No Longer a Secret

A Little Sissy Story for a Little Sissy Boy

By Maryanne Peters

Every secret sissy boy should have a mommy who is into womanless beauty contests. That way, she gets to lead her little sissy into a world of lace and ruffles where everything smells like roses. Well, almost everything.

A mommy like that will coax her little boy and be grateful for every step taken towards increasing femininity. A secret sissy boy will say: “I would do anything for you Mommy – you know that don’t you?” And she would give one of those special tight mommy hugs, where you can feel her soft breasts against your chest and wish they were yours.

Every secret sissy boy should grow his hair long enough, so he does not have to wear a wig. The problem with a wig is when you take it off, you are not a girl anymore. Boo hoo! You want it long enough for curlers, or at least long enough to anchor extensions – the kind that does not come out. The kind that forces a secret sissy boy to have beautiful girly hair right up until the contest.

Maybe a little show of resistance, because that it was regular boys are supposed to do: “Aw Mom! Do you have to?” But inside a secret sissy boy is saying: “I just love the smell of the setting solution and the feeling of the curlers pulling on my hair”.

A secret sissy boy needs a mommy with an eye for style and the money to buy it. Not modern style – I mean classical style – puffy blouses with embroidery; the lovely lacy floor length skirts that form a cloud of utter femininity about a girl; something to flounce or twirl in; something to tuck under a sissy boy’s girly butt when she sits, demurely.

A secret sissy boy keeps his body clear of all that horrible body hair, but tries not to let on that he has been to work with a shaver or tweezers. He might say: “I guess I just don’t grow hair like other boys”. But what is he thinking when he runs his own hands over his smooth body? It feels just like a girl’s body, that’s what.

And a body that smooth can only wear the very best underwear. Anything else would feel like sandpaper. We are talking silk and lace, and soft little cups in the bra that might hold little mounds of gel now, but someday will hold a secret sissy boys own flesh, grown by hormones to be soft and pale like the bud of some pink rose, just waiting to be nuzzled.

A secret sissy boy works hard to look after the complexion on the face. Face washes and secret creams and night masks. A boy might dirty his face a little during the day, but a secret sissy boy wants to look his best at bedtime when it is time to pull out the eye makeup and lipstick just so see how pretty a little secret sissy boy can be.

But let mommy put it one before the show. This boy’s beauty is her fantasy. Let her live it. That is what good secret sissy boys do.

But let her think that it is shock, that first glimpse in the mirror. But it is orgasm – or almost – so close. Perhaps put a little condom over the tiny penis just in case. You would not want to make a mess of that gorgeous dress, would you?

“Mom! What have you done? I don’t look like a boy at all! I look like a girl.”

But inside, this is a dream come true for every secret sissy boy. Not just looking like a girl, but being a girl. With my hair in curls. Oh I wish it was longer, and pinned up on my head. Maybe with a jewelled clip, and tendrils hanging down, but clear at the nape so that I might let a boy nuzzle me there – but only if he treats me right!

Best not to show off your moves too soon. This is her idea, remember. A secret sissy boy is just going along with it to please her. Save you moves for the show, and then afterwards for the boys. Confuse them. Make them wonder why they find a sissy boy so much more captivating than just an ordinary girl.

Captivating is the look you are going for. Grab them by the cocks and hold them captive. One day. Maybe one day very soon.

Every secret sissy boy wants to be desired. That means you have won. Ordinary girls have what boys want. Sissy boys have to make boys want what they shouldn’t really want at all. Ooh.

Make mommy proud. When she drives you to the show and attends to you in the waiting area, you want her to feel that her son is the prettiest girl in the room. Maybe a little look of uncertainty to the other boys: “What are we doing here?” Could any of them be a secret sissy boy like me? Are any of them wearing girly panties like me?

I wonder if their penises are as small as a secret sissy’s should be? Small enough so she can say to her boyfriend: “That’s not really a penis. It is just a clitoris with a hole in the end. You can tickle it, or lick it if you like. Or just ignore it. I will make sure you never notice it, because you will be screaming with joy.”

You know it is Brad I am talking about. We have been practising, but only dancing. For the other stuff I practice alone. Just me and Mr D. You know who I am talking about.

Mommy said: Stephie, don’t you think Brad deserves a kiss for being such a good dance partner?”

As I turned toward her in confusion Brad took matters in his hands and bent down (I loved that he was so tall) and crushed me in a passionate kiss which left me gasping. Mommy was utterly delighted and actually started to cry a little bit.

Every secret sissy boy should have a mommy who wants to see her new daughter happy. For a sissy happiness is being in the arms of a good man. So of course Brad is allowed to escort me home, and to come up to my room to help me move the bookcase, or hang a picture, or do something else that men do that secret sissy boys are hopeless at.

Secret sissy boys have other things that they do well, as Brad knows.

A good mommy might just say in the morning: “Moving that bookcase last night was very noisy. I thought maybe you might have dropped it on your toe.”

And a secret sissy boy might give her a little smile.

And a secret sissy boy might say: “Mommy. I am not a secret sissy boy anymore. I’m a girl now.”

What would Mommy say? How happy would she be? Not as happy as me, that’s for sure.

The End

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