

STOP!

Teasing Your Sister



**Bobby wouldn't stop
tormenting his sister.
His mother decided he
needed therapy.
Hormone Therapy.**

Prologue



Bobby ran up the hill, his long, smooth legs flashing in the sun, his ponytail bouncing. The leaves had turned, all reds and yellows, and the crisp smell of distant smoke lingered in the air. With each stride, his breasts bounced, even compressed as they were, fitted snugly into his Jenni Sports bra. He used to cover up with a baggy sweatshirt when he ran outside, but now he ran now in just a bra, no longer embarrassed by the swell of his cleavage, or his tiny little arms. He'd been so ashamed when he'd first popped his little puppies, but with the help of his mom

and sister he'd come to accept his feminine shape and the fact that he would have to live as a girl.

He giggled as he hopped over a small tree that had fallen across the cross-country trail. It wasn't like he really had a choice. No one would ever believe that he, with his hourglass figure and pretty face, was a boy. He could barely believe it. He glanced back. No one was behind him. As usual, he would finish dead last, but he didn't care. It was cute, and he was super pretty, and being sporty was really not something a girl like him cared so much about.

"Come on, Bethany!" His sister, Charlie called back. He wasn't allowed to run alone anymore—his mother said he was too vulnerable now. He couldn't keep up with Charlie, though. She had to run slower than she liked so he could keep up. She really was the best sister a girl could ask for, he thought, glad that she was big and strong and could keep any pesky boys away.

Part One

Erin had just sat down with her evening glass of wine when she heard the scream. "Stop it!" She closed her eyes and massaged her temples as the sound of thudding footsteps came racing toward her. "Mom!" Her daughter, Charlene, shouted as she stormed into the room. "Bobby snapped my bra strap again."

Bobby came strutting into the room right behind his kid sister, an arrogant grin on his face. "You're such a baby!" He said, lunging for her bra strap, meaning to give it another snap. Charlene flinched as she jumped back.

"Bobby, so help me..." Erin said. "I've told you a thousand times."

"Sorry Mom," Bobby said, voice dripping with sarcasm. He plopped down on the couch, jumped back up and swaggered off. "Gonna shoot some hoops."

Bobby sat down next to her mother, eyes watery. "He just won't leave me alone!" She said. It was true. Ever since Erin had hit puberty, Bobby had teased her mercilessly, and it was taking a toll. The once bright, smiley girl had become sullen, depressed. In that sense, Bobby was just

like his father and Erin's ex, as he'd been a relentlessly toxic man who worked tirelessly to beat Erin down and sap her of her self-esteem. He even looked like his father, and as much as it seemed wrong, Erin had come to hate her own son.

Charlene nuzzled against Erin, who put her arm around her daughter and kissed her on the head. "I'm going to take care of this," she said. "I promise."

Part Two

"It sounds to me like Bobby needs to walk a mile in Charlene's shoes," Dr. Webster, Erin's therapist said. "I think we should turn him into a girl."

Erin chuckled. "Like that's even possible."

"I can absolutely deliver that experience for him," Dr. Webster said. "We can give him his own breasts, make him skinny, curvy, assure his voice never changes. It's very possible."

"Is that— right?" Erin said.

"Is making both your children happier, better adjusted people, right? Is having a happy family, right?"

"Um, I suppose so."

"Then let's get started."

Part Three



Bobby grimaced as he jogged down the street, putting a hand gingerly to his chest, which had started aching recently, and now, as he ran, he almost felt like he could feel it— jiggle? When he finished his lap around the block, he ran back into the garage, lay back on the bench. Feeling the cold, steel gnarl in his hands, he lifted and groaned, arms shaking as he struggled to press the same amount of weight he'd been lifting with ease just a few weeks before. The bar came

down to his chest, bouncing against the soft flesh, and then he pushed it up, planting his feet firmly on the floor, arching his back. “Unnnnhh!” The bar was only halfway back up, and he was straining with all his might, starting to feel afraid he couldn’t get it back up, when Charlene stepped into view above him.

“You need some help with that?” She asked, smirking.

“Yeah,” Bobby gasped. “Yeah.”

“What’s the magic word?” Charlene said.

“Just get this off me!” Bobby hissed between clenched teeth, his knuckles white.

Charlene hooked her hands under the bar and helped Bobby get it back on the rack. Gasping, panting, Bobby remained on his back, his chest heaving. Charlene smiled as her eyes played across Bobby’s heaving chest. “What?” He finally said, feeling self-conscious.

“Nothing,” Charlene said, giggling as she skipped from the garage, singing, “Tiny tits and a tight ass, that’s the way I pay him back...”

Bobby shook his head. One of her dumb punk songs, he figured. And yet, he put a hand gingerly to his soft, aching chest. Could she know something about what was happening? Nah. Not his dumb sister.

Back in his room, Bobby stripped off his shirt and stared at himself in the mirror. His chest looked puffy, rounded and soft. It almost did remind him of the way a girl’s chest looked when she was first getting her breasts.

Charlene’s song came back to him. “Tiny tits and a tight ass...”

Turning to the side, he frowned. Did his ass look bigger? Rounder?

Nah. Again, he laughed it off. "I just need to do more pushups," he thought, feeling annoyed and ashamed. He'd worked hard to build up bigger arms, a hard, manly chest, and it sucked that he'd gotten complacent, eaten too much junk, he supposed. He'd straighten that out. "Don't want to end up with bitch tits," he mumbled.



Part Four

Charlene cut into her thick, juicy steak, the outside charred, the inside pink and bloody. Lifting it to her lips, she chewed and nodded, casting an amused look at her brother, who sat sipping on

what he thought was a protein smoothie. He wore a baggy flannel shirt buttoned up to the neck, but had rolled up his sleeves, revealing his skinny little forearms.

Charlene was pretty sure she could kick his ass. "I heard tryouts for the boys' basketball team are tomorrow," Charlene said. "Are you trying out this year?"

"No," Bobby said absently. "I don't really like basketball anymore."

Erin and her daughter shared a smile. They knew that the drugs they'd been giving him, in addition to giving him the hormonal profile of a pubescent girl, had stunted his growth. While the other boys his age were all having growth spurts, he'd been stuck at 5' 4" and would be for the rest of his life. They'd also sapped him of his appetite, reversed his muscle growth and left him too small and weak to compete with boys. It was humiliating for him to even play pickup games now as guys he used to dominate easily blocked his shots, pushed him around the court and even knocked him down on his increasingly plump rear. Once respected as one of the best athletes among the boys at his school, his nickname was now "Small Fry."

After dinner, Bobby went up to his room, unbuttoned his flannel shirt and slipped it off to reveal round, little shoulders and firm little breasts that strained against his tank top. He sighed and went to the mirror, turning to look at himself. Looking at the perky cones poking out the front of his shirt, he couldn't deny it anymore. He had tits. And, what's more, his body had changed, his hips spreading and widening, his waist getting slender. It seemed like what little he did eat went right to his chest and his butt. He had a figure like a girl now.

What to do? Go to the school nurse? She was hot as hell. He couldn't admit to her he had breasts. No. He had to keep this a secret. Going to his bed, he lifted the mattress and pulled out his favorite porno mag, opening to the centerfold and letting his eyes roam up and down the body of the blonde goddess. What if I end up looking like that?" Bobby thought, imagining a pair of bouncy D cups swaying on his chest. He shook his head in horror at the thought.

School was more and more hell for him. Guys and girls were all getting taller, and he had to weave and scurry down the hall, feeling like a child or a shrimp skittering among all these swaggering giants. A lot of the other boy's voices were changing, getting deeper, but his had

stayed the same squeaky voice as always. Some mean girls started picking on him, and some of the guys did, too, adding “Squeaky” to “Small Fry” as his nicknames.

Meanwhile, as he slunk along the edges, trying not to get knocked over by all the big people, he watched his stupid sister, Charlene, getting taller than him. She was going out for basketball now, and he couldn't wait to see her fail.

Part Five

“Congrats to my basketball star!” Erin said as she raised a toast of apple juice. Charlene took a bow. “I only made varsity on my first try,” she said. “No biggie.”

Bobby seethed, his arms crossed over his chest.

“Congratulate your sister,” Erin said.

“What for?” Bobby said. “It's only the **girl's** team.” In what had become an unconscious gesture, he hooked his hair behind his ear. He'd needed a haircut for the longest time, but his mom kept putting it off and it now came down to his chin line.

“Oh,” Charlene said, amused to see her brother pouting. “Hey. I have an idea. Why don't you go out for cheerleading? Then, you can cheer at all my games.”

“As if.”

“You'd look so cute in a skirt, though.”

The comment hit hard. Bobby knew how much he looked like a girl now, though he thought it was still his secret. “You're a jerk,” he said, getting up and stomping from the kitchen. As soon as he got to his room, he burst into tears and threw himself onto his bed.

Later, Bobby found Charlene in the garage lifting weights. She'd been working out since she'd gotten into athletics, which pissed Bobby off even more because this was his space. He snuck

up behind his annoying sister, grabbed the bra strap of her sports bra and snapped. "You little shit," Charlene said, furious but happy at the same time.



"Get over... ahhhh!" Charlene grabbed Bobby, took a firm hold of his wrist and twisted his arm behind his back, forcing him to double over. Then, she reached around with her other hand and grabbed one of his tits, squeezing.

“What the hell?” She said, pretending to be surprised. She pushed Bobby against the wall.

“Take your shirt off.”

“No,” Bobby said, terrified his sister would learn his secret, bolting toward the door only to have Charlene grab him by the shoulders. She struggled, but she was too strong. It came as a shock to him to realize that his sister was so much bigger and stronger than him now. Then, Charlene grabbed the front of his flannel shirt and tore it open.

“Tits?” Charlene said. ‘You have tits!’

“No,” Bobby said, though he knew he did and denying it made no sense as looking down he saw his firm little puppies tenting out his t-shirt. “I just need to do more pushups.”

“Um, no. Those are boobies. We need to tell mom.”

“Please, no,” Bobby said as Charlene pushed him back into the house and marched him down the hall. “I’ll do anything. Don’t tell her.”

Charlene didn’t listen, but shoved Bobby into the living room. Mom acted surprised as she looked Bobby up and down. “Bobby, sweetie,” she said. “You look like a girl.”

Bobby couldn’t help it anymore. Drowning in shame and estrogen, he started to cry.

Part Six

“Why is this happening to me?” Bobby asked as he lay on the couch in his therapist’s office. Then came the waterworks. He cried all the time anymore. Dr. Webster handed him a tissue, and he dabbed at his tears.

“You are suffering from a rare condition called Sister Envy,” Dr. Webster said.

He sat up, brushing his bangs back and hooking his hair behind his ear. “What?”



“The reason you once teased your sister so mercilessly is because you were secretly jealous of her. You wanted to experience what she was going through— getting your breasts, your first bra. You want to experience life as a girl.”

“That’s totally not true,” Bobby said, gesturing down at the swelling under his t-shirt. “I hate these things.”

“Of course, many young girls have a love-hate relationship with their blossoming bodies. However, there is one way for you to one day return to your life as a boy.”

Bobby brightened. “There is? Cool. What do I need to do?”

“Obviously, you must live as a girl for a time and have the experience you crave. Fortunately, it is summer so you can keep it a secret from your friends if you like.”

“I won’t live as a girl.”

“You must.”

Tears, arguments, shouts and hugs, but then, one a day, Bobby put on his first bra, then a pair of Charlene’s jeans and one of her t-shirts. It was necessary, he’d been told, for him to wear his sister’s clothes in order to overcome his sister envy. The bra lifted his breasts up higher on his chest, and it had padded cups that made them seem bigger. It felt so odd to have them jutting out, leading the way as he walked down the stairs, swiveling from side to side and, of course, because he was a boy, his whole face burned scarlet as he found himself presenting his breasts to the world, a skirt swishing around his legs. He still hadn’t had a haircut, and his hair now came down to his shoulders. He’d started using his sister’s shampoo and conditioner, and his hair now had a healthy shine and so much bounce girls were jealous.

Erin and Charlene, at the bottom of the stairs, applauded as Bobby descended, taking in not just his blossoming breasts, but his narrow waist, round hips, all of which were emphasized by the cut of his girl’s clothes. “You’re so brave!” Erin shouted.

“Come over here and give me a hug,” Charlene demanded, pulling Bobby in, feeling his soft chest press into her own. She brushed the bangs from his forehead. “I always wanted a sister!” She said.

Bobby forced a smile. Sister. He was her sister.



“How does your bra fit?” Charlene asked, finding the stiff ridges of the strap along his back with her fingers.

“Pretty good, I guess since...” SNAP! “Ow!” Bobby said, trying to twist away from his sister, but she held him firmly in her grip. “Don’t!”

“Just playing around, sis,” Charlene said, enjoying the look of feminine outrage in her brother’s eyes. “You know, the same as you used to do.”

“Haha,” Bobby said.

“Come on, you two,” Erin said. “Dinner time!”

While Charlene, who had a voracious appetite these days playing and training for two sports, dug into her steak, Bobby nibbled at his salad. “You eat like a little bird,” Erin said. “So dainty.”

Bobby smiled and shrugged his little shoulders.

Part Seven

“Stop!” Bobby squealed, his back stinging from where Charlie had popped his bra strap. “Jerk!”

“Oh, lighten up, sis” Charlie said. “Let’s get started. Give me 20 goblet squats, then 20 split squats, then 20 jump squats.”

“Okay,” Bobby picked up his little white kettle bell and plastered a big, vacant smile on his face. Charlie and her mom had been training him to be bright and smiley all the time. Bobby started his goblet squats, his now golden blonde ponytail bouncing. He wore a pink tank top, and his bra straps were visible against his slender little shoulders. Charlie sat on the bench and started doing curls. She’d started designing Bobby’s workouts, and he was now only allowed to do things that would further develop his curves while leaving his arms tiny little pipestems. It was working, too, as his leggings showed off a bouncy booty and lithe legs most of the girls could only dream of. Meanwhile, he’d developed tone little arms and pretty round shoulders.

His breasts had continued to blossom, now up to a C cup, and even doing squats Charlie was amused to see the way her brother’s impressive bust bounced when he moved. When he was done with his first round of squats, Bobby got on the treadmill and ran, his puppies bouncing even more impressively, his ponytail swishing from side to side. He wasn’t allowed to run outside alone anymore, as his mom explained it wasn’t safe for him now that he looked like “an Only Fans model.”

He hated being compared to hot girls, but he couldn't deny the truth. He was that hot now. He could probably make soooo much money posing on Only Fans. "I drive guys crazy without even



trying," he thought with a sigh, tossing his long blonde hair.

Part Eight

Guys. Guys eyes. Bobby felt them roaming all over his soft, bouncy body. It didn't help that he was wearing a low-cut blouse and a pushup bra, plus a pair of Daisy Dukes and heels. He really couldn't even blame the guys as he walked along, his wide hips swaying, his chest jutting out what felt like a mile in front of him. He had the body of a woman, a perfect 10, with curves to spare, and as much as he hated being mentally undressed by all these guys— even creepy dads were giving him the once over- he got it. How could they not stare?

Charlie had made him go to the mall with her. It was his first time out in public. A couple of girls from the basketball team spotted Charlie and came over. Bobby's heart started racing, he blushed beneath his makeup, terrified they would recognize him. They first high-fived Charlie, and all three of them moved with confident, masculine strides and gestures. They were dressed in baggy shirts and baggy shorts, gym shoes. He'd known all these girls for years, and one in particular, Melanie, he'd thought was really cute. They were all taller than him now, with athletic builds, and it made him feel flowery and feminine to be standing there perched on his wedge sandals, the soft swell of his cleavage rising prettily from the plunging neckline of his lacy blouse. Charlie had talked him into further "hiding" his "male" identity by using bronzer, putting on some light makeup and even brown contact lenses. Plus, he'd spent hours watching videos and learning how to sculpt his browns. The end result was a soft, bright, feminine face.

"Yo," Melanie, who now stood a foot taller than him said, raising her chin toward Bobby. "Who's the Bambi Doll?"

"That's my cousin, Beth," Charlie said. "Bethany, these are my teammates, Mel and Pat."

"Hi!" Bobby giggled with a little knee bend and a small, feminine wave. She was so tall and had thick, strong arms. It confused him and made him feel all bubbly, wondering what it would be like for her to hold him with those strong arms, his head resting on her chest.

Mel gave him a once over. "You're fine as hell," she said.

Bobby giggled and tossed his hair, blushing. An unexpected thought crossed his mind: I'm



prettier than any of them.

Part Nine

Bobby sat at his makeup table in his bra and panties. He gathered his long blonde hair and tied it up on top of his head in a messy bun. He'd gotten really good managing his hair.



He took a wipe and started to clean off his makeup. As he did, the crescents of his breasts pressed together. He adjusted his bra straps and, as he wiped his face clean, he marveled at how pretty he was, now with a pert little nose and lips that had gotten more plump and dewy

ever since his accident. He'd been playing basketball with Charlie, and she'd been destroying him as usual. His was no athlete these days, having never gotten used to the way his body moved now with his big booty, wide hips and, of course, the ever-present weight of his D Cups. Anyhow, the ball had hit him in the face, and when they'd taken the bandages off, he'd had a cute little nose, just like a Bambi Doll. The doctor had explained that his lips had swollen as a result of... oh, something complicated he couldn't even understand. He was such an airhead. Bottom line, he had the body of a supermodel and the pretty face to match, which combination, he'd learned, drove men crazy. "Oh!" He rolled his eyes as he wiped his lips clean. Boys were so annoying, and when old guys checked him out or hit on him it was just so disgusting. Thank God for Dr. Webster. She'd helped him understand that was just the way guys were, and they couldn't even help themselves with a girl as pretty as him.

He tilted his head, practiced different smiles. He had so many and they were all pretty, but they conveyed different things from "Tell me I'm pretty" to "I'm so helpless." His Mom had taught him how to suck in his cheeks when he smiled in order to emphasize his dimples, and he practiced it now. He had flirty smiles that he'd found could get boys to do almost anything for him. It was so funny how easy it was for him to manipulate boys now. Even without makeup, he was stunning, not that he went out "fresh faced" often. He looked even better with makeup and, besides, putting on his face was fun.

Part Ten

"Good morning, Beth," Erin called out as Bobby came into the kitchen wearing a plaid, pleated skirt, knee socks and patent leather Mary Janes. "You ready for your first day at your new school?"

"I'm so ready," Bobby said, doing a little twirl, his skirt flipping up.

"You look so cute, sis," Charlie said, loving the sight of her formerly obnoxious little brother in his schoolgirl uniform.

"Thanks," Bobby said, doing a little curtsy and smiling his biggest, brightest, prettiest smile. He no longer considered it an insult when she called him cute or pretty or a girly girl. Dr. Webster had made him realize he needed to be all those things. Of course, for some reason, it all

seemed somehow wrong to him. Deep down he didn't like wearing girl's clothes, looking like a girl, living as a girl, but Dr. Webster assured him there were what she called "phantom feelings."

"You ready?" Charlie said, grabbing the keys.



"Ready as I'll ever be!" Bobby answered back. He was so perky now that Charlie sometimes kind of hated him for it— until she remembered they'd made him into this giggling, smiling, silly

girl. Still, she couldn't help herself. As they walked toward the car, Charlie grabbed Bobby's bra strap through his blouse, pulled it back and snapped it.

Bobby looked at her and just rolled his eyes, smiling, sucking his cheeks in to emphasize his dimples just as he'd been taught to do. "Are you ever going to get tired of snapping my bra?" He said, giggling as he climbed into the car, smoothing his skirt under him and sitting, knees together, hands in his lap.

"Probably not," Charlie said. "Truth is, I'm jealous of you now. I can't believe my brother has bigger breasts than I do."

"You do *not* want to join Club D," Bobby said, rolling his eyes. "You have no idea what a pain it is to haul around a pair of melons like these. Trust me. The backaches alone!"

"We could get breast reduction surgery for you," Charlie said as she started the car.

"Nah," Bobby said, biting his plump lower lip. "I mean, they're a pain, but I'm sure the family could use the money for other things besides giving me a boob job."

"I suppose," Charlie said, hiding her amusement, because she knew that after all the conditioning and brainwashing, her stupid brother wanted and needed his D cups to feel complete. "Big tits and a tight ass," she sang in her head. "That's the way I pay him back."

The End