Dax's Dare

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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"There is no way he's gonna do it." Logan insisted. “No way.”

"He's in there right now." Beau replied.

"He's just wasting time." Logan kicked a pebble. “There's no way.”

"He had it in a bag." Toby said. "I saw it."

"Yeah, well..." Logan scoffed. "He's gonna chicken out."

"I think he'll do it." Beau shrugged.

"Fine. He'll come out, show us, and then run back inside." Logan said. "Guaran-freaking-teed."

"That's a swear." Toby said with a gasp.

"Is not." Logan rolled his eyes at Toby's naivete.

"Is so." They went back and forth like this until Dax's voice coming from inside the bathroom interrupted them.

"Beau. Got my board?"

"I do." Beau dutifully responded, though doubt was starting to set in. "Are you almost ready?" The door creaked open and all three boys' jaws dropped.

"Are my wings on straight?" Out confidently strode Dax, wearing the last thing any of them expected to see him in, even given the dare. He wore a blue dress that the slight

breeze played with as he stood there, his socks and shoes the only thing that he would normally wear. Even his hair -- the longest of any boy in their class -- was done up in a sort of bun to better highlight the dress and, more importantly, the fairy wings around his slender upper arms. "Beau?"

“Huh?” Dax turned and touched his left wing. “Oh! Uh, yeah. They look- dude." Dax smirked cockily.

"Told ya it was nothing. He twirled around enough to make it clear that he was not wearing shorts under the dress.

"You really did it." Toby said.

"Not yet." Logan stammered, trying to hide how shaken he was that Dax had actually come this far. "It's not wear your sister's fairy costume. It's skate in it."

"Beau?" Beau handed Dax his skateboard.

"Move, Loogie." He smirked just as cockily as Logan heard the dreaded nickname.

"You gotta really skate. No half-assing it."

"That one's definitely a swear." Toby declared.

"Gonna tattle?"

"No way. I wanna see Dax do this!" They all rushed over to the skatepark with Dax on his skateboard ahead of them.

"Told ya." Beau said.

"Whatever." Logan said, but he knew he had lost. That meant

Dax would be daring him soon enough. For now though, he would make sure Dax saw the dare through totally.

For the next few minutes, there was no doubt that Dax was seeing it through. Last week, when Logan had been dared to do a cannon ball at the pool in just his boxers, he had blushed the whole time, but as Dax was met with cat calls and other comments, he smirked and even flexed for the onlookers. He dropped in and skated around, even doing a few tricks unbothered by how the skirt flew up and around him. Somehow, he made the girly dress and wings look cool.

“Had enough?” He asked the assembled group, not even missing a beat as he went up and down the ramps. “Loogie?”

“How long was the dare for?” Beau asked Logan. Logan shrugged. He couldn't believe Dax had gone through with it – and made it look easy. He was about to tell him he could stop when another voice cut across the entire skatepark.

“Dakota Joseph Sibley!” To his credit, he managed to stay up, his sneakers shuffling on the pavement as his skateboard rolled until it ran into the fence at the edge of the skatepark. His face made it clear that he knew he was doomed.

“Mom.” His voice was strangled and higher than it normally was.

“What on earth are you doing?” His mom walked toward him single-mindedly, Dax's friends scattering. No one had heard him called Dakota since Mrs. Mitnick in second grade.

“I was” was all he got out before she was upon him, looking

him over.

“We're leaving.” Dax probably would have preferred being led out of the skatepark in silence. Beau would retrieve his skateboard and bring it to him, though it would probably stay locked in the garage until he was done being grounded or whatever punishment Mom – or worse, Dad – came up with. Maybe it would have happened that way, if only he hadn't made the choice he did that morning.

A short distance away from his friends, not far away enough he would think in just a moment, Mom suddenly stopped and lifted the skirt again. Dax was too afraid to ask what she was doing.

“Are you wearing your sister's underwear!?” Dax cringed, both from the direct question and from his friends’ shocked gasps. “Well, we're definitely not swinging past the house before going to pick her up at Melody’s.” She fell into silence again until they were nearly to the car. “And you'll be the one going inside, mister. I'm sure it'll be the best birthday present Melody's ever had.”