Colby's Surprise

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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"No, mommy. I... I like it long." She had no way of knowing the real reason her son had hair past his shoulders now. She smiled and nodded, feeling like she had done her part as a parent. Colby was old enough to make his own choices.

“Alright. I’m off to work. Promise not to boss your brother around too much.” Colby made a face. He never was the one doing the bossing.

“Promise.” He mumbled. “Bye, mommy.” It still felt strange calling her that, but he knew he had to. Once she left, he headed up to his room, but a note on his desk made it clear he would not get even a moment to himself.

He shuffled down the hall to his brother Nate's room, sighing before knocking. He used to burst into his brother’s room whenever he wanted to, but the new arrangement put an end to that..

"Come in!" Colby opened the door. "Well hey, baby sis!" He looked up and his smile faded. "What are you doing in your school clothes still?"

"Your note said to come right away." In truth, the longer he avoided something pink, the better.

"Well, you could've changed first! C'mere, Colby." Colby knew better than to resist as his brother stripped him down to his panties. And they were undeniably panties with little bits of lace around the legs and a little white bow on the waistband. Since Nate did the laundry, it had been no trouble at all to put his brother turned little sister into panties and completely eliminate his boy underwear. Colby looked more natural in soft pink underpants anyway. “No hanging out in your panties, missy. Go put on a dress or something and be back here in ten minutes. Understand?” Colby nodded, but he knew from experience that that would not be enough for his brother.

“Yes, big brother.” He shuffled off, wishing more than anything that there was a way to look dignified wearing nothing but a little girl’s panties. It would have even been better if they did not fit him as perfectly as they did.

Nate grinned at his brother’s retreating form. From the back, there was no way to tell that that little girl was actually a teenage boy. All the better, he thought. It would be easier for Colby to accept her new life if she looked every bit like the little girl she was. Sure, Colby still went to school dressed as a teenage boy, and treated like one, but hopefully, there would come a day when Colby could not take it anymore and admitted to their parents that she liked being a little girl. Nate smiled again. There was no other way, really. His brother Colby was gone. Colby, his sweet baby sister, would take his place. It was strange really. They were close enough in age that he had not really thought of Colby as his little brother.

Now that he was a little girl, however, it seemed totally natural and proper to call him his baby sister.

He had forgotten to check the time, but he doubted it could have been much more than ten minutes before he heard a shy knock at his door.

"Who is it?"

"Colby."

"Come in!" The door opened and Colby stepped through. "You remembered to knock again. Attagirl." He admired Colby's outfit. Between his soft features pink from blushing, long hair, and of course the plain light yellow dress he wore, he looked remarkably like a little girl and nothing like a boy of his actual age. All the better, Nate thought again. "I'm proud of you for knocking. Why do you need to knock?" Colby remembered all too well the week straight Nate had spent scolding him to break him of his habit of bursting into his brother's room. "You gotta knock, baby sis! What if I'd been in my underwear or naked?" Over time, he had trained Colby that he should expect no privacy whatsoever, but he needed to respect Nate’s.

“Cuz I need to respect your privacy.”

“That’s right. Now, let’s tame that hair of yours.” He stood up and patted his bed. “Sit here and big brother’ll do some nice braids.”

Learning to braid his brother turned sister's hair had been more fun that Nate had expected. Once he had mastered it, he

had even sent Colby to school once with braids still in his hair, snorting as he overheard his brother bashfully explain to an inquisitive friend that vikings had braided their hair and he was trying it out since his hair was so long. He knew Colby hated having long, girly hair, but all it had taken was a few hints about making Colby an appointment at Bubbles, the hair salon downtown that catered to girls under twelve, to get him to stop begging Nate to relent and let him get it cut. So funny that something as simple as growing his hair out and putting him in a dress had turned Colby into a little girl.

“Be modest, Colby.” Nate said, nodding as he pulled his knees together sitting there on Nate’s bed. “Hmm”

“What?”

“So grumpy.” Nate teased. "Before I can brush your hair, aren't we missing someone?" Colby groaned. Nate never let him forget. "Oh, I think you know who. Who is it, Colby?"

"My doll." He said as softly as he could.

"And what's her name?"

"Ugh!"

"You're grouchy tonight, Colby."

"Her name is Princess Prim." He muttered through clenched teeth.

Every night, on top of his normal homework, Nate made him do what he called 'girl homework'. That usually meant reading from a girly picture book out loud or reading one of

the Princess Prim and the Unicorns chapter books and writing a synopsis of each treacly sweet chapter. There had to be at least fifty of them and Nate seemed determined to make Colby read each and every one. Hence, when he had found a Princess Prim doll, he had bought it in a heartbeat for his baby sister.

"Go get her. I brush your hair and you brush hers, remember?" He smiled as Colby shuffled off for the second time that afternoon. He smiled even more as he closed his bedroom door just to make Colby have to knock yet again.

Knock, knock.

“Who is it?”

“Me.”

“Me who?”

“Colby.”

“Just Colby?”

“Colby and” the groan came through the door more loudly than his voice. “Princess Prim.”

“Hmm” was Nate’s only response. He heard Colby groan again. Was he going to try the door and risk a scolding? “I’m expecting two princesses.” Colby snarled. “Knock again.”

Knock knock

“Who is it?”

“Princess Colby and Princess Prim.” The door immediately opened.

“Ah, come in, ladies.”

Colby sullenly sat on the edge of Nate’s bed, doll in his lap as he brushed her hair while Nate brushed his. Try as he might to deny it, it did feel good to have his hair brushed. When he had first started growing his hair out in an attempt to look more like his favorite streamer, mom had been very clear with him that long hair meant daily brushing. The one plus of Nate going from telling him he looked like a girl to saying he was one was that he had taken over the brushing duties. Still, it did not make the dresses, panties, and dolls worth it.

“You’re too whiny to be a girl our age.” Nate had said. “So, I guess that makes you a little girl. My baby sister.” Just like that, Colby’s fate was sealed.

“You really should wear your hair down to school.” Nate remarked back in the present. “Putting it up in a bun and hiding it under a hat or whatever it is you do is awful when you’re so pretty.” Colby did not answer. “Is Princess Prim telling you secrets that boys can’t hear?” Colby still remained silent. “Should we do pigtails or braids, Princess Prim.”

“Neither.” Colby said, making the doll’s head move just enough that it seemed like he was halfway pretending she was the one saying it.

“We gotta do something with it. Remember how annoyed you get when it's down and all in your face?" Colby remained

silent, which was enough of an answer by itself. “So, pigtails or braids? You did look awfully cute with your braids last night.” Colby had no idea where Nate had found it, but he had spent last night watching and being forced to dance along to a Princess Singalong. Once Nate realized the princess costume dresses fit him, he had found himself with quite a few of them just like the one he had worn during the singalong. Even that morning, in geometry class, he had realized he had the songs still stuck in his head. Was Nate really succeeding in turning him into a little girl? “Little girl, little girl, can you hop?” Nate sang. “Remember?”

“Yes.”

“Well, let’s go with pigtails today. Sound good?” Colby’s silence must mean yes, Nate thought.

"Um, so what's my surprise?" Colby asked, already knowing he would not like the answer as Nate styled his hair into two big bunches.

"Hmm?" Nate said. "Oh! That's right, I forgot. Couple of the guys are coming over tonight."

"What?" His instinct had been right! "But... but..."

"Don't worry, kiddo. I've made plans for you."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Well, you remember Carly?"

"iCarly?"

"No, silly. Carly, your friend from the playground."

Just last weekend, Nate had decided it was time to take his little sister out and about. Colby had predictably refused, but Nate offered him a choice: stay home and wear a princess dress or go to the park and not wear a dress. Colby made his choice.

He still felt like he had been the dumbest person in the world to not sense a trick. By the time he saw the tank top and shorts his brother had for him, his fate was sealed, to say nothing of the lace frill socks and sparkly pink sneakers. All he could do was sit and sulk as his brother brushed his hair into a pigtail on each side of his head.

"Well, you said you wanted a break from braids." He snapped a photo of the pouting teen on his bed. "Aw, so cute." He showed Colby the photo before accidentally flashing him his phone's lock screen: a photo that looked obviously staged to Colby of him smiling and curtseying in a princess dress. "How'd I get the cutest little sister money can buy?"

"I'm notta."

"What was that?" He frowned. "Sounds to me like someone needs a makeover." Colby almost called his brother's bluff. More than once, Nate had threatened to invite his friend Cassie over to give Colby a full-blown makeover. He had a sneaking suspicion Cassie knew what Nate had done to him, but he had never gotten firm confirmation. "Is that what you want?"

"No."

"Who am I?"

"Big brother."

"And you?"

"Little" Nate's brow furrowed just a touch. "Baby sister."

"That's more like it." He held a hand for a high five. Colby complied, knowing what was coming. Nate grabbed his hand and raised it up, exposing Colby's hairless underarm."Girl power!"

With Colby dressed, Nate ushered him out into the sunlight. Colby was convinced someone would immediately recognize the boy dressed like a little girl, but no one seemed to even notice them as they walked to the park.

If Colby had had a choice, they would have left the park immediately after arriving, but Nate was having none of it.

“Look, there are lots of kids playing. Go join them.”

“Nate! You know I’m older than them.”

“Yes, my baby sister is older than all these kids.” Nate rolled his eyes.

“You know I am.”

“Oh, okay.” Nate patted Colby on the head. “How about this? You go down the slide six times and then we’ll go home.”

“Six?”

“One for each year old you are.”

“Nate!”

“Now, missy.” Colby glared, but how long could it take to go down the slide that many times?

Trudging over to the slide, he saw a line. A few of the kids looked at the newcomer, the boys immediately disregarding him and the girls smiling at him. Colby groaned.

He tried his best to go down the slide six times as quickly as possible, but he was only on trip number four when Carly showed up. She was waiting for him down at the bottom, her face making it clear she was determined to befriend this new girl who had not said a word.

“Hi!”

“HI.” He said, trying to go past her so he could go down a fifth time.

“My name’s Carly.”She could not have been older than seven, Colby thought. “What’s yours?”

“Uh, Colby.”

“Do you like unicorns, Colby?”

“Uh, not really.”

“There’s one on your shirt.”

“Yeah, my… brother made me wear it.”

“Ah.” Carly did not look like she believed him. “You sure you

don’t like unicorns?”

“I’m sure.” She kept blocking his path!

“You’re wearing a lot of pink for a girl who doesn’t like unicorns.”

“Well” he did not have an answer for that. He was wearing a lot of pink. “Come on, I have some unicorns we can play with.” Carly grabbed his hand and pulled him away from the slide. Sitting over on the bench, Nate smiled approvingly. He knew a cutie like Colby would not be able to go down the slide without someone befriending him.

Nate took care to stay away, smiling as he watched Colby keep making efforts to escape, only for the girl to quickly corral him back in. They ran around the playground, unicorns in hand. He knew Colby would never admit it, but he caught his brother turned little sister having fun. It only confirmed it more for Nate that he had done the right thing. Colby had not been meant to be his brother, not even two years younger than him. He was obviously a little girl.

“What about Carly?” Colby asked, staring down at Princess Prim in his lap. Nate smiled and gave his shoulder a squeeze.

“Well, doesn’t it sound more fun to go to her house rather than stay here?”

“What? I can’t!”

“Why not?”

“I have homework!” Nate snorted.

“Yes, which you totally do on Friday nights.” Colby sighed.

“But I’m”

“A little girl, which she is too.”

“But”

“It’s your choice, Colby. You can either stay here and let my friends see your pretty dress or you can go to a sleepover with another little girl.” Colby frowned. Which was the right choice? Couldn’t he just hide in his room? He doubted Nate would allow it. If he stayed here, Nate would find some excuse to parade him out. But the alternative.

“We have to get going if you don’t want to be late to Carly’s.”

“But… how did you?”

“How did I plan it? While you and Carly were saying goodbye at the playground, her mommy and I chatted about a playdate. A slumber party was her idea.” He smiled. “You two are besties, after all.”

“Does she know?”

“Know what? That you’re sugar and spice and everything nice?”

“What?” Nate chuckled and kissed his brother’s forehead.

“That’s what little girls are made of.”

“Nate, c’mon”

“LIttle girl, little girl” Nate sang before Colby could get his

objection out. “Can you twirl?”

“Yes, I can, yes I can.” Colby muttered.

“That’s right. You are a little girl. Up you come. I’ve already packed your pajamas and an outfit for tomorrow.”

“You mean the backpack isn’t pink?” Colby muttered.

“I think the white bag goes better with your dress. And did you even notice I put white scrunchies in your hair?”

“Thank you.” Colby whispered.

“Keep those manners up. We want to set a good example for Carly’s mommy.” The whole trip to Carly’s house, which was only about three blocks, Nate quizzed Colby on proper little girl etiquette. Not only did he have to say please and thank you, he also had to make sure he always referred to Carly’s mom as ‘Carly’s mommy’.

“Hello there!” Carly’s mom said, opening the door.

“Hi, Carly’s mommy.” Colby said dutifully. “Thanks so much for letting me sleep over.”

“Oh, it’s no problem at all, sweetie. Don’t you look pretty in your dress?” Colby forced a smile. A whole night of this? “Carly’s in her room right down the hall, Colby. She’s very excited!”

“Great.” Colby mumbled too softly for anyone to hear, trudging off to his fate.

“Bye, baby sis!” Colby groaned and looked over his shoulder.

“Bye-bye.”

“Aw, she’s too excited to see her friend to hug you bye.”

“She was practically twirling with excitement.” Nate said. “Well, she’s in good hands, so I’ll be back tomorrow morning! Thanks for taking her. It’s fun to babysit, but sometimes, just need a night off from the princesses and unicorns.” Carly’s mom laughed.

“Well, I get double that tonight.” They both laughed before saying their goodbyes. Nate felt as if he might giddily run home as he imagined just what his brother was in for. A whole night of having to play with a little girl and being treated just the same as hers.

Nate’s night was one to remember. His friends came over and they watched horror movies. He half-expected to get a call from Colby making up some excuse to come home, but it never came. His friends left and he collapsed into bed, grinning as he saw it was after one. How many hours ago had Colby been put to bed? Little girls need their beauty sleep.

Nate took his time getting over to Carly’s house. Her mom had said that they did not have anything planned until the afternoon, so Nate almost pondered waiting until lunch. He decided enough was enough, so he went over there around ten. He grinned as he saw Colby the moment Carly’s mom let him in.

Colby sat at the coffee table in the pink and white checkered sundress Nate had packed for him. Had he put it on willingly

or had Carly's mom taken charge, Nate wondered? Judging from his hair, now a pair of thin braids that formed a crown, meeting at the back of his head where a pink bow held them in place, she had taken an active role in getting him ready for pick up.

"There's something different about you, Colby." Nate said, fighting back the grin he could feel threatening to sprout.

"Carly's mommy did my hair." He mumbled.

"I of course had to brush it this morning and it's just so pretty, it seemed a shame to leave it down."

"I'll have to remember this style. It looks so nice on her."

"Especially with that darling dress." Nate smiled and nodded.

"Ready to go, Colby?" Colby nodded.

"Aw, you have to go?" Carly asked. Colby nodded again. Carly hurried over and gave him a hug. "Can she sleep over again soon?" She asked Nate.

"We'll arrange something." Nate said with a laugh, the only one able to see the morose look on Colby's face. Almost as soon as they had left the house, Nate began to try to get details.

"Did you have fun?" Colby did not respond. "What all did you do?"

"Nothing."

"Did you watch a movie? Play with toys? Stay up late,

talking?" Each suggestion was met with a curt nod. "So it was the same as what you do at home?"

"Yeah." He grunted.

"Doesn't sound so bad to me." Colby didn't meet his eyes, but Nate could've sworn he mumbled an 'I guess'.