My Sissy Cousin

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2022

Chapter 1

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"What did I tell you?" She demanded from the boy on the ground. "Hmm?"

"Your mom said I could come out here and play with you." He stammered.

"But what did I tell you at breakfast, little cousin?"

"To" he sputtered. "To spend all day playing with Emily."

"That's right." She smirked to her friends. "Tell all my friends why."

"Because... cuz she's a little girl and knows the right games to play with me."

"And why's that?"

"Because..." He whimpered, humiliated that a girl three years younger than him had pinned him to the ground so easily.

"Are you a boy?"

"No" he whispered.

"Tell all my friends what you are, little cus." She said with a wicked grin. "Nice and loud, right at the top of your little lungs."

"I'm a sissy!" He yelled. He felt tears welling up in his eyes, but knew those would only prove his bully of a cousin right.

"That's right. Now, what should we do to help you remember that?" He lay there, petrified. She smirked. "Got it. You go right inside and ask, no, beg, Emily to dress you up like a princess. Panties, princess dress, the works."

"But"

"No buts, sissy. Panties, princess dress, and nail polish. If I have to come in there and make you, I'll be very angry, understand?" She patted his cheek. "So be a good little sissy and do that for me, kay?" He whimpered. "Once you're all nice and pretty, I want you to come out here and show me and all my friends." They snickered at the thought, his bottom lip trembling nervously. "Well?"

"Ok..." he whispered.

"Good sissy. A sissy must always look his prettiest, shouldn't he?" She smiled and was about to let him get up when she thought better of it. "Repeat that back to me." She pushed down on his shoulders to persuade him to obey.

"A sissy... must always look his prettiest."

"I'm glad you think so." She cooed, as if he was a small child or animal in her care. "You're visiting for a whole week and I plan for that to be your mantra"

"What?"

"Yep. You'll be my good little sissy all week long. Did you know Emily takes ballet? You'll simply have to join her classes this week, won't you? That's what a good sissy would

do."

"I'm not"

"No, you're not." She agreed. "Not yet, at least." She pulled him to his feet. "Give me a week though." She patted his butt, smiling. "Go on. Skip inside like a good sissy."