Princess Joey

by andlat

When Joey ends up having to play with the girls, things get out of hand very quickly

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Chapter 1

Princess Joey

"Mom! Joey's refusing to play with us!" Joey groaned and covered his ears, not that it did any good. When Olivia got that particular tone in her voice, no one could avoid hearing it. It was like she could turn her little sister settings to the absolute most annoying for a moment.

"Tattletale." He muttered.

"Joey, play with your sister and cousins." He groaned as three little girls' grinning faces turned toward him all at once, like some sort of modern day Cerberus.

"See?" Olivia said smugly.

"Fine." Joey said with a sigh, wishing not of the first time that he had even one male cousin. "But we're playing the game I want to play."

"What, knights?" Sophia said with an annoyed groan. Her twin sister Sara groaned right along with her. Joey felt self-conscious, but nodded.

"You know what?" Olivia said. "We will play knights, but you, Joey, you have to be the princess we're coming to rescue!" The twins brightened up at this suggestion, but Joey immediately balked.

"But I'm a boy." To his mind, it was an ironclad defense.

"We're just playing pretend." Sophia said. "It's not like you'll

be a real princess."

"It's for fun." Sara agreed.

"Look, we can play something else." The girls exchanged a look. Why did it always seem to Joey as if girls could read each other's minds?

"You'll let me pick?" Olivia asked, trying her best to sound innocent. Joey knew his sister's tricks and saw right through it.

"No tea party or dress up or anything like that."

"I haven't played tea party in three years." Olivia said with disgust. "I'm nine years old!"

"What do you want to play?" Joey asked. Olivia smirked, sealing Joey's fate.

"Knights, with you as the princess."

Joey tried to argue, but the girls had made up their minds. Once he came to terms with the fact he had no way to dissuade them, he turned to the most desperate resort: going to mom.

"It's not going to hurt you to play with the girls."

"But mom, they want me to play the princess."

"So?"

"So," Joey knew that he had lost already. "I'm a boy."

"It won't hurt you to let the girls rescue you." His mom said with a smile. "Tell the girls you'll be their princess."

"I'll do it." He mumbled, not able to bring himself to look the girls in the eye. He stared down at his bare feet, his toes curling in the living room carpet. Satisfied, Olivia immediately took charge.

"If he's going to be the princess, won't he need to dress like one, mom?" Mom smiled, ignoring Joey's immediate reaction.

"I suppose so. Joey, come with me, you can wear one of Olivia's dresses, I'm sure."

"What? No way!"

"It's just for a little while. It'll mean a lot to the girls." Joey glared at the three grinning girls.

"Make sure he doesn't wear icky boy undies. He's a princess." Olivia called as Joey was pulled out of the room by his wrist.

"Mom"

"Don't worry. You can leave your own underwear on. She won't know." Joey followed her to Olivia's room, annoyed that getting to wear his own underwear was supposed to be a consolation to him. "Get undressed."