Ballet Teacher

by andlat

The Costume Box
2022

Chapter 1

Ballet Teacher - Chapter 1

“Let me guess,” Gabe said, eyeing his little sister Nicky with barely concealed annoyance. “You want to play teacher?” It was her favorite game. She loved to make him sit and do “homework” or listen to her teach him basic math or the alphabet. He complained about it, but his mom and dad yelled at him if he refused. They insisted it was important for the kids to get along. He just wished she liked to play the things he liked.

“It's kinda like teacher.” Nicky said. “We're gonna play ballet teacher!”

“What? No way.”

“You used to take ballet with me, so you must remember something.”

“I quit years ago.”

“Well, I'm a good teacher.” Nicky said. “C'mon.” Her mind was made up. “You can go whining to mom, but she told us not to bother her unless it's an emergency.” The idea of having to play ballet with his sister was an emergency in Gabe's mind, but he knew his mom would never see it that way. He just hoped no one ever found out about it.

“Fine, but no mentioning it, even to mom or dad.” He said. Nicky grinned.

“Deal.”

Gabe followed her to her room, where he saw a sparkly pink leotard and tutu sitting on her bed. He shrugged, figuring she would wear that as the ballet teacher. Since he was wearing loose shorts and a t-shirt, he figured that would be decent for basic ballet. He hated that he knew that, but at least his friends would never know that he had taken ballet as a kid.

“What's first?”

“You need to get into uniform.” Nicky said. “Ballerinas don't dress like that in my dance studio.”

“Ballerina?” He said dumbly. How had he not figured out her plan?

“Yep. That tutu on my bed is yours. Put it on.”

“Nicky”

“Put it on. Class is about to begin.” She repeated.

Gabe glared at her, but his view was obstructed as he realized he was pulling his t-shirt over his head. His shorts were already pooled down around his feet and he was soon in nothing but his underwear. That did not remain the case for long as he pulled the pink tights up his legs. He tried to stop himself as he stepped into the leotard with its attached tutu, but he could not. Every move he tried to make only seemed to get him dressed more quickly.

“You look great!” Nicky said as he pulled on the ballet slippers. “Class can begin now.” She stood before him.

“Match my position.”

“I don't know what you did, but I'm taking this off.”

“Not until I say the magic phrase.” She giggled. “In fact, I don't think you can take it off until I say it.”

“What is it?”

“You'll know because it's the only way you'll be able to bring yourself to remove your leotard and tutu.” She grinned. “Aren't Mike and Aaron coming over this afternoon?” Gabe glared at her. How was she so devious? “Match my position.” He sighed and obeyed. “Now, do this to limber up.” She did a plié and then nodded as he complied. “Alright, go stand in front of the mirror and practice your plié while I get ready.” She held up a black leotard and white tights, smiling as her brother pouted on his way over to her mirror. She watched his tutu bounce as he pliéd, trying to avoid looking at himself in the mirror. She knew from experience there was no way he could ever forget that he had a tutu on. “Make sure to watch yourself in the mirror so your posture is correct.” She called. “You're pretty rusty, so I think we'll do three hours of ballet class today, don't you?”

Chapter 2

Ballet Teacher 2 - Chapter 2

By the time Mike and Aaron arrived, the ballet class was behind Gabe and he was doing his best to forget his three hours of flouncing around in a tutu at his sister's whim. He immediately suggested they go anywhere but his house where Nicky was smirking at him every chance she got. She had not said a word, but he could tell she was tempted.

To be safe, he spent the night at Mike's house along with Aaron and they did not return back to his house until the next morning, chatting animatedly about how awesome the newest video game was.

"Having fun?" Nicky asked as they walked in. Gabe felt the blood drain from his face as he saw she was wearing her black leotard and tights. At least his friends were here. The rule was, he did not have to play with her while he had friends over.

"Going to ballet?" Mike asked, looking over her outfit curiously. "Or did you just get back from class?"

"Nope." Nicky said with a grin. "But you three better get ready. Class is about to begin." Only then did Gabe become aware of the three leotards sitting neatly on the couch. He tried to warn his friends, but all three boys were already rapidly stripping down to their underwear to put on the leotards and tights.

“What’s going on?” Aaron asked as he pulled the tights on.

“We’re playing ballet teacher.” Nicky said with a giggle. “You three are my ballerina students.”

“But” the boys’ panicked protests came out all at once and it was difficult for Nicky to understand what any one of them was saying. She simply smiled as they dressed in all the accoutrements of ballerinas.

“We’ll start very basic and you three will be ballerinas in no time!” She said cheerfully. She loved that just a few words had turned three boys into three ballerinas. “Gabe, you’re a bit more experienced that the other ballerinas, so you’ll be my assistant. How about you show them how to do a perfect plié?”

“We won’t.” Gabe said, a bit emboldened by his friends’ presence.

“Gabe, you know very well that you three aren’t able to remove your ballerina outfits until I say the magic phrase. Mom and Dad will be home in a little bit. We have enough time to do your ballet class and let you three change back, but only if you three are obedient little ballerinas. What do you say?” The boys all remained silent. “How about this? Raise your hand if you’re willing to avoid embarrassment by just doing ballet and getting to change back before anyone sees?” Gave refused to raise his hand, but Nicky smirked. “Two to one. Looks like you three are my students.”

“But” Gabe began.

“Gabe, show your fellow ballerinas how to plié. As long as you three do whatever I say, we’ll be fine. Don’t worry, I won’t make you kiss or anything.” Nicky laughed as Gabe pliéd and the other two did their best to mimic him. This would be fun! Just a few simple words and boys became putty in her hands. She grinned as she thought about the boy in her class that always pulled girls’ ponytails. Maybe she could come up with an extra special class for him.