Easy Bake Sissy

by andlat

Colten had never really expected to enjoy Home Ec. After all, it was girl stuff, wasn't it? Homemaking, sewing, baking, all that girly stuff. It did not help that he was the only guy in the class. What were the odds of…

The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

Easy Bake Sissy

Colten had never really expected to enjoy Home Ec. After all, it was girl stuff, wasn't it? Homemaking, sewing, baking, all that girly stuff. It did not help that he was the only guy in the class. What were the odds of that? It just proved that it was girl stuff.

His thoughts on it quickly changed as he realized he had a gift for baking. The teacher, as amazed as he was, constantly sang his praises. If he had been gracious in victory, it would have been fine, but each and every praise only puffed him up more. When the teacher announced that they would be holding a friendly competition to close out the baking unit, some of the other students decided that Colten had to be take down a peg. Or three.

Colten got to class early to prepare his dough. He was going to make pecan hand pies and wanted to make sure that everything was perfect for them. As three of the other students walked in, he barely even looked up. Was it almost time for class already?

"Hey, Colten."

"Hey." He smirked at Carla. "Ready to lose?" Carla smirked right back, the intensity of her eyes unnerving him.

"Well, about that, Colten." She said, breaking her stare to glance at her friends. "We thought that, since you're like so

totally going to win, you need a handicap."

"A handicap?"

"Yep. If you still win, you'll really get to rub it in."

"What kind of handicap?"

"Oh, nothing major." Colten became aware of a few other girls coming into the room. Still no sign of the teacher. "Are you looking for Mrs. Zamoyski? Oh, we've got her distracted. She won't be here until it's too late."

"Too late?" The words had barely left his lips before the girls pounced on him. Colten tried to get free, to call for help, anything, but he could do nothing as the girls stripped him naked, laughing at his nudity.

"Let's get our little baker dressed!"

"Let me go! What's going on?" Colten stammered as he saw his clothes disappear behind the girls, boxers and all.

"We're getting you dressed, sweet pea." Carla said as the girls slipped a pair of panties up his legs. "Lookit! Pretty pink panties, all frilly and prissy!" Colten tried to fight, but he could do nothing as a pair of fluffy white tights followed the panties up his legs.

The horrified boy could only stare at the tights for a moment before his entire world became pink material as an enormous pink dress fell over his head. The voluminous skirt exploded around his waist, preventing him from seeing his feet. He cried out as a pair of patent leather shoes were forced onto his

feet and buckled tightly.

"Beauty is pain, princess." Carla teased.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because you're a little jerk about how good you are at baking, so we're eliminating the competition." Carla explained with a wicked grin. "Put his wig on." The wig matched Colten's blond hair almost eerily well, but it was long and styled in ringlets. Almost as soon as it had settled on his head, it was pulled into pigtails with big pink ribbons holding them in place.

"Please." He whispered as he saw his sissy reflection in the mirror. That could not be him, but he knew it was, even before the girls put lipstick on him.

"Here's what you're going to do, Colten. You're going to tell Mrs. Zamoyski that you are dropping out of the competition then you're going to sit right here where everyone can see you for the full class, understand?" Colten nodded, horrified. "But don't worry, we know how little prissy sissy girly girls like you love to bake, so while the big girls are baking," she turned and pointed to a plastic box that one of the other girls held. "You'll be making something yummy in this Easy Bake oven. We wouldn't want you to burn your little fingers, now would we?" Colten's head spun, but somehow, Carla was not done yet. "Then, when the winner's announced, you'll prance over and give the winner a proper sissy kiss on the cheek."

"But"

"If you don't, we'll just keep you like this all day. Imagine going to all of your classes like a prissy little sissykins." She smirked and pulled on one of his curls. "What choice do you have?"