Poster: I Am A Princess

by andlat

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The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

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When he could help it, Jason did not like going in his little sister's room. It was not due to some desire to respect her privacy. No, it was because Jason was a proud boy and hated anything girly. But, desperate times called for desperate measures and Jason knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Abby had stolen his Game Boy.

Storming into her room, he knew he had at least two hours before she got back from peewee soccer. Plenty of time to find it, he told himself. He glared at her posters as he walked in. What kind of person needed a neon turtle and rainbow on their wall?

"Where is it?" He wondered, patting his thighs as he thought. It was a habit of his. "Her closet?" He went over to check, but no such luck. Just a bunch of girly dresses and her old ballet costumes. He was glad she had quit ballet for soccer. Soccer games at least were more fun to be dragged to than her recitals.

Jason did not bother closing the closet door, hurrying over to her bed. Abby loved hiding things under her pillows. He tossed them aside, but was only met by her floral print sheets. He sighed. Maybe she had not taken his Game Boy? As bizarre a thought as it was, maybe it really was in his room. Maybe he had jumped to conclusions.

Turning to leave, he stuck his tongue out at the poster she had

by the door of all the Disney princesses. Something seemed off, but he could not put his finger on it.

“I am a princess.” He said mockingly, reading the slogan. Suddenly, he realized what it was. Cinderella, Ariel, they were all there. Except for that one, the one in the yellow dress… Belle! That was her name! Where was Belle? There even seemed to be an empty space for her, right up front.

Jason shrugged and headed for the door, but suddenly tripped, feeling the strangest sensation as though something had grabbed his ankle. He rolled over to see what it had been, but there was nothing there. Motion caught his eye and he gasped as, reclining there on Abby’s floor, his jeans unzipped themselves and slid down his slender legs and over his bare feet. As soon as they were off of him, they sparkled and vanished, right before his eyes!

“What the” Jason’s words were cut off as his shirt pulled itself roughly over his head, sparkling away the moment it was off of him. He stared down at his boxers, the only garment he had left. He carefully got to his feet, hoping that at least his underwear would stay on. He watched it, not even daring to blink, gasping as it suddenly began to turn white! Were they becoming tighty whities? No, worse, he thought as pink lace and ruffles erupted all over them. Panties, frilly fancy panties! He ran for the door as little pink roses popped up on the waistband of his panties, but there was nothing he could do. The door was shut and the knob did not turn.

“Help!” He called, but he was home alone. No one could hear

him. He heard a sound he had never heard before, realizing a second later that it was the sound of hair growing unnaturally quickly as he found himself with expertly coiffed hair down his back. A rustle behind him caused him to spin, his hair swaying majestically as he did so. “Oh, no” He saw the yellow dress coming toward him, but he had no way to fight it as it slipped over his body. His struggles against the voluminous gown only made it easier for long yellow gloves to slip up his arms. “What is happening?” He asked as he suddenly twirled into the center of Abby’s room, right in front of her mirror. He was the spitting image of Belle! Gone was the rough and tumble boy. In his place stood a princess. “I’m still me.” He mumbled.

“Belle, Belle.” He heard various musical voices calling to him. He twirled again, coming to face the poster. He wanted to join his sisters. He had to join his sisters. He walked toward the poster, its edges glowing. The moment he touched it, the world spun and he found himself beside Aurora, a rose in his elegantly gloved hand. He could not move. All he could was smile, staring out into Abby’s room, constantly aware of the dress against his body. Would he be stuck there forever?