The Pink Box

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

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Dylan sighed as he wracked his brain. He needed something for Mother's Day, but what? Flowers, candy, candles, it all seemed so cliché. Mom had been making a huge deal out of how he was moving out now that school was nearly over, so he figured the least he could do was get her something memorable.

“Can't wait to get out of this dumb town.” He muttered to himself as he left the fourth store empty-handed.

“Looking for a Mother's Day gift?” A peppy woman said from a kiosk. Normally, Dylan just ignored that sort of thing, but he found himself walking over.

“Isn't everyone?”

“That's fair.” She conceded. “But let me guess, nothing seems right?”

“Yeah.”

“Moms can be so hard to shop for.” She picked up a small pink box from the table in front of her. “But this? This is exactly what she wants.”

“What is it?” It looked like a jewelry box wrapped in a lacy white ribbon. It fit nicely in the woman's hand, so jewelry seemed right.

“It's what your mom wants. Her heart's desire for a day.”

“Yeah, but what is it actually?” It sounded like a scam.

“When Mom opens it, she'll love it. I guarantee it.”

“Uh”

“Tell you what. Twenty dollars and it's yours. If Mom doesn't like it, you come back here and I'll give you thirty dollars back.” That still sounded like a scam, but worse case scenario, he could take her out to dinner.

“Fine. You've got a deal.”

“Just be sure Mom's the one to open it.” The woman said. “It'll ruin the surprise.” Dylan nodded, taking the box from her. The lightness worried him. This thing had to be empty, right? “Under no circumstances should you open it.” Dylan nodded. Maybe Mom would at least like the story about the scammer who got him.

“Happy Mother's Day.” He said as he got home.

“Thank you, sweetie.” Mom kissed his cheek. “Oh, is that jewelry?” He shrugged.

“Open it up. This weird woman said it would give you your heart's desire for a day.”

‘Oh, Dylan.” Mom looked at him for a moment. “Well, let's see what it is. Hopefully you didn't go through too much trouble…” She undid the ribbon and opened the box. A little pink cloud of smoke came out. “Oh! Oh, my.” Mom was smiling. That was a good sign.

“What's in it?” Dylan asked, but he suddenly doubled over, clenching his stomach. The box fell to the floor, snapping shut before Dylan could see what was inside, as Mom rushed over to him.

“You didn't have that horrifying breakfast burrito at the gas station again, did you?” An agonizing groan escaped Dylan's lips as his insides seemed to suddenly switch places.

“Two.” He managed to say before stumbling to the bathroom.

He managed to get the bathroom door closed and his pants down before he fell to his hands and knees. He groaned again. This wasn't an urgent bathroom call, he realized as he felt every bone in his body scrape against its neighbors. He shuddered and used the tub to pull himself up to his knees.

Dylan panted as the pain subsided. He shuddered as a chill ran down his spine. His hands trembled as the chill was replaced by heat. Instinctually, he pulled his shirt off, but something was wrong. He shakily got to his feet as he looked at how massive the shirt was now. A strong spasm hit him and he managed to catch his boxer briefs, but they seemed enormous as he lost what felt like half his height. Holding them up as best as he could, he stumbled over to the sink, standing up on his tiptoes to look at himself.

“What?” A fine layer of baby fat had filled his face, making it look rounder and much, much younger. He had been eighteen a minute ago, but now? Now he looked…

He slid down the front of the bathroom sink, staring down at

his hands and legs. He had become a child!

“How?” He whispered, too afraid to speak louder and hear what his voice sounded like now. He grunted as he felt another wave of whatever it was hit him. He frantically scanned his body for what might be coming next, but all he could see was hair as a cascade of chestnut curls suddenly covered his face. He pushed it out of his face and jumped to his feet. He stared at his reflection in disbelief.

“This can't be real.” He said. “My… no, my voice!” He sounded every bit like a little girl. “No, no, no.” It was only then that he realized that his boxer briefs were not pooled around his ankles like they should have been. In his haste, he had not thought to hang onto them like he had been. He pushed his hair behind his ears and looked down to see his boxer briefs were gone! In their place was a pair of panties that fit his new body perfectly. This was getting worse and worse!

He heard a rustle and turned around to see something out of a horror movie, a dress sliding toward him. He kicked at it, but it dodged, launching itself into the air and onto his head. He snarled, clawed, and even tried to bite the dress as it worked its way onto him, but he just ended up with a mouth full of hair and the dress on his body.

“Get off me!” He snarled, pulling the dress up over his head. Since it was buttoned snugly around his torso, he could only get it so far, the buttons remaining just out of reach.

“What is going on here?” Mom asked, opening the door to a

strange sight. “Here, let's get this in order.” She dropped to her knees. “Your skirt goes down here, this goes here.” She gave the dress a slight tug to get it situated on the little girl's frame. She smiled warmly as she saw the round little cherub's face framed so perfectly by chestnut curls. The dress fell right down to the little angel's knees, the left one a little scuffed.

“Mom”

“Shh, let me just enjoy this for a moment.” She smiled as the glossy pink lips pouted. Yep, without a doubt, her teenage son had become the little girl she had always secretly wanted. “There's just one thing missing.” Her hand came down upon a white headband topped with a big bow. “Oh, perfect.” She whispered as she pushed it onto her former son's head. “That should keep your lovely hair restrained.”

“Mom.”

“Shh.”

“But mom! What is going on?”

“You said it yourself. My gift was my heart's desire and well, I've always wanted a little girl.”

“But… I… huh?”

“I mean, whatever did it could have given you a little sister, I guess, but” Mom laughed. “I guess I can't really complain.”

“I can!”

“Oh, come on. It's not so bad." She stood up and maneuvered

him over to the mirror. “Look how precious.”

“Mom!” Dylan protested, cringing as he heard his new voice echo in the bathroom. “I can't be precious or whatever. I'm… I'm an eighteen year old man!” Mom laughed.

“Sweetie, you're clearly not. If I had to guess, I'd say you're six.” As soon as she said it, he knew she was right. He was only six now! She leaned down – when was the last time she had had to do that? – and kissed his cheek. “Oh.” She murmured. “Sugar, spice, and everything nice. That's what little girls smell like.” Dylan pulled away, horrified.

“Mom! Isn't this alarming? We need to fix this!”

“No, what we need to do is go shopping. I know being a six year old girl, you think you're the boss, but I'm the mommy here.”

“Mom.”

“Mommy.”

“Mom, listen!”

“It's Mommy now, little missy. I won't hesitate to put you in timeout.” She tapped his little button nose. “Mommy.” She almost laughed at the death glare on that cherubic face. “Just try and have fun with it. I got my heart’s desire.”

“But”

“No more buts.” She grabbed his hand, but realized there were other ways to get a stubborn little girl places. Dylan

gasped as Mom suddenly lifted him up, a hand slipping under him to support him. “Come on. Let's get ready to go out.”

“Seriously, you can't-”

“Really, you're already dressed for going out. This is such a darling dress, don't you think?”

“No.” Mom laughed.

“Come on. You can be a tomboy when you're older. You're still mommy's little girl.”

“I'm eighteen.” Why did that feel like a lie?

“Just try and have fun with it.” Mom said, giving his tummy a little tickle. “Come on, smile, Dylan.” She paused. “Actually… hmm, what was the name I was going to give you if you had been born a girl?”

“Daisy.” Dylan said before he could stop himself. He remembered asking Mom that once and that had been her answer.

“Oh, that's right. Daisy it is.”

“My name is Dylan.”

“Well, if you want to be Dylan the pretty princess, that's fine and dandy, but I'm still calling you Daisy.” Mom finally put him down to put a pair of white socks with lace around the ankles on him. “Oh, these cute little piggies!” She cooed. “And they actually smell good.”

“Those better not have been my Nike Sacais.” Dylan

muttered as she put a pair of shiny black leather shoes on his feet.

“These are called Mary Janes.” Mom said as she buckled the strips over his feet. “Every little girl has a pair though I think they're a little old fashioned now. I wore them so often when I was your age. Well, your new age.” Mom sighed, content. “This will be so much fun! We're going to buy you so many new dresses, you'll need some dolls of course, and we simply must do mommy-daughter tea at that new place on Oak…” She got to her feet and went to find her own shoes.

Dylan saw his chance and the pink box on the floor when Mom had dropped it. He jumped to his feet, wincing as the dress rustled. Mom was still talking, so this was his best hope of stopping this before it really started.

“And we could even go get mani-pedis! It'll be a full and fun day! Of course, a little girl has an earlier bedtime… oh, a bubble bath would be a lovely cap on the day.”

Dylan rushed over to the pink box, certain that opening it again would fix this. It would give him his heart's desire, right? He confidently opened it.

“Ready to go, Daisy?”

“Yes, Mommy!” The little girl smiled and set the box gently down on the coffee table before skipping over and taking her hand. “I love you, Mommy.”

“And I love you too.”

As they stepped out into the morning sunlight, Daisy had the briefest memory of a teenage boy in the bathroom. Who was that? He seemed so familiar, as if she had once had a big brother. She pushed the thought away, forgetting it almost instantly.