I Can't Find My Shoes!

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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“Alright, Trevor, hop out.” Trevor unbuckled his seatbelt, grumbling to himself. His mom, ever creative with punishments, had come up with a real doozy. Rather than spend his Saturday playing video games or going over to a friend’s house, the eleven year old had to accompany his mom on her errands. Desperate to get out of following her from store to store in the mall, however, Trevor lit on something.

“Mom, I don’t have shoes.” He said. “I couldn’t find them, remember?” Mom had rushed him out the door that morning, ignoring his protests about being unable to find his shoes. She had said that they would buy him some or figure something else out. His mom looked down at his bare feet and sighed.

“Let me see what’s in the trunk.” She opened it up and began to dig.

“I can just wait in the car.” Trevor called, but she did not seem to hear him. He wondered if he had finally beaten his mom until he heard her exclaim in excitement.

“You’re not going to like it, but these should work.” Trevor’s eyes widened in horror as he saw the pink sandals in his mom’s hands. They had pink bows with white polka dots on them and could not have been more little girly if they had tried.

“No way.”

“They’ll fit your feet, I bet.” Trevor could not believe what he was hearing, but suddenly, everything became clear.

“You planned this.”

“Nope.” Mom said. “But it’s kind of funny how it all worked out, isn’t it?”

“I’m not wearing them.”

“You can either wear them or I’ll put them on you like a little baby.” Trevor sighed.

“What if someone sees?”

“It’s just until we can get inside and buy you some new sandals, okay?” Trevor groaned and took them from her.

Trevor muttered to himself as he walked alongside his mom, the pink sandals catching his eye from time to time. He hated walking on a good day and these sandals, these awful, humiliating sandals made it worse. Here he was outside, the wind blowing his shaggy hair all over the place, and he was stuck in the most awful little girl sandals imaginable. How much farther was the store?

He looked up and saw that they had barely gone ten feet. It occurred to him all of a sudden, like a bolt of inspiration, that it might go quicker if he skipped. He began to skip, testing it out. Why was he skipping? He probably looked ridiculous. He tried to stop, but he could not help continuing to skip, his knees going higher and higher. What was going on?

He gasped as he saw the legs of his shorts suddenly rip and meld together so that they formed one big leg, a leg that kept getting wider and wider to accommodate some frilly fabric filling it in, his new skirt bouncing with his continued skips. He looked over to his mom, who was completely immersed in her shopping list, seemingly unaware of her skipping son beside her, even as his t-shirt suddenly sprouted ruffles on the shoulders, the video game character on the front mutating into a sparkly pegasus.

Trevor tried to speak, but he found his mouth in a wide smile and not moving. He loved to skip! Why could he not stop skipping? He loved it so much, that was why. He loved to feel his skirt bounce so high he could feel the breeze on his panties. Panties? Well, of course he had panties on under his favorite skirt and his favorite Pegasus t-shirt.

As they neared the store, Trevor could see his reflection in the glass doors. He looked like himself, just dressed like a very little girl. He gasped, his now pink lips forming a perfect o as his blond hair suddenly shifted into a pair of braids, one on each shoulder with a big pink bow at the end of each, perfectly matching those on his sandals. Those would sway so magnificently when he skipped! But he could not skip now, he told himself. He had to hold mommy's hand when they were in the store. Trevor grabbed his mom's hand, terrified of what had happened to him, but unable to do anything but giggle and curtsey when an elderly woman complimented him on his fine skipping. He loved to skip!