# The Elective

*by andlat*

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The Costume Box
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*Chapter 1*

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Pink. Why did it have to be so pink? He almost vomited from revulsion as he looked at the tidy stack before him. What had he been thinking? He knew the answer to that question, at least. He had been thinking it was a sure thing, an easy bet. Well, his big mouth had gotten him into a real mess this time. He had lost the bet and now? Now he faced the ordeal that was a semester of ballet class.

It was supposed to be a girls' only elective, but with the lost bet, somehow strings had been pulled and he had been allowed to enroll. He steeled himself and remembered what Paige had told him: point your foot and slide the tights up your legs. Pink tights, pink leotard, pink tutu. He groaned, but wondered how Paige was faring. She had signed up for ballet too, though he suspected it was only to laugh at him for the whole semester.

"And she'll for sure die laughing." He thought as he finished dressing. He grimaced and walked toward the door to the studio. "Oh, god, it bounces."

He stepped out and saw Paige and Kate standing there. Paige wore a black leotard, Kate wore white. No tutu in sight, other than the one around his waist.

"Holy shit, he actually wore it." Kate said. He snarled as he realized he was the butt of yet another one of their pranks. He turned to go back into the changing room, but the teacher appeared just then and clapped her hands to get their attention.

"Well!" She eyed him in surprise. "I must say I doubted how seriously you'd be taking this, but clearly, you wanted to be here." She nodded decisively. "Very well. Since there's no set male uniform, that'll be it for the next semester." The girls gasped and giggled as he tried in vain to make the teacher understand the prank they had played.

"Maybe flouncing around like little sissies won't be so bad." Kate whispered to Paige as they watched him wrestle with his tutu.