Billy's Turn

by andlat

Inspired by this video

The Costume Box
2026

Chapter 1

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A week, Billy thought glumly as he brushed the doll's hair. A week of dresses, frilly socks, hairbows, panties, being a girl! Well, today was the day their parents would pick them all up, so things would be back to normal. I'm still in a dress!

This had all started what felt like a lifetime ago but was really only seven days. Billy had arrived at Grandma's for the annual visit. Him and his three cousins spent a week every summer there. For Billy, that meant spending the week trying to avoid getting pulled into his cousins' girly games. They always seemed to want to get him into a dress or tutu or something! This year, they succeeded.

Under the pretense of helping him, they separated him from his suitcase the moment he arrived and brought him into the room with the enormous king size bed the three of them shared every year. He liked to think he put up a valiant fight, but whether he had or not, the result was undeniable: he ended up in a dress, frilly socks, lace in places lace never should be, all while Clara dressed in his clothes, right down to his lucky underpants.

"Doesn't Billy look handsome?" Eliza asked at the same moment Rosa said "doesn't Clara look pretty?" All three of them giggled and Billy felt his stomach clench.

Then the girls explained their full plan. Each of them would take turns as Billy, meaning Clara, Eliza, and Rosa each got two days as Billy. Billy would fill in for the missing sister each day, the only one who would be a girl for the whole week.

"Our mom made us promise to let Billy pick activities, so this way, we'll handle everything and you can just enjoy being a girl for the week."

"You can't!" Billy whined.

"We've got it covered." Eliza said. "Granny can hardly see, but there will always be a Billy."

"I'm Billy!"

"You know what we mean." Clara said. “And besides, your dresses breathe a lot better than these jeans.” She grinned. “And don't even get me started on your underpants.” Billy glared at her as she fixed his ball cap over her hair. He hated to admit it, but if you didn't look at her too closely... no!

What Billy thought did not matter. All week long, he could only watch as the trio took turns as him and he had little choice beyond just trying his best to stay undercover. An attempt the first night to sneak into the other bedroom where the imposter Billy slept turned into Eliza and Rosa pulling him back into bed, giving his nightie an extra spritz of sleepy time perfume.

When he tried again the second night, Clara and Rosa declared it was time for a midnight snack and the three of

them snuck to the kitchen in their nighties before surprising the fake Billy, who smirked and preened as the real Billy stared covetously at his blue and white pajamas.

“What was your plan anyway?” Clara asked as they climbed back into their bed. “Demand Billy give you his pajamas?”

“I'm Billy! They're mine!” After that night, he didn't even bother trying.

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"This has to stop!"

"What are you so grouchy about, Rosa?" Clara asked on day four. "It's beautiful and we're going to a picnic lunch."

"She didn't eat much for breakfast." Eliza observed. "She's been sulking." Billy glared at them both, feeling at least a little mollified by the fact that Rosa had been voluntold, that's what Mom always called it, to carry the picnic basket since she was the 'Billy' of the day. It looked heavy so maybe wearing a dress and frilly socks and all that wasn't so bad... He saw a boy staring at him, Clara, and Eliza, all at once changing his mind. This was horrible!

"Come on, Rosa! Clara said, grabbing his hand. She, Billy, and Eliza formed a ring and spun around and around. Billy did not understand the point beyond making him all the more aware of all his frilly layers shifting and floating on the gentle summer breeze.

"I'm gonna get sick!" Billy protested as they turned in faster

and faster circles, the trees around them, the sky and puffy white clouds high above them blurring more and more. He wondered if he could free his hands and go flying backwards, not even caring what might happen to the dress he wore with its frothy petticoats. Before this week, he didn't even know what petticoats were!

"Eliza, Clara, Rosa! Girls, come eat before Billy and I eat it all." The real Rosa beamed as she watched her sisters bring Billy over, eating while also making daisy crowns for the three of them to wear to the museum, their next stop after lunch.

But finally, today was the day things would go back to normal. Mom and Dad would be here soon and he would get to be Billy again. It was day seven, yet here he was, still in a dress. Rosa, who had had her second day as him yesterday had come to breakfast, in his jeans and his striped shirt. First, it was 'we'll swap after breakfast'. Then, after they finished packing. And so, even now, Rosa sat on the couch in his clothes, watching him with the doll.

"When are we going to change?" He asked. Even though granny was nowhere near by, he still whispered, just in case.

"Oh, you wanted to change?" Rosa said in mock surprise.

"We figured you liked your dress." Clara added. "You're the only one who's been a girly girl all week long, after all."

"In fact," Billy felt his stomach clench again. When they talked like this, one after another, it was every bit as

unnerving as when they talked in unison. "I want to hear you thank us for letting you be a girly girl prissypants all week long."

"He never even asked if it was his turn to be Billy, did he? Not even once!" Rosa giggled. "Go on, Billy. Thank us."

"And," Eliza hauled him to his feet. "Thank each of us personally. Curtsy and all." Billy rolled his eyes.

"Thank you, Eliza." He bobbed into a curtsy. "For letting me be"

"A girly girl prissypants."

"Yeah, a girly girl prissypants all week long." He turned to Clara.

"Thank you, Clara," another bob. "For letting me be a girly girl prissypants all week long." Another turn. "Rosa"

"I'm Billy!"

"Ugh, what?"

"You're Rosa." Rosa looked like the cat that caught the canary, as granny would've put it.

"Fine. Billy, thank you for letting me be a prissy... a girly girl-"

"Girls, your parents are early!" Granny called.

"What?" It was difficult to say who was the most surprised, but the girls recovered most quickly. Working as one, Eliza

and Clara grabbed Billy's hands and pulled him toward the front door, Rosa bringing up the rear.

"Let me go! You- what are you-" Panic gripped Billy, but his shoes couldn't seem to grip the ground as they pushed, dragged, and hauled him toward the car.

"Girls, stop goofing off. We've gotta get right back on the road to beat the traffic." Billy's uncle called. In a veritable blizzard of dress, petticoat, frill, and lace, Billy found himself sitting in the middle of the backseat of the car, Eliza on one side, Clara on the other. A hand covered his mouth as three more buckled him in. He looked pitifully out the window at Rosa as the car began to move. She waved enthusiastically as Eliza leaned in and whispered to him.

"A week in dresses really isn't enough. We'll trade back at Thanksgiving."