

HALF SISTERS

Episode 9

ON SATURDAY, I WOKE UP EARLY AND HAD A SHOWER. I'M SURE YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT A TRIP THAT IS, RIGHT? RUBBING SOAP ALL OVER YOUR BOOBS, TRYING TO FIGHT BACK THAT STRANGE MIX OF HORROR AND CURIOSITY. LIKE A DREAM THAT ONLY BECOMES A **NIGHTMARE** ONLY WHEN YOU REALIZE YOU CAN'T WAKE UP.

IN THE PAST, WHEN I WAS CHANGED BUT STILL...YOU KNOW...HAD MY BALLS, I COULDN'T GET THROUGH A SHOWER WITHOUT GETTING AN ERECTION AND, UH, WELL, YOU KNOW. THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM THESE DAYS, THOUGH.

ANYWAY, I WAS DISTRACTED BY SOMETHING ELSE THAT MORNING: **JESSICA**.



A woman with dark hair is standing in a bedroom, wearing a white lace bra and matching underwear. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera with a serious expression. Her hands are on her hips. The room features a large arched window in the background, a wooden armoire on the left, and a wooden dresser with a mirror on the right. The dresser has a bottle and an hourglass on it. The floor is light-colored wood.

WHO WAS SHE? WHAT DID SHE KNOW ABOUT MRS. FERRIS? DID IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH SOFIA? I MEAN, OBVIOUSLY, MRS. FERRIS WAS A *PSYCHOPATH* -- JUST LOOK AT WHAT SHE'D DONE TO ME. BUT, YOU KNOW, I BROKE INTO HER HOUSE AND TRIED TO STEAL HER SHIT, SO AT LEAST I'M NOT ENTIRELY INNOCENT. NOT THAT I DESERVE THIS, BUT STILL...

WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS, YEAH, MRS. FERRIS IS CRAZY. BUT IS SHE CRAZY ENOUGH TO HURT HER OWN *DAUGHTER*? THAT'S WHAT I HAD TO KNOW.

I GRUNTED AS I HOOKED THE BRA AT THE BACK. THIS MANEUVER WAS STILL WEIRD, UNCOMFORTABLE, AND DOWNRIGHT HUMILIATING. THE WORST PART? THE BRA WAS STILL SLIGHTLY TIGHT ON ME -- EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A D-CLIP!



AND, OF COURSE, TO LEAVE THE HOUSE, I HAD TO BE "**PRESENTABLE**," AS MRS. FERRIS PUT IT, WHICH MEANT AN EXTRA HOUR OF BLOW-DRYING MY HAIR, PUTTING ON MAKEUP, AND ALL THAT OTHER CRAP. MRS. FERRIS WOULD HAVE A FIT IF I REFUSED. TWICE ALREADY, SHE'D ADDED EXTRA TIME TO MY PUNISHMENT FOR FAILING TO ACT LIKE THE DAUGHTER SHE WANTED ME TO BECOME.



THAT MEANT I'D HAVE TO KEEP DRESSING "PROVOCATIVELY" FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS LONGER. MRS. FERRIS, MEANWHILE, BOASTED TO HER FRIENDS ABOUT HER EFFORTS TO "CURE" ME OF THIS FLAW. SO, OF COURSE, HER FRIENDS SPREAD RUMORS ABOUT ME BEING A WILD *SLUT* FROM THE NORTH WHOM MRS. FERRIS WAS ATTEMPTING TO REHABILITATE.

ONE NIGHT, AS AN ACT OF REBELLION, I WENT OUT WITH MRS. FERRIS WITHOUT A BRA. I THOUGHT IT WAS ODD THAT SHE DIDN'T MAKE A FUSS, BUT I SOON REALIZED WHY: EVERYWHERE I WENT, MEN STARED AT ME WITH THESE HIDEOUS, PREDATORY SMILES, AND THE WOMEN LOOKED AT ME LIKE I WAS TRASH.

THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I TRIED THAT. I KNOW WE'RE REALLY GUYS, AND WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO WEAR THIS STUFF, BUT AS LONG AS I HAVE BOOBS, I CAN'T GO OUT WITH THEM BOUNCING ALL OVER THE PLACE. AND, YEAH, I'D... I'D RATHER WEAR A BRA THAN BE *HUMILIATED*. AT LEAST, HUMILIATED IN THAT WAY.



ANYWAY, I'D BE LYING IF I SAID I WAS ONLY GETTING *DOLLED UP* SO MRS. FERRIS WOULDN'T YELL AT ME. BECAUSE, IN REALITY, I...I WANTED TO LOOK NICE FOR JESSICA. SHE'D ACTED SO FLIRTY AT THE POOL. AND, WELL, IT HAD BEEN YEARS SINCE A WOMAN HAD LOOKED AT ME LIKE THAT. IT WAS A NICE FEELING, EVEN IF SHE MISTOOK ME FOR ANOTHER FEMALE.



YOU EVER LOOK DOWN AND FEEL LIKE YOU'RE LOOKING AT A STRANGER? LIKE, I KNOW THIS IS MY BODY, BUT AT THE SAME TIME, IT'S LIKE... I DON'T KNOW. LIKE I PICKED THE WRONG CHARACTER IN A VIDEO GAME. ONLY IN REAL LIFE, YOU CAN'T PRESS RESTART. THIS WAS ME.





I TURNED AND LOOKED AT MY ASS IN THE MIRROR. NO MATTER HOW OFTEN I DID THAT, I COULDN'T GET USED TO THE VIEW OF MY SOFT, CURVY BODY. SOMETIMES I WISH I HAD A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FACE. YOU EVER HAVE THAT FEELING, NIKKI? LIKE, WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER IF YOU COULD ERASE ANY RESEMBLANCE TO THE GUY YOU USED TO BE? MAYBE THAT SOUNDS CRAZY, I DON'T KNOW.



ANYWAY, I STILL DON'T HAVE A **TEXAS** DRIVER'S LICENSE, AND MRS. FERRIS' HOUSE IS OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, SO I HAVE TO WALK HALF A MILE TO THE BUS STOP -- WHICH IS JUST A SPOT WITH A SIGN -- AND THEN RIDE THE BUS ALL THE WAY INTO TOWN. AT LEAST I'M GETTING MY PRACTICE IN WITH THESE RIDICULOUS BOOTS.



AND, OF COURSE, I'M THE ONLY PASSENGER ON THE BUS EXCEPT FOR THIS CREEP WHO GETS UP AND SITS NEXT TO ME, ASKING DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS ABOUT WHERE I'M FROM AND WHAT I'M DOING IN TOWN. WHEN I IGNORE HIM, HE JUST STARES AT ME, UNTIL OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I CATCH HIM...*RUBBING* HIMSELF.



MAN, IF I STILL HAD MY **BALLS**, I'D HAVE PUNCHED HIM IN THE FACE RIGHT THERE. BUT NOW...

I JUST STARED OUT THE WINDOW, HOPING HE'D GO AWAY. I GUESS I HAD NO IDEA HOW TERRIFYING IT WAS TO BE A WOMAN. NOT REALLY, I MEAN. I'M NOT SURE IF YOU'VE HAD TO DEAL WITH SOMETHING LIKE THAT YET, BUT IT'S FUCKING SCARY.

I FINALLY ARRIVED IN TOWN AND BEGAN WALKING TOWARD SALVATION ROAD. I FOUND **HER** WAITING FOR ME AT THE OLD FACTORY.

BUT SHE LOOKED DECIDEDLY
LESS FRIENDLY...

WELL, I WASN'T SURE YOU'D HAVE THE GUTS TO SHOW UP. USUALLY, ONLY **MEN** ARE DUMB ENOUGH TO FALL FOR THE FLIRTY-GIRL ACT. I GUESS YOU MUST BE THIRSTY, THOUGH, HUH?

WHAT? NO. I, UH, AM REALLY HONESTLY CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT YOU WROTE --

CUT THE **CRAP**, BABE. WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO TAKE SOFIA'S PLACE, RIGHT DOWN TO HER BEAUTIFUL NAME? AND IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON, I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL KEEP LOOKING UNTIL I FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE, WHERE YOU CAME FROM, AND WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO STEAL MY FRIEND'S LIFE.

I'M NOT TRYING TO STEAL ANYTHING! THIS WASN'T MY IDEA, I PROMISE. I'M, I'M NOT! I'M NOT EVEN...NOT EVEN...

NO EVEN **WHAT?**

NOT EVEN A **BRUNETTE!** I'M A BLONDE. BUT MRS. FERRIS MADE ME DYE MY HAIR.



AND GET A BOOB JOB? I KNOW FAKE TITS WHEN I SEE THEM, AND YOURS ARE GORGEOUS BUT A LITTLE TOO *PERFECT*. SO TELL THE TRUTH. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?

MY REAL NAME IS, UM, *SANDY*. IT'S SANDY. AND THE ONLY REASON I'M HERE IS BECAUSE MRS. FERRIS MADE ME AN OFFER. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE REAL SOFIA.

WHAT KIND OF OFFER?

SHE PROMISED ME THAT SHE'D ADOPT ME AND MAKE ME THE HEIR TO HER FORTUNE.

THAT'S IT? THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE HERE? *MONEY?*

Y-YEAH. THAT'S THE ONLY REASON.

THAT BITCH. BUT I GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED. EVERYTHING THAT WOMAN DOES IS FOR THE SAKE OF MONEY.

PLEASE, TELL ME, WHO WAS SOFIA TO YOU? YOU SAID SHE WAS YOUR FRIEND BUT, UH, WAS THERE MORE?

DID YOU EVER MEET SOMEONE WHO COMPLETELY CHANGED WHO YOUR THOUGHT YOU WERE?

Y-YES, I HAVE, ACTUALLY.

WELL, THAT WAS SOFIA FOR ME. SHE WAS MY BEST FRIEND. MY ONLY FRIEND, REALLY, FOR MOST OF HIGH SCHOOL. AND, WELL, EVENTUALLY, I FELL IN *LOVE* WITH HER.





OH. WAS SHE ALSO A, UH, A
LESBIAN?

NO. SOFIA LIKED MEN. LIKE,
REALLY, *REALLY* LIKED MEN.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

I GUESS I'LL SHOW YOU.
FOLLOW ME, *SANDY*.

