



Melissa's Sissy Boifriend

(Fdim/M-teens, trans, 1st-gay-expr, bd)

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The week before my state college's winter break I was eating in our lunch hall reading one of my magazines when a loud and commanding female voice asked, "Is anyone sitting here?" I quickly looked up and my heart rate skyrocketed upwards when I realized that it was Melissa the meanest girl from my high school. To say that this girl is mean is in my mind at least, an understatement.

I can still remember the first week she came to our small Northern Virginia high school from NY, she beat up any guy or girl who got in her way. During one very bad fight several of the resident mean girls jumped her after school, Melissa not only beat the crap out of the other ice princesses, but also the first couple of teachers who tried to break up the fight.

No one messed with her after that! Not long after she had exerted her dominance at our high school, we quickly learned that she could hit you with her words, just as hard as she could with her fists. I have been interested in femdom since high school so she was in many of my high school fantasies.

"Hello?! I am talking to your dumbass!" She barked and handed me a napkin and told me to wipe her a clean area on the table. "I would like for you to help me with my stupid calculus class, you somehow understand that crap," Melissa said as she sat down.

"M-my last class is at 4pm today and I can be at your place soon after," I stammered.

"Come over around 6pm, and what the hell are you eating?! You are not in good enough shape for pizza, god men are such morons!" She picked up my entire tray and threw my food in the trash. "Go get a salad, and do not use any other dressing other than oil and vinegar."

Right at six o clock I was at her door. We studied late into the night. The next day she came over to my dorm room, and started to look around. "Uh yah, this needs to go," she said as she started to rip my Sports Illustrated swimsuit model posters off the wall. "Don't worry I will bring over some tasteful posters."

She then started to go through my drawers and my heart rate leapt into my throat as she pulled out my pairs of flowery panties. She glared at me, "What are you gay or something?" I explained that I wasn't gay and just liked to wear panties sometimes to get a thrill from knowing that other students didn't know what naughty undergarments I was wearing under my trousers.

"Interesting, very interesting," was all she said as she went back to digging through my drawers finding more panties, bras, and pantyhose.

"Um," I said not wanting to interrupt, "I-I have to go to my history class."

"Great, I can't make that class today, this room needs some serious work. Take very good notes for me or I will beat the crap out of you," she barked.

I instantly started to get a stiffy from her verbal abuse. Melissa looked at my crotch and laughed, "Yup, I figured you liked that stuff, otherwise you would have run the other way the second you saw me, correct? You better get to class now!!" She said with even more authority than before.

All through history class I struggled to pay attention. I couldn't help thinking about what could be my greatest dream come true. I just hoped that I could handle actually being a subservient in a dominant relationship. Would I chicken out, would it be too much? The bell rang and it was time for me to go back to my room. When I entered my dorm room,

my jaw fell open.

Melissa was not there, but all of my bikini posters had been replaced by pictures of hot guys in tight thong speedos. A small package with a note attached sat on my bed. As my eyes moved to the package, I notice that she had replaced my plain white comforter, to a white comforter with small flowers all over it, pretty much in the same pattern as my Victoria's Secret panties Melissa found earlier in the day.

I read her note, she wanted me to take a shower, wash my hair and body with a strong flowery scent, then dry off, moisturize my body from head to foot with the enclosed nice smelling moisturizer, put on my new pair of matching panties and a bra (both pink with little hearts on them), a dress with a floral print from Victoria's Secret, and to finish up my new outfit with makeup and a blond wig with pigtails, each pigtail tied with a bright pink ribbon.

Melissa also had found one of my many pictures of me in drag, she circled the picture and stated that she had no idea how I created the cleavage in the picture, but wanted me to duplicate whatever I did for tonight's meeting. The last thing the note said, was to spray myself with the enclosed bottle of Beautiful perfume and then to head over to Melissa's dorm room ASAP.

After preparing for our date, I peered out my door. I have a small frame, but my current outfit was going to get a lot of attention. My floral dress wasn't very long and let a lot of my fake cleavage show. I figured I would just have to suck it up and go. I counted to ten and pushed myself to go outside. I quickly headed out toward Melissa's dorm almost on the opposite side of our campus. Luckily the path is quite dark until I got near my destination.

So far so good, I thought to myself, I pushed myself to walk as fast as I could without falling over. Just before I reached Melissa's room two large basketball players passed by me. "Good evening Miss, I hope you don't mind if I say your outfit is wonderful. Its nice to see that there are a few women still out there that don't dress like a bunch of femi-nazi dykes in loose black jeans and shit."

It was Jeb, our most popular player, of course he was a hit with all of the ladies. "Thank you," I said quickly, "but I am late to meet my boyfriend."

"Shit," he replied, "I should have known a chic like you would be already spoken for, ha, ha, well you know where to find me if something falls through."

I thanked him and hurried on.

Finally I reached Melissa's door. When the door opened, Melissa was standing there in the doorway. "Get inside now bitch, fucking whore. I saw you flirting with those two guys."

She pulled me inside and pushed my face into her bed, so my butt was sticking up in the air. She started whipping my butt with a belt. After about twenty or so hard hits to my now tender rear end she stopped. Tears were now streaming down my face as Melissa sat down beside me on her bed. "God dammit, now your mascara is running down your face," she growled. Melissa rested a bit and I basically just whimpered and rubbed my sore butt.

"So you really want a bitchy dominant girlfriend, right?!" Melissa asked, already knowing the likely answer. I looked into her beautiful crystal blue eyes and had to admit that femdom was about the only thing that excited me.

"Well," she said, "I used to think that I was a lesbian, but now I know that I want a sissy boy." She leaned over and whispered and gently blew in my ear, "You want to be my little sissy girl don't you, admit it bitch."

"Oh god yes, please let me worship you mistress," I pleaded.

Melissa smiled and said, "Do you like your pretty pink panties, slut." As she said this she started to pull my panties down. "You wanted to suck those hot guys on the walkway didn't you, you little faggot sissy slut."

I stammered that she was wrong, I wasn't gay.

"No!" she yelled as she started pulling my panties back up. "Let me make this clear to you sissy, admit you are a cock sucking slut and panties slip off and I will let you put your little clit inside me, or be an idiot and deny it, then your panties go up and you can walk home with blue balls. Got it bitch!? Admit you are a sissy faggot and panties go down, or be a damn pain in the ass liar and it is blue ball city, simple enough for you dumbass?!" Melissa shouted.

My horniness took over and so I said that I wanted to suck the jocks hard dicks. "Umm, yes I thought so she laughed. Will you drink their cum for me, please lil' sissy girl, right kitten?!" Again my reason was overcome by my growing need to get off. "YES!!" I proclaimed loudly in a pleading voice yearning for Mistress Melissa's attention.

She pulled my panties off and quickly removed both of our clothes. Melissa smiled as she got on top of me and guided my cock into her love channel. At first my penis missed its mark and slid past her opening and instead when up along her leg. "Oh, you know you want this, right kitten?" Melissa teased.

I gave her a confused look, then quickly said, "Uuhhh, yes!"

"Uh, you don't know if you want pussy? You sound unsure there little girl. Oh my god, are you a virgin? I mean it is OK if you are I just want the truth." Melissa continued her tormenting.

I again looked into her eyes and admitted that I was still a virgin after all these years. "Wow, cool!" she laughed. Then in a mocking voice she started to sing the Red Hot Chili Peppers song, "Breaking the girl," just to humiliate me further.

My new mistress reached back and grabbed my little sissy dick, then grinned like a Chester cat as she guided my cock inside of her. It was amazing to feel my cock push through her opening and slide into her hot wet cunt. Melissa slid up and down on my cock a few times then slowly leaned forward so we were face to face with her fucking me.

"So what kind of nasty fantasies does my little sissy kitten stroke herself to when you have your little girly hand wrapped around your tiny dick, humm bitch, and you better not fucking lie to me, tell me bitch! Don't hold back and don't you dare lie. As a matter of fact, I fucking command you to tell me your secrets, I know you don't want to reveal some things, but it will come out eventually and I will be very fucking pissed if you lie to me, got it you fucking little shit!"

She grabbed my hair under my wig and said, "Come on, speak, tell me what I want to know, you know you have to confess to mistress Melissa, right whore?!"

In a moment of amazing horniness with her warm wet cunt gripping my cock and her warm juices dripping onto my balls I lost all resistance and told Melissa that I masturbated primarily to cuckolding, humiliation, and also got off on latex fetish pictures and stories.

Melissa smiled, "God, we were made for each other."

Tears sprang to my eyes I was so happy she liked what I wanted and wanted my fantasies to come true. At the same time I was a bit worried that I wouldn't be able to handle one of my stroke stories from jumping from a harmless story online to reality, but it was a little late to put the cat back in the back in the bag if it was too much.

Melissa started moaning and started chanting, "My own little cuckold sissy slut, oh god yes, yes!"

I could feel her vaginal muscles tightening around my cock as I felt my own orgasm building. My cock swelled inside of Melissa as I climaxed inside of my mistress. Jets of sperm shooting inside of her sent her over the edge and she started screaming as she climaxed at almost the same time.

During the winter break from classes, Melissa and I spent the days talking and having sex many times each day. I was amazed at how sexual she was. She constantly told me about her previous boyfriends and compared my dick to theirs. I couldn't get enough of

her humiliating me on my inadequate pecker. On the Friday of our first week off, we were in the lunch hall again, this time Melissa's long term friend Jenni joined us.

I sat down with my new usual meal of a salad, ice tea with no sweetener, and some vitamins Melissa wanted me to take. "So," Jenni started, "Melissa tells me that you are her sex slave and you like to be dominated by a beautiful bossy women."

I couldn't believe that Melissa had told her about our situation. My reddening face told her that what Melissa had told her was indeed true. As Melissa sat down at the table, she commanded, "Well answer my friend slut!" I admitted that I loved Melissa's humiliation and I was totally in love with my mistress.

Jenni laughed and added that Melissa told her about my small cock and how I liked to wear panties. My face was bright red and mistress commanded me to show Jenni my panties. Jenni broke out laughing when she saw my pink panties. "Well, Ok, Jenni said, "Whatever makes you happy."

She continued to debase me by adding, "Melissa is right, all I can see is a tiny bump in your panties, without that tiny bump no one would mistake you for a man."

Melissa turned to Jenni and they talked about how they loved to dress up in provocative outfits and drive guys nuts. We should do that tonight, Jenni and added, "I would love to tease boys plus if I find a real man," Melissa turned to look me right in the face and added, "I could fuck his brains out."

Still looking at me my mistress added, "You want me to have real dick, right? Plus if you're good I could let you watch, you know you might learn something."

I was totally humiliated, but I wanted to see my princess happy even if it hurt me. I was jealous but excited by the idea of Melissa making love to another man. The idea made me very excited, but for some reason my cock remained soft. After our dinner we went to Melissa's dorm room and prepared for our night out on the town.

Melissa had me wear the same outfit I had originally met her in on our first "date" except now she added a white garter belt and white fishnet stocking. "Ouch" I said as my bra rubbed past my nipple, "Man my chest is sensitive all of a sudden."

Jenni spoke up, "That's probably a side effect of the female hormones."

Melissa shot a pissed off look at Jenni, and said, "I was going to tell him about that later."

"Oh crap, I am so sorry Melissa!" Jenni pleaded.

"Well, we better let this little bitch on to what is really gong on. I have been giving you female hormones telling you that they are vitamins and the moisturizer you have been rubbing into your body from head to foot is from a transformation website and is packed

with the maximum amount of estrogen possible.

"I figured that you wouldn't mind being a bit more feminine plus, it might make what I have to tell you a bit less jealous if you don't have all that nasty testosterone going through your veins. This week my old boyfriend called me. He is an older gentleman but, he has a nice big fat cock and is very experienced. I love fucking him and we are going to meet him tonight."

It was almost too much to process at one time. I was angry, jealous, nervous about the effects of the female hormones, and horny all mixed together, basically a cocktail of emotions.

I kept thing about Melissa with her old boyfriend the entire way to the clubs around D.C. At a bar in Georgetown we met up with the infamous Bill. He was an older guy, and I could tell why Melissa liked him, he was clean cut, sophisticated, and very confident. You know, basically everything I wasn't. I noticed that the bar we were in, was a mixed bar with straight and gay sections.

Jenni grabbed my hand as Bill and Melissa went to a booth and stared making out.

"Come on!! Let's leave them alone, plus I want to check out all the hot gay guys, maybe I can convert one of them," she laughed. We sat down at the bar and Jenni told me to turn sideways and push my chest out. As I did, she mentioned how my breasts were already starting to grow. Your breasts should be about one cup smaller than your sister's."

I gave her a panicked look and told her that my sister was a double D.

"Well you should have some big hooters soon," she stated while laughing. A guy sitting next to us broke in, "I am sorry but I couldn't help but over hear some of your conversation. Are you a she-male? Before I could say anything Jenni answered for me.

"Chrissy is already on female hormones, but isn't sure how far she will take things right now."

He exclaimed, "That is so cool! We get a lot of drag queens in Dupont Circle, but not too many people are willing to take the extra step and start getting permanent things like breasts. Let me buy you girls a drink," he said in a nonchalant tone.

He got Jenni and I a Manhattan, then turned to his friends and told them about me. After two drinks he asked me to go out on the dance floor. Jenni wouldn't let me answer no. "Melissa wants you to have some fun too, girl," she grinned wildly as she said this.

I went out on the dance floor with a third drink as Melissa joined Jenni at the gay section of the bar. As I danced with my "date" I watched Bill openly fingering Melissa at the bar. I was getting turned on by my "date" constantly telling me how pretty I was and grinding his hard cock into my softening feminine butt.

Melissa brought Bill out onto the dance floor and she gave me another drink as she passed by. She then started to passionately french-kiss Bill and I could see his hands roaming over her body. I was somewhat jealous, but amazed how aggressive and brazen Bill was in public.

Bill looked at me and told Melissa he could see why she still needed him, "You are pretty much a sissy boy aren't you, god you almost look like a woman, ha, ha." He added insult to injury and continued his humiliation of me, "Do you want to see a real man fuck your girlfriend? My face was burning with humiliation.

Melissa spoke up, "Go on sissy slave show Bill your small dick," as she said this, she laughed and pressed Bills pants tight around his impressive cock. "Slave tell him that you have a small girly cock and would like for your mistress to enjoy a real man for a change," she commanded.

My face turned several shades of red as I followed my mistress's orders and stated, "I have a small cock and would like for Melissa to enjoy a real man's cock." Melissa smiled as Bill pushed her down to his crotch. She took Bill's cock out and said that I should follow along with my boyfriend. The guy I was dancing with got a huge smile on his face and pushed me down onto my knees.

I am not sure if it was the drinks or the humiliation but I didn't want to displease my mistress. I pulled out his cock, and followed Melissa's lead. I watched as Melissa sucked up and down on Bill's hard member, every once in a while she would stop to concentrate on the head of his cock and run her tongue around the head of his fuck-stick.

My new friend pushed his hard cock down my throat and I felt someone pushing my panties down. I wanted to see who was behind me, but all I could see was the man's cock I was sucking. God what a slut, Melissa said as she decided to take things a bit further with Bill. She stopped sucking his cock and told him to fuck her and to not pull out until he had shot a nice load of cum in her cunt. I felt a cock slipping into my ass as I continued to suck the cock in front of me. Melissa pretty much kept pace with me until Bill started to moan.

Melissa turned and laughed at me, "You're so pretty my little cuckold slut." I hope you enjoy watching your girlfriend getting knocked up by a real man. I looked quizzically at her as she said this. "This is your last test, plus you have been the one taking all my birth control pills to femininize you. I could only look on with amazement as I watched Bill cum in my mistress' pussy, shooting his fertile seed deep into my unprotected mistress's uterus.

As Bill climaxed my boyfriend shot his load into my mouth, and my apparent second "friend" came in my sissy pussy. I came with my worthless cuckold sperm shooting onto the dance floor. Billed looked over at me and said that my sissy sperm belonged on the

floor and not inside of a women. Bill, Jenni, and Melissa all laughed as Jenni added, "No, babies for the sissy faggot, like any women would want sissy faggot genes."

After that night Bill let Melissa and myself move into his large vacation house, located on a private beach in Hawaii. Melissa continued my feminization and my new boyfriend introduced me to my new job as a she-male porn star, of course taking all the profits and sharing them with Bill and Melissa. He had videotaped the entire dance floor sex scene with me taking on two men at once, and then he made the video available on all of his numerous gay porn websites.

Once word got around that I was a feminized she-male starring in my own porn video, my old life was pretty much over with. Knowing that there wasn't too much hope of me finding gainful employment outside of the porn industry, I resigned myself to my fate and spent my days starring in she-male porn videos and my nights serving mistress Melissa and her many lovers. Life is good ;)

END



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