All Your Fault

by andlat

The only thing worse than back-to-school shopping is back-to-school clothes shopping! But a new school year gives you the opportunity to reinvent yourself, whether you like it or not.

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

All Your Fault

"Let's see... uniforms, socks." Mom counted things off on her fingers. "Casual clothes, undies"

"They're called boxers, mom." Julian said, rolling his eyes.

"You're too young to be rolling your eyes, mister." Mom said. "You're not a teenager yet." He saw her arm coming, but could not dodge in time. She pulled him in and kissed the top of his head. "You're still my sweet baby boy."

"Mom!"

"And you smell like you need a shower." She teased. "Anything else we need?" Julian shrugged, following the cart along. He made a show of looking around at the racks of clothes, just to make Mom think he was trying to think of other things he needed. Shopping for back-to-school clothes was the worst!

He blinked as his eyes fell on a rack of dresses. Dresses? In the boy department? That couldn't be right. He felt a chill run down him. Not just his spine, but from head to toe. He shivered and wiggled his toes. He felt cold, but also like he had just been shocked.

"Oh, you stopped." Mom said, looking back at him. Her gaze moved from her son to the dress on the rack he seemed to be staring at. "You like that?"

"What?" He looked at her, then back at the dress, and laughed. "Oh, sure, mom! Doesn't it just seem like my kind of thing?" She came over.

"Well, you do need some nice things." She took it off the rack and his smile vanished.

"Wait, mom, I was joking."

"You can at least try it on."

"What? No, mom."

"The rooms are right over here." Mom took his hand, setting the dress in the cart, and walked over to the dressing rooms. "Excuse me? We want to try on this dress." The attendant looked at him and he waited for her to laugh. Mom was taking this joke too far. No one would buy that he wanted to try on a dress!

"Of course! Number three's available. She can go in there."

"Mom, isn't" he stammered as she took him to the wooden door with a black plastic 3 on it. "Isn't this joke going a little far? I thought we were gonna go look at cake pans or whatever."

"It can't hurt to try it on." Mom said, hanging it up. He stared at it in revulsion as she shut the door. "And make sure to come out and show me."

He waited a minute, certain that she was going to finally break and confess. It did not come.

"What am I going to do?" He muttered. The dress offered no answers. Where was Mom? "Uh, mom?"

"Do you need any help?" He shuddered at the thought of her coming in and actually helping him. Would she? Or would she finally admit it was a joke?

"No, just... had a little trouble with my shorts." What? He was wearing basketball shorts! All he had to do was tug and they'd come off. "Well," he muttered to his reflection, habitually trying to flatten his hair down. It stuck up so much, it was a minor miracle Mom had not attacked him with a comb this morning. "Guess I better show Mom just how ridiculous I look."

Julian tugged his shirt over his head and tossed it onto the chair by the mirror. Now for his shorts. He tugged them down, rolling his eyes as he saw his boxer briefs, probably the furthest possible thing from the dress hanging there just at the edge of his vision. Great, he thought, smirking. They won't match at all. Mom will absolutely see how ridiculous I look.

"Sorry, my daughter's lollygagging." He heard Mom's voice right outside the door. "Almost done in there?"

"Mom! Don't come in! I'm in my" his jaw dropped as he saw his reflection. His boxer briefs were... gone! In their place, he was wearing a pair of... of... whatever they were, they were a soft pink-white with lace around the legs and a dainty little bow on the waistband straight down from his belly button. He was wearing panties!