



Brothers & Sisters

Gabrielle Johnson





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BROTHERS & SISTERS

by Gabrielle Johnson

Why oh why did Mom and Dad have to give us such femmy names? I was Ashley and my brother was Tracy. I went through a lot of bullying and teasing at school about my 'girlie' name. I know that Tracy did as well. Of course, if I had called on my brother to help me with the older boys and girls, teasing me and telling me how pretty I was - and how they could see why my mother would have given me such a sissy, faggoty name - well, with Tracy, I knew that all I could have expected from him, in answering my crying for help, was a bloody nose, from him.

I'd have had my face buried in horse manure, for asking for help. Manure was a regular, distinct feature of the horse barn, my mother's pride and joy, right up until the day that she was killed in there, by another of her pride and joys, one of her thoroughbred horses.

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My face was shoved into any mound of manure handy on a regular basis, and with no parents or ranch workers around, happening several times before I even went to the new school my adoptive parents sent me to. No, my elder brother was not any help to me. I grew up alone, most of the time, on the horse ranch that was my mother's pride and joy.

My father regarded our mother as his pride and joy. He was always holding her and kissing her, making me grin when I saw them 'at it', until they chased me off and told me to go out on the range and amuse myself. Mom's death in the accident really changed my father. Any man would have grieved as he did, I suppose, after he shot dead the horse that had thrown my mother clear over its head. It had then rolled over on her to ensure that she wouldn't survive the broken neck she'd received.

That was the start of the dramatic changes in all the people around me. I'd lived on the ranch then for some sixteen years, ever since I was adopted at about age two. Tracy was a couple of years before and ahead of me. My mother's death brought on a strange time in the house that we moved into, in town.

It was the start of changes in Tracy as well. He eyed me with contempt all the time as if I'd been the one, not the horse, who'd killed my mother. He loaded up my dinner plate all the time when Dad wasn't looking and then asked me, in a loud voice, if I was really going to eat all that. Dad would tell me then that I couldn't leave the table until I had cleaned my plate.

"That wasn't Mama's rule," I protested to my father as Tracy piled even more on my plate.

"You'll do what your mother would have said today, if she was still alive," said my adoptive father,

stopping his reading, and waiting while I ate and ate, and got fatter and fatter under his watching eyes.

“Don’t put so much on your plate next time,” Dad said to me, even sounding a little charitable, as I told him I couldn’t eat more without throwing up. I did several times before he caught Tracy adding food to my plate and stopped him, on that one occasion, at least.

I may have been two years younger than Trace, as he wanted to be called, but I was cleverer than he was, I told him. I was growing up, and would be larger and stronger than he was, I told him, so that he’d better watch out and treat me nicely. Trace laughed when I said that and told me I was fat. Well, it was obvious that I was fatter than he was. My Dad told me I’d die before I was forty if I kept on eating as I was.

Trace, of course, intended me to do just that. Yes, he kept on, adding all the food he could to my plate, that Dad then made me eat, telling me not to be a baby and to stop blaming Tracy for all my troubles. Soon, Trace would whisper to me that he’d inherit all of Dad’s businesses. Then, he’d make a faggoty sissy like me wish I hadn’t been born a boy at all!

That was because of what Mom had made me do at Halloween when I was so young and thought I had to obey her. So I was the girl of her dreams for a couple of Halloweens. And Trace was all smarmy about it. Oh, it was so awful that second year when he called me his ‘girl friend’ and treated me as if I was, all girlishly dressed for Halloween. The parents, yes, ours, only laughed and told us what a great joke we were playing on them. Yes, but Trace had meant that I would be a girl when I grew up. I told him I’d kill him if he ever

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called me his girl friend again or if he talked about 'businesses' he would steal from me.

I didn't care. I didn't care about business. Now, Dad didn't seem to care any longer, either, now that Mama was gone. Money kept being deposited into my bank account, money I didn't know how to spend. I had no friends, after all. Girls always shied away from me. I think even the servants around the town house and the ranch house laughed at me behind my back, at all the games that Tracy played on me, all the food I was swallowing down, without my Mama there to discipline me.

But it was only when Dad died that my troubles with Trace really began.

"Fifty percent each?" Trace asked the lawyer in disbelief. "But what if we disagree? Who has the right to break a tie?"

"Neither of you," smiled Richard Hunter, the lawyer, smugly. "I think that your father and mother intended to make the two of you learn to get along ..."

"Or fight all the time!" said Trace angrily. "I can't get that tub of lard over there to come down to the gym with me -- and it's right in this house!"

"Persuade Ashley to do what you want, that it's good for him," said Mr Hunter with a smirk, rather than a smile, as he looked at me. "I think that's what your parents intended you to do."

"So, it's just us," I said to Tracy, um Trace, as we sat in the study that now belonged equally to both of us. "How shall we run all the businesses that Dad left to us?"

"I'll run them," snapped Trace, spitting at me in his anger. "I run most of them now, dear, darling Ashley, and the managers know me. Just stay out of the way, Ashley dearest, and we'll get along fine."

I hated it when Trace sneered at me like that often quoting from *Gone with the Wind* which we'd both seen a million times. It was Mom's favorite movie. She insisted that we watch it with her and act out all the lines as we went along. Guess who got to do all of Scarlett's lines as we sat there, stuffing ourselves with popcorn as the disk was re-wound often so that I could do Ashley's lines as well, having to ape the British accents the leading actors all had, male and female.

I couldn't help having been the second one adopted, or that Mom, or so Dad told us, loved that movie more than she loved him. Mom also loved the role Leslie Howard had played in the movie, a guy named Ashley, yes, it was a guy's name then, more than anything else. She'd also loved Spencer Tracy, in lots of roles, in other films. Guess where we got our names from, Trace and me? Yeah, movies.

I just wish that I had been adopted first. I wouldn't have minded telling everyone I was named after a real man, Spencer Tracy, not some wimpy character in an old movie. It's why I hated going to school, after Mom got the teachers there to show the movie to all the school, particularly on the anniversary of when it first came out in theatres. I'd stopped going to school, Dad didn't even notice, as soon as I could, after Mom was gone. I wasn't intending to see that movie ever again, despite Clark Gable being such a tough guy in the movie. Yes, I'd really liked him. I should have been named after him, I thought.

"I don't agree," I said smugly to Tracy, my adopted brother, at his suggestion that he just keep on running Breckenridge Enterprises, the family's main business. If he hadn't mentioned that I should just sit on my fat ass and let the money roll in and not question anything about where it came from, I might even have agreed with Trace, for once.

I shouldn't have done that as I then endured a beating like one I hadn't received for years from my elder brother. I was crying and shaking as I stumbled up the stairs to my bedroom. The final indignity was when he kicked me in the backside. I went tumbling into my own room. He'd called me 'Scarlett', as well, which he hadn't for several years.

I'd hoped Trace had forgotten all about that, the Halloween when he was Rhett for my mother, in the fine, mannish clothes my mother had bought for one of us to wear, even before she adopted us, she told us. Oh, how I hated my so-called brother! I knew there'd come a day when I'd get even with him for how he'd treated me when Mom made me wear the other 'costume' she'd bought.

Yes, it was a long dress that could only have been worn by Scarlett O'Hara. Though that wasn't all I had to wear. I had to wear a pretty girl's underwear, and have makeup put on my face so that I would look, and feel, like a girl as well. I had to wear a wig and girls' jewellery - earrings, necklaces, bracelets and rings. Trace always had me wear a shiny, glass ring on the proper finger of my left hand as I was 'engaged' to him, wasn't I, and one day, he told me, and all his giggling friends, that I was going to be his wife!

I was younger and smaller and wouldn't mind dressing up as a famous movie actress, would I, my mother proclaimed at me, smiling all the time as she took me into her room. She was the one who made me wear girlish underclothing for the first time, stockings and garter belt, panties and high heels. I had ringlets in the wig that I had to wear and makeup all over my face.

Oh, the bra I had to wear with the bouncing boobies was just so awful. I cried, I was only nine or ten, wasn't I? That was when we learned that Mom had wanted to adopt a girl, a sister for Trace, not me, another boy. She'd seen these costumes somewhere in her travels and had bought them, the Rhett Butler one for the son she would have and the Scarlett costume for the girl she would have, two years later.

But girls, healthy, normal girls, were hard to find, the adoption agents argued with her, but boys were plentiful. So, I was adopted and lived blithely as a really obstreperous, little boy among boys, until that stupid Halloween when Mom decided to resurrect the costumes she'd bought so long before. She made Trace and I wear them for Halloween.

For some reason, Dad wasn't there. Mom dressed us, smacking my tush several times when I tried to get out of the dress, the high heels, the wig and makeup, I was being made to wear. Worse, when she took us out, in town, both of us dressed as characters in *Gone with the Wind*, me, of course, a very feminine Scarlett O'Hara as she'd coached me to be, I wasn't introduced as her son, of course. No, I was a little girl, Lesley was my true name. I supposedly loved the *Gone with the Wind* movie, and was Rhett's, that was Trace's, girl friend. I wanted so much to go trick or treating,

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hand-in-hand, with my boy friend, didn't I, Mom laughed at me.

"Cheer up, darling," she said, as she always did. "This is all for fun, isn't it?"

The 'fun' of 'wearing a costume' wasn't the worst part of those Halloweens. No, the worst part was Trace's kissing me, holding me, even when I struggled and did kick him, hard, but that only made him press me even tighter against a door we were waiting at, Mom off talking to some of her friends. He started not just kissing me, but stroking my tush in the dress as well.

"Wow," Trace whispered as he rubbed my dress, and me inside it, as if I really was a girl. "You're wearing stockings and a garter belt, aren't you, luscious Lesley! I really love girlie girls in pretty underwear in my bed to make a little nookie with. Yes, kiss me first and then you can tell Mom you're going to bed with me when we get home. Come to my room where I'll join my girl friend, and show you how to turn me on!"

Yes, the joking about me, from Mom, Dad, and Trace that Halloween went from bad to worse as Mom ignored, or laughed, when she saw Trace and me kissing and canoodling, as she called it. She didn't see what Trace was doing to my girlish underclothing, me in panties and a bra, beneath the dress I was wearing.

Only when I told Trace I was going to tell everyone, the first year, how wonderful my brother was being to his brother, how I loved him kissing and fondling me, did I get him to slow down on all his teasing of me. Yes, but in the second year, he treated me as a girl for days and kissed me before he left the room, making Mom and Dad laugh at me and call me Scarlett all over again.

That year's Halloween was terrible, of course, as my 'dressing up' went on, intensely, for days. And worst of all, was winning the best costume awards at the community dance. Me, the queen of the ball, had to kiss my king, Trace, no, everyone called him Clark and me, Vivien, the name of the actress who played Scarlett, I was told.

And everyone told me how wonderful a Scarlett I was. Men danced with me, and kissed me, not just at the end of the dance but during it, as well. Then, all the younger kids started doing that to me, everyone I was dancing with, kissing me, on my lips, wanting to get my lipstick on their mouths and faces.

Trace even picked me up at the end, exposing my legs, my panties and my stockings and garters to everyone as I clung to him, so frightened that he was going to drop me, in all the female clothing I was wearing. I had my arms around his neck as he had me cling to me as he carried me out to our car. Then, we had all the kids in school beating on the door as Trace kissed and kissed me, making me sit in his lap until Mom came out with her friends and shooed everyone away.

The next Halloween, I saddled up Rocket, my pony, and went up into the 'mountains', where I hid out for seven days, several men, ranch workers, coming out to search for me, shouting that my mother wanted me at home. Well, did I get another beating for hiding out like that, for so long.

That was when I told Dad that I didn't want to dress up like a girl or have Trace slobbering all over me when he kissed me. I told him that I didn't want to make love to my older brother, all the time, and be his wife, anymore. No, I didn't know what was entailed in 'making love' then. But Dad never asked me what I

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meant. He gave Trace a good tanning then, but nothing was said to me about it all.

Only, Trace glowered more at me and told me he was going to show me how to make love to my husband when I was older. I'd always say, "Dad!" then, as if he was right behind Trace. That stopped him teasing me. I think it was that that made Halloween come to an end in our house, Dad saying that we were getting too old for it.

"If you think, luscious Lesley, that I won't be kissing you any more," Trace whispered, after the announcement, in my ear, "you should think again! I'll be making love to you, sister mine, in every way you told Dad I made love to you before."

"Ooo, I must tell everyone at school I have a gay brother," I cooed at him, wondering what he meant as I hadn't said anything about Trace's kisses and his fondling of my tush. "I think I'll get dressed up as Scarlett again and take in all the photos Mom has taken of you kissing and ravishing me."

I thought that threat had done the trick, too, as, over these last few years, it wasn't even mentioned at Halloween, by Mom or anyone, about me being the queen of the ball as Scarlett O'Hara. I'd been teased so much about it, for a couple of years, after we brothers stopped dressing up. Mom had thought it hilarious, I think, as she was asked to dress me up again by our friends' mothers. They said to her that I was prettier than all the girls in my school and community, or so Mommy said, making me blush a real, fiery red.

"You should come and look at the girls in my class," I told her, once when she'd teased me again and called me 'prettier than Scarlett'. "Sheep dogs and terriers,

real bow-wows, they all are. And Trace's girl friend, that Spanish girl, Maria, is a real mutt, a mongrel ..."

Yes, I really did deserve the beatings that I got from Mom and Dad after those remarks. Funnily enough, in a week or two, I was chasing all of those girls for dates. Not that I had any luck in going out with one, of course.

That first day that I, Trace, the best of the Breckenridge brothers, was supposedly free, and rich, no Mom or Dad to govern me, was just like every other day at the ranch house now, me tormenting my stupid brother, with no-one to stop me! I'd jammed a cupboard against Ashley's door; and so, he couldn't get out.

Ashley wasn't athletic at all, not now he'd starting eating so much. Hmm, the thought suddenly came to me that maybe my brother wasn't so dumb after all. With all that blubber on him, Ashley didn't remind any of us that he'd once been my girl friend, Scarlett, or Vivien, if I was in a good mood, at Halloween. I hadn't thought of him in that way, for an age.

The windows in his room were useless to Ashley. He was stuck in his room on our first day of independence from my dad and his lawyer, Dad's executor, rule over us. I decided that I had to, I thought glumly, come to some accommodation with my stupid brother.

Fat chance I had of that, I knew, fat, ha ha, get it? But I didn't realize at the time why Maria was grinning at me and trying to get my attention. She was the one who outlined what I could plan to do to with my

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pretty brother. Well, I'd never have called him that. I didn't see him that way, any more.

Maria was the one who remembered how lovely, her word, my brother had been as Scarlett. She was the one who knew someone who would help her. She had this plan. Gosh, it was wonderful, the way she outlined what we could do to Ashley, my sister. Well, she wasn't really related to me, was she, my adopted sister? That's why she'd been my girl friend for a loving week, hadn't she?

Maria teased me about it, using the very words I'd angrily used at my father. Yes, I'd told him, and now Maria was telling me, that I'd fucked 'her', my pretty sister, in my bed, hadn't I? I'd driven my pecker, yes, the word I'd used only once in my life, into 'her' lovely tush, as Ashley squealed and squealed and cried as she begged me not to kiss and penetrate 'her'.

"They say you always remember your first, don't they?" Maria had giggled at me. Well, Dad had taken me out where we were all alone and where no-one could hear us. But someone had, probably Maria's dad. She repeated it all back to me, even adding the bit about me remembering my first! As if!

But what I said to Maria was, "I sure did! I'll always remember boffing Ashley. She was so girlish, and loved everything I did," I proclaimed to her, wondering who'd repeat that back soon to me, or better still, to my 'sister', Ashley. I expected at any moment, to be ratted out to Dad. I loved my girl friend, Ashley, wriggling under me as I penetrated her, I added to the story of Ashley and me, as we made frantic love.

I told Maria that I'd told Ashley I loved doing it to her, putting her arms about my neck and her legs

about my waist, caressing her panties as I fucked my little bitch. Yes, that's what I called her.

Hmm, oh, and yes, the little bitch didn't object at all, did she? She'd wiggle into position for me and let me take control of 'her'. Yes, she must have liked it at the time, I guessed, embellishing my lies as Maria listened avidly to me. Oh no, I said, Ashley didn't tell Mom or Dad what we were doing together in my bed. Now she had no-one to complain to, did she? She'd have to take what she got from me.

I was the one who was sorry I'd confessed to my father what I had done, or so I said to Maria. I got a good beating for it. Her dad must have seen my dad laying into me at that time. Was that how Maria knew how much I'd loved screwing my then pretty 'sister'? 'She' must have loved my cock inside her, I added to the lies I told Maria. Yes, and how Ashley had kissed me as well, I should have remembered that. I'd had a very affectionate girl friend for quite a while, hadn't I? I'd make all my next girl friends behave to me just like she had, "even you, Maria!".

Yes, Maria had been around and seen us together. She said that her new plan, for giving me a new sister, would work, laughing as she described how pretty my brother was. This woman she knew could help my sister, Ashley, become the woman she wanted to be, even if she didn't know it yet.

"Ashley is something of a pansy, isn't he, Trace?" said Maria, staring at me.

"So?" I growled.

"I know this woman. She calls herself Mistress Judy," said Maria carefully. "She could help you, Master Tracy."