A Hodgson Girl

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

A Hodgson Girl - Chapter 1

"Em." Dad said, tapping the table to draw his son's attention.

"Yeah?"

"I asked you a question. Have you done anything with your first weekend of summer?" The boy's nose wrinkled. He had done a lot, but it was all in Capricorn, so of course Dad would not understand how important it was he had reached silver level.

"Did you even put on pants before dinner?" Lucy asked.

"Yes!"

"What about a shirt?" Dad asked. Emery fumed. Why did his sisters have to help Dad nag him?

"Uh..."

"I don't want you wasting your summer." Dad said sternly. "Tomorrow, I want you to leave the house."

"Oh, he will." Violet murmured, just loudly enough for Lucy to hear. The girls smirked, but did not speak more about it until they returned to Lucy's room.

Ever since school had gotten out for the summer on Friday, they had conspired. It had begun with a chat about how nice it was to be done earlier than their elementary school - Hodgson Primary School for Girls -- ever had. Every year,

they'd had to go to school until the first Friday of June, but their matriculation to the public high school meant an earlier end to the school year. Fine and dandy for them, but it seemed wrong for their little brother to be done with school earlier than he would have been, had he been lucky enough to be born a girl.

"Did you find it?" Lucy asked. Violet nodded.

"Yeah. Ready for an awful trip down memory lane?" She unfolded each piece of her old Hodgson uniform and they both groaned in dismay.

"And we know they haven't updated the uniform since."

"They haven't for like a hundred years." Violet said. "God, how did we ever survive?" She brightened up as Lucy grabbed a shopping bag from her vanity.

"And here we have little girl panties and little girl bralets." She giggled. "He'll only be able to wear one of each, but I've got ideas for the rest of them."

"So we're set then?"

"For sure!" Lucy said with aplomb. "Checked the Hodgson website, which also hasn't been redone in twenty years, and they're going to the museum tomorrow."

"As is tradition." They said in unison. They both paused as they heard Emery roar with frustration over something in his dumb little video game.

"So we're set." Violet said, excitedly running her hands along

her ponytail like she always did.

"Yeah, other than getting our sweet little schoolgirl dressed."

"I'm not sure I'll be able to sleep tonight!"

Neither of them slept as soundly that night as Emery did, blissfully unaware of how his Monday was going to unfold. The first hint he got of it was his bedroom door swinging open.

"Emery! You're going to be late for school!" Violet yelled in a passable impression of Mom. A perpetual oversleeper, instinct kicked in and Emery had leaped out of bed and shed his pajamas before he even had a second to think.

"It's summer." He said, blushing as he realized he was in nothing but his underwear and that that was his sister standing there, not Mom.

"Forgot to tell you. You've transferred schools." Lucy said, appearing in the doorway beside her sister.

Frozen by confusion, Emery was little match for the girls as they grabbed his wrists and pulled him the short distance across the hall to Violet's room.

"What's going on here? Let me go back to bed."

"Nope. You promised Dad you'd leave the house today."

"But it's like 6 in the morning!"

"It's gonna take some time to get you ready."

"Ready for what?"

"For school, dumb-dumb." Lucy said.

"We can't have you rotting your brain all summer, so you're getting a proper Hodgson education."

"Hodgson? That's a school for girls!"

"Wow, you're brilliant." Violet rolled her eyes. "We know, Emery."

"But trust your big sisters and we'll get you able to pass even Mrs. Tast's uniform inspections."

"Now, enough chit-chat. Take those..." Violet gestured for the right word.

"Boxers." Emery said through gritted teeth. His sisters reacted as if he had said the F word.

"No, no, no. A little girl needs panties." Lucy held up a pair, all pink satin with white lace around the legs, waist, and even in sumptuous rows on the seat, which she kept turned away from him.

"I am not" he sputtered. "Wearing those!"

"You better." Violet said. "If they catch even a glimpse of those boxers, you'll get a demerit and I know you've heard stories of what happens at Hodgson to girls who get demerits."

"And for you, it'd be even worse since they'd probably discover what a little girl you aren't." Lucy added.

"Would they call the cops?"

"Fine." Emery said. "I'll wear... them."

"Attagirl. Turn your back and put on your panties and your training bra."

"My what?"

"Girls your age wear them." His sisters said in unison. "They'll be looking for the little bumps in your blouse."

"Not on your chest." Violet clarified. "But on your shoulders." She touched hers to show where the bra straps were. Emery felt lightheaded as he was handed the panties, whimpering in defeat as their true frillyness was revealed to him.

"Boxers off, panties on, little girl." Lucy ordered.

"Aren't they going to notice an extra... student?"

"Keep trying to distract us and we'll throw you in the front yard naked."

"Why are you doing this?"

"You need to keep busy, don't you?" Violet said. "Dad even said so."

"But I... I can't!"

"What do you mean?" Lucy asked, grinning at him standing there in nothing but panties.

"They'll know I'm a boy."

"Bet" Lucy was about to say, but Violet cut her off.

"Well, then you've got nothing to worry about. If you're immediately found out, we'll be right there by the front gate and you can say 'told ya so!'" Emery seemed to consider this. "So," Violet said. "Wanna give it a shot?"

"No."

"Too bad."

Emery thought getting dressed was at least marginally better than standing there in lacy panties and a training bra, but once he had the skirt, blouse, blazer, knee socks, and Mary Janes on, he was having second thoughts.

"Keep your knees together." Violet said as she pushed him into the plush chair in front of her vanity.

"This is humiliating."

"We had to wear that every day for years." Lucy said. "No sympathy from us, little bro."

"Now, now, Lucy." Violet said as she grabbed an eyebrow plucker. "Emery's a Hodgson Girl now, we can't really call him little bro."

"D-don't you think my voice will give me away?" Emery was desperate to think of any way to get out of this.

"Nope." Lucy replied at once.

"With the way you're dressed, you'll probably be too shy to say anything anyway." Violet said. "Just a shy, sweet little

girl." She seemed to relish the last word. "Now hold still."

The girls saw the transformation in Emery's face once his eyebrows had been tamed, teasing him about how his shrill yelps proved he could sound like a girl, but for Emery, he still thought he looked like a boy in girl's clothes until they moved on to his hair.

In truth, it was a simple enough process. After combing his hair down the center, Violet took the hair from one side into a bunch, holding it in place with an elastic band as she mirrored it on the other side. Emery stared in disbelief at the two conspicuous bunches of hair sticking out on each side of his head.

"No."

"Didn't really ask for your input, Emery." Violet said. "It's a work in progress."

"Should we do nail polish?"

"Naw." Violet said. "Pretty sure that's not allowed in Emery's grade."

"Buncha dictators." Lucy muttered.

"We'll do your nails after school, kay?" Violet cooed into Emery's ear before tying a length of sunshine yellow hair ribbon around the bunch on the left side of his head, tying it tightly in a non-slip bow.

"Ow! That's so tight!"

"It's how it's supposed to be." Violet clucked. "You'll get used to it." She repeated the process on the right side of his head, holding the ribbons in place with plastic slides. "Those won't be going anywhere." She said as she combed his hair forward in a fringe before cutting it across in a neat, even line. "Voila! A perfect little girl!"

Emery stared in disbelief at the little girl in the mirror. His hair was now flat, but the bows on each side of his head seemed even more conspicuous. He looked like...

"Wow! You really made her into a Hodgson Girl!" Lucy said.

"And a few years younger, thanks to these." Violet played with the ribbons.

"Oh, hush." Lucy scolded as Emery whimpered. "If anything, it just says 'Mommy wants to keep me a little girl for as long as she can'."

"Lots of girls at school will probably have a big bow on top of their heads."

"They banned ponytails, you know." I don't care! Emery thought.

"I can't do this."

"You don't have a choice." The girls grabbed him as he stood up.

"It's the last Monday before summer." Lucy said. "We don't want you to be late!"

"Aren't they going to notice an extra student?"

"That's your problem, not ours." Violet said as they took him, one sister on each side, downstairs.

"But thanks to us, you look like you belong." Lucy said in a tone that Emery could not be certain was meant to be reassuring.

"And to think, you always beg us for a ride to school." Violet said as they dragged him out to the car they shared.

"But"

"But nothing. Hodgson isn't like your public school. You don't watch movies the last week."

"You've got a big day of learning ahead of you."

"Even a boy like you might feel like a proper young lady after a full day of Hodgson." Emery's head spun as his sisters went back and forth, making it sound worse and worse.

He almost cried as he saw the sign for Hodgson Primary School for Girls but he was glad he didn't when they went right past it. What had he been worried about? Of course his sisters were playing a prank on him. His relief faded as a new question came to mind: if they weren't actually going to Hodgson, where were they going?

"You better not be messing with your hair ribbons back there!" Lucy said, startling Emery out of his worried thoughts.

"Nope. She's still our pretty little sister." Violet said with

obvious relish.

"Where are we going?"

"To the museum." Violet's matter-of-fact answer surprised Emery, but worry set in again. So they were going to drag him around the museum dressed like this? With lots of photos and videos and... the more he thought about it, the more it made sense. He was so confident that he had figured it out, he leaned back in his seat. Now that he knew what was going to happen, he could plot on how to outsmart them. I just wish I wasn't wearing panties. Ugh, and a bra!

Once they had parked, Violet and Lucy got their brother out, snickering as they took turns ordering him to fix his skirt.

"A Hodgson girl is always prim and presentable." Lucy said.

"This one's got a long way to go." Violet said, playing with one of her brother's hair ribbons. "And isn't it prim and polished?"

"Pretty sure it's presentable. Let's get inside." Lucy said, wondering if Emery had noticed the sign on the way in. They passed between two enormous marble columns and Emery skidded to a stop, confirming for Lucy that he had not in fact seen the sign welcoming Hodgson to their annual field trip.
Emery stared at the group of girls, all dressed identically to him, though they ranged from a few years younger than him to a couple years older. This... this couldn't be happening! Was the whole freaking school here?

"No. No." Emery was so panicked, he had no defense as

Violet grabbed his hand and marched him right over to the adult in charge, Emery's Mary Janes clicking as he rushed to keep up with his sister's confident stride.

"Excuse me, ma'am?" The imperious woman turned, her eyes shifting from Violet to Emery. "I think one of your students" the woman immediately reached out. Emery thought she was going for his heart, like some sort of monster, but instead she looked at the emblem on the chest of his blazer.

"Ah, third grade." Third!? I just finished fifth! "I know where you go." Emery turned to look pleadingly at Violet, but she was gone. He turned to find her, but the woman grabbed his hand. "You're not giving me the slip again, young lady. With such eye-catching hair ribbons, you'll find it hard to wander off again, I think." She pulled him by the hand, weaving through girl after girl, all dressed exactly like him. He had thought it would be obvious that he was a boy, but now? Now he was worried he might be stuck as a little schoolgirl all day long.

"One of yours got away again, Margaret." The woman said, pushing him toward another severe-looking woman. Did they hire nothing but- Emery could not even finish the thought as his chest was once again checked.

"And what's your name, young lady?"

"Emery. Uh, ma'am."

"Well, Emily, you need to stay with the class. We'll see everything, but we'll see it as a group. Do I make myself

clear?" Emery nodded, mumbling another 'ma'am' for good measure. "Who is your field trip buddy?"

"Uh, um" Did he dare make up a name? She had no time for his attempts at improvisation.

"Well, you'll be mine then. Come along, Emily. You -- and your darling hair ribbons -- will be in my sight all day long."

Emery's day passed at a crawl. The click-clack of his Mary Janes on the marble floors, the way he felt his skirt brush the tops of his knees, the constant sensation of lace tickling his thighs, the way his hair ribbons tugged at his head constantly. The worst part about the skirt, if it was even possible to pick one worst thing, was that he felt like it was too short in the back. He would tug it down, immediately regretting it as the skirt rubbed against the lace ruffles on his butt, reminding him over and over again that he was dressed like a sweet little girl all the way down to his skin. And I'm surrounded by like twenty girls dressed just like me! The few boys he saw in the museum gave the group of giggling girls a wide berth, not that he could blame them. He stared covetously at a few of them before realizing that meant he had to run, click-clacking every step of the way, to catch up with the class. *Idiot! *He thought as he rejoined the group. You could have escaped! A moment later though, he soberly wondered if he would want to be caught dead walking home like this. What if someone stopped? They'd see where he belongs, thanks to the stupid emblem on his blazer.

It got even worse when they had to sit down on hard wooden

benches to listen to a man who looked as if water was too spicy for him. He felt every inch of lace on his butt as he sat there and he could not even slouch with the teacher right next to him.

"Knees together, back straight, hands folded. There's a good girl." She said whenever he even thought about it. This was torture!

Finally, the end of the day came and Emery was surprised the sun was still shining into the museum lobby. It felt like it must be midnight! There was still no hopes of escape, so he remained in the group, groaning as the teacher instructed them all to thank the museum staff. What, you gonna make us get in a line and curtsy? He was relieved when it was simply a chorused 'thank you' like he normally did at his own school.

Emery had just a moment to believe his ordeal was over before he realized the flow of girls was carrying him onto one of the big yellow Hodgson Primary School buses. He could not fight the current and soon found himself sitting on the bus, right beside the teacher. In her sights all day indeed!

"Knees together, back straight, hands folded." She clucked. "I will not be telling you again, Emily." Emery thought he had been sitting as straight as possible. Was nothing good enough for this woman? "In fact, to help you remember, you will be the last girl off the bus. I want you to sit here, prim and polished, smiling at each of your fellow students as she gets off the bus." Emery's head was filled with dark thoughts, but he did his best to project prim and polished for the entire ride

back to the school. He shuddered as he saw the sign, but at least that meant he was in walking distance of his house and freedom!

With that hope warming him, Emery was pretty sure his smile was actually genuine as the real girls filed off the bus. He was on the wrong side of the bus to see if his sisters were waiting for him. Would they be? Would they expose him as a boy or were they impressed he had actually made it through the whole day? Should I be impressed? He wondered before dismissing the thought.

At long last, it was Emery's turn to depart the bus. He could see girls walking out of the front gate, so surely that meant it was time to go home. He hurried along, fearful he might get stuck with clapping erasers or something. Rushing had its own issues, however, as his shoes click-clacking along the sidewalk. Running or even walking fast made it seem all the louder, so he slowed to a walk. What if someone he knew saw him though? He held a hand up against his face to try to shield it from the passing cars.

"There you are!" Violet exclaimed. Both she and Lucy had their phones out, recording their grimacing brother coming up the walk in his Hodgson uniform.

"Was it fun?" Lucy had the gall to ask. Emery only grunted and pushed past them.

"Guess those lessons didn't take." Violet murmured.

"Take your uniform off nicely, Emery!" Lucy called after

him. "You've got four more days before the end of term!"

Chapter 2

A Hodgson Girl - Last Week of School - Chapter 2

Emery was not even sure how he had ended up sitting in the wooden chair. Violet had claimed they had let him sleep in since there was less prep for today, but the sun had still been barely above the horizon by the time he was in a training bra and panties, stepping into a skirt as his sisters giggled and assured him he would in fact be spending the entire day at Hodgson.

“And this time, there's no field trip. It's just a day at school.”

“It's my summer vacation!”

“Nope.” Violet said. “Hodgson goes until Friday and it's only Tuesday.” She attacked his hair.

“Ow! Not so hard!”

“Your hair's gotta be perfect. They'll do uniform checks.”

“I can't go all day at a girls’ school.”

“You made it through yesterday, didn't you?”

“But-”

“You're a Hodgson Girl.” Lucy said firmly. “And that's that.”

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Sitting in the backseat, Emery's stomach tied itself in knots

as, this time, they did not drive past Hodgson. They drove right through the gate and stopped in front of the brick building. Seeing his face, Violet patted his bare knee.

“Sorry, Emery. No fun field trip today. Just a normal day at school.”

“This isn't my school!”

“We'll walk in with you.” Lucy said, fixing his skirt. “Won't we, Violet?”

“It'd be an honor to escort such a cute little girl!”

Emery had to stand beside the car as they made him slip his arms into the straps of a lilac colored backpack before making sure his skirt, blazer, and hair ribbons were all perfect.

“Our little sister is all set.” Emery glared. Why was he so nervous? Sure, it was going to be embarrassing when they inevitably realized he was a boy, but this would all be over soon.

“Where are we going?” Emery asked, sneering as he saw girls everywhere.

“To the office.” Violet said. “It's your first real day, so we don't know your teacher.”

“Aren't you taking this a little far?” Emery asked.

“Oh, it's only a little far?” Lucy asked. “So the uniform and hair isn't that bad?”

“That's not what I meant.”

Emery stood there, horrified as his sisters spun a tale to the receptionist about how and why he was only showing up to his first day during the last week of school.

“I won't keep you two ladies.” She said. “I can take Emily from here.”

“Bye, Emily.” Violet said, sticking her tongue out at him as they left him in the office.

“Just a little bit of paperwork and then you'll be all set, sweetheart.” Emery felt his heart race. This was his only chance.

"No, you can't-"

"Young lady, here at Hodgson, students do not interrupt adults. Have a seat and sit quietly while I get you entered into the system. Then I'll escort you to your classroom.” He was so stunned, he sat down. This was real. Four full days at a girls school. “And there we go! Looks like your mom and dad already registered you in the system.”

“What? How?” The woman frowned.

“This is your address, correct?” He checked and nodded. “Here at Hodgson, you answer yes ma’am with a curtsy.”

“Uh, yes, ma’am.” She tutted as he tried to curtsy.

“Mrs. King will work on that with you.” She stood up, murmuring to herself. “Honestly, third grade and unable to curtsy?” This was his chance.

“Third grade, ma’am? I'm supposed to be in fifth grade.” I finished it last week, even.

“Computer says third grade and so does your blazer.” The woman replied at once. “Come along, Emily. You'll like it here. In no time, you'll be a proper young lady and a real Hodgson Girl.”

The school day felt more like a school week. The receptionist had been right. Mrs. King worked on curtsies with him and every other girl in the class. Curtsies weren't even the only thing! At his actual school, you could slouch. At Hodgson, you had to spend every single minute with your back straight, knees together. It was almost a relief that the third grade curriculum was all review for him since he had to focus so much on his posture.

“I'm not going to let you slack off just because it's the last week of school.” Dr. Scott, the music teacher, had said, forcing Emery to sing scales to better gauge his vocal talents. Cody Aaronsen had once told him he sang like a girl, but to have an actual music teacher think he was one…. And having to curtsy to thank him!

Finally, the end of the day arrived. Violet and Lucy stood outside the main steps of Hodgson, waiting for their brother to emerge. He looked about the same, though it was still amusing to see him in the undeniably girly uniform.

"I can't believe I made it through a whole day in that place."

“They didn't kill you?” Violet said, her lips twisting into a

smile.

"I'm sure you were great.” Lucy said. “Three days left!"

"What?"

"You must've heard the last day of term is Friday. You can't have an absence this late in the year!"

"MY school is out for the summer!"

"You're not dressed as a public school kid though. You're a Hodgson Girl!”

1“What are you even doing here?” He grunted.

“It's your first day, so we had to pick you up.”

“Where's the car?”

“Oh, we walked. It's almost summer, you know.” Emery glared. He knew this was all a ploy to make him stay in this uniform longer.

“Be as mad at us as you want.” Violet said. “It's not our fault you passed as a girl all day long.”

“All we did was your hair and clothes.” Lucy added as they walked.

“Whatever. I'm ready to change.” He fumed for half a block and then added “I just finished fifth grade and now I'm in third, thanks to you two!”

“Well, that means it shouldn't take long for you to do your homework. And the uniform stays on until homework is done

and we've checked it over."

"What!?"

"Just more of an incentive to get it done. You don't want to know what Hodgson does to girls who don't turn in their homework. Even little third grade girls."

"And it's not like it's hard homework, is it?"

"Is little Emery struggling with third grade?"

"No! The only thing that's hard is wearing a skirt all day. And the hair."

"It's your uniform, so it's not changing. Now, start your homework or you'll wear it all night!" Emery snarled and marched off.

"He's not slouching as much." Lucy whispered to her sister, who nodded.

"By Friday, he might just have the Hodgson walk." Even just saying it, she felt her back straighten.

It did not take long for Emery to get through his math and grammar worksheets, but then, he had what he had been dreading.

"Is that what I think it is?" Lucy asked, snatching up the royal blue notebook with the Hodgson seal on it. "Is it?" She looked directly at Emery.

"Yeah,"Emery sighed. "It's a Hodgson Diary. I gotta write how I was a Hodgson Girl today." He shuddered.

“It's easy.” Lucy said reassuringly. “It's writing practice and it's really just "I was honest by... I was kind by... Etc”

"Bit of advice?” Violet said, not even bothering to hide the fact she was admiring all the photos she'd taken of Emery doing homework in his uniform. “Ham it up. Talk about how you helped some old lady on the way home and curtsied for her."

“Maybe not that!” Lucy exclaimed, making a face. “But something.” Emery muttered something very unbecoming of a Hodgson Girl and began to write.

“Done.” He declared, but his sisters weren't ready to let him loose yet. Lucy pulled him, on his chair, away from the table and into the center of the dining room.

“You sit right there in the proper Hodgson fashion.” Lucy instructed, his face making it clear he knew what she meant. “Only while we look over your homework.” Emery crossed his ankles, folded his hands, and stared at his sisters.

“Stay just like that.” Violet said around her phone as she snapped photo after photo. “Move too much and I'll make you recite the Hodgson Pledge.” She looked to her sister. “They gotta still do that, right?”

They made a show of triple checking his homework, commenting on what a smart girl he was for knowing four times eighty, before finally allowing him to run upstairs. They only saw him again after he had changed, begrudgingly asking for help to get the ribbons out of his hair.

Emery went to bed that night still haunted by memories of his daylong ordeal. He felt as though he had only just fallen asleep when he was pulled out of bed to get dressed for another day at Hodgson.

“It's really not fair.” He muttered in the backseat. “Not only do they go an extra week, every day starts earlier and ends later.”

“It's the patented Platinum Standard Hodgson education.” Lucy said, smiling at him. She yawned. “Tomorrow, Vi, you should drive our little sister alone. These early mornings stink!”

The school day was almost identical to Tuesday, though Emery had to stand at the front of his class and read his Hodgson Diary entry to everyone. It's like she knows I'm a guy. He thought as he curtsied to the class.

“What's this?” Lucy asked as Emery pulled Wednesday's homework out of the lilac backpack.

“Apparently,” he said acidically. “Mrs. King doesn't like my handwriting.” He would not tell his sisters that she had told him the way he wrote Emily looked more like Emery. “So I need to work on my penmanship.”

“Only two days left.” Lucy cooed, rubbing his shoulder.

Thursday and Friday seemed to pass at a crawl, even compared to Tuesday and Wednesday. Emery's last day at his actual school had been more of a party than a school day. Not so at Hodgson. He started to worry that he had misunderstood

and there would be another week of this until Dr. Scott finally told them to have a good summer after they sang Daisy Bell. He did not even mind having to curtsy with the rest of the class.

“Finally free.” He exclaimed as he walked up to Violet and Lucy. He saw their barely contained laughter. “That is the end, right?”

“Of course.” Lucy said, touching the back of his head to point him toward home. “He really has no idea he's walking like a Hodgson Girl, does he?” Violet snorted and shook her head.

“Guess it only took four days. Imagine.” She smirked, her voice trailing off.

Violet and Lucy watched Emery walk in front of them, his mind running rampant with thoughts of summer and finally being a boy.

"So," Lucy murmured. "How do we get him enrolled in the fall?" Violet smiled knowingly at her sister. "Are we really gonna let him be a boy all summer?"

"Sure!” Violet said. “It'll just make it all the sweeter when he goes back to Hodgson in August."

"I suppose we did always hide our uniforms away for the summer.” Lucy mused fondly. “Our little sister's taking after us!”