

Adriana's Addictions
by SissyKimmy1

Session One: The Doll

The tall, beautiful woman dressed casually in jeans and a tight shirt smiled and accepted the cash from the mother and winked slyly towards the daughter. “So it's settled then, your stupid bully brother will become the perfect bullying victim, a huge sissy fag.”

The daughter, Aileen, smiled at her mother. She was a beautiful girl, thin and attractive with long brunette hair. “Oh, thank you so much. This will be so good for him in the end.”

The mother, Alexis, an older and a bit plumper but still attractive black haired woman responded quickly. “I don't care if it's good for him or not. He's messed up for the last time. As long as this puts him in his place and keeps him from causing any more trouble I'll be happy. I don't care how you do it, Lucinda.”

The tall blonde woman nodded. “He won't cause any more problems. I'm just so sorry I'm not set up to alter his appearance yet. Moving in all my new equipment has been hell. I was out of business to reevaluate and perfect my methods for quite a while. You saw the pictures of my previous projects, right?”

Aileen responded with a shrug, “Didn't get a chance to, but I don't want to alter his appearance that much anyway. I'm sure you can handle whatever will be necessary. Until he gets what's coming to him I don't want him to look that girly anyway. If he wants to change after that it will be up to him.”

Alexis nodded, “If they just see him as a pretty little girl no one will want to bully him, they look so helpless and cute and could never be a threat worth bothering with.”

Lucinda looked towards the window and sighed heavily, she spoke softly under her breath, “...she did *look* so helpless.”

Alexis inquired, “What was that?”

Lucinda shrugged and regained her jovial mood. “Oh, nothing, just thinking of one of my other recent cases. Yes, for this one only subtle changes. Slow and steady I'll destroy his ego and his male mind, take him down peg by peg. His sissification will be all in his head, no changes to his appearance until he comes to you and begs for them. We'll start him off with a dolly.”

The mother and the daughter looked at the other woman with blank faces wondering how the bullying brother would possibly react when offered a doll.

Lucinda laughed, “Just bring him to me for a session, trick him if you have to. I'll make sure he wants to come back. Let me explain how it will work....”

Rocco never remembered the Doctor's appointment his mother took him to in late December, but it certainly changed his life.

The boy, Rocco, was black haired and muscular. He was not too tall but not too short, and he had a

very handsome face the girls loved. Rocco was very happy with the Christmas gifts he had received so far. A PS3 and two of the games he had asked for, he was planning to give his mother a hard time later for not getting the third, but another gift ended up taking up all of his attention. Despite his current excitement, the game console wouldn't even be opened.

All his sister had gotten were some new clothes. From his perspective it was obvious who was top dog around this house. She didn't look bothered at all though. When he tried to needle her about it she just looked at him and smiled, "Mother got me a secret gift. Maybe I'll tell you about it some day."

The girl peeked under the tree. There was another gift there the boy hadn't noticed. It was wrapped in bright pink wrapping paper with a huge white bow. It looked like something for the girl, but when she looked at the label she exclaimed, "Oh, this one is for you too Rocco, what could it be?"

The boy took the package and scratched his head. The gift said, "To: Rocco. From: Mommy and Aileen." It was a strange choice of wrapping paper, but a gift is a gift. The boy tore apart the wrapping and stared at the gift, transfixed.

It was an "American Girl" doll. The box said her name was Ruthie. She wore a floral purple dress with puffed sleeves, frilly light blue socks with black Mary Jane shoes, and a purple hairbow. She had wavy, dark brown hair. There was also a book in the box that said it told the story of a girl named Ruthie growing up during the Great Depression. Aileen giggled a bit at her brother's strange reaction to the gift.

Alexis spoke, "Oh, we must have put the wrong label on that one. That is for your baby cousin, Tammy. Her birthday is right after Christmas. We can wrap it back up before we send it to her."

Rocco still stared admiringly at the gift.

Aileen giggled some more, "It looks like he really wants it though. We don't want to disappoint him on Christmas, let him keep it if he wants. I think it's cute he wants to play with dolls. Maybe it will help him stop pretending to be such a tough guy."

Rocco glared at his sister angrily, his gaze finally torn from the doll. "I don't want to play with any stupid doll and I'm not pretending anything. You know that as well as anyone. I was just trying to figure out why the hell you would give me one. You're stupid, I'm gonna go set up my PS3."

He picked up the box with the console and took it up to his room. The girls noticed he had completely forgotten to bring the games.

When he got upstairs he angrily dropped the box he was carrying and laid down on his bed, looking up at the ceiling in frustration. He couldn't explain it, it made no sense, but he WANTED THAT DOLL. He had no idea why he wanted it, or what he would do with it when he got it, but he spent the rest of the day plotting a way to get it without alerting them that it was gone and thinking up ways to hide it so they didn't know he was the one who had it.

The next day his mother gave him exactly the opportunity he was looking for. She ordered him to take the newly wrapped doll and a few other stray gifts over to the post office. It was simple to send away the rest and sneak the doll back to the house. He would just claim it must have gotten lost in the mail when it never arrived.

He sat on his bed with the newly opened package in front of him. He felt so giddy he thought he might faint. For some reason he couldn't even begin to explain, he felt a little aroused. He carefully removed the doll from its package and held it in his arms. An overwhelming sense of joy enveloped him, he smiled at the doll in thoughtless glee.

At that very moment his sister barged into his room. She started to giggle, it developed into raucous laughter in his direction.

“I KNEW you wanted it. Mom come look!”

Almost as if she had been waiting just outside of the room Alexis quickly followed Aileen and joined in her laughter in the boy's direction.

Aileen chanted, “Rocco loves Ruthie! Rocco loves Ruthie! Rocco and Ruthie, sitting in a tree...”

The boy tossed the doll across the room in anger. “I don't want any stupid doll, I just forgot to mail it.”

His mother rolled her eyes and spoke condescendingly, “Oh, of course my big strong son doesn't like dolls. We were just having fun with you.” She picked up the doll and handed it to Aileen. “Anyway, I guess it's too late to send it to Tammy. You can have it Aileen.”

“Oh mother,” she replied, “I'm too old for dolls, but I really think Rocco likes this one so I won't throw it away. I'll keep her in my room, and if Rocco does want her he can just come ask for her. If not, we can give her to Tammy next year.”

Alexis nodded, “Well, that should make everyone happy!”

It didn't make Rocco happy at all. They didn't miss his covetous glare as Aileen put the doll back in her box and left the room. They both knew it was only a matter of time before he would make his move.

Rocco wasn't himself once he got back to school. That is to say, he wasn't completely ignoring his studies to go harass and torture his fellow students. He sat around all day thinking and plotting some way to get his doll without having to humiliate himself by telling his younger sister he actually wanted to play with it.

Every day he waited made the longing worse and worse. He couldn't concentrate on anything, his body felt weird like there was an itch he didn't know how to scratch, and he was irritable and lost his temper even more quickly than usual.

After a while the craving finally overwhelmed him. In the middle of the night he snuck into his sister's room with a small flashlight. The doll was nowhere to be found. He looked around frantically but he couldn't find it. He muttered curses under his breath. He had no idea why he even wanted the damn thing in the first place but now he was desperately searching in the dark for it.

Suddenly the light clicked on. Aileen was smiling in his direction from her bed. Wide awake. She held the box containing the doll in her arms.

“Are you looking for something, Rocco? Whatever could that be?” she asked in feigned ignorance.

He moaned in frustration and humiliation. The urge he felt was overwhelming. As much as his logical mind screamed no, the urge he felt worked outside of reason. It was becoming literally painful in his own head, and somehow he knew there was only one cure, no matter what the admission cost him.

“Rocco, do you have something to ask me?” his sister inquired.

The boy walked over to the side of her bed, head bowed. He began to speak, “Aile...”

She glanced over at the webcam on her computer, making sure the record light was on “Wait, why don't you kneel beside the bed. I'll be able to hear you better.”

The boy groaned at the additional indignity but obeyed, “Aileen, I really want that doll. I don't know why but I want it. Please can I have it?”

She laughed right in his face. “I don't get it, why do you want to play with dolls all of a sudden? What happened to my big brother the tough guy bully?”

He screamed at her in frustration, “JUST SHUT UP AND GIVE ME THE DOLL YOU EMBARRASSED ME ENOUGH.”

She giggled at her brother, kneeling before her and begging for a little girl's doll but still trying to act like a tough guy. She made the decision right then to send Lucinda a pleasant “Thank You” note.

“No, you can't have it. It's mine. I won't let a big tough guy like you humiliate himself like this. So you have some weird dolly obsession, big deal, get over it tough guy.”

She waved her hand at the door. “Go to bed.”

His face looked panic stricken, he was almost ready to cry. The girl fought hard to keep a straight face before continuing. “Unless of course...you aren't really a tough guy after all...maybe secretly you're a little sissy. If that *is* what you are, it would be cruel of me to keep you from a doll you really like. What kind of sister would I be? So, who are you?”

The boy mumbled something under his breath. “Now just give me the doll.”

“I didn't hear that first part.”

His blushing was priceless, the girl couldn't wait to watch this moment over and over again. He repeated his shameful admission, in a clear voice this time, “I'm a little sissy and I want my dolly, give it to me.”

Aileen smiled pleasantly and offered some mocking claps. “I'm so happy you're finally ending that charade. But Rocco is no name for a little sissy boy, that is a name for a man. We need to give you a new name, don't you think? At least for between the two of us here at home. I won't let your friends know about your secret.”

Aileen moved the box with the doll closer to his reach, he saw his goal was close and was willing to agree to just about anything.

She went on, "Don't you think that's a good idea...Adriana?"

Defeated, he submissively nodded at the suggestion. "Yes, call me whatever you want, just give me the doll now, please."

She handed the box to him, he ran out of the room crying at his humiliation but immediately felt better as he freed his doll again from the box. He hugged the doll and smiled. He went to sleep with the doll in his arms. His mother and sister peeked in that morning, the doll was still in his arms and a huge smile was on his face even in his sleep. The symptoms of his urges, the itch he couldn't scratch and the irritation and the longing vanished the moment he held the doll in his arms. He would never be able to go more than a day or two without it from now on, and his humbling journey was just beginning.

Adriana was born.

Over the next few weeks with his urge temporarily satisfied he was able to get back to being himself a bit more. He went back to bullying and harassing the other students, who had hoped he was finally starting to grow out of it. Instead, he made up for lost time and was worse than ever. Rocco was over-compensating for his secret hobby. He sought out the weakest and most effeminate boys and tormented them, taking out his own rage at himself for spending his evenings cuddling with a doll meant for a little girl to satisfy his unexplainable needs.

A boy named Bill who he had bullied many times before got the worst of it. Bill was handsome and generally well liked but he was also shy and openly gay. He had brown hair and green eyes and always wore stylish clothes. Rocco went out of his way to hunt him down and punch him in the stomach at least once a day. It made him feel better about himself to know that playing with a doll didn't mean he still couldn't kick somebody's ass.

This catharsis couldn't last. He started to need to play with the doll more and more frequently and for longer periods of time. At first he had merely slept with the doll in his arms and played with it before bed. A few weeks later, he had to spend time with Ruthie for at least a little bit as soon as he got home from school. Eventually, it got to the point where he could barely put it down to have dinner with his family.

He was used to daydreaming in class, usually about a girl or a plan to harass someone after school. Now he would just think about the doll. One time, he sat in particularly boring class and started to think about Ruthie. He wanted to brush or comb her beautiful brown hair. It was getting tangled and messy. How do you straighten doll hair? He would have to ask his mother, that would be fun. He sighed and stared out the window. Her dress was so pretty. Should he buy her a new one?

Thinking about her made the itch to play with her more pressing, while at the same time the indulgence of it helped him cope with the urges. It was a paradox. Thinking about her made the pain worse and better at the same time. School would be over soon.

He started to consider different types of dresses he could buy for her, she would look good in green or maybe...

"ROCCO!" a man's voice yelled.

He looked up. The teacher and the entire class were staring at him. His hands cupping his chin as he stared out the window with a goofy, wistful smile on his face.

“Uhh sorry...I was daydreaming.” he explained.

“A girl again?” the teacher replied.

“Uhh yeah.”

The entire class laughed. Rocco's face was bright red. It could be worse, they could know what he was really daydreaming about.

During the day every minute was a struggle. The clock moved with monumental slowness. His hands and feet would tingle, he would sweat, his stomach would cramp, and his head would ache. He couldn't focus on class, not that he cared to that much, and he certainly couldn't fight or bully. His victims noticed his obvious distraction but didn't particularly care, as long as he was leaving them alone it was a good development.

There was only one solution. He started to bring the doll to school with him, always hidden carefully in his bag. Just having it close lessened his symptoms but when necessary he would sneak a quick cuddle in a restroom stall to satiate his urges, but sometimes he would find himself unable to put the doll down. He would lose track of time like he was in a trance. He would hear the door to the restroom open and find himself combing the dolls hair and having to quickly return it to its hiding place before someone became suspicious.

His head was now clear during the school day as long as he took his “breaks” in the stall, but he could not go back to being a bully. He had to focus all his effort on protecting the secret in the bag. He couldn't put it down to fight, or one of his many enemies might think it would be a good idea to mess with him by running off with his stuff.

He tried to put up a facade and intimidate people without fighting, but it was clear he was acting much more cautious and reserved than he used to. He turned down opportunities to harass others he never would have before.

Like predators in the wild the other wannabe bullies started to notice his weakness, his former victims as well. They all wanted a chance for revenge. One day, on his way home from school the disaster he had been fearing finally struck. He had been walking home with Aileen lately. She did tease him a little bit about his new hobby but she had kept her word and not told anyone. He figured if he had to fight he could make her take his bag and leave him to it.

She wasn't with him that day. A group of other boys surrounded him on the street with a few girls on the edges of the group observing the fun.

“So Rocco, what have you been up to lately?” The circle around him drew in closer as the leader, Tony, spoke.

“You've been holding on to your bag pretty tight, so what are you hiding?” another asked.

Rocco growled, “It's none of your business. I've decided I've picked on you guys enough, you aren't

worth the trouble.”

Tony laughed, “Oh really? Well let's just see how much trouble we can be.”

They charged him simultaneously. In a movie when this kind of thing happened they would stay in a circle and try and fight you one on one. He could have taken any of them that way, but no one can win five on one. He got in a few hits and did some damage, but he was quickly held down being kicked and punched.

Rocco began to cry publicly for the first time he could remember. Not because of the pain, as someone who liked to fight he had taken his fair share of beatings before, but because of what he knew was about to come next.

“Oh my God! THIS is what he was so protective over? I thought he was selling pot or something. It's a...doll?”

They all turned to look down at their now pathetic, crying victim. Rocco desperately tried to find a lie to tell but in his panic messed it all up, “It's Aileen's okay, I was just holding it for her.”

One of the girls, Tabitha, spoke up and shook her head, “She doesn't play with dolls, Rocco, I've known her a long time.”

Rocco was in a panic. If he had thought up a better lie he could have found a way out of this, but now he was sunk. They all knew. Their laughter rang in his ears as he cried.

One of the other girls spoke, “Rocco plays with dolls!?! No wonder he acted so tough, he was hiding his soft side all this time!”

Another one, “This must be why he spends all his time at home now, he probably has a bunch of them and has little tea parties! I bet he even sleeps with her! Certainly haven't seen him with any other girlfriends...”

Rocco continued to sob. Some of the boys wandered off, the victims who were just there for revenge. They didn't actually like to hurt someone so clearly helpless, they didn't enjoy the suffering. Rocco would certainly never mess with them again and that was enough.

The bullies remained and taunted him for a while but eventually got bored with Rocco's lack of resistance in his current state. Rocco got to his feet. Tony still had the doll. Rocco stared at it, but couldn't bring himself to ask for it back. Tony knew what he was thinking.

“Jesus, Rocco, what happened to you?” Tony shook his head in derision. He turned to Tabitha. “Do you want it?”

Tabitha smiled and nodded. “My little sister has the one that goes with it, she's wanted this one forever. She's gonna love it! Thanks Tony!”

More tears welled up in Rocco's eyes, he grabbed his bag and ran off home. When he stormed in bruised and battered and with tears in his eyes Aileen rushed to him and tried to calm him down and get him to explain what happened. He was frantic, the symptoms of his need for the doll were returning

and he knew he had no way to make them go away. The itch in his head he couldn't scratch, the pins and needles in his extremities, everything combined to overwhelm him. Aileen knew the situation was bad, she hugged her brother tightly and tried to calm him down. She spoke to him firmly.

“Adriana,” he was too panicked to even notice the use of his secret name, “I know how you feel about that doll and what you must be going through right now. Your sister IS going to fix this for you. I promise! I will handle it RIGHT NOW with no delay. Go to your room and do your best to try and relax, I'm going to go see Tabitha, okay?”

He nodded and held her tightly in the hug, “Thank You, Aileen! Thank you!”

She smiled wryly, “Okay, you have to let me go or I can't do it!”

He quickly released her from the hug. She left and he went to his room and tried to relax like she said. It was torture. He slammed shut his eyes and curled up on the bed. He shut out everything, refused to acknowledge the pain of his loss, and tried to sleep.

Hours later he woke up to a soft hand gently stroking his hair. Aileen handed him his doll. He hugged it and whimpered softly. “Thank you, Aileen. You're so good to me, even after I used to be so mean to you. I'm so sorry, I don't know how exactly or why...but I'm different now. You know that right?”

Aileen smiled, “Yeah, I know. I do have to tell you something though...”

Rocco sat up, it didn't sound good.

He listened intently as she spoke, “When I got over to Tabitha's house she had already given the doll to her little sister, Julia. She's a huge fan of American Girl dolls, Kit Kittredge is her favorite and...”

Rocco groaned, having gained an expert knowledge of the line of dolls while trying to diagnose how his obsession started, “...and Ruthie is Kit's best friend! Julia must have been so upset!”

Aileen nodded. “It's sweet that you care, you really have changed. I'm sorry, but I couldn't just take the doll back. She made me promise a trade. In exchange for giving it back...you have to go over and have a playdate with Julia every week next month.”

Rocco looked at his sister in shock, “I...what? Me playing with a little girl? Won't her parents be a bit...majorly freaked out by that idea? Why would she even WANT to play with me?”

Aileen shrugged, “Well, I think she's just a bit curious. She's never heard of a teenage boy who likes dolls. But really I just think she figures that since you have the Ruthie and she has the Kit you are just meant to be best friends. Isn't that sweet? Anyway, Tabitha was supposed to babysit her those nights and you'll be taking over instead, we wouldn't tell her parents you were just there to play dolls. You're even gonna be paid. So...Ruthie is back...you have an easy new job where all you have to do is play with dolls which you do for fun anyway...your sister did good, didn't she?”

Rocco thought about it for a while and nodded. “Yeah, I guess so. I don't see how it could have turned out better, given the circumstances.”

They hugged again and Aileen left him alone with his doll. She sat in her room by her computer for a

long time. She thought about how Rocco was beginning to change. It was clearly for the better, he had clearly learned a lesson. She knew they had done the right thing and they had to keep going, but she stared at the file on her computer, the video of his tearful and humiliating confession. What would be the fun in sharing something like that like she planned? The old Rocco deserved the humiliation, but Adriana would be a genuinely sweet sissy boy. A good friend and sister. The line between sweet Adriana and cruel Rocco was much more thin than she had thought it would be. She couldn't do this to Adriana, he would have enough humiliation as a necessary part of the changes. Tomorrow at school would certainly be humbling for him.

She deleted the file.

Aileen carried the doll to school for him the next day and from then on. They arranged times to meet where she could pass it off to him so he could satisfy his compulsion. This freed him up to fight to protect himself, but Aileen promised she would stop if he ever started to bully again. People made fun of him for having the doll, but the first person who was bold enough to try and get in his face about it was quickly put in their place. He helped the other boy up and apologized for hurting him in the past. They shook hands and went their separate ways.

The violence didn't feel good to Rocco anymore, all he could see was himself on the ground being kicked and humiliated and wanting his doll back, but he knew he had to send a message. Even so he felt bad doing it. Whatever spark he had been born with that made him enjoy dominating and humiliating an unwilling victim was gone now.

Later that week, his mother Alexis told him she had arranged to take him to a therapist to try and figure out what had happened to him. He thought this was a great idea. He had a lot he needed to talk about. He looked forward to what he thought was his first session, but was really his second.

Alexis and Aileen came with him to support him. The therapist was a very good looking blonde who dressed and acted much more casually than he expected. She told him to call her Lucinda, not even "Dr. Lucinda."

He was led in to a typical looking therapists office while Lucinda and his mother and sister talked in the waiting room. They said there was some billing issues to discuss.

Aileen spoke up first, "It's all gone perfectly Lucinda, just as you said, Ruthie and Adriana are the best of friends and his attitude has already been adjusted for the better. I almost feel like we could stop here already..."

Alexis broke in, "Oh no, you little softy, he hasn't paid for what he's done yet and any changes could only be temporary, isn't that right?"

Lucinda nodded, "I'm glad he's progressing well, but he's in a bit of a state of shock right now. If the changes I've implanted aren't reinforced his old self could bubble back up over time. No, we have to move on. And today's session is my favorite part! A boy playing with dolls is weird, but it happens, some boys just have good imaginations and they aren't really all that different from their little action figures anyway. No, the next step is what will truly mark him as a sissy. It marks him more completely than anything else could, but he will still be able to try and keep the secret for a little while at least. Today he learns to be a panty addict!"

Lucinda and Alexis smiled brightly, Aileen half-halfheartedly.

Lucinda stared at her intently, “You aren't having more second thoughts, are you?”

Aileen shrugged, “I just wish there was an easier way. I don't like seeing him hurt, but I know he will be more happy for it in the end.”

Lucinda nodded, “You can be as nice to him as you want, but you understand he can never know what we are doing to him. I used to tell the subjects, but I've learned that if the subject knows what has happened to them and finds the changes too traumatic the process of mental conditioning may become unstable and in one case in the past that has led to...well...a sub-optimum mental health outcome.” she warned vaguely, “Am I clear?”

Aileen nodded. Lucinda smiled and returned to her office to begin the next session.

Session Two: The Panties

Rocco rushed home from school as usual. Even with all the Ruthie breaks he managed to sneak at school it was never enough. A few minutes of cuddling with her would make him feel satisfied for a little while but as the day wore on it just wasn't enough.

Every day after school he would sit in his room and play with Ruthie for about an hour before he could tear himself away to do anything else. His mother was becoming quite annoyed with this little ritual.

“Rocco!” she screamed, “Go outside and cut the grass!”

Rocco groaned, he hadn't had enough time yet. He looked over at the clock. It had been an hour and a half since he'd been home. His obsession was getting worse. He finished braiding Ruthie's hair and admired her new green dress for a few moments. He smiled in pride, the completion of the task rewarding him with a burst of happiness. He went downstairs and Alexis rolled her eyes at her teenage son with his doll still lovingly embraced.

“I can't Mom. I need a few more minutes. I had a really bad day.”

Alexis sneered at him, “So what? You can play with your doll later, or, you know, you could play with that PS3 you never even set up. Do you know how expensive that was?”

Aileen entered the kitchen, “I'll do the grass Mom, it's no big deal, he did have a rough one.”

She went outside and mother and son heard the mower start. Alexis turned to him, “Well, if she's going to do your chores you're going to do hers. Go do the laundry, you can take your little friend with you.”

Rocco went to the laundry room. There was a load of his laundry that had to go in and some of his mother and sister's that needed to be folded and put away. He loaded his things into the washer and set to work folding, taking frequent breaks to hug Ruthie.

He noticed something very odd begin to happen, any time he touched a pair of panties a thrill went through him and he started to develop butterflies in his stomach. There was pair after pair in the laundry, as if they had thrown in all of their panties to be cleaned at once.

He stopped to stare at each pair. White cotton with a multicolored floral pattern. Pink satin. A blue thong. Yellow, purple, black. As he folded he started to become more and more uncomfortable with his own underwear. So rough, so boring. He started to itch. He started to sweat. He felt a bit dizzy and out of breath. Frantically he turned to Ruthie and picked her up and hugged her, the feeling subsided a little bit. He picked up a pair of panties and studied them, the uncomfortable feeling subsided even more.

He heard a growling behind him, his mother. His heart stopped. What must he look like? A boy clutching at a doll and fondling a pair of panties.

“I know THAT look, it's the same one you had when you first saw that stupid toy. You really are turning in to a fag. You aren't going to steal my panties you little pervert. Put them down, right now.”

He felt like crying at her harsh words and angry tone but did as he was told.

“I DON'T want to wear panties Mom. I was just checking them to make sure they were clean.”

She frowned at him, “I know what I saw and I know what you're turning in to. I'm going to the store to get you your own panties, you can't wear mine.”

“Mom, no, don't do that...”

“Shut up, Adriana.”

He flinched at the name. He didn't realize Aileen had told her. She had kept her promise not to tell anyone at school, but their mother was another matter.

She continued, “We'll just do what we did with the doll. If you want the panties you can come ask for them, but DON'T wear mine or your sister's or you will be in big trouble. Do you want a bra too?”

Rocco shouted back at her, the indignity getting to him, “I DON'T WANT TO WEAR GIRL'S UNDERWEAR!”

“We'll see. But if you're lying to me again you are going to be punished. Now finish the laundry!”

She stormed off angrily. Rocco cried softly as he finished the chore. She was right, she had to be, there was no other explanation for his reaction. He wanted to wear the panties, he was turning in to a sissy. Why did she have to be so mean about it? It wasn't his fault, he didn't want this to happen. He couldn't help it.

He had to be sure though, he couldn't stand to humiliate himself and beg for the panties if he wasn't sure. He snuck a pair of his sister's panties into his pocket.

He finished folding the clothes and went to carry the laundry upstairs. He saw Aileen in the kitchen. She was sweating from working outside and drinking a glass of ice water. She saw that he had been crying and she looked at him with concern.

“Are you okay, nothing happened to Ruthie again, did it?”

He shook his head and showed her the doll, happy and undamaged on top of the laundry in the basket.

She smiled at him. "I like her hair and the new dress. Where did you get it...and how did you learn to braid doll hair?"

He mumbled that he had found everything online and went upstairs. In truth he hardly remembered ordering it or looking up how to braid. He had done it in the school library in a daze. He had just intended to stop studying for a second to look something up for Ruthie but twenty minutes had past when a group of girls had seen what he was up to and laughed at him. He considered lying and saying he was helping his cousin Tammy or something, but everyone knew already. Talk about his strange new hobby had spread like wildfire.

When he was done putting the laundry away he went to his room. He retrieved the panties from his pocket and unfolded them. They were light purple cotton with yellow flowers. His chest became tight, he felt nervous and shaky like he had too much coffee, the butterflies in his stomach got worse.

He took off his clothes. He stared at himself in the mirror. His shaking was visible, his once confident and self assured face was now blushing bright red with shame and his eyes were wide with fear. Nothing about his physical appearance had really changed, but it was obvious he was becoming an entirely different person inside. His strange urges and new humbling experiences had made sure of that.

He looked down in resignation and stepped in to the panties. As he pulled them up his legs he knew his Mother had been right, it was just like the doll. His panicked nervousness subsided, first in his feet and then in his legs as he slowly pulled on his sister's panties inch by inch. When he was done he let out a moan of pleasure. The intoxicating feelings coursed through his entire body, he started to feel at once heavy and light and fell backwards on to his bed. He found Ruthie there beside him and he clutched her to his chest. The combination of his two vices cleared his head somehow and he became hyper aware of all the feelings overcoming him.

The pleasure of hugging Ruthie which had become a bit mundane and more of a habitual comfort instead of an active thrill took on new dimensions. The new feelings the panties gave him made him feel invincible and happy and amazed that such a euphoria was even possible. Even though it had been a long, hard day he felt invigorated and giddy and ready to do anything.

He stood up and looked in the mirror again, the change was amazing. He had a look of pure bliss on his face. He spun around and admired the panties.

Suddenly he heard steps outside his room, he froze and snapped back into reality. There was a loud banging on the door.

Alexis shouted from outside, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?! Your sister says she's missing a pair of panties. YOU BETTER NOT BE DOING WHAT I THINK YOU ARE!"

The door began to open. In his initial nervous panic and later trance of pleasure he had entirely forgotten to lock it.

His mother's face was full of rage, she screamed at him, "I JUST told you not to do this you little

pervert. You lied right to my face. I told you I would play your sick little game and get you your own panties! You couldn't even just wait!?"

Aileen appeared in the doorway, she covered her mouth to hold back laughter. She didn't want to hurt his feelings but he just looked so silly in her underwear. Alexis was furious. She ran over to Rocco and started slapping him. He grabbed her arms and held her.

Tearfully he apologized, "I'm sorry, Mom. I can't help it, I really can't..."

She tore her arms from his grip, "It's not just me you have to apologize to."

Alexis pointed to Aileen who was still standing in the doorway trying to contain her mirth.

Rocco was shaking in humiliation as he walked over to his sister, hyper-conscious of the humiliating panties he wore and how good they made him feel, "I'm s..."

Alexis interrupted in a no-nonsense tone, "I think it would be more convincing on your knees."

Rocco kneeled for his sister, for the second time. "I'm sorry, Aileen."

His sister patted his head. "Oh Ade, That's allr..."

"Sorry for what?" Alexis put in.

Aileen glared at her. "Enough, Mother."

"Maybe YOU don't mind some pervert stealing your underwear but I certainly would. Apologize correctly, Adriana."

He flinched and considered the name. Maybe Adriana really was a better name for who he was now. He liked girl's underwear and playing with dolls. He was even such a distracted bimbo that he couldn't do it without getting caught.

"I'm sorry I stole your panties, Aileen. I won't do it again." He turned to his mother. "I won't."

Aileen quickly jumped in before Alexis had a chance, "That's okay, Adriana. I know you're just ashamed of who you really are and didn't want to have to ask us for them. You're going to have to get used to it though if you really want to be a sissy so bad you can't control it anymore. It's not right to take someone's private things."

Rocco nodded and bowed his head in shame.

Alexis wasn't satisfied, "Not good enough. Come over here, NOW."

Rocco moved to get up and Alexis stopped him, "Stay on your knees."

Rocco awkwardly made his way over to his mother and bowed his head. She took his chin in her hand and directed his eyes up to look in her enraged face.

“How do I usually punish you?”

He replied hesitantly, “You...you ground me and take away my video games. That's okay. I deserve it, I know.”

She shook her head and tut-tutted at him. “But it clearly doesn't work. It's something new with you all the time. It was probably my fault for trying to punish you like a boy when you were really such a sissy all along. I should have known what all that acting out meant. No, from now on you will be punished like the sissy you are. Do you know how a sissy is punished?”

He shook his head.

“That's okay, Adriana. You'll learn soon. You can get up now. Go stand in front of the mirror and put your hands on your head. Aileen, go into my room. There's a package in my closet, bring it for us.”

The two siblings looked at their mother quizzically but obeyed. She left the room and he was left looking at himself in the mirror. His eyes darted away and he could see Ruthie over on the bed. He wanted to hug her so he would feel better but he was afraid of making Alexis angrier. The panties made him feel good too, but he still wanted his doll.

She followed his gaze, “Don't even think about it, Adriana. Bad sissies don't get to play with their dollies.”

He turned back to the mirror and observed his blushing face. His mind was in turmoil, he was humiliated and angry with himself and worried about what would come next. No so long ago he was a confident young man. Now he was wearing his sister's panties and obediently waiting for punishment from his mother.

Aileen returned and handed the package to Alexis. It was a box wrapped in pink paper with a white bow, just like the paper Ruthie had come in.

Alexis walked over to her son and held the box out to him. “Here, you can open it. It's for you after all.”

In trepidation he opened the box and discarded the pink paper. Inside was a large wooden paddle with the words, “Adriana's Little Reminder” written on it. He looked over at his mother with his mouth hanging open.

She smiled at him and took the paddle. “Hands back on your head. Eyes forward. After every paddle, you will recite the phrase, 'I will not wear my sister's panties. That is a naughty, disgusting thing for a sissy like me to do.’”

He shook his head at her. “No, Mom, come on. I know I've got...issues...but this isn't the way...”

Aileen joined his protest, “He said he was sorry, it's my panties he's wearing and I forgive him for it. In fact, you can keep them Adriana, they're yours.”

Rocco just shook his head in anger and confusion and humiliation. Suddenly Alexis swung her arm as hard as she could and there was a massive crack. Rocco jumped and screamed, more in shock than in

pain as the paddle hit his pantied bottom.

Alexis growled at him, "Thank your sister for giving you her panties, Adriana."

Aileen shouted at her, "Stop it, I told you I don't want this!" Aileen left the room and slammed the door behind her. Alexis wound up and gave him another hard slap with the paddle. He grunted and said nothing.

She growled at him, "Say it.", and slapped him again.

Again he was silent.

She shrugged. "Oh, the big tough boy is back?" She looked at him and he continued to say nothing for himself.

"Good, in that case..." She put down the paddle and picked up Ruthie. "You won't be needing this anymore. I'll just take it downstairs and have Aileen put some wood in the fireplace..."

His face drained of all color and in terror and he screamed, "NO! DON'T BURN HER!" and lunged for Alexis, but stopped half way. He could easily take the doll back if he wanted, but he couldn't bring himself to fight with his own mother that way. Not anymore. It wasn't who Adriana was, the idea of it made him sick. She raised an eyebrow at him and turned to start downstairs.

"I'll say it." he told her meekly.

She sighed at him. "I was hoping maybe you were finally finding your balls again. Oh well, hands back on your head you little pussy."

He obeyed.

SLAP

"I won't wear my sister's panties." he whispered.

Two slaps in quick succession.

"Louder! And why not!?"

Another slap.

He replied in a clear voice strained a bit by the pain, "I will not wear my sister's panties. That is a naughty, disgusting thing for a sissy like me to do."

"Good, you're getting the hang of it."

SLAP

"I will not wear my sister's panties. That is a naughty, disgusting thing for a sissy like me to do."

She repeated the process another ten times.

He was crying now, not so much from the pain, he could handle that. It was the degradation of being spanked like a naughty child. He looked in the mirror and saw himself in his sister's underwear crying like a baby and it made his emotional breakdown more intense.

Through his tears he told her for the final time, "I won't wear Aileen's panties," He coughed and stuttered through his tears, "it's a naughty thing...for a sissy like me."

She nodded at him. "And it's disgusting as well. Go stand in the corner until told otherwise. I hope I don't have to remind you of this again. It truly pains me to see you reduced to such a state. I wanted a real son not a faggy sissy or a stupid thug. You're a disappointment no matter what you do."

"Yes, Mother." he told her and went to the corner.

"And keep your hands up, no rubbing that sore bottom. Just stay there and think about what you've done."

He stayed there for about a half hour, softly crying in humiliation. Eventually Aileen came to end his punishment.

"Mom says it's okay to leave the corner now."

She guided him over to the bed as he rubbed his sore bottom with arms aching from being held on his head. She handed Ruthie to him and he hugged her to his chest and sobbed. He put his head on Aileen's shoulder as he cried. She put her arm around him and comforted him.

"It's okay Adriana. It's over now." she told him soothingly.

He kept sobbing. The humiliation of it was too much to bear. "It's not okay. I don't know who I am anymore. Everything is so confusing. I don't want to wear panties or play with dolls but it just feels so good. I can't do it without looking like a freak, everyone knows what I'm turning in to. They say I'm a fag now, and I'm not."

"Adriana, listen to me. When Rocco was trying to bully someone and really get to them, what was the best thing they could do to get him to stop?"

He tried to bring himself to be able to think like a bully again. It was hard for him to do when he was crying his eyes out on his sister's shoulder because his mother had punished him for stealing panties, which he was still wearing.

"I guess...not to let me know I was getting to them." he offered.

She nodded at him and smiled. His crying eased a bit to sniffles.

She added, "That goes for Mom too. You did very terrible things to her...and to me...we could have had you arrested...so now that you're going through a period of vulnerability she's getting her revenge. You can't blame her, can you?"

He shook his head to indicate he couldn't. She held his hand and looked him in the eyes, "The best way to get everyone to stop being mean about Ruthie and anything else that happens is to show everyone how much you've changed. That means instead of being a bully you should look out for other vulnerable people. That could mean standing up to bullies or just giving the kids they pick on a kind word."

His sniffles continued still, "But they're right, I'm turning in to a freak, I stole my own sister's..."

She held his hand tighter and silenced him, "Don't go from bullying everyone else to bullying yourself. There's nothing wrong with you, all these feelings you've obviously been repressing so long are just too much for you to handle now. I know you weren't thinking straight. That doesn't mean people shouldn't treat you with respect. No matter what happens, I'll always look out for you Ade."

He smiled. "Thanks sis."

She smiled back, "And hey, if you still feel bad about taking them, why don't we make a trade?"

She pointed to the PS3 still boxed in his closet.

He nodded at her in shock, he barely remembered receiving it at Christmas. He had wanted it so much, but now it held no interest for him. She picked up the box and carried it away to her room before returning to his side. While she was gone he sat in numbed shock at the bargain he had just made, unthinkable not so long ago.

"Thanks Ade, you can play with it whenever you want. And I'm sorry I told Mom about the missing panties. I thought they were just lost. If I had known you had them I would have kept it secret."

"That's okay." he replied in meek forgiveness.

They both heard Alexis approaching the room. Aileen put her arm around him again, he had gone stiff with fear of his mother. As much as she empathized with him, she felt a hint of schadenfreude at that. There had been times when Alexis had gone stiff at the approach of Rocco.

Alexis opened the door, she crossed her arms and considered her son for several moments and then spoke in a business like manner, "Get dressed, we're going shopping for your new underwear. I obviously can't trust you out of my supervision. You'll be in my bra before I'm a block away."

He started to shake. He had been right to be afraid. He considered his options. He had none. If he didn't obey her she would threaten Ruthie again and paddle him more and he suspected he would not be able to resist wanting more panties eventually just like he couldn't resist wanting to keep his doll.

He formed an image of what was in store for him in his mind. "Please Mom, I'll be good. Could you go shopping for me and leave me..."

She interjected simply "No. You can't be trusted. Get dressed." Alexis left the room.

Aileen hugged him again for support. "I'll come too, I won't let her humiliate you too much."

He walked two paces behind them. The lingerie store was in front of them. His chest pounded in fear.

He would stop and they would turn around and urge him forward. It felt like a nightmare. Every step took an eternity and he wasn't sure if they were getting closer or not. He begged himself to wake up, but it wasn't a dream. He was wearing his sister's stolen panties under his clothes and his mother and sister were taking him shopping for more girl's underthings. He was about to be publicly exposed in front of a number of strangers as the freak he was becoming.

They pulled him inside the store. They were greeted by a saleslady. She addressed Alexis and Aileen and glossed over the presence of the boy. "Hi, I'm Carol. Can I help you find something?"

Alexis smiled at her, "Actually no, we're here for him." she pointed.

Carol's face became screwed up and she erupted in laughter. She turned around and loudly shouted to her fellow employees and the rest of the customers, "Look girls! This sissy boy is here to get some lingerie!"

His worst nightmares were realized. Everyone was looking at him. He felt like he could sink through the floor in humiliation.

Suddenly Aileen walked straight up to Carol and angrily started berating her, "Hey, this is a customer! What would possibly make you think it would be a good idea for you do something like that to try and humiliate him? Do you want to drive away business? I bet your manager would be happy to know you treat your customers like shit! What kind of place is this?! I'm going to tell my friends never to shop here ever again..."

Carol's face was stuck in a look of complete shock, she stuttered out her reply, "I'm...sor...sorr..."

But Aileen wouldn't let her finish, she grabbed her brother and turned right around and angrily yelled back over her shoulder, "We're leaving! We can find another store to go to from now on where all customers are treated with respect even if they're different."

Carol chased after her fleeing customers and grabbed the boy's arm, "Hey...listen. I'm sorry. It was just a bit of a surprise. I'm sorry. Come back in and I'll kick everyone out. We're closing soon anyway, that way no one else will laugh at you. That was really insensitive of me. There's nothing wrong with a boy like you wearing lingerie if that's what you want."

He was very angry with her. It was already a bad enough experience without some crazed saleswoman drawing attention to him but in all likelihood anywhere else they went he would face the same type of reaction, or worse, and at least she had promised to help him in private.

Carol hurried everyone out of the store. Each woman took a good look at him on the way out. He could hear restrained giggling and snide comments about what a fag he must be. He felt helpless and exposed with his secret out to so many people already.

With the store emptied Carol turned her attention fully to her customer, "So, I didn't catch your name."

Alexis quickly interjected, "I'm Alexis and this is his sister Aileen. His name is Rocco, but people who know who he really is call him Adriana."

Carol smiled at him, "Adriana, that's a very pretty name!"

Alexis elbowed him. "Thank you, Carol." he whispered.

Carol led him around the store to look at everything they had in stock. She measured him to make sure she had things in the right size to show him. As he looked around he realized he was drawn like a magnet to the most feminine items. Pink, purple, and pastels. The frillier and silkier the better. He could not consciously explain why they attracted him, but it was clear that they were what he wanted.

She let him try on some of the panties over his underwear. His favorite was a pink nylon bikini cut panty. He smiled in a drug-like daze as he looked at himself in the mirror.

Carol interrupted his trance cheerfully, "There's a matching bra, would you like to try that too?"

He did. He almost cried when he had it on, with a little help and instruction from his sister. He looked ridiculous, but he felt so good. He couldn't tell if he was getting emotional from the humiliation or the happiness, but Carol decided it meant she had done a good job. As he stood and looked in the mirror he felt overwhelmed by the pleasure. The perfumed smell of the store and the visual feast of all the feminine garments surrounding him made his skin feel warm and his heart turn to mush. He wanted to try on everything, but there wasn't time.

In the end they picked out six panties in various colors and styles and six bras to go with them. They picked out another bra to match the panties he had stolen from Aileen and then traded his game console for. Everything was folded up very nicely and placed in a pink bag which was handed to Rocco. Alexis paid for the purchases.

"How nice of you to get these things for him, not all mothers would be so understanding of such a special boy." Carol told her as she was ringing up the purchase.

Alexis replied, "It's a loan, he's going to be working soon and he's going to pay me back."

This was news to Rocco. He didn't want to waste his earnings on stupid girly underwear, he had wanted to...

...He realized he had wanted to buy more things for Ruthie. It looked like all his money would go towards his new hobbies from now on one way or another.

Carol turned to him, "Oh, and what will you be doing?"

He sighed. "Babysitting."

She beamed back at him, "Oh, that's just so perfect for a boy like you!"

She waved at them as they left the store, "I'm sorry I was so mean before Adriana. Come back anytime, I won't do it again! Not to you or any other boys who come here!"

He was relieved to be out of there, but during the car ride he started to feel anxious and irritated. He just wanted to snuggle with Ruthie and go to sleep. He would have nothing but pleasant dreams and escape the humiliating new life he had made for himself. He had good dreams every night since he had first started to sleep with her in his arms. It was his only respite.

“Adriana,” Alexis lectured from the front seat, “I’m willing to humor you from now on but you had better behave. Don’t make me have to remind you. I’m still very concerned about your turn in to a little panty boy though so I’ve arranged for you to start seeing a therapist.”

He nodded, that sounded like a good idea to him.

Alexis and Aileen came with him to support him. He was wearing a yellow bra and panty set and hoping it couldn’t be seen through his clothes. He carried Ruthie with him. He was so nervous about therapy he needed her to help calm himself down.

No one at school had found out about his new underwear yet as far as he could tell. It was a chore to go to the bathroom and hide his secret and in every class he felt like the person behind him could see right through his shirt. If anyone knew they had kept silent about it.

He was slowly starting to become much less of a hated figure around the school. He had been defanged as a bully once Ruthie was common knowledge, but now he was starting to be known as a stand up guy. He took Aileen’s advice and started to protect the other kids from the remaining bullies. He had repeatedly stood up to Tony, the boy who had led the attack on him and revealed Ruthie. Even if Rocco did wear panties now, he was still as strong as before and Tony was no match for him one on one.

Earlier that day he had seen Tony cornering Bill in the hallway. Bill was an easy target, he was small and kind of wimpy and everyone knew he was gay.

“Leave him alone, Tony.” he told him in an authoritative voice.

“Or what? You want me to beat you up and steal your dolly again?” he replied with much bravado but little confidence.

“You know you won’t be able to get a group to jump me again. They hate you now instead. It’s lonely being a bully. I figure the only thing more embarrassing than being a guy who plays with dolls is getting beat up by a boy who plays with dolls, don’t you think?”

Tony slinked away.

Bill looked at him. “Hey, thanks for that.”

Bill had a twinkle in his eye and smiled at him.

Rocco felt a lump in his throat, “Hey, it’s uhh, it’s not like that, okay?”

Bill looked disappointed but he said “Thank you” again and walked off. That was the incident on Rocco’s mind today that he wanted to talk about with his new doctor. It was all well and good if everyone accepted him for who he was now, but he was still interested in girls. How could someone like him find a girlfriend?

The therapist was a very good looking blonde who dressed and acted much more casually than he expected. She told him to call her Lucinda, not even “Dr. Lucinda.” The doctor and Alexis went in to

the office and left the siblings outside in the waiting room while they talked over some billing issues.

While Rocco waited he considered the strange site he had seen when they first came in. A mother pulled a blonde haired little boy from the office. The boy locked eyes with him. "Don't go in there." he whispered before his mother quieted him and dragged him out of the waiting room. Rocco wondered what the boy's therapy was for, he must not be liking it.

Some time passed. Aileen looked over at her brother. He reached over his shoulder and shifted a bit trying to adjust the bra straps he still wasn't quite used to.

"It's fit perfectly Ade, you'll get used to it, Carol did a really good job even if she was a bitch at first."

He looked over at her in annoyance, "It's fit for a girl."

She shrugged back at him and looked down at the doll in his lap. "Why'd you take the braids out?"

He smiled involuntarily as he often did whenever he talked about the doll, "I thought it might be fun to show Julia how to do it. My first day is next week. It's hard to come up with fun things to do with dolls for that long."

Aileen nodded back at him, "Don't worry, you'll be a natural."

Inside the office the two women finished their discussion, by the end of this session Adriana's next stage would be ready to begin. When it was complete Adriana would find makeup, purses, shoes, and a feminine hairstyle to be things she could simply not do without.

Session Three: The Makeover

Rocco rang the doorbell and waited for a response. He fidgeted as he waited, becoming aware of the purple bra and panty set under his clothes. He felt the tug of the bookbag on his shoulder, Ruthie nestled within.

Julia's older sister Tabitha opened the door. She smiled and invited him in.

"Thanks a lot for doing this Rocco, I love my sister but I hate babysitting. I have a social life, you know?"

Rocco shrugged, he was stuck there no matter what so he might as well pretend he wanted to be, "No problem Tabitha. Glad to help."

She smiled at him and suddenly gave him a quick hug. "I'm sorry I was so mean before when I took your doll for Julia. I didn't realize how much you were changing. I'm glad Aileen convinced me it would all work out. You're a good guy. I heard about what you've been doing at school, Bill told me you're his hero now, I think he has a crush on y..."

Rocco didn't want to hear more about Bill so he interrupted quickly, "So where's Julia? I'd really like to meet her."

Tabitha smiled, "Oh sure, come with me."

She led him to the living room where a little girl with black hair in pigtails was sitting on the couch watching television.

“Julia, your babysitter is here. Remember to behave for him, he's never babysat before so go easy on him. I'm going out now, have fun you two!”

As she was on her way out she shouted back through the door, “But remember Julia needs to get her homework done too, don't leave it for too late!”

She waved goodbye and left. Rocco was left alone with his charge for the first time.

She smiled at him and patted the cushion next to her on the couch. “Come sit down.”

He sat next to her, “Hi, I'm Roc...”

“Shh!” she scolded him, her show was coming back from commercial.

It was apparently a new “My Little Pony” show that focused on a group of ponies who were good friends with each other. Rocco rolled his eyes at first but by the end was actually enjoying it. Despite the extremely sugary sweet animation and voice acting it wasn't as bad as most shows marketed to little girls, it was more like a traditional cartoon like “Looney Tunes” or something with a serious slapstick mentality that was legitimately funny and amusing. Every episode apparently taught a lesson about friendship too.

Julia and Rocco hadn't introduced themselves to each other yet, but over the next few minutes they shared a few genuine laughs and had a good time. When the show was over Julia turned and observed her new babysitter.

“Hi, I'm Julia.”

“I'm Rocco.” he replied gently.

“I know your sister.” she told him.

He nodded, not sure what it mattered.

“She told me you have another name you only share with your good friends or family...”

He started to blush.

She continued with suspicious wide eyed innocence, “Am I your friend?”

He looked away for a moment and then turned back towards her, “Well, I just met you. I think I like you just fine. But I don't share that other name because if people who aren't my friends found out it could hurt me a lot. Do you understand?”

She nodded, but he didn't think she really understood.

He continued, "Do you have any friends that are tomboys?"

She nodded at him and smiled, "Oh yeah, my friend Beth plays football and..."

He stopped her, "Do you know any boys like that?"

She shook her head in confusion, "Like..."

He interrupted again, "It's not the same for boys. People make fun of boys who act like girls. That's how your sister ended up with Ruthie. A bunch of boys beat me up and made fun of me and took her. It was terrible."

He reached in to his bag and revealed the doll. Julia smiled in recognition.

"You can call me Adriana if you want, but it's our secret, okay?"

"Wow, that's such a pretty name."

He crossed his arms and looked at her.

She nodded, "I won't tell. Friends have to trust each other."

He smiled. "My friend Ruthie says her friend Kit is around here too, do you know where she is?"

She smiled back, "Come with me!"

She led him up to her room. It was a typical little girl's room. Well, mostly typical. It was extremely messy but otherwise normal. There were a bunch of "American Girl" books in a bookshelf and several DVDs as well. There were countless My Little Pony toys spread out all over the floor.

Rocco sat on the bed with Ruthie in his arms while Julia looked around for her doll. She overturned piles of clothes and looked under her bed.

"Oh, Mommy should really keep my room more neat for me. Where is Kit?" she asked in frustration.

She searched around randomly for a few more minutes but came up empty handed. Rocco shook his head, "Ruthie and I were promised two friends to play with. Only one thing to do. Clean up your room, Julia, we'll find her somewhere along the way."

Julia groaned, "My Mommy does that for m..."

"Well she shouldn't. It's your room and you should handle it." he insisted.

Rocco didn't know where all this was coming from, it just sounded right. He was trying to think like a parent, he had no real experience with kids. He had just hoped to play with dolls all night but now the doll was missing and homework had to be done. Things were getting complex.

He helped her clean her room. They picked up some trash, put her clothes in the hamper, and together they made her bed. Julia was happy to learn how to take care of her room, no one had ever shown her

before and it actually made her feel a bit grown up to be learning how to take care of herself.

At one point when he was bent over going through her closet looking for Kit he heard Julia's laughter from behind him. He knew immediately what she was laughing at and his face turned bright red. He pulled his shirt down and held it.

She giggled as she spoke, "You wear...girl's underwear too? None of the tomboys I know wear boy's underwear."

There was no use denying anything at this point. "Uhh yeah, I know it's weird, but it's just more comfortable for me. It makes me feel good."

She shrugged and forgot about it as they kept cleaning, she just found him amusing, not weird or disgusting. The room was spotless and there was still no Kit to be found. He carried her hamper downstairs to the laundry room as Julia followed along. He stood her on a step stool and taught her how to run the laundry for herself. She smiled at him as he showed her what to do. They had done nothing but work for the past hour but she seemed to be having a grand time. No one had ever treated her as an adult like Rocco was doing. After the laundry was started they returned to the family room.

Suddenly Julia's face brightened, "Oh, I remember now!"

She reached under the couch and pulled out a doll. It was Kit Kittredge all right, but her hair was messed up. It was extremely tangled and shooting off in every direction. Her dress was torn, and she was missing a shoe. Rocco looked down at the doll he held in his arms. Ruthie was in perfect condition like she had just come out of her box minutes before. His compulsion made sure he was meticulous in maintaining her and she was never the worse for wear but he guessed a real little girl, the true target audience, would not be so obsessively careful with her toys. Julia clearly was not.

Rocco stuttered, "Oh...okay."

Julia's smile faded, "What's wrong?"

"Umm, well, let's do our homework now and I'll fix her hair. Kit wouldn't hang out with her friend Ruthie in such a state." he explained.

Julia grumbled but complied. The babysitter and his charge sat at the kitchen table. Rocco went online to figure out how to fix doll such messy hair while answering Julia's question's about her homework. He had never been a great student, but he had been getting a lot better lately since he had started to become a sissy and was behaving better.

By the time they were done with homework Kit had been made presentable. He couldn't fix the tear in her dress or find the missing shoe but Julia promised to look for it. After dinner they finally got to do what they both wanted to do and play together with their dolls for a few hours. Julia had a very vivid imagination and Rocco could barely keep up.

When Tabitha's parents returned home they were amazed to see Rocco sitting lazily on the couch and their daughter fast asleep right on time with her room cleaned and homework done. They could barely manage that most days matter how hard they tried. He was the best babysitter they had ever had.

He came home quietly, hoping not to make a fuss. It was late but the TV was on and he could hear Aileen and Alexis laughing at some show. He tried to sneak upstairs but they had heard him coming in. They had been waiting for him.

Aileen raced up to him and gave him a hug. She dragged him into the TV room. "So, how did it go?"

He was sheepish at first but in a few seconds he broke into a huge smile, "It went great! Julia and I got along great and her parents were really impressed. They said I was the best babysitter they ever had! I'm their regular babysitter now, not just covering for Tabitha anymore. They're going to recommend me to all their friends!"

"Wow!" Aileen exclaimed, "You're gonna make a lot of money!"

Alexis coughed, pointedly. Rocco nodded and walked over to his mother, he retrieved the money from his pocket and handed it to her. She counted it.

"Very good, Adriana."

"That covers my new underwear, right?"

His mother nodded at him. She handed him back a twenty dollar bill. "It's your first payday, you deserve some of it."

Rocco smiled and accepted the gift. He sat down on the couch between his mother and sister with his doll Ruthie in his lap. At some point he fell asleep and had his usual pleasant dreams of sugar and spice.

As the weeks went by Rocco picked up more and more clients. Julia's parents were giving rave reviews to everyone who asked and they were a very valuable reference. It turned out they had even used a Nanny-Cam, which was very helpful for parents who were skeptical about him. There was very little doubt about how dedicated he was when you could watch him sit around for hours fixing a favored toy while helping his charge with their homework.

The little boys were the hardest for him. He could toss a ball around as well as he could play with dolls but a lot of them had heard about his odd hobbies. It was hard to get their respect, but he worked hard and earned it. In the end he earned approval from every family he worked for. After a few months he had a client for every weeknight.

One day at school a girl came up to him and introduced herself, "Hi, I'm Nina." she said. She was brown haired, slim, and really good looking.

"I'm Ad...Rocco." he replied nervously.

She giggled at him, "Adriana, I know, it's okay. I babysit too, you stole a bunch of my clients." She glared at him.

He looked away sheepishly. "Uhh yeah, sorry..."

She smiled at him and gave him a playful punch on the shoulder. "I'm just kidding with you, there's

plenty of room in this town for the both of us. In fact, I was hoping we could exchange numbers. Sometimes I can't make an appointment or one of my clients has an emergency and needs me on short notice. I was thinking we could team up and cover each other when we can't make it to a job. It would be good for both our businesses.”

It made sense to him. She seemed nice enough and it would be helpful to be able to have a backup. He reached into his pocket but stopped halfway, a smile appeared on his lips. “I dunno, I don't know you that well. Maybe we should hang out a bit first so I can be sure you're trustworthy?”

She smiled back and her hand gently brushed his arm, “I was thinking the same thing, how about you take me to dinner Friday night and we can talk...business?”

He jumped to say “Yes” but she cut in first, “No, I have to babysit this Friday. If only I had someone to cover for me!” She giggled, “Friday after next?”

“Sure!”

He walked home in a happy mood. This was the first date he had been able to make since he had started to change and she seemed really nice. When he came home his happiness was obvious and for once his mother seemed happy as well. She returned his smile as he greeted her. He sat at the kitchen table and took Ruthie out of his bag and started to comb her hair. Alexis brought him a snack and he thanked her.

“So, what are you so happy about Adriana?” his mother asked.

“I met someone at school today. I've got a date next week.”

She smiled at him, “Oh, and who's the lucky boy? Is it that Bill boy Aileen told me about?”

His face turned red. He slammed the comb down on the table and glared at her. “You know I'm not that way. YOU KNOW! I would never, ever date that faggot or any other guy!”

He started to stomp off but she told him to stay. “Hey, we have to talk. Don't be such a pussy about it. I'm just teasing. Have you thought about what you're going to get your sister for her birthday?”

Rocco shrugged, still angry. “I have a few ideas, why?”

“Well, she mentioned she really wants a trip to that new spa and salon for her and a guest. I already got her something, so I figure you can handle this. It's expensive, but you have plenty of babysitting money.”

He nodded, still angry at her. “I'll look into it.” He started to walk away but turned back, “Her name is Nina!” He ran upstairs.

They went out to dinner as a family for Aileen's birthday. For once Alexis and Rocco seemed to get along, neither of them wanted to upset Aileen. They made small talk and shared their favorite stories about Aileen and had a good time. Before Aileen opened her gifts she opened a few cards that had come in the mail. One in particular caught everyone's attention. Aileen opened it and her eyes opened in shock.

“What?” Alexis and Rocco asked at once.

“Cousin Timmy has a new girlfriend.”

She showed them the picture. It was an extremely young looking girl with reddish hair.

Rocco raised his eyebrow, “Wow, she's incredible but...she almost looks like a little girl.”

Alexis laughed. “Oh, I know all about her. You should meet her sometime Rocco. You have a lot in common.”

“What?” Aileen and Rocco asked together.

“She's a boy. Or used to be, I guess. They met at school, he's nuts for her. The family hates her though, they aren't as open minded and accepting as your family Adriana.”

Rocco rolled his eyes at that. His mother still routinely verbally abused him over what he was becoming. Neither of the siblings could believe the girl in the picture was a boy, but they definitely both wanted to meet her sometime. Aileen opened a few more cards, when she was done Rocco handed over his present in a pink envelope tied with a white ribbon.

She smiled at him. “Thank you, Ade. What could it be?”

She opened the envelope and her face exploded in delight and she squealed in pleasure. “Oh! A spa and salon day for two! A day of relaxation and massage and a makeover and hairstyling! It's just what I wanted! There's a great boutique there and I can do some shopping too!”

She lept out of her seat and gave Rocco a big hug. “We're going to have so much fun! When do you want to go?”

He was about to say, “You're welcome.” but it caught in his throat, “You're *gulp*, wait, you want to bring ME? I thought you would take one of your friends...”

“Oh.” Her excitement seemed to fade and she turned around. She sounded disappointed, “I guess it may be too girly for you. I guess I just think of you more as a sissy sister now.”

He started to think about it. They would do his hair. His scalp started to tingle. They would put makeup on him. His face felt flush and warm. They would do his nails...

He raised up his hands and looked at them.

He broke into a smile and grabbed his sister in a hug, “I'd love to go with you! I'd love to! Thank you so much! It's gonna be so fun! Thank you!”

Brother and sister bounced up and down in excitement. Rocco became aware of multiple people staring at him, shaking their heads.

They sat down and his face was crimson with embarrassment, but the two siblings couldn't stop

smiling.

“So when are you free, Ade?”

“Hmm...” He checked the calendar in his phone. “We have off school next Thursday and I don't have any sitting to do. That should work.”

Aileen nodded at him. “Perfect!”

Alexis smiled at him. “You'll look so cute for your date on Friday!”

His smile faded.

Aileen giggled, “Don't worry Ade, I've gotten to know Nina a bit since you mentioned her. I know exactly what she wants in a boy, trust me!”

He smiled. His sister always steered him right.

His excitement and anticipation for the spa day grew and grew. When the day finally came and they were both super excited, they smiled and laughed together the whole drive to the spa.

He had been worried he would get some weird looks going to a spa with his sister, but as he had been looking over the brochure for the spa he had learned they had many services for men too so he didn't stand out that much, yet. Once it was clear what services he was there for exactly things might get a bit more uncomfortable.

They were met by a woman named Jenny who would be taking care of them for the day. She greeted them both warmly and introduced herself before getting right to business.

“Normally we start you off with the relaxing stuff, but since you asked for a full waxing...” she looked over at Rocco, “and it looks like this is your first time...well I just think we should get that out of the way first because it's going to be a big job.”

Rocco found the waxing most unpleasant. Pain didn't usually bother him, but this was like nothing he ever experienced before. For some reason though, he felt good about the whole thing. When it was done and he looked in the mirror and he was hairless absolutely everywhere but his head, he felt a reassuring warmth and knew he never wanted body hair again.

“If you want to be hairless permanently we can start with electrolysis next time you're here.” Jenny told him. He only nodded, that was definitely what he wanted. Jenny smiled at him.

Aileen had watched over him through the painful ordeal and tried to distract him by talking about the rest of their day and suggesting different looks and hairstyles for him. She knew the makeover was what he was looking forward to the most even though he had to be prodded to admit it.

With that waxing of the way Jenny led them to a massage room. The siblings undressed and wrapped themselves in towels. A large, muscular man and a petite woman entered the room. The man greeted Rocco and was about to go to work, with Rocco turning bright red at the prospect. Aileen saw he was uncomfortable and decided to save him the embarrassment. He had enough of it in his life. With a

smile she called the male masseuse over to her instead.

It was a ninety minute Swedish massage and it was deeply relaxing for both of them. Rocco let all his stress and tension float away. There was relaxing new age music playing and a lavender aromatherapy component as well.

After that they enjoyed a soak in a scalding hot tub with lavender petals. Rocco had never felt so close to his sister and she felt the same way about her Adriana. Jenny practically had to drag them out. Their day of relaxation continued with facials for both of them. Rocco had no idea what the point of the procedure even was so Jenny had to explain how it would clean, exfoliate, and nourish their skin so their faces would look clear and beautiful.

The facial was a strange new experience for Rocco but the body wrap and scrub was even more hard to believe. They both laid down on sheets of plastic and after a body mask of mud was applied they were snugly wrapped in the plastic while receiving scalp massages for about twenty minutes. The wrap was extremely tight and almost made Rocco feel claustrophobic, but it also made him feel warm and secure and relaxed.

After the body wrap was done they were given a full body scrub and then sent off to shower. Rocco had never felt so clean and relaxed. It was as if every aspect of the person he used to be had been waxed, massaged, soaked, and scrubbed away. The only thing that was left was Adriana, and Adriana wanted nothing more than to finish his day at the spa with a makeover and some shopping for new clothes.

Aileen directed all the proceedings for his makeover and made sure everything was done exactly right and chose his first outfit for him to get the perfect look she had planned for. She was demanding everything be absolutely right and ran Jenny and the stylists absolutely ragged to make sure they would deliver.

Along the way she explained everything they were doing to him from his nails to his makeup to his hair and described how she would teach him to maintain the look or alter it to his satisfaction. She comforted him when he was nervous about getting his ears pierced. It was a challenge to keep a straight face for that. Her big tough brother scared of two little pricks?

When it was done he couldn't believe what he was seeing. He was a totally new person. Not a girl, but not quite a boy anymore either. He was a beautiful sissy ready for his date with his equally pretty girlfriend.

Aileen stood smiling at her brother with pride. "You've turned into such a good girl I didn't want to do anything slutty, and I know this is the kind of thing Nina likes. I went for a preppy girl look, without going too overboard and making people think you aren't a boy. What do you think?"

On his feet he wore pink high heeled shoes and a delicate golden anklet. He wore tan capri pants ending just below the knee. He wore a very feminine and preppy white Lily Pulitzer button down shirt with a perfect, tight fit. It was neatly tucked in of course. Over the shirt he wore a delicate pink sweater vest.

His makeup was subtly done to feminize his features without being ostentatious. It would take him some serious practice under his sister's tutelage to be able to put it on himself without looking like a

clown. He smiled at the small, shimmering diamond studs in his ears.

His hair was what shocked him the most. In contrast to the perfectly refined preppy makeup and clothes his hair looked almost wild and unkempt. It was now bleach blonde, the the most striking feature of the wild style was long side-swept bangs that dropped down on the left side to entirely cover one of his eyes.

It took him a moment to figure out what it was even supposed to be, but then he understood. It was an emo haircut...an emo boy haircut. In some sense the chaotic hair clashed entirely with his prissy, preppy outfit and makeup. Somehow though, it worked. At his core Adriana was a clash, a boy dressing and acting like a girl. He would never pass as a girl in an outfit like this, but the haircut made it clear he was making a fashion statement and not trying to fool anyone.

He twisted and turned and observed himself. The more he looked, the better he felt. Like at every milestone in his path towards becoming Adriana he felt an otherworldly sense of pleasure and peace. In his first full outfit of female clothes he felt like he had stepped into a new skin that he never wanted to leave.

Aileen started to ask if he really liked it but before she was finished he rushed over to her as fast as he could. That wasn't very fast, he almost tripped twice and had to stop to regain his shaky balance in the unfamiliar new heels. He hugged his sister tightly. "It's perfect Aileen! It's totally ME!" he squealed in delight.

They spent the rest of the day looking for more clothes to fit the style Aileen had come up with. No dresses or skirts yet. Aileen figured he wasn't ready to give up pants yet even if he was in all girl's clothing. The shoes turned out to be Adriana's number one obsession, he had to build each outfit from the shoes up because he found so many he swore he just couldn't live without. They also selected a purse for him, a DKNY Leather Zip Top Shoulder Bag. He felt so complete once it was added to his ensemble. He never intended to go anywhere without a purse again. It was comforting to feel it's presence, slung over his shoulder. It reminded him of holding his doll.

When they were done there was only one pair of heels left they couldn't work into an appropriate outfit. They were closed toe light purple Mary Jane platform shoes with a ruffled trim and six inch heels. They were unbelievably slutty looking but the ruffles and bow at the toe suggested innocence.

Aileen rolled her eyes at his insistence that they buy the expensive shoes. "We already spent way too much money on all these outfits. Mom agreed to pay for some of it but you're still going to be turning over all of your babysitting money for months."

Adriana stamped her foot as she admired herself in the shoes, "I don't care, I want them! You know how I get when I want something." He giggled.

She knew, but she also knew he had been made to want most of the things he ended up begging for. She couldn't tell her brother about that though. "Ade...they're for a stripper. I don't even know why they have them in a high-end place like this. Nina isn't going to..."

He cut her off. "I don't care, I want them. I'll find an outfit to go with them later."

"Look, you can't even walk in them! You can barely handle the other ones and they aren't even close

to..."

He looked at her with determination. He took several unsteady mincing steps towards her, started to lose his balance and almost keeled over. He managed to stay upright and his cheeks turned even brighter red. "My mind is made up." he insisted.

She shrugged. "Well okay, but like I told you they're stripper shoes. The only outfit that goes with them might be none." She gave him a playful laugh but he only continued to glare back.

They got the shoes. Jenny escorted them out, helping to carry some of the bags containing Adriana's new wardrobe and got them to commit to come back in a month. The siblings decided to make a regular ritual of it. Aileen drove them home. Adriana was still too excited about his new look to focus on anything else.

When she took a turn he wasn't expecting he looked at her quizzically.

She responded, "Oh, I forgot to tell you. Remember Mom wanted you to see that therapist to figure out what's wrong with you?"

He looked a bit frustrated, "There's nothing wrong with me. I've never felt better."

She shrugged, "Well I'm sure the therapist will see it the same way, you have your first appointment tonight."

There was no point in arguing about it. When they arrived at the office they found Alexis was waiting for them. She looked at her son with the customary sneer she always wore. He hoped she would accept him for who he is soon. He hoped the therapist would help.

A blonde haired little girl in a pink and white sundress walked out holding tightly onto her mother's skirt. She wore a headband with two cute, floppy bunny ears attached. She looked over at him and took in his outfit and makeup. "You didn't listen...too late now..."

"Quiet Cecily, you know better than to bother the Doctor's other clients." her mother scolded her as they left. Her daughter never let go of her skirt.

He sat in the waiting room while his mother and sister discussed some billing issue with the therapist, a tall blonde woman who introduced herself as Lucinda. He couldn't figure out what the girl was talking about. Didn't listen to what? He figured she must be disturbed and that's why she needed therapy at such a young age.

Aileen told her mother and Lucinda all about their day and how it had gone exactly according to plan. "Aside from his obsession with those hideous purple heels I mean." she told them.

Lucinda shrugged, "He was a bad boy at heart, now he wants to be a bad girl. It's okay, he'll find the right time for them someday. For now though, it's time for his final major treatment..."

Aileen interrupted, "Oh, but I was hoping you could wait. You see, he has a date tomorrow and..."

Both Alexis and Lucinda stared her down. Alexis spoke harshly, "No, no more girlfriends for Rocco.

Do you remember what happened the last time he went on a “date”? No matter how well tamed he is now, he can't be trusted again.”

Aileen whined, “But he's so different, I'm sure he won't....”

Lucinda cut her off. “The answer is no, we have a schedule to keep and it won't be changed. I told you from the start I was in charge and there is no backing out. From now on the only dates he will want to go on are as a submissive little sissy for whatever dominant guy wants him.”

Aileen continued to complain, “...but it's too late to cancel and....”

Lucinda laughed. “Cancel? Oh, we aren't canceling his date, it just won't go at all like he planned.”

Session Four: The Bad Boy

Aileen waited up for her brother to come home from his date. Alexis had been planning to stay up too but she had fallen asleep. Aileen sighed as she looked over at her mother. Alexis had only been trying to stay up so she could revel in Adriana's pain and humiliation. She never got tired of bullying the poor sissy. Aileen had used to think it was just revenge, but now she wondered if her mother had been a bully too all along. Why else would her son have ended up like he did?

She heard the door open and close quietly. She heard the click of heels and a loud noise. Adriana screamed out in pain. He had managed to trip in his heels. He was still a total klutz in them and Aileen was beginning to wonder if he would ever figure them out. She went to him and embraced him in a hug. His crying became louder and she shushed him and pointed to their mother in the other room. She guided him up the stairs, holding his hand to make sure he didn't fall over again.

They sat beside each other on his bed with Adriana crying on his sister's shoulder. A position he was starting to become very familiar with. “Oh Ade, it couldn't have been that bad, what happened?” she asked him.

“It was the worst night of my life, Leeny.” He choked up and continued crying and hiccuping as he explained.

“...I knew something was wrong as soon as I saw her. I don't know, she's exactly my type but there was just no spark. She was really into me but I just...didn't feel anything like that for her. After dinner we started to make out in the car for a little while but I felt nauseous and just couldn't do it. I think it must have been the food...”

Aileen simply held his hand and prompted him to go on. She already knew what went wrong, but she could never tell.

“...So we decided to go to the movies to some romantic comedy she wanted to see. I was waiting for her outside the bathroom when these three boys saw me and started laughing at me and making fun of my outfit.”

Aileen nodded. He was wearing what they had picked out at the spa boutique. Pink high heels, tan capris, a preppy blouse, and a pink sweater. It had the intended effect on Nina but it was easy to see how it could attract some negative attention from others if a boy wore an outfit like that.

“Well, I was going to put them in their place but Nina came back and kissed me passionately right in front of them.” He briefly smiled, “I didn't have to say anything.”

Aileen smiled back and vocalized his thoughts, “So what you little assholes, you think I'm a queer? You're the ones without a date.”

He nodded. “Yeah, I think that pissed them off. They followed us into the theater and sat right behind us. It was obvious they didn't come to see some romantic comedy, but they decided I would be the best entertainment they would find for the night.”

Aileen jumped in worriedly, “You didn't get into a fight with them did you? Did they hurt you?”

Adriana laughed. “They talked over the movie. They tossed popcorn that hit more people around us than me or Nina. When one of them started talking on his cell phone enough was enough. I turned around and grabbed his phone and snapped it in half. I told him I would do the same to him and his friends if they didn't get out.”

Aileen shook her head at him. “You know you can't be getting into fights anymore, you've been in trouble with the law before and now that...well...you know Adriana wouldn't last that long locked up.”

He started to cry again at that. For one moment he had felt like an alpha male again. Valiantly defending his date and getting a cheer from the rest of the people in the theater for it, but his sister was right. He was a sissy now.

“Well, they didn't even have tickets, it's not like they would have told anyone at the theater and if they did no one in the audience would have sided with them. But you're right, I'll be careful.”

He was silent for a few moments and needed to be prompted to continue, “Okay, so this doesn't sound all bad. She must have been impressed how you stood up to those boys. It sounds like this date is starting to go well, isn't it?”

He replied, “That's what I thought...we started to make out again and my upset stomach came back. I couldn't explain what was going on in the middle of the movie so I told her I wanted to go somewhere more private.”

Aileen held his hand again, she knew what must be coming.

“I led her out to the car, I just wanted to get some air and explain that I was sick and needed to cut it short...but she dragged me into the backseat....and....”

He looked away in embarrassment about the intimate detail he was about to go in to.

“It's okay Ade, we're so close now, you can tell me anything. You know you can trust me. We're like sisters now.” she gently reminded him.

“We started to make out again. I still felt nothing at all...just vaguely...disgusted. She was getting really aggressive...I guess that's just how she is, why she must like...sissies like me...She guided my hand to her breast and under her skirt and told me to rub. I did, I've been with girls enough to know

what to do but...this just felt wrong. It felt like..." his face reddened, "like doing it with a sister. It was just wrong and didn't feel right at all. I told her we had to stop, that I was feeling sick again. She looked at me, she looked angry and frustrated, like I was playing with her. Like I was playing hard to get. The look vanished and she held me close. She said, 'Oh, it's okay, I know how to make you feel better.' She pulled my capris down and my panties with them. Then she saw."

Aileen held him tight.

"I wasn't egging her on and playing hard to get. I was entirely flaccid. No life at all. I might as well have been in a cold shower.. The anger came back to her face for just a moment before she wiped it off her face. She touched it. Nothing happened. She rubbed it, she stroked it. It was still lifeless. She stared right into my eyes. She bent down into my lap and licked it. She looked up, and back down. She took it into her mouth and sucked it. My dream girl, she had my cock in her mouth and all I could feel was disgust."

His crying reached peak intensity and the rest of the story came out in a jumbled and confused whine. "She shoved me out of the car and locked the door and she was screaming 'FAGGOT! FAGGOT! I KNEW YOU WERE TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. WHY DID I BELIEVE YOUR SISTER WHEN SHE SAID YOU WERE STRAIGHT?' I tried to explain it was just the food."

He looked at his sister who could not bring herself to face him just then. "It was just the food, Aileen...it was the food...I just felt sick."

He looked away as well, "So there I was. Locked out of the car begging to be let in by a girl screaming at the top of her lungs that I was a faggot and that she wouldn't be my beard. I looked around in a panic to see if anyone was watching. The three boys, of course, they were doubled over in hysterics. They had been right about me all along, they thought, and how sweet it was to see me humiliated after what I had done to them inside..."

Aileen was still looking away, he poked her on the shoulder and she looked back, tears in her eyes now too. "Leeny, did I mention when she shoved me out of the car my capris didn't come with me? I was just in my...panties...and the boys were coming closer. Nina made me kneel by the car and beg her to let me in. She didn't say a word to me the whole ride back. When I dropped her off all she said was that she never wants to see me again."

He rubbed his eyes. They were all dry and cried out. He considered his sister. She was his best friend now. At school barely anyone but Bill would really talk to him and other than that all he had was the kids he babysat. She was crying for him, she cared so much about him even though he was turning into such a weirdo.

"I'm...I'm sure it's gonna be okay Aileen, I just needed to get it all off my chest. It won't be so bad in the morning. It was just the food...Nina won't be so angry Monday and she'll probably go out with me again soon...I hope...once she understands it was just the food."

His sister kept crying. "Come on, it's okay. Why are YOU so upset? It's not like any of this is your fault. The outfit you picked out was a hit, maybe you can find me a lawyer to sue about that food poisoning!" He laughed weakly.

"Right," she said, "Not my fault...at all. I love you Ade. I have to go to bed now."

She ran out of the room crying. Adriana undressed and got into bed, feeling much better after having a good cry. "I love you too sis."

Adriana came downstairs the next morning looking extremely morose. He was wearing nothing but his lingerie under one of Rocco's old bathrobes. He sat down at the table across from his sister, one eye remained hidden by his new bangs as usual and the other was looking down at the doll in his lap. He fidgeted around and looked at his robe in disgust. He was clearly doing everything not to look his mother or sister in the eye.

Alexis smiled towards her humbled son who again was focused on Ruthie. "So, how did the date go?" She asked with mock innocence.

He froze.

"I don't wanna talk about it."

She laughed, "Are you two going to see each other again?"

"I doubt it." he replied.

"Oh, what went wrong?" she asked smugly.

He stood up with his hands clenched at his side and stamped his foot. "I SAID I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT. LEAVE ME ALONE!"

Ten minutes later Aileen was alone at the table listening to the shouting and crying from upstairs, occasionally there was a loud crack and scream as Adriana received his little reminder to obey his mother. She would have the full story out of him soon.

Aileen looked over at the bathrobe that had fallen away as her mother dragged Adriana upstairs. He hated it. He had his lingerie and his outfits for outside the house but they hadn't really bought him anything to lounge around in. Aileen felt extreme guilt for her part in her brother's most recent humiliations. She had enthusiastically agreed with the idea to change his sexual orientation for his own good, but they didn't have to be so cruel about how they did it. She obviously couldn't apologize though, so she decided to make it up to him as best as she could in another way. She left the house and went shopping.

When she came home her mother was sitting on the couch watching TV. Adriana was nowhere to be seen.

She smirked at her daughter, "You spent more of your money on that little fag? Well he locked himself in his room and won't come out. Good luck giving him his sissy presents."

Aileen just shook her head and didn't reply. She went upstairs and knocked on her brother's door.

"Go away." he mumbled.

"It's Aileen, can I come in, I bought you some things and..."

“GO AWAY!” he yelled.

She backed off. It was best to let him have his space. She knew by now he would come cry on her shoulder if he needed to. Besides, she had some work to do to finish off one of the gifts. Adriana moped in his room all day, and listened curiously to the sound of the sewing machine from across the hall.

Adriana emerged from his room Sunday morning looking much as he did the day before, in another old robe looking disheveled and unhappy. He was shocked to almost run right into his sister, standing in the hallway waiting for him with two big shopping bags in her hands and a huge smile on her face.

She was wearing a pink silk kimono emblazoned with white dragons. From one of the bags she retrieved something for him, a twin kimono. She held it up to him.

His hands went to his cheeks. “Ohmygosh! It's so cute!”

Adriana loved the kimono, it was the most comfortable garment he had ever worn but besides that it meant a lot that his sister had bought it for him to cheer him up and that she had a matching one. She had other presents for him as well. Nothing fancy, just casual things to wear around the house. Pink shorts and sweatpants and simple girl's cotton tank tops.

She got him pajamas too so he could stop sleeping in just his lingerie. She took them out of the bag one by one. “I got a bunch of different sets for you to try on. You don't have to keep them all.”

They were all Disney themed, some with shorts and some with long pants and a comfortable nightshirt. Adriana rolled his eyes at his sister, “Are you sure you got these in the women's department. I'm not a little girl, you know.”

She laughed at him playfully, “They were on sale. The kimonos really wiped me out, okay?”

She held up a pair of Tinker Bell pajamas for him to try on. The very short-shorts were tight and and it made him a little uncomfortable, it wouldn't be much different from just wearing panties to bed. In fact you could see the little pink hearts on his panties right through them. Aileen made him do a twirl and really show off.

“They make your ass look great, Ade.” she giggled.

Adriana turned bright red and tossed a pillow at his sister, “These are pretty humiliating Leeny, I think we're gonna return that set.”

He was similarly unenthusiastic about the rest of the pajamas and found something to nitpick about all of them. Aileen was somewhat relieved, she had spent a lot and wouldn't mind returning some as long as Adriana was happy in the end. She was folding up the last pair and putting it away when she heard Adriana gasp.

“Oh!” He said. There was one more pair Aileen had forgotten about. A very frilly yellow shirt and long pants combo featuring Belle from Beauty and the Beast.

He tried them on and it was clear he was happy with them. Aileen stared at him primping in the mirror and admiring himself in his new girly pajamas. She wondered why he had chosen them. Was the symbolism smacking him in the face like it was her, even subconsciously beneath his treatments? He was Beauty and the Beast, all in one.

He turned around quickly and looked right at his sister, his pretty face half hidden as usual by his blonde hair, "I love them! So comfy!"

"I have one more thing for you Ade."

She reached into a bag and pulled out a soft purple hoody.

Adriana smiled politely at her, "Oh...that's nice."

"You haven't seen the good part yet!" She replied, "I altered it myself for you."

Aileen unzipped the hoody and pointed out a pouch she had sewn on the inside. Adriana squealed in delight, she didn't need any explanation of what it was for. She quickly put it on and grabbed her doll Ruthie and placed her in the pouch. She zipped the hoody halfway up.

Aileen smiled, "Now when you can keep her close and keep your hands free to do other stuff. It always takes you an hour to fold laundry because you can't stop picking her up and hugging her."

Aileen looked at him. He was seated in front of the mirror in a purple hoody with a doll at his chest, in yellow Disney princess pajamas. Happy as could be. He began to cry a bit in happiness and they hugged. "Oh Leeny, you're so good to me. You've really cheered me up, I love you so much....but could I ask you one more favor?"

He looked down with his face red as usual, "Could you teach me to sew? Nothing fancy...I just want to fix something for Julia."

Aileen shrugged, "Just bring it over, I'll do it for you."

Adriana shook his head, "No, I'd like to do it for her...and...I'd really like to learn to sew too."

First those ridiculous stripper shoes from the boutique, and now this. Aileen realized Adriana was starting to like aspects of his new identity all on his own, even outside of the program Lucinda had laid out. Aileen was more than happy to oblige him. Adriana changed back into the Kimono and the two siblings sat downstairs watching Beauty and the Beast while Aileen showed him the basics of sewing.

Alexis looked on in annoyance. She had hoped to enjoy Rocco's misery after his disastrous date for far longer. But she enjoyed seeing him in his ridiculous pink robe sewing like a good girl. No more trouble from him. The house was so peaceful now, and they didn't have to live in fear of their own family.

When the movie and the sewing lesson were done Aileen reached over and held Adriana's hand with a concerned look on her face. "Ade, are you okay, really?"

He shrugged. "It was bad, Leeny. But there are other girls. I really thought we had something when

we first met though. I don't know what went so wrong...it must have been the food..."

Taking a firm grip on her brother's hand she went on, "Ade, are you going to come out tomorrow at school?"

He tore his hand away and looked deeply hurt and nearly shouted at her, "IT WAS THE FOOD, I'M NOT..."

Aileen quickly broke in, "No, NO! I meant...as a sissy...a crossdresser. You're going to wear your girl's clothes, right?"

In truth, she was testing him. He really didn't realize what had happened to him and that he would never date a girl again. Adriana rubbed his hands on the smooth silk of his robe and calmed down. "No...of course not...just wearing them at home should be enough..." he said uncertainly.

Aileen watched knowingly as Adriana fought his compulsion. He was breathing heavily and his eyes were wide with anxiety. He shifted in his robe enjoying the silky feel of the feminine garment all over his body.

Aileen put her hand on his shoulder, "You've already been out in public. I guarantee someone from school found out. Word gets around...and Ade...I've seen you like this before. It's only a matter of time. If you want to dress like a girl all the time you might as well just get it over with."

Adriana decided to sleep on it. Sleep always cleared his head now with all of those pleasant dreams he could never quite remember. He woke up early to get ready, and to give himself time to change his mind if he wasn't sure. He stood in front of the mirror and admired himself.

He was immaculately made up and dressed in knee length capri jeans, a short sleeve white button up blouse, and a pale yellow cardigan. He toyed with his earrings. An adorable daisy dangled from each small, simple gold hoop. He slipped in to his yellow heels and walked back and forth across the room. He stumbled a bit, still clumsy even after hours of practice. He picked up Ruthie and looked again to the mirror. He felt the gentle, reassuring warmth that had guided him down the sissy path to where he found himself now, but something was still missing. Something had been missing ever since his disastrous date, but he couldn't figure out what it was.

It was quiet in the house. He was all alone with his thoughts and feelings. He felt the material of his white panties and bra. He appreciated the snug fit of his girl's clothes which was always such a contrast to the baggy thuggish clothing of his past. It reminded him of the body wrap at the spa. Constraining, but freeing. He felt the metallic coolness of his jewelry, the two thin gold bracelets on his wrist and the earrings and the anklet on his right foot.

He shuddered. He could feel every cell of his body. He could feel the thin layer of makeup on his skin, the extra body in his eyelashes from the mascara, smell the light application of perfume, taste the subtle bubblegum flavor of his pink lipstick. He felt each hair on his head, styled exactly where he wanted it. He ran his hand over the leather of his purse, and felt the weight of the doll in his grasp.

"Yes, Leeny, I'm coming out today." he whispered to himself.

"I'm glad, you look prettier than ever. How long have you been up?" she asked non-nonchalantly.

He turned in surprise to see her at the door. His other senses may have been at a peak but his vision was perpetually obstructed by his new hairstyle.

“Two hours,” he looked to the window and saw that it was now light outside. How long had he been looking in the mirror? “I guess...longer...What time is it?”

“Time to go.” she told him and took him gently by the hand. She led him down the stairs, he was still terrified at using them in his heels.

He saw his mother in the kitchen. She had that trademark look of disgust on her face. Adriana returned to his warm feeling of peace and ignored her. He walked right towards the door as his sister glared at Alexis with disapproval. He was just out of the house when his wrist was grabbed from behind.

His mother told him, “Adriana, you DO look pretty. I love you. Have a nice day at school.”

He gave her a smile and continued walking to the car.

She shouted after him, “Be sure to tell me all about your coming out when you get home! Don't make me REMIND you.” He rolled his eyes and continued on his way.

He sat in the car in the school parking lot, feeling a weird mix of exhilaration and fear. His heart was telling him this would be the greatest moment of his life while his brain was telling him he was about to be humiliated as much as a teenage boy could possibly be humiliated.

He realized both must be true somehow. He got out of the car and started walking towards the school. He immediately heard gasps and laughter. He wanted to rush away but he still wasn't very confident in heels. He kept a steady pace like he had practiced with Aileen. He started to appreciate the feel of the clothing again and forgot about his fear. A smile came to his lips as he realized how great he was feeling. He didn't have to hide anything anymore. They might laugh at him but if he still felt so good what did it matter?

He met shocked silence when he entered the school, followed by giggles and mumbling as he walked through the hall to his homeroom. When the teacher was calling the roll, he didn't answer when the name “Rocco” was called. The teacher cleared his throat and the strange, sissified boy cheerfully told him, “Oh, call me Adriana from now on!”

There was open laughter in the class, his face turned red but he told himself he didn't care. Everybody in school could laugh at him, but none of them would ever really mess with him. His previous reputation as a tough guy and his current reputation as a nice guy both assured that would be the case. At least, that was what he thought, he didn't know there was someone new at the school who didn't care about either of his reputations.

Tom had been forced out of his old school for bullying. It had been an exceptionally nasty type of bullying. In addition to fighting with other boys he had been known to sexually harass them as well. Despite years of complaints from parents he had been protected because he was a basketball star. He had just been transferred to this new school today, after an accusation had surfaced that his old school could no longer ignore. This new school had somewhat undeservedly earned a reputation as a place that can reform bullies because of the drastic reduction in incidents they had recently experienced, but

as it turns out the school wasn't really the cause.

Tom felt like the king of the school all day, but the best part came after the last bell. He had cornered a cute boy named Bill and was threatening and intimidating him, warning him what would happen if he didn't cooperate and go out to Tom's car with him. It was brazen to do on his first day, but it seemed like none of the faculty cared and none of the students would stand up for themselves.

Then, he saw the other boy, if you could call him that. It was a pretty boy wearing immaculately prissy girl's clothes, jewelry, makeup, and sporting a ridiculous emo haircut. A little girl's doll, of all things, was peaking out of his book bag.

Adriana had seen what was going on and rushed over to help his friend. He couldn't believe someone would threaten Bill when everyone knew he was protecting him, but this was a new bully who didn't know how things worked here. Adriana thought that Tom looked tall but not that tough. Nothing he couldn't handle.

“Leave him alone!” Adriana shouted, “Or you'll have to deal with me.”

Tom replied with confidence, “I do what I want, you really think you can stop me, Miss....?”

Adriana pouted slightly and wanted to reply that he wasn't a “Miss”, but it wouldn't be that impressive to insist on being called “Mr. Adriana.” He was starting to feel like a child having a tantrum rather than a challenger.

“I'm Adriana. And this is your last chance to let him go. He's my friend and I won't let you hurt him.”

Tom smiled and cracked his knuckles, clearly not taking the threat at all seriously. Adriana dropped his bag and started to charge at his opponent. Half blinded by his hair he didn't see the trash on the floor that caused him to slip. Unsteady as always in his heels he twisted his ankle and lost his balance while crying out in pain and falling forward right into his opponents arms.

He heard laughter everywhere around him. It was clear to the entire school now that they no longer had to be afraid of him and as nice as he was he was just too much of a hilarious spectacle to ignore. He could never fight anyone hobbled in his heels. He could pull hair and scratch like a girl at best.

He fought to get away but he was being held tightly. He realized he had no chance to break free and was just putting on a show for his audience by struggling. He could see flashes going off and he knew someone must be recording what was happening.

He was totally helpless. Suddenly he felt something inside himself change. He lost the will to fight this boy. A new feeling was taking its place. It was something like respect, but respect wasn't quite the right word..

Tom roughly bent him over. Adriana gasped and stared open mouthed at the ground in amazement. He felt...good. Feeling those big strong hands push him around. He felt warm when he thought of the power and authority of the boy who was handling him so easily. Distantly, he realized he used to be that strong, but he knew he wasn't anymore.

He felt a hand fondling his ass. He froze in fear and shocked realization. Being manhandled by this

boy had achieved what his date with a girl was completely unable to accomplish, in his panties he was sporting the most rock hard erection of his life. He really was a fag, just like his mother said.

Tom felt the boy trembling in his hands and smiled. Quite a pretty boy, and he had a lot of fire. He would be fun to break.

“So, Miss Adriana, I expect an apology. I assume this little tantrum was just out of jealousy, you want me to pay attention to you instead of your other queer little friend? Isn't that right?”

“Yes.” the sissy boy whimpered to him after a moment's hesitation..

“You mean, Yes sir, Mr. Tom, right?”

“Yes sir, Mr. Tom.”

“And from now on you understand it's not your place to interfere with me?” he asked sternly.

“Yes sir, Mr. Tom, will you let me go now?” Adriana begged.

“Oh, you're coming with me when we're done here. But don't you think you need to be punished first for interrupting me?” he asked as if scolding a child.

Adriana struggled with his sissy self. He needed to find some reason to escape and to fight but that part of him was gone now. He was hypnotized by his strength, his rough voice, his manly smell. Even as he struggled with his inner self he found himself whispering, “Yes sir, I know my place now.”, and submissively sticking his butt up further in the air.

Time seemed to stand still as he waited. He seethed with his fear and humiliation at his pathetic actions while exhilarating in the feel of the strong arm holding him in place and the tingling feel of his soft feminine clothing on his skin. Being held so tightly again reminded him of the body wrap at the spa, constraining and freeing at the same time.

He let out a high pitched squeal when Tom's hand slapped his ass with tremendous force. He gasped and his eyes went wide, he started to breath heavily and almost felt like crying. None of this was from the pain. As soon as he had been hit he had cum in his panties with tremendous force. In the aftershock time stood still once again. His mouth gaped open and his body went limp, the only thing holding him upright was the arm of the boy only a few moments before he thought he could have fought. His body was overwhelmed with waves of pure pleasure like he had never experienced before and he just knew that every part of his sissy persona made this possible and contributed to where he now found himself. He had become weak and soft and his clothes and makeup and doll were huge signs to the world and to himself that this was true.

The afterglow was short lived. Time returned to a furious pace as his ass was slapped over and over again. He remained bent over, perched up on his high heels with his butt in the air and took his punishment while feeling the slick, spreading wet spot in his panties as he bucked forward with each slap.

When it was over Tom grabbed him by the ear and pulled him away. He looked behind and saw the laughter of the crowd of spectators at his crying, blushing face. He also saw his bookbag with his doll

was being left behind and all he wanted to do was go home and hide under his covers while snuggling with his Ruthie. Tom kept pulling him by the ear all the way out to the parking lot and to his car. It was a brand new red Mustang. For some reason Adriana couldn't explain seeing Tom's impressive car made him feel even more worshipful and submissive towards him.

Tom saw the smile on his face. "Being my bitch has its benefits, Miss Adriana. Get in."

Adriana did, he felt totally air-headed and off balance around Tom and couldn't explain why. He felt totally euphoric and dizzy even though there was still a logical part of his mind screaming that he was in a nightmare. His face felt flushed and he could feel all his inhibitions starting to float away. He kept on smiling as Tom started the car and drove away from the school.

Tom pulled over into a secluded park and the couple moved to the back seat. Adriana couldn't help but be painfully aware that he had been in the same situation with a girl not so long ago but this time he was having none of the performance issues that plagued him the last time. He was horny and hot for Tom and there was no way for him to deny it.

Tom slid on top of him aggressively and they started making out. Tom liked to mix pleasure and pain, he would suck on Adriana's neck until he moaned in pleasure and then quickly pinch or bite eliciting a quick flinch before returning to the gentle play. Tom knew Adriana was putty in his hands. He reached under and gently rubbed Adriana's ass and Adriana squealed in delight and locked his legs around his partner.

Even though they were just making out Adriana was having the most powerful physical sexual reaction he had ever had. He wanted Tom to hold him and never let go. He wanted to be one with him. He felt like he was nothing before he met him. He wanted to be near him no matter what it cost, even if he would be nothing but a humiliated sissy bitch for him. It would all be worth it if he could feel like this.

Tom could feel the sissy's cock underneath him and how close his lust drunk partner was to exploding again. He wanted to prolong the fun and tease the sissy so he backed off a bit and started to strip him.

He pulled off the cute yellow sweater. Next he took his time undoing each button on the white blouse to expose the unnecessary but cute white bra. Adriana shuddered with pleasure as his capris came off, but then Tom opened the door and ordered Adriana out.

So there he stood in front of this boy who was dominating him and making him swoon in nothing but his white bra and cumstained panties, his jewelry, and his yellow high heels. Tom posed him in various positions and took photos with a digital camera.

Spread eagled on the hood of the car, Adriana looked up and admired his heels until he heard the click. He was bent over the hood and Tom pulled Adriana's hard cock between his legs and Adriana almost died with pleasure at his touch, but all he was doing was posing his cock like he posed the rest of Adriana so it would show up in the photo from behind.

Tom switched the camera to timer mode so he could be in a few. Adriana was made to kneel on the grass in front of Tom and look up at his crotch admirably. Next he sat on a bench and took Adriana over his knee in a spanking position. He slapped, rubbed, and pinched his sissy's ass. He could tell this was the way to Adriana's heart as she squealed in pleasure and looked to be ready to come in his panties once again.

“Okay baby, enough foreplay.” he told Adriana, “It's time to get off!”

Adriana looked excited at the prospect, but he didn't know Tom didn't mean him. Tom took Adriana off his knee and they sat beside each other on the bench. Tom pulled out his cock. Adriana stared at it in doe eyed wonder. For some reason Adriana felt like it was the most fascinating and amazing thing he had ever seen. He started to drool and salivate.

Tom took Adriana's arm by the wrist and put his hand on the newly freed cock and told his sissy, “Stroke it till I cum, and then maybe we can sort you out.”

“Yes sir.” the sissy replied shyly.

Adriana felt the heat from the warm, hard cock in his hand and and felt dizzy with exhilaration. Adriana was not small by any means but this monster was something else. Adriana started to stroke, slowly and shyly at first. Tom put his arm around Adriana and pulled him close as if they were a couple at the movies rather than sitting at a park in broad daylight with Adriana nearly nude and in danger of being discovered at any moment if someone passed by.

Adriana sped up as Tom's precum made his cock more slippery and sensitive. Tom groaned in pleasure and resumed sucking on Adriana's neck. He grabbed Adriana's other arm and guided it to his balls. The sissy instinctively knew what to do and gently massaged them as he stroked his master.

Adriana kept stroking harder and harder until his arm began to ache. Finally Tom let out a massive yell of pleasure and reached an orgasm that rocked his body and covered his new sissy bitch in cum. Adriana was panting and giggling. The experience was entirely new to him. He was feeling a rush of rewarding euphoric pleasure even though he hadn't cum himself. His subconscious was rewarding him for a job well done, for pleasing his man.

Tom ordered Adriana to lick up all the cum, slowly. As Adriana started Tom whispered to him, “Doesn't it taste great, baby?”

Adriana nodded and whimpered, it was honestly one of the best things he had ever tasted.

“And someday I'm going to cum in your mouth and make you gag and swallow it all down. Isn't that what you want? To be on your knees all day long gagging on my cum, bitch?”

Adriana gushed out her affirmative response, and meant it. He dropped on his knees in front of his new master. “Can't I do it now, sir?”

“No bitch, I'm done for today. Go get dressed.”

Adriana pouted at him. “But you didn't do me ye...”

Tom slapped him across the face, hard. Adriana looked up at him in shocked hurt like a confused dog, but the adoring glint didn't leave his eye. Tom gave him another slap and Adriana kept his eyes down in fear this time while softly crying.

“Get dressed, bitch.” Tom ordered.

He got up and turned around to head to the car and was shocked to receive another sharp slap on his pantied ass. Tom grabbed Adriana from behind and pulled down his panties and his rough, strong hand enveloped Adriana's cock and balls and started rubbing. Adriana gasped and went limp in his arms again. This was nothing like stroking himself with lube or having a girl suck his cock, it was the raw and rough hand of a man but he loved it. He could feel Tom's package rubbing against his panties from behind and wished it was inside of him. It only took about a minute before Adriana came all over his master's hand with a massive girly squeal of delight. Tom let him go, and Adriana collapsed to the ground without the support, panties around his ankles. Tom went to the car and retrieved Adriana's abandoned clothes. He wiped the cum off his hand on the yellow cardigan and dropped the clothes on the ground for Adriana to pick up when he was recovered. Tom lit a cigarette and smiled at the site of the beautiful ravished boy on the ground in front of him.

Slowly, Adriana got dressed again. He was far less crisp and fresh faced than he had been that morning as he admired himself in the mirror. His makeup was a disaster, his clothes were crumpled and cumstained, and his hair was more of a mess than usual. His ankle still hurt from tripping when all this started.

He minced back to the car and the feelings of lust that had driven him to such a state started to fade away and left only feelings of shame. He could hardly remember everything that happened, it was a long blur of humiliation and confused, intense pleasure. Everyone at school would know this boy had dominated him and dragged him out by his ear. And he had those pictures. And Adriana was sure this fit of lust would not be a one time aberration. He knew every time his new sissy feelings expressed themselves they were here to stay. He was a fag now, and he was Tom's bitch.

As they drove back to the school he stared down at his hands and felt used and cheap. He couldn't look Tom in the eye. Tom, for his part, smiled and whistled the whole way back. He didn't mind if Adriana couldn't look him in the eye, breaking him like this was all part of the fun.

“Was this your first time with a boy, bitch?” he asked.

“Yes sir, Mr. Tom.” Adriana replied in a whisper.

“It won't be your last, you know.” he said confidently.

Adriana whispered back, “I know.”

Tom dropped Adriana off back at school and drove away. Adriana found Bill and Nina sitting on a bench together. He wanted to turn and run away when he saw her but he had no choice but to approach them. They had his bag and had been trying to figure out where he had gone. When they saw him, they figured it out, for the most part. He started to cry and they both hugged him as he clutched the doll he always kept in his bag to his chest.

“Thanks for trying to get that jerk to leave me alone.” Bill told him. “I...guess he likes you better anyway, right?” Bill shook his head at him. “I've been with that kind of boy before. You really should stay away from the bad boys, Adriana. You can find a hunk who won't treat you like that.”

Adriana nodded even as he cried, he couldn't express what he was feeling towards Tom, but he knew he would want to see more of him.

Nina apologized for humiliating him during their date, "I can't imagine how hard it is to come out like you have. I don't blame you for trying to hide it. We can still be friends now that you're being honest with everyone."

When Adriana went home that day, he had another long cry on his sister's shoulder, but it didn't save him from having to tell his Mom all about his coming out.

She told him to stop whining about being humiliated about what happened. "Don't be ridiculous Adriana, everyone knew you were gay already. How long have I been saying it? It should be a relief being out about it now. No more secrets, no more hiding, you can just be yourself! I'm disappointed you turned out to be such a girly queer of course, but if that's who you are it's who you have to be."

For some reason that wasn't much of a comfort so he was happy when she told him she would be taking him to see a therapist about his homosexuality and gender issues. When they entered the office a little girl in bunny ears walked out with her hands tightly gripping her mother's skirt. Adriana nodded a greeting at the two but it seemed like they purposefully ignored him on their way out. He shrugged. While he sat in the waiting room Aileen and Alexis talked to the therapist, a pretty blonde woman who was casually dressed, about some billing issues.

"So, everything went fine!" Lucinda cheerfully announced when she heard the story. "He has his hunk and his transformation is nearly complete."

"No." Aileen spoke up, "Not fine. He slapped him around. He's too humiliated to admit it but you can see it on his face. This kid is an asshole from what I've heard about him and I don't want Adriana to get hurt..."

Alexis laughed, "But that's the whole point. Now he gets to know what it's like to be bullied for a while. It's not like he has to marry him."

Lucinda agreed, "Give it a few months for him to really know what it feels like. Adriana would be heartbroken if we took away his boytoy now anyway. This last phase will be complete when he goes all the way with his true love. When that's done, we let him choose his own path."

Aileen nodded, but she didn't like it.

Session Five: True Love

Adriana sat again in his homeroom class. He was wearing white pants with pink hearts up the side and a white blouse over his satin bra and panties. He was playing with one of his dangling pink heart shaped earrings and dreaming of Tom while staring out into space.

The teacher was going through the roll again and called out, "Roc...Adriana?" The teacher sighed as he realized the strange feminized boy was lost in space again and just marked him down as present.

Adriana couldn't focus in any of his classes. He had never been this distracted by a girl. He figured it was because he had always secretly been gay and had just been lying to himself. All day he looked out for Tom in the hallways. When he finally saw him an instant bright smile came to Adriana's lips. He minced over to Tom to say 'Hello' but Tom didn't seem quite so interested.

He shoved Adriana into a locker, “Out of my way fag.”

A bunch of other students laughed as Adriana watched Tom walk away. He realized he was about to cry and ran off to the bathroom and hid in a stall sniffing and hugging his Ruthie doll. He couldn't understand why Tom would ignore him. Didn't he want Adriana as much as Adriana wanted him? He couldn't have become bored with him so quickly.

The next day Adriana tried to approach him at lunchtime. Tom was sitting with a bunch of other jocks he had made friends with. When Adriana came near Tom told him to get lost and knocked Adriana's tray out of his hands. He wanted to run away and cry again but first he had to clean up the mess.

He bent over to pick up the dropped food but froze when he felt a hand rubbing his ass. Involuntarily Adriana immediately giggled like a schoolgirl. “He does like me!” he thought with glee. His cock twitched in his panties. Suddenly the rubbing turned to a sharp slap.

Adriana's precarious balance in heels haunted him again and he tumbled over in surprise and landed right on the spilled lunch. Now he did run off in tears with the jocks laughing and calling him a fag and with his shirt stained with ketchup and other bits of food. He spent the rest of the lunch period in the bathroom trying to clean the stains off his blouse but he couldn't quite manage it. Adriana was furious with Tom but his feelings for him didn't really change. He was obsessed with a boy who only wanted to bully him and there was nothing he could do about it.

Over the next few weeks he stopped trying to approach Tom in the halls. He noticed Tom was clearly interested in girls just as much as he was boys. He leered at them and flirted with them all the time while all Adriana could do was watch on with a jealous pout. Adriana was becoming extremely desperate. He had no control of his urges for Tom just like he had no control of his urges to dress and act like a sissy, but with those things all it took to end his desperation was his personal willingness to give in. Now, the decision was out of his hands.

One day he was sitting and chatting with Aileen who was giving him more sewing lessons. They were both in their matching pink silk kimonos with some soap opera on in the background.

Aileen was extremely frustrated that her brother could not focus on his lesson like he normally did. “You can't let some boy turn you into a total mimbo. Your grades are slipping too, if he doesn't want to go out with you then go find someone else. Your friend Bill is really nice.”

Adriana rolled his eyes at her, “We're just friends. Besides he isn't a hunk like Tom! He's so sexy and strong. All the girls are flirting with him. How can I compete with that?” He continued in a whiny voice, “He never even pays attention to me except to mess with me. I thought he liked me before. Why did he have to get my hopes up like that?”

Aileen was getting annoyed with him, “He's an asshole! He treats you like shit! There are so many nice boys out there, why did you have to pick this jerk?”

Adriana pouted. They both knew he was a jerk already, there was no point in bringing it up. Aileen sighed. People don't really pick who they are attracted sometimes, especially Adriana. Lucinda had more to say about it than he did. It was a waste of time to try and get him to move on.

“Well, Ade, sometimes boys are jerks to the girls they like the most. They don't really know how to express themselves otherwise. If you really want him to like you then you're going to have to make yourself irresistible to him. Stop watching him and start watching the girls he flirts with. See what he likes. Watch how they act and what they wear and what they say to him. And then, copy them.”

Adriana frowned, “But I wanna just be myself, Leeny, why should I change for him when he doesn't even care about me.”

Aileen replied, “This is how it works, Ade. If you want him to start dreaming of you instead of them, you have to give him a reason to. It won't be so hard. I'll help too since you're still new to all this fashion stuff.”

“Thanks Leeny.” said Adriana with a smile.

“We're going to have to be quick about it, school is almost out for the summer and you won't be able to see him as much anymore.” she told him.

Adriana's mind started to clear a little bit and he was able to focus on his sewing again. His panic had subsided a bit now that he had a plan to get Tom, even if the goal still seemed so far away.

Adriana asked Nina and Bill to help out too. Nina was happy to help but Bill refused.

“Adriana, you're my friend. This dude is a dick. He isn't right for you. You should be happy he's ignoring you. I'm not going to help you with this.” he said angrily.

“Fine! We'll do it without you.” Adriana dramatically stamped a heeled foot and again his precarious balance made him ready to tumble over. Bill caught him before he did but Adriana shoved him away. “I don't need your help!” Adriana minced away in a huff.

The two hadn't seen much of each other lately. Bill spent all his time after school going to a local gym. Adriana figured he was hot for some guy there since he had always been such a little wimp. He didn't seem like the weightlifting type.

They spent a few weeks observing Tom and his new main love interest who turned out to be a girl named Carrie. Aileen and Nina knew how to be discreet but Adriana always watched her with an obvious jealous frown. Carrie noticed but she didn't confront him, she wasn't worried some sissy fag could steal a boy from her. The other girls Tom flirted with were a bigger concern.

With a week left of school Adriana and his two co-conspirators were walking shoulder to shoulder through the halls discussing what they had learned about Tom's tastes in women. Nina and Aileen both agreed that Carrie should be their model.

Adriana did not like that at all. “She's disgusting. She hardly wears any clothes at all. Those short skirts or shorts with the thong showing? I've never seen her in a top that covers her belly button and she has that ridiculous ring in it. Her cleavage hangs out and...oh my God, that Snooki hair with the pouf and her makeup makes her look like a stripper...” Adriana continued to rant as they turned the corner, criticizing everything he could think of about the rival he was so jealous of. Half blinded as usual by the hair falling over one of his eyes he didn't see her in the hallway. The two girls on his arm saw her and immediately tried to stop him but he was so worked up he continued ranting away. “...oh

no. I wouldn't dress like Carrie. She's nothing but a trashy SLUT!”

Carrie screamed at him. “You bitch!”

She charged at him and kicked him hard in the shin. While Adriana was shocked by the sudden pain Carrie grabbed a tight hold on his hair and yanked hard. He screamed. A crowd formed and surrounded them which pushed Nina and Aileen out of the way. Carrie pulled him painfully to the ground by his hair and then started kicking at him with her high heeled shoes. Adriana just cowered and begged her to stop. Rocco had no problems with hitting girls, but Adriana knew even a male as emasculated as he is shouldn't do it. He could hear laughter all around him and boys making sarcastic catfight noises and Nina and Aileen yelling at Carrie to leave him alone.

Carrie screamed at him and started pulling his hair again. “Where do you get off criticizing MY clothes, Ms. Prissy Preppy? Maybe if you learned to dress like me you wouldn't have lost your man. And I'M the slut? You know he's shown everyone those pictures. You know the ones. I bet you let him fuck you right there in the park on the hood of his car. Was that before or after he spanked you? Didn't you just meet him that day, WHORE?”

Adriana just whimpered and repeated over and over that he was sorry. Carrie let go of his hair and stood up. She spit on him before walking away and warned him, “Stay away from Tom, fag.”

Nina and Aileen finally managed to push through the crowd and helped him up. They helped fix his hair and brush off his clothes but he was still crying when they were done. Aileen gave him a hug but was at a loss on what to say to try and make him feel better. Even after everything that had happened to him so far, even though he was such a new person now, Aileen never expected to see her brother get his ass kicked by a girl in front of the whole school. It must have been so humiliating for him.

“Carrie's right though, you know.” Nina observed.

Adriana just stared down in shame and sniffled, barely listening, while Aileen looked at her accusingly.

Nina continued, “...She was right that you have to learn to dress like her if you want Tom. Wasn't that the whole point of this? If he wants a slut, we have to give him a slut.”

Aileen frowned. “That really doesn't matter now. Let's give Ade a day to rest and talk about it tomorrow.”

Adriana's sniffing stopped and he looked up at the two girls, all trace of his previous anguish was gone, replaced with a look of solid determination. “No. That bitch isn't taking my boy for one more day. Let's go to shopping. NOW!”

Aileen was taken aback for a moment, but she admired the toughness he was displaying, “...but Adriana, we just went shopping at the Spa boutique again last week when you had your electrolysis finished. Mom is going to be mad if you buy more clothes again...”

Adriana didn't hesitate, “She knows I'll pay her back with my babysitting money, even if it takes all summer!”

Aileen smiled. That forceful assurance was a trace of the old Rocco. Of course, Rocco had fought

with his fists. Adriana would fight with a trip to the mall and a visit to the salon.

Nina squealed with anticipation of their shopping trip, "If it helps I'll let you babysit for some of my clients over the summer. I can afford to lose a few."

Adriana hugged her. "Oh, thank you so much!"

So after school the three friends took their trip to the mall. As they left the car Aileen took Ruthie from her brother and left her in the backseat.

"What was that for?" Adriana asked while looking back and starting to feel nervous, he never liked leaving Ruthie behind.

"You'll see." Aileen told him.

As soon as they entered the mall Aileen dragged him into a toy store and into the big pink aisle full of girl's toys. "Look Adriana, you and Ruthie are perfect for each other. You are well mannered, kind, intelligent, modest, and polite young people. That's what American Girl dolls are all about."

Nina picked a toy from off the shelf, "If you want to be a slut you can't be an American Girl doll. You want this to be your role model, at least until you have Tom on the hook."

She handed him the toy. It was a Bratz doll. It was a fashion doll with a skinny body, large almond shaped eyes, and poufy blonde hair. The doll wore eye shadow and glossy lipstick. The clothing was sexy black short shorts and a tight pink top. She also had a black feather boa around her shoulders. Adriana nodded. He much preferred Ruthie but he knew he would have to change to make their plan work.

The clerk at the counter could not contain her giggles at the teenage boy in girl's clothes using his mother's credit card to buy a doll meant for a little girl. "Is this for your little sister? You know a lot of parents don't like these Bratz dolls, they think they dress too sexy and set a bad example. Are you sure your Mom wants your sister to have one?"

The sissified boy replied sheepishly, "It's for me, Miss."

The clerk did not skip a beat, "Oh, well I hope your mother approves of YOU having one. You seem like such a sweet, wholesome little girly boy. I don't want to get you in any trouble."

The boy rolled his eyes, "Just check me out, please."

She smiled at him. "Sure thing, sweetie."

Of course when he got home after hours of shopping followed by the salon appointment it wasn't the doll that made his mother so angry. It was the tremendous bill for all the purchases Adriana had put on her card.

As soon as she saw the bags he and his sister returned with and the fancy new hairdo she grabbed him by the ear and dragged him to the living room with orders to be quiet. She went to her computer and checked her credit bill and was shocked by the hundreds of dollars he had spent.

She came back into the room waving the bill she had printed out at him. “What makes you think you have the right to spend my money like this without asking permission, which you certainly would not have received, Adriana?”

Adriana attempted to answer but was cut off, “But Mom...I can explain...”

“Enough!” she shouted. She went to retrieve his little reminder, the paddle that enforced his discipline. “Over my knee right now, sissy!”

Aileen attempted to intervene for her brother, “But Mom, it was my fault. I encouraged him.”

“Go to your room, young lady. I'll talk with you later.” she told Aileen.

Aileen went, and left her poor sissy brother to his fate. Adriana winced when he bent over his mother's lap. Alexis felt something small poking at her leg. She stood him up again and pulled up his shirt. She saw the belly button ring. It had a pink stone with a chain dangling down to the word "diva" written in smaller pink stones. She shook her head in disbelief.

She pulled him back over her lap and pulled down his pants to reveal his pink satin panties. She gave him a firm slap with the paddle and he grunted in pain.

“What could have possibly given you the idea to get a belly button ring?” she demanded.

He was well used to being taken over his mother's knees like a little girl now. He knew there was no point in trying to lie, she would paddle the truth out of him anyway. In a whiny voice he tried to explain himself, “Mom, there's this girl Carrie at school and she has one so...”

He was interrupted by two more hard slaps. “If some girl at school jumped off a bridge would you do that too?”

“...but Mom...” he whined, “I'm trying to tell you...”

“And why does it have to be such a tacky one, Adriana, you're no “diva” and you know it, couldn't you have gotten a nice modest one at least?” She added another slap to his pantied behind for punctuation.

He went on, “...well, they were sold out of the ones that say “slut” and Nina said this was the next best thing so...”

He felt his panties being quickly pulled down. In the vulnerable position over his mother's lap he wanted to brace himself for the incoming spanking but his feet were in heels and his nails now sported extra long artificial pink nails. He was balanced on the tips of his toes and the tips of his nails. All he could do was wait and hope his mother would hold him in place and not let him fall off her lap.

She spanked him until he was reduced to frantic tears and then gave him a brief break, or maybe it was a break for herself. She was breathing heavily now from the exertion.

“A slut. Right. No wonder you had your hair done like some New Jersey skank.” Real concern seemed to enter her voice for a moment. She let her son off her lap and made him stand in front of her,

pants and panties still around his ankles in case he had to be spanked again. “But why dress like a slut? I thought you liked all your new prissy clothes. You sure SPENT like you did.”

Adriana stood humiliated in front of his mother, rubbing his bottom and feeling vulnerable and exposed. “It’s...it’s...about a boy.” He felt a twitch from his cock. He thought, “Oh no, not now...”

“What? That Tom of yours? I thought he was in to you. You said you made out the first time you met, didn’t you say he promised you that you would be together again?” She looked down and giggled mockingly. “...and I can see you never lost interest in him.”

Adriana closed his eyes and blurted out the story as quickly as he could. Being spanked would have been preferable to confessing to his mother that her son was so obsessed with a boy he liked that he had been doing nothing for weeks but trying to find out a way to get together with him while his cock stood straight at attention proving every word of his confession was true.

“...and then Carrie spit at me and walked away, and I just knew I had to go to the mall and get started as soon as possible so she wouldn’t get away with this. I would have waited to ask you or saved up money on my own but school is ending and I’m almost out of time. I promise I won’t buy any more clothes until I pay you back. I’ll give you every cent I make.”

Alexis shook her head at her son. “Your boy troubles are no excuse to spend my money without permission, Adriana.”

“Yes, Mother”, the humiliated sissy replied.

“So I will be taking your slutty new clothes from you until you pay me back!” she announced.

He gasped and whined, “BUT MOMMMM, I need them! I need them! That bitch Carrie is going to laugh at me!”

He continued his tantrum and flung his arms around and whined and stamped his high heeled feet which is of course how he tripped on the panties still around his ankles and ended up falling right back onto his mothers lap. She resumed the spanking until he stopped the tantrum.

“What I say goes, you little brat. You know I don’t approve of having my son act like a girl but I certainly won’t have him acting like a slut on my dime. If you want to debase yourself like that for some boy, you won’t have my help. Now, a client I talked to the other day mentioned she needs a maid a few days a week to do some house cleaning over the summer. Any days you aren’t babysitting you can do that.”

Adriana started to whine again, “Mommmm, I don’t want to be a maid. I like babysitting, let me just do that instead...”

Another spank cut short the complaints. “If you can decide to spend my money, I can decide that I don’t want to wait on you to pay me back. You can quit the maid job when that’s done.”

“Yes, mother.”

“I hope this little reminder won’t have to be repeated, Adriana.”

She let him up and sent him to his room to retrieve his purchases to turn over to her. He went to bed early that night in his Beauty and the Beast pajamas with his doll Ruthie clutched in his arms, crying himself to sleep.

Aileen confronted her mother. "You're the one who wanted him to stay involved with that asshole Tom, aren't you? Well, this is the only way. He really is more interested in Carrie."

Alexis laughed at her daughter. "Oh, of course dear. I just couldn't resist having some fun with him. Sneak out one of the outfits you bought and pretend like you put one over on me, it won't take more than that to get Tom interested again."

Adriana woke up with a quiet nudge from his sister. She whispered to him. "Don't worry, I took your favorite outfit from the bags before you gave them back to Mom. Just dress like normal tomorrow and you can change at Nina's house."

Adriana gave his sister a tight hug. "Oh! Thank you so much Leeny! You're the best!"

She pulled Ruthie from his grasp and set the Bratz doll down by his alarm clock so it would be the first thing he would see in the morning. "Remember who your role model is now. Now go back to bed and get your beauty sleep!"

He floated away into a deep sleep, into the happy pink clouds of pleasant dreams that greeted him every night since he had stopped living the lie and began embracing his new, true self.

Adriana sighed as he awoke, the pink clouds he had been resting on in his dream floated away. The first thing he saw was Yasmin, the Bratz doll. He smiled. Today would be the day. At breakfast he and Aileen exchanged conspiratorial glances and smirks. Adriana was worried his mother would be suspicious so he whined some more about not being able to wear his new clothes. "It's not fair. It's not like you're returning them. They're just sitting there going to waste."

Alexis shook her head at him, "I thought I made myself clear last night. You can have them when you pay for them. I don't need to remind you again, do I?"

He turned red at the threat and put on a feigned pout of annoyance. He had pushed her enough to let her know he was upset about the clothes. Brother and sister left for school early and stopped off at Nina's house to change him into his sexy outfit before they got to school. They were short on time so the two girls rushed to help him with his makeup and hair.

Adriana sat at the center of the chaos and was slowly getting nervous and worried as he held the Bratz doll in his hands. He had attempted to go back for Ruthie on the way out the door but Aileen wouldn't let him.

"This isn't going to work...why are we doing this?" he squeaked as they worked.

"Keep quiet and sit still, Ade. We're almost done." Nina admonished him. "You're going to look great, don't worry."

When they were finished dressing him he squirmed nervously in front of the mirror. He wore black,

open toed high heeled sandals that showed off his pink painted toenails. “Ohh, I'm going to fall again and look like an idiot Leeny.”

“No you won't Ade, just concentrate and remember to focus on your balance.” his sister reassured him.

He nervously ran his hands up his bear legs to the extremely short denim shorts he wore. “They're too tight...and I don't like the thong. It feels weird.”

Nina smiled at him, “Adriana, of course they're tight, they make your ass look great. You'll get used to thongs too.”

He fingered the belly button ring that proclaimed him a diva and frowned at his pink nails and the glittery rings and bracelets he wore. “Mom was right, this thing is tacky and these nails are useless. What if I break one? I'll look stupid.”

The two girls sighed at the sissy and Aileen took her turn to encourage him. “You won't break a nail Ade, and just find one of us if you do and we can figure something out. I think the belly button ring is totally hot.”

He pulled down on the black crop top with the big pink glittery heart. “Couldn't I at least wear a top that will cover up my belly, I don't like it...I'm not a 'diva”.

“There's nothing wrong with being a diva. Do you even know what it means?” Nina asked him.

“It means being a spoiled, narcissist, bully like that bitch Carrie. Or a singer, I guess, but I'm no singer obviously.”

Nina replied, “It's the Italian word for a goddess, Adriana. One of the Roman divas was a goddess named Venus. She was a goddess of love, sex, beauty and conquest....sexual or military.”

“Sex and War?” Aileen asked, “What a strange combination...”

Adriana's nervousness began to recede. “No...it makes perfect sense...”

Aileen could see something had changed in him, a light bulb had flashed on in his head but she wasn't quite sure what it meant.

Adriana admired the feel of the soft black feather boa draped on his shoulders. He admired his full, round pink lips and the rest of his slutty makeup. He primped at his big poufy hair. He giggled, “At least it's not over my eye anymore, I can see a lot better.”

“And do you like what you see?” Nina asked.

He took another glance in the mirror. He let go of his doubts and admired the look they had created for him. “Yes.” he replied.

“Do you know what your name means, Adriana?” Nina asked.

He shook his head.

“It's a feminine form of the name Adrian, which derived from the Roman name Hadrian. Hadrian was one of the greatest emperors of Rome. He was a respected military leader...but also a poet, an artist, and an architect. People are complex, Adriana, just because you dress like a girl or a slut doesn't mean you aren't a strong person. You can be a seductress...or a conqueror...or an artist...or all three.”

He nodded.

Aileen looked at her watch, “I think he's ready, we better go now or we're going to be late.”

Nina was still appraising Adriana. “No, one thing isn't quite right, you go ahead Aileen we'll be right down.”

She waited for Adriana's sister to leave them alone.

“I don't get it,” asked Adriana, “what isn't right? I like the whole outfit...I was just nervous, I've never done anything like this before...”

“I know Adriana, the outfit is fine. We just need to get you in the right state of mind.” she told him.

She went to her computer and opened a set of pictures. Adriana recognized them immediately. “Where did you get those?” he demanded angrily.

“He posted them online, Adriana, sorry, but there's no putting the genie back in the bottle. You shouldn't let guys take advantage of you like that.”

He fumed but he knew she was right. His own stupid lust had kept him from running away that day in the park, and here he was dressing up like a slut for the same boy all over again.

“I hope you aren't trying to convince me not to do this, Nina. I still want him.” Adriana responded.

“I know, Adriana. That's why I'm showing you. If you're going to dress like slut you should try and feel like one too. Remember this one?” she asked.

The image showed him kneeling on the ground in nothing but his white bra and panties, his yellow high heels, and his jewelry. He was looking up admiringly at the crotch of the handsome Tom. He started to breath heavily and his face went flush. He licked his lips and felt a stirring in his crotch. She cycled through all the photos, ending with the shots of Adriana lying across Tom's lap being spanked and teased.

Nina liked what she was now seeing in him. He wasn't acting, he was full of sexual energy and desperate to find the relief he craved. He looked wanton and ready and Tom would be able to see it. Everything about the sissy screamed he was a slut in heat. She walked up to him and stroked his crotch with her hand. “Looks like I finally managed to get you hard.” She giggled at him.

He grimaced in disgust at her touch and moved her hand away. She had broken his lustful trance but now his motivations were fresh in his mind again. She was bemused at how quickly her touch had made him go soft. He was really the gayest boy on the planet. “Remember, you're the one in control, you aren't throwing yourself at him. That's the most important thing!”

"I understand. Thanks Nina." Adriana told her.

Aileen yelled from downstairs, "Let's go guys, now or never!"

Nina pulled the sissy out of the bedroom, "We should probably go, I can't think of any other Roman history lessons for you aside from emperor Elagabalus...and I don't think you would like that story..."

"Ela...?...whatever Nina, let's just go..." he followed quickly behind her.

It was another strange walk in to school for him. His classmates had seen him become stranger and stranger over the past months to the point where most people just ignored him but showing up in an outfit so sexy most of the girls would not be allowed to leave the house in it got them talking again. Adriana looked for Tom between classes but never seemed to run into him. At lunch he ran into Bill who just shook his head at him.

"You'll do anything for that asshole, won't you? Don't you have any self-respect?" he asked icily.

Adriana pouted at him, "You're just jealous. I don't think you were ever my friend anyway! You just want to get in my pants just like him. At least he doesn't try to hide what an asshole he is!"

Bill looked hurt, but as far as Adriana was concerned it was exactly what he deserved. Adriana stormed off, but he couldn't help but notice Bill didn't seem quite so scrawny anymore. It was probably just that Adriana was losing more and more weight and muscle mass every day himself he figured. He never would have believed he could live on as little food as he ate now and that jogging with Aileen could be so fun.

It finally happened after the last class of the day. He had just freshened up his makeup so he knew he looked perfect when he saw Tom down the hall. Aileen, Nina, and Bill were watching together from a discrete distance.

Adriana felt himself enter a sexually charged trance again like he had that morning when Nina showed him the pictures, but not quite the same. He felt the sexual energy flow through him but didn't let it overwhelm him. He walked towards Tom with perfect balance even on his high heels, his hips swaying back and forth accentuating his sexy behind. Aileen and Nina smiled at his new found grace and confidence.

Adriana saw Carrie, that bitch, further down the hall talking to some of her friends. She hadn't seen what was happening yet. "Good" Adriana thought, "by the time that stupid skank realizes it will be over and done with."

Time seemed to slow down for Adriana, all of his stress seemed to float away. His craving for Tom was about to be fulfilled, and nothing would stop it, that was almost as good as having him already. He thought about what Nina had said about Venus. About a goddess of war and love. "Time to go in for the kill." he thought.

Tom had been starring open mouthed at Adriana as he approached. He had always had a thing for the sissy even if he would rather date girls, but it had been enough for him just to tease the sissy and play games with him. It was clear Adriana wasn't playing games anymore. He was like one of Tom's wet dreams come to life. A slutty, sexy, perfect girly boy. It was like Adriana had read his mind and his

fantasies. Adriana stopped directly in front of him with one hand on his hip and the other absentmindedly playing with his black feather boa.

“Hi Tom, what's up?” he asked casually, as if he barely cared about the answer, as if this moment hadn't been weeks in the planning and Tom hadn't been the center of all his obsessions.

Tom moved closer and Adriana stopped playing with his boa and gave him his full attention.

“Oh Hi, Adriana. We should hang out, you doing anything later?” he asked casually.

Tom put his hand around Adriana's waist. Adriana saw Carrie had now noticed what was going on and looked like she was about to explode. She started to rush towards them.

“Who me? I heard you had plans with Carrie tonight.” Adriana asked with feigned innocence.

Tom smiled at Adriana, “That slut? Oh no, she's crazy. Don't listen to her, she lies all the time, you know I like you. I can't imagine why we aren't going out already.”

Carrie stopped, broke out into a massive crying fit and ran off. Tom turned in shock. He had been hoping to have both of them. Adriana had made sure that wouldn't be the case. Tom was ambivalent. Carrie would come crawling back. He had done worse than that to Adriana and the sissy was still begging for his attention. He felt like a god. Women or boys, nobody could resist him.

Adriana smiled at him. “Okay Tommy, that bitch is gone. Kiss me?” he asked innocently.

Tom was more than happy to oblige. They were locking tongues in an instant. Nina and Aileen cheered and wolf whistled. Bill stalked away angrily. Carrie was probably off crying in the bathroom.

Tom held Adriana tightly and both of them flashed back to their make-out session in his car. Adriana felt incredible and high and felt himself riding the wave of lust that threatened to carry him away and make him a slave to Tom like he had been before. He remembered what Nina had said about staying in control.

Tom was about to slide his hand onto the sissy's ass like he had done before, he knew that drove Adriana wild, but before he had a chance Adriana had done it to him and was squeezing his muscled behind with both his hands. Tom bit at Adriana's lip, but Adriana bit back harder. He gasped in pain. He knew what was happening, the sissy was taking the lead. The slutty outfit and attitude was changing their dynamic. The sweet, innocent, shy, good “girl” he had pulled over his lap and spanked seemed like a completely different person now.

Every time he tried to make a move Adriana read his mind and was a step ahead. Adriana nibbled his ear and scratched at him painfully with his nails. The sissy in his arms felt warm and soft and unbelievably sexy and smelled like flowers and spice. Stopping was not an option. He wanted to fuck him right now, right there in the hall. He wanted to tear down those short shorts and tie his hands with the feather boa. He wanted to rip off those panties and jam his cock into that ass while the sissy screamed and begged for more...but he couldn't, he wasn't in control here.

Adriana sensed what was happening too. It was exactly what he had hoped for. He felt Tom struggling with it but knew he had given up his upper hand. Adriana was almost ready for his grand finale, but

first Adriana had to cum. He didn't think Tom would be as enthusiastic about Adriana after all this so this might be his only chance. Even as he tamed and controlled his lust he knew he could not avoid feeding it entirely. He began grinding on Tom's leg as they made out.

Tom wanted to make the sissy stop grinding. He was always the one who wanted to cum first, to control his partner, to decide when they have the privilege to cum. Adriana was using him. Tom couldn't make him stop though, it was just too sexy. Tom's own cock was hard as stone and he felt Adriana's hand slide down his pants, bringing him close to exploding. Suddenly Adriana stopped grinding and kissing and biting, a look of pure bliss shown on his face. Tom would never forget the feeling of holding the orgasmic, hot and flush, sexy sissy slut in his arms. Even as he struggled with the frustration that he had been so close to release when Adriana had stopped he couldn't help but appreciate the perfect moment. The sissy who had walked up to him like something out of a wet dream would live on as a wet dream for Tom for the rest of his life, and what happened next would be one of the nightmares that ended the dream and woke him up.

Adriana smiled up at him sweetly. "You called me a bitch and pushed me over in the lunch room and ignored me and humiliated me with those photos."

Before he could make his apology the sissy kned him in the balls as hard as he could and stepped back away from him. He felt the most intense pain of his life, blinding light overcame him. He screamed. Adriana kicked him in the same place as hard as he could with his high heeled shoes. Tom collapsed to the ground and shouted in agony. Adriana walked away back towards his friend Nina and his sister Aileen, maintaining the same confident, slutty walk he had used before.

"So, how did I do?" he asked.

"Perfect!" Nina squealed, "I knew you had it in you!" The two friends hugged.

Aileen finally recovered from her shock, "Ummm, not exactly what I had in mind, Ade...but if it means you're done with him, I'm all for it."

After school he changed back into his regular clothes before his babysitting appointment and sat on his bed hugging Ruthie to his chest with his left arm. He had missed her horribly. With his right hand he held the Bratz doll. Aileen found him like that, with a tear running down his cheek. She knew what to do and sat beside him and held his hand.

"What's wrong, Ade? I thought you got what you wanted..." Aileen asked in confusion.

Adriana responded quietly, "I hurt him Leeny, really bad. I...I don't want to be like that anymore. I didn't have to do that."

"You feel bad about it?" she asked.

He nodded.

Aileen responded with sympathy, "Then you aren't like you used to be. You just stuck up for yourself, he deserved it. He's a bully and he never liked you the way you liked him..."

"Liked?" Adriana started to cry harder.

“Oh no...Ade...no....you don't still...?” she asked in confusion.

“I still want him...” he sobbed. “...he makes me feel so good. I...I came in my panties when we were making out....and he held me...and I just wanted to melt away into his arms forever it felt so good. I know it's empty. I know it's a lie. I know it isn't worth it. In the end he'll hurt me more than he makes me feel good...but...I can't help myself. I still want him, Leeny....”

Aileen kept trying to make her brother feel better, “You'll get over it, Ade. Just stay away and give it time. He won't want to see you anymore anyway.”

Adriana sobbed again.

“Use your brain Ade, not your heart. All you have to do is stay away. Take on more babysitting, do that maid job Mom found for you. Don't think about him. Just stay away.”

He nodded. “I'll try, Leeny.”

Tom didn't show up at school for the last few days of the year. Adriana struggled every day not to think about him. He did what his sister suggested and tried to focus on working and having fun over the summer and not obsessing about his crush. Instead, he started raiding his mother's collection of trashy romance novels. Over the next few weeks he finished a new one nearly every day. He tried to lose himself in those fantasy worlds of strong, romantic, perfect, sensitive men and forget about his obsession with that bastard Tom.

On one of those early summer days, only a few weeks after the end of the school year, he sat on a blanket at the town's public pool lost in one of his romance books. He wore short shorts and a pink tank top. He had gotten used to showing off his legs but the top at least covered his belly. He had returned to his wild, emo haircut but made sure it wouldn't block his vision anymore. To make up for the lack of the dramatic comb over his eye he had added striking pink and purple highlights.

Every page or so he would look up from the book and keep an eye on Julia as she swam, his first and favorite little babysitting charge. For Adriana, this was the life. Babysitting was easy and fun for him and when he was reading a book instead of helping with homework it hardly felt like work at all. He sighed with pleasure and enjoyed the warm summer sun. A shadow blocked his light as he read and he looked up.

“Hi Adriana.” Bill said.

Adriana gasped. He was wearing a baggy suit but his bulge was still evident. He was toned and muscular and lean. He looked like an athlete. His hair was wet and water was dripping down his body. If not for his familiar friendly smile, Adriana might have thought he was a different person entirely from the scrawny loser Rocco used to harass.

“Hi Billy...” he replied shyly, with an obvious blush on his cheeks.

“What are you reading?” he asked.

Adriana blushed even harder and tossed the romance novel aside. “Oh...nothing...it's boring...ummm,

will you sit with me?"

Bill smiled. He could tell Adriana's opinion of him was starting to change. He felt a little bit bitter, he knew it was purely his new chiseled body that was finally getting Adriana's attention, but he knew Adriana wasn't totally shallow. "If he would just give me a chance..." he thought. He sat down beside Adriana nervously while on the outside maintaining the cool, confident act.

"I like your hair." he told Adriana.

Adriana smiled. He had butterflies in his stomach and he felt lightheaded as if he was a little tipsy. "Thanks, now that I'm not half blind I hope I don't fall over as much." He giggled.

"I think it's cute when you trip." he replied.

Adriana blushed. "Well, I'm still a klutz on heels."

"So why do you wear them all the time?" he asked.

"I...just think they're so cute..." he replied with a giggle.

Bill admired the white high heeled sandals Adriana was wearing. "On you, anything looks cute...I heard what you did to Tom. I wish I had stayed to watch but..." He realized he was just bringing attention to his own jealousy, he had left during the make-out session, unable to watch the boy he loved with someone else any longer.

Adriana looked away. "I'm not proud of it, Billy. I don't like hurting people, it was stupid. That isn't who I am anymore."

Bill stayed silent. He remembered who Rocco used to be better than anyone but Aileen and Alexis. It was a miracle they had stood by him long enough for him to reform himself. Maybe they saw some of Adriana in him nobody else did and knew why he was always acting out. "I know, Adriana. I'm just glad you aren't letting him push you around. I...it took me too long to realize you have to stand up for yourself. Until I saw you standing up for me even when you were a total sissy wimp yourself, no offense, I didn't think there was any hope for someone like me."

Adriana smiled and ran his hand over Bill's muscled arms. "I don't think you need me to help you anymore."

Bill turned and kissed Adriana right on the lips. It was a brief kiss, no tongue...no grabbing and biting like Adriana did with Tom...just a quick peck...and the two boys stared into each others eyes in shock and awe.

They heard a giggle and Adriana turned to see Julia watching them. Adriana blushed and and moved away from Bill on the blanket.

"Julia...this is Bill...he's a friend of mine from school..." the flustered sissy explained.

"Adey and Billy sitting in a tree...K-I-S-S-I-N-G..." she sang in a childish sing-song voice.

Adriana rolled his eyes. Bill stood up, rubbed Julia's head playfully and walked away. Julia sat down next to her babysitter and giggled. Adriana was ignoring her and watching Bill lustfully from behind as he walked away.

Adriana didn't usually remember his dreams, though he knew they were always pleasant, he just had a vague sense of floating all night on those happy pink clouds. That night it was different. He was wearing an old fashioned flowing yellow dress. He was on the deck of a ship and Bill was a rugged pirate captain who had kidnapped him. Bill was shirtless and his hair was blowing in the wind, sweat and seawater dripped down his chest. He grabbed Adriana and carried him down to his cabin. The dark cabin was lit by the most beautiful candles Adriana had ever seen.

Bill dropped him on the bed and kissed him. He ripped open the bodice of Adriana's dress and Adriana gasped and blushed...it became hazy after that, but when Adriana woke up he felt the wet, sticky front of his panties and moaned with lust at the memory of his dream. He remembered the kisses, and sensed a lingering saltiness on his lips. He pulled the sheets off himself and looked down at the stain.

He reached into his panties and felt the warm stickiness, he raised a finger to his mouth and tasted. "Mmmmmmm..." he moaned. Suddenly the door open and Aileen popped her head in, Adriana quickly covered himself again and blushed. Aileen just looked at him in confusion.

"It's late, why aren't you up already?" she asked.

Adriana ignored the question and replied dreamily. "I think I'm in love, Leeny." he sighed.

Aileen frowned at her brother. "Tom again? You were doing so well..."

"Billy." Adriana replied and leaned back on his pillow with a happy smile. "I saw him at the pool, he was so hot. Like a model. And he was so nice..."

Aileen squealed. "Yes! Finally! He's the perfect boyfriend for you, Ade! Should I tell Mom or should you? Ohh! I'll tell her! I can't wait! Get up already!"

His sister left the room and Adriana got up and started getting ready for his day. He couldn't wait to see Bill again. Unfortunately for Adriana, he may have moved on from Tom but Tom was not yet done with him.

It happened a week later. Adriana was babysitting one of his favorite clients, a six year old boy named Danny. Adriana was dressed comfortably in black yoga pants and a white tee with a rainbow design on the chest. He wore black high heeled sandals.

Danny had been one of the first clients he had picked up after Julia and they got along very well. Danny was a shy, sensitive kid and Adriana just thought he was the sweetest little boy he had ever met. His parents were very strict about the rules, but Adriana was professional enough that enforcing the parent's rules was always his top priority. Rule number one for babysitter's at this house was "No Boyfriends Allowed." This was the worst place for Tom to show up, but he did.

Adriana had avoided going anywhere near him since their last meeting at school. Tom showed up at his house a few times but Adriana hid inside while Aileen yelled through the door that she would call the cops if he didn't go away. Adriana had to change his cell phone number too because Tom kept

calling. He never listened to any of the messages. He had to go cold turkey.

Adriana wasn't sure how he had found him at Danny's house, it could have been from some other girls who knew where he babysat was or he could have been followed. It didn't matter, the only important thing was to get him to go away.

Tom banged on the door furiously. "Adriana! Get out here, bitch!"

Adriana recognized the voice immediately. Danny was looking up at him in confused fright.

"Go to your room, Danny." he told him.

"What's wrong?" he asked, looking about ready to cry.

There was more banging at the door.

"He's just an ex-friend of mine. I don't want to see him anymore and he doesn't like it. Go to your room right now. I won't say it again!"

Danny complied, or he seemed to. He actually hid by the top of the steps. Adriana was too scared to notice. Adriana nervously walked to the door and looked through the peephole. Tom looked furious. He banged on the door again.

"I know your watching me Adriana. I can smell you." he yelled.

Adriana shuddered in fear and disgust while at the same time his head spun as his dormant attraction to the dominant boy resurfaced. Adriana struggled to press it back down.

"Open up, bitch, or I'm kicking the door in. Try and explain that to this twerp's parents." he threatened.

Adriana meekly responded, "Go away. Or I'm calling the police."

"No you won't." he replied, "if his parents find out I was here you know what will happen. Let me in, I just want to talk."

Adriana panicked, there was no other explanation for it. He was too afraid of getting in trouble that he made an incredibly stupid decision. He opened the door. Tom barreled in and punched him hard right in the eye and Adriana screamed. Tom grabbed him by the hair and threw him down on the couch and pinned him. He jammed his tongue into Adriana's mouth. Adriana bit his lip hard and drew blood and he backed off with a hiss, and then slapped Adriana across the face. Adriana cowered under him and cried.

He ranted at Adriana, "I could forgive you for acting up and kicking my balls, I like feisty bitches, you little whore, but now I hear you're making out with that other faggot Bill at the pool? I don't think so. You're my bitch. Stay away from him or I'll kick his ass too. And maybe that sister of yours too, you think she would like the backseat of my car as much as you did?"

They heard a small voice from across the room. "Leave her alone or I'm calling the police." Danny had the phone in his hand and there were tears running down his face. Danny was always a bit

confused about Adriana, no matter how many times he was told Adriana wasn't a girl he kept calling him a her. He was a little too young to understand what Adriana was. Adriana usually found it cute and had stopped correcting him, but right now she was too preoccupied with keeping Danny safe to think about all that.

“It's okay Danny, I told you to stay in your room, we're just playing...” Adriana tried to stop crying, but he wasn't fooling Danny. He started to dial.

“Shit.” Tom said as he got up to leave, “You understand me, cunt?”

Adriana nodded. He had to stay away from Bill. Or else.

Danny put down the phone as Tom ran off. Unfortunately for Adriana, his parents came home and saw the boy running from the house.

They were furious. “We told YOU! You aren't allowed to have your boyfriends over here, we don't even let the girls do it much less someone like YOU.”

Adriana was too flustered to explain himself. They fired him. He kept crying as he gave Danny a final hug and said goodbye. He looked Danny right in the eye. “Thank you Danny, you were very brave, you did the right thing.”

“Don't go...” he begged.

Adriana didn't want to, but he had no choice. He could hear Danny complaining as he left. “It wasn't her fault! She's my favorite babysitter, I don't want a new one!” he whined. His parents were having none of it. The only consolation for Adriana was that he knew they would turn to Nina for babysitting instead. Danny would like her too.

By the time he got home his eye and cheeks were starting to swell. Aileen was in a panic. He explained Tom had slapped him around again and she was furious. She told him to call the police and explain. Adriana refused. His sister just didn't understand how humiliating it would be to tell the police his boyfriend beat him up, and if he crossed Tom again it would be Bill and Aileen and anyone else he loved who might be in the line of fire.

Despite what he had said at the pool, he did think he still needed to protect Bill. He was still the scrawny little kid in Adriana's mind. As for Aileen, Rocco had already hurt her enough, she didn't deserve to have a new bully in her life.

He spent the rest of the week hiding in his house, waiting for his black eye to go away. Aileen kept trying to cheer him up but there wasn't anything she could do. Adriana just stayed in his room with Ruthie by his side, reading romance novels and hiding from the world. On Friday he was near recovered and the remaining bruising could be covered with makeup. He was going to start his job as a maid over the weekend. At first he thought it might help him, just give him some hard work to occupy his time instead of moping around in his room all day. He wasn't so sure once his mother showed him the uniform he would wear.

When she brought him to her room and showed him the outfit his face turned red and he stamped his foot in frustration. “Mother, it's ridiculous. I can't work in that. Why did you do this?”

He made sure not to say he wouldn't wear it. He could see his "little reminder" was near at hand and Alexis glanced over at it meaningfully. If she decided he would wear it, he was going to wear it.

"Isn't it lovely, Adriana? Well, I had it custom made just for you. Isn't it obvious why? You're only doing this job because you wanted to dress like a slut, so I decided to treat you by letting you dress like a slutty sissy maid! It was easy to find slutty maid outfits for women, even in male sizes, but I know you don't want to wear skirts like a girl so I had to have something totally unique done up for you."

Adriana shook his head in disbelief, "But it must have been so expensive..."

Alexis smiled at him. "Not a problem."

Adriana groaned. "You're adding it to my bill?"

"Of course! You're the one who needs it after all!" she cheerfully replied.

The uniform consisted of short black pettipants with ruffles down the leg and a white bow at each hem, a crisp white short sleeves blouse with a prissy, feminine bow tie, and of course a frilly but functional white apron. There were white anklets and new black shoes with a modest heel so he could move around and work without losing his notoriously bad balance. To top it off there was a black maid's cap with white lace accents.

Alexis ordered him to try it on and he consented. In the mirror he could see one humiliated boy. The outfit was sexy, and actually comfortable enough that he could see himself working in it, but it was just so humiliating. He was used to wearing feminine clothing but to be dressed as a sexy male maid just made him feel so degraded and inferior.

His mother told him to clean the house to get used to his new uniform. When he was doing his sister's room she tried to send him away but Alexis insisted. Aileen started chatting with him instead to help pass the time. He mostly spent it moping and complaining so she tried to make him feel better.

"You do really look sexy, Ade. You should wear it for a boy sometime." she giggled.

Adriana blushed but he knew it was true, "I don't care. That's different. Just because I wanted to impress one boy doesn't mean I want to dress like a slut all the time. This is working not having fun, even if I have to be a maid can't I keep my dignity?"

Aileen giggled, she couldn't help herself. "I'm not sure what a male maid could wear to keep their dignity. At least you aren't wearing a dress or a skirt."

Adriana glared at her but kept cleaning her room. She was right, after all.

The next day he nervously knocked on the door of the house his mother had sent him to. It was a large, impressive looking house. He would obviously have plenty of work to do. A well dressed, regal looking woman opened the door and looked him over with a smirk.

"Are you Mrs. McKinney?" he asked.

“So you must be my new maid?” she replied.

“Umm, yes, my mother sent me. I'm Adriana.” he replied.

“Yes, Ma'am!” she corrected.

“Umm, Yes, Ma'am.” he replied sheepishly.

She gestured for him to enter and began explaining his duties. He would be responsible for cleaning the house and helping to serve meals. She wasn't very formal about it beyond making sure he addressed her with proper respect. He wouldn't have to curtsy to her and learn some complex set of protocol, just keep the house clean and help her out running the household. He actually started to think it wouldn't be such a bad job.

“I like your uniform, Adriana.” she told him.

“Umm, Yes, Ma'am, my mother had it made for me.” he replied.

She smiled at him, “Oh, you like it too? I'm glad, I was going to suggest you wear something more practical but you should stick with that if you like it. I insist. Just be careful not to get it too messy, you have to be presentable if we have guests over. Besides, I'm sure my son will love you in it...”

Adriana frowned, he had walked right into that. And a son? How would he react to having such a swish hanging around his house? Wait, did she say the son would like him in it...? She saw the moment of confusion on his face. “Oh yes, he likes both boys and girls. You kids today.” She shook her head at him.

“Back in my day there was none of this gay and bisexual nonsense. At least not out in the open.” she gestured vaguely at him obviously including his sissyness in that nonsense, “but he's my son and I love him, he can do what he wants. Ahh, here he comes now...”

A bisexual son...Adriana's mind started to race. Wait, had he seen a red mustang parked on the street...?

He started to back away in fright before Mrs. McKinney's son even turned the corner, but he had nowhere to go. Tom and Adriana locked eyes. Tom was surprised at first and his hand started to move defensively to his crotch before he controlled the reflex. He quickly started to smirk and then smile at the new maid.

Adriana's cheeks turned bright red and he trembled in humiliation and fear. Of all the people in the world he would want to show himself off for in his sexy male maid outfit, Tom was the last. Even so, blood rushed to his crotch and warmth spread all over his body. The uncontrollable desire for the boy was clawing at Adriana's mind.

Mrs. McKinney watched the two boys and could sense some of the fireworks going off in their heads. “So, you two know each other already?”

“Yeah Mom, we met at school.” Tom said.

She frowned at her son. “This isn't the one that assaulted you is it? My poor baby.” She glared angrily

at Adriana who was still fidgeting in fear and trying to keep his feelings under control.

“It was just a misunderstanding Mom, he was jealous of Carrie. Their little catfight over me got out of hand. Adriana is truly sorry now though, right?”

Adriana nodded mutely and stared at the floor as they discussed him.

Mrs. McKinney went on, “I did like that girl so much. What ever happened to her? You shouldn't hold what this jealous little sissy did to you against Carrie. You should get back together. You know I prefer it when you date girls.”

Tom rolled his eyes at his mother. “I know, Mom, but I can't help who I like. You're right though, I should give Carrie a call.”

Adriana looked up and a flash of jealousy crossed his face before he could control it. Tom saw it clearly and his smile grew. Adriana tried to save some face in front of his new boss, “Umm, Yes Ma'am. I won't get in the way of them again. It was childish of me to be jealous just because Tom doesn't like me like I like him.”

Mrs. McKinney nodded approvingly. “Good, now let's get to work. I'm going to make sure you work extra hard to make up for what you did to my son. How could a girly-boy like you be so violent? It's very unladylike you know. Maybe working as a maid will help you learn how to behave more femininely...”

As his mother led Adriana away Tom's smirk faded and was replaced with pure, malevolent anger. He had the bitch right under his nose, and he was going to make sure Adriana paid for what he had done.

Adriana did his best to put on a brave face for his family, Tom's threats to Aileen were still fresh in his mind. He tried every excuse he could think of to get his mother to let him quit the job, but she wouldn't budge.

The weeks went by in misery. Mrs. McKinney and her husband weren't that bad to work for, but when they were away Tom would have Adriana all to himself. Adriana would be at work on some chore, dusting or mopping or sweeping or polishing, the list went on and on and on, and Tom would corner him and continue his obsessive abuse.

Adriana was kneeling on the floor trying to get a stain out of the carpet, his ass in the air and jiggling up and down as he scrubbed. He could feel Tom behind him. He had been there for quite some time, standing silently and watching. Adriana could feel his eyes burning into him.

Exhausted, he stopped scrubbing at the stain for a brief rest.

“We aren't paying you to sit around, bitch.” he heard.

“Yes, sir.” Adriana started scrubbing vigorously again.

“Do you like cleaning off stains, bitch?” he emphasized the word bitch every time he said it, remembering how Adriana had complained about it when the sissy thought he had the upper hand on him.

Adriana stopped scrubbing and meekly replied, “Yes, sir.”

“Good.” he replied.

Adriana could sense him coming up closer behind him.

“Get up and turn around.” he ordered.

Adriana turned and stood and faced him for the first time. His large erect cock was hanging out of his pants. Adriana tried to look away but his uncontrollable urges wouldn't let him. His face was blushing crimson and his hands were locked in a deathgrip on his apron to keep himself from reaching out to embrace the boy he hated so much. His own cock tented the panties and pettipants that restrained it.

Tom stepped closer and pulled Adriana against him and and kissed the sissy, shoving his tongue down his throat while Adriana tried to squirm away. His exposed cock rubbed against Adriana's smooth, silky apron and he groaned in pleasure at the feeling.

He pulled away from the kiss and turned Adriana around forcefully. He untied the apron slowly, soaking in the fear of his trembling, unwilling partner. Adriana turned back around, the apron now hanging loosely. Tom wrapped his cock in the material and moved Adriana's hand to it.

“I'm going to make a stain on your apron, bitch. No worries though, you can clean it up later. Start stroking.” he ordered.

Adriana did as he was told while Tom reached behind to fondle him on his ass, enjoying the feel of the ruffled pettipants on his hand and the warmth from Adriana's hot ass below them. Adriana tried his best to do what he was told mechanically and without passion, but his body was betraying him. He started to stroke with more purpose and push back to feel the hand on his ass. His knees started to go weak.

Through moans of pleasure Tom spoke, “See how much you love me, bitch? See how stupid you were to try and fight me? Now, massage my balls with your other hand...gently.” He emphasized the last word. Tom reached under Adriana's chin and and made the sissy look up from his chore to look him right in the eye.

“Don't you think you owe me an apology, bitch?” he asked.

Adriana felt the two balls he gently and obediently held in his hands while he whispered, “I'm sorry.”

“Good.” he replied, and kissed Adriana on the cheek. “Now finish the job.”

There was no more talking. Adriana stroked and stroked until her arms were tired until Tom finally came with a loud yell. He slapped Adriana's hand away and gently started massaging his own cock with the apron while he enjoyed the afterglow of the handjob. When he was satisfied he dropped the apron from his grip and turned Adriana back around. He rubbed his now flacid, sensitive cock against Adriana's ass and enjoyed the sensations. He bit and sucked at Adriana's neck while the sissy continued to tremble in lust and fear.

He backed off and began to re-tie Adriana's apron. Adriana looked down at it and saw a total mess. There was a huge, messy, wet, dripping cumstain. In total humiliation he looked up at Tom. "Shouldn't I...clean it now sir?"

"Why? It's just cum. You can get it out later." he said in a relaxed tone.

Adriana hated wearing it. "Well, shouldn't I take it off so I don't drip on anythi..."

He interrupted. "No. I like you in an apron, especially one covered in my cum. It looks cute on you, and it reminds you that you're supposed to be a submissive little servant who always does as he is told. Doesn't it?"

Adriana sniffled, almost on the verge of tears his humiliation was so deep, "Yes, sir."

"Don't cry," Tom told him with mock sincerity, "just get back to work, you stupid fucking bitch."

Adriana instantly did cry like a little girl scolded by a parent, but in frustration he turned back around, knelt on the ground, and resumed his scrubbing. Tom circled around him and watched. His arms kept brushing up against the stain again and again feeling the slimy warmth of Tom's cum which just made him cry more.

"I said no crying." Tom reminded him. "You know you loved every second, bitch. Do you want me to give you a reason to cry?" he asked menacingly.

Adriana still couldn't get his emotions under control. Tom grabbed him and pulled him to his feet and punched him hard in the stomach. Adriana crumpled to the ground with the wind knocked out of him. The world pulsed around him in pain and panic. Tom walked away laughing. Adriana stopped crying. He realized he would be okay. The pain didn't matter, as long as he still hated the asshole. If he stopped hating him, if he gave into the lust his body demanded of him, only then would he truly be lost. He just had to keep hating him.

Adriana returned the next time with a clean apron. Tom would stain it again and again over the next few weeks. Adriana got used to it, but he faced new challenges when Carrie started showing up. She and Tom had started dating again which made Tom's parents happy. They loved her, any girl who could keep their son away from boys was okay in their mind. She took every opportunity to be around the house when Adriana was working. She took great pleasure in ordering him around and having him serve her, always with total politeness.

"Your lunch is served, Ms. Carrie."

"Let me help you with that, Ms. Carrie."

"I'll do it right away, Ms. Carrie."

Despite how irritated she knew Adriana must be, she still knew if she wanted real revenge she would have to do more than just embarrass the boy so she waited patiently until Adriana let his guard down.

Adriana, for his part, was happy to have her around at first. She distracted Tom and if she could truly win his heart Tom would hopefully lose interest in bullying him. With that in mind he was more than

happy to help Carrie out when she asked a favor one day.

Adriana was a bit suspicious, but the favor seemed innocent enough. Carrie knew Adriana understood exactly what Tom liked in a girl so she called and asked him to help her prepare for a date one night when he wasn't working.

Adriana dressed casually in denim capris and a wrinkled pink t-shirt. He didn't want to look better than Carrie and make her jealous again. "I could, too, it wouldn't be that hard" he thought with a smirk, but quickly reminded himself why he was doing this.

Carrie greeted him warmly with a hug when she opened the door, squealing her excitement and quickly pulling him inside and up to her room. "Oh Adriana, I'm so glad you agreed to do this and that we're friends now. I don't know why we ever started fighting in the first place."

Adriana smiled and agreed, quickly putting his doubts aside. He had seen his sister and her friends go back and forth between hating each other and being best friends a million times. He thought that's just the way girls are. He shared with her everything he had learned about how to please Tom. A lot of it was old news to her since it had been based on emulating her in the first place but Adriana explained it in a way that gave her insight on her own appearance she wouldn't get without the outside perspective.

After they had planned out her outfit and makeup for her next date with Tom, Carrie reached into her jewelry box and pulled out an extremely expensive looking set of diamond earrings. Adriana was blown away by how pretty and expensive they looked.

"Oh wow!" he gasped, "Where did you get those?"

She smiled, "They're great, aren't they? My Aunt Betty left them to me after she died. Do you think Tom would like them?"

Adriana didn't hesitate a second, "Of course he would, and even if he didn't how could you hide something so beautiful and elegant?"

Carrie smiled, "I guess you're right. Do you want to try them on?"

Adriana was curious how they would look but he knew he had to be cautious not to make the evening all about himself so he pretended like he didn't care, but Carrie insisted.

"Don't worry, Adriana, we're friends now. You can try them on, and borrow them any time you want. Friends can share things they like." She handed the earrings to Adriana.

He started to put them on but flinched when she continued slightly more seriously, "Well, we can share SOME things."

Adriana got the message. She was welcome to him. Carrie gushed over how great the earrings looked on Adriana. She insisted they take a picture together to remember their first night of friendship so they sat together in front of the webcam on her computer while she took the pictures. Adriana felt quite satisfied with the new situation and smiled all the way home. He had succeeded in helping Carrie out and turned her from an enemy into a friend. It was becoming clear to him that friendship really was preferable to fighting all the time, with girls or with boys.

A few days later he was happy to see his new friend and took a break from mopping the floor at the McKinney residence to greet her. “Hi Carrie...I mean Ms. Carrie! How was your date?”

“Are we alone?” she asked.

Adriana figured there were some juicy details she didn't want anyone to overhear. “Yes, Ms. Carrie. The family is out at...”

“Good.” She simply laughed at him. “You stupid slut. You still didn't figure it out?”

Adriana's confusion was plain.

“What do you think Mrs. McKinney would do if she found out her diamond earrings were missing?” Carrie asked.

Adriana gasped and clenched his hands on his apron in rage and despair. He looked at her angrily, “I'll tell her the truth. You took them.”

She laughed hysterically. “And who do you think she and the police will believe, the girlfriend the family loves or...the maid they leave alone at their house all the time?”

He saw his future flash before his eyes. The police would obviously suspect him and when she showed them the pictures...that bitch, they would have all the proof they needed. He couldn't let her give him to the police. He could never survive that. Bad things would happen, horrible things.

He did the only thing he could do, he fell to his knees and begged her. “Please don't do it, please don't do it. I was wrong to ever have crossed you, I'm a stupid slutty bitch. You proved it. I won't cross you ever again!”

He started to become incoherent with panicked tears. “I can't go to jail, they'll do things to me, I won't survive. I know I was wrong to mess with you but...please don't do this. It's too much. Please don't do it, I'll do anything you say. I'll never be jealous of you again just because you are so much more pretty and attractive than I am. Please...”

A satisfied smile crept onto her face. “Okay, I'm glad you understand now. I wouldn't want you to go to jail. It's much more fun to watch you suffer in person. But I think you should have a big reminder not to mess with me anymore, and about what happens if you do.”

Adriana nodded through his relieved crying, “Yes, Ms. Carrie!”

“Okay slut, here's your big reminder.” She handed him a wrapped package.

In a numb state of terror and disbelief he opened the package. It contained a large black cock shaped butt plug with the words, “Adriana's Big Reminder” written on the side in silver lettering.

“Do you like it?” she asked. “I heard your mother has a little reminder for you. I don't think something little would quite get my message across, would it?”

“No, Ms. Carrie.” he squeaked.

“It's almost a favor, isn't it? If I didn't provide such a drastic reminder, you might forget what's at stake, hmm?”

Adriana considered it, and honestly she made a good point.

Carrie continued, “So just a simple addition to your uniform when you're working here, to remind you who your real mistress is. Let's try it on! Bend over the counter, will you?”

Adriana bent over the counter as ordered, wondering how his life always managed to go so horribly wrong. Carrie pulled down his pettupants and panties and kicked his legs further apart.

She leaned forward and whispered harshly in his ear, “Don't ever fuck with me again slut, or this will be a real cock from some guy not half as gentle as I am.”

She rammed the unlubricated plug all the way up his ass in one harsh stroke. He screamed in the worst pain he had ever encountered.

“That's what you get if you fuck with me slut, that's what you get, REMEMBER slut, don't forget this. You can use lube when you do put it in from now on, but REMEMBER.” she screamed.

The pain started to fade over the next few hours as he worked, but he moved slowly and stiffly and in a daze. He didn't forget her message, not that day or any other day when he inserted his big reminder and dressed in his maid's outfit to go to work. It was more important than ever that he remember that he was just the maid. He can't ever make Carrie suspicious that he was after Tom ever again. Over the next few weeks Adriana started to put Tom out of his head more and more.

One day he was babysitting Julia and showing off his now near expert sewing skills by repairing the torn dress on Julia's Kit Kittredge doll while Julia watched TV. He was wearing lavender khaki shorts with a white tee featuring a lavender butterfly design and his white high heeled sandals.

The show on TV was one of those talent shows for kids. Adriana was mostly just treating it as background noise until one particular contestant was introduced. It was a transsexual girl named Cecily St. Claire who actually lived only a few miles from their town. Julia probably would have known her from the local school but the introduction said she was homeschooled.

“Can you believe it's a boy?” Julia asked.

Adriana was amazed. Cecily was astoundingly pretty and feminine. She had flawless long blonde hair and wore a blue and white checkered gingham dress and ruby slippers. She was dressed as Dorothy, but it wasn't her appearance or her costume that blew them away. It was her voice.

When she was introduced she had looked scared and nervous, almost completely overwhelmed, but when the music started all of that went away and her face was a picture of calm and focus. She sang “Somewhere Over the Rainbow” of course and it was the most beautiful rendition Adriana had ever heard. It was so pure and perfect it was like she had the voice of angel but she still captured the intense longing and sadness of the song. When it was over Adriana realized he was softly crying and Julia was staring at the TV in silence. The crowd erupted in applause and it was clear Cecily would win the

competition. Adriana almost felt like he knew Cecily, like he had met her before, but he knew he would have remembered that. He figured he just felt that way because they had similar gender issues and had to make drastic changes in their lives. He wished he had the courage to have realized what was wrong with him as young as Cecily did instead of wasting his life in denial and taking out his anger on the people around him.

A while later he was humming happily to himself while he worked on fixing the doll. He appreciated babysitting even more now that he had such a horrible second job. His head was so up the clouds he hadn't heard the doorbell ring and was shocked when Julia came running into the room excitedly to announce there was someone at the door for him.

Adriana froze in sudden fear remembering the last time he had an unannounced visitor while he was babysitting. He thought of sending Julia out to tell him to go away but instantly realized he couldn't do that. He grabbed his phone and held his finger over the emergency call button and went to the other room to confront his visitor.

What he saw sent his heart beating out of his chest. He dropped the phone and nearly swooned with emotion. Bill was standing at the door holding a dozen roses, a handsome smile on his face. The two boys locked eyes. Adriana gasped and got a hold of himself, "You can't be here, I'll get in trouble. I'm not allowed to see any boys...Tom..."

Bill shushed him and Adriana fell silent, gazing into his eyes. "I'm not here to visit, just to deliver these." He handed over the flowers and Adriana clutched them to his chest and deeply inhaled the intoxicating scent. He opened the card that was attached and read the simple message. "I love you, Adriana."

Adriana lunged across the doorway and kissed him, his wonderful manly scent mixing with the perfume of the roses. Adriana had never felt so wonderful in his life, the two boys felt like they were glued together and could never be torn apart, and they floated off into space in a state of bliss. The kiss lingered for nearly a minute until Adriana and Bill floated back down to Earth and remembered where they were.

Bill held Adriana close with the flowers between them. "Will you be my boyfriend, Adriana?"

Back in reality, Adriana's face contorted in pain and he quickly broke out of Bill's grasp, tears forming in his eyes. "I can't."

Adriana ran inside and slammed the door behind him.

"I love you too." he whispered through the door.

Bill wandered away in a state of confusion and frustration while Adriana collapsed on the couch and cried hysterically while still holding the flowers in his lap, drinking in their scent. Julia held his hand and tried to calm him down. She didn't understand how complex a grown up relationship could be. If the two boys loved each other, why shouldn't they be together? But Adriana must have his reasons.

Adriana went back to his sewing, but instead of being lost in the clouds all he could think of was how much he hated Tom and that bitch Carrie. As the summer passed Bill and Adriana did not see each other again, but in the back of their minds they could never forget that kiss. They could never forget

the scent of the flowers. The prickling of the thorns as their bodies joined together with the flowers between them. The love in their eyes.

In early September Adriana showed up for his last session as a maid on a Wednesday night. He found Tom at the house alone watching a football pregame show. The Giants were playing the Cowboys in the first game of the year. Adriana didn't really have any interest in football anymore, he had his girly hobbies like fashion and sewing and babysitting to occupy his time. Even so, when Tom offered to cancel his last day working to just hang out and watch the game Adriana saw no reason to refuse. He had never done anything as difficult as cleaning a house with a butt plug up his ass in his life and he had done it enough for one lifetime. He would have to suffer Tom's company anyway so he might as well watch the game instead of being leered at while he scrubbed floors.

“Only one thing” Tom told him. “You have to cheer for the Cowboys. That won't be a problem, will it?”

Adriana smiled, “I'm from New York originally, no way I'm rooting against the Giants.”

Tom just stared at him for a moment. Adriana got nervous. “I don't think I was clear, you're cheering for the Cowboys. And you better make me believe you mean it or I'm gonna kick your ass again before I send you home tonight. This is your last day, maid, so it's going to be memorable one way or another.”

Adriana started to hyperventilate in fear, he knew there was nothing he could do, stuck alone with this asshole. Tom went to a closet and retrieved an outfit for Adriana. It consisted of a blue long sleeved halter top, a white vest with blue stars, and a pair of white hot pants with blue stars on the belt. There were also white high heeled boots and two blue and white pom-poms. A Dallas Cowboys cheerleader outfit.

“Do you understand me, maid?” Tom asked.

“Yes, Master” Adriana responded in a trembling, humiliated voice. It was one thing to betray his gender, he had left most of his male pride in the rear view mirror a long time ago, but this was even worse. Even a sissy should be able to pick their own team to root for.

“Put it on, the game is starting soon.” Tom ordered.

Adriana took the outfit and started to leave the room.

“No need, you can change here.” Tom pointed to the center of the room, in front of the TV, and he sat down on the couch to watch.

Adriana trembled as he turned away from Tom and loosened his apron.

“Face me.” Tom instructed.

Adriana turned back around, red faced. He started to unbutton his blouse as quickly as he could to get the degrading process over with but Tom stopped him.

“Take your time.”

Adriana's heart thudded in his chest as he removed his blouse and stood only in his heels, pettipants, and bra.

Tom groaned and Adriana saw he had his hands down his pants. Adriana hated being forced to strip for this asshole to satisfy his perverted obsession, but there was no way out. He pulled down his pettipants and they fell to his ankles. He turned around and bent over to untangle them from his heels. He heard a laugh from behind him and he froze in fear. The butt plug was easily visible behind his black thong panties.

“Nice toy, you horny bitch. I bet it feels nice and snug jammed up there, it must make you think of me every minute, doesn't it?” he asked through his lecherous moans.

Adriana turned back around and pouted. He wanted to scream at him and call him an asshole and run away but he was stuck where he was, being a plaything for this prick. Even so, he could feel his unavoidable lust for Tom growing the more he was dominated. Tom saw Adriana grow hard in his panties and smiled.

“Finish changing.” he told the sissy.

Adriana kicked off his heels and pulled up the hot pants. The halter and the vest came next. He slipped into them slowly and sexily like he knew Tom wanted. After he had the boots on he stood in front of Tom and waited for his response while he just sat there starring with his hands down his pants. Eventually he stood up and walked up to Adriana, who flinched back in instinctual fear as Tom's hands reached towards his head. Tom laughed, kissed Adriana on the forehead, and proceeded to remove Adriana's maid's cap.

“You forgot that, you airhead” he reminded the sissy as he handed over the pom-poms and dropped the cap on top of the pile of maid's clothes on the ground.

“Now cheer for your team, you bimbo.” he told him.

Adriana was shaking with annoyance but knew he had to comply. He had no idea how to cheerlead so he just jumped up and down as much as he could handle without falling over in the high heeled boots and sang “Let's go Cowboys!” over and over. When the game started Tom shushed him and made the sissy sit next to him on the couch. Tom put his hand around Adriana's shoulder and held him uncomfortably close. His dick was out of his pants now and rock hard. Every time the Cowboys made a big play or scored Adriana was made to get up and cheer again and scream about how much the Giants suck. He couldn't believe what he was being forced to do.

At halftime Tom put the TV on mute. “It's time, Adriana.”

“Umm...time for what...Master?” Adriana replied. Whatever it was time for, Adriana knew it wouldn't be good.

Tom pointed to his cock. “You're a cheerleader, remember, you ditz? It's time for the halftime show.”

Adriana shivered with anger and lust as he reached his hand over to Tom's cock, knowing it was pointless to protest. It was better to just do what Tom wanted then to get him angry so he would hurt

him again, and still make him do whatever he wanted anyway.

Tom grabbed Adriana's hand and held it away from his cock. "No no, you empty headed slut. Didn't I tell you that one day I was going to cum in your mouth and make you gag and swallow it all down. That you would be on your knees gagging on my cum? Well, today's the day you've been waiting for."

Adriana felt the pull of his lust. He did remember being told that. At the time he had begged Tom not to make him wait. Before he knew what was happening the sissy was on the floor staring up at the huge, beautiful cock in front of him. Adriana's own cock was bulging in his panties. He didn't care how much he hated Tom, he just knew sucking this cock would make him feel so good, like all the other sissy things he did. He was meant to be a little cocksucker dressed up in a slutty costume for his man. This is who Adriana is.

He licked the tip of Tom's cock and he heard Tom groan in pleasure. The cock was hot and smooth and delicious, Adriana could not believe how good it tasted and smelled and how great licking it made him feel even as he was being drowned in the humiliation at letting Tom take advantage of him once again. He closed his lips over the cock and bobbed his head up and down. He loved the feel of the warm hard cock in his mouth, the pleasure jolted through him again and again.

"Oh yeah, you stupid whore. You bitch. Aren't you having fun?" he asked as he gasped in pleasure.

Adriana just kept sucking. Tom pulled Adriana off his cock by the hair and held him away from it.

"Oh yes, Master! I love it! It's unbelievable." The sissy licked his lips, bringing a fresh wet appearance to the bright pink lipstick he wore. "Please sir...let me keep going, please!"

Tom laughed and released his hold on the cocksucker's hair. The sissy went back to work with enthusiasm. All thoughts of resisting his lust for the boy were gone. All thoughts of Bill were gone. All he wanted to do was to suck cock, the rest of his life was all too confusing and complex. This was simple and fun.

"You need to learn to do it right though." Tom grabbed Adriana's hair again and pushed him all the way down on his cock, his dick jammed right down the sissy's throat.

"I said you would gag! Gag bitch!" he laughed as the sissy gagged and struggled but quickly seemed to get the hang of it like he had been deep throating for years.

Adriana couldn't believe how easy it was to breathe while still taking the huge cock all the way like this, he had no idea how he was doing it, like the whole thing had been part of his sub-conscious somehow just waiting to burst free like the rest of his sissy lifestyle.

Adriana's cock was rock hard in his panties and as he bobbed his head and his body up and down he could feel the butt plug moving in him with the same rhythm. He moaned in pleasure around the cock in his mouth. He imagined he was bent over a table with one cock in his mouth and another fucking him in the ass. He got lost in this perverted fantasy and drifted away from his just as perverted reality. He could see it was still Tom's cock in his mouth and as he looked up Tom looked down on him with a sneer and called him a whore. He felt the cock in his mouth twitching violently like it was ready to cum. He looked behind him to see who was fucking him in the ass. It was a big black guy in an orange jumpsuit. Carrie was standing beside him, laughing. The humiliation overwhelmed Adriana and fueled

his lust even more.

“Oh GOD!” Tom screamed, snapping Adriana back to reality just in time for the cock to explode in his mouth. The first load shot right down his throat and at the same time Adriana came in his panties. Adriana's pleasure was white hot and exploded out of his cock and deep inside his ass out through his entire body. He was on fire with orgasmic pleasure. The muscles of his back involuntarily arched him back as he spasmed and the cock popped out of his mouth. The rest of Tom's load splattered all over the sissy's face.

In the afterglow the world seemed weird and distorted. Adriana felt empty and helpless and degraded and didn't understand what had happened. He sat at Tom's feet panting and hugging his muscular leg. He had no will to move unless he was told to by his superior. He was totally under Tom's spell again. All he wanted to do was submit.

Some time later after Tom's heavy breathing died down he pushed Adriana away and went to the discarded pile of clothes. He picked up the apron and approached the sissy, who looked down at the ground in appropriate deference. Tom stuck his finger under Adriana's chin and made him look up. Tom wiped the cum off Adriana's face with the apron, staining it again.

“Master...” Adriana whispered...”I made a mess in my panties too.” he reported, red faced.

Tom smiled, “I know, that's okay sissy. I'll do something about that later. I don't want you to cum without permission.”

“I'm sorry, Master.” he replied.

“You're my boyfriend now, Adriana. Nobody else will get in the way.” he told the sissy.

“But...I can't, Carrie, she...”

“I'll dump her.” he said matter of factly.

“It's not that...” Adriana blushed as he thought of the man in the orange jumpsuit from his fantasy and quickly rushed on to tell Tom about the blackmail.

Tom laughed, “So that's why you've been wearing the plug. I noticed before tonight, you know, your walk got even more swishy you little fag.”

Adriana blushed but said nothing.

“Carrie may be a crazy bitch, but she's ruthless and clever. You gotta respect that. It's why it was so fun for me to mess with you two. Anyway, I know those earrings. They're fake. Mom doesn't care.”

Adriana groaned, the whole ordeal had been pointless. “THAT BITCH!”

Tom nodded and pulled Adriana to his feet. He sat back down on the couch and Adriana sat down next to him, and the two boys cuddled close together.

Tom just laughed at Adriana cursing his rival for Tom's love. “Anyway, I'm done with her. And I know

you're done with that Bill fag too, because if not you know I'll make your life a living hell.”

Adriana felt cold icy fear, suddenly remembering who the psychopath he was cuddling with really was. Why did this always happen? Why couldn't he resist him? Every time he tried something pulled him back in, and the pleasure and the pain always came in equal parts.

Adriana rested his head on Tom's shoulder and closed his eyes, feeling the warmth and strength beside him. His resistance melted away again. The sound of the game drifted away. He didn't care if he had to root for the Cowboys, football was stupid anyway. Who cares about football? Men, and he isn't a man, he's a cocksucking sissy bimbo who needs to learn just to do what he's told. Everything is so much more simple that way.

Adriana drifted off to sleep like that. When he woke up the game was over and he felt strange. He was lying nude on the couch and there was something attached to his cock. He reached for it and felt a plastic tube, he tried to pull it off but it was locked on.

“It's a chastity device, to make extra sure my little slut doesn't get any ideas about cheating on me.” Tom held up a key. “I'll hold onto this until we need it. Get dressed and go home, my Mom is coming home soon.”

Adriana put on his maid's outfit one more time, cumstained apron and all. The chastity and the plug combined to be incredibly uncomfortable. He hated the experience. Tom grabbed him at the door and gave him an aggressive kiss goodbye, biting and sucking on his neck as usual. “Now go home bitch, and don't tell your family about your little chastity aid. Or else. I'll see you at school, and we're going out on Friday.”

Adriana nodded and left the house. “That fucking asshole.” he muttered to himself.

So for the next few weeks they were boyfriends. Carrie tried to follow through with her blackmail only to be thrown out of the house by Tom's mom. As miserable as Adriana was with his current situation at least it was nice that he got the last laugh there. That cunt!

Every day at school he was forced to follow Tom around like a puppy dog when he wasn't in class. They would make out right in the halls in front of everyone and Tom would loudly refer to Adriana as his bitch for everyone to hear.

On Friday nights they would go out on a date and Tom would make Adriana suck his cock again. It made Adriana horny as hell but with the chastity device on he couldn't cum. The lust drove him crazy, he would jam his fingers up his ass to try and stimulate himself while he blew his boyfriend, but it wasn't enough to make him cum with no stimulation at all for his cock.

Bill would see them in the halls day after day, looking hurt and betrayed and confused. Adriana wanted to explain but Tom wouldn't let him. Multiple times Adriana had to run from class crying like a little girl because he couldn't put up with the situation he was stuck in. He got detention a few times for acting like such a drama queen and disrupting class.

At home Aileen tried to help him out of his funk but there wasn't anything she could do to get through to her brother. Ever since he had taken the maid job he had shut himself down from her and become more and more isolated and introverted, spending all his time at home holed up in his room with his

Ruthie doll and his romance novels.

One day in late October Adriana was walking down the hall trying to avoid Tom when Bill popped up beside him. Adriana was startled and clumsily tripped in his heels as usual but Bill caught him. Their eyes locked together with longing for a moment but Adriana shoved Bill away when he regained his balance.

“What do you want?” Adriana asked testily.

“I want you to go with me to the Halloween dance.” Bill replied.

Adriana stomped his foot in frustration. “I already have a boyfriend, you know that!”

Bill just nodded and walked away. Adriana was shocked. Bill looked resigned, like he didn't even care anymore. Adriana ran to the bathroom and had another crying fit. That afternoon he was giving Nina a ride home when she dropped a bombshell on him. “So Ade, did you hear about Bill and Aileen?”

Adriana's ears perked up. “Ummm, hear what?”

“She asked him out to the Halloween dance and he said yes!” Nina excitedly exclaimed.

Adriana nearly drove the car off the road in shock before recovering his senses. “WHAT!? That doesn't even make sense! He doesn't like girls! Why would she DO this to me? It isn't fair!” he whined.

Nina shrugged as they arrived at her house, “Well, ask your sister, I think they'll make a cute couple and you had your chance. Bye Ade!”

Adriana said nothing and spun the tires loudly as he sped away home. He stomped his way in the house and up the stairs right past his mother's request to demand to know what was going on. He went right to the door of his sister's room and tried the knob but it was locked. He banged loudly on the door and screamed, “LET ME IN, AILEEN!”

He kept banging on the door to no avail and then backed up. He rushed forward with his shoulder down to break his way in right as the door opened inward. He screamed as Aileen dodged out of the way and he tripped into her room. He sat there crying and rubbing his ankle as Aileen looked down on him with her arms folded, not coming to comfort him as she normally would.

“What do you want, Adriana?” she asked.

Through his crying he screamed, “WHY? You know I like Billy, why would you do this to me!?”

She shrugged. “You have a boyfriend, Adriana, and it isn't Bill. Every time he tries to get close to you, you drive him away. You can't expect him to wait for you forever. If you like him, than dump that asshole Tom and PROVE IT!”

Adriana flinched as his sister yelled at him and whined back, “But it doesn't even make sense, he doesn't like girls. You know that. You could have any boy you want, why are you doing this to me?”

She angrily pointed a finger at him, “I’m not doing anything to YOU. If you want him, you can HAVE him.”

She reached for her phone and dialed Bill’s number and held it out for her brother to take but he refused.

“Fine then, so stop bitching at me about it. If you have to know, I asked him out because...well...we both have a similar problem. You see...I don’t like boys. I’m sick of getting asked out all the time. Boy after boy every day. This way Bill and I don’t have to worry about anyone bothering us about it anymore.”

Adriana stared at his sister in shock. “No way...I don’t believe it! You’re a lesbian?”

Her face flushed with anger. “Oh, is there something wrong with that? You’re the biggest queer on the planet, don’t lecture me!”

Adriana looked hurt. He stood up, flinching on his hurt ankle and smothered his sister in a hug. “It’s not that...” he explained, “It’s just...well...Aileen...BOYS ARE AWESOME! When they hold you and squeeze you and...when I’m with Tom I feel like...well it’s the greatest feeling in the world and...how could you not like th...” Adriana trailed off as Aileen began frowning at him again.

“I guess it isn’t all that great all the time...” He started weeping openly and collapsed on her bed. This time she came and comforted him while he cried himself out. She was more certain than ever Adriana needed her help to escape Tom. If making him jealous was the only way, then that is what she had to do.

Once he was calmed down she asked him, “Do you want to see something cool? I’ve been working on a costume for you and your date, and I did two for me and Bill with the same theme too, I think you’re gonna really like it...”

Adriana lifted up his red, tear stained face in curiosity. Aileen went to her closet and opened it. There were three costumes on display.

“This one is mine.” Aileen noted, and pointed to the first one. The top looked like a lot like his maid’s outfit. He squinted. He was pretty sure it was his maid’s outfit. He promised himself to never tell her about what Tom had repeatedly done to the apron. The skirt, however, was what made the costume amazing. It was an incredibly full skirt layered with black and white feathers.

Aileen smiled at him. “Do you get it?”

Adriana shook his head and she laughed at him. “It’s FiFi, the feather duster from Beauty and the Beast, remember?”

Now Adriana got it and he laughed. The feather duster was a maid who had been cursed with the rest of the household, the candle Lumiere was her boyfriend. “Very nice, and I’m glad you found something to use that old maid’s outfit for. I know I wasn’t ever gonna wear it again.”

Aileen smiled at him and showed off the next costume. “This is for Bill.”

It was a suave suit in golden colors with a white shirt. It came with a top-hat in the shape of a candle with a wick at the top and a tiny little battery powered orange light. Lumiere the candle, of course, to go with his girlfriend.

“And this if for your Tom, of course...” she continued. “The Beast.”

The costume featured black pants with a gold stripe, a white shirt, a long blue coat, and a ferocious, intimidating but still somehow hauntingly handsome bestial mask.

Adriana was impressed, but the thought of what must be coming next dominated his thoughts, “But Aileen, you don't mean that I'm going to go as...I'm a boy you know that...I don't want to wear...a dres...”

His voice trailed off to nothing as Aileen revealed a fourth costume, a stunning yellow ball gown. It was a perfect replica of the dress from the movie with full skirts covering billowing white petticoats and a bodice that would leave his shoulders bare. It came with long yellow gloves, golden earrings and stunning yellow heels. There was also an elegantly styled brunette wig with a yellow hairband.

Adriana was so entranced by the dress he forgot to breath until Aileen ran over to him and grabbed him in a hug. “I KNEW you would love it! I knew it! I know you don't normally wear dresses, but this is Halloween, that doesn't count! You can go as whoever you want and you LOVE Belle! Isn't it perfect!? Isn't it the best costume ever!?”

Adriana was still shell shocked but he managed to squeak out...”But how did you afford all this...all the material...to make four different costumes....?”

Aillen laughed, “Oh, Bill and Tom agreed to chip in, and as for ours well...”

Their mother's voice rang out, startling the boy, “I paid for your costume, Adriana. You did so well paying me back after your last mistake and you haven't been getting into any more trouble since. You deserve a treat! And as a bonus...”

She showed him the paddle she had named his little reminder and his hands reflexively went to his behind in fear “...I don't think you need this anymore.” She tossed the paddle into the trash can.

Adriana forgot about all his troubles and gave his mother and sister massive hugs and squealed out his thanks. He knew he would end up having a great time at the dance.

In the dark parking lot Adriana moans as Tom sucks on his neck, knowing the humiliating hicky and bite marks will show on his neck at the dance. Only a few minutes earlier he had been all smiles, posing with Bill, Aileen, and Tom as his mother took their picture before they headed off to the dance. Now he was awash in the conflicting sexual responses he always had to Tom, the lust of his compulsion to be with the boy and the disgust he felt for him mixing together.

Tom retrieved a key from his pocked and dangled it in front of Adriana's eyes before dropping it in the center console of the car. “I'm going to unlock you when we get back to the car, doesn't that make you happy, my little sissy princess?”

Adriana moaned again in lust and anticipation, eager to end his months long forced chastity. “Yes,

Master.”

Tom went on, “And after I unlock you, we're going to go into the backseat and I'm going to pop your cherry. I'm gonna fuck your ass for an hour right here in the parking lot until you scream and cum all over my seats. I'm gonna blow your mind and split your ass wide open, don't think that plug prepared you. And when I'm done fucking you I'm going to make you lick up all our cum and mess until my car is clean. Your sister may be wearing the outfit now, but you'll always be my maid, my little servant, you little bitch. Let's go.”

He opened the door and got out of the car. Adriana took a moment to fix his makeup while Tom put on his mask and came around to the other side of the car to take his date's hand and help him out. Adriana took his hand nervously as they walked towards the school gymnasium where the dance was going on. Even after all he had been through, all his humiliating experiences, he never could have fathomed walking into his school wearing a ball gown and an elaborate wig dressed as a Disney Princess.

Adriana thought about the other present his sister had given him before they left. It was waiting in a pink backpack in Tom's car.

“Hey Ade,” she said, “Remember those sexy purple heels you got when we first went to the spa?”

Adriana nodded, “You called them stripper heels and said I would never find an outfit to go with them!”

Aileen giggled, “Yeah, that's them! While I found something!”

It was a full purple corset with black bows, matching thong panties, and matching garters and stockings.

She continued, “Might as well get a stripper outfit to go with stripper shoes. Tom is gonna love it!”

Adriana couldn't deny she was right, and he would finally get a chance to wear those sexy shoes!

The gymnasium was a writhing mass of people in costumes of all shapes and colors. He wasn't the only boy dressed as a girl, but deep down he knew there was some major differences between him and other boys, people would think he belonged in dresses. He was starting to think they weren't that wrong. He wore girl's clothes all the time anyway, and he certainly acted more like a stereotypical girl than most women. He thought about all his boy troubles and drama queen moments and blushed. Maybe skirts and dresses weren't so bad, maybe he could wear them more often, at least for special occasions like this. What else would he wear to a dance now anyway? Or a wedding?

He spent the night on Tom's arm, dancing when Tom wanted to and stopping when he didn't. He followed Tom around like a puppydog like he normally did. He did his best to please Tom and be the perfect date. Tom never wanted to slow dance though, and that was a shame considering Adriana's amazing dress was just made for it. He took the risk of sticking his neck out to beg for a slow dance and finally Tom agreed, smirking and saying he would do anything to make his bitch happy. Adriana just took the insult with a smile. He got what he wanted after all.

They moved back and forth to the music, Adriana following his lead every step of the way. He was actually a good dancer, Adriana realized. They almost had a romantic moment. Tom leaned forward

for a kiss as the music began to swell to a crescendo but at that moment Adriana looked across the dance floor and saw an orange light above the dance floor. What was it? And then he remembered Bill's hat. They locked eyes. Adriana vaguely remembered a dream of candles and a yellow dress. Tom was surprised as his lips hit Adriana's cheek instead of his lips, and his eyes followed his date's.

Tom's grip on Adriana's arm became increasingly strong and tight. He dragged Adriana over to Bill and Aileen. Aileen scampered away as Tom confronted Bill with Adriana held firmly at his side.

"I warned you, fag. Adriana is mine. If you fuck with him anymore I'm going to kick your ass and beat Adriana here into a pulp..." he paused a moment, "...Again."

Adriana started to cry. This was his worst nightmare. He had done everything in his power to carry this cross himself and keep everyone else out of the way. Bill had been through too much bullying in his life. He didn't deserve any more, and now he was in trouble with Tom just because Adriana was too much of a tease to make him lose interest and...

"Just fucking try it." Bill replied.

Before Adriana knew what was happening he was being dragged outside behind Tom as whispers spread covertly around the dance that there was going to be a fight. It was all a blur to Adriana as he watched through his tears...Bill...don't do it...don't get beat up for me...

Adriana stood in the circle that had formed around the two combatants. Girls and boys in costumes surrounded them urging them on while Adriana begged them to stop. "No! Please don't! Don't fight over me! Tom, I love you. Don't hurt him, please!"

"I know you love me, bitch." Tom replied with a wink as he removed his mask.

A look of intense anger and determination flashed over Bill's face and in an instant they were going at each other. They exchanged a few punches back and forth with little damage, but then quick as lightning Bill managed to tackle Tom and take him to the ground. He punched at Tom's face wildly.

Adriana couldn't believe it. The takedown was like something out of an MMA fight and now Bill was wailing on Tom without mercy. It was so astounding Adriana could barely admit it had happened. Bill had won the fight and it wasn't even close! He was better at fighting now than Rocco ever had been! What kind of training had he been doing at that gym? It must have been tireless work to turn himself from the scrawny little kid he has used to be into the confident and strong young man he was now. And he had done it all because he loved his Adriana!

Adriana ran into the circle and pulled Bill off the beaten and bloody Tom and kissed him. He could taste and smell the blood and sweat and Bill's manliness just drove him wild. There were butterflies in his stomach and deep underneath the skirts of his yellow ball gown he could feel his cock straining to be free of the chastity device.

He broke off the kiss. "I love you Billy!"

"Yo Adriana, I've waited long enough, will you be my boyfriend?" Bill asked.

"FOREVER!" Adriana gushed as they hugged.

Suddenly Adriana grabbed his arm, “Come with me!”

Adriana and Bill ran away towards the parking lot as the onlookers stood in shock. Tom staggered to his feet and retrieved a knife from his pocket. He was just about to follow after the couple when security arrived. An off-duty police officer saw the knife and ordered him to drop it. He tackled Tom to the ground and handcuffed him.

Aileen and Nina stood watching Bill and Adriana run off and shared a giggle. Nina looked over at her friend, “He really believed you're a lesbo?” she asked.

Aileen laughed, “I like to mess with his head sometimes.”

“Really?” she replied.

Aileen smiled, “You don't know the half of it.”

Adriana and Bill approached the beautiful red Mustang at a jog. Adriana had taken off his heels so he wouldn't trip and was holding up his skirts and petticoats to keep them from trailing on the asphalt so he had Bill do the honors. Bill picked up a rock and smashed the window of the car setting off a loud alarm. He quickly reached in and retrieved Adriana's key and backpack. Adriana handed Bill his heels and took the key. As they ran off there was a loud 'screeeeeeeeeeeech' as Adriana keyed a line all the way down the side of the car.

“ASSHOLE!” he screamed as the two lovers ran off to Bill's car to get away before security caught them. As they ran Adriana started to giggle uncontrollably prompting Bill to ask what was so funny. “Belle isn't supposed to end up the stupid candle!”

Bill laughed briefly but replied more seriously, “That Beast wasn't turning into a Prince any time soon...Let's make our own story, Ade.”

“I love you, Billy.” was the only reply.

As they drove Adriana tearfully tried to explain why he had rejected Bill for so long out of fear of Tom and how much he wanted to be together with Bill but he quieted him. It didn't matter anymore. Bill drove to a house where a friend of his was having a party after the dance since his parents were away.

At the party they both drank a few beers and smoked some pot that was being passed around to calm their nerves after the adrenaline rush of the fight and their run through the parking lot. They tried to mingle and socialize but they really couldn't think of anything but being alone together. As they padded up the stairs Adriana blushed as he heard a few wolf whistles behind them.

They locked themselves in the master bedroom of the house. Adriana had Bill unzip his dress and then disappeared into the bathroom to change. When he was dressed in the purple and black lingerie set and his stripper heels he felt more sexy and desirable than he ever had in his entire life. When he left the bathroom he found Bill lying on the bed in his underwear. He beckoned Adriana to his side and they immediately started passionately making out.

It was so different for Adriana than with Tom. Bill was so gentle and loving. He used his strength to

support and brace Adriana rather than to push him around and intimidate him. Adriana drifted towards the end of the bed and started kissing his feet, and then kissed his way up to Bill's crotch. Adriana pulled down his underwear and tossed them aside, freeing the bulging cock that was trapped beneath. His cock was even bigger and more beautiful than Tom's. Adriana looked up at his lover and Bill nodded at him. Adriana took Bill's cock in his mouth and sucked lovingly.

He repeated praise for Adriana's performance over and over, it was a stark contrast from the humiliating way Tom treated him when Adriana gave him head. There was no hair pulling, no jamming his cock down Adriana's throat, no humiliating and abusive insults. There was only love and respect.

“I love you, baby, oh my god I love you so much Adriana, you are so great.” he told his Adriana over and over.

The two locked eyes as Adriana worked, and Bill's smile as he came made Adriana as happy as could be. When he recovered from his orgasm Bill gently wiped the cum off Adriana's face with a tissue. A gentlemanly gesture to a boy used to having his own apron or other clothes used for the purpose after a blow job.

The two cuddled together and made out some more until finally Adriana turned on to his stomach and stuck his ass in the air in submissive expectation while hugging a pillow below him.

“Aren't you forgetting something, baby? Bill asked as he held up the key to Adriana's chastity device.

Adriana blushed. “I guess I forgot...I don't even care anymore as long as you're happy, Billy.”

Bill smiled. “Well I care.” He reached over and unlocked the device and Adriana gasped in pleasure as he experienced freedom down there for the first time in months. As soon as his cock realized it was free, it became rock hard in anticipation of what was about to occur. Bill spread lube all over his cock and fingers and then began applying the lube to Adriana's asshole. Adriana was shaking with happy expectation as he felt the fingers inside him.

“Are you ready?” Bill asked.

“Ready! Give it to me, Billy! Give it to me!” Adriana replied with glee and screamed out in a loud exclamation of pleasure as Bill's cock took his anal virginity.

Bill started slowly in fear of hurting his inexperienced partner but Adriana was screaming out like an over-acting porn star with every stroke.

“OH YEAHHH!”

“UHHHH! HARDER!”

“OH! OH!”

Bill stopped for a moment and laughed with his cock still buried deep. “Are you making fun of me? Are you faking, Ade? It's okay if you don't like it at first.”

But Adriana wasn't faking a thing. He turned around, his eyes glazed over with lust, “This is the best

thing that's ever happened to me! I love it! KEEP FUCKING ME BILLY, PLEASE!” he begged.

Bill resumed.

“OH YEAH! HARDER!”

Bill complied.

“FASTER! FUCK ME FASTER! YESSSSS!” Adriana screamed. He was totally lost in the moment and had no care at all that he was in a stranger's house crowded with people. None of that mattered. It felt too good!

Bill picked up his pace and fucked his sissy boyfriend as hard and fast as he possibly could. The constant loud screams of pleasure and the begging for more made him hotter and hotter and he started to lose his mind and yell along with them.

“OH YEAH, JUST LIKE THAT, FUCK ME JUST LIKE THAT! NOOO, NOT LIKE THAT! HARDER HARDER HARDER!” Adriana screamed at the top of his lungs.

Bill yelled back, “IF I FUCK YOU ANY HARDER WE'RE GONNA BREAK THE BED!”

“I DON'T CARE! OH-YEAH! FUCK! HARDER!”

Downstairs the party-goers listened to the wild sexual exchange from above and heard the frantic banging grow louder and louder, shaking the lights that hung from the ceiling. Some tried to go outside to escape it but it was echoing all over the neighborhood through an open window.

Drool poured from Adriana's mouth as he hugged his pillow and reveled in the incredible fucking his boyfriend was giving him. The two were lost in their own world, covered in sweat and lube and surrounded by the sounds of their bodies slapping together and the screams of their lust. Adriana didn't know what he was screaming anymore, he wanted to tell the whole world how much he loved Bill and loved getting fucked in the ass but he was so overwhelmed with lust and pleasure he couldn't put it into words.

The banging sounded like a jackhammer now. The bed was shaking. It felt to the two boys like the whole world was shaking around them, like they were making an earthquake.

BANG

“YES! BILLY YES!”

BANG

“ADE, HOLY FUCK, YOU'RE SO HOT! YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL! I'M GONNA CUMMMMM!”

BANG

“ME TOOOOO!”

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG CRASH

The old wooden bed cracked under the pressure and fell apart. The mattress hit the floor and with that impact they came together with two final lustful screams. They floated together in a heavenly dreamworld where time had no meaning and their bodies were one.

Eventually they came to their senses and realized what they had done. They got dressed and made their way downstairs. Adriana could not walk right without Bill to support him and he felt the cum leaking into his panties as he moved. Some of the party-goers had returned once the noise died down. They stared at the two costumed boys and whispered to each other.

Adriana knew what they must be thinking. "Those two queers finally got together. That sissy fag we used to call Rocco got his ass pounded and loved it. Freaks."

Adriana didn't care. Who cares what other people think? He's a sissy, so what? He was born a sissy, and he will always be a sissy. No more pretending to be something he isn't. He has Bill, and his sister, and his friends, and his family. Those are all the things he needs.

Bill looked to his friend who was throwing the party and grimaced, "Uhh, sorry about the bed...we'll pay for it."

Adriana giggled and Bill smiled at him. Adriana held the arm that was supporting him firmly as they left and Adriana smiled back.

"Don't let me trip!" Adriana told him.

"Never." he replied.

THE END