Try It On

by andlat

The Costume Box
2022

Chapter 1

Try It On

Cam sighed as his phone hit 5% battery left. Why had he forgotten to charge it? Oh, right, he had never thought that his dumb younger sister would take three hours to pick out a dress she was going to wear once. He groaned as she went into the fitting room with what had to be her hundredth choice.

Noticing her bored son, Cam's mom whispered with the salesperson for a moment before she came over to him.

"Why should Emmy have all the fun?" She said, smiling down at him. "Miranda's going to find you a dress to try on."

"What? No way!"

"It's just for fun, Cam." His mom said. "You can either put it willingly or I'll come in with you and dress you like a little boy." Cam glowered. "It's not like you've never worn a dress before. Please? It'll be a surprise for Emmy."

"Fine." Cam muttered. "But no photos!"

"That's fine." His mom said with a smile, pleased she had gotten her way with a minimum of tween attitude. Cam stood up and shuffled toward the fitting room, grimacing as he saw the white dress Miranda had found for him.

"If it doesn't fit, it's not the end of the world." She said pleasantly. Cam disappeared into the fitting room, but his

mom knocked a moment later, just as he was begrudgingly unzipping his black skinny jeans.

“If you’re not out here in five minutes, I will come in there.” She said, her no-nonsense voice in full force.

“Ok.” Cam replied, his monotone making it clear just how little he relished the idea of wearing the frilly flower girl dress.

As Cam emerged in the dress, his sock-clad feet barely coming off of the carpet with each step, he immediately noticed that Emmy wore the same dress as him as she turned back and forth in front of the trifold vanity mirror. She giggled with delight as she saw him shuffle over.

“I thought you were joking, mommy.” She grinned from ear to ear as Cam stood next to her, glaring at his sissy reflection.

“Hmm, this one isn’t quite right. Try this.” Miranda handed both Emmy and Cam a new dress, pink and even more floofy than the last.

“Mom?”

“Go on, Cam.” She said with a smile. “You’re in this deep, why not?”

Every time that Cam emerged in the latest dress, he had to show it off before being handed a new dress. It was on his sixth dress, or maybe it was his seventh, that he discovered that Emmy had changed back into street clothes and was standing with his mom.

“We realized,” his mom said. “That it’ll be easier for Emmy to judge the dresses if she sees them on someone else.” Seeing his anger and embarrassment growing, his mom hugged him. “Only a few more dresses. Don’t you like feeling pretty, just for one day?”