Joe's Big Mouth

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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"Mom, this is... this is too much!"

"It is not. Your sister walks to ballet every week in that very same outfit, so you're going to wear it while we go pick her up."

"But... I'll look like a sissy."

"No one will even know it's you." Mom said. "Besides, if a girl can do it, it should be no problem for a boy like you." He reached out, hand trembling, for the white leotard with attached tutu. Why did it have to be a tutu? "The tutu will help hide the fact that you're not the girl you'll be dressed as." Mom said. He groaned. This was ridiculous.

"How do I get it on?"

"Well, first, you need to take those off."

"My underwear? Why?"

"Not very many girls wear briefs with video game controllers on them, especially under their leotards."

"What am I supposed to wear?" He regretted it immediately

as his mom handed him a pair of his sister's Frozen panties.

"I can't wear Jasmine's underwear!"

"If it makes you feel any better, that'll be your pair of panties from now on."

"It doesn't" He muttered.

"Get dressed. She's done at three and I want to be there on time."

Joe could not believe how exposed he felt walking down the street in the outfit and a pair of Jasmine's shoes. He had stood in front of the mirror as his mom brushed his hair, realizing he no longer even remotely resembled a boy of nine, but he would have taken an hour of that to being out in public like... like this! How did girls do this? He could feel the tutu bouncing and, if that wasn't bad enough, the panties and leotard were giving him a wedgie!

"Quit fidgeting." His mom whispered, walking behind him. "You're supposed to be passing as a girl, unless you want those boys coming up to know." Joe's face paled as he saw some boys, barely older than him, approaching. Their lips curled derisively as they saw a little girl of maybe six coming toward them in a tutu, her short hair doing nothing to distract from how revoltingly girly she looked. Behind him, Joe's mom smiled as he did a pretty good job of appearing a shy little girl until the boys had passed, guffawing at the girly girl once they had.

"That was mortifying." Joe said.

"Isn't that the catchphrase of that girl from that show Jasmine likes? I guess you like it too."

"Do not!"

"Hush, we're almost there. Jasmine's going to love you." They walked into the ballet studio and Joe saw Jasmine among her friends, doing stretches or something. He had no idea what ballet actually entailed. The teacher looked over, her eyes lingering on Joe. Did she know? She had only met him maybe once, but he felt as if she knew. Look at that smile. She totally knew!

"Mom"

"Shh"

"Hello, Mrs. Aphra." The teacher said. "Did you forget? We're rehearsing until 4:30 today. It's not even 3."

"Oh, silly me! I forgot there's that recital coming up." The teacher nodded.

"It's an honest mistake. Who's this?"

"Oh, this is Jasmine's cousin Josephine." Josephine? Joe glared at her. "But we all call her Josie."

"What a pretty tutu, Josie!" The teacher said, leaning to admire him. She chuckled as he hid behind his mom, feeling very timid and exposed. "You know, if you'd like, you can sit over there while we finish class."

"That sounds nice." His mom said.

"And Josie," the teacher continued. "How about you come over and join the other girls? You're all dressed for it and it'll be a lot more fun than sitting there, waiting with your auntie, hmm?" She took his hand and pulled him over. He knew if he spoke, his true identity would be revealed, but shaking his head no did not seem to do anything.

As she pulled him toward the class, he saw the light of recognition appear in Jasmine's eyes as she figured out who this mysterious cousin Josie was. He gulped as she whispered to her friends. He would never live this down.