Dani's Little Sister

by andlat

UNFINISHED With Mom picking up overnight shifts, Dani has to step in and babysit her twin brother. Mom tells her not to let him know she's babysitting, but Dani has other plans... Please note that this is an old story, so it's rough and does not have a solid ending. I don't have any plans for where it was supposed to go after this.

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Dani's Little Sister - Chapter 1

"Alright, Danielle." Her mom said, stepping into her daughter's room. "I'm off to work. Are you absolutely sure you can handle him?"

"C'mon, mom." Dani said with a smile. "I'm thirteen years old. I think I can handle my twin brother. All he does is sit there and play video games anyway."

"Alright," she said with a sigh that seemed almost relieved. She did appreciate her daughter's confidence, but a nagging voice in the back of her head reminded her that Darren could be a handful. "If you need anything, anything, you have my number."

"I've babysat tons, mom. You know that."

"Please, please don't let him hear you refer to it as babysitting." She tried, but failed to keep a smile from her face. "I'm only on these overnights this week, but" she paused. "If this does seem to work, maybe I can consider signing up for them more often. They're very good money. Maybe I could even start paying you. As long as Darren doesn't find out."

"He still doesn't even know you got me a cell phone, mom." Dani replied. "Like I said, we'll be fine!"

"Hey, bro. Can I play?" She asked. Darren hardly looked away from the television, shooting all over the place just to

clear one enemy.

"Sure. Can you grab me a drink?" She bit back the urge to remind him to say 'please' and smiled.

"Of course." Dani went to the kitchen, her sweet smile metamorphosing into a devious grin. For the last two weeks, she had been asking Darren to play his favorite video game with her every single day. Every time, she had lost, or so he thought. In secret, she had mastered Soul Contractthrough YouTube playthroughs and just genuine trial and error. Watching her brother, a middling player at best, win day after day had grown maddening for her, but it would all be worth it. Today was the day that she would put the second phase of her plan in motion to seize control of Darren and show her mom just how in charge she could truly be.

She handed the can to Darren and sat down next to him, grabbing the controller he offered her. She feigned trying to figure out the controls, but for the first time, she did not restraint her reflexes and muscle memory as much as she had the last two weeks. She beat Darren, although only by a thin margin.

Darren stared at the television for a moment in disbelief. He looked at her with a mixture of confusion and begrudging respect. She smiled sweetly and watched as his face hardened into an expression of sheer determination.

"Rematch."

"Alrighty." She said cutely. "But, how about we make it

interesting?"

"A bet?"

"Yep. Whoever loses has to" she paused and feigned thinking. "Has to do whatever the other one says for the rest of the night."

"Hmm" Darren said, considering it. He looked at the screen again. Did he dare? Was it just a fluke? She had lost every single game they had played for the last two weeks. How did she get so good? His teenage boy mind could not even comprehend the idea that she would pretend to be bad for that long, just for one night's fun. Yes, he would certainly win. It was just a fluke, that was all. Dani allowed her devious grin to emerge fully as her brother extended his hand. They shook and the deal was made.

A bit annoyed by Darren's insistence on a rematch, even though she had anticipated it, Dani did not hold back in the slightest. By the end of the mercilessly short game, her score was nearly double his. She looked over at his crestfallen face.

"Sorry, bro. Guess I got lucky again." He knew that that was not the case. His sister, somehow, was better than him, and significantly, unarguably so. As he sat there numbly, Dani turned the game system off and smiled. "Alright, so" she paused, doing everything in her power to keep her voice level and casual. "I guess that means you're going to do everything I say for the night, hmm?" He simply grunted in response. "Let's start with a bath."

Chapter 2

Dani's Little Sister - Chapter 2

Danielle delighted in flopping down on the couch to play video games while hearing the clink of dishes in the kitchen. There had been countless occasions where she had done the lion's share of the chores while Darren played video games and it felt just for the tables to be turned like this.

When Darren came back into the living room, she looked at him at once, smiling. Darren, however, looked downright miserable, tugging even now at the skirt of his dress in a vain attempt to hide his frilly panties.

"Something wrong?" She asked cheekily. He did not answer. "Don't you feel pretty in your new dress?" Unsure of how to respond, he simply muttered something under his breath. "Maybe you'd like me to do your hair?" Darren squirmed a bit. The terms of the bet were that he only had to do what she said. There was nothing about inviting more torment.

"No" he whispered before clearing his throat. "No thanks." Danielle reveled in his abrupt meekness. Darren might never learn it, but Danielle had been inspired to put him in a dress by April Kent, the older sister of one of Darren's friends, Max. As April had delighted in telling Danielle, Max had spent the last four Friday evenings following along with a series of DVDs aimed at teaching young girls ballet. Even in a pink leotard, tights, and a tutu, Max had been defiant from what April had told her, so Danielle was a bit taken aback by

how dramatic of a transformation Darren had gone through in the last hour.

"Is the kitchen all set?" She asked. Darren nodded. "You know, Darren, just because you're in a dress doesn't mean your voice doesn't work." She snapped her fingers. "Since you've got to do whatever I say, for the rest of the night, you need to answer all of my questions with complete sentences. Understand?"

"Yes, uh, Dani." Darren said. She smiled and nodded approvingly.

"Is the kitchen all set?"

"Yes, Dani."

"Let's go check, just to be sure." She said. She figured that, unless it was ridiculously subpar, she had too many chores for him to do to have him spend all evening cleaning the kitchen. "Oh, but real quick." She turned him around so that his back was to her and she zipped the dress up. She could not help but giggle as he gasped, the bodice of the dress tightening around him. "Can't believe you went that long unzipped, Darren!" She exclaimed. "Now you're really sealed in." She smiled as Darren reached behind him, only able to brush the zipper with the tips of his fingers. He realized that he would be stuck in the dress until Dani released him.

Darren yelped as Dani seized an opportunity and yanked his skirt up, exposing his panties fully.

"I see Darren's panties!" She teased in sing-song, smirking as

he fussily pushed his skirt back down. "Sorry, it's one of those things boys always do to girls, so I figured I'd return the favor."

"I never did that."

"Well, I so rarely wore dresses." Dani replied matter-of-factly. "Let's go inspect your handiwork in the kitchen, hmm?"

Perhaps inspired by fear of being forced into something even worse, Darren had done an actually decent job in the kitchen and Dani allowed him to see how impressed she was. "Not bad, little" she paused. "Little sister doesn't sound right. You're not a girl, are you?"

"No" He said, his relief apparent on his face.

"But you're dressed like a six year old girl, so you can't really be my twin brother." She thought out loud. "Ah ha! I think we'll go with my little princess. How's that sound?"

"Um... isn't there something else we could go with?"

"I think princess works." Dani replied with a smirk. "Now, enough dilly-dallying. You've got laundry to do."

Chapter 3

Dani's Little Sister - Chapter 3

Darren peeked out of his sister's room. He was fairly certain he had heard her go downstairs, but what if it was just a trick? He tiptoed back toward his bedroom, but thought better of it. When Danielle inevitably came back upstairs, it seemed obvious that she would check his room first. Where could he hide? Her room seemed obvious. With Danielle downstairs, he was stuck on just this floor. He looked around, trying to ignore his growing anxiety. He was trapped.

Darren went into his room and locked the door before immediately yanking the nightgown over his head, quickly followed by the panties. He hurried over to his dresser, but then he heard the sound of the lock turning. He yelped and tried to hurry, but the sudden reminder that Danielle had replaced his underwear with white briefs made him pause just enough for him to still be standing there when she successfully got in.

"Don't even think about it." She was all business, not even blinking at her brother's nudity. She marched right over to him and, grabbing his wrist, yanked him over to the bed. Darren could not help but marvel at her strength as she yanked him over her lap and immediately began to spank him. "You do not do that!" She said, punctuating it with spanks.

"Stop!" He yelled, tears already falling down his cheeks.

Neither of them had been spanked in years and it was the combination of the pain and the embarrassment of his sister spanking him that caused Darren to break down so quickly.

"Promise to be good." Danielle said, pausing to allow him to speak.

"I promise. Ow!" She had smacked his bottom again, just to drive home his obedience.

"Promise to be a good little boy."

"I promise!" He yelped as she struck his bottom again.

"Say the full promise."

"I promise to be a good little boy." Darren wailed, tears practically pouring down his cheeks.

"And what do good little boys do?" She asked softly. Darren had to stop crying just to hear her.

"Um... wear" he sniffled. "Wear that stuff?"

"Here's what you're going to do, Darren." She said. "Stand up and face me." He quickly complied, his hands cupped over his privates. "You are going to put on your panties and your nightgown. Repeat."

"I'm gonna put on my panties and nightgown." The boy mumbled.

"Then you're going to get into bed and kiss your dolly Emily good night. Repeat."

"Then I'm going to get into bed and kiss Emily good night." He sniffled again. She could tell he was on the verge of tears.

"Go on and do it." She said gently. She sat there on his bed, watching as he complied completely with her instructions. She knew that he had probably not brushed his teeth, so she stopped him as he went toward the bed. Handing him Emily, she smiled as he kissed the doll's forehead. "Let's go brush your teeth first. Bring Emily so she can be sure you did it."

She made sure he hugged Emily to his chest with one arm before taking her brother by his free hand and leading him to the bathroom. She smiled as she saw him look at his reflection in horror.

"You're right. You're missing something." She pulled open a drawer and pulled out two hair ties. "Hold still." With a practiced hand, she styled his hair into two pigtails, each held in place by a hair tie. Darren stared at this reflection wide-eyed. "Not done yet." She said. The pigtails were hilariously short, but she had just the idea to dress them up a bit. Taking two lengths of pink ribbon, she tied a bow over each of the hair ties. Darren looked away from his reflection, too embarrassed to even meet his own gaze.

Danielle stood there, enjoying her brother's abject submission as he brushed his teeth with the doll still against his chest. Satisfied, she took his hand and led him back to his bedroom. Docile as a lamb, he got into bed and she pulled the covers over him, tucking him in snugly.

"I expect to come in here in the morning to find you still in

your nightie and panties with Emily in your arms." She said, looking down at her brother.

"But" Danielle continued as if he had not interrupted.

"If you don't, every single picture I snuck of you playing with Emily in your pretty dress will become public."

"What pictures?"

"Trust me," she said with a grin. "There are a lot of them." She reveled in his shock for a moment. "Don't worry. I don't think I got any of you in your nightie. A boy's nightie should be kept private, don't you think?" Darren's expression was impossible to read, but she thought she saw the faintest glimmer of gratitude or relief. She smiled and left him to his bed. "If you're a naughty little boy and try to get out of bed, I'll have to use the baby monitor." She cautioned. "And, of course, your friends will know all about how you spent the evening." She turned off the light. "Nighty night, little brother."

As Nicole got home, she stifled a yawn. The house seemed quiet, but that was on account of it being five-thirty AM. Danielle was an early riser, but not this early. She breathed a sigh of tired relief as she stepped out of her shoes and walked up the stairs in her stocking feet. She knew her kids were thirteen, but she still felt a maternal urge to peek in on them. Coming to Danielle's door, she gently eased it open and poked her head in. There was Danielle, sleeping peacefully. In the twilight of the room, it almost looked like she was wearing one of Darren's basketball jerseys and shorts.

Dismissing it as a trick of her overtired mind, Nicole closed the door and softly tiptoed down the hall to Darren's room.

She reached out for the knob, but stopped herself. Danielle and Darren were too old for her to be peeking in on them while they were sleeping. She needed to give them their independence. If something had gone wrong, she would get the full report from Danielle. She had not gotten a single frantic call or even a text, so surely the evening went off without a hitch? Then again, no news might not be good news in this case.

She placed her ear to the closed door and heard the deep, even breaths of her sleeping son. Good. He was in there, at least. Placated, she walked to her own room, none the wiser that, in his sleep, Darren had kicked off the blankets and was lying there, fully exposed in a little girl's nightgown. He still hugged Emily to his chest and his hair remained in ribbon-bound pigtails. All of that would remain a secret from Nicole, at least for now.

Chapter 4

Dani's Little Sister - Chapter 4

Darren fumed as he sat on the couch, the memories of last night and that very morning still fresh in his mind. As if it had not been enough for Dani to send him to the bathroom still in the sissy outfit and pigtails, he came back to find that she had laid out clothes for him.

"I'm not wearing those." He assumed the briefs were under the shirt, grateful that Dani had at least not put them out on display.

"Well," Dani said, accurately sensing he was still upset about his change in underwear. "I'll let you choose. You can stay in your panties and wear a dress or you can be a boy for the day." She left unsaid that he would be back in a dress the moment mom left for work that afternoon. Dani knew she could not turn him into a little girl in just a week, but she was bound and determined to see how close she could get. If Max Kent could become his sister's pretty ballerina, Darren would be her little princess. She knew it.

"Dani!"

"Shh, mom's sleeping, remember?"

"Well, she should know what you're doing."

"What am I doing?" Dani asked. "All I see is you wearing my old nightie."

"But" he sputtered, but he knew she was right. He was so indignant and flustered that he did not even notice that she had hanged the dress from last night in his closet until later that morning. Even then, he left it, knowing that Dani would just make him put it back. Did she really have photos like she had said? How had she taken them? For a moment, he imagined a bunch of hidden cameras around the house, like in one of his comic books. He scoffed. A thirteen year old girl did not have the money for those. She was probably lying about photos. He would find out somehow.

Dani sat on her bed while her brother fumed downstairs, thoroughly pleased with herself. She still had not decided on a name for her little princess project, but she knew it would come. There was something so fun about calling him her little princess.

"Which dress should my little princess wear tonight?" Once he accepted that he was a princess now and would never be a boy again, she would switch to simply calling him her little sister. After all, what else would you call a child who went to bed nice and early dressed in a nightie and hugging a doll? She nearly fell into a fit of giggles as she excitedly looked forward to the day when that became Darren's normal.

For the next couple days, Dani and Darren fell into a routine of sorts. Once their mom left, Dani ran a bath for Darren and then laid out an outfit for the boy to wear. He could not believe that she always seemed to find a different dress for him to wear, but the threat of all his friends learning about the growing store of photos kept him from resisting too

much. During the day, Darren tried to get a moment to tell his mom about what Dani did to him each and every night, but Dani always seemed to be there. He attempted to at least drop hints, but his mom just smiled and complimented them on finally being mature enough to get along without a babysitter. Dani knew the truth though.

As tempted as Dani was to push Darren further, she forced herself to hold back. Sure, she sometimes worried that they might plateau, but it was not like things were getting all that stagnant. Darren blushed and sighed when she presented him with his outfit for the evening, but she had noticed that he was less resistant to playing with his doll Emily, the only activity other than chores she allowed him to do, for now. Still, she felt a desire to push him, but knew it would come with time. As she watched clips of Max doing ballet, she had to remind herself that he had started weeks before Darren had. Patience. That was the key.

Besides, she had had a lot of success in a very short period of time. Darren wore dresses, panties, and nighties. His boxers were gone. The baths that had replaced showers for him were an area rife with potential for making him into the little princess she so desperately wanted. She just needed an excuse to take over his baths and then he would realize that dresses were nothing compared to a proper little princess bath. Still, that could wait. For now.