Modelling for His Sisters

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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“What? No way!” Cameron exclaimed. “Not even if you weren't taking pictures!”

“Please, Cam?” Jamie asked, looking at him with a pleading look.

“It's just a couple photos.” Judy said as she watched her younger sister try the puppy dog eyes. Having two sisters usually was not too bad for the boy, but when they joined forces, he wished more than anything he had a brother to take his side.

“I said no.” He felt like he had put the same note of finality in his voice that his dad always used when he would not tolerate any talking back, but the girls did not seem to notice..

“Alright, we didn't want to have to do this.” Judy said, taking charge. “I'll hold him down, Jamie and you go through with the plan.”

“Plan?" Cameron found out a second later what the plan was. His older sister held him down, like she said, while his younger sister tickled him mercilessly! “Stop! Stop it!” He yelled between onslaughts, his voice going even higher than Jamie's in his attempts.He squealed, girlish giggles escaping his lips as he was powerless to stop their combined efforts. “Stop!” He said, tears flowing down his face as he laughed uncontrollably. Why was he so ticklish?

“Alright, he's had enough.” Judy said, but she kept holding him down on the carpeted floor of the living room. “Are you going to do it?”

“No!”

“Cam, be reasonable. You can either agree to do this one tiny favor for Jamie or” she paused and grinned wickedly. “We keep this up until you wet yourself, then ambush you after your shower and dress you up anyway.” Cam glared up at her, but he knew he had no choice.

“Alright, fine.”

“Fine what?” Jamie asked, getting close to his bare feet to start tickling him again.

“I'll model that stupid dress you got.” The girls both grinned and Cameron immediately wondered what he had gotten himself into.

“Was that so bad?” Judy asked as Cameron sat in front of the mirror, dolled up to the nines. The girls had refused to take any shortcuts, so he had had to put on the frilly, lacey pink panties that matched the frilly, lacey pink dress they had put him in. His clothes felt a world away even though they were actually across the hall in his room. The dress itself looked terribly girly to his eyes and it did not help that his sisters had explained it was girly to their eyes, like the sort of thing a five year old girl would wear to her birthday party. He had asked why Great Aunt Evelyn had sent it to his ten year old sister and the girls had sighed.

“Because she thinks I'm a baby.” Jamie said. “That's why it's so much better to have you wear it.” Evelyn insisted on photos, so that was how Cam ended up sitting in front of the vanity in Judy's room, getting transformed into a passable Jamie through the power of make-up and a wig. He had no idea why they both felt it was better for a thirteen year old boy to be wearing the get-up than for a ten year old girl to wear it, but they avoided his questions and reassured him they were nearly done.

“Be glad we didn’t have to shave your legs.” Jamie said with a smirk as they pulled lacey socks over his feet, following closely by some girly dress shoes.

“Y'know, this just might work.” Judy remarked, stepping back to admire her handiwork. “Stand up, Cam and let's take some photos.”

The next thirty minutes were spent putting the boy into several different poses to show off the dress. He was scolded more than once for not standing in a ladylike fashion and flashing his panties. He was convinced that his blushing face was ruining the photos, but they had to be done soon, right?

Cameron stood as still as a statue as the girls looked over the photos they had taken. It terrified him that both of their phones now held photos of him in this sissy outfit. They had to be done now, right? Right?

“These aren’t going to work.” Jamie said sadly. Cameron’s heart leapt. Had they realized he looked too obviously like a boy?

“The lighting in here’s all wrong.” Judy agreed.

“You know where there’s good, natural light?”

“The park down the street?”

“Exactly.”

“What? No way!” Cam protested. The girls looked at him as if they had just realized he was there.

“It’s just a few more photos.”

“I can’t go outside like, like this! I won’t.” Once again, he put that note of finality in his voice, but the girls ignored it. Maybe it only worked when you spoke in the same octave as their dad did? Cameron almost considered lowering his voice, but figured it would sound cartoonish.

“Look, I didn’t want to have to pull this out, but we really need these photos to work.” Judy said. “Either you do this or I tell mom about where you were last Saturday.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Slaughter Camp 5?” His eyes widened.

“What? I didn’t go” he stammered. “I told Jake” he could not even get the words to come out right.

“Look, just do this one itsy-bitsy favor for us. Please?” Jamie once again tried the puppy dog eyes.

“Those don’t work on me.”

“Cam, be reasonable. We’ll just go down to the park, take a

few photos, and you'll come back here. It's just that easy."

"And trust me, no one will recognize you. We're too good at make-up." Jamie said. "If anyone asks, you're our cousin from out of town or something."

"That sounds like a bad sitcom plot." Judy remarked, but shrugged. "If anyone catches you, I'll buy you that video game you've been begging mom and dad for, okay?" Cameron once again felt the pressure of being completely trapped in his situation. What choice did he have?

"I need to go home." Cameron hissed urgently as they walked down the sidewalk, the wind playing with his skirt and flashing his pantied bottom every other second, it seemed. His sisters only giggled.

"Just be more ladylike, Cam." Judy said. "Jamie, show him how to hold his skirt down."

"Not so loud!" Cameron whined. He stamped his foot, which only made his girly shoes click loudly on the pavement. Judy grinned as he blushed..

"So pretty! Sorry, little brother!" She practically yelled the last word, but thankfully, no one was around to hear.

Once they reached the park, the girls immediately began to order Cameron into a variety of poses.
"Alright, go behind this tree and peek out between the two trunks where it turns into a y." Judy instructed. "Bigger smile! Bigger!"

“Wow, he’s actually doing his best to do everything, Judy.” Jamie said in surprise. “He doesn’t even listen to mom and dad like this!”

“He probably wants this to be over.” Judy shrugged.

“Yeah.” Jamie smirked. “I almost feel bad for everything else we have planned for him.” The photoshoot took at least an hour before the girls finally ran out of ideas. They finally got sick of making him curtsey after the sixth or seventh time and put their phones away.

“Let’s go home.” Cameron said, relief written all over his face. The wig itched and the panties had been riding up his butt for at least the last twenty minutes. The girls began to follow him, but then stopped.

“Wait a second.” Jamie said, stopping. Cameron groaned and came to a halt. “Isn’t that café just over there?”

“Oh? I think you’re right, Jamie.” Judy said pensively.

“No way.” Cameron said, staring at them in horror. The girls smirked.

“We’ll go have tea at the café, then we can go to the mall, and then” Judy continued on and on, it seemed, with Jamie suggesting more every time she paused for breath. Cameron stood there, numb as he realized that his sisters had no plans to let him go home any time soon. He never should have let them get him out of the house.