Baaad Boys

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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“It’s ours now!” They smirked and took off running, confident that the little kids could not keep up. From their artistically ripped jeans to their cruel streak a mile long, the boys were the very picture of bad boys, at least in their own minds.

“This is dumb.” One of them said, kicking the ball past his friend so it went into the bushes. He gave chase, but found something other than the ball when he go to the brush; a little girl walked up to him.

He stared at her, amazed that someone would be out and about in such an outfit. She had a bonnet with blonde hair spilling out of it. Her pink dress was the frilliest thing he had ever seen and she even had bloomers peeking out of the bottom of her voluminous skirt. She held her crook in one hand and smiled at him sweetly as he stared at her.

“Hello!”

“Uh, hi?”

“I’m Little Bo Peep! Have you seen my sheep?” She asked cheerfully. Suddenly, he remembered that there was some costume party at the community center. This little girl must

be on her way there.

“Uh, no.” He grabbed the ball and walked back over to his friends, fighting the urge to run as the strange girl followed him without a care in the world.

“Who’s this?”

“I’m Little Bo Peep!” She said just as sweetly. “Have you seen my sheep?”

“No. Go away.”

“She’s kinda creepy.” Little Bo Peep just smiled at them, seemingly unperturbed by the fact that each of the boys had about a foot’s advantage on her.

“I found my sheep!” She suddenly announced. The boys stared at her, but quickly realized that they could not move. They watched in horror as they saw the clothes melt off of each other, leaving them in the middle of the park in just their underwear. Little Bo Peep giggled. “You won’t be naked long!” She said as woolen material began to snake up their legs, white as snow. In no time, each boy was covered by a white footed sleeper of sorts, only his face exposed as the hoods complete with sheep ears covered their heads. Black mittens and booties covered their hands and feet.

“Hey!” Each boy exclaimed as he saw his friends get a pink ribbon around their necks with a big bell attached to the front that clanged with the slightest motion.

“I’m getting this off right now!” The boy reached up to yank

off the hood with his mittened hands, but Little Bo Peep shook her head.

“Naughty little lamb. Why can’t you be like your sisters?” As soon as he saw them, he began to mimic them against his will. The boys skipped and prancing as if to unheard music, their faces turning pink from the effort.

“Why can’t we stop?” Each boy looked at his best friends, horrified both by how sissy they looked in their lamb costumes, beribboned tails bouncing against their butts as they moved, and by the realization that he must look exactly the same.

“Alright, little lambies. Follow me!” The boys tried to resist, but they found themselves merrily skipping along behind her. When she tapped her crook on the sidewalk, they would go from single file to holding hands to single file again, three happy little lambs as long as you did not see their faces. The bells clanged and jangled as they went down the walk, ensuring that everyone in the park saw the three prancing lambs dutifully following Little Bo Peep.

“I’m so winning that costume contest.” Little Bo Peep mused as she led her sissy flock toward the community center.