Pool Rules

by andlat

Jake has nothing better to do one summer day that go with his sister Marcie to her friend's house. At least they have a pool, even if there are some rules...

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Pool Rules - Pool Rules

"Remind me again why I'm going to your friend's house?" Jake asked as he followed his sister Marcie down the sidewalk.

"Because it's like a million degrees out and Tracy's the only one with a pool. Besides, mom and dad said you can't spend all summer playing video games in your underwear, remember?" He nodded. Unfortunately, their solution was to have him accompany his overly social little sister to her friends' houses every single day. "Plus," Marcie continued. "Don't you have like the biggest crush ever on her sister Trudy?" Trudy had a habit of jogging past their house every morning and Jake had instantly fallen in love.

"She is going to be there, right?" Jake asked, blushing lightly as he tried to sound nonchalant about it while also dodging his little sister's question.

"Naw, she's on some roadtrip with her friends. I just told you that to get you to come with." Jake fumed, but there was Tracy's house just up the street, so it was too late to turn back.

"Should've put my trunks before we left." He mumbled to himself. "Then I could just dive right in."

"Hmm?"

"Just talking to myself." They walked to the backyard, where Tracy waved at them from the pool deck. Jake rolled his eyes

as Marcie waved back with such enthusiasm he thought her hand might go flying off of her wrist.

"Ready to swim?" Tracy asked as they climbed the stairs up to the deck.

"I am, but Jake's gotta get dressed first."

"My room's right inside, Jake." Tracy said with a smirk. "Trudy's is upstairs, so don't get lost trying to find it." Jake blushed as he went inside, aware that the girls in their swimsuits were following him.

"Right here?" Jake asked, pointing to the door with Tracy's name on it in sparkly rainbow letters.

"That's the one!" Jake rolled his eyes as he heard both Tracy and his sister giggle. Why were girls always so giggly? Even the girls his age still giggled half the time he talked to them. That was the main reason he tried to avoid talking to them when he could.

"Three, two" Jake heard his sister's voice, but he was already stumbling to the floor of Tracy's bedroom as it registered. The girls laughed and jumped on him, tickling him mercilessly. Jake squealed and squirmed, laughing uncontrollably from their relentless tickle attack. His flip-flops, slightly too big for him since mom wanted them to survive his growth spurt, whenever it came, fell off, giving them access to his most ticklish place, the soles of his feet.

"Stop! Stop!" Jake protested, panting, but the girls kept it up. He should have been able to overpower two girls four years

younger than him, but their brutal tickling effectively paralyzed him.

"We'll stop, if you promise to do what we say."

"Alright, I promise!" Jake yelled. The girls kept tickling him.

"Maybe we should just keep going until he wets himself." He heard Marcie say.

"I'll do whatever you say!" Jake knew in his gut that the words would come back to haunt him, but what choice did he have? The tickling stopped immediately.

"First order." Tracy said. "Hold still while we get you undressed."

"You're going to dress me for swimming?" What was their game?

"Yep." Tracy replied. "We'll just strip you to your boxers and" her voice trailed off as his shorts came down. "Jakey! You still wear tighty whities!"

"I know, right? I don't think any of the boys in our grade still wear them, but Jakey poo does!"

"Mikey probably does." Tracy snorted. "His sister said he even wears diapers to bed." The girls laughed.

"But let's focus on our blushy little Jakey." Marcie said, grinning at her brother. She tickled his foot just to watch him squirm again. "He really wants to swim, you know."

Chapter 2

Pool Rules - After Pool

Their swim done, the trio dried off before heading inside for the promised lemonade and cookies. Tracy's mom was a gracious hostess, smiling as Marcie and Tracy chatted away, Marcie's clearly shy little sister remaining silent as she munched on her cookie still in her swimming cap and all.

"I don't want you two walking home in your swimsuits. I hope you brought a change of clothes." The girls exchanged a look.

"I did, but I forgot to pack one for Jackie."

"Oh, dear. How about this? You two go into Tracy's room and get changed. Jackie and I will go to my room. I have some of Tracy's old clothes there for her to wear." Jake looked at the girls, terrified, but he saw Marcie's face and knew his fate was sealed. "C'mon, Jackie." Tracy's mom said. "We'll get you out of your swimsuit and into something just as pretty, I promise."

"Marcie" Jake whispered.

"You'll see your big sister in just a bit, sweet pea." Tracy's mom took his head and pulled the boy away from the kitchen table. He looked over his shoulder to see the girls barely concealing their giggles.

Tracy's mom led him into her room, going so far as to actually pick him up and set him on her bed as she grabbed a

large white plastic bag from the closet. Her bed was high enough that his feet dangled above the carpeted floor, which did nothing to help him feel like the near teen he was under the little girl swimsuit.

"I was going to donate these, but I figure we can find you something to wear from here, hmm?" She began to pull out clothes, tossing them next to the bashful little preteen in his Belle swimsuit. "Maybe something yellow. Is that your favorite color?" Unsure of how to answer, Jake just shrugged. Tracy's mom paused and looked at him, scrutinizing him from head to toe. His heart pounded in his ears so loudly that he was sure she could hear it. Jake sat there, feeling the heat of her gaze. "Something's wrong here." She said after a moment. Jake knew his face had to be as ghostly pale as his thighs, though they were not nearly as pale anymore after a couple hours in the sun.

In his panicked state, Jake was completely unprepared for Tracy's mom to start tickling him. He fell back onto the bed, squealing and laughing as she tickled his sides. She laughed too, caught up in his merriment.

"There we go! Little girls are best when they're smiling and laughing." She said fondly. "You have a very pretty laugh, Jackie." Jake nodded, blushing lightly. "Now keep that smile on your face or I'll have to tickle you again, princess!" She said with mock severity before returning to digging through the clothes. "Too small, too big." She muttered to herself. "You're much too old for Tracy's baby clothes, right?" Jake nodded again. Tracy's mom looked at him. "My, you're a little

girl of very few words, Jackie. You know I heard you out by the pool with your big sister and Tracy, so I know you're not really shy."

Jake stared down at the clothes, trying to pretend like he was curious about the options. There were nothing but girl clothes there, which made sense since Tracy and Trudy didn't have any brothers. He tried to bring himself to explain that he was a boy and his sister and Tracy were just playing a joke, but the words wouldn't come. He sighed as he watched Tracy's mom sort through the bag of clothes.

"These shorts'll be too big for you by the looks of things," she said, setting aside a couple pairs of jean shorts that might have almost passed for something a boy would wear. "So I guess we'll have to go with a dress, hmm?" She smiled at Jake as he tried again to summon up the courage to tell her. "Don't you like dresses, Jackie?" He shrugged. "Oh, every little girl wears dresses. Belle wears dresses, doesn't she?" She pointed to his swimsuit. He remained silent. "Well, it's just for the walk home anyway. Next time you're here, you can show me what you normally wear, princess." She hummed to herself. "Gosh, I miss having little girls to dress up. Maybe I'll ask your mommy if I can keep you, like my own little doll." She laughed. "Just a joke, Jackie." She reached down into the bottom of the bag. "Of course, it has to be all the way at the bottom, doesn't it? Aha!"

Chapter 3

Pool Rules - Department Store

Marcie sat cross-legged on her bed, looking over the activities calendar from the rec center that Tracy's mom had given her for the fifth time that evening. There was a variety of activities for kids of all ages, including her and Jake's ages, but they seemed to skew younger than either of them.

"He'd never do rock climbing." Marcie muttered to herself. Jake was not an athletic boy. He could swim, but she could not even remember the last time she had seen him run. "That rules out tennis." She smiled for a moment imagining Jake playing tennis. She knew a few girls who played tennis and, somehow, her mind immediately put Jake in one of their white skirts. "That's cute, but he'd never go for it." She sighed. "I guess I can actually ask him instead of deciding everything for him." Getting up, she adjusted her pajama shorts and tank top before leaving her room.

A couple years ago, Jake had insisted on moving from the room across from hers all the way downstairs to the basement, so Marcie had to go through the entire house just to reach his door. Hearing the sound of video games coming from within, she opened the door without even knocking.

"Hey!" Jake protested, pausing his game and glaring at her. As usual, he was in nothing but his underwear. Marcie held a hand in the air to cover that up, as if he had intruded on her and not vice versa.

"Just wanted to ask if you want to take rock climbing." Marcie said.

"What? No way." Marcie nodded.

"Figured."

"Wait, you're not looking at that rec center thing Tracy's mom gave you, are you?" In the week since that visit, this was the first time that Jake had even indirectly acknowledged it. Marcie had kept his outfit in her room, knowing that Jake would throw it away the first chance that he got. She enjoyed looking at it and remembering his attempt at a handstand.

"I am."

"Why?"

"Because mom and dad don't want us spending all summer inside." They actually had said that specifically about Jake, but Marcie knew enough about her brother to say 'us' to soften the blow. "And the rec center actually has a lot of things."

"Not rock climbing."

"No, but they have two pools, one of which has a waterslide. They also have trips to the zoo, classes, everything."

"I've got my video games."

"Didn't mom and dad threaten to take those away so you don't waste the whole summer with them?"

"Yeah, but"

"But what?" Jake smirked.

"I figured if they try, I'll just tell them about what happened at Tracy's." Marcie had the presence of mind to feign shock and surprise.

"You wouldn't." She could tell by his face that he thought he had won. "You mean you'd really tell mom and dad that your little sister and her friend dressed you up like a little girl and you stayed dressed that way for a couple hours, panties and all?" She relished his stricken look. "I've still got the clothes if you want to show them your ruffly little panties." She gasped excitedly. "Maybe you can do a handstand again!" He tried to say something, but all that came out of his mouth were inarticulate noises. "Maybe I should be the one to tell mom and dad."

"You wouldn't!"

"Sure I would. I think it'd prove to them that I should be in charge of little Jakey, or is that Jackie? All summer long." Her grin was downright impish.

"Marcie!" She loved the whine in his voice. She knew that she had all the power now.

"So, no rock climbing, right?" Marcie moved her jaw back and forth. "Hmm... Let's go decide what else to do." Grabbing her brother's wrist, she pulled him out of his gaming chair, ignoring his protests as she led him from the basement all the way up to her room on the top floor, snickering at how exposed he must have felt going though the whole house in

just his white briefs. "Sit down on my bed. We're going through the catalog. The whole catalog"