The Heist

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

The Heist - Chapter 1

"Alex, can we talk?" Alex looked up from his comic book.

"What about, mom?"

"Well," she sat down on his bed, right next to him. "I was looking through the footage from the smart speaker in the kitchen from a few days ago" Alex's heart leaped. Had his mom found out that he had taken his action figure back from the bowl on the highest shelf where she always hid things?

"Uh-huh." He tried and failed to keep his voice level.

"And I saw something weird." She showed him a photo of someone in a ballet outfit reaching for the bowl. He immediately knew that he was caught.

"Isn't that Meghan?" He stammered. His mom frowned.

"Obviously not." She looked at him. "Why did you do all... all this?"

"Well"

"You were trying to frame your little sister." Disappointment colored her voice. "What gave you the idea?" He shrugged.

"I dunno. I just figured you'd yell at her about climbing on the counter or something" his voice trailed off as he knew just how dumb of an idea it was.

"I'm honestly amazed by your dedication. You even tried to

do your hair like hers." She played with his long hair, smiling. "And I mean, tights, tutu, leotard her shoes. Amazing. My smart guy thought of everything. Really, a genius attempt." His ego stroked, he became a bit more loose lipped.

"I even wore her" he quickly covered his mouth.

"Her what? Her panties?" Her eyebrows rose. "Why on earth did you do that?" He knew he was trapped. Honesty was the only way out.

"Mine showed through the tights." He mumbled in a tiny voice.

"So, let me get this straight. Not only did you steal and wear your little sister's ballet clothes to try and get your toy back, but you actually checked to see if your underwear showed through the tights?" He blushed before reluctantly nodding. "Well, I think that seals it. Clearly, you really don't mind getting all dolled up like a ballerina."

"What? No" his mom cut him off.

"This couldn't come at a better time, actually. Your sister just threw a fit about how much she hates ballet and having to wear that" she tapped the photo before them. "So, since you don't seem to mind, you can take her place at Madame Rousseau's."

"What? No way."

"Yep. I paid for a whole year when your sister started and we

can't get a refund, so you're going to be our little ballerina."

"Mom, you can't be serious!"

"It's only four hours a week. You'll be fine and it'll be good for you." She patted his knee and got up. "I'll go get all of Meghan's ballet things. You can try them on and see which you like best. I'd also like to see if switching you to briefs will work with your tights and your leotards" she emphasized each your. "Before we buy you panties of your own." She smiled and walked toward the door. "Oh, and by the way, mister. You could've just asked me for your toy back. You didn't need to go through all this dress-up." She left the shocked boy there on his bed.

Chapter 2

The Heist: One Year Later - Chapter 2

As much as he hated it, Alex soon settled into his new role as the family's little ballerina. For two hours every Tuesday and Thursday, he donned panties and what he still thought of as his sister's ballet clothes. Then he was taken to Madame Rousseau's and had to spend the time prancing and twirling as Alice, the name his mom had picked for him. He could not decide which was worse, having to pretend to be a girl or that no one had ever thought he was not a girl. It's only for the rest of the year, he kept reminding himself. Mom had only paid for twelve months, after all, and he did not know how many classes his sister had gone to. Probably not all that many, judging by how long he seemed to be going to classes.

When it came time for his fifth recital, Alex finally put the dots together. If recitals were every three months, the math did not add up. He was well into his second year of ballet! He confronted his mom, but she was entirely unapologetic.

"You've improved so much, I just figured we'd keep it going until you can't pass for a little girl anymore."

"What? Mom, this has gone on long enough!" He stomped a slippered foot.

"Sweetie, it's been over a year. If you wanted to quit, you would've told me by now." His mouth opened and shut in

horror. How could she doubt it? Of course he wanted to quit! "And you've become such a talented ballerina. It'd be a shame to oppress your natural talent!"

"But mom!"

"Now hush. You have what, six tutus in your closet now? And I don't know if you've noticed, but you move like a ballerina now, even in your boy clothes. Why else do you think I just paid for another eighteen months of ballet?"

"Mom, it's not fair!"

"Oh, hush. Complain all you want, but the fact it took you what, fifteen months to even notice that you're still going to ballet must mean it's doing some good." She clapped her hands. "Now, Madame Rousseau wants me to get a photo of you for the front of the recital brochure. Go stand over in the corner." She smiled. "Imagine that. The recital's only male student is the cover ballerina."

Chapter 3

The Heist 3: Camp Wildfire - Chapter 3

Normally, packing would be boring. It was everything Alex hated about putting laundry away, but in reverse. As he pushed aside a pair of ballet panties to grab a fistful of underwear, however, Alex could not help but feel excited. Two weeks of camp! Two weeks of swimming, hiking, that rope course, and most importantly, two weeks where he could forget completely about ballet. It had been almost two whole years since he had dressed up as Meghan to try and frame her - the stupidest plan he had ever had - but still Mom made him do ballet twice a week.

"Well, doesn't matter. Two weeks at Camp Wildfire, here I come." He closed his suitcase and grinned. He left Friday, which meant he only had to endure one more Thursday class.

"Alex, are you done packing?" Mom asked, knocking on his bedroom door even as she walked in.

"I think so." He was so excited, he had not even complained that Mom was making him pack a full twenty four hours before camp.

"Let's check." Mom opened his suitcase and shook her head. "Nope."

"What? Oh, I was going to put bug spray and sunscreen in the outside pocket." Mom unceremoniously dumped the suitcase on his plaid bedspread. "Panties, tights, and tutus."

"What!? Mom, no."

"Yes." She replied. "Last year, I let you go to Camp Wildfire and when you came back, you were behind your classmates at Madame Rousseau's."
"So?"
"So, this year, you'll be attending Camp Jingle N Jump."
"What? Mom, no!"
"Yes, Alex. It's a ballet camp. You'll get rusty being out of class for two whole weeks. Your instructor recommended it."
"But"
"But nothing. You have thirty minutes. I want your suitcase packed with your panties and tights nicely rolled on the side here." She pointed. "I've made you an appointment at Bubbles at four to get your hair tamed for camp." She gave his shoulder a squeeze. "What are you packing in your suitcase?"
"Panties, tights, and tutus."
"Good. I'll be back in a few minutes with some pajamas and a cute swimsuit since you'll be sharing a cabin with the other ballerinas. Get started."