Tiara

by andlat

“Alright, video game off.”

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Tiara

“Alright, video game off.”

“But mom!”

“But nothing! You’re grounded from video games for two weeks.”

“What? Why?”

“For calling your sister a” she paused. “You know very well what you called her.”

“I didn’t mean to! I was just tired of her always tattling when I wouldn’t play with her.”

“Well, mister, you’re going to march right into her room and apologize. Then, you’re going to play with her, whatever she wants to play, until lunch time, understand?”

“Ugh, fine!” From her room, Sophie could hear the exchange between her mom and her older brother, Nate. She grinned to herself. Everything was going according to plan.

She pretended to be reading a book when Nate knocked on her door. He must have been quite thoroughly chastised if he knocked. Normally, he just came barging in.

“Come in!” She called sweetly. Nate shuffled in, grimacing as he always did at the pink bedroom of his sister.

In truth, even Sophie thought the room was girly. Her mom

had all but forced Sophie to be ‘her little princess’ for most of her life. It was only in the last few months that Sophie had finally convinced her mom that she was old enough to pick out her own clothes and make her own decisions. Even now, of course, Sophie was held to a much higher standard than Nate, or at least she felt so. She was scolded for going down to breakfast in her pajamas but Nate sometimes showed up to breakfast in little more than his underwear. All of that would change today.

“Something you want to say?”

“Sorry for calling you names.” He mumbled. “Mom says I need to play with you until lunch.” She grinned.

“Oh, that’ll be fun!” She got up off of her bed. “I have just the game to play.” She pointed to a little white table. Three of the four chairs had dolls in them, but the fourth was empty. “Sit down there. We’re going to play restaurant. I’ll serve food to you and the dolls and then you’ll chat with your friends.”

“Ok” he said hesitantly, sitting down.

“Oh, but I apologize. There is a dress code for this restaurant. All of the other ladies are in their finest gowns, so you’ll have to put one on too.”

“I am not wearing a dress!”

“Well,” Sophie paused. “What if we just found a hat for you to wear or something? Maybe a feather boa?” Nate made a face, but nodded. “Perfect.” She made a show of searching

her dress up trunk in her closet before grabbing the tiara.

“Is that real?” Nate asked, unable to hide his curiosity at the glimmering gems set in the tiara.

“I think so. I bought it at this weird store downtown. The lady said it’s magic.” Nate rolled his eyes. His sister’s make believe games were so ridiculous.

She set it on his head, adjusting it until it looked just perfect. She backed away and smiled as he sat there, feeling entirely stupid.

“Stand up and look at yourself in the mirror. It’s very pretty.” Nate begrudgingly complied, stared at his reflection. The tiara sat atop his messy hair, overdue for a haircut by a couple months. It glistened and glimmered, as if trying to call attention to how out of place it looked atop a boy’s head. “Don’t you think it’s pretty?” He grunted. “Say it makes you look pretty.”

“It makes me look pretty.” He covered his mouth in confusion. Sophie grinned.

“Blow yourself a kiss.” She giggled as he complied sloppily. “No, do it like this.” She demonstrated an over the top feminine kiss. “Do that five times to make sure you do it right.” She almost fell over with delight as her brother flounced in front of the mirror. “Hmm…” She stroked her chin. “Sophie says… say I’m a pretty pretty princess.”

“I’m a pretty, pretty princess.” She could see Nate fighting it, but she knew he had little hope of breaking the spell of the

tiara.

“What next? Do you know the words to I’m a Little Teapot?”

“No.” Given how quickly he said it, Sophie had a sneaking suspicion that it was a lie, but she knew what to do.

“Only one way to find out. Perform I’m a Little Teapot for me.” Maybe he had been lying, maybe the tiara’s magic taught him the words, but she grinned as her brother in his grubby shorts and Minecraft shirt gave a spirited performance of the children’s song. “Very good! Curtsy like a proper young lady!”

“I’m not going to do that!” Nate protested even as he curtsied. She shook her head to hide her pleased grin.

“Turn toward the mirror and practice your curtsy. I’m going to go get us some juice for our restaurant. Do not stop curtsying over and over until I get back. If it seems good, I’ll let you stop.” She smiled as he had no choice to comply, even as he called for her to come back.

Sophie considered staying downstairs for a while, but knew her mom would be suspicious about her leaving Nate alone when she had given her ample time to play with her brother, which was certainly a very rare thing now that Nate had become the very epitome of a surly teen.

The best part of it was, despite being her older brother, Nate was more or less her size, so any dress she picked was sure to fit.

“What pretty panties.” She remarked. Seeing the argument forming in his mouth, Sophie quickly jumped in. “From now on, you call your underwear panties. Doesn’t matter if they’re boxers or whatever. You call them panties.”

“But”

“Keep it up and you’ll be calling them pretty panties.” She turned back toward the dresser. “Now, what are you wearing?”

“Panties.”

“Tell me you love wearing them.”

“I love wearing panties. C’mon, Sophie!”

“We’re playing. I’m not doing anything other than what mom told you you had to do with me.”

“But she didn’t expect this! She couldn’t have!”

“Hmm, good point. From now on, you’ll call her mommy and dad daddy. Understand?”

“I will not!”

“I don’t think you have any choice.” She said with a smirk. She scolded herself. She was supposed to just be testing this out, not completely changing him in the span of a morning. It was just too much fun! She knew, however, that the last thing she wanted for mom and dad to notice too many changes to Nate’s behavior. She smiled as she imagined him being taken to a doctor because he had suddenly started acting like a little girl in every way. As fun a thought as that was, Sophie knew

she needed restraint. She decided she would limit herself to one more vocabulary change, but she knew it would be a real doozy. Still, this last one was the whole point of this, so she knew it would be fun. That would come later though.

Turning, she held up the dress she had chosen for him. She could see his anger over the floral print dress with an attached petticoat, but she did not care.

“Put it on and then curtsy in the mirror. Bet you’ll love it.” Nate had no choice but to obey. “Say you love it.”

“I love my dress.”

“Attaboy. Now we’re finally ready to play restaurant.”

To her credit, she withheld any further suggestions as they played. Nate behaved himself, knowing just how much power Sophie now held over him. She kept him busy all the same, suggesting that he compliment the dolls on their dresses, ready to provide any phrases. To her surprise, he managed fairly well on his own. She made sure the tiara remained perched on his head just to be safe. She idly wondered just how much the suggestions would remain in place after it was removed, but that was for future Sophie to discover.

“It’ll be lunch time soon.” Sophie said at last. “We’d better get the magic tiara off you. You do believe it’s magic now, right?”

“Yeah.” Nate said. It had to be magic.

“One last bit of fun though. A final experiment.” She kneeled

down and looked him directly in the eyes. “From now on, you will think of yourself as my little sister. You will act completely normal, but know that you are my little sister. When I ask who you are to me, you’ll respond that you’re my little sister. You are not my big brother. You are my little sister. Understand?”

“Yeah, right.” Nate laughed. Sophie sighed and removed the tiara. So much for that.

“Go ahead and take your dress off.” Sophie said. “And what are those you’re wearing underneath?”

“My panties.” Nate gasped. “My panties. Panties. Panties! What did you do?”

“It works!”

“I am so telling mommy on you!” Nate did not even seem to notice in his panicked rage. Confident, Sophie pressed her advantage.

“Oh, no you don’t! Little sisters don’t tattle!”

“You tattle all the time!”

“But that’s because I’m your big sister, aren’t I?” He nodded almost imperctibly, but she still saw it. “Big sisters need to keep their little sisters safe. You are my little sister, aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” Nate mumbled as he dressed. He felt so confused. He knew that he was her big brother, but he kept questioning it.

“Yeah, what?”

“I’m your little sister. Geez!” He said, thoroughly irritated and still very confused.

For the next few days, Sophie took every opportunity she could to ask Nate who he was to her, relishing how the obviously upset boy had no choice but to blurt out that he was her little sister. She especially enjoyed making him run down a list of questions. She would ask his name, his age, his height, if he was a boy or a girl, things like that, but always cap it off with the same question.

“And are you my big brother?”

“No,” the answer came immediately, no matter how hard he fought. “I’m your little sister.” This only proved to make him angry and before long, he found himself being ordered by his mom to play with Sophie again. If only she had known the plans Sophie had for her brother.

“Let’s get your pretty tiara on again.” Sophie said as Nate sat on her bed.

“No, please.” He said. “Can’t we just play nicely?”

“You need your tiara.”

“But I said panties in front of mommy.”

“So?”

“So, they’re not panties. They’re”

“What? If you can say the word, you won’t have to wear your

tiara." She watched as Nate tried to force the word out, tears welling up in his eyes. "Hey, don't cry. I don't mind that you call them panties. I have a lot of friends who have little sisters and all of their little sisters wear panties, so why should you be any different? You are my little sister, aren't you?"

"I don't want to be." He whined even as he nodded. "I'm older than you and a boy."

"Yes, but I think you act more like a little sister than a big brother." Sophie said. "You were playing with my old dolls in an old dress of mine just a few days ago." He glared at her, a sudden return to his old ways. "Tell you what, if you play nicely, we'll forget the tiara, okay?"

"Are we playing restaurant again?"

"Yep. So you'll need a dress, won't you?"

"Why?"

"We've been over this, Nate. All the other ladies at the restaurant are wearing dresses"

"No! I won't wear a dress!"

"Guess we'd better get your tiara on, hmm?" In a surprising feat of strength, Nate pushed her onto the floor and ran for the door. Sophie sighed and gave chase. She tackled him, glad that mom was out in the garden with dad so they could not hear the loud whumpf. She pushed the tiara onto his head and smiled triumphantly. "Don't take it off until I say." She hissed. "Stand up and get completely undressed. Shirt, jeans,

panties, everything." Nate walked to her room, whimpering.

"I don't want to be naked."

"Trust me. You won't be for long." Sure enough, she wasted no time in putting him in a horrifyingly frilly pair of pink rhumba panties that had sat in the back of her closet since her aunt had given them to her for her eighth birthday. She then stuck him in the matching dress, horribly juvenile for an eight year old girl, let alone a boy of Nate's age. "Go stand in front of the mirror and bounce up and down so you're flashing your new pretty panties." She instructed. He complied, doing it over and over as she gathered what she needed for the next phase. "Alright, go sit down at my vanity. And stop whimpering and whining."

"Sophie, please don't do whatever you're doing."

"You had your chance to play nicely, so now you're just going to be my giant doll for a bit. Hold still."

Thanks to the magic of the tiara, Nate had to sit there helplessly as she did his make-up and painted every one of his nails with sparkly pink nail polish. It took nearly an hour before she was satisfied.

"Alright, little sis." She said. "Oh, wait. You're my big brother, right?" She giggled as his pink lips parted to say that he was her little sister. "Oh, that's right. Well, little sis Nate, go over to the mirror and tell me what you think." Nate walked over and gasped as he saw the giant little girl looking back at him. "Tell me that you're the prettiest princess and

you love it." Nate dutifully replied, but then, in a fit of rage, he turned and glared at her, unleashing a torrent of curses. Sophie let him vent, but then, feeling quite a bit of rage herself, she retaliated.

"Alright then," she said. "If that's how you feel, how about this?" She took a deep breath, fully prepared to change both of their lives permanently. She knew she could make him do anything, become anything, so now it was time to put it to the test. "From now on, you are the biggest sissy in the world. You love pretty panties, dolls, dresses, princesses, everything little girls love. You never want to play video games as long as there are dollies or princess movies to watch. You're going to skip downstairs and confess to mom and dad that you are a sissy and want to be a sissy forever. You're going to tell them how much you love being my little sister, because we both know you do." She smirked. "And then you're going to beg for them to enroll you in ballet and gymnastics and ask them to never make you dress like a boy again."

For a moment, the room was dead silent. Sophie wondered if the magic of the tiara might not be powerful enough to take all of that at once. Nate just stood there for a moment and, her rage passing, she was about to apologize and undo it all. Before she could, however, he suddenly skipped out of the room, an enormous smile on his face as he went downstairs to fulfill her latest order, flashing his panties every step of the way. Sophie shrugged.

"Guess the cat's out of the bag. I've got a little sissy sister now." Pushing aside the slightest amount of guilt, she

followed her former big brother, excited to see just how her parents would take all this.