Ballet Is for Sissy Girls

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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“C’mon, mom, you know what size I am. Why do I need to come with?” Jackson whined. His mom sighed.

“Because, Jackson, you’ll complain about everything I buy.”

“But it’ll be boring!”

“It’s only a couple hours.”

“You know, mom, maybe he should just stay home.” Caitlyn said. Both her brother and her mom turned to stare at her. “Well, think about how much longer it’ll take with him whining and dragging his feet. I want to go to at least three different stores, so” she shrugged and trailed off, nibbling on her toast as she waited for her mom to see her side of things.

“Hmm. I guess, as long as you stay out of trouble.”

“I promise.” Jackson said at once, staring at his sister in disbelief. He brushed a bit of auburn hair out of his face.

“That reminds me that we’ll need to get you a haircut before school starts next week.” His mom said. “Don’t let me forget.” She looked at him. “And you’re really okay with us

getting you clothes without your approval?"

"Yeah."

"There's this sparkly pink hoodie and skirt set that would look just darling on you, Jacksie." Caitlyn teased.

"I'll keep her reined in, don't worry." His mom said with a smile. She was feeling more and more okay with this idea of leaving Jackson home while they shopped. After all, it was only for a few hours, and things would go more smoothly without his whining.

Once breakfast was cleaned up, the women got ready to go. Jackson could not wait to have the house to himself for a few hours. He loved sitting on the couch in just his underwear, watching TV or reading comics or just doing whatever occurred to him in the moment. He was not sure just what today would hold, but he felt like it should be something extra spectacular to celebrate.

"We'll be back in a couple hours. Behave." Jackson's mom said. Jackson grinned at Caitlyn, who stuck her tongue out at him before following their mom out the door. The boy stood there for a moment, listening to the sounds of the car backing down the driveway and then getting more and more distant. He still could not decide just what to do.

"First things first." He said to himself, stripping down to his blue camo boxer briefs and leaving his t-shirt and shorts on the floor of the living room. He flopped down on the couch and turned on the television. After scrolling through the

channel guide twice, however, he could not settle on anything to watch. He had this nagging sensation in the back of his mind that there was something upstairs he meant to do. His room was on the ground floor though. All that was up there was another bathroom, the guest room, and Caitlyn's bedroom. He walked toward the stairs, each step solidifying something in his mind. He had something to do upstairs, but what? Whatever it was, it seemed to be in Caitlyn's room.

Without even being fully aware of it, Jackson crossed Caitlyn's room with a strangely single-minded purpose, coming to her closet. He did not even hesitate, reaching in and pushing aside the dresses Caitlyn wore for formal events and found what he was looking for: Caitlyn's tutu and leotard for ballet. With a smile, he looked at the ballet slippers on the floor of her closet.

"Not really sure how those ribbons would work." He said. "I'll just start with the leotard and tutu." He giggled, loving the way he felt tingles from the word tutu. "Next time I'll do tights too." He promised himself.

Jackson eagerly looked over the leotard and tutu, but he stopped as he saw his boxer briefs. "Ballerinas don't wear boxer briefs." He said to his grinning reflection. He took them off, but was not sure what to do now. He did not want to wear a pair of his little sister's panties. "God, I wish I had my own panties." He said to the empty room. He pulled on the leotard and tutu. "Now, what to do about tights?" He snapped his fingers as inspiration struck and he ran down the carpeted hall, giggling as his tutu bounced with each and every step.

“I’m a ballerina.” He told his reflection breathlessly as he came to his room.

Jackson looked around his bedroom with mild distaste. Posters of athletes and racecars? What was he thinking? He needed to redecorate, but not right now. He had a recital coming up! Going to his dresser, he ignored his underwear as he found a pair of long white socks. He slipped them up his legs to just under his knees. Yes, perfect.

“What am I missing?” He looked at himself in the mirror and tapped his chin like Caitlyn did when she was thinking. “I’m nearly perfect.” He ran a hand through his hair before it came to him. “I need a bow in my hair! Ballerinas don’t wear boxer briefs, but they wear bows!” He skipped along, delighting in his tutu’s bounce as he went back up to Caitlyn’s room and found a bow. He tied it in his hair, looked at himself, and tried again. On his third try, he twirled in the mirror. Holding up his phone, he took a short video of himself smiling at his reflection. “This ballerina’s ready for her recital!” He declared to the camera.

Satisfactorily dressed, Jackson went down to the living room and stood there for a moment in the pose he had seen Caitlyn and her ballet classmates hold before they began to dance.

“Now presenting” he said grandly to the empty room. “Jackson Connell, prima ballerina!” Prancing forward, he began to do his best to mimic the dances he had seen Caitlyn practicing. He twirled and pranced, heedless of the time in his ballerina bliss. Every now and again, he would stop in front

of the mirror in the entryway, curtseying and accepting the praise from an imaginary audience that gave him boisterous standing ovation after standing ovation.

As he danced, Jackson thought about how he wanted nothing more than to be a ballerina. Why had it taken him so long to realize that? He remembered complaining about going to Caitlyn's recitals, but this was magical! He felt like a fairy princess, flying among the clouds, her tutu bouncing as she majestically fluttered on the soft spring breeze.

"What's this?" His mom's words pulled him out of whatever state he had been in. He looked at Caitlyn and his mom's twin expressions of shock and then looked down. Jackson stared down at his attire in horror.

"Mom! I can explain!" He said, even though he had no idea how he had ended up like this. Hadn't they just left? His mom's mouth was one thin line and she held up a finger, a sign that both Jackson and Caitlyn knew meant silence.

"You told your sister ballet's for sissy girls, but I guess you were just jealous." His mom said. "So, I think it's only fair you start going to ballet with her. Every Tuesday and Thursday." Jackson felt shock wash over him, but on the outside, he was bouncing up and down excitedly.

"Oh, thank you mommy! I want to be a ballerina just like Caitlyn!" Caitlyn watched her older brother jump up and down and smiled. He'd said ballet was for sissy girls, so she'd made him into one.

Later that night, as Jackson sat on his bed, still in shock that he was going to be forced to do ballet for the near future, Caitlyn walked into his room. She smirked at her brother.

“Did you check your gallery on your phone yet?” She asked. “Or even what you sent me this afternoon?” Jackson’s eyes looked as if they took up half of his face.

“I sent it to you?”

“Yep.” She said with a grin. “This ballerina’s ready for her first recital, or whatever.” He looked away, his cheeks bright pink.

“How?”

“How what?”

“How’d you do it?”

“Do what?”

“Oh, stop. We both know you somehow made me do that!”

“That was all you, Jacksie.” She said with a grin. “Only the willing can be hypnotized.”