

MUMMY'S LITTLE SISSY



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MUMMY'S LITTLE SISSY by STELLA SATIN



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I spend a lot more of my time indoors now and as mummy doesn't keep me too busy, I have lots of time on my hands. She doesn't like me watching TV during the day (not much at nighttime either to tell the truth) but has no objection to me spending time on the Internet.

I've discovered the 'Forced feminization' and the "Petticoat Discipline pages' and lots of other places there where men and boys are made to dress up and act like girls - but I'm confused. My mummy is *nice* -I mean that. She's nothing like the bossy women with the big breasts and the whips. Okay, she has some very definite theories about things, but she's probably the fairest person I know.

My twin sisters are bossy - I'll say that - but even the girls I knew at school were the same - and Alice and Audrey are a lot nicer than most. They're younger than me. Not by much as mummy adopted them when my dad, his brother and wife got killed in the same accident and left them orphans. Then there's Diana, my real sister. A bit of a pain really, but I'm not so mean as blame her for what has happened to me. Okay, she may not have *helped*, but I guess that most of what's happened was my own fault.

Then there's me. I'm small maybe, but don't think I was ever a rambunctious boy that gave girls a hard time. Mummy didn't have to spank me very often - but there was one thing I knew for sure. She did NOT like boys that bullied girls. Not at all! She'd have blistered my backside in a minute if any of that had gone on! I never went around putting girl's clothes on either! I may have been a sissy. I just don't *think* I was. At least, I'm pretty sure I *wasn't*. Not until everything went a little haywire. Now, I'm not so sure, *what* I am, or what I was - if you know what I mean.

(I see a loose thread on my skirt and my hand, with the well-manicured fingers, gently remove it, roll it into a tiny ball, then feel the puff sleeves of my blouse constrict my arm as I try to throw it into the waste basket. Sigh as I miss it). Wonder when Brenda will show up.

We aren't rich, I guess, but mom owns a nice house in a nice neighborhood. She's always been very particular about how we dress and so we probably have bigger wardrobes than most.

So? I'm in a house with three girls and my mother. I'm the oldest of the

children. Somewhat studious perhaps and quiet. But not a sissy. My sisters? A pair of twins who are, definitely, tough and combative, and a younger sister sweet and feminine. My mother is an attractive women - do you remember an actress called Suzanne Pleshette when she played on TV years ago? Very pleasant and nice? Mummy reminds me of her a lot. I think it goes without saying that I don't have to wear hand-me-down girl clothes because we're so poor. So what caused this mess that I'm in?

Our house is located on a cul-de-sac on the outskirts of a small town. I don't know the statistical nuances that can be read into the next fact. There are four houses on approximately one third acre lots. Each house is headed by a single mother. Two through divorce and at least one (Mummy) a widow. In my house there is a mother, three girls, and a boy (me). In the house to our left is a mother and two daughters - one away at college - at least she was, the other about ten year old - Angela her name is (SOME angel!). On our right, a mother and two daughters. Across from us a mother and THREE daughters. Catch my drift? I'm the only male - or was - in the whole street!

Now it might not have been so bad if we'd had some neighbors, but the road that ran past the entrance to our cul-de-sac had been slated for the development of more houses, but the development company slated to build there had gone bankrupt. Then one of the big factories that had employed a lot of people in our area moved to Taiwan or something like that - so basically, all the building in our immediate area got cancelled, leaving a very low demand for new housing - and me, the only male in an isolated island of femininity.

But I was sixteen, going on seventeen - and a loner. Had my head stuck in books most of the time. That may have been the cause of the whole thing. Maybe.

Mom's told me time and time again NOT to walk along the street and read - but hey, there's no traffic in a cul-de-sac, is there? It's perfectly safe - and I had this GREAT book that I'd started back in the library. Couldn't wait to get into it again, so opened it up the minute I got into the street. Within minutes, I was lost in it.

“What are you DOING?” this whiny girl's voice piped up. I had to

shake my head to get back to reality, "Huh? What are you *on* about Angela?" I grumbled recognizing her.

"You made a mess of our living room. That's what you did! Just look there!" she bitched.

I felt sorry immediately. It was Angela Hanson the daughter of one of our next door neighbors. She and one of her friends had been playing some sort of game and built what appeared to be the layout of a house on the grass verge. Even though I'd been reading as I walked, I must have realized the presence of two little girls in front of me and in trying to avoid them, stepped off the cement walkway on to the grass verge. Crumpled plastic doll furniture lay there where I must have stepped on it.

"Oh Geez! Angela! I'm sorry. I didn't see it. Sorry!" I apologized. "Stupid boy!" she bitched. "Think you'd know to look where you were going!"

God, she had a grating voice on her. If she took after her mother, I could see where the divorce came from! But I tried to be nice, even though she was aggravating me.

"I said I was sorry." I said, maybe more shortly than I should have. "But nothing's broken. Is it?" I picked up some of the stuff and started to straighten it out.

She HIT me! "Leave my stuff alone - you BIG bully!" she cried. "I'll tell my big sister on you - *she'll* fix your little red wagon!"

I was almost proud! I'd been called a *bully!* But I still had to try and redeem myself! "Angela? I *said* I'm sorry.. What do you want me to do?" I don't think that anyone could have faulted me for either my words, or the way I said them.

She looked at me with conniving little eyes. "Well? Joannie and me? We really *wanted* to play skip rope? So if you were really sorry? You could hold one end of the rope and let us take turns at skipping."

"Where?" I asked, aghast at the very idea.

“Here dopey! Where else?” and she pointed to the middle of the circular cul-de-sac!

I shook my head. Playing skip rope with two little girls in the middle of the street for all the world to see? “You’re out of your mind girlie!” I said with some force. “Not only that? You’re out of luck!” With that, I walked away and left her screeching after me about how sorry I was going to be. I did feel bad. Honestly - but she had just angered me - totally.

I had other things to occupy my mind, so forgot all about it. About a week later, the summer break from school had just started and I was out front struggling with the *beast*- our power mower. God how I hated that thing! Heavy and noisy and always chucking dirt back at me. Being the boy in the house, I had been given the chore of mowing the front and back yards, and cleaning the swimming pool - mom is frugal to say the least and the idea of paying anyone to work on things around our house - when she has FOUR healthy children? Never!

Tired, hot, and sweaty. I finally stopped the mower and shut it off. I was barely started but needed a small break. Was NOT looking forward to what lay ahead of me that afternoon - finish our expanse of front lawn - then do the back. Grateful for the respite from the noise and struggle, I was just about to sit down on the grass when I heard a girl’s voice shouting. “Hey, Charles? C’mere a minute, wouldja?”

It was Brenda, Angela’s older sister just back from college. A really good looking girl. Long dark hair with a great tan. Brown eyes. Jeans and a T-shirt, Sandals. She wasn’t *that* much older than me, but had always tried to act like the cool sophisticate around us ‘kids’ in the street. She was standing at the doorway to her house, the door behind her partially open., a coke in her hand.

“Whatcha want?” I called back. “I’m busy”.

“I asked you nicely!” she said. “Now would you come here? Trust me, you don’t want me to come over there!”

There was an element of threat in her voice that I didn’t care for, but I figured why make problems if I didn’t have to - plus it extended my break, so I walked over to her. “Yo. Glad to be home from college?” I asked, deepening my voice as much as I could.

She gave me a cold stare. "Come in here. C'mon!" The next thing she was shepherding me into her house. "What you want me in here for?" I asked, genuinely puzzled.

"You'll find out," a voice to my side sounded and a girl - or at least a young woman I'd seen visit them before - was standing beside me a crooked smile on her face. "Here. Give me your hand," she said then, without waiting for me, took my right arm and started tying a silk scarf around my wrist.

"Hey! Knock it off!" I said and tried to pull my arm away but she was too strong for me - and then was tying my left arm to my right behind me! Then I was being frog-marched from the hallway where we were into the living room. "What's going on? What are you doing? Hey - that's SORE!" I yelled as she hoisted my arms up my back even more.

"Here's your bully Angela!" Brenda said. "You ready?"

I looked across the room. Angela was sitting on a chair and a nasty expression on her face. She had a flat, varnished, piece of wood with a lot of holes drilled through it in her hand.

"Oh yes Brenda! I'm ready alright! Bring him over here! Put him over my knees!"

"How many you gonna give him?" the girl who had tied me asked, taking me to Angela.

"Ten. Maybe twelve," Angela said. "Take his pants down. I want to spank his bare ass!"

"Aw that's not right Angela," Brenda said. "Mum never spanks us like that and it hurts enough. Just give him his punishment and get it over with!"

"I'd give it to him bare assed," the girl holding me said.

"But it's not your call Dora," Brenda answered sharply

"Okay. Okay!" Dora said, and forced me forward until I was prone over Angela's little scrawny knees and pulled my hands out of the way.

SMACK! I yelped.

SMACK! "Oh, please don't Angela. Please!"

SMACK! I heard Dora. "Brenda? I think he's *crying?*" SMACK! I heard Brenda. "Good grief! What a wimp! Mom spanks Angela MUCH harder than that - and she doesn't cry until the seventh or eighth whack!"

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"I think you'd better stop now Angela," Brenda said.

"That's only nine." Angela said. "SMACK!"

"Okay crybaby, Time to get up," Dora said and lifted me up by the simple expedient of pulling the scarf that tied my arms together. But as I got to my feet, she stopped and I could feel her examine me. Then she spoke to Angela. "Angela? Piss off now. You've had your fun."

"Hey!" Angela complained.

"Hey nothing. Do what you're told." Dora said. Then she added. "Tell you what kid. Leave now and don't come back until we call you. If you do that? I *promise* that he'll never bully you again!"

"Okay Dora!" Angela said, and ran out of the room. I heard the front door close.

"Why'd you send Angela away like that?" Brenda asked, obviously puzzled..

"Cause? I think we have a little male *pervert* here. Look at his front Brenda. Is that a hardon there?" She forced me to turn and face Brenda. The bulge in my pants was far too obvious for anyone to miss "I don't think exposing Angela to this kind of stuff would do her any good. Do you, Brenda?" She didn't wait for an answer.

"Think maybe our pervert here liked being spanked by a little girl?" She stuck her face into mine. "But what about an OLDER girl doing the spanking? Ah! I see that your bulge doesn't get any smaller. Would you like

Dora to put you over her knees? Spank you HARD?” As she spoke, she was running her hand over the outside of my pants, directly over my erection. “UhUhUh! Please Dora? Please stop! I didn't mean anything... Ooooh!” I started to tremble.

She pulled me gently back to the chair that Angela had sat in but once she sat down, simply pulled me down to sit on or lap and putting one arm around my shoulder embraced me - then *kissed* me! Just for a few seconds and gently, but when she broke it off she smiled confidently into my eyes. “Comfy now sweetheart? Of course you're not. Here let me untie your arms. Will that be okay?” She untied the scarf. “What do you say now,” she asked teasingly.

“Thank you Dora” I said meekly.

“Isn't he just the sweetest little boy Brenda?” Dora giggled, then turned her attention back to me “Now why don't you tell Dora all about how you *adore* the idea of being put over her knees, huh? But first? When she spanks you, do you want her to use her bare hand - or do you prefer the paddle?”

I felt this lethargy come over me. Just felt so very, very tired suddenly. Lay there in her arms, looking directly up into her mocking eyes.

“Oh Dora! What're you doing to that poor boy?” Brenda said, but with a hint of fascinated levity in her voice.

“Nothing he isn't liking! See I haven't put a hand on him and he still has his little erection.” Dora laughed, then put her hand back on top of my groin. Didn't move it and I could feel the heat from her palm permeate through my pants.

“Now? Aren't you sorry that you bullied Angela?” she asked.

“I didn't bully her Dora. Honestly.” I mumbled, starting to writhe a little under her hand. “I stepped on some of her toy furniture by accident. Didn't break it or anything. I *said* I was sorry - a few times! She's just mad at me because I wouldn't play at skip ropes with her and her friend.”

“Oh? She asked you to play with her and you wouldn't? How come?”

Her hand was stroking me now and I was finding it very difficult to

concentrate. "Skipping's for girls Dora - and she wanted me to play with her in the middle of the *street!*" I gasped.

"Too much of a man to do girl things, huh? What are you, some kind of sexist pig?" Then she laughed and upped the tempo of her hand. "Why don't you squeal for me, little sexist piggy?"

And I obliged her a few seconds later by squealing a few times as I ejaculated all over myself!

Let's face it, I had discovered the enjoyment of masturbation a long time before - but had never experienced anything like this. Could feel myself pumping gouts of semen into my underpants. Could feel the warmth spread all over my groin area. Felt as if my eyes were sinking back into my head. Exhausted, collapsed back into her embrace. Was just vaguely aware of Brenda standing looking down at me now. "Jesus Dora! You've made him mess himself. Good God! His shorts and shirt! *Yech!* How's he gonna get home?"

"Walk, I'd imagine," Dora replied. "C'mon sweetie. Time to go. Fun's all over." With that, she pushed me up from her lap, then stood, re-tied my hands behind me and started leading me to the front door. Dazed, I saw my reflection in the hall mirror - a huge wet stain showing all over the front of my shorts and spreading up my shirt past my belly button!

She opened the door and started to push me out. "Please Dora! Don't do this to me!" I started to cry again thinking of how I'd look to the girls playing out in the street. Dreading the thought of having to get into my own house with my hands tied behind my back and - oh god! - Mom seeing me! "Please?"

She pulled me back in again and stood there as if re-considering. "Tell you what. I'll let you get showered and put your clothes in the washer and dryer..."

"Oh, thanks Dora! Thanks SO much!" I interrupted, fawning all over her.

"But? I may want you to do a few *girl* things. That okay?"

I took too long to answer I guess, because she was opening the door again.

“Oh YES Dora! That'll be okay. Please?” I yelped, stricken with fear.

“You sure? Really sure?” she pressed.

I nodded.

“Tell me then. That you want to do girl things with us. ASK if you can do girl things with us. Come on now! Ask nicely. Say please.”

“Please Dora? “ I asked, my voice faltering. “Can I do girl things with you?”

She nodded regally, a gleam of triumph in her eyes.

They took me to Brenda's bedroom. Untied me and had me use her shower after I'd undressed. Took my clothes away to get washed after I'd gone into the shower.

I'd had no real idea what Dora had in mind for me until I came out of the shower and had dried off. A little while later I was in one of Brenda's cheerleader outfits that she'd used when she was in high school. Ashamed and mortified, I'd been forced into a pair of flesh colored tights, then pink nylon panties and a matching bra. After the cups of the bra had been stuffed with a few tissues, I had to be fastened into a sort of purple shimmering top that only came down to just above my belly button and a short, fawn, pleated skirt.

They tried to get both Brenda and Dora's shoes on me, but my feet were far too small, so I had to walk around shoeless. Then I was given two large pompoms of some glittering material, music was put on and, while the two girls lay on the bed and giggled and laughed at me, I was made to perform a whole series of cheerleader yells and cheers jumping and strutting - enough, as Dora put it “To get your tits bouncing and your panty lace showing!”

We must have been making some noise and didn't hear anyone come in the house. Then in a lull in the music, Brenda sat up. “Somebody's in the house,” she said, then left the room. Just after she left, I could hear voices out in the hall and suddenly realized it was the twins - Alice and Audrey! And one of them was saying. “Nobody answered our knock - and your sister Angela is outside telling everybody how she made Charles cry! *That's* what we're doing here!”

Seconds later, my two sisters were staring at me with a kind of horrified fascination. "Charles!" Audrey snapped. "What on earth are you doing? Get out of those clothes! Do you realize..." "They MADE me do it Audrey! My own clothes are being washed and they made me..." I broke in to her tirade.

"What are your clothes doing...? Ah never mind. Alice? You want to run over and get him a new outfit? I'll stay here and take care of business."

Dora got up from the bed and went forward towards Audrey in a threatening manner. "Hey you! Get out! You're not invited and..."

"Take ONE step closer to me and I'll knock you on your ass!" Audrey said venomously to her. "You've made my brother cry and humiliated him. Just ONE more step asshole and I'll flatten you!"

She was smaller than Dora but her pugnacious and combative nature just blazed from her eyes - and no one in that room doubted that she couldn't carry out her threat. Dora backed off. Smiled wanly. "Hey! We were just fooling and..."

"Shut UP!" Alice got into the act. "You start any crap while I'm gone? It'll be ME that comes looking for you. Now, just shut up!"

Dora looked at Brenda. Shrugged, and sat down on the bed again. Brenda exhaled noisily and sat down beside her as Alice left the room.

"Why don't you get those clothes off Charles," Audrey said. "I'll need help at the back," I said, blushing.

"Okay," she said and came and undid the fasteners enclosing me.

"Want to unfasten the bra too? I don't know how," I asked. "They made you wear a bra too? Good grief!" she said, but undid the bra fasteners as well.

I went and undressed in the bathroom. Just a few minutes later, a knock came to the door and a hand appeared holding a change of clothing for me. I dressed and then me and the twins left without another word.

Once clear of the house, I thanked them sincerely. I was ashamed to have been seen in the cheerleader outfit and couldn't stop blushing. It seems that

they had seen the lawnmower sitting there and wondered where I was then, after hearing Angela boasting, had put two and two together and come looking for me.

I'd forgotten that I still had the mowing to do. "Oh God! I hate mowing - and I'm so tired!" I groaned.

"Tell you what," Audrey said. "Do my room and I'll do the front yard."

"Do my room, and I'll do the backyard for you," Alice offered. "But mom might catch us!" I said. (Mom is a real stickler for chore assignments).

"Not if you hurry!" Audrey laughed.

That night at the dinner table, the twins. Mom and I were waiting while Diana, looking pretty in a nice fresh apron, served up the meal. As we waited for her to get seated, mom spoke. "I don't know what got into you three today! Audrey and Alice? Your rooms are almost *impeccable*! Charles? I've *never* seen you do such a good job of mowing!"

She caught our embarrassment immediately. None of us have been brought up to be liars. "Did I say something wrong? What's up?"

Diana tittered. Mom turned to her. "Something funny sweetie?" "Charles did the clean up inside the house. The girls did the lawns. Tee hee! Charles did *girl's* stuff and the girls did *boy's* stuff!"

Mom didn't say much after that. Just seemed thoughtful and distracted. Like most kids anywhere, me and the twins, once we saw no lecture on the immediate horizon, reverted to being ourselves again - with Diana bitching because she had to clear away the dinner dishes - usual night time activity at our house.

But later that evening, after Diana was in bed, mom called me and the twins together. Got to the point directly. "Charles, why did you do the girls work in the house today?"

I blushed, but found my answer. "I was tired mom - and mowing the lawn is hard work."

She turned to the girls. "You two find it hard?"

The two of them looked astonished - and it wasn't an act. "Hard? No mom. It was fun! Better to be outside than stuck in the house any day!"

Mom nodded as if they'd confirmed something. Turned back to me. "So you'd rather do women's work in the house than men's work, because you were tired?"

"Mom? I was *really* tired!"

"Answer the question dear."

"Yeah. I guess so." I admitted.

"Did you wear a pinafore?"

I gaped at her. She was *serious!* Both girls giggled and put their hands to their mouths.

"No mom, of course I didn't!" I said indignantly.

"You know the rules. I make the girls wear pinafores when they do the rooms. Diana wears an apron when she works in the kitchen."

"But they *hate* wearing those things mom. Well, maybe Diana doesn't care too much, but Alice and Audrey are always bitching about.."

"Charles! Your language!"

I stared at her again. "But I use that word all the time mom!" "That's a *man's* word Charles. If you're going to work in the house, you'll use more ladylike terms please." But then she grinned at me. "Just teasing darling."

I breathed a big sigh of relief.

It was the rainy Sunday a week or so later that probably did it. It wasn't *that* wet, just intermittent showers. The twins sounded as if they were coming down with a cold so mom wouldn't think of letting them out - and Diana didn't want to go outside. I was thinking about it, but then saw Angela and some of her cohorts out there.