From Forward to Flower Girl

by andlat

“I’m gonna piss real quick.” Carson called as his friends thundered through the lobby of the hotel, chattering amongst themselves. They were all spending the night in the hotel before their big hockey tournament…

The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

From Forward to Flower Girl

“I’m gonna piss real quick.” Carson called as his friends thundered through the lobby of the hotel, chattering amongst themselves. They were all spending the night in the hotel before their big hockey tournament tomorrow and they could not be more excited. The team had quickly earned a reputation as the terrors of the hotel among the other guests, but they did not care. They were boys and rambunctious ones at that.

Carson did his business in the public bathroom across from the hotel restaurant and, not bothering to wash his hands, headed out into the lobby. If he hurried, he could catch his friends. Jason’s dad had let him bring his Switch and they were all going to play Super Smash Bros. He did not notice the cloth until it covered his mouth and by that point, he was already passing out.

Carson slowly woke up to find himself in a comfortable chair surrounded by women in dresses. One of them smiled and came over to him.

“Look who’s awake! You slept through your whole makeover!” Carson knew he could not have heard her right. Makeover? Seeing his confusion, she held up a mirror and Carson’s jaw dropped! He touched his face, unable to believe what he was seeing. He still wore his plaid shirt but from the collar up, he looked like a girl!

“Wha, wha?” He stammered. The woman chuckled.

“Melissa, the bride, changed her mind last minute and decided she does want a flower girl. You’re probably too young to know this, but the bride always gets what she wants. So, you were the first one of the hockey players we could nab and” she gestured to his made-up face and hair.

“But I’m a boy.”

“Oh, we know, but I think we did a pretty good job making you into a pretty girl, don’t you?”

“You’re, you’re crazy!” The woman shrugged.

“Looks like you’ve got a choice to make. Either we can let you go and you can go back to your friends and hope they don’t notice your pretty new look” she smiled and played with one of his long blonde locks. “Or you can let us put this pretty dress on you and you’re the flower girl for just an hour or two. If you aren’t careful, I bet you one of your friends might try to kiss a pretty little thing like you.” Carson groaned as he tried to not look at his reflection. “So, what’ll it be? Go explain why you’re so pretty or be a flower girl just for a few hours?”

“Then you’ll put me back to normal?”

“Of course, princess.” She turned away before he could see her sly smile. Those extensions would be quite a pain to get out and things would be so busy after the ceremony that it might just slip her mind.

“I” he groaned again. How was he actually considering this? “I guess I’ll be the flower girl.”

“Perfect! You can go behind that divider there and take your clothes off while I go grab your dress.”

“All my clothes?”

“You can leave your underwear on. Your dress is long enough that no one will ever know our flower girl is a bit of a tomboy.” She smiled as the boy squirmed. “But shirt, jeans, socks, everything but undies.” Carson felt trapped as he shuffled behind the divider and stripped. There had to be some way out of this, but there was no way his friends would ever let him live it down if they saw him looking the way he was.

He moaned loudly as he saw the dress, easily the most girly thing he had ever seen. It was mostly white, but had a light blue sash and light blue accents at the hem of the voluminous skirt.

“Must be meant to be. Blue like your underwear.” The woman said with a grin. “Arms up.” Carson stood as still as a statue as his whole world momentarily became the inner workings of the dress. His head emerged and he had to endure his long hair being brushed. How had she gotten his hair so long anyway? Being a twelve year old hockey player, he had no idea about the world of hair extensions.

Carson was herded in front of a mirror and he stared at the girl looking back at him, every bit as shocked as he was.

“Oh, my god.” Why was his voice coming out of the pink lips of that girl in the mirror?

“The bride’s coming!” One of the other women shouted.

“Alright, princess. The bride has no idea we roped a boy into being her flower girl and you are not ruining her day for her. When she comes over, I want you to enthusiastically thank her for letting you be a pretty princess of a flower girl, understand?”

“But”

“If you don’t, I’ll take you back to your room dressed just like this. Is that what you want?” Carson shook his head.

“Alright, let’s hear it. She’ll be here any minute.”

“Thank you so much for”

“What are you doing?”

“Trying to sound like a girl.”

“You sound like a cartoon character. Use your normal voice. It’s high enough, trust me. Besides, Melissa won’t ever believe a boy would let himself be dressed like this, so she’ll know you’re a girl.” Carson glared at her. The woman smiled and pointed to his reflection, showing him that the pout only made him look more like a little girl. He sighed as he saw a woman come in who had to be the bride. “Alright, sweetheart. Showtime!”