



"BET I CAN FEMINIZE  
MY BROTHER...TOO!"

by  
CLAIRE BEAR & COURTNEY CAPTISA



# Contents

Title Page

Copyright

Chapter One - Breaking the News

Chapter Two - Slumber Party

Chapter Three - Talking

Chapter Four - Feminization

Chapter Five - Prepping for Pageant

Chapter Six - Boy Bikinis

Chapter Seven - Pageant Part 1

Chapter Eight - Pageant Part 2

Chapter Nine - After Party

Chapter Ten - Epilogue

Thank You!

Join Us

“Bet I Can Feminize My Brother...  
TOO!”

By  
Claire Bear & Courtney Captisa

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## CHAPTER ONE

### Breaking the News

“There’s no fucking way I’m wearing your panties again!”

Gwen shrugs her shoulders, “I really don’t think it’s that much to ask. You seemed comfortable in them last night.”

Since the pageant yesterday, Bradley hasn’t talked to his sister much even though he has seen her around the house randomly throughout the day. After the pageant last night, he was willing to take photos in his dress with multiple people and even smiled in all of them, but promised it was all just in good fun.

“It was a one-night-only thing. Why are you insisting that I dress in your stuff again?” he says as he continues pouring soda into a glass in the kitchen.

“You may enjoy this actually. There’s another bet going on now between us all.”

“And what is that?”

“It’s going to stay a secret for now!”

“What the hell Gwen? You openly admitted what the last bet was about... All your sick friends trying to feminize their brothers to win a fucking sissy beauty pageant. I was the only one who seemingly volunteered to do it. Why not just tell me this time?”

“Because...”

“Just tell me...”

“No!” Gwen says sticking to her guns. She’s nervous about admitting to him that the next bet is which girl can get their brother a boyfriend that he’ll deny it immediately. She knows her brother isn’t gay, although

wearing a bra seemed to make people think otherwise.

“Then that’s that... Look, it was fun and all, but I only did it for you and some laughs. I’m not into wearing that stuff. Now why don’t you just tell me,” he says, especially considering he doesn’t like secrets.

“It’s nothing too serious, just since Christina....”

Bradley interrupts her mid-sentence, “You mean Chris?”

“Yeah yeah, whatever. Anyway, since they got dumped because of the pageant, we thought it would be nice if we tried to get our brothers dates!” Gwen replies, leaving out the all important detail that it has to be crossdressing with a guy.

Putting away the soda bottle in the fridge, Bradley pauses before grabbing his glass and moving into the living room. “That sucks for him, though why were you trying to get me to wear your stuff? I can’t imagine that would help me get a date with a girl.”

Following him from room to room and sitting snugly next to him with her feet up on the sofa she nods in a guilty manner. “True, though the bet is specifically for the brother to be crossdressing...”

“I guess that adds to the difficulty. Though I’ll help out if you can get me a hot girl,” Bradley relents seeing the pros outweigh the cons.

“It wouldn’t exactly be a girl either....” Gwen whispers trying not to make eye contact.

“You girls are fucked up....”

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“STOP TAKING PHOTOS OF ME!”

Hannah smiles as she takes yet another picture of JASMINE in her bedroom. Unfortunately, for ‘James,’ he received no break in

feminization. She continued her plot of having her sissy brother even sleep in girl pajamas. He originally thought that this would be the end to this whole ordeal, but matters were worse when Hannah took James in the bathroom with her in the morning to make sure he shaved where he needed to and properly put on makeup.

“Would you stop whining? Oh, nevermind, you are a girl now, so I guess it’s natural for you.”

“This is supposed to be over! I’m taking off this stupid stuff right now!” JASMINE says as his tutu bounces as he stomps his way to the bedroom door.

“No one forced you to wear this!” Hannah says in defense.

“You are lying! You said if I didn’t put this on today and keep practicing with this stupid music that you would break the TV in my room!”

“Admit it... you love being a girl!” Hannah smiles and walks over to her brother and grabs him for a tight hug. She even puts her hands on his tights. His bra has been stuffed again giving him perfectly round little breasts that stick out from the light dark blue ballet blouse he is wearing.

“What are you getting out of this?” he asks.

“Aside from allowing my sissy brother to be himself? It’s fun besides I have BIG plans for you!” Hannah teases, breaking off the hug.

“I hate this stuff, and you know it! And what the hell do you mean by plans?” Jasmine asks worriedly.

“You’ll see, but firstly you need practice! You were very passable at the pageant, but if you had nailed it, I’d have won the bet!”

“What do you mean by you would have won? I was the one in the pageant; I also did everything you told me to do,” Jasmine complains looking down at his blue tutu and opaque white tights underneath.

“I meant we, and yes you did, but it was an amateur’s dance routine! You need practice.”

After a little more arguing and a lot more complaining, Hannah had her brother practicing his flexibility as well as having Jasmine stand on his toes for long periods. Despite practicing dance moves with his sister before, she has wanted to give him some more advanced moves.

“Aren’t you glad we took care of your little penis this morning?”

“Don’t remind me...” says Jasmine about her continued tuck job, which is secured by one of Hannah’s maxi-pads. She told him to get used to wearing them which frightened him, although he thought she was joking at first.

Jasmine extends his hand in the air with his sister and places his left foot at the knee of his right leg as he bows down with his sister in a graceful motion. Hannah decides this is the perfect time to have a little girl talk.

“Do you remember my ex-boyfriend Jaden’s brother Mason?”

“Yeah, he’s one grade above me at school.”

“What do you think of him?” she asks.

“I don’t know. Don’t see him too often.”

“But like... looks wise? Do you think he’s cute?” Hannah seriously asks.

Jasmine stops her ballerina movements. “Hannah... I’m not gay.”

“It was just a question. Some guys think other guys are cute. Just like how girls say other girls are beautiful. People can judge.”

“But I don’t go around school thinking about how other boys look...” he says defensively.



“Then again... like I’ve said MANY times before... If you are dressed like this and we consider you to be living as Jasmine... then it wouldn’t be gay for you to think a boy is cute, would it?”

“Actually, yes it would be!”

Hannah smiles as she walks over to her brother and moves his arms back in the air for him for the next dance routine. “No... not really. If you start acting and talking like a girl more, I think we’ll become much closer. It’s okay for you to admit how you feel about boys now that you are turning into a girl...”

Jasmine moves away though Hannah does notice very gracefully. “I am not turning into a girl; you’re crazy!?” she snaps.

“What the hell is going on up there you two?!” A voice from downstairs calls.

“Oh shit, Dad’s home!” they both say in unison as footsteps approach the door and swing it open, pausing in the doorway looking at his two children. One dressed in shorts and a casual T-shirt. The other, his son, wearing a full ballet uniform with makeup.

“James, why are you wearing that?...”

“Cause Hannah is a psycho! She forced me into this by threatening to break my TV!” He yells out pointing, the tutu swaying a little.

“That’s not true Daddy! He begged me to borrow him an outfit cause he’s such a sissy!”

Looking them both over it’s clear who’s lying and who’s telling the truth, the look of desperation much clearer on James’s face. “Hannah take all that off him and throw it in the wash. Afterwards, you can do all the washing. You’re grounded!”

## CHAPTER TWO

### Slumber Party

A few days later, the four girls all sit lazily around on the scattered pillows and cushions; some wrapped up in a blanket while others lay out with long pajama bottoms at the slumber party. Pretty soon, after the greetings and idle chatter, the conversations moves to the bet.

“I can’t believe you both are already out! This is going to be so easy!” Sasha laughs out, hearing about Hannah and Gwen’s misfortunes.

“Easy? Half are out, but I’m still very much in!” Mandy replies also pleased to hear that the bet now has fewer competitors.

“I think we should just change the bet; it’s crazy!” Hannah complains, still a little moody about being grounded.

“I agree, none of our brothers will agree to it, we should have it be different conditions!” Gwen adds in.

“No freaking way, just cause you two failed doesn’t mean we will, the bet stays. Besides, I’ve been making some real progress,” Sasha proudly claims.

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Meanwhile, as the girls continue arguing and sharing feminization stories and techniques downstairs, Christian and Marc are playing games in Christian’s room upstairs. Since it’s a Friday night, and all his other friends were avoiding him, he jumped at the chance to invite Marc around especially with his sister acting crazy.

“Damn those girls are making a lot of noise down there!” Christian says as he shoots Marc on the video game they are playing.

“Yeah, they’ll probably be like that all night,” says Marc.

“Great!” Christian says sarcastically. “Thanks for coming over by the way. Who knows what those crazy girls would do with just me here...”

Marc keeps his mouth shut, and then changes the subject, “So what are you doing tomorrow?”

“Eh, Have the morning and afternoon free so we can go to the pool or something. Mom says I have a haircut at like six. I think I’m going to chop a lot of this hair off, especially considering what happened last week.”

“Yeah... that was pretty crazy. I’m surprised your hair is back to being straight after nearly a week.”

“Thank God for hats,” says Christian.

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Sasha sits close to Hannah with her old ‘I Love 1D’ night shirt promptly displaying her well-developed breasts. Her friends have made fun of her before since when she sits, it sometimes says ‘I Love D’ but considering it’s not a lie, she doesn’t mind.

“I thought Jasmine was so cute on that stage! Figured your brother would, at least, continue sometimes based on the fact that he was practicing dance stuff with you.”

Hannah’s eyes get big, “Ugh, I know right? Like, I think that pageant was the best thing that happened all summer so far.”

Suddenly, inside of her sick mind, she gets a brilliant idea. She debates on whether to keep the idea to herself. It’s a long shot and will be a lot of additional work, but may pay off, in the end-run.

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“So you didn’t like it at all?”

“Hell no man!” says Christian. “Are you telling me you did?”

“I was just checking,” says Marc shyly before turning his attention to picking up the bomb on the TV screen for further use in their co-op mission.

The two don’t mention anything else for about fifteen minutes as their attention is given to the video game they are playing, with the occasional comment from Christian about stuff he said online earlier the day like some girl’s boobs.

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“You want to put them in ANOTHER pageant?!” asks Mandy as she tilts her head to the side causing her braided side ponytail to move around. She is wearing a low-cut tanktop-style night shirt like Sasha’s, except her has a neon monkey on it.

“Double or nothing now. We agreed the fuel bet for the winner is void and did \$200 each for this one. So Gwen and Hannah are out now, so they cough up the \$400 total, now we do \$200, so that makes it \$800 pot. But now since it’s double or nothing, we take that \$800 put it away, and the three losers pay whoever wins this round ANOTHER \$800 total.”

“Thank you Common Core Math...” says Gwen sarcastically.

“That’s not fair to us!” shrieks Hannah.

“Why wouldn’t it be?” asks Sasha as she puts her hands on her hips.

“Because you are making this agreement after we are already out of the competition,” she says while pointing back and forth between herself and Gwen.

Sasha sees her logic, “Okay, then how about this... Just ante-up your \$200 for each of you.” She then turns to Mandy, “Then Mandy... we each double our amount, so \$400... I think that means that winner gets \$800 total!”

Mandy shrugs, "Isn't another pageant going to be expensive?"

"Not really! And it will be fun!" says Sasha.

"But why?"

"We heard about how Bradley and little James failed. I think if these new GIRLS are going to get boyfriends, they need to start behaving like women and truly think of themselves as girls. The more they are around other girls besides us, the better. And I have another great idea..."

Mandy rolls her eyes, "What's that...?"

"To make sure they get a proper dose of feminization... We enter them in a REAL teen beauty pageant but tell them it's another womanless pageant... That way, they think all of these other boys take it more serious than they do and they will HAVE to act more girly."

Gwen laughs, "Gee, that is evil. Are you sure your daddy isn't Satan?"

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"She actually did that?!" Marc asks, turning his attention from shooting bad guys to Christian.

"I know right? Thankfully since pageant ended I've managed to stick with my parents and away from her, so she hasn't done anything. Though she does keep texting me or asking me if I'm busy," he moans, his confidence starting to rebuild itself from being torn down the previous week.

"Mandy has been pretty calm the last few days, she has slipped up calling me Melissa a few times though I don't mind it too much; it's kinda funny."

"Well you're just lucky Sasha isn't your sister, Mandy seems sweet. The innocent type." Christian says wishfully, dreaming of having a different

sister.

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“So it’s decided! We’ll do some research and get our brothers into a pageant; it can’t be that hard!” Sasha exclaims determined.

“Wait a second, this bet is only fun for two of you now, it sucks!” Hannah sulks, wishing she could be as excited as Sasha and Mandy.

“How about, to keep it interesting we split up into two teams, Sasha and Mandy can still get the money but keeps it fun for us too!” Gwen shouts out, flipping up her blanket.

“That works, though how do we decide teams?” Sasha asks looking between two of her friends.

“Easy! Light hair vs. dark hair. So me and Gwen vs. Sasha and Hannah!” Mandy announces, not waiting for the others agreement.

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“So did you hear what happened with James? He’s so lucky!”

“Yeah, his sister was having him practice ballet,” Marc says energetically while still paying most of his attention to the screen.

“But the fact that his dad saved his ass and grounded his sister...” Christian adds on, looking over a little suspiciously.

“Right yeah, of course, that’s what I meant!” Marc blushes.

Before he can be questioned, however, a light knock on the door makes both of them spin around.

“Mom?” Christian questions, hoping it is. A sigh escaping his mouth as Sasha strides in.



“What are you two lovelies doing?!” Sasha says as she puts her hands over the doorway and leans in slightly.”

“Nothing,” says Christian. Marc looks at Sasha in fear. As much as he likes hanging out with Christian, his sister always has something on her mind it seems.

“Guess what?”

“You all are getting really loud down there, can you keep it down?!” Christian says as a loud explosion happens on screen.

Sasha walks more in the room slightly, strutting her stuff. “We’ve been busy.”

Christian hesitates his speech, but then replies, “With what? Girly shit like painting your nails and watching Mean Girls?”

Sasha walks closer to the bed as the rest of her friends giggle their way to the doorway. “No, more girly things like... decide on how to feminize our brothers more....”

“NOOOOOO!” yells Christian. Unfortunately for him, their parents are shopping at Wal-Mart right now and probably won’t be back at the house for another hour or so. “Is that what happened with James?! I’m not going to have you dress me up like a fucking girl again. Right, Marc!”

“.... Yeah! ...”

Sasha shakes her head, “Sorry SISTER. Already decided and we have a lot riding on this one. I’m not going to tell you what you’ll have to do to win since you’ll never do it and cause me to lose. But let’s just say you ARE going to be put in another pageant!”

“We just did this last week! Are you nuts? Why the hell would this area have another womanless pageant!” Christian argues.

“That was just for this little area sweetie,” Sasha says as she stands directly in front of the TV. “We found something special for you...”

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15 minutes ago...

“Miss Special Princess?!... You really want to enter them in a state teen beauty pageant?” asks Gwen.

“Why not?! We can get them in. I’m going to fill out the entry forms right now. Deadline says it’s tomorrow and pageant is right before school starts!”

Mandy bursts out in laughter, “OH MY GOD! It is going to be so funny seeing them have to act like real girls again.”

Sasha lowers her voice, “REMEMBER! They need to think it’s another womanless pageant!”

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“Get off of me!” says Christian.

Meanwhile, Marc is having his pants stripped off of him.

“Are those my panties?!” Mandy yells out as Marc shuts his eyes and imagines it’s a dream as his pants are pulled off and the pink cotton panties are in full view.

“Ugh, that is so annoying! See Christina; Melissa is getting into it why aren’t you!” Sasha complains grabbing Christian’s pants.

“Cause I’m not some sissy!” he argues as his pants are pulled down too.

“She looks so cute in those panties, trying to get Bradley in a pair that fit took ages!” Gwen complains taking both pairs of pants and throwing them in the corner.

“Now I know why you call him your little brother...” says Hannah.

“You should see Christian’s if you think that’s pathetic!”

---

A little later on as the six girls all sat around playing truth or dare, the giggles were uncontrollable, at least for four of them. The very angry CHRISTINA sat fuming on the edge hiding herself under a blanket, trying to sleep while a nervous MELISSA watched but dared not join in.

Christina had been forced into a pair of his sister’s panties along with long white pajama bottoms with red polka dots, the long sleeve top, which was annoyingly comfy had a cute teddy bear design hugging a heart.

Embarrassingly for Melissa when they tried to get him dressed he was a little too small for Sasha’s pajamas except for one old pair from a few years back. So wearing the matching pink Tinkerbelle shorts and vest, he blushed from some of the answers.

“How about you then Melissa?! Truth or dare?” Gwen asks after answering some question about who she would take with her on a deserted island.

Looking over at his sister Mandy for a way out he sees her nudging him to answer, “Trruthhhhhhh.”

“Perfect, well then, why were you wearing those panties?”

“Because I couldn’t find any of my underwear this morning and wasn’t about to wear nothing with jeans! That would hurt!”

“So you wore my panties?” asks Mandy.

“There were some of yours left in my room, and that’s all that I could find!”

“Geez...” says Mandy. “This may be easier than I thought!”

“Your turn Christina!” Truth or Dare...?” asks Sasha.

“Truth...”

Sasha smiles, “Great... I dare you to kiss Melissa!”

Every girl, at least, one born a natural one, bursts into laughter. Gwen is even in tears laughing on the ground. Melissa’s skin tone has changed from white to beet red.

“Fuck this! We aren’t gay!”

“You are girls again, though.”

“That doesn’t mean anything, and I can’t wait ‘till Mom and Dad get back!”

Sasha smiles, “I already texted them with a picture of you two in your cute little candy heart PJs and Sissy Tinkerbell set and told you that you both WANTED to be girls for the night with us!”

“You didn’t!” says Christina as she jumps up, causing her makeshift breasts to bounce a little in her pink PJs.

“It’s going to be so fun having you as a girl again!”

“It was just last week!”

Sasha gets nasty again, “Needs to be all the time. Now get close to your friend you little sissy bitch!”

Noticing her change in tone and the look in her face Christina instantly backs down going back to his small area, “I’m not doing it I said truth!”

“Truth is I don’t care, now stop your little tantrum and kiss Melissa, or else!” She leaves the threat open, and there’s a long silence before

Christina finally moves over next to Melissa.

“Wait, needs something!” Mandy calls out before grabbing something from her bag and joining the two boys. Applying a pink coat of lipstick to Melissa first who didn’t even protest before grabbing the others chin softly but firmly and applying it, she excited when she says, “Now you can!”

Both blush bright red as Christina leans in and pushes his lips against Melissa’s very briefly before moving back. Trying to imagine that it is a girl which is easier with Melissa’s current outfit.

“See that wasn’t so bad was it, you two should practice more though that was pathetic!” Sasha shouts out laughing as Christina felt his penis shrivel in his sister’s panties.

## CHAPTER THREE

### Talking

"I'm only doing this because I love you!" Sasha says as she hugs her brother from behind as Christina looks at himself in the full-length mirror in Sasha's room.

Teary-eyed, Christina responds, "I don't believe you! You are doing this because you have another bet with your friends! Why?! Just why?!" he says as he pulls on the ends of his now feminine-styled curly dark hair. He managed to make it to his haircut appointment the other day but didn't know Sasha had told their mom the story and agreed it would help his chances if he has his haircut by a female stylist who turned him from having long boyish hair to having a hairstyle more suitable for a girl his age. She added slight bangs with having a part of his hair grace over his forehead and curled the ends.

To make matters worse, Sasha exercised another one of her great ideas by having them switch rooms for the time being. Even before the acceptance letter for the pageant came in the mail. Sasha pushed in the fact that many of the other "boys" who do the pageant take it very seriously, showing him pictures of previous Miss Ohio Special Princess photos that in reality, are genetic girls. Even though he was very passable at the womanless beauty pageant the other week, he knew himself that he would have to step up the game if he wanted a chance.

"Remember... college scholarship... \$5,000 cash... How can you NOT want to do this?!" asks Sasha.

"That's only if I win! I don't like doing this Sasha! I don't want to be a girl!"

"But you look so cute! A million boys would kill to be in your heels right now. You've gotten so great at walking in them."

Right now, Sasha has Christina wearing a pair of her white heels with a cute summer skirt. It is bright pink and shows off plenty of his shaven



legs along with a white lace top with a slim shirt underneath. Breast forms have returned for his transformation, this time with extra-strength glue.

"Boys shouldn't be good at walking in heels Sasha, not to mention have matching haircuts with their sisters!" he says still staring into the mirror.

"True, but you are and do which just means you must be a girl! Now I have to tidy my new room since you left it in such a mess!" She scolds a little before giving a kiss on his cheek and heading out of the room leaving him to fall back on the bed holding his face in his hands.

Slipping off his heels, he sighs at the sight of his painted nails which was thanks to the slumber party a few nights before. Rolling over onto his side a sudden thought struck him, "If we're switching rooms does this mean she's swapped our stuff?"

Opening the bedside drawer he yelps out, putting his hand over his mouth. Shrugging off his girlish reaction to the shock he stares at the foreign object laying in the back of the drawer.

It's full of mostly hair clips and bobby pins with a few magazines and random junk, but at the back is a slim pink vibrator.

Slamming it shut he takes a few minutes to comprehend what's happened before hatching a scheme of his own for once, surely if he uses it as blackmail material he can get out of this stupid bet and pageant.

"Ohhh Sasha, come here for a sec!"

A long pause before footsteps are heard approaching, and the door is swung open, "Yeah, what's up sis?"

"Is this the reason you don't have a boyfriend?" Christina says as he turns on the vibrator and holds it up in the air for her sister to see, careful to hold it only from one end.

"...No..." says Sasha.

"Funny... seems like you need to use Mr. Vibe here more often to calm down a bit! Now... I'm going to get changed in MY room, and you are going to drive me back to the haircut place so I can get all of this taken off... or EVERYONE will know that you masturbate with his."

Sasha stands there flabbergasted that her little brother is trying to blackmail her now. "You wouldn't!"

"Oh yes, I will... This charade is going to end RIGHT NOW! I'll even tell Mom!"

Sasha pauses for a few more moments... then puts on her biggest smile. "She already knows!"

The vibrator still shaking in Christina's little hand, he says with a disappointed face, "...What?!"

"Of course, she found it one day. She told me now to worry, because she used one when she was my age as well and that it is nothing to be ashamed about. So go ahead... tell anyone you want... it probably won't be a surprise! Wait... since this is your room until the pageant is over, you can use it if you want. Just be sure to clean it afterward you know."

Christina's plan for revenge has failed, and he is extremely disappointed. He turns off the vibrator and throws it back in the drawer. "I'm NOT using that anywhere... EWW!"

Sasha walks over to him with something in her hand and the water bottle she came back within the room. "Here... take this."

"What is it?"

"Just something..."

"What is it?!"

"It's something that's going to help with your skin tone! Just take it!"

---

"I'm not so sure about this Mandy? There are a lot of people in there," Melissa worries, shaking a little at the idea of someone catching him out.

Mandy just rolls her eyes as she grips her younger brothers hand and pulls him towards the mall. Both are wearing similar outfits since he's wearing her clothes, T-shirts with loud prints as well as denim shorts. Basic flats are worn by both as well though Melissa is wearing low socks, so they don't slip off her feet.

"The only way anyone is going to find out is if you tell them, or I do. Which will happen if you don't hurry up!"

Believing her threat he quickens his pace, matching hers as she keeps her hand on his just in case, he says, "Okay sorry. Thanks for bringing me along I needed a lift to get this new game..."

"That's not why I did this Melissa! Why do you think you're dressed up, we're going clothes shopping!" Mandy says swinging their hands a little with excitement.

"Clothes shopping?! But why do we need to do that?"

"Well, firstly I want some new stuff. So stop being so selfish!" Mandy says, feigning disappointment.

"Oh right, of course, I'm really sorry!"

"And secondly, you need a few things. You borrowing my underwear without my permission has to stop. Not to mention you need shoes!"

Melissa says in her well-practiced feminine voice, "It was just that one time!"

"Doesn't matter! You can wear your own thongs once we stop in here!" she says dragging her feminized brother into Victoria Secret's PINK section.

---

About an hour later, Melissa and Mandy sit in the shoe department of Bosmacy's with several pink bags surrounding them. With similar breast forms to which Christina has, Melissa was properly sized by the girls working at the lingerie store who could not tell that the girl in front of them was really a boy, let alone that her breasts are fake. His size is determined to be a 32B, and they picked out a few matching bra and panty sets to go along with his new ensemble. She told him it is probably best to wear them every day for now on although it seems like he is already getting comfortable with his feminine side.

Back at the house, Mandy had extra fun with painting Melissa's toenails and giving her advice on how to do it herself. Melissa's feet look extra feminized with pink nail polish on the end of the silver strap three-inch heels he has on.

"I still can't believe you have smaller feet than me!" says Mandy as she looks at her brother walk across the floor effortlessly. She knows he has a really good chance of placing in this pageant but is also concerned about his ability to flirt with boys, so knows male interaction will be needed today after more feminization lessons.

"Is it really that rare a thing?" Melissa asks, a little embarrassed and emasculated.

"Yeah! I have small feet for a girl, so you're super tiny. Though I guess what they say about guys with feet is true."

Not fully understanding what she said he nods along before they pay for the shoes and head out of the store heading towards Rox-Sun, a store mostly for skate, swimming, and beachwear.

Following his sister, he watches as she picks up a few things before placing them back down or holding them up to herself or Melissa. Eventually, she grabs a two of the same kind and heads to the changing rooms, "Here, go put this on!"

Without a chance to reply he's pushed into a stall holding the pink bikini with a bandeau style top. Panicking a little but seeing no way out, he strips down and puts on the bikini before opening the door a little and poking her head out seeing his sister, "It's on..."

"Then get your butt out here!" she says while admiring herself in the mirror a little, turning around she puts her hands up to her mouth holding back giggles, "Oh my god haha that's... adorable!"

"W...What do you mean?" Melissa asks, blushing furiously at being so under clothed in a public place.

"Even with that tuck job and your.... Quant equipment there's still a bulge, we're going to have to do something about that."

"What?!" Melissa looks down and sees it before rushing back into her stall.

Mandy follows her into the stall and closes the door. "I mean it doesn't look too bad, but here," she says as she puts her hands on the waistline right above Melissa's groin.

"NO!" he says as he bats his sister's hand away. "I can do it!"

"Oh wait... I think this may have had a little wrap that can go around it," Mandy puts her hand on the door.

"Mandy... hold on... I don't know if I can wear just the wrap!"

"I guess that means a good tuck job right?"

"Yeah... says Mandy as she adjusts her privates for the time being in the mirror."

"Sasha and I were looking around the other day and found this pretty crazy method some Asians use. It's probably going to give you a vagina for a few weeks at least, though."

"... I guess..."

Mandy gets closer to her brother, "Oh and thanks by the way. Sasha told me Christian is throwing a bitch-fit over every little feminization thing that she does to him. You've been much calmer, and I really appreciate that!"

Melissa pauses, "... I could really use that scholarship and the money!" he says.

"I understand... Oh, great news! I found out the salon down at the other end at the mall can give you hair extensions that won't come out easily. You are going to look like a true princess when we are all finished!"



## CHAPTER FOUR

### Feminization

Melissa sits in front of HER sister's vanity watching and trying to take mental notes of every aspect of the styling Mandy is doing to her hair. Enjoying the different types of looks she can get just by only using hair straighteners or curlers.

Looking down, she sees the white bra hugging her breast forms snugly against her, enjoying the way they look but blushing about being so close to naked. Mandy insisted, though, her reason being that if she were going to wear a bikini in front of a big crowd, she should be used to being half naked.

"Are you sure you can use all this stuff on hair extensions, it won't ruin them?"

"No they're expensive ones, you're lucky I paid for them!" Mandy says, combing her fringe a little.

"Yeah, thanks...." Melissa blushes from the way Mandy makes it sound like it's her idea.

As her hair is sprayed liberally to keep it in place, she's rushed out of the stool standing still nervously in her matching white bra and panties.

"Can I get changed now...?"

"Still not used to it? Ugh, fine let's pick you out something super cute for tonight!"

Melissa walks with Mandy to the nearby closet. One part of the door is already open while the other part is covered with handbags and clothes that didn't make the cut on previous outfit selections.

She gets a quick glimpse of the dozens of outfits that rotate in Mandy's collection. This brings back memories of previous feminization while preparing for the last pageant.

“Let’s see... how about this?” Mandy asks, pulling out a VERY low cut black polka dot white dress that looks like it’s from 1958.

“I don’t think I’m going to fit...” says Melissa.

“Then try it on!”

“Ugh...” Melissa says as she lifts her arms letting her sister feminize her more by slipping it on and zipping up the back.

“Look at yourself... It’s super cute.”

“Eek! NO!”

Melissa turns in the mirror to see how the dress looks from the side. Her new breasts are adding to her developing girl’s figure. She bends over slightly and sees how much the skirt lifts up. “Not this...”

Mandy scavenges through the closet trying to find something else that may be appropriate. She then finds an outfit that she bought back in March that she never wore and thought that it will be a great look for the occasion tonight.

Although the polka dot dress showed a lot of skin at her bottom half, this outfit will show more skin of her breasts and stomach! It’s a two-piece ensemble with a floral bandeau strapless top that curves up slightly around the naval and has a matching pattern on the back. There won’t be a need for the white bra if wearing this. The skirt to the outfit doesn’t match exactly but offers a beautiful contrasting difference of a teal ruffled skirt that is of appropriate length.

“What do you think?” asks Mandy.

“I’ll try it on...” says Melissa as she turns around so Mandy can unzip the polka dot dress.

Unzipping the dress and placing it down carefully on the bed Melissa

unhooks her bra after a few attempts, still unused to it. She briefly pauses a little before lowering it completely, blushing.

“Oh come on, they’re not real. Why are you embarrassed!” Mandy says slightly annoyed at the time it’s taking, snatching the bra away.

“I guess, but it just feels natural to keep them covered in front of you, sorry...”

“Just imagine I’m a boy you like. It’s natural for you to show them off!”

That sentence doesn’t help Melissa blush at all... Grabbing the crop top and slipping it on, careful not to ruin her hair and adjusting it slightly in the mirror, she grabs the skirt and slides it on thankful to finally be clothed and not walk around her undies.

Spinning and looking in the mirror she can’t help but let out a little smile before asking, “Look good?”

“It’s great, almost as good as it looks on me!” Mandy says, turning her attention to her own outfit selection.

Melissa studies how Mandy goes through her clothes. She is the type of girl who loves fashion and wearing various outfits for different occasions but seems indecisive for the most part. She has a good knowledge of what’s in her collection even when constantly changing the contents of her closet.

“What do you think I should wear?” asks Mandy.

“If I’m wearing this, you need to wear something similar or like a dress or something. I could have just worn jeans or shorts if we are going out again.”

“Not for this!” replies Mandy. “This is something special tonight. Oh, and you should find some shoes there at the bottom to go with your cute little outfit. Or maybe wear the ones we got at the mall the other day?”

Melissa keeps a straight face and replies, “Sure...”

Mandy changes the subject for a moment... “Oh, I forgot to ask... How do things feel down there now?”

She puts her head down slightly in embarrassment, “It does feel like there’s nothing down there right now... but I can still go to the bathroom fine...”

“Great! Sasha and I were talking about what we could do about it. That’s when I found that crazy tuck job operation from that Asian site. I think Sasha stole my idea because she said she’s going to force Christina to do it as well.

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“Stop it, Sasha! This hurts!”

“It’s just like waxing... The hot glue is going to burn at first, but it’s worth it, in the end, run!” she smiles.

“What’s happening down there?!” Christina screams as Sasha’s latex gloved hands come closer to his penis with the glue concoction.

Getting no response from Sasha didn’t help relieve her fear, closing her eyes and wishing for it to be over. The full body waxing seemed a little overkill since it hadn’t been too long since they were shaven. Sasha insists, however, and she is fast finding out it is easier and less painful just to do what she wants.

“There all done!” Sasha exclaims as she moves back taking the gloves off and wiping he brow imitating a surgeon, “You should have no worries in a bikini now, not that it was too much of a problem before....”

Blushing a little and sitting up Christina felt a distinct lack of, well anything down there with a panicked look on her face.

“What did you do?!”

“Oh relax I did a little research and found a method to glue it back, so there’s no bulge, it’s perfectly safe... Probably.”

Not seeing the funny side of it, she quickly grabs the pink VS thong she was wearing before the tuck job and slipped it back on, eager to not be naked in front of her sister anymore.

“Oh good idea, let’s get you ready girl!”

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Checking the mirror Melissa had to admit the tuck job really did the trick, even with her legs apart there is no telltale bulge, something that causes a red-cheeked smile as she continues posing.

“Would you stop checking yourself out and help me get an outfit!?” Mandy barks from behind her, a little frustrated since she hasn’t gotten ready yet herself.

Melissa throws her hands down turning her wrists in the process, “Sorry, it’s just I’m still getting use to not seeing that there...” She does a twirl which flips her skirt up slightly.

“I know, impressive right?! Ugh... what to wear?!” says Mandy back in her closet doing the same process with critiquing the dozens of outfits in her collection.

Melissa continues skipping towards her sister which causes her curly hair to bounce. “Maybe like that zebra print dress that you wore to that party the other week?”

“Oh my god no. That was for a special occasion, and I’ll probably never wear it again. It was kinda tight on me anyways which isn’t always a bad thing but like my ass looked huge in it. You can have it if you want it.”

That comment causes Melissa to get even more red in the face. Mandy hands her little sister the dress without even looking at her and

continues rummaging through the clothes. Since Melissa is starting to feel more comfortable in her new role, probably thanks to having the circulation of testosterone slightly removed due to her feminized tuck job, she starts offering additional suggestions. “It may be fun if we wear similar outfits, so maybe go with a skirt and top as well?”

Mandy smiles at her sissy, “Now you are starting to think like a girl! It’s not like I would take you out like that and then wear like jeans and a sweatshirt!”

Melissa feels a little strange, but also slightly comfortable that Mandy is enjoying her time with her, even if there were some masculine sacrifices to be made. “What about this white and rose thing?”

The outfit is in two parts held by the same hanger. Melissa can tell that the skirt is a little wider than her own but will probably come down to the same length, about a few inches above the knee. The top is completely white and sleeveless with a mesh layer at the top which will expose very little of Mandy’s cleavage. It shows less skin than Melissa’s, but Mandy thinks it will be a good look for her sister.

Mandy replies, “It’s a little last season, but it’s not a bad idea.”

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Stepping out of the car, Christina fights the urge to sprint off towards home with every fiber of her being, not that it would do much good without a key. She feels almost completely naked, unused to having so much skin on show in public, blushing only adding to the cute look she now adores.

Wearing white lace shorts that are, in her opinion, criminally short. The blue tank top doesn’t help much since it finishes before the waistband showing off her stomach with the white daisies adding a little design to the front. Finishing off the outfit is a large white hair bow that Sasha insisted upon, with some simple sandals on her feet.

Thankfully Sasha isn’t covered too much either, choosing a romper split



into two parts at the waist, a white and black Aztec design on the shorts while the top stops just above her cleavage with an inviting pink bow drawing attention there.

“What’s up Sis? You look like you’ve seen a ghost?” Sasha asks, locking the door as she moves towards her sister in the making.

“You know damn well what’s up! Dressing me up like a sissy then parading me out in public!” Christina snaps, stamping her foot a little like a petulant child.

“Well if the bow fits sissy...” Snickering a little, before grabbing her hand. “Let’s get going we’re late already!”

“Late!? For what!?” Trying to pull back but once again overpowered.

“Reservations!” says Sasha.

“At Applebee’s?!” says Christina. Luckily, walking in girly sandals with her manicured feet is easier than walking in heels as she doesn’t have to pay as much attention to walking properly, although Sasha has forced her to pay more attention to the way she moves her hips and relaxing her shoulders a bit.

“Yeah, I wanted to make this a very special occasion since you are making some big steps in your transition.”

Christina tries to keep her voice down for fear of someone overhearing, “Again... I’m not transitioning... I’m only doing this because I need to win that money for the pageant.”

Sasha gives her sister a lecture as they approach the door, “There’s a lot to it though, so again just think of yourself as a girl right now because you look really cute. Attitude adjustment is definitely required if you want to win as a true sissy so put on your best smile and enjoy this. Oh, and be sure to be yourself tonight... just your feminine self...”

She opens the door as Christina follows her into the entrance. Christina

sees two boys about Sasha's age sitting down with their cellphones dressed in tank tops and shorts with backward cap on. She thinks nothing of it... until both of them smile and stand up.

"Hey!" says Chad, the guy wearing a black Volcom shirt. He is about 6'2" and has muscles, but is at the same time kind of skinny. He towers over both Sasha and Christina. "Great to see you both. This is Henry."

Henry is a few inches shorter than Chad but is equally good looking. He is wearing a very flashy tank top with a Where's Waldo theme, peacocking it as a conversation piece. "Nice to meet you both, and you must be Christina?" he asks.

"Hi..." Christina whispers under her anger.

Chad says, "I told the hostess we there was four of us and that we would wait out here for you, so let's head inside."

Without a chance to protest or even yell at her sister an arm is slid around her waist as she's lead to the table by Henry, pulling out her chair before sitting in his own across from her while Sasha sat next to her.

As small talk is made, mainly not involving Christina, who did her best to hide behind a menu, pretending to read it. Her face bright red from a mixture of embarrassment as well as anger, after ordering their soft drinks she gets enough courage to speak up and excuse herself to the bathroom, grabbing Sasha's hand on the way.

"What the fuck Sasha?!" she hisses out, mad but still remembering to keep her voice down as they move to the sinks and mirror.

"What? Do you not like him, I thought he was pretty hot..." Putting her purse up next to the sink before digging through it.

"Cause you're a girl! I'm a guy, I don't like other guys, you've gone too far!"

Rolling her eyes a little before glancing over with a stern look, moving behind Christina and making her head look directly forwards into the mirror, “Guy huh? Cause you look like a girl to me! Now start acting like it.”

Looking at the girl in the mirror, with a white bow, it didn’t help his argument, “I don’t care how you made me look, I’m not sitting back down at that table!”

“Well fine, I’ll just tell them that my sissy brother dressed up in my clothes to try and trick them, I wonder which one would beat you up first? They’re pretty big...” Moving to the side and checking her makeup in the mirror.

Stammering a little Christina tried to think through it logically, surely they wouldn’t hit her. Although it’s a possibility, surely one awkward meal was better than that...”Fine...”

Christina makes her way to a stall and closes the door with Sasha going to the one adjacent to it. Because of her recent beautiful tuck job, Christina now has to sit down to urinate. Something about seeing her feminized brother’s feet from the other stall, having to sit down to do her business makes her happy. She knows Christina is getting a little over her head and is enjoying every minute of it.

After finishing, the girls rejoin at the sink as they wash their hands and fix their hair a little.

“Remember... just be yourself. Henry wants to know more about your personality. It’s obvious he already thinks you are cute.”

“That’s not mutual!” replies Christina.

“Just have fun with it! I’m pretty sure he’s not a fuckboy or anything.”

“Who the hell is that guy Chad anyways?” Christina asks not knowing she’s re-entering girl talk mode.

“Some guy I met recently, he seems fun! But as far as you are concerned little girl... This could be great learning experience for you. No one likes a bitch...”

“So why is Chad out with you again?” asks Christina.

“Very funny... Like I said, you want them to think you are a girl.”

“But not all girls are into every guy they go out with.”

“You need another lesson in womanhood: Learn how to lie.”

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As the two girls leave the cinema into the warm sunny day, they head off to get some quick food, holding hands and discussing the film, “I liked it, though, it was predictable. I wish she would have gotten with the bad guy, he was hot!” Mandy says.

“Yeah I know what you mean,” Melissa replies, still a little nervous and shy from being in public dressed as a girl.

“So you thought he was hot too huh?” She asks, looking over at her feminized brother for a hint.

“Well...umm... No, I just meant it was predictable, nerdy but cute guy it always happens.”

“Oh so he’s more your type, he was cute...” After a little more teasing and a lot more blushing, they get to a fast food place before lining up, a familiar group moving behind them before announcing.

“Mandy!”

Twisting around on the spot she smiles, recognizing the family a few houses down from hers, “Hey you guys, I haven’t seen you in a while!” Looking over the young couple with their young daughter aged around six or so.

“Yeah, it’s been a while since we had that barbecue I’ll guess we’ll have to do another one sometime!” the father announces cheerfully while this is happening Melissa is panicking, still with her back to them wishing that a hole would form around her feet and hide her.

Noticing a few looks at the back of her Mandy grabs her wrist before swinging her around, “Say hey Melissa!”

Freezing on the spot a little it takes all her willpower to lift a dainty hand up and wave a little murmuring out, “Hey” softly.

Thankfully, they don’t notice who she really is and just reply as if it’s their first time meeting a friend of Mandy’s, small talk passing the time as they edge bit by bit closer to the counter and Melissa’s freedom, until...

“Mommy, why is Marc wearing girls clothes?” The little girl asks, tugging on the woman’s sleeve.

“Huh, what do you mean honey?” she asks confused while Melissa’s eyes open wide in horror.

“Marc always had a few freckles on his arm; I connected the dots last time they were over!” She announces pointing to the arm and the freckles.

The woman hesitates... “Marc... is that really you?”

“It’s a long story...” she says still speaking in her female voice.

Mandy can tell the family is shocked, even though the little girl is smiling slightly and comes to Melissa’s defense, “Marc was in that womanless beauty pageant at the fair a few weeks ago. Don’t know if you heard.”

The husband speaks up, “Oh, I think I heard of that but didn’t know Marc was in it.”

Mandy smiles, “Yeah, and she did well so she’s going to another one that’s statewide and trying to win some money for college so she’s practicing acting like a girl to like... do better...”

The wife smiles, “Well that’s very nice of you to help your brother out. I’m assuming your parents know about this?”

Mandy hesitates to give a straight answer and comes up with a slight fib, “Yes... they are happy he’s doing something other than playing video games around the house and is starting to think about his future.”

The family shares a laugh with Mandy as Melissa fakes a smile.

“Well, best of luck to you Marc. I hope you have fun and win! We had no idea it was you are first. You make a very beautiful girl,” says the wife.

“Thanks Mrs. Patin,” says Melissa.

“It was good seeing you GIRLS!” says Mr. Patin.

“Bye,” they all say in unison as they go their separate ways.

As the two sisters are walking away, Melissa becomes concerned, “Do you really think they had no idea?”

“It’s obvious!” says Mandy. “Has ANYONE spotted you today?”

“No...”

“Exactly! Seriously, you look so much like the sister you are supposed to be.”

“And what if they tell Mom and Dad.”

“You do realize that Mom and Dad are completely okay with this right?”

Melissa replies, “They did seem happy that we found a new way to bond

even though I was really against this at first.”

Mandy smiles as she touches her sister’s shoulder and bends her head causing her hair to bounce, “Because they are glad we are getting along a lot better, and you are becoming more social!”

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The four teens leave Applebee’s, Christina putting up with Henry’s arm around her while Sasha walks just in front of Chad, apparently not having to deal with the same problem, the meal went pretty smoothly with the usual teenage awkward flirting and the girls knocking back the advances, even though Sasha kept trying to get the other two together.

Heading into the car park they say their goodbyes, promising to text or skype each other as they hug, that’s how Sasha dealt with it. However, Christina’s date was a little more forward leaning in for a kiss goodbye, unable to get away fast enough she just leaning back as much as possible, turning her head to the side.

The warm feeling of his lips on her cheek made her shiver with disgust though looking down she saw it was much worse then the kiss, his hand cupping one of her boobs. “Hey!”

“Oh c’mon, you can’t feel it so let me have a little fun haha” He replies, giving one last squeeze before heading off and joining Chad as they wave at the girls getting into their car.

“You look like you had fun!” Sasha teases, making a kissy face.

“Sasha....They know I’m not really a girl don’t they?”

“Well duh, I’m not going to trick some guys, besides Henry likes sissies, you should call him!”

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Later that night, in a text conversation with Hannah and Sasha:

Sasha: OMG and she really didn't like when Henry tried kissing her. I thought for sure by this point she would feel attracted.

Hannah: Yeah for real. And she looked so pretty in those pics you sent.

Sasha: Exactly, I thought for sure he would at least make an effort and kiss a guy. Trying to win this bet early isn't working.

Hannah: SHE... remember... Your brother is now always a she, her, etc.

Sasha: Sorry, still getting used to this. But yeah I can't even... I mean she has a tuck job that really looks like a pussy, I've made her wear maxi-pads, date boys.... What else is it going to take?

Hannah: Bring her over here tomorrow and I'll turn her into a real sissy. Let's also see what James feels about his friend looking more feminine now.

Sasha: I like that. :)

Hannah: Oh, and I did some research and found these pills on Amazon that are supposed to make some big changes...

Sasha: Will they work before the pageant?

Hannah: Only one way to find out.



## CHAPTER FIVE

### Prepping for Pageant

In the past few weeks, both Christina and Melissa have become more comfortable passing as young ladies. Hannah and Sasha have been focusing on changing Christina's attitude about being forced to dress like a girl while Gwen and Mandy have been taking a more hands-off approach. They have been treating her without any mention of her fading boyhood. The idea is to get Melissa to act as natural as possible while also carrying the persona of a girly-girl. A significant moment occurred when Melissa voluntarily painted Mandy's toenails for 'extra practice.'

Today is the first day of the three-day pageant event. The first day is check-in to the hotel in the city and a meet-and-greet along with practice for the opening routine. Tomorrow, according to the itinerary, is another practice and a few special photo shoots with a special 'present.' The last day is final preparations with the pageant starting in the conference area of the hotel.

Sasha and Mandy have just dropped off their siblings after check-in and are saying their goodbyes. They will join them again in two days when they return to attend the pageant with their parents.

"I'm still not sure about this," Christina whispers into Sasha's ear as she is pulled in for a hug.

Sasha says, "You'll do fine! Just remember everything we've worked on and like I said many times before. The most important thing is that you don't talk about being male with anyone here at all. If you want to win, you HAVE to think of yourself as being 100% female."

"I still think that's going to be awkward for a womanless beauty pageant..."

"Enough! I don't want anyone to hear you! Now do your best!"

Meanwhile, Mandy is crying with Melissa. “You’ll do great! Just be yourself...” says Mandy.

“Oh I will...” says Melissa.

One of the pageant organizers that the girls met earlier, Miss Hilbert, comes back to join the girls after their sister’s exit the room. She is an extremely attractive blonde in her late-20’s. The type that was a cheerleader for years and held several modeling jobs. She now works for the pageant agency. Christina couldn’t believe her beauty and had many hormone-driven teenage thoughts about what she would do to her if she could and was, even more, ecstatic when she found out Miss Hilbert is their chaperone and will be staying in the same hotel suite as them.

“Are you ready to go to the room ladies?” asks Miss Hilbert with an award-winning smile showcasing her pearly whites. She is dressed very professional with nude tights and a pink blazer with a white skirt and a conservative, yet fancy belt. The outfit conceals her body shape a bit, but Christina can tell the woman has huge tits.

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Christina and Melissa nervously walk through the hallway of the large hotel to their room with Miss Hilbert. Both of them are still unsure of why they have to dress like girls for just showing up at the hotel since the pageant isn’t for a few days, and there are just some rehearsal things before that.

Miss Hilbert keeps small talk with the girls asking them where they do to school and what activities they do. They both believe her to be a genuinely nice woman who probably won a few pageants herself.

“And this is our room!” says Miss Hilbert as they arrive at room 404. The girls nervously watch as she puts the card into the reader on the door and opens it up. When walking inside, Christina and Melissa are surprised to see two very attractive girls about their age texting on the bed. The blonde girl looks up and smiles shortly, but then looks back down at her phone, while the brunette girl sees them walk in and stands

up.

Miss Hilbert says, “Girls, this is Christina and Melissa. Your roommates!” She turns to Christina and Melissa, “Ladies, this is Angela and Tiffany.”

“Hey! So nice to meet you!” says Angela who is coming in to hug both of them.

Holy shit. Christina thinks to herself. This boy really has this voice thing down and looks JUST like a girl.

Christina admires her beauty. Angela looks like the type of girl who would truly be into pageants with girl-next-door looks, well-styled hair, immaculate makeup, and exquisite mannerisms and posture.

Melissa imagines, This boy, must have been practicing crossdressing for years to get this good!

Tiffany finally gets up and shakes their hands after getting an eye from Miss Hilbert. “It’s nice to meet you both,” she says without smiling.

Both of the feminized boys notice that Tiffany is taller than them. She’s probably about 5’10” but has a very slim figure. Tiffany has platinum blonde hair, and Christina and Melissa think that she would probably be a cheerleader if she were a genetic girl. Or maybe that’s how she got in this pageant in the first place, by having her sister force her to wear panties and try out for the cheerleading squad or something.

As the two of them both put their suitcases on the beds, Miss Hilbert explains to them what they’ll be doing for the full three days, all of them paying attention except for Tiffany, who just continues texting. “Now since all of you have been traveling today and are probably tired nothing is planned, for now, just have fun and relax! Tomorrow morning and afternoon you have a little free time to explore the area, and if I know you girls shop!” She adds on the last part giggling while Christina just wants to puke.

“After that we have a few pre-shoots to do, nothing major. Then after that, it’s the big day! I’m sure you’re all very excited.” She continues as Angela nods along with Melissa while Christina takes a page from Tiffany’s book and ignores it.

“So what do you three want to do today then, since we can only stay in the hotel?” Angela asks, still smiling.

“I was hoping just to stay in this room and watch YouTube or something,” Christina replies, waving her phone and seeing the bright nails shine back reminding her of the predicament she’s in.

“That’s no fun, there’s got to be something we can do here. Like an arcade or something?” Melissa adds on, trying to help Angela.

“Hmm no, nothing like that. There’s pool, though; we could relax there! And you can still watch YouTube Christina!” Angela cheerfully said, doing her best to keep everyone happy.

“It’s okay if we go alone, right?” Tiffany asks of Miss Hilbert.

“Yes, just be sure to be back in a few hours and DO NOT leave the hotel. I’ll be there to check on you in a bit. I have some work to do anyways,” she says.

“Perfect!” says Tiffany, “Do you little girls need to unpack and get your bikinis on first?”

“Little?!” says Christina.

Melissa ignores Tiffany lambasting comment, “Yes, we figured we would need to...”

The two femininized boys get their special bikinis out that they got for the pageant from their luggage, then head to the bathroom to get changed.

“Not going to change in front of us?” says Tiffany laughing while she

brushes her hair in the mirror. Tiffany has on a pink bikini top with white denim shorts. Christina is especially surprised at how real her breasts look. Maybe 'he' got implants at some point?

"Sorry," Christina apologizes. "We are still getting used to this..."

Tiffany and Christina head to the bathroom together and start stripping. By now, they are used to seeing each other naked even though it's a little weird with the tuck jobs and everything. There is still a bit of a bulge happening, so both 'girls' have a fabric wrap that goes around their bikini bottoms.

Melissa speaks up, "We have some serious competition here. How in the world do those guys look so cute?!"

"They are still guys after all..." says Christina.

"But like their voices, their face, breasts... they went all out for this pageant!"

"Some take it more seriously than others I guess. You know I'm only here because of my bitch sister!"

"Yeah, but like... maybe we need to step up our game a little..."

Christina smirks, "How do you want to do that! Look at us. We already look like sissies and guys have been staring at us and everything!"

Both girls slipped on their ruffle flounce bikini tops, something they both were told they needed for a few reasons. Firstly to hide their breasts just in case someone noticed they were forms, secondly so they could try and get the cute factor and lastly just in case there were strict rules when it came to the bikini section.

Both of their bikinis have an Aztec style pattern, Melissa's mainly black and pink while Christina's is a deep blue predominantly. Making sure both tucks are secure and there was no clear bulge, they step out into the room blushing. While they change Angela slips into her own bikini,

a yellow triangle ensemble, smiling at the two of them before looking over at Tiffany who is laughing out loud.

“Wow, are you two sure you’re not here for the toddlers pageant?” she taunts, grabbing her bag before heading out of the room without another word.

Angela just shakes her head before grabbing her own bag, “Just ignore her. You two look cute! Let’s go!”

After both had slipped on shorts the three girls headed to the pool on the roof. Only being late mid-day, it is still warm as they sat by the rather quaint pool. A few other girls their age are there, and all Christina can wonder is if they were there for the pageant and if they are all secretly guys!

While sitting on some of the nearby lounge chairs, the curiosity gets the best of Christina and she can’t help but start questioning Angela. “So how long have you been doing all of this?”

Angela smiles, “As long as I can remember! I started when I was pretty young. My sister kind of forced me into it, but I ended up liking it!”

“Wow! Me too!” Christina says, despite the fact that she doesn’t really like dressing as a girl. At least it’s something she has in common with Angela.

“Cool! Yeah like I went through coaching and everything. It has been fun!”

“That’s pretty serious!” says Christina.

“Yeah, well these things get pretty competitive!”

Christina smiles, “I can see that! You look amazing!”

“Thanks!” Angela smiles.

Christina tries to turn off horny boy mode and focuses on having more of a feminine conversation since she remembers not to bring too much of attention. Who knows who else is at this hotel? “Is this your first time at this pageant?”

“Yeah, like I usually stay local but I kind of want to step on a bigger stage you know?”

Melissa butts in, “What is your secret?”

Angela asks, “To what?”

“You know, being like so good at this.”

Angela is flattered at the compliment but also a little confused. “You know, just be yourself I guess. We are all here to have fun together. Some of these girls get pretty catty, but I think it’s just an act most of the time.”

She throws a glance over at Tiffany who is laying down on a deck chair, her headphones in and sunglasses on. Clearly uninterested with chatting with the other girls, Christina couldn’t help but look her over though. She looks like a model with her slender frame and long legs even if she is a total bitch.

Christina is broken out of her admiring by a little nudge from Melissa who knows exactly what was going on, hoping Angela doesn’t notice.

“So do you two have boyfriends?” Angela asked, clearly not noticing Christina checking out Tiffany.

“What?!” Christina blurts out, horrified by the notion.

“Awww c’mon don’t be so shy. You’re both super cute, so I’m sure you both get plenty of attention!”

“We do not have boyfriends!” Christina stated clearly and loudly, blushing a little as Melissa just nods along.

“It’s no surprise...” Tiffany jets from beside them, one headphone hanging down as she looks at the three of them.

Already annoyed at her, Christina finds herself insulted that she thinks boys wouldn’t like her, even though that was the last thing she wanted. “What’s that supposed to mean? I get plenty of offers!”

“Ha yeah right! I bet you’ve never even kissed a guy, right?” Tiffany moves closer to them by the side of the pool dropping her feet into it as she sits down.

“Of course, I haven’t. You have?!”

Tiffany laughs, “Oh my god you two are so goodie-good. Of course I’ve made out with a boy.”

“Do you live like this all the time?!” asks Christina a little too excitedly.

“Umm, I’m not sure what you mean, but I mean most girls I know have their first kiss by like 14 or so. It’s okay. Some people are late bloomers. If you want to stay virgins until marriage or something, that’s also fine.”

“How did you kno...” Christina stops herself, trailing off on the last word in a slight whisper.

“Just an accurate guess,” says Tiffany.

Melissa says, “You mean to tell me you have had sex with a boy?!”

“Someone is curious!...” Tiffany pretends to all of a sudden play the shy type.

Christina replies, “It’s just that I mean... you seem a little older than us and a lot more experienced.”

“Oh, there’s a lot I can teach you!”



Melissa smiles, "That would be great!"

Christina looks at Melissa weirdly.

Tiffany smiles, "First off, you two need to act a little older. This is a pageant, and you have some serious competition. Even though it's for teens, we are all distinguished ladies here. Stop dressing like you are a tween."

"These bikinis are what we brought to the pageant!" says Melissa.

Tiffany is surprised, "Oh honey... we need to go shopping..."

## CHAPTER SIX

### Boy Bikinis

The next day starts rather smoothly for Christina and Melissa, even though they both didn't get much sleep. Christina can't get over the fact she is in a hotel room with three hot 'women,' and that her dick is tucked into her little panties. Melissa has other, more drastic things in mind. Just as Miss Hilbert had hinted at today, the plan is to have free reign, asking only that they stay in the mall and be back in a few hours.

Christina's outfit for the day was chosen beforehand by Sasha, and as tempted as she is to go against her bossy sister she doesn't have a clue about making her own outfit. High waisted white shorts show off her tan legs while a billowy top accents it in a light cream color. A pair of simple sandals finish it all off. Melissa's outfit is similar yet has a touch more femininity, whether that is because she chose it herself or because the clothes were girlier are unclear. A light blue crop top with spaghetti straps show off the breast forms she had glued on, taking Tiffany's advice to dress a little older and show off more skin. Like Christina shorts adorned her smooth legs, a flowery white pair that finished extremely high, white sandals show off her pedicure.

The other two girls joining them both have very different styles, Angela's is a lot more casual, with just a basic red tee, black skater skirt, and Converse shoes completing her laid back look. Tiffany, however, always trying to one-up everyone decided on a light blue dress that shows plenty of leg and is low cut enough to show a little chest.

Since living as girls 24/7 for the last few days, Christina and Melissa's mannerisms have improved, and they blend in well with the other girls, who they still don't know are genetic females. Conversations have leaned more towards getting to know each other rather than the true genitalia between one's legs. Tiffany has been at times condescending, but Angela assured the girls that she has been that way since she first met her as well. The roommates figure this is great bonding time though, since what teen girl doesn't like to shop? Other than Christina...

The girls enter a store named 'Hollywood' that has several mannequins in the front window in colorful bikinis as well as a modern up-beat soundtrack playing over the speakers in the store. Christina gets flashbacks of shopping with Sasha and hopes this won't be nearly as embarrassing.

Melissa, on the other hand, is looking at this as a new experience, perhaps once in a lifetime to act like a girl.

A store assistant sees the girls and says hello to them, unaware that Christina and Melissa are boys. They have even congratulated themselves on their passing skills over the last few days since no one in the public has recognized them as being male luckily.

At the pool yesterday, they were also very curious as to how Tiffany and Angela were able to get such great tuck jobs. Both were a little too embarrassed to ask, though, considering they don't even like to talk about it, and Christina is even afraid of having it look like she has no penis at all.

Both feminized boys knew they had to follow the advice given yesterday and get themselves a new bikini each for the pageant though Christina fought the urge to rip the clothes off and run for the hills and back to her lost manhood. Looking around the store, they split up a little into two groups Melissa with Angela and Christina sadly with Tiffany.

Melissa does her best to get comfortable being a girlfriend with Angela, wanting to get the full experience of a girly shopping trip, even though to her, they are both boys. "How about this one, I noticed from your nails that you like pink and glitter?" Angela asks holding up a rather skimpy pink bikini with diamond detailing.

"Hmmm I'm not sure something that skimpy would hold everything in, never know what could pop out on stage hehe," she giggles, blushing a little.

"Thankfully your boobs aren't huge, so I think you'd be okay, but maybe it is a bit too revealing!" Angela laughs along, not realizing she wasn't

talking about her breasts.

Meanwhile on the other side of the store, Tiffany is giving Christina a lecture, “You’ve got to think beyond just this pageant, you want a bikini that you can wear afterward to a party or something. One that will make all the guys notice you!”

Christina can’t help but feel she has escaped one crazy sister and finds her self-trapped with a just as crazy roommate. “Trust me; I’m only planning on wearing this bikini one time. And I REALLY don’t care about making guys notice me.”

Giving her an odd look, Tiffany’s mouth opens in shock, “Crap, you’re not a lesbian are you?!”

“No! Of course not, not there’s anything wrong with that. I just have other things on my mind for now. Like school...” she partly lies. True, she isn’t a lesbian but being typical teen boy; girls are the main focus of her hormonal brain even if she is the one wearing a thong right now.

“Ugh you are such a geek, I have my work cut out...”

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Back on the other side of the store, Melissa and Angela are trying on matching bikinis.

“I feel like this shows way too much...”

“Nonsense!” says Angela. “It covers a lot of your butt!”

For Melissa, part of her tuck job is masterfully tucked up there, so Angela didn’t even notice the presence of a little dick. Melissa hasn’t been paying attention to Angela’s anatomy as she is more focused on taking in many of Angela’s feminization advice. Angela takes out her cell phone and takes a picture of both of them smiling and making some funny faces and poses. “What is your Snap Chat name and Instagram name?”

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“No, I’m NOT wearing that,” Christina protests after seeing the swimsuit Tiffany just picked out.

“How did you even get into pageants in the first place? You seem so timid!”

“Good question... but that bikini isn’t going to work at all. You want to get me arrested. It doesn’t even fit with pageant rules,” Christina says getting another glimpse of the red bikini with only a few small straps keeping the thong portion together and one small band holding cups in place.

“Just try it on,” demands Tiffany.

“Absolutely not... anything but that. I just need something for this pageant so can you please just help me for real?”

Stepping out wearing a modest yet sexy blue bikini Melissa smiles as she poses in the mirror before turning back to her new best friend, “I think this is totally the one, it shows enough yet isn’t slutty?”

“Agreed! I’ll have to step up my game in this pageant; you’re a knockout! Boyfriend in no time hehe.” Angela adds on with a little nudge and a wink.

“Maybe hehe, but pageant first.”

“You’re worse than my sister!”

“Oh stop your whining you’re such a sissy!” Tiffany says, adjusting the cups of Christina’s bikini.

“Don’t call me that... It’s already bad enough. And stop adjusting to show more off!” She blurts out, slapping the girls hands away before turning and facing the mirror, blushing at the sight. A skirted American

flag bikini bottom perfectly hides what tiny little bulge she has while the matching top is tight and low-cut pushing the forms up and out, giving her the illusion of a cup size bigger.

“I knew you had a little potential, see what happens when you actually show off what you have instead of dressing like a little girl?” Tiffany says from behind her before once again adjusting the top, pulling it down a little.

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“Here we go, big smiles! Three, two, one!” says the photographer outside poolside with all of the contestants. Christina and Melissa are standing side by side with their right hand on their hips and legs crossed in front of each other wearing their new bikinis as well as two-inch heels. Their hair is curled, and they both have on a heavy amount of makeup with some earrings hanging from their newly pierced ears as well as a charm bracelet and necklace.

Never would Christina think she would have been standing here a month ago looking like a sissy like the rest of the girls. Both she and her friend are a little relieved to see some other girls wearing skirts around their bikini bottoms. Melissa has been thinking about penis size a lot, especially of others, but maybe some are just too big to tuck and that’s why they need a skirt. Christina, on the other hand, has never had a problem with tucking due to her small penis and considers it a luxury to be able to tuck easily. Wearing a bikini for her is very comfortable and feels a lot better than those baggy board shorts she used to wear, although she doesn’t want to admit it.

There are 20 contestants all together in the pageant. Some girls seem like they wear heavy makeup all the time and Christina believes it is because maybe they have a hard time passing. It’s a curse that he kind of looks like his sister in the face and hasn’t been questioned about her true gender.

As the group photo was taken the individual ones were next, as the two girls stepped to the side they watched as girl after girl, or boy after boy

as they thought, went up and posed. Christina was rather enjoying the show, after all, half naked girls his age posing to look pretty, what's not to love? Melissa, however, was trying to take a more serious attitude, looking at each girl and trying to figure who would be the toughest competition.

Tiffany stepped up, of course, wearing heels a little higher than every other girl, adding to her already tall height to make herself stand out. The pink bikini matching well with her blonde hair as she does a few expert poses, she has to be favorite to win Melissa mused to herself.

Angela was up next, wearing a more elegant white bikini with glittery detail, drawing attention. Her smile infectious portraying the more classic American sweetheart as opposed to Tiffany's next top model look.

After her photos Christina was pushed forwards by Tiffany after she didn't hear her name called, too busy ogling the girls. Walking in front of the camera expertly in the heels thanks to weeks of ballet practice she rather awkwardly posed, causing a few of the girls to giggling and sneer, causing, even more, embarrassment for her as she wished she could be swallowed up, blushing.

The photographer seemed to approve, however, claiming the shy and cute look was rare with pageants and could end up doing well, getting a smirk from Christina as she mentally put up her middle finger to the other girls.

After a few more candidate shots of the girls individually, in groups walking around, holding hands with each other, holding towels in the air, and more the photo shoot is over. Christina and Melissa have never been through anything like that, but both know it was kind of fun. Melissa knows that they do have the potential to win something, even if it means having to act more feminine.

The girls are served bottled water as Miss Hilbert comes over. "Ladies, I have very exciting news. The local news station WCCC is here right now and is going to get a few more shots of all of you as well as interviews

about the competition! They'll be here today and tomorrow!"

A few of the girls do a high-pitched scream in excitement while Christina gets very nervous. She turns to Melissa, "What if someone from home is watching! That station airs there!"

"I mean, plenty of people saw us at the first pageant."

"That was different... these boys here are so different," she whispers.

"They look really hot and isn't like that Lady GayGay person we ran into or that guy who is like 6'4" wearing his sister's underwear and prom dress that is way too small."

"I know, but maybe like this is a chance for people to take this thing seriously and not just laugh it off."

"What do you mean?" asks Christina.

"I think you should do an interview... but just tell them what's happened here. Not any of that embarrassing stuff to get here because I know your sister kind of bullies you."

"Kind of?!"



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### Pageant Part 1

Although having a curling iron so close to her face isn't a new feeling, Christina sits in a chair of the pageant dressing room with her palms sweating knowing there is a lot of pressure tonight. Pressure not only on stage parading around with these other "sissies" but also pressure down there since extra effort was given to her tuck job based on the level of competition. She glances down to the photo of a model that was suggested to her. Her hair will resemble the girls with long curled blonde hair and a part that showcases her growing femininized facial features.

She glances over at Melissa, who is getting a similar look, except with all of her hair pulled over her left shoulder but still graced in curls. To her surprise, Melissa is smiling and talking with her stylist about the look. Maybe she's having more fun with this than I am Christina thinks to herself.

Christina has been through this feminization process before, but still feels humiliated each time it is performed. Her breasts have been very sore the last few days, and she isn't sure if it's because the breast forms have been glued on for so long or if it's irritation underneath.

Christina blinked a few times, her eyelashes feeling heavier than usual even though she'd be using mascara for weeks now, false lashes were something else. Wearing a short pink satin robe Christina looked over at the white dresses that were all lined up, knowing she'd soon be wearing it on stage in front of hundreds of strangers, and her evil sister.

"You'll have to teach me how to do this look afterward!" Melissa comments as an older woman just smiles and nods while finishing off her hair, causing Christina to grimace.

"Plan on doing this a lot afterward?" She asks, turning a little to the annoyance of the woman doing her makeup.

“Well umm yeah maybe occasionally, It is lots of fun. Are you going to quit completely?” Melissa asks back, adding her own natural blushing to the light red blush already on her cheeks.

“The moment this is over I’m getting changed and going home!” Christina complains, looking down at her smooth legs ending with pedicured toes.

“That’s such a shame that you’ll be quitting pageants, you’re very beautiful a favorite to win actually!” The makeup woman cuts in, finishing off her look.

Christina has never worn this much eyeshadow in her life but admits that it, at least, makes her just as passable of the rest of the expert contestants. Melissa seems to have this feminization thing down pat, especially since it was her suggestion that they both sit down to urinate during the entire hotel stay for the pageant. They have also been amazed and how serious some of these people actually take this thing. They have spotted maxi-pads and tampons in the bathrooms proving that some of these guys taking passing to the max. Melissa even asked to borrow some from a few of the other ‘girls’ to see what it would be like wearing one for an entire day. She’s still not sure on how some of the girls had that realistic blood stuff though and was a little too embarrassed to ask.

Long earrings dangle from both of the girls’ ears, a symbol of increased feminine grace. Within about 20 minutes, both of their makeup looks are complete.

“We should take a few photos together!” says Melissa.

“Why?” asks Christina.

After a giggling, Melissa takes a few pics of them both, posting them on the Instagram account her sister had her make. They both step into their dresses with the rest of the girls, simple white dresses that have a little glittery sash just under the bust line before flaring out a little stopping just above knee.

Tiffany complains a little that they are frumpy while Christina is thankful it wasn't as feminine or embarrassing as the rest of her outfits. Stepping into their heels Melissa couldn't stop her smile as she chatted away with Angela, Christina finds herself next to Tiffany however who just keeps critiquing her.

"You seriously need to smile more, if you do that shit on stage you'll come last!"

"I'm perfectly fine with that, I hate pageants..." Christina replies.

"Then they the hell are you here?" Tiffany asks, figuring she is just being dramatic.

"I've told you, my evil sister makes me do this, to win a bet or something."

"Then you should care about winning since I'm sure she'd be pissed to find out you lost on purpose, so smile!" Tiffany scolded her, walking past eager to be the first out.

Knowing she is right she takes a deep breath, adjusts her boobs, and smiles fully before following the girls.

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"I can't wait to see these little sissies and how they act on stage with these real girls!" says Sasha.

Mandy looks concerned, "Quiet! Don't want anyone to hear that!"

The lights are dimmed in the auditorium as Sasha, Gwen, Hannah, and Mandy smile to each other.

"Do you think they were smart enough to actually find out this isn't a womanless pageant?" says Hannah.

“I guess we’ll find out...” says Gwen.

The MC announces, “Ladies and Gentleman, welcome to the 2016 Miss Special Princess pageant!”

The crowd erupts in applause as they see many flashing lights on stage as well as a very skinny attractive blonde girl walk to the center of the stage in a huge white dress.

“Please welcome our 2015 winner, Katelynn Harman!”

The girl starts to speak, “Thank you everyone! I’ve had the pleasure of representing this state for the past year and will pass on the crown to one of these lucky girls tonight. Please welcome our contestants!”

The 20 girls line up on stage, all with matching white dresses. The audience watches as a pop song starts to play and the girls start their dance routine.

“Looks like practice paid off!” says Mandy.

Sasha can’t stop laughing. Especially since she finds heavy amusement in feminization.

As the girls finish their dance routine, Christina struggles to concentrate on the moves, mainly following slightly behind the other girls as she saw her sister in the audience laughing with her phone held up high clearly recording. Melissa on the other hand does her best but messed up due to shyness, never being good with large crowds regardless of what she wore.

The girls all curtsied in unison before the crowd gave a small bit of applause, again Sasha and Mandy being the loudest in the audience shouting out “Come on Sissy!” much to Christina’s annoyance. Thankfully, she didn’t have to put up with it for long as they all headed backstage again.

A large, middle-aged woman holding a checklist stood up on a chair

before addressing the room, “Very well done girls, now first up is swimsuits, so everyone get changed quickly!”

Tiffany grabs Christina’s hand and arm before she could even protest, “I’ll help you since I did when you bought it!”

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“Butt glue?” asks Christina.

Tiffany giggles, “It’s slang for this stuff called Firm Grip?”

“But why..... how?” says Christina in a confused manner.

Tiffany explains while they are in a secluded side of the dressing room, “It’s so the swimsuit stays in place while you strut yourself on stage. I’m surprised you’ve never heard of it. It works miracles. Don’t worry; it comes off with baby wipes since you don’t want your evening gown sticking to your underwear later on. Just does a good job of holding things in place.

Her comment makes Christina think about the other type of glue keeping her fancy tuck job in place right now and wonders if it will be just as strong. Tiffany starts stripping out of her dance outfit, exposing her black thong in front of Christina’s face. As much as she has been around Tiffany the last few days, she never complains about seeing her in these kinds of states and admires her thigh gap. There’s a slight twitch in her tuck job, but the blood and emotions striving through her little penis are still concealed via the feminization.

“Aren’t you going to start undressing?” asks Tiffany.

“I would rather take off my panties in private thank you,” says Christina.

“Oh come on, how many times have you seen us undress in the last few days?”

Christina blushes, “Plenty but still.”

“Stop being so shy!” Tiffany says as she pulls down the tight pants of Christina’s dance outfit exposing her black undies.

“Hey!” says Christina quickly grabbing your crotch.

Tiffany smiles as she looks at Christina’s crotch, “Do I need to take your panties off as well?”

“Just turn around!” Christina snaps, turning herself as she grabs the bikini bottoms, reluctantly lowering the thong panties. Glancing around behind her to check Tiffany wasn’t looking she sees Tiffany has done the same with her underwear, her butt fully on display making Christina blush and her womanhood fight against the tuck job, which thankfully holds.

Stepping into the bikini bottoms, she pulls them letting the little-skirted part cover any sign of a bulge, letting out a sigh of relief as she came through the ordeal with Tiffany none the wiser.

Angela and Melissa had both taken separate rooms and hurried along, both now checking themselves in the mirror side by side, Melissa nervous about being found out but confident her tuck will stay. “I’m so nervous; I’ve never been on stage in a bikini before!”

Angela just smiles and turns to her friend who’s wearing the light blue bikini, “You have no reason to be! You look great, showing just the perfect amount of cleavage!” She giggles a little adjusting her own top.

“Well let’s hope they just don’t fall off!” Melissa giggles, grabbing her fake breasts a little before looking back in the mirror, double checking her makeup. Receiving a strange look from Angela before she shrugs, probably meant fall out.

After another minute or so Christina is pushed out of the small changing room, shyly covering herself with her hands while Tiffany walks out behind smirking a little. “You’re about to be on stage in that so don’t bother covering yourself...”

“Shut up, I never wanted to wear this anyway, you picked it.”

Rolling her eyes, Tiffany just walks off leaving her alone as she polishes her hair and makeup.

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“Next, we have Melissa!” says the MC to the audience.

Mandy grabs Sasha’s arm, knowing how much a fun time she had with her feminized brother’s during the double date and mall adventure, she can’t wait to see how he looks now.

Melissa enters the stage with the brightest smile she has ever put on and places her hand on her swayed hips. Luckily by now, she is an expert in wearing heels and places her legs grace in front of each other to strike a pose before walking to the center stage.

“Melissa is a sophomore and enjoys horseback riding, reading the Bible, and singing. She is part of her youth group and enjoys volunteering in the community!”

She continues her stride across the stage, knowing half of what the MC is true, but is focused on the show and impressing everyone including her sister who has helped her through this lovely journey.

“His hair is perfect!” says Amber.

“I’m sure he feels like a real princess up there. Good god, how did no one notice his dick?” says Sasha.

The MC finishes another few sentences about Melissa before asking the audience for a round of applause. While clapping, Mandy smiles and snarls her nose at Sasha, “He’s going to make such a great girlfriend!”

A few other girls go on stage including Angela, who congratulated Melissa on a job well done, especially considering it was her first time

wearing a bikini in front of hundreds of people.

Christina stands at the side of the stage next to Tiffany waiting for her name to be called. Not only is she embarrassed about being seen like this in front of a bunch of strangers, but is also about to face the humiliation of the one person she doesn't want to see her like this... Sasha. She is also finding it very odd of how respectful the audience is and how seriously the 'girls' have taken this competition. At the last pageant, everyone was making a lot of noise and calling out names.

"You are going to do great... I'm proud of you," whispers Tiffany from behind as she always squeezes Christina's butt.

Not only does Christina find the butt grab strange, but Tiffany has never really given her a sincere compliment this entire time and has been a complete bitch... Not like she doesn't encounter those on a daily basis anyway.

Feeling a little more confident since Tiffany was finally being a little more supportive she took a huge breath before strutting out onto stage, just like Melissa now thoroughly used to walking in heels elegantly. Her hands by her sides wrists a little limp as she sways her hips like Sasha taught her at home, brain screaming but composing herself.

"Christina is going into her junior year and enjoys ballet and cheerleading, hoping to make it as a professional dancer one day!" the Announcer reads out from his card, something Sasha had obviously told him, Christina's just glad it wasn't something more embarrassing like cheering her boyfriend on at a game. Standing with her hands on her hips and legs apart, doing her best to smile and face forwards not wanting to look for her sister.

A familiar voice breaks that hope however as she hears, "Hey Sis maybe check your bottoms before coming on stage!".

Looking down at her front and seeing nothing she looks around a little almost faints as she sees a small but very noticeable white string poking out from her bottoms, seeing a few sniggers and gasps from the



audience she does her best wave before running as fast as she can in the heels, face red with a mix of embarrassment and anger.

“You made him wear tampons?!” Mandy yells out laughing, holding her sides.

“How could I? I haven’t seen the sissy for days; he’s got some serious explaining to do!” Sasha steamed, her face almost as red.

Other people notice Christina’s tampon string hanging down on the large video screen projectors that are on the sides of the stage. There is some commotion, a mix of gasps and some laughter but the MC finishes his line, trying to keep all professionalism. After getting off the stage, Miss Hilbert has a serious look on her face and takes Christina by the arm, “Come with me...”

Miss Hilbert says “I can’t believe none of us recognized it and I had no idea. Usually, people tell me these sort of things if they are happening during an event, and we make the right maneuvers to make sure there are no issues.”

“I don’t know what happened! Seriously, this is THE MOST embarrassing moment of my life. I didn’t do it on purpose to get laughs either.”

Miss Hilbert hugs the fragile girl who’s tears are running down her little cheeks. “

“It’s okay honey,” Miss Hilbert says as she gives the girl a hug. “You did very well on stage considering the situation. Just go take care of it and make sure you keep your confidence up in the talent portion.”

“Miss Hilbert... How often does this happen?! I swear I didn’t know about it. Maybe some OTHER girl meant to do it.”

“I’m not sure honey, but it occasionally happens during pageant week, and I know it’s not an ideal time but again keep your head up princess.”

Christina walks to the bathroom quickly wondering to herself how many guys put tampons in for womanless pageants. More importantly, why did that bitch Tiffany put that string there to make it look like he has a tampon in his boy pussy.

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Next up for the girls was the Talent round, Melissa was looking forward to this the most since the last pageant still haunted her memory a little, singing in her male voice while everyone laughed still mad her a little nervous and angry. Thankfully this time, after being feminine for a few weeks using only the girly voice she was much better prepared.

Singing one of her favorite pop songs she happily walked off stage proud of herself as she spots Christina shaking with what she thought was nerves but later found out was anger, directed mainly at Sasha who picked her talent and outfit.

Christina had to be ushered on stage by the women behind the stage, most of them thinking she was nervous thanks to the tampon incident, giving her compliments like 'But you look adorable' and 'You're so precious,' things that only made her regret the situation even more. The bright pink tutu is decorated with a few glittery flowery designs up the bodice and onto the skirt, the shiny white hose on his legs with a matching pair of pink ballet shoes. The outfit is about as sissy as it gets and Sasha has her phone out recording every moment.

Thankfully, even though she hates it and finds it dull Christina is getting to be rather good at dancing thanks to all the practice Sasha insisted upon, perfecting her little performance causing the crowd to clap and shout encouragement. Partly thanks to pity of what happened to her before. Curtseying low she skipped off stage, eager to rip off the outfit and hopefully burn it after the pageant.

"Looks like ballet really paid off! He has a lot more confidence after that incident!" says Sasha to Mandy.

She smiles, "Your brother is so adorable. He looked like a real ballet

princess. You should definitely talk him into joining a dance studio after all of this.”

“Oh... wait until you see what I have in mind,” says Sasha with an evil grin.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### Pageant Part 2

Tiffany puts some finishing touches on her makeup backstage as she stands next to her feminized friend. She is wearing a tight blue sparkly dress which shows off her teenage breasts and curves very well.

Christina stands by her adjusting her long dangly earrings. Sadly, wearing big earrings with a lot of other jewelry like bracelets, rings, and things on her ankles has felt more natural over the last few weeks.

In Christina's mind, some crossdresser out there would love to be standing in her panties right now. Her dress is fit for a sissy princess. Although it looks more like a wedding dress, it was recommended that it would be the perfect pageant dress for her complexion. Though strapless, her fake breasts are held tightly and comfortable in the glittered; jewel embraced bodice with many layers of fabric making up the ball gown portion which comes out a few feet from her body. The weight of the dress reminds her of her situation and that this event is all about being as feminine as possible, whether she likes it or not. She is still wondering why her shaved legs are standing in four-inch heels that no one can see. Now she knows what girls at prom have to go through. This entire experience has been a learning process, such as... girls are bitches!

"Tiffany, you never told me WHY you put that on me!"

She snarls, "I'm surprised you didn't drop out of the competition because of that..."

"Ugh... I think I'm staying in just to piss you off right now!" Christina says as her voice gets higher. It has been weeks since she spoke in her male voice and being around all these girly-boys sure has had an effect on her.

"It's so cute that you get feisty!"

"You take this so seriously! I mean... really?!"

Miss Hilbert announces to the girls. “Ladies! Please hurry, we are back on stage in two minutes!”

Meanwhile, Melissa is smiling taking a selfie with Angela.

“That’s the one. #specialprincess.”

“I guess that’s what we are!” says Melissa.

Melissa’s dress is just as girly though not as big, a coral colored floor length gown with a tight almost corset bodice that was low-cut pushing up and showing off the glued on forms that helped her feminine appearance. The skirt of the dress flared out within ruffles, lace, and taffeta which Melissa adored wondering if she should keep it for when prom comes around.

This time, Christina was before Melissa stepping onto the stage looking behind her just in case Tiffany decided to sabotage her again, smiling as she did her best to be feminine, determined now to beat her. Standing next to the announcer she waits for the question, hoping it wouldn’t be a difficult one.

“Christina, It has been said that you hold strong family values. What was the last thing you did for your sister and how has it helped you learn?” He asks smiling back before looking at her for a response.

Looking out and into the audience she spots Sasha, rolling her eyes a little before breathing in and saying in her best feminine voice, “Although we disagree sometimes like most sisters, she is here tonight. And the last thing I did for my sister was...” Christina’s mind raced with all the things she could say, the majority not positive and a few not child-friendly. Eventually, she decides to go down the slightly honest and sweet route, “She was having a few boy problems, and I helped her through them with some advice and we had a great weekend shopping then a mini slumber party.” Sasha standing up and doing a little wave as a few people notice they look very similar, smiling at Sasha’s tears.

Sitting down in her chair, Mandy looks at her strangely before whining, “Ugh you’re the worst! You’ve always been able to fake crying and now you have people eating it up...”

Sasha just smiles and winks, knowing her little ‘sister’ is nailing it.

The audience continues clapping as Christina’s name is announced again and she makes her way in line with the other girls. A few others take their turns answering questions from social issues to current political topics before Melissa is called up.

“Melissa, some people say that these pageants bring down a certain image, how do you believe pageants are beneficial to young people in society?”

She continues smiling and takes a deep breath before answering, allowing her hair to bounce slightly as well as feminine earrings. “Although I didn’t have the traditional route that most go through with these pageants. I really believe they have changed my life. Some do it for the attention, but for me, it’s a journey. These can teach a person a lot about themselves, how to react with different people, and most importantly meeting new friends, as I have over the last few days with these amazing contestants!”

The audience claps. Mandy turns to her friend, “Good god, that was the best answer yet! My brother has this thing down!”

Sasha looks at her while clapping, “Sorry... but my little sissy is hotter!”

Hannah and Gwen clap while looking at Sasha. They are proud of both of their friends’ creations.

After the final round of contestants are through, all of them get in line as the winner from last year’s Special Princess comes out to make a speech. Christina and Melissa are still surprised at how feminine she appears, and by her story it seems like she has been living full-time as a girl since last year! This makes Christina a little nervous.

The judges round up their decisions and pass it along to the MC.

All the girls stand side by side nervously, some holding hands others with their hands on their faces, Tiffany tries to take Christina's hand but she snatches it away, still pissed from earlier causing a little smirk from her. The announcer smiles towards the audience before starting. "And now the votes are in, and we can announce the winner and two runner-ups. In third place and the second runner up we have...." He pauses from dramatic tension causing most of the girls to hold their breath, Sasha, and Mandy on their feet.

"Tiffany Radeli!" Christina looks to her side in shock, fully expecting her to win, something Tiffany also thought since she had the same surprised look on her face. Composing herself and smiling before stepping forwards and waving, clearly irritated that she lost however. Christina just smiles inwardly, glad the bitch didn't win.

"And now, will Melissa Hawthorne and Christina Armada step forward, and I'll announce the winner!" Both girls gasped as they looked at each other and around at the other girls, some clearly pissed others keeping up the false smile. Melissa takes Christina's hand before stepping forwards, bringing her with. They both saw their sisters in the audience looking a mixture of proud and eager for the results.

"Now the winner of Miss Special Princess 2016 is..."

There is dramatic music playing as both girls stand with their hands held and heads down. The four sisters in the audience are on the edges of their seats with palms slightly sweaty.

"Christina Armada! Congratulations!"

The audience cheers very loudly as Christina puts her hands over her mouth, in complete shock that she has won this competition. She hugs her sissy friend Melissa for a moment before having a princess tiara put on her head by last years' winner.

The MC continues, "Our first runner-up is Melissa Hawthorne!" Melissa

is given a bouquet while Christina is sashed announcing her newly crowned win. Tiffany stands there smiling but, in reality, is pissed off while the other ladies including Angela clap their hands politely.

The announcer walks closer to Christina and asks, “How do you feel right now?”

Christina laughs, “This is really unexpected. All of us did great with this and I can’t believe the amount of effort involved. Thank you everyone for supporting me!”

Something inside of Christina hits, like a magically moment... part of her really does appreciate the situation. She has gone through a lot and if you told her she would be standing on stage wearing a ball gown with her legs shaved and penis tucked between her legs a few months ago, she would have told you, you were full of shit. However, right now, she understands how real girls feel when winning a pageant... like a true princess.



## CHAPTER NINE

### After Party

Mandy and Sasha almost take the two boys down to the ground as they sprint over and hug the pair, Mandy's a little too tight giving away a little of her annoyance but is comforted by Hannah and Gwen as well who take pictures the entire time. Christina is just annoyed she isn't allowed to change out of the dress as all the girls have to go to the auditorium to meet friends, family, and a few select people. Still wearing her tiara and clinging to the bouquet she can't help but blush as her sister smiles warmly at her.

"You two look gorgeous! We almost couldn't believe it was you up on stage," Mandy compliments, giving her sister a peck on the cheek.

"Awww, thanks sis! And yeah we really had to up our game from the last pageant no joke!"

"I just can't believe my brother actually won a pageant for real girls!" Sasha says a little too loudly while adjusting Christina's sash.

"Wait... what?! You mean... What the fuck Sasha?!" Christina's mouth opens wide in shock as she looks around the room and sees the other contestants all hugging family and friends, none of them looking out of place or like boys.

"Oh c'mon you actually believed that this was a womanless pageant? Those aren't this serious!" Sasha continues.

"I think I kinda had my suspicions..." Melissa giggles, not seeming to mind too much.

"You're so gullible I swear Chris, though look on the bright side, no one even knew you were a boy, and heck you're such a sissy they crowned you princess!" Sasha teases, laughing to herself.

Christina starts to panic, "Don't say that too loud! I don't think anyone

realized!”

“I knew...” says Tiffany with her hands on her hips and an evil look on her face.

“Tiffany!”

She walks closer, “I knew the entire time... I mean come on, not changing in front of other girls, hint of an Adam’s apple, the awkward movements... Sure you are very passable and cute, but I just thought you were a little trans girl.”

Christina stands there speechless, very intimidated by Tiffany, who is taller than her. Tiffany turns her attention to Sasha, “And you... I can’t tell you enough how great it is that you feminized your little brother!”

“I tried my best!” Sasha smiles.

“Amazing job. I still wonder why this little sissy looks like without her fake boobies and tuck job. By the way Christina, I could see part of your penis when you were trying on bikinis... It’s actually kind of hot.”

Sasha looks at this as a golden opportunity, “Have you ever wanted to feminize a boy?”

“Yes! I do think it’s every girl’s dream to have her own little dress-up doll. I mean I’m not a lesbian or anything but something about forcing a boy to wear my panties... It seems kind of fun.”

Melissa turns her attention to the two girls talking about feminizing her friend, “Good God, you mean our sisters aren’t the only ones with these ideas?”

“You are trans too?” asks Tiffany.

Melissa blushes and holds her flowers to her about to reply before Christina butts in, “Hey, I’m not trans, she makes me dress up!”

“This is perfect actually, want to help me win a bet Tiffany, how would you like to take my sister in training here. On a date!” Sasha asks smiling wickedly at Mandy.

“Wait a sec that doesn’t count! We said first to get a boyfriend!”

“Boyfriend?!” Melissa and Christina both shout out in unison.

## CHAPTER TEN

### Epilogue

Three Months Later...

Youth has its advantages. It can allow a person to get to know themselves and to experience a full life. For Christina, not only has she experienced the power of feminization through the encouragement of her loving sister, but also her current girlfriend Tiffany, who loves that her feminized boyfriend has grown to a B-cup over the last few months due to the hormones she started BEFORE the pageant, even though she was unaware of it. Her hair has now grown naturally long as it tosses while doing her cheer moves in the gym during practice.

Christina still doesn't like dressing as a girl, but for some reason feels like it should happen due to the encouragement of Sasha and her hot girlfriend Tiffany who loves dressing her up in dresses, doing her makeup, and kissing her lip glossed lips. Christina is still a virgin but hopes that will change soon. For some reason, Tiffany keeps saying that she wants to wait until 'Christina' is ready... whatever that means.

Sasha continued his feminization along with Tiffany after the pageant mainly due to her not winning the bet; she argued the fact that she got her a girlfriend and a date that it should count, but Mandy argued that the bet was for a boyfriend something that she didn't know at the time, Melissa already had. After the original womanless pageant Melissa kept in touch with Brad, texting him regularly and sending feminine pics, eventually leading to him asking her out once she came out as transgender.

The two girls schools accepted them both as girls once it started again, even though Christina objected to the idea. Within days, he found himself on the cheer squad with his sister, thanks mainly to her being the captain though she has held her own thanks to the dance practice she's had.

Sighing heavily after having practiced their latest routine Christina

grabs her pink towel and dries the little bit of sweat of her face turning to Sasha, “I seriously can’t believe the school let you keep doing this. I’ve tried to resign from the team three times!”

“Again?! Oh I am so telling Tiffany, we’ll see how she reacts to you trying to be all manly again!” Sasha pokes her tongue out, fully meaning to text her right after practice.

“Is it that surprising, I am a man after all...” Christina protests, adjusting her sports bra.

Meanwhile, Melissa shows up wearing yoga pants and a hoodie holding hands with her boyfriend in the gym to watch her friend. She has chosen the more traditional route. She enjoys being a girl but isn’t overly girly like Christina appears to be. She considers Christina to be her BFF still. They still like playing video games together, but they also enjoy painting each other’s nails and trying on dresses at the mall together. Christina mostly uses this as an act to try and turn Tiffany on, but Melissa knows she’ll be living the rest of her life as the woman she is supposed to be. Luckily, hormones have done a working on her body as well. She doesn’t have to worry about breast forms due to her developing breasts and has talked with her parents about sexual reassignment surgery options when she turns 18. She is looking forward to the day when she can get rid of that mutation between her legs that shouldn’t be there in the first place, as is Bradley... They enjoy a healthy relationship. The age difference could have been an issue at first, but Brad likes the idea that his girlfriend is someone special who has made an amazing transformation into a lovely young lady.

Christina spreads her legs to do a split in the cheer routine. Due to her small penis, which may be removed in the next few years anyway, whether she likes it or not, splits aren’t that hard to do after some careful practice. She thought the students at school would mock her for coming to school dressed like a girl in skirts, leggings, and other feminine garments but in reality, they think she is must better suited to her new position.

She has always won the respect of many in the gender equity movement

for being a biological boy who won a pageant originally designed for all girls. The scholarship money will help out with expenses and the photos taken have also caught the interest of several agencies who want to use her and Melissa for advertising. Showcasing how well certain products can help make genetic girls beautiful and boys look much more feminine with more transgendered and crossdressing teens being more open about their lifestyle.

“Just think about how hurt Melissa would be to lose her number one girl friend too, stop being so selfish everyone wants you to be a girl!” Sasha whispers as she helps her sister stretch.

“None of this would have happened if you hadn’t had that stupid bet!” Christina complains, grimacing at how easily she was now doing the splits. A few of the other cheer girls gathering around them, hearing the conversation.

“What bet?” One plucky dark haired girl named Amber asks, a fairly new addition to the squad like Christina.

“Like a few months ago me and a few friends decided we should do a big summer bet, something that we could spend a lot of time on since there wasn’t much else to do!” Sasha cheerfully starts, much to Christina’s annoyance.

“Oooh that sounds like a good Idea I’ll have to do that next time we have a mid-term,” a different girl named Ashley adds in.

“Right!? So basically, we threw around a few ideas, mostly stupid but then we found this flyer for the womanless pageant!”

“Is that how Christina and Melissa started!?”

“Yupp they both joined up thanks to me and Mandy and found their true selves!” Sasha says warmly patting her sister on the back.

“Ha! True self... Except this isn’t me, and the bet was to who can get their brother to win the pageant, which none of you did!” Christina

mumbles under her breath.

Amber laughs, “We’ve seen you around your girlfriend Tiffany! It’s so cute that she travels down to see you. Luckily she doesn’t live too far away. Didn’t you say you are going on a date together to that Macklemore concert this weekend? Have you heard his new song?”

Even though Christina doesn’t need a tuck job anymore due to her decreased penis size which fits comfortably in her thongs and panties, she feels it shrivel a little at the comment made. “Yeah...”

Another girl named Brittany overhears them, “That sounds so cool! I mean... my brother is really skinny and kind of looks like me in the face. I bet I can feminize my brother too!”

Ashley speaks up, “Me three!”

To be continued...

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](mailto:inyourdreamspublishing@gmail.com)

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

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

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

(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)

Claire's Tumblr: [mermadprincesss.tumblr.com/](http://mermadprincesss.tumblr.com/)

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