Gamer Girl

by andlat

Elliott loves playing Capricorn, but when he learns that April, a girl in his class, plays it too, he'll do anything to play with her.

The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

Gamer Girl - Chapter One

Elliott rubbed at his eyes as he eased himself into his computer chair. If he was a cat like Lucky, his ears would be perked as he listened to make sure his mom did not come back. She had tucked him in and he had waited for a whole five minutes to make sure she did not peek in on him like she often did. He had tried for so long to convince her he did not need an eight o'clock bedtime at his age, but she refused to budge.

He logged onto his computer, shifting slightly. He hoped she would be online. Even if she was not, he knew that he would play a few rounds of Capricorn until he actually got tired, but it would be a lot more fun if she was online. She was April, a girl in his class who had heard him talking, raving really, about Capricorn and mentioned offhand that she played it too. He smiled to himself, shifting slightly in excitement as he saw her username, Stellium.

/What took you so long?/ She typed. /Got a round in without you. Didn't think you were coming./

/Had to wait for my mom to leave so I could sneak out of bed./ He immediately regretted it, even before she responded.

/Lol. Is it past your bedtime? It's only 8:15!/

/No!/

/Little boy with a little boy bedtime. Are you sitting there in

your jammies and everything?/

/No!/

/Lol. Big boy like you probably sleeps in your boxers, huh?/ He blushed, glancing down at his briefs, their bleached white childishness all but glowing in the light of the computer screen, before responding.

/Yeah. Are we gonna play or what?/

/Sure./ He could all but feel her amusement through the screen. /Are you good?/

/I think so. Wanna do a co-op?/

/I usually play head-to-head./ She replied at once. His eyebrows rose in surprise. /Are you good at that?/

/Pretty good./ He replied. Sure, Austin beat him more often than not, but he had to be better than some girl, right? He waited for April's response, realizing how much he enjoyed actually talking to her. He had only started noticing girls a few months ago, but found himself staring at her during downtime in class. Plus, gym class, of course when she ran around in just shorts and a t-shirt.

/You there?/ Elliott realized he had been daydreaming for a few minutes.

/Yeah. Let's play./

/I wanted to make it interesting, but/

/but what?/

/Let's play a round so that I can see how good you are first./ It made sense to Elliott. Plus, showing how good he was might mean she would want to date him. Wait, he thought. Would it be gentlemanly to let her win? Or was it better to try his best to show that he respected her. His head spun as the match loaded.

He soon realized that he need not have worried. April was good, easily better than him. Thinking quickly, he resorted to tricks, hiding and sniping at her whenever he got a chance. In the end, they ended up in a tie, which meant sudden death.

"I hate sudden death." He muttered to himself, his heart in his throat. What if he lost? April had played so well that he stood a very good chance of losing. He took a deep breath and immediately messed up. "Dang, she got me." He was only wounded, so the match continued until finally, he got a lucky shot and won.

/Oh, you suck!/ She typed. /Lucky shot!/

/It was/ he agreed.

/Still, you're pretty good. Wanna play again?/

/Totally/

/Okay, but let's make a bet. Loser has to do something for the winner./

/Like what?/

Chapter 2

Gamer Girl - Chapter Two

The rest of the day passed in a blur. He noticed a few of April's friends looking at him, but it was more out of confusion than amusement. Girls made no sense and April was easily the most confusing of them all. Elliott walked home, irritated by just how accustomed he had become to his ponytail's sway back and forth.

"How was your day, sweetie?" His mom asked over dinner.

"Eh. Stressful." He said into his chicken. "I think I'm just going to play Capricorn." He saw the question forming in her eyes. "My homework's done, I promise."

She insisted on checking every bit of his homework, not wanting a repeat of that morning. He waited impatiently, sighing to make it clear just how much of a nuisance this was.

"Alright, one last thing, mister."

"What?"

"I don't like that tone."

"Sorry."

"I want you to brush your hair, properly." She held out a purple hairbrush and sat there, watching Elliott as he removed the scrunchie and brushed his long, blond hair to her satisfaction. Somehow, it made him even more aware of just how long his hair was now. How had April done this? She

had better fix it, he thought sullenly.

/How was your day?/ April asked the moment he logged on. Elliott broke into a grin, unable to hide his relief.

/Well.../

/LOL./ She responded. /You looked so pretty! Well, you look so pretty, I should say./

/How do you know? Do not./ Why did it feel like she was already a step ahead of him?

/I got one of my friends to send me a pic of you. Duh! Did you put it in a ponytail yourself?/

/My mom did./ He could practically hear her raucous laughter.

/How long did it take for you to notice the sparkly pink scrunchie? It was such a pretty touch. Pretty touch for a pretty boy./ He gritted his teeth. She was clearly having fun, but he could not let her know she was getting to him. As long as he stayed focused, he could win tonight and make her change his hair back. And if I don't, he thought to himself, I'll go to the barber this weekend and get it cut. /Well? How long was it?/

/Too long./

/LOL. That's hilarious. I'm really upset I woke up sick and couldn't see it for myself, but there's always tomorrow./ Tomorrow?

/Put me back to normal./

/Everyone except me and you see you as normal, bud. Let's play./ Elliott clenched his jaw. Tonight, he would win and order her to put his hair back to the way it was. /We're starting a little earlier, so how about we do best of five?/

/Sure, but I'll only need the first three games./

/Love that confidence! You're a lot more fun as a blonde! You sure we'll have time before your bedtime?/

/Let's just play./ To his relief, April allowed them to play, not commenting again until he made a bad mistake that cost him a win in the second game.

/Did your hair get in your eyes, princess?/ She teased.

/No!/ Elliott protested, jumping as his mom knocked on the door.

"Bedtime in five minutes, Elliott." She called through the door. "I want that computer off." He groaned. How had it gotten so late? Why could his mom not cut him some slack? They were only two games of five in!

/Need to take a quick break. Be back in like fifteen./

/Yeah, saw it was almost eight. Tell your mommy I say hi./ April replied at once, adding a wink emoji as an afterthought. Elliott gritted his teeth, turning off the screen and hoping that his mom did not notice the red light that showed it was actually still on.

Chapter 3

Gamer Girl - Chapter Three

"Hey, Elliott? Can I talk to you?" Austin all but spilled his sloppy joe on his shirt as he stared at April, standing over them. Elliott felt his heart trying to leap out of his chest as he nodded dumbly. "Let's go out into the hall." He followed her, feeling like a lost puppy. He wished that Ausin had not been speechless. Could he not sense that Elliott was in trouble?

"Well," she said as soon as they were out in the hall. "Let's see them." He had to look up to meet her eye, even standing right in front of her. Had she always been so tall compared to him? He did not remember the last time he had been so close to her that he could smell her, her perfume or whatever it was. "Let's see them."

"See what?"

"You really want me to say it, cutie? Your panties. You know you're wearing them, I know you are. Let's see them."

"No... No way." April smirked and grabbed at his jeans.

"Just a quick peek." Batting his tiny hands away, she unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, looking at them just as quickly as she could. There were certain things that teachers just would not ignore if they came across them in a school hallway. Oh! Sleeping Beauty! With a little bow on the waistband! Very cute!"

"Sh... Shuddup!" April smiled and patted his cheek.

"I think it's perfect. My pretty little boy has such an early bedtime that Sleeping Beauty really fits." He glared at her. "Did you wake up in them or put them on?"

"I change my underwear every morning." He muttered. It was disgusting to do otherwise. "And I didn't want to wear"

"Wear what?" Her grin made him sure she already knew. Why was she tormenting him like this?

"They were... Barbie, okay?" She laughed.

"Blonde Elliott in Barbie panties! Oh, that's so great! I'll need to see that, for sure." She smiled down at him. "How about you wear them tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?"

"Yeah, duh! You said it yourself, you change them every day and you and I both know you only have panties now." She giggled. "So, it's decided. Barbie tomorrow."

"What? No way!" Just when he thought she could not surprise him anymore, she leaned in and kissed him, right on the lips. He stammered, breathless.

"Barbie tomorrow." She repeated. "And be on Capricorn tonight." She walked away. "See you later, Sleeping Beauty!"

Elliott kept standing there for a moment, barely able to even make sense of what had just happened. He went through the rest of the day in a daze, dodging Austin's questions about what had happened and why he looked so traumatized. When he got home, he flopped down on his bed. What was he going

to do? April had changed so much about him and he feared what she would do next.

"I won't log on tonight." He said. "I won't." It was just that simple. If he did not log on, she could not make any bets with him. "What if she punishes me?" He muttered, horrified. His mind raced as he imagined all the things she could do to him. "It doesn't matter." He said, sitting up and staring right into the eyes of his reflection. He growled and yanked the scrunchie of his hair, unleashing a blonde cascade down his slender shoulders. It was only then that he remembered the promise he had made to himself that morning. He was going to keep practicing on Capricorn until he could beat April. Then he would demand she put things back to normal.

He logged on, resolving to just ignore April. He grinned as he saw that she was not even online. He could practice and then surprise her with his new skills. He eagerly began, deciding to focus on Blackout to make sure he knew his character inside and out.

Chapter 4

Gamer Girl - Chapter Four

Friday came Elliot barely even blinked to find himself once again wearing panties with long hair. He quickly swapped Sleeping Beauty for Barbie, grimacing as he saw the girly character's smiling face. It would be under his clothes, at least, and he would make sure April did not check.

"Oh, god. I'm getting used to wearing panties." He muttered to himself. What choice did he have though? April could do whatever she wanted to him, it seemed. "At least I'm going to deal with my hair."

He headed down to breakfast, eating quickly as his mom brushed his hair. She set the brush aside once she was satisfied.

"Starting Monday, you're getting up earlier so you can brush your hair yourself."

"But you promised I could get a haircut on Saturday."

"Oh, I forgot." Mom eyed him as if she had a question, but thought better of it. "You're gonna be late. Hurry off to school now!"

To Elliot's surprise, April did not even seem to notice him. He focused on classwork, but remained certain that she would strike at any moment. By lunch, however, he was able to relax enough to chat with Austin about the new Slugman movie that was coming out next month.

"I've heard Terriblon will be in it." Elliot said.

"Well, duh! He was in the post-credit scene of the last one, wasn't he?"

"Not everyone's able to recognize him by his freaking boot, dummy." Elliot sipped at his milk, spying April across the lunch room. She was chatting with her own friends and did not even seem to know he existed. This had to be some new form of mind game. He could not figure it out though. Did she want him to go over to her? That seemed likely.

"Hey, what's going on? Why do you keep" Austin followed Elliot's gaze. "Oh. Oh! Are you two dating?" Elliot nearly choked.

"Uh, no. I don't think... no."

"Darn. Billy told me he heard she kissed you in the hall yesterday. Y'know, during" he gestured around the lunch room, unaware of the ice sliding down Elliot's spine. Did someone see them?

"Oh. No, she just wanted to talk to me. We've been playing Capricorn together." That was true, after all, so it seemed safe.

"Are you kicking her butt?" Elliot could not help but laugh.

"I'm lucky when I can win one." He quickly checked to make sure that talking about her had not somehow summoned her over. She was chatting away with one of her friends. Brittlyn, was it? For a split second, Elliot wondered if they were talking about him like he and Austin were talking about her.

"So she's good?"

"She's like crazy good." Elliot replied. "Not as good as Baron Blöt on YouTube, but" he shrugged, absent-mindedly touching the scrunchie in his hair. He jumped in surprise. For a moment there, everything had felt normal and then he had to ruin it by remembering his long hair and the sparkly scrunchie.

"Wow. Invite me to play sometime."

"We only do one on one."

"And you don't want to share?" Austin scoffed. Elliot shrugged. He could not say why he felt anxious. Was he worried that April would do the same thing to Austin that she had done, was doing, to him? Did he just want to keep April to himself?

"I'll ask her, I guess." He shrugged again.

"If it's that big of a deal, don't worry about it." Austin said. If he had left it at that, Elliot would have gone through the rest of his day as if nothing was the matter. But Austin smirked, almost laughing to himself before adding. "Don't get your panties in a twist."

Chapter 5

Gamer Girl - Chapter Five

Saturday morning finally arrived. Elliott could hardly believe it, booting up his computer still in his panties from the night before just to make sure it really, truly was Saturday. Today was the day, he thought as he pushed his hair off of his face. He would get his haircut and things would start going back to normal.

As he got dressed, he wondered for just the slightest second how April would react once she saw his hair, but he pushed the thought away. It was his hair. Who cares what she thought of it? She was not really his girlfriend, after all. Girlfriends did not do... whatever she had done to him. He did not know for sure if she had done it, but what other explanation was there? He had pulled on yellow panties with Belle on them after all!

"What time is my haircut?" He asked as mom brushed his hair over breakfast.

"Your haircut?"

"Yes. You made it, didn't you?"

"Oh, your hair appointment!" She smiled. Same difference, he thought. "You can head over there after breakfast. It's at Lovely Lather, the salon I use."

"A salon?"

"Of course. They'll treat your hair perfectly."

"I usually go to the barber, don't I?"

"That's where I made it, kiddo." She patted his shoulder. "Do you want a ponytail or just leave your hair down?" He shrugged.

"Pony." He did not like the choice, but reminded himself it would all be over soon. Even if it meant going to a girl hair place.

"Are you sure you're fine on your own?" Elliott had considered asking his mom to come with him, but he knew that stood the risk of her trying to veto what he wanted done with his hair. Namely, to chop it all off. He knew getting it dyed would not happen, but at least returning it to a boy's length would be nice, he thought as he pushed his ponytail back over his shoulder where it belonged. But not for much longer.

The walk to the salon was uneventful, though a small voice at the back of Elliott's mind saw April lurking around every corner. He knew he was jumpy from the moment he had panicked seeing the towels his mom had hung on the clothesline in the front yard. His paranoia only seemed to get worse by the moment. What if April found out? She wouldn't, at least not until Monday. He shuddered, suddenly very aware of the panties he wore and the way the ponytail gently tugged at his head. Was this all a mistake? No. April probably wanted him to think that it was. His mind was made up.

Elliott's mind raced as he turned the corner and saw the salon's sign hanging down the block. What if, he thought. What if they refused to let him get it caught and made it even girlier somehow? What if April was there? He knew they were both silly concerns, but he could not shake the feeling. If they refused to cut it, he would just find a barber and see if they would. He would keep trying. He refused to have this long of hair even a day longer!

What'll April do? He thought soberly. He would have to be careful not to say anything. Let her find out on Monday. He nodded, ponytail bobbing back and forth. He would explain to her, in no uncertain terms, that he liked his hair the way it was. He sighed. He knew what he had to do. No more playing video games with her. That was the only solution.

The door jingled as he walked in, warm air hitting his face and filling his nose with unmistakable salon smells. His shoes felt as if they were filled with concrete as he shuffled his way in.

"Hello! Welcome to Lovely Lather, young la- man!" The woman at the front counter's cheeks turned a slight pink as she realized her mistake. "What can we help you with?"

"My name's Elliott. My mom made an appointment." He said, nose wrinkling at the smell of wet hair and various hair products in the air. It was so much worse with the door closed.

Chapter 6

Gamer Girl - Chapter Six

Elliott managed to stay away from Capricorn for a while, distracted as he was by the laundry on the clothesline. He sat at the window in the living room that faced the clothesline, giving the stink eye to passersby.

"If you're that worried about it," his mom said. "You can take it down off the line. But not until it's dry! And quit touching your hair. It's like you've developed a nervous tick." Elliott tried his best, but without his favorite way of taking his mind off of things, all he had to think about was his hair and the clothesline.

He tried to distract himself by reading the Capricorn: Origin comics, but he knew every single word of Ozawa's origin, from his time at the Dojo of Klanzuku to his betrayal by the rogue master Zhang Kuo. He still read the whole book before his mom finally relented and let him take the wicker basket out to collect his clothes.

He glared at a bearded old man and a young boy passing by, chatting amiably. There was something about the way the old man was dressed that made shaggy come to mind for Elliott. Shaggy? What did that even mean?

"Where should we go?" The old man asked.

"Dunno." The little boy replied with a shrug. Elliott waited until the pair was two houses down the street before he got to

what he was doing. It was only when he was quickly pulling his underwear down off the clothesline that it hit him: he could play Capricorn offline! Sure, it was all against AI opponents, but that was better than nothing, right?

"Make sure you put your clothes away before you do whatever it is you're so excited to do!" His mom called as he hurried inside. "And nicely!" She said to his back as he pounded up the stairs. How did such a sweet boy always sound like a herd of elephants?

Elliott rolled his eyes as, even offline, an ad popped up for a limited time character skin. They were all just meant to get you to pay money for the game. He went to close it. Who would even want a Lucia skin? Sure, he had played as her while playing with April, but he would have preferred a Blackout skin or even Kosmok.

"Play twenty matches as Lucia? That's all you have to do?" Was he really tempted? He moved the cursor back to exit out, but frowned. He could easily do it over the weekend, right? He did not want to be the only one without it. Austin was sure to get it!

He clicked over to YouTube and saw that CapTalk had already posted a new video about it. He shrugged and ran his hand through his hair. Yep, still short. There was something almost addictive about freshly buzzed hair.

"Guess I'm getting it." He smirked and clicked back into Capricorn. "Sorry, Blackout, guess I'm going with Lucia." He moved through the character selection. Playing at night after

bed, he had had the sound off, so it was a bit jarring to hear just how noisy everything was on the menus. Especially once he selected his character.

"Let's get to it!" Lucia said, winking and bouncing, her pigtails swaying back and forth in a way that made Elliott run his hand through his again, just to be safe. At least the special skin's white jumpsuit with pink accents looked better than her striped tights, pink skirt, and those awful pigtails. He cracked his knuckles as he watched the loading screen. "Let's get to it!" Lucia announced again as the game began.

Elliott dodged from obstacle to obstacle. Not playing against actual people was a different experience. The AI sometimes made dumb mistakes, but sometimes it was almost too accurate. He got a few good hits in, eliminating Kosmok with relative ease, and started to feel confident.

"Just try and catch me!" Lucia announced as he dodged an attack.

"Just try and catch me!" He said mockingly. Only one match in and he was already sick of her bubbly voice.

"Like playing hopscotch!" She announced as he jumped from platform to platform. He fired a shot off and hit an Ozawa AI right on.

"Awesome!" He exclaimed. If that was just like playing hopscotch, he had underestimated the game all his life. He checked the meter. He was almost to his ultimate. He just had to find the final AI and he would hit him right in the face.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

Chapter 7

Gamer Girl - Chapter Seven

Elliott yawned and sat up, grinning as he realized for the second morning in a row that he did not have to push hair out of his eyes. Two mornings in a row! He thought with delight.

"Elliott? You're gonna be late!" Elliott looked at his clock and swore, leaping out of bed and practically throwing clothes on. "I'll ignore what I just heard." His mom said as he charged past her. He had run a block and a half before he realized that Monday meant he would have to face April for the first time since his haircut.

"Oh, god." He muttered, his energy seeming to vanish as he slowed to a shuffle. "Shit." He groaned as a second realization hit him. "We have gym today."

Elliott walked into school with a downright morose air. Like always, he went to the bathroom, but froze as he saw that things had once again become even worse. His hair was still the same, thankfully, but...

"Oh, my god." Elliott groaned as he looked at the panties he had on. Princesses and Barbie had been bad enough, but in his haste, he had thrown on a sparkly pink pair with a unicorn prominently on the front and dainty little bows at the bottom of the side seams. He groaned and sighed. There was no way he was letting April see these. Was she even here today? Only one way to find out.

"Let's get to it." He said to his reflection before trudging off to class.

April's face was inscrutable, but with Austin excitedly talking to him about the latest Capricorn: Fall of Pisces comic, Elliott could not really gauge her reaction. She just sat there, chatting with her friends and barely even looking in his direction. He felt like he was waiting for the axe to fall.

"And where were you all weekend?"

"Mom made me do chores like all freaking weekend." Elliott lied, trying to sound convincing. Did April just turn in his direction? No, he was just imagining things. "I still managed to get the" he knew saying Lucia would draw her attention. "The limited edition skin though." That was a smile. Definitely a smile.

"Hey, Liz!" April said. No, she had just been smiling at the sight of one of her friends. He was just paranoid.

Pushing thoughts of April out of his mind, Elliott focused on school. He ended up with a B- on his geography quiz, which was a relief. Before long, things felt like they had returned to normal; the normal from before.

"What do you think we're gonna do in gym today?"

"Running and stuff." Elliott said with a shrug. He hated gym class, but at least it felt normal. It felt normal, that is, until he had to undress. Here he was, in a locker room full of boys in their boxers or briefs and he had on the most sissyish of panties imaginable. He felt like everyone was watching him,

even though no one seemed to see anything out of the ordinary. That was the strangest part, he thought, but did he really want every boy in his class to know he wore panties with a honest-to-god unicorn on them? Even with his gray and black shorts on, he felt like the bows on the side seams were bulging out. Could he fake a stomach ache? He wished he could throw up on command like Calvin Rammage could. Maybe he could teach him in five minutes?

"Let's hustle, boys!" The gym teacher barked. "Go warm up!"

"Come on, Elliott." Austin said.

"Give me a sec." Austin shrugged and joined the mass exodus.

Elliott wracked his brain, trying to think of something. What if he took the panties off and just free balled it? No, that sounded uncomfortable and what if someone pantsed him?

"What if they pantsed me with these things on?" Only he would know, he knew. Him and April. He groaned, but chickened out, shuffling out to the gymnasium.

"Hey!" April grabbed his wrist and pulled him over to her.

"Um, uh, wha, hey." Elliott stammered.

"Aren't you a cutie?" She cooed, looking him over. She knew he knew what was on her mind. "I liked your hair the way it was." April said, pouting playfully. "What are you wearing under your shorts?"

"You know what."

"Well, I'm not so sure with your hair being so different!"

"Same thing as always..."

"I'd feel a lot better hearing it from you, Sleeping Beauty." She grinned as he squirmed. "Boxers or briefs?"

"Panties..." he mumbled. "Uh, Austin's calling me." Pulling free from April, he ran away, feeling her eyes on his butt. He focused on Austin and his friends across the gym. Here I come, boys! He heard Lucia's voice in his head, clear as day. It was a sign of addiction when you could not stop thinking about a game, right? Maybe he should take a break.

"What did April want this time?" Austin asked. Elliott shrugged and tried to remain calm, pushing his hair out of his face in an effort to remain nonchalant.

"Just asked about my weekend."

"Did she miss you on Capricorn? Oh! Dude, you got that new skin, right?" They fell into chatting about the game and it was only when the gym teacher blew the whistle that Elliott realized he was absentmindedly playing with his hair. His long, silky hair.

"Line up!" Elliott ran over, the ensuing chaos all but confirming that his hair was back to its old length. He groaned as he met April's eye.

"Here, let me help you." She whispered as she slid into line right by him. He felt her fingers running through his hair, tugging and shaping it into two bunches.

"Elliott! April! I am not running a salon here!"

"Sorry, coach." April said. "I'm done." She stepped away, leaving Elliott's long hair in a pair of pigtails. "Figured you'd want it off your neck and that's better than a pony." Elliott swallowed nervously. All that and he was right back where he started. Now he really did feel like he was about to throw up.

Chapter 8

Gamer Girl - Chapter Eight

Elliott considered asking to go home sick, but his stubborn masculine pride refused to let April know he was bothered, so he spent the rest of the day with his hair in pigtails, batting them away whenever they swung too much. Can't believe I prefer a ponytail, he thought grumpily as he worked on long division.

"Oh, pigtails!" His mom said when he got home. "I guess you've found your new style." She smiled and patted his shoulder.

"No, I think I'll" he swallowed. "Do a ponytail or something."

"Up to you!" His mom said with a slight shrug. She knew all too well how teenagers could be. "We'll have to make sure you're up earlier tomorrow so you have time to fix it."

"Yay..." Elliott muttered.

"Homework before Capricorn!" His mom decreed. Elliott nodded and went back to the front door where he had flopped down his backpack. A photo on the coffee table caught his eye.

"You don't notice anything different about my hair other than the pigtails?"

"Like what?"

"Like how it used to look different?"

"Well, you did get a haircut two days ago."

"No, I mean this." He showed her the photo of him posing with a baseball bat and a big smile. "See, mom? This photo was just last summer during Little League! My hair was short and brown. Now it's blonde and super long!"

"Well, sometimes hair lightens over time." His mom said with a shrug. "And it tends to grow."

"But," he had been ready for that. "I got my hair cut on Saturday, didn't I?"

"And it looks lovely. Pigtails are definitely a cute choice." Elliott groaned in frustration, but he did not know what he had expected. Only him and April ever noticed any of these changes. He went to do his homework, but his shoulders drooped as he realized he needed to do one thing first.

"Mom, can you show me how to do a ponytail?"

The week passed with Elliott falling into a sort of pattern. Every morning he had to step into a pair of panties. He never would have believed it two weeks ago, but he actually missed his briefs. Why had he spent money on a haircut that April reversed instantly when he could have bought underwear? He knew in his heart that April would have probably put him back into panties, but at least he could have kept his boxers hidden longer, right?

And it was not just the fact he had to wear panties, it was the way they looked. He had never really thought of it, but he doubted the girls in his class went to school with Barbie or

Disney princesses on their underwear. It was humiliating! He almost thought about asking April, but chickened out. She knows what your underwear looks like, he reminded himself, but that did not make it any easier.

"That's a lovely ponytail." His mom said as he sat down at the breakfast table. Elliott grunted. "Oh, don't start with that yet, sweetie. You're too young for grunting like a caveman."

"Sorry, mom, just... thinking about stuff."

"Oh, that's fine. My little deep thinker." She laughed. "Bet this is about that April girl you were telling me about."

"Sure is."

From the moment he arrived at school, Elliott knew April wanted to get him alone. But why? He clung to his friends, avoiding her attempts to wave him over.

"I think April wants your attention." Austin observed as they stood in the cafeteria line.

"I'm avoiding her."