Hydronator

by andlat

"C'mon, I've gone down it like four times! Don't be such a chicken." Marcie smirked, looking entirely too confident in her swimsuit while Ricky looked downright pathetic in his trunks. He had asked to wear his swim…

The Costume Box
2023

Chapter 1

Hydronator

"C'mon, I've gone down it like four times! Don't be such a chicken." Marcie smirked, looking entirely too confident in her swimsuit while Ricky looked downright pathetic in his trunks. He had asked to wear his swim shirt so he felt less exposed, but since the water park was indoor, mom had said there was no need. "Or are you a sissy?" He hated that word and she knew it, overusing it to the point where their parents had forbidden her from using it.

"Mommy said"

"Mommy said," she mocked, making her voice extra high-pitched. "Are you gonna go play in the kiddy pool with mom? Again?" Seeing his hesitation, she scoffed. "Whatever. I'll go down Hydronator, you go splash with the other sissies." He groaned and she knew that she had him right where she wanted him. “Well?”

“Fine.” He muttered through gritted teeth. “Isn’t the line super long?”

“Hydronator’s the most popular slide cuz it’s the best. All the more reason to get in line now.” She grinned at him. “Do I gotta drag you there, sssss”

“Don’t you dare!”

“Scaredy cat. I was totally gonna say scaredy cat.” He had no way to prove her wrong and he knew it with the way his

lower jaw jutted out. “Let’s get in line! Come on!” He sighed and allowed her to lead him over to the line.

“Why are we doing this?” He muttered more than once as they slowly made their way up the stairs. He debated saying he needed to pee or something, but so many people were in line behind them, there was no way to turn back. The only way down was via the slide, a sleek purple tube that slithered its way around and around, even outside the building, down to a pool far below. Looking down, he saw a girl launch out of the slide at the very bottom. She was going so fast! He watched the next three girls exit the tube in quick succession. So fast! Too fast.

“Don’t get cold feet now.” His sister said as she heard him whimper. “It’s almost our turn.”

"I'll be waiting for you down at the bottom, okay?" She sounded so genuine that for the briefest moment, his nervousness was gone. He could do this. He took a deep breath, fidgeting slightly as he watched his sister disappear down the tube. He was next. Oh, why had he let her go first?

"Lie down." The attendant said, barely even moving from his slouched position on a plastic deck chair. "Keep your arms and legs crossed at all times, dude." He nodded. "Three, two" he shot forward like a missile. The attendant had tricked him! An inarticulate scream escaped his lips, but once he got over the initial shock, he began to have fun.

He whipped around tight corners, weaving his way down the pipe. He had picked up so much speed, his trunks were riding

up his thighs! He looked at them more closely. It was a trick of the light, right? He could have sworn that they were longer before and how did the purple tube make his swimsuit go from forest green to a bright yellow. They had to be riding up, he thought. They were almost over his belly button now and rising quickly, nonsensically. His trunks now had no legs. Were they even trunks anymore? What was going on? He kept shooting down the tube, panicking beyond all belief. He had to be dreaming or something. Too much chlorine was making him hallucinate. Was that a thing? It was a chemical, right? But the water around him did not even smell like chlorine. It smelled fruity or flowery.

As the now brilliantly bright yellow spandex covered his chest, it grew two slender arms that wrapped over his shoulders as straps. He now undeniably wore a girl's swimsuit. All at once, the straps sprouted white lace frills as a matching one sprouted on his chest and a frilled white skirt erupted around his waist. The frills kept growing and growing, flapping against his body with each twist and turn of the tube.

"What is going on?" He yelled as the tube suddenly launched him into the air, legs kicking before he landed in the pool with a splash. He jumped up immediately, but could not see anything. There was something over his eyes. He pushed the thick curtain of hair out of his face, his new swimsuit hugging his body.

"Clear the pool!" A lifeguard yelled. Ricky rushed toward the ladder, heart racing. What had happened? He climbed the

ladder, shuddering as he felt the frills move against him.

"Well!" He froze and looked at his sister standing in front of him. Had
she done this? How could she have? But how did it happen if it wasn't
her?

"My... the... my" he stammered, gesturing to himself and the slide and nowhere in particular.

"No one can get mad at me calling you a sissy now." She said with a grin as she looked him over. "Holy moley, you're more of a girl than I am."

"Am not!" Deep down, he knew that he was still a boy, just a boy in a nightmarishly frilly yellow and white swimsuit, with hair longer even than his sister's. She smirked.

"Look at yourself though." She took him by the hand and pulled him over to the nearest reflective surface. He stared at himself in disbelief.

"How did this happen?"

"I dunno, but it's great." She grinned.

"We gotta do something."

"Why? We've got all day at the water park. Mom and dad said so."

"Wha, what'll they think?"

"Who?"

"Mommy and Daddy!" She snorted. How could she ever think of him as a big brother when he still did things like that? They were barely even a year apart, after all. "I mean, we gotta go back to the room so I can change."

"We?"

"We gotta stick together."

"Exactly, and I'm not leaving the water park. You're still ready to swim."

"But"

"You wanted a swim shirt and, well," She reached out and touched his frilly shoulder strap. "You're not shirtless now, are you?"

"No, but" The bottom was way too short, the whole thing was weirdly tight, and it was so, so frilly! "But"

"But what?"

"Well, look at yours!" Her swimsuit was lime green, sleek and mature. "It's a swimsuit and that's it. Mine's got frills on my shoulders and a frilly skirt around my waist."

"And frills on your butt." She giggled as he quickly looked over his shoulder to see if that was true, getting a mouth full of his hair. He sputtered, but at least there weren't really.

"I need to go change!"

“Oh, no, you don't.” She grabbed his wrist. “Dad’s napping and he said if we go back, it means we’re done for the day,

remember?”

“I” he stammered. “Daddy’ll understand if he sees me like” he gestured wildly with his free hand. “Like this!”

"Without his glasses, he'll prolly think you're me or something." She held firm to his wrist. "Besides, what'll you even change into? Your underwear? That's your only swimsuit."

"It's not mine!"

"You said it was!"

"Only cuz" he sputtered again. "It's not! There was some kind of weird something. I dunno." She sighed.

"You look fine. It's the perfect swimsuit for a little sister." He glared at her and yanked so hard, he managed to get his hand free.

"I'm older"

"First of all, barely. Secondly, not dressed like that, you’re not, little sis.”

"I am not!" She shook her head confidently.

"You didn't shrink when whatever this is happened, but based solely on the swimsuit, I'd say you look like you're at least two years younger than me. Long hair, girl's swimsuit" She grinned and talked slowly, as if he was a very small child. "What do you call a sibling who's a girl and younger than you? A little sister."

"I got it. I know what to do." He muttered through gritted teeth, watching a boy shoot out of the tube in black and gray trunks.

"What?"

"I'll go down the Hydronator again." It made some sense. One ride turned him into this, another would put him back

"Wow! Who are you and what did you do with my scaredy sissy of a brother?" He glared at her.

"Mommy"

"Mom would absolutely lift that rule if she could see what you're wearing now." Ricky glared at her.

"Whatever. Let's go." He started out for the long line, but Marcie grabbed his wrist again.

"I've gone down it five times now. Let's do something else."

"What!? No, Marcie! I need to change back!"

"Are you sure it'll even do that? What if it makes you even girlier?"

"It won't."

"We'll do it before we go back to the room." She drew an X on her chest. "I promise."

"But"

"Let's go get smoothies." She suggested. "Oh, and uh, given how you look, maybe don't talk too much. You still sound

like a boy." She smiled sweetly at him, but Ricky was suspicious. One of Marcie's favorite things to do was to scare him to hear his high pitched scream and every time she mimicked him, she made her voice super high. Still, was it worth the risk? "And quit squirming. It just makes your frills more noticeable." Ricky looked mortified. He looked over his shoulder, once again having to spit hair out of his mouth, as Marcie led him away from the Hydronator and boyhood.

The line for the Snack Shack was a little long, but the only thing that Ricky noticed was the boys in front of them. He stared covetously at their trunks before noticing their faces. He had talked to the shorter of the pair just last night at the Fun Zone! Sure, his swimsuit was completely different from what he had been wearing last night and his hair was like a hundred times longer, but his face was still the same!

"Quit fidgeting." Marcie said. Ricky's heart pounded as the boys glanced at them. The older one smiled politely, but the younger saw two girls and immediately lost interest. Ricky almost sighed with relief. "Not so loud." Marcie hissed, loving her brother's situation. The boys in front of them clearly made him nervous. "Want me to order for you?" She pointed to her throat. Ricky nodded and she smiled, grabbing his hand.

"What can I get for you?"

"Hi! I'll have the mango and she'll" she held up Ricky's hand. "Have the Very Berry Princess." Too terrified to speak, Ricky shook his head, but it was too late. In a matter of two

minutes, he was following Marcie to a table carrying a big pink plastic cup. "It's like a law that little sisters have to have it." Marcie said smugly.

“Why do they even have it?”

“It’s the law.” Marcie teased. “Little girls die if they don’t consume something princessy every day. Oh, and there’s that new Princess Prim movie coming out.”

"Whatever. At least it tastes good."

"Let me taste... ugh! It's so sweet!" Marcie gave it back to him. Ricky shrugged and sipped at it. He liked sweet.

The rest of the day was spent going down every slide except the Hydronator. Marcie made a point to always go after her brother so she could hear the slide attendants talk to him like he was a little girl. Isn't he? She thought as she watched him try to get his hair under control before going down the Splish Splash Dash.

"Can't we go"

"Back to the room?" Marcie teased.

"No, down the Hydronator."

"What are you gonna do if it makes you even more girly?" Marcie tried to imagine what that would even be like. A pink swimsuit? Nail polish? Part of her could not wait to find out. "Let's do it."

It seemed so simple. Get in line, go down, and hope Ricky

went back to normal. They had both ridden it already that day, so both brother and sister were surprised when Ricky got stopped at the entrance.

"Whoa there, sweetheart." The attendant in his red trunks said. "Gotta make sure you're tall enough."

"She's shorter than me!"

"Rules are rules."

"But she's shorter than me." The attendant sighed.

"How about we both do it?" Marcie suggested. The attendant nodded and held the measuring stick up to each of them.

"Alright. Enjoy, girls!"

"What was that even about?" Ricky asked. Marcie shrugged, noticing the woman in front of them eyeing Ricky curiously. With how indignant he had been, she must at least suspect something. Marcie grinned at the thought of some stranger realizing Ricky was a sissy.

Ricky began to wiggle as they neared the top, sending his frillies dancing. Was he actually scared again? Marcie scoffed. He was a total sissy.

"Are you sure you're old enough to ride this?" The attendant asked, looking over her sunglasses at him.

"Yes!" The forcefulness of his response seemed to take her aback, but she regained her composure.

"How about your sister goes down with you, angel?" Ricky

looked over his shoulder at Marcie.

"Fine." He sat down in the pool at the top of the slide and Marcie put her legs on each side of him, hands on his shoulders. "Don't we lie down?"

"Not as a pair." The attendant said. "Have fun, ladies!" Down they went! Ricky watched and waited for the change to happen, but all he saw was the frills of his swimsuit waving in the breeze as they sped down, landing in the bottom pool with a whumpf and a wave of water.

"We gotta go again!" Ricky said as he fought with his hair to get it back under control. How did girls do this?

"Sure." Marcie led the way over to the ladder, but there was someone waiting for them.

"Time to go, kiddos." They both looked up at Mom. "Dad's up from his nap and we're going to go out to eat."

"But"

"Now. You can come back tomorrow for a bit before we go." She said. "Now." The pair emerged from the pool, sharing a look as Mom grabbed their hands and began the way to the exit. What was Ricky going to do?