Late!

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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"Bart, we're going to be late! Hurry!"

"I am, mom! I can't find my lucky ball!"

"You don't need your ball for every practice, mister. Go on. Into the auto dresser." She pushed on his head, pulling her hand away as she felt his hair. "Your hair's so greasy." She pushed a button on the display. "There. You just earned yourself a quick shower before you put on your soccer uniform."

"Fine." He muttered as he stepped into the machine. The lights came on, always too bright at first.

"Commencing undressing." It announced. At first, the machine had scared the boy, but now he was used to it, standing as still as he could as it stripped him down to his underwear before removing that as well. He stood for a moment, waiting. Normally the shower came on almost the second he was undressed. "Buffering." The machine said. "Unexpected loss of network. Rebooting."

"Mom better not blame me for this." He muttered. He tapped his foot impatiently, feeling weird standing in the well-lit room buck naked.

"Reboot complete. Checking calendar for programming."

"Kay. Whatever."

"Commencing shower." Bart nearly jumped as it blasted him with water. It warned him and he still was never ready for it! Arms emerged from the walls and began to scrub his every nook and cranny, even as he squirmed. This new house was great, but he missed the boring old shower they used to have when the autodresser did this sort of thing! He knew enough not to complain, keeping his mouth closed as tightly as possible as it doused him with soapy water. He hated the smell of soap and it hung heavily in the air.

"Commencing dry." It announced before hitting him with a blast of warm air. At least that was not as bad as the water. "Commencing dressing." Bart was so used to the order that he lifted his legs to step into his boxers even before it directed him, even lifting his arms for his soccer jersey. It was only as his jersey settled on him that he realized something was up.

"What the?" Bart looked down at a pink camisole and pink panties, each adorned with lace and little bows. This looked like his sister's underwear! "Program stop!"

"Unable to comply. Parental override activated. Continuing with Dress Lexi for Ballet program."

"What? I'm not Lexi! I'm Bart! You know, the boy!"

"Lift legs for tights."

"No way!"

"Please step into your tights." Bart sighed. He did not want to admit it, but he knew that the only way out was to go through the program fully. After that, his mom would clearly see

something went wrong. "Please step into your tights."

"Fine." Bart's face grew more and more red as the machine dressed him in tights, a white leotard and even a sparkly white tutu before pushing ballet slippers onto his feet. They were too small, but not enough for the machine to notice it was dressing Bart and not Lexi. He knew he had to look ridiculous, even before the machine painfully yanked his shaggy blond hair into a tight bun on the back of his head. Now feeling completely foolish, Bart had no choice but to emerge from the machine fully kitted out for his little sister's ballet class.

"Oh, my god." Lexi said, staring at a slightly taller mirror reflection before her. "This is too good!" Mortified, Bart busied himself trying to push his tutu down over his crotch.

"What are you yelling about, Lex" mom's voice died in her mouth as she saw her son standing there. "Oh. Wow."

"Mom, it malfunctioned or something."

"Clearly." She tried and failed to keep from laughing. "Wow. Just wow."

"Mom, stop laughing!"

"Well, we don't have time for you to go back in there. We're already nearly ten minutes late."

"What? I can't go to soccer like this." Lexi laughed uproariously at the thought of her brother attending soccer in his ballerina ensemble.

"Clearly." Mom agreed. "We'll tell them you're sick. Since you're dressed for it, you'll go with Lexi to ballet."

"What? No way!"

"Yes way. It'll teach you not to procrastinate and get ready at the last minute."

"I'll be a laughingstock! Everyone will think I'm a sissy!"

"No one can tell you're a boy, dressed like that." Lexi said. Bart glared daggers at her.

"I hate to admit it, but she's right, Bart. We'll just tell them you're Lexi's cousin from out of town and you just want to try ballet, okay?"

"What? That's not a solution!"

"If you'd prefer to see all your friends at soccer, dressed like that" Bart felt a rock in his stomach. He was trapped. What was he going to do? "Well? Soccer or ballet." Bart felt as though he was floating as his mouth formed a single word that would seal his fate for the day, the word no self-respecting boy should ever say.

"Ballet."