Girly Summer

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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Another summer, another stupid 'end of the school year' photoshoot. Where did moms even come up with this stuff? And the clothes! There had to be some bizarro boutique where you bought clothes that were practically torture devices for kids. Just look at that photo! That jacket, blazer, whatever has to be against the whatchamacallit. Genema Conviction? Whatever it's called.

As we headed out to the place where we would be taking photos, I almost felt at least a little jealous of Jo's dress. Not like that, weirdo! I just mean it was normally what she wore for these dress-up occasions and compared to my shorts and, what was this thing even? A freaking blazer? I figured a dress was less dorky by far! The thought of me actually asking mom for a dress was so funny, I almost ran into Jo as she skidded to a halt.

"Shoot, can you grab that?" She pointed to the toy she had just dropped. It looked like some kind of little figurine. A fox? A red panda? What even was it? "Pretty please?"

"Why can't you?"

"Dude, wearing a dress?" She gestured up and down. I smirked at my tomboy sister -- God, even those socks! -- before relenting. I bent down and as soon as my fingers touched the whatever it was, I felt faint. "You okay?" I saw myself asking me. Was I looking in a mirror? No, definitely

not. My reflection was wearing the dorky dork suit, but I was wearing a dress! And that was my hair getting all in my face!

"What the?" Jo smirked.

"Can't believe it worked. It really worked! I had to get you to willingly touch it and I was like, how am I supposed to do that? Sneak it into your pocket? Dare you to? But it worked!" I stared, mouth agape as my body moved and talked like my sister. Sure, it was my voice, but it was like she was piloting.

"What? Jo."

"Well, you're Jo now." She smirked. "Think of it as revenge for getting me grounded for a whole month!"

"Revenge?"

"That's what I said." She looked down at herself. "Sure, I gotta wear this, but you're in a dress. And I'll be in normal clothes soon." She grinned. "Oh, did I forget to mention? You'll be serving my whole sentence for me." I knew she could tell I was shocked. "And" she giggled. "You probably didn't even know but" her giggle completely overtook her for a moment. "I told mom to donate all my pants, shorts, all that to Goodwill. You're in dresses for the whole month." I glared at her. "And! And!"

"There's more?"

"You probably don't know, but you're wearing these super frilly, pink panties." I blushed, almost feeling them against me. "And they're the least girly ones I -- you -- own now."

"Jo, what are you talking about?" She patted my cheek.

"You've got a girly summer ahead of you, sis." I watched, head reeling as my body skipped girlishly away.