

# TRICKED TO BE A TREAT

BY NICEGENT42

ART BY DREAMLN



## Scene 1

Standing at the edge of the property large backyard Aaron held his hands out over the fire that burned in the old oil drum. The temperature was in the high fifties even with the sun directly overhead. Today was supposed to be the coldest this week, but October was just starting and soon enough winter would be upon them. Aaron himself had a self satisfied smirk on his face as he kept himself warm by the fire. That was when he heard it, the shrieking voice of his step mother as she yelled at him from across the yard. She was a problem. It was because of her that his father had forgotten about his real mom who had passed when he was eight. Aaron was mad at him for forgetting her, he never talked about her any more. Aaron was mad at the world for taking her and leaving him with this big breasted blonde that got her hooks into his dad and he hated that he was attracted to his own stepmom, it was all like some bad joke.

“What do you think you are doing!?” Dalila yelled as she stomped closer to her stepson, knowing exactly what he was doing, but praying she was wrong. The two of them had never gotten along well, things were much better, not perfect, but better with Aaron’s older sister Evelyn. A new woman coming into their lives she figured could be bumpy but after being married to the teens father for seven years and giving him a little sister, she thought things would get better. Things had not gotten better, and now that he was eighteen Dalila thought about broaching the subject of him leaving the house, she just wasn’t sure how to approach the subject with her husband. Evelyn still lived at home and was two years older than Aaron, but she went to a local college. She could only hope the blonde haired boy would decide to go somewhere far away, or at least open up to the idea of her being part of the family.

Shifting his body Aaron turned to the side, still keeping his hands over the fire as he watched the gold digger march towards him. He was only eleven when she married his dad and he could see exactly what his old man saw in her, she was sexy as hell. Even today, when she wasn’t planning to go anywhere, or at least far as he knew, she was dressed up in a chocolate brown long sleeved knit cashmere sweater dress that came down to mid thigh. Around her neck was a light blue feather patterned scarf, he wasn’t sure how expensive cashmere was, but he doubted that piece of fabric was worth it and then to top it off she had some dark brown calf zip up boots with chunky three inch heels. He thought she looked great, like any twenty-six-year-old milf would and the very fact he was attracted to the woman that was closer in age to him than his forty-year-old father just pissed him off more. From the time they started dating to getting married seemed like a blink of an eye. ‘Did Pops even think about Mom before he married Dalila?’

Taking in a deep breath as she looked in the flaming metal barrel Dalila was just able to tell what was burning inside, a large supply of crumpled up newspaper and a small collection of her little one’s stuffed animals. “How could you do this? Why would you do this? Dotty is going to be a mess when she finds out her big brother burned her things!”



“How?” Aaron gave the tall woman a shrug. Inside of him he had a burning flame much like the one he stood in front of, between his blonde stepmom and his little sister Dot it had been stoked high. His revenge, that he hoped taught them both a valuable lesson, helped bring his rage under control, but just looking at her wearing expensive clothes, things he was sure his old man had bought for her... the woman standing there in her three inch chunky heeled boots stood just over six feet tall, but even without them her normal five foot ten would dwarf his own five foot six. He hated how she mooched off his father, his will seemingly gone whenever she asked for something. He hated himself for how he enjoyed looking at her wearing the same things. To Aaron she was an Amazonian milf. If he had the self awareness to be honest with himself he would know his sensitivity about his own height, being a few inches shorter than his older sister who was the same height as his father made him jealous that his pops, only three inches taller than him could pull a girl who looked like this. “How? That was easy, crumpled up newspaper on top of the burned out coals, lighter fluid and a match.” He saw the older woman’s light blue eyes go wide before narrowing as she looked at him with a type of passion he could relate to.

‘She hates me, she hates me for telling Dad what she is really about. She hates me for standing up to her little princess who gets to do what she wants.’ His plan was working. It wasn’t a well thought out plan, none of his schemes ever had much time in the planning phase, but it looked like she was going to give him exactly what he wanted. She was now feeling what he felt, like things had been taken away, just like they were from him and she was pissed. ‘She had her chance to prevent this.’ Aaron thought as he rubbed his hands together over the small blaze. “Why? Where do you want me to start? How about when I told Dot I didn’t want to play with her dolls, or when I told her to not play in my room. We can move on to when I told her to take her stuffed animals back to her room instead of leaving them in mine. I swear another one appears almost every day! I told **you** to pick up after her, but nooo. Well consequences for actions and all.”

“Consequences.” Dalila tensed her jaw as she nodded, looking right into her step son’s brown eyes. She thought it was cute that Dotty wanted to play with her older brother, or at least play in his room when she could. But she also understood the need to feel like you had some privacy, doubly so as a teen, but he had gone way too far. “You...” Dalila was burning with anger just like the fire in front of her. “Dotty didn’t leave them in your room just lying about, did she?” Her ice blue eyes staring less at the teen and more *into* the teen with their intensity. She already knew the answer to her own question, when Aaron had told her, not asked, told her about Dotty leaving her things in his room. She told the seven year old that she needed to pick up after herself. She wanted to also tell the teen he needed to speak to her with respect, but that had been a losing battle.

“Yeah! She kept leaving them on my bed.”

“Did Dotty tell you why she was doing that? Did you try having a conversation to work things out or did you just yell at her?” Again, she already knew the answer. Aaron was a shy child when they first met, didn’t say much, but oh he changed when he started to go through puberty. Dalila missed that boy who fell asleep with his head on her lap when she was dating Gerald.



"What is it you like to say?" he snapped. "This isn't a discussion, I wasn't going to discuss why she isn't picking up her crap. Maybe if you talked to your little princess like you talk to me she would have some boundaries, but no... My little half sister is a spoiled brat." Aaron spat. The words had hardly escaped his lips before he heard the sound of the slap when his stepmother's open hand connected with his cheek before he could feel the warmth of the impact and the blossoming of the pain. "Bitch! Did you just hit me!?" Aaron cried out in outrage.

For her part Dalila stood there in front of the eighteen year old, wide eyed, not believing she had raised her hand to attack anyone, let alone him. That thought lasted less than a second before her burning anger boiled over once more when she felt the emotional impact of his insults directed at her and found herself raising her hand once more.

Seeing the Amazon's hand rise Aaron flinched before taking a quick step back and around the hot barrel to have something between them. "You hit me! I can't wait to see what Pops has to say about this. You fucked up now!" he said still feeling the sting from the impact on his face, it hadn't been that hard, but he had never been hit in the face before and hadn't been spanked since before his real mother passed. The smirk he had on his face when he started the fire returned as he darted out from behind the burning stuffed animals and ran to the back door.

Letting out a long sigh Dalila closed her eyes for a few seconds to count to ten to try and calm her nerves. 'You are the adult, Aaron is just a teenager.' she chided herself wishing Gerald had made his son... their son, she mentally corrected herself, made their son see a therapist to work out his anger issues. But Gerald had insisted that it was normal for a teen boy and that he would grow out of it.

Feeling the cool breeze blow across the yard she found herself a little calmer, at least clear headed enough to notice the dirty blond haired boy hadn't bothered to bring anything over to put out the fire he had started. Having to clean up his mess wasn't what she wanted to do, definitely not after the argument, but she supposed that was part of being a mother. So she moved to the house to get the garden hose. Turning the knob for the water she heard the backdoor open and expected to see her husband wanting to know what happened, and praying it wasn't Aaron wanting another round of verbal assault or worse Dotty coming to ask her to help find her toys that no longer existed.

Evelyn stepped out onto the tall wooden deck, moving to the edge to see her step mother holding the garden hose and looking up. The reason for the hose was clear with the small amount of fire coming up from the burn barrel, what wasn't clear was what happened with her brother just moments ago. "Hey Mom, what's going on with Aaron?"

Looking up Dalila gave the twenty-year-old a weak smile. The dirty blonde haired young woman looked as if she had just woken up. No makeup on her face, hair a mess and wearing a gray sweater that mostly fit, but Dalila was sure she had taken it from her father, and had paired it with short yellow workout shorts. Hearing Evelyn call her that always felt nice, the first time she

said it was at her wedding. Thirteen-year-old Evelyn holding her hand and asking if it was okay to call her Mom. She hadn't expected being a stepmother to a teen girl would have been easier than with the boy, but she had come into Evelyn's life at a time the girl needed an older female to confide in and teach her about growing into a woman. In this aspect she had been lucky, the girl was still a handful, literally screaming that she wasn't her mother one time when her emotions were out of control, but she could remember yelling much less nice things at her own mother before slamming her bedroom door. "Good morning Eve. Do you want to know what is going on right now or in general?"

Shading her eyes from the sun Evelyn looked up, not one hundred percent sure morning hadn't turned to afternoon. She had been up much later than she would have liked consoling one of her friends who had come to the end of her relationship after she found out her boyfriend had been cheating on her. "I don't have time for everything, maybe just why he is yelling in the house for Dad."

Glancing over at the barrel and then back to her stepdaughter, Dalila put down the hose and walked up the steps to have a proper conversation. "Your brother did something he shouldn't, I reacted. He said something he shouldn't have, and I over reacted." Dalila said feeling squeamish about having to admit she raised her hand like that. Her anger was still there at what the boy had done and he absolutely needed to be punished, but she had let her anger get the best of her.

"Okay, yeah." Evelyn said, nodding. "Sure, but what about some adjectives and verbs to help me fill in the blanks."

Dalila gave the brown eyed girl a flat look. "I was getting to that." she said before telling her everything that had just happened.

Crossing her arms, Evelyn had a half smile on her face, doing little to hold in her chuckle. "A few things. One, Aaron deserved that, I have been saying for years that he needed a good slap. Two, What the actual fuck!? He burned Dotty's stuffed animals? Jeez, I'm living with a psycho."

"I know you are technically an adult, but would you mind watching your language? I rather not have your little sister emulating you." Dalila said, not for the first or even tenth time in recent memory.

## **Scene 2**

Things weren't going according to plan for Aaron as he stood in front of his father, who was sitting up on his made bed as he watched TV. He did see the look of concern he wanted on his father's face when he told him Dalila had slapped him, but it didn't grow into anger or outrage. Not that his father was ever one to jump to extreme emotions. He wasn't emotionless, but Aaron had hoped to see more when he told him that the bitch had attacked him, just like he wished he had seen his father mourn more for his mother... or at least cry at the funeral. Aaron

remembered his father's firm and steady hand on his shoulder when he was eight, telling him how it was okay to cry and to let it out, and he had. Aaron had cried enough that he imagined the grass thought it was raining, he had cried so much that day and every night before he went to bed after. What he never saw was his dad crying and that made him feel weak, and made him angry.

"What did you do?" Gerald asked while meeting his son's gaze while he hit the mute button on the TV. Dalila had been opening up the house, leaving almost all of the windows open to let in the cool air and talking about going to the store to get some autumn decorations. He was sure they had plenty, but the woman loved to shop and he rather spent a little to decorate the house than tell her no. That path led to spite shopping, either sitting next to him buying way too much online or worse calling his mother to see if she wanted to get together. His plan had been to enjoy the early afternoon by himself in peace watching a game that had been recorded, but it seemed like peace for him was out of the question.

"What do you mean?" Aaron reiterated while pointing to his cheek that just barely had a hint of pinkish red to it. "She hit me!"

Nodding Gerald swung his feet off the bed to move to a sitting position. He was dressed for the day with some socks, one of which had a small hole in them that his lovely wife insisted he throw away, a pair of jeans and a dark blue knit long sleeve shirt. "Son, I love you. My father may have said that twice in his life, so it is important that you know that. I love you, but I also know you. So, when I ask what you did to cause her to slap you. It is because I have no doubt you provoked her."

Ignoring the confessions of love, Aaron felt outraged that his father was taking that woman's side. Like he always did. "Just like that? Just like that you are taking her side!" He didn't stomp his foot like a toddler, but Aaron's face was growing red.

"Hey now. There is only one side, not yours, not your mother's, not either of your sisters and not mine. The only side is the family." Gerald patted the top of the comforter he sat on next to him. "Come sit and tell me everything that happened."

"She isn't my mother, not that you remember who that is." Aaron said with a growl in his voice. The concern on his father's face changed to one of rage. It lasted for maybe the duration of one heartbeat, but Aaron had seen it and knew he had stepped over a line. What surprised him though was that his pops did raise his voice, didn't lower it, but didn't unleash the storm that he knew he had seen behind his father's eyes. Instead his father just patted the bed next to him again.

"Son..." Gerald started when his child sat down next to him. "Aaron, your mother will always be in my heart, I am reminded of her and how the lord smiled upon me to have her in my life every time I look at you or your older sister. If you like we can look through an old scrapbook of pictures sometime that she put together. Despite what you might think Dalila doesn't want me to

forget about her. The scrap books your mother made are on the bookshelf in the living room that any one can look at anytime. If you want you can talk to Eve and we can plan a trip up to visit her grave together.” Putting a hand on the boy’s shoulder to try and be reassuring he pushed on. “I love your mother to this day, I would appreciate it if you would never suggest otherwise. Can you do that?”

The hand on Aaron’s shoulder felt like the weight of the world pressing down upon him. His father wasn’t a big man physically, but he always felt like he was when he spoke or touched him. Swallowing hard Aaron nodded. “That... that doesn’t change what she did, that she hit me.”

“No, none of that does, but they are different topics Aaron. Dalila is your mother, by both love and law. I don’t condone violence in this household...” Gerald thought back to what felt like a lifetime ago, he used to spank his children, both Evelyn and Aaron had gotten the belt, but he never did it to be cruel. His own father beat the hell out of him, it sure taught him a lesson or two, but he never thought a parent should go that far. Then Savannah had died long before her time in a car accident, and he just couldn’t bring himself to raise his hand to discipline his children anymore. Heavens knew how often Aaron deserved it. Grounding him just didn’t seem to make a lesson stick, but he saw Savannah anytime he even thought about raising his hand and just couldn’t bring himself to do it. “That said, I still do not know what happened and you don’t see Dalila rushing in here to tell me do you?”

“No...” Aaron said sullenly as he looked at the open bedroom door.

“That is because she knows we are talking, and when we are done I will talk with her and then we all will talk. Communication and discussion is how this household runs and I hope you take that lesson with you when you grow to be a man.”

Still feeling the weight of his father’s hand on his shoulder Aaron looked down to the floor, and told his father what happened, starting with how Dot repeatedly put her dolls next to his pillows or at the foot of his bed no matter how many times he told her to keep her things out of his room. Aaron told him how he even told the little brat, leaving out the word brat, that he was going to make them go away forever if she kept doing it, so he had warned her. Things really didn’t feel like they were going according to plan for the teen as he told the older man what happened, the hand never leaving his shoulder.

It wasn’t long before Aaron was sitting in the living room with the family, and hadn’t made eye contact with anyone. His father hadn’t passed any sort of judgment and every passing minute his anxiety rose. Now though he wasn’t alone. Aaron could feel their eyes on him. He wasn’t sure why Eve was there, but his nosy sister always seemed to be about when there was drama.

Looking at his son as he stood in the middle of the living room Gerald felt the tightness of the muscles in his shoulders. He hated doing this, he hated the fact that his son had burned his daughter’s toys in some sort of plot to get both revenge and attention. Gerald had been an only child and his mother never remarried after she got divorced so Gerald couldn’t say he knew



what Aaron was going through. The parenting books he had read had a few things to say about middle children, but burning their sister's dolls hadn't been a chapter he had read, but it did feel like a cry for attention. Done very poorly, but he hoped working out time to visit the grave site and time to just spend together just the two of them would solve some of this. "Okay, we all know now what you did Aaron, and we have already talked about how that is wrong. Burning other people's possessions is wrong and you already knew that." Gerald said, giving his son a stern look before continuing. "What you don't know is why Dorothy was leaving her toys in your room. Little one, you want to tell your brother why?"

Sitting on the couch the youngest of the Bright household kicked her feet a few times as they dangled off the couch, her feet almost touching the floor when she sat back. At seven she had been told she was slightly above average in height at her four foot seven and wasn't fond of being called little. "Aarron..." She said dragging out her brother's name. "You are mad a lot and don't have a lot of friends and Mr. Bunny and and... Mr. Rabbit and Hippo always make me happy." She squinted her eyes as she gripped the hem of her dress trying to fight off the water that threatened the arrival of tears. 'I'm not a baby, I don't need to cry.' she told herself.

Aaron knew he was going to be grounded and wished they would just get on with it. He couldn't help rolling his eyes as his little sister stumbled on her words. She was perfectly fine talking, that was till she spoke in front of more than two people and then it was always like she had to search for the words she wanted to say, making times like this just drag on. "I have plenty of friends." he snapped, knowing the truth of it was that although he had a few people he could call friends, but they weren't close. They didn't hangout outside of school, but he had plenty of people he talked to online when he was playing video games. 'I'm not some child that needs play dates.'

Dorothy sat back, pressing herself into the couch cushion seeing her mommy glare at her brother. "Sorry..." She pouted at her brother's rebuttal. Those tears started to well up, making her light blue eyes grow glassy, her vision blurry. What he said didn't feel true to her, but he also didn't like to talk to her about much. He was always playing his video games in his room. From time to time he would play a racing game with her, saying it was so she wouldn't bother him, but she saw him smiling and having fun. He could be mean to her, she didn't know why other than he lost his mommy. Dorothy wished he wasn't so mad. When he wasn't mad he did nice things like the time he gave her his ice cream cone when hers had fallen, but today he'd made her really sad. "I thought Mr Rabbit, Mr. Bunny and Hippo could help you be happy again. They were my favorites." She clenched her jaw, refusing to cry. 'And now they're gone.' Dorothy mentally added.

Squatting down next to her daughter Dalila ran her hand through the young girl's light blonde hair. "And why were they your favorites?" she asked gently.

The little frown on Dorothy's face flipped up to a smile, it didn't stay there, but still she smiled before sniffing. "Because, because Aaron gave me Mr. Bunny when I was five and didn't feel good after I got my taaalus rememed." The girl said, sticking her finger in her mouth as she tried to say tonsils removed. "Eve gave me....me Mr. Rabbit and, and, and, umm. Hippo Daddy gave

me, said it was from your Mommy.”

Opening his mouth to speak, Aaron couldn't think of anything to say. He felt like a complete heel as he thought about what he had done. Aaron hadn't even remembered giving the stuffed toy to her till now, it meant little to him yet so much to her. It has been a silly little prize he'd won in class, there had been a ton of cheap little options the teacher had on a shelf for anyone that scored high enough on a test and he had chosen it because he didn't want anything at all and at least Dot would like it... he just didn't know how much she'd liked it till now. “I'm... I'm sorry Dot.” he said in a small voice.

Standing up, Dalila took the three steps over to her stepson. “Aaron I'm sorry too, I should not have done what I did. In the future I hope we can work things out like adults.” Dalila said the words and really did hope things could be better between them. The boy was bright, got good grades and didn't get into any trouble at school, it was only at home he acted out. The problem was, she couldn't get out of her head the memory of Dotty crying and burying her face in her pillow because her favorite things were gone, it made her want to slap the shit out of the teen boy.

Clearing his throat Gerald looked at his family, happy to clear the air, but wishing his heart didn't feel like it did. ‘Why can't they all just get along?’ he asked himself before turning his attention to his boy. “Apologies are important, but that doesn't make what happened go away.” Punishing a kid that didn't go out and hang out with friends was more difficult. Sure he could take away the game system in his room, but doing so also punished himself and took away a tool he was able to use to bond with his son. “I think the best punishment I can think of is one to help avoid any of this in the future. Aaron.” Gerald put some extra force in his son's name so that he would look up at him. “For the rest of the month when it is Dorothy's bed time you are going to read her a bedtime story. You are also only allowed to play video games that she can play with you. Meaning you can only play when she is also playing...” He gave a hard look into his son's eyes so that the boy knew not to play word games with the punishment. “Furthermore you are going to go out and buy some replacement toys for her. She gets to pick them out, and you get to pay for them out of your money.”

“Dad! I was saving for...” Aaron started to say before his father cut him off.

“No, what you were saving for was to get your little sister new toys. Finally, you will also be taking her trick or treating this year. I think that sounds more than fair, but what do you think Aaron? Is that not enough, just right or too much? You have to understand that while being eighteen makes you legally an adult, your emotions are still very much calling the shots on how you act. I think this will be good for you and in time I hope you will see that too.”

Swallowing hard Aaron nodded, he didn't want to spend his money or do any of that, but he also did feel bad about burning those toys. “It's enough.” he said with a nod.

Listening to everything happen Evelyn bit her tongue. She didn't like what her little brother had

done to Dotty, that made her angry. Burning the stuffed hippo that Mom used to keep on her bed was unforgivable. She could remember coming into her parents room and always seeing the hippo in different spots. It could be in the middle of the bed one day, under the sheets another, stuck between the pillows so only its nose was sticking out. It was now gone, he had just burned away a piece of their mother and she was going to get her revenge, the punishment wasn't enough, but she would make sure it would be.

### **Scene 3**

Walking through the toy aisle Aaron stopped to glare daggers at his older sister as she held up a large box toy castle set that had a price tag of just under two hundred dollars. When Eve had said she was coming along too for the trip he hadn't thought anything of it, but as soon as they were in the store she had asked Dot if she wanted him to buy her a new bike. His eyes almost bugged out of his head, thankfully the answer was no, but it seemed she wasn't done picking out expensive things. "What are you doing Eve? Why are you even here?"

Still holding onto the box Evelyn gave her little sister a kiss on the top of the head, making sure she had a good grip on the box before letting it go. "You look at this while I talk to Aaron" She said before moving around the girl, looking at her brother like he was prey she was about to kill. She hadn't bothered to change, still in her fathers sweater and running shorts. She had put on some converse shoes and had run a brush through her hair, but did little else, while her brother wore dark blue jeans, a white hoodie and a black puffy vest over it and a pair of black work boots that still looked brand new despite being over a year old. Taking him by the arm she pulled him to the end of the current toy aisle they were on, proving that she wasn't just three inches taller than him, but was also stronger.

"Let me go!" He declared as he tried to yank his arm free from her grip.

"You want to know what I'm doing here?" Evelyn said with a harsh whisper. "I'm here to make you regret deciding to play with fire. You Aaron are going to get burned!" She said thinking it to be a clever line.

"So your idea is to make me spend all my savings by getting Dot to pick out expensive things? What did I even do to you?" He gave his older sibling a quizzical expression.

"You destroyed a piece of Mom you self absorbed twit! You may have been too young to remember that hippo, but I do. Mom would put it in different places every time she made her bed and when either of us had a nightmare she would put it on our dressers, or at the foot of our bed telling us that it would make sure we were safe and you..." She seethed even as tears came to her eyes. "You burned it because our baby sister put it in your room. I don't even have fucking words..."

"Hey, umm.." Aaron said, taking a step away from his sister so she would stop the creepy whispering in his ear. "I didn't remember, I'm sorry, I wouldn't have done it..." Before he could

finish his sentence he was cut off as Evelyn pressed her index and middle finger to his chest.

"You think you are sorry, but I'm going to make sure you really are and spoiling Dotty is the least you can do. What I'm going to do to you though..." She said with a shake of her head.

"Like what?" He asked, feeling a bit nervous.

Turning her head to look behind her, Evelyn checked on her sister, who had put the box down on the ground and had sat next to it in order to look at the pictures of what was inside and read it the best she could. Turning back to her brother she gave him the same smirk he had when he was feeling smug. "What would Dad and Mom think if they found out this wasn't the first time you burned things? That things of mine have gone missing and I just didn't think of it till now?"

Chewing on the inside of his cheek Aaron locked eyes with his older sister. "Blackmail? That isn't going to work, you can't just say I burned things without proof, and she isn't our Mom."

Giving him a shrug the smirk didn't fade from Evelyn's face. "I can say I caught you and you promised to never do it again so I let it go. What about that? Or how about I tell them about why Mom seems to be missing underwear, that we have a pantie thief in the house who is doing all sorts of disgusting perverted things with them."

The first threat didn't feel like it had any teeth, not really, but considering what he had just done his pops might believe her over him, the second... he felt like he couldn't really help himself. It wasn't like he did it all the time, but when it was his turn to do laundry he sometimes saw Dalila's sexy little panties with their lace and he couldn't resist taking them back to his bedroom. It wasn't like he cleaned them and put them back after he used them once or twice to rub himself with. Her wearing panties he had cummed in would have been... his first thought would be arousing, but he knew the answer should be disgusting, so he threw them out. "You, you... you can't do that." He said with the same type of stutter he was annoyed at his little sister for earlier that day.

Crossing her arms Evelyn raised an eyebrow as she took her brother in again, the look of defeat on his face. 'What he gets for being a pervert.' She thought satisfied things were now going to go her way.

'Shit! Shit, shit, shit!' He thought, running his hand through his hair. "Okay, what do you want?"

"Well... you already were, but I'm making sure you understand you are going to buy Dotty anything she wants. Secondly... well the list goes beyond secondly. How about you do all my chores for the month, if anyone asks you can say you are making amends with me for burning the hippo. It is the truth. Secondly I'm going to embarrass the shit out of you come halloween when the two of us going trick or treating with Dotty. I of course will be picking out our costumes. We can buy something today to help you think about what is to come."

Grimacing, Aaron practically wilted under his sister's gaze, feeling like the height difference between the two was only growing larger. "I'm afraid to ask."

Putting her hand on her brother's shoulder, giving it a little squeeze Evelyn moved just a little closer into his personal space. "You don't have to be afraid, we are just going to buy one of those cheap necklaces that has your name on it that girls wear. Though I think what I have in store for a pantie thief like you it should be spelled E R I N. For the entire month you are going to wear it, every time I say your name you will know how I am spelling your name in my head."

Once more, swallowing his saliva, a nervous habit of his, Aaron nodded. "Okay, that isn't so bad. Are you... are you going to make me dress up as a girl for Halloween?" The frightened teen clenched the muscles in his body like his sister's response was going to come in the form of a physical assault.

"I haven't decided yet what exactly you are going to wear, or me really. Maybe we can have it match what Dotty is going to wear. Last year she was that princess Princess from the game with the plummets that jump around, if she does that again you can be Bowsette and I can be that other princess that is spunky and never gets kidnapped. I think that would be fitting, but I think a new necklace with your name on it might not be enough. You enjoy stealing panties in all, I think we should take a trip to the women's section to buy you a few packs of panties of your own. They will come in handy considering when we get home you are going to put all of your underwear in a bag and hand it to me while I watch."

Aaron felt like running was the right answer, intellectually he knew it wouldn't solve anything, and physically it wasn't going to work with the vice like grip on his shoulder. The command to give up his underwear in exchange for panties didn't really sink in, his mind focusing on the threat of making him dress up like Bowsette. For a while he had the image of the King of Koopa's wearing the super princess crown. It being Bowser had nothing to do with him saving the image to his phone's background. The image was just sexy as hell and all he could imagine was himself looking like that and falling over himself to try and keep his balance as he walked his little sister wearing a child's princess peach costume from house to house trick or treating. "Wait, you want me to wear what?" He asked, the last command finally sinking in.





Before Evelyn could answer she saw their little sister approaching out of the corner of her eye holding a different box than she had encouraged her to get. When she read the box it felt so fitting for what she had planned. "Is that what you want to get Dotty?"

"Erm, yes!" Dorothy said with a single nod of her head, adding emphasis to the single word in only a way a child good. I wanted to get the princess makeup kit. Aaron, is it okay if I get this?" She said holding up the box to be closer to her older brother's face who was little less than a foot taller than her.

Tapping on the box that was being held up for his approval, Aaron didn't so much as look at it, his eyes still firmly on his older sister, who had just now released him from her grip when Dot came up. "Sure, whatever you want Dot."

#### **Scene 4**

Back home Aaron found himself in his room, his savings dwindling by little over a hundred dollars. What his little sister wanted amounted to little, twenty bucks for the makeup kit, six bucks for a stuffed hippo toy that she found in a bin for dog toys, squeaker inside and everything and a child sized pink and white purse for twelve dollars. Overall Dot had cost him less than one of the packs of underwear he had bought. One pack of lace bikini cut panties in black, white, blue, green and two shades of pink cost about forty dollars and his wonderful older sister had put two of them in the cart. Now he had a name plate, a cheap gold necklace that said the feminine version of his name in cursive script around his neck, but under his hoodie. He could feel it hanging there like a lead weight, it was a problem, but nearly as bad as what he was being forced to do. Aaron could feel Evelyn's eyes on him as he opened up the packs of panties, removing them from their plastic. Doing as instructed he folded each of the delicate pieces of fabric, each one something his teen mind would love to see a girl wear. Each pair of boxers he pulled from his drawer head to put one pair of panties in, the process slow. "Can't I just take everything out, dump them in the stupid bag and then just put these... these..." He started to say holding a pair of pale pink panties between two fingers.

"No Erin, you cannot. You have to put them away properly, if you don't want anyone to see, then wasting time trying to get out of your punishment might not be the best course of action." Evelyn said motioning with her hand to his open bedroom door.

Grumbling, Aaron could practically feel the use of an E for his name instead of the double A it should be, the necklace around his neck feeling like an anchor as he went back to work, wanting to get this done with before anyone else saw what he was doing. At the store he told Dot that the underwear was for Evelyn, who didn't correct him, just gave him a knowing grin. The seven year old bought it, but if she saw him putting the panties in his own drawer the lie would come undone.

"Erin, I'm really happy you saw things my way, I would really hate to see you being kicked out of the house for being a pervert. It isn't such a big deal to change into your panties when you come

home from school is it? No, you do not need to answer. I just feel... almost giddy getting to go over some new rules for the house. You already know about doing my chores and you putting on your proper underwear..." She started to say before her brother interrupted, though he didn't turn around.

"Umm, if you are taking my boxers, what am I going to wear to school?"

Turning her head slightly away from her younger brother's back she thought for a second. The idea of him changing into the panties at home had seemed like a good idea, but she couldn't leave him with his boxers or he would change into them the second she wasn't around, or even try to wear the boxers over the panties and claim he was doing as she said. "I guess you will just have to wear your panties to school."

"I CAN'T DO THAT!" Aaron said, spinning around to face his sister. "Everyone will think I'm a sissy or gay or something!"

"They are just underwear little brother. No one should be looking in your pants and if someone does see them just say all your underwear was dirty or something." She said with a shrug, like what she was suggesting was no big deal, while knowing full well how cruel other kids could be at school.

"Eve... please, I'm begging you. I'm doing everything you ask, just... please!"

Pinching her face into a sour expression she looked at him, holding it for a second before rolling her eyes. "How about I give you a pair of plain white panties, they hardly look any different than boys jockey underwear. Would that be better?"

Swallowing his saliva he wanted to tell her that no, it in fact wasn't better, but something plain white was a world of difference when compared with bikini cut lace colored panties. "Yes, that would be better. Couldn't I just keep one pair of boxers?" He asked hesitantly.

"No, one pair, gross, you wearing those over and over, I don't think so and I can't trust you with boxers and before your perverted mind thinks about getting off on my panties, just know that I will be just be going out to buy you a pack of something no one should take notice of at a glance. And..." Evelyn got a disgusted look on her face. "All your pretty panties better stay accounted for or their will be hell to pay. Now, since I'm being so nice, how will you repay me for letting you change panties when you get home so you don't ruin them at school."

"What?" He asked, confused. She wasn't doing anything nice and she already is making him do so much, what else could she want?

"Hmmm." Evelyn made the sound as she pressed her finger to her lips as she pretended to think. "Oh! I know, Erin, how about after you put away all your new things you go take a shower and get rid of all that disgusting body hair. Everything below the eyebrows should go, not that

you have much.”

“There is no way I’m shaving Eve. The panties are already too much and I should have already put my foot down.” Aaron was feeling incredibly nervous, his sister had backed him into a corner, one where he only saw bad options, but if he didn’t take some sort of stand there was no telling what she was going to make him do.

Cocking her head just slightly to the side Evelyn stood up so she could look down on her brother. ‘Need to make sure I’m wearing heels when I make him wear them, I can’t have my new little sister feel like she is taller than me.’ Putting her hands on her hips she stepped forward to pluck a light blue pair of panties off the top of his dresser. “For now you can wear these and if you don’t want to shave then I can’t make you.”

The underwear in his sister’s hand looked distasteful, but her backing down when he pushed back had him gain a sense of relief. ‘Let her think she has won, take the underwear and tomorrow I will get my stuff back and tell her she had her fun and now we are done.’

Once her brother took the offered pair of underwear she picked up the black trash bag and started towards the door, only stopping just before she went into the hallway. “I can’t make you do anything Erin, but if you do not do what I say, then Dad is going to know how this burning thing is deeper than he thought and how much of a pervert you are. Though I do suppose if you really don’t want to shave then tomorrow we can see about getting you a full body wax.”

The sense of relief that Aaron had felt left him, he had hoped that standing up to his sister would make things go away, but that same hope came crashing back down on him. His legs felt weak and he had to use the dresser to support himself to keep from falling. “No, I will shave.”

“Good!” Evelyn said with a chipper voice. “I will leave some shaving cream out for you, and some lotion to put on after. Trust me sis, you will want to use the cream, not that you have a choice. It smells of peaches and cream, you are going to just love it!”

“Okay...” The teen said feeling at a loss as to what he should do. It wasn’t like he could go talk to his father about this. His eyes slowly slid to the floor and because of it he hadn’t noticed his sister approaching him once more till she was pulling his chin up so she could look him in the eye.

“You have been a shit brother recently and if you can’t be a good boy, then I’m going to make sure you are a good girl. What we are doing here today isn’t the end, this is the beginning. You are going to do everything in your power to make Dotty and myself happy. That includes the next time you see her playing with her new makeup kit, you ask her if she wants to give you a makeover. I think that would be precious, don’t you?” She asked while pushing and pulling on her brother’s head so that he nodded in affirmative. “Good, now tell me you will be a good girl.”

“Eve...” Aaron said, drawing out his sister’s name.

“Do it or you will find yourself with painted toenails tonight.”

With his sister holding his chin he didn't dare move, but he couldn't find it in himself to look her in the eye. “I... I...” He swallowed. “I will be a good girl.”

Letting go of her brother Evelyn stepped back, clapping her hands together once. “Great, let me get the bathroom setup for you Erin and you can get to work getting yourself all pretty.”

Seeing her stepdaughter stepping out of her brother's room with a bright smile on her face, looking as if she was barely containing her laughter, Dalila looked on with amusement before calling out to her. “You look happy.”

Turning with the smile still firmly in place Eve moved closer to her stepmother. “Yeah, that punishment Erin is going through with spending more time with Dotty. I was thinking that as we got older all of us kind of spent less and less time together.” She said knowing that most of the quality time she had spent with little sis was from babysitting. “So.” Evelyn gave a shrug. “I thought it would be best to reconnect with Erin. Honestly, I think all this acting out and macho bull...” She stopped herself from saying shit. “Is he thinking he has to, really he has always been sensitive. I thought it might be a good idea to remind him that it is okay to stay in touch with his feminine side.”

## **Scene 5**

The hot water had turned to cold as Aaron stayed under the shower, he felt like a complete fool as he stood there in the nude with so much less hair on his body. His sister had instructed him to lather her nair all over his body and let it sit for fifteen minutes before he was allowed to wash off. The stuff wasn't magic, but it sure made his body go from feeling tingly to burning by the time he was allowed to get in the shower. Watching much of his hair slosh off was a blow to his male ego, all just from a little cream and that felt like some magic, some dark magic that took something from him. Aaron had never been a hairy guy, but seeing his dick and balls hair free... he could say for sure that the rumor of being clean shaven making a man's member look bigger was a lie.

The cream that sent his hair down the drain along with a good amount of the fight he had in him wasn't the end, still he had been told to shave his body with one of her pink razors. Evelyn said he needed to understand what other girls went through. Using the word other like he was one of them just made him feel smaller. It didn't feel right for his armpits to be devoid of hair, it all made him want to cry. Running the razor over his shaving cream covered legs didn't feel right, Aaron hardly had to shave his face but now he was standing there with his leg up on the side of the tub so that the shower wouldn't wash it away as he got rid of what little hair he had left. ‘An apt metaphor for my masculinity.’ He mentally griped as he finished his task.

Drying off even felt foreign as the cool air from the room hit him without any body hair to protect

himself. His original plan with having to do this was just shave some areas he thought Eve would inspect, but her changing things up with that cream... that had sunk him and now he had to put on her stupid lotion, he gripped again. Picking up the light blue lace panties he frowned as he stepped into them. The panties themselves were repulsive, he had pleased himself with more than one pair that looked similar to this, but him wearing them was much different than touching himself and think of his milf of a stepmom. "Mmm" Aaron groaned as he felt the lacy fabric slide up and cradle his manhood. "No, don't do that!" He said in a harsh tone to his member as it started to get excited feeling the soft material holding it. 'Think unsexy thoughts, think unsexy thoughts.' Aaron tried telling himself worried that someone wasn't just going to see him wearing girls underwear, but see him with a boner in them. 'All this time of using panties to jerk off hasn't help...' The thought of him inadvertently training himself to get hard at the feel of panties plagued Aarons mind as he grew more and more aroused.

Licking his lips he double checked that the bathroom door was locked before reaching down to start to rub himself through the flimsy material. "Mmmm" He rubbed his palm across his tented crotch, considering pulling his member free of the girly underwear to fully jerk off but couldn't bring himself to stop touching himself for even a second. "Oh, oh." He said as his the rhythm of his breathing changed and a small wet spot formed in the underwear as a few drops of pre-crum was absorbed into the material. Closing his eyes, Aaron tipped his head back as he lost himself in the feeling. He wanted to both ride it out to bring his own arousal to higher heights and pick up the pace so that he could cum and feel that exhilaration, but this became impossible as the door handle jiggled just before there was a knock on the door.

"I have to go!" Dorothy whispered to the door and whoever was inside, her face less than an inch from the door as she leaned in.

'Fuck!' Aaron thought, his hand still over his dick as he looked at the flimsy bathroom door. "Use Mom and Dad's bathroom." He called back, already fixing the moment passing and the firmness of his member subsiding.

"Can't! And I gotta goooo!" Dorothy said, responding to her brother as she started to hop from one foot to the other.

Somehow in an even worse mood than he was before coming into the bathroom Aaron turned on the faucet and splashed his hand around in the cold water before putting his hand into the panties to help cool himself off and speed up the shrinking of his member before grabbing his pants and pulling them up. He was about to grab his shirt when he heard his little sister bang on the door more. "Hold on, hold on!" He called before unlocking the door and pulling it open.

"MOVE PLEASE!" Dorothy pushed past her shirtless brother, paying no mind to the new necklace he wore as she moved into the bathroom, only to stop and stare at him. She was going to tell him to shut the door but when she moved past him she smelled him. Dorothy had to take a bath every night and knew the smell of everyone's soaps and today he smelled like Eve, much better than that Axe stuff he normally smelled like. "You smell pretty, but can you please

get out and shut the door.”

Hearing what his little sister said Aaron’s shoulder’s dropped as he stepped out and closed the bathroom door to give the little thing some privacy, the last thing he needed was the pee pee dance she was doing turning into a mess he had to clean up. Aaron was pretty sure she hadn’t had an accident in years, except for when she was really sick and had wet her bed late last year and he wasn’t going to be the cause of it happening now. Moving to his room things felt different, his pants felt rougher and more abrasive against his smooth shaven legs, while the underwear was the opposite. The panties felt almost like he was being wrapped in a cloud, a cloud he was thankful wasn’t causing him to get another erection as he walked. Before he could make it to his room, the normally short journey just down the hall from the bathroom felt like a real trek with the first trial causing the breath to freeze in his chest as his stepmother stepped out of Dot’s room carrying a load of dirty clothes.

Hey Aaron, thank you for being so quick to fulfill the first part of your punishment, your father and I are happy to see you taking this seriously. Could you do Eve and I a favor and bring your clothes to the laundry room, it is turn to do a few loads.” Dalila said giving a small thankful prayer for getting the kids to follow a chore calendar so she didn’t have to do everything herself.

“Yeah I ca... actually let me get those from you.” Aaron said, grabbing the laundry basket as he remembered one of the things he had to do for the rest of the month. If he was willing to shave his body and wear panties he sure wasn’t going to screw himself by giving Eve a chance to do her own chores just to say he broke the agreement.

“Oh, thank you for the help.” Dalila gave the teen boy a small smile, thankful he was being helpful instead of acting like they were adversaries. It was then that she noticed the thin chained gold necklace that had the name Erin written in cursive around his neck. “Aaron... is everything okay?” She asked, cocking her head slightly to the side, not sure what to make of what she was seeing.

‘Does she know I’m wearing panties!?’ Aaron could hear his own heart beating in his chest as he moved the basket to cover his waist, hoping she didn’t see the waistband of the underwear he was currently being forced to wear and cursing himself for not putting on his shirt before stepping out. “Yeah, everything is fine, I just kinda feel bad. Ya know, for ahhh. Eve is mad at me too so I told her I would do her chores for a month.”

Dalila wrinkled her nose for a split second as her smile grew wider. “I bet she didn’t fight you on that.” She said, positive it hadn’t been him to offer, but was still happy that he was doing it.

“Nope, no fighting between us.” With a nervous grin Aaron did an about face, pumping his legs as fast as he could to get out of the woman’s site as he hoped and prayed the evil woman hadn’t seen what he was wearing when he came out of the bathroom or something as he got away as fast as he could.



Standing there, watching her son's odd behavior, Dalila squinted as she thought about the necklace before her thoughts were interrupted by her little girl. "Hey hon, did you get everything you wanted when you went to the store?"

The seven year olds eyes darted off to the left as she thought. "Yes." She then looked back at her mother. "Maybe." Dorothy thought for a second remembering her brother had to buy her whatever she wanted. Eve had pointed out lot of things and now that she was home she kinda wished she had said yes to them, it was too late now, but she thought she could try pushing things a little more. "I did, but Aaron said he would take me out for ice cream later. Would that, umm be okay?"

"Aww, that sounds very nice of him. You just let me know before you go." Leaning down, Dalila gave a kiss to the top of her baby's head before she walked back down the hall, not missing Dotty pumping her arm back and making a banging sound in celebration.

## **Scene 6**

A few weeks had passed and as time went on Aaron found himself becoming more and more paranoid. At school he wore the white cotton panties Eve had gotten him, bringing his personal collection of panties to out number his boxers or it would if he had possession of them. He would have made himself a complete shut in if that was a possibility, but between going to school, doing his older sister's chores along with his own, having to include Dot when he played any video games and reading to her every night it just wasn't possible. Him doing all the laundry for himself and his sisters did at least afford him the ability to keep his underwear situation under control. That and it being cooler out gave him a good reason to never be caught without pants and reveal his legs. The shaving thing had turned into a full feminine beauty routine that he was not enjoying... or so he told himself.

Everyday before bed he would go to the bathroom and wipe down his face with what his sister said was an oil based makeup remover, before wetting cotton pads. He was to pat it on his skin for a few skins before slowly moving it around in a circular motion, having to be careful to not use what she called unnecessary pressure and to not drag his skin downwards, because it could cause sagging. Him arguing that he didn't need to remove makeup, because he wasn't wearing any only smiles that made him feel uncomfortable. Then he washed his face with a specific hydrating cleanser, he wouldn't tell Eve this but the smell of it was actually a bit calming. Then she had him put on toner, something he thought was makeup, but according to Eve and the information on the little white and silver bottle it closed pores, tightens cell gaps and offered a layer of protection to his skin. Then it was time for treatment time where Eve would constantly complain about how lucky he was to have clear skin before going into how he can always save himself some trouble down the line by using vitamin C cream that she said would brighten up his skin, whatever that meant. The nightly routine wasn't even over at that point, she was having him use a cream around his eyes after that to help his supposedly vulnerable skin from daily stressors that can lead to premature aging and then almost lastly was time to moisturize, not

just his face, but also his body. It was a lot... and still twice a week she had him do one more step by doing what she called a little self care indulgence with a face mask for ten minutes. It was exhausting, something she just said was part of being a properly pampered good girl.

Today thankfully was a weekend, that meant no school and didn't have to feel a bunch of anxiety when around his stepmom and dad. At any moment he was worried they would see that he was wearing panties or the necklace was always around his neck would be visible. At least for one day he didn't have to worry about his friends, classmates and parents as the latter were off going to the farmers market, running errands and taking Dot to a pumpkin patch that had a corn maze. They had asked if he wanted to come and were incredibly happy they didn't force him to, knowing it would have been his job to keep track of the young girl. Reading with her hadn't been so bad, she liked it when he used different voices for characters, and would often go into a fit of giggles when he tried to make his voice deep for the villains. Having a seven year old laugh and while not openly mocking him for not being able to speak in a baritone voice, he could still feel it and it didn't feel great, that and reading children's books wasn't exactly how he wanted to spend his time.

Wearing a canary yellow set of his lace panties, Eve insisting he refer to them as his, were put on today, this pair didn't have any stains on them, something that was becoming rarer as time went on. He covered them with some black jeans and a navy blue long sleeved shirt that he knew wouldn't rise too high if he held up his arms. Aaron made his way to the large farmhouse open style kitchen that his stepmom insisted they renovate the house to have, he was considering what to make when he heard someone clear their throat from behind. "Morning Eve." He said nonchalantly, as he opened the door to the refrigerator.

"I was trying to get your attention, little sister." Her eyes practically glimmered with an evil light or so she imagined from her brother's point of view.

Turning around Aaron glowered at the blonde, brown eyed girl. "Eve, come on. Don't. Just give me one good day, I promise I will even do the face mask thing tonight."

Stepping forward, Eve closed the fridge door. "That makes me happy to hear Erin, but what you had planned for your day doesn't really matter to me. Halloween is coming up and I wanted to help you prepare and really embrace your feminine side. I know you have always been a tomboy, but I'm going to help. But..." She drew out the word. "If you rather us do this tomorrow when everyone is home, that would be okay. Maybe I can even help you pick out a nice dress to wear to church." Eve gave a small shrug.

Aaron's jaw dropped open at what he thought he was hearing from his sibling. "Feminin... tomboy!? You remember I'm a boy right?!"

"Yes, I remember you are a TOMBOY Erin, I just said that." Evelyn said as she rolled her eyes. "Just let me know if you want to do it today, tomorrow or never."

"Never, that is absolutely the answer, I don't want to ever..." His sister didn't talk over him or cut him off, the only thing she did was raise one of her perfectly arched eyebrows when he said never. The threat came through loud and clear and it wasn't like he had the ability to turn her down before, and now things were worse. After the first few days of making him change into the panties she laid out a neon pink pair and when he had put them on she had burst into his room to take a photo of him wearing only socks, the panties and the stupid necklace, so she had even more blackmail material now than before. "Today... today would be good, just... just no pictures. Okay?"

"That sounds reasonable." Evelyn nodded with one hand on her hip before tilting her head to the side and slightly up as she tapped her chin with her free hand. "Only... no, I don't think so, take it or leave it."

Feeling like a dead man walking Aaron slumped his shoulders. "Take it... but can I at least eat first?" He watched his sister look at him like she was appraising a cow before slaughter, her gaze moving up and down his body felt several shades of wrong.

"Lift up your shirt." Eve commanded in a tone that barked no rebuttal. Soon as he did she walked up and pinched his side.

"Ow!" Aaron slapped her hand away before stepping back so the cutting board table that was in the center of the kitchen was between them. "What was that for?"

"Erin, you need to lose some weight." She said to her rather skinny brother. "From today till the end of the month you are going on a diet. Off the top of my head say a slice of toast with half a grapefruit for breakfast, for lunch a serving of cottage cheese with a serving of grapes or five salt crackers and eat whatever Mom makes us for dinner. I guess you can eat as much celery as you like for snacks, so long as you don't put anything on them."

There were more than a few things wrong with what she said, he needed to put on more weight, but with all the stress lately he hadn't had much of an appetite and she wasn't his mom. "Hmm, all that just off the top of your head? And let me guess, I don't have much of a choice."

Giving her brother a very fake but beaming smile Evelyn nodded. "Yep right off the top of my head, you are just so lucky your big sister is using her intellect to help you, I can't imagine how bad things could get for you little sister if you did something to upset me like... I dunno destroy one of the few connections we have to our dead Mom, all because you can't see past yourself in your game of revenge."

"I feel lucky." Aaron said glumly with as much sarcasm as he could manage.

It wasn't long before he was sitting on the edge of his older sister's bed wearing only his necklace and bright canary yellow panties and with a pair of tan pantyhose in hand. Aaron's face was completely red from embarrassment, this wasn't the first time he had been wearing so

little around his sister, but he was a boy and shouldn't be wearing girl's underwear, let alone about to put on pantyhose.

Rubbing her hands together Evelyn felt like a cartoon villain as she controlled her brother like a voice activated doll. "Remember to gather the waist and toe of the leg you want to start with to make an easy pathway for your foot. Point your toe, as you put them on, lining up the toe of the hose so that the seam runs across your toes. Gently pull them up over your calf to mid knee before repeating with the other."

The embarrassed boy wanted to tell the cruel woman that he had heard her the first time and second time, but considering his predicament and her threatening to send him shopping to buy more if he put a run in them he kept his mouth shut and did as he was told. Pointing his foot he fed it into the mouth of the feminine snake like garment, he wasn't sure what to expect but as he pulled them past his foot and up his calf there was this light sensual coolness that was gently hugging his leg, by the time he had finished getting them up on his second like the constant compression was feeling more than pleasant but intoxicating. Getting them up all the way he found himself turning away from Eve and trying to think about baseball to try and get his growing erection under control.

Aaron had never worn anything like this before and as one leg touched another pantyhose encased leg an electric spark ran up through him, making his erection problem only grow as his own arousal did along with it. Turning away from Eve he pressed his palm to his hard cock wanting it to deflate, but touching his member through the nylons and panties was the worst thing he could do in that instant. 'Shit, shit, shit!' He started to panic, giving away he was doing so when he looked over his shoulder at his sibling.

"What are you doing? Did you put a run in them already? Well I guess that was to be expected, turn around and let me see, maybe I can fix it."

"No, no runs, just umm give me a second here." He wasn't sure what to say, it wasn't like he could say, hey sis your pantyhose gave me an erection, is it okay if I go jerk off real quick?

"Erin, turn around now, I'm not playing. I swear If I have to count to three we are going to see what you can fit into that is in Dotty's closet." Her brother wasn't tall, but he wasn't a big enough midget to fit into a seven year olds clothing, Dotty was almost a foot shorter than him, but none of that mattered for a good threat. When he just shook his head instead of turning around she started to count. "Three" She then paused giving him a hard look, more upset he was defying her and less about the run in the pantyhose. She had more pantyhose she bought for him, or more specifically he bought with the money she took from his wallet. "Two..."

"Okay, okay!" Aaron turned around, hands still in front of his crotch, but now not touching, not wanting to make it worse.

"Do you have a... GOD you are a pervert!" She cried out as she turned away. "I do not want to

see that, make it go away!"

The utter humiliation of the moment at least had the effect of making his manhood wilt, allowing Aaron to thank his lucky stars he wasn't one of those people that got off on that sort of thing, but still left himself troubled by how the pantyhose made him feel. The panties were one thing, not a good thing, but he could explain it away with what he was doing in the privacy of his bedroom, but that same excuse didn't work for this. "It's umm, umm." He fumbled with his words as he put his hand in the pantyhose to push his shrinking member between his legs to at least get it out of sight. "It's gone."

"I swear to God if I turn around and you are pointing that thing at me you will regret it!" Apprehensive about what she was about to see, Evelyn looked back at her brother, feeling relief when she didn't see her baby brother's dick. "That..." She shuddered. "Is something you are going to have to look into. Look up what people do when they dress up as girls, in fact... yeah. Your job this week is to do some research on what boys do to look like girls, tips and tricks, that sort of thing."

Sitting back down on the bed he felt a few things, uncomfortable with his member between his legs, but also that feeling he felt before as his legs slid across one another. Swallowing hard as he felt his member pulse the question he was about to ask, if head to, was lost. Aaron already knew the answer anyhow, but he felt so small right now, nothing seemed to matter.

"Good, now let's get you fitted for your first bra! I think I got your measurements right."

## **Scene 7**

It wasn't long before Aaron found himself back in his navy long sleeved shirt and jeans, but things felt very different with the pantyhose underneath and the addition of the stuffed bra. The bra itself was one of those cotton white underwire bras with a tiny bow between the cups and for stuffing Eve had shoved balled up pantyhose into the cups. The C cup stuffed bra changed the way his shirt fit, it wasn't enough for skin to show between his pants and shirt, but it was close. His sister was ever so helpful by giving him a red sash belt, the knot hanging off the side over his left leg, while the sleeves of his shirt were pulled up to look like they were three quarter sleeves, to look more feminine Evelyn had said.

"Looking good, little changes can make the difference." Evelyn pressed her palms together next to her head as she grinned like a crazy person.

"Super, does that mean we are done and I can... umm..." Aaron cupped his hands to his fake chest, causing his gold necklace to jump slightly from the movement, it no longer hidden under his shirt. "Take this off?"

Eve put her hands on her hips as she shook her head. "Afraid not little sister we have a lot more to do to help you get in touch with the real you."

"The real me? You know you are insane right?" Touching the little necklace around his neck he held it out. "You know I'm not a girl named Erin." He said letting go of the piece of feminine jewelry before jerking his hand up to point at himself with his thumb. "I'm a boy, a man named Aaron." His name and the feminine version of it were pronounced the exact same, but he knew she was aware of what he meant.

"A man? Hardly, but I do agree that you are a massive tomboy and I'm here to help." She said with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "Now do you want my help or would you like the alternative?"

Glaring at the girl two years his senior Aaron clenched and unclenched his jaw a few times doing his best to stare her down, but as the seconds ticked by, him feeling the straps of the bra and the feel of the pantyhose on his legs with every slight shift that caused his jeans to rub against his legs he lost his steam and looked away. "Yeah, fine."

"Ohhhhhh no little sister. I want to hear you say this exactly. Please big sis, won't you please help me out of my tomboy phase so I can be the pretty girl I really want to be!" Evelyn narrowed her eyes as she leaned forward. "I want to hear that exactly."

Aaron had no end to his anger, something he needed to work on, but his rage was impotent and the frustration in him caused his lip to quiver as his eyes began to water. "Please... Eve, please don't make me say that." The stern look he got in reply made his nervous habit show itself, swallowing the non-existent saliva in his mouth. "Please big sis, will you help me out of my tomboy phase so that I can be the pretty girl I really want to be."

Clapping her hands together Eve spun in place. "That was not exactly what I said, but it was close enough and of course I will help you little sister." She then stepped forward to give her brother a big hug that left a slight blush to his cheeks. "Now the next step is getting you the right shoes!" Reaching under her bed she pulled out a shoe box, opening it slowly as if to build up anticipation. "You are just going to love these."

What Aaron saw in the box would have been something he would love, so long as they were on a girl. He would have thought a sexy girl, but any girl wearing them probably already fit that description. They were a pair of glossy black seven inch stiletto rounded toe heels with a two inch platform. The way she was presenting them made his eyes go wide, knowing exactly what she intended to happen. Turning his head he looked to her room's bedroom door, ready to bolt. That was when he felt her hand grip his wrist.

"Erin..." Evelyn spoke like a school teacher talking to a misbehaving child. "You asked me to help, it is your job as a good girl to accept it and to thank me for it. Otherwise we can explore the option of our little sister's clothes or... and I like this option. When our parents come home you can still be dressed like this and as Mom to spank you for being a bad girl. I mean there is a third option, but I really don't think I need to keep holding that over your head, or at least telling



you I'm doing so."

Tearing his eyes away from the door Aaron didn't even bother to try and pull his hand away. "Thank you for helping me..." he said in a monotone voice.

"You can do better than that!"

With his lip trembling once more he looked into his eldest sibling's brown eyes, forcing a smile to his face as he spoke in a more chipper voice. "Thank you for helping me."

"That is the spirit! Now sit down and put on Mom's shoes."

It was not until he sat down that Aaron's eyebrows shot up. "Mom? You mean these are Dalila's shoes?!"

With a wicked grin on her face Evelyn placed the shoe box next to her brother. "Yes, though I have never seen her wear them. Can you imagine how amazing she looks in them though? In them she would be six foot five and looking like she is all legs, Dad might have a heart attack." She said imagining him like any man would have all the blood flow from their head to their lower regions. "They won't bite you, stop staring at them and put them on, you can drool over yourself in the mirror after."

Looking from the shoes, one that he would love to see Dalila in, and then his sister and then back again Aaron nodded, feeling as if he had little choice. Reaching into the box his fingers slid across the black glossy surface of one of the heels, his teenage imagination went wild at the thought of his blonde busty stepmom wearing them and causing no end of discomfort as his member that was pulled between his legs started to awaken once more.

"Goooo on." Evelyn rolled her hand in a circle, encouraging her brother to put on the high heeled shoe that just screamed come fuck me to men. She didn't think she would be able to walk in them without practice, but could imagine wearing them out on a date, having a young man practically eating out of her hand. "They should be about a size too big for you."

"What?" Aaron asked, he hadn't even thought about it fitting or not till she mentioned it. "A size too big?"

"Yep, despite me having the height advantage on you little sister we are about the same shoe size, I checked and Mom is a size up from us. So you can wear them in good health."

Aaron started to move his foot to try and put his foot in the shoe, but like any kid wanting to avoid their bedtime he stalled, hoping to find a way out. "How can you call her Mom? Have you forgotten who our real Mom is?"

Leaning back on her dresser Eve crossed her in a way so she could hold herself as she pressed

her lips together in a line. "You were eight when Mom, our first Mom died. I don't think you loved her any less because you were younger, but you didn't know her like I did. I miss her... and considering your ass is being punished because you destroyed something of hers, you should know better than to question if I have forgotten her. But..." Eve's voice trailed off a little. "It is harder to remember everything about her, I'm not sure if I would remember how she smelled if I didn't have the same perfume she wore. The thing you need to remember is that Mom would have wanted Dad to be happy. Dalila came into our lives when you were what? Eleven? So I was thirteen and yeah I get it that she is super young to have married Dad. She was nineteen and him thirty three when they met. Apparently, not sure if you knew this, but they met at a bar. It was just a hookup type thing and then it happened again and again and that was before their official first date. Now this next part I'm not saying is true, but the time lines add up when you consider when Dotty was born that they might not have married for love." She shrugged her shoulders in an exaggerated way. "I don't know for sure, but I know they love one another now. Dalila has been in our lives for almost half your life. She has taken care of us and Dad, as given us a wonderful little sister that is so much more behaved than you were at her age. Dalila has earned the right to be called Mom. Now, I could force you to call her that, but I won't. I think you should, it would make her happy, I just won't force that upon you."

'Like you could make me.' Aaron thought slipping his foot into the incredibly tall heel, it felt odd right away before even putting the little strap that it had over his foot to lock him into the torturous looking shoe as he tried to process what his sister had said about his dad and stepmom. Slipping the strap through the tiny buckle, something that seemed much harder than it had any right to be, Aaron put his foot down on the floor and just while sitting he felt wobbly and completely unsteady. "How does anyone walk in these?" He whined.

"With practice, now get the other shoe on so you can get to practicing too."

Grumbling Aaron did as he was told, his nylon covered foot slipped into the shoes with no problem and seeing them strapped to his feet gave him uncomfortable thoughts. Seeing his pantyhose covered ankles just below his jeans, his legs in the incredibly sexy shoes that belonged to his stepmother wasn't making things easier with his manhood. 'I'm a freak... why am I turned on!?'

"Erin, do me a favor and slide your feet out as far as you can on the carpet and look down at Mom's heels for me."

"Why?" He asked, looking up from the shoes when his sister gave him a command.

Glaring at him once more she pointed to herself. "We need to not make a habit of this. I'm in charge." She then pointed at her brother who definitely wasn't looking very masculine in his shirt and jeans anymore. "You are the person that does what I say and I think going forward every time you disobey me, don't do what I ask without question you are going to get punished. Now do as I say." She saw the sour look on his face and thought he might test her, but instead Evelyn watched as her much more feminine brother stretched his legs out. "Good now cross

your feet at the ankle.” As soon as he did she took out her phone and snapped a photo. Capturing an image of him sitting prettily and admiring his heeled feet.



“HEY!” He started to say before the rest of what he was about to say died in his throat as his sister stepped forward, snapping her fingers and putting her index finger in his face.

“That is just some extra insurance you are going to be a good girl Erin. I don’t intend to show it to anyone, but if you keep giving me attitude instead of being a grateful little sister, then I might have to make plans. Got it?”

Swallowing hard once more, Aaron nodded and kept his comments to himself. ‘I need to think of a way out of this... can I bribe her? What can I give her that she just can’t take? Jeez!’

Seeing his compliance Evelyn stepped back, moving across her bedroom to be closer to the door, ready for what was about to happen. “Okay now, you are all dressed, you stand up if you want, or I can see about doing some makeup.”

Hearing the thinly veiled threat Aaron pushed himself off the bed to get up, trying to prepare himself for walking in what he was sure to be not just a humiliating experience, but a painful one. The second he went vertical though he went tumbling to the floor.

Taking another photo Evelyn burst into a fit of laughter. “No little sister, you need to put your legs and feet together before you try to stand so that you have the right center of balance. Now go ahead and try again.” She said, trying not to continue to snicker.

Cheeks burning from embarrassment, Aaron used the bed to help himself up, practically climbing back up to get to a sitting position. “Couldn’t have said that before I fell?” He asked, only getting a shrug as a reply. Pressing his legs together he could at least be happy his dick was no longer trying to get hard. ‘One of so many problems down.’ he thought as he touched the sides of his stepmother’s heels together. As carefully as he could Aaron stood up to his full height. He felt wobbly and off balance, but he was standing.

“Good job Erin!” Evelyn clapped. “Now we are going to spend the next four hours practicing how to walk, and walk gracefully, how to properly sit like a lady and how you should hold your hands. Doesn’t that sound like fun! We better get a move on though, because I’m going to insist on those full four hours, and you will want to get them out of the way before anyone comes home. You should be fine, at least so long as you don’t incur any penalties and punishments.”

Holding his hands out to the side to try and keep his balance he put a large fake smile on his face. “Sounds Peachy.”

Laughing at how her brother was standing she gave him an eye roll. “Right verbage, but I think the tone needs to be worked on. That is fine, we can work on that too, maybe you can sing the song I’m so pretty in a feminine register while you practice, but...” Evelyn tapped her chin. “I Just don’t think this will be enough practice and I know you want to do things right. So going forward when you are alone in your room and that includes when you are sleeping those shoes

will be worn.”

“What! There is no way! Even if I agreed to that, someone would see me!” Aaron’s words were full of more force and determination than he had shown practically all day and it cost him his balancing, causing him to stumble backwards and fall back onto the bed.

“Keeping it a secret is your business Erin, not mine. My job is to tell you what to do in order to help you get out of your tomboy phase like you begged me and it is your job to do as I say. I don’t need to remind you why, do I?” She asked, already wanting to figure out what she could use to punish him for arguing with her. All of this was to punish her brother for what he did, but it was also to take him down a peg or two so that his attitude was in check. ‘OMG that is a great idea!’ she thought, her brain expanding the idea of what he would have to keep secret.. ‘There is no reason Aaron can’t also have to wear a bra when he is home!’ Everything she was doing was for reasons, but she also couldn’t help feeling a sense of power as she controlled him. Even when they were younger he would never do what she said, saying how she wasn’t the boss of him, but now she was.

Laid out on the bed he had fallen on Aaron got up to a sitting position and held up one of his legs slightly. The heels brought his height to over six feet tall, but this was not what he had in mind when he wished so many times to be taller. He had no leverage, he couldn’t think of a way out... not yet anyhow. ‘Bide your time, she is going to screw up... or better yet! She writes in that diary all the time, I bet there is something in there she wouldn’t want to get out. It could be a mutual trade, my freedom for my silence.’

## **Scene 8**

In his bedroom Aaron sat in his bed, everything from the waist down covered with a heavy frown on his face, the dark circles under his eyes adding to his morose visage. He was doing as he was told with what he had to wear, but wasn’t going to give someone the chance to catch him wearing the very feminine articles. When he got up he no longer was having problems standing in the glossy black seven inch stiletto heels with two inch platform shoes and was able to keep from toppling over when he walked, but he wasn’t exactly graceful like his sister insisted and he was definitely not enjoying the choice of footwear, not his choice, but someones. Wearing the heels to bed to help make them feel comfortable as Evelyn put it didn’t seem to be working, but what it did do was jump his anxiety up as he lay in bed wearing lace panties and fuck me pumps. Not to mention the almost complete lack of sleep, the things were not comfortable to wear at all. Yet every time he was alone he had to put them on and practice walking around his room. Aaron was at least thankful his room was carpeted, not wanting to imagine how quickly he would have been caught walking on the hardwood floor that was in most of the house.

The first day he was forced into the shoes his bitch of a sister pretended like she was helping him, as she made him walk up and down the hallway, the heels on his feet clicking with each step. The sound that he normally found thrilling was turned into something closer to nails being hammered to seal him in a coffin. Now he was in his room feeling like it wasn’t even his space

any more, Evelyn just seemed to walk in without knocking and today she brought with her a new way to torture him.

Evelyn had put her ear to her brother's door and only heard the music that he had playing on his computer. The last thing she wanted to do was walk in when the pervert was jerking off, something she was going to put an end to. Throwing open the door like she owned the place she stepped into her siblings bedroom and cocking one hip to the side as she came to a halt in the middle of the room, the black paper bag said the word Intimates in pink with the female gender symbol below it. Her eyes landed heavily on her brother who was sitting in bed with the covers pulled up to his waist as he sat there propped up by pillows as he read a school textbook. "Inspection time." She declared.

"Eve, can we not? I'm trying to study, I have a quiz tomorrow." He said, exasperated.

The twenty year old young woman raised her eyebrows slightly before giving a firm one word answer. "No." Before motioning him to get up. "Little sis, just flirt with a cute boy and get him to give you the answers to the test, it works every time."

"I'm not..." Aaron stopped himself from saying anything further, it wasn't worth the aggravation. Closing his book he put it on his night stand before tossing the blankets back to reveal his lower half. His legs were partially on display with the elastic band basketball shorts he was wearing, it being too hot to wear pants underneath a blanket and of course his stepmother's shoes he was wearing were on display and at this point he was sure he had worn them more than her. "Happy now?"

"Mostly, but I think I can turn that frown upside down little sis." She said holding up the bag in her hand and giving it a little shake.

"Unless you have a folded up piece of paper in there that says you are going to leave me alone and a stack of cash to reimburse me for what you made me buy and what you bought with my own money... yes I know you stole cash from my wallet. So yeah, unless that is in there I'm not interested." Aaron crossed his arms, knowing damn well that wasn't what was about to be produced.

"Erin... Erin, Erin, Erin." Evelyn said as she shook her head slowly from side to side. "I didn't steal from you. I mean yes I took money from your wallet, but it was to buy those white cotton panties you wanted. I can hardly reimburse you when the money was spent on things you wanted."

"You know damn well I don't want any of this you bitch." He snapped back.

"I really dislike your attitude, little girl but I'm going to ask you one simple question, yes or no. Do you want me having a conversation with Dad about you or for those lovely photos of you getting out?"

"N... No." He answered, his anger being deflated, wishing his rage didn't bubble up like that.

"Then you wanted me to buy those for you, because it is either one or the other. So, if and only if it is true, I want you to say thank me for helping you become the good girl you want to be. I mean, it is either that or the alternative." Evelyn cocked her head to the side, her mouth practically salivating at what was coming next.

Moving his jaw like he was chewing on the words Aaron couldn't bring himself to even look at his sister. "Thank you for helping me become the good girl I want to be."

Putting the bag down on his dresser Eve pressed her hands together as she faced her brother. "Little sister, it is a pleasure, truly and on that note I got some goodies for you. Come here and see!"

Getting out of the bed Aaron put his heeled feet together like he had been taught before standing and made a few mincing steps closer to his dresser, the heels he was perched in more than making up for the three inches in height his sister normally had over him. His new height didn't give him any confidence or make him feel domineering, no they did the opposite and when he saw the first thing she pulled out of the bag his eyes would have fallen out of his head if he was a cartoon character with how wide they went. She was holding a bra, a slightly odd looking one, but still she was holding a light pink bra. "No..." She had made him wear a bra the other day when she first made him wear the crazy shoes, but this was different, this was something he was sure she had bought for him.

"Yes." She said with a smile. "It is a travesty that you don't have bras little sister, I know you aren't developed, but if I let this go on little Dotty would be in training bras before you wore something proper on your chest. What I got for you here are two sports bras, they were pretty cheap, but what I got here is called a magic bra, or a magic thick cup push up bra, just the thing you need. I have five of them in different colors so you have some variety and get this, they were on sale from ninety nine dollars all the way down to fifty five! That isn't even the best part, I signed you for a membership at Intimates and that brought the entire bill down by another ten percent! Don't you just love your big sis?"

'Five of them.. Ten percent off of fifty five, plus whatever she spent on the sports bras...' He quickly did some mental calculations. "You spent over two hundred dollars of my money on bras?" He asked in a tired voice.

"Yep, saved you a pretty penny. Speaking of pretty Erin, those circles under your eyes don't look good. When we are done looking through your new things, let's get some concealer on you and then we can talk about why you aren't sleeping."

"Eve..." Aaron took a step backwards, stumbling slightly, but catching himself before tumbling to the ground. He didn't have that kind of cash in his wallet, that meant she had taken his debit card. "That is money I have been saving for a car, it is the money mom left me."

"Please." Evelyn rolled her eyes. "Mom didn't leave us anything, that was just money from Dad. You need what I'm getting for you and if you don't want to spend your money I bet if you hopped in Dad's lap and gave a pout asking if Daddy would buy his little girl things she needs he would be happy to."

Aaron's anger was hardly ever in any real control and it had gotten him into plenty of trouble and seemed to only make things worse with his sister and her plan to strip away his masculinity, but without the control he needed to stay calm it burst forth once more. "You know what Eve... Evelyn Bright the Bitchiest of the Bitches! You can just Fuck off. Then keep fucking off, keep fucking off until you get to a gate with a sign saying you can't fuck off past here. And you know what!? You can just climb over that gate, dream the impossible dream and keep fucking off forever! That is what you can do."

The outburst was surprising to Evelyn, she hadn't heard her brother explode like that, but seeing him clutch his hands into fists, his chest heaving, but doing it all while keeping his balance in those shoes just detracted from it all. Placing one hand to her chest like she was hurt by her words she bit her bottom lip and shook her head, causing her dirty blonde hair to flutter about. "I Just can't..." She spoke like she was holding back tears. Clearing her throat she then spoke in a much harsher tone. "I just can't believe the filthy mouth on you little sister. I told you there would be consequences and you just don't listen. So I got you, and you paid for it, something that will just be perfect to keep you remembering the pecking order."

Releasing his hands that had been held closed so tightly that his fingers were turning white, Aaron watched his sister look in her bag, the bra she had been holding had been tossed on his bed forgotten. It felt good, so good to say that to her, but that personal victory that felt so cathartic was followed by a feeling of dread. "Hey, ahh I'm just angry, I'm sorry, I didn't mean that."

Looking over her shoulder Evelyn gave her brother an evil grin. "No, you meant it and sisters have little spats from time to time. I'm sure in the future I will be just as mad at you for borrowing a blouse or dress from my closet that you immediately go and ruin, for now though, you have to pay the piper." Turning around she held out a pink silicone eight inch dildo with a suction cup at one end that she had just taken out of the packaging in the bag. "Don't worry this was only about fifteen bucks. I'm surprised you don't have one already, an eighteen year old girl and doesn't even own a dildo."

"The... the... FUCK?!" Aaron didn't feel like he could move he was in such total shock that his sister whipped out a fucking dildo and commenting on the price like that was what he was worried about.

Moving quickly Eve stepped into her brother's personal space pointing the dildo at his face, less than an inch from his mouth. "The fuck, is what is going to be happening between your new toy and that little mouth of yours. You can't seem to keep foul language and insults out of it and



aren't smart enough to keep it closed, so now you have something to keep your mouth occupied. Now Erin, open your fucking mouth." The tone of her voice grew harder the more she spoke. The second his mouth opened even a little she shoved the tip of the phallic object in and grabbed his hand so that he could hold onto it, not wanting to think of the visual image of her holding a dick and feeding it to her sibling. "Hold it there if you know what is good for you or I swear it will go in another hole."

Aaron felt like he could throw up, the thing in his hand wasn't colored like anything lifelike, but it shaped like it was, complete with veins and a tight ball sack. He wanted to throw it to the ground like it was a snake or use it as something to bludgeon his sister with, but that extra threat of where she would put it... his sister wasn't that much stronger than him, or so he thought, but there was no way he would be able to run, or properly struggle in the shoes he was in. So, there he stood with the tip of the fake cock in his mouth, ready to throw up or cry, maybe both. 'Why did I say that to her!?'

Stepping away Evelyn took a calming breath before removing the other bras from the bag and put them away in her brother's top drawer. "Now, we have a few more things to go over Erin." She said looking back to make sure her brother hadn't taken the dildo from his mouth. She stopped what she was going to say and focused on what he was doing now. "If you want a more realistic feel you can warm that up. If you do use a bowl of water you heated up, but never and I mean this, never put your toy in the microwave and to change it up you can get some flavored condoms." She then held up one finger when she saw him start to move. "No, leave that there, you are going to have to learn how to take that... Now I don't think you are a slut or anything Erin, so it isn't like I expect you to be deep throating it, but... that would win some points with me."

Feeling his legs go weak Aaron moved to sit down on his bed, he thought things were bad before, but he had no idea how bad they could get.

Taking the last thing from the bag Evelyn put a box on top of his dresser. "These... what you got here is something special. It is a box of Unclockable tucking kits, it will solve that little growth problem you have between your legs. From what I understand over the course of a day you should only need to use two of these to hide away your bits. Don't worry you didn't have to pay for them, this box of ninety cost just over three hundred after taxes. They seem expensive, but to give you that nice smooth front I think they will be worth it. Going forward on weekends and right after school you will be wearing these. I mean if I come into your bedroom in the middle of the night I expect you to be wearing this along with your other little things to help you be your true feminine self.

"Oh." Aaron said weakly, not sure what else to say before it occurred to him that she hadn't made him pay for them, an odd thing considering what else she had used his money for. "You bought these for me?"

"Me?" the brown eyed girl said as she pointed to herself. "No, you ordered them or at least

someone on your computer ordered them using Mom's Amazon account. That credit card is set up to auto-pay, so I would imagine she won't know. 'Unless she looks at her order history.' She mentally added.

Feeling so very numb the fake dick fell from his mouth and his hand and landed on the floor. 'I don't deserve this! Do I?'

"Silly girl, you can't let this fall on the floor. Now why don't you pick that up and give it a good rinse off. We can then find a good place to put it, someplace waist level, hmmm. That way you can practice, but I think you should put on your new bra first." Evelyn said, pointing to the bra she had tossed on the bed. "Oh! And was last thing." She said faking what she was about to say was an after thought. "From now on if anyone in the family, Dad, Mom and you know I mean Dalila, Dotty or myself tell you that we love you. The polite response is I love you too and by polite I mean what you are going to say back every time or you will be getting a butt plug."

## **Scene 9**

The days started to drift on, Aaron had started to get better sleep, he still wouldn't call it comfortable. Every time he climbed into bed, looking at his smooth legs with those heels on, he couldn't help thinking about how there was only ever one reason a girl would wear shoes like this to bed and that often led to thoughts of Dalila wearing them to bed. It was a sexy thought, but an uncomfortable one now that he was wearing the tuck kit, the tape-like material holding his balls up inside his body while his dick was bent back and hidden, making the front of the panties he wore smooth like any girls. The new item in the mix was the stupid bras his sister got for him, her being oh so helpful with helping him adjust it. The magic bra, the magic being that it promised to increase a girl's cup size by two with how it pushed things up with padding. The contraption seemed to work, pulling this body fat and pecs up enough that it made him look like he was endowed, not greatly, but a boy should not look like he had tits and every night when he went to bed he had panties on with no sign of his dick and wearing a bra that made him look like he had tits. Aaron couldn't wait for this month to be over.

This morning he had been sitting on the floor with his little sister playing the children's game about a group that made a company to solve ghost mysteries. It had a few characters, a tall blonde man that was the leader and had an ability called "I have a plan!" Where he could force the monster or ghost they were after to appear. Then you had a tall brown haired man with a look as if he had slept in his clothes for a week, he didn't have an activated ability, but just a higher chance to find items or run into the monster they were looking for. The character that Dotty loved was a large brown dog with a few black spots and blue collar. She found it amusing that the dog could talk. She would say things like "He smells it!" or "Smelt it delt it!" When using the dog's scent ability to find clues or food that gave more health to the characters. They also had two female characters in the game, which was loosely based off a tv show that kept getting rebooted over the years. The first was a short brunette girl with thick glasses, her ability was to be able to actually look for clues with her magnifying glass. The last was a tall redhead in a purple dress who didn't have any abilities of her own, but could for a short time have one of the

other characters appear to help and use their abilities, to basically borrow their power. It wasn't as strong but it gave versatility and Aaron always chose her, much to Dot's delight. It was a fun enough game for Aaron, but his little sister loved it.

Aaron wasn't able to enjoy the game as much as he would have, as he was more worried about someone noticing the panties he was wearing under his sweat pants and a bra that made his chest look all too feminine under his hoodie. Baggy clothing was important not to get caught, much like locking his bedroom door was for when he was wearing the heels that his stepmom so far hadn't noticed were missing and much more so when Eve had him practicing with the dildo like she had done the night before just after he had went to bed, she had sent him a text commanding him to get to work on his oral skills. He couldn't help thinking how his sister was turning him into a sissy, but he could at least count down the days till it was over... at least he hoped it would be, she said this would be done at the same time his punishment was done.



His thoughts were interrupted when a knock came to his open bedroom door, standing there was Dalila wearing a half length dress of browns and oranges along with what she called her fall boots. The very sight of her as she stepped just into his room made his eyes dart over to his closet, the door firmly closed. His thoughts fretted about the possible scenario of her opening his closet and picking up the towel he had over the shoe box that contained her shoes.

Dalila had stood in the doorway for close to five minutes as she watched her little one play the video game with Aaron. Without thinking about it she bit the tip of her nail on her index finger as a sense of pride welled up in her. Since that day in the living room Aaron had changed, he wasn't overly friendly with her overnight, but he was at least respectful. The most important thing was how he was treating his little sister, the two of them spent time together every day. Him reading her stories, playing together. She had even caught them in Dotty's room once with her little one using her toy makeup kit on him. The teen looked embarrassed enough that he could die, but she hoped one day that would be a memory both of them could cherish. Moving just into the bedroom she knocked on the door, having indulged herself enough. "I love seeing the two of you having fun, but sadly that has to come to an end for now. Come on Dotty, it is time for your playdate with your friends at the park."

Putting down her controller Dorothy paused the game, giving a toothy smile to her mom. Two of her friends had birthdays the day after one another and had decided to celebrate together at the park. "Okay." She said happily to her mother before looking at her brother. "Do you want to come?"

"Not this time, squirt." Aaron said, giving the seven year old some playful pats on the head. "Next month the fair is coming to town, how about we make a deal. If you don't cause any trouble for your Mom today then I will take you and one friend there when they come to town?" Every year for as long as he could imagine he went to the fair when it came to town. He didn't feel the need to go on any rides anymore or necessarily do anything, just be there. Be in the place that had so many memories, like running face first into a clear wall in the fun house when trying to run back to his mom or the year they had a haunted house, that is laughable for how scary it was, but to a boy the same age as Dot was now, it was enough that he clung to his mothers skirts. The smells, the sounds all transported him back to a happier time. If he was going to go anyways, why not use it to earn some bonus points with the family.

"For realz!" Dorothy said her mind thinking over her classmates and friends for who she would want to bring.

Nodding his head, Aaron took hold of his younger siblings shoulders and turned her to face the blonde in the doorway. "For real, realz. So long as you are good for your Mom." Looking up from the girl he saw his stepmom mouth the words thank you, followed by love you. Triggering him to automatically respond in the same. Eve had been telling him that she loved him, loved her little sister both in the house and over text in an attempt to get him to miss it just once so she could have an excuse to buy that other thing and he wasn't going to let that happen if he had a say in it. "Love you too."

Waiting for them to leave the house he reached over to turn off the tv in his room and the game console, not daring to actually get up and give either of them a chance to see him not hunched over, something he had been doing since he had to wear the pushup magic bra. With them gone he had one more task to do before he could initiate plan: Get Blackmail Material on Evelyn Bright. Clapping his hands together he stood up and pulled off his hoodie and sweatpants, the house really was too hot for them. Tossing them on the floor in front of his bed he did his best to not take note of how he looked in his... underwear. His body was smooth, nothing under his armpits or even on his junk, something he was thankful for after he started to have to wear the tuck kit, having hair down there would not have been a pleasant thing. Still, his skin was looking healthier than ever thanks to the creams he had been using and thanks to the aforementioned tuck kit his panties looked... well his overall appearance he was sure could make it so he could walk through the girls locker room, even with his short hair.

Today his pops was taking his car to the dealership to get it looked at, Eve was hanging out with friends and now the last two remaining Brights were out of the house, leaving him alone. Sure he needed to take care of the task Eve left him, her being well aware he would be alone and insisting on a selfie. So pulled one of his tank top undershirts on a pair of his running shorts before going to his closet to pull out the shoes he had been wearing for way too long. The tanktop shirt didn't do much to hide the illusion of his feminine assets, but he needed that for the photo. Not daring to go against his controlling sister, not until he had something on her at least. The last time he had talked back he ended up having to suck on a dick, a fake one, but still it literally haunted his dreams. He had woken up in a cold sweat from a nightmare where the thing was suction cupped to a wall in any room he entered, the lifeless object asking if it was blow job o' clock. He had run from room to room, trying to hide in his fathers room, though in the dream it wasn't the room in their current house. It was the bedroom that belonged to his dad and real mom. No one was in the room so he slammed the door shut and right there at crotch level was the dildo there on the back of the door telling him if it wasn't blow job time then maybe they could do the what what it the butt butt. It had been horrifying enough to wake him up and show he had rolled around so much in his sleep that all of his blankets were gathered up at the foot of the bed, exposing himself to the world or would have if anyone had checked in on him.

Slipping the heels on Aaron picked up his phone and set it on the dresser with a timer set to take a series of photos. Walking back to his bed he touched the little nameplate necklace as he turned back around to face his phone, moving one hand up and behind his head to strike a pose. Capturing himself looking like this was just adding more ammo to what his sister had, but that was the thing about blackmail, so long as someone had it and you weren't willing to face up to what they had, then you needed to do as you were told.

When the selfie train of photos had been sent off the feminized teen tossed his cell phone on his bed. He was sure his sister would send a follow up request, like take another photo winking at the camera or blowing a kiss, but he didn't have all the time in the world and needed to focus on the task at hand. So venturing out of his room he heard the click clack, click clack of his steps in the hallway as he made his way to Eve's room. A place he had spent a lot more time recently,

her wanting to have girl talk, gossiping, making him tell her what boys he had a crush on and other such nonsense. Entering her room he went right to her vanity and opened the drawer, his target clearly in site a pink book with pictures of lavender flowers across it. Sitting down he crossed his legs, one leg over the other like he had practiced hundreds of times, some of them on video, as he opened the book.

Aaron's eyes skimmed across the pages, looking for something, anything she had admitted to in the privacy of her little diary. 'There has to be something in here, she isn't close to being a saint.'

Page after page went by, some of them Aaron stopped skimming and fully read, some juicy details, not something blackmail worthy, but interesting enough to read. He wasn't sure how long he had sat there, his heeled foot bouncing when he thought he had found something. His not so innocent sister had gotten drunk on a camping trip with her friends, that by itself wasn't that big of a deal, their dad let them have some wine or beer at home if they really wanted, saying it was better they did it at home where they could have help if needed then do it behind his back. Aaron had found he liked some wine, but did not like beer at all, it tasted awful. Not that he or his sister ever drank enough to get drunk at home. Heaven forbid that happened as it was if he even reached for a wine bottle at dinner Dalila gave him the stink eye. No the real meat of what he was reading was that she had also done mushrooms. Aaron didn't know if this would be enough for her to call it even, but it was a start. 'Push on a little more and then go grab my phone to have some proof of my own.'

It was when Aaron was looking for more misdeeds when things took a drastic change. Aaron was still sitting on the small bench seat by the vanity, his back straight, his sister threatening extra dildo time if he couldn't maintain a feminine posture, had sold his slouching problem or did so when he wasn't consciously making an effort to do so. That was how Gerald Bright found his son, sitting there crossed leg bouncing his heeled feet. He sees for the first time Aaron's smooth shaved legs, his eyes going wide at the very feminine assets on his son's chest. "Aaron?" Gerald asked, confused.

"Dad!?" Aaron said in shock, the book tumbling from his grasp to the floor, sliding under the bed. Not so proficient he could jump to his feet, Aaron stood the way his sister taught him in order to keep his balance without much thought. Standing at six foot one with the heels, Aaron looked down at his five foot nine father for the first time. "Pops... I can explain." He wanted to explain, but wasn't sure where to start, what he could say and what he couldn't without Evelyn following through with her threats, but right now he wasn't sure he cared. His hesitation though left a void between him and his father, the silence between them making it clear or at least seemingly clear that Aaron could in fact, not explain.

Wringing his hands together Gerald felt flabbergasted, his mind wasn't jumping to conclusions it felt like it just stalled. "I umm, I finished up early and was coming to see if you wanted to hit up a minor league game tonight and when I umm..." Gerald furrowed his brow, his eyes locked on the tits on his son for a few seconds before forcibly lowering them to the ground. He did a mental

check that he wasn't perving on his child, he just didn't understand what was going on. "You weren't in your room and I thought I saw your sister in here but ahhh, you..."

"Dad..." Was all Aaron could find to say, the way his father looked just didn't fit with the image of the man he had in his head. Sure he was mad at him, not as mad as he was at the beginning of the month, but he still looked up to the man... except at this moment in time where he was looking down. The strong willed man that kept calm under pressure looked like he had seen a ghost and was ready to run away.

"Son..." Gerald said the word not knowing if he should be using the word daughter. "I need you to know that I love you, that is unconditional. You do not need to hide who you are but... I need some time to process this. If you could please go to your room, I will come and talk to you soon." The forty year old man took a few steps back, unable to believe what he was seeing, his son's legs looked so long. 'He shouldn't have legs that look like that... or breasts. Oh boy.'

"Okay, I ahh, I ahh, I will go change."

Holding one hand up even as he retreated, Gerald took it slightly before pointing at his child. "No, you, you leave that on. I will be in to talk to you ahh soon.' He didn't want his son to look like that, it felt wrong for his son to look like a girl. Still he loved Aaron... it was at that moment his mind made him aware of the necklace that he had seen but hadn't processed. 'Erin?'

Watching his father back away from him made Aaron's stomach feel like it dropped, that kind of feeling you get when you swing too high on a swing set or are on a rollercoaster. Feeling a new low, Aaron made his way back into his bedroom, his previous task forgotten and the sound of the heels on the hardwood floor just drilling home how he looked and how his pops had looked at him. Closing his bedroom door behind him, Aaron sat down on his bed, putting his face into his hands. 'He didn't want me to change... does he want to punish me for how I look? Dad look... god he looked disappointed, I let him down by dressing as a girl. I don't think I have ever seen him look at me that way.'

A few whimpers escaped the dirty blonde haired teen's mouth as he took in one deep breath after another. He wasn't crying, he sure felt like it but he couldn't let his old man think he was some sissy. 'He already does.' A dark part of his mind whispered. Taking in one final deep breath Aaron closed his eyes tight before dropped his hands and letting the breath out. "This is all her fault!" he said to himself before grabbing his phone. There hadn't been any missed commands, leaving him staring at their message history. It would have been an easy fix if he could just show this to his dad so he would see she was making him, but in his paranoia he had deleted every message and picture, even the ones he had sent, not wanting extra proof of any of this. Touching his fingers to his phone he started to send a text to her.

Aaron: THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!!

Eve: Before I confess my sins, what are we talking about?

Eve: Turn down the caps



Aaron: DAD! HE SAW ME!

Eve: Oof, did he see you with your toy?

Aaron: No he saw me in your room

Eve: No caps that is a start

Eve: What were you doing in my room?

It was at that moment that Aaron knew he had fucked up, his rage wasn't gone, but some of the wind in his sails had faded. He had found some proof of wrongdoing in her diary, but he had left it in her room and would have to find that exact page again and he wasn't sure that one entry would be enough, he needed to have it in hand before bringing it up.

Aaron: Practicing, same thing I always do when no one is home.

Eve: Practicing what?

Aaron: Walking, sitting, posture and all that girly stuff

Eve: You shouldn't have been doing that in my room

Eve: Did Dad say anything?

Aaron: Yeah... that he loved me but he needed to process things

Eve: That sounds good!

Aaron: I didn't get a chance to tell him what was going on, but the way he looked at me

Aaron: It is bad

Eve: You want my help?

Aaron: What are you going to do!?

Eve: I will talk to him for you, help smooth all this out

Aaron: Why would you do that for me?

Eve: We are family

Eve: And I love my nerdy sibling

Aaron: Thanks... love you too

## Scene 10

Fifteen minutes had passed as Aaron laid back on his bed, his legs bent over the edge and his heeled feet still firmly planted on the carpeted floor. It was as if father time had changed it so every minute was an hour. He wanted to change, take off the stupid shoes, the panties and definitely the bra. The problem was his father told him to leave them on, and with that look of disappointment on the man's face he didn't want to disobey him and yet at the same time he wanted to change more so he didn't have to see that again. The anger that governed too much of his life simmered down, not forgotten but unneeded. There alone in his room the teen boy thought over everything that had happened to bring him here.

'Eve she was the one that made me dress like this, look like this. If she hadn't wanted payback then I wouldn't have been in her room looking for... no if Dot had been leaving her toys in my... she just wanted me to feel better and be happy. God why did I burn her toys? What I did doesn't excuse what Eve is making me do, no. What is Dad thinking?' His thoughts went round and

round, blame for what was happening being put on others and then himself and each time it just kept coming back to what he was going to tell his father. Eve had said she was going to help and if he turned around and told his father that she made him do this then she might turn around and burn him.

His thoughts then got interrupted by his phone buzzing, a phone call coming in from his sister. Clicking answer on the phone he sat up, his sister's voice making him sit up with his back straight, chest out and legs crossed. "Eve! Did you talk to him?"

On the other end of the phone Evelyn was sitting in her car, having already said she had to go. She had talked to their father, but she knew her brother wasn't going to like what she had to say. "I did and first thing is you have to know is that you aren't in any trouble and that he does love you, we all do."

"I love you too." Aaron found himself saying after the pavlov-like training he had.

A smirk came to her face hearing his response before she moved her car into reverse to start to head home. "Listen, Dad will come talk with you soon, I have him mostly understanding, but you are going to need to play along unless you want some uncomfortable questions coming your way."

'What could be worse?' he asked himself as he got to his feet and started to pace around the room as a wave of stress washed over him. "Play along with what exactly?"

"That you are just experimenting and don't know if you're gay, trans or whatever and that I have been helping you future yourself out."

Aaron had to put his hand on the wall to keep himself from falling. "You said what?"

"Little sister, you have to understand that this is way better than telling him how you begged me to help you to get out of your tomboy phase or even the story about me blackmailing you, because that path only leads to me telling him what blackmail material I have you. That would lead you to getting grounded or worse. I mean sure I would get in trouble, but it would be a slap on the wrists. You are the one burning things and stealing panties to jerk off into."

All of those sounded like bad options, but it wasn't like he got to choose what she would say. He was hoping she would tell him it was all a prank or a bet or something, but she had to go with him trying to find himself! "This is bull..." He bit off the rest of the word not needing her to turn super bitch on him right now. "What am I going to do? He is going to disown me and kick me out!"

"You can do a lot of things, but I suggest telling him you like feeling pretty, it is what I already told him after all and you are being crazy. Dad isn't going to do anything of the sort, in fact I talked him into helping you out."

Looking down at himself Aaron got a good look at his cleavage and groaned. "Help me in what way?"

"I don't know Erin, I'm on the way home, but I'm betting the two of you will have a nice father daughter talk real soon. Listen I have to go, love you."

Feeling exasperated Aaron pulled the phone away from his face, his other arm still propping him up. "Love you too..." His panicked thoughts went into overdrive, but the feminine looking boy didn't have long to wait till a knock came to his door. It wasn't an angry or demanding knock like the police might use but it was not gentle either. "Come in..." Aarons' voice trailed off.

Still trying to gather his thoughts Gerald opened his son's door. "Hey ahhh, Erin." He thought of the necklace his son wore solidly in his thoughts.

"Hey Dad... Eve said she spoke with you." He licked his bottom lip before mentally adding to what he said. 'And lied enough that her pants should be catching on fire.'

"She did." Gerald still felt odd looking at his little boy, standing there with tits and a pair of shoes that he now recognized to be something Dalila wore from time to time in the bedroom and didn't like where that conversation was going to go. 'Evelyn said he or should it be she now? Said that they wanted to be pretty and they are wearing Dalila's sexy time shoe... maybe Dalila should be having this conversation.' Rubbing the back of his neck feeling very much like he was swimming in unknown waters Gerald wasn't really sure what he should be saying other than he supports his child, but thoughts of how Aaron always looked at Dalila like he was a kid with a crush seemed different through the lens of him wanting to wear feminine clothes, like Aaron wanted to dress like her, be like her. 'Is Aaron jealous of Dalila?'

"Umm." Aaron fidgeted with his hands, suddenly not sure what he should be doing with them. "His sister had truly screwed him good, if he told his father how she had been blackmailing him she would just release said blackmail and yeah it would catch her in that explosion but he would be at the center of it, but otherwise his old man was going to think he was a sissy, but just going along with it could make him still think the same. "Dad I'm not a sissy." He said imagining it sounded like a duck telling other ducks that it wasn't a duck.

"Aaron..." Gerald walked closer to his child putting his hand firmly on his chest, above his child's feminine chest that he knew they shouldn't have, his hand covering the little necklace as he made another mental note to try and be accepting of their choices. He really didn't understand the idea of wanting to be another gender. 'It isn't my job as a parent to understand, it is to make a true effort to try to understand while supporting my children.' He thought, as he slid his index finger across the nameplate necklace while looking into his child's brown eyes. "Erin, I would never say that about you, or think about it. This just all took me by surprise, it isn't like we have anyone else in the family like you."

With an uncomfortable smile on his face Aaron took a few careful steps backwards from his father before sitting back down on his bed, not even thinking about how he used his hands to make sure his non-existent skirt sat right or how he crossed his legs, or at least he didn't till after he had done it, leaving yet another bright blush on his cheeks. Standing so close to his father with tits, from pushed together flesh and padding or not, just having it with his dad so close while he looked down at his father for the first time in his life was so far out of the normal he wasn't sure exactly what he felt, other than things weren't right. "Dad, Aunt Linda is gay or a lesbian or whatever."

"Aaron." Gerald started before mentally kicking himself. The name did not sound any different, but his intention behind it felt like it should be important. "Erin, I think I would know if my sister was a lesbian." He then shifted his eyes slightly as he licked his lips. "Why did she say something to you?"

With an intentional effort Aaron uncrossed his legs and spread them as he slouched, wanting to move completely away from what his sister made him do over and over again. Wishing his father hadn't seen him sit like that, let alone see him like this at all. "She doesn't go on dates with men and has had the same female roommate since I was twelve. The signs are there." He nodded his head to emphasize the point.

Touching the fingertips of one hand to his forehead Gerald felt like a fool. He didn't want to jump to conclusions with his sister, but if it was true not only had his son been afraid to talk to him about wanting to be a girl, or had always felt like they were, he questioned. Potentially his own sister hadn't felt telling him the truth. His mother, not knowing the forty year old man could understand, she wasn't exactly PC. "I'm sorry I haven't made you feel like you could confide in me." He said thinking about how coming to see Erin today had been about making a better effort after the blow up they had earlier this month and just now finding out just how truly out of touch he really was.

"Its... its fine Dad." Aaron licked his lips. "If I told you something... Ahhh, something I have done, would you promise not to be mad?" His pops clearly out of his element, his normal confidence nowhere to be seen and with how understanding the man was trying to be, right now felt like the perfect time to confess his sins and undercut his sister. Feeling the pull of the bra straps as he shifted in place, Aaron looked down at his feet and how they were arched in what he would normally consider a sexy pair of shoes, the teen pushed forward without even looking at his father, just wanting to get it out so this could end. "Dad, this wasn't my fault, Evelyn..." Aaron licked lips, his entire mouth feeling like it was dry. Starting with his sister was not the way to go, if he did his father just might try to play peacekeeper before evening listening to him. "I have been throwing away Dalila's panties, I have been ummm... taking them and..."

Holding up a hand Gerald didn't want to hear anymore. He recalled her insisting she had less underwear than before and now it was clear why. Erin had been taking them and then throwing them away because he guessed guilt or just not wanting anyone to find them in his possession and Evelyn's part he already knew. "I get it, and while you shouldn't have been doing that I can't

get mad at you for just being yourself. I'm aware not everyone is accepting, but I'm not going to get mad at you."

A tension that had been building up in Aaron that he had held onto seemed to vanish. He could never imagine his straight laced father would not think it was a big deal that he was jerking off into his wife's panties. Letting out a sigh of relief the teen gave his father a toothy smile, imagining hearing his son was doing normal boy stuff, even if misbehaving was better than what he thought when he first saw him dressed up like this. "Well, because of that Eve insisted, commanded really that I get my own and..." Aaron stopped talking when he saw his father move over to his dresser, his eyes went wide. "Dad stop!"

Inside the top drawer of the dresser Gerald saw rows of different types of panties and several bras. "Sorry Erin, I know how much you value your privacy, but your sister did the right thing here. You couldn't go on taking your Mom's... Your step Mom's' underwear now could you?"

"Ahhh, I guess..." Aaron said very confused. 'Does he think I'm jerking off into my own panties? It isn't like he is wrong or at least he wasn't till Eve made me wear this stupid uncomfortable tuck hit.'

The situation was feeling a little better for Gerald, what his son was doing didn't make him at ease, but the fact that they were able to have open communication again in what felt like years was exactly what he believed every parent wanted. "Now you did throw away things of hers, so after a family meeting tonight I think it might be best if you and her go shopping together. I think it is something that is fair, and something you will enjoy. You do not have to hide who you are Erin, the two of you can go and enjoy some girl time together."

Aaron had been nodding, it did seem fair that he had to replace what he had taken from her, it would be embarrassing and while his mind started to go on to think how it wouldn't be as embarrassing as what he was going through now, it all came to a halt as his old man kept talking. "Girl time?" He asked suddenly, feeling like they were on completely different pages. The teen's mind reeled, he hardly heard what his father was saying next other than a something about mother daughter time as he tried to regain his mental footing. "Dad, you have to understand, I didn't want to wear panties... or, or anything!" He said pleading, just trying to get his father to understand.

Sitting down next to his child, Gerald put his arm around him to try and give them some comfort. Sitting so close he could smell Erin and tell they had been using the same shampoo as their sister. "I know honey." He said using a familiar term he used for his other daughters. "It was a need, not a want. I know you weren't doing something wrong like some kink or something, I know you just wanted to feel like yourself."

Feeling his father hug him, Aaron hugged back, the older man unable to see just how much Aaron was freaking out. He had tried to confess the truth and somehow it got worse, but not to

the point it could be... not by the way his father mentioned knowing he wasn't doing kinky stuff... like masterbating into panties. 'Shit...'

## **Scene 11**

When Evelyn got home she saw her brother sitting on the couch next to their dad as they watched a baseball game, nothing was out of the ordinary in that, but the way Aaron was dressed just made the sight so perfect. Him with his tank top under shirt that displayed ample breasts thanks to the magic bra, shorts that put his smooth legs on display, them still perched in the heels she had given him. "Well, look at the two of you." She said with a big smile. "I know this wasn't how either of you thought today would go, but I'm happy we could clear the air."

Putting down his half drunk bottle of beer Gerald gave his eldest a happy grin. This really hadn't been the day he was expecting and just sitting here enjoying the game with his boy brought back a large dose of normalcy. He had wanted to ask Aaron... Erin to change so that their legs weren't on display or put on something so he didn't see cleavage, but Evelyn and Dalila lounged around in worse, making him feel extra guilty for even thinking Erin should have to cover up just because he was having trouble merging his son with the idea that they wanted to be daughter. "Hey hon, you want to watch the game with us?" Some of his happiest memories were sitting on the couch with these two just watching a good baseball game. Evelyn enjoyed playing softball when she was in school, while with Aaron it had been a fight to get him to attend one of her games, let alone do any sports himself, but they all could come together to watch a game on the couch or go to a ball game.



"No Dad, Eve and I need to talk." Aaron crossed his arms having no idea he was emphasizing his not so real assets as he glared at his sister.

"Would love to Dad, but I promised Erin I would be teaching her about doing makeup today. I mean.." She shrugged. "You are always welcome to join us."

"Eve, don't tell him that!"

Putting his arm around his middle child Gerald gave them a side hug while shaking his head in his eldest's direction. "No, I think I had enough of that when you were little. The two of you run along and have fun. We will have a family meeting in a few hours when Dalila and Dorthy get home."

Aaron did not like the sound of that any better now than the first time he had brought it up. Sitting and watching a game was a good way to spend the afternoon, but the teen hadn't been able to focus on a single play. All his thoughts were targeted to what he could say to both get out of this and undercut Eve and somehow pull it off without all his father's current understanding going right out the door. He had come up with nothing, and now he was following his sister back to her room.

"So I bet you're just beside yourself with glee, Dad is accepting and you don't have to hide the fact you have always been a girl." Evelyn said as she shut the door behind her brother.

"Cut the crap!" Aaron said, raising his voice, not worried about the sounds traveling. Their house wasn't made of just hollow drywall, it also had layers of stone and wood leaving the house much quieter. Making the sound of his heels clicking in the hallway as he walked to his sister's bedroom that much more of a bother to him, only his heeled steps for him to hear. "You need to tell Dad you are making me do this! He promised to look up things to help me and so he could understand what being transgender really meant!" That was when Aaron felt his grab him by his biceps and pull him back before she shoved him onto her bed. The height he gained from the seven inch stilettos did not translate to any extra power for him to resist her, in fact it did the opposite.

"Dad is a great parent, not perfect and definitely oblivious to things, but you need to understand just how big of a deal it is that our very conservative father in one afternoon found out his son is trans, told them... told you... that he loves you and accepts you and then went on to tell you how he is going to take the time to actually understand what you are going through. Some of the people he needs to be around for work are still under the impression women should be in the kitchen, let alone able to grasp anything other than hate towards the LGBTQ community."

Aaron's jaw hung open in disbelief. "Yeah, that's great and all... only one problem. I'm a boy, not a girl, not trans, not any of that. You are making me dress like this!"

Evelyn rolled her eyes as she put one hand on her hip. "Yes but he doesn't know that and I'm not going to confess to making his baby boy walk around in heels and panties. Besides the way you move in those heels, do you think he would believe you if you said that? You can if you want though, I will deny it and just tell him how this is normal for girls like you. Well, I will say



that and then let him know about the other ugly things you have been up to. Wouldn't that be fun Erin? You can get the loving support from the family you need in a time like now, all while still taking whatever the ramifications are for your both real and fake misdeeds."

A gasp left Aaron's mouth as he looked up at his bitch of a sister. "Please! You can't do this to me!"

"Aww, little sister." Evelyn said in a sickeningly sweet voice as she sat down next to her sibling, putting her arm around his shoulder before kissing the side of his head. The fact that he had just gone from raising his voice and trying to command her to begging gave her an enormous thrill. "Don't fret Erin, you just play along, be all smiles and raise your girl flag. Before long this will all be over, soon it will be November and your punishment will be over and then you can tell our wonderful parents that you enjoyed a chance to explore yourself, but that you think you are happier as a boy. I will then back you up saying a lot of people are more gender fluid now a days and just like that you get to go back to normal. Or as normal as you ever were." She then kissed him on the side of head again before shoving him back hard enough that he almost fell off the bed like they used to when they were younger and wrestled or at least they did till he ran off to his room saying he wasn't crying when she beat him.

Righting himself Aaron set his jaw as he made a fist with one of his hands, he knew he wasn't going to throw a punch, he was positive he would only hurt himself and then she would hurt him for the attempt. "You expect me to just pretend that I'm trans or just explore what it feels like to be a girl or whatever?" His sister's response was only a raised eyebrow and a half sideways nod as she shrugged. "Ah... fuck, not like you are leaving me with any choice." He hadn't been able to come up with a way out of this, but he was positive that he would find a way to get his revenge. "At least I don't have to wear these heels and tuck myself anymore."

Getting back up to her feet, Evelyn took the two steps required to move over to her vanity. "Why would you think that? Nothing else has changed little sister, you wearing those heels to bed is helping you get used to your feet being arched and of course you are going to keep yourself tucked away, you want to have a smooth front like any other girl and I know it will keep you in check." It was when she sat down to look through her makeup, fully intending to give her little brother a makeover that she saw her diary sticking out from under the bed. Reaching down the dirty blonde haired woman held the book up to him, remembering clearly that the little weasel had been in her room. "What is this?"

"NOTHING!" Aaron said with his eyes wide and speaking louder than he intended as he failed his bluff magnificently.

"You do know you have to be punished for this don't you?" She asked as she poked her brother's padded chest with the small book. "In fact, after I teach you a thing or two about makeup I know exactly what I can do so you learn your lesson missy."

"Makeup? I ahhh, isn't that punishment enough?" He asked crawling backwards on the bed so

she would stop shoving her diary into him.

“No, after I get you looking pretty, maybe I can find a cute skirt or dress for you. I know nothing in my closet will fit, but Mom has some of my old clothes in the attic so she doesn't have to buy Dotty a whole wardrobe as she grows. I'm betting something I wore freshman year or even in eighth grade would fit you. Then, then the fun can start. You can sit here at my vanity reading it out loud in the most excited feminine voice you can muster like that is your own diary instead of mine. Wouldn't that be fun? You live vicariously through your older sister with my diary?”

Instinctually Aaron's eyes flicked over to the door before moving back to his sister who loomed over him like she was a witch that was about to throw him in her cauldron. “No?” The answer was no, it would not be fun, none of that sounded like fun, but for some reason it came out as a question. Trying to steel himself he used his arms to push himself up into a sitting position. “I'm not going to do that.” He said with a not so firm voice.

“I'm betting by the time Mom comes home your tune will change. As I said before, we have some great parents and I'm sure she will be incredibly excited to meet her new daughter.” Evelyn said with a wicked smile before another thought crossed her mind. Dalila really did everything she could to embrace the two of them, not that she knew what to do with a growing teen that wasn't nearly as subtle as he thought when he stared at her. ‘This could be a real opportunity to both make her feel less creeped out and accepted.’ She didn't even consider his defiance as something even really worth acknowledging, he would do what she said, they both knew he would at this point.

Wringing her hands together much like their father did, Eve started to set her plan into motion. Aaron was going to get a change of clothes, a makeover and an attitude adjustment. “Saying no to me is not going to fly and deserves a punishment of its own.” Her voice was light but soon turned to something harder, she didn't really feel angry, in fact she was happier than she had been in a while. All of this had even made listening to her professor difficult as she thought more about turning her little brother from a little shit male to a good feminine girl. “You will have two options, the first is your little dildo you have been practicing with, you will have to see how it fits going in the back door.” Evelyn paused for dramatic effect.

At the mention of the dildo Aaron felt like he could taste the silicone as he remembered it sliding across his tongue as he sucked on it like some greedy bimbo wanting her reward. Eve had offered some flavored condoms to him, but he couldn't bring himself to think about that or even accept the idea that she was in a position to use such things. Having that thing suction cupped to the wall and him putting it in his ass was so far out of the question he was sure he would confess to trying to burn down the house before he would let it happen. Opening his mouth he almost told he he wouldn't do that, ever, but with an effort of will stopped himself. She was giving him another option, an option she clearly wanted him to actually choose.

After waiting just a few heart beats, seeing her brother almost speak up, she continued. “At some point I'm positive Mom will tell you how pretty you look. You need to do two things, one is

call her Mom. Yes, yes I told you I wouldn't make you, but I am unless you want option number one. The second thing you are going to do is tell her how pretty she is too and how you have always loved looking at the pretty outfits she was wearing and wishing you could be as pretty as her."

"You want me to what!?" Aaron wasn't in a position to jump to his feet and even if he had his sister would just push him back down.

"Little sister, I want you to be a good girl, something you promised. You do want to keep that promise, don't you Erin?"

## **Scene 12**

It was the thirty first of October and to Aaron that meant today was going to be the last day of being grounded and tortured, it surely would take many years of therapy to get him through all the trauma, but he told himself time and time again that he was a man, no matter what anyone said or how he looked, that he was a man and he could get through this. Getting up that morning, after taking care of the morning necessities, like his morning skin care routine and brushing his teeth, he moved on to the part of his day he hated, or at least the first thing he had to do that he hated. In order to go to the bathroom he would have to remove the sticky tape like thing that was his tuck kit. It wasn't as uncomfortable as it was at the start, but the idea that he was getting used to pushing his balls back up inside his body and having his dick held back wasn't one he really wanted to dwell on.

Getting himself re-tucked with a new hit he slid on a pair of baby blue lace panties, the light material still felt good going up his legs, but it was an aspect of his everyday life at this point and no longer left him getting hard. Or at least it didn't if he held his mind firmly on other things, something he was getting good at considering the other option was feeling a bit of pain as his dick tried to grow hard tucked away. Then he put on his bra, making sure the torturous device was put on correctly to make him appear to have womanly assets and today's bra matched his panties in color, they were not an exact match but close enough for Aaron to let out a sigh when he realized what he had done.

The visage he saw in the mirror wasn't one that helped his male ego, in fact it was a direct assault on it. The sexy panties that he would rather be touching himself with than wearing or better yet see another girl in were on his body with a flat crotch. His legs not only looked smooth without any hair on them, something he did not enjoy maintaining, but they also felt smooth after using the lotions his sister got for him with his own money. If he closed his eyes and ran his fingers over his thighs he could imagine he was feeling up a girl, not that he would ever admit to anyone he had done. Now though that wasn't the only thing making his legs seem out of place, the addition of a light pink nail polish on his toes added much more to the effect. It felt like almost everything he saw was wrong, the clear coat of polish on his fingernails, the bust that he saw, fake or not, it didn't belong.

In a few minutes he would be putting on some of his new clothes that had been purchased when he and his stepmother went shopping and Aaron would have to put on the makeup on his face like he had been taught. Lessons that were repeated with Dot present so she could learn too, the girl was too young for makeup, but she sure had a blast. Still looking at himself in the mirror he touched his face, wishing he would have felt stubble, anything to feel like a man. Instead his cheeks were smooth and he needed to put on his face for the day. "Primer, foundation, concealer, blush and highlighter." He puffed his cheeks out before letting out a long breath. "Eyeshadow, eyeliner, mascara and then my lips..." He repeated the order things had to go on. The idea of it being called light makeup when it was anything but felt odd. Touching a bottle of concealer he thought back to that trip at the mall, going to clothing stores, shoe stores, an entire store dedicated to makeup sent a chill down Aaron's spine.

That day Eve hadn't actually made him wear a dress, but she had put him in some of her old clothes. Unlike him, she had kept growing, leaving him in a pair of gray and teal yoga pants and a tank top that had way too many straps. Wearing the feminine clothes was one thing, but the knowledge that these had been put aside when Eve was in eighth grade for Dot when she got older was just an extra level of embarrassment. Dalila for her part seemed to practically vibrate with excitement at the idea of helping him buy clothing, though he wasn't sure how much of that reaction was to the idea of treating him like a dress up doll or the fact he had to admit the "truth" that he loved the way she dressed and how he wanted to be like her since he first met her. The addition of calling her mom did have the effect of getting a nice guy from the amazon, her large tits pressing into him in a pleasant way.

The entire time his stepmom didn't stop talking, wanting to know when he knew he was a girl and telling her that he didn't feel that way only made things worse, her doubling her efforts to try and get to know him. Asking if he ever thought about trying out to be a cheerleader like she was back in her day. Picturing the woman who was just over six foot in her boots in a cheer uniform, bouncing around was a nice idea and found himself agreeing with her as he imagined being one of those male cheerleaders getting to hold and flirt with the girls they were with. Aaron wasn't sure how many things they had discussed, him saying more than a few things to placate her and stick to the story. The shopping trip itself had been bad, leaving him with more feminine clothes than boy clothes, a shoe rack on the back of his closet door full of shoes from different colored flats to heels... so many heels, thanks to Eve letting her in on how much he supposedly loved them. All that he could toss with this was over, but the red garment and silver earrings in his ears, it would take time for that to heal.

All of that had been days ago, and now when he got home from school it was full girl mode all the time, like an eternal torture where he was forced to act like a girl and everyone around him told him how proud they were of him, how it took a lot of courage for him to do this. He wasn't courageous, he was a coward, a coward that had been counting the days down to today, his last day of it all.

Aaron had options, he had so many options on what to wear, Dalila hadn't really listened to him

when he said he was just trying to figure himself out and didn't think he really wanted to be a girl. Tomorrow he would go back to his own clothing, but choosing something not girly enough would have him sent back into his room in order to change. It was a lot better of an option than him having to use his dildo on himself, but still he wasn't sure giving the impression he wanted to change outfits multiple times a day to his parents was a great idea. So today he rolled up a pair of what the packaging said was forty denier sheer tights that sent a pleasant shiver through his body. "Focus Aaron, focus." he told himself as he wiggled his does in the pleasantly tight garment.

It wasn't his first time wearing the a similar feminine article of clothing, that time he did have to free his imprisoned member, it was just both erotic and exotic. Aaron had tried telling himself that it was probably a normal reaction, he liked looking at girls in nylons and only really loved looking at them in stockings but it was of little comfort when he was the one wearing them. Next he pulled up a pair of dark blue jean cuffed shorts that were shorter than a his own gym shorts. Heck if he had his boxers still they would stick out. Instead that was what he thought the tights were for and was a bit proud of himself for coming up with the idea so that he didn't feel so exposed. Then it was time for a shirt, a top or blouse he had been told to call them. The one he wore with this outfit was a long sleeved purple shirt that clung to both his fake tits and his sides, it cut in a way to hug a girl... and him.

Finally slipped his nylon covered feet into a pair of simple brown three inch pointed toe block heels he was ready for the day or at least looked ready. Putting his hand on the door knob and counting to three Aaron took in a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying to pretend he couldn't feel the straps of the bra as he did so. Slowly opening his door he was surprised to see his little sister standing there with her hand raised like she was about to knock. "Morning Dot, afraid I can't play any games with you today, or at least not right now."

The smaller girl, all four foot seven of her, looked up to her brother, who was now supposed to be her sister with a smile as she shook her head. "You look pretty today!"

"Umm, thanks." Being told you are pretty by a seven year old when you are crossdressed was not the kind of motivation Aaron needed or wanted.

"I was going to ask if I could watch you put on your makeup." The girl frowned seeing her sibling had already put on their makeup for the day. She had been fascinated with how they went from boy to girl, it wasn't anything drastic, but she also had never realized how much both her older siblings looked alike, not that they could ever pass as one another.

"Sorry, another time." He said knowing there wouldn't be another time, this was the last time. Giving the little blonde girl a pat on her head he headed to the kitchen to do his best to enjoy his meager breakfast. Much like all of his life right now he was not enjoying what he was told he was allowed to eat for breakfast and lunch. Changing your diet for a month wasn't going to do a lot, or so he thought, but he felt like it was sapping away what muscle he had. It was all in his mind, the only real person he could overpower in the house was Dot and being stronger than a

seven year old girl wasn't an achievement.

It was when Aaron was mentally griping about only being stronger than a literal child as he cut a grapefruit in half that he saw his older sister. It was like she snuck up on him or that they were the only ones around, his dad was out playing golf, but their stepmom was fluttering about from room to room trying to clean things up, as she declared the house was a mess. It looked clean to him, but he wasn't a bored housewife, so what did he know.

For her part Eve walked into the kitchen barefoot, wearing plaid pajama pants and a spaghetti strap white top. She stopped in her tracks when she saw Aaron standing in the kitchen looking so incredibly cute. "Good morning little sis, looking cute as fuck today." In one month she had taken her bratty brother from boy to a teen boy's wet dream and just wished she had it in her to invite over his friends just to see him try to beat them off with a stick... or have to beat them off. She couldn't help but laugh at the thought.

"What's so funny?" Aaron asked, in a voice that was softer and more breathy like he had been practicing while looking at his older sister at the same time his younger one was shaking her head at what Eve had said.

"You said a bad word!" Dorothy knew she got in trouble anytime she said one of the adult words, it didn't seem fair that others got to say them and she didn't, but since everyone was supposed to not say them at least around her, pointing them out gave her a little semblance of control. "If, if you give me a scoop of ice cream I won't tell."

Glancing at her brother first Evelyn saw him give a small shake of his head to say that not only was he not evolved but to not give her the frozen treat. "Tell you what, you can tell Mom I said a bad word, because I'm not giving in to your demands, but what I will do is take you to some houses tonight that I know give out full size candy bars."

Dorothy turned her head slightly, giving her sister the side eye while she considered the bargain. Figuring at most Eve would get told to watch her language so going to the best place for candy when trick or treating sounded like a good deal. "Okay, but I want a Twix."

Aaron had his focus back on his half piece of fruit, cutting between the membrane with a small knife. He didn't even feel the need to waste the effort to roll his eyes. Dot could be the sweetest girl around, but she had moments like this where she just seemed down right bratty with her demands for not just a full candy bar, but a specific one. He hoped there was more of the sweet girl tonight than the demanding one. "So, is anyone going to share what everyone's costumes are?" He more meant what he was going to have to dress up as and was really hoping it wasn't what he imagined before with being Bowsette in those seven inch heels all night.

Sitting down at the cutting board table where her brother was working to prepare his first meal of the day, Evelyn gave him a big smile. "Well, I was talking with Dotty and she said she wanted to be a character from a game you have been playing with her." It felt cute that her sister wanted to

dress up as someone from something her and Aaron had been doing together, but the results were just perfect for what she needed.

"I'm going to be a doggy!! She proclaimed before starting to run off. "Let me show you!"

The older siblings stared at one another for a moment, with Aaron speaking up first. "A dog? So who am I going to be?"

Reaching over the small table Eve pinched the tight purple top her brother was wearing. "Well I will give you a hint, orange will be more of your color than purple."

As it dawned on Aaron at the mention of the color purple and how it connected to the dog. Swallowing hard as he thought about who he was going to dress up as for trick or treating. Turning his head slightly he saw his little sister come running into the room with what looked like a pair of zip up pajamas with a hood that resembled the talking dog from the game.

### **Scene 13**

"Girls." Dalila said as she stood on the threshold of Evelyn's room, just leaning a bit forward so she could see all three occupants of the room. The oldest of the group, Eve, was standing between her vanity and the bed, a mascara wand in hand. While Erin was sitting on the little seat for the vanity, back to the mirror so Eve could help with their makeup, all while her youngest sat on the bed, legs kicking in the air as she watched in fascination. Dalila gave the group a small smirk, loving seeing them all getting along. "I'm going to go pick up your father from the club, he says he is fine, but rather be safe than sorry after having a few drinks." Her husband having a few drinks at the country club's bar after golfing wasn't anything new, but she hoped him leading by example with asking for a ride instead of driving would be good for them. "Looks like your costumes are coming along." She added as she looked them each over.

Dorothy was wearing the brown talking dog costume that she thought looked like a onesie and if she wasn't so tall for her age group it could give the impression she was younger. Evelyn was wearing a figure hugging long sleeve solid purple sheath dress, a wrap apple green scarf and over the knee white socks. While Erin looked like she just started with her wearing the pink satin short robe they had gotten on their shopping trip with orange stay up thigh high stockings on their legs. It was amusing to her that Erin looked like it was taking a production to get her ready for her first Halloween as herself, at the moment Erin only had the mascara used on one of her eyelashes.

Eve gave the twenty six year old woman a bright smile, before pointing the mascara wand over at Dotty. "She was easy, she steps into it and I zip it up." About to move on Evelyn was interrupted by the seven year old.

"I'm not done yet, but I have to wait."

"Yes." Eve acknowledged. "Dotty has promised to be good for her two sisters tonight in exchange she will get a little mascara and some lip gloss. I'm mostly done, still need to get my own makeup and auburn wig on. OH!" The twenty year old woman said with a spike of excitement in her voice as she moved over to her closet. "I saw these the other day and thought they would be perfect!" She said, holding up a pair of deep purple pointed toe stiletto pumps.

Looking over at Dotty, Dalila gave the child a wink and a smile letting her know it was fine for the little bit of makeup to be used before diverting her attention to the presented shoes. "Those are sooo cute, and perfect for your costume."

For his part Aaron was happy to be left out of the conversation, he had sat there with his legs crossed and his jump all tucked away like he was supposed to, every so often running a finger across the smooth painted surface of one of his fingernails. He had avoided getting them painted before, now though they were painted red. The small change seemed to make his hands much more feminine, just another piece of himself being chiseled away. He had tried to pretend he was somewhere else, but his stepmother trying to be inclusive just wouldn't let that happen.

"What do you think Erin?" Dalila said, noting how quiet they were.

Biting the inside of his cheek on one side of his mouth as smiling with the other Aaron gave an awkward grin, knowing the type of response he should be giving. "They look to die for." The heel itself on the shoe was pencil thin, not that the heels on the shoes he was going to have to wear were a lot thicker, but it was easy for him to imagine them snapping off and causing his sister to tumble to the ground when they went out.

"Now, as much as I love them. Are you sure you want to go out trick or treating in them? I very much get that beauty can be pain." Dalila wouldn't mind borrowing the shoes, but Evelyn's feet were smaller than her own by a few sizes. Unlike Erin who wore just a half size smaller than her. She would hate it if Dotty had to stop early because her chaperones hadn't considered proper footwear.

Waving a hand in the air to dismiss the notion Evelyn handed her pumps off to Dotty who had eyes as big as saucers. "I'm just going to wear them for photos, I have some flats I will wear while we are out and about. Well... I will be changing into them for the party tonight after we drop Dotty off at her friend's house for her sleepover."

"Party!?" Aaron squeaked, this being the first time he was hearing about that being part of the plan. Not that he had been really included in anything so far. His understanding was Eve would drive them off to a nicer area so Dot could get the best candy and then they were dropping her off at a friend's house where they were going to watch that friendly ghost movie and munch on some candy after it had been separated out. Aaron had been worried he was going to get roped into babysitting, but a party sounded much worse.



"Ignore her." Eve gave her brother a stern glare before grabbing his chin with one hand and going back to applying the mascara. "She is just excited for her first party dressed the way she wants."

Giving the group one last look and smile, Dalila nodded to herself. The punishment for Erin to take her Dotty out had been a hard pill for her to swallow. Not only had the teen shown he wasn't trustworthy, but she didn't want to miss out on nights like this. Still it gave her and Gerald a chance to go off to a more adult party and get a hotel room after. The addition of Evelyn going along trick or treating allowed her mind to be a bit more at ease. "I will leave you to it." She said with a wave before departing.

As soon as she was out of ear shot Evelyn let go of her brother's chin, whispering to him. "I will have shoes to change into that will be easier on my feet. You my dear sister will be wearing yours all night and not only do I expect to not hear a single complaint. I expect if anyone asks you about them, you will say how much you love them and you couldn't dream of taking them off."

Aaron's brown eyes met his sister's. He didn't snap back, that was what she wanted. She wanted an excuse to punish him more and he wasn't going to give that to her. "I wouldn't dream of it." He said in his practiced voice. "But what is this about a party?"

"I didn't tell you? I'm going to a party at a frat house tonight after we drop Dotty off."

At the mention of a party and that he would be going Aaron's stomach had started to turn in knots much like it had the entire drive out the mall with his stepmom. The older woman had been understanding enough to drive to a mall that was an hour away, it didn't help his feelings about being out in public and being seen. A party, that is apparently a frat party in their town sounded leagues worse, but Eve's statement confused him. "I thought you said I was going?" He asked carefully.

"I wanna go!" Dorothy chimed in, staying with her sisters sounded a lot more fun than hanging out with a few of her friends from school. She was going to see them on Monday and she didn't want to pass up the chance to stay with her siblings who chose to wear costumes that went along with the one she chose. That thought brought about another, as it hit her that the extra time she was going to get to spend with Erin was going to be over. "Umm... umm... Erin. I know the month is umm over but, but, will you still play video games with me and read me stories at night?"

Aaron really wanted to get an answer from Eve, but he couldn't ignore Dot when her voice dropped from excitement to something quavering like she was afraid of the answer. "We can still play games together, you just can't come in without knocking and yeah... I can still read to you at night, maybe take turns with Dad and Mom." He then pressed his lips together in a line, his mouth had moved faster than his brain when he called his stepmom, mom. As far as punishments went, what his parents gave him was nothing, it was like a cliff edge compared to

what Eve was doing to him. Aaron didn't hate his little sister, she could be a brat, but he guessed everyone was at that age.

Evelyn wasn't to give Aaron some credit for not being a complete ass, but she still felt so mad at what he just so carelessly did and was really loving the feeling she was having with the almost complete control over him. Days of Aaron saying she wasn't the boss of him when she just wanted her brother to clean up after himself were gone. "Sorry Dotty, you already have plans with your friends and you can't cancel them. Think how it would make them feel?" She said with a wink before turning her head to her brother. "At the moment I am planning on going by myself, I told Mom that just in case you end up coming with. You know, just in case you aren't a good girl and need my supervision for the rest of the night."

'Bitch.' Aaron thought, wishing the night was already over.

It wasn't long before Dorothy got distracted and the two were left alone and Aaron had to actually put on his costume. Removing the satin robe that was way too short for his tastes he was left standing in the orange thigh high stockings, the elastic band at the top squeezing the flesh at the top in a way that made him insecure despite knowing he would like what he was seeing if he saw a girl wearing them. Eve had picked out a pair of his red panties, their satin material hugging his ass while the tuck kit kept his male member hidden away. The feminized teen boy tried to keep his composure as he stepped into the red knife pleated skirt, pulling it up before fastening the little hooks. The thing was short, not a micro-mini skirt that he had never actually seen a girl wear in real life, but a mini-skirt was plenty short for his tastes.

The thin turtleneck orange sweater that was meant to be worn as a top slid over his body, covering the magic bra, it didn't look too bad. It was a little baggy or would have been till Eve being ever so helpful, tucked it into the little skirt. Aaron both wanted to look at himself in the mirror and dreaded it, but as he turned he found himself manhandled once more till he was sitting with his back to the mirror. "You don't have to be so rough." He complained.

"Shush you." Eve said as she worked to get the brown haired wig to sit just right and be secure. "Your hair is going to look great, the wig is made of real human hair and costs you around five hundred. I wanted to make sure you got something that would look natural and hold up so that you can wear it as often as you like in the future. You know, till your own hair grows out. Oh! You need this too." She said adding an orange alice band to his hair.

"Five hun..." He started to say till Eve put a finger to his lips.

"Shush, no talking in that pretend boy voice Erin, trust me. I'm looking out for you little sister." She said with a sly grin. 'And spending your money.' The girl added mentally. "Need two more things, then you can see how great you look."

The next thing that happened was Aaron sat there, stewing as she put some thick black nerdy glasses on his face. Not the type the character wore on the show specifically, these had that cat

eye type look and thankfully were just every day glass in them. Aaron could see his sister giving him real glasses just so he couldn't properly see. Then it was the last piece, he slipped his orange stockinged feet into a five and a half inch glossy red stiletto heeled, rounded toe shoes with an inch and a half platform. Seeing them in his sister's hands the glossy red with the black interior Aarons first thought was how sexy they looked, his second was a curse word because they were going on his feet.

He had a small hope they wouldn't fit, but the truth was they fit better than the pair she had been making him wear that was pilfered from his stepmom, a pair of shoes she was happy to let him keep because of how much he loved them. Putting his feet together Aaron stood up and looked down at his feet, wishing that wasn't looking down past a body that screamed girl. "I'm afraid to ask, how much did these cost." The skirt wearing teen asked as he took a few careful steps, finding them not nearly as difficult to walk in as he first feared, in fact compared to the seven inch heels what he was wearing were down right easy to move in.

Seeing her brother stand up and begin moving around, one foot in front of the other, hips swaying in all his feminine glory Evelyn was practically seeing stars. "They were on sale for a hundred and twenty and worth every penny. The two of us should go shopping sometime, your money, my ability to find the best deals, the perfect combo."

Aaron was about to remind his sister that today was it, this was over and how she needed to give him back his debit card, but catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror stole all of his attention. A blush came to Aaron's face as he saw the girl in the mirror with her neck length bob haircut, her looking like a hot coed than a scrawny highschool senior. He didn't even have the mental capacity to see his sister tanding a few feet behind him, her hands balled into fists and pressed under her chin as she bounced with excitement.

"I... I... I look..." Aaron stuttered, his eyes roaming across the girl's body in the mirror. A wardrobe change, a wig and glasses and he wasn't sure anyone would recognize it was him, his teenage hormones sure didn't seem to care.

"Fucking hot." Eve said, finishing her siblings' sentences for them.



## Scene 14

Getting out the door had been a trial for Aaron, his parents had come home and wanted all sorts of photos of the three and both of his sisters were hamming it up. Eve didn't tell him that was something he needed to do too, but a hard glare gave him that exact impression. Leaving him doing photos like the one where he laid on his parents bed. On his stomach feet bent up into the air to show off his shoes, elbows bent and his head resting on the top of his bridged hands, while he gave a vapid smile, feeling like he was dying inside while his stepmother took photo after photo. His sisters had joined him in that pose, but she made sure each of them had their time to shine instead of just group shots.

When they finally made it out the door, their father had hugged each of them. The embrace from his father had always been a soothing one to Aaron. When his father spoke it almost broke him, tears coming to the teens eyes. He was able to hold it in, but it was a near thing.

"I'm proud of you Erin, and I love you." Gerald said, the words were true, but he felt like a failure. His child had shared with him a part of themselves and while he was doing his best to accept them for who they were the forty year old man found himself silent when golfing and someone had made a joke about a tranny. He knew he should speak up, but he hadn't found the courage. Gerald had drank a bit too much, planning on poking the bloated man in the chest that had made the off-color joke and tell him how he was wrong and how his son was trans and he was just as happy to have them in his life, but he had never worked himself up to it. Gerald told himself he would do better, and holding Erin, his daughter in his arms he made himself a promise that he would do better, he needed to.

"Dad, stop, you are going to make me cry and then I will have to redo my makeup." While the comment was true, the words felt sour in Aaron's mouth.

"Wait." Gerald said, pulling back and holding up one finger before running off to the garage. Moving as quickly as he could, Gerald grabbed what he was looking for and darted back to his daughters.

"Thanks Dad..." Aaron said, holding onto the black magnifying glass, a prop for his costume he supposed. Then found himself a little surprised when his father reached over and pressed a button, activating the one way ring light.

Feeling a little proud of himself Gerald smiled, the device was for when he was soldering. "Thought it would help the three of you stay safe with the light and help you look for clues."

When they left the house the three Bright kids got into Evelyn's car and drove off. Aaron felt better than he had when he first saw himself in the mirror. He didn't want to look like a hot girl, or fucking hot as Eve had said, but his dad really had made him feel better. It wasn't like his old man didn't hug him or show him affection, Aaron had just gotten more of it since that day his old man walked in on him reading his sister's diary. The change felt good, and he hoped it would

continue tomorrow when he was back in jeans and sneakers instead of skirts and heels.

Driving, Evelyn was a little surprised to see her brother smiling, not that it looked like it was her brother at all. The person sitting in the passenger seat looked like she could have been a cousin, or a friend from school and they appeared to be happy. She didn't know what was going on there and didn't want to interrupt whatever was going through their head and instead focused on the road while Dotty happily watched a show on her tablet in the backseat. Their own neighborhood was what people would call wealthy, but it wasn't known for giving out the best candy. For that they just had a short drive, and a not so long walk, or at least it wouldn't be if a person wasn't wearing high heels. She had intended for her last act of punishment for the night to be making Aaron walk back home after they dropped Dotty off, but after the family photos and with how happy Aaron looked, she thought it might be best to leave things off on a happier note instead of something sour.

Out of the car Aaron walked down the sidewalk, the sound of his shoes filling his ears with every step. In one hand was the ring light magnifying glass, the light wasn't on yet, no need with the sun still in the sky and in the other he held Dot's hand. While Eve walked a few steps behind their younger sister. He tried to not let it rub him the wrong way that she wasn't wearing her heels, Eve said she wouldn't be for walking around, but still it was aggravating. He wasn't having a problem with his footwear at the moment, but it didn't take a psychic to know what the future held for his feet and calves. "Alright, let's get you some candy."

"TRICK OR TREAT!" Dorothy yelled as the front door opened to the house and she held up her pumpkin bag.

When the door opened Aaron took a sharp intake of breath as he saw a teen boy, maybe a little younger than himself open the door. It wasn't someone he recognized, but seeing a boy around his own age while dressed as he was, felt like a splash of freezing cold water had hit him, the previous calmed nerves acting as if they were exposed all over again. The boy that opened the door wasn't wearing a costume, wasn't holding a bowl of candy. The teen's eyes on him felt like a physical weight to Aaron and it made him want to bolt and was pretty sure at this point he could run in his footwear. Something he scoffed at in that dinosaur movie when an actress ran in her heels, but now he had a different perspective.

"I SAID!" Dorothy raised her voice more than she had before. "TRICK OR TREAT!" Her not sure why the older kid didn't know how this worked.

Wetting his lips the sixteen year old boy looked down at the girl who was shorter than five feet in her brown dog costume, seeing her for the first time. His teenage brain had hyper focused on the two girls standing on his porch. "Yeah, sorry. Great costumes, do you maybe want to come inside and watch a scary movie?" He asked, not caring about the little girl, he would just give her the candy, turn the porch light off and sit on the couch between her chaperones.

Chuckling Eve flashed the teen a smile. "Sorry cutie, my sisters and I have a lot of houses to hit

tonight, maybe another time.”

With the situation defused, the small group was on their way to the house next door, Dorothy pleased to have gotten two full size kit-kat bars. “You should.” She started before reconsidering. “Both of you should flirt at every house and then I can get three candies!”

A happy laugh bubbled up Evelyn’s throat at the notion and her sister’s logic. “I dunno, Erin, I’m up for it if you are.”

Pressing his red lipstick covered lips into a line Aaron gave a few sharp shakes of his head, feeling the odd sensation of the long hair fluttering about from the action, while at the same time having to deal with the feeling of the skirt bouncing with each of his heeled steps. “No, not going to happen.”

“Awww!” Dorothy complained.

Not willing to give in, Aaron and his sisters continued down the block, moving from house to house and then back up the other way. Things hit a rhythm and Aaron found himself getting much less nervous. No one had called him out, other than people telling them that they loved his costume. There was plenty of leering from men, but as uncomfortable as that was it was still preferable to being outed as some sissy. It wasn’t until little over an hour later, the sun now set, the ring light turned on, that things changed. The door to the house opened before they could knock, Aaron watched two tall young men step out and he knew exactly who both of them were.

Swallowing the saliva in his mouth Aaron pointed from one of them to the other. “Cody... Barlow and, and Mathew Barlow.” he said first pointing at a caucasian blonde curly haired young man with green eyes that stood at six feet tall. The other was a black skinned young man with brown eyes and stood at six foot two.

“Well, Hello.” Mathew said seeing the group on his family’s porch, happy to see the cute brunette know who he was. “I feel at a loss, you know who we are, but...” His eyes drifted from the brunette to the redhead, who looked like she was wearing a wig for her costume. “Well, I for one would love the chance to get to know the two of you.”

“Three.” Cody added, pointing to the young girl.

Confused, Evelyn looked between the two men and then to her brother. “Erin, do you know them?” She hadn’t said to embarrass her brother, they didn’t appear like they could be someone from his school.”

“Hey!” Dotty spoke up, shaking her bag. “TRICK OR TREAT!”

So much was happening all at once in Aaron’s mind. The two men standing in front of him were on their college baseball team and it was heavily rumored to have been scouted by a major

league baseball team. "Yeah... yeah... the brothers are on our college team."

The green eyed brother squatted down to look the youngest of the group in the eye. He had taken an eyeful of the pretty females, it wasn't normal for someone to just know who they are and he would love to address that, but the trick or treater looked like she needed the most attention and if it was one thing he had learned from going to weddings was that young woman paid very close attention to men when they engaged with a child and he was clinging to that. Cody had never been as smooth with words as his brother. "You want candy?"

Shaking her bag Dorothy nodded. "Yessss!"

"How much candy?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I ahh." Dotty narrowed her eyes as she looked at the young man in front of her, unsure if she should be polite or tell him what she actually wanted. "Can I have all of it?"

"Hmm." Cody rubbed his chin. "We should leave some for others, but we have those peanut butter cups, how about I give you two, but I might be able to give you three, though that would cost you."

"You can have my tootsie rolls, I don't like them." The young girl said, holding out her bag again so he could take the pieces of candy she didn't want."

"You can hold onto those, I got a better trade. I will pop in the house and get you the peanut butter cups and you get me one of your sister's phone numbers." Cody glanced up to the girls standing next to the little girl, hoping to have earned a smile from them and their numbers.

While Cody was interacting with Dorothy, the others continued their conversation. Evelyn looked puzzled. "You are brothers?" Her brother knowing who they were made more sense now that she knew they were on a college team. Aaron never played sports, but he loved watching games with their dad.

"Adopted." Matthew said, motioning his head to the house behind him. "The Barlow's adopted both of us when we were kids. Cody here is my older brother, he is the dorky one, but I love him the same."

A light snort came from Eve's mouth as she laughed. "Erin here is my little sister and the dorky one, but she is into baseball as you can tell."

His mouth open slightly Mathew crossed his arms as he looked between the two and ignoring whatever his brother was doing he took his shot for both of them. "We were about to head over to a party on South North street, maybe the two of you can swing by later?"

Evelyn was about to answer him when she instead held up one finger with one hand and put the



other on her little sister's shoulder. "Dotty, don't give him our home phone number." She had heard what the blonde haired young, Cody, had said and wanted to say she couldn't believe the child wouldn't immediately give someone their home phone number for some offer of chocolate, but then she would be wrong. "Far as the party." Eve turned her attention back to the boy who was talking to her. "Funny enough I was planning on going there after we were done getting some candy." She continued to talk with the taller Barlow, keeping an eye on the other as he instead bargained the chocolate treats away for a series of high fives that made her smile.

After blurting out their names a spike of shame ran through Aaron that the broad shouldered athletes were seeing him dressed like this, but as the seconds turned into minutes with them not accusing him of being some freak his emotions calmed down and the little baseball fan in him came back to the surface. "Could I get your autographs!?" A college player's signature wasn't going to be worth much, but if they really did get picked up by some major league teams it could be worth a lot in a few years, or so Aaron thought.

Hearing what her brother asked for, an amused smile grew on Evelyn's face, knowing that her sibling had no idea what it looked like to the college age men. "You see if you can score what you want little sis. I'm going to take Dotty to the next house. Maybe see you later Mathew, Brody." She said with a small wave of her hand.

Aaron hadn't been so lost in his goal that he didn't pick up on his sister's words, but kept the sneer off his face. "His name is Cody!" He said, calling after her.

Cody, hearing the glasses wearing girl, who didn't seem to think twice about waving around her flashlight magnifying glass, correcting her sister and brought a smile to his face as he stood back up to his full height, now believing that this was the one he had a chance with. "Tell me Erin, are you going to go to the party with your sister?" he asked, picking up the girl's name from her necklace.

"I ahh... wasn't planning on it, but..." He was ready to say he would go if Cody wanted him to, before reality sunk in with how he was dressed.. Looking down at himself he was even standing there pigeon toed in the heels like some nervous girl. That was when a devious thought occurred to him and a way to get little pay back with his sister. "I'm not, but you know, while my sister isn't into baseball as much as me. I do know there is something she is much more interested in doing, and I could talk her into it if you were willing to just sign a piece of paper." Aaron said at first trying to play it off like he was coy, but afraid they weren't going to pick up on it he touched his index finger to the top of his thumb, making a looks grip with the hand before motioning with it to his lips. Opening his red lipstick covered lips Aaron motioned closer to his face with his hand while pushing against his cheek with his tongue. Moving his hand forward and then back again in time with his tongue to make sure they were getting that he meant blow job and having no idea of the very appealing image he was making in front of the older men.

Mincing away from the house with a bright smile on his face Aaron held the magnifying glass up to the piece of paper in his hand, lighting it up enough for him to easily read.

To our beautiful and adoring fan Erin

- Cody Barlow

-Mathew Barlow

It wasn't perfect, but it had their signatures and all it cost him was a promise to get his sister to blow them at the party, his sister's phone number and a selfie of himself with them. That last part had been the most uncomfortable, with Cody's hand on his hip and Mathew's hand somehow finding its way down to his ass. The picture ended up being pictures and it was clear by the blush on Aaron's cheeks when he had been felt up. 'I got it though... Dad is going to freak out that I got this. I just wish I had a baseball for them to sign. I do know where they live now, maybe...' Aaron shook his head, they wouldn't know who he was, not really and tonight was Erin's last night. Looking up at his sisters he kept a bright smile on his face as he approached, wondering how Eve was going to take it when the Barlow brothers expected oral from her later. Would she have to open her mouth and get on her knees like she made him do with the dildo or would she get out of it, like he had been unable to do with her punishment.

## **Scene 15**

Sitting back in the passenger seat of his sister's car, Aaron fidgeted, his fingers running over one another as he felt the smooth surface of his red painted nails. He was waiting for Eve to finish dropping off Dot at her friend's house for her little slumber party and then they would be on their way home and this entire thing could finally be over. His parents were out and Eve was going to be a party. A house to himself and the very first thing he planned to do was free his manhood from the tuck kit and watch some porn. He had been used to getting off almost every day, but at this point it had been over a week and he felt pretty desperate. That was why it annoyed him when his stupid older sister went inside the house instead of just dropping Dot off at the door, but he should have expected something like that when she slipped her feet into her purple heels instead of the flats she had been wearing all night.

So outside, by himself he sat without even his phone to keep him occupied. The stupid outfit he wore didn't have pockets and the idea of having a purse was just something a little too far. There were still people walking around outside, not nearly as many as before and not one gave Aaron a second glance. Still Aaron wanted to avoid eye contact, not wanting to invite a closer inspection and found himself looking down at his orange stocking covered legs that came out from the short red pleated skirt. 'I hate that my legs look good...' He thought to himself as he shifted in his seat, one leg sliding against the other. The pleasant feeling of his stocking covered legs wasn't exactly new to him, but with the knowledge of this all being over some of the mental barriers he had put up weren't as reinforced. No one could see his legs with him sitting in the car, that feeling of his legs rubbing against one another all combined with how pent up he felt. It was then, his legs pressed firmly together as he skirted, his manhood letting itself be known that the driver's side door opened. Freezing in place Aaron looked at his sister, hoping she hadn't seen him. "All done? Ready to go!?"

Opening her door Evelyn narrowed her eyes at her brother, him looking... well him looking more like a her, but with the same type of expression as a kid caught with their hand in the cookie jar. Touching her tongue to her top lip she nodded before climbing in. "Little sister, we are indeed on our way to our next destination." What she wasn't saying was that plans had changed and Erin would be making an appearance at the party instead of going home. She had been feeling good about herself and the night, till she was inside and her phone buzzed in her purse. She had a text message from someone not in her contacts list and the messages made her blood boil.

Mathew: Hey girl, your sis gave me your number

Mathew: She said you were up for a little



Eve: Erin told you that?

Mathew: Figured she was setting you up but she said you would for Cody and Me

Mathew: She said she wanted to pay us back for our autographs but wouldn't be at the party so you would hook us up.

Eve: Gonna be honest, you and your brother are cute

Eve: Handsome but not drop to my knees handsome

Eve: that is the bad news, the good news is Erin changed her mind and is excited at the idea of getting to spend more time with you and Cody

Mathew: Yeah? And you are still coming?

Eve: The Bright sisters will be there

Mathew: Cool cool

The drive to the local college campus wasn't a long one and it wasn't until they were in a very different neighborhood that she noticed her brother starting to look perplexed while she did her best to keep a neutral facial expression.

"Ahh, Eve, are you lost or something? This isn't the way home." Aaron said, pressing his hand to the window as he looked at the houses they were passing.

"It is a little early to go home, Erin. Tonight is Halloween, so we are going to hit up a party for a bit and have some fun before we call it a night."

"No, wait... NO! You said that I didn't have to go!" Turning away from the window Aaron looked at his sister with wide pleading eyes. 'This is supposed to be done! She can't do this!'

Pulling up behind another car, Eve put her little compact vehicle into park before looking dead into her siblings' glasses-covered eyes. "I told you that if you were a good girl you would be going home instead of going to the party. Just speaking for myself, but I am the one making the decisions here, I don't think I could count you as a good girl, or a good sister when you set me up to suck two boys dick five minutes after we meet them so that you can get their autographs."

"I didn't..." Aaron stopped talking, he had kinda sorta told them that, but he didn't think either of them would actually text his sister about it. Eve could have just laughed it off and she told them

to fuck off... he did kind of hope it would be embarrassing to his sister, kinda the point of revenge. What was happening now wasn't part of his plan. "It was a joke." He said with an uncomfortable laugh.

Pressing her lips into a line and crossing her arms Eve slowly shook her head. She was trying to give him the same look their mom used to give when she wasn't buying their bull, but wasn't sure how well she was pulling it off. As fucked up as it was that he would try something like this the fact that he was sitting here trying to deny it and was still talking in softer breathier voice was priceless. "You think trading a girl for sex is a joke?!"

"No, I didn't think..." Part of his refusal wasn't out of his mouth before his sister continued.

"That might be the crux of the problem little sister, you didn't think, you don't think things through before you do them. I know this could be FUN, how about I call Dad right now and say, Hey Dad, funny story. Erin wanted some guys' signatures and told them I would suck their dicks after." The mock anger she was putting into her words felt more real the more she spoke. "Do you think that is a fun story? That sounds like a work of fiction you would find online for porn, but noooo that is what just fucking happened!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Aaron pressed himself up against the car door trying to put some distance between himself and his livid sibling. "I will give the autographs back, just, just, ahhh, just tell them that the deal is off."

Leaning back Evelyn kept eye contact, not saying a word, just letting the silence between them drag on. When Aaron went to speak again she held up one finger and shook her head so that he wouldn't speak. For another good thirty seconds she held that position before finally speaking. "You are going to be punished and not some little punishment, trying to turn me into a prostitute... disgusting." She wanted that to sink in, so she paused once more hoping it would add dramatic effect. "There is so much wrong with what you did, but you tell me little sis. What punishment should you get for this?"

Things had taken a bad turn for Aaron, his sister asking him to choose his own punishment was exactly what his stepmom did to Dot. His mind reeled, knowing with his entire heart that she wanted him to suggest staying dressed up like a girl for longer and it made him feel like he was going to break. "I, I... I..." He stuttered, once more doing the same thing Dorothy did that he gave her a hard time about. "I can do your chores for the rest of the year?"

"That is your offer? Doing laundry, cleaning the bathroom, vacuuming a little dusting in exchange for trying to sell me into the sex trade?"

Aaron knew she was being dramatic, but it also wasn't a point he was willing to argue, semantics was a path to digging a deeper grave. "Wha... what do you want me to do?" He considered offering to throw away the signed paper he got, but he knew it wouldn't be enough and it would mean he was going to be punished and have nothing to show for it.

Getting her phone out of her purse, Evelyn held it up. "First, you are going to say exactly what I want you to say. I want you to smile, I mean big smile so I can look back on this moment and just **know** how happy you are. Then you are going to tell me how much fun you had going out tonight looking so pretty, how it was a dream come true. You will thank me for helping and for being the best big sister you could wish for. I'm not asking, I'm telling you to do that, and do it now."

Feeling about as small as a mouse Aaron squeezed his eyes tight, feeling the weight of this mascara covered lashes as he did. 'Fuck, fuck, fuck.' Opening his eyes again Aaron took a deep breath and then smiled, making sure it touched his eyes. Clapping his hands together once he let out a fake girlish giggle. "Eve, I just had like sooo much fun today." he felt like he was dying inside he continued. "You are the best big sister in the whole world, I just love feeling so pretty, this is like a dream come true and it is all thanks to you!" It wasn't exactly what his sister wanted, but he also didn't want to shoot another video because this one wasn't his best effort and one part of his statement was true, this was like a dream, a nightmare was a type of dream.

Ending the recording Evelyn slipped her phone back into her purse. "That was okay, but I think we have two options here tonight. You can walk home from here, no calling for a ride, not that you could, but also no accepting any rides. That is unsafe for a pretty thing like you. When you get home you will put the rest of those old tomboy clothes of yours in a black garbage bag. I know, I know you need them for school, but really Dad and Mom have seen the real you at this point. So it might be time to go to school like this too Erin, or maybe they can enroll you somewhere else to make the transition to living as a girl full easier."

"Eve there is no way I will... OW!" His refusal was cut off when he felt his sister punch his thigh right above where his stockings stopped.

"You will not interrupt me again! I'm not talking, sit there and listen as I give you your options little sister and if you don't like what I have to say then I want you to think long and hard about how I could make things worse for you. Is that clear?"

Frowning, Arron nodded his head, keeping his hand over the spot where he had been pinched. His mind going over the different pieces of blackmail she had over him, all the photos, the video she just took. It wasn't just what his dad would do, it was also what would happen if that got out onto social media.

"As I was saying." Eve glared hard at her brother to see if he was going to interrupt again. "That was option one." Him giving up on being a boy was a laughable idea, but she wanted him to take option two and go inside the party, mingle and act like they were happy. 'Playing happily at a party where Aaron is felt up and hit on by guys is better than what he tried to set me up to do. Little shit is lucky I don't make him put to use all that practice with the dildo to pay his own debts.' It annoyed her that he had done that, it really pissed her off, but what annoyed her is she

wasn't adverse to the idea of spending time with either of the Barlows, but now doing so felt like it came with an expectation.

"What, is option two?" He asked carefully to not feel anymore of his sister's ire. She had been a brat, a pest, bossy, nosy and intimidating all before, but never had he been truly scared of what she might do next before now. It seemed out of place that she had the power to ruin his life before, but looking back at the start of this and comparing it to now... the scope was so much bigger and all because of him acting before he thought... again.

"Option two." Eve held up a hand with two fingers up like she was making a peace symbol. "The two of us go into that party, you keep a smile on your face as we have a few drinks, don't worry I won't tell Mom and Dad you had a beer or two. We dance, flirt a bit with some boys and you overall get to experience your first college party. I for one am not going to pay your bill for those signatures, if I'm going to blow a guy it is because I want to, not because I'm being forced. Honestly though little sis, you might have more experience with cock in your mouth than me with all the time you have spent with your dildo. So you tell me, are you walking home or are you coming in with me?"

Aaron's jaw dropped, tell his parents he wanted to live as a girl and go to school that way or go into the party, prance around and flirt. She said she wasn't going to pay the bill for his ill advised revenge plot and that meant she was going to make him do it. 'Give up being a boy or suck two boys off... shit I have fucked up bad...' Looking at his sister he whimpered. "What, what if I give you the rest of the money I was saving for a car instead?"

"Erin." Even held up one finger to point at him. The idea of taking his money was a much better one, but that was the type of thing their dad would put a stop to if he found out. Him throwing Aaron's ass on the street for jerking off into Dalila's panties, burning Dotty's toys and trying to use her for sexual favors wasn't a given, but it seemed like something that would be on the list if he found all that out. "You have two options, pick and pick now."

"The party... I will go suck dick at the party." Aaron said all the burning anger inside of him feeling like it was engulfing himself after failing to strike out at his sister, leaving him with a horrible option and things worse. 'I should have known things were going this way when she made me put that dildo in my mouth...'

Opening her car door Evelyn rolled her eyes. "Don't be so dramatic."

## **Scene 16**

Inside the large house music thick with base reverberated enough that Aaron could feel it as he stepped in the front door. A frat party was something that was iconic and he expected to find standing room only with kegs setup for consumption, someone doing a handstand as they drank. What he saw wasn't a surprise, but it wasn't what he envisioned either. Coming inside there were stairs in front of him, a small hallway leading further in past them and a room to both

his right and left. The room to his left where he would expect to find a dining room was a DJ type rig with a large speaker, a flat panel tv hung on the wall that was strobing different colors and a pair of couches. It wasn't jammed packed like he thought it would be, mostly just a few different people sitting on the couches drinking from red plastic cups. The room to the right had similar couches, but had a pingpong table looking like it was set up to start playing beer pong, something Aaron figured he shouldn't have expected to see.

Eve looked around, she knew her first destination was going to be to the kitchen to find a drink, but wanted her brother to get a feel for what he was in for before pressing him further. 'Poor thing looks like a deer stuck in headlights.' She thought with a laugh. She was about to take his hand and move past the stairs when she saw the familiar curled blonde hair boy they had met earlier approaching.

"HEY." Cody said, yelling over the music. "GLAD YOU BOTH CAME!" With a big smile on his face the excited twenty three year old looked the two over.

'Smile and flirt, smile and flirt and get the night done... you can do this.' The feminized boy told himself. "HEY YOURSELF!" Aaron yelled back over the music, waving his hand in a hello type motion with his fingers wiggling in the air, making him feel like an idiot.

"CAN I GET YOU LOVELY LADIES A DRINK?" Cody said, looking between the girls. He was happy to see the girl who knew who he was, figuring he had a better shot with her than the sister that either forgot his name or chose to use the wrong one, but the night was just starting and he wasn't going to ruin his shot by ignoring either of them.

"What?!" Aaron said, turning his head and pushing some of the wigs' hair behind his ear, exposing the red garnet stud earring as he tried to hear what the six foot tall boy had said over the music.

Looking over to his side Cody glared at one of his frat brothers who swore he knew what he was doing and wished he would just turn it down so they had some nice background music instead of whatever the hell it was he was trying to do. "DRINKS!"

With a nudge from his sister Aaron found himself following the college ball player down the hall and into the kitchen. His feet were complaining, the heels weren't made for walking in for hours and he briefly wondered why he hadn't taken them off when he got in the car when he had a chance earlier, but for he just had to literally grin and bear it as he moved deeper into the house where the walls did a better job than he expected at muffling the music. Taking the offered cheap plastic cup Aaron took a drink of the beer. He did his best to hide the sour expression on his face. At home Aaron had tried beer with his dad, and wasn't sure why he expected it to be better here, but still he took another drink. The second sip turned into a third that was much deeper, emptying the glass half way. 'Just drink it down, it is what college kids do, drink it down and be done with it.'

“Careful now little sis.” While having some understanding as to why her brother would want to get drunk, she didn’t need him throwing up everywhere either. Drunk was okay, blitzed was too much.

“Thirsty girl, I get it.” Cody said filling both of the ladies drinks up again. “We got a beer pong game going to start soon, some folks chilling outside, we got like an entire living room setup out there with a projector. Not sure what they are watching, but we could check that out or maybe do some dancing.”

Looking at his cup, now full again, Aaron gave a weak smile, wanting very much to get off his feet. “The projector sounds cool.” he offered and soon found himself being escorted through the house. While his sister trailed behind, Aaron felt the larger man’s hand on his lower back that only made the sense of dread he felt within grow.

Feeling nervous Cody moved his hand to Erin’s back, sliding it lower as they came closer to the back sliding glass back door. “So, you are a baseball fan huh?”

“Aaaahh, yeah Daddy and I watch it together all the time, both of us think you could go pro.” Things weren’t just a little uncomfortable, the entire world felt uncomfortable. The wig was too hot, the glasses were digging into his nose, the bra was cutting into his shoulders and squeezing him too tight and the heels... oh the heels! That was all before he was having to deal with Cody Barlow, someone he would love to meet on any day but today. ‘Daddy? Where the heck did that come from?’ He asked internally while letting out a nervous giggle.

“Yeah? Well I can get you some tickets to our next home game, so close you will almost be able to reach out and touch us. I love the idea of you watching me, but tonight, my attention is all for you Erin, how does that sound?”

Putting one hand over her mouth Eve watched what was going down and true to her command, her brother was flirting and it was magical.

“The tickets sound good, I will hold you to it, but being with you sounds like a wonderful night.” The sweet words left Aaron’s mouth making him feel sick. Good tickets to the college game sounded great, but not at the price he was going to pay for them.

Stopping before getting to their destination Cody turned the girl he had his arm on so he could look her in the eye. She was just slightly shorter than him in her sexy heels and he wanted to kiss her more than anything after that perfect setup she left him. “You hold me to that, and I will hold you to me.” Cody said, hoping that sounded as smooth in his head as it did outloud.

The atmosphere outside was one much more laid back, the projector played one of the first Marvel movies and out here in the back the heavy music from inside had been muffled to almost nothing. It amused Aaron to see living room furniture setup outdoors, it wasn’t something that



could live there, but still it was a comfortable oddity. Cody had guided his sister and himself to one of the couches that faced more off into the small spattering of woods behind the house instead of the projector screen. Anyone on it could still see the movie playing, but it wasn't the intent of the couch's position. It left Aaron sitting at the end of the couch, with Cody between himself and his sister.

With the temperature outside after dark being what it was Aaron wasn't keen on sitting there, but he also didn't want to be anywhere near this party. 'What do I do? Flirt... you have to flirt. Can I just ask him if I can suck him off? God I don't want to do this...' Putting his full cup of beer to his lips Aaron tipped it back and chugged it down. The bitter off putting taste filled his mouth, a taste he wasn't sure why anyone enjoyed, but he thought getting drunk would make what he had to do better, or at least easier. When a cool breeze blew up his skirt Aaron and a shudder ran through his body, he felt the taller boy's arm wrap around him and pull him closer.

"Little chilly out tonight." He said looking at the now empty cup in the girl's hand. 'Looks like Erin likes to party.'

"Ahh, yeah." Aaron's cheeks felt like they were on fire with the blush that came to them as he found himself pressed tightly to what he found to be Cody's warm body. "Thanks, you are all warm and... and..." Trying to think about how girls flirt, Aaron gave a small squeeze to the curly haired boy's biceps before running his fingers over his chest. "You feel so strong."

When Evelyn had sat down she left more space between herself and casanova, allowing her a chance to avoid his other arm when he grabbed Aaron. When the arm came she slid forward in her seat to put her cup down on the floor by her feet. Seeing the position her brother was in was just about exactly what she wanted to see tonight, she gave him a wink. "Might want to slow down with those drinks little sis."

"Actually, ahhh, could I get another!?" The skirt wearing boy said, holding up the red cup in front of the boy's face that held him.

"Sure, I can get that." Cody said, taking the cup before glancing at the purple dress wearing girls' refreshment. It looked mostly full and not in her hand he had a feeling she wasn't the fun one of the two. "I will be right back, let me see if I can find Mathrew, I know you wanted to talk with you."

Soon as his admirer left Aaron reached out and took one of his sister's hands between his own. "Can we go please? I flirted with him, you saw that. Come on, we saw the party, I drank, we listened to music..."

The first reply Aaron got was genuine laughter from Eve that caused her to snort. "You do seem to be doing okay with flirting. Save some for his brother though." She laughed again when she saw the uneasy look on her siblings face. "Don't be like that, remember Erin, this is a party, smile, have fun and flirt. You know you aren't done yet, but you might want to slow down on the

beer and honestly you shouldn't drink anything you don't see poured yourself."

Internally Aaron cringed, he knew he wasn't done. She was making him give blow jobs and he wanted to hate her for it and part of him did, but he wouldn't be sitting here right now freezing his ass off if he hadn't fired his shot and missed. "It's a college party." He said with a big fake smile. "Drinking is what you are supposed to do, right? Besides, I'm not some girl that gets drunk off two glasses of wine." He had heard his stepmom say more than once she was a cheap date with how quickly a glass of wine hit her. He already had almost two cups of beer, it didn't taste good but he wasn't feeling anything.

"Suit yourself, I'm going to go see someone I saw out front." Eve said, making a motion with her hand, pinching her thumb and index finger together with the others spread as she brought her hand to her lips to indicate smoking. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do little sister."

When she walked away Aaron looked over to the movie that was playing, wondering if he could get away with sitting in front of one of the other couches to just watch the movie and hide. It wouldn't solve his problems, it would just put them off, but if he didn't do it the consequences would be dire. The small fantasy of just keeping his head down till things blew over when Cody returned with another cup of beer. "Thanks..." The word drew out when his fingers lightly touched Cody's when the cup was exchanged. Sitting while Cody stood only made Aaron feel smaller. With nowhere to go and those green eyes boring into him Aaron tried to give a smile as he brought the drink up to his lips once more. 'Think, think Aaron.' The only parties he had been to were family gatherings and kid parties when he was in elementary school, let alone been on a date before, leaving him not really sure how to proceed. "It is pretty cold out, maybe sit back down and help keep me warm?"

Not needing to be asked twice Cody sat down on the couch close enough for his jean covered leg to touch the pretty girls as he put his arm around her. 'And Matthew says I don't have game.' Congratulating himself he put down his own beer before using both his hands to help keep the pretty brunette warm. Holding her close with one arm while his other ran gently from the top of her orange stockinged leg and up to her exposed thigh. "I know a few ways we can keep warm."

"Mmmeee." Aaron made the sound with his mouth closed, having an idea or two about what the older boy was thinking. 'A blanket, you could offer me a blanket.' He thought as he drank down more of the alcoholic beverage, not considering its effects on himself with an empty stomach. Aaron's attentions much more focused on the warm body pressed into his own and the hands on him. When he felt the hand on his leg he almost jerked it away, a boy's hands touching his leg like that caused his skin to crawl and goosebumps forming on his skin and yet the warmth radiating from the hand, pushing away the cold felt great at the same time. All of that combined added to his feelings of vulnerability.



"Soooo..." Cody said, drawing out the word as he tried to think what to say or if he should say anything in the situation. "I haven't seen you around campus before, I think I would remember seeing a pretty brunette like you around. Have some obscure major that has kept a beautiful girl like you hidden away?"

'Beautiful!?' Aaron's mouth opened, but not a sound came out as his cheeks once more became rosy. 'He thinks I'm bea... shit no he thinks I'm in college, think... think... what is Eve's major? Major, major.. How does he think I'm beautiful?' To try and buy more time Aaron drank again from his cup till it was empty. "School, ahh well... my major, ahh, well this is actually a wig, I have short blonde hair so, yeah that might be why." Aaron wasn't sure why he didn't just say he didn't go to college here or college at all, he didn't really, he was a senior in high school, but his thoughts felt befuddled with the situation he was in and the start of the effects of rapid alcohol consumption on an empty stomach and no built up tolerance. "I umm I don't really wanna talk about school."

Leaning closer to the girl, Cody peered through her glasses and into her deep brown eyes that he thought he could get lost in. "Yeah, I don't really wanna talk either." Tightening the muscles in the arm that was around the Erin, he pulled the girl closer as he leaned in. This close he could smell the beer on her breath, but that was mingled in with the crisp smell of the cool autumn air and her perfume. That first kiss you did with a girl was the foundation for everything moving forward or so Cody believed, so when he stopped, their lips less than an inch apart he just held her there, breathing her scent in and building anticipation for a few heartbeats, but before he pressed his lips to hers he felt Erin wrap her arms around his neck and press her own face to his. Feeling Erin's creamy lipstick covered lips press against his own, her body growing stiff from what he believed was excitement after adding a little suspense, he could only imagine her toes were curling in her sexy red heels as he held her their against him, his head turning slightly as he moved his lip, slightly opening his own mouth before closing it and pressing his lips forward into her own.

'No, no, no, no, nooooo!' Aaron thought as he was pulled closer, knowing what was about to happen. Realizing in that second he had never even kissed a girl, his first kiss was going to go to freaky Cody Barlow a college baseball player five years his senior and there was nothing he could do about it because if he didn't do that and much, much more than his life would completely fall apart. When the kiss didn't come, their lips so close together there was a small sense of relief, followed by panic. 'Does he not want to kiss me? I don't want to kiss him but... I have to!' His stomach rolling from the thought, and head feeling like it was swimming, Aaron tossed his arms around Cody, pulling himself the rest of the way and diving into the kiss head first. The empty cheap red cup fell from Aaron's hand, forgotten in the embrace. That being the end of Aaron's bold plan his body stiffed at the reality that he had just willingly kissed another boy. Out of seemingly nowhere Aaron felt himself being lifted up, Aaron feeling like he was going to fall clung harder to the only thing he could and quickly found himself sitting in the curly blonde haired boy's lap as the kissing continued.

## Scene 17

'I'm kissing a boy, I'm kissing a boy! Cody fucking Barlow is kissing me!' In Aaron's panic he tightened his arms, causing their bodies to press harder together and giving Cody the impression the girl in his lap was intensely into his aggressive move. Aaron wasn't sure what he should be doing, he tried to mimic the movements of Cody but the second he opened his own mouth he found a tongue snaking its way in, pressing, pushing and rubbing against his own. "Ooommm." The feminized teen found himself whining as he kissed back, when it was the furthest thing from what he actually wanted to do. Aaron had never kissed a girl, he had imagined it a thousand times, but he had never imagined himself as the girl being kissed or how good it felt or the warmth that would well up from inside of him.

Cody had just wanted to build a little suspense, to make their first kiss better, but she had been in no mood to wait. Feeling Erin's passion drove Cody wild and it hadn't been truly conscious thought that had him pull the girl into his lap, it hadn't been something he had done before. Sure he had girls sit in his lap before, but never scoop one up sitting next to him as they made out. Their mouths pressed together, their tongues danced and Cody's hands ran across the girls back, dressing on the back of her head while his other slipped up her skirt, squeezing her ass. Hearing her little squeal of surprise only pushed him further. Feeling her ass through what felt like lace panties. He wanted to adjust her so that she was straddling him or even better the sexy girl straddling him without her panties and him without pants and boxers. The longer they kissed the more turned on he became. When he moved the hand from the back of her head, allowing them to part, Cody looked deeply into her eyes once more, each breath coming hard. "Want to go somewhere private?"

The goose bumps returned, spreading across Aaron's body as he felt a squeeze to his ass, a squeal escaping his lips, the noise disappearing into Cody's mouth. He wanted to pull away, but one of his hands, a hand that felt so strong, held Aaron in place. The vast difference in strength made itself clear to the feminized boy as he tried to shift, part of him trying to get away even as a part of him, enjoyed what was happening. It wasn't that he was attracted to any male, let alone Cody, it was the intimate physical contact to someone inexperienced, inebriated and pent up after a week of not having a chance to touch himself. His mind was reeling at the idea his dick was trying to grow hard, making the tuck kit uncomfortable. When the kiss finally ended Aaron felt like his lungs were on fire, each heavy breath that brought in the cold night air adding to the intensity of the situation.

Not fully sure how the transition happened Aaron found himself holding Cody's hand as they walked through the house. Things felt different than the last time he was coming through, it wasn't just because he was on his way to give a blow job, but things just felt off. The world felt more wobbly, Aaron wasn't exactly sure how to put it, never having drank this much before, but was sure the drinks he had were hitting him. The people in the house were more numerous and while he was trying to look for his sister to try and get her to call this off much of his attention had been focused on just walking in his shoes, the task becoming more difficult that he was inebriated and being pulled through a crowd of ppl.

"Now where were we?" Cody said with a smile that almost cartoonishly took up most of his face as he held the sexy little thing in his arms now that they were in a private bedroom. One hand holding Erin by her lower back, the other sliding down to cup her pert little ass he pressed his lips to hers once more.

"Emmm!" Aaron made the small sound as he found himself being held and kissed once more. Things were going too fast and he wasn't sure that was a bad thing. If it delayed much more, that would mean more kissing, more of another male literally feeling him up. It meant more time to question what he was even doing and more time to dread what was about to happen and what would need to happen after with Cody's brother. He hardly felt anything when the hand left his rear end, other than pressure on his chest as the amorous college boy groped his chest, the padding doing a lot of work. 'Think, think, think Aaron... you just have to get him off. GOD I HAVE TO GET HIM OFF!!!! Okay, okay...' He tried to stay calm even as he turned his head to the side, pressing his body up against another boys, their tongues sliding against one another. 'I can feel him!' Aaron thought, feeling the warm bulge pressing against him.

Aaron had to scramble backwards as he felt Cody take one slow step after another as he moved them closer to the bed. When he felt the bed press up against his legs and the hand on his back move away the skirt wearing teen fell backwards to his rear atop the mattress. Looking up Aaron swallowed hard.

Cody moved his hands to the girls shoulders ready to gently push her back so he could lay down atop her and nibble on his neck before they got down to business, but it just dawned on him that he hadn't brought a condom. 'FUCK, you moron!' He didn't trust himself to pull out, that was a recipe for ending up with a kid and much as he wanted to breed with the girl he wasn't ready for anything like that in his life just yet. "Hey, I didn't bring a condom, did you?" He felt like a moron, knowing this would ruin the mood. The grimace he saw on Erin's face told him what he needed to know and just when he was ready to be blue balled she reached for the button on his jeans.

'Condom? Oh fuck... I hadn't even thought about his cum. Shit, shit, SHIT! Still you have to do this, a man about it... no, no be a girl about it. All he sees is Erin, the girl dressing slutty for Halloween, just be that slut.' He told himself like it was just that easy. Realizing just how he was looking up at Cody, with an expression of disgust Aaron did his best to quell his feelings as he bit his bottom lip in an attempt to be sexy, to be the sexy Halloween coed Cody saw and reached up to unbuckle his pants. Aaron saw his red painted fingers grip the front of the pants of the boy who stood over him, pulling them apart. Unzipping the pants came slower as he hesitated, but no matter how slow he moved it wouldn't change what he had to do. Soon the pants came down and when they did he saw his first real life erect dick right in front of his face as it stuck out from the boxers.

Standing there feeling like an idiot, Cody was elated when Erin grabbed his pants. 'She knows what she wants!' The way she focused on his crotch, pulling open his pants, pulling down his

zipper at a snail's pace was driving him crazy and now understood why she had jumped the gun when he was doing something similar with their kiss. When his pants fell he couldn't help notice how big her eyes went as she opened her mouth. A bit of pride flooded through Cody seeing the girls reaction at seeing his manhood and imagined if he let he stare for too long a puddle of drool would form on the floor between them. "This what you wanted?"

"Hmm!?" Aaron looked up into Cody's green eyes, happy to look away from the dick that was right in front of his face. The dick wasn't as big as his dildo, but it was much bigger than his own, bringing a different wave of feelings and thoughts. Thoughts on owning a dildo, using it and how he was literally comparing it to a man's dick in front of him that he was about to put in his mouth. Aaron's bottom lip quivered as he reached out to grab the fleshy object. Aaron was not new at holding a dick, he was new to holding someone else's, but even so he was surprised at the warmth and softness of the skin. 'You can do this, just do it and get it over with... be enthusiastic, a little foreplay and dirty talk and he will be cumming... god I'm trying to make another man cum!'

"Oh, oh man." Cody said, looking down, watching Erin use both hands, holding him at the base of his dick before sliding one hand up his shaft, holding it lightly before moving it back down and then repeating it with her other hand. The way she pressed her lips together to blow her breath across him felt incredibly erotic.

Tightening his grip slightly Aaron moved his right hand back up the shaft before closing it around its head and then squeezing just slightly more before releasing it. 'Tease him, yeah, yeah get him all excited and he will cum early. Dirty, talk, don't forget the dirty talk.' With one hand still on Cody's warmth girth Aaron looked up and gave a small toothy smile. "I do want it, it's so big. You're so big Cody." Feeling like his entire body was trembling Aaron leaned in and pressed his red lips to the tip of the cock. It was revolting, but still he pressed on, kissing it a second time, using his hand to point the dick up so he could kiss right below its tip like had seen a girl do in a porno, his only real experience at this beyond the silicone member back in his drawer. An overwhelming feeling of needing to run came through Aaron as he felt the cock in his hand that had touched his lips multiple times. Flinching away he let go of the baseball player's member causing gravity to take hold and for it to come crashing back down to smack him on the cheek right next to his nose. Aaron hadn't even started and he felt revulsion, revulsion not just at what he was doing, but for himself for doing it.

Sitting there on the bed with Cody standing over him and the cock in his face the thought of running out the door left Aaron as he literally slapped himself with the dick. It didn't make the thought of running any less appealing, but the option just seemed out of his grasp. Despite sitting there on the bed looking very much like a female, one eager to please, Aaron knew he had options, he could tell Cody that he didn't want to do this. Doing so just meant fallout and a lot of it. So instead he took the dick back in his hands, one at the base and one just below the tip and looked back up to Cody. "Mine." He declared before opening his mouth and pressing his tongue to the back of his bottom lip before taking the head of the cock into his mouth. Sealing his lips around the member Aaron closed his eyes as every muscle in his body tensed up as he

cringed and began to suck on the fleshy object in his mouth.

“AHHH!” Cody gasped the second he felt Erin’s warm, wet mouth.

Trying to keep his tongue relaxed, Aaron shifted it from side to side right under what he knew was a sensitive part of a dick, right below the head. He could feel the fleshy texture, it was similar in shape to what he practiced on, but the taste of cock, Cody’s cock was entirely new. With it already in his mouth Aaron closed his eyes tighter as he pressed his face forward, bringing more of the male member into his mouth. “Mmmmm!” The feminized man moaned with his mouthful. It was an erotic experience for him and was happy his own trapped dick was once again flaccid after its reaction from the kissing. He loved to hear girls making sounds in the video and hoped the vibration from his voice would make things better for Cody so that things would go faster.

“Mmmmm!” Aaron moaned again, bobbing his head down further before coming again to his starting position and then back down once more, this time going just a little further before pulling the dick out completely. Like when he practiced Aaron found his mouth watering, saliva building up and as the dick came free of his mouth a bit of drool came along with it. He needed a breather so he pumped his hand up and down the older boy’s shaft, only glancing up at him briefly. “You going to cum for me?” He asked, wanting this to be over.

“OH yeah, yeah, you are going to get what you want!” Cody said, trying to not overthink what was happening.

Pressing his lips together Aaron swallowed the built up saliva before opening his mouth for another round. There were videos where a girl just went down on guys and they didn’t cum at least not quickly so he tried bobbing his head faster, not thinking about the hand that gripped the side of his head and wig. Feeling Cody thrusting his hips slowly made Aaron think he was on to something and moved his head faster, bobbing up and down more rapidly. Trying not to think about what he was tasting, that slightly slimy feeling in his mouth that had a faint salty taste to it. ‘Almost there, almost there! Come on Cody, cum, cum!’

“God, you are incredible.” Cody let out a long breath. The girl was super eager, but he could tell she wasn’t a pro. “Just watch the teeth, beautiful.”

Hearing the compliment and criticism gave Aaron pause and pulled his face free, a line of pre-cum and saliva trailing from his mouth to the tip of the cock in his hand. Swallowing everything in his mouth Aaron felt like he was ready to break. “Sorry.” He said in a small voice. Starting back up again this time with some worry that he was actually hurting Cody instead of pleasing him, Aaron tried to think what to do. He hadn’t meant to touch his teen the cock sliding in and out of his mouth, it wasn’t like the dildo he had used complained. Trying to do better, and not give any thought to wanting to suck better, Aaron resumed the fellatio. This time turning his head from side to side as he sunk down more onto the cock, letting it slide deeper into his mouth. Every other corkscrew like twist of the feminized teen’s head as he bobbed, Aaron



pressed his tongue as hard as he could against the fleshy object as he came back up.

"Erin... God! GOD! I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum!" Cody went from holding her head with one hand, the other hand been rubbing the back of his own head, running across his scalp trying to remain cool and calm, to not blow his load too early, but what she was doing was too much and both hands found their way to her head, pulling her down onto him till he could feel her lips touch the base of his dick as he erupted into her mouth.

Aaron could feel the build up, the cock growing slightly, it tensing. He wasn't sure what to do and on instinct started to pull back, but before Aaron could get his mouth free his entire face was pushed back down, making him go deeper than he had gone before. The cock in his mouth started to twitch just as he started to gag and he could feel the cum hitting the back of his throat. "Gulg, gulg, gulg." The sounds came from his mouth as he started to choke on both the cock and what was spewing from it.

What neither of the two knew was that while they were getting intimate Evelyn was searching for her brother. The other Barlow had found her and she welcomed his company, already deciding he was cute and snarky enough that she would have given him her phone number even if Aaron hadn't. Things weren't going to go anywhere tonight, she couldn't do that after he was promised more, but after sometime she went to check on her sibling, only to find the couch was now occupied with others. With a search of downstairs not finding anything she made her way up to the second floor and in the first bedroom she found her target. Sitting on the bed sat her eighteen year old brother, Cody standing over him. Eve saw Cody's dick slipped free from Aaron and cum dripping freely from the corner of Aaron's lips and down his chin.

Rage started to fill her, at the idea that this asshole took advantage and was ready to burst fully into the room when she heard their conversation.

"Erin." Cody shook his head, oblivious to the room's door having been opened. "I thought you were beautiful before, and you are, you really are, but seeing you with my cock in your mouth might have been the sexiest thing I have ever seen. "Maybe we can get cleaned up and enjoy the rest of the party together?" He noted that her week was slightly askew, the orange hair band either not being good enough to keep it in place or strong enough to keep the wig from coming off completely when they were having their fun. It didn't look like a wig to him, but seeing it slightly off center made it clear.

Feeling his stomach spasm Aaron pressed one hand over his tummy as he gave the boy a weak smile before a small burp came up, making the taste of cum in his mouth much more prevalent. "Yeah I think I need to..." He said touching his chin, it coming away slick with the cum that he hadn't swallowed. "But, maybe..." Aaron didn't want to say it, but his night wasn't over yet. "Maybe I could do this with your brother?"

"Shit... you really are a fan girl aren't you? I mean I don't want to share, but yeah, wow. Yeah. I'm sure Mathew would want a piece of you."



Evelyn blinked in disbelief before slowing closing the bedroom door to try and not make a sound or at least less sound than the music that was blaring in the house. "Has Aaron been playing me all along? He has been acting like he hates this when he..." She motioned to the door despite talking to herself. Still trying to come to grips with the fact she just saw the tail end of her younger brother sucking off a college baseball player and asking to do it to another. "I guess Erin got one over on me after all. I really do have a little sister and she is a bit of a slut." With that Eve made her way back down the stairs, feeling like she needed a drink. She was happy to one extent that Erin was getting what they wanted, both in benign who they wanted to be and getting what she wanted... Eve was no one to cockblock. Another part of her was impressed with how she had been tricked. She had been tricked into turning Aaron into Erin a sexy little treat.

## **The End**

### **Epilog**

Putting one foot in front of the other Aaron walked away from the group of people from his fathers works, the stiletto boots causing him little trouble as he maneuvered his way through the office. Taking refuge in the first place he could, Aaron stepped into the doorway of the book keepers office. Tonight he was playing the part of the good daughter, while his older sister was off doing whatever with her boyfriend Mathew. He supposed he would rather be here in the sexy Christmas outfit than being with Cody, but having Eve here in a green dress to match his own red would have made him feel like he was standing out less.

The outfit his step mother had picked out for tonight to be in the spirit of things was a red dress that stopped mid thigh with a hood. It had white fur along the hem of the skirt, the cuff of the sleeves and the hood and worst of all showed off his growing cleavage. It had been paired with a thick black leather belt and matching stiletto boots that Dalila had used a little creativity to buy some of the fake fur to make the footwear look like it was made for the outfit. The feminized teen took in a deep breath, letting it out slowly through his crimson lips. The world wasn't fair, his sister didn't let him out of anything. She didn't threaten him anymore, but started to pretend like he wanted this all along and how he had tricked her. It had been infuriating, but it wasn't like he could just tell his old man the truth, that would cause so many more problems.

Over the last two months Aaron had been pulled out of public school and enrolled in a private one where he was enrolled as Erin Bright. Living a life as a girl was the hardest thing he had ever done. Waking up in the morning to get ready, putting on makeup and seeing someone in the mirror that wasn't him. While people said his name didn't change he could feel the difference and when a teacher called him Miss Bright it felt like he cut and couldn't help but flinch or at least he had at first. His life was not his own, he was trapped and he thought he was actually feeling what it was like to be trans. The person he saw in the mirror was a girl, the way he was treated was as a girl, but he knew that wasn't who he was.

Near the end off November, living as Erin for about a month, he had finally built up the courage

to really speak with his dad, but as he spoke his teenage will faltered. One of the things that had changed since that day his pops found him wearing a bra and heels had been how the older man treated him. Instead of being rejected as a freak his dad had accepted him, saying that no matter what he wore... she wore as he put it, that he would be loved. His dad hugged him more, made a stronger effort for them to spend time together. They went to baseball games, visited his mother's grave and just talked. Talked in a way that he had never been engaged before, being asked about how he felt about things. Aaron didn't want to walk around in heels and dresses, but he had also never felt so close to his dad in his life. The rage that consumed him had died down, to the point he had started to actually enjoy the one on one time he got with his step mother.

For each thing Aaron hated he could pick out something good. He didn't want Cody to kiss him and wasn't a big fan of the taste of cum, but seeing the desire in the older boy's eyes. A desire for him, when he couldn't even get a girl to look at him twice was electric. The complete bliss that he saw on Cody's face when the college boy's member was in his mouth felt empowering. His mind told him it was wrong and disgusting, but there was something about being the one to make someone else so happy that made his feelings muddled. Aaron didn't want to look like a girl, but enjoyed feeling sexy and all of it was incredibly confusing. He knew he was a boy, he was Aaron, but being Erin was growing on him and brought more than a little confusion. Come the new year he was going to start seeing a therapist on the regular and hoped they could help decipher all the tangled mess in his head and heart. It should have been easy to tell his dad that he didn't want to be a girl and for the life of him he couldn't figure out how the day turned into them going out, going karting, getting a pint of ice cream and going home to watch a movie with the family.

"Hey Erin, there you are." Gerald said, after finding his teen daughter hanging out in a doorway with mistletoe over her head. His son could have been brash, down right abrasive at times, but was shy as anything around girls. It made sense considering what he knew now, but seeing her standing under the mistletoe, waiting for the right boy that she probably had her eye on, made him smile. "I wanted to introduce you to my boss, I know you spent a lot of your savings recently and worked out a deal for you to pick up a part time job here in the office. You would have to spend some more time around your old man, but the pay is decent. What do you say?"

Erin's red lipstick covered lips quirked up into a smile. "I think I would like that."

