femmie and the sequined bodice is to die for," he said as Daphne smiled her approval.

"Stacy, you are getting better at describing your clothing but I still want to see more enthusiasm. Now let's do it again. This time, I want to see a big smile and some bounce and jiggle in your stance. You need to be more expressive with your body language," Daphne told him.

Lee did the routine again, this time swaying his hands back and forth while holding the hem of his skirt. He swayed his shoulders and hips while maintaining a great big smile. Inside he was burning with embarrassment at having to perform before his stepmother. He knew she would e-mail it to his school's social worker and principal and no telling how many others. Seeing previous videos his Step-mother made convinced those authorities that he really was a sissy boy and was not being forced into the role.

After lunch, Daphne put Lee through deportment lessons. She had him walking in four-inch stilettos, heel and toe, for what seemed like eons. Each walking session was followed by sitting lessons. Back straight, sweep the back of the skirt, slowly settle into the chair while crossing the feet and tucking them under.

This was followed with more walking, then stooping lessons. Slowly bend the knees while lowering the buttocks, feet together, reach out and pick the object up then slowly stand. He had to repeat these lessons over and over for three hours. After that, she had him read aloud from one of his romance novels in the highest pitched tone he could manage. When she finally told him to go to his room and change, Lee was exhausted.

## Ooo

The next week at school was much the same as the previous. He had his morning sessions with Ms Howard where she gave him new mantras to repeat over and over.

"I am a sissy;" "I love wearing soft and sensuous clothing;" "I love wearing makeup;" "I want to be pretty;" "Negative or derogatory comments by others do not bother me;" "My gay and lesbian friends will protect me" and "I love the way I am" became his new repetitions.

Darla was more than satisfied with Stacy's progress. As a matter of fact, she was amazed at just how fast he was adapting to his change of life. His progress was so good that it reaffirmed in her mind that Stacy was really a sissy in both body and soul.

"Obviously," she congratulated herself, "it was my diagnosis and therapy that made his transition so easy."