The Ballerina's Plan

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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Kaitlyn sighed as she stepped out of the changing room, her tutu brushing the doorframe. This was so ridiculous. She did not want to be in ballet, but since her mom owned the studio, she insisted.

The pointe shoes pinched her toes as she walked over to the boys, glaring at the ones that gaped at her. It was so unfair. They got to wear t-shirts and trousers for the recital and here she was, all gussied up like... like a doll or something! How would they like it if they were in her place? Now there was an idea, she thought as they all did their stretches to warm up. What if? No, it was crazy. Who would she pick?

The obvious choice, of course, was Tristan, her partner for the pas de deux at the recital. They were roughly the same height, that was why he was tapped as her partner. Just like all of the boys in the class, he wanted to be there. He had willingly signed up, not like

Kaitlyn, who was only there because it was the only way to get her mom
to let her do what she wanted to: softball, video games, skateboarding,
the list went on and on.

"Alright, Kaitlyn, Tristan," their
instructor said. "Let's go through your pas de deux." As Kaitlyn and
Tristan danced, the plan solidified in her mind. Her mom believed in
gender equality. What better way than by doing a gender swapped pas de
deux? She could even tell her that it had been Tristan's idea. Sure, he
had looked downright horrified when she had emerged, but that did not
matter. He did not even have to know about the plan until it was all
decided. One less thing for the boy to have to worry about, right?
Kaitlyn would suggest it to her mom and keep suggesting it until she
agreed. He would be none the wiser until it was too late. She smirked.
He wanted to do ballet, didn't he? The ballerina role was more demanding
anyway.

As she took her final pose at the end, she felt the

pointe shoes squeeze her toes again. Just a little longer, she silently
told her feet as she glanced down at Tristan's plain black slippers.
Maybe, she mused, she could even corner Tristan and force him into the
tutu to prove that it fit him. She filed that away. It was better for
him to have to willingly put it on, she figured as she lowered her leg
back down to the floor.

"That was good." Tristan said to her, smiling kindly. Kaitlyn nodded.

"I
think the recital's gonna be really great." She replied, rolling her
eyes as the boys teased Tristan for having a girlfriend. It was a shame
that Tristan was the nicest boy and the one she had picked to push her
tutu onto, but it would all be worth it. Besides, once one boy had worn a
tutu at a recital, who's to say? It could become the norm and she knew
for a fact that each and every one of those boys' parents had paid in
advance for at least six months' worth of lessons. She turned and went

back to the changing room, even more eager than normal to get out of the
tutu and pointe shoes, knowing now with absolute confidence that
Tristan would be the one wearing them at the recital.