Their Sisters' Fault

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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"How'd I get myself into this?" Ethan asked his reflection. He quickly looked away, unnerved by his reflection wearing nothing but a pair of his sister's tights. He hadn't really gotten himself into it, but he knew how he had ended up wearing his sister's tights, her leotard and tutu waiting on his bed.

It had all been their sisters' fault. Three boys right around the same age, each with a sister who was also about the same age as the other girls. That was the sort of thing that meant you saw a lot of each other. Both trios were close-knit friends, always coming up with activities. About a week or two ago, the girls had had the idea of a photoshoot in their brothers' football gear - pads, jerseys, helmets, and all. That in and of itself was harmless. It was going to be part of some community newsletter or something. But then, Ethan's sister had asked a question at the dinner table.

"What are you three gonna do?"

"Huh?"

"Well, me and Stacy and Claire did those photos. What are you boys gonna do?"

"I dunno." He poked at his casserole.

"Maybe you can dress up in our stuff."

"Oh, yeah. Totally." Sarcasm dripped from his voice as he

snorted and Mom laughed. That could have been the end of it, but Mom was so amused, she mentioned it to the other moms and the ball started rolling. Somewhere along the way, it changed from a joke to a serious consideration. And now, Ethan thought. Now I'm putting on Sara's ballet stuff for photos.

"Almost ready?" Ethan glared as Mom covered her mouth a moment too late to hide her laughter.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." He muttered.

"Well, the car's in the garage, so no one wll even see." Mom said. He looked visibly relieved. "Let's get going. We need to pick up Cody and Ricky."

"Oh. Forgot we were all riding together." Ethan took a fortifying breath before following his mom, tutu bouncing as if to remind him he was wearing Sara's ballet things.

"Do you need help?" Mom asked he fought his way into the backseat and then discovered the trial of trying to buckle a seatbelt with a tutu in the way.

"I" he grunted. "I think I got it." Mom looked over her shoulder, just to make sure he really had buckled up.

"First stop, Cody!"

Cody all but booked it for the car the second they stopped. Under different circumstances, Ethan would have locked the door and laughed at him tugging on the door handle. Instead, he simply slid over and let one of his two best friends join

him in the backseat.

"This is awful." Cody mumbled.

"Yeah."

"You don't get it." Cody whispered. "Claire's stuff" he shuddered. "It was too small, so Mom took me shopping this morning for my own leotard. My own tutu!" Ethan stared at his friend sympathetically. "The saleslady probably thinks I want to be a sissy ballerina or something."

"It's just a quick photo." Ethan said reassuringly. "Right, mom?"

"Of course." She smiled. "You two look great." She could tell by their faces that was the worst thing she could have said. Well, they'd come around.

Things only grew worse once Ricky joined them. They had often sat in the backseat, but this was the first time they had had to contend with tutus and their tights-clad legs brushing against each other. They were a trio of squirming ballerinas all the way to the dance studio. Ethan's mom knew there would be plenty of photos, but she still wished she could sneak a few of the three of them squirming and wiggling with their tutus in each other's faces. Every now and again, they would figure out there was no way to keep their tutus under control, so they would stop wiggling, only to start again. They were so distracted, none of them noticed the ballet studio passing by three times as Ethan's mom did a few laps, just to prolong their struggle.

"Alright! Ballerinas out!" She said, finally pulling into the parking lot. She covered her mouth as they spilled out and charged toward the door, held open by Cody's mom.

"I like that hustle!" She said as they sped past her, three pink blurs. "We've only got a bit before there's a class in here, so let's get right to work." The boys all felt quite relieved.

"First things first!" Ricky's mom said. "Pretend you have a hula hoop."

"What? Why?"

"Because, Ricky, you three need to get your tutus straightened out. Looks like you were all wrestling in them." Exchanging incredulous looks, the boys complied.

"Looking better already." Ethan's mom said. "Now, let's have you three join hands and jump in a circle."

"What?"

"Your sisters had to do a little warming up to get used to your football pads. This is just like that." The boys were skeptical, but even more determined to get this over with. They joined hands to form a ring and began to jump up and down. After that, it was another round of shaking out their tutus before they had to join hands in a line and skip back and forth across the entire length of the studio.

"They're just messing with us!" Cody whispered, a whine sneaking into his voice.

"Aren't we done, mom?" Ricky called.

"Yep. Just skip back over here. Hand in hand!" The boys once again took each other's hands and skipped over as quickly as they could.

"Alright, find your moms and she'll help you pose."

"Trust us, this is going to look great." Ricky's mom said. "Ricky, you sit on the floor."

A few minutes later, they were all posed. Ricky sat on the floor, legs crossed and his hands folded just so over his knee. On the other side was Cody, who kneeled. In the center was Ethan, his arms up over his head and his crossed legs. The trio looked perfect in every sense of the word.

"I think we're ready." Cody's mom said.

"You look great." Ricky's mom chimed.

"Oh, Ethan, sweetie. Here, let me move your foot back. You're fidgeting."

"Of course I am. This is a nightmare." He muttered through clenched teeth as his mom moved his slippered foot back into position.

"Hold it just like that." All three moms' phones clicked far more times than the boys had expected. Just how many photos had they taken?

"Perfect!" The boys relaxed. Done. Finally done. The sound of the studio doors opening caused them to jump and they began to panic as they heard the unmistakable sound of girls' voices.

"What is that?" Ethan stammered. Their moms looked at them knowingly.

"Oh, I guess we got a little carried away." Cody's mom said. The boys watched as a dozen girls, dressed just like them, filtered into the room.

"Don't worry." Ricky's mom said. "We cleared it with the teacher. You three are going to attend this class."

"What?" The boys tried to plead with their moms and their friends' moms, but the women would not budge.

"You're dressed for it and this way, we can get some more photos after of you three as official ballerinas."

"It's only fair. Your sisters have actually played football, so now you get to actually take a ballet class." As the girls came over to investigate these nervous looking newcomers, their moms stepped back to allow their sons to introduce themselves to their new classmates. After ninety minutes of ballet, surely a few more photos wouldn't be a huge deal, right?