

Note: This story was originally published on Fictionmania as “Sissy Kimmy”. This is an edited, updated, and slightly expanded version.

This story includes physical, psychological, and sexual abuse. It contains intense violence and horror elements. Reader discretion is advised.

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The Girl in Red – The Woman In White  
by SissyKimmy1

Part 1: The Girl In Red

Chapter 1: That Isn't My Name

I was a small boy, just under five feet tall. I was eighteen and most boys my age would be called men, but that would be a bit of an exaggeration in my case. I was not strong, tall, or assertive. I dreamed about girls, but it never seemed to happen. I had dropped out my senior year of high school and was too lazy to get a job. I didn't expect or desire the terrible fate that awaited me, but it was partly my own fault for not even trying to be an independent and responsible person. I had my chance to leave after I dropped out, but how could I have known how vital it was to get away?

On that summer day when my stepmother Kathy announced her decision to turn me into a little girl, I told her there was no way she could possibly force me to go along and decided to leave home that day, but I had no idea how well she had prepared.

It was at lunchtime, with my younger sisters Marie and Marlena giggling all the while with the knowledge of what was to come, that their plan was put into action.

"Are you enjoying your lunch, Kimmy?" my stepmother asked.

"My name isn't Kimmy and there is no way you could ever force me to..." my voice trailed off and I started to become dizzy. I fell backwards in my chair and they all gathered around.

"It worked like a charm, Mom" said Marie as the room continued to twirl. "By the time he wakes up, there will be no escape for our new little sister."

I awoke in a dark room, I floated in a hazy fog for quite some time. Weird memories danced in my head but none of them made any sense at all. Alertness hit me suddenly, they were going to make me into a little girl? That must have been part of the dream, why would I think such a thing...?

Suddenly a sharp voice rang out, "Good Morning, little Kimmy!"

It struck me, it wasn't a dream, they had drugged me and were putting this crazy plan into action, but who was this voice...

The lights came on and I saw her. A tall, beautiful woman with blonde hair. She was dressed casually in jeans and a tight shirt.

"Hello, little girl, my name is Cindy, I'm here to help. By the time I'm finished with you today all of

your girlish dreams will come true. I have very few boys who come here so willingly, so I will do my very best to make you the most precious little girl I have ever produced."

Came here willingly, eh? I'll show this bitch, I may be short but I'm not weak. I lunged towards her fists flying but...she stood there giggling as my fists flew. She grabbed both my hands, held them and said, "Having second thoughts, are we? Well, I'm afraid the time for those has passed. The treatment has already been administered, you are more girl than boy now, the treatment has sapped all the strength from your muscles, you couldn't hurt a kitten."

"NO, IT'S IMPOSSIB...." I stopped and covered my mouth, the voice that came out was unmistakably that of a little girl, shrilly high pitched with a very slight lisp.

"Oh, little Kimmy, so much is possible, come to the mirror and see."

In shock I followed and what I saw was beyond belief. Beautiful thick curls of auburn hair flowed gracefully to her shoulders. The face was angelic, blushing cheeks and pink lips and girlish lashes. The only sign at all that the creature in the mirror was not a small girl was the tiny penis and balls.

She saw my glance, "Yes, you're still a boy in one place. Your mother chose not to advance the treatment that far but...well, you best behave Kimmy is all I can say."

The face in the mirror twisted in distress and began to cry, at that same moment a stream of urine began flowing as well.

Cindy spoke with mocking gentleness as I entered full tantrum mode, "There, there Kimmy. It's okay, you're only a little girl, your potty training isn't what it once was. I hope we can keep you out of diapers, but you'll have to be quick to find an adult to help you on to your potty."

I stared at the ground in complete humiliation. Cindy sensed I was now completely at her mercy. "Oh, it won't be so bad Kimmy. Isn't this what you always wanted? No responsibilities, no school, no work. Just a life of total dependence on your stepmother and sisters. It won't be any different than your life has been up till now, you'll just look right for the part and learn to act with proper respect. An 18 year old boy looks silly sitting around the house all day, but now that you're a little girl it will be completely natural to look to all the real adults for guidance and support instead of doing things for yourself."

I seethed with anger, it was true I had been a bit irresponsible, but lots of people don't get their life together until later, but they had made sure I would never have the chance.

"Now," Cindy said, "It is time to get you properly dressed and ready to be sent home."

She went to a closet at the side of the room and opened it. What I saw made me begin to quiver in humiliation again as I sniffled. First, she retrieved a set of classic frilly little girl panties. They were white with little flowers all over. I continued to cry as she made me step into them.

"There, doesn't that feel so nice? So smooth and comfy." She patted my behind gently. "You should have been in these so long ago!"

Next, she retrieved a pair of white tights and carefully pulled them up into place. "Don't you feel so girly and sweet?"

I looked into the mirror again, there was no longer any evidence at all that it was a boy being dressed like this aside from the pouting and clearly unhappy face.

She slipped a pair of pink Mary Janes on my feet and giggled. She moved to a curtain in the corner of the room and unveiled the dress that I would be wearing as I stepped forward into my new life. It was unbelievable, I had once seen a TV show about beauty pageants for little girls in which they pranced around in the most flouncy and silly frocks, complete caricatures of the most extreme versions of femininity, but the thought of being forced into this dress was worse than prancing around in anything I had ever seen on TV.

It was bright, pure white with humongous pink puffy sleeves. The bodice and skirt were embroidered with pink hearts and fairies and there was a wide pink sash between them to tie in a big bow in the back. There was a stiff pink petticoat underneath the skirt that made it clear that barely even my panties would be covered.

I had enough, the little girl in nothing but tights, panties and Mary Janes I could see in the mirror became red faced and violently stamped her foot. "THERE IS NO WAY I AM WEARING THIS, THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, CHANGE ME BACK AND..."

I got no further as I yelped in fear as she closed upon me, I groaned as I piddled in my panties before she was even halfway there. She lifted me up, kicking and screaming, and took a seat with my stomach on her lap and my pink Mary Janes kicking in panic.

"Now listen here, little Kimmy, you will wear whatever your mommy tells you to wear and be an obedient little girl." She rubbed my butt gently. "Part of the treatment was to give you a VERY low tolerance for pain. You will redefine the definition of a wimp. Even a little bump will leave you bawling and crying for your sisters or your Mommy to come comfort you. Let me give you just a little taste."

The first spank sent pain through me like I had never felt before. My panties and tights were no protection at all. I howled and cried hysterically from just one gentle slap.

She continued, and counted up to ten. It was like a hot brand had been taken to my ass and she was barely hitting me at all. The pain got worse and worse as she continued, it must have only taken a minute, but to me it was the longest moment of my life. It was an eternity.

When she was done, she tossed me on the ground and I rolled around kicking and screaming in my wet panties and frantically rubbing my behind. I had no idea how they did it, but they had fully reduced me to a helpless little panty wetter. There was no viable path of resistance.

Cindy screamed down at me, "LITTLE GIRLS DO AS THEY ARE TOLD, THAT GOES FOR ME OR YOUR MOMMY OR YOUR BIG SISTERS OR ANY OTHER ADULT, IS THAT CLEAR!?"

There was no fight left in me this day, that was for sure. She simply waited, I was quietly sniffing on the ground and she told me to get up. She didn't even have to instruct me on what to do next. I came to her on my knees in my wet panties and tights and begged her. "Please put me in my pretty dress Cindy, I'm a good little girl, please put me in my dress and don't spank me anymore."

“Now that's the willing little boygirl I expected from the start! But you seem to be having some serious problems with your potty training today so we'll have to start from square one with your undergarments.”

She went to a drawer and retrieved a pair of disposable pink pullup training panties featuring Disney princesses and held them up expectantly in front of me. I obediently stepped into the humiliating panties and she dressed me in a new set of tights and slipped on my Mary Janes. I felt dizzy as I was dressed in the pink petticoat and the dress. I wanted to let my mind drift away and pretend it was happening to someone else, but the sensations were all so new and strange and the embarrassment of my new station crushed me and granted me no escape.

The experience was nothing like I had ever imagined. With my undergarments so exposed and the ridiculously frilly and girlish dress I felt like I was six years old. Waves of humiliation and anger and frustration coursed through me.

“Almost done, Kimmy!” She affixed a pink bow on the top of my head. I stared at the little girl in the mirror, there was not a trace of masculinity to be found and she wasn't even done. She handed me a doll clearly modeled directly after my new appearance, she had the same hair and dress and I could swear the face looked just like my new face. It was amazingly detailed. It was so realistic that for the briefest instant I thought I saw something in the doll's eyes, like it was alive.

“Say hello to your new friend, Kimmy.”

I looked at the toy and whispered in my new, disturbing feminine voice. “Hello...Dolly.”

Cindy laughed. “Well, you can come up with a more creative name than that later. Now Kimmy, we are going to go and meet your Mommy and sisters. If there really is some part of you that doesn't want this, remember that they decided it would be best to let you keep your little cock and balls. If you disobey them at all you will be back here and....well, nevermind. Remember to give them a cute little curtsy when you're introduced!”

She led me outside into a small waiting room where my mother and sisters greeted me. The look on their faces was impossible to describe. Marie, the elder of the two with her blonde hair, serious face, and dancer's lithe body looked at me like a trapped animal in a cage. Marlana, the younger sister with her brunette hair, warm and friendly face, and more full figure looked at me like a new baby or a cute puppy. I could tell they were both looking forward to all the humiliating fun that would be the hallmark of my future life.

My stepmother Kathy, tall and beautiful in an icy way with long black hair, spoke first, “Meet your new little sister girls!”

On cue, I bobbed in my curtsy automatically. It wasn't even the fear of more punishment that made me do it. The training panties, the ridiculously bouffant petticoat, and the doll I was clutching just made me feel so naturally girlish that there was no other response I could think of for my introduction to my new life.

Marie squealed. “Oh my god! She is soooooo pretty!”

They took in the ridiculous dress, the clearly evident training panties the petticoat could not conceal,

the totally feminized features, and all the rest. They swarmed around me, lifting my skirts and stroking my dress.

Marlena gushed at my appearance, “She’s a whole different person! I can’t believe it! She’s the cutest little girl I’ve ever seen. Look at those curls! Is she potty trained or will she need the pull-ups all the time?”

Cindy replied, “I’m not sure, she certainly had no control today so I may have gone too far, but it’s been so emotional for her finding out who she is now, let her try and earn her big girl panties tomorrow.”

I vowed to myself that I would.

Kathy instructed me to thank Cindy for the lovely job and say good bye, and I did it with a curtsy and a pout, the memory of the horrible spanking still in my mind.

They ushered me outside to the car, I burned with humiliation as I walked through the crowded parking lot with people gawking at the strange sight of a little girl dressed so fancily. They sat me in a child seat in the back of the car with my “big sisters” on each side, promising to play games with me to keep me entertained.

“Oh Kimmy,” said my stepmother who I was informed I was now required to call Mommy, “You told us it couldn’t be done, but in one day you were turned from a useless irresponsible boy into a simpering little girl without a care in the world, and your fun is just getting started!”

I cried and involuntarily emptied my bladder into my training panties, there was no other way I could possibly respond.

## Chapter 2: Meeting the Neighbors

I stood trembling in fear by the front door. I was dressed in a pink and white sailor suit with knee high white socks and my “favorite” pink Mary Janes. My auburn curls were topped with a pink fluffy clip-on flower. My sister Marie stood directly behind me holding the other end of the baby reins that were keeping me in place.

“Go ahead Kimmy, just like the others, we have a lot more houses to hit!” my sister urged me.

It had been several weeks since my new life had begun, and now I was being paraded around the block to introduce myself personally to the neighbors. Things had been getting steadily worse and worse since the day of my shocking gender change.

I had a new room suitable for a baby or a little girl, with white and pastel yellow features and an oversized crib with a sturdy lock.

I had learned a new routine. I was dressed every morning by my mother or one of my sisters in whatever mundane or exotic little girl outfit they had in mind. If I was lucky I spent my day playing with my new dollies and watching Disney movies or other childish shows. If I wasn’t they took me out in public like today and came up with new ways for me to humiliate myself.

I went to bed early and was only allowed out of my crib when my tormenters were ready to start my

torture all over again. By the morning I didn't care, I just wanted to be free of the crib.

About the only measure of positive progress I'd made since the ordeal began was that I'd finally begun to be able to control my altered bladder, much to my pride. Sure, they put me in a big fluffy diaper overnight, but they could hardly blame me for wetting myself when they locked me in a crib for hours and hours.

It may sound weird to talk about continence as something to be proud of for an eighteen year old, but I had to fight somehow to retain my sense of self worth. They used this pride against me, it was the cause of my current trip around the neighborhood.

“Well, congratulations!” said Mommy after my fourth day without accidents, “Keep this up and you can have your big girl panties for good!”

I kept up my efforts and one night right before bed she told me that since I was so proud I should go around the neighborhood in the morning and tell the world about my achievement.

And here I was. The door opened, and I began the horrible performance I had been forced to memorize and had already debuted for several audiences.

“Hello, my name is Kimmy.!” I said excitedly in my childish feminine voice as I performed a curtsy.

“You may have known me as someone else until a few weeks ago, but now thanks to my mommy and sisters my true self has been set free! I just wanted to come by and introduce myself and let you know that I'm now fully potty trained!”

At this point of the routine I lift my skirt and show off my white “Alice in Wonderland” panties.

When I was finished I looked down at the ground in shame for several moments. I heard a few soft giggles, and looked up to see the older woman and two young girls with sandy blonde hair wearing ballet costumes behind her. They all broke into hysterical laughter as I stood there passively with my hands folded in front of me, resting on my skirt.

Marie spoke up, “Hello Mrs. Peters, may we come in? I'm sure Kimmy would love to play for a while with your daughters.”

Mrs. Peters replied, “Well, I guess so, they don't like playing with girls so much younger than them though...”

The two girls exploded in protest and dragged me through the house and out to the backyard so we could be alone while Marie and Mrs. Peters sat down to talk.

The girls, Sally and Katie, pestered me with questions about why I wanted to be a girl so much and how the transformation was done so convincingly. I admitted my ignorance about precisely how the procedures were done, and gave the answer I was instructed to about why I wanted to be a girl.

“Well, I was never able to live up to the responsibilities of being a man, so my mommy told me I should try being a girl instead, and I just knew she was correct right away!”

They decided to teach me how to play jump rope. They stood at either side of me laughing at my attempts to jump rope while keeping my panties from showing under my short skirt.

Katie laughed, “No Kimmy, you can't do both. We won't laugh anymore, just try not to wear such a short skirt the next time you come over to play!”

I resumed my jumping and did much better, they added a call and response rhyme for me to recite as I jumped. It wasn't so bad once they stopped laughing at me, it was kind of fun to jump around and try and keep rhythm with the rhyme.

As we returned inside I could hear Mrs. Peters asking, “But why didn't he get an operation? That just seems like a recipe for trouble.”

Marie responded, “Well, it's insurance. Why do you think she's so well behaved?”

“But what if he figures out it's an empty threat..?”

Marie laughed, “Oh, it isn't. And we have much worse ideas in mind if he steps out of line after THAT.”

I couldn't imagine how it could get worse than that, but I vowed not to find out.

Mrs. Peters actually started to laugh a bit. “Oh, you're just messing with me, Marie. No boy would dress like that if he didn't want to. You really had me going.”

Mrs. Peters turned as the three of us entered the kitchen. “Okay, Sally and Katie, say goodbye to your new friend, it's time for ballet class.”

We said our goodbyes and Marie led me outside. As we walked towards the next house Marie mused out loud, “Well, little sister, maybe we should sign you up for ballet classes too so you could have more time with your new buddies!”

I moaned at the thought of the terrible public humiliation of such a pastime, but there was nothing much left but humiliation in my life anyway. I was, after all, being led around the neighborhood diligently obeying the commands of my formerly little sister while wearing an outfit better suited for a Japanese school girl.

As I saw the next house I turned around and faced my sister, “NO MARIE! We can't go to that house! It's Mr. Jenkins...we have to skip it.”

I saw an evil, sadistic smile on her face.

Mr. Jenkins used to be a janitor at the local school, he had been accused of molesting young girls but had been acquitted at his trial. Most of the town still thought he was guilty and avoided him like the plague. She gave me a quick swat on the behind and I squealed in pain.

“Don't be silly Kimmy, your big sister will be there the whole time. I won't let him do anything to you. But I know you heard me talking to Mrs. Peters before when you came in the house with your little friends, about how much worse it can get for you. No matter how childishly we make you act and look

you are still 18, and there are a lot of men who would love to get to know a little loophole like yourself. You had better learn to be a good girl if you don't want to visit here more often.”

I trembled in horror as she led me to the house.

Mr. Jenkins smiled pleasantly as I offered my introduction and showed off my panties. He invited us right in. Marie offered to let me sit on “Uncle Charlie's” lap as we talked.

I sat on the disgusting man's lap and felt overcome with loathing. Of him. Of myself, perched obediently on his lap. His excitement was obvious. Everything about the man was repulsive. He looked and smelled terrible. It was clear he enjoyed having such a well mannered prissy little girl on his lap. We stayed for almost an hour and chatted, Marie carried on a conversation as if she had known him for years while I silently pleaded to her with my eyes for us to go.

Before we left Marie asked, “Kimmy, do you need the potty?”

I told her no. In truth I did have to go fairly urgently but I had new confidence based on my recent success that I could tough it out. I didn't want to stay in his house any longer than I had to.

As we left Marie stated simply, “You had better learn to become the most well behaved little girl in the world, I asked for his number and told him we might call if we needed a babysitter for you.”

I looked back and could see he was watching us walk away, I tugged down on my short skirt to try and keep my panties covered. He blew me a kiss before laughing and going back inside.

We arrived at the last house before today's ordeal would be over. A woman answered the door and clapped sarcastically at my proud declaration of continence.

She clearly knew something about the strange woman who had performed my transformation.

“Well Marie, Cindy really did an amazing job on her. Little Kimmy here should meet my son, he's such a troublemaker. Of course I'd never actually do something like this to him and he'd never let me...” she paused and smirked in my direction. “...But a little fear might help him to behave.”

They took me upstairs and introduced me to her son, a fourteen year old boy, and then left me alone with him to give him some time to consider the threat. They told him what had been done to me.

“You stupid faggot, get out of my room. I'm an only child and my mom wants grandkids too much to do something like that to me.”

He violently shoved me out the door and with my lack of strength I was helpless to fight back. I could have easily handled him before all this started even with my slight frame but now thanks to the mysterious treatments I had received I could be overpowered by anyone.

As I crashed to the ground on my back with my feet in the air and panties on display the most terrible thing happened. I wet myself, right there in the hallway. I left a large puddle on the carpet.

I ran downstairs in an absolute fit, screaming and crying about what the mean boy had done to me. Marie saw immediately I was wet. She stripped off my panties and stuffed them in my mouth to stop



my loud tantrum. She grabbed me by my collar and yanked me over her lap for a spanking. My previous spanking with Cindy had at least had the protection of panties and tights, now I lacked even that. Whatever they had done to me made the pain so unbearable I nearly blacked out, she was not holding back at all like Cindy had done, mindful of what the changes had done to me.

She was wild with rage, you would think I had truly done something to hurt her.

“I EVEN ASKED YOU BEFORE IF YOU NEEDED TO GO YOU TERRIBLE LITTLE GIRL!” she shouted at me.

\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\*

“WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT LEARNING OBEDIENCE?”

\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\*

She went on and on and on, she stopped lecturing and just seemed to be snarling and grunting in rage as she beat me. The pain overwhelmed me, I knew my wetting had set her off, but later on I would wonder, what was she really so angry about? Nothing I could have done wrong merited treatment like this.

So there I was, an 18 year old boy receiving a spanking from his little sister, tears in my eyes and wet panties in my mouth, while a woman I had never met before watched on in laughter.

My muffled crying continued all the way home, she wouldn't let me take the panties out of my mouth. Strangers we passed on the street looked in sympathy at the sad little girl, they had been gawking all day but now they looked at me with pity. I kept my head down and mouth shut to hide the shameful secret in my mouth and my hands locked on the hem of my skirt to protect my modesty.

“So much for your pride, little Kimmy.” said a vindictive Marie who would have to bring home news to Mommy that we would have to pay for a carpet cleaning. “Looks like no more big girl panties for you.”

### Chapter 3: My Least Favorite Costume

I awoke, slowly becoming aware of my surroundings. It had been several months now, but it still took time to realize this nightmare was real.

The first thing I see when I awake is the pastel yellow bars holding me in the infantile prison, any jail would be better than this. Next I feel for the soft reassurance of the dolly I am hugging in my arms, and the warm comfort it brings me.

When they first changed me they had made a game of making me carry the doll Cindy had given me everywhere I went, waiting for me to slip up so they could scold me. After a while, they stopped playing. They realized I kept it in my arms all on my own. It was embarrassing needing such a childish, girlish comfort, but it was all I had. The only times I didn't keep Dolly near were when I was specifically instructed to leave her.

I didn't have to put on a show for them in the long hours they locked me in the crib to sleep. I just

needed something to stave off the horrible loneliness and boredom late at night and early in the morning. They locked me in much longer than I could possibly sleep. Sometimes I couldn't sleep at all, unable to do anything but replay the day's torments in my head over and over. If I didn't have my doll to talk to and cuddle with my sadness and frustration would have overwhelmed me.

If you were watching me late at night, you would probably think I had already lost my wits. If you were watching me, you would see a little girl as she held a one sided conversation with her dolly about the horrible things her sisters and stepmother had made her do that day.

“I would certainly never do those things to you, Dolly!” she would insist.

This morning I was quiet. I hugged Dolly tightly and began to sniffle, thinking about how other boys my age snuggle with girls and have sex. I, on the other hand, could only snuggle with a doll while I was stuck in a diaper, plastic panties, and a pink Dora the Explorer nightshirt until my horrible family decided to let me out of my crib.

I was still dry for the moment, I was doing everything I could to resist the threat of full time diapers, but the truth was I had struggled to make it past two days without a daytime accident since that humiliating day months ago when I had earned my big girl panties only to lose them again before the day was out.

I couldn't go back to sleep now. If I did I would lose control and be wet when they found me. If I could prove I could go the night dry without any chances to leave the crib to use the potty, they couldn't force me into diapers during the day.

My anxiety and fear of that fate drove me away from sleep. I slept for maybe two or three hours a night now and spent the rest of my time talking to Dolly. The pressure on my bladder was miserable. It was torture, but I held firm.

Sometimes, as I waited in a tortured state between sleep and wakefulness, I would have nightmares that crossed the border from dreams into reality. With my eyes wide open I would feel a great pressure on my chest like the world was conspiring to hold me down. I was unable to move and unable to speak. I would hear indistinct whispers all around me, and somewhere out in the darkness I knew an evil presence lurked. I knew I was dreaming but couldn't make myself wake up, I wasn't even asleep. I had begged them to get me a nightlight. They laughed at me.

I heard activity outside of my room and I turned in my crib to face the door. Any minute now...

It was a truly titanic struggle to maintain my dry diaper, any adult locked in a crib for this many hours would have issues, and the treatment I had received had left me with bladder control nowhere near that of a grownup. I moved to a kneeling position and clutched at my groin through the bulky diaper and panties. An eternity passed, I prayed and prayed that one of my sisters would come to let me out and...

The door opened, it was my sister Marlana.

“Well, good morning little sis, are we dry this morning?”

I replied instantly while squealing in distress, “Yes Marlana, Pllllllllllllllllllease let me out I need the potty!”

Marlena, the younger of my two sisters, was the nicest to me in relative terms. As long as I made an effort to act as girlish as possible she was pleasant and happy. She had always wanted a little sister and I played the part as best I could. There was no pleasing Mommy or Marie, they made every effort to torture me no matter what I did. Even when Marlena was angry, she didn't hurt me, she had her own ways of making me behave.

Marlena saw how close I was to losing control and quickly unlocked the crib. I waddled to the bathroom as fast as I could, Marlena had to race to catch up. She found me standing in front of the toilet with my legs crossed, dancing up and down and desperately grabbing my groin. I was not allowed to take off the diapers on my own. Marlena was again quick to act.

I lifted up my nightshirt, sat down in a plop and immediately began to empty my bladder. The feeling of relief was immense. Marlena clapped excitedly for me as I smiled in satisfaction and lifted my arms in victory.

“Looks like you keep your training panties today, no daytime diapers for you, Kimmy!” Marlena told me as she pointed at the pink package of disposable pullups on the bathroom counter.

My face fell as I stared at the package, the image on the front was a little girl in a pink nightshirt, with a big smile on her face, raising her arms in victory as she sat on her potty. My image in the mirror only a few moments ago had been nearly exactly the same. What was my victory here, again?

I stood up and Marlena held out a pair of the training panties for me to put on. Today, the pink training panties with the frilly leg openings featured Belle from Beauty and the Beast in her trademark yellow ball gown on the front and a floral design on the back. I pulled them up and Marlena led me back to my room, it was her turn to choose my outfit.

“Before I dress you, Kimmy, I have a special present for you. Wait here and cover your eyes!” Marlena announced as she left the room.

I stood there, dressed only in my training panties with my eyes covered as I waited for her to return. I heard footsteps and Marie laughing as she walked by my room. If that was the worst I got from her today I would count myself lucky.

Marlena returned and I could feel her moving in front of me, “Okay, open your eyes Kimmy!”

I was ready for anything, nothing much can surprise you after you wake up one day and find your gender and adulthood has been stolen from you. Marlena was smiling and holding a nude Barbie doll.

Marlena explained, “Barbie dolls were always my favorite toy when I was a little girl, you probably don't remember, but back in your old life when you were my older brother you gave this to me for my birthday with allowance money you saved up. Now that you're just a little girl like I used to be I thought I would return the favor. I know how much you love your dollies, so I thought you might enjoy this one too.”

She opened her arms for a hug, and I complied and told her “Thank You” as genuinely as I could manage. It was kind of sweet of her, in a way. I looked down at the naked Barbie quizzically, wondering exactly what I should do with it.

Marlena answered my unspoken question, “Oh, that was only half of your surprise, let me fix your hair first and I'll show you the rest.

I sat down as my sister fixed and rearranged my thick curls to her satisfaction, she added a sparkly plastic tiara. When she was done she had me close my eyes again and when she returned she was holding two matching dresses, one Barbie sized and one in a size that looked just right for me.

“When I was going through my things to find my old Barbie doll I dug out this old dress with the rest of the doll clothes. I don't remember where it came from but when I saw it I remembered how cute I always thought it was and how I'd always wished I had one just like it for me to wear. I knew you'd feel the same way so I had Mom special order it for you.”

It was a sleeveless ballerina dress, there were big lilac puffs at the shoulders. There was an image of Barbie in a tiara at the neck. The bodice was a silky solid pink on the sides with a pink and lilac floral design going down the center in a V-shape. Above the skirt there was a lilac sash with a big bow on the left. The skirt was several overlapping layers of a thin, glittery pink material.

She helped me into the dress and added a matching pair of ballet slippers. She put me in front of the mirror. Once again confronted with my reflection I felt intense humiliation and frustration and sadness and anger at my near total emasculation. I studied the outfit, as a positive the glittery skirt fell to just above my knees and wasn't poufed out like a tutu or so many of the dresses they made me wear. I wouldn't have to worry about my training panties showing.

But the illusion of my girlie status was so complete there was no way to feel good about it, they had reshaped my face, removed all the hair but that on my head, and added permanent makeup the day of my transformation. The intense training they had put me through in girlie body language and movements just made the situation worse. There was only one way anyone could possibly determine I was once a boy, and that would be to look in my panties. My height gave away that my age might be a bit older than the clothes indicate but no one would ever doubt I was a girl. I looked a bit like a short teenage girl who just never grew up.

If there was any path of resistance I would have taken it, but Marlena was my only benefactor so I had to put on a good show. Besides, the threat of losing that little bit of boyhood still left in my panties was constantly over my head. I wasn't sure if I believed it, I mean they had to end this sometime, but I couldn't take the chance.

I lisped my thanks and asked for help dressing my Barbie in her matching outfit which Marlena was glad to provide. Afterward, she gathered Mommy and Marie to watch me prance around my room with my Barbie while doing my best imitation of a ballet dancer.

Marie laughed at my efforts, “Oh, you're silly Kimmy, that isn't how you do it at all. I was right about needing to sign you up for classes.”

Mommy chimed in, “Okay girls, lets go downstairs and have breakfast and talk about our trip to the mall today.”

Fear hit me again and I felt dizzy, I was now the infamous little girl-boy around the neighborhood but the mall meant an entirely new crowd of people to meet.

Mommy explained, "Halloween is coming up soon, and we have to find the PERFECT outfit for little Kimmy. "

The hidden meaning of perfect was clearly, "the most embarrassing thing we can imagine."

She continued, "Barbara down at the costume shop at the mall promised to give us some private time to pick something out and will even let Kimmy walk around the mall a bit to try out her outfits."

I whimpered, this was going to be by far the most demeaning day yet, and that was saying a great deal. All of a sudden an idea hit me, "Mommy, I love my new ballerina outfit Marlina gave me sooo much, can't I just wear this for Halloween?"

Marlena smiled sweetly at me, "Oh, I think that's a great idea, it's obvious Kimmy adores her new outfit. Instead of the mall we could take her to the dance studio and sign her up for those classes you were talking about Marie."

Seeing the day going from bad to worse I spoke up again before anyone else had a chance, "Oh, but wait, Mommy went to all this trouble to set this up and I'm sure she and Marie were so looking forward to dressing me up too!"

Marie laughed at my quick change of heart and patted my head condescendingly, "Just what I was gonna say little sis!"

The table was cleared and we prepared to set off to the mall. I requested the potty directly before we left and did my business. Marie demanded I repeat the performance from this morning Marlina had told her about. I had to put on a big smile and raise my arms while still on the potty before I could pull up my training panties.

As I pulled them up she gave me a warning, "You should celebrate every time you successfully use the potty and get to keep those pull-ups Miss Kimmy, you won't be staying out of diapers for long if I have anything to say about it."

I vowed to fight as best I could manage in my reduced state. Having the occasional accident in my training panties was mortifying but constantly walking around all day every day with pee or poo dripping down my leg would be much worse.

Mommy added a pink cardigan on top of my Barbie dress and Marlina handed me the new doll in the matching outfit.

"Sorry I don't have the matching sweater, we can look for one at the mall." she told me as we headed to the car.

I cried the entire car ride as Marie mercilessly taunted me about what an epic scene I was about to make and Marlina tried to distract me with my Barbie and tried to get me to play patty cake. I just wanted all of them to leave me alone for once.

Marlena tried to calm me, "Don't worry about what anyone else says, or about being embarrassed, you just be yourself, Kimmy!"

It was easy for her to say, it's harder to be yourself when you are an 18 year old boy forced into a caricature of girlhood. As we walked towards the mall Marie held my hand, she explained what I was to say if anyone expressed curiosity about my condition and had me rehearse it.

“Hello, pleased to meet you, My name is Kimmy. \*curtsy\* I used to be a boy but I knew I would never be a man, my mommy and my sisters suggested turning me into a little girl instead and I just knew they were right!”

We walked in on the opposite side of the mall from the costume store, so I had to repeat it many more times after that. My Barbie dress was now on full display with the sweater removed.

We stopped in a toy store so I could look for a matching sweater for my Barbie, which a sales clerk helpfully provided. Mommy also got me a Barbie themed tea party set. Marlina promised to join me and my dollies for a tea party sometime soon. She told me Marie was always a meanie older sister and would never join her when she was a little girl having tea parties.

As we made our way to the costume shop I suddenly felt a strong urge to pee again. I begged my family to let me go to the restroom but they said I could go to the one at the costume shop. It was one thing to hold my bladder while sitting still in a crib, but it was harder while being led through a mall with people gawking at me.

As we hurried along I tried to reach up my dress and grab my crotch to hold up the flow but Marie slapped my hand away. “That’s a naughty, disgusting thing for a little girl to do!”

As we arrived in the store I was in a state of desperation, the owner Barbara was just finishing up with a customer and Mommy insisted we be polite and wait. I crossed my legs and did my pee dance, Marlina held my hand and squeezed it for support.

When Barbara was finally ready to help us I quickly did my introduction, “...my mommy and sisters suggested turning me into a little girl instead and I just knew they were right and...” I added, “...PLEASE MISS BARBARA MAY I USE YOUR POTTY?”

Barbara laughed at the hysterical former boy begging for a potty, “I’m sorry, Kimmy, but we don’t have a potty in the store, you have to go out to the mall restroom...”

With tears in my eyes I urinated into my training panties, it was becoming clear my lack of control was exacerbated by stress and emotion. Luckily the panties contained the flow but I was forced to turn to mommy and announce through my crying, “Mommy, I had an accident. May I please have a new pair of training panties?”

Marie answered first, “Oh come on Kimmy, it’s clear this potty training is a failure, why don’t you just give up and wear diapers like the baby girl you are?”

A crowd had begun to form, those I had not introduced myself to personally heard the story from others and Marie had spread it around that I would be looking for a costume. Now the crowd was witness to a debate about my toilet training status and current wetness.

Marlina countered Marie, “It’s not her fault, we didn’t know there was no potty here, we could have

gotten her to the other potty in time if we had gone when she asked. She's just in training, she needs our help and support.”

Mommy laid down the law, “Enough bickering, I don't have any diapers with me now so we'll just give her another set of training panties.” She stared right at me, “But if you have another accident today it's diapers until you can prove yourself worthy of those pull-ups little miss.”

“Thank you, Mommy.” I replied through my sniffles.

Marlena took me to the back room and helped me out of my wet pull-ups, there was no victory arm raising this time. She gave me a new pair to put on, in the same pink and floral design but these had Ariel from The Little Mermaid on the front.

When we returned to the store the door was closed and the windows blocked. Barbara explained that she had a costume for me to try on, and after that my sisters and Mommy would pick one out for me. After I was dressed in each one I would take a quick walk around the mall to see how the crowd reacted. I was stripped down to my panties and Barbara began dressing me in her costume.

They pinned up my hair and gave me a short blonde wig in a pixie style. This was followed up with a very short green dress and green fairy wings. I was given white slippers with a green poofy ball on the toes. They finished it off with a glittery wand with a star on the end for me to carry. I was the perfect little Tinkerbell.

There were gasps and applause as I stepped outside, it was clear Barbara knew what she was doing. Barbara coached me to wave my wand around and skip happily through the mall.

The Tinkerbell costume was pretty humiliating, but Marie was up next and I wasn't even close to done. Marie chose a “Madeline” costume, a simple blue schoolgirl dress with a red scarf and yellow hat. I was given black Mary Janes and frilly socks as well.

Marie was delighted with the result, “I think you look delightful with a schoolgirl look, Kimmy. Remember that pink sailor schoolgirl outfit you wore when you first met the neighborhood?”

How could I forget?

“It's just too bad you had to pee all over it and ruin our outing!” she angrily added.

How could I forget that, too? I rubbed my butt in remembrance of her vicious spanking.

Barbara had a fantastic idea for a big sister/little sister combination costume and gave Marie a nun's outfit to wear and a ruler. As we paraded around outside the crowd practically died of laughter as she swatted me on the behind with the ruler and I yelped in pain.

Marie pleasantly addressed the crowd, “THIS Madeline won't be sneaking away to cause any mischief!”

Marlena chose a Dorothy costume for me to try on next. She knew I had always had a crush on Dorothy when we used to watch “The Wizard of Oz” so she thought this would be a whole new way for me to appreciate her.

“Just like I told you in the car sis, you have to be yourself!” she explained.

She dressed up as Glinda the good witch and we left the store hand in hand singing “Follow the yellow brick road!”

I tried to click my ruby slippers together and wish to be a boy again, it didn't help.

When we returned to the store I was stripped down again to just my training panties as I awaited my Mommy's costume choice. After all the costumes I had tried on so far, I didn't think it could get worse. I imagined I had experienced degradation and shame in all their awful aspects and degrees. She revealed the costume and my jaw dropped at the audacity. I should not have been so shocked that my stepmother found a way to surprise me, a way to finally push me from unconsenting but submissive to their demands to finally refusing entirely to cooperate.

Marie saw the tantrum building in me as my muscles trembled and face turned red, she slyly moved one of the barriers from the windows so the crowd could get a taste. Of course my stepmother would be the one vindictive enough to pull something like this, without her greenlight none of this ever would have happened in the first place.

The costume she revealed was my old Boy Scout's uniform. You would think I wouldn't mind a chance to dress up as a boy for once, but you aren't thinking it all the way through. It was a vicious sort of mockery, because she knew there was no way I could pass as a boy in my new state no matter how they dressed me.

Just imagine it. It's Halloween night and the doorbell rings. You see a child, or is it a tween, in a Boy Scout's uniform. The legs are hairless, the face is distinctly feminine with cute pink lips and a button nose. You see stunning curly reddish hair. “Trick or Treat!” the child yells excitedly as her Mother smiles at you from behind her. The voice is high pitched and sweet. You can see the lacy waistband of pink disposable training panties peaking out from the top of the shorts. What a clever little girl, to borrow her brother's outfit as a costume, but she should have made more effort to look like a boy.

But with me, no effort would have been enough.

No matter what, it all combined to the picture of a totally femmy girl that wasn't even trying to pull off the costume. I hadn't looked like a crossdresser all day, my frilly outfits were just right for what I had become. Dressing up as a boy would be what looked out of place and wrong, my stepmother knew it and wanted to rub it in my face as hard as she could.

“No, I won't wear it.” I said in the most serious tone I could manage.

Mommy stalked towards me, “Do I have to spank you?”

I shouted back, “I DON'T CARE I'M NOT WEARING IT!”

Marlena was clueless as to what I was thinking and would probably never quite get it. Marie grasped the irony later but right now just wanted to see me be publicly spanked and abused. All the crowd saw from outside was that the boygirl who had been dressed in a string of ridiculously girly outfits all day and even now was standing in pink training panties without a single complaint was stamping her feet



and screaming in protest against a simple, rugged boy's outfit. They re-blocked the window and the crowd wandered off.

Mommy tried to spank me into submission as usual but I wouldn't have it. Her spanking was nothing like Marie's. Mommy didn't let her rage get the better of her, she didn't lecture or threaten when she was doing it. She just took me over her knee and smacked me in an even tempo, she almost seemed bored with it. A world weary mother who had seen it all before and knew she would get her way.

Normally, when she was done all she had to do was ask if I had learned my lesson. I nodded, apologized, and did what I was told to avoid more blinding pain and humiliation. Not this time.

They all tried to gang up on me and force me into the outfit but even with my total lack of strength I kicked and fought and bit and snarled and scratched.

**“THIS IS OVER! CHANGE ME BACK! CHANGE ME BACK! THEN I'LL WEAR IT!”**

I collapsed in exhaustion on the floor as they gave up. Marlina came to me with a shocked look in her eyes, “What were you thinking?” she asked as she put me back in my Barbie dress. I was still too exhausted and busy wailing and crying to register anything that was going on around me.

Mom apologized to Barbara and herded us out of the store, “Looks like she won't be dressing up for Halloween after all, she'll still be in recovery.”

I cried myself to sleep in the back seat of the car. I thought I was on the way home to my nice safe crib, where I could commiserate with my dolly about the horrible people on the outside world and the intolerable schemes they had engineered for my torture.

When I awoke I was in familiar surroundings. I felt sedated but lucid. I was back at Cindy's house of horrors, chained to a table.

My stepmother stepped into my field of vision and I shouted, “Oh thank you Mommy for bringing me here to change me back...”

She laughed uproariously. “Oh Kimmy, my little stepdaughter, there's no going back for you. You just threw an epic fit to be kept out of boy's clothes. I don't know what message you thought you were trying to send.”

Panic began to grip me.

“Miss Kimmy, we warned you what would happen if you didn't behave. If you weren't obedient and submissive to our will. If you didn't take your spankings as a serious warning to change your ways. I don't make idle threats, when you wake up you will be 100% girl, and even more helpless than you are now, in body and in mind. Say goodbye to your balls, because we're about to snip them off. The last pathetic vestiges of your manhood will soon be no more.”

Cindy stuck a needle in my arm and I passed out, silently screaming. Silently cursing. Silently begging.

Six weeks later, I sit on a swing in the back yard on my first day home, trying to comprehend what has

happened to me. I'm wearing a frilly white button up blouse and an extremely tight set of yellow shorts with white polka dots and no underwear. The shorts were Marie's idea, they let the world see the outline of my new vagina and the lack of any male genitalia. I try and rub the physical pain away, and the feelings I receive in response just make the psychic pain worse.

I cry openly as Marlana holds my hand and does her best to comfort me. "You make a great little girl Kimmy, you were right to refuse boy's clothes. It won't hurt as much soon and you'll be back to the care free little girl you were before that unpleasant time at the mall. I still owe you a tea party, remember?"

I smiled a bit at the thought of my dollies and my big sister Marlana, the only people in my house who don't seem to want to torture me. For a moment I started my usual self-loathing mental lecture about being an 18 year old boy receiving comfort from a doll...but then I remembered....

I'm not a boy anymore.

My pathetic crying regained intensity. Marlana helplessly tried to hug my pain away.

Later, Marie came outside holding my baby reins. "We have another big announcement to make to the neighbors Kimmy, and this time remember to ask for the potty when you need it!"

#### Chapter 4: I Scream

They told me that sometimes when I was locked in the crib I would suddenly wake up and bolt upright. I would scream like a banshee. They said my eyes were full of fear and panic. I would be sweaty and out of breath. My heart would race. They said I was having nightmares, but I never remembered them when this happened. Mommy spanked me as punishment for waking her, but I only knew it happened because some hours later I woke up with a sore bottom.

I was starting to develop dark circles under my eyes from lack of sleep. They took me to Cindy to have them removed, but there wasn't any permanent solution. They used makeup. I looked just as pretty as before.

My big sisters spent most of the day at school. This was a mixed blessing. On the one hand for most of the day I was free of being tortured by Marie, but I was also left at the mercy of my terrible mother without any reprieve at all from my nicer sister Marlana.

Every morning Mommy and I stood by the door and said our goodbyes. Marlana patted my head and encouraged me to have a fun day, and Marie painfully pinched my cheek and told me to behave for Mommy. It was tradition.

Some days were better than others, this one was one of the worst.

The day started as usual, with a frantic run to the bathroom to prove my dedication to potty training. I was forced to watch myself perform my bodily functions in the mirror directly opposite the toilet, now fully as a girl. A few times since the torture started I had snuck away to urinate standing up as a subtle act of rebellion, I no longer had that option.

It's impossible to describe how the operation had mutilated me, not just in the obvious physical sense,

but psychologically and emotionally. A psychiatrist would probably give anything to examine someone like me. What happens to a mind when you force a person to give up their true age and make them act like a child and enforce childish behavior with torture and body modification? What happens when you alter someone's gender, one of the core pillars of their identity, against their will? What happens when you make humiliation and debasement the only experiences a person knows?

The truth was, after the operation that castrated me and gave me girl's genitals, I wasn't that angry. There was not much inner rage and venom. They had done so much to me already it kind of seemed like just one more crime among many. Instead, I was calmer and more docile. I almost felt serene in a way, but it was the serenity of the lobotomized.

I came to accept that they had succeeded in turning me into a little girl. I didn't like it. I didn't think I had secretly wanted it all along or anything, but I gave up trying to fight it. Every time I fought things got worse. I vowed to simply behave as the good little living doll they wanted and live my life as best I could. Besides, by this point I thought like a little girl and I liked the things they like. My mannerisms and behavior were totally girlish thanks to the violent training that was now fully ingrained in me. I looked like a little girl from head to toe and I had the genitals of a little girl.

I am a little girl.

In fact, it was disturbing how much I was beginning to like girly things. Ever since they had me fixed I seemed to really enjoy playing with my Barbies and other dolls and watching my Disney princess movies more and more. I felt light headed when I looked in the mirror and thought I looked particularly pretty. Despite the promise of extreme humiliation I felt more and more like I would really like to take the ballet classes Marie had promised to sign me up for.

That was, in fact, what was going to happen later today. Mommy felt that I needed to get out and socialize with other little girls more and that ballet classes would be the perfect way to do it. I was dressed in a snugly fitting sleeveless lavender leotard, white tights, and pink sneakers. In a separate bag I had a lavender tutu and my ballet slippers. I had on a light pink zip up hoodie with Jasmine from Aladdin on the front. The bottom of the leotard was left exposed, however, to show off my lack of male genitalia. She let me wear panties because I guess she figured it would be more fun to humiliate me with my emasculated crotch instead of humiliating me with bulky training panties to show off my continence issues. It was a lot of pressure to make sure I didn't wet myself.

It was going to be a long day though. Our first stop was at the grocery store. As usual I was self conscious and scared. My outfit wasn't as childish as a lot of what I wore but that almost made it worse. At first glance you might think I was a short teenage girl but the prissy sausage curled hair and Disney hoodie, not to mention the way I would obediently squeak, "Yes, Mommy" to every request made it clear the first impression wasn't precisely correct.

In any case I was well known at the grocery store. I went shopping with Mommy every week. Everyone at the store knew me and their faces brightened in smiles when they saw me.

"Good morning, Kimmy! You look so cute today!"

"Thank you, Miss."

"Our favorite little customer! It looks like she's taking ballet now!"

"I am, thank you, sir.

"Hello Kimmy, remember to behave for your Mommy, it would be a shame if she had to spank you right here in the store again!"

"I will."

Mommy loved to send me around the store to pick up stuff for her, she made sure to find the things on the list that were the heaviest since my total atrophy of strength made me barely able to even handle such items.

I was carrying a basket with two gallons of milk and a watermelon when I dropped the whole load out of exhaustion. A man who was walking by offered to help me and I politely replied as I was trained, "Thank you, sir."

He replied sarcastically, "No problem, that's what men are for little girl!"

I felt like the biggest pansy in the world as we returned to Mommy with the man carrying my basket for me. She thanked him and they struck up a conversation, his name was John and he was a lawyer, they really seemed to hit it off.

He told her it was a good thing I was starting ballet class since it would help me develop a little muscle tone, "Modern girls can't just sit around looking pretty all day expecting men to do all the work for them!"

"Yes sir, thank you sir, I can't wait to start ballet." I dutifully replied.

He patted me on the head as he left, he had even gotten Mommy's number, she told me they would be going out on a date. He was very handsome and looked rich. Mommy had been living off my father's money ever since he died, I don't think she wanted to work.

"It's too bad you're just a little girl Kimmy, because you seem to be great at attracting men!"

Our next stop was the hair salon where Mommy was having her hair done while I waited and played with my Barbie doll. I had to explain myself many times to various women who came in using Mommy's script.

"My name is Kimmy, I used to be a boy but my Mommy and sisters agreed I would never be a proper man, they suggested turning me into a little girl instead and I just knew they were right! I don't have any more boy parts left and now I get to start ballet!"

Reactions varied from disgust, to laughing fits, to blank disbelief. I ignored them and went back to my own little world playing with my Barbie doll.

When Mommy was done her hair stylist begged to have a chance to style my hair for me but she refused.

"She absolutely adores her curls, I can't imagine her any other way!" Mommy told her.

It was true. She had actually asked me about it before, but I refused. Not because I was in love with the style or anything, but it was really high maintenance and that was a lot of work for Mommy. It was just a subtle way for me to take revenge. I was a little girl so they would never let me handle a curling iron by myself. She liked the hair because it was humiliating, I liked it because the extra work got on her nerves.

I glanced in the mirror and smiled at my reflection. Yes, that was why.

“I like your hair too, Mommy.”

That earned me a smile and a pat on the head from the stylist. Mommy just rolled her eyes at my obvious attempt to suck up to her.

Soon we were back in the car and Mommy made an announcement. “Kimmy, listen to me very carefully. You have been very well behaved lately but when you threw that tantrum in the mall you made it clear that when push comes to shove we can't spank you into submission any more.”

I smiled in pride at my one act of bravery in recent memory. She saw this in the mirror and angrily broke my daydream.

“AND WHERE DID THAT TANTRUM GET YOU LITTLE MISS GELDING!?”

My smile vanished at the reminder.

She continued, “...and I promise you we can do more terrible things to you the next time you reject my authority, and you KNOW I keep my promises.”

“Yes, Mommy. I'll be a good girl.” I submissively replied.

“Anyway, when you were in recovery from your operation Cindy suggested we also try some positive reinforcement. She used a series of drugs and hypnotic sessions to make some subtle alterations in your mind. Have you noticed anything yet, Kimmy?”

I was fuming with anger at the violation of my mind. They had already achieved total domination of my body, now they were coming for my soul. When they were done there would be nothing left of me. I told her about the feelings I had been having, about starting to like girly things.

She replied with a smirk, “Oh no, we didn't do anything like that. I'm glad you're finally starting to adjust to your new life though.”

The next thing she said took me totally by surprise, before I could even register the news that I was starting to like girly things all all my own.

She said in a sweet voice totally unlike her, “Do you want to stop for ice cream before class Kimmy?”

Something in me instantly changed, for some reason I felt like I wanted ice cream more than anything else on the planet.

“Ohhh Yes! Mommy please let me have ice cream! Pleassssssssse!” I was barely able to contain my excitement, I was hopping up and down in my seat, I felt like I might pee myself I was so exuberant.

We pulled into the Dairy Queen parking lot and I ran inside. I felt crazy, I was hugging myself and twisting back and forth. I couldn't still myself at all. The girl behind the counter could not believe what she was seeing, a girl almost as tall as her in a ballet outfit acting like a toddler at the prospect of a treat from her mommy. I didn't care at all what anyone thought, I just wanted my treat.

We sat in a booth as I ate my sundae. It was ecstasy. I was in heaven. Every part of me felt alive. I felt light as a feather, like I could just fly away, I became giggly and wide eyed. For some perverse reason, I found myself beginning to become mildly aroused as well. I started to blush and breath slightly heavier. This was the first time I had experienced arousal since the operation. It was very different, more internal. It was a delicious throbbing sensation in my new vagina.

Prepared for the way the ice cream would make me feel, Mommy noticed and explained. “Well, we can't have you being attracted to girls any more, not that any girl would want something like you. We thought about making you like men, that would have been amusing, but the truth is you're just a little girl so you shouldn't be attracted to anyone like that. You still need to have a little fun though, so we decided to just give you a sweet tooth.”

Sweet tooth was a bit of an understatement. I still can't believe the power they had over my mind, how easily it would have been for them to make me think and feel whatever they want. It was truly disturbing, but I didn't think about any of that at the time. Who could possibly imagine that they could simply flip a switch and make me not like girls any more. I had certainly noticed I had stopped fantasizing about women, but I assumed that was because of what they did to my crotch, not my brain.

Mommy continued, “The more girly you act, without prodding, the more likely you are to be rewarded. The more quick and willing you are to obey your sisters and me, the more likely you are to be rewarded. If you disobey, you don't want to know what else we can do to you if we want. That won't be a problem though, will it?”

“No Mommy!” I replied as quick as I could, to show my willingness.

I had experimented with various drugs in high school and with booze. Whatever they had done to me, ice cream was now better than all of them in my mind. It didn't matter how much I had to embarrass myself or how much abuse I took, I would do almost anything to have more. I happily skipped back out to the car and we headed towards the ballet studio.

We arrived a bit early. There were several girls stretching and warming up. Mommy told me to put on my ballet slippers and my tutu and to go make friends. She went to talk with some other parents who were also going to watch the class. I had no problem with the shoes but the tutu was another issue.

As the girls began to notice me one of them said, “Are you sure you're in the right class? This is a beginner class for little girls.”

Before I could answer another girl I recognized spoke up, “Oh, that's Kimmy, she used to be a boy but now she's a little girl. Don't worry about her height, Jean”

It was Katie and her sister Sally who lived in my neighborhood. I had come over to play with them

many times. Despite the circumstances I was glad to see girls I knew, it would make the whole situation go more smoothly.

Jean had a mean look on her face, "That's disgusting, boys shouldn't dress up like girls."

I wanted to smack her even though I agreed but my mother was watching and I had to be on my best behavior, plus I wasn't sure if I could take her in a fight in my condition. Katie and Sally helped me put my tutu on, I noticed that I was the only one wearing one.

Sally explained, "Those are mostly for performances Kimmy, you can wear one for class if you want but most girls don't."

Great, not only was I about to prance around in my first ballet class but I would look more girly than even the other little girls.

Aside from the intense humiliation, the class was actually kind of fun. It was the first time I had gotten any decent chance to exercise and really stretch out since they had started turning me into a girl. I spent so much time locked in a crib that I felt suffocated.

The girls took turns helping me out with each new position and dance move, they were really nice, aside from Jean. Towards the end of the class Jean was coaching me and I kept messing up and having to start over. She was getting extremely frustrated, as was I. Just imagine, the pathetic remnant of what was once an 18 year old boy taking ballet instructions from a little girl and failing miserably.

She glared at me, "This is why boys shouldn't pretend to be girls and dance ballet!"

In frustration she grabbed my hair and tossed me to the ground and kicked me, I shrieked. The treatments had left me with so very little strength that I could not possibly fight off a fit little girl. The teacher bolted over and escorted her out to a very angry looking mother. Sally and Katie helped me up.

Katie said, "She's such a bully, don't worry, nobody likes her."

As we were leaving Jean's mother stopped us and made Jean apologize for bullying me. She also said that Jean was having a sleepover party that night and invited me to come. This was the last thing I wanted but mommy agreed. We went home and ate dinner, I told my sisters about my day and showed off some of my new ballet moves. They were both suitably impressed.

Later, Marie took me to Jean's house. I was dressed for bed in a Hello Kitty nightie and fuzzy pink slippers. I had a Barbie sleeping bag and a change of clothes as well. Jean's father answered the door.

He took Marie aside and told her, "Look, I know my wife promised...this girl...could come to the party. But I'm really uncomfortable with the idea of an 18 year old boy who dresses like a girl at my daughter's party. They are going to be alone all night...."

Marie laughed, "Oh, I know what you're worried about, you think she's some kind of sex pervert or something." She called me over. "Kimmy, lift your skirt."

I obeyed my sister and lifted my skirt, showing off my white panties with the red hearts for this stranger as she continued, "She has been totally fixed. She doesn't think about girls that way at all, and

even if she did she has no equipment to do anything about it with. Besides, as far as I heard the only reason she's here is because your daughter beat her up to start with. Kimmy probably has more to worry about from her tonight than the other way around!"

I was granted admittance. It was hell. I had no allies there. These were all Jean's friends and there was no Sally and Katie to protect me. I was the center of entertainment for the night. They teased me and called me names. They made me practice ballet for them over and over and pulled my hair or tripped me when I messed up. They ransacked through my bag and found several pairs of training panties Mommy had slipped in without telling me. They seemed like they were going to die of laughter. They called me a baby and a bedwetter and made me strip off the rest of my clothes and put the training panties on. I cried in the corner and just wished they would get bored and leave me alone, they didn't.

They made me stand in the corner, dressed only in my pull-ups, while they played a board game. I screamed and begged to be left alone to go to sleep, but they ignored me and took frequent breaks from their game to taunt me.

When it was time for sleep they all slept in Jean's big queen sized bed, but made me sleep on the floor in my sleeping bag.

"I don't want some sissy bedwetter ruining my sheets!" Jean told me and the other girls agreed.

When I woke up I had wet myself, and the rest of my clothes and underwear had disappeared. It was a cold trip home, in nothing but my wet training panties, sitting on a towel. Marie promised me a good hard spanking when I got home for losing my clothes.

I just wished I could have some more ice cream.

## Chapter 5: Daddy

Like every night, I was locked in my crib wearing a diaper and a childish pink nightgown with only my favorite doll for company. I had long ago lost the ability to even guess at the time when I laid awake and couldn't sleep. Minutes or hours, I had no idea. Sometimes I watched the dawn through the subtle light leaking past the covered windows. This night, that time seemed far away. Like every night I relived the humiliations I had encountered that day and developed new anxieties for the next.

Yesterday in ballet class my tormenter Jean had stolen and hidden my bag while I wasn't looking, well aware of the way my mother would punish me for again being careless with my clothes.

"Don't be so careless, sissy-boy!" she had taunted me as my mother dragged me out of the studio.

Tomorrow I had my first ballet recital and my mommy's boyfriend John would be coming over for dinner. Ever since they had met, thanks to me, he had shown an unusual interest in me. It got even more intense once he found out who I used to be. I couldn't tell why he was so obsessed, but I assumed it was disgust at how a boy could be reduced to living as a little girl for the rest of her life. It was bad enough being tormented by my family, I didn't need a man around as a constant reminder of what I could have been.

I heard my doll comfort me. "Don't worry Kimmy, you still have me and Marlana, and we would never do anything to hurt you."



I was startled by the voice. Was it a voice or in my head? Of course it was in my head.

I started to hear more as my sense of anxiety and fear grew and grew. I could hear Mommy and Marie taunting me and threatening a spanking for some imagined offense. I could hear Marlina trying to comfort me but being drowned out. I heard Jean calling me a bedwetter and a sissy. The noise inside my head grew louder and louder into a true cacophony as I began to cry and wail.

I had no idea what was happening to me. My mind was in turmoil from the strange things they had done with hypnosis and just through the stresses of this life of horror they put me through.

Some time passed and the voices began to quiet. I drifted on the edge of sleep and saw images in my dreams. At first I saw a boy I vaguely recognized, with short brownish red hair. The image upset me and it floated away. Next, I saw a pathetic little girl crying and whimpering as bigger girls teased and harassed her. I could identify with that. Next I saw only a vague shape, a young girl in a stained dress. I was overcome by waves of rage and madness, whatever the outward appearance of what I was seeing, inside it was a monster. I wet my diaper and felt the most extreme fear and terror I had ever felt in my life.

I must have screamed, the next thing I recall Marlina had me out of my crib. I was crying as she gave me a tight hug and reassured me that it was only a nightmare. I clung to her and sobbed, the images were floating away but the feelings were still with me. Mommy was in the doorway of my room.

She chastised me, "You stupid little girl, you know you aren't allowed out of your crib at night. Marlina, put her back to bed this instant."

I looked to my sister with wide, begging eyes and she came to my rescue. "Mother, she had a nightmare again, these things happen to little girls. Let her sleep with me, just this once. She has her recital tomorrow and she has to be well rested so she can do her best."

If it had been some daytime offense I'm sure my stepmother would have refused, but she was tired and didn't seem to want to deal with me so she agreed.

Marlina changed my diaper and made me promise not to wet again. She took me to her room and we cuddled up together. It was the first time I had been in a proper bed in ages. I felt safe and warm and none of my night time terrors returned.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Marlina asked.

I sighed contentedly and shook my head. I drifted off to a peaceful sleep.

I awoke to Marie banging on the door. "Come on Kimmy, time to practice before you get dressed."

Marie also took ballet. She was of course in way more advanced classes than I was. In addition to simply doing it to humiliate me, she had encouraged the classes so she could have a little sister to tutor. Marlina had always refused to take the classes and it was part of the reason she and Marie never really got along that well.

It was easy to understand why Marlina would want to stay away from an overbearing older sister like

that. Marie was a brutal tutor. She made me practice every moment of the routine for the recital until I had it seared into my brain and muscle memory. Every mistake along the way led to a brutal slap across my ass with a riding crop.

This last run through she had me do was merely a formality and she was quite satisfied with my performance. My rhythm and grace were outstanding. I was a truly becoming an elegant dancer.

The truth was I was definitely enjoying my ballet classes. The teacher really liked me and did her best to make sure no one would pick on me. In return I tried to be the best dancer I could be. Thanks to my own hard work and Marie's enforced practice, I was by far the best little dancer in my class, which drove my friends Sally and Katie into admiring jealousy and my nemesis Jean in to a constant rage. While I danced, as long as I was away from Marie's crop, I lost myself in the music and the rhythm and the athleticism of the moment. All my troubles seemed to float away. They had signed me up to make my tormented life worse, but it really made it a little better.

Marie gave me words of encouragement, "Now remember Kimmy, I'll be watching you. If you do your routine as well as you did just now I'll buy you an ice cream after!"

As the mental conditioning took over I lost myself in an involuntary reaction and hugged my hated sister, gibbering my promises to do well and hopping up and down with excitement.

"Good little girl, now go and take your nap before you get ready."

Ahh, naptime. Since I hardly slept at night I would often doze off during the day into little cat naps. One moment I would be playing dolls with Marlana, she would leave for a moment and when she came back to the room I would be curled up in a ball on the couch, hugging Dolly with an expression of calm and serenity on my face. She would set a light blanket on me and walk away. Once she took a picture to show me what I looked like. I was adorable.

On days when I didn't have a chance to do this they noticed I became fussy and cranky, prone to having more tantrums. They decided to formalize a one hour naptime for me every day. I didn't mind. It was good for me. I didn't sleep enough and during the days I didn't have nightmares like I did when I was locked in my crib.

Today I had slept well for once and I was very excited about the recital. I couldn't fall asleep. I laid on the couch for the requisite hour enjoying the calmness around the house as my family gave me peace for my one hour of daily relaxation. After an hour Mommy told me it was time to get ready.

Mommy did my hair for me. My normally long, free, curly auburn hair was put up in a very tight bun. The process was extremely painful to me and I cried and complained as she did it.

She looked at me in exasperation, "Really, Kimmy? Little girls go through this all the time and handle it better. Stop being such a baby and sit still!"

I bit my lip and let her continue, stewing at the admonition to not be a baby from the women who had me altered so it was a struggle not to pee my panties and kept me in diapers or pull-ups whenever possible.

Three pink flowers and a long flowing ribbon were added at the top of my head to complete the style.

Next, Marlana took over to do my makeup. It was a much more gentle process and we laughed and giggled as she did her work. Marie evaluated my hair and make up and judged it acceptable. I was put into pink tights and pink capri sweat pants, a pink t-shirt and sneakers, and my Jasmine hoodie. They would finish dressing me after we arrived.

In the car Marie made me recite the routine step by step, which I did without mistakes. She continued to give me every piece of advice she could.

“Remember, ignore those other clumsy little girls and just do it right. They're all worthless dancers aside from Sally and Katie.” she told me as we arrived at the mall.

The recital would be on a stage in a central area of the mall during the busiest shopping hours. I was sure to make a spectacle of myself. I was so convincingly girly no one could tell I was a boy, but I was clearly too tall for such a beginner class and as usual I would be forced to make my introductions around the mall so everyone would be aware of who I was.

Marie had told my teacher that I would show up early to give out flyers to get as many people as possible to come for the performance. While Mommy and Marlana shopped Marie escorted me around to hand out the flyers and tell everyone who I was.

“Hello, my name is Kimmy. I used to be a boy but my Mommy and sisters and I decided I would make a much better little girl. My ballet class is having a recital later, please come and watch!”

I had been through this kind of self humiliation enough times that it didn't bother me anymore, I felt like I was outside my body, just floating along as I watched myself be embarrassed. I watched as people reacted with disgust, or laughter, or admiration of me for being brave enough to be “myself”, or just sheer confusion.

Some didn't believe it was possible, “YOU were a boy? Is this some kind of joke?”

I felt nothing as I floated along, this was all happening to someone else, or it was a dream.

I snapped out of my depersonalized state as I saw a face I recognized. Barbara from the costume store. It brought back terrible memories of the first time I had been publicly humiliated in this mall and the last day of my life with male genitalia. I felt a stab of remembered pain down below.

She smiled as we entered the store. “Hello again, Kimmy. You look lovely and happy as could be. I hope no more meanies have been trying to force you into nasty, rough boys clothes again.”

I drifted away again as I saw myself answering with proper respect, “No Barbara, I'm a happy pretty little girl and everyone knows it. I'm having a ballet recital later. I would love it if you would come.”

She was clearly delighted and promised to come. “Oh and Kimmy, I have a gift for you. I was going to show it to you last time you came after the other costumes but our visit got...*cut short*.”

She went to the back of the store and retrieved a box. “I had it specially made just for you. You can try it on later after the recital. I don't want you to get your hair or makeup all frazzled trying on different things before your big debut!”

I thanked her and gave her a hug as was expected of me. We said goodbye and moved on.

With all the flyers handed out we made our way towards the performance area and entered the dressing room. I greeted my best friends Sally and Katie with hugs and air kisses to avoid messing up our makeup and we giggled in excitement for the upcoming performance before being whisked away by our guardians to finish getting ready.

I was stripped down to just my tights as Marie helped me into the dress. The underwear and tutu were built in so all I had to do was step in and pull the up the thin flesh colored shoulder straps. The costume had the appearance of being very low cut for a little girl, only acceptable as a performance costume, too immodest otherwise.

It was very low cut. There were poufy loose fitting openings for the arms halfway between the elbow and shoulders. It was pink along the top and a pastel aquamarine in the midsection with a crisscrossing lace trimmed pink ribbon down the center. There was a huge pink bow at the point where the bodice met the tutu, which was a poufy pink. Marie tied an aquamarine ribbon around my neck with a big bow in the back to complete the outfit.

She took me to the mirror. I looked like the most perfect, prim and proper little ballerina you could ever dream of. I thought back to my old Barbie ballerina outfit. That was dress up, this was the real thing. I twirled around and did a few moves in front of the mirror to make sure everything was in order. I was past being embarrassed. I wanted to do my best and earn my ice cream.

I joined the rest of my class as the teacher reminded us of our instructions. I had it all memorized perfectly already. I looked at the other little girls and felt a strange sense of satisfaction. They were wearing identical outfits but I really felt like I was the most pretty in it. I peaked out behind the curtain and saw my family in the front row, and John was with them. I felt a moment of doubt at the display I was about to put on in front of this man I was sure despised me. He was probably only here because Mommy had asked him. I decided it was too late to think about it, it wasn't like I had a choice in the first place.

The music for the recital was from a ballet called Giselle, I had no idea what it was about but Marie had told me she would show me a video some time. I just knew I liked the music. We pranced onto the stage and took our positions. I was in the center, both because of my height and my clear skill advantage over the other girls. Sally and Katie were to each side. We three did beautifully. There were gasps from the audience. The novelty of the story of the boy-girl ballerina took a backseat to the grace and talent we displayed. Most of the rest of the class was not doing as well. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jean trip and nearly fall off the stage. Everyone seemed fixated on the three of us though, aside from Jean's parents who I spied covering their faces.

The smile on my face was bright and wide and unforced.

I was one with the music and my best friends. When it was over I wished it could have gone longer. The applause was enthusiastic and sincere as we curtsied in appreciation. I was free in that moment. I had no concern for the humiliation of yesterday or the anxiety for tomorrow. It was that moment I decided I was meant to be a girl and I loved it. I had no illusions about the torture they had put me through. It was clearly their intention to make me live a life of humiliation and hatred, not to make me self-actualize, but I just scored that as a victory for me over adversity.

Marie met me backstage and I saw genuine respect in her eyes. She congratulated me for my performance and promised me a huge serving of ice cream. I hopped up and down in joy, squealed in glee and could hardly keep still. Marie reminded me that I had to change into the outfit Barbara had given me. She opened the box and showed me.

It was a Little Bo Peep costume. It came with frilly pink pettipants with white lace and a knee length petticoat. The skirt was white with pink polka dots. It came with a large pink bonnet, a shepherds hook with a pink ribbon, and a stuffed sheep. Marie let my hair down and helped me into the costume, adding the bonnet last. In addition there were frilly white socks and pink Mary Janes with a two inch heal. This was my first time in any sort of non-flat footwear, but I loved how they made me feel as I strutted back and forth for Marie. In my new acceptance and exuberance for my girlishness I twirled in front of the mirror and swooned at how utterly cute I looked.

We left the dressing room and headed back into the mall. I saw Mommy, Marlana, John, and Barbara all in a group. Marlana congratulated me and gave me a hug, she complimented me on my new outfit, much to the delight of Barbara. John surprised me. He gave me a kiss on the cheek and a huge bouquet of flowers. He seemed genuinely admiring. Either I had misjudged him or he was a fantastic actor. They took loads of pictures as I struggled to hold on to my shepherds crook and sheep in one hand and flowers in the other. People from the audience came by and complimented me on how well I did and took even more pictures of the smiling little girl.

On the way out of the mall Marie made good on her promise and got me an ice cream cone. I had never felt this happy in my life. All the positive attention, the exhilaration of doing well and evading punishment, and the brainwashing that had turned ice cream into an amazing drug for me combined into an astounding euphoria. My face became sore from the unfamiliar feeling of constant, genuine smiling.

As I sat on a bench taking slow, careful licks of ice cream to draw out the hypnotically enhanced pleasure for as long as possible I saw my ballet teacher talking to my mother. Sally and Katie were there too, with their mother. They glanced over at me but they knew me well enough to know it was unwise to distract me from my ice cream. I vaguely heard the teacher telling Mommy that Sally, Katie, and I would be promoted to a more advanced class. My pleasure bubbled up even more knowing Jean would be left behind.

I saw John watching me as I took my dainty licks. He looked confused, but Marie told him something and he nodded in understanding.

I must have dozed off in the car from all the excitement, the lack of a nap catching up to me, because when I awoke I was back home on the couch hearing cheery voices from the other room. Marie came and led me into the dining room. Mommy was showing off a huge diamond ring to Marlana.

Mommy smiled and told me the news, “Kimmy, John has just proposed to me and I accepted. You have a new Daddy! Isn't that great news? You'll get to be the flower girl at the wedding!”

I pouted and stamped my foot and sniveled my reply “But Mommy, I don't like him. I don't want a Daddy.”

Mommy glared at me with building rage. “Kimmy, I sure hope you want to be a good little girl and apologize right now and go hug your Daddy.”

I stamped my foot again.

Marie shook her head, “Looks like the prima ballerina has gotten a bit full of herself with all the attention and fun today. Forgetting her place in the family maybe. And what happens to little girls who aren't obedient?”

Mommy gestured for me to come forward for punishment but John interjected. “No, no. I'm the man of the house now and it looks like this house has long needed a real man to lay down the law. Kimmy, you have one last chance. Come here and apologize or else.”

I was still feeling the high from earlier. I felt like nothing in the world could stop me. I turned around in a huff and made to run away. He grabbed me before I made two steps and pulled me over his lap as I kicked and struggled.

It began to dawn on me what a huge mistake I had just made and I tried to correct myself. “NO DADDY! NO PLEASE DADDY I LOVE YOU I WANT YOU TO MARRY MOMMY PLEASE DON'T SPANK ME!!” I broke down in tears as I yelled it but he held me firm over his lap.

He raised up my Bo Peep skirt and exposed my petticipants. He rubbed my bottom and sighed. “Little girl, it's time you learned real discipline. I know your mother has tried but it takes the firm hand of a man to truly tame a spoiled, bratty little girl.”

To emphasize his point he gave me a strong, super firm slap on the behind. It was like nothing I had ever felt. My spankings were always painful thanks to my treatments and Marie and Mommy never held back much but this was something else. He was a large muscular man. Normally I could squirm and dodge a bit and sneak my hands behind to block a blow or two, but now I was totally immobile aside from my kicking feet in their fancy new shoes.

WHACK. The impact on my behind sounded like the crack of a whip. There was no give at all in his hand. I could imagine shacking hands with him and having my hand crushed even when I was an eighteen year old boy.

He was slow and deliberate, I had time to think and cry and beg between each slap. It was nothing like the wild rage of Marie or the constant drumbeat Mommy laid down. He was patient and firm.

There was a loud WHACK and a girlish scream in response.

After each blow he took his time to let me anticipate the next and scolded me more and more. “Little girl, you will respect your parents and your big sisters. When we ask you something you will promptly and happily respond.”

Another loud WHACK and a pained squeal and kicking feet.

“Your duty is to look pretty and do as we say, nothing more.”

A hard slap followed by whimpering and moaning and begging.

He angrily pulled down my petticipants and exposed my naked bottom. With that minimum protection

gone it got even worse.

As he continued I began to notice something that started to truly horrify me. With each blow, each scolding, each second where he sighed and took in the screaming, crying, and kicking little girl on his lap...I could feel his dick getting harder and harder, poking into my chest.

He began to give up the slow pace and sped up while continuing to scold me. I was rocked back and forth on his lap and I sensed him moaning a bit in pleasure. He panted, apparently feeling himself begin to lose control, and set me on the ground. I was ordered to stand in the corner for an hour before bed which I did with my pettipants still around my ankles and my tears flowing nonstop.

I had come to a realization as he spanked me about what this was all about. He wasn't here for my mother, he was here for me. How many times had he watched the prissy little girl in the leotard bend over and try and pick up the heavy basket in the grocery store before he came over to help and weasel his way into my life? How delighted he must have been to watch me prance around in my immodest ballet outfit. How wild he must have felt watching my tongue slowly work on my ice cream cone. I knew exactly how he felt about having me over his lap with my ass exposed.

I went to bed that night with a whole new set of problems. My hopes had been so high, I told my doll. I accepted being a little girl and knew it was right and Marie would surely lay off me now that I was such a fantastic little ballerina in her image but things were just getting worse. They always got worse. I drifted in and out of sleep.

The light turned on. It hurt my eyes and I reflexively slammed them shut. I heard him breathing heavily. The crib was unlocked and he lifted me out. I opened my eyes and they instantly began to widen in horror. He was nude. His large erect penis was on full display.

He held a bowl of ice cream in one hand and with the other pushed me to my knees. "Your sister Marie told me how much you like ice cream. I just loved watching you lick it today. Why don't you show me again and I'll let you have this bowl later?" he said as he gestured towards his cock.

I felt confusion. They had brainwashed me to have a practically sexual and addictive relationship with ice cream, but they had also brainwashed me into asexuality. My brain was clashing with conflicting impulses, my need to be obedient to earn my ice cream, my natural disgust with the idea of being involved sexually with a man, my now unrestrained love of femininity...He saw my distress and confusion, and decided to make the decision simple.

He stepped forward and slipped his warm, hard, slippery cock into my cute pink lips. The taste was revolting and the humiliation hammered at me, he simply held me, moving his cock around in my mouth to let me get used to the feeling, and then pulled it out.

"Now, little girl, lick it like it's ice cream."

I began to float away from myself, it was like a dream, I watched. The little girl took dainty lick after lick, swirling her tongue around on the man's cock. He looked down in happiness at the obedient cocksucker.

I licked and licked. When he sensed I was getting tired he jammed his cock into my mouth again and humped my face. It was horrifying. I floated away from my body again unable to handle the oral

intrusion and the bushy crotch slamming hard into my face.

He pulled out again and I coughed, near ready to vomit. He ordered me to lick him again.

I licked and licked. Eventually I licked him just right in a spot right beneath the tip of his cock and his cum exploded onto my face. He shuddered with pleasure and took his cock in his hand and rubbed it all over my face, smearing the cum all over me.

“Oh Kimmy, we're going to have so much fun.” he moaned.

He wiped my face off with a towel, leaving a distinct odor and sticky feeling behind, and of course the taste in my mouth. He picked me up and locked me in my crib again. He set down the bowl of ice cream outside the crib, just out of my reach, and left.

I reached for it, I struggled, I stretched myself as far as I could. I couldn't reach it. I collapsed. I felt the horror of what just happened and of what I knew would happen tomorrow. That night the nightmares returned. If I screamed...no one came for me.

## Chapter 6: Daddy's Girl

The morning after I learned that John would be my new Daddy, and the first time he molested me against my will, Marie was the first to find me. I was asleep in my crib, one arm tightly wrapped around my beloved Dolly and the other reaching through the bars of the crib coming up just short of a melted bowl of ice cream. I'm sure she quite enjoyed the sight.

Marie woke me and began her daily taunting, and even worse it was clear she was aware of what had transpired. “Oh, you poor thing, it looks like John didn't let you have your treat after all. Or was it just that the first treat he gave you was enough to satisfy you?”

“Marrrie,” I whined, “You know I don't like boys, I'm just a little girl I shouldn't be doing things like that.”

Long gone were the days when I would think of myself as an 18 year old boy, or the days when I would even want to, so it didn't even enter into the discussion.

She lifted me out of the crib and felt my face. “Eww, stickyface, you could have fooled me!”

She took me to the bathroom and cleaned me up, I had never been so grateful to have a clean face in my life but I was red faced with anger as she dumped my melted ice cream down the toilet.

“I'm sure you wouldn't want that now, Kimmy.” she told me as she did it.

She was quite wrong on that. I had never done more to earn a treat in my life.

She continued, “Besides, it's not my decision to make any more. Since you and John, that's Daddy to you now, have gotten off to such a rocky start they decided to let him take over your training and discipline. You better dedicate every second you can to making him happy if you ever want to taste some ice cream again. Oh, I can still spank you though, so don't think you can slack off on respecting your elder sisters now or you'll quickly be making friends with my riding crop again.”



The brainwashing began to tear my tortured mind in half, split between the desperate need to be good to earn ice cream and the fear and disgust Daddy would surely confront me with again and again. The mental battle continued to rage. I was silent and submissive on the outside but inside I was in turmoil and distress.

“Oh, it won't be so bad Kimmy.” she went on, “John is going to train you to love him, he will be very nice as long as you behave, in fact he said today is going to be a very special Daddy & Daughter day for you and you'll have one every week from now on.”

She tacked on a sarcastic promise that she was totally jealous of me and began to dress me for my day with Daddy. She dressed me in a comfy knee length light yellow polka dotted sun dress with white panties with little yellow flowers on them and a pair of white Mary Janes with a slightly raised heel. My curly auburn hair was adorned with a yellow hair band. She added a white cardigan and a small white purse for me to carry.

I unequivocally adored the outfit. It was deliciously girly but simple and comfortable, unlike many of the more elaborate pageant style dresses they made me wear with the tights and the layers of petticoats. I twirled and curtsied in front of the mirror as Marie looked on with great mirth at how well they had done at not just making me into a girl, but taking it so far that I now relished it and loved being a complete girly-girl that wants to look pretty and show herself off.

For a few moments I forgot about the part of all this I wouldn't like, the fact that I would be parading around all day in my favorite new outfit with John, humiliating myself and possibility being forced to suck his cock again or worse.

When we came downstairs Marlana lost it at how cute I looked in my latest outfit. I twirled for her and smiled and she led me into the kitchen to present myself to Mommy and John, which I did with a curtsy. John was very impressed. He beckoned me over to sit on his lap as I had my breakfast. First Marlana put me in a large bib to protect my dress and then he lifted me up.

I could feel his cock poking me through my thin cotton panties, I tried to wriggle away a bit but my squirming in his lap just made him more excited.

“So what do you two have planned for today?” asked Marlana.

John replied, “Kimmy and I are going to see a performance of Giselle at the park, and afterwards I have a special surprise.”

I was suddenly excited. I had wanted to see Giselle since I had performed a dance from it at my ballet recital. I smiled and bounced up and down a bit before I realized how happy that was making John and I held still with a blushing face.

Marie knowingly smirked at me and Marlana just looked annoyed. It was clear she was beginning to dislike how much attention I was getting from the new man around the house while she was being nearly completely ignored. My sisters had never had a real father figure since our father had died when they were so young. I wanted to tell her she really didn't want attention from this kind of Daddy but there was nothing I could do. I had my own problems to worry about.

Before we left Mommy insisted on taking several pictures to commemorate our first Daddy & Daughter day. I was on my best behavior. I smiled and did my best to look like a happy little girl even though I was scared out of my wits. I was seconds away from being left alone with him and totally at his mercy.

John opened the car door for me like a gentleman and helped me up into the car, a Mercedes SUV with dark tinted windows. He had me sit in the front, which was a nice change for me since I spent most car rides in an oversized child seat.

I looked at him wide eyed with fear as we pulled away, with a furtive glance directed to his crotch at well. He saw my scared reaction and quickly acted to counter my expectations.

He told me, "I'm sorry about last night Kimmy. I had too much to drink and I was still angry that you said you didn't want to be my daughter. It was a mean trick of me to promise you ice cream and not give it to you. It won't happen again. Can you forgive me?"

I realized immediately he had left something out of his apology, the little fact that he had made me suck him off, but it wasn't like anything I could say would make a difference anyway. Knowing I was trapped in my fate and not wanting to anger him and possibly end up not being able to see the ballet, I decided to stick with the submissive nature which was now all I knew.

"Ok. I forgive you." I told him.

"Thank You, Kimmy. I know I was very mean. I promise I'll make it up to you."

He smiled and focused in on driving and the rest of the trip was uneventful. We arrived at the outdoor amphitheater where the performance would take place. I was really enjoying myself. In my new outfit I blended in with the crowd a lot more because it was not so ridiculously childish like most of my frilly dresses. I just looked like a 12-13 year old girl in her Sunday best having a delightful outing with her Daddy.

We found a spot in the grass and John set down a blanket and a picnic basket. We ate a light lunch and I read the program for the performance. I read a bit about Giselle so I would understand the story the dance and the music would tell.

From the moment it began I was totally enchanted. Giselle is a sickly peasant girl. Two men are deeply in love with her. One is a Duke named Albrecht disguised as a peasant named Loys who is already betrothed to another woman, and the other is a local gamekeeper named Hilarion.

Loys and Giselle dance a love duet as she picks petals from a daisy to weigh his love for her. The first act ends in tragedy as Giselle dies after Hilarion reveals that her beloved Loys had been deceiving her about his true identity.

John didn't seem engaged in watching the performance at all. He was happy just watching me and enjoying how much of a good time I was having. I was totally engrossed in the artistry of the performance, the story, and in the technical prowess of all the performers. I took my own dancing very seriously and knew the more advanced classes I would soon be tackling would require much more work and dedication if I ever wanted to be as good as these dancers.

During the intermission I desperately had to go to the bathroom. Recently I had defied all the the procedures they had used to make me near incontinent but only just barely. If I took it too far I would surely wet myself which is exactly what I didn't want when I was having such a nice day presenting myself as an older girl.

John followed along to keep an eye on me but I knew I was near my limit and I practically ran away from him. When I arrived at the ladies room the line was extremely long, it was a rather girly event so the ladies room was crowded and everyone was waiting for the intermission to use the rest room all at once of course.

I stood in line and started to do a very immature "I have to pee right now!" dance as the other ladies in line giggled while watching to see how I would handle my predicament. The line wasn't moving at all and I wanted to make sure I would get back in time for the start of the second act, I didn't want to miss a second.

I felt a familiar pressure down below and knew from experience that I was just about out of time. In a near desperate panic I looked around frantically and saw what I had to do. There was no line for the men's room.

I burst out of the line for the ladies room at a gallop and went in to the men's room. The men inside looked up in shock at the prissy little girl with a pained look on her face invading their territory. I paid it no mind, the alternative was worse.

I made my way to a stall squealing in desperation. I pulled up the skirt of my dress, tugged down my panties as fast as I could, and plopped down on the seat. Instantly I released my bladder with a very loud involuntary gasp of relief.

I could hear some snickers from outside the stall at that, but I didn't pay it any mind. Having to find my way back to my Daddy in this very public place with soaked panties and legs would have been incomparably worse.

I heard another man comment, "Good for you girly, that line looks awful. What do they do in there that takes so long anyway?"

Giddy with relief I replied, "Girls are crazy! Don't get me started! You should meet my sister Marie!"

There was genuine laughter from outside, it was nice having it be only partly at my expense for once. As I finished I realized there was no toilet paper in the stall. I should have just let it go, but if Marie or Mommy saw even a spot of pee in my panties I would be back in pull-ups for sure.

In a my meek feminine voice I spoke up, "Umm, could someone pass under some toilet paper, please?"

There was more laughter, but a masculine hand appeared holding a roll for me which I quickly grabbed.

"Thank you."

I flushed, pulled up my panties, and exited the stall looking at nothing but the ground, I quickly headed for the exit. A man grabbed me on the shoulder and I looked up behind me, it was John.

He sternly told me, "Don't forget to wash your hands, Kimmy."

More red faced than usual I made my way to the sink and washed my hands before John led me out. We returned to our blanket and sat down. He looked at me with an eyebrow raised, apparently expecting an explanation for where he found me.

I told him, embarrassed, "Daddy, the line was too long and I couldn't hold it anymore, there was nothing else I could do."

He laughed and teased me, "But did you have to make such a big show of it? I thought you just forgot who you are now and went in the wrong room."

"No," I replied with my head down, "I know what I am."

The music began again and the second act started. I forgot about my most recent humiliating adventure and focused back in on the ballet.

In a moonlit glade surrounding Giselle's grave Hilarion mourns for his lost love. Hilarion is scared away by a group of evil, vengeful female spirits called the Wilis. The spirits summon her from the grave as Albrecht arrives, he asks her forgiveness for the deception which she readily offers and the two again dance a duet celebrating their undying love.

The vengeful female spirits pursue and kill Hilarion with a magical dance. This scene, though performed with the artistry and grace of the ballet rather than the crass violence of a horror movie, deeply disturbed me for some reason. I moved close to John and he could see I was scared. He held me. Something about this aspect of the story touched something buried in my mind, the nightmares I regularly suffer in the long nights locked in my crib. The vague shape of a little girl in a stained dress, shrouded in darkness and radiating fear and anger and madness.

The vengeful spirits turn towards Albrecht next, he begs to be spared but they refuse. Giselle protects her true love from the Wilis and he survives. As day breaks the spirits return to their graves and Giselle is left to rest in peace.

This aspect of the story touched me too, I was crying as I joined in the standing ovation for the performance. I hugged John and genuinely thanked him for bringing me. That was the kind of life I led now. He had done terrible things to me and would certainly do so again, but I had to grab every moment of happiness I could and hang on to it for dear life.

He picked up the blanket and the picnic basket and told me he had another surprise for me. We would be going backstage. He took my hand and led me on.

I was nervous and exited as I met the dancers I had so admired. In my old life it would probably be like if I had been able to go into the locker room at an NFL game. I met the ballerina who had danced as Giselle. I complimented her on how beautiful and graceful she was.

John told her I was a dancer too and I had recently knocked the socks off the crowd at my first recital.

I blushed, "Oh, I'm not that good yet but I hope I can be as great a dancer as you are some day."

She seemed genuinely enthused to meet a young dancer and had me run through a few basic steps, which I nervously performed for her.

She turned to John, “This is just basic stuff, but she is REALLY good. You make sure she keeps working at it. She could be a pro someday!”

My self esteem and pride ballooned at the compliment. I had a huge genuine smile as John snapped a few pictures of us.

Before we went back to the car John bought me an ice cream from one of the concession stands. Disregarding my earlier distaste for acting childish I became lost in the pleasant drug-like Pavlovian reaction to the treat they had programmed into my brain. I squealed with delight and enjoyed my ice cream, skipping along behind John as we walked. When we returned to the car John took my hand and I bobbed in a cute curtsy as he again helped me into the front seat.

John went around to the driver's side and retrieved something from his pocket, a small jewelry box. He took my half eaten ice cream from me. I pouted.

“Don't worry, Kimmy, I won't keep you from your ice cream ever again, I just wanted to give you something first.” he told me tenderly.

He opened the jewelry box, inside was a necklace. The pendant was gold and it spelled out the words “Daddy's Girl” with what looked to be a real diamond as the dot on the I. I swooned as he placed it around my neck, still high from the opiate like effect of the ice cream and the good time I had at the ballet. I brushed back my hair and proudly showed off his gift for him. He looked very pleased with how happy he had made me. Later on that night, as the high wore off, I would realize how easy I really was to manipulate, given the experiences I had been through and the mental conditioning they had subjected me to, but at that moment I was in love with my Daddy.

When he opened his zipper I could barely hold myself back from stretching over the seat to take his cock in my mouth. I wasn't really attracted to him like that but I knew he expected it and I just wanted to make him feel as happy as he had made me feel. He grabbed my hair painfully and held me away. I reached out with my tongue to try and reach the tip of his cock but it was out of range.

“No Kimmy, “ he whispered, “not here, even with the tinted windows it's too crowded.”

He put the car in drive and as we got on the highway he released his painful grip on my hair and instead pushed me down. I didn't float away this time, this time I lived and loved every moment of sucking his cock. It was wet and sloppy and noisy, he moaned with pleasure and almost drove off the road several times.

When I was tired I grabbed his cock in my hand and stroked it, while looking up at him with wide open, worshiping eyes. When I had recovered I opened my mouth wide and dived back in, he drove with his left hand and reached around and gently rubbed my pantied bottom with his right, and gave me a few playful slaps. Thanks to the low pain tolerance the treatments had given me even a playful slap hurt a bit and I gasped, but the adrenaline of the moment made it bittersweet and almost pleasurable.

The car had stopped and I was still going, vigorously sucking even as the pain in my chest from being draped over the center console grew worse and worse. Exhausted I remembered what had made him

explode the last time and gave him several dainty licks on the underside of his cock. He fiercely came with a restrained scream. His semen covered my face and my neck. I felt a warm liquid smack me on the center of my lips and I licked them and swallowed. The taste of his cum mingled with the taste of the ice cream from earlier and I gasped again with pleasure.

I fell back in my seat feeling dirty but somehow satisfied. I retrieved a tissue from my purse and examined myself in the vanity mirror. I wiped the cum from my face. John pulled himself together, and looked on me with awe.

“Kimmy, thank you, that was the greatest experience of my life.”

I replied, “Thanks for taking me to the Ballet and for the necklace and the...”

He started, “Oh right!” and handed me back my half melted ice cream.

We entered the house holding hands. Marie was inside watching TV.

She glanced at us, “So, did you two have a good time on your Daddy & Daughter day?”

We both told her we had a great time. John went upstairs and Marie pulled me over to sit next to her on the couch.

“So, Kimmy is Daddy's Little Girl now, eh? I thought you didn't like him?” she teased.

“Oh well,” I finished off my ice cream, “I guess he can be kind of nice...”

She glanced towards my neck again, “Yeah, you must think he's REALLY nice!”

I fondled the necklace and felt a warm stickiness. I looked down and turned bright red when I saw the globs of cum still adorning my new piece of jewelry.

I retrieved more tissue from my purse and cleaned myself off some more.

“Too much excitement today, Cummy. I think you should go to bed early.” Marie told me as she dragged me upstairs to be diapered and locked in my crib.

That night a new nightmare joined the others, about vengeful female spirits that can kill someone with a dance.

## Chapter 7: The Tea Party

Several weeks later I awoke from one of my nightmares into yet another new one. I again found myself face to face with Cindy, the evil women who had made the insane plan they had for me possible in the first place. The woman who had altered my mind and my body and my genitals to put me on the girly path they wanted for me.

I was chained to a table, nude and spread eagle in a bare white room. Tears came to my eyes as Cindy stared down on me. I struggled against the chains in panic. I searched through my mind and tried to feel my body. What did she do to me this time? What else could they possibly do?

She had altered my appearance into that of a totally convincing pretty little girl. She had made me a frequent panty wetter. She made me intolerant of even minor pain, so I could be easily punished without permanently harming me. She had removed my balls and my dick and given me the genitals of a girl. She had delved into my mind, enforcing my total obedience when offered a simple treat. She had altered my sexuality so I was no longer interested in girls.

Was I not the perfect, pretty, obedient little girl they set out to create by now? I would do anything they asked to prove my debased hyper-femininity, even suck a cock and enjoy it.

I looked up into her cold eyes. She was still looking down on me and watching me struggle and hyperventilate from panic.

She began to stroke my hair and soothe me.

“There there, little Kimmy, it's okay. I'll explain why you're here. Just calm down.”

She began to remove my chains and had me sit up on the table. I was still crying and was deeply scared. My body hadn't changed, that I could tell, so she must have been messing around in my head again.

She moved around behind me to retrieve something and returned with my favorite doll, which she handed to me. I hugged Dolly tightly and instantly began to feel comforted in a way a crazy bitch like Cindy could never understand, with all her insincere kind words.

I hugged the doll with one hand and stroked her hair with another. I looked down at her, still pouting but no longer crying.

Cindy spoke to me, “I'm glad your doll gives you so much comfort. I remember when I first gave it to you. You hugged it right away and it doesn't look like you ever let go.”

I stared at the doll and realized it was true. The doll was modeled after me in my new appearance when they had first transformed me, it wore a replica of my very first dress. It was still the most over the top girly outfit in my wardrobe and now I begged to wear it more often so I could dress Dolly in the matching outfit and enjoy the ruffles and layers of petticoats.

By pointing out that she had provided me with the doll Cindy was trying to brag about how everything I had now become could be traced back to her, and about how well she had done on me, but I don't think Cindy understood fully what Dolly meant to me. The doll had been my constant companion, the only one never to hurt or humiliate me. She kept me company in the long nights in my crib, my imagination running wild with elaborate fantasy conversations between us in a constant fight to keep the nightmares away. In this I was truly like a small child, the doll was real to me, not an object I begrudgingly held out of an obedient need to humiliate myself for my family. Without my Dolly I would never feel safe and the darkness of my life would consume me.

Cindy paced around me and looked me over as I sat, still nude.

“Kimmy, you really are my masterpiece. It's almost a shame, when other people come to me with men they want feminized and I show off your pictures and case history they are instantly sold on my

services. I have to talk them down and explain they all can't come out as well as you.”

I felt self conscious, scared, cold, vulnerable and exposed. I sat my dolly on my lap to cover my naked genitals.

Cindy giggled, “Oh, it's nothing I haven't seen before Kimmy. I made it, after all.”

She took my doll from me and began to stroke my genitals and rubbed a finger on my clit. I gasped as an electric bolt of sexual pleasure hit me, a pleasure I had not felt once since they had removed my balls and started messing my my mind. There was a hint of sexual flavor mixed in with my programmed reaction to ice cream, but not the primal shocking and intense feeling I had experienced when she touched me down there.

Cindy patted me on the head, “Oh yes, you're going to enjoy the changes this time Kimmy. Your new Daddy was very satisfied with how happy you've been making him lately. He said it didn't seem fair that he couldn't return the favor.”

Shocked by the return of sexual pleasure I practically ignored her and moved my hand to my clit and rubbed. I felt nothing, she slapped my hand away.

“But there are RULES Kimmy!” she shouted as I cowered in fear.

She continued, “No touching yourself , your Daddy doesn't think that's good behavior for a girl like you so it won't do a thing for you. If you want relief you go to your Daddy and no one else. You like men now, and what turns you on the most, Kimmy...what will drive you wild and make you beg for more, is to be sexually debased and humiliated. You want to be treated like trash, like a slut. You like to be spanked and abused and insulted.”

She looked down at my reddening face, I could feel it was true, I could feel the changes she had made at my Daddy's request. Asexuality was a dream compared to this.

She went on, “Yes, it's a deranged combination your Daddy came up with for you, isn't it? I know you love your girly things, but in the back of your head you remember, barely by now I suppose, what it was like to be a boy and what everyone else thinks of your preferences to be a girl instead. So I guess every moment for you has a tinge of humiliation and debasement, doesn't it?”

I moaned in anguish. I ran to where she had placed my doll and picked it up. I hugged her. I bounced my head against the wall. I needed to drive these thoughts out of my head...

Cindy gathered me up and moved me to a mirror. I looked at myself. The perfect little girl, naked aside from a pink bow in her curly auburn hair and a “Daddy's Girl” necklace, clutching at a dolly.

She moved to a TV monitor next to the mirror and turned it on. I saw a picture of a teenage boy with reddish brown hair in khaki pants, a button up white shirt, and black tie, with a sport coat slung over his shoulder. I realized it was the boy I constantly saw in my nightmares, but only now recognized again in my conscious state. It was me, who I used to be. They had either blocked it out of my mind or I had repressed it myself.

Confronted with the nightmare image I involuntarily urinated on the floor. As I stared at the two



images, the incontinent little girl with the dolly on one side and the boy she had used to be on the other I was overcome with waves of humiliation which were now channeled into a sexual longing for more.

I thought of both times I had sucked John's cock, when he had humiliated me by forcing himself on me and denying me my treat and when I had humiliated myself by being so eager to suck him he had to pull me away by my pretty hair.

I couldn't contain myself. I wanted more and more and more of that kind of degrading treatment. I desperately tried to rub myself again to feel the payoff for these thoughts, but nothing happened. I screamed in frustration.

Cindy suddenly grabbed and held me from behind and applied a vibrator directly on my clit. I screamed and squealed with pleasure, I squirmed in her harms and hopped up and down banging my clit against the vibrator in her hand until I exploded in an orgasm so intense I felt like the entire world was going to collapse around me, instead, my knees gave out.

Cindy looked down on me laying in a puddle of my own bodily fluids, only half-conscious but red faced with pleasure and breathing heavily.

“I always go too far with this one...”

Cindy had meant for every moment of my life to be spent in a torturous combination of humiliation and lust, but again she proved she didn't understand me as well as she thought. I truly enjoyed being a girl now and I didn't think there was anything to be humiliated about, at least when I wasn't being directly confronted with my former past as a boy.

So what if I wanted to be a girl? Lots of people did, they were born that way or they choose it. So what? When I deeply dwell on it, I understand there is a difference when femininity is forced. My masculinity was stolen and only later did I realize I didn't want it anyway, but I had repressed so much of that torture to the dark places of my mind that I didn't confront it every second in everything I did, but instead only when they bubbled up in moments of deep humiliation.

Several months after the latest brainwashing, I was engaged in an activity that surely was the type Cindy had intended would humiliate me into lust, but actually it was one of my favorite most carefree times of the week.

I sat at a table set up in my room, dressed in a blue knee length dress with a single layer of petticoats. I wore white tights, black Mary Janes, and a frilly pinafore with blue ribbon and a lace. It was one of my most beloved outfits, it looked like it came right out of Alice in Wonderland which had become one of my favorite movies.

Opposite me was my sister Marlana. I held my favorite dolly but several others were set up around the table which was arranged with the Barbie tea party set my mother had bought for me. This had been a weekly tradition for us ever since I had received the set. We laughed and giggled and Marlana played with the dolls with me for my amusement and pretended to sip imaginary tea. Marlana loved this kind of thing, she missed being a little girl herself in a lot of ways and constantly used me as a proxy. I didn't mind. It was pleasant to have someone so nice and sweet who was always my friend around.

Lately that relationship had become strained. I spent so much time with John now that I had little time

for her. Every week we would have our Daddy & Daughter day. He would take me off somewhere nice for some girly activity and I would come home with some new gift. I had received more cute jewelry, a huge elaborate doll house to play with, new outfits including several that would let me pass as an older girl, a TV for my room (of course with appropriate parental controls built in), and more.

I was starting to get a reputation with Marlana as a very spoiled little princess but she had no idea what I was doing to earn that station, the dirty things I had to do in return. I couldn't tell her, maybe she could have helped me, but the brainwashing had me loving the perverse nature of my relationship with John. Only he could give me the horrible demeaning treatment I needed to get off, since I couldn't do it for myself.

I heard him come upstairs and saw him stand in the open doorway as we had our imaginary tea. He had a smile on his face as he watched us play. Marlana surely heard him there, but haughtily ignored him as we continued our routine. He stayed in the doorway and observed us.

After a few minutes he reached his hand towards his face and pantomimed a blowjob. Marlana followed my eyes and quickly turned behind her to look at John, but he had returned to a casual pose. She looked back at me suspiciously.

I could feel the need growing in my panties, reminded of all the times I had humiliatingly sucked his cock. That was all it took to set me off. I tried to fight it back as hard as I could but more and more humiliating ideas came rushing in to my head and my cravings grew stronger and stronger. I could see Marlana starting to get annoyed at how distracted I had been since John had started watching us.

“Go away, John.” she said as she turned around to face him again, “This tea party is for girls only. It's our special sister time and Kimmy doesn't want to play with you right now.”

She turned back around and nodded at me. I fiddled with the lace ribbons of my pinafore and looked down.

John replied to her back, “Maybe we should ask Kimmy what SHE wants? Do you want to play with Daddy instead?”

I hated him for putting me in this position. He was doing it on purpose, it was obvious. He knew the sexual compulsion I was under and what my answer would be. He knew exactly how much I loved Marlana, how much I enjoyed our time playing together, how badly what I was about to do would hurt us both. I guess he was just jealous. He didn't want to share the ability to please me with anyone. I hated him. I hated the sick fuck.

Several moments passed. Marlana looked at me with pain plainly evident on her face. I hadn't spoken yet but she could already tell what I was about to say somehow. Suddenly I noticed the involuntary action I had been performing, playing with and stroking the “Daddy's Girl” necklace hung around my neck. My hatred for the man was mingled with my masochistic sexual need for him and my subconscious had betrayed me.

“Well, Kimmy?” John asked.

He knew she had seen, but he had to make me push the knife into her heart even more.

“I want to play with you instead Daddy.” I whispered.

“What? I didn't hear you.” he said.

“I don't want to play tea party anymore right now.” I said more loudly.

Marlena's face twisted with hurt and anger, it felt like someone punched me in the stomach just looking at her.

“Fine. The spoiled little princess can have her way.” She said evenly.

She got up, shoved past John, and slammed the door. I heard her run downstairs and leave the house. John moved to lock the door. As soon as he did I forgot everything about Marlena, lost in my desperate need.

After he helped me out of the dress and petticoats I immediately dropped on all fours and stuck my butt up in the air at him, I nodded vigorously and looked at him with pleading eyes, I desperately wanted his cock in my pussy.

“No, Kimmy, no penetration yet. I'm saving your virginity for a special day, but don't worry I'll make sure you're happy. I'll give you a taste of what it will be like.”

He sat down on a chair pulled me over his lap and stuck a ball gag in my mouth so I wouldn't make too much noise. He gently spanked me, it did hurt but not like when he was actually punishing me. He was conscious of my limits, the difference between the bittersweet masochistic pleasure I was craving and a true thrashing. I now loved to be spanked gently like this, I got hornier and hornier being stuck over his lap as he told me what a dirty, naughty little girl I was for liking it like this. We both moaned in mutual pleasure, his cock rubbing against my chest and my crotch rubbing against his leg.

He lifted me up and sat me on his lap. I rubbed my butt back and forth and up and down, feeling the cock in his pants rub against my pantied bottom. We dry humped. He held me firmly in his strong, manly hands and I bounced while he thrust. He reached around and stroked my clit and the lips of my vagina through my panties.

I felt his large cock under me as I rode on his lap, I tried to imagine what it would be like when he finally stuck it in me and got hornier and hornier as I bounced up and down and moaned through the gag.

I came first, as he stuck his hands down my panties and rubbed my clit directly with his strong hand, I panted and screamed through the gag and near forgot where I was. I went limp in the afterglow as John stood up and held me with one arm and pulled down his pants with the other. He sat us both back down and sat me on his cock, which was now directly in contact with my panties. I continued to lap dance for him until he gasped and I felt the warm cum on my panties.

I was still lost a million miles away as he talked to me through his heavy breathing, “...and it will be so much better when I do it for real...all your girly little dreams will come true.”

And I knew he was right, but with my sexual needs fulfilled my thoughts now returned to Marlena and what he made me do to her. The tea party table was still set up, surrounded by dolls. I began to cry

softly.

John patted my head and removed the gag from my mouth. “Don't worry Kimmy, you won't have to wait that long.”

He helped me back into my dress but left me in the panties that were covered in his cum, the disgusting feel of which would almost certainly bring me back into a wild state of arousal eventually.

When Marlana came back I went to her room, still dressed as before and now carrying a Barbie doll. I knocked on her door quietly.

“May I come in Marlana?” I asked as sweetly as I could.

I heard no answer and I knocked again.

“Please Marlana.” I repeated.

I opened the door without permission, she was on her bed reading a book and looking very upset.

“Oh, now Princess Kimmy thinks she owns my room too!? Get out Kimmy, I'm through with you. Go play with your Daddy since you love HIM so much and don't care about my feelings.”

I had come in to apologize but now I was feeling so angry and hurt at what John had made me do that all I could do was sit there and take Marlana's rebuke with a trembling lower lip and tears in my eyes.

“GET OUT NOW Kimmy! I've never done it before but if you don't get out of this room this instant I will spank you so hard with my hair brush you'll think Marie goes easy on you. I've treated you with nothing but love and respect while everyone else bullies you, and where did that get me? With a heartless spoiled little brat of a little sister who doesn't care about me one bit. It isn't just your Daddy who's been spoiling you, it's been me too. Maybe you need a few smacks on the behind before you learn any good sense.”

I walked over to her desk and retrieved a hair brush. I went over to the side of her bed and knelt.

“You're right Marlana, I'm sorry. When I first met Daddy I hated him but now I kind of like him...I guess the presents do have a lot to do with it...but also I do have fun playing with him so I am kind of spoiled. He treats me like a little princess so I guess I started to feel he was right and I can do whatever I want and not worry about other people. I forgot how much you love me too and how patient and pleasant you always are with me. Expensive gifts from Daddy are nice, but my favorite gift is still the old Barbie doll you gave me.”

I held up the doll to show her, knowing it would tug at her heart strings.

I continued, still kneeling. “Maybe I do need some sense smacked into me, I know if you did it you would just be teaching me a valuable lesson and not trying to hurt me. I trust you and I know you love your little sister.”

I offered her the hairbrush, she took it in her hand and looked back down at me.

“And I won't be mad at you after or pout and throw one of my little tantrums. I know I deserve to be taught a lesson after what I did. I was hoping maybe tomorrow you could take me to the park and we could have our tea party there? Daddy won't be able to interrupt us that way.”

I fought down the sexual perversions this humiliating idea was generating in my mind. It would be embarrassing, I liked being a girl and even a little girl, but I would make a tremendous spectacle of myself playing with all my little dollies in a public place. I was totally honest in just wanting to have a sweet innocent little outing with my sister though, not living the sick fantasies they had put in my head. I felt the urges withdraw a bit, slowly I was winning the fight to regain some control, just as I had done against the bladder treatments they had given me. Despite what they had claimed at the start of all this, it was becoming clear some of the changes they had made to me were not as ironclad and permanent as they had thought they would be, as long as I was in some control of my own mind I could fight my body and the brainwashing they had implanted. I could not reveal too much, however. As soon as they had learned I couldn't always be spanked into submission anymore they had punished me by removing my male genitals for good, and there was always some new horror they could come up with. I couldn't let them know some small part of me was still resisting their will.

I lowered my head as all this went through my mind and I fought off my sense of humiliation. I stared down at my pinafore, playing with the lace ribbons again.

Marlena just thought I was looking down in shame at what I had done to her and it added to my heart felt perfect little abject apology for what I had done. She got off the bed and stood me up. She put her hand under my chin and forced me to look up into her eyes. She was crying.

“Oh, of course I forgive you little sis.” she gushed and grabbed me in a tight hug, and we both cried uncontrollably in happiness.

She continued, “And you will ALWAYS be a princess to me, but not the spoiled brat kind but the good, sweet kind like in your Disney movies.”

She grabbed a box of tissues and we dried our eyes. She reached for the hairbrush.

“...but I need to make sure you remember how close you were to throwing away our friendship.” she told me.

I nodded solemnly, pulled down my panties, and held up my dress and petticoat so my backside was exposed. I waited. The anticipation was always the worst.

I waited, and waited, and waited. Marlena must know this was its own kind of torture. I didn't expect her to be so cruel and sadistic with how she went about spanking me. Maybe all of us in this family have that same psychopathic bitchiness my mother and sister Marie wore on the surface buried somewhere inside us.

My arms were getting tired and she had yet to strike. I turned around. She was silently crying and holding the brush in both hands sheepishly.

“I can't do it Kimmy, I'm sorry. I can't hurt you like this even though I know you probably need it. I love you too much and I don't like watching you cry when everyone else does this to you.”

I let my petticoat and dress drop and Marlana pulled up my panties and handed me back my Barbie doll. She resumed hugging me tightly. I felt safe and secure and happy in her arms and forgot about all my troubles.

She offered to let me sleep in her bed that night and stay up late watching girly movies and eating ice cream. That sounded like heaven to me. Later, I would reflect upon what I had thought, about that hidden familial psychopathy I assumed I was about to see in her, and I realized that one of the daughters in my family was left free of that taint.

Just one.

## Chapter 8: The Girl In Red

We snuggled together beneath the warm comforter in her bed, my head in her chest as she stroked my hair, happy and content. Every moment of torture and humiliation and abuse I had experienced was gone from my mind as my sister and I shared a loving embrace after a night of fun together.

“Marlena,” I whispered, “please don't ever leave me, I don't think I could survive like this alone...”

A soft whimper escaped me as I noticed she was now asleep. I hugged her tighter. I woke up from a rare sound and restful sleep to a shove and a sense of falling before I landed on the ground beside the bed.

Marlena shouted, “KIMMY! You wet the bed! It's all over me!”

I felt the dampness in my panties and nightie and groaned.

“It's DISGUSTING! EWWW!” she said as she danced up and down.

I started to sniffle and cower, still on the ground. “I'm sorry Marlana I can't help it sometimes I'm SORRY please don't be mad...”

With great effort I saw her compose herself and walk over to me. She helped me untangle from the sheets and lifted me up.

“Kimmy, it's my fault. I'm your older sister and I know about your condition. I should have remembered to diaper you. Let's not fight again, especially not today.”

I didn't know what was so special about today, but I was just happy I hadn't made her despise me again. She led me to the bathroom and we stripped out of our soiled clothes.

“Now, let's get you all cleaned up.” She told me and went to turn on the bath. I could see she was still restraining disgust.

“Marlena, you can go first...I...I wet myself a lot so I'm used to it.” I sheepishly told her, even though I had never quite adjusted to the indignity.

She smiled at me sweetly, “Thanks little sis, but how about we just save time and shower together?”

I readily agreed, there was nothing awkward to me about this. I was long past the point of having sexual feelings about girls or thinking I was a boy, not that I would have had such thoughts about my former little sister anyway. We entered the shower and playfully began cleaning each other and shared another warm, intimate sisterly memory.

“Now, I was thinking of doing something different with your hair..”

I turned around, aghast, and protectively moved my hands up around my beloved curls.

She gently lowered my hands to my side, “I know you love your curls but its always been the same for you, wouldn't it be fun to try some new styles?”

She backed away for a moment, and I vainly stepped out of the shower and considered my appearance in the mirror while wiping away the fog. I had come to love the reaction my beautiful curls inspired in every woman I saw, and the reaction among certain men, but I had to admit that a girl needs a change occasionally.

“Ok, Marlana, we can try, but if I don't like it you'll be fixing it right back the way you found it!”

She smiled and clapped, “Thank you, Kimmy, but don't worry you're gonna love it.”

She began the long process of straightening out my hair. In the horrible time to come I would escape to this moment, to the quiet warm comfort of my sister massaging my scalp with the shampoo and conditioner. I was vulnerable and naked but had nothing to worry me, nothing to fear. I was in a bubble of peace and serenity and relaxation.

I sat on her bed wrapped in a big pink fluffy towel as I waited for her to finish dressing so she could help me do the same. She helped me into my “Hello Kitty” themed panties and a white slip, I raised my arms and she dressed me in a simple pink sundress. She led me over to a seat in front of the mirror.

She hummed a tune I remembered from ballet class but could not quite place. I was lost in a happy, girly fog. If my hated mother or older sister Marie had been fixing my hair I would be crying and whining like a petulant brat, but Marlana knew just how to pull and tug when necessary without abusing my shamefully low tolerance for pain.

When she was done I could hardly sit still and contain my glee with the result. My beautiful auburn hair had been pulled back tightly on each side into two long, luxurious braided pigtails with pink ribbons at the end.

“Ohhhhh! I love it! I love it, Marlana! Thank You!”

I grabbed Dolly from off the bed and twirled around in front of the mirror. I shook my head back and forth and the braids danced with me. I looked down at my doll, still in the curls that matched my former hairstyle. Marlana knew what I was thinking.

“It's okay Kimmy, we can do her hair to match yours. And once you know how to do it for her, you can do it for yourself, and you won't need to have Marie or Mommy supervising your hair every day,”

I turned to face her and pouted, she looked at me with a knowing smile.

“I know you like making them do all that work for you, it must be nice to have a bit of role reversal, but the way I hear you cry and scream when they do it I can't think it is all really worth it...I think you really just love those curls.”

I sighed. Marlena knew me so well. I gave her a hug, and she sat me in front of the mirror again and taught me how to braid my dolly's hair. It took several tries to get it just right, but in the end she was my perfect mirror image once again. She even had a matching dress.

We went downstairs, I presented myself to the family in the kitchen, clutching my doll in my right arm with my sister Marlena resting a hand on my left shoulder.

“The new Kimmy!” Marlena announced, to mock applause from Marie and Mommy and a grin from Daddy I knew all too well.

“So what do you two have planned for today?” Marie asked with a sly smile.

“I'm taking Kimmy to the park for a tea party, just me and her, NO INTERRUPTIONS.” she said pointedly while looking in Daddy's direction.

“I wouldn't dream of interrupting you today, Marlena, just have her back safe and sound when you're done.”

There was something about the way he said it that scared me but I had no idea just how bad my situation was. At that point Marlena was not in the mood to enlighten me, she simply reached over and gave me another hug. I was starting to get worried.

We paraded together through the park. That is, we walked through the park. Marlena carried a picnic basket full of provisions for our tea party and I held a smaller basket full of my dolls...but any time I went anywhere it could accurately be described as parading. A crowd of people would gather around to see the boy who had, as had been forcibly announced everywhere across town from my own mouth, willingly decided to become a little girl.

We arrived at a location Marlena had decided would be appropriate, beneath the shade of a tree, and she encouraged me to entertain the crowd of onlookers for a few moments. I told them I loved being a girl and had chosen it willingly, I did a graceful ballet twirl and curtsied and bashfully twittered my eyelids. Marlena, thankfully, announced the show was over and drove the crowd away.

I sighed as they went. Marlena noticed and smiled at me.

“Ohhhh. It's all that ballet, I'm starting to like pleasing a crowd...”

I giggled and she charged at me and started tickling, I laughed like a madgirl and bounced up and down. She set down a blanket and I began putting my dolls into their places, speaking formally and introducing each one.

“Good morning, Miss Mary, why don't you have a seat over here? Lovely day isn't it?”

Marlena giggled at my enthusiasm.



After each dolly, and Marlana and myself of course, was in place Marlana produced the tea set and some sandwiches and pastries for each of us. I figured it was kind of a waste of food, since I had never actually seen a doll eat or drink tea, but it added to the fun.

We enjoyed a pleasant tea party for about an hour but after so long even my own imagination and Marlana's doting wore thin. We abandoned the blanket and the dolls and sat together in a warm embrace under the nearby tree.

She sat to my left, with her arm draped over my shoulder. She held me tight. We sat in silence for a long while. I looked into her eyes, but when I did she kept looking away.

Suddenly, her grip became tighter and her eyes locked with mine, "Ti...Kimmy...I'm sorry."

She began to break down in tears. I was scared and confused...."Sor...for what?"

She composed herself and stared down at me, "I'm sorry we made you become a girl."

I can't really describe what I felt. It was part love, that someone actually cared enough about my dignity as a human being to apologize...but also terror and confusion. They had done many things to my mind, I could never be sure if my feelings of acceptance for my new life were true or something they had brainwashed into me...but I did love being a girl...but the process had been literal torture, the kind of thing that could easily get a person sent to jail for life if they forced it on another human being...

She continued in a rush, "They didn't tell me what they were doing! I just thought they would dress you in panties and dresses for a few months to teach you a lesson...but....but...but....."

I continued for her, a rage that had been buried in me for months suddenly unearthed as I remembered the past, who I had once been, "THEY CUT IT OFF!"

I screamed and tried to run away but she desperately held me...."I DIDN'T KNOW! I DIDN'T KNOW! Mom and Marie said they would do it but I thought it was a joke and then when it happened....."

"WHY DIDN'T YOU HELP ME!?" I screamed.

"Well, I was confused by it all...I dressed you in a ballerina outfit and gave you a Barbie and you were as happy as could be....and we were at the mall and you pranced around in a Dorothy outfit with me and all was well...we tried to give you a boy scout uniform and you wouldn't put it on....I was stupid and I didn't understand but now I get it, that would have been more humiliating because you would have looked like a girl anyway. She was mocking you..."

"...I didn't know they were setting you up for that, I thought you really liked it. When you came home after...after the surgery. I could see it in your eyes. You were...were...like a lobotomy. Right then I knew it hadn't been something you wanted, but I didn't know what to do. As time went on, the girlishness seemed to grow in you and make you happy so I encouraged it...it was the only thing that brought light to your eyes."

By this point I was sobbing, feeling nothing but the pain and torture that had been inflicted upon me.

She held me even tighter than she had before, near suffocating as I raged. Eventually, I wore myself out.

Whimpering, “I...I forgive you....I...I know you always loved me....and...I do like being a girl. Even if you had known, you still treated me with love and care. You're...the only reason I like being a girl.”

I looked into her eyes again, “I want to be like you.”

She holds me tight. I cry into her chest and let out all of my rage and frustration and anger. As I do this, she comforts me carefully and with restraint. As my tantrum subsides I begin to sense she is doing this for a reason. It's like she's holding something back...

“Kimmy, it gets worse...”

My tantrum redoubled, she soothed me with all of her might, I had no idea what the next bombshell would be but I knew it couldn't possibly be something good.

As I calmed down she addressed me bluntly, “Kimmy, they're sending me away to a private boarding school. Tomorrow. “

So she went away. She left me alone with them. Mommy and Daddy bought a big new house and we were going to move soon. I would be losing my ballet friends Sally and Katie too. A few weeks before the move Mommy and Daddy went on vacation and left Marie to babysit me for a week. I ruined the whole week for her. I fell down the stairs and injured myself very badly.

I had bruises on my face and every part of me hurt. Marie was so upset that I had such a disaster while she was responsible for me that she treated me very sweetly and nursed me back to health. It was the nicest she had ever treated me since she became my older sister. Maybe, I thought, she would finally start to care about me.

One day, bruised and in pain but dressed for ballet class like a little trooper, I went to her. She was sitting in her room by her desk. I knocked on the door and she ignored me. I went in anyway, this was against the rules but I really needed to try and talk to her.

“Marie?” I squeaked, “I'm sorry I ruined our week together. Thanks again for taking care of me.”

She nodded and looked away. I looked at a picture on her desk, she was dressed up in a ballet costume and smiling. “Marie, do you remember when you were Clara in “The Nutcracker”?”

She finally turned to face me and I continued, “Your big brother came and saw every performance. You did so well and everyone loved you. He was so proud of you. One day I want to be Clara just like you were.”

I hugged her. She shoved me away. “Clumsy little girls who can't even handle stairs don't get to be Clara. Get out of that outfit, you're too hurt to go to class.”

“But...it's my last one...I want to say goodbye to my friends.”

“No one likes you, Kimmy.”

I sniffled a bit. She looked at me with so much hatred when she said it. I couldn't figure out why. As I walked away I looked back, she was looking in the mirror with the same expression. That was the last time I held out any hope she would love me.

I'm in the back seat of the car, Daddy and Mommy are in front and Marie sits to my right. I'm in a cute yellow dress, my favorite color, with elaborate frilly petticoats and white tights. I pass the time playing with my braids, twirling the end around in my hand over and over. I hum a tune from ballet class.

We're moving to the new house, in advance of Daddy and Mommy finally getting married.

It's a long, boring car ride. I play with my hair and remember those last loving moments with my sister Marlana, who taught me how to do the braiding that is now a part of my normal routine. A treasured gift she left before she had to go away.

When playing with my hair becomes tiresome, I turn to conversing with my favorite doll. My best friend, my ONLY friend now that Marlana is gone and my ballet buddies Katie and Sally are left behind in my old town. Maybe I'll make new friends in my new ballet class, maybe not, my status as a freak boygirl might make it hard. I hug my dolly tightly.

Dolly soothes me, "It's okay, Kimmy. The teacher will take care of you and you love ballet class no matter what."

I heard her out loud again. It was happening more and more. My imagination was so vivid now that I was a child again.

Maybe I'll have a class full of bullies like my old nemesis Jean, who won't accept me and bully me and tease me. "Whatever," I think, "when I dance their panties off at the recital they won't have anything to say."

"ISN'T THAT RIGHT DOLLY!?" I exclaim, startling everyone else in the car.

Marie jerks awake, enraged at being woken up she grabs at my right braid and tugs it painfully.

"OWWWWWW!" I cry, "Please stop DADDY MAKE HER STOP!!!"

Mommy laughs, Daddy laughs. Marie can do whatever she wants as far as they are concerned.

The hours roll by.

I continue conversing with my doppelganger doll, more quietly now, about every anxiety and fear I have about moving to a new town. I tell her about what I know about the new town, and what I know about my new ballet school, and about a million different things. I babble on and on and on in a trance until...

Marie, who had never quite fallen back asleep, grabs the doll from my grasp. She looks at me with a malevolent glint in her eyes.

I beg.... “Marrriiiiieeee, gimme back my dolly....”

“You stupid, annoying, bratty little sister. I have not had one moment of peace with you babbling on and on this entire trip. It's time you learned what happens when you irritate your older sister....”

She held my doll up in her right hand, and with her left lowered the window.

“Say goodbye to your Dolly, little princess...”

With those last words she tossed my favorite doll, my one remaining friend, dressed as usual in an outfit identical to my own and with hair braided in my own likeness by my own hands, out the window of the car.

I let out a scream of horror so loud and high pitched that Daddy nearly drove off the road. Mommy clutched her hands to her ears and Marie laughed hysterically. In truth, it's a wonder my scream didn't break the windows on the car it was so intense, but I guess the surgery they had performed to give me a girly voice didn't give me quite enough pitch for that.

Mommy screamed back at me, “KIMMY, QUIET DOWN THIS INSTANT. WHAT ARE YOU SCREAMING ABOUT!?”

Marie interjected, “She just dropped her doll out the window, and it's her favorite one too! What a stupid little girl!”

I was too disturbed to offer a rational defense, not that they would have listened anyway. I just kept screaming and screaming and screaming and crying. When my tantrum went on for a while, Daddy lost his temper too.

“Kimmy, I can NOT drive like this!” He pulled the car to the side of the road and came around to the backseat. He lifted me up and put me over his lap. He angrily pulled down my panties and my tights and gave me a vicious, unhinged bare bottom spanking as I kicked my feet in petulant rage.

“I WANT MY DOLL!” -slap slap- “GO BACK AND LOOK!” -slap slap- “I WANT MY DOLLY...”

And it went on.

The physical pain melded with the mental pain of losing my best friend. It took about ten straight minutes of spanking but the combined anguish finally wore me out. I curled up in a ball in the back seat and cried and rubbed my bottom, as quietly as I could so as not to draw attention to myself again. The last thing I saw was Marie sleeping peacefully and Mommy and Daddy holding hands. I drifted away and only woke up again in my new house, in my new room, in a new crib with bars over the top, locked tight. I reached around in every direction, but couldn't find Dolly buried anywhere in the sheets. My nightmares returned, and there was no Dolly to comfort me.

A man enters a toy store holding the hand of a small girl with reddish hair. It's hard to tell her age exactly, she's in a ballet outfit that wouldn't be too out of place on a teenager aside from the prissy tutu that marks her as a little girl. She isn't quite tall enough to make a distinction either way.

The man leads her by the hand to a display of dolls suitable for very little girls. He points out several,

but she knowingly shakes her head. She has something special in mind.

She points up at one, he reaches up and presents it to her. She holds it like a young mother holding her baby, rocks it back and forth, shrugs and with a frustrated look hands it back to him. He puts it back where he found it.

They stay in the aisle for quite some time. The man presents her with a doll, she rejects it. Over and over, this is a little girl looking for a very particular, special doll.

It's near closing time, the man and the girl have evaluated nearly every doll in the store. They have not found one that meets her satisfaction.

The clerk, a teenage girl, knowing that the shopper's time is almost up and not wanting the pretty little girl to leave without getting what she wants approaches the man and his daughter.

“Little girl, can I help you find what you're looking for?”

The girl looks up at her and bites her lip, “I had a doll I really liked, she was my favorite, but my meany sister took her from me.”

The little girl pouts. “My daddy PROMISED he would get a new one that would make me just as happy but none of these are as special as she was.”

The clerk looks the man over, and the daughter. This is clearly a rich man and a very spoiled little brat, though a cute, sweet, spoiled little brat. She is obviously used to getting what she wants.

“Oh, let me show you our REALLY special dolls!”

She takes the girl's hand and leads her over to a display case for ridiculously expensive collectable dolls.

“Do you see anything you like here?”

The girl examines the offered dolls, with the same practiced eye. She spies one with braided auburn hair, in a tutu just like hers.

“Can I hold her?” she asks sweetly.

The clerk opens the case and offers the doll to the little girl. She hugs it and cradles it as she did the others. The clerk notes that when she completes the motion she has the same frustrated look she had with all the others, this doll did not make her as happy as her old one had, but she glances over at the price tag.

\$200, the clerk notes, a collectable from some internet firm. Maybe worth the money if you keep it in mint condition but not worth it with a girl who is clearly so hands on...

The girl nods, “I love her and I want her and BUY HER FOR ME DADDY!” She stamps her foot.

She stares at her daddy with a look of determination and he quickly agrees to make the purchase.

“What a spoiled little brat,” the clerk thinks, “all she wanted to do was find the biggest price tag so she could make her father buy it for her, and he's a total pushover for her.”

A sale is a sale. The father pulls an impressively sharp and expensive looking knife from his pocket and cuts off all the tags while the little girl watches him closely to make sure he doesn't damage her new toy in the process. The little girl walks out clutching the doll. The father mumbles something about not throwing this one out the window. The clerk smirks again. The little brat tossed out her own favorite doll so she could have a new one.

The clerk was right in a way, the little girl did want to find the most expensive doll, not because she was a brat, but because she was looking for any possible way to make her father pay for what he does to her, and what had happened to her last doll while he did nothing but spank her in response.

If the clerk had walked out into the parking lot as the man and his daughter left she might have glanced into their car and seen that the father had the little girl pay him back for the purchase right away.

Several months later, I stood by the door waiting for the arrival of my favorite sister for Thanksgiving break. I was dressed in a fall themed little girl dress in warm colors. My new favorite doll is clutched in my arm in a similar outfit. She hasn't replaced my old doll, but Sassy (as I had named her) was my new best friend.

I had made some changes since we had moved, no longer was I dressed in old fashioned stereotypical poufy outfits, now I wore modern little girl styles that were the height of fashion and didn't make me look like some kind of freak show. No one in the new town knew I used to be a boy, so I was just a hip little girl that everyone admired.

It wasn't easy demanding Mommy make the changes, but I tossed so many tantrums they had to agree. Daddy didn't like it when his little princess was so unhappy with her clothes. He felt it reflected poorly on him as a Daddy.

It wasn't like I was asking to be a boy or anything, I just wanted to blend in. I was getting along great at ballet since none of my new friends knew my secrets.

My only embarrassing moments centered around my lingering inability to be fully potty trained, no matter what I did I would still have accidents at night when I was locked in my crib or at sleepovers or sometimes even during the day. In the grand scheme of humiliation, it didn't bother me that much though. At this point it was just who I am. I wore my Disney princess pullups when necessary and made the best of it.

I hadn't seen Marlena for months, so I was totally excited when she burst through the door. We hugged and kissed for what felt like hours and had a “sleepover” together in the guest bedroom, this time I wore pull-ups so I could make sure I would not pee the bed with her in it. I was very proud that in the morning I was dry and I didn't need the extra protection anyway.

We had a full week together and we made the most of it. We were inseparable. She was very concerned about me and asked how I was doing without her. I told her I was getting along better than expected and she was happy for me.

One day, during that week in which my troubles at first seemed to just float away, something happened that changed the course of my life forever.

Marlena was sorting through boxes of her old stuff that had been packed away with us even though she wasn't along for the move. I was helping her organize her things and I uncovered something that sent an electric bolt through my mind.

I lifted up the box and stared at it, transfixed. I'm not sure for how long. It was an image out of the nightmares I had while half asleep in my crib. In the dream, she was a vague shape, a young girl in a stained dress. Now that I saw her on the box I knew who she was. Alice, in a blue dress with a white pinafore, stained with blood. She held a butcher's knife. Her eyes were dark and mad. She was standing in a blood red heart, and to her side was a sickly and emaciated cheshire cat.

I giggled, insanely, as the realization hit me. My nightmare had been an old computer game I had played with Marlena. Lost in the past of my former boyhood...

...but it was more. I remembered the game. I had played so many games as a space marine or a crazy plumber or a race car driver, as an undead warlock or a general or a devious scientist. Alice, though, the mad murderous Alice had never quite resonated with me. A little girl in a cute dress who dispatches her enemies with nothing more than cleverness and a simple knife...

I was started out of my daydream by Marie who grabbed the box from me. Marlena had left the room at some point and I hadn't even noticed.

"This is NOT appropriate for little girls!" she scolded me.

I felt a wetness between my legs. I was in panties, not pullups, my fashionable fall dress was wet and ruined.

Marie took me back to my room by my ear and gave me a wicked spanking. Outside I screamed and kicked as usual, but I didn't really feel any of it inside, all I saw was Alice.

It's spring, the day of the wedding. I'm dressed in a lavender flower girl's dress with mountains of petticoats and all the accessories. My hair is back in my glorious auburn sausage curls. I look in the mirror after Marie finishes dressing me and doing my hair.

I'm heartstopping. I am the cutest little girl of all time. I can't wait to walk down the aisle, tossing petals and looking pretty for all the friends and family in attendance, even the ones who don't yet know who I used to be. Boy, will that be a surprise! I will never be this pretty again and I will never have this big an audience to appreciate it, unless my ballet dreams come true and I'm on a big stage someday!

I giggle.

Mommy takes my hand. As much as I hate her I have to admit she looks beautiful. Marie and Marlena and the rest of the bridesmaids look great as well. We pile in to the limo and make our way to the church. I have never felt so girly and pretty and happy.

We arrive at the church and enter through the backdoor, all the other girls head off to a dressing room

but Mommy tells me she is taking me to her own room so we can share this special day together. I would rather spend it with Marlana.

We enter the room. Mommy locks the door behind us. I look up and Daddy John is in the room too, waiting. I'm confused and look to Mommy. A sinister laugh greets me, the same type of laugh Marie unleashes before she spansks me. I look around in fear but I don't know what exactly it is I should be afraid of.

My evil stepmother looks down at me, "Kimmy, you have to know it isn't me your father is interested in. His...attentions by now must have made that clear..."

I back into the corner in fear, of course I knew what my "Daddy" wants but I didn't know she was evil enough to be involved in it...

"I'm just marrying him for the money, what he gets out of the deal is...you."

I begin to cry, John comes forward and lifts me up in his arms. "I told you I was saving your virginity for a special day..."

My fear and disgust began to hit me, and the brainwashing Cindy had given me began to kick in. I wanted the disgusting treatment. I wanted to be degraded and abused and penetrated by him and there was nothing I could do about it.

He set me down and had me bend over a desk. He pulled down my tights. He pulled down my panties. He let his pants fall to the ground. I reached behind me and lifted up my petticoats and skirts to give him the clearance he needed.

I could feel him behind me, the head of his cock rubbed the outside of my pussy. Suddenly, and without gentleness, he penetrated my girlhood. It hurt, but this pain felt good. Any fleeting, residual thoughts of my lost manhood floated away as he drilled me, slowly at first but harder and harder with each pump.

He made me love him again. I wanted to scream in pain or ecstasy but I knew my Daddy needed me to be quiet so I let him ride me and just softly whimpered. I thought earlier in the day I felt as girly and happy as could possibly be in my pretty flower girl dress and nice hair and cute makeup, but now I felt all those same girly emotions swelling up with the extra bonus of a huge cock filling me up right where I wanted it. I had waited for this for so long, I had begged him for it, and now we were both getting exactly what we wanted.

Mindful of the need for discretion, he fucked me quietly and I made no noise other than soft whimpers and the fluttering of my petticoats as I bounced back and forth on his dick. In a quiet, personal moment he spilled his seed and I quietly drifted away on the greatest orgasm of my life. I collapsed on the ground.

Twenty minutes later, I was walking down the aisle with rosy cheeks, wet panties, and an irrepressible smile, tossing petals as I pranced...a deflowered flower girl.

Several months later, the waking nightmares returned. I huddled in my crib and did not dare come up from under the sheets. Even so, the terror didn't stop. In the past, in this situation, Dolly would protect



me. I held my new dolly Sassy in my arm as tight as I could and prayed for the fear to go away, but it wouldn't. I took a peek out from under the sheets and I saw her. A vague shape, a young girl in a stained dress. She held a butcher's knife, pointed at me.

“Please Dolly make her go away, please Dolly make her go away, please Dolly make her go away.” I chanted, but my new doll didn't cure my nightmares like the old one.

I looked up, there she was in the flesh by the side of my crib. A girl in a blue dress, a bloodstained pinafore, a knife. She raised up her weapon and plunged it into my mind.

And then I woke up. It was all a dream. None of it was real, none of it could be real. Turn me into a girl? It isn't even possible. I opened my eyes, it was real. Yes, of course it was real, you can't dream for that long. I reached down and felt my genitals, a girl. Yes, I am a girl, and I like it...but...

I thought about other things. Did I like ice cream? I used to love ice cream, I would do anything for it...No, it's okay I guess. Do I like men? Maybe...I guess....but being degraded and humiliated and....I vomited as I recalled what I had done with John. No, not like that...

The full horror of what they had done to me hit me all at once as the brainwashing faded away. I puked again. I cried. My mommy came. Yes, I remember her, what she did. I was lifted out of my crib, an intense feeling of vertigo overwhelmed me.

Mommy turned to Marie, “I think she's sick, we're going to have to do something....”

Marie, I remembered her, what she had done.

Things started to occur to me, options began to occur to me. I couldn't understand why I didn't see them before, it was so clear right now, what I have to do. Why didn't I think of it before? I could have done it right away. The brainwashing. There were things they didn't tell me about, but that they must have done...they made sure I would never think of it...

I'm handcuffed to the bed. John is drilling me painfully. There is no pleasure for me anymore. My false love for him left along with the rest of the brainwashing, but I fake it. The odor of alcohol on his breath makes me nauseous. It reminds me of the first time.

I moan. I giggle. I roll my eyes like his cock had made me see the face of god. The disgusting pig rolls off me, spent.

I stroke him, “Daddy, I know you like me helpless and handcuffed and I like it too but...you do so much work making me cum. Why don't you take these cuffs off and I'll do all the work for once?”

He smiles amiably and sets me free of the handcuffs. I mount him and ride him for what feels like hours. I urge him to cum in me again and again and again. I bring him more drinks. After a while, he falls asleep.

I handcuff him to the bed.

I go to my room and dress myself in my Alice in Wonderland outfit, light blue dress with a snow white pinafore. I return to his room and retrieve his knife from the pocket of his pants.

I go into my sister's room, my little sister, Marie. She is peacefully asleep. I wake her up, in her half awake state she looks at me in confusion and wonder.

“Why didn't John put you in your crib...what is that you're holding...YOU WILL GET SUCH A SPANKING FOR...”

She freezes in wide eyed, disbelieving fear as she realizes what I'm holding.

I put the knife to her throat, “YOU KILLED MY DOLLY!”

I walk downstairs. I notice a strange taste in my mouth, metallic and salty. Every part of me feels alive. I feel light as a feather, like I could just fly away, I become giggly and wide eyed.

My mommy is asleep on the couch. I wake her up.

“TIMMY, NO, YOU CAN'T, I'M SOR....”

I put the knife back in Daddy's pocket.

I look at my dress in the mirror. It's gone from soft blue and white to the most beautiful shade of red you could possibly imagine.

## Part 2: The Woman In White

### Chapter 9: Innocence

By the morning it was already big news. A very rich, successful, well known attorney had committed a double murder and raped his little stepdaughter. No one who knew him had seen it coming, no one had known about his dark secrets.

At first, the little girl was seen as an amazing hero. The 9-1-1 operator who handled the call would always remember it as the most horrifying moment of his life.

A soft, scared voice whimpered over the line, “Please sir, help me...” she whispered through her tears, “the blood is everywhere....my dress...”

Her voice sounded haunted and far away, “My daddy...he attacked my mommy and my sister...and he did things to me...”

The operator had already dispatched the paramedics and police to the house. “Is he still there, are you safe?”

“He, he fell asleep....he was drinking...before when he hurt me he handcuffed me to the bed...” she continued in obvious pain, “I used the cuffs on him.”

The operator couldn't believe his ears. Despite the man's brutal rampage the little girl had the courage

to sneak into his room and restrain him after he passed out, it probably saved her life. If he were to wake before the police arrived she might not survive if he was free.

“Help will be there soon, where are you in the house?”

“Thank you. Please make them hurry! Please save my sister and my mommy! I don't know what I'll do if they die...I love them so much...please help!”

He could hear a man's voice screaming in the background, obviously enraged.

He spoke urgently, “Hide! He might break free.”

“I don't want to leave my mommy!”

He repeated in a firm voice, “Go, now!”

The line went dead.

My name is Jessica, I'm a police officer and an Army reservist. I was the one who would find her hidden in that closet. Under the circumstances it wasn't a very effective hiding place, but nowhere would have been. She left a trail of blood and red footprints. It started in her sister's room where she had embraced her sister and tried to revive her, then down the stairs, and back up to her father as he slept. Back down the stairs, to where she had called the police and hugged her dying mother.

When I opened the door I was greeted with a sight from a horror movie. A pretty little angel in a stained dress and apron. She was bathed in crimson from head to toe. It was on her face, and even in her cute braided hair.

I made eye contact with her. It was like looking into an abyss. I knew right away she seemed insane. I took a step back in fear before I realized what I was doing. This bloodstained monster wasn't the killer, she was a victim. She was just a little girl who had been raped and watched her family die, of course her eyes wouldn't look right. I picked her up and carried her from the room with her head on my shoulder like a baby. It was bad timing.

She could see behind me, they were taking her father away in handcuffs. He was covered in blood too. She struggled in my arms. She reached up and tore a necklace from her throat and tossed it on the ground in front of him. Later, as we reviewed the horrible crime scene, I would learn the necklace spelled the words “Daddy's Girl.”

The killer, John, looked shocked and kept screaming, “WHAT IS HAPPENING WHAT IS HAPPENING WHAT DID I DO!?”

He saw the blood drenched girl and went into a panic. He looked into the room on his left and saw the paramedics vainly attempting to resuscitate a teenaged girl.

“I DIDN'T DO IT, I DIDN'T DO IT! IT WAS HER!” he pointed towards the little girl I was holding.

“You sick fuck!” one of the officers shouted.

I carried her out of the house as quickly as I could to spare her any more of this. Behind me I could hear my disgusted fellow officers toss the man to the ground as he struggled. I heard the sounds of clubs and boots hitting flesh and muffled screams. Later that night one of the other officers said the girl was smiling like a cheshire cat at that moment. As I got to know how ill she was, it didn't surprise me.

It didn't take long for the rest of the story to come out. Things were not exactly as they seemed. Any murder in a town like this would be news but with the twist this story had no reporter would bury it for anything. The heroic little girl was born a boy, and she was actually much older than she pretended to be. No one had known in our town but the girl was a minor celebrity where she had recently moved from.

The man was wealthy and he had very good lawyers. He had his own story of what happened and the lawyers set out to prove it.

If there had been any other explanation, he never would have settled on the story he chose. He knew the law and what he was facing. The crimes he was accused of could lead to the death penalty. The ones he actually confessed would not. He weaved a tale in which the boy had been forced to become a girl by his family. They had abused him in every possible way with physical, mental, and sexual abuse. With mutilation, isolation, and brainwashing. They enforced total emasculation against his will.

The girl claimed she had willingly undergone a sex change. She had known her whole life she wanted to be a girl. She dropped out of high school and became depressed. She wasted her life and couldn't bring herself to do anything but hang around the house all day. Her family confronted her about her depression and she broke down and told them how she felt. They encouraged her to embrace her desires and helped make it happen. She told them her name was Kimmy.

She told them she didn't just want to be a girl, she felt like she missed out on her childhood. She wanted to start back from the beginning for a while and live the little girl's life she always wanted.

They did some research and realized the things she wanted were not quite standard requests and doctors would shy away from such a case. They found a woman, Kimmy never knew her as anything other than Auntie Cindy (who she claimed to love very much), who performed various treatments in secret and off the record to give Kimmy what she desired.

The man talked about this Cindy too, but said she only did things off the record and in secret because she performed forced procedures against the will of the patients and used experimental brainwashing techniques.

The police never did manage to find her. The building the man sent us to had burnt to the ground two nights after the murders. His lawyers claimed it must have been arson, she was covering her tracks because she knew her role in all this would soon come to light.

There was no evidence to determine who was telling the truth on this and no one could find anything real about this Cindy or who she was. The rental documents for the building led to nothing but phony corporations. She probably did burn it herself to cover her tracks, but she would have motivation to do that no matter what the truth of the matter was. If Kimmy was telling the truth about her, Cindy would still be on the hook for operating an unlicensed medical practice.

His case was not looking good, witness after witness came forward and swore with confidence that the girl had told them, proudly and with enthusiasm, that she had willingly become a girl with the encouragement of her family and that she was living a dream.

She had knocked on every door in her neighborhood and announced she was now a little girl and was very proud of it. We canvassed them all. One man had a history of child abuse and seemed nervous and suspicious, but that was probably just because someone with his kind of history is always scared around cops. One woman and her son seemed to be holding something back, as if they knew there was more to the story, but they didn't say anything even when we pressured them.

She had been to a mall to find a costume for Halloween. A crowd of witnesses stepped forward to testify that the girl would happily try on any girl's costume but couldn't be dragged into a boy scout's uniform. That night the girl said she demanded never to be a boy again and had her final operation immediately.

She was in a ballet class and all the little girls, even one who seemed to seethe with hatred when discussing her, agreed that she was quite open about wanting to be a girl and that dancing ballet was her most favorite thing in the world. Just try and get a jury to disagree with fifteen earnest little girls who all told the same story unrehearsed.

Honestly, that whole ballet thing makes me want to puke. I played softball when I was a little girl, it's a lot more fun.

Anyway, she had handed out flyers at the mall before her first dance recital and witnesses stepped forward to say that when they received their flyer you couldn't stop the girl from telling you she used to be a boy but willingly made the change. I know eyewitnesses can be unreliable, but who couldn't remember with perfect clarity an unusual moment like that? Most of them even kept the flyer they were so tickled! She was so convincing they couldn't believe she had ever really been a boy, they thought it was a publicity stunt to get more people to come and watch the performance.

They said that after the recital she sat on a bench in an adorable Little Bo Peep costume, licking an ice cream cone with the most pure and honest look of happiness you could possibly imagine.

John claimed they had forced her to do all of that with threats of beating and further torture, but why should that stop her when she could simply run to the first police officer or authority figure she saw and be free? Brainwashing, he had claimed, in a last desperate attempt to save his skin.

In court, the moment was like something out of a movie. The prosecutor stared at him, and spoke calmly and sternly.

“Yes, you claimed she had been brainwashed so that she could resist in little ways, so you and her sisters and mother could have an excuse to spank her and abuse her for your sick amusement. However, right from the start any major resistance such as going to the police or running away would never even occur to her.”

He paused.

“So how, as you claim, could she have killed them?”

It was a wonder his defense lawyers even agreed to defend him with a story like that. The only thing that made them agree was the other key witness, the surviving sister named Marlena who was away at her private boarding school the night of the killings. When first interviewed, she backed up some of his story. She said her family really did force the boy to become a girl. She broke down in tears and confessed her role in it.

Later, she recanted her story. She said a few months before the murders she had learned the man was raping Kimmy. He threatened her to keep her silent and gave her a crazy story to rehearse in case anything ever came to light. Then, he sent her to boarding school so she wouldn't get in the way.

In court, she was not entirely convincing. She was nervous and sometimes contradicted herself and some of the established evidence. It seemed the jury was less convinced by her words, but more by the way she said them. When she spoke of her stepfather her voice was full of rage and venom, when she spoke of her sister she was soft and loving. She did not strike anyone in the courtroom as the type who would participate in the brutal torture of a sibling.

He was found covered in blood with the murder weapon in his pocket and his only defense was to try and put his clearly innocent little stepdaughter on trial. The jury found him guilty.

The girl watched the whole trial from the front row, seated next to me. If she had been a real little girl no one would have let her be present for all of that. Forced to relive the night of the murder and the times he had molested her, but as far as the law was concerned she was an adult. She could make her own choices.

She wore a variety of midnight black dresses in elaborate styles. They seemed carefully chosen to suggest childishness without suggesting playfulness. A childhood cut off, a little girl with no family.

Most of the time she sat stoned faced and vacant, but she listened to every word of the trial. At appropriate times she would look over at the jury or judge with pleading, sad, puppy dog eyes. She would look down in shame, or up in anger. If she was a little actress, she was a great one.

Only when they announced the verdict did she seem happy and relieved. She smiled and kicked her feet playfully. They led him from the courtroom in chains, to jail and possibly death row. As they led him away she said only one thing to him. He and I were the only ones who heard.

“You're going to have so much fun.”

As she said it her eyes were again like a cold abyss. Her right arm was held out as if there was someone holding her hand.

As we left she wiped her hand on her dress as if the invisible hand she had been holding was somehow tainted. She looked down in frustration at her skirt as if she had left a stain. As I looked in those cold eyes I saw her soaking with blood in a closet and for the first time since that instant when I first encountered her, she frightened me.

\*

The policewoman carries me through the chaos to the paramedics, she brings me to the ambulance and lays me down. The paramedics look on me with terror in their eyes, the same look the nice

policewoman had when she opened the door.

I feel a pinch, a needle. I start to feel calm, tranquil. They sedated me.

The ambulance starts to move, they cut away my dress. I protest in a slurred voice, “Heyyy, that was my favorite new red dress, you ruined it...”

Their hands are shaking as they check me for injuries, they can't believe none of the blood is my own. They look to my panties and see I had indeed bled, the rapist had torn me up inside.

Experienced paramedics, but not prepared for a horror like this. I feel another pinch, more drugs. I float on a cloud, “You guys...you guys look like YOU could use some of thissss...”

I hum a tune from Giselle, I see the dancers in my mind surrounding Hilarion in the second act....I smile as consciousness fades away.

I awoke in a hospital room, in a bed under warm covers. My doll, Sassy, is beside me. I hold her tightly to my chest. I look to my right, the girl from my nightmare is sitting in a chair by the window. No longer a vague shape or a cartoon Alice... her face is mine. Her dress is ruby red, the pigment drips onto the floor and forms a puddle. It flows down from her disheveled braided hair. Her face is stoic, but her eyes drip crimson tears forming lines down her face.

My face.

I look away to my left. Two corpses lay on the ground, my sister Marie and my stepmother Kathy. The stench of death overpowers my senses. The two heads move, they look up at me and stare. I turn away again.

I look straight ahead. A gallows, John drops with a sudden motion, he struggles and jerks back and forth. He becomes still. I stare ahead in horror for several minutes. Suddenly he raises his hand, a necklace dangles from his fingers.

I scream. I try to wake myself up. I bang my fists into my head repeatedly. A nurse comes into the room, she restrains me and holds me down, another nurse rushes in and I feel a pinch. I can still see them all, the monster I had become and the victims I had taken. The sedative doesn't work, I kick and scream and beg to be taken to another room. They strap me down. When they leave the room the doll is left sitting on my chest, staring at me.

Sassy's eyes come alive. My old doll spoke to me many times during my eternal nights locked in the crib. Back then I tried to convince myself it was just my imagination, but it was clear now it was a bit more serious than that.

The doll spoke, “I saw everything. I know what you did, you naughty girl. You killed them, you framed him. They WILL find out, they probably already know. You little freak. I'll tell them.”

I whisper, “No Sassy, please don't tell them, please don't tell them...we're friends...”

The doll responds, “No one is friends with YOU Kimmy, you're a disgusting little monstrosity.”

The monster in the red dress leans over the bed, blocking out the view of my accuser. She speaks to me, "They won't find out, we did it just like we planned. It was perfect, you were great. An avenging spirit. They deserved it, they made you do it. No one will ever spank you again, or humiliate you for fun, or rape you, or brainwash you. They killed your favorite dolly who only ever said nice things about you and left you with...her. I'm the only friend you need now, Kimmy."

She backs away and takes her seat by the window and watches me. I look at the doll on my chest. "I hate you. I never wanted you. SHUT UP!"

The doll falls silent. The corpses and the gallows fade away. The monster in the red dress remains, watching me.

No one can know, no one can ever know. Even my best friends will hate me if they ever know, just like Sassy. The monster is the only one I can trust. I am calm. A woman in a police uniform enters the room. I remember her. She was kind.

Before she can speak I shout, "GET THIS DOLL AWAY FROM ME I HATE HER!"

She is startled, but she takes the doll off my chest and puts it off to the side. I can hear Sassy snickering at me, "Tlllll tellllll...." she taunts in an exaggerated sing-song voice.

My voice is icy, "No, take her outside and throw her out."

The policewoman looks shocked and heads for the door.

I recall something... "Wait, policelady...I really don't want her anymore but she was very expensive and I took perfect care of her...find some other girl to give her to, okay?"

The monster giggles at me, "Good idea, if she tells some silly little girl what you did no one will believe her."

The policewoman nods and leaves the room for a while, she comes back empty handed.

She sits by the bed. "Hello, we haven't formally met. My name is Jessica, what's your name?"

"Kimmy." I reply curtly.

She smiles at me. "And how old are you, Kimmy?"

I look over at the monster, who is still watching me. I don't know how old I'm supposed to be, really. The monster shrugs.

"I'm a little girl."

Jessica looks concerned, but continues. "Okay Kimmy, according to the records we have your name is Timmy and you're an adult male...so you can see how we're all very confused."

The monster comes to my side and whispers in my ear, "Just like we planned, the story is flawless. They will never know."



I began calmly and hesitantly, "I was born a boy but...I always really wanted to be a girl..."

She let me out of the restraints.

I told her the story, she held my hand. She hung on my every word, ate up every lie big and small. When I explained how happy I was when I first put on a dress, when I told her how I begged and pleaded to have an operation and finally got it, how much I begged for ballet lessons...she believed every word. She smiled and laughed at my enthusiasm.

She held me tight when I explained about John, about how he abused me. She promised me he could never hurt me again. I cried and wailed about my lost family and she did her best to comfort me. I could see the monster applauding my acting job and nodding enthusiastically.

When I was finished Jessica sat silently for a long while. She had more questions.

"Why didn't you want your dolly? I was never into dolls much when I was a girl so maybe I just don't understand, but no little girl I've ever known would suddenly decide she didn't want her favorite dolly anymore if dolls were her thing."

One of the corpses reappeared on the ground, it was laughing at me. I stared down at it in shocked horror. It was pointing to the window.

"What are you looking at Kimmy?" Jessica asked and studied me quizzically.

The monster came to my side and whispered again, "Keep it together, almost done...I'll handle her." She raised her knife and made a move toward the other side of the room. I reached up and held her back.

Jessica saw me, reaching towards nothing. She held back my hand. The monster finished her work, I watched it happen, again.

"NOO! DON'T KILL HER DON'T KILL HER!!!" I screamed and Jessica watched in horror as I turned on my side and covered my face in the pillow.

Jessica soothed me, "It's okay Kimmy, it's okay. You don't have to answer any more questions, you've been through so much..."

I looked up at her, the corpse was gone. I composed myself, "No...it's okay now."

"I do love dolls, but not that one. I...lost...my favorite doll and she was the replacement. I never liked her quite as much and...I was hiding in my room and holding her when it happened. I just hear the screams over and over when I look at her...she reminds me of what he did to them...and me."

The monster nodded.

Jessica replied, "I'm sorry, Kimmy. I had to ask because at first it seemed to me like you might want to be rid of her because you really wanted to be a boy and you wanted to be free of this girly stuff. You see, that bad man is saying things about you...but I can see they aren't true now. But your sister

Marlena said that one was your favorite doll so I didn't know why you reacted like that..."

"Marlena? Is she here? I want my sister. I want my sister! Please, why isn't she here?" I started to cry.

"Kimmy, she said some things too. I know they aren't true, he must have threatened her and made her say it, but we can't let her see you until this is all sorted out, if what she said about you is true..."

"IT'S NOT!" I shouted.

"I know," she replied soothingly, "but for now there isn't anything I can do about it. Is there anything else I could do to make you feel better?"

"Marlena gave me a Barbie doll, THAT one is my favorite now. It reminds me of her, please get it for me."

That night I slept peacefully. Marlena's doll didn't drive away the monster, or speak to me. It just reminded me of Marlena and that sometime soon this would all be over and she and I could be together.

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## Chapter 10: The Guard Dog

The next day they transferred her to a mental hospital for evaluation. I believed her story, but I couldn't avoid telling the doctors I had seen her hallucinating. The nurses saw much the same, so it wouldn't have mattered either way. The trauma of her rape and seeing her murdered family had obviously pushed poor Kimmy's mind past the breaking point.

She didn't have a good time in the hospital. Because of her true age and the cloud of suspicion over her she couldn't be around children, but adults or even teenagers intimidated and frightened her. They kept her isolated most of the time.

She seemed to have a lot of trouble sleeping. She would fall out of her bed, apparently she had gotten used to a crib as part of her desire to relive childhood. Sometimes, she wet the bed. She would have terrible dreams. They would find her outside her room, crying or trying to wander away somewhere and talking to herself. At one point they tried to lock her in her room at night, for her own safety, she screamed and begged to be let out, non-stopped. They relented but made her promise not to wander around at night anymore. She kept her promise. She was more afraid of being locked in than any of the other things that were tormenting her.

I would visit her, we had a connection. Once, I brought her a treat, a bowl of ice cream. Her sister had promised this would cheer her up, that it was one of her favorite things. It didn't seem to be true, she ate it glumly. She gave me a little, phony, smile to show her appreciation. Her eyes were dull with deep black circles underneath.

Every time I came she would beg to see her sister. It broke my heart to have to refuse her. She would react with extreme anger and frustration, throw a tantrum and stamp her feet and scream terrible things at me, or just haughtily ignore me like a little princess. I tried to be gentle when it happened. If I even made a hint of a more strong response she would begin to cower immediately and beg forgiveness

pathetically...she was afraid of what I might do to her if she made me angry.

Even so, the doctors said she responded better to me than anyone else there. She walked around in a fog, seeming to take interest in nothing. She would stare blankly at a wall or out a window for hours while mindlessly combing her Barbie doll's hair and become startled and panicked when anyone approached her.

She hated the doctors and all their questions. She cooperated with them, and answered as best she could, but she wouldn't open up on her own and they had the strong impression she was holding something back. Even so, they could never catch her in a lie.

Weeks went by and she never seemed to make any improvement in finding sound sleep. I think I was the one who helped turn that around, though I wasn't really expecting to at the time. I brought her a present. It wasn't anything big or fancy, just a stuffed toy we had a bunch of around the station as a sort of a mascot. We gave them away to kids all the time.

As usual I greeted her and she asked me about her sister. She had her tantrum and when I looked like I was losing patience with her she ran and cowered in the corner promising to be good.

I approached her with as much gentleness as I could. "Kimmy, I know you mostly like dolls and more girly things, but all you have with you here is your Barbie doll and that can't be much fun to cuddle with..."

Kimmy looked intrigued, her crying softened and she turned to look at me. I revealed a large stuffed police dog, complete with a "K-9 Unit" vest and a badge, with a big goofy red tongue sticking out and big friendly eyes. Her face lit up and she smiled. For the first time I was seeing the pretty, happy girl her sister Marlena had described.

I continued, "I know you don't feel safe at night, and you have bad dreams and even see scary things when you're awake. I thought this might help remind you there are people who care about you, about protecting you. People who will punish anyone who EVER tries to hurt you again."

I held up the dog to her and spoke in a gruff, doggy voice, "Rut ro rou rhink, rhimmy?"

She took the dog from me and cradled it in her arms with a twinkle in her eye. She hugged it tightly, a look of frustration vanished from her face. I hadn't even noticed that look was there, it had been present since I first met her. Now her face was serene and tranquil. She hummed to herself and rocked the dog back and forth in her arms like a baby.

She whispered to the toy, "I've been looking for someone like you...ever since..."

She shook her head as if vanquishing a bad memory and turned to me "Awww, thank you, I love him Jessica. His name is Rex," she told me still hugging and smiling, "But Jessica..."

"Yes?" I replied.

"Jessica....dogs can't talk, you're being silly. Are you sure you don't belong in here too?"

She laughed. I wasn't sure if she was making fun of me or having a joke that only made sense in her

own little world, but I didn't care. Her joy was real.

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After she gave me Rex I could sleep again. Not every night, and not peacefully, but I slept and occasionally found restful oblivion with him in my arms. I would still see them all, tormenting me, but I knew they couldn't hurt me anymore.

Some nights I couldn't make the fear go away. On those nights I desperately wanted to leave my room. To leave the hospital. I felt trapped, smothered. I would get out of my bed and wrap myself in a blanket and sit in the corner with Rex beside me. I would play with my Barbie doll. I would think of Marlana, and Jessica.

I would wait for dawn in my corner or I would get up and stretch or pace. I didn't mind so much that I couldn't sleep. I would sleep when I was truly tired. I remembered the crib, the lock. I couldn't stretch, I couldn't go to the corner, I couldn't pace. I couldn't use the bathroom or I would be wet and sticky and itchy and disgusted.

From the darkness outside I could hear Mommy laughing at me. Her voice whispered to me, "They will catch you, lock you away forever."

I mumbled under my breath, "I'll never be locked up again. I'll never be kept in a cage like an animal. How do you like being trapped in YOUR little box? Or did they burn you? I never bothered to find out. Actually, I don't care."

I would go to the door and open it. I tasted the freedom. I wasn't locked in. I was staying of my own free will. I'm not trapped. I'm staying because they asked me to. I'm not trapped, I'm not trapped, I'm not trapped.

When I talked to the doctors I did what the monster told me. I was scared, confused, and living in a fog. She was indifferent, calculating, and remembered everything. She kept me from making mistakes, from admitting things I shouldn't.

Now that I was sleeping again some of the hazy confusion lifted from my logical mind. I remembered that I had always wondered what a doctor would make of me by the time my family was done with their torture.

Sometimes I wanted to tell them everything, to tell them the whole truth. It was an intoxicating temptation, to let them know how truly deranged my experiences were. Not just so they could truly help me, but so they could help me understand my family and why they did this to me.

The monster wouldn't let me. "John must pay, Kimmy, or they will lock you away. All day, all night. Every day until you die. No Marlana, no dollies. No guard doggy, no nice policelady. Just them. Marie and Mommy, laughing at you, trapped forever just like they wanted. No doctors can help you, I'll help you."

She whispered it in my ear, over and over.

I told them enough to explain the symptoms I couldn't hide. I repeated the details the monster told me

over and over until I didn't even need her help. I couldn't sleep because I had nightmares about rape. I had flashbacks and hallucinations of John killing my family. I was claustrophobic because I feared for my life while hiding in a closet. I told them nothing of the long term daily torture and misery aside from what John had done. I had to bury the rest of the pain inside me.

They asked me about why I chose to be a girl, how long I had felt that way, and other things. I explained to them why I liked being a girl now and pretended I had felt that way before the change. That part was easy.

In my free time I would listen to classical music on the radio and practice my ballet. It was like meditation. The music would relax me and I would move my body and clear my head of any emotion, any pain. I would imagine myself totally relaxed. I would remember taking a shower with Marlana, in a bubble of warmth and peace and serenity and relaxation where no matter how vulnerable I was no one would hurt me.

Occasionally my sickness would try and drag me out of it.

I would see Marie watching me, still covered in blood with a bloated corpse face. She held her riding crop.

“You call THAT a Plié, Kimmy!?! Did you just start taking classes YESTERDAY? You are NOT going to embarrass me at your recital you little brat, come over here and take your medicine!”

She would raise her riding crop threateningly, but she would look to the stuffed police dog and back away as if it was growling and barking at her menacingly. I continued my practice.

“Oh GOD Kimmy, I'm GLAD you murdered me. I would have blown my own brains out if a little sister of mine did a Pirouette that sloppy in public. What kind of meds do they have you on? Are you DRUNK? Come over here and take the crop, Kimmy. I don't think you can dance without it.”

1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 4. You won't hurt me anymore. 1 2 3 4, 1 2 3 4. I counted along with the rhythm and kept dancing, never leaving my happy bubble until I was tired or the music stopped.

Jessica kept visiting me, and I started to like her more and more. She was kind and strong and when I was around her she gave me confidence. I was so used to feeling weak and vulnerable and alone, but with her around I felt secure.

One time she told me she was allowed to take me out for the day. I was very happy for any chance to get away from the hospital. She even brought me a new outfit to wear, a simple yellow sundress. I hadn't had a chance to really pretty myself up lately since there wasn't much point, being stuck where I was, so it took me a while to get ready.

She held my hand as she walked me to her car. I felt great, fresh and clean and pretty. Jessica rolled her eyes at how obvious it was my mood had improved just from regaining some vanity. She didn't seem like the type who you could cheer up just with a new outfit.

“So, where are we going, Jessica?”

She replied, “Well, I was thinking the zoo. I've always loved animals and I bet you do too.”

I looked away, not wanting to hurt her feelings, but she saw it in my face before I turned. It hit me out of nowhere, anger and fear as intense as can be.

Jessica was obviously concerned, "What's wrong, Kimmy, you just looked really frightened...?"

"It's nothing, Jessica."

"Kimmy, that wasn't nothing, you looked really scared. Today is for you, to help you feel better. I would never take you somewhere you don't want to go, but can you tell me why?"

"I don't like cages." I whispered.

Jessica nodded in understanding, remembering my claustrophobia. She led me to the car while rattling off some other ideas of fun things to do. I wasn't listening, it was true the cages made me a little nervous, but there was something else...

Marlena pulls me along by the hand. My feet hurt, I want to die. I'm wearing pull-up disposable training panties with frilly white rhumba panties covering them, white tights, a frilly purple dress with stiff petticoats, white Mary Janes, and a big white bow in my hair. Somehow, the bow is the worst part. It's only been a few weeks since they forced me to become a girl, I'm not used to being out in public at all. I HATE these clothes. They make me feel helpless and weak and exposed like the little girl they are trying to force me to be, and being pulled along by my now vastly stronger younger sister is just making the feeling worse.

It's so humiliating, I want to die. Three balloons, two purple and one white, are attached to my left wrist by a string and they float above me as I walk. At Marlena's insistence, a "treat" for me, my face has been painted like a cat by a zoo employee. I now sport painted on whiskers, a cute catlike nose, and exaggerated eyebrows. In my right hand I hold a cotton candy, another treat I didn't ask for. With no free hands I can't keep my elaborate petticoat under control and I just know I'm showing off my childish underwear.

"Look Kimmy, a petting zoo! Doesn't that sound fun?" she asks me.

It isn't worth it to refuse, it didn't help when I said no to any of her other ideas. "Yes, Marlena." I obediently replied.

I cautiously feed a few animals from my palm, they scare me. I know they aren't likely to bite, but even a minor scratch of any kind is too much for me to take thanks to the low pain tolerance they gave me. I'm more reluctant to approach the domesticated petting zoo animals than any of the other little kids around me, my new peers. They laugh at me, at my obvious cowardice and fear and my ridiculous outfit, painted face, and balloons. I want to die.

Marlena drags me along again. "Look Kimmy, pony rides!"

"I don't want to ride a pony Marlena! I'm tired and my feet hurt and this is humiliating, just take me home now, PLEASE!"

"Well, I guess it has been a long day, sis. Just ride the pony a little bit and let me take a picture and we

can go, okay? Just do it for me, I've gotten you so many treats today and used up my whole weekend so you can have fun here, it's the least you can do for me.”

I'm so angry I can barely see. She knows damn well I didn't want any of her treats, didn't want to be here at all. But there was nothing I could do. Try and hit her and run away? She could take me in a fight now with her eyes closed, though that wasn't her way. She would hug me and tickle me trying to persuade me nicely till I pissed my panties, which was probably worse. Throw a tantrum? It would just cost me more of my rapidly deteriorating male pride and accomplish nothing besides attracting more attention and laughter in my direction from the rest of the zoo patrons.

“Ok, Marlana, I'll ride the stupid pony.” I say with a pout.

She smiles and helps me on to the pony and backs away to take a picture. I become self conscious and struggle with my unfamiliar skirts, trying to push my petticoats down over my panties for modesty. With my hands occupied in this humiliating task I lose my balance and fall from the pony.

I hit the muddy ground on my side with a thud. It wasn't really that bad a fall, but with my increased sensitivity to pain it becomes the most incredibly agonizing experience of my life. It feels like my arm is broken. I can't stop myself from breaking into hysterical crying as every eye in the vicinity turns to see what the commotion is. I feel the tell-tale warmth that means I wet my training panties, I'm in too much pain to try and stop the flow and I can feel the urine leaking out. It was the most pathetic moment of my pathetic new life.

The patrons watched as a little girl walked out of the zoo that day. She was in an amazingly frilly old fashioned dress. Her face was painted like a kitten, but the makeup streaked and ran amidst unrestrained tears. Three balloons bounced up and down as she rubbed her arm in obvious pain. The frilly dress was muddy and ruined. Her reddish-brown curly hair, most likely stunningly pretty at most times, was caked with dirt. There was an obvious dampness running down her white tights.

She was muttering under her breath as she cried and walked, tugged along by a horrified looking older girl. “I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I'll never forget this, I hate you....”

Back in the present I started to hyperventilate a bit. My fists were balled up around the material of my skirt, going white with strain. Everything around me looked hazy. I felt like I was going to pass out.

I...had forgotten. My favorite sister, my protector, my “friend.” I looked in the mirror and saw the monster in the back seat, sharpening her knife...I felt panic start to overwhelm me, what else could I have forgotten?

“Kimmy, are you okay? We aren't going to the zoo, I told you...”

Jessica looked at me quizzically, and to the back seat where of course there was nothing to see.

“Is there anything you especially want to do? I'm out of suggestions I think...”

“Ahh, sorry Jessica, I was daydreaming and I wasn't listening.” I tried to steady my emotions. “Sorry. I've been reading about a new Disney movie called “Tangled”, I really want to see it, do you think you could take me?”

She rolled her eyes a bit, I think she may have already suggested it while my mind was elsewhere, but she smiled and agreed.

“Oh, thank you Jessica, Disney movies are my favorite and I've always loved the story of Rapunzel because...”

I stopped, from the backseat the monster had given one of my braids a gentle tug. Right, I can't tell her I identified with Rapunzel because I also spent a long time isolated and locked away, waiting for someone to come rescue me. I couldn't tell her I wasn't rescued by a prince, but by my own hand and a police officer who found me hiding in a closet...

“Kimmy, Kimmy, drop down your knife. Lie and cry to escape the strife.” the monster whispered. I shuddered.

“...well anyway, you're a good friend Jessica, thank you again for taking me out.”

I enjoyed the movie. It was funny and innocent, sweet and exciting. Jessica and I held hands and laughed together. Afterwards she took me to a park and we walked. I loved being outside, breathing the air, walking as far as I wanted. We sat on a bench together.

“Kimmy, they're gonna let you out soon, I think. I don't know if you've thought about what you want to do but you'll have to find somewhere to stay. You don't have to worry about money, from what your mother left and the restitution you'll get from John...”

She looked a bit nervous at first, but continued resolutely, “...but I was wondering if you wanted to move in with me. I have a few empty rooms in my house and I could use the company, it gets lonely sometimes. When the courts settle everything your sister could stay too if she wanted...I just don't think you should be alone. I think you need good friends around you. And I like you, you're so strong even though you've had such a tough time. All those terrible things John did to you and your family...and being stuck in a hospital...but you get up and face every day and every new challenge as best you can even though you're scared and sick. I like having you around, you make me feel like I can face adversity and pull through too.”

I teared up from happiness, it had been a long time since anyone had ever considered me strong. I was too choked up to talk, I just nodded several times and hugged her.

“And Kimmy, I know you love Rex but I think it would be nice to get you a real puppy. All the doctors say that can be really therapeutic.”

“Oh, That sounds wonderful Jessica, I would love to move in with you.” I finally managed to tell her through my happy crying.

My mood started to improve, knowing I would soon have my freedom again. I kept practicing my ballet in my free time and doing my best not to get lost in the terrors my mind wanted to pull me down into. The nurses started to notice how much the music and the dancing helped me cope, they brought me more things to try and help.

One brought me a yoga video, it was okay, but I needed something a bit more active. The key to helping me find calm required intensity in body and in mind. The yoga was more slow and deliberate



and my thoughts would wander off to dark places and I would lose my sense of calm.

Another nurse brought me a step aerobics video, it was a nice workout but it was too repetitive and didn't engage my mind...the dark thoughts crept back in.

Another nurse brought me something I really liked. It was an aerobic kickboxing video. I loved it, it was suitably intense and engaging and I was able to lose myself in it just like I wanted.

Every day the nurses would watch me, in my tight pink sweatpants and white tank top, punching and kicking and juking back and forth like a martial arts expert.

My stepmother would also watch me sometimes, laughing at my graceful and intense but totally feeble efforts.

“Ah, my silly little Kimmy. Couldn't even win a fight with a ten year old girl, no matter how much you work out. Cindy and I saw to that.”

Sometimes I talked back to my delusion, if there were no nurses watching, “If I need to fight a ten year old girl I guess I'll just have to...sneak up on her in her sleep with a knife? Yeah, that might work!”

The monster giggled, so did I. My mother glared down at me in disapproval, “One day they WILL find out Miss Kimmy, and when they lock you up forever you WILL be trapped with me, and I will make you regret what you did, you little psycho. I'll make you wish you could go back to how your life used to be, that crib will look like heaven!”

I rolled my eyes, and tossed Rex at her, she went away for a while.

Just as Jessica had predicted, the doctors soon decided I could be discharged. Officially they diagnosed me with PTSD, a fairly severe case of it considering the amount of hallucinations I routinely suffered, and I never let them know even remotely how bad they really were, but if they had decided it was schizophrenia or something they would not have let me go so soon.

I would never be cured. I would have to do my best to cope and work through my issues. I didn't care about any of that. I was just happy to be free to live my life how I wanted. No more living on someone else's schedules, under their rules.

They also confirmed my gender dysphoria was genuine. I had never been to a real doctor about it before since the transition was done illicitly but it was pretty much a foregone conclusion at this point. I was lying through my teeth of course about wanting to be a girl before all this, lies and more lies on top of more lies, but I didn't care. The monster made sure the lies were good ones.

Jessica picked me up from the hospital and rolled her eyes at my pretty, prissy appearance in a pink floral skirt and white blouse with pink lace, my hair perfectly braided. It was a good day, and looking pretty made me feel good. If Jessica couldn't understand that it was her own problem.

Jessica took me home and led me to my new room. Her house was smaller than I was used to, but it was cozy and warm. It felt like a home. I saw pictures on the wall. A younger looking Jessica as a kid and in high school. She was cute, but even then you could tell she was a stronger than average girl and a tomboy.

There was a picture of her in an Army uniform, and as a younger police officer in a dress uniform. There were pictures of her with a man I didn't know and a little girl. She opened the door to my new room. It was obviously a girl's room, with pink walls and a big pink bed with a canopy. There were boxes of my things to one side of the room, my toys and dolls and clothing brought over from my old house by the movers. I certainly never intended to visit there again. There were other things too, this room hadn't been set up for me, it had been used before.

Jessica sat down beside me on the bed. "Kimmy, I guess I should have talked to you about this before but it's so hard." She started to sniffle a bit as she went on, her tough facade fading for the first time.

"I've...lost people I loved too. It was a car accident...I was away with my reserve unit in Afghanistan. It was supposed to be ME who was risking her life everyday."

She was crying full force now. I got up and brought her a tissue and put my arm around her and my head on her shoulder. I spent enough time crying my eyes out to know how much a person needs to be comforted in a situation like this.

"...it was a car accident. I lost them both, my husband Dave and my daughter Julie. You would have liked them Kimmy. He was kind and loving and strong and funny. He was so protective of his family, he would do anything for us. She was mischievous and sweet and hyperactive, sometimes she could be like a little tornado, she never stopped." She smiled a little bit.

"She was so young."

I was crying now too, it was such a sad story. I started to understand more why she cared about me so much, why we had a connection. I may have been lying about the circumstances of how I lost my family members...but I understood loss. I understood sadness and emptiness.

"Anyway Kimmy, I could never bring myself to clean out her room. I thought you might like some of her things, anything else we can pack up."

I started to feel a little awkward and she could sense it.

"Kimmy, I know you must be thinking you just moved in with a crazy lady...I'm not trying to replace her with you or anything, we're just friends, and roommates now too..." she smiled, "I think she would want someone else to enjoy her things. You two would have been friends if you ever met. She was a girly-girl like you, we loved each other and got along great but she was much more your type. If it's too weird...the other room is more plain and you can have that if you want."

I shook my head, "Thank you, Jessica. It's a nice room, and I wouldn't want a plain one. And I don't think you're crazy, which is good, one crazy girl is enough for one house."

I laughed hysterically at myself, she just shook her head. "Kimmy, sometimes I think you're more crazy than you let on."

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Chapter 11: My Name Is Kimmy

Kimmy seemed to truly flourish once she moved in with me. She seemed to love her new room, and all the new things that came with it. She was very respectful and kind with Julie's things. She asked about every item, about what it meant to her. Some things she kept, some things she packed away. She was very careful through the whole process. She never rummaged around like she was at a garage sale. She listened to me tell her endless stories about my daughter and my husband.

By the time we were done, it wasn't Julie's room anymore. It belonged to Kimmy, but she kept things around to remind me of Julie, or just because she liked them. By the end she said she felt like she knew Julie too and sort of missed her even though she had never met her. It was better therapy for me than any grief counselor I had ever seen, and I think it helped Kimmy too. We were closer than ever now. I had let her into my life and shown her everything about me. I got the feeling that there was still a lot about Kimmy I didn't know, a lot of secrets she kept, but it wasn't my right to pry. I still thought about it though, almost every day. I wanted to know her, it was becoming an obsession, though I hid it from her.

Our lives weren't perfect. Kimmy had a lot of issues. She couldn't sleep of course. I would find her up all night, watching TV. Her favorite show seemed to be "Aqua Teen Hunger Force." She said she loved it when the meatball put one over on the mean milkshake that always bullied him. I had no idea what that meant. Cartoons were not my thing, but they seemed to be all she liked to watch. She was obsessed with childish things in general, which I already knew of course, but it was strange to see how pervasive a part of her personality it was. All she would watch all night were cartoons, even though they were full of adult humor and violence, something about the animated format kept her interest even though similar live action shows would bore her to tears.

It was almost like it was partly a subconscious desire not to do adult things. That feeling nagged at me in the back of my head.

One time I encouraged her to go to sleep. Or to go to her room and read or something and at least try. She became so angry I thought she might explode. Virtually nothing else I could do would make her even the least bit unpleasant, but even gently asking her to go to her room enraged her.

"Jessica!" she screamed in near hysterics, "I'll go to my room when I want, and leave it when I want. I'll try and sleep when I want or stay up all day and night. I'LL SLEEP OUTSIDE IN A SLEEPING BAG IF I WANT! If you don't LIKE it, you can find a NEW ROOMMATE! YOU AREN'T MY MOMMY AND YOU CAN'T MAKE ME STAY UP THERE ALL NIGHT!! I WON'T I WON'T I WON'T!"

She stopped mid-tantrum, and started to look around at things that weren't there as she so often did. She covered her mouth as if she regretted what she said. I figured she realized she was overreacting.

I apologized as best I could, and never touched the subject again. The next day I decided to make it up to her and take her to go get a dog like we had talked about before. We went to the local SPCA to find one to adopt. We both felt like that was a better idea than a pet store. She wanted to adopt a puppy who needed a good home, she was always such a softie. We went inside and she looked at the cages in horror and tightly gripped my hand. I had warned her it might be tough on her, but the idea of taking something OUT of a cage was apparently appealing to her.

We had very different ideas of what to look for in a dog. I liked big ones, and pointed out several that

looked a lot like Rex. She greeted them warmly but there was one that caught her eye and it was love at first sight.

It was a tiny, young chihuahua just nearly out of puppyhood named Kiki. Despite her small size she seemed almost vicious around the other dogs. None of them intimidated Kiki, in fact it was as if Kiki didn't even realize how small she was. She thought she was the big dog and everyone else should be scared of her. Around Kimmy, though, she was as gentle as a kitten. They were made for each other. Kimmy was as happy as could be and the incident from the night before seemed gone from her mind.

There were other problems aside from her lack of sleep. She just wasn't used to being a roommate. Despite her protests to the contrary, she did sometimes seem to expect me to be her mommy. She didn't want to clean up after herself, or cook, or do laundry, or go shopping.

When I confronted her about this she looked truly apologetic, "Ahh, Jessica. I'm sorry. You're right, I do need to help out. You work all day and I just sit around the house. You shouldn't have to do any of that. It's just, oh, I don't know how to do any of that stuff..."

I was flabbergasted. I knew she had grown up a boy and probably got away with not having to do much to help around the house but for someone who eventually came out as wanting to be such a stereotypical over the top traditional girly-girl you would think she would have WANTED to learn at some point. I looked at her, at that perfect pretty face and the immaculate pink dress she wore, at her incredibly smooth hands. She looked like she had never done any real work in her life. She must have had one happy, spoiled life before that horrible man got a hold on her.

She could tell what I was thinking and nodded solemnly, "Oh yes, Jessica, my mother and my sisters doted on me constantly. They even dressed me and did my hair for me every morning. They just wanted me to be happy after I was stuck being a miserable boy for so long. They never expected me to busy myself that way. They never wanted me to experience anything but my happy little dream life. I guess I went too far."

I taught her how to take care of the house, some of it was tough on her because she was so ridiculously weak, but she did her best and picked everything up enthusiastically. It was only a few weeks before she was better at cooking than I was.

Once I gave her a shopping list to send her to the store for me, "Here Kimmy, you can take my car..."

"Err, Jessica...I uhh...I think my license is expired?"

I groaned. "How long has it been..."

She looked nervous, "Uhh, I guess...since I first became a girl...I haven't driven since."

"Wow, three whole years. Why wouldn't you want to drive? You really do love being a kid, huh?"

"Three..three years?" she squeaked and her face displayed severe distress. She ran upstairs to her room, slammed her door shut, and locked it behind her. I could hear frantic crying even from downstairs. I was shocked, she had been in that bubble of happy childhood so long she had completely lost track of the time.

\*

Three years. No. It couldn't be that long. I searched my memory. Holes, lots of them. How many nights in the crib? Too many, I lost count, just like I had lost count of the hours every night in the crib. So much pain, so much horror, so much anxiety. Punishment, training, beating, rape. All that pain, I couldn't recall it all. Too much to handle, too much for one little girl to take. The same every day, humiliation and pain and the crib, over and over, why should time make sense? No thoughts and plans or choices of my own to face every morning, just get up and see what they have in store for me. Obey them and go to bed locked in the crib with at least the memory of an ice cream or some other lesser treat. Or fight it and get locked in with a stinging red bottom instead. That was the only choice I got to make.

I tried to remember three Christmas mornings. Did I get gifts? I remembered...a pretty new dress, maybe some dolls. The holidays ran together in my mind, if you had told me it was five years it would have made just as much sense.

Three years of ballet? I liked ballet class so much, I remembered everything I learned. I could remember more and more advanced classes, but I was a quick student, right? I didn't know anymore.

I was old enough to drink now. My twenty-first birthday had come and gone. Did they even celebrate my birthdays at all? Would I have known if it was my birthday? I remembered cakes. Ice cream cakes! So so so soooooo good! Who could forget that? Always one candle though, it didn't matter how old I was, I would always be just a little girl.

I was crying harder now. I remembered how good those cakes were, how the brainwashing made ice cream make me feel so amazing, so high. It was probably better than going out and getting drunk, probably tasted better too. I guess I missed that, how simple and easy it was to just do what they say, earn my treat, and feel good and not have to think. They used it to control me, to make me love them, to stop thinking like an adult or even a person and just please my masters for a treat.

I looked down at Kiki. Lounging in my lap which was her favorite place in the whole world. I gave her a dog biscuit which she happily consumed. "Oh yeah, fine for YOU Kiki, you're a dog." Kiki dozed off without a care in the world.

I heard a soft knock on the door. "Kimmy, are you okay?"

I replied, "I'm okay Jessica. I'm okay. It's not your fault."

"Do you want to talk about it? Let me in, Kimmy."

I breathed deeply, trying to get my emotions and thoughts under control again. "I just need to be alone for a little while Jessica. I'll explain everything later, okay?"

"Okay Kimmy, I understand, I'm going to go do the shopping, don't worry about that, I'll be back soon."

I looked over at the nightstand next to my bed. I saw my picture of Marlina. I put it there to remind me of her and keep me from forgetting I would see her again soon. I picked it up and tossed it against the wall, shattering the glass frame. I hate you. You could have saved me. Three years. I hate you.

The monster in the red dress was sitting by the wall, playing with shards of broken glass.

\*

When I came home she was sitting at the kitchen table, her little chihuahua snoring in her lap as usual. She was looking at a piece of plastic she held in her hands, staring at it. The expired driver's license she had dug out from somewhere. She stood up and handed it to me, and started to pace around the kitchen in a huff. Not her license, Timothy's license.

“I have to get my name changed first Jessica. I'm sorry I won't be able to help with the shopping yet or drive myself to ballet. I want it changed first. We never bothered to have it done officially. That boy isn't me, and if you pulled me over for speeding you wouldn't believe me for a second if I said it was.”

She was right. I looked at the photo again, it was a different person. I had never met him. I think it was more than appearance that had changed over the years.

“Jessica, I...I think it's time for me to grow up. I can't sit around the house all day doing nothing. I have to think about finishing high school and going to college, and finding a career. I love being a little girl, and I'll never give up some things no matter how silly it makes me look...but I want to be a woman. I've spent too much time as a child.”

She stopped pacing and looked self consciously down at her body. Great hair, pretty face, smooth flawless skin, skinny and fit...

Kimmy stamped her foot in frustration, and I knew what she was thinking. Entirely flat chest, no curves. A little girl's body. How could she grow up, when everyone would always see her that way?

“Well...I don't really know about any of that Kimmy. I can understand how you feel though, I don't want to be patronizing but...most little girls feel that way at some point. You will have to see a doctor, for more surgery or hormones or something, I don't know. I'll always be your friend and whatever you choose to do I'll support you.”

I had a lawyer friend help with the paperwork for the legal name and gender change, he knew about Kimmy's sad story and took care of it for free. I filled out the initial paperwork, to make sure there were no mistakes and everything would go smoothly, but I'm glad I showed it to her before I did anything with it or a major mistake might have been made.

“Uhhh, Jessica....”

“Yes?”

“Well...my name isn't Kimberly. K-I-M-M-Y. Kimmy.” she patiently explained.

“Oh...uh, sorry. Mostly girls named Kimberly are called Kimmy as a nickname...”

“My name is Kimmy.” she repeated. “Just Kimmy.”

I guess it made sense she would prefer the diminutive version, her whole personality was so wrapped

up in her extreme girlishness and childlike nature. Most Kimberlys I knew hated to be called Kimmy by anyone but their parents or really close friends, or anyone at all. This Kimmy took it the exact opposite direction.

The official change went through without a problem. She got her new license, it featured the cutest picture, she had an amazing smile. Kimmy started to become more independent, but she didn't start going to school or talking to a doctor about her body yet. John's trial was rapidly approaching and she didn't think she could emotionally handle that much going on at once.

She was probably right to wait, the trial was pretty tough on her. When it was finally over I thought her life could finally return to normalcy and she could just go on without having to dredge up the past again and again.

It wasn't to be, there was still one final challenge for her.

I thought getting to see her sister again would be the one thing she could just enjoy after all she had been through. Nearly every time I visited her in the hospital the first thing she said was, "Please Jessica, may I see my sister yet?"

I was in for a shock, under the surface Kimmy was building a resentment of Marlina I could not have foreseen, in fact I learned a lot about the person behind that pretty, innocent face that day. Once I knew about what really happened, the nightmare she had lived through would horrify and disturb me for the rest of my life.

I'm not sure why I decided to spy on their meeting, maybe deep down I already had an inkling of the truth. A lot of things about what happened the night her stepmother Kathy and sister Marie died never quite added up, and the terrible look in her eyes as they took John away in chains...but how could anyone have known?

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## Chapter 12: Reunion

I couldn't face her, the rage burned deeply within me. The monster in red was with me, whispering to me.

"Kimmy. Pretend to be nice. Pretend you still love her. Wait, we can't do it yet, but we will. I'll find a way. They will never know. Was I ever wrong about that? Wait."

I considered the monster's advice while I finished dressing. I wore a simple black skirt and a white blouse, with plain black shoes. I wore my hair straight. I didn't want to be the little girl she expected, no frilly pink petticoats and Mary Janes for her. No braids or sausage curls. I heard a knock on the door. I ignored it.

"Kimmy! It's Marlina! They can't keep us apart anymore! Can I come in?"

I ignored her. The door opened anyway. I could smell her, for a brief moment my anger cooled. I remembered her smell. I remembered the few treasured nights I had been allowed out of my crib to snuggle with her and sleep in her bed. The rage redoubled, too few nights out of the crib.

She rushed over and picked me up and hugged me so tight I could barely breathe, my arms pinned to my chest.

“Oh Kimmy! I've missed you so much! You look so pretty in that outfit! You're really growing up!”

“Put me down.” I said in an emotionless monotone.

The monster was frantic. “YOU HAVE TO PRETEND, YOU HAVE TO PRETEND!”

“NO!” I shouted.

The monster backed away, nodding. “It's okay, Kimmy, I'll find another way.”

I sat down in front of my mirror, I could see Marlina behind me. She looked confused.

Addressing the image in the mirror, “I hate you, Marlina. Go away, NOW!”

“What...Kimmy...it's me...your favorite sister...” she replied hesitantly.

“We aren't sisters, we never were.”

I turned around and picked up Kiki and set her down in my lap, I scratched her ears and rubbed her tummy, much to her delight.

I held the dog up, dressed for the special occasion in a pink doggy sweater with a bow on her head  
“This is Kiki.”

“...she is very cute Kimmy but...”

I interrupted in a burst of anger, “SHUT UP!”

I calmed myself, outwardly, and continued in the same monotone I had started with.

“Kiki is a lapdog, a pet. That's what I was to you. You treated me like a dog. Sure, you didn't go all out Micheal Vick like the rest of them...but that's hardly an endorsement. When I wasn't behaving exactly as you wanted, you found a way to make me behave. You made me dress how you wanted, do my hair like you wanted, act and talk how you wanted. You stole my manhood as much as the rest of them, just because you didn't beat me to do it doesn't make it okay. You used the ice cream just as much as they did.”

I paused and gave Kiki a treat. I smiled lovingly at my pet. “Look at her, she loves me so much. I train her, teach her tricks. She obeys my every command. Don't get me wrong, we're good friends, but we both know who's in charge. Who the master is.”

I turned back to the mirror and addressed the image behind me. “You wanted to be my master just like the rest of them, do you remember the zoo? Do you remember how much I cried and begged not to go? How much I cried and begged not to be trotted around and humiliated? How much I begged on the way home to be allowed to go back to my old life?”



It was rhetorical, but she started to answer anyway, again I cut her off, “SHUT UP!”

“You were nice to me, when I behaved how you wanted. You tried to pretend later that you were sorry for your part in all this, but I know you aren't really. You killed your brother. Just because you loved your new sister and didn't want to see her beaten doesn't make up for it. Did you know about the rape? I don't think you did, not that you would have done anything to stop it, you had three years to stop everything else they were doing and you didn't...”

Marlena burned with rage now. I had never seen her like this before in her life. She grabbed me from behind and slammed me down onto my desk. “I never knew about the rape. If I knew I would have stopped it. When they told me about the rape and the murders...and they told me what you were saying...I lied for you. DON'T EVER TELL ME I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU!”

She growled, “I know what you did Kimmy. I lied for you and protected you anyway. You would be the one in jail if it wasn't for me.”

I could barely breathe, I felt like I was about to pass out. The monster was screaming in the corner.

Marlena went on, “I killed my brother? I had no choice, they were going to do it anyway. YOU KILLED MY SISTER AND MOTHER YOU LITTLE MONSTER!”

She continued holding me down, I wasn't crying, even through the pain. “I had to do it, you know I had to. No other way out, no other way out.”

She kept me pinned, “What I don't understand is how, Kimmy. Cindy said it was impossible for you to do something like that, the conditioning shouldn't have even let you conceive of it...”

I giggled, she held me down harder on the desk. I giggled some more. “I don't know exactly, but I think it's probably because I went totally insane. You wouldn't believe the things I see, the things I hear. It got worse and worse the more they kept me in that crib. Do you remember how I used to talk to my dolly all the time? You probably thought I did it to please you, to make myself look more girly like you wanted. But no, it was because she talked back, Marlana. She was the nicest friend I had. After they sent you away and Marie killed my dolly...I made a new friend. She wasn't as nice and forgiving as you and Dolly. We both agreed about what had to be done, and she taught me how to do it. I didn't think of it myself. All the brainwashing is probably still up there somewhere, but crazy people don't need to follow rules.”

She spoke in fear and horror, “Kimmy...are you still...friends with her?”

I giggled some more, “Oh yes, you wouldn't believe what she has to say about YOU...”

More fear, but she still held me down.

“Oh, don't worry Marlana. I won't listen to her this time, and she can't make me. At least I don't think she can.” I giggled some more and went on.

“If there was any other way I wouldn't have done it to them either, no matter what they did. I'm done with you though. I don't need a sister who doesn't love me. You probably lied to the police just to save your own skin, I wouldn't be the only one locked up once they knew the truth of what you helped them

do to me. You would never do anything nice for me that didn't serve your own purposes.”

\*

I sat, frozen in horror as I watched the scene unfold via the small hidden camera and microphone. Paralyzed. I should have stopped it from the start. Kimmy didn't look at all like she was happy to see her sister. Now I knew things, things I never should have known. Things I didn't want to know. Too late.

I should have stopped it when her sister slammed her into the desk, but I still couldn't move. Now I knew it all. There was no going back.

Frozen. I was trained for war, for law enforcement. You can't ever freeze, not when someone you're supposed to be protecting is in trouble. The last time someone I was so close to was hurt...I was too far away to help. There was nothing I could do when they died, not this time. Kimmy was still being held down. I need to stop it, but what next?

I ran out into the hall and barged in to Kimmy's room. Marlana turned around in shock, I grabbed her and slammed her to the floor and held her there.

“Don't you dare hurt my friend.” I told her angrily.

“Jessica, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?” Kimmy screamed. Her face had lost the twisted evil it had displayed during her giggling diatribe of insanity, it was back to the perfect angel I knew. Which face is the real one? Both, neither? Either way, she was acting now just like she always had around me, so many lies she had to protect. She had protected them so well.

“I'm sorry Kimmy, I was spying on you. I heard everything.”

Kimmy covered her ears, like she could prevent hearing what I had already said...or as if someone else in the room was screaming in rage in a voice only Kimmy could hear.

I tried to reassure her that her terrible secret was safe.

“Kimmy, calm down, I won't tell. I won't tell. I'm a soldier, Kimmy, I know sometimes you have to do...things...you don't want to do. Things you regret. Things that may haunt you forever. I don't understand everything I heard...but I don't think you're a monster.”

I looked down at Marlana with contempt, “If this sick freak can keep the secret so can I.”

Kimmy looked as reassured as she could be in a situation like this. “Jessica, let her up.”

I did so. Kimmy turned to Marlana and looked her right in the eyes for the first time since she had come in. “You don't love me no matter what you say, and I most certainly do NOT love you, go away and never come back.”

Marlana rubbed herself in pain and cried softly. “Okay Kimmy, I probably deserve all of this. You're right, I could have stopped it. I could have gone to the police.. I knew what we were doing was wrong, but I was afraid they would punish me too. I was selfish. I didn't have the courage. I tried to convince

Mother and Marie and John to stop abusing you, they sent me away to that school because I wouldn't stop. I do love you, that's why I lied to the police to protect you. I know that looks self serving."

Marlena looked down at Kimmy tenderly, "I knew I would have to do something else to prove myself to you. I brought something for you."

She reached into her knapsack and revealed a wrapped gift.

Kimmy looked enraged. "You can't buy back my love. Not after what you did. I hate you, I don't want your gift, go away NOW!" Kimmy stamped her foot in petulant frustration, her patience was at an end.

Marlena didn't move, she just went on in the same tender, soothing voice.

"I didn't buy it, Kimmy. I know there is nothing I could buy to make up for what I did to you. It took me months to get this, Kimmy. Whenever I could get away from school I would borrow a car and drive off to look. I had no idea where to look exactly, or if there was even anything to find, but I knew the general route you must have taken. Marie called me to gloat about what she did to you. I walked hundreds of miles all together. My feet bled, Kimmy. The police would chase me away, over and over, they thought I was mad."

Kimmy's entire manner had changed as Marlena finished. Her eyes were wide with dawning realization, she leapt for the package and snatched it from her sister's grasp. She tore it open in a frenzy.

A sound emerged from her, a loud and high pitched whine. It was half pleasure and half pain and longing.

"Are you okay, Kimmy?" I asked.

I received no answer. Kimmy dropped to her knees and continued the high pitched emotional moans. She was unable to put any of her thoughts or feelings into speech. She rocked back and forth with the gift in her arms. She had been trying so hard to act like an adult, wearing less childish clothes, volunteering at the SPCA, looking at options for school...but now she looked like a baby with a beloved toy, unable to express her happiness as an adult would.

I turned to Marlena, "What is it, a doll?"

Marlena ignored me too and sat down next to Kimmy and stroked her hair gently. "When I found her she was in very bad shape. She took too much abuse she never deserved. She was broken and stained. I put her back together and washed away the damage the rough treatment left on her. Fixing her wasn't easy, it wasn't quick. She will never be exactly the same as she was, not after what she went through, but she is back with the people she loves, and no one will ever hurt her again."

In between moans Kimmy whispered, "Everyone. Out. Now. You. Too. Ki. Ki. Out."

She took a deep breath and suddenly screamed at top volume and pitch,  
"NOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!"

I was half deaf and my ears were ringing. Marlena pulled me out of the room. Kimmy slammed shut

the door and locked it.

From inside the door, “AND DON'T SPY ON ME JESSICA, NOW OR EVER AGAIN!”

Kiki sat dejectedly by the door, waiting for her mistress to let her back in to sit on her warm, comfy lap.

I turned to Marlana with a questioning look.

She shrugged. “It's her favorite dolly. She really likes it.”

\*

I laid down on the bed in the fetal position, and stayed that way for a long time. I hugged my dolly tightly to my chest as hard as I could. I felt so happy and warm. My anxiety and fear faded. I felt light and free. After a while I sat up in bed, with the doll in my lap. I knew what I was about to do was a sign of my illness, feeding my delusions. I didn't care.

“I missed you so much, Dolly. I'm so sorry I let Marie take you from me.”

I waited, she didn't always talk back. Maybe my delusions had changed and moved on and left Dolly behind, maybe only the monster in red would be my friend now...

“It's okay Kimmy. She was bigger and stronger than you, there was nothing you could have done. Besides, Marlana found me and nursed me back to health. I'm all better now and no one will ever make us be apart again.”

I smiled, “Oh, it's so good to hear your voice again. We have so much to catch up on. Look at this, his name is Rex! He helped me keep the nightmares away just like you.”

I hugged the stuffed dog in one arm and the dolly in the other. “But...Dolly, I did bad things. Things I don't think you would like.”

The monster joined us on the bed.

The dolly spoke, “Oh, I don't like HER Kimmy...I knew what she wanted you to do. I kept her far away.”

The monster looked more sad than usual, she wiped at her eyes as if the permanent bloody tears that always flowed there might go away.

I looked my dolly right in the eyes, “Dolly, she is my friend. I know you don't like what she had me do but she cares about me just as much as you. If it wasn't for her I would still be locked in that crib, and I bet we never would have been together again. Even if Marlana still decided to go looking for you...Marie would have found another way to separate us. She can't hurt me anymore, Dolly. No one can.”

The doll considered this “Well...maybe we can all be friends. Does she like tea parties too?”

The monster smiled for the first time I could recall. It wasn't really a pretty sight, but I could tell she

was happy.

I stripped off my clothes and went to my closet. I found my most frilly yellow dress and the biggest petticoat, white tights and Mary Janes. I sat at the mirror and braided my hair, just the way Marlana liked it. I stood up and studied myself in the mirror, in all my extreme girly perfection. I made myself stop and think. Am I doing this because I want to or because Marlana manipulated me into doing it?

I looked over at the table where I had set up my tea party set, the first time I had touched it since Marlana and I had been separated. Rex had one chair, the dolly another, and even the monster had taken her seat and was eagerly waiting for me. Well, she's the one who hated Marlana the most, if she's okay with it...

I went downstairs. Jessica and Marlana were sitting at the kitchen table with worried looks, wondering what I had been doing alone up there for so long. Marlana's eyes brightened when she saw what I was wearing, even Jessica didn't roll her eyes at my frilly attire when she saw how happy I was.

Marlana smiled, "You didn't have to do this for me, Kimmy. I don't care how you dress anymore, you can be who you want and I'll support you."

I hugged her, she hugged me back and we cried in happiness. This was the hug she was dying for when she first came in, and I had rejected her. "I didn't do it for you, Marlana. I did it for me, but I'm glad you like it. I'm sorry for saying those terrible things about you."

"I understand, you don't have to apologize." Marlana kissed me on the cheek and tugged at one of my braids playfully. "So, Miss Kimmy, what may I ask are you all dressed up for?"

I grinned my cutest grin and exclaimed with glee. "TEA PARTY!"

\*

What a scene, there I was sitting at a table with a teenage girl, a little girl with a chihuahua in her lap (getting hair all over her pretty dress), a stuffed dog, a doll, and of course the one invisible guest I was assured was there. I was sipping imaginary tea and sharing pleasant small talk. This girly-girl stuff had never been my thing, but Kimmy and Marlana made it clear this was a private tradition for sisters only, how could I turn down an invitation with those implications? I guess we were like sisters already, bonded together by the shared responsibility to keep Kimmy's secret.

That night, Kimmy went to bed earlier than usual, snuggling with her dolly and Rex. I went upstairs and tucked her in. I hadn't done that before, she didn't want a mommy, but I could tell she was feeling in a bit more of a childish mood than usual. She didn't seem to mind. I guess she considered me an older sister now more than a friend anyway.

It was bittersweet, seeing her so happy just then. The last time I had tucked in a happy little girl it had been Julie, in this same bed. Kimmy could see I was sad, she held my hand.

"Jessica, would you read me a story?"

"Sure Kimmy, what would you like to hear?"

She shrugged, "There's one book over there I never read before...though I glanced at some of the pictures. It looks like it got a lot of use..."

Rumpelstiltskin, Julie's favorite story. I didn't believe Kimmy had never read it. After we saw "Tangled" she had subjected me to a lecture on the differences between the movie and the traditional Rapunzel fairy tale in great detail. An extensive collection of fairy tale books had come with her things from her old house. More likely, when we had moved Kimmy in she had seen Julie's copy of Rumpelstiltskin and how worn it was, suggesting it was a favorite. She knew I probably enjoyed it too. She was right.

I settled down next to her on the bed so we could both see the pictures and read. By the end Kimmy's eyes were closed, and there was a tranquil smile on her face. Was she asleep? No, no matter how relaxed she still had that insomnia. Her eyes popped open.

"It's a lovely story, Jessica. I wish I could spin gold...that would be so very useful..."

I nodded and stroked her hair. "Kimmy, you really didn't want to be a girl?"

She fidgeted uncomfortably. "It had never occurred to me. Maybe it would have later in my life, maybe not. But once they made me there was no choice but to hate it. And they made hating it easy."

"But you like it now?"

"I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Why did they do it, Kimmy?"

She shook her head in frustration, "I don't know. I don't think I'll ever know. I think about it all the time. What was it that made them into monsters? I remember things I forgot all the time now Jessica...maybe I'll remember someday...maybe I did something to deserve it."

"There is nothing you could have done to deserve what they did Kimmy. I'm not upsetting you by asking about this, am I?"

She gripped my arm tightly, "No Jessica, you couldn't believe how much I've wanted to talk to someone about it, to make sense of it. All that time in the hospital with people trying to help me and I couldn't say a word...I'm glad you asked."

We talked long into the night. She told me everything, the real story of what they had done to her instead of the sanitized version in which her mother and sisters were saints and only the evil John had hurt her. I knew some of it from the story he told in court, but that barely scratched the surface of everything they did to her. I finally knew what it was I was seeing in the eyes of the blood drenched little girl I found in that closet. I cried more than she did when I heard it all. For once she fell asleep before me, exhausted by her emotional day. A heavy weight had been lifted from Kimmy's chest, to finally have someone besides her delusions to confide in. But a new weight had been put on mine, the realization that Cindy was still out there somewhere, the one villain that escaped Kimmy's terrible vengeance and had disappeared without a trace.

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## Chapter 13: Growing Up

Going back to school was like a dream come true. I felt like my life was finally back on track. Marlana and I attended a local private school without having to pay tuition. Jessica was a friend of the principal and she had followed my story in the news, she wanted to help. Marlana was a senior now, she had caught up with where I was before I dropped out. It was nice having a friend already when starting at a new school.

I adored the uniform. Marie would have loved it. I wore a pleated plaid skirt, white blouse, and a sweater vest. I also wore tights, which were optional. I loved the way they felt and how cute and feminine they made me look. Marlana did my hair in sausage curls again on our first day.

“Look Kimmy, you can go back to braids tomorrow, you want to make the best possible impression on your first day. You are always at your prettiest in curls. The boys are going to lose their minds when they see you.”

It was true, but boys were a complicated subject for me. They were all scared of me once it became common knowledge that I used to be a boy myself, that I had been in a mental institution, and that I had been accused of being a murderer as well. It was double edged, at least they rarely bullied me or made fun of me, they were too afraid of what I might do. The first few weeks went great.

It wasn't too long until I had an incident though. I was alone in the hallway and two boys grabbed me and dragged me into the boy's bathroom. They cornered me in a stall and threatened to rape me, it wasn't a good plan. I didn't get scared as easily as I used to anymore.

“Open up, fag.” he told me.

“Don't you know I'm a psycho? You really want to put that in my mouth?”

“You'll behave, you little freak, and I'll give you a nice facial as a reward. You know this is what you want you little perv.”

“I know every cop in this town, they protect me like I'm their little sister, you won't get away with it. Walk away and I won't say anything this once.”

My attackers argued with each other, trying to decide if they should really go through with their plan. While they were distracted two things happened simultaneously. Another much bigger boy (the biggest I had ever seen) ripped the stall door open and started to drag my attackers away from me at the same time as I unleashed the pepper spray I had been hiding. It hit all three of them. The giant boy lost his grip on them and the two assholes ran.

I screamed after them with shrill rage, “No one messes with ME anymore! NO ONE. How'd you like THAT facial!? Run, you bitches!”

The monster appeared at my side jumping up and down in gleeful ecstasy. I gave her a high five. “You were awesome, Kimmy. Much less messy than the knife. You should try the taser if they ever come back! That big boy needs your help though, I'll leave you alone.”

She vanished.

The other boy struggled to make his way to the sink and tried to clean the painful pepper spray off his face. “Oh my God, it burns! Ahhhh! You aren't even allowed to have weapons, it's a fucking school!”

“Oh, the principal made an exception for me. I don't feel safe without it and I can't concentrate in class. I get really nervous and scared sometimes. My best friend is a cop, she taught me how to defend myself safely and responsibly.”

He laughed as he tried to clean the painful pepper spray off his face, “Yes, I can see that.”

“Didn't see you coming, sorry.”

I tried to help him clean off, very carefully so I could avoid getting any of it on myself. “Thanks for trying to save me, you're such a hero.”

I smiled at him prettily, hoping my adoration would ease his pain a bit. “Do you know who I am?”

“Crazy Kimmy, everyone knows who you are.”

My smile faded, I didn't know I had a nickname. He quickly apologized.

“It just slipped out, sorry. You were just high-fiving thin air. I'm Tim.”

I giggled.

“What?” he asked.

“That uhh, used to be my name too.”

“Oh. You're weird.”

“I know. Will you go out with me?”

He looked startled.

“Sorry for being so aggressive about it, boys are scared to ask me out so I have to ask them. It's okay if you don't want to, it's hard for me to find boys who want to go out with me, no matter how much they like to look at me. It makes them insecure to think of going out with someone who used to be a boy.”

His cheeks turned red and he got flustered, adorable on such a big strong guy “It's not that at all, it's just...I've had a crush on you since I first saw you in the news. I read every story about you. You were so beautiful, but so sad, you fascinated me. I never imagined I would ever meet you, but then you showed up here in my school. I didn't think you knew I even existed.”

I laughed. “I didn't. Sorry, now I do. You tried to protect me, you can't know how much it means for me to meet good people who care about me and want to protect me.”

He smiled at me. “I'm good at protecting people, I'm an offensive linemen on the football team. Have you been to any of the games yet? I haven't seen you there.”



“Oh, I'm not really into sports, I'm kind of a girly-girl.”

He looked disappointed. I didn't want to offend him. “I guess I could start to go to them, I'd love to watch you play.”

I went to him and stood on my very tippy toes and kissed him on the cheek. He blushed furiously again.

I felt light headed and happy as could be, but started to notice something was wrong. “Uh-oh, that was a mistake.”

“Not it wasn't, Kimmy, I can't wait to go out with you.”

“No, I mean I got pepper spray on my lips.” I started to cry. “Oh, it was just a little but I'm kind of a wimp when it comes to pain. I gotta go...”

I ran out of the bathroom to go to the nurse's office leaving Tim behind me, he was still in severe pain but was suppressing happy laughter. I passed Marlana on the way. She saw I was crying and in a bit of a panic and ran after me.

“Is something wrong, Kimmy? DID SOMEONE HURT YOU?!”

I just kept running to the nurse's office. The nurse gave me a glass of milk. It helped a little. I told her what happened, she got the principal who called the police. Jessica responded to the call of course, racing to the school with siren blaring. I made sure they all knew Tim had nothing to do with it and that he was a hero.

Marlana recognized Tim from my gushing description. Mega tall and muscular, blonde hair and blue eyes, a total dream.

“You should have seen him, he picked them up like rag dolls. He was ready to pound them in to dust to rescue me. I would have loved to see that.”

Behind them the monster nodded and pantomimed what she thought he would have done to them. I smiled back.

Jessica and Marlana didn't look quite as happy. They knew when I started to look off at nothing I wasn't seeing anything I should be smiling at. They sent the nurse out of the room and sat on each side of me, each holding one of my hands tightly.

Jessica began, “Kimmy. You're enjoying this a little too much, don't you think?”

I squirmed uncomfortably. The monster rolled her eyes at them.

Marlana took over, “Don't get us wrong, Kimmy. You have to defend yourself and people like Tim should defend you too. You both did the right thing, but Kimmy...you can't let that...friend...of yours make you like to hurt people. If you go too far, we will be responsible for it, we won't lie for you if you go too far again. You can't solve all your problems that way.”

Jessica took over, “If you start to like hurting people, you will end up just like them. You can't go down that path. You will end up hating yourself.”

We all knew which 'them' she was referring to. “I understand. Thank you, I needed to hear that.”

They hugged me. I went on gushing about Tim.

I went to his next game with Marlena and Jessica and to every one after that. It had been a long time since I had watched any football. Sometimes I would sit on Daddy's lap while he watched a game but I never paid any attention to it. I had a doll or some other toy to focus on.

Now I watched intently. Tim was good, he was really good. I started recording his games and sending some of the video to colleges and soon they started to send scouts. I would cheer for him and the rest of the team as loud as I could and trash talk the other team. The monster was particularly adept at thinking up trash talk for me to yell. My shrill, super high pitched screaming carried over the rest of the noise easily. Marlena started to bring ear plugs, but she didn't discourage me from yelling. I guess they figured it was a healthy way for me to let out some of the violent, aggressive feelings that scared them so much.

After the second game I attended the cheerleaders asked me to join up because of how well my voice carried and they knew a girl I took ballet classes with who told them how talented and graceful I am. I was flattered but I had to decline. “Oh, I can't cheerlead, I'm sorry. I'm too weak to do what you do, any pyramid with me at the base would collapse in a heap. Besides, if I'm busy cheerleading I won't be able to focus on the game!”

They weren't offended but they insisted I become an unofficial member of their squad, they gave me a uniform and insisted I wear it to every game. Sometimes I would go down on the field and join them for a little while if the crowd really needed to be juiced up. They let me be on top of the pyramid so I wouldn't have to worry about dropping anyone. My balance was perfect.

One time after a game I heard some of the opposing players talking about me.

“What was with that little girl talking shit all game, someone needs to stop her. Who lets their daughter talk like that?”

“She yelled that she has Barbie dolls that hit harder than me and that my mother doesn't love me....Christ, it's just a game.”

“She spent the whole game cheering for an offensive lineman, who does that?”

“You don't know about her? It's 'Crazy Kimmy.' She's like their mascot or something now. She used to be a boy. Her family was murdered and she went insane.”

“No way.”

“Look it up, it was all over the news.”

“She better be careful or someone is gonna get pissed and try to shut her up the hard way.”

“Some guy tried a few weeks ago after she said something nasty about his son, he ran up to her and started screaming, trying to intimidate her. She waved a fucking taser at him until he backed down.”

“Isn't that illegal?”

“She's untouchable with the local cops, she went around to all their houses and personally thanked them for rescuing her from the guy who killed her family, even the ones who had nothing to do with it.”

“So wait, back up, it's really a faggy boy and not a real girl?”

I let out a piercing laugh, they recognized it and groaned. “With the way you guys played it looks like I'm not the only faggy boy around here! Are you sure you want to be football players? Why don't you come and take ballet classes with me instead?”

“Shit, it's her. Just ignore her, let's get out of here before she says something about my mom again.”

Tim and I went steady immediately after our first date. Every weekend he would come over and we would watch football together with Jessica. She was relieved that I had developed a hobby that she and I could enjoy together that wasn't as stereotypically girly as the rest of the stuff I did. Jessica would humor me to keep me company but she was not the Disney princesses and tea parties kind of girl I was.

Sometimes I would sit in Tim's lap while we watched, not often though. It made me feel good and his enjoyment was obvious, but it reminded me too much of the bad old days. I loved to jump around and cheer for great plays too much anyway.

I started to lose interest in studying. I had only wanted to go back to school so I could stop being such a little kid, and I felt like I accomplished that. Marlena wouldn't let me drop out again though, she hounded me daily to keep working at it.

“I want to graduate with my sister” she would tell me, over and over.

The night the team won the state championship, Tim and I finally went all the way together. He knew I wasn't a virgin, but he also knew I had been raped because he had followed the news stories about me so closely. He was very gentle with me, and very loving. He treated me very delicately, he knew how easily I could be hurt and how my experience of pain was magnified. He was a very large man, and I was a small girl, but he made sure I was comfortable and experienced nothing but pleasure. It was a far cry from the painful, humiliating, and abusive sex John had used me for.

My grades weren't great but I didn't let Marlena down. Tim, Marlena, and I all graduated together and were accepted at the state university. Tim had a full athletic scholarship and Marlena had a full academic scholarship. I was the only one who had to pay anything. I was on academic probation from the start too, they probably only accepted me because of my unique background. Luckily John's money was my money now so it wasn't a problem. I rented an apartment for all three of us but Marlena wanted to move out after only a few weeks.

“You guys, you make too much noise! The earplugs don't help, I'm very happy for you both but I need to sleep and I don't need to hear my little sister doing...that...every night.”

She proceeded to tease me. “Can't you save your screaming for football?”

I rented her another apartment on the other side of the building. I didn't want her to be far away. I needed her to tutor me or I wouldn't make it through even my remedial classes. Tim was much more book smart than me and could have handled it but he had so much to do with football and his own coursework that I couldn't ask him to do that.

Every chance we got we would visit Jessica. It was lucky the college wasn't too far away. I also kept in touch with her online and called her every day just to say “Hello.” It couldn't be easy for her to go back to having an empty house but at least the circumstances were happier this time.

I went to every one of Tim's games, even the away games. I was burning through money with all the travel but I didn't care. It was clear Tim was cruising towards a professional career and John's cash would last a good long while even if Tim didn't make it.

My voice couldn't carry as far in a large stadium but I still shouted as loud as I could. I arrived early to every game and sat in the front row in a cheerleader outfit with my face painted in the school colors, taunting the opposing players while they warmed up. In a nearly empty stadium, they could hear me.

In his junior year Tim left school and went pro, that same year we were married.

#### Chapter 14: Vows

He didn't do anything fancy for the proposal, and I'm glad he didn't. I do love the girly romantic stuff but there was no way I could answer him without a long, painful talk. That's probably why he did it that way, he knew somehow it had to be private.

“Kimmy, will you marry me?”

I smiled in ecstasy and threw my arms around him, he lifted me and twirled me around.

“Oh, I'm so happy you asked me!”

He held me tightly to his chest with his massive arms and squeezed me firmly and didn't let go. I squirmed in pleasure. I loved it when he did this to me and he knew it. I never explained it to him this way because I'm not sure how to make anyone but me understand, and even I felt it was a little weird, but this was exactly how I used to love to tightly hug my favorite dolly whenever I really felt hurt. I felt like a little dolly in his embrace, and the feelings of reassurance and love that inspired in me was intoxicating. He held me like I was his most precious and important treasure in the world, like he would be lost without me. Like he would go mad without me.

He put me down on the couch and sat me in his lap. I shifted off his lap to sit beside him, and took his large hand in my own and looked him in the eye steadily.

“I haven't answered you yet.”

He look confused, “Well with that reaction I just assumed...”

“I can't agree to marry you....”

His hand gripped mine too tightly but I went on, for once finding a little endurance for pain.

“...yet, there are things you need to know about me. You are going to be famous, there are things about me that could make your life miserable. They would ruin your career.”

“I don't care, Kimmy. I don't care about anything but you. Hah, you should have seen me play before that first game you came to. I sucked, that's why there were no scouts around before you started making videos. The only reason I even started to live up to my potential was because I was trying to impress you. I know all I need to know.”

“No, you don't.”

He realized how tightly he was gripping my hand and quickly loosened his grip. “My god, I'm sorry, did I hurt you?”

He did, but that wasn't important now. I plowed ahead recklessly. “I didn't want to be a girl. My family made me. Even Marlana helped them, though she still loved me. It wasn't just John that hurt me...it was my stepmother and Marie. They tortured me. I didn't just lose my grip on reality a bit after they were killed, I've been totally insane for a long time. Crazy Kimmy is a good nickname for me.”

The shock and horror in his eyes was not just about what they had done to me, but at what I was really admitting. He followed the trial, he knew John's version of events. It sounded exactly like the story I had just told, but I hadn't mentioned the end.

“I...”

“You murdered them and framed him just like he said.”

I broke down in hysterical tears, he moved instinctively to comfort me, but pulled back afraid of losing control and hurting me again.

“It wasn't your fault Kimmy, you were insane. You weren't responsible.”

I calmed my crying enough to speak “You know the story, Tim. Think about it.”

“You were brainwashed, you couldn't run away...so you had no choice.”

He didn't want to believe, he didn't want to follow it all the way through. Marlana and Jessica didn't either, no one wanted to believe it, maybe they did know and just lied to themselves about it.

“My mind freed itself, the only way it could. After it happened, and I gave in to the madness, I was free of all the brainwashing. All of it.”

He pleaded with me, almost demanding I accept it, “But still, you were crazy, you didn't know what you were doing.”

“I saw and heard things that weren't real all the time. Before, it had only happened a little, mostly only night terrors and hearing my doll comfort me. Once I was freed it was nonstop. I saw a monster who

told me to do things, but she couldn't force me. She couldn't hurt me. She just convinced me, she was very reasonable for a hallucination. She didn't have to manipulate me to make me angry enough to go along, my family provided the anger every time they hurt me.”

“No...”

“I've never told anyone this, not Marlana or Jessica, they could never accept it, but you have to know if you want to make this choice. I had complete free will once the brainwashing was gone. I could have walked out the door anytime and run away or gone to the police. I chose to wait instead, until they gave me my chance to make them all pay, and I took it.”

I looked him dead in the eye, “I had fun, I enjoyed it. I watched them bleed as they begged me for their lives. I relished in their pain. I smiled and laughed while I bathed in their blood. I squeezed the blood from my clothes and covered him in it, restraining my giggles of joy at what was waiting for him was the hardest thing I've ever done. And...If he ever walks out of prison, or I ever find Cindy...I'LL DO IT ALL AGAIN! I WILL!”

I leapt to my feet and overturned the heavy wood and glass coffee table in front of the couch, displaying strength way beyond my normal means and shattering the glass. I hyperventilated and started to see red, I jumped up and down and swung my arms wildly in rage. He grabbed me and held me once again in a bear hug. I kicked and screamed and struggled against him. I think I passed out.

When I woke up I was sitting in his lap. Kiki was sitting in mine. My favorite doll was clutched in my arm as well. I was calm. He was asleep, but he was still here. I gently kissed him and he woke.

“Tim, will you marry me?”

“Yes Kimmy, and if you think you have to do those things...I'll help. We're soulmates, I know it. I know you like being a girl now, but even if you were a boy I think we would have found each other someday no matter what and fallen in love. We will always be together in spirit, no matter what happens. I promise.”

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Kimmy looked so beautiful the day of the wedding. The gown was pure white. It was strapless with a corset back closure. The bodice was intricately laced and had a satin band at the high waist. The skirt was glamorous and full. Her hair was beautifully set in her favorite curly style and she was perched on six inch heels but still managed to walk with perfect balance and grace thanks to her years of ballet. She didn't want to look too small in the wedding pictures next to Tim. They did get some looks sometimes being a couple with such a difference in height.

She looked so grown up now. The hormones had finally given her breasts and curves (that the strapless dress highlighted nicely), and softened her already soft skin. It wasn't just her appearance that made her look more adult, there was something else about her.

Marlana had been crying all day and gushing over her sister. “Ohhhhh.....Kimmy, I can't believe you're getting married.” Crying. “You look so grown up now.” Crying. “I almost feel like....” Crying. “Like...like.”

Exasperated I spoke up, “LIKE WHAT? Kimmy has a busy day, get on with it.”

Marlena glanced over at me in annoyance, but grinned and turned back to her sister and pulled her into a tight hug. I grimaced and hoped she wouldn't make Kimmy cry again so we would have to touch up the makeup for the tenth time.

“...I feel like I'M the little sister now. I don't even have a boyfriend or a job yet...”

Kimmy joined in the crying. I let out a sigh. Thankfully Kimmy composed herself quickly this time.

“We're just sisters. I was your older...sibling... for a while. Then you were mine. Now? Well, we graduated high school the same year. We're just sisters.”

Kimmy went back to primping in the mirror and Marlena stopped her damned crying for once. Marlena hummed the “Bridal Chorus” and Kimmy giggled.

“Thank you again for the dress, Jessica. I can't believe how many alterations they had to do to make it fit right, don't I look pretty?” She giggled.

I almost wanted to smack her. It was the twentieth time she had thanked me for offering her my dress, as if I would ever have any use for it again. All this girly wedding stuff gets on my nerves...but it's Kimmy, have to be nice.

Grin and bear it, it's her special day. “You're welcome, Kimmy. Aside from Julie you're the only girl I would ever have considered worthy of the honor.”

It was going to the thrift store in a month, but she doesn't need to know it. Suddenly Kimmy was crying again, oops, did I say that last part out loud? Kimmy ran over to me as quickly as she could in those too high heels and hugged me, burying her face in my shoulder.

“What Kimmy, what now?”

She whimpered, “It's...passing the dress on to your daughter...”

“Kimmy, it was a long time ago, I'm ok...”

“No, that's not it. I just started thinking about....about...I CAN'T HAVE BABIES!”

Marlena exploded in tears again, soon both girls were crying on my shoulder like I was their mother. Oh God, what can you say to THAT? She already talked about it with Tim, they would adopt, but I guess the hormones were doing funny things to her mind which was already addled a bit by her illness.

“Err...look...science and everything...”

Marlena stopped crying and looked like a light bulb went on. “Oh, they did save some of your...seed...Kimmy. I can find out where, it has to be with the papers we had from Cindy. Some sperm bank in our old town. I guess that doesn't help much...but Jessica is right. Science! I just saw on the news they made baby rats with two fathers. Maybe in a few years, who knows?”

Kimmy didn't look consoled. "I don't have a womb."

Marlena smiled at her, "If it's ever possible, I'll be a surrogate for you and Tim."

Kimmy seemed to be recovering now, "You...you will?"

"Of course, Kimmy, I owe you so much. I have so much to make up for."

They embraced lovingly, makeup losing perfection again.

I roared, finally losing patience with the crying and hugging cycle, "JUST ADOPT, YOU GOT KIKI FROM AN ANIMAL SHELTER AND YOU LOVE HER JUST AS MUCH AS YOU WOULD ANY OTHER DOG. FIX YOUR MAKEUP AND LET'S DO THIS DAMN THING, WE'RE LATE!"

Kimmy composed herself and the wedding went perfectly. It was mostly a very traditional affair. Tim's family was Catholic and they obviously couldn't hold the wedding in the Church. Their dogma simply couldn't accept someone like Kimmy. They had gone as a couple to talk to a priest. Kimmy had begged and cried to be accepted but there was nothing the priest could do.

He told them, "Look, if it were up to me I would do the wedding. I've never seen a couple so obviously in love who care about each other so much. I just can't do it."

He did come to the ceremony and said a prayer for them that was carefully constructed not to suggest he actually approved of the wedding. That was all he could do, but he blessed the wedding in private. What the Pope didn't know wouldn't hurt him. That was enough to make Tim's parents happy.

His family took a long time in accepting his relationship with Kimmy. They were very traditional and conservative across the board and so was Tim in a lot of ways. He didn't choose to fall in love with someone like Kimmy, it just happened.

Soon after their relationship started though, it became apparent that he was probably going to have a successful professional football career. Tim's family members quickly started to lose their objections. He was the kind of guy you wanted to be friends with no matter what. I'm sure they faked acceptance at first, but Kimmy could make most people fall in love with her. Especially when she was trying so hard to gain their approval.

The biggest roadblock was when news started to spread around the family that one of Tim's second cousins decided to come out as a bit of a gender bender himself. Some of the family members thought Kimmy may have been the inspiration for the kid's confusion, but Tim argued with them vigorously that it couldn't be the case. Kimmy had never even met the kid, at most he had heard the stories about her and maybe seen a picture...but it was much more likely he had gotten his inspiration elsewhere. From the internet or something. I'm inclined to agree with him.

Anyway, that was where the "mostly traditional" came in. Adriana, as he was calling himself now, was the flower girl. He was pretty in his own way. He wore a custom made lavender flower girl dress styled after the one Kimmy had worn when she was a flower girl. After they had met it was clear he looked up to her, even if she wasn't his original inspiration. He had begged to be allowed the position.

He pulled off the outfit well, but you could tell he was a boy and not a girl. He seemed to like it that



way. I couldn't understand it exactly, but it was his life and I'm not one to judge. Kimmy was a gender bender flower girl once, so maybe she was just starting her own new tradition.

Marlena and I led her down the aisle ourselves, and served as bridesmaids along with Kimmy's friends Sally and Katie. It was strange looking at the two girls. They had been Kimmy's best friends when she was a little girl. They still were little girls while Kimmy had grown up in a flash.

When the ceremony was over Kimmy stood on a foot stool so she could kiss him without making him bend down and kicked up one heeled foot behind her, it was a beautiful moment. The pictures looked great.

As far as I'm concerned, they lived happily ever after.

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### Chapter 15: The Woman In White

She drags me along by the hand. I try to resist but she is too big, too strong. I'm in my pink schoolgirl sailor suit again. She loved dressing me like a schoolgirl.

With absolute horror in my voice I beg her not to do what she is planning, "Please. Please Marie. You can't do this to me, don't do this to me, you can't."

"I warned you, you didn't listen." She curtly responds as we keep moving down the sidewalk.

"It was an accident." I whine in a meek whimper, "I didn't mean to drop it."

She ignores me for a moment but then glares down at me in reproach. "I've never seen you drop your favorite dolly, never even once. You have to learn that obedience means treating your big sister's things as carefully as you do your own."

My voice quakes in fear of the punishment I've been promised. "Why...why do you hate me so much Marie? I was always good to you before, you're my sister. I never did anything to you. Why do you hate me? Why are you so cruel to me?"

"You are a naughty, disobedient little brat and with your Mommy and Daddy away I'm responsible for your discipline. You are the worst little sister in the world."

I start to cry in frustration as my fate comes nearer with every step. "That's not true. I'm a good little girl. I'm a perfect little girl. I never try and disobey you, I just make mistakes."

She snorts and painfully tugs me forward, "I would not have to drag you if you were as obedient as you claim. Good little girls take their punishment without complaint."

Maybe flattery would save me, it had a few times before, "I love you so much. You're my favorite sister. You're the best big sister in the world. I know I deserve punishment, but not...this. Can't you just spank me? Please spank me, Marie. I'll learn my lesson and do better next time, I'll always be more careful with your things."

She snorts again. "Oh please, your favorite sister is Marlena. Not only a disobedient little girl who

won't take her punishment but a deceitful little liar too.”

My groveling and sniveling become increasingly desperate as I see our destination growing nearer, “Oh no, Marie. I only said nice things about Marlina so she would buy me ice cream. You're my favorite sister for sure. You signed me up for ballet classes which I love ever so much, and you help me practice every day. When I make a mistake you always correct me and punish me so I learn from what I did wrong. She went away to that school and left me, you wouldn't abandon me like that.”

“Oh? I thought I was a cruel older sister who hates you. That's what you said. All I try to do is help you be a good little girl and you treat me like some Cruella de Vil. Have I ever broken any of YOUR things? Do I steal your dresses or cut the heads off your little dolls? Carelessly smash your tea party set? You aren't getting out of your punishment Kimmy, it's exactly what you deserve. Maybe now you will finally learn to behave.”

I cry harder than I ever had before. The hot tears run down my face in torrents and I renew my struggles and scream. “You can't! You can't! He's going to hurt me. I can't take that kind of pain! I'm begging you, don't Marie. Don't do this to me. We're family, you can't do this to family!”

“You did it to yourself.”

I fight, but her grip on me is like a vice. She pulls me up to his door. His house. He had been a frequent visitor in my nightmares ever since Marie had first made this threat so long ago. Another nightmare was about to turn real. Marie knocks on the door. The disgusting man opens it with a smile on his face. Marie shoves me at him. He turns me around so I'm facing Marie and holds me by the shoulder.

He hands her an envelope. She opens it and counts the money.

“Thanks, Mr. Jenkins. I'll be back in a couple hours, I need to go to the mall and buy a new laptop since your little guest here broke mine. Remember, you can't fuck her pussy, that is for her Daddy only. Break that rule and I can promise you I will never bring her back. We're moving soon so you better do it right if you want me to drive her back here for you. She loves to give blow jobs and she is a superstar at it according to her Daddy. Feel free to fuck that cute little ass too. She's never done that before so be careful not to tear anything, don't be too gentle though, she is here as punishment after all.”

She looks me right in the eye. “You deserve this punishment and it's fitting you will be earning the money to replace what you broke. Now give your big sister a hug and apologize for what you did.”

My spirit was broken by this point. I obey her robotically. “I'm sorry I broke your computer Marie, I'll be more careful next time you ask me to bring you something.”

She nods at me. “This time I think you actually might learn to behave. If this punishment doesn't get through to you, nothing will.” She shoves me back to him, blows me a kiss, and leaves.

When he is done sodomizing me he leaves me alone in his bedroom to frantically cry and scream in agony through the gag he put on me. I hear a knock on the door from downstairs and Marie speaking with him. She comes up to the bedroom and dresses me. When she is finished she leads me downstairs, every step is agony. My face is red from crying and anguish and fear, my hair disheveled.

Mr. Jenkins was a happy, satisfied customer. “She was great, Marie. We got along very well. She sure did hate taking it up the ass something fierce. She screamed and cried until I had to gag her. I don't think I did any permanent damage though.”

Marie nods. “The conditioning she received turned her into a little pervert who loves to get abused like this mostly, but not in the ass. Her Daddy doesn't like doing it that way and he didn't want her going to someone else to get her thrills. Nothing wrong with using it for punishment though, and Cindy made sure she was extra sensitive to the pain down there. I'm sure you were careful, but she'll be feeling this one for a while no matter what.”

The disgusting man keeps on with his description of my traumatizing performance, “You're right about how much she likes to give blow jobs. She wanted to do it over and over instead of letting me fuck her, but you can see how that worked out for her. Hard to believe she's your sister, you never liked giving blow jobs when you were little, you got so angry when I made you do that...”

He realizes he said something he shouldn't have. Marie glares at him with fury. She drags me outside and slams the door behind her.

The man is a demon. He had done the same things to my little sister and she had never told a soul. She knew exactly what she was doing to me, she lived it, and she didn't care. Cruel does not begin to describe it. I forget my troubles for a moment as something of my old self bubbles to the surface, the things the old me would have done to that man if I knew what he did to my little sister...but nobody ever knew.

As soon as we are outside she looks around to make sure no one is watching. She chokes me with one hand and pushes me backwards to the ground. She beats me, blows fall on my face and stomach. I grunt in pain and forget all about avenging her. I was used to spankings, but not something like this. Especially not when I was already in indescribable agony. My perfect face would be bruised, she would have some explaining to do. Nobody would care that she was inflicting pain on me, that was par for the course, but Daddy liked me pretty.

I wet my panties. I raise my arms to try and deflect some of the blows but she swats them away and continues.

She looms over me. She puts her hands around my neck as if to choke me, but she doesn't cut off my air supply, just makes it clear it's well within her power to do so. She looks me directly in the eyes. I try to turn away and look anywhere else out of fear, but she holds me.

She is deadly serious, icy. “You won't tell a soul, Kimmy. You forget you ever heard that, or you will be visiting him a lot more, that is a promise, do you understand?”

I nod, she releases me.

So much pain. I can no longer walk without help, she half-carries me home.

She changes me into a diaper and a nightie. She brings me downstairs and sits me on a pillow at the kitchen table. She gives me some aspirin and an ice pack for my face. She tries to give me ice cream, I start to feel the soothing rush of pleasure but I'm hit by an intense wave of vertigo. The room spins

and I fall to the floor and vomit.

“Just give me my doll and put me in my crib.” I whisper with almost inaudible softness, my first words since she had beaten me. I add, “Please” at the end and cower, not wanting to offend her and make her angry with me again. Ever again.

For the next week I'm catatonic. She tries to taunt me in her usual manner, but it's like taunting a corpse. She gives up, it's no fun when I don't respond at all. I sit in my room with my doll held limply in my grip. Even the best doll in the world can't help with suffering of this magnitude. I can hear Dolly whispering, trying to comfort me, but it's too faint to understand. I sit there day after day and stare at the wall, hoping to die.

Marie starts to get worried that she had gone to far, that she wouldn't be able to explain what had happened to me while Mommy and Daddy were away. I had always bounced back every other time I had been subjected to one of their new tortures, was this the end of it?

Daddy would be very unhappy when he came home to find his favorite toy was broken.

When I woke up the day before Mommy and Daddy would return, Marie was shocked to find out that I had taken what she said about forgetting to heart. I not only forgot what I heard about her, I entirely repressed what had happened to me.

“Oh my God, Marie. What happened to me? What's wrong with my face...I don't think I remember the last week...I'm so ugly. Daddy won't love me anymore...” I break down and cry.

She replies soothingly, “You poor dear. You fell, Kimmy. Right down the stairs. Your face will be fine soon.”

“Marie...?”

“Yes, Kimmy?”

“It's embarrassing...”

“I can't help if you don't tell me what's wrong, Kimmy.”

“My butt hurts....”

“You've been in a diaper all week and you couldn't walk around much...it's probably diaper rash and muscle stiffness or some kind of cramp. I'll get you some cream and an aspirin.”

I naively accepted what my big sister told me, ignorant of my true injury “Oh. Well, thank you for taking care of me while I was hurt. You're a good sister.”

“Oh yes, Kimmy. I'm the best big sister in the world.”

The hallucination faded away. I had been used to the sensation of the unreal for so long now, it could hardly ever scare me. This was the most real since I had first seen...

I looked to my right and saw her by the bedside, the monster who looked like me. Covered in blood as usual, looking me in the eye. I looked away for a moment and trembled with fear and anger and long forgotten trauma and pain.

I looked back at her and screamed, "I FORGOT IT FOR A REASON, WHY DID YOU MAKE ME LIVE IT AGAIN!?"

"You've waited too long, Kimmy. Cindy must die, you hardly even look anymore..."

"I've been so busy...I'm raising two kids...what does HE have to do with it...just one more thing to take care of..."

"You waited too long, Kimmy. You saw it in the paper and you looked away, didn't want to see it just like you pretended he never hurt you. He's already dead of a heart attack."

"He deserved even worse, but it's over...SO WHY MAKE ME REMEMBER?"

"They found little graves, Kimmy, fresh ones. He couldn't risk them telling. You could have stopped him. I would have given you your next target after Cindy...but you took too long. You killed them."

"YOU'RE LYING!"

I grabbed the taser from under the pillow and shot it at the monster, she dodged it gracefully and ran from the room, hissing at me.

I rolled over in the large extra kingsized bed to Tim's side, I smelled him there, but he was gone. I frantically reached around for Dolly...but of course...I gave her away.

I got out of bed and went to the kid's room. Two cribs, one pink and one blue. Adopted twins, Kim (short for Kimmy, not Kimberly) and Tim, Jr. When my infrequent night terrors returned I would wake one of them up just so I could sit in a rocking chair and ease them back to sleep. It drove big Tim nuts, but he knew I just needed to feel intense love sometimes to cool my intense hatred and pain. It probably drove the babies nuts too, but they found plenty of opportunities to wake me up in return and I never minded.

A boy in one arm and a stuffed police dog named Rex in the other, rocking in my chair. Or a girl and a dolly who never got a name aside from Dolly, rocking back and forth. Maybe one day the boy would want the doll and the girl the badge and gun, it didn't matter either way. They could be whoever they wanted and no one would tell them any different.

They weren't here tonight, away with Tim's family to give Mommy a break. I guess I did too much sometimes, but they were the only things I would never need a break from.

"Here Kiki! Come to mommy!"

Tap tap tap, little chihuahua feet up the stairs. I picked her up and returned to bed, dog hair on the sheets be damned. I opened my laptop and searched the news. He was dead. No little graves. I sighed with relief. He probably behaved. He probably didn't hurt anyone but me after he escaped his first charges. I was the little loophole hand delivered by my sister. Even so, if I had remembered I could

have put him in jail, maybe. He probably didn't hurt anyone else.

Probably.

Kiki was sound asleep on the bed. I set the laptop down and searched the house. I heard it in the kid's room, quiet crying from the closet. I opened the door and sat down beside her.

"I'm sorry I lied to you Kimmy, I've never done that before, you know that, right?"

"Yes. I understand you're mad and you want your revenge, I'm trying, but there aren't any clues."

"Someday."

I nodded and put my arm around the monster, feeling the warm, damp blood seep into my clothes. I heard another source of soft crying in the closet. I had no idea what it was, but I embraced it too. From outside the closet there was a warm white glow. I opened the door, two hands holding my own.

There was a beautiful woman in a white dress with auburn hair in curls that looked just like mine. I recognized her, distantly.

She spoke in a voice that stirred more memories, long forgotten. "My brave little boy, come to Mommy, Timmy!"

The second hand I had been holding tore away and ran to her, the boy hugged her in a tight embrace. He looked familiar too.

The boy giggled, "It's Timothy, Mommy!"

"Oh no, to Mommy you will always be Timmy, forever and ever."

She tickled him and they laughed.

I cried and covered my eyes. She came to me and put a hand on my shoulder, "And who are you, little girl?"

I looked up at her. There was love in her eyes. "I'm...Kimmy."

"I know you too, Kimmy. They didn't really change you, you're still the same. Kimmy, not Kimberly, you never forgot. Just changed a few letters here and there. You did it for me, even if you don't remember. They never changed you on the inside."

"I don't...I don't remember you at all. Are you my real Mommy?"

"Of course, my pretty little daughter."

She turned to the other little girl in the room. "And this is...?"

The monster screamed at her, "I REMEMBER YOU, YOU LEFT US. YOU LEFT US TO HER! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DID TO US? WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP THEM!?"

The woman picked up the screaming and hissing monster and hugged her tightly, none of the blood stained her white dress. “If you remember, you know I didn't go away on purpose. You saw, you were just too young to understand, or maybe that's when you were born. Your stepmother stole your father and poisoned me. If she managed to hurt you...this much, I guess she took care of him too so she could take his money. What is your name, child?”

I spoke for her, “She doesn't have one, I don't think.”

“How about...Kathy?”

The monster screamed in rage, “No. NO! You won't name me after her. She was evil, she hurt people for FUN! She killed them for FUN!”

“Don't you have fun with that knife of yours?”

The monster squirmed. “I have reasons, they made me, no other choice.”

“You had a choice. You aren't as bad as that evil woman, but Kimmy needs to know you aren't Kimmy. You are a good friend to her, but you aren't really part of her. You're Kathy's daughter, KIMMY is mine.”

She picked up the two children, one looking at her happily and lovingly...the other struggling and kicking. “We have to go now Kimmy, it was so amazing to meet you. I love you so much, I always will.”

“Can't I come with you, Mommy?”

“No, Kimmy. You don't need me anymore. This poor little boy they mutilated, he needs his Mommy. This poor little girl they molded into their own murderer, she needs me too. She needs love. She can be healed someday. Your kids need THEIR Mommy, you're an adult and a wife and people depend on you.”

“I wish you could meet Marlana, she's so nice, Kathy raised her and she still turned out good...and Marie...I think the monster in her wasn't her fault either.”

The woman shrugged, “Your father was a good man.”

I hugged her. The room turned to pure bright light all around me.

I was alone. My resentment cooled, my desperate need for revenge. I yawned and sat on the floor. I thought of Marie. I still wanted to be Clara someday. Kiki came and sat on my lap. I sat for a long time, waiting for dawn through a sleepless night like I had done so many times before, but this time in anticipation that tomorrow would be the best day of my life instead of the worst.

When my family came home, and we looked each other in the eyes, I knew I was right.

THE END

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