Ballet's So Easy!: Class

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Chapter 1

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Danny sighed as he carried his duffel bag into Madame Toussaint's Ballet Studio. At least no one he knew came here. Even Daisy was sworn to secrecy since she was the one who had gotten him into this mess!

Following his photoshoot in Daisy's ballet costume, Danny had thought it was all behind him, but then Daisy had spilled the beans to their parents about him making fun of her for being in ballet. Once they saw the photos and had heard her explain about his natural talent, Danny's fate was sealed: six months of ballet. Whether luckily or not, he was deemed to not be skilled enough to join Daisy's class, so he found himself in the beginner class with girls younger than his sister.

The one consolation was that, as a boy, he got his own changing room. The downside, however, was that that was the only difference between him and the other students. He still had to dress exactly the same as them. He stripped to his boxers before unzipping his duffel, groaning. It never got any easier seeing all that pink erupting out of his navy blue bag. Madame Toussaint allowed each class to vote on their uniforms. Daisy's class had elected for black and white. Danny had missed the first couple classes, so he could do nothing about the fact that his fellow beginners had voted for pink. Pink tights, pink leotard, pink slippers. No tutu, at least, though Daisy had reassured him teasingly that he would almost certainly have a tutu for his first recital in a couple

months.

Knowing he did not have much time, Danny grabbed the first item he needed: panties. His boxers would show under his outfit and mom had told him even briefs would, so she had bought him the plainest panties she could find. They were still pink and even had a little lace, but he knew it could have been much worse.

Dressed, he walked sideways with the mirror behind him so he did not have to see his sissy appearance. He grimaced as the girls giggled as he emerged. It had been three weeks and they still giggled each and every time they saw him in his sissy outfit.

“Alright, girls,” Madame Toussaint said. “Let’s focus on our stretches. Danny, join the other girls at the bar s’il te plâit.” Danny took his position. Three weeks in and the fact that Madame Toussaint often referred to him as one of the girls had not stopped stinging.

Danny knew that class was only two hours, but it always felt like more. The girls would all giggle every time he did something especially well, but the threat of having to take three classes a week instead of two was enough to keep him from intentionally failing at the moves they were learning.

“Very good work today everyone.” Madame Toussaint said when class finally ended. “Next time, we will begin preparations for our recital. I want you all to do your very best so that I can make my decision for who will be prima ballerina.” Her eyes seemed to linger on Danny and he

blushed. He had no desire whatsoever to be prima ballerina. With his luck, he would end up as the prima ballerina anyway.

Shuffling back to his changing room, he noticed something was amiss at once. His duffel bag was gone! He checked everywhere, turning in a circle as if pirouetting. There was no doubt about it. It was gone. He hurried out of the changing room.

“Madame Toussaint.” He said.

“Oh, hello, Danny. You were quite skilled today! One of the best” She smiled at him.

“Uh, thanks… hey, my street clothes are gone.”

“Settle down, Danny.” She said gently. “Maybe one of the others took it by mistake. Stay here and I will go check.” She disappeared into the chatter-filled girls’ changing room, emerging a moment later. “Sorry, ma cherie, none of them know what happened to it. Is it far for you to walk home?”

“Walk home? Like this?” Madame Toussaint nodded.

“You’ll have to. Hopefully your clothes will turn up for next time, hmm?” Danny’s face fell. If he had to walk home like this, he would have to leave now before the girls emerged. He sighed and nodded.

“Call me if they turn up.” He quickly pushed open the door and ran home as fast as his slippered little feet would allow him. If he was lucky, he would get home before anyone else. If he was lucky.