

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

The Sissy Girly Game

BECOMING THE INNER GIRL



TERRY MASTERS

The Sissy Girly Game

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Original story written by Sissy Kimmy and submitted to Unicorn Tales 2018. Updated and edited by Terry Masters

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Let's Play Ballerina



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

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

"Quiet Jimmy, the decision is final," my Mom replied.

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

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

It all started years ago.

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

The rules of the game were simple. The game started when one of us (always my sister) would yell, "Let's play the Sissy-Girly

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

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

“Put it on,” she ordered me.

With tears in my eyes and blushing cheeks, I stood shivering in anxiety before her as she handed me a pair of pink satin panties. As I held them in my hand, I realized I could not possibly let her do this to me. I dropped them and tried to run out of the room. She caught me and dragged me back. She twisted my arm again until I was screaming and begging her to stop. She held me down and put the panties on me by force. My little sister had beaten me up and forced me to wear her panties. My resistance was broken and she made me say, “I’m a prissy little sissy-girly and I want everyone to know it!” again before letting me up.

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

“You can’t make me wear your clothes. I’m your older brother. It’s not right,” I complained.

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

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

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

After a few hours, she realized our parents were coming home soon and ordered me to undress. She saw I had left a wet spot on her panties from my arousal and glared at me in anger.

"Samantha, when you borrow someone's clothes you can't go making a mess in them! I think it's cute you're enjoying yourself though. I'll have to think of a solution for that icky little problem though. I can't wait for the next time we play!"

I frowned, "Next time?"

She nodded.

Let's Play Princess Bedwetter



Back in the present time, I squirmed with the memory. Her solution to my little arousal problem was the GoodNites I now wore.

The door opened and I saw the woman who would be my new guardian. She was an extremely stern-faced, middle-aged woman with black hair held up in a tight bun. She wore a rather plain black dress. She looked like a tough disciplinarian. She greeted my parents and my sister and escorted them in. I stood behind on the doorstep shaking in fear.

She looked down at me and crossed her arms. "Samantha, come inside this instant!"

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

"Yes, Mother," she corrected me.

"Yes, Mother," I replied with a pout.

Her name was Mrs. Julia Donovan and she had officially adopted me. My parents had disowned me because of my girly ways and she had been looking to adopt a boy like that for quite some time. I was warned this would happen if I didn't stop my "self-sissification" but there was nothing I could do. My sister wouldn't stop playing her awful game with me. We sat in the living room while my parents chatted with my new mother. I thought more about how I ended up in this mess.



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

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

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

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

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

The woman at the counter could barely contain her laughter. I stared at the ground and wished I was anywhere else. As instructed,

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I responded, “No thank you,” in a nervous, stuttering voice when asked if I wanted my purchases bagged.

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

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



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

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

And that's how my new life began.