

The Sissy-Girly Game  
by SissyKimmy1

Chapter 1 – Let's Play Ballerina

I couldn't believe this was happening to me. I was still in shock. It was all my little sister's fault. She was always a little bitch but now she had ruined my life completely. I never thought she would take it this far. I couldn't believe she wouldn't come clean and tell our parents the truth. She was following behind me snickering as we approached my new home. My father rang the doorbell.

“Dad! You have to believe me! She made me do it!” I attempted to explain one last time.

“Quiet Jimmy, the decision is final,” my Mom replied.

Time slowed down as they waited for the answer and the last few moments of my old life ticked away. I squirmed uncomfortably in my clothes. I was wearing pink Mary Janes, opaque white tights, and a frilly pink dress with petticoats my little sister had once worn as a flower girl. Underneath it all I'm wearing girl's GoodNites underwear, diapers really, meant for bedwetters. They were printed with pink and purple flowers and butterflies.

This was the third time my parents had caught me dressed in such a manner in the past month and I had been warned of the consequences. My little sister knew what would happen too. She did this on purpose. I seethed in anger as I recalled what she did to me.

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It started years ago. My sister, Kelly, was big and strong for a girl her age and I'm weak and small for a boy. She was a natural bully and loved exploiting this situation to make her older brother's life a living hell. Her favorite thing to do was called “The Sissy-Girly Game.”

The rules of the game were simple. The game started when one of us (always my sister) would yell, “Let's play the Sissy-Girly Game!” and the first part of the game ended when one of us (always me) exclaimed, “I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!” The methods she used to make me say it varied, but usually she just tackled me to the ground, put her knee in my back, and twisted my arm until I was crying. I had no choice but to surrender.

The next phase of the game was the real highlight for her, however, as the loser was forced to dress up as the little girly-girl they said they were. I still remember the first time she played the game with me. She dragged me to her room while I cried in pain as my eye swelled. My little sister had beaten me up and given me a black eye and made me humiliate myself, how could this have happened? Once we were in her room she selected an outfit and showed it to me. It was one of her old ballet dresses. It was a pink peasant sleeve dress with a satin ribbon lace up on the bodice and an attached tutu skirt with pink roses at the waistline.

“Put it on.” she ordered me.

With tears in my eyes and blushing cheeks I stood shivering in anxiety before her as she handed me a pair of pink satin panties. As I held them in my hand I realized I could not possibly let her do this to me. I dropped them and tried to run out of the room. She caught me and dragged me back. She

twisted my arm again until I was screaming and begging her to stop. She held me down and put the panties on me by force. My little sister had beaten me up and forced me to wear her panties. My resistance was broken and she made me say, "I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!" again before letting me up.

She handed me white tights and I pulled them on over the panties. After that she put me in her ballet dress and put a bow in my hair. She gave me pink ballet slippers to put on. She handed me a tube of bright pink lipstick and ordered me to go to the mirror and put it on. So there I stood before my little sister dressed as a sissy little ballerina because she had beaten me up. Our relationship would never be the same. How could it be?

"You can't make me wear your clothes. I'm your older brother. It's not right," I complained.

She laughed at me, "Not anymore. From now on you're my little sissy sister. If you want to be my older brother again, well, try and win the game next time! For now, I'm in charge and your new name is Samantha!"

I was as utterly humiliated as a boy could be. My little sister was turning me into her bitch. It got even worse. As the waves of humiliation overcame me I could feel myself getting hard in the silky panties under my tutu. Why was this happening to me?

For the next few hours she made me play the part of her girly little sister. She made me speak in an excited and exaggerated high pitched girly voice. She ordered me to take mincing little steps and to hold my wrists out limply and generally just act as effeminate as possible. She put on an instructional ballet video and watched me as I tried to dance along with it. She made me wait on her hand and foot. I had to go downstairs and make her lunch while wearing a frilly apron over my ballet dress. I was so frustrated and upset at how I was being treated but I knew I wasn't man enough to stand up to my little sister.

After a few hours she realized our parents were coming home soon and ordered me to undress. She saw I had left a wet spot on her panties from my arousal and glared at me in anger. "Samantha, when you borrow someone's clothes you can't go making a mess in them! I think it's cute your enjoying yourself though. I'll have to think of a solution for that icky little problem though. I can't wait for the next time we play!"

I frowned, "Next time?"

She nodded.

## Chapter 2 – Let's Play Princess Bedwetter

Back in the present I squirmed with the memory. Her solution to my little arousal problem was the GoodNites I now wore. The door opened and I saw the woman who would be my new guardian. She was an extremely stern faced middle aged woman with black hair held up in a tight bun. She wore a rather plain black dress. She looked like a tough disciplinarian.

She greeted my parents and my sister and escorted them in. I stood behind on the doorstep shaking in fear. She looked down at me and crossed her arms. "Samantha, come inside this instant!"

With tears in my eyes I complied. “Yes, Ma'am.”

“Yes, Mother.” she corrected me.

“Yes, Mother.” I replied with a pout.

Her name was Mrs. Julia Donovan and she had officially adopted me. My parents had disowned me because of my girly ways and she had been looking to adopt a boy like that for quite some time. I was warned this would happen if I didn't stop my “self-sissification” but there was nothing I could do. My sister wouldn't stop playing her awful game with me.

We sat in the living room while my parents chatted with my new mother. I thought more about how I ended up in this mess.

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After the third time we played the game my mother noticed that I was wearing lipstick. I had forgotten to clean it off. I broke down in tears and explained what Kelly was doing to me. I begged her not to tell Dad but she ignored me. I tearfully had to explain to him that his only son was being beat up by his little sister and forced to wear her clothes. He never looked at me the same again. Kelly denied it had ever happened and with crocodile tears in her eyes accused me of stealing her clothes and makeup and how violated it made her feel.

They believed her. She had them totally fooled. My father screamed at me, “You deserve to be dressed up as a sissy if you let your little sister beat you up! If it was true, you could stop it any time. You obviously don't want to stop being a sissy, but you better or there will be consequences.”

I was grounded for a week and severely spanked. The next time we played the game Kelly decided to punish me for accusing her in front of our parents. She dressed me in white panties with flowers on them, her jeans, and a pink t-shirt that she had custom made for me with the words, “Little Princess Bedwetter” written on it in darker pink glitter. She dragged me to a grocery store and ordered me to go inside and buy two packages of girl's GoodNites.

Blood pounded in my ears and my face blushed crimson as I entered the store. My sister followed behind me at a discrete distance to watch my humiliation. Every head did a double take when they saw the boy dressed in girl's clothes that proclaimed him a little bedwetting princess. I felt like the whole world was looking and laughing at me.

I stood in the diaper aisle with a frown as I tried to find what I was looking for. My hands were sweaty and shaking from embarrassment and anxiety and I found myself becoming aroused in my panties again. Why was that happening? I hated it. The humiliation got even worse when I had to carry the two soft pink packages under my arms.

The woman at the counter could barely contain her laughter. I stared at the ground and wished I was anywhere else. As instructed I responded, “No thank you,” in a nervous, stuttering voice when asked if I wanted my purchases bagged.

She slapped two “Paid” stickers on my GoodNites and said, “Thanks for shopping with us, princess-boy!” I was forced to walk home openly carrying my humiliating new undergarments.

“No more telling on me and trying to ruin our fun, Samantha, or we'll be playing it in public a lot more!” she warned me. “Nobody likes a prissy little tattler tale.”

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Even if I was going to be stuck as Samantha with my new mother I thought my one comfort would be that I would never have to see Kelly's stupid face again. My new mother ruined that though, after my sister cheerfully told me, “Goodbye! Have fun with your new Mommy. I'm going to miss you, Samantha!” Mrs. Donovan invited her to be my babysitter when she had to go out. My mother and father left without even saying goodbye. I started to cry.

When they were gone my new mother turned to me. “Okay Samantha, stop your sniveling, it's time to show you your new room and to learn the rules for living under my roof. Trust me, you don't want to break them!”

And that's how my new life began.

### Chapter 3 – Let's Play Schoolgirl

I frowned at the name “Samantha Anne” written on the door in pink lettering as Mrs. Donovan, Mother, led me into the room. I walked around and explored. It was a big room, as large as my parent's room in my old house. The room had lavender colored walls with white curtains. There were dolls and other girl's toys neatly spread around the room. I pouted at how girly and prissy it looked. There was also a TV and an antique looking desk with a brand new pink Macbook Air. There was a canopied queen sized bed with lavender covers and white pillowcases and sheets. There was a plastic sheet under the covers because of my sister's lies. I had my own bathroom with a similar girly color scheme and a closet that looked well stocked with clothes meant for a little girl. If the room wasn't meant for a girl I would have considered it a much nicer room than my old one right from the start.

“What do you say, Samantha?” my new mother asked me.

“Umm, thank you Mother, but...” my face turned red with anger. I couldn't restrain myself any more and I started to have a tantrum. “I'M NOT A GIRL AND I DON'T WET MY BED AND IT'S ALL MY SISTER'S FAULT. I WANT TO GO HOME!”

My new mother smothered me in a hug and tried to soothe me. “You are home, Samantha. It's all right, it's all right, shh...” she told me over and over until I calmed down. She sat me down at the foot of my new bed while I finished sniveling. Maybe she would be nice after all I thought. My old parents would just call me a sissy and a baby when I broke down like that and tried to explain what was happening to me but Mrs. Donovan had calmed me down and soothed me like...I stopped crying suddenly and tried to act like the boy I was claiming to be...she had soothed me like I was a little girl having a fit.

“Samantha,” she addressed me.

I interrupted and tried to explain myself again. This time I kept my emotions in check, “My name is Jimmy and I'm a boy. I want to change out of these clothes now. My sister makes me wear them. I never wanted to.”

“SAMANTHA ANNE DONOVAN!” she shouted, “You do not interrupt your mother, ever. I know all about your little sister and you don't need to explain anything to me. I'm sure you're telling the truth about everything she did to you.”

“So I can change?” I asked with hope.

“Of course not. It seems to me your sister and family were exactly right about you. What kind of boy lets his little sister beat him up and put him in her clothes? What kind of boy wears girl's GoodNites because he wets his bed? Only one kind. What kind has a crying fit like a toddler because he's homesick? No matter what you want to be it is clear what you actually are. You are a little sissy boy, Samantha, and that's how your mother intends to raise you. From now on as far as you are concerned you can think of yourself as my twelve year old bed wetting little daughter. If you ever bring this up again, starting now, you will be punished for it until you learn your place.”

“But I don't wet the bed!” I insisted.

An impatient look passed over her face but she allowed me to give my side of the story. After my shopping trip to buy the GoodNites I always wore them when my sister made me play the game so I wouldn't have to wear her panties. They made me feel even more humiliated and more like her little toy which made my little problem with being aroused by the clothes more intense but they did a better job of hiding and containing what was going on.

Mrs. Donovan's face showed extreme disapproval whenever I brought that little problem up. “I hope you know none of that funny business will ever be tolerated in this house, Samantha, if I ever catch you there will be severe consequences!”

The humiliating thought made me blush even harder as I continued to tell her what had happened to me.

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I was sitting outside reading a book. I had hoped staying out of the house would keep her from bothering me, but it didn't help.

As I was reading I heard a loud screech behind me, those words I hated and feared. “Let's play the Sissy-Girly Game!”

Before I could move she grabbed my arm from behind and held me. She grabbed one of my fingers and bent it backwards. I screamed in pain and tried to resist but in only a matter of seconds I issued the obligatory reply. “I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!”

“Oh?” she replied non-nonchalantly, “Well, prissy little girls shouldn't be outside fighting! They should be inside playing dress-up!”

Kelly made me wear one of her old school uniforms. It consisted of white tights and white girl's loafers, a crisp white blouse, and a plaid pink and white jumper dress. I had a matching pink headband in my hair and of course she made me put on her pink lipstick. She sat me down at her desk with a pink pen and some paper and told me to write an admission to our parents that I was a sissy little bedwetter.

“I promise I won't show it to them, Samantha. I just think it'll be funny. It's just make-believe, girly-girls like you love to play pretend, don't they?” she asked mockingly.

“You're such a liar! I hate you!” I responded angrily. I tried to run from the room but she was on me before I could get away. I had been able to escape my little sister's bullying by locking myself in my room until our parents got home a few times before. She pinned me on the ground and started giving me indian burns on my arm until I was crying and begging her to let me go. God I hate her! She pointed to the desk and I knew what I had to do.

That's how I ended up writing an essay in girly pink script titled, “Samantha the Sissy Bedwetter” in which I told my Mom and Dad I was having constant problems with keeping my sheets dry and that I was addressing the problem by buying GoodNites for girls. She was true to her word and didn't give it to them, at least right away, but she began a campaign to make the made up story true.

She started one morning by ambushing me in my room before I had a chance to relive myself and pinning me down on my bed. She tickled me until I lost control of my bladder while screaming at her to get away. As soon as I was wet we heard a yell from downstairs. My father was asking what all the noise was about and before I had a chance to reply Kelly screamed, “DADDY, JIMMY WET THE BED!”

He stormed upstairs and I was caught red handed. After the incident with the lipstick and my “false” accusation that it was my sister's fault he had no patience for my explanations that she had struck again with her mischief.

After that incident it was much easier for her to peg me as a bedwetter. She would just dump warm water on me as I slept. I tried to explain it was just water but my parents thought I was “lying” again. I started to lock my door at night but my sister told on me and my Dad took the lock off. He said it was unsafe to sleep with the door locked in case of emergency. Now I had no way to hide from her. I begged her to stop and she gave me the conditions. I had to wear the GoodNites to bed every night. So, for a while I didn't have to worry about waking up wet, but as far as my parent's were concerned my reputation as a wetter was established and I had to go to sleep wearing a distinct reminder of how much my little sister dominated my life.

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“Well,” Mrs. Donovan said, “That reputation is well established here too. If you stay dry like a young lady should you won't have to worry about plastic sheets and GoodNites any more. You just have to prove it to me.”

“Okay.” I mumbled in reply.

She cleared her throat.

“Yes, Mother.” I corrected myself. At least that was something to look forward to. “But Mother...”

“Don't say it, Samantha.” she interrupted sternly.

“I'm not a sissy boy! Just let me prove that to you too and...”

She grabbed me by the ear and led me to the desk. She picked up the computer and the remote control for the television. “No TV or Internet for a week. Now go to the corner for twenty minutes!” she ordered me.

I was dumbfounded. My old parents had tried to spank the sissy out of me and yelled and screamed and worse. I had expected a similar sort of punishment from my new stern looking mother but instead she was simply grounding me and giving me a time out like...like...the naughty little princess I was dressed up as.

“Samantha Anne Donovan, I won't tell you again, to the corner, NOW! Or do you want a month?” she asked me.

“I'm not a twelve year old girl! You can't treat me like one and expect me to go along with it!” I screamed back.

She sighed. “I was hoping it wouldn't come to this, Samantha, but if you don't adjust to your new life there is only one option for you. I'm going to send you to a boy's boarding school, one that specializes in dealing with juvenile offenders from the court system. I'm going to send you there with nothing but your dresses and GoodNites and we can see if you can really hack it as a boy after that. I don't think a boy who can't even handle his little sister will do well in a place like that. Do you really think that would be better than living here in a big house with a big room and a loving mother and everything you could ever want? All you have to do is accept who you really are, my sissy daughter Samantha.”

I was defeated. The option she gave me was even worse than being here. I could find another way out. I took small slow steps until my nose was pressed up in the corner, crying softly with my vision full of lavender paint.

She sighed heavily. The tension dissipated from the room. “A real boy never would have chosen the corner,” my new mother told me with certainty in her voice.

As she handed me a pink teddy bear to cuddle with during my corner time I realized...she might be right.

#### Chapter 4 – Let's Play Flower Girl

“Time's up, Samantha.” Mother said gently.

I turned from the corner still sniffing and holding the stuffed bear. My new mother gave me a hug and patted my back.

“So Samantha, would you like to change into something else more comfortable or are you fine in that dress?”

“I hate this dress,” I mumbled with a pout.

“Oh, Samantha, but you look so pretty in it! I'll always think of you in it. How couldn't I remember what my daughter was wearing the first day I met her? In fact, wait right here so I can get my camera and take some pictures before you change.”

I groaned as she left the room. I thought about the very first time Kelly had made me wear her flower girl dress.

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It was a few days before the wedding. It was being held in a beach resort in Florida and our family had rented out a large house by the ocean. Kelly and I were hanging out with some of our cousins while everyone else was at the beach. There were two boys, Mike and Ted, and two younger girls named Mary and Jennifer. Mike and Ted were rough housing around like boys do and the girls were sitting around the table chatting. I sat on a couch somewhere in the middle reading a book, not wanting to have anything to do with either group. Mike and Ted started arm wrestling and I got up to leave. I knew it was only a matter of time before I would be challenged and I knew from experience I would just end up losing.

My stupid little sister just couldn't leave it alone. "Where are you going Jimmy? You don't want to arm wrestle?"

Ted laughed. "It's okay. He doesn't have to arm wrestle us if he doesn't want to. Leave him alone."

I was surprised they didn't want to join in the taunting but I took it as a blessing and started to leave. My sister still wouldn't let it go. It always amazed me how much of a bully she was to me when most people were nice.

"Who said anything about arm wrestling with you? Come on Jimmy, come arm wrestle Mary." she taunted.

I let out a nervous laugh. "Uhh, don't joke around Kelly, that wouldn't be fair."

Kelly smiled impishly. "Don't worry, she'll go easy on you."

The girls all laughed. My face turned red.

Kelly went on, "We'll make it a bet. If you win I promise never to ask you to play that game you don't like anymore."

"What game?" Jennifer asked innocently.

"It's nothing!" I shouted quickly before Kelly had a chance to reply. I was intrigued, for all her meanness I had never known my sister to back down from honoring a bet. I looked over at Mary and considered. Sure my little sister beat me up, but Mary was younger and smaller than she was. I was sure I could handle her.

I sat down across the table from Mary. Mike rolled his eyes, "Come on. Jimmy, don't hurt my sister."

"I won't." I promised.

Kelly laughed. "Definitely not!"



I glared at her. I put my elbow on the table and Mary looked at me with determination.

Kelly went on, "Of course, if Mary wins we have to get something too. How about you model my flower girl dress for everyone?"

My face turned bright red and I started to pull my elbow away from the table. "I'm not wearing your dress." I insisted.

Ted laughed. "Of course not, unless you lose."

Mary smiled innocently, "And if you do lose you kind of belong in a dress. What kind of boy would lose to a little girl like me?"

God. How did I end up in these situations? My stupid sister. Mary and I locked hands. Kelly counted to three and we started to arm wrestle. For a few seconds neither of us had the advantage. Mary was pushing as hard as she could and so was I. The girls were cheering wildly for her and so were the other boys. I don't think the boys really wanted to see me humiliated, they weren't bullies like my sister, but it's just more fun to root for the underdog which in this case was the little girl and not the older boy.

Slowly I started to take the upper hand. It was taking me way longer than it should of but it was now certain I was going to win. I started to sweat a bit with the effort. Almost....almost....almost....No more Sissy-Girly Game! Almost...No more saying I'm a prissy little....

Under the table where nobody could see Kelly grabbed my free hand and bent back one of my fingers. I yelped in pain and in my distraction Mary had slammed my hand down on the table in an instant before I could recover. Everyone cheered. They lifted Mary up in their arms and carried her around in triumph. I stared at my sister with hatred. She smiled and whispered in my ear, "Let's play the Sissy-Girly Game." Kelly dragged me back to her room and locked the door. "Say it." she insisted.

"I hate you! I'm not saying it. I have to wear it anyway. A bet's a bet."

She rushed towards me and punched me hard in the stomach and I fell to the ground groaning and gasping for breath. When I recovered there was only one thing to do. "I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!"

She smiled in triumph. "Oh, they will!"

"But Kelly, I didn't bring any GoodNites, what am I going to wear under?"

Kelly laughed, "It's okay just this once. In fact I got these panties just for you Samantha!" She held up the most frilly, sissy, lace and ribbon covered pair of pink panties you could imagine, "Mother couldn't believe when I asked for them along with the dress. They are so girly and silly, but I just knew you would LOVE them Samantha. Put them on!" she ordered me.

I was shaking as I put them on, praying none of the other kids were curious enough to be just outside the door to hear exactly what was going on. I was in a state of abject humiliation with the panties in place. Like clockwork my unwanted arousal returned.

Kelly covered her mouth to hold in her laughter. "I just knew you would love them! My girly-girl

sister loves her panties!”

“SHHHH!” I told her in a pleading voice as she tried to keep herself under control. I hated the strange feeling of pleasure the sissy humiliation gave me. The arousal and the butterflies it left in my stomach just made me feel more weak and sissy and girly and no matter how I moved I couldn't escape feeling what I felt in my panties more and more.

In short order I was also dressed in the petticoats and dress and the white tights and pink Mary Janes. The pink satin dress had a cap sleeved princess style bodice and an organza overlay skirt embroidered with elegant pink flowers, puffed up by the petticoats underneath. An additional pink flower was pinned on at the sash and in my hair. She also did my makeup like hers would be done for the ceremony, finishing with pink lipstick of course.

“Don't make me go out there,” I begged.

“You didn't lose the bet to me, you lost it to Mary and you promised to model the dress for all of us. It's out of my hands,” she replied.

“But you cheated,” I whined.

“You lost. Get over it, sissy boy!” she said with a smile.

I walked back to the living room with my cheeks burning red and my sister following close behind. “Ta-Da!” Kelly pronounced and I performed a curtsy as instructed, one so well executed it would be obvious to a close observer the move had been practiced many times before.

The boys just shook their heads and walked away, not wanting to see me humiliated any more. I could tell they would always think of me as a sissy from now on though. The girls squealed with delight and ran over and started fussing with the dress and complimenting me on how pretty I looked. After a few more minutes of primping Kelly handed me her flower basket and made me practice walking down the aisle in cadence and pantomiming tossing flowers.

I was in the middle of that when my Mom and Dad came back to the house. “Kelly, why are you in your d...” Dad began to ask as I turned around in horror and he saw who it really was. The girls tried to explain I had just lost a bet and was honoring it but he never believed anything but that I was a gay little sissy boy every time they caught me. He assumed I had lost on purpose. He looked like he was about ready to grab me and thrash me for taking my little sissy act public in front of the family but Mom held him back.

“The dress! The dress! You can't hurt the dress!” she screamed at him.

Yeah. Wouldn't want to hurt the dress.

Mom grabbed me painfully by the wrist and dragged me back to the room and undressed me. When she saw what was going on in my panties she looked about ready to thrash me as hard as Dad would.

“Oh God. My son is a little pervert sissy. Why didn't I just have two daughters if my son was going to come out like this? Why?” She threw out the panties, “You can't keep doing this to your sister's clothes! It's disgusting! You need to control yourself and stop being such a sissy!”

"It's not my fault," I cried while putting my boy's clothes back on. She pulled me by the wrist to the bathroom and removed the makeup.

I still remember watching Kelly walk down the aisle in that dress. She looked over at me and winked and stopped to whisper in my ear, "From now on, only you're going to wear it Samantha!" A wedding photographer noticed and snapped a picture of the flower girl whispering in the ear of the blushing little boy. Kelly kept a copy in her room.

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At the last flash of the camera my new Mother smiled at me. "Okay, let's get you changed."

Fine with me I thought. She hummed to herself while she went to various drawers to pick out clothes for me. "You can pick out your panties, Samantha, the drawer is over there." she pointed, "Just think, some panties of your very own for the first time!"

I opened the drawer. Every last pair was just as frilly and fancy and prissy as the one's I had originally worn under the flower girl's dress. I groaned. At least it wasn't GoodNites I thought. I picked out a frilly blue pair. Mother handed me a panty liner. "To handle your little wetness problem and to keep your little thing from poking out." she told me and I blushed.

Luckily not all the clothes were as frilly and old fashioned as the panties, though a good deal of them were as I saw with dread. For now she just dressed me in pink cotton pajama bottoms with white hearts on them and a pink t-shirt with a white unicorn covered in silver glitter. In the mirror I saw I still looked like an effeminate boy wearing the clothes of a twelve year old girl and not an actual girl.

"Don't worry," Mother told me, "Soon we'll have you looking like any other little girl." I pouted and she saw I was dangerously close to protesting, "Or we could just keep you like this, but don't think you're getting boy's clothes to go along with it," she told me. I wasn't sure what would be worse.

She led me downstairs to the kitchen. She presented me with a frilly pink and white apron with the words, "Mother's Little Helper" embroidered on it and tied it on me, "Now, time to help your Mother in the kitchen like any good little girl should."

"But I don't know how to cook," I whined.

She giggled back at me. "Don't worry, you'll have plenty of time to learn helping me every day!"

After dinner I helped her do the dishes. She wasn't actually that bad to be around. If it wasn't for my loathing for the clothes and having to act like a girl I could see my new family working out. When we were done she sat me down at the table to explain the rules I would now have to live by. When we were done she put a copy of the rules up on the refrigerator and gave me another copy to take to my room. She also showed me a brand new pink iPhone but told me I was not allowed to use it while my TV and computer privileges were revoked. Who would I call anyway?

THE RULES:

1. YOU WILL ACT LIKE THE PROPER YOUNG LADY YOU ARE AT ALL TIMES.

2. YOU WILL COMPLETE ALL OF YOUR DAILY CHORES (HELPING MOTHER IN THE KITCHEN, CLEANING YOUR ROOM AND BATHROOM, HELPING MOTHER IN THE GARDEN, KEEPING ALL COMMON AREAS OF THE HOUSE NEAT AND CLEAN) WITHOUT PROCRASTINATION OR COMPLAINT.
3. YOU WILL FOLLOW A STRICT PERSONAL HYGIENE ROUTINE (BRUSH TEETH THREE TIMES A DAY, SHOWER, TEND TO YOUR BEAUTY NEEDS) DAILY WITHOUT PROMPTING OR COMPLAINT.
4. NO LYING, YOU WILL BE ABSOLUTELY HONEST WITH YOUR MOTHER AT ALL TIMES.
5. YOUR INTERNET USAGE WILL BE STRICTLY MONITORED. NO FUNNY BUSINESS.
6. YOUR TELEVISION USAGE IS RESTRICTED WITH A V-CHIP TO AGE APPROPRIATE MATERIAL. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO WATCH AN UNAPPROVED PROGRAM YOU WILL ASK PERMISSION. IF IT IS NOT GRANTED, YOU WILL NOT WHINE OR ATTEMPT TO CIRCUMVENT YOUR MOTHER'S WISHES.
7. ANY MUSIC OR BOOKS YOU WISH TO PURCHASE MUST BE APPROVED BY YOUR MOTHER FIRST. NO INAPPROPRIATE MATERIAL.
8. BEDTIME IS 9 O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT UNLESS PERMISSION TO STAY UP IS EXPRESSLY GRANTED. NO COMPUTER OR TV USE AFTER BEDTIME. YOU WILL BE UP PROMPTLY AT 5 O'CLOCK TO HELP MOTHER WITH BREAKFAST.
9. YOU WILL NOT LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT PERMISSION. YOU WILL NOT LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT YOUR CELL PHONE. IT'S A DANGEROUS WORLD OUT THERE FOR A YOUNG GIRL. NO TALKING TO STRANGERS.
10. YOU WILL OBEY YOUR MOTHER AT ALL TIMES, WITHOUT HESITATION.

ANY VIOLATION OF THE RULES WILL BE PUNISHED APPROPRIATELY, DO NOT TEST ME.

I felt incredibly smothered by the draconian rules. In my old house it seemed like both my sister and I ran wild. Well, she certainly did anyway. It's how I ended up here in the first place. On the other hand, I felt somewhat comforted that someone would be watching over me at all times. I could have used that in the past.

After we discussed the rules for several hours Mother stared at the clock in silence for a few moments. I looked up too and saw it was 9:01. I stood up and came to her side. "It's my bedtime, Good night Mother."

She smiled at me, "Good girl."

I felt like such a pussy giving in to her rules, but I didn't want to test her just yet after a day of such traumatic changes. Better to sleep on it and hope to figure out what to do with my new life in the morning. She led me upstairs. I went to obediently hop right into bed but when I pulled up the covers I again noticed the plastic lining and I blushed. I turned around and saw Mother holding a package of GoodNites. "Panties off, Samantha," she told me.

In humiliation I obliged. She would soon see that there was no reason for me to wear them, not that the frilly panties were a much better choice of undergarments.

"Sleep tight, Samantha," Mother told me before handing me the pink teddy bear to cuddle with.

Despite the plastic sheets the large canopied bed was actually by far the most comfortable I had ever

slept in. The covers were thick and warm and I felt like I was lying on a big fluffy cloud. My pajamas were comfortable too. I guess one advantage of girl's clothes is how soft and nice they can feel. For a moment as I laid in the bed in the darkness of my new room, hearing muffled sounds of my Mother preparing for bed in the other room, I somehow felt like I belonged here and that everything would be okay.

I drifted off to a deep sleep. Vaguely I recalled having nightmares about my little sister. I woke with a start as a loud alarm blared to life at five in the morning. I wasn't used to being up so early and I didn't know how to turn the alarm off and...

I froze with the alarm still blaring as I suddenly noticed something. I started to cry. I grabbed the alarm and tossed it across the room and it hit the wall and broke and finally went silent.

I was soaking wet.

## Chapter 5 – Let's Play Dollies

I shuddered in disgust at the cold wetness around my crotch and bottom and threw off the covers. I screamed in frustration. I heard loud footsteps heading towards my room.

Mother opened the door with an annoyed look on her face, "Samantha! What are you going on about at this time of morning! It's time to get dressed," she shouted.

I screamed back, "Like you don't know!? I'm all wet! What did you do to me?"

She saw the wetness on my pink pajama pants which had overwhelmed the GoodNites and a look of concern came to her face, "Oh, you poor dear. My poor little bedwetter..."

Through my tears I shouted back again, "I don't wet the bed! You poured water on me or put my hand in warm water while I slept or put something in my dinner. I HATE YOU! You're just like my sister. You don't care about me! You're just playing the Sissy-Girly Game! At least my sister stopped sometimes! You're making me play it all the time! I hate you!"

She looked angry but spoke in a measured voice, "Samantha Anne Donovan, you listen to me, that is a nasty thing to say and you should be ashamed. I did no such thing. We made dinner together and ate the same food and I didn't wet MY bed. And I didn't do a thing to you while you slept. Now come with me and I can prove it."

With a pout I followed behind her as she led me to her computer. She showed me a video. She had cameras in my room including one with night vision. I was to have no privacy at all. I again felt the her smothering influence on me and shuddered, "It's for your own safety, Samantha. Do you know how many little girls end up kidnapped?" she insisted.

The video was grainy and dark but it proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was not lying. I whimpered and started cry like a sissy little girl again. "I am...I am...I AM a bedwetter..." I whined.

Mother nodded at me. "I'm sure you weren't before your sister started to bully you, but she clearly traumatized you. She told me she stopped faking your accidents quite a while ago. You've been wetting yourself for a long time."

"I'm sorry." I told her through my tears. I had never felt this way before, so totally emasculated and infantile. In the past it was all my sister's fault. Now I had nobody to blame but myself. I let Mother put me in these clothes instead of going off to a boarding school. I wet the bed all on my own. I felt pathetic and humiliated with my girly clothes clinging to me with a cold wetness that made me feel like a useless, helpless bedwetting little child.

She hugged me and tried to soothe me. "You have nothing to be ashamed of. It's a medical problem and it happens to many young girls your age. Two to three percent of twelve year old girls, according to my research."

That's not exactly many, and I'm not a twelve year old girl. I knew I wasn't allowed to say so. Instead I just hugged her tightly back. My old parents had punished me severely when I wet the bed hoping it would make me stop. I think it must have just contributed to making the problem real. My new mother just hugged me and tried to make me feel better.

"That wasn't what I meant." I continued, "I'm sorry for saying you did this to me. That wasn't very nice. I'll understand if you need to punish me."

She took me by the hand and spoke as she led me back up to my room. "Don't be silly dear, I understand why you were upset. I'll make a doctor's appointment for you to figure out your bedwetting. In the mean time just do your best. Don't drink anything right before bed and try and stay dry."

Going to the doctor for my problem would be humiliating, but at least it might get it solved. Mother took the sheets and comforter off my bed to clean and sent me to the shower to get ready for my first full day in my new home.

When I got out of the shower an outfit was laid out for me but Mother was nowhere to be seen. She obviously wanted to see if I would just submissively dress myself like the twelve year old girl she wanted me to be. There was no little sister berating me and threatening me and beating me up. I was alone in my room looking down at the frilly pink panties making my own decision.

I came downstairs. I was dressed in a short sleeved dark pink bubble top with black polka dots and hearts on it, decorated at the neckline with black sequin dots to create a collar effect, and black leggings and matching sandals. Mother smiled at me. "You look so pretty Samantha. You'll look even better after your makeover at the salon today! Nobody will ever think of you as a nasty little boy ever again!"

I trembled in fear but I knew protesting would only get me stuck in the corner. She helped me into my apron and we started making breakfast. I was glum the entire time. Mother tried to distract me and cheer me up but all I could do was reflect on what a pathetic sissy bedwetter I was.

While we ate I started to ask her questions. I had to know more about my new Mother and my new life.

"Are you married? Do I have a...a new Father too?" I asked.

She replied somberly, "He passed on many years ago."

I nodded. I didn't think I really wanted another father figure in my life when I was such a sissy. "What do you do for a living? I've never been in such a nice house and you have so many nice things."

"My late husband was very wealthy. I don't have to work at all. I do have a little side business making dresses for little girls though. You're going to be my little model when you're ready," she said with a smile.

I groaned, "Do you have any other children?"

She paused and stared out the window for a few moments, her face looking slightly distressed. I had to cough to regain her attention.

"No, you're an only child, Samantha," she told me in a monotone.

"What am I going to do about...school and stuff?" I asked.

She shrugged. "That's going to be up to you. If you want, I would be happy to homeschool you. I have the time and I would love to spend it with my little sissy daughter. I think you might feel a bit smothered by that though. The local public school is always an option. It's a very nice school district. They would be very accommodating for your special needs. Either way, you'll be starting over as a twelve year old in grade six, not at your old grade. You've been doing terribly at school and I'm going to make sure that gets put right this time. You're such a smart little girl, always reading books and such, you have no excuse for not doing better."

She really knew a lot about me. My parents had been discussing my adoption with her for months and she took her role as my mother very seriously. I tried to explain that my problems at school were my sister's fault too but she told me it didn't matter what the cause was, it just had to be fixed.

"Speaking of books..." I asked her if I could buy a new science-fiction book to pass the time since I was unable to use my computer or watch television.

She laughed, "Don't be silly Samantha, you have a bookshelf full of books in your room I'm sure you've never read. Read them for now and when you're done we can talk about getting you new books. In fact, I have some work to do now that needs to be finished before your salon appointment later. I'll get you a book and you can read quietly until it's time to go."

She chose a book for me. It was "The Secret Garden" by Frances Hodgson Burnett. "This was my favorite book when I was your age," she told me, "Come along and let me show you something." She took my hand and led me out to the rear of the house. In the yard was the most amazing garden I had ever seen. It was full of beautiful flowers and ponds and carefully arranged rocks and sculptures and fountains. There was also a large vegetable garden and a well manicured lawn. The yard was surrounded by a tall hedge for privacy.

I complimented her, "You have a beautiful garden, Mother."

She smiled at me, "We have a beautiful garden, Samantha. Remember, helping me is going to be part of your chores. I don't think you'll see it as work though, it's a peaceful and calming hobby and I think it's just the sort of thing a sensitive sissy boy like yourself will enjoy."

I pouted at her characterization and she left me sitting on a bench amidst the flowers to read. I had little interest in what appeared to be such a girly book but with no other recourse for my boredom I dived in. It was about a ten year old British girl named Mary Lennox. She was born in India to very rich parents who mostly didn't want her around and left her care to the servants. She was spoiled and angry and rude. Eventually her parents died of cholera and she was forced to move back to England to live in a large manor with a relative. I stopped reading in frustration. It wasn't a bad book so far, it was actually well written and engaging, but it seemed so dreary and depressing. Why would my new Mother leave me in such a beautiful garden with such a dreary book?

With nothing to occupy my mind I thought about what I usually ended up thinking of when I was depressed.

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I was trying to do my homework. I had a test to study for and I had been failing so many lately that I just had to catch up, but every time I tried to study, "Let's play the Sissy-Girly Game!" she screeched.

"No, Kelly. I have to study. Can't we play tomorrow?" I begged my little sister.

She giggled at me, "If you want to study so bad you better try and win the game for once!" She charged at me and pulled my chair back and down. I tumbled out of it and she pinned me down quickly, kneeling over me with two legs on each side of my body holding down my arms. She laughed at me. She started to pinch my cheeks and taunt me, "Aww! What a cutey sissy little sister I have! Isn't that right, Samantha?"

"I'm not playing, please not today," I whined.

She stuck two of her fingers in her mouth and sucked on them, coating them with saliva. She popped them out and stuck them in my ears and swirled them around. I shuddered in disgust and tried to shove her off to no avail. My little sister was giving me a wet willy and making me scream like a girl, "Ewww! Ewww! Stop it! I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!"

She smiled at me, "I knew you didn't want to wait to play your favorite game. And guess what? Since you want to do homework so much I'll let you once you're properly dressed. Put on your GoodNites and come to my room!"

Well, at least I could get my work done, or so I thought, but she had me tricked yet again. Twenty minutes later I was dressed in one of her old Easter dresses. It was a sleeveless white organza dress with built in crinoline. The skirt and bodice were embroidered with fanciful butterflies. There was a lilac sash adorned with a large lilac butter fly trailing ribbons below it. There was another butterfly pinned in my hair and I wore white tights and sandals.

She pointed her camera at me and started recording after making me memorize a script to recite along with properly enthusiastic girly-girl mannerisms. It was just more evidence she could use to blame me for stealing her clothes if Mom and Dad ever started to believe their little angel Kelly was really beating me up and forcing me to do it.

"Hi, Mom and Dad, my name is Samantha and I'm your precious little bedwetting sissy daughter. I hate being a boy so much!" I stamp my foot, "I want to be a little girly-girl all the time which is why



I'm always stealing my sister's clothes! It's just not fair that she gets to wear scrumptious Easter dresses like this one," I curtsy to the camera, "and I'm not allowed to wear anything but stupid ugly pants. Please can I be a girl forever? Pleasssssssse," I whine. I clasp my hands together and hold them in front of me and bounce up and down repeating, "Please please please pleasssssssse!"

When I was done my sister laughed at me uproariously. "You are such a perfect sister's little sissy! I can't believe you let me do this to you. No older brother in the world besides you could possibly be such a puss!"

I whined, "Kelly, you said you would let me do my homework when I was dressed. Please just leave me alone."

She raised an eyebrow at me. "I never said you could do your homework. I only said you could do homework. Mine!"

I spent an hour doing all of her work for her while she talked on the phone with her friends and kept making fun of me. When I was finally done I begged her to let me change and go back to my homework.

"I don't think so," she told me, "How about instead you go downstairs and play with my dollhouse?"

I replied in fear, "But Kelly, Mom and Dad are going to be home soon. I can't get caught dressed like this again. You know what they're talking about doing to me."

She smirked, "Well I guess you'll just have to be very careful to listen for them and run back upstairs when you hear them, not a moment sooner. If you don't cooperate I'm just going to show them the little video we just made."

I was shaking with fear as I knelt in front of the dollhouse downstairs. Kelly watched me from the couch and encouraged me to play enthusiastically. I was forced to take four dolls and act out my day. The mommy and daddy dolls waited by the door while I played with the two child sized dolls.

I had to put on an enthusiastic girl's voice and yell, "Let's play the Sissy-Girly Game!" while holding up the little girl doll and then act out that doll beating up the boy doll. She ordered me to, in an even girlier voice, make the boy doll give the obligatory reply. Then I switched the doll's clothes. I kept acting out our little adventure for a while until I suddenly heard a bump. In a flash I made a run for the stairs. My sister raced after me with an excited smile on her face. She tripped me. I hit my knee and started to cry while she raced upstairs before my parents could see her. My parents found me in my sister's frilly Easter dress on the ground with my skirt up at my waist putting my GoodNites on display under the tights. I realized I was still holding the dolls and dropped them. From their point of view, they just caught their son playing alone with dolls and a dollhouse in a frilly white and lilac dress he stole from his sister.

Boy did I get it for that one. My parents instantly connected my choice of underwear with my apparent bedwetting problems and thought it meant I wasn't even trying to stay dry anymore or act like a boy. They punished me as hard as they ever had in an attempt to toughen me up and get the boy back in me. It wasn't my fault though, nothing they were doing would help my situation.

Mother held my hand as we entered the salon. The stylist smiled at me. She was a plump, friendly looking woman with black hair, "Hello, I'm Terry," she introduced herself.

Mother replied with a smile, "This is my adopted little daughter Samantha. She is here for her full makeover."

Terry addressed her and I felt invisible like a small child while the adults are talking. "Well, she seems like quite the tomboy, but we can sort that all out and bring out the girly-girl in her."

"Oh no," Mother replied casually, "Not a tomboy, she isn't a boyish girl at all, just the opposite. She was born a boy and now wants to act like the true prissy girl she always was on the inside."

Terry smiled down at me, "Oh, you're so brave and special! Don't worry, I'll work extra hard to make sure you are the prettiest little girl in town!"

Mother pinched me gently to prompt me to reply, "Thank you, Terry."

Mother introduced me to another woman named Bridgette who is a friend of hers. She was a pretty woman with fiery red hair and green eyes. I curtsied for her, "Hello Bridgette, I'm Samantha."

She replied, "Oh what a cute little doll you are. You're very lucky to have a Mother like Mrs. Donovan who'll let you be your true self. I think you two are going to get along great together."

As Terry led me to the styling chair and began to work I could hear Mother and Bridgette talking in quiet tones while Bridgette waited for her appointment to start. I couldn't hear much but I made out the words "poor dear" and "wets the bed" and "plastic cover." I blushed as Bridgette looks at me with genuine sympathy and extreme pity and wondered just what I would look like when my appointment at the salon was complete.

## Chapter 6 – Let's Play Panty Thief

"I don't want to take piano lessons, Mother," I whined.

She patted my head and gently tugged at the french braid in my sandy blonde hair that was the highlight of my new style. "I can't wait until your hair grows longer," she mused.

"Mother, did you hear me?" I asked.

She smiled at me. "Just give it a few lessons, if you don't have fun we can find something else for you to do with yourself." After she was done primping my hair she proceeded to help me do my makeup until I looked just like I had after my makeover. Nothing slutty or fancy or too grown up, just enough makeup to make me look naturally feminine.

When I was done I stood in front of the mirror and observed. I wore a mint green sundress with white polka dots, frilly anklets, white Mary Janes, and a pearl necklace that belonged to Mother. My fingernails were painted light pink and my hair and makeup were immaculate. Nobody would look at me and see anything other than a twelve year old girl. Well, they might think I was younger than twelve. With that embarrassing thought I again felt those funny feelings under the pink satin panties I

wore.

Mother saw me squirm. "It's okay, Dear. Just like I told you, all it means is that deep down you know this is who you really are."

"But, Mother, it makes me feel so weird. Like...vulnerable and exposed and helpless...it shouldn't feel good," I whined.

She smiled at me, "Maybe a boy shouldn't feel that way. But all little sissy girls like you feel this way about their clothes. When you get used to them, you'll start to be able to control it and only let that part of you shine through when you want to."

I hoped she was right about controlling it, but I didn't know if I would ever want to share it. It was just too embarrassing. The doorbell rang.

"Go answer the door, Samantha. That will be your teacher," she instructed me.

"Yes, Mother," I replied. As I made my way toward the door I stopped in shock. Two more packages of girl's GoodNites were sitting on a table in the foyer. We had needed to stock up because I had managed to wet the bed every single night since I had moved in. It had never been this bad before. Mother said I must be finding the move too stressful. I went to hide the packages but the doorbell rang again before I could.

"Samantha Anne Donovan! Answer the door this instant!" I heard from upstairs. With a red face I immediately complied. Three names always meant business I was learning. I opened the door and quickly bobbed a polite curtsy while staring at the ground in red faced shame.

My piano teacher greeted me, "Well hello, Samantha! So good to see you again!"

I looked up for the first time, "Oh. Hello, Bridgette. So good to see you too," I replied. I must always be mindful of my manners. Mother insists.

As she entered the house I slowly put myself between her and my embarrassing nighttime undergarments on the table. Unfortunately, she was tall enough to see right over me to what I was hiding.

She patted me on the head and gave me a hug, "Awwww, don't be embarrassed, Samantha. Your mother already told me about your little problem. My daughter had bedwetting issues until she was seven. I totally understand what you're going through."

It was so frustrating being patronized like that. I wanted to scream, "I'm not a seven year old girl or a twelve year old girl and I shouldn't be wetting the bed!" but I knew I had to remain polite and well mannered for Mother.

"What a lovely dress!" she exclaimed, "Do a twirl for me."

I obediently obliged her as Mother came downstairs to greet her friend. I stood quietly while I waited for them to finish chatting and then Bridgette led me over to the piano. I had never played a musical instrument before and I didn't even know how to read music so I was a bit intimidated. Mother noticed

and reassured me, “You're a very bright little girl, Samantha, and Bridgette is an excellent teacher. Just work at it and practice every day and you'll pick everything up in no time.”

I was handed a new copy of the house rules later that night. Working at it was to be mandatory, it seemed.

#### 11. YOU WILL PRACTICE THE PIANO FOR 45 MINUTES EVERY DAY. NO EXCEPTIONS!

The lesson wasn't so bad. Bridgette did seem to be a good teacher and she explained everything so it was very clear and easy to understand. She was quick to answer all my questions and never looked angry when I messed up.

After the lesson I donned my apron. “Mother's Little Helper,” it proclaimed me, and that's what I had become. Mother and I were a practiced team in the kitchen and with two people so in sync it hardly seemed like work at all. The three of us went out to a table in the garden. Mother and Bridgette chatted and gossiped while I served the tea and sandwiches.

“Such a helpful little girl, isn't she?” Bridgette asked.

Mother smiled, “A perfectly well mannered little Miss,” she proclaimed me.

After lunch I sat nearby and went back to reading my book. Mary's maid had told her a story about a secret garden in the large manor where she was staying. Mrs. Craven, the wife of Mary's Uncle who owned the manor had spent hours every day tending to roses in her garden. When she died Mr. Craven had hidden away the key to the garden forever.

Mary started to form friendships and lose her angry and rude disposition. She would play with her skipping rope and explore the moor around the manor while wondering about the secret garden and the tragedy behind it everyone seemed to ignore.

“What are you reading, Samantha?” Bridgette asked.

I held up the book so she could see the cover but didn't answer. I just kept reading. It was still a depressing story, but I wanted to know how it would end.

“Don't be rude, Samantha. Come join us,” Mother chided me. With a sigh I put down the book to return to the table.

Bridgette smiled at me, “So, your mother tells me you're going back to school in the fall. Are you excited?”

I nodded unconvincingly, “Sixth grade.” I burned at the demotion to a sixth grader but I had no choice. I was being demoted right out of middle school. I would be riding a bus with first graders and the rest of the elementary school kids again.

“That's nice,” Bridgette said, “A student of mine named Marcie should be in your class. I can introduce you at your first piano recital so you have a little friend already for your first day back in school!”

“Thanks, I guess,” I replied.

Being stuck with Mother all the time was becoming more and more smothering. I knew school would be a humiliating disaster but Mother told me I could change my mind and be homeschooled, or go to a boarding school or military school as a boy, any time I wanted. I hated that she always offered to let me be a boy again but only in a way I knew would be terrible for me. It just proved to me over and over how weak and pathetic I was.

“We talked and talked about it before we finally agreed she should go back,” Mother explained.

Still, I felt like arguing some more. “But what if they find out I'm really a boy?” I asked.

Mother smiled at me, “We can't hide who you are, Samantha. The principal will explain to the whole school about your special status. They've dealt with this before.”

I pouted, “So the kids will make fun of me for sure.”

Bridgette broke in, “Oh no. And if they do you go right to the teacher and tell on them.”

“But I don't want to be a tattler...” I started.

Mother interrupted, “Samantha Anne Donovan, calling you a tattler is just another way of saying you're a good little girl. If people break the rules the teacher should know. I expect you to be a perfect little teacher's pet and you'll be in big trouble if you aren't!”

I whined, “But the other kids will pick on me. The boys will bully me and try and beat me up.”

“Teacher.” Mother and Bridgette replied in unison.

Mother added, “Any time anyone is mean to you or ABSOLUTELY if they try and hit you all you have to do is cry and ask a teacher or a bigger kid for help.”

I was near tears now already, “But I can't just go to the teacher and come off as weak and helpless. I have to stand up for myself and be brave. Nobody will respect me otherwise and it will just make things worse,” I was crying by the time I was finished, making a mockery of the idea I could be brave.

Mother moved close and hugged me tightly. “You poor dear, you really still don't understand, do you? You're a girl now. Little girls can cry and ask someone else to protect them all they want and nobody thinks less of them for it. Do you know what happens when a boy has a crying fit like this at school?”

I certainly did and it made me bawl even more.

Mother went on, “Yes, they call him a cry baby and beat him up and they totally lose respect for him. But Samantha, do you know what happens when a little girl cries?”

I shook my head.

Mother spoke one simple word, “Nothing.”

Bridgette added, “Nothing but hugs and kisses and everything possible to make her feel better. Girls

can cry whenever they want. Isn't it so much better for a shy, sensitive, quiet, loving, pretty little person like yourself to be a girl?"

My head was spinning.

Bridgette went on, "...or I guess you could try life the boy's way again. Having to act all tough and never complain or cry and being treated like you're a rock and nothing matters to you."

Why did all this make sense to me? "It's just that easy? Being a girl can't be so easy..."

"Of course not, Samantha," Mother said, "It's just as difficult in it's own way. You're expected to always look pretty. If you act too angry they call you a bitch. Too cold and they call you frigid. People will think you're not as smart as a boy. They won't think you can be a leader. It's harder to get a job and they will pay you less for just as much work and still expect you to have a perfect family life as well," She looked at me very seriously, "But Samantha, these are all challenges someone with your temperament is much better suited to deal with than what a boy faces. You're already pretty, you are warm and loving and have a great smile, you're extremely bright, and I know you will grow into an amazing woman who can take on any challenge."

My heart was beating through my chest. I hugged her tightly. I didn't quite believe her, but it was a nice thing to say in a way. I started to think about my experiences in my old school, the last time I was in sixth grade.

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She had cornered me and dragged me into a girl's bathroom. It was marked out of order so nobody would come in but they had forgotten to lock the doors. She was pulling at my hair violently.

"Owwww! We can't play it at school, Kelly. I'll get in trouble!" I insisted.

My sister replied menacingly, "I don't remember making that rule and I invented this game after all!" She dragged me into a stall and forced my head down towards the toilet bowl.

"Noooo!" I screamed with my face an inch away from the water.

"Better keep quiet, little sister," she told me, "If you don't want the rest of the school to find out about your little nighttime troubles. Remember those pictures I took this morning of you and your wet bed and girly diaper?"

"They aren't diapers," I whined, pointlessly. What did it matter?

She just laughed and taunted me in a baby voice, "Aww, my bedwetty wittle sister think just because they call her diapers 'Undergarments' in the marketing that changes what they are. You can call this a facial if you want!" She stuck my face in the water and flushed. I gurgled and cried and then she pulled my face out of the bowl.

"Again?" she asked.

"Please no, Kelly," I begged in reply, "I'll do whatever you want."

“We've been playing this game for so long. How could you still be confused about the rules?” she asked before dunking my face back in the water.

“Ahhhhhh! Stop it! I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!”

Her eyes widened in mock surprise. “The whole school, Samantha? I don't think that's such a good idea.” She handed me a pair of panties. “Just these should do, we can play more after school and talk about letting everyone else know if you really want. I'll dress you up like a fairy princess and you can write out a long letter to the school explaining what a girly-girl you are and begging them to let you go back to Kindergarten! It's gonna be great!”

The panties were pink and white and covered in images of Tinker Bell and colorful flowers. “But Kelly, these aren't even yours. Where did you get these?” I asked.

She laughed, “Oh, you want to buy a few more pairs? I think you should stick to your diapers, Betsy Wetsy. These will do for now though. Just try and keep them dry.”

In tears I pulled down my pants and my sister confiscated my boy's underwear. I pulled up the panties. My little sister gave me a quick slap on the behind and I jumped.

She was quite amused at the site of me as I rubbed my butt before pulling my pants back up and drying my face. “Wow, Samantha, stuck in pink Tinker Bell panties for the rest of the day at school. This must be pretty humiliating for you,” she mocked.

That was an understatement.

The door opened and a teacher looked in. “What's going on in here?” she asked.

“Oh, nothing, Mrs. Smith. I was just having a rough day and my older brother came to talk to me and cheer me up,” Kelly replied.

Mrs. Smith nodded, “Okay, Kelly. I hope you feel better soon. Both of you get back to class when you're done.”

My little sister. She was such a master manipulator. The teacher didn't even consider she might be up to no good in there, not for a second. We left the bathroom and Kelly waved goodbye to me.

Nobody could see the panties through my thick pants but I couldn't escape the feelings they aroused in me, that weird tingling down there and the butterflies in my stomach and that feeling of weakness and exposure. I think boys must be programmed to see weakness in other boys or smell it out somehow. I encountered two bullies named Mike and Steve. They had never really bothered me much before. Aside from my little sister, not many people did seem to target me that much. I may have been weak and wimpy but I could project an air of confidence when I needed to. But not when I was wearing some little girl's Tinker Bell panties. They slammed me into a locker and I just barely started to cry, just one little tear, but before the end of the day I was sure everyone would hear about it and other bullies would be paying more attention to me in the future.

That wasn't even the most traumatic part of my day though. A few hours after I returned to class the

Vice-Principal came to my classroom and pulled the teacher out to talk in the hall. In a few moments all of the boys were herded out of the class and heading to the office. All I could think about was how miserable I was being stuck in girl's underwear at school. I hadn't been able to clear my head for even a moment. We were lined up in front of the office and were being led in to see the Vice-Principal one by one.

The first boy came out of the office laughing hysterically and explained what was going on even though he had been strictly warned not to. Someone had stolen a pair of panties from the backpack of a second grader. She occasionally had wetting problems and needed to bring backup just in case. Apparently, an anonymous source had told the principal all about it even though the girl hadn't noticed the panties were missing yet. The source said that the perpetrator was a boy in our class. I fumed. I was dead certain who the source was and that she was obviously the thief.

I wanted to sink through the floor and disappear. I wanted to run away in a panic, but that would only confirm the guilty party. One by one the boys went in. I imagined with dread what would happen. If they caught me everyone would know. Everyone would call me a sissy and a panty thief and a freak forever.

My name was called and I entered the office, shaking from nervousness.

"Empty your pockets," the Vice-Principal ordered me.

"Okay, Okay. I can do this," I thought, "They won't even think to see if a boy is wearing them. They think it was just a prank, a juvenile version of a panty raid." I emptied my pockets and he examined the contents.

He went on, "Empty your bag."

I emptied my bag and he searched the contents.

"Do you know anything about a stolen pair of panties, Jimmy?" he asked me.

"No, Sir," I replied nervously. The tingle down there was at extreme intensity and the sound of my heartbeat was banging in my ears.

"Very well, pick up your things and send in the next boy," he told me.

I sighed with relief. I made it. "Yes, Sir," I replied. I quickly repacked my bag and turned around to leave.

"One moment, stop right there," the Vice-Principal said suddenly. He walked up from behind me and looked closely. I felt dizzy like I was about to pass out. My pants must have sagged down a bit when I was rooting through my pockets.

He waited several moments. It felt like an eternity to me.

Finally he said, "Hmmm, wrong color. These aren't the panties we're looking for. Send in the next boy, but I'll be having a talk with your parents about this. You should pull up your pants more, Jimmy, I can't imagine what will happen to you if some bully finds out."



My brain was numb with shock as I walked out and it stayed that way for the rest of the school day. On the bus I saw my sister talking and laughing with a much younger girl. Kelly insisted I sit with them. I didn't want to be anywhere near her then or ever. I sat and listened to them explain what an awesome prank they had pulled on the school by pretending the little girl's panties were stolen. I never did find out where the panties I was wearing really came from. As soon as I got home I met a very angry Dad with a phone in his hands. He took the panties from me and I never saw them again. Thank goodness.

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As I recalled that day I drifted away from the conversation again and wandered through the garden. I saw a small cocoon. I didn't know what it was until I asked Mother and she told me it would grow into a butterfly. My old parents had never been into gardening or nature stuff. After that she sent me in to practice the piano. Apparently a lesson doesn't count as a daily practice.

Forty-five minutes of "Mary Had A Little Lamb." I think I mastered it. Bridgette clapped for me and gave me some finger exercises to practice before she left so I could relieve the monotony the rest of the week.

I was fascinated by the cocoon and I started to go to the garden to watch it whenever I could. One day a couple weeks later it was gone and I was sad. I had wanted to see the the butterfly emerge myself.

I was disappointed and I became whiny and grouchy with Mother, which was happening more and more. I still behaved and followed the rules but she could see I was acting coldly and with obvious passive aggression. She determined I was just spending too much time around the house and needed space. I kind of agreed, but I didn't like how she went about giving it to me.

She handed me my pink iPhone to put in the small white purse I was carrying. "Now Samantha, it has a GPS tracker so I always know where you are and I've programmed in emergency numbers and the house. No talking to strangers. Have a nice walk."

I was wearing a red and white checkered gingham dress with petticoats, white sandals, and Mother's pearl necklace which I was now beginning to think of as my own. She had given me a skipping rope (for exercise) and I carried my book. I was instructed to walk to the local park and not to come back for two hours.

The neighbors got their first real glimpse of the new girl on their street that day. What they saw was an overly prissy young lady in a girly-girl dress with her hair in a french braid. She was most likely shy since she was walking alone with only a book for company. They must have thought she looked sweet. A nice little neighbor to have. It's too bad she hasn't made any friends yet they would think. I hope she comes out of her shell they would say. A girl needs a BFF.

Well, it turns out that day at the park I would finally find one.

## Chapter 7 – Let's Play Dress-Up Twins

I skipped along through the park with my jump rope. I still always felt so strange when I was wearing a dress. They may be cool and comfortable but I felt exposed. Not wearing pants made me feel like I wasn't wearing anything at all. I felt weak and frivolous and delicate like I was one of the little flowers

in our garden. Playing with the girly jump rope just made all those feelings grow stronger and stronger.

When I was tired out I sat on a bench in the park with my nose in my book. Mary had discovered the key to the secret garden and found it dead and abandoned. Along with a friend named Dickon she began to start tending to it again to bring it back to life.

I looked up from my book and saw a girl with brown curly hair wearing a green sundress sitting on the bench opposite me. She also had a book in her hands. She was staring across at me until I looked up at her. Her eyes widened and she covered her face with her book, which was clearly upside down.

I giggled at her. With her cheeks red she turned the book over and pretended to be oblivious to me. I began to walk over towards her. I'm not sure why I did it. I was naturally shy, like she clearly was, but I was drawn towards her for some reason. It was strange. As our friendship developed and grew over the years it was clear I was the more shy and sensitive one, she would always take care of me, but if I didn't take the initiative then who knows if any of that would ever have happened?

"Hi," I said.

"Hi," she squeaked before intently focusing back on her book.

I smoothed my skirt below me as I sat down next to her. I went back to my reading. She did her best to pretend I wasn't there. After twenty minutes or so we seemed relaxed enough not to mind each others presence even though neither of us dared look up from our books. We read in silence for quite some time.

Suddenly I heard a ringing and a vibration from my purse. I was dumbfounded at the activity for a moment before I remembered the phone Mother had given me. I answered it.

"Samantha, you were supposed to be home by now. Is everything okay?" she asked.

I was shocked, having entirely lost track of time. "Yes, Mother. I'll start home right away," I responded and hung up the phone.

The girl was watching me. "The new iPhone?" she asked me, "Can I see it?"

I handed the pink phone over to her and she began to fiddle with it. I had never had a cell phone before and though I appreciated the style factor of my new phone I had no idea exactly what I could do with it besides making calls.

She handed it back to me. "Bye," she said as she went back to her book. In confusion I took back the phone and started to walk home.

"What a pair we made," I thought. Her and I in our cute prissy dresses reading our books, I haven't matched someone like that since...

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We were around the corner from the department store. I was wearing my GoodNites under my boy's

clothes.

Kelly had me pinned against the wall while I whined about not wanting to go in. She lectured me, “I won the game fair and square just like always. If you didn't want to come and try on a matching dress with me you should have kept fighting instead of telling me what a prissy little sissy-girly you are!” She shoved me back into the wall as I tried to squirm away.

Two older boys turned the corner and saw the boy being bullied by the little girl and started laughing hysterically. She put her hands on her hips and glared at me.

One of the boys stopped laughing long enough to say, “Why don't you leave him alone, little girl? It's not nice to pick on little faggots like that.”

“We're just playing a game,” she replied cheerfully. She turned to me, “Should we tell them more about our game or are you ready to go inside and keep playing now?”

I stared at the ground and nodded. She grabbed me by the wrist and started to lead me into the store while the two boys kept laughing. She let go of my wrist and ordered me to follow directly behind her like a little puppy dog and I obeyed with a red face, fists balled in frustration, and my eyes locked on the ground. Out of the corner of my eyes I could see we were entering the girl's department.

I heard the cheerful voice of the saleslady before I saw her, “Can I help you, young lady?” she asked.

My sister smiled as she replied, “Of course, I'm looking for a matching dress for my brother and I.”

The sales lady paused for a moment before replying, “You mean you want a dress and a boy's outfit to match it?”

Kelly giggled and shook her head, “No, two matching dresses! You see, my brother here tries on my clothes and models them for me all the time but I was curious what we would look like together if we wore the same dress.”

I looked up at the saleslady, a pretty teenager with blonde hair with a name-tag that said “Becky.” The humiliation was devastating. I was shaking and blushing and there were butterflies in my stomach and the usual strange tingling under my GoodNites was as strong as I had ever felt it before. In a shaky voice I protested, “She makes me wear them.”

Becky laughed, “Oh, you don't have to pretend little boy. A sweet little girl like that forcing you to wear her clothes? Don't be silly, you need a better excuse if you're going to try and act like you don't like it. I watched you following her over here without a single complaint.”

With that we set to work looking for dresses. The goal was ostensibly to find something that would look good on both of us but I was the entire focus. Kelly or Becky would squeal excitedly when they saw something they liked and held it up against me to see how it would look. They made sure to make quite a scene. I kept staring at the ground but I could hear people laughing and I just knew everyone, male and female, who walked by was looking over at the boy in the girl's department having dresses held up to him with derision.

Finally they selected several dresses and we headed towards the changing rooms. “Isn't this so

exciting, Samantha?” my sister squealed, “Trying on dresses together!”

Becky laughed, “He has a girl's name too?”

Kelly smiled at her, “Of course, a little girly-girl like him has to have one!”

I groaned, but I knew there was nothing I could do.

“The pink one first!” Kelly insisted.

In the changing room I took off my clothes and looked uncomfortably at myself in the mirror in only my GoodNites before slipping on the pink dress. I once again turned unhappily to the mirror. It was a tea length pink floral print chiffon dress with a tie on bow on the front and a three tier skirt. Without any makeup or hair styling it was clear the person wearing it was a boy.

“Hurry up, little sis!” I heard from outside the changing room along with the giggles of the saleslady.

With my knees shaking I left the dressing room. The two girl's faces brightened with amusement as they saw me. My sister grabbed me by the hand and led me over to the mirror with Becky following behind us.

“Oh, you two look absolutely adorable!” Becky squealed. Several other shoppers came over to see what the commotion was about and started to laugh as they saw a boy posing in front of a mirror in a pink flowery dress that matched his sister's.

Kelly made me twirl and curtsy and hold various girly poses while she did the same next to me. She handed her camera to Becky and insisted I smile for a picture. I was made to hold a curtsy pose while Kelly stood next to me with her hands outstretched as if presenting me to the world. I could see some of the people gathered taking photos as well.

Next we tried on a knee length sleeveless satin dress with an organza trim cut-out on the bodice and a crinoline underskirt. There was a flower pinned to the pleated sash. She wore a black version and I wore a white version. I couldn't do the zipper on the back by myself and I had to ask my sister for help. I felt like such a sissy as she zipped up my dress and I did the same for her. She shoved me out of the dressing room and Becky gushed over my appearance. I turned around, suspicious of what my sister was up to behind me, but only a moment later she followed and we walked to the mirror arm in arm.

After another session of primping in front of the mirror Becky took another picture. I faced forward with my hands neatly folded and resting on my skirt while Kelly faced sideways with her hands on her hips while looking over her shoulder towards the camera with a saucy smirk. She was the naughty girl in the black dress and I was the good girly boy in white.

“He's precious! You two are so cute together!” Becky exclaimed.

As I was changing into our next outfit the door suddenly swung open while I was still only in my GoodNites. My sister gave a mock apology as she closed the door, “Oh, sorry sis, I thought you would be ready by now!” From outside I could hear Becky laughing and my sister mentioning the word, “Bedwetter.”

In renewed shame I slipped on the next dress. It was a knee length turquoise dress with spaghetti straps, a sequiny bodice, a cute bow at the waist, and a bubble skirt. It came with a matching shawl. We posed with my sister smiling and myself giving her a peck on the cheek with my left foot lifted up in the air behind me as Becky snapped another picture.

“You are just the cutest sister and sissy-sis ever!” Becky announced.

We tried on several more outfits until Kelly was satisfied. She decided to buy the black and white satin dresses. If she had bought anything that matched color Mom and Dad might wonder why she needed two of the exact same dress.

“Bye, you two!” Becky said as she finalized the sale, “I hope you stay dry tonight, Samantha!” she added as I walked away. At least I was back in my boy's clothes and done with being humiliated for the day. Or so I thought.

As we exited the store there was a sudden noise. In a flash Kelly sprinted away with her shopping bags while I just stood there in confusion. It was the shoplifting alarm. I started to walk away but a security guard grabbed me, “Empty your pockets,” he said.

Thinking I had nothing to fear I quickly started to obey but my hand froze when it hit my pocket. There was something there. Kelly must have put it there when she was in my dressing room. I pulled the object out. It was a pair of lacy purple boyshort panties with black ribbons on the side. In numb shock I looked up at the security guard. He pulled me back into the store as I begged and pleaded for him not to call the police. I started to cry in terror of what was about to happen to me when all of a sudden Becky came to my rescue.

“Oh Hank, leave that poor confused boy alone!” she insisted. “He's just jealous of his sister and too embarrassed to admit he wanted to buy them. Isn't that right?” she asked me.

I nodded in desperation, arguing with an employee trying to get me out of this didn't seem like a good idea.

The security guard sighed. “Little weirdo, well I won't call the police. But we better notify his parents.”

I groaned. Dad would not be happy when he came to pick up his son after he got caught trying to steal panties. Even so, it was better than the alternative. I turned to Becky with tears still in my eyes, “Thank you, Becky.”

She pinched my cheek, “Sure thing, Samantha. Hey, but where did your sister run off to?”

“I don't know,” I replied, but the truth was the same as it ever was. When her trap for me was sprung she would be nowhere to be found.

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Mother kept sending me out to the park in my prissy dresses. I became a regular sight around the neighborhood. Every once in a while I ran into the girl I had met before. We would sit close together but we were both too shy to really talk. I would read my book or skip rope while she played with my

iPhone or read her own books. She was reading “Little Women.” I promised to read it when I was finished with “The Secret Garden.” She offered to loan me her copy but I knew I had one on my bookshelf full of books Mother had picked out.

A few weeks later I had my first piano recital. I wore an ankle length A-line light blue organza dress with a blue flower pinned into my french braided hair. I had on white tights and light blue shoes with a small heel. I was the newest student and still a beginner so I went first. The piece was not very hard and when you practice so much every single day it's easy to get it right. I received polite applause and gave a prissy little curtsy as instructed. I couldn't believe how tame and girly I had become. It was almost as if Mother was showing that off as much as I was showing off my piano playing skills.

I was very bored as the other students performed. Mother had to nudge me repeatedly to sit up straight and compose myself like a little lady.

Only the final performance, the most advanced student, interested me. My mouth fell open as I saw her. It was my brown haired friend from the park. She played a selection from something called the “Goldberg Variations” by Bach. I was only a step above “Mary Had A Little Lamb” but I already knew enough about the piano that it was clear it would be years and years, if ever, that I could match what this young girl was doing. She must be some sort of prodigy. She received a standing ovation from the audience of parents and fellow students and I was the first on my feet.

After the recital was over people began to mingle and talk. Mother led me straight over to Bridgette who was talking to the brown haired girl. Bridgette smiled at me, “Samantha, this is Marcie, the girl I was telling you about!”

Both our faces turned red as we looked at each other and realized at the same time that we had both been too shy to learn each other's name. “Hello, Samantha. Nice to meet you,” Marcie said, obviously not wanting to call attention to it.

“Hi, Marcie. It's nice to meet you too,” I replied.

Mother suddenly burst into laughter. “She's your little friend from the park you were telling me about, isn't she, Samantha? I suspected as much when you described her.”

Our faces turned red. Bridgette joined in the laughing, “Oh, these two are perfect for each other! Run along while Mrs. Donovan and I chat,” she instructed us.

We sat next to each other. Shyly I complimented her on her piano playing.

She blushed, obviously preferring to be modest about her advanced skill, “Maybe I could come over and help you practice sometime?” she asked me. “Oh, not that you're not good already!” she added nervously thinking she might have offended me.

I blushed. It was hard not to be intimidated by how good she was but I wasn't offended. “I do practice a lot but I just started. I wouldn't mind some help.”

Marcie looked relieved, “Bridgette says we're going to be in the same class for school.”

I nodded, still dreading going back to sixth grade.

“Oh, that's nice,” she replied. She took my phone from me and started playing with it. I still had no idea how to use it but my new friend seemed really into it so that night I read the manual and learned how to use it. It was actually really cool. When I looked at the contact list I saw that Marcie had already added herself to the list. It was a very short list. Mother and Marcie were the only friends I had. But maybe, I started to think, they aren't bad friends to have.

## Chapter 8 – Let's Play Pool Princess

I woke up from a bad dream the morning of my first day back in sixth grade. I had been standing in front of my old class at school giving a report when suddenly I realized I was wearing nothing but lacy anklet socks, pearl white patent leather Mary Janes, and a pair of white cotton panties decorated with lavender flowers. I looked at my fingernails and saw them painted in matching lavender polish. I was holding a bouquet of purple flowers in one hand and a fancy, old fashioned doll in a prissy lavender dress in the other. I reached up to my hair and felt it tied up in a pony tail with a ribbon and I could tell my face was made up as well. The entire class was pointing and laughing at the tent in my panties. I reached down to cover myself up with the flowers and the doll but they only laughed harder. I wet myself in fear and the urine ran down my leg to the floor of the classroom before I burst awake from the terrible fantasy. The humiliating warm wetness, however, was real. I could feel the flow stopping as I awoke.

I rolled out of bed and stood, my legs wobbled. In a numb haze I started to walk from my room. On the way I passed my prissy lavender back-to-school dress as it hung on the door of my closet, ready and waiting. I knocked quietly on Mother's door before entering. I realized I was up half an hour early. I sat down on the bed beside her and started to cry. In a few moments I felt her stir awake and put her arm around me.

“Samantha, what's wrong?” Mother asked.

“I'm wet again. I don't wanna go to school. I'm just a big bed wetting baby. I want to stay here with you,” I whined.

She comforted me for a few minutes until my crying and whining subsided. She looked over at the clock and realized it was early, “Samantha, did you wake up when it was happening, dear?”

Ashamed of myself, I nodded, “Yes, Mother.”

She smiled and tried to encourage me, “Well, that's progress, Samantha. It never happened before. You almost made it through the night and you almost woke up in time! Your bedwetting days will be over soon, trust me! You're not a baby and you ARE going to school today. If it doesn't work out I told you I will homeschool you but you made this decision and you have to see it through. Now go and get ready.”

“Yes, Mother,” I replied with a pout.

A little while later I was glumly helping Mother make breakfast. My apron covered my back to school outfit to keep it bright and clean. I wore a lavender reverse knot ruffle dress. The fabric was soft and light and the print was accented with jewels and crowns and tiaras, emphasizing what a pampered little princess I had become. There was a white ruffle at the hem with purple polka dots. I wore a white

cardigan and white tights and lavender canvas Mary Janes with a white flower on the buckle.

The french braid in my hair had grown long over the months and it hung down over my shoulder onto my chest where I saw the lavender bow that tied it off. I wore my pearl necklace as usual, clip on gold earrings with a purple stone, and Mother had given me two thin white gold and diamond bracelets to wear. She warned me they were expensive and that I had to be very careful not to lose them. I was only half listening as I admired the small sparkly diamonds, but if she had told me how expensive they really were I probably would have been too afraid to leave the house with them. In truth, with my expensive dress and jewelry and pink designer bookbag my entire ensemble was worth more than my old family's ancient beat up used car. It hadn't entirely dawned on me yet how privileged I had become.

Just as we finished preparing breakfast the phone rang and I picked it up. I answered as I had been trained, "Hello, Donovan residence, this is Samantha."

The line was silent for a moment.

"Sa..who?" I heard a deep female voice say in confusion.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Is my...is Mrs. Donovan there?" the voice asked nervously.

"Whom may I say is calling?" I primly inquired.

"I'm her...I'm Cameron," the voice replied. "Who are you?"

"I'm her...daughter," I replied, to silence. With a shrug I turned to Mother, "Mother, someone named Cameron is calling for you."

Her face turned white. She ordered me to take my breakfast up to my room. I figured it must have been an important call about her design business. Of course, that didn't explain the muffled crying I thought I heard later.

Mother drove me to school. I would usually take the bus but she needed to drop me off to talk to the Principal for my first day. She was unusually quiet and withdrawn. I looked down at one of the sparkly tiaras on my dress. I hated tiaras.

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For a while one summer we had a babysitter named Annabelle. Mom and Dad were sick of leaving us unsupervised only to come home and find Kelly crying because, "My stupid big brother is dressing in my clothes again!" so they would drop us off at Annabelle's house every day.

Annabelle was a nineteen year old beautiful redhead who was home for the summer from college and had quite a temper. We disliked each other right from the start and I did everything I could to stay out of her way. My sister, of course, took an instant liking to her.

The most fun I had the first few days was swimming in the large pool they had in their backyard. I stayed out there for hours. Annabelle and Kelly had the same idea though, and the constant laughter



and teasing finally ruined the fun for me.

From then on I started to stay inside and read instead, but the more I heard the giggling and laughter from outside the more I knew it was most likely targeted in my direction. If I knew Kelly, she was telling our babysitter everything about my least favorite game, or at least some of the details.

A week later, my fears proved prescient. I was sitting inside reading as usual when Annabelle walked up and snatched the book from me. She was wet from the pool and wearing a black bikini that would normally make a boy drool but I had other things to worry about.

“Hey, give it back!” I demanded but she held it out of my reach.

“You spend too much time indoors, come outside and go swimming with us again. It's beautiful out there!” she told me.

“I didn't bring my swimsuit,” I replied, falling directly into the trap that had been set for me.

Annabelle grinned, “Oh, don't worry, I'm sure we can find a spare.”

She took my hand and started leading me up the stairs. “She means one from her father,” I thought. “She means one her boyfriend left here,” I thought. “She doesn't mean that. Please, she doesn't mean something like that,” I thought as she opened the door in front of me.

Annabelle shoved me into the room. I saw pink walls and a pink bed and dolls and flowers and princess posters and knew I was doomed. Annabelle had a little sister too. She was away at summer camp.

I screamed as I felt a sudden shove and collapsed onto the floor. A familiar high pitched jovial voice rang out, “Let's play the Sissy-Girly Game!”

Kelly had been hiding in the room waiting for us. I tried to turn and get up. I couldn't let her do this to me in front of a hot older girl. It would be infuriating and humiliating, but I was too slow. Before I could find my feet Kelly pounced on me, pinned me, and started pulling hard on my hair. I screamed.

“Stop it! Stop it!” I begged. “Annabelle, get her off me! Kelly, what are you doing?” I screamed, trying to act as if this was not a regular occurrence for me.

I could hear Annabelle laughing at the sight of a fully clothed boy being beat up by a little girl in a bathing suit. Clearly our babysitter was not going to be my salvation. I redoubled my efforts to fight but Kelly slapped my hands away and resumed yanking at my hair.

Kelly kept me pinned down as I struggled and addressed Annabelle as if I couldn't hear her, “It always takes him a few minutes to give up. It's part of the fun for him! You know how boys like to fight. Once he's got that silliness out of his system we can get down to the part he REALLY likes!”

“I don't like any of it!” I screamed.

Kelly laughed and stopped pulling my hair. I looked up and sneered at her. I hated her so much.

“Sometimes he just needs to be reminded he's really a prissy little girl at heart before he gives up. Like if I spit on a boy...that would never make him say it.” She cleared her throat and started to lean over my face. This had gotten me to break before. I grimaced and shut my eyes. She could see that I was determined to take it this time.

“Or...” she continued.

I opened my eyes. She jammed a finger up her nose and retrieved a disgusting green booger. She started to reach towards my face. I forgot about Annabelle watching. I forgot about everything but how much I hated my stupid sister and didn't want her stupid booger touching me and almost involuntarily I shouted in a practiced, high pitched girly voice, “I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!”

Kelly smiled in satisfaction and flicked the booger away. Annabelle laughed until she was crying, “He said it! I can't believe he really said it! You are the meanest little sister in the world, Kelly!”

Kelly smiled at what was, between the two of them, a compliment. I stood up and rubbed my head as Kelly replied to Annabelle, “So, that's how it's done. You wanna take your turn?”

“Of course!” Annabelle replied. “Let's play the Sissy-Girly Game!” Annabelle ran towards me as my eyes opened in shock. If I couldn't fight off my little sister there was no way I was going to be able to fight off my babysitter. I turned around to run, but of course there was nowhere for me to go. Annabelle grabbed my left wrist and bent it back. I screamed in pain. My other hand shot out to my side and I held it limply while I stood on my toes. Kelly had grabbed my wrist this way when she was training me to walk like a girl in heels and my reaction was involuntarily.

Annabelle laughed hysterically, “He's a natural fairy! Isn't he?”

Kelly nodded at her with a smile. Annabelle tossed me on the bed and pinned me and started to playfully slap at my cheeks. “Don't make me hurt you...Samantha,” Annabelle warned with a giggle.

But something else besides the game was now occupying my mind. I was pinned to the bed by a beautiful wet older girl dressed only in a bikini. Her breasts bounced in front of me as her warm hands kept touching my face.

“Just say it, Samantha. Say it for me like you did your little sister!” she teased as she continued to straddle me.

She shook me by the shoulders and repeated, “Do it! Do it!” I stared up into her beautiful eyes and a hint of a smile came to my lips. The world closed in around us and my brain shut down, some drool escaped my lips. I stopped fighting and as I went limp one part of me stayed hard. Annabelle looked down and saw what was happening and her eyes went wide.

“I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!” I shouted.

She moved to get off me but the inevitable had already occurred. My body convulsed and my face twitched. The room spun around me and I felt just the most wonderful sensation of my life.

Annabelle covered her mouth in shock, “Oh my God, he really does like this game!”

Kelly looked over at me, “He sure does, but usually not that much.”

Annabelle helped me to my feet and told me to go to the bathroom and strip. Still in a haze I obeyed, my hatred for my babysitter now mixed with some other strange feelings I could not quite explain. I tossed my clothes out of the room on command and the bathing suit I was to borrow came in exchange. I shuddered when I saw it.

In a few moments I was standing before them in the most humiliating bathing suit imaginable. With my brief moment of exhilaration over I just felt degraded and pathetic while they laughed at me. I was wearing a purple one piece Disney Store swimsuit with screen and glitter art of Rapunzel from Tangled surrounded by embroidered pink flowers. There were dark purple ruffle fabric rosettes across chest, double shoulder straps, and a skirt with a gathered light pink ruffle hem.

“Oh my God, Samantha! You're so cute! Now put these on!” Annabelle gushed as she handed me a pair of purple flip flops that matched the suit. They featured Rapunzel screen art and had gel straps that sparkled with sequins and glitter. There was a large floral applique with a sparkly jewel in the center of the straps.

To complete the set there was a light purple hooded coverup to wear over the suit on the way to and from the pool. There was an embroidered Rapunzel of course and there were ruffle trims around the hood opening and the sleeves. It buttoned up with three heart shaped buttons above a delicate bow.

“Makeup time!” Kelly squealed.

“But Kelly,” I whined, “We're just going to the pool.”

Annabelle laughed, “It's okay, Samantha, we're just playing.”

“But I HATE this game.” I stamped my foot and shook my limp wristed arms at my side and pouted and they both laughed at me. I sounded and looked exactly like the type of prissy little princess who would wear the matching Disney swimming outfit I had on. Kelly had made sure feminine behavior was totally natural to me when we were playing the game and a lot of the time I didn't even know I was doing it.

Annabelle dragged me over to the mirror and I sat down in a practiced, feminine, demure manner to more giggles from Annabelle. “I've trained him so well!” Kelly bragged.

My face turned red in shame and anger. I hated when she said stuff like that and she knew it, but there was nothing I could do to stop her. They started to work together to make me up. They made me up so heavily I looked like I would be going to a ballet recital rather than just out to the pool. I had girly pink lips and pink eye shadow and pink blushing cheeks. When they were done they topped everything off by putting a glittery tiara on my head and letting me soak in my appearance in the mirror.

I was a perfect prissy pool princess. I hated how the tight girl's bathing suit felt like it was shaping my body into that of a little girl and when I looked in the mirror I could see my appearance matched the feeling. I started to breathe heavily and panic. All of my masculinity was gone and my sister and babysitter had replaced it with a femininity that was impossible to deny.

While I stood in front of the mirror the girls put on jeans and t-shirts over their bathing suits and then led me downstairs and out the front door. "Wait...where are we going? The pool is out back," I complained.

Annabelle laughed, "You're too pretty to hide in the back yard, Samantha. We're going to the public pool!"

"Nooo!" I shouted but Annabelle swatted me on my behind and herded me into the car while Kelly laughed.

"I can't go out in public like this!" I continued to complain, "Someone will recognize me!"

Kelly taunted me, "Don't be silly, little sis, you're the one who said you wanted everyone to know what a prissy little sissy-girly you are! You even said it twice! Now everyone will know! It's a dream come true!"

I started to cry. I was hopelessly trapped. Kelly glared at me and ordered me not to ruin my makeup. We finished the short drive to the public pool and Kelly dragged me out of the car. Annabelle lifted the frilly purple coverup over my head leaving me exposed in nothing but my skirted one piece Disney princess bathing suit and flip flops and sparkly tiara. My heart thumped in my chest and my head started to spin. My life was about to be over. I could never live down showing up at the public pool dressed like a little girl. There had to be some way out.

Annabelle giggled as she revealed a purple and pink set of water wings and I numbly stood as she slipped them on my arms. They made my appearance even more juvenile. Annabelle and Kelly went to the trunk of the car to get their towels and with their backs turned I saw my only chance at salvation. I cringed at what I saw, but it was the only way and I had only an instant to act. I sprinted away. Someone had left a bike unattended and unlocked on the bike rack.

I was peddling away before they even knew what happened. It was a bright pink Barbie themed bike with a white basket lined with pink flowers and pink and white streamers on the handlebars. You can bet it didn't make me feel like any less of an effeminate little sissy to be peddling away on it in my pink and purple Rapunzel bathing suit but at least it was better than going to the public pool and almost certainly being seen by my classmates.

I started to make my way back to Annabelle's house, staying off the main roads. I couldn't go back to my house until I got my clothes back. I kept looking behind me in frantic fear that they might be chasing me down in the car but they were nowhere to be seen. About a block away I got off the embarrassing pink bike and was about to ditch it when a police car drove up and stopped next to me. The officer looked at me intently before getting out of his car to confront me.

I stood there shaking in numb fear. Annabelle must have called the police to find me. Or someone saw the little girl's bike being stolen and called them. Either way, I was dead. As I shook the officer spoke, "Little girl, if you're going to ride your bike you have to wear a helmet. It's the law. Those water wings may help you swim but they won't help if you fall off your bike!" he lectured.

A helmet. He was just worried about a helmet. Instinctively my hand went to my head and I felt the tiara perched there. "I know you want to look pretty, but it's for your own good! Tiraras are for dress-up at home, not for bike riding! Now run along home, and don't let me see you riding without a helmet

again, missy!”

“Y...yes officer,” I squeaked, “I’m sorry!” I walked the rest of the way to Annabelle’s house leading the bike beside me. I left it propped up by a mailbox so it would be easy to find if the police did start looking for it. I approached Annabelle’s house but all the doors were locked. I screamed in frustration. I went around back and ripped off the water wings and sat down in a lounge chair by the pool to wait for my tormenters to come back and put an end to this stupid game. After a little while, exhausted by my ordeal and my frantic bike trip, I fell asleep.

I awoke to the sound of a woman and a little girl talking. I jumped out of the chair and saw them. There was a red haired older woman and a red haired little girl. They both looked shocked upon seeing me.

“Mommy! Who is that?! Why is she wearing my bathing suit and my tiara?” the little girl whined.

The mother replied, “Annabelle was babysitting while you were at camp, remember? This girl must have forgotten her suit and...”

Suddenly the door to the house popped open and Annabelle and Kelly came out to the yard. They must have come home while I was sleeping and left me out there.

“Jimmy! What are you wearing?!” Kelly shouted in feigned shock.

Annabelle joined in, “I know your Mother said you love to play dress-up but I only left you alone for a few minutes and now I find you out here dressed in my little sister’s bathing suit? It’s very rude to do that without asking! You should know better.”

Annabelle’s little sister started to cry, “Ewwwww, it’s a boy! He ruined it! I can’t wear it anymore!”

Annabelle’s mother was predictably furious, “You perverted, nasty little brat! Your parents are going to hear about this! You are not welcome in this house ever again!”

“No,” I whined, “Please don’t tell my parents, please! I’ll get in so much trouble!”

“You deserve to!” she screamed back.

The frilly purple cover-up was dropped back over my head and Kelly and I were driven home. Kelly was angry and blamed me for making it so Annabelle couldn’t babysit us anymore. As if it was my fault she had to play her stupid game.

So that’s how I ended up presented to my parents dressed as a pretty little pool princess in a glittery tiara. I was stripped out of the suit and given a wicked spanking. The feminine tan lines were apparent for weeks. They threw out the suit and the cover-up and the flip flops but Kelly managed to sneak away the tiara. I wore it almost every time we played the game from then on. I really hate tiaras.

-

I was extremely conscious that all the other girls, even the first and second graders, were not dressed as girly-girl prissy as I was. They mostly wore jeans or capris and t-shirts and sneakers and wore their

hair straight while I was in a dress and tights and Mary Janes with french braided hair and pretty jewelry.

Mother led me to my classroom and gave me a kiss goodbye on the cheek. I had my designer pink leather bookbag on my shoulder and a shiny red apple in my hand. I entered the classroom with butterflies dancing in my stomach.

In accordance with my orders to be a perfect teacher's pet I went straight up to the teacher's desk and introduced myself, "Hello Mrs. Thomas. I'm Samantha Anne Donovan. Pleased to meet you," before handing her the apple with a smile and a little curtsy.

"Pleased to meet you too, Samantha, you can put your things down over there," she gestured to a desk in the front row. Of course Mother had made sure that's where I would be sitting, "...and then I'll introduce you to the class."

I smiled when I saw who would be sitting next to me. It was my friend Marcie. She was wearing a fancy blue dress that was almost as out of place as mine was. I figured we would be the class girly-girls together. At least I wouldn't be alone.

Marcie smiled back and we hugged, "Hi, Samantha!" She held up an iPhone in a purple case, "Look what I got! We can text all the time now!" she went on, talking a mile a minute, "Why weren't you at the assembly yesterday, did you hear that we're getting a new girl in class who used to be a boy?! Can you believe it? What do you think she'll look like, do you think she'll be weird..."

She trailed off as she saw my face had gone screwed up like I was about to cry, but before she could ask what was wrong Mrs. Thomas led me away to the front of the class.

"Quiet down, everyone!" she instructed and received prompt obedience, "This is the new girl we talked about yesterday. I expect you to treat her like any other girl and make her feel welcome. If I find out that anyone is picking on her just because she's different, there is going to be big trouble!"

My cheeks burned red as I looked at my new classmates. Nobody was pointing and laughing like in the nightmare I had about my old school. They just seemed shocked and awed. They had never known me as a boy, after all, and if they hadn't been told they would have just seen me as any other girl. Now though, they knew I was different. I felt like such a freak.

"Say hello to Samantha Donovan, class." Mrs. Thomas instructed.

"Hello, Samantha," they repeated in unison, all but Marcie who was simply staring at me in open mouthed shock.

I couldn't stand it. She hated me now for being such a weirdo.

"H...Hi everyon..." I tried to get out, but before I could finish I burst into tears and ran from the classroom. If I didn't have a friend, I just couldn't do this. I just couldn't do it. I ran towards the office. I was going to make them call Mother to bring me home. Before I got there a hand grabbed my own from behind and stopped me.

I turned around. It was Marcie. She was crying now too, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Don't go!" She put her

arms around me and held me tightly in a bear hug, “I don't care if you're really a boy, we're still friends!” she insisted.

“We...are?” I asked in surprise. “But why did you...”

Marcie laughed through her tears, “Why didn't you tell me? How can we be best friends when we never talk?”

“From now on,” I replied, “We tell each other everything.”

She handed me a tissue and I dried my tears. We held hands and walked back to the classroom. I had my friend. My best friend. I could do this. From then on we sat together in every class, every day at lunch, every day on the bus, and whenever else we could. When we weren't together we were glued to our phones texting each other and driving our parents crazy. We may still have been two shy girls to everyone else, but not with each other. She never treated me like a freak, even when other kids made fun of me behind my back.

My first day at my new school didn't end up going that badly, aside from one thing. Marcie and I sat together at recess chatting and reading our books. I had just finished “The Secret Garden” and had started “Little Women.” I smiled at the memory of Mr. Craven finding the secret garden in full bloom and full of happy, healthy children. The sounds of recess reminded me of what it must have been like for him.

We saw a girl and two boys hiding behind a shed smoking cigarettes. Marcie identified them as Jenny, Pat, and Kevin. Marcie told me they were the most popular kids in class. I instantly stood up and started looking for an adult.

“What are you doing, Samantha?” Marcie asked.

“Telling on them,” I replied with a blush.

“But you can't, you'll have the whole class mad at you,” she insisted.

“I have to. Mother said so. She said if she hears I knew about anything bad kids are doing in class and don't tell I'll be in as much trouble as if I did it myself,” I told her with concern.

“You don't always have to do what your Mother says, Samantha!” she yelled after me as I ran off.

Jenny peaked out from behind the shed and saw the new “girl” in the prissy purple dress and the expensive jewelry running up to the teacher's aide and pointing in their direction. My reputation as a tattler was set in stone from day one. Besides Marcie, I didn't think I would be making many friends in my new class.

## Chapter 9 – Let's Play Sissy Kiss

Mrs. Thomas asked the class a question. My hand instantly shot up because Mother told me a good teacher's pet always puts her hand up. Mrs. Thomas frowned at the class. “I've called on Samantha the last three times, someone else, please? You should all be as enthusiastic as she is.”

I shrank into my seat. I could feel the class glaring at me in the back of my head. I was always the example of a perfect, eager little student and it wasn't helping me make many friends.

A lot of teachers would see this happening and try and discourage a student from being such an obvious pet, but Mrs. Thomas was truly smitten with her little Samantha. My "gender issues" made sure I was viewed as special and worthy of coddling to make sure I would never be picked on. She didn't think of me like she did the other girls.

Thanks to Mother's orders on how I should behave I never did anything to suggest I didn't want the extra protection. The three kids I had tattled on my first day tried to corner me the day after to pick on me. My instinct was to fight back and defend myself but I knew I wasn't allowed to get in any trouble. I had only one solution open to me, the one Mother and Bridgette had told me about. I cried and ran to the teacher and tattled some more. It solved the problem of being picked on, but over the next few weeks I found myself being more and more isolated from the rest of the class, aside from Marcie and Mrs. Thomas of course. I wasn't only a teacher's pet and a tattle tale, I was also an immature little baby.

About a month after my first day back in school Mother and I were at the grocery store. I was dressed in a pink skirt and a short sleeve white blouse with blue and pink flowers. I wore pink sneakers and frilly ankle socks. She sent me off with a list of items to pick up for her to help with the shopping. It wasn't a big deal, aside from the last item on the list.

Girl's Goodnites.

It was so humiliating to go to the diaper aisle and pick up the package I needed because of my uncontrollable bedwetting. All I could think of was doing the same chore when my sister made me do it in a pink "Princess Bedwetter" shirt.

It was so humiliating to be a boy forced to do that by his sister, but in some ways it was even worse to be seen just as a bedwetting little girl. When it was a boy in that situation they looked at me with disgust and disdain. It was awful, but as a girl I was showered with pity. I really hated it. People acted like I shouldn't even be embarrassed by it. Easy for you to say, if you can keep your sheets dry. It's just as humiliating no matter what gender you are. Sometimes it was just as embarrassing to be treated as helpless by default rather than being mocked for not doing what you should.

As I blushingly tried to escape from the diaper aisle that day I encountered someone who didn't care if I was a girl or a boy, she just hated me for being a tattle tale and a teacher's pet.

"Oh my god," Jenny laughed.

I froze in humiliation and fear in front of my classmate. Tears started to form in my eyes, "Please don't tell anyone..."

She guffawed. "Little miss tattle tale doesn't want me to tell everyone she's a bedwetter? You always seem so happy to tell everyone else's secrets though."

"Please...I can't help it..." I ran away to Mother with tears in my eyes and explained what happened in a panic.



She gave me a hug and consoled me, “Oh, don't worry Samantha, I'm sure she won't tell anyone. I'm sure she's a very nice girl and would never do something like that.”

“She hates me!” I shouted, “Because you made me be a tattler!”

Mother frowned at me, “You're making a scene with this little tantrum, Samantha. Enough, don't make me put you in the corner for the rest of the day. You know Marcie is supposed to come over.”

Still sniffing and red faced I stared at the ground and said nothing while she finished shopping. When we got home I sat on my bed and continued to cry. I lost track of time and when I heard the doorbell ring I quickly tried to compose myself, but when I opened the door it was obvious Marcie could tell.

“What's wrong, Samantha?” she asked with concern.

“It's nothing,” I told her. Marcie didn't look satisfied, she didn't think BFFs should keep secrets.

I squirmed in embarrassment, “It's private, okay? Let's just go practice.”

We sat together at the piano and began to play a duet. It was easy for Marcie but it was way beyond my skill level and Marcie was patiently helping me learn it so we could play it together at our next recital. When I was playing it right it was an amazing feeling being so totally in sync. We were the best of friends and it was awesome to work together to do something in perfect harmony and unity. There was nobody I would rather share that feeling with than Marcie.

That time, though, I kept making mistakes. It was like I had regressed. Instead of calming, beautiful music it was nothing but discordant chaos. Marcie couldn't understand it. She knew I practiced every day. She was patient with me and we simply started over again and again. The fifth time I messed up I was too frustrated to continue. I banged my fists into the keyboard in anger as Marcie shrunk away. I stood up and turned away from the piano as Mother stormed into the room.

“Samantha, what are you doing?” she demanded.

“I hate the piano! I don't want to play it any more!” I shouted.

Mother rolled her eyes at me, “Don't be silly, Samantha. You can't quit just because it's hard. Messing up is part of practicing. It's okay. Get back to it.”

We stared each other down. If this went any further I would find myself in the corner but I was too upset to care. I screamed, “I hate you! I hate you! You aren't even my real...”

She interrupted my angry words with an icy calm that was clearly holding back her own upset.

“Samantha...”

“Anne...”

“Donovan.”

I was in for it now.

Marcie decided to take matters into her own hands before Mother could go on, “Mrs. Donovan, it was my fault we messed up. I could really use a break. Is it okay if we stop for now?”

Mother raised an eyebrow at her, clearly not believing for a second Marcie had been the source of the trouble, but she agreed to let us take a break. We went up to my room and I sat down on my bed and sulked.

“So, what's wrong?” she asked once again.

“I told you I don't want to talk about it!” I yelled.

“Are you mad at me?” she asked with concern.

I shook my head in reply.

“Then don't take it out on me! Tell me what's wrong,” she demanded.

“Fine!” I shouted. I stood and tore the covers off my neatly made bed exposing the plastic sheets hidden beneath. “I'm a bedwetter! I wet the bed nearly every night!” I started to cry, “I went to the doctor and he gave me pills and an alarm but nothing works! It happens almost every night! Are you happy now?”

I waited for that look of disgust and disdain or overwrought pity I confronted every time somebody found out. I waited for the laughter. I should have known Marcie would never do something like that to me. Several heartbeats passed.

Then she simply shrugged, “Oh, don't cry any more Samantha. I'm sorry. I guess it really is none of my business.”

It didn't change how she thought of me at all. While I stood there in numb shock she remade my bed and sat down. I sat next to her.

“I'm sure you'll get it beat soon. It's just a medical problem, right? That kind of thing happens to everybody. You can't let it ruin your day.” She hugged me. I felt light headed. I liked her so much. She was the best friend.

I really could tell her anything, “It's...not just that. I was at the store today and...and Jenny saw me with my...with my...Goodnites, and she's going to tell everyone at school to get back at me.”

Marcie took my hand and squeezed it tightly and looked me right in the eyes. “No, she won't. She's really a nice girl. She's mad about what you did but...she wouldn't do that to you. I promise.”

Her eyes were so beautiful. I got lost in them as she spoke. I would have believed anything she said at that moment. All of my anxiety floated away. It was going to be okay. Marcie said so.

Our hands were still entwined. We leaned in closer together. I felt like I felt when we were playing the piano in perfect coordination. It was exhilarating. We had one mind and one purpose. Before my conscious mind could even grasp what was occurring, we kissed.

My heart thudded in my chest and I felt dizzy and lightheaded. I was overwhelmed with joy. For several minutes we just stared at each other, flooded with confusing emotion. We gripped each other's hands so tightly it was almost painful.

Suddenly the door opened and Mother looked in on us. Our hands leapt apart and we sat there guiltily. Mother looked at us in suspicion but clearly had no idea what we could possibly have been doing we would be afraid she would find out about. I knew she had a camera in my room. I just hoped she wouldn't check it.

"I..uhh...think we're ready to practice again, Mrs. Donovan," Marcie said to break the silence.

We sat again at the piano. I played the duet flawlessly for the first time. Marcie hugged me in congratulations. We stared into each other's eyes again. I had trouble getting to sleep that night. I didn't know what kissing Marcie really meant, but I knew it was wonderful. We were more than BFFs now, that was for sure. It was Marcie's first kiss. It wasn't mine. My first kiss was a much less jubilant moment.

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I sat at my desk trying to study. I was constantly distracted by sounds of laughter from across the hall. Kelly had a friend over, a boy from her class named Greg I didn't really know. She wasn't really allowed to have boys over at her age, especially when our parents weren't home, but she wasn't worried about them. They focused all their attention on trying to fix their "sissy son." The room across the hall went silent for a few minutes. I started to get nervous. The calm before the storm, an anxious part of me insisted.

"Hey, Samantha!" she taunted, appearing at my door.

"Don't call me that, you promised nobody from school would find out," I whined.

She laughed, "Let's play the Sissy-Girly Game!"

I stood up and faced her. "No!" I insisted, emphatically.

She crossed her arms with an amused smile on her lips. I stood there trembling, near tears, knowing exactly how everything was about to play out from long experience. She rushed at me and put me in a headlock. I kicked and bucked and tried to escape but I didn't want to scream for fear that the boy in the next room would come across the hall and see me being beat up by my little sister.

Still holding me by the neck she stood behind me and whispered in my ear. "Say it."

"No! I won't! Not this time!" I replied.

She laughed. She let go of my neck and grabbed my underwear and pulled up with all of her strength and gave me the most painful wedgie you could imagine. I fell forward with a scream, Greg must surely have heard at this point but it was involuntary on my part. She pinned me on the ground with her knee on my back. She held my head with her left arm and with her right started giving me a painful nuggie, rubbing her knuckles into my scalp painfully and demanding, "Say it! Say it!"

Through my tears I finally gave in, “I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!”

The pain stopped. I could hear her giggling from behind me, “Oh, it's okay, little sis. Don't cry! If that's what you want I can make sure everyone will!”

She left the room. I stood up, crying, and stripped off my clothes. There was no point in fighting her on that. I went to my closet, and with red cheeks pulled one of my girl's GoodNites from the hiding spot and pulled them on. Naked besides my immature girl's bedwetting pants, I turned back to the door and in intense humiliation waited for her to return with the outfit of her choice.

She came back holding a pink and white candystriped dress with white ribbon at the collar and a white ribbon sash and a built in crinoline. There were matching pink panties with white ruffles on the rear to put on over my GoodNites. Obediently I donned the dress and she tied a big white bow behind me. She put me in frilly white ankle socks and pink two inch high heels with white bows at the toe. She put a pink ribbon in my hair. She sat me down and had me do my own makeup, a task I was now well practiced in. She told me to be especially careful to do a perfect job with the pink lipstick.

“Aren't you just the prettiest little sister, Samantha?” she asked mockingly as we stared at my effeminate, emasculated appearance in the mirror. The dress barely covered my underwear and I tugged hopelessly at the hem.

I seethed in humiliation, “But you said you wouldn't tell anyone at school,” I whined again.

She smiled impishly, “It's okay, he doesn't mind.”

The door opened. The boy, Greg, entered the room. In shock I realized he was wearing a nearly identical baby blue outfit but his boyish appearance and crew cut made it clear he wasn't a girl.

“Oh my God!” he gushed, “You're right, he's beautiful! I'm glad you made me wait till your were done to show me! He's the most pretty sissy I've ever seen!” He was clearly a willing participant in our little game and quite smitten with me.

Before I could do anything the boy ran up to me and grabbed me in a hug. I squirmed in displeasure, my sissy dress pressed against his.

“Say cheese!” Kelly announced as Greg's lips smacked into mine in a kiss. Her camera flashed. I tried to escape from Greg's embrace. I could feel his excitement as our warm bodies pressed together in our girly-girl dresses and it was definitely not reciprocated. Kelly glared at me and I knew I had to play along. We kissed again. I felt nauseous and disgusted. Kissing another boy was absolutely repulsive to me.

Greg reached behind me and pulled up my dress and rubbed his hands on my pantied bottom. I wanted to run away and puke.

“My little sissy sister has a little sissy boyfriend! Everyone is going to be so excited!” Kelly screeched. She kept making comments like that so when my Mom and Dad came home I didn't hear them coming. Kelly heard them and quickly hid in my closet. My parents were livid to find me dressed up as a sissy again and kissing another boy. They had to wait until Greg was gone to get around to punishing me,

but it was the worst punishment I ever took at their hands.

-

The next day in school I was a nervous wreck, even with my faith in Marcie's judgment. I sat in my seat at the front of the class and pulled nervously at my long french braid, a habit I had picked up lately when I was scared or upset.

I waited all day as I did my usual teacher's pet routine to hear the whispers behind me.

“Baby.”

“Bedwetter.”

“Diaper girl.”

But it never happened.

At the end of the day as I was leaving class I turned to look at Jenny. “I...I...”

I ran away near crying, not wanting to confront what had happened. Or really, what hadn't. I thought about it all evening. She really was a nice girl, and I had made an enemy out of her just because I was afraid of getting in trouble with Mother. I was so embarrassed. I didn't think I could face her again.

The next day I walked towards class. I was carrying another gift for Mrs. Thomas. Mother gave me something to give her at least once a week to help solidify my status as teacher's pet. That day I carried a bouquet of flowers and some strawberry jam from our garden.

As I entered the classroom I took a few steps towards the teacher's desk. Mrs. Thomas smiled at me, anticipating another present from her favorite little student, but something stopped me. I turned sharply to the left and walked towards Jenny's desk. With my face down I presented the gift to her.

“I'm sorry,” I whispered quietly, “Thank you for being so nice anyway.”

Without waiting for a response I quickly turned away, expecting Mrs. Thomas to be looking disappointed at not receiving her usual gift but instead she was smiling and wiping a small tear from her eye.

I sighed. She was just as delighted to see her little favorite making new friends as to be giving her gifts. I sat down in my seat and smiled. I laughed. I liked my new class. I didn't stop being the overdressed crybaby prissy little tattler but, well, I learned that Marcie was right. Sometimes I didn't always have to do what Mother said. When I used a bit of discretion, the other girls could be pretty friendly.

A few weeks later Mother announced that she was having a girl's night out with Bridgette. I would be left home with a babysitter. I begged and pleaded with her not to, but she made the call she had said she would when I first moved in. My sister Kelly would babysit me. I would have been entirely happy never seeing her again, but I think Mother knew some closure might be good for me. I'm glad she did.

I hid up in my room crying all day after school knowing what was coming. Mother tried to get me out but I just kept throwing tantrums and as much of a helicopter parent as she was, her mind was made up on having her night out. It didn't matter how much I whined.

Mother made me answer the door. Kelly was just like I remembered her. A pretty, innocent looking little girl who I knew instinctively had it within her power to make every facet of my life as miserable as possible.

I started to cry but Kelly didn't miss a beat, "Hello, Samantha!" she squealed, "We're going to have so much fun, just think of all the...games...we'll play!"

Kelly put her arm around me and held me close to her. I looked up at Mother with pleading eyes, "Please...take me with you."

She just laughed, "Everything will be fine Samantha, have fun playing with your sister. Goodbye!"

And she was gone.

Kelly instantly released me as soon as the door was closed. "OH...MY...GOD!" she shouted, "Look at you!"

I looked to the mirror and saw what she did. I was wearing a poufy yellow sundress covered in flowers and white birds and a white cardigan with white tights on my legs and yellow Mary Janes. I wore an expensive silver tiara (I hate tiaras! But Mother says it looks so pretty on me...) and my thick, long french braid was tied with glittery yellow ribbons. I wore diamond clip-on earrings and golden bracelets on my wrists and of course my pearl necklace.

"She dresses you like this every day? You actually GO TO SCHOOL like this? I can't believe you let her do this to you! You're the perfect little princess I always thought you were, and you just go along with it!" she exclaimed with laughter.

I pouted and turned away. I sat down on a chair in the living room and sulked. She followed quickly behind me and looked around. She took in the fancy furniture and the massive wide-screen TV. I thought I saw a hint of annoyance on her face but it was gone as quickly as it appeared. She focused back on me.

"So, have you met any nice boys at your new school, little sis?" she asked sarcastically.

"I don't like boys!" I shouted back in anger.

She laughed, "Well, Greg certainly misses you and..."

I ran upstairs to my room and slammed the door. It didn't matter. There wasn't a lock of course. I grabbed my phone and started to text Marcie, "OMG plz, u there?"

By the time I hit "send" Kelly was upon me again. She saw my uber-girly room and burst out in a new fit of laughter. She saw the expensive queen sized bed and all the fancy clothes and dolls and jewelry. She looked at the brand new top of the line iPhone in my hands. She turned to my desk and saw the new Macbook and the fancy perfumes and makeup.

I slammed down the phone in frustration. Kelly stopped laughing and pouted. That hint of annoyance I had seen earlier was now turning into open resentment. The new life she had sentenced me to was to live in a large house with a rich mother and have all of my whims and needs taken care of. I started to sense something odd about what was happening right then. I started to giggle. I started to laugh out loud.

She stared at me, "Let's play the...."

"What's the point?" I replied. My laughter continued.

She ran up to me and grabbed me by my french braid and tugged me off the bed. I shrieked in pain, but when it was over I just kept laughing.

I shouted, "I'm a prissy-little sissy girly and....everybody ALREADY knows it!" she tugged on my braid again, "and...YOU'RE JEALOUS OF ME!" I exclaimed with glee.

She let go of my hair and backed away while shaking her head at my laughing non-resistance. I went on, "You spent all your time thinking of ways to bully me and make me unhappy, and now I'm the most happy I've ever been in my entire life and you're stuck with them without me and you hate it! I'm a prissy little sissy-girly and I LOVE IT!" I exclaimed with honesty.

She charged at me and swung her fist. I was stuck with a pretty nasty black eye for the next few weeks, but after Mother saw the video from her camera in my room I never had to see my little sister ever again. The next morning I woke up to a strange sensation. I urgently had to urinate. I choked up with happiness as I leapt out of bed and ran to the bathroom. I never wet the bed again. Game over.

A few weeks later, Mother had me dressed in my Sunday best. I wore a pure white Easter style dress with bouffant petticoats, white anklets, and one inch patent leather white heels.

"Mother," I asked, "Why do I have to dress up today?" as if my outfit was that much different from my day to day clothes.

She had been distant all morning long. Her answer was just as distant and monotone and maybe...nervous? "We have a very special guest today, Samantha. Please be on your best behavior," she instructed, with an almost pleading look in her eyes.

"Yes, Mother, of course," I replied with a curtsy in a confused tone that suggested I would never even think of acting otherwise.

She went to the kitchen and started to prepare a brunch. I followed her and started to don my apron to help out as usual, but she stopped me. "I'll handle it, Samantha, just...just wait and answer the door, okay?"

I nodded and hung the apron and sat in a chair by the door. If that was what Mother wanted, it was what I would do for her. I took the phone from my purse and texted Marcie.

"Mother acting weird, lol!"

Marcie texted back, "I dunno, lol."

The doorbell rang. For some reason Mother was really counting on me for this, so I made sure to do it right. I smoothed out my dress, checked my appearance in the mirror, and turned to the door and opened it. I bobbed a quick, polite curtsy and looked up.

In front of me was an unusually tall woman with strong features. The situation was somewhat odd, but I was very well trained in answering the door. I dipped in another curtsy and smiled. "Hello, My name is Samantha..."

The woman picked me up and smothered me in a tight hug. "I'm Cameron. I've heard all about you. You're so pretty! I wish when I was your age I could have..." Her hands touched the pearl necklace I wore, "...she would never let me..."

She looked behind me and saw Mother standing in the doorway to the kitchen. She gently set me back down and the two women looked across at each other in silence. The distance was measured in feet but by their gazes it could have been miles.

Mother spoke, "I'm so sorry, Cameron." She broke down in tears. I had never seen this from her before, as much as I loved her she was always the stern and reserved type, she continued, "I'm so sorry!"

The two women ran to each other and hugged. I stood beside them in confusion.

Mother continued, "I should have accepted you for who you are. I never should have driven you away just because you wanted to be a girl..." Mother choked on her tears. "I never thought you would come back to me, but, when I heard about girls like Samantha I knew I could make a difference. I told her she was an only child."

Cameron smiled and looked over at me. "You aren't."

I fell back into my chair. Numbly I felt the phone by my side and picked it up. "Have big sister now," I texted.

"wat?" in reply.

I laughed. Maybe I should call her.

It was years before Marcie and I ever kissed again. I knew I didn't like boys but I had to give Marcie her chance to figure out who she was. Every time she went out I did my best to pretend like it didn't bother me, but I think she knew. It bothered me a lot. Even so, we remained inseparable and the best of friends. We liked the same hobbies and books and movies and we were always there for each other when we were upset.

When I couldn't be with Marcie I got to know my big sister. Cameron was a role model for me and she helped me to learn about the special challenges I would face because of my gender issues. It was great to have someone in the family besides Mother to help look after me. She took me shopping and started to nudge my fashion choices away from Mother's prissy outfits into things more appropriate for a teenage girl. Having her other daughter back made Mother a lot less smothering and overprotective of



me, but I was always happy to model one of her prissy new dress designs and help in the kitchen and the garden and be her perfect, happy little girl. At times I could see it would make Cameron a little jealous to see me live the life she had always wanted when she was young, but seeing her little sister happy always trumped those feelings.

It was the night of the junior prom when Marcie and I finally admitted we were in love. We couldn't imagine there could be anybody else as perfect for either of us. She wore an elegant pink satin prom gown and I wore one that was white and poufy that Mother had designed for me. While everyone else danced around us, we held each other close and kissed. The music enveloped us like when we played a duet in perfect harmony. You couldn't tear us apart. We wanted to spend the rest of our lives together, BFFs and more.

THE END

sissykimmy1@gmail.com