**Hypnotism changes Paige's Life**

by Vanessa Evans

Author’s Notes:

*This fictional story is about an 18 year old young man who has to become the guardian of his 12 year old step sister who has withdrawn from social life due to the shock of losing her parents. The young man uses hypnotism, exhibitionism and masturbation to turn the girl into a fun loving, happy girl.*

I am not an expert on hypnotism so please don’t let my ignorance spoil the story.

Other than the above, there is next to no sex in this story until the later parts.

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**Part 01**

The Jones family were your average family before everything suddenly changed. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones were on their second marriage, she had brought a girl, Paige now 12, to the new family and he had brought 2 boys, Harry now 18 and George now 17, to the new family.

Mr. Jones was successful business man running his own company and they lived in a mortgage free big house with its own little swimming pool, on the outskirts of a big city. The kids were doing well at school and Harry had just been accepted into a good university to study business studies with a view to going into the family business.

Everything went well after their marriage and the kids got on well. Things were going so well that during the summer that everything had changed, Harry had been tasked with looking after his siblings whilst their parents went on a belate honeymoon to the continent that they both had always been fascinated by, South America.

The plan was that Mr. and Mrs. Jones would tour the South American countries and video call the kids every couple of days to check that everything was okay back at home and to update the kids on what they had been doing.

Everything went well for the first couple of weeks then the calls just stopped. Harry, George and Paige weren’t worried at first, just assuming that their parents were in an area where they couldn’t get a WiFi signal. But after a week with no calls they started to get a little worried.

Harry phoned Ben Stoddard, his father’s right hand man, and updated him on the situation. Ben tried to reassure Harry telling him that he was sure that everything was okay and that it was probably just a communications issue, but as soon as the phone call terminated he got someone to start making phone calls to try to find the missing couple.

After another couple of days Harry went to the local police station to report his parents as missing. The police too tried to reassure Harry with the same logic that Ben Stoddard had used but at the same time told Harry that they would follow-up with enquiries to the British Foreign Office.

George and Paige were also concerned, Paige more so than George who accepted that it was just a communications problem.

After yet another week the concern was almost overwhelming, Paige was almost in tears most of the time, the police enquiries had drawn a blank and so had Ben Stoddard. When Harry went to visit him he told Harry that he had hired a private detective in Chile to try to trace the couple. All that anyone so far had managed to find out was that they checked-out of a hotel on their planned date and had left the name of the hotel that they planned to go to in their next planned city on their tour.

They had never arrived at that hotel and no one could shed any light on the disappearance. No hospital admissions, no ransom demands and no reported accidents involving British nationals.

By the end of the first week in September everyone was fearing the worst. Poor Paige was the worst hit, she even started going to Harry’s bed at night for comfort saying that she didn’t want to be alone. She’d cuddle up to him and eventually go to sleep with an arm over Harry and holding her favourite stuffed toy.

Harry called a little family meeting and announced that everyone was assuming the worst and that they would never see their parents again. After consoling Paige for about an hour the meeting resumed and Harry told Paige and George that he was declining his university application and staying at home to look after Paige and George.

George asked about money, having recently realising that he’d relied on his father for everything. Harry had reassured both his siblings saying that he was sure that, one way or another, everything would be okay.

The next day he went to see Ben Stoddard to discuss the next steps, the house and money. When he told Ben about his plans to forego university and look after his siblings Ben had agreed to get the company solicitor to organise a guardianship order to make Harry the legal guardian of Paige and George.

As for money, Ben told Harry that both his parents had taken out million pound life insurance policies, just in case. The police knew about the policies but accepted that there was no intended fraud. The problem was that when a person goes missing they are not assumed to be dead for 7 years after they go missing so the insurance company wouldn’t pay out for another 7 years. Ben had also discussed the company’s ownership with the company solicitor and had been told that both parent had made new wills when they married and that their children would inherit everything.

Harry had asked Ben what the position with the company was for the next 7 years and was told that everything would just continue as is, except that his father’s income would be redirected to Harry’s bank account so that he had money for living.

Harry had also told Ben that he would like to start working part-time at the company so that he could learn the business that would, in 7 years, become one third his, but not until things has settled down at home.

Harry, Ben and the company solicitor discussed the more mundane aspects of Harry’s new role and the solicitor agreed to get his staff to make all the necessary arrangements. Harry would start using his father’s Mercedes SUV and George would use Harry’s Mini, both on the company Insurance.

Everything organised, Harry went home and told his brother and step sister.

That night, when Paige came to his bed to curl up next to him, Harry tried to persuade her to return to her bed but she wasn’t having any of it.

Life started to settle down into routines, Harry went to Paige’s school and explained everything to the head teacher and was told that Paige was a brilliant student and had been getting a straight ‘A’ across all the academic subjects but was not doing any where near as well in the practical subjects.

This didn’t really worry Harry as his step sister is a really beautiful young girl, blonde hair, slim figure and, when he thought about it, a beautiful face; and her chest was showing signs of growing little breasts. Again when he thought about it he could easily envision her turning out to be a blonde bombshell.

Life for George and Paige got back into the school routine with George studying a lot due to impending, important exams. Paige however, withdrew into herself and kept herself to herself, shunning the few friends that she had at school.

Harry quickly adapted to performing father, mother, brother and best friend roles for Paige who had started clinging to him like a limpet mine, and a guidance role for George who, fortunately, took the situation very seriously and responsibly.

One evening just before Christmas, after Paige had gone to bed Harry and George discussed Paige. Harry told George what her head teacher had told him about how Paige was getting on and both young men agreed that Paige was acutely short of common sense, the ability work things out, and self confidence. They both agreed that she was developing into quite a beauty, and that she would soon have to learn how to fend off boys that would be wanting to get inside her knickers.

George joked that one way to do that would be to stop her wearing any knickers all the time.

That comment got Harry thinking and he discussed his thoughts with George. You see, before all the upheaval Harry had developed an interest in hypnotism. Both brothers jokingly discussed what hypnotism could do for Paige and that it could build Paige’s self confidence by getting her to stop wearing clothes at home, and taking George’s joke one stage further getting her to stop wearing knickers altogether. George then joked that they could stop her wearing a bra if she ever got any tits that were big enough to need one.

“Hell Harry,” George said, “she’s that gullible and you could tell her to stop wearing knickers because it was bad for her health and she’d believe you.”

“Actually, not wearing knickers is the healthy option.” Harry said. “You know that she doesn’t wear knickers under her nightie don’t you?”

“No, how do you know?”

“Just before, mum and dad disappeared, Paige and mum were in the kitchen one morning when I went to see about getting some breakfast, Paige was sat on one of the chairs with her feet up, flat on the chair. Her nightie had bunched up and her pussy was on display. Mum told her to put her feet on the floor and that she’d have to have a talk with her about being a lady.

The other thing about that morning was that Paige had a bit of string sticking out from her pussy so I guess that I won’t have to have a talk with her about periods.

The other way that I know that she doesn’t wear knickers under her nightie is that a couple of times when I’ve woken up and she’s been beside me in bed is that she must have been tossing and turning and her nightie had bunched up around her waist. She was cuddling up to me with one leg over me and her bare pussy was pressing against my thigh. She was all wet as well.”

“Wow, there’s still hope for the kid.”

Although it all started as a joke, the more they talked about hypnotism the more they liked the idea and George asked Harry if it could really work, and if he could actually hypnotise her.

“I’d have to do a lot more reading, and do some experiments, but I’m sure that I could do it.” Harry had replied.

They both downed another bottle of beer in silence as they thought about the idea.

After that night George just forgot about the idea, but Harry didn’t. He was concerned about his step sister’s ability to look after herself and to do that she would need more self confidence. He started reading.

When the Christmas school holidays started Harry conducted his first experiment on Paige telling her that it was just an experiment and that no harm would come to her and that if he did actually managed to hypnotise her he wouldn’t be able to make her to anything that she didn’t want to do. Paige readily accepted Harry’s reassurances and added that she’d do whatever he asked. The experiment started with Harry talking softly to her and telling her to think about absolutely nothing.

Remembering what he had read, Harry slowly talked Paige down into a deep sleep like trance. Then he told her that she had to do whatever he told her if he said the words ‘Simple Simon says’ before the instruction He re-iterated that it had to be an instruction from him and no one else.

He repeated this a few times then decided that he had to give her a couple of ‘trigger’ words, one that would put her into what he called her ‘receptive’ mode and one that would snap her out of it.

He chose ‘Sprouts’ to put her in receptive mode and ‘Mango’ to snap her out of it, and added that when he did say the word ‘Mango’ she would wake-up remembering nothing and wanting a mango shake, which is her favourite milkshake.

After repeating everything that he’s told her so far, he said the word ‘Mango’.

Paige’s head immediately shot up, she smiled then asked Harry if he’d bought any mangos when he’d been to the supermarket. Then she asked him when he was going to start his experiment.

Harry was so happy that he went to the kitchen and made her a mango shake.

He waited until the milkshake was finished then he said,

“Sprouts.”

Paige’s head immediately dropped and she looked like she was asleep. Harry was happy but he knew that he’d have to repeat all the instructions a few times to get her brain used to accepting instructions from him.

He repeated everything that he’d done 4 more times, each time adding a simple instruction like ‘lift your right arm for 5 seconds’.

The experiment was going well and Harry was pleased with himself but it was time to get her under and give her an instruction that she would comply with on a permanent basis, in and out of her hypnotic state. In other words, brainwash her into a new way of doing something and to be happy with HER new choice.

But what could he get her to do? What could he instruct her to do that would be a relatively small thing to do, but at the same time could be repeated over and over, possibly for the rest of her life, and her accept it as though it was a perfectly normal thing to do that she would be happy doing it?

Well, in the past both him and George had had lots of ideas but there was only one thing that he could think of at that point in time.

It was late afternoon and Paige had just got back from school and George was at a mate’s house playing electronic games. They were alone and not expecting anyone to arrive until George later that evening. What’s more, Harry knew that Paige had nothing planed for that evening, or for the rest of the school holidays.

“Sprouts.” Harry said and Paige’s head dropped.

“When you wake up you will tell me that you are going to your room to get ready for bed even though it is early. You will say that it’s more comfortable for you and that you will be staying at home all evening.

In your room you will take your clothes off, all of them, just as you normally would when getting ready for bed. Instead of putting a nightie on you will decide that you no longer want to wear nighties, that you want to sleep in the nude. So from now on your ready for bed outfit is just your birthday suit.

What’s more, whenever you think about anyone seeing you naked you will no longer be embarrassed. In fact you will be proud of your body and if someone looks at you when you are naked or partially naked you will not make any attempt to cover yourself. Being seen naked will make you happy.

Repeat what I have just told you Paige.”

Paige did, almost word for word, just changing it from the third person to the first person.

“Mango.”

Paige’s head went up and she smiled at Harry.

“Won’t be long, then I’ll help you get the tea ready.”

With that Paige got up off the sofa and almost skipped out of the room. Harry had mixed feelings as he watched her skirt sway from side to side as she disappeared.

He was nervous wondering if the hypnotism would work. Had he done it right? Had he gone too far for Paige’s first real test?

His nervous wait wasn’t too long and he heard Paige coming down the stairs. As she walked into the lounge he was that she was totally naked.

“I hope you don’t mind Harry, but I’ve decided that I’m too old to be wearing nighties so this is how I’m going to sleep every night.”

“Err no Paige, whatever you are happy with.”

“You’ve never seen me naked before have you, do you think that I look good?”

With that she did a 360 twirl in front of him.

“Wow Paige, you really have grown up; you’re going to grow into a very beautiful beautiful young woman, you should be proud of the way that you look. Maybe you should consider a career as a model.”

“My tits will have to grow a lot more before I even think about that, but they have started growing.”

With that Paige put her hands on her miniscule tits then pulled on her nipples.

“These aren’t doing too bad are they?”

“Coming along nicely. Now what shall we have for tea?”

Harry said as he wondered if he’d done the right thing and if it would last. Had he done the hypnotism right? Would he need to ‘top it up’ sometime?

Any misgivings disappeared as he watched her cute little butt disappear into the kitchen.

“Yes she is growing up.” He thought as he got up and followed her.

Paige wanted a pizza for tea so she got one out of the freeze, bending over to do so. Harry was stood on the other side of the kitchen and his eyes automatically focused on her butt as she bent over. He gasped when he saw her pussy. He’d been expecting to see just a slit but her vulva was developing nicely and there was a little nub of flesh where her tiny clit was pushing its hood out of her slit.

“Are you alright Harry?” Paige asked, “that was a funny noise that you just made.”

“Yes, I’m fine. Do you want to put that in the oven?”

“Okay, you did say that I’d have to start doing more about the house.”

Harry watched his step sister read the pizza box label the put the pizza in the oven and set it as per the instructions.

“This need to go in the recycling bin doesn’t it?” She said holding the box up.”

“Yes, I’ll take it.”

“No it’s okay, I’ll take it. I’ve been outside in my nightie before.”

As Paige opened the door and disappeared outside Harry thought,

“This wasn’t quite what I expected, did I do something wrong?”

He didn’t get the chance to think about it because Paige returned then did what she often did when she was in the kitchen with her mother, jump up on one of the worktops and sit with her legs hanging over the front.

The most convenient worktop was opposite Harry and that’s where she chose, standing with her back to it and jumping up. As she did so, her legs spread a bit and she was left with her butt perched on the front edge with her feet spread.

This was as she normally sat on the worktop but in the past she was wearing either jeans, shorts or a knee length skirt. Harry’s eyes were instantly drawn to her slightly spread pussy.

“So Paige,” Harry said, “we have something more important than housework to discuss, we haven’t planned anything for Christmas. You’re old enough now to know what you want from Santa.”

“You mean you and George, I stopped believing in Santa years ago.”

“Yes, okay, but what do you want?”

“I want mummy back.” Paige replied,

Harry saw a tears start to form in her eyes, and without thinking he stepped over to her and put his arms round her. In doing so he’d gone between her legs which she automatically spread wider to accommodate Harry’s width.

Paige automatically wrapped her legs around his waist as she pulled herself to Harry, her head on his shoulder as she sobbed.

“I know Paige, I want them back too but there’s virtually no chance of that happening, we just have to accept that and move on.”

“I know but it’s not easy.”

“I know, I know.”

Harry’s arms had automatically gone round Paige and his hands were resting on her lower back, her bare lower back.

As she hugged him and pressed her body against his, his hands automatically slid up and down her back, and down to her bare butt.

Paige leaned forward catching Harry off-guard and as he stepped back to get some balance, Paige hung on tightly, causing Harry to support her under her bare butt.

As Harry stood there holding Paige her sobbing started to slow.

“Down you get Paige.” Harry said.

“No not yet. You holding me helps me feel a bit better.”

They stayed like that until Paige completely stopped crying and lifted her head.

“Sorry bro, I didn’t mean to do that.” She said as first Paige then Harry loosened their grip and she slid to her feet.

“That’s okay Paige, I find it comforting as well. I really miss them as well.”

Paige sniffed, took a deep breath then jumped back up onto the worktop.

“So bro, what are you going to get me for Christmas?”

“What do you want, apart from the obvious.”

“Well I could do with some more clothes and makeup.”

“Then that’s what I’ll get you. We’ll go shopping on Monday, or do you want to go on your own, you’re a big girl now.”

“Can you come with me, I feel better when you’re around.”

“Sure, no problem, anything for you.”

That said, Harry wasn’t looking forward to going shopping for clothes, especially girls clothes; but that was part of the role that he’d taken on so that’s what he would do.

“So what would you like to do this evening Paige, assuming that you don’t have any homework.”

“I’ve got homework but it doesn’t have to be done before I go back to school. Can we watch some movies please?”

The pizza wasn’t far off being ready so Paige went off to look for a movie to watch while Harry got out some plates and drinks for them. The oven started beeping just as Paige returned to the kitchen and Harry got the pizza out and cut it into pieces.

“Can we eat it while watching the movie please?” Paige asked.

And that’s what they did, Paige sat at one end of the sofa and Harry at the other.

When a slightly scary came on the screen Paige shuffled along to Harry and cuddled up to him, Harry automatically putting his arm around her shoulder, his hand resting on her bare waist.

As the movie progressed Paige snuggled up to Harry even more causing Harry’s hand to move on her hip. Harry felt a little guilty but at the same time wished that Paige was about 6 years older. He started to daydream about what he would do if she was 6 years older and when Paige said, ‘that’s nice’, Harry realised that his hand had been massaging her hip and moving around slightly.

He immediately stopped and lifted his hand off her but he could not find anywhere comfortable so he again let his hand gently rest on her hip.

The other thing that Harry noticed was that with his dreaming about an older version of Paige, he’d got an erection and his jeans were bulging uncomfortably. What’s more, Paige’s head was on his chest and she’d easily be able to see the bulge. He hoped that he wouldn’t cum and a wet patch appear on his jeans. Paige would easily see it and ask what it was.

When the movie ended, Page jumped up, then sat down again on Harry’s lap, which was something that she’d recently started doing each night just before she went to bed.

Putting her arm around his neck, she kissed him on his cheek then said,

“I’m off to bed, see you in the morning.”

Harry watched her get up and walk out of the room, then started thinking,

“Had he gone too far telling her to dump her nighties? Would the hypnotism wear off?

He answered his own question by silently stating that she was more confident since she’d got ready for bed.

The next morning Harry woke up with the naked Paige laying half on top of him. One of her legs was over his penis and he could feel her bare pussy against his thigh. He slowly lifted her off him and went for a shower. She was still asleep when he got back and got dressed so he quietly closed his bedroom door and went down to the kitchen to get some breakfast.

George was there eating a bowl of cereal and after Harry got one for himself he sat down and they started talking, Harry asking about the games that they’d played the previous night.

“Sorry bro, I didn’t mean to wake you when I got in last night.” George said.

“You didn’t, things got a bit heavy with Paige last night and I went to bed shortly after she did.”

“Are you talking about me.” Paige said as she walked into the kitchen.

George was just putting another spoon full of cereals into his mouth and when he saw the naked Paige the cereals came spluttering out.

“Fucking hell Paige, what are you doing?”

“Coming to get some breakfast.”

“But you’re naked.”

“I’ve decided that I’m too old to be wearing a nightie and as I’ve never worn anything under a nightie, I’m naked. Is that a problem for you? Harry doesn’t mind. Do you like the way that I look George?”

“Err yeah, I guess so.”

“She looks beautiful doesn’t she George?” Harry said as he kicked his brother under the table.

“Err yes, you look beautiful Paige, very grown-up.”

“Thank you George. You haven’t finished off all the milk have you?”

“No.”

“We need to go to the supermarket today Harry. I’ll come with you as part of me making more effort to help with the housework.”

“You’re not going like that are you Paige?” George asked.

“No silly, this is what I wear for bed. Can I take my breakfast to my room to eat please?”

Harry continued eating while George just stared at his step sister as she got her breakfast ready then left with it on a tray.

“Do I take it that your hypnotism worked, or has she just suddenly become some sort of exhibitionist?” George asked.

“I guess that it worked.”

“Well she sure as hell got some confidence from somewhere.”

“Yes but I’m not sure if that’s just while she’s here where she’s comfortable or if it’s everywhere. I need to reinforce the work that I’ve done before I take it to the next stage.”

“Which is?”

“Remember when we first talked about hypnotising her we talked about getting her to stop wearing knickers.”

“You’re actually going to do that?”

“I’m going to try, but it will have to include stopping her wearing shorts and trousers.”

“That’s okay with me. I hate girls that don’t wear skirts, it makes life so much more difficult.”

“You back chasing the girls then George?”

“Never really stopped. You should try it Harry, it’s not good for your health all this house-keeping shit.”

“Someone has to do it. Someone has to look after you and Paige.”

“Yeah, okay. Is she still getting in to your bed in the middle of the night?”

“Yes, I keep telling her that it has to stop but she keeps telling me that she’s lonely and misses her mother.”

“Did she go and climb into dad and mum’s bed?”

“No idea.”

“So did she get into your bed last night, naked?”

“She was there when I woke up this morning?”

“Naked?”

“Yes, but remember, she never wore knickers under her nightie and nighties have a habit of riding up.”

“So you’re an expert on little girl’s nighties now are you Harry?”

“Well I obviously know more about them that you do.”

Harry and George finished their breakfast and George went off to his room. Harry was just about to start the washing up when Paige re-appeared, carrying the tray, and still naked.

“Here, let me do that Harry.” Paige said.

“Okay, thank you Paige.”

Paige did the washing up and Harry did the drying, then Paige started putting things away. Some of it involved the bottom cabinets and Paige readily bent over to put things away giving Harry a great view of her butt and pussy lips nestling between her cheeks.

Harry sat on one of the chairs then said,

“Paige, sit down for a second please, there’s something that I need to say to you.”

Instead of sitting on another chair, she sat on his lap with one arm around his neck.

“What is it Harry?”

“Sprouts.”

Paige’s head dropped to Harry’s shoulder.

Harry spent the next 5 minutes repeating everything that he’d said before then added,

“You look better in skirts Paige, from now on you will only ever wear skirts and tops or dresses. You will put all your trousers, jeans and shorts into black bin bags and put them in the garage. You will also put all your knickers in the same bag and only ever wear the knickers that I will buy for you when we go shopping on Monday, when you go to school. All other times you will not wear any knickers.

You will look amazing and every time that you put a different outfit on you will ask your step brothers how you look. You will believe them and feel good about how you look.

Now repeat to me what I have just told you and what you will do when you wake up.”

Paige repeated everything, almost word for word. Harry asked her to repeat it again, and again it was almost word for word. As she was saying it he wondered if that was how she did so well in academic subjects at school, regurgitating, parrot fashion,

everything that she read or was told.

After a slight pause he said,

“Mango.”

Paige took a deep breath, raised her head and said,

“So, what did you want to talk about?”

“Well I was thinking about asking you if I could try to hypnotise you again, but it can wait, we need to get to the supermarket.”

“Okay, but can we go to the shopping centre that has a cafe that sells mango shakes?”

“For you Paige, anything.”

“Good, thank you, I’ll go and get showered and dressed now.”

Harry again wondered if he was doing the right thing, but he reasoned that he could easily reverse everything if the need ever arose. He went and got himself ready then made a mental note of what they needed from the supermarket.

He’d been back in the kitchen about 10 minutes when Paige appeared. She was dressed in a miniskirt and top.

“Have we got any black bin bags?”

“Yes, in the cupboard under the microwave.”

Paige bent over to get one and as she did so, Harry was pretty sure that he got a quick flash of her bare pussy. He again questioned his actions.

“Won’t be long, just have to collect a few old clothes.” Paige said as she disappeared towards the stairs.

Two minutes later she was back, jacket on and carrying 2 bulging black bin bags.

“What’s in the bags Paige?” Harry asked.

“Old clothes that I won’t wear again. I’m making space for the new ones that you’re going to buy me on Monday. I’m putting them in the garage then when we get any of those charity bags through the door I can donate them to a good cause.”

“Very, err giving of you Paige.”

“I’ve decided that I need to change, I’m growing up and I need my brain to grow up as well.”

“Good Paige, I’m happy for you. Does that mean that you’re going to stop needing a cuddle in the middle of the night?”

“Grief no, I still feel very sad and lonely when I lay in bed and your cuddles make me feel better and wanted.”

“I’m not sure that I understand that because I’m asleep when you climb into my bed and I don’t know that you’re there until I wake up in the morning.”

“But I can put my head on your chest and feel your heart beating and you’re so warm.”

“Okay, I get that bit. But you’ll need to stop sometime before you get to 90 years old.”

“I will, I promise.”

As they pulled into the car park near the supermarket Paige said,

“I’ve just remembered, there’s a kids and teens clothes shop near the supermarket, can we go there first please?”

“Sure, we can come back to the car and swap what we’ve bought for the supermarket bags.”

“So Paige, what do you want to get?”

“Lots of things, I want a whole new wardrobe for the new me.”

“Well pick whatever you want then go and try then on. I’ll be outside the changing rooms if you need me.”

“No you won’t, I want you in there with me, I want your opinion as soon as I put something on.”

“Okay, I guess that I can do that, but won’t the cubicles be a bit small for 2 of us?”

“Not in this shop, parents often go in there with their kids.”

“Well okay, off you go and select what you want.”

And she did, when she got back to me she had a big pile of clothes over her arm. We must have been in that changing room for a good half hour. After she’d tried on each item she’d take it off leaving her either topless, or bottomless or totally naked. Poor Harry kept thinking that he wished that she was 6 years older.

When they finally left that store Harry was carrying 2 big bags of new clothes.

After putting them in the SUV and collecting the shopping bags they went into the supermarket. Paige was very helpful, getting things off shelves when Harry said that they wanted whatever.

Harry spotted a couple of boys about Paige’s age who seemed to be following them around. He knew that Paige looked good, she always did, but this was different. Then he noticed that they bent over whenever Paige did. He turned to look at Paige and realised that they were looking up her skirt, her miniskirt was riding up whenever she bent over.

Harry decided to see what they could see so he told Paige that they wanted something from a bottom shelf further down the aisle. When she bent over he could clearly see her butt and pussy lips. He didn’t say anything to her but decided that he’d have to talk to her about being careful about what she showed.

Harry didn’t deliberately ask Paige to get anything else from bottom shelves but she did as she tried to rush through the shopping.

When they got home George wasn’t there and Paige was disappointed. When they both put the shopping away she often bent over and Harry kept finding that he was deliberately watching her. Each time that he caught himself he told himself to stop it, then seconds later his eyes were watching her again.

Groceries all out away, Harry carried Paige’s new clothes up to her room and put the bags on the floor next to her bed. When he looked up he saw her wardrobe doors were open and that there was a lot of empty space.

Turning back to Paige he saw that she’d flopped down onto her bed, on her back, and he could see straight up her miniskirt to her bare pussy. Pausing for a second he then said,

“Lots of space, in those, I guess that we’ll need a truck for all the shopping that we’ll do on Monday.”

“Is that okay Harry, we don’t have to get lots of clothes if you don’t want to.”

“We will get whatever you want Paige, it’s Christmas.”

“Talking about Christmas, shall we go and get a tree tomorrow?”

Paige scrambled to her feet, spreading her legs as she did so, giving Harry an even better look at her pussy, then hugged him and said,

“Yes please, it will be strange putting the decorations up without mum.”

“I know, but I’m sure that we can manage. They won’t look as good but they’ll be up.”

“Thank you Harry, you make a great substitute mother.”

“Thanks Paige, I think. I’ll try and find out where George is.”

“Good, oh, we shouldn’t have brought this lot upstairs, I’m not going to run up and down stairs every time I want to change outfits.”

“Do I heed to setup a big mirror in the lounge?”

“No, the one that’s there will do.”

Harry carried the bags back downstairs leaving Paige in her room.

After he sat down Harry sent a text message to George -

‘Your sister needs you at home.’

Five minutes later he got a reply -

‘On my way.’

Fifteen minutes later George walked in and said,

“What’s the panic.”

“No panic, we bought Paige a whole load of new clothes and she wants to model them for us.”

“Is that all?”

“Bro, you need to encourage her, tell her that she’s beautiful, besides, I’ve been working my magic on her again.”

“What do you mean?”

“Wait and see bro. PAIGE, George'S HOME.”

Paige came running downstairs then said,

“Sit down guys, then tell me which outfits that you like.”

She the tipped the bags out and rummaged through the pile of clothes, picking a top and a skirt she pulled off the top and skirt that she was wearing, threw them on a chair and put the new ones on.

Harry saw that George’s jaw had dropped and his eyes were wide open. When Paige was covered George said,

“You did it didn’t you Harry?”

“Did what? What do you think guys, do you like it?”

The ‘show’ was very similar to the one that Paige had given Harry in the shop but this time it was for Harry and George, and to make life a little more confusing for the guys, Paige asked them to score each outfit out of 10. Both guys went along with Paige.

For the next 45 minutes or so Paige either got topless, bottomless or totally naked in between each change of outfit.

When it was finally over Harry said,

“Very impressive Paige, I’m sure that I’ve told you this before but you should think about a career as a model. They’re always looking for really beautiful girls like you.”

“Thank you Luke, but I’m too young to think about that. What about you George?”

“Luke’s right,” George replied. “you really are beautiful Paige.”

“Thank you George, you both make me feel good. Now, what’s for tea? I’m starving.”

“I was thinking that we might go out somewhere, maybe a proper restaurant.” Harry said.

“Do we have to?” Paige replied. “Can’t we go to McDonalds?”

“Too many junk food meals aren’t good for you Paige, spoil your model’s body.”

“It’s months since we went to McDonalds, not since …...” Paige started to say.

Harry realised where it was going and changed his mind, quickly interrupting her, hopefully to stop her getting upset again, he said,

“Okay, okay. It’s Christmas, McDonalds it is. Are you coming George or is GTA calling.”

“What’s GTA?” Paige asked.

“An electronic game.” Harry replied. So what are you going to wear Paige?”

Paige rummaged through the pile of clothed and pulled out a miniskirt and a nice top.

“Good choice Paige, you look good in them, but you’ll need a coat on as well.”

“I know. I’ll change now and be ready in 2 minutes, how about you?”

“I’m not coming guys, but you two enjoy yourself.” George said.

As George was saying that Paige took the dress that she was wearing off and put the skirt and top on.

“You take all your new clothes upstairs Paige and I’ll be back in 2 minutes. Oh, and you’re going to hang those up when you get back young lady.”

“Yes sir.”

In McDonalds, they ordered their food and went and sat at a table and Harry couldn’t help noticing that Paige hadn’t tried to pull her short skirt down so that it covered as much of her legs as possible, and that she sat with her knees about shoulder width apart, just like she probably would have if she were wearing jeans.

Her sitting style and attire was also noticed by a couple of older boys who were doing their best to see up her skirt.

Paige’s sitting style didn’t change all through the meal, in fact she got a bit lazier and her knees spread a little further leaving the older boys wondering if she was wearing flesh coloured knickers or no knickers.

When she finished eating and lay back on her seat the boys discovered that she wasn’t wearing knickers and that she had a bald slit. If Harry had looked down he would probably have been able to see the same, but he was pretty sure that she naked under her skirt anyway and seeing her pussy was now, nothing new.

Meal over, they drove home and Paige immediately went to her room to put her new clothes in the wardrobes and drawers. When she re-appeared she was ready for bed. She went and sat on the sofa next to Harry, snuggled up to him and asked him what he was watching.

“Nothing important,” he replied, “would you like some hot chocolate?”

“Better not, I’ve just cleaned my teeth ready for bed.”

“Tomorrow, we’ll go and get a Christmas tree then you can show me how to decorate it.” Harry said, then continued,

“Go and pick a movie to watch Paige.”

She got up and went over to the DVD’s rack and bent over to go through the titles, giving Harry a view of her bare rear end. She bent over again as she put a Disney DVD into the player then went back and snuggled up to Harry, him lifting an arm so that she could rest her head on his chest.

Then she surprised him yet again. Whilst the DVD was running through the titles she said,

“I found a pubic hair this morning, look.”

With that she spun around, rested her butt on his lap and dropped one foot to the floor. Pointing to the solitary hair sprouting out of her pubis she said,

“Can you see it? I don’t know what to do about it. Some of the girls at school shave theirs off and some of the girls pluck them out. I can’t tell if a girl shaves all hers off or if she’s like me and hair hasn’t started growing yet.”

“Don’t any of them just let them grow?”

“One does, she got this mass of black hair there and it looks horrible. Some of the girls are trying to grow a landing strip, whatever that is. What do you think I should do Harry?”

Harry wasn’t used to having to answer questions about female genitalia, and he’d been very relieved to discover that Paige had already started her periods. Taking a deep breath he replied,

“Well Paige, for starters, a Landing Strip is where girls trim off all their pubic hair except for a long strip of it.”

“Where, show me.”

Harry looked down at Paige’s bare pubes. She’d spread her legs, obviously not knowing where Harry was going to point to, and giving him access if it were between her legs. Harry gingerly, put his hand close to her pubes, extended a finger and drew an imaginary line, about a centimetre above her skin, from the front of her slit to just above her pubic bone.

“Oh, is that a Landing Strip, a couple of girls have those.”

“Some girls trim their pubic hair into all sorts of shapes, anything that they can think of.” Harry said.

“That might explain some of the shapes that I’ve seen. One looked a bit like a heart. What do you think I should do with mine?”

“Well you’ve only got 1 hair so far so you have plenty of time to decide.”

“But what do you think that I should do.”

“That’s your decision, not mine; but I prefer girls that shave it all off or pluck them all out. They say that if a hair is plucked out it will hurt a little, but when it grown again and is plucked out again, it will not hurt. If you decide to remove it all there are ways that it can be removed permanently, but that’s a decision that only you can make when you get older.”

“How much older?”

“At least 6 years.”

“Have to tried plucking you hair out?”

“No Paige, I haven’t.”

“Maybe I should try it on you. I’ve seen all your black hairs.”

“When?”

“On a morning when I wake up and you’re still asleep. I’ve lifted the duvet and seen your cock. It was all big and hard one day.”

“Paige, you really should stop coming to my bed in the middle of the night.”

“But I want to, it makes me feel all safe and not alone.”

“Sit up Paige.”

She did, sitting on his lap with an arm around his neck.

“Paige, sweet little step sister, you are safe, and you will never be alone. I will always be here to look after you. Now watch the movie.”

Harry put one arm round her bare body and onto her hip, and the other on her bare thigh and gently squeezed her.

“I love you Harry.” Paige said.

“And I love you too Paige.”

They watched the movie, Paige loving every second of it. Harry not so, but he would probably have admitted to ‘sort of’ liking it.

When it was over Paige decided that she was going to bed and climbed off Harry.

Harry got a beer out of the fridge and was reflecting on his day when George walked in. They talked about all sorts, but as usual the subject got around to Paige.

“So bro,” George said, “you’ve hypnotised he into not wearing knickers?”

“Outside school yes, but she needs them for school so she’s going to decide that she just wants thongs for school.”

“Nice one bro. By the time that the boys start chasing her she’ll be so used to being knickerless that the boys will love her. All those upskirts will drive the boys crazy.”

“Talking about upskirts, I caught 2 boys looking up her skirts at the supermarket today.”

“Did she realise? No, of course she didn’t, she’s too thick.”

“She’s not thick, just not street wise.”

“She never will be.”

“There was another 2 older boys looking up her skirt in McDonalds and again she didn’t realise.”

“Not surprised.”

“Anyway, I think that I should have a talk with her about how ladies should sit and bent over and all that crap that us guys hate.”

“Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why talk to her about it, ignorance is bliss and she’ll never realise that she’s flashing.”

“I can see where you’re coming from bro, but she’s our sister, do we really want her going around letting guys see her pussy?”

“Yeah, why not? It’s no skin off our teeth and she’ll never know what she’s doing, and if she did work out that guys could see her pussy she’d never realise the effect that it has on the guys.”

“I see what you mean George, I’ll think about it.”

“Don’t rush bro.”

The Sunday morning started as usual for Harry, waking up with the naked Paige half laying over him with her leg laying over his morning woody. He slowly extracted himself then went and had a shower. Paige was still asleep when he got back to his room. As he pulled his boxers up his legs he heard Paige say,

“You have a nice cock Harry, the girls at school would love it.”

“Paige, stop talking like that, I’m your brother and you shouldn’t be looking at me.”

Then Paige surprised him by saying,

“But you look at me when I’m like this.”

As she said that she pulled quilt off of her leaving her on her back with her legs spread wide.

Harry looked for a couple of seconds, and as he did he started to get an erection.

“That’s different,” Harry said, “You’re my little sister so it doesn’t count. Besides I look at you as a whole, a little sister that needs my advise and help and guidance. I’m your sort of stand-in mother, your guardian.”

“It looks even better when it grows.” Paige said.

“Paige, stop that; and go and have a cold shower or something.”

Harry went and started getting some breakfast for himself and Paige. George had already had his and was just leaving to go to a mates house.

The breakfast was just about ready when Paige arrived, still naked.

“Haven’t you had a shower yet?” Harry asked.

“No, I dozed off again after you left. It won’t take me long after I’ve had my breakfast then we can go and get a tree. Can you remember where dad used to get them?”

“I think so.”

As they ate Harry said,

“You’re starting to come out of your shell a bit Paige, it’s nice to see that.”

Paige blushed, then replied,

“I guess that’s down to you, when I first realised that I’d never see mum and dad again I thought that my life was over too, but you’ve been so kind to me and you make me feel good. Look at me, I’m growing up and you’re helping me do that, I think that dad, and mum, wanted me to stay their little girl forever. They would have me doing little girl things forever, but you let me do all sorts of things that they never would.

I mean, I hated nighties but mum always insisted that I wear one, and hear I am having got rid of all of them and sleeping with nothing on. And mum always bought me clothes that she liked, not what I liked. But you let me wear whatever I like and you even tell me if you like it; and you do that when I’m trying things on instead of having to wait until I get home, by which time it’s too late and I have to wear it if I like it or not.

And those little girl knickers, yuk, the girls at school used to laugh at me, but now that I’m going to get some thongs that cover nothing, it will be me laughing at them.”

“Well Paige, that was quite a little speech, did you read it somewhere?”

“I don’t think so, but it’s all true.”

“Well it doesn’t matter, all that does matter is that you are happy and that you are talking to us and joining in with us instead of hiding away in your room.”

“Thank you Harry.”

“Come here Paige, give your brother or guardian or whatever you want to call me, a big hug.”

The naked Paige got up and went round to Harry where she sat on his lap and gave him a big hug and kiss. As she got up she said,

“I love you Harry.”

“And I love you too Paige. Now finish up and go and get ready, a Christmas tree is calling your name.”

Fifteen minutes later Paige was back wearing a miniskirt, polo neck sweater, little girl boots and a jacket.

“Can we get some more boots tomorrow please, I hate these.”

Harry put his arm around her and squeezed her to him.

“I think that I’ll have to hire a U-Haul truck tomorrow.”

“We can afford it can’t we? I saw the price tags on some of those clothes that we already bought.”

“Yes we can, but don’t you worry about money, that’s my problem, but if you like I can give you a budget and you can keep to it.”

“Next time, I just want to get through Christmas without mum and dad.”

Harry pulled her to him and gave her a big hug. In doing so his hands rested on her bare butt, but when they parted he saw her bare butt in the mirror opposite before he moved his hand and her skirt and jacket dropped.

They found the place and bought a tree. Harry was glad that they had an SUV instead of his old car, a Mini. When they got it back home Paige helped Harry ‘plant’ it and get it into the house. In doing so they both had to bend over quite a lot and Paige either didn’t care that she kept showing her bate butt to Harry, and just didn’t realise that she was exposed.

Harry said nothing and tried not to look but he just couldn’t help himself.

Harry remembered that the decorations were in the loft and as soon as he lowered the steps Paige was running up the steps to get them, totally oblivious to the fact that Harry was below her looking up as he told her where the light switch was.

As she came down with each box she was also oblivious to the view that she was giving Harry up the front of her skirt.

And she went up and down 4 times before all the decorations were down.

Harry had to stop Paige then because it was hours since they had eaten, and Harry, for one, was hungry.

After the quick lunch, Paige insisted that she put everything on the tree, even when it meant climbing the kitchen steps to get to the top. Again, Harry couldn’t stop his eyes form looking up her skirt.

There was one moment when they nearly had a disaster; Paige leant too far when she was on the steps. Fortunately Harry saw what was happening and grabbed her just as she screamed. He grabbed her and pulled her into his arms. One arm going under her legs and sliding up to her bare butt.

“Phew,” Paige said, “that was close. Thank you for catching me Harry.”

Harry lowered her to the ground, her skirt rising up as she slid off his arms. She didn’t even pull it down, only letting gravity do the job as she started putting more baubles on the tree.

“How do you scream like that Paige?” Harry asked, “I’ve tried but I just can’t do it?”

“No idea, it just comes out,” she said before doing it again.

“Please don’t do that, it hurts my ears.” Harry said.

Paige laughed then carried on finishing the tree.

Job done, they stood next to each other, Harry with an arm around Paige’s shoulders and her with an arm round his waist.

“That looks good Paige, the girl did good.”

“You helped, but it’s not as good as mum did it.”

“Well you did this and you should be proud of it.”

“I am, can I switch the lights on?”

“Of course, do you want to put any decorations around the house or even outside the house?”

“No, lets just have a cosy Christmas in here.”

“How about I dig out some of the games that we used to play as a family.” Harry asked.

“Okay, but which ones can we play with only 3 players.”

“Good question, lets get them out and see.”

Harry went into the loft this time, and came back down with 5 board games.

“These should keep us quiet for a while.” Harry said as he brought them down.

“Can we leave them until Christmas day please, I’m feeling a bit tired.”

“Sure, why don’t you put a DVD on and relax for a while. I’ll clean up and then get tea ready.”

Paige did just that and Harry got on with his jobs. When tea was ready he went to tell Paige and saw that she was asleep on the sofa, her skirt had risen up and one foot was on the floor. Her pussy was staring right at him, and of course, his eyes responded in the way that any man’s would.

After a few seconds George arrived home and walked into the lounge.

“Wow, you 2 have been busy, where is she?”

“Shhh.” Harry said as he pointed down to Paige.

“Fucking hell; definitely not a little girl anymore. Do you think that she plays with that?”

Harry didn’t answer, instead he grabbed George’s arm and dragged him to the kitchen.

“Leave her, she needs the sleep, we’ve had a busy day.”

“Err yes, sure, but did you see her pussy?”

“Of course I did, she’s been accidentally showing it to me all day.”

“Our step sister is only 12 isn’t she?”

“Yes.”

“She looks a lot older, well her pussy does.”

“Pussy expert are you bro?”

“I’ve seen a few.”

“Not her age I hope.”

“No but.”

“What are you 2 talking about?” Paige said as she walked into the kitchen, her skirt still up around her waist.

“Nothing that a beautiful little girl should concern herself with.” George replied.

“What’s for tea?”

“Whatever we get ready. Have a look in the fridge and get something out.”

She turned and walked to the fridge and her skirt started sliding down.

“You did a good job with the tree Paige.” George said.

“Thanks, but Harry did a lot to help me.”

The 3 of us worked together and got tea ready, George saying that it was good that Paige was helping. She smiled and said that she was a big girl now.

After tea Paige went to her room and Harry could hear loud music coming from the room. About 9 o’clock a naked Paige emerged and said that she was going to bed, She kissed each of her brothers on the cheek then went to bed.

“Either you’ve released a monster or she just doesn’t have a clue.” George said when she was gone.

“I’m sure that it’s the latter, but at least she’s coming out of herself, she hasn’t been so happy since before..”

“That’s true.”

Monday started with Harry gently lifting the naked Paige off him – again, but he made it downstairs and started breakfast before she emerged and plonked her naked butt on one of the chairs.

“Morning bro, ready to hit the shops?”

“I hope that you’re not planing on going like that Paige?”

“No silly, I haven’t had a shower or got dressed yet.”

“I can see that. How long do you need.”

“About an hour.”

“Bloody hell girl, you never used to take that long.”

“I’m a big girl now and big girls have things that they have to do.”

“I hope that that doesn’t include putting a lot of make-up on. You’re too young to be plastering that muck on your face, besides you don’t need it, you are mega beautiful without any.”

“Aww thanks Harry. I’ll be as quick as I can.”

Harry waited until Paige had finished eating and was about to get up and then he said,

“Sprouts.”

Her head fell forwards.

“Paige, when we are shopping today you will decide that you need some new knickers and that from now on, when you are at school, you will wear only the thongs, little see-through thongs or split crotch thongs that we buy today. You will select 10 thongs whilst we are shopping and when you get home you will take all your other knickers and put them with your other old clothes in the garage.

Today you will also buy a couple of PE skirts and take your old PE shorts to the garage as well. Repeat what I have just said Paige.”

She did, again almost word for word.

“Mango.”

“At lunchtime can we find a cafe that sells mango shakes please Harry, I just fancy one.”

“Yes, of course we can.”

Forty five minutes later the SUV started driving down the road.