



"BET I CAN FEMINIZE MY BROTHER!"

by

CLAIRE BEAR & COURTNEY CAPTISA

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Claire Bear & Courtney Captisa

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CHAPTER ONE

Sun Kissed

Sasha places her hand down from her black hair to the side of her stomach by her pierced naval. She can hear her friends Hannah and Mandy swimming in her pool as Gwen lies on the chair next to her catching the August sun. It is the most comfortable day this week in central Missouri, and there is light sweat around the top of her forehead. She chose to wear a Byzantium-colored bikini today which compliments her tan skin. Gwen is wearing sunglasses as well but is wearing a forest green colored bikini with a bit more coverage around her breasts and ass to compliment her fair skin and red hair.

Although they have different personalities, the two have been friends since elementary school. They have both known Hannah and Mandy since middle school and often spend their summers by the pool, on the lake or riding bikes through the town. All of the girls are about to enter their senior year of high school and are excited to have one last summer of fun together.

Sasha lies back in the deck chair, her large oval sunglasses not enough to keep her closing her eyes from the bright sunshine. Being the head cheerleader at school had stressed her out plenty enough throughout the school year. Now, she just wants a small rest; though a small chime from the table next to her breaks her peaceful mood.

Rolling over to one side and picking up her phone that is never out of an ear or even touching distance, she flips up her shades before reading the latest alert on her Facebook app.

Gwen turns towards Sasha, "I don't know how you are always so glued to that."

Sasha replies, "It was just my mom tagging me in something again, ugh." Even though she is annoyed by the interruption, she continues to scroll through her news feed to see what everyone else is up to. She sees several lunch ideas, people playing with kids, cat photos and checkins. Within seconds, she sees a status in all caps.

She leans forward in her chair and takes her sunglasses off to get a better view.

"What is it?" asks Gwen.

"This fucking bitch, I swear!"

Gwen leans forward as well now that her friend is cussing.

"It's Tiffany causing drama again," she says about her 16-year-old brother's girlfriend. "She is going on and on..."

The tone in Sasha's voice changes to a more condescending tone with a fake accent, "Y'all

haters best leave me and Christian alone! We are in love and you can stop trying to come between us cause y'all jealous you single. Leave us alone!"

Sasha changes back to her normal voice, "I know she's talking about me..."

Gwen replies with a hand gesture, "That girl such a bitch. She thinks she's hot stuff when she's just 15."

Hearing the commotion from the pool, Hannah and Mandy swim over as fast as possible, eager to be in on the news. Still scrolling down her feed, Sasha's face shows her contempt.

Climbing out and grabbing her pink VS towel, Mandy wraps it around her slender frame and floral bikini. Redoing her platinum blonde hair in a ponytail quickly before excitedly jumping down on Sasha's lounge.

"What's got you all moody?" she asks, with a coy smile, hoping to stir something up.

Before she can reply, Gwen butts in putting her arm on Mandy's shoulder, "Well, Tiffany... you know... Christian's girl. She started saying shit on Facebook about Sasha. Saying she's jealous and against her because she's single."

"But didn't you try breaking them up before?" asks Hannah.

"Yes, but my brother won't listen to me at all. He's sixteen and just wants a girlfriend right now it seems because he can't logically think this girl is nice."

"Find him someone else?" Mandy suggests.

"You've met Christian, he's pretty immature, and it's difficult," says Sasha as an excuse.

"We could always just storm her page," says Hannah.

"I don't want to get in trouble again..." Sasha responds while looking back at her phone.

Gwen replies, "Things seem to be so much easier with sisters."

Mandy laughs, "Unless you have a sister like Tiffany!"

The group shares a laugh. Of the entire group, each has at least one teen brother close in age. Hannah also has two older sisters and Gwen has one older sister.

Joining the other three girls huddled around Sasha like she's a celebrity, Hannah stretches out and gets ready for a little sunbathing. Her long brunette hair is screening her face from both sides giving her a tousled look.

“You two are lucky at least you have sisters as well as dumb brothers. Sasha and I have to deal with their shit only,” Mandy says, grabbing some suntan lotion and applying a little to her arms.

“Right?! Ugh, don’t even get me started with Christian, his dumb girlfriend, his stupid little friends and the staying up late at night playing loud video games. I can’t even...”

Mandy smiles when having a thought about her 15-year-old brother, “Marc has never had a girlfriend and doesn’t really seem to show any effort since he’s so shy. I’m really wondering if he may be gay because he’s like so skinny and artistic.”

Hannah covers her mouth laughing and rocks back and forth a bit, “I thought the same thing about James. He’s like the same size as me probably because we are Irish twins. I’m surprised those two don’t hang out more often together.”

“Oh my god!” says Sasha with much excitement.

The other girls look at her without saying a word.

Bolting upright again, Sasha almost knocks Mandy into the pool, holding her phone out and trying to show everyone.

“Woah, watch it! What the hell caused that reaction?” Mandy says, doing a quick check of her hair and bikini top.

“Can’t you read!” Sasha exclaims, waving her phone around so fast it’s barely more than a blur, “The county fair womanless pageant is back this year!”

“Well yeah, it’s every year Sasha....And what the hell got you so excited about that? It’s not exactly RuPaul’s Drag Race!” Gwen replies, smiling like a smartass.

“Ugh yeah, it’s usually just hairy weird dudes doing it, I actually think my friend’s cousin did it a few years ago...” Hannah says, looking up from her own phone.

Sasha practically shouts, “That’s kinda my point! So like every year it’s lame, but we could make it so much better!”

“So you are going to enter yourself?” says Hannah.

“Very funny...”

Mandy speaks up, “So you are saying we should enter our brothers?”

“YES!” shouts Sasha. “I’m pretty sure that little bitch Tiffany is going to be THRILLED to see her boyfriend is a dress. Plus, this will be fun. It says on here they are looking for boys to enter who are 14-18 years old and in the county.”

“Two little problems with your master plan, firstly why the hell would they agree to do it? And secondly, why would I let my brother borrow and ruin my clothes?” Gwen asks, knowing her brother; the typical jock type, would flat out refuse. Not to mention rip her dress in half.

“I’m actually kinda up for this,” Mandy says grabbing Sasha’s phone and checking out the details, “but we’d need all four to do it, or it wouldn’t be fun. How about a bet?!”

Always full of great plans and priding herself on being a leader Sasha speaks up, “How about whoever gets their brother to be the girliest and win the pageant gets their car paid by the other three for the rest of the year? Gas and all!”

“Yeah right! That’s a lot of money!” Mandy complains.

“Not everyone comes from a rich family Sasha!” says Gwen.

Hannah states her opinion, “I do like the idea of betting something with a car though since my parents are making me pay for my own.”

“Okay, what if we do just each loser has to pay for one money of the winner’s car just for three months, so like one will do September, the other October, last November and then call it a day. No gas or anything.”

“That’s much better!” says Gwen.

Hannah smiles, “This is going to be so much fun! I’ve always wanted a little sister.”

Gwen speaks up, “One thing though, how are we supposed to judge who is the girliest? I mean I know plenty of girls who like are girly but don’t dress it and others who dress it but are really boring and tomboyish.”

“I’m assuming if one of them wins? Especially since pageants have judges,” says Sasha.

“What if none of them win?” asks Gwen.

Sasha says, “Oh come on, that is NOT going to happen. You have four pretty real girls helping boys crossdress. One of our brothers is definitely going to win as long as we put effort into it. There’s only a few weeks, but we can train them.”

“But if they don’t, I mean if like someone gets eliminated first round but another makes it to first runner up?” asks Hannah.

The girls banter for a bit before Sasha speaks up taking control again, “Okay, one of them HAS to win or all bets are off, how about that?”

“Agreed,” they say in unison.

CHAPTER TWO

James/Jasmine

Later that night as the household fell silent, Hannah prepared Stage One of her master plan. She was already on board with Sasha's plan the moment she heard it, but the added incentive of having a car free for a few months kicked her into high gear. Carefully grabbing all the things she had masterfully schemed of using and putting them in a bag she opened her bedroom door, cursing the loud creak that seemed to fill the whole hallway.

Thankfully for her ballet lessons as a young girl, she tiptoes silently across, her goal in front of her and determined, only pausing briefly as a floorboard betrays her position.

Opening the door slightly, Hannah sees her brother James sleeping with his mouth open lying on his side as she turns on his nightstand lamp. She knows he is a deep sleeper as he has often slept through loud noises in the house and always takes awhile to get out the bed each morning. He is lightly snoring as she takes out a pink shade of lipstick.

She figures this is a great place to start, as his mouth is open and prepared. Carefully, she graces his bottom lip with some of her Urban Decay shade and has a hard time not bursting into laughter at the thought of how he will look.

As she finishes applying the light pink shade, still struggling to hold back the fit of laughter, she drops it back in the bag before taking out her eye shadow box. Opening it up loudly by accident and watching her brother turn slightly and kiss his lips together a few times causes a few more giggles. Eventually, she picks a light purple and applies it before going over it with a little glitter. She grabs the last bit of makeup and finished his face off with a little blush to bring out his cheeks a little.

Quite proud of her handy work considering the circumstances, she smiles before grabbing her next implement of torture, pink sparkly nail polish. Lifting the blanket back and off his feet, she set about doing each nail evenly. Grimacing at having to be so close to his feet, Hannah perseveres for the greater good. Leaning over the bag, ready to put the bottle away she spies his hand dangling teasingly off the edge of the bed. Ten more fresh neon pink nails later, she checks back in the bag.

She grabs a small bottle of Versace Bright Crystal and sprays his hair, neck and waist with the scent. He now smells like a girl wearing a hint of pomegranate and Magnolia fragrance. She is surprised that he is not at least awakened by the strong scent of femininity. It's around this time that she wishes she had a wig that was suitable for him. With the pageant only a few weeks away, she wonders if his hair can grow a little more so it can at least be styled like a girl. Pulling a teddy bear out of the bag, she places it under one of his arms and starts taking pictures with her cell phone. Seeing him looking like a little girl makes her laugh out loud.

James wakes up very groggy and feels out of touch with the present world. He rolls over to his side and falls back asleep, leaving the bear to the other side of him. Hannah climbs on his bed to put the bear back on his other side. Feeling her weight on him causes him to wake up again.

Blinking a few times before opening his eyes ever so slightly, he moans out a little pushing her with his hand. "... What are you doing...?"

"Shhhh James, I'm not doing anything. You're just having a weird dream..." she manages to get out between little coughs from trying to hide the laughter. A little glint in her eye and smirk later however she adds, "Could you do me a favor though...."

"...What... I'm sleeping?" He closes his eyes again and rolls over gently on his other side.

"I just need to get you dressed properly for bed. You're still wearing your day clothes."

"Fine Mom...Whatever, just let me sleep," he says, still mostly asleep, his body just on autopilot while his brain rests and thinking Hannah is their mom.

Hannah hands him a pair of PJ soft cotton pink shorts from Forever 21 with numerous lipstick cases on them. Without thinking, he slides them up his legs and covers his boxers. He doesn't notice that they are a little tight on him. Since he usually sleeps in just boxers, Hannah thinks it would be a great time to have him wear a cute girly PJ top and will worry about getting him into a bra tomorrow. She has already laid out a few old dresses that she doesn't wear anymore for him in her room and can't wait to see what they will look like on him.

The PJ shirt for her princess brother is appropriate for the setting and is a white tank top with pink lettering reading, 'I WOKE UP LIKE THIS.' He doesn't notice it's a feminine tank top and slides it on without opening his eyes. The shirt comes down to a little above his naval and Hannah gets the idea that it may be best if they make a trip to the mall soon to get a few piercings if they are allowed.

Almost glowing with pride for how well she had done, Hannah packs her things and made sure it was all in the bag. Once again grabbing the pink fluffy bear and as carefully as a surgeon placed it between his arm and chest until he hugs it close. Picking up her phone, she couldn't stop laughing as she took well over a dozen pics, close ups and all. After getting the evidence, she turns off the light and heads to the door, whispering as she closes it, "Goodnight Lil Sis."

CHAPTER THREE

Bradley/Ariel

The next morning, Gwen is having breakfast in the kitchen when her brother Bradley walks in. He is wearing an American Apparel tank top and RVCA shorts, his summer uniform since he likes showing off his body. He is 6'1" and muscular from playing sports in school and lifting weights. He heads straight to the fridge as he enters the room without saying 'Hi' to his sister. She stares at him as he walks across the kitchen, carefully thinking to make sure this is the best way to get him into the pageant.

She waits until he grabs a bowl of cereal and joins her at the table. Without saying anything to her still, he pulls out his phone.

"I have a favor to ask you..."

"What is it," he responds.

"Were you thinking of going to the county fair later this month?"

"Maybe with some friends to hang out, why?"

"Have you ever thought of being in it?"

"We were thinking of entering a team into that pig wrestling contest this year."

Sighing at the thought of him getting muddy and rough when she needs him to be spotless and dainty she responds, "As much fun as that sounds, I thought maybe you could enter a contest?"

"Pig wrestling is a contest... but what else is there? Weightlifting or something?" He asked, drinking straight from the carton of Orange Juice before trying to burp.

'This is not going well,' she thought to herself, "Well, no it's nothing as stupid as those things. It's actually something only a real guy could win..."

"Oh yeah?! And what's that?"

"Hmmm, actually you know what nevermind," Gwen replied, turning away from him just to hide her mischievous smirk.

"What!? No way, now you have to tell me! I bet I'll win it," Bradley claimed confidently.

"Have you ever seen that womanless pageant they put on?"

Bradley paused, "You can't be serious..."

She smiles, "I think you should enter."

Bradley laughs and points to his muscles, "That's funny, do you really think I'm going to do well in a dress."

"You've seen some of those other guys there before I think who are like tall and have beards and crap."

"Why do you want me to enter something like this? That's some Bruce Jenner shit."

Knowing her brother and knowing there is no real way he would agree to this without knowing the truth and having something in it for himself, she resigns herself to giving an incentive. "Fine, I'll be honest me and the girls have this bet going on who can get their brother to win the pageant."

Bradley smirks, "And? I love ya Sis, but I don't love you enough to put on a dress..."

"But... the bet would save me a lot of money. And if I have more money, you could too..." She moved closer to her brother laying on all of her sisterly charm.

"How much money?" Bradley asks apprehensively.

"Well, I wouldn't have to pay for my car for three whole months, gas and all. Which would mean I could give you lifts anywhere you want too..."

"I dunno Sis. It seems a little, you know... gay as hell."

Sensing she is breaking him down, Gwen went for broke, "What's gay about helping your sister save money? Besides, how gay would it be if I got you a date with one of my friends?"

"Ha, you know I have plenty of girls all over me at school. Sasha is hot, but you know since you've been friends forever she's like a sister to me as well."

"What will it take then?"

Bradley pauses for a moment, "I'll do it?"

"What! Really?" Gwen says in shock and somewhat disbelief.

"Yeah, just know that I may need a big favor from you at some point!"

Gwen frowns knowing she can't always get something for nothing. "That's fine, but you really have to listen to me because our contest is about who is the most feminine and if you don't win all bets are off!"

He smiles, "This is going to be hilarious."

"Just please take it somewhat seriously. I mean, have you ever thought about what it would be like to be a girl?"

"FUCK NO! I'm completely straight, and there's no way I would deal with all that drama and having periods and shit."

"Ugh you're such an idiot, I didn't mean think about stuff like that. I meant wearing dresses, makeup, shoes, all that good stuff!"

"Good stuff? I wouldn't call any of that good stuff. Though how hard can dressing like a chick be, you do it," he laughs, grabbing the milk bottle on the table.

Leaning forward, Gwen stopping him from taking a swig straight from the jug, "I didn't mean it was just about dressing. Being feminine is much more than that as you'll find out. First things first; act like a lady!"

"Hey, I said I'd help you win a bet. Didn't say I'd act like a flaming queer."

"Well, we're never going to win if you act like that!" she says cutting him off.

"Maybe I can act like some of your friends and just be a catty bitch."

"Ugh, you'll never understand. Maybe we should just work on looks a little. Are you going anywhere today?"

"Going to meet the guys around 1."

"Good, that gives us some time. Are you all done eating? Let's go upstairs."

In Gwen's room, Bradley is greeted to a floor filled with dirty clothes and their Himalayan cat Peppy on the bed on another heap of clothing. His sister starts making her way to the closet to rummage through some dresses.

"Um Gwen, I have a really good question for you."

"What's that?" she replies still looking through her closet.

“Are your clothes going to grow magically?! You know I’m like seven inches taller and about sixty more pounds than you, right?”

Gwen turns and smiles, “That’s why I think maybe one of these stretch fabric dresses may be best first.”

“This should be fun...” Bradley says sarcastically.

"But before the dress...." Gwen giggles a little to his confusion before turning around holding some small polka dot blue fabric.

"Hell no! I'll wear a dress and a wig, but there's no way I'm wearing your fucking panties..." Bradley shouts, backing away.

"Oh, what's the big deal? It's the same damn fabric as your boxers just a different cut. Besides, there's no way if you're wearing a tight dress that you can wear boxers. Right?"

"... I guess that's true. The bra is fine but can't I just go commando?"

"Ewww! Oh my god no! First, you're going to be wearing my dress and secondly, you'd get arrested at the fair!" Gwen says while scolding him and stepping forward to force them into his hand.

His sister’s panties feel just as soft as the last panties he touched on a girl. He’s more nervous now about the fact that he actually has to wear them.

“What, do you want me to strip naked in front of you?”

“I’ll look back in the closet.”

Bradley pulls down his pants and takes off his boxers only a few feet from his sister and hesitates to slide her Aerie thong up his leg. He is barely able to stretch them at first but then runs into some issues at his thigh. He knows they will be way too tight and will ride up his ass. He proceeds with pulling the soft thong up and positions his dick to go to the right side.

After a good while of adjusting, tugging, and tucking, he thinks they're on as good as they can be. Grabbing the bra, he looks at it confused before putting his arms through it and calling his sister.

Turning around she blushes bright red before going into hysterics, giggling like a madman; causing Bradley to blush just as much before stamping his foot in frustration.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'll stop laughing. It's not even the thong, I mean you really need a size up... or four. But you put the bra on upside down stupid!"

"Well, how was I supposed to know that!?" exclaims Bradley.

"Oh come here. I'll do it for you sissy!" She moves behind him and puts it the right way before using all her might and strength to hook the bra together.

"This thing is way too tight!"

"I haven't even stuffed them yet..."

Even though there is a little gap in the cups, the strap of the bra is tight and Bradley is definitely not looking forward to any type of stuffing or breast forms that may be included in his sister's B-cup bra.

"How does it feel?"

"Are you kidding me? It feels stupid and humiliating."

"You are supposed to say 'Oh I feel so pretty!' she says while making some gestures.

"Yeah, that's not happening. Not really looking forward to looking like I belong on Jerry Springer."

"Very funny... Seriously, the more you act like a girl, the better you'll be on stage. I think I'll call you Ariel cause if I had a sister, that's what I would want her to be called!"

"I'm not even going to be able to walk in something like this..."

"We should probably go shopping. You definitely need to get your own bra and thong that won't rip..."

CHAPTER FOUR

Marc/Melissa

Mandy can't contain herself as she sits on her bed shouting out bits of advice and ideas for poses to her brother. 'This bet was as good as won,' she thought. Mandy is easily the most stereotypically girly of the four girls, and luckily for her it seemed to be a family trait when feminizing her brother into Melissa.

At 5'4" and with a very slim build, Marc is smaller than his sister. Something that lead to him having to enjoy the softer things in life. Never being good at sports lead him to draw and taking up a drama class. Something that was sure to help now, as he makes the various poses his sister is asking of him.

The long blonde and wavy wig from Mandy's last Halloween framed his face, accentuating the makeup to make him look every bit female. His glossed lips quiver a little as he turns awkwardly in his sister's heels.

Although he had a little bit of trouble at first walking in her three-inch heels, he quickly mastered the technique. When Mandy explained that it would be best if he were to act and look as feminine as possible, he said he would do whatever it took. Several minutes later, he found himself in the bathroom with her as she taught him how to shave his legs.

Hair from his armpits, although faint, was removed as well. Unlike Bradley, Marc was able to fit into his sister's panties without any problem. He is currently wearing a pink VS panty with nylon front and lace in the back that covers three-quarters of his butt. A demi-bra from her collection is placed on his chest and stuffed with rolled-up tights. Mandy plans on obtaining cheap breast forms from a costume shop and glue soon.

"You look sooooo adorable! Like wow, come here I need to hug you!" Mandy squealed, patting the edge of the bed next to her.

Blushing from his sisters compliments and from the attention he isn't used to, Marc struggled his way to her. He jumps onto the bed, losing a shoe in the process, but gaining a tight, almost rib breaking hug.

Looking down at his feet after their sibling embrace, Mandy makes a confused face, "How come my shoe came off?"

Sitting back and stretching his now smooth and hairless legs out, with only one heel, he responds, "Oh, well now you mention it they are a bit loose they keep slipping off."

"Are you kidding me?! Those are like my tightest heels, I can't even wear them for more than ten minutes without feeling a blister come on..."

Marc looks down at his foot that is covered in nylon from his pantyhose. He feels much different now that his toenails are painted in addition to what clothes he has on. Mandy picked out one of the most feminine dresses in her collection for him to wear. It is a pink cross over strap dress with a cut out back. The skirt of the front of the dress is pleated and comes down to about two inches above his knees. The back of the dress has a bow attached.

“I have a really good idea!”

“What?”

“Smile!” says Mandy as she takes a random pic with her cell phone.

Marc walks towards her to see how it turned out and laughs, “I really do look like a girl!”

Mandy hugs her newborn sister ‘Melissa.’ “I always wanted a little sister to dress up. We should have done this years ago!”

“I don’t know about all that,” responds Marc still holding on to some masculinity.

“You know what? We should take more pictures of you practicing posing that way you can be really photogenic when it comes to the pageant!”

“I dunno Mandy, I mean I’m not all too thrilled with you having so many pics of... well this...” he says lifting the hem of his dress for emphasis.

Mandy’s face instantly changed to one of deep sadness, her eyes even watering up a little, “I can’t even... My own brother doesn’t trust me...”

“No, no it’s not that! It’s just if they somehow got out there...” he trails off.

“They’re on my phone that has a password, no one can see them. You must really think I’m evil if you think I’d let them get out...”

“What!? Of course, I don’t, I’m sorry. Pics are fine. Take as many as you want,” Marc begs.

Mandy takes a few selfies with Marc in the same way she does with her friends. She shows him the different angles she uses for different reasons and even asks him to make a duck face at times. She hands her phone to him to try out as well and is impressed that he is a quick learner when it comes to adapting to a new gender role.

“I know you still sound young and everything, but we need to work on your voice a little too,” says Mandy.

“Okay, what about it?”

“Just talk with a lot of enthusiasm a little higher and kind of stretch your voice out a bit where it’s not like the same tone sounding and everything all the time.”

“How am I supposed to practice that?”

“Talk like a girl until the pageant.”

“WHAT? How am I supposed to do that? What about my friends and Mom and Dad?”

“When you think about it, they have to find out at some point in time. Not to mention that you are going to be in front of a few hundred people during the pageant!”

All of Marc’s shyness and potential embarrassment causes him almost to leap right out of his panties, “A few hundred?! I’m not sure if I can do that Mandy...”

“Oh come on! You are part of the drama club; you’ve been on stage in front of crowds before. This is no different!” Mandy tries to reassure.

“It’s very different Mandy; I wasn’t dressed like a girl for that. Besides, we only did small audiences, and they were just parents, family, and friends. A big crowd of strangers makes my stomach turn...”

“Well, just do what they say in the films, just imagine everyone is naked that way they should be more embarrassed than you! Though, there will probably be a lot of guys in the crowd thinking you are cute, haha!”

CHAPTER FIVE

Christian/Christina

“Get off of me bitch!” screams Christian as he struggles to get his sister Sasha off of him. She is straddling his body to the floor and fighting him with her left hand as her right is armed with lipstick.

“Hold still you little sissy!

“You are crazy! I’m not doing this shit,” he says in defense as she edges closer.

“There’s no way I’m going to not win. You are perfect since we are the same size. Hold still!”

Christian can see down his sister’s shirt while she is on top of him and gains an instant fear of the thought of having breasts like her and wearing her bra.

His arms are pinned. He’s fast finding out due to their similar height and weight he can’t overpower her at all. In fact, his constant lazy lifestyle playing games and watching T.V. is in stark contrast to her active one, with cheering, athletics and everything else giving her muscle.

Still that didn’t stop him struggling under her. “I said no! You can’t do this I’ll tell Mom!”

“Oh yeah! Well, she’s not here right now! Now puck your lips like your about to kiss!” she says waving the red lipstick in front of him, trying not to mess up.

“No!”

Sasha pulls Christian’s hair a little and he finally gives as the lipstick meets his lips. Within seconds, his face is already slightly feminized by the presence of makeup.

“See, that wasn’t so difficult was it?”

“I’m going to look like a clown! The guys in that contest always look weird!”

“And how many have their cute sisters help them?”

“All of them probably. They just want to laugh at them.”

“Am I laughing right now?” Sasha says to him in her most serious look.

“No, but you sure are bat-shit crazy.”

“I prefer the term: helpful,” she says as she loosens her grip on him and gets off of her straddle position.

Christian heads towards his bedroom mirror but is stopped by Sasha pulling on the back of his shirt. “Oh no no, not yet.”

“What?”

“We have a bit more work to do.”

“Like what?”

“Come into my room!”

Before he can even start on his next protest, she’s grabs his wrist and leads him, quite literally kicking and screaming down the hall. Kicking her already parted door the rest of the way open, she hauls him inside slamming it shut afterwards.

“What the hell Sasha?! I don’t want to be in your room!” he says looking around the one room in the house he considers alien.

“You don’t think you can just turn up to a pageant with only lipstick do you! Then people really will laugh at you.”

“They’re going to laugh anyway, it’s comic relief!” He is already formulating a plan to get past her and into the bathroom.

“Was! This year is going to be much different, and you are going to win it for me!”

“There’s no way I’m doing it! What would my friends say, my girlfriend!?”

“Most likely, they’ll be there to support you!”

“Since you are so into transformation, why don’t you enter and pretend you are a boy!”

“It doesn’t work like that. It’s just for sissy boys like you!”

“NO!” Christian says completely embarrassed by the thought of everyone laughing at him.

“It’s for a great cause.”

“So you win that stupid bet?”

“Totes! And not to mention that they give prizes to the winner.”

“I would rather keep my self-esteem.”

“Take off your shorts,” she demands.

“Hell no!” he says as he makes his way back to the door. As he is walking, Sasha comes from behind him and pulls his pants down exposing his Hanes boxers.

“Sasha!”

“Just listen to me and quit acting like a little sissy.”

“So you want me to stop acting like a sissy so you can dress me up like a sissy?”

“Yeah!”

Christian scoffs at her backward logic, “You’re not just crazy. Apparently you’re stupid too!”

“Only thing stupid here is that you think you can get away without helping me!” Taking another step closer to him her foot now on his shorts around his ankles.

Trying to move his legs, he finds he can’t with the shorts trapping him, “There’s no way I’m going to let some preppy cheerleader bully me, even if she is my sister!”

“Then I guess you’ll just have to do what this preppy cheerleader says, cause we both know I’m stronger than you!” she says quickly grabbing the bottom of his shirt and yanking it up over his head, tossing it to the other side of the room.

“You are going to be in so much trouble when Mom gets home!” a now shirtless Christian complains.

Sasha stands with her feet together with one hand on her hip and the other tapping her chin. “What if... Mom already knows about this...”

“How could she!”

“What if... Mom is out shopping for your pageant dress right now...”

“SASHA! WHY DID YOU TELL HER ABOUT THIS?!”

“Who else is going to pay money for your feminization? Plus, you’ll need to go to the shop so they can customize the dress fitting for you.”

“Bullshit!”

Sasha goes to her dresser and fiddles through her bras, “Now for getting you used to feeling like a girl...”

Caught thinking about whether his Mom really is out shopping for her son’s pageant dress, Christian almost misses what she is doing. Shaking his head from the daze and seeing her ruffle through her top drawer his face lost all color, “You can not be serious! They don’t wear girls stuff under the dresses; that’s gay!”

“Oh shut up! A girl can wear her boyfriend’s top and that doesn’t make her a lesbian does it? So you can sure as hell wear a bra and like girls!” she says holding up several bras before putting them back, seemingly looking for the perfect one.

“That’s different! Besides, without tits there’s no way I can even wear a bra!” Christian shouted, sure of himself.

“God even though you have a girlfriend you really are clueless aren’t you!” She holds up a plain white bra, before smiling and turning to face him. “It just means you’ll need a little padding!”

“Like what? Tissues?”

“Yeah right. We need for you to win, so I’m thinking you go on estrogen hormones until the pageant is over.”

“What the fuck?!”

“Haha, just kidding. Although I wish I could magically turn you into a girl right now. You really are perfect for it. I mean, even though you are younger you can probably pass for being my twin and it’s a good thing you got kind of a late start on puberty since your voice has only changed a little and you have no body or facial hair. Although we are going to have to shave your armpits, arms, and legs tonight,” Sasha says as she places his arms through the straps of the bra.

In a state of complete and total shock at what he is hearing, he just stands still and watches almost as if he is just an onlooker as she fastenes the bra onto him, fidgeting with the cups and straps. Hearing her list the things that will make him feminine, took massive chunks out of his newly grown male pride.

“Shave! What? How long will that take to grow back? I can’t have shaved legs. What would Dad say?!”

“Well, since he’ll be seeing you in a pageant dress, I think shaved legs would be the least of

your problems... But he'll be happy we're getting along won't he?!" she says moving behind him and double checking the fit.

"But we're not! You're crazy and you're making me do this!"

"Well, what would Daddy rather find out; that his son is man enough to help his sister with something embarrassing because he loves her or that your sister is stronger than you and can make you wear a bra?!"

Christian pauses for a moment to weigh his options, "What's next?"

"Take off your boxers and put these on," Sasha says as she tosses him a matching pair of panties. Holding his sister's used panties in his hands makes him feel even more disgusted.

"Right in front of you?"

"Think of yourself as a girl, because the more you do the better off you'll be. So us girls change in front of each other all the time! I'll do it also," she says as she takes off her shirt revealing her blue Aerie bra.

Although not attracted to his sister in any way, the uncomfortable nature of the situation causes Christian's penis to shrivel up a little bit causing him to want to postpone taking off his boxers and slipping on Sasha's undies. "Can you just turn around?"

"Fine..." replies Sasha as she heads to her closet.

Meanwhile, Christian takes off his boxers and replaces them with the panties he is supposed to wear as quickly as possible.

He is startled but the odd sensation of the material and cut he looked down and saw the horrid, skimpy things. Having worn boxers instead of briefs for a number of years he is not used to so much leg being on show. "Done," he finally whispers out.

Turning around with her arms full of clothes, she gives him the once over before grinning and putting the outfits on her bed, "This is perfect. If only there were a swimsuit section in the pageant."

"A wha... There isn't right?! Surely there can't be!"

"Oh relax, of course there isn't! Most guys could barely manage to fit into granny panties, let alone a bikini, though you seem fine considering you have a small dick," she says chipping away at his usually indulged ego.

"Can we hurry this up? I feel naked!"

“Ohhh, eager to get dressed huh? That’s a much better attitude, not let’s see, what first...”

“Of course I’m not!”

“Have you ever thought about dressing like a girl before?”

“FUCK NO!”

“Really? Because when I was preparing ideas for this I looked on Youtube and saw a bunch of videos of girls feminizing their brothers for fun and a few other sites where guys admitted to like sneaking into their sister’s room and trying on their stuff.”

“What kind of sick person does that?”

“I don’t know, but this is way easier isn’t it?”

Christian gives a blank stare to his sister. She finds it amusing that he is wearing a bra with a flat-chest and has a small bulge from his panties.

“Come over here and pick out something. I have a few ideas but want to see what you like.”

After more than short pause he reluctantly stumbles over, still unhappy with how he’s dressed, looking down at the ensemble of clothing. “What the hell Sasha?! These are all skirts and dresses!”

“Well you can’t learn to be a girl by wearing tomboy stuff can you? Now I was thinking about this little dress here...” Stopping as he shakes his head.

“No, no dresses! I pick this,” he yells, grabbing what he thought was long sleeve plain white top but is horrified to see upon closer inspection, the see-through lacey detail of a crop top.

“Nice choice I got that on sale, still haven’t worn it yet! Maybe I’ll let you keep it,” she adds on, giving him a sly little teasing wink.

“This is so stupid,” he says as he puts on the lace top over his bra. The fabric tickles his skin a bit as its foreign substance is nothing like the cotton t-shirts he usually wears.

“Are you sure you don’t want to wear this?” asks Sasha as she pulls out a thin polka dot white dress with very thin straps.

“I’m sure!”

“Find, I’ll wear it,” she says as she takes off her yoga shorts and slips on the dress. Christian notices that it hugs his sister’s body very tightly and sadly, he could probably fit in it just as easily. Her blue bra straps are visible, but knows she would probably usually wear a strapless bra. Sasha thinks the same and believes a strapless bra could help with the illusion that he has breasts.

Eventually realizing again that he’s standing in his sisters panties, Christian grabs the first bit of material he can find on the bed. A white skirt with pretty rose petal design covering it, feeling a little nauseous as he holds it up. “Don’t you have anything less… girly.”

“Well of course I do, but I don’t want my sister being a tomboy so go ahead and put on the skirt, it’s actually a cute outfit you selected!” she says praising him on feminine choice.

Unzipping the side, he steps into it hesitantly before zipping it up and the front just like he would with jeans, hearing her giggle. “See! You’re already laughing at me.”

“I’m only laughing at you cause you put it on wrong!” she spins the skirt, so the zip is at the side and the label at the back, “There, much better!”

Christian tries to look in the mirror hanging on the door of Sasha’s closet, but she stops him in his tracks. “Nope, we aren’t done yet. I am happy thought that you are excited to see what you look like!”

“What else is there?”

“I’m glad you have longer hair because you won’t have to wear a wig, and I’ll just curl it for you. You are going to look so pretty!”

“NO! Don’t curls last awhile?”

“Probably for a few hours.”

“But Mom and Dad…!”

“Oh! I have a great idea… We should totally dress up as twins tonight and surprise them! I’m so excited! It’s going to be so fun having you as a sister Christina!” she says as she wraps her arms around her ‘sister’ for a hug.

CHAPTER SIX

Dressing Room Madness

Several weeks later and the big day has arrived. In the pageant dressing room, three teen boys stand awkwardly against the wall, as if it is a school dance, their faces down, looking at their feet. All the meanwhile their sisters chat, laugh, and even argue a little about of all things, ridiculous things such as feminization techniques.

Bradley, Marc, and James just watch stunned in silence as they chatted, occasionally looking up and seeing a similarly aged guy walk in with a girl, holding bags, no doubt, filled with girlishness. The dressing room is thankfully very large with lots of mirrors and seats for all those needing makeup, which since it is a womanless pageant was all.

After a few more minutes of the awkward silence passes, only rarely broken by one of the girls asking them questions such as ‘Are you sure you practiced enough?’ and ‘You made sure to shave this morning right?’ The dozen or so contestants watch as a gleaming Sasha confidently strides in with a girl shortly behind her in tow.

Sasha and the similar looking girl with her are stopped at the door by Mrs. Mathis, the head organizer of the womanless pageant. “Hello ladies, can I help you?”

“This is the dressing room right?” asks Sasha.

“Yes, but I’m afraid I can’t let you in without the boy contestant with you.”

The ‘girl’ wearing Sasha’s white polka dot dress and a side pony tail looks up, “That’s me...”

Mrs. Mathis looks like a deer caught in headlights and pauses for a moment. “Oh, I’m sorry. I just have never seen a boy show up to the pageant dressed as a girl already.”

Sasha laughs, “SHE’S been practicing! His name is Christian but we call HER Christina now.”

“I just don’t believe it,” she laughs. “Can I see your ID sweetie?”

‘Christina’ gives her the school ID bearing her male likeness and Mrs. Mathis brings it to her level to compare.

“You look very beautiful honey, go ahead in.”

Sasha and Christina walk into a room filled with pageant mayhem as some boys are pulling up dresses to their hairy chests and others sit nervously with their sisters. Sasha smiles

confidently as she sees her friends with their brothers dressed like boys while she comes in with Christina looking as feminine as possible and apparently very passable.

The girls watch stunned as Sasha smiles warmly, “Hey girls.” She turns to their three brothers, “And boys, meet Christina!” Pulling Christina’s hand and moving her directly into the middle of everyone, blushing and hiding her face.

The boys all just look on, confused and surprised, the odd laugh escaping their mouths. The girls however almost in unison reply, “What the...”

“I see you three didn’t think about having their pageant girl turn up suitably dressed? Well, maybe this will be easier than I thought!”

“I wouldn’t count on that...” Mandy replies, shooting an evil glare over at her brother, causing his laughing at Christian to come to an immediate halt.

As the competition banter continues from the girls and they all group up away from the guys, Christina is left to wave awkwardly at them and move next to them.

“Is that really you Christian? What the hell, you’re dressed like a chick already?” Bradley asks. By far the most outgoing and confident of the group.

Blushing bright red, she toys with her heels on the floor, “Trust me, it wasn’t my idea. She’s crazy!” Christina whispers, looking up just to double check Sasha didn’t hear her.

“Well, our sisters have that in common then!” James says, fidgeting with something under his shirt as he leans against the wall.

“You guys look really shaken up. What did they do force it on you or something? I’m just here for a free rides and a promised date,” Bradley says, making it clear that the only reason he agreed to this was for his own personal gain.

James laughs, “ Apparently you can date Christina since she’s on her way to becoming a real girl!”

“Shut up!” yells Christina.

“Why are you the only person dressed like this then?” asks Bradley.

“Cause SOMEONE thought it would be a good idea.”

James responds, “Are you sure this was your sister’s idea?!”

“Yes, we had a fight the first night she mentioned this.”

Bradley laughs, "It's obvious who won... But you do look great as a girl. You are going to win over me!"

"Thanks... I think?" he responds, unsure whether to take it as a compliment or not.

"Yeah, that's a cute dress," Marc adds in, the first time he's spoken since being in the changing room due to his shyness.

"I'm sure he'll let you borrow it Marc," Bradley says, laughing. Enjoying not being the most feminized guy for once in the past two weeks.

Meanwhile on the other side... "I can't believe you actually convinced him to wear that here!" Gwen yells out.

"He's been dressing a little everyday," says Sasha with a smile.

"So has Jasmine!" responds Hannah. "He has been dressing like a girl to bed every night and even practicing dance routines with me. Wait 'till you see him later tonight in his sissy tutu!"

"I've tried my best with Bradley, I mean Ariel, but damn Sasha... He looks like he could really be your twin."

"Melissa is seriously going to win though. Daddy bought her a more expensive dress than what I wore to Junior Prom!"

Just then, Mrs. Mathis returns and reminds the girls that they have to start preparing their brothers, causing them all to smile wickedly. The four boys looking a little fearful as the girls ran towards them.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Cocktail Time

The dressing room is now full of sisters, girlfriend, and even moms helping their son's prepare for pageant introduction. Each boy is to be dressed in a cocktail dress for their stage introductions. Some boys choose to ride solo and are only in the pageant for a joke. One boy named 'Toxi' is dressed in a prom dress from the 90's with his chest hair predominantly showing and is outfitted with a cheap brown curly wig. Another boy is going by the name 'Lady GayGay' and is wearing a pink sparkly short dress that is about three sizes too small for him. Both boys are laughing at how ridiculous they look.

Meanwhile, 'Bradley/Ariel' is standing in a pink bra and thong that barely covers HER penis with her sister holding a huge floral skirt. Her outfit is a Sherri Hill floral cocktail dress. She had only worn it once before when they had a good laugh at the dress store. The skirt to the dress has floral print and is very flirty. She did luckily shave his legs that will help with her appearance even though she is the tallest of the 'girls.' To everyone's surprise, each of the four boys has been wearing female underwear the entire day to become more comfortable and relax their nerves a little.

While Ariel and Gwen struggled into the skirt of the dress, 'James/Jasmine' is having her nude, strapless bra rearranged by her sister Hannah. She has a grim look on her face as she too stands in only bra and panties. Her sequined, light grey dress rests on the chair next to them, mocking her with its femininity. The three-inch nude heels under the chair are awaiting use, something she sadly is now an expert walking in.

Christina can't help but feel as if everyone's eyes are on her, with many of them not realizing she is a boy and a fellow contestant. Some are shocked to see her slip out of the dress revealing her slim, waxed body in only a matching pair of white thong panties and bra. For the first time, she is eager to get dressed in her classy white short sleeved dress, a little golden belt design adorning the front.

Ariel's look is completed by a pink lace halter crop top that exposes her navel. Although she still feels masculine that may change with the bracelet and silver clip-on earrings that Gwen has chosen for her.

'Mark/Melissa' stands only 5'6" with two inches of that being 'her' silver strapped heels. Her sister Mandy is in front of her adjusting her emerald cocktail dress. It is a one-piece ensemble with a slight flair at the hip line. Since there are no sleeves, everyone has noticed that her armpits are shaved like they are supposed to be. Some of the other contestants, other than the boys with sisters, notice how feminine Melissa's butt looks in her tight dress and that there are no visible panty lines thanks to her thong.

Even without makeup and her hair worked on, she already is showing potential to fool

everyone into thinking she is really a girl.

Mandy adjusts Melissa's strapless bra. "I'm really glad we got you those breast forms."

"Are you sure they come off easily?"

"The instructions said the glue will wear off after a few days."

Melissa goes to complain, but a quick glance from her sister makes her sit in the makeup chair, smoothing her dress underneath her as she takes a seat. She folds her small legs at the knee and places her hands on her lap allowing Mandy to work her magic using all the tools available to her. She starts by pulling out the long blonde human hair wig.

Jasmine and Christina soon join her in sitting down and getting ready for their makeup, each sister going for different looks to outdo the other. Meanwhile, the other contestants watch with a mixture of confusion and amazement. Some of the other guys are still wearing boxers and their dresses showing it. The other women, however, seem surprised by just how feminine some of the 'girls' are acting, wondering how the sisters managed it.

Sasha undoes Christina's ponytail and combs her hair. Christina looks nervously in the mirror with her hands clasping the chair. Even though Sasha has dressed her up multiple times in the last few weeks, she is nervous about being seen by the hundreds, if not thousands, of people in the audience. Sasha plugs in a curling iron and gets out her makeup bag. While it is heating up, Sasha starts to contour her 'sister's' face.

Ariel is tickled by the touch of a brush from her sister applying blush and tries her hardest not to laugh. She has allowed her sister to put makeup on her a few times since she originally brought up the topic and still thinks she looks like a freak each time.

"Sure I'm not going to look like a clown?" asks Ariel.

"I'm positive and it looks like you have some stiff competition!"

"Those two tiny guys really look like girls..."

"I wasn't talking about them... That ugly guy with chest hair has an erection right now. I can see it through his dress..."

The two of them burst out laughing and giggling almost as if they were two sister, even though he was the biggest and least feminine of the four looks wise, Gwen had been working on other areas. It was fairly early on after getting a text from Hannah that she knew she couldn't compete in that department, so from then on in she set about making sure 'Ariel' acted as feminine as possible while dressed.

Looking over and smiling at the two laughing siblings Melissa looks back to her sister to see a look of contempt. "You can wipe that smile of your face right now, you almost made me ruin your lipstick." She whispered, but still with a harsh tone.

"I...I'm sorry, their laughing was just infectious.."

"Well you will be sorry, I can't believe Sasha pulled that cheap tactic of bringing her brother here dressed, we can't let that bitch win. She always wins!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

Introductions

Although Christina and Melissa only know each other from school a little, they both hold hands by the side of the stage in preparation for being introduced by the MC who is currently making jokes as the non-crossdressed boys are escorted.

“I really hope I’m out the first round,” says Christina.

“This isn’t like a real pageant. We are all here until the final places are announced with no eliminations,” says Melissa.

“Fuck.”

“Remember to be ladylike,” says Ariel in a condescending tone from behind.

Christina, Melissa, and Jasmine turn to her and give her an evil stare.

“And now, we would like to introduce CHRISSTINA!” says the MC loudly.

Christina notices a boy in a tuxedo come to her side and extend her arm to be escorted. She nervously wraps it around him and holds out her dress.

Stepping out onto the brightly light stage, Christina blinks a few times to adjust. Soon seeing the faces of the entire crowd, she blushes a deep shade of crimson red while inadvertently squeezing the strong arm of her escort. Looking at the announcer, she notices he is holding a card with the notes that Sasha prepared prior to the show.

“Ladies and gentlemen, meet the fabulous Christina! Wearing her favorite dress, Christina hopes to one day move to the big city. She has dreamt of becoming an actress and model ever since she first played with her Barbies! Hopefully, she’ll also meet Mr. Right one day as well!”

Despite the embarrassment, Christina smiles with her pearly whites and waves to the audience. People are a little less rambunctious since she looks like a real girl compared to previous contestants. She walks around the stage and does the poses that she practiced with Sasha.

“Christina enjoys cheerleading, shopping with her sister, and writing poetry. Her involvement with the 4-H Club has taught her how to be a proper young lady,” says the MC as she continues walking around the stage.

Meanwhile, Sasha is sitting next to Mandy and the other girls in the third row of the audience. She is smiling and trying to contain her laughter and excitement. Even though she has

not seen the other boys strut their stuff on stage yet, she is confident with her work in feminizing her brother.

A few rows back, 'Christian's' girlfriend, Tiffany, is snarling and very pissed off. She turns to her friend, "There's no way in hell this is his first night in a dress!" Tiffany feels extremely jealous knowing in reality; Christina looks better in a dress than she does since she has had limited formal affairs. "He is either gay, trans, or lying."

Her friend turns to her, "I'm pretty sure he likes it. I mean look at him..."

Tiffany gets out her phone and tweets: 'My boyfriend is apparently really a girl! #hellosinglelife.'

CHAPTER NINE

Talent Show

After Christina's introduction, it all goes fairly smoothly with each 'girl' walking out and getting a small introduction, the odd sarcastic catcall at the joke contestants and more then a few genuine ones for Melissa and Jasmine.

With the introduction and cocktail dresses finished, they all return to the changing room to prepare for the talent portion, which was in the past usually very short and little more than a joke. This year was different however as Ariel stepped out onto the stage wearing leopard print three-inch heeled booties, skin tight leather leggings, a tight fitting band top, and a black leather jacket.

Her sunglasses make it almost impossible to see but completing the badass look they were going for. She positions her guitar and prepares herself for the solo she has long played in the band she is part of as her male self.

Although only thirty-two bars into her solo, the crowd is impressed since so far, there had only been a guy throwing balls in a bucket wearing dungarees and a boy in his mother's dress rapping some Iggy Azalea, very badly.

After Ariel's amazing rock solo of the DragonForce song, the MC gets back on the microphone, "One more round of applause for Rockstar Ariel!"

Gwen turns to Hannah while clapping, "I don't know why the hell he chose to do one of his boy hobbies for this!"

"He's good!" says Hannah, who is impressed and slightly more attracted to her friend's brother.

When the clapping dies down, the MC brings the microphone back to his mouth. "Please welcome Jasmine back to the stage!"

Jasmine walks out on the stage as the auditorium becomes silent. She is wearing one of Hannah's ballet outfits which is comprised of ballet flats, white tights, and a pink dress with huge tutu. Luckily, thanks to a glued tuck job, her penis will not interfere with any of the small dance moves she has prepared.

The MC is even in shock, "Jasmine has prepared a special dance. She has dreamt of being a ballerina ever since she was a little princess..."

Taking a deep breath and trying her hardest to block everything out, Jasmine focused on the routine that Hannah had made her practice every night. The moves that at the beginning

were impossible for her, now done, albeit amateurishly. Lifting up her leg and pointing her toe, she spins before doing a few ground moves. She finishes with a run and jump before bowing and almost sprinting off the stage as the announcer called for final applause.

“I don’t believe what I just saw...” Mandy blurts out having watched the boy she’s known for years perform ballet.

“It took some work but she didn’t too bad. We’ll have to work on her pirouettes!” says Hannah.

“And after that... enlighting performance... we now have the adorable Melissa!” the MC says into the microphone, confused as to what is happening at this year’s pageant.

Melissa enters the stage again with a wireless microphone in her manicured hand. She has trouble walking in her four-inch sparkly heels. Her auburn wig is tied back in a giant ponytail and she carefully presses down her skirt that is riding up her legs. Her penis has also been concealed as none of the sisters wanted their brother’s dicks to show at all. Each of them looked up how to properly tuck a penis to make it look like a pussy prior to the pageant. She is wearing a matching silver tube top with her small A-cup breasts on display. The extensions of her wig come down to her navel. Her dark eye makeup and lipliner makes her look like the twin of Arianna Grande.

The music starts as she brings her manicured hand to her mouth and starts singing:

“Started from the bottom with a plan to get rich. So I could chill every day like one bad bitch.”

Unfortunately for Melissa, she has not mastered the art of feminine speech yet so is singing with her male voice.

“What the fuck is this?” laughs Sasha.

“UGH! He was supposed to do this higher!”

The entire audience is laughing as Melissa sings a very feminine song in a male voice.

Melissa continues, “Oh My God, It’s the weekend! Hands up for the weekend!” her voice cracks as the chorus hits.

“I’m going to kill him...” says Mandy.

“Well, it looks like it’s a three horse race now!” Sasha taunts, watching as Melissa clearly gets more and more agitated. Not nearly as agitated as Mandy, however.

As the song comes to an end, Melissa is left standing red-faced, her tiny skirt flips up as she hurries off the stage before the announcer can fully finish.

“Well, that was the amazing Melissa though as we saw she still has the voice of a Marc!” says the MC causing three of the four girls to laugh out loud with the crowd. “Now for the final talent on show, we have the beautiful Christina back on the stage!”

“You look fine, just go!” says one of the other male contestants backstage who is dressed up as Nicki Minaj even though he’s white.

“That’s the problem!” says Christina as she shakes her pom-poms in disgust. “I don’t even look like I belong in a womanless pageant!”

“You can talk to your parents about surgery afterwards honey. Now get your candy ass out there!” the fellow contestant says patting her on the head.

“And now we have... Christina!...” says the impatient MC again.

Christina walks back on the stage with her hair in a giant poof and pink bow pulling back the rest of it. Sasha’s cheerleading outfit fits her perfectly especially with breast forms in place. The skirt is a little short, but that’s how it is with other teenage girls at school.

Moving to the middle of the stage, Christina looks up and sees her sister motioning for a smile. She takes a few more deep breaths, before she forced a big smile by the time the music kicks in.

Moving her pom-poms with the beat, she moves her arms straight up in the air. Cheering to the music and performing some rather advanced moves, she puts her kicker leg up at head height, causing the crowd to gasp at the lack of an apparent penis.

Sasha’s evil pride is clear to see, unlike the other girls she gave her ‘sister’ a strict regime and training program making sure she was almost as good as any beginner cheerleader on her team at school.

As the finale to the song came up, Christina nods once before closing her eyes, still front on and dropping down in an attempt to do the splits fully. This causes Sasha to cheer herself from the crowd.

It is short-lived however as when she performs the last stunt. Her skirt shots right up her thighs and fully exposes the black thong underneath, much to some people’s surprise, however there is no bulge or even shape.

Tiffany yells out, “She never was very big!”

Her eyes shoot open from the laughter, Christina tears up before jumping up and running off the stage, her skirt still hiked up and her butt on full display.

Sasha sits with her mouth covered by her hand.

“Did he really get a sex change? I didn’t see anything...” asks Gwen.

“No, I wish. He just has a REALLY small penis...” admits Sasha.

The MC stands speechless until he comes up with some words, “Great job Christina... I see you are a fan of Janet Jackson.”

Sasha speaks up to her friends, “I don’t know how that happened! I made him try on ALL of my clothes this week and he fit into all of them perfectly! That little faggot should have known better!”

The MC smiles, “Our judges are tallying their votes. All of these young ladies are going to the final round, so please sit tight as the ladies change into their evening gowns!”

CHAPTER TEN

Evening Gown Interviews

As the ultra-feminine 'girls' all met up backstage, they all notice the strange looks they are getting from the other contestants. Thankfully, before anything came of it, they are told they will have to get ready for the evening gown round.

Panicking, the boys all ask when their sisters are coming back in but, much to their horror, they are told they will have to change themselves. As the other contestants set about stripping to their boxers and putting on the cheap prom dresses, Mrs. Mathis returned to take Christina to the side.

As Melissa and Jasmine strip down to their bra and panties, they hear the other guys laugh before calling out, "Hey, what the hell is with you guys? You're all acting as if this is a proper pageant?!"

"Our sisters made us!" says Melissa in defense.

"That's what they all say," says a boy changing into his mom's wedding dress.

Jasmine comes to her aid, "Our sisters have some stupid bet going on."

Toxi bullies her, "That's what they all say!"

"Well, why are you here?"

"Cause my hot girlfriend asked me!"

"And she didn't help at all?" asks Melissa.

"She said she wanted to see how ridiculous I could dress myself..."

Meanwhile across the room Mrs. Mathis questions Christina, "I'm sure what happened on stage was an accident, but some have come to me questioning your eligibility."

"You mean I'm disqualified?!" Christina asks a little too excited.

"No, some people are wondering if you are really a boy."

Christina is taken aback by her comment, "WHAT?! Don't I sound like a boy?"

"... Not really..."

"Well, how am I supposed to prove it to you? I showed you my school ID!"

"I'm afraid as much as you look like that picture, it could be someone else's ID. How about your parents? Are they in the crowd?"

"Yeah, my sister could show you?"

"Right I'll go do that while you get changed, hurry up now." She walks away, leaving Christina cursing her luck.

Meanwhile, after Ariel managed to get the other contestants to stop picking on Melissa and Jasmine, they all set about redoing hair and makeup.

Melissa is the first, still in bra and thong, to sit down and grab the bag her sister left out. Grabbing all the things she needed, Ariel watches in disbelief. It turns out the other three had been given lessons on makeup and hair while Gwen hadn't never thought about such a thing.

Melissa applies fake eyelashes to herself and starts to apply a golden finish to her eyelids. Her lips are glossed, and there is a touch up to her heavily foundationed face. She brings her human hair wig down and takes the heated curling iron to the left side of her long hair.

Christina takes her hair out of the bow and brings her soft curls down. Although she has hated the entire process, the idea of playing with her hair is somewhat fun to her as she places a small crystal headband in her hair after brushing part of it to the side.

Jasmine holds her heat protectant wig in the curling iron for a bit before letting her locks fall to her mock breasts. Her dress is probably the biggest of all girls and knows all eyes will be on her. She questioned her sister about needing to wear heels, but Hannah told her it was part of the experience and always to think of herself as a girl during the pageant.

Ariel, however, slumps down in the chair, grabbing Gwen's pink makeup bag and closed her eyes, doing her best to remember the order things went on and even what needed to be done. It is decided that she can sort her hair out after the hard part is done. Grabbing a pink shade of lipstick she carefully, but still poorly applied it, getting too much on one side and not enough on the other.

Once Melissa is happy with the curls she had given the wig, she gets up and takes her floor-length white dress out of its sheath. The bodice of the dress is decorated entirely with rhinestones and sparkly silver jewels; the strapless design will be leaving her fake breasts on full display. The dress bottom half of the dress is beautiful white silk that will hug tight to his feminized body.

Jasmine changes into a blue organza ball gown fit for a princess. She is wearing pantyhose underneath and feels like a complete sissy even though she has worn the dress a few times

now. Even though the dress is strapless, it hugs her figure fine showing off her fake cleavage. Christina and Ariel have to help her get into it as she raises her arms and lets the giant dress fall onto her feminized figure. Since her sister asked her to get her ears pierced, she changes her earrings to dangly diamonds that hang down an inch past her ear.

After helping Jasmine into her dress, Christina finishes up her simple yet sultry makeup, blushing at the face looking back in the mirror. Her hair is easier to do since it isn't a wig she to set about climbing into the mass of fabric that is her dress.

The peach colored dress was truly enough to make Christina queazy, though knowing it would probably be worse if she didn't wear it, she took a deep sigh and plunged in. Like Jasmine, she needs a little help getting it into place, just like Melissa's dress it is strapless with a very fitted bodice, showing off her breasts perfectly.

Struggling to sit down, she grabs her strapless silver heels and takes a good long while trying to find her feet under the billowing, skirted part of the dress. She finally gets her painted toes into the now familiar heels after a little effort.

Taking longer than the other three to get ready because of a number of times she had to start over, Ariel is only just getting her dress ready.

Ariel has one of the most ridiculous dresses. Her broad shoulders stand out in the strapless bright pink dress. She let her tuck job out since now one would see her big penis under the pink tulle fabric that surrounds the dress below the waist. Even though her sister took her to multiple dress fittings, the dress is still very tight and she has to hold her breath getting in as the other girls helped her. Looking in the mirror feeling like a little sissy, she feels like a drag queen more than a completely feminized boy like the others do. She will be very surprised if she wins.

The girls look around the room and notice that other boys seem to have just thrown on their dresses and had little regard for hair or makeup. Of their group, Ariel has makeup that looks most amateurish as some of her lipstick is smearing. Other boys in the room look like bad drag queens or 11-year-old girls learning how to do makeup.

"Five minutes till the show resumes!" says Mrs. Mathis.

Just after her reminder she again waves over Christina, who looks down at the floor, following her to her awaiting parents. As she walks around the corner she sees the two of them with very different looks on their face. Her mother has a face usually reserved for two occasions, daughters prom or a wedding dress fitting. Christina's dad, however, didn't try and hide his displeasure at being dragged into the dressing room to see his sissy son.

"Now due to a few remarks and your little... incident on stage. I've brought you all here just to check that this here is your son Christian?"

"What? Of course it is, why what did you think?!" her dad asks, getting a little angry at the stupid question.

"Well, obviously she thought he is our daughter, which is just adorable. Don't worry hun we have plenty of pics!" says Christina's mom.

Christina's stomach did a few flip flops before she just nodded solemnly. "Thanks..."

"Oh well, that solves that then, sorry to have wasted your time. You can go back with the others now Christina!" Mrs. Mathis says cheerily.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Results Are In

After enduring the witnessing of the humiliation of other boys in the pageant with interview questions from the MC, the girls wait patiently for their turn to be called to the front of the stage.

Some questions have ranged from, “What has dressing as a woman taught you?” to “What do you look for in a gentleman?”

The MC now announces the next victim, “Please, welcome back Ariel to the stage!”

Ariel walks out looking masculine even in her feminine pink ball gown. She stands by the MC smiling to the crowd that is still hooting and catcalling.

“Ariel, if you could be a Disney Princess. Who would you choose to be and why?”

Ariel speaks in her well-practiced mock-feminine voice and avoids the cliché, “I would choose to be Snow White because I could sleep through the entire process much like my friend!”

“Thank you Ariel! That was a great answer!” The crowd cheers as she waves and steps over with the rest of the contestants. Gwen looks a little sullen as the girls all make fun of Ariel’s shitty makeup skills.

“Next up we have Melissa!” The crowd again, hoots and hollers but a little less this time due to the fact it looks like a cute girl has snuck on stage instead of an en-femme boy.

“Now little lady, here is your question: If you win the pageant, what message will you send to young boys?”

Pausing a little, not fully understanding the question, Melissa looks around for an easy way out. Looking down once again at Mandy who seems to be making kissie faces and winking, taking a deep breath she replies, “Well umm... The message I would send would be, I mean, the message I would send to boys would be, come and get me out of here!”

The audience laughs hysterically as does the MC. “Thank you Melissa.”

Melissa walks her pansy-ass to the back of the stage as the MC announces the next lucky girl. “Our next lucky lady is Christina!”

Christina smiles as she holds her dress from both sides and does a little twirl for the audience.

Sasha continues clapping, “That’s my girl!”

Gwen snarls, “This is definitely not HER last time in a dress. She’s probably transgendered, and you don’t know it... Cheater....”

The MC announces the question to Christina as the judges sit with pens in their hands, “Christina, if you could be a real girl, would you choose to be so?”

Hannah turns to Sasha, “What the hell kind of question is that?”

Sasha responds, “He BETTER give a good answer.”

Gwen butts in, “Please bomb it....”

“These questions seem to be getting harder...” says Mandy.

Christina nervous looks at the audience and then smiles, “This pageant has taught me that gender is not a definition and what’s important is that you express yourself. There should be no boundaries on how you perceive yourself. What matters is that you are who you are and can act and dress the way you feel.”

The crowd claps at the smart, educated answer. Doing a small curtsy and a smile, Christina moves next to Melissa their hands naturally finding each others.

“A brilliant answer from Christina and now finally we have last but not least, Jasmine!”

“Yeah well, Jasmine still has to go!” Hannah responds, praying for an easy question.

Jasmine walks back to the front of the stage after the MC announces her name and stands nervously in anticipation of the question. She has noticed that the questions have been getting more serious and difficult for some reason. She wonders if the pageant is rigged but considers it unlikely.

Dramatic music plays over the PA. “Jasmine, in a recent study by the American Home Society of the United States, 45% of boys under the age of 18 dress in their sister’s clothes at some point during their lives. What do you believe is the cause of this?”

Hannah has to be practically held back in her outrage, “What the hell is this? Gwen’s sissy gets a question about fucking princesses and mine gets this?!”

Looking up at the lights and then the crowd, Jasmine plays with her dress with one hand while swaying a little trying to concentrate, “I... Ummmmmm can you repeat that question, please?”

Everyone shares a small laugh.

“I can one more time. In a recent study by the American Home Society of the United States, 45% of boys under the age of 18 dress in their sister’s clothes at some point. What do you believe is the cause of this?” the MC reads from the card, awaiting an answer.

After an even longer pause, the crowd starts getting restless. The MC goes to say something but Jasmine finally speaks up, “I don’t know...”

Half of the audience laughs and the other half gasps.

“You idiot!” Hannah yells.

Sasha laughs and points at Hannah, “She could have at least said that sisters force them!”

Gwen responds, “Well she didn’t always seem like the brightest light in the room.”

“Ditzy like sister I guess,” replies Mandy.

Hannah sits back with her arms crossed and head down.

The MC says, “Thank you Jasmine! Our judges are tallying their votes right now for our winner. We would like to thank all of our ladies for participating, everyone who helped them in the process, and our sponsors!”

The MC goes on to announce all of the sponsors by name as some of the boys nervously await the results.

The girls are called to gather at the front of the stage side to side to a few moments later as the four sisters wait in anticipation.

The crowd cheers, none louder than the girls, all secretly nervous but all hoping their ‘sister’ is named the winner.

“Our judges have made their decisions. The second runner-up is...” says the MC pausing for dramatic effect. “Lady GayGay!”

“What the fuck?! I thought for sure some of our brothers would be in Top Three!” screams Gwen.

“Ariel may have gotten thrown out!” says Sasha.

“How?! She looks better than this Lady GayGay joke! How did this guy even get in with

that offensive name?”

“What isn’t offensive nowadays?” asks Hannah looking back at the stage.

A drum roll sound effect starts again as the MC brings the crowd to excitement, “Wasn’t this the best womanless pageant this county has ever seen?”

The crowd cheers and with multiple people screaming “Yeah!”

“Again, we would like to thank all of our special ladies for competing tonight. Ladies, please show your curtsy.”

The contestants all curtsy to varying degrees of success, the best of course being the four feminized brothers.

“Looks like only half of us made it,” Hannah says looking up at her sissy brother on the stage.

“Only winning matters. Second means nothing. Remember that you three!” Sasha says confidently, sure of herself.

“After your brothers little flash, I’m not sure he’ll even be in the top two!” Gwen laughs out.

“Well, I think we can all agree Ariel’s got no chance!” Mandy adds in, giggling to herself at Gwen’s expense.

“At least she was willing and took it somewhat seriously!” says Gwen in defense.

“Christina has this,” says Sasha. “I mean I’m really going to talk to Mom and Dad about it after this and see if they can get her started on counseling and hormones.”

“It’s now time to announce our two finalists for Miss Womanless County,” says the MC. “Can Ariel and Toxi please step to the front of the stage!”

“WHAT?!” says Sasha.

“Oh my god!” screams Gwen.

“This is bullshit!” says Hannah.

Mandy stays silent and starts getting teary-eyed.

Ariel walks to the stage as Toxi puts on a show for the audience with an exaggerated walk.

Toxi offers her hand to Ariel as they reach the front of the stage, only to take it back when she goes to take it causing a huge laugh from the crowd and Ariel to grimace.

“Now girls this is the final moment, what it has all lead up to. The cheap wigs and the thrift shop hand me downs have surely paid off in your journey to womanhood!”

“That’s offensive!” says Sasha.

“That wig was not cheap and that dress is perfect!” Gwen yells out, bracing herself for the glorious moment.

The dramatic drum roll continues as Ariel and Toxi and now holding hands awaiting the announcement. The MC slows his speech, “Our first..... runner-up is.....Ariel! Which means our womanless pageant winner is Toxi!”

The crowd cheers wildly as Toxi fans her face with her hands and starts fake crying as she is crowned and sashed.

“What the fuck! That was rigged!” says Gwen.

Sasha throws a bitch fit, “I’ll say, we know Christina should have won!”

“Bull! Melissa looked like a princess!” says Mandy.

“Something is wrong!” says Hannah.

The four feminized brothers all move together at the edge of the stage, watching with a few other people the commotion their sisters are causing. The group takes a deep sigh before saying in unison, “We’re so fucked...”

“Jasmine had to fail because of that stupid interview question...”

“Christina must have because of that wardrobe issue...” says Sasha.

Mandy thinks for a moment, “Melissa didn’t do too great with that music piece...”

“I don’t know what Ariel failed at!” admits Gwen. “Maybe it’s because her makeup was smudged since I couldn’t be backstage to help her. But I think I should win because she took second place! Pay up suckers!”

“NO DEAL! Remember we said all bets were off if none of them won!” says a jealous Sasha.

“You mean we did all of this work for nothing?” asks Gwen.

“I have another idea...” says Sasha.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Epilogue

A little later in the evening, the girls met back up, after ditching their brothers, who were still in their pageant attire. They continue their argument.

“I don’t want to hear another idea where no one wins!” Mandy says bitterly, still upset about the pageant as the girls talk together outside on the fairgrounds.

“We can all agree one of us deserved to win that pageant bet, right?” Sasha says, trying to find some mutual ground.

They all nod and Hannah adds in, “That pageant must have been rigged, it’s the only explanation!”

“Agreed! Which would mean that the bet was broken and nullified...” Sasha continues.

“What does it matter that no one won anyway?” Gwen says, even though she believes second place was close enough.

“I admit... I had so much fun dressing my brother up,” says Mandy.

“Me too,” the other girls say in unison.

“I know Christian is still going to dress up as Christina a lot. He fought me a lot at first but I think he wants to get his own panties and bras to wear to school this year. Oh and one great thing did come out of this. Tiffany posted that she didn’t want to date him anymore, so that was a success!”

The girls hug Sasha. “That’s great!” says Mandy.

Gwen speaks up, “Ha, maybe that he’s single, some guy will hit on him at school if he’s dressed again.”

“Haha, can you imagine!” Sasha laughs out loud picturing her brother making out with a boy.

“Yeah maybe all our brothers will get boyfriends,” Hannah say, making a kissie face.

“I doubt it! Maybe us three but I doubt Gwen’s brother could!” Mandy says, trying to continue the joke.

Gwen responds, “He has always been a ladies’ man, but maybe it’s time for him to

REALLY experience being a lady.”

“I may force Christina to live as a girl full-time for now on. SHE’S still wearing her pageant dress and has to wear it the rest of the night around the fairgrounds since I wanted her to experience really living as a girl in public.”

“That’s pretty evil, I like it,” says Mandy. “You know... I’m in on this. Melissa is so pretty, getting her a boyfriend will be so easy.”

“I bet, but there’s no way she would get one before Jasmine. Especially with my help!”

“You bet huh...?” Sasha asks extending her arm for a handshake.

To be continued...?

About the Authors

Courtney Captisa has been creating gender transformation art for five years and has been involved with the community for nearly fifteen years. She has a bachelor's degree in Pre-Law with a minor in Business Writing. She enjoys spending time on the beach near her residence in the Mid-Atlantic.

Claire Bear is a writer based in London who has been making gender transformation art and fiction for two years. Being a teen when she started writing, she tries to make her work fit with the younger generation.

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

Courtney can be reached at inyourdreamspublishing@gmail.com

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/CourtneyCaptisa>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/courtney.captisa>

Pinterest: <https://www.pinterest.com/courtneycaptisa/>

Claire's Tumblr: mermadprincesss.tumblr.com/

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<http://eepurl.com/bnNVfP>

(Can put an alias for name, but make sure email works!)

Please check out our other titles under In Your Dreams Publishing!

[“The Sissy Next Door” by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear](#)



19,000+ words

Keywords: transgender, lesbian, sissy, age regression, crossdressing, party dress, forced feminization, school girl, yoga pants, menstruation, clean TG Fiction

Our first story to take place in England!

Daniel believes his crossdressing habit is his personal secret until his new next door neighbour through the window and believes he is a teenage girl like her! She tells her family and through a note, him and his mum are invited over for dinner. Through his mum's encouragement, he must take the identity of 'Mandy' and pretend to be a normal teenage girl to fit in with his new friend Sarah.

Sarah is more of an alternative girl who loves bands and partying. While, 'Mandy' is more of a girly girl, the two click and develop a friendship. 'Mandy' must deal with conflicts that arise such as being set up on a date by her friend and dealing with Sarah's constant teen antics. Problems also come up when Sarah starts questioning 'Mandy's' lifestyle choices...

Notice: Contains masturbation, but no sex scenes.

Warning: Some recreational drug use, profanity, and hipsters.

[“The Making of a Full House” by Courtney Captisa & Haylee Sims](#)



21,000 + Words.

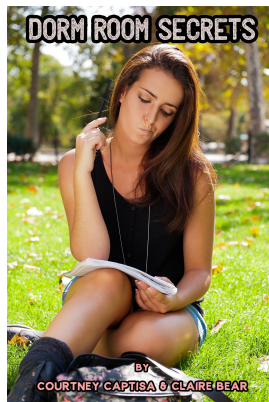
Keywords: transgender, science fiction, age progression, age regression, magic transformation?, hormones, chemical, teen, MILF, trophy wife, family, fancy dress, memory loss, cheerleader, gymnasts, dance, personality change.

Notice: No graphic sex scenes, but implied situations. Some vivid descriptions of transformation and anatomy with light profanity. PG-13 Rating.

Graduate students Garrett and Kendall have been best friends for years. Once they find a great house to rent near campus, they recruit their friend James to go in with them on the house and find a guy online named Marc to go in on the lease. Strange things happen a few days after they move in as Kendall is transformed into a successful career woman, James becomes a teenage cheerleader, and Marc goes from being a built African-American athlete to a tween girl who loves gymnastics!

The family struggles to deal with not only finding a way to switch back, but also new jobs, schools, and for some of them; memory loss. Can they find a way to change back before it's too late?

“Dorm Room Secrets” by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear

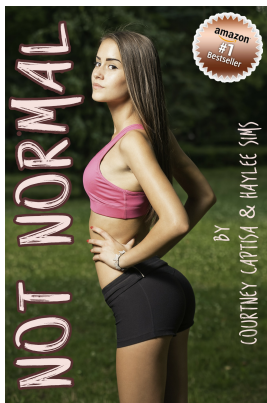


Keywords: transgender, lesbian, college, teen, crossdressing, surgery, forced, yoga pants, fancy dress, Halloween, French maid, oral.

Kenneth is excited to get an acceptance letter from his dream college, but is disappointed that it has been addressed to a girl! His parents assure him it's a mistake, but he's in for a surprise when he's later walking around campus wearing yoga pants and a bra! Throughout the ordeal, "Kaitlyn" must keep it a secret from HER roommate, friends back home, and new friends she makes around campus.

Warning: Contains a few fictional sexual situations with consenting individuals. Lesbian sex scene is limited. Adult readers only!

"Not Normal" by Courtney Captisa & Haylee Sims



Getting invited to sit with popular cheerleaders at lunch should be any boy's dream in high school. However for Joseph, it quickly turns into a nightmare! From the moment he interacts with them, unwanted changes start happening in his life. From being forced to talk about fashion with girls in class, to being hit on by guys, to being teased by his younger sister, "Julia" must put clues together before SHE forgets about the past. Features a very slow and detailed physical transformation into the pretty cheerleader he may become.

Word Count: 8,000+

Possible Spoilers!

Themes: transgender, forced feminization, teen, magical transformation, cheerleader, school girl, high school, friends, sister, parents, yoga pants, fast transformation, mind altered, stuck.

Rated: PG-13 for descriptions of anatomy and language. Note: This story does NOT contain any sex scenes.

"Pageant or Prison?" by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear



From the authors of "Not Another TG Story."

Cover Art Assistance by Alexis.

Warning: NO sexual situation, but some mentioning by teenagers.

To Anthony's dismay, the only thing available to complete his court-appointed community service in time is helping out at the Miss Heartland County Pageant. Although being around pretty girls all day seems like every boy's dream, it turns into a nightmare as he is forced to "help" at the pageant in more ways than one.

Themes: Teen, Beauty Pageant, Forced Feminization, Blackmail, Pageant Dress, Bikini, Crossdressing, Hormones, Surgery, Breasts, Friend, Makeup, Hair.

"Not Another TG Story" by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear



Dylan is your average teenage boy. Slightly overweight, lazy, plays video games, and dresses up in his sister's clothes! His little hobby soon gets him in trouble however and leads him into a path of femininity.

Under the cruel guidance of his loving sister and newly found boyfriend Nick, Dylan begrudgingly makes his transformation, which takes place over his entire senior year, including prom and senior week.

His transition into the female world doesn't go exactly smoothly however. Embarrassing trips to the mall, fighting off kisses from boys, and dancing like a sissy at cheer practice are just some of his tribulations.

Note: This is NOT a parody story, but is more of a homage to great TG Fiction the authors have read over the years. Contains cheerleaders, siblings, and prom scenes!

18+ readers only. Contains a few adult situation themes with consenting, legal adults.

Transformation Methods: Hormones, Makeup, Salon, Shopping, Implants, Surgery, Magic?