Sidewalk Chalk

by andlat

Jason made a promise to his sister and, by gum, Mom's going to make him honor it!

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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Jason lounged in bed, eager to milk as much time as possible in bed before he had to go out and see his family. He had promised, under duress, to play with his little sister Callie and he wanted to delay that for as long as possible. He quickly closed his eyes as he heard motion outside his bedroom door. If he faked being asleep, maybe he could get another half hour. Even another twenty minutes would be good.

The door creaked open and he tried to mimic the slow, steady breaths of sleep. He yelped as the blanket was summarily whipped off of him.

"Oh, good. You're already in your underwear. That'll make things easier." His mom said, ignoring his attempts to pull the blankets back over his slender body and white briefs. "Get up. Callie's already eaten breakfast and is eager to get out to the back yard. You and her are going to make quite the masterpiece back there!"

"Ugh, sidewalk chalk?" Jason moaned. "That's"

"Little girl stuff. You've mentioned. Once or twice. A minute. All last night." His mom teased. "Take those dirty things off." She said, turning her attention from his face to his underwear. "You're always begging me for boxers, but I like briefs because they let me see when you don't change them." Jason rolled his eyes. "Another school year of briefs for you, I think." She said, more to herself than to him.

"Can you just leave so I can get dressed?"

"Nope. I've got a special outfit for you. Both you and Callie get new clothes to wear. Isn't that exciting?" He grunted. "Take your underwear off. I've got new undies for you too."

"What kind?" He asked suspiciously. He knew they were not boxers, after all.

"Now, mister." Mom said. He pulled down his briefs and threw them by the hamper. "Pick those up." He did so with one hand, the other covering his privates. "Here." She handed him a little cotton roll. It was pink! He unrolled it and grimaced. It was a pair of Callie's panties, all pink and lacey.

"These are Callie's."

"They're yours, but they are identical to Callie's." His mom replied. "Since you insist sidewalk chalk is for little girls, I'm dressing you accordingly. You and her will be twins."

"No way."

"Yes way. It's either that or you go out there naked. Get a tan on your bottom!" She chuckled.

"Mom, this is" She cut him off.

"The fence is high enough that no one will know."

"Callie will."

"And who will she tell? Me? You? Her dolls?" Mom scoffed. "She's six, Jason Anthony. She's not going to post it online or something."

"But"

"No buts. Put your panties on. You're wearing them, whether you like it or not, mister pouty pout. You can either wear them for this morning or I can drag you to the mall all dressed up like your little sister for family portraits."

"You're insane."

"They're just panties." She sighed. "It's either this or I take your phone for a week." She smiled as he reluctantly stepped into the panties, grumbling as the lace around the legs brushed his thighs. They fit him better than she had expected, but she kept quiet. "Alright, thank you for deigning to actually get dressed instead of staying naked." She held up the next article.

"A dress?"

"Very good. You're dressing like Callie and you know how much she loves her dresses." Jason nodded as he looked at the light blue sundress in his mom's hands. "Raise your arms. Unless you'd prefer to go out in just your new panties?"

"No" was all he managed to say as she slid the dress down over his body. She had had to guess at the size, but it fit him well, falling to his mid-thigh just like Callie's did on hers. She silently reminded herself to get a photo of his panties peeking out from under it when he bent over in an unladylike fashion.

"Are we done?"

"Just need your sandals. I was worried that it'd be hard to find Callie's summer sandals in your size, but your feet aren't that much bigger than hers, are they?" He bristled, but remained silent. "Oh, one last thing!" She said, noticing the hairbands on her wrist. "Callie's hair is in pigtails, so" yanking her son over, she fished a hairbrush from her pocket and set to work taming his hair. In no time flat, his hair had been separated into two bunches, held in place by the hairbands. "Wow, you actually look like a big Callie." She said, turning him toward the mirror.

"Mom" he whined. "You can't do this."

"Your sister will be thrilled. Now hush." She kissed his cheek. "You look very nice and just keep in mind how easy it is to make you into your sister's big twin. She has a lot of outfits that I think you'd rather not wear, hmm?"

Jason felt terribly exposed as he led his mom out of his room and downstairs, the short dress brushing against his thighs in an entirely unfamiliar fashion. Callie squealed with delight as she saw him.

"Jason's wearing my dress!" She bounced up and down excitedly, proving that they were dressed identically down to the skin.

"He wanted to be just like you, Callie." Mom said. "How about you take your twin sister out to the backyard, Jason?" Jason glared at her, but complied. She smiled as she watched the kids go outside, Jason shuffling along and Callie skipping, gushing over how great it was that they even had

the same white sandals. It was a good thing that the neighbors were all away on vacation, the way Callie kept shouting about Jason's panties and dress. She poured herself a cup of water as she watched them get to work on the sidewalk. If Jason kept pouting, she would just have to reveal their matching nighties for an afternoon nap. She chuckled to herself. She just might enjoy having two daughters.