Nighty Nights

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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“I’m the only boy.” Carter interjected. “There are different rules for me.”

“But why?” Allison demanded.

“You’ll understand when you’re older.” Carter smirked.

“You’re only a year older.” Allison growled. “And a few inches shorter.” She added under her breath.

“Both of you, stop.” Mom said. “Now Carter, Allison makes a good point. All of your sisters do.” Carter stared at her. “It doesn’t make sense for you to be sleeping in just your underwear, especially now that you’re growing up. It was fine when you were little, but now” She hoped that she would win Carter over at least a bit by appealing to his desire to be mature.

“What will I wear? I don’t have any pajamas.”

“Britt and I have that covered.” Carter gulped as he saw Allison’s grin. He followed his mom and Allison to his oldest sister Brittany’s room.

“You cannot be serious!” Carter exclaimed, staring down at the nightgowns arranged on Brittany’s bed. “I am not wearing those!”

“Girls” Mom said, eyeing them apprehensively.

“We tried, mom.” Brittany said, the seventeen year old looking at her mother as if they were equals. “None of us

have very many spare pajamas. Ally only has three sets, mine and Tracy's would never fit a boy." She brushed her chest as if it was not apparent.

"I found these in the back of my closet from that contest I won." Allison explained. "I think I only wore one of them once, so they're basically new."

"They're dresses!"

"They're nightgowns, Carter." Mom said. "Now hush. I'm thinking."

"What is there to think about?"

"Carter's right, mom." Allison said. "What is there to think about? There's eleven here. Eight for warmer nights, three for cold nights." She pointed to each. "And a wide variety of colors so he doesn't even have to wear the girliest ones." She grinned wickedly at her brother.

"Mom, you can't really be"

"Carter, hush." Mom said. "Look, I think" she paused. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but I think this will work."

"What?" Carter exclaimed as his sisters exchanged a thrilled look.

"You'll only wear them to bed. The only time anyone will see you in them will be when you go potty in the middle of the night. That means no sneaking in and looking at him, girls."

"Why would we?" Allison said innocently.

"Precisely. We respect each other's privacy in this house."

"But mom!"

"Would it make you feel better if we called them your nightshirts?" Brittany asked, trying to sound mature and diplomatic.

“Not really.”
“Carter, you need to be reasonable.” Mom said. “Money’s not exactly easy to come by right now.”
“But”
“Let me finish. I want you to start wearing these to bed. All of your sisters will promise not to tease you about your nightshirts. You won’t even have to wear them to breakfast. You’ll put them on when it’s time for bed and take them off.”
“They’re” Carter whimpered, but he knew that he had lost the fight.
“Let’s take Carter’s new nighties to his room.” Allison said to Brittany, grinning from ear to ear. Phase one of their plan to turn Carter into a sissy was finally underway.