The Trouble with Sisters

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Chapter 1

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"Can't believe mom actually signed you up for ballet!" He cackled.

"Shuddup! The only reason you didn't get signed up too is because you're a boy!"

"Boys don't do ballet."

"They do, but the studio's only offering girls' classes." Kyle was surprised by this, but there was no one he would admit it to his know-it-all sister Kassie. "Now shuddup, I'm trying to practice before class." He snickered as his sister took up first position. Even in her shorts and tank top, she looked super girly. She was as tomboy as they came and the tutus she had to wear for ballet had to kill her. "Quit. Giggling!"

"It's just funny."

"What's going on in here?" They both looked to see their older sister Judy standing there.

"Nothing."

"Twins? Doing nothing?"

"Well, I was practicing for class and" Kassie smirked. "Kyle said it's dopey girl stuff!"

"I did not!"

"Uh-huh." Judy said. "Well, Kassie, how about we let our

brother prove to us just how superior boys can be? Go grab some of your ballet stuff."

"My sparkly pink tutu?" Kassie hated it, but to see her brother in it...

"I'm not wearing that!"

"He's right. Grab the blue one. Tights and panties too."

"What? No way!"

"Yep." Judy said with a smirk. "We'll see how good of a ballerina you can be."

It took a few minutes for Kassie to grab the things for Kyle and by then, Judy had persuaded him. Persuade was her choice of words; Kyle saw it as blackmail.Rather than risk him hiding in his room, Judy held up a blanket and made him strip right there in the living room.

He got the panties on, but struggled so much with the tights that the blanket came down and Judy helped him into them and the leotard with an attached tutu. Kyle groaned as Judy added a headband to complete his total sissification.

"Whoa. He looks just like me. I know we're twins, but... it's like a weird mirror."

"Oh, shuddup." Kyle snarled.

"Kay. Kassie, go ahead and teach Kyle the positions and all that. We'll see how long he lasts."

"I wanna quit now!" Kyle protested, but it fell on deaf ears.

To the girls, Kyle spent half an hour learning the basics of ballet from his sister, but to him, it felt like hours, if not days. He breathed a loud sigh of relief when Kassie looked at the clock.

"Looks like it's time for us to go." She said to Judy.

"What do you think, Kas? Has Kyle learned enough?"

"Yeah, I'd say I've had enough." Kyle said. The girls were exchanging a look and Kyle groaned. Somehow, his sisters always seemed to have some strange telepathic connection.

"Yeah, he should be good." Kassie said.

"Perfect. Both of you, out to the car."

"Let me get dressed first!"

"You are dressed, Kyle." Judy said.

"You're joining my class for the day!"

"What? No way!"

"Well, you are wearing a tutu already."

"And tights. And pretty pretty panties." Kassie grinned.

"And we'll be doing a bit of a competition. I'll record the class and then we'll show mom and dad. Whoever seems more into ballet will be the one who has to keep taking classes."

"But I'm a..." Kyle smirked as realization struck. It would be easy to convince his parents that he did not want to do ballet.

"Ok. Sure." The girls exchanged another look and he wondered what he had done wrong as they pushed him out to Judy's car.

"Before you think you've got this in the bag," Kassie mused. "Think about it. Mom and dad will see me in shorts and a tank top, you in a tutu and tights. Who do you think they'll assume wants to be a prissy froufrou in a tutu ballerina more?"