

Twist and Shout

by andlat

Jimmy's eccentric aunt insists that he needs to be a part of her wedding and the flower girl no less. He's willing to give it a shot, but does he really know what he's signed up for?

The Costume Box

2026

Chapter 1

Twist and Shout - Chapter 1: Getting Dressed

The panties could not have been any more the opposite of what he currently wore. His mom and sister honestly expected him to replace his black boxer briefs with a pair of pink panties with white lace frills around the waist and legs, and even a little white bow on the front. He kept fondling the bow absent-mindedly. They even felt different, despite being made of the same material as his underwear. They were softer in some way that he could not even understand. Why did he have to wear these? Mom had said the rest of his outfit, he did not dare say dress, would cover his underwear. Could he just not wear them? He sighed. The rest of his outfit was out there where his mom and sister waited, so he knew he had to do what he was told. A knock at the door roused him from his thoughts.

"You have two minutes" his mom called through the door. "If you're not out here, I'm coming in and dressing you." He sighed and stripped out of his clothes, quickly pulling on the camisole and panties, shivering slightly from the soft fabric against his skin. In his haste, he left his clothes on the bathroom floor, dashing out with a few seconds to spare. A few hours later, he would think back to that and wish he had been more careful with where he left his clothes.

Sarah gaped as she looked at her little brother in his cami and

panties. Her dress was elegant and quietly mature, relatively plain compared to the nightmare that lay on the bed waiting for Jimmy. It was white with a lace bodice and a tulle skirt that seemed to explode out in all directions right below the pink sash. Jimmy could not be sure, but he had a sneaking suspicion that Sarah had never worn a dress anywhere near as feminine as this one.

"It's tea length." Sarah said with evident glee, eyeing him almost predatorily.

"Which just means it'll fall to about your mid shin, maybe your knee at the highest." His mom said. "Raise your arms, Jimmy." He complied shyly. His mom paused and studied his underarms. "Oh, good. You're still hairless there. I didn't think to check before." A million thoughts ran through Jimmy's head as his mom slid the dress down over his slender frame. He had not been looking forward to wearing the itchy suit that he had expected to wear to the wedding, but this is not what he had meant when he wished he could get out of it somehow.

As the dress settled over his body, he could not believe how ridiculously poofy it was, spreading out like a cloud all around him. He could not see his feet when he looked down, only the dress.

"Do you remember when we used to play dress-up?" Sarah asked. "You'd always complain about the dresses I'd make you wear. Those were nothing compared to this!"

"I can't believe this." Jimmy muttered.

“Neither can I!” Sarah gushed. Jimmy glared at her, but gasped softly as his mom tied the sash around his waist, tying a big bow at the back. He felt a strange breeze on his back and looked over his shoulder to see.

“It’s lace in the back, so a lot of your back is exposed.” His mom explained. “It’s pretty.”

“I don’t wanna be pretty.” Jimmy grumbled. His mom nodded, but all three of them knew that there was no chance that Jimmy was getting out of the dress this close to the ceremony.

“I’ll do whatever I can to make this easy on you.” Mom said. Sarah, on the other hand, had other ideas. After all, this was an opportunity she might never have again, right?

“If you don’t want to be pretty, why is your dress so extravagant?” It was the most sissy word she could think of and the way her brother squirmed proved that it did what she wanted it to.

“It’s not my dress.” He said indignantly.

“You’re wearing it.” Sarah said as if she were a lawyer laying out her case. “Aunt Lisa picked you as her flower girl. Most importantly, everyone’s going to see you in it.” Jimmy’s face fell as he realized how right his sister was. “In fact, my friends might even see you in it.”

“They won’t recognize you, dear.” His mom reassured him.

“They will if I tell them!” Sarah retorted.

“You won’t tell them.” Her mom said firmly.

“I won’t tell them,” Sarah agreed diplomatically. “As long as Jimmy admits that this is his dress.”

“Mom!”

“Jimmy, just humor your sister.” She said. “After all, she’s right. Lisa did pick you as her flower girl.” She was not sure why Lisa had done so. Her frankly quirky younger sister had just said something about Jimmy’s Ganymede beauty, whatever that meant. A more important question, perhaps, was what they would do with the dress after the wedding. Donate it to

charity, perhaps?

“It’s my dress.” Jimmy intoned sullenly.

“Because you’re?” Sarah gestured for him to finish the sentence.

“The flower girl.” The youth growled in a decidedly unfeminine monotone. Sarah clapped her hands in delight.

“Jimmy, come over here. We need to get your wig and make-up on.” He shuffled over, grimacing at how the petticoats of his dress rustled with every step he took. He sat on the edge of the bed in a rather unladylike fashion, but his mom and sister were too focused on the task at hand and the looming deadline to correct his posture. There was plenty of time for that once

he was ready for his debut as the flower girl.

Jimmy sat as still as a statue as his mom and sister gave him more attention than he thought he had ever received. Completely immersed in a world he knew nothing about, he simply did his best to do whatever they told him to. Before he knew it, he was completely made-up and he stood before the mirror gaping at the little girl staring back at him, the perfect o of her mouth framed by pink lipstick.

“See? He even fooled himself!” Sarah exclaimed. She reached into her bag for her phone, but her mother stopped her.

“There will be the official photos and that’s quite enough for our little flower girl.” She whispered. She just hoped that Jimmy could keep from crying from the embarrassment he must be feeling. She hugged him close, careful not to smear his make-up. “Trust me. Just stay quiet, bob a curtsy every now and again and no one will even know.”

“But what if they do?”

“I know this won’t help, but no one would ever dream that a boy would ever in a million years willingly go through all this.” Jimmy gulped and nodded, tears welling up in his eyes. “Your aunt will really appreciate this. Just remember that.” She brushed a tear from his cheek. “And if anyone we know asks, you’re at camp, okay?” He nodded, grateful for that much at least. “Now then, Sarah, finish your own make-up while I’m teaching Jimmy how to curtsy properly.” Sarah sat down in front of the mirror while Jimmy joined his mom near the bathroom.

“Like this?” Jimmy did, trying his best.

“Not quite.” His mom reached over and touched his wig. “I hope this stays on.” In the name of practice, Jimmy had spent all day yesterday with the wig on, much to Sarah’s delight, the tight sausage curls bouncing as he walked around, completely at odds with his male clothes. Playing his usual video games had felt so strange with blonde curls falling into his face every now and again, to say nothing of his near heart attacks every time he went to the bathroom and saw himself in the mirror. Still, it was better than coming into town the night before just for the rehearsal, which would have required a second girl outfit.

“It’s so heavy.” Jimmy mumbled.

“I don’t want to hear you mention that to your aunt. She apparently went through a lot finding a wig that matched your particular blond.” Jimmy nodded meekly, sighing as his curls swayed. “Speaking of which, both of you listen up.” She looked from Jimmy to Sarah and back again. “This wig is very expensive, so I don’t want either of you to do anything to hurt it. No yanking it off of Jimmy’s head, no running your fingers through it all day.” She waited for them both to nod their understanding. “Alright. Now, here’s how to curtsy.”

“Why do I need to learn?”

“If you curtsy well enough, no one will notice that you don’t speak.” His mom explained gently.

After he had curtsied half a dozen times to her liking, he had

to sit down on the bed again for his shoes. Unable to see his feet due to his voluminous skirt, he had no choice but to allow his mom to put his socks and shoes on him.

“It’s a good thing your feet are still so petite.” His mom said. “I can’t imagine your aunt having to find these shoes in a bigger size.” She held them up so he could see the black patent leather Mary Janes. At least the socks were just plain white, even if they had white lace around the ankles. Just like his panties, he thought glumly as he felt his mom slip his shoes on and buckle them tightly around his freshly socked feet. “I think we’re all set.”

The trip through the hotel was humiliating for Jimmy. Try as he might to look like a little girl, he felt like everyone who smiled sweetly at him knew his secret. They knew that he was a boy in the most ridiculous dress ever. Would it have been any reassurance to him if he knew that everyone just saw a sweet little girl having a bit of trouble with her voluminous skirt?

“The venue isn’t too far away.” Mom said. “We can walk, don’t you think?” Sarah readily agreed. Jimmy, too frightened that his voice will give him away, remained silent, but he tried to make it known nonverbally that he did not approve.

In his normal clothes, Jimmy might not have even noticed the gentle breeze, but as it played with his skirt, he was aware of even the softest breath of wind, his Mary Janes click-clacking on the sidewalk as they went along.

“Isn’t it fun being so pretty?” Sarah asked, grinning from ear

to ear at her brother's misfortune. "You're easily the prettiest little girl." She tittered as he blushed in a very satisfying fashion.

The bridal party had gathered outside of the venue and Lisa ran over as she saw them approach, her dress the only one with a fuller skirt than his.

"Just in time. I need my flower girl!" She took Jimmy's hand and twirled him before he even knew what was happening, the skirt of his dress flaring out. "Oh, it's perfect. Did you try it on before today?"

"No." Jimmy whispered, his lips barely parting.

"I told your mom to, but it all worked out." Lisa hugged him. "Come over here, princess. We're going to get a photo of all the girls and for today that of course includes you." She hugged him again. "And thank you so much for this, Jimmy. You have no idea how much this means to me."

"Let's start with the bride and our flower girl!" The photographer called. Jimmy took a deep breath as the photographer moved him into position, arms wrapped around Lisa's waist. "I want you to smile like you're excited for when you'll get to be a bride, sweet pea." The photographer said. "Do you have a boyfriend?" She laughed at Jimmy's scandalized face. "Alright, smiles, ladies!"

It felt like hours of photos. Every time that Jimmy thought that he was done, he got pulled back in for another group photo of one sort or another. He gulped as he realized that

there were going to be at least a thousand photos of him in his sissy prissy get-up, which his aunt and who knows who else would plaster all over social media. What made it worse was that the photographer kept singling him out.

“Need a bigger smile for our flower girl!” She said. “Come on, sweetie. You're dressed like a princess, you must be the happiest girl in the world!” She noticed Sarah's snickers and looked over at her. “Big sister, how do you normally get her to smile?”

“Just keep telling her how pretty she is and what a princess she is.” Sarah said. “She can't help but smile.” To Jimmy's annoyance, Sarah's advice worked, though not in the way she had intended. He did his best to smile his biggest smile to avoid the photographer singling him out again, his pink lips pulled into the most sparkling grin he could.

“Alright, I think we're done for group photos.” The photographer said after an eternity. Jimmy breathed a sigh of relief. “And I have all the individual members of the bridal party” she checked a list she pulled out of her back pocket. “Except for our tardy little princess.” She grabbed Jimmy by the wrist. “I've just got a few different poses for you, dear.” She said, “We're going to start right in the entryway of the venue here.” She led him inside and to a large ornate mirror, his shoes click-clacking on the tiled floor. “I want you to stand there, hands placed gently on your skirt so that it doesn't smooch the poof, and smile at the princess in the mirror!” She took a series of photos of him staring at his reflection. Even Jimmy could barely make out his own

features under the wig and make-up. It should have comforted him, but it did not. Seeing the girl in the mirror and knowing she was him made him feel sick, like when he had had that stomach flu last winter.

“Next, I want you to give me your best curtsy, but look at the camera, okay?” Jimmy did his best to comply, holding the pose as the camera went off again and again. “Took a few extra. Everyone’s going to love that one. To the bench!”

The photographer had Jimmy sit down on a marble bench and go up on tippy toes so that his Mary Janes were completely visible. Jimmy did not know why she wanted that, but he was in no position to ask as she cooed over how much like a little doll he looked.

“Last pose, so this’ll be a fun one, sweetie. I want you to twirl, really get your dress moving, okay?” Jimmy complied, wondering if his red face would ruin the photos. The photographer did not comment, so he figured it could not be as noticeable as he felt. The wig was probably boiling his brain and that’s why his face felt so hot. That would show them all, he thought. My brain will melt and then they’ll be sorry. It was a silly thought, but it gave him comfort.

Finally, the photographer allowed him to go and his mom took his hand, leading him further into the venue. Making sure that there was no one in earshot, she leaned in and whispered to him.

“You did very well. I’m proud of you for not throwing a tantrum.” She kissed his forehead gently and played with his

curls. "Now, we've got a little bit before the ceremony, so let's take you to the bathroom real quick."

If it had felt so humiliatingly girly to take those dozens of photos, it was somehow worse going into a bathroom stall with his mom, who showed him how to pull up his skirt, tug down his panties, and sit on the toilet.

"This will be easier than standing, I think." His mom said. "And remember to use the girls' room, okay?"

"Mhm." He mumbled.

"Just imagine the heart attack the boys would have seeing someone dressed like you walking into the boys' bathroom." She laughed. "You really do look very nice, Jimmy, and you know your aunt really appreciates this."

"If I ever live it down."

"I'll keep your sister in check, don't worry."

"But someone else is bound to recognize me."

"You were distracted at the time, but you do know we walked past a lot of our relatives, right?" She smiled. "And not a one of them said 'hey, isn't that Jimmy?'. Did they?"

"No." He mumbled as she helped him pull his panties back up and set his dress back to rights.

"Exactly. Your name's not even in the program. You're just the flower girl. Nothing else."

"Great." He muttered.

"Deal with it, bud. You're going to be called 'flower girl' about a thousand more times today." She laughed. "And that's just Sarah."

"Mom" She hugged him, taking care not to mess up his outfit.

"You'll be fine. I'll keep Sarah in check and I don't think even the bridesmaids know your secret. As far as everyone knows, Jimmy is at camp and you're an unrelated flower girl."

Chapter 2

Twist and Shout - Chapter 2: The Ceremony

Almost as soon as he had left the bathroom, his mom abandoned him to the wedding party. He found himself pulled by the hand by someone to a boy a few years younger than him. What new torment was this?

"This is Noah. You'll be walking with him." Noah, in his navy blue suit, complete with vest, looked so normal that Jimmy knew he would do anything to trade places with him. Noah smiled shyly at him, eyeing his dress. Jimmy knew from experience that boys had a disdain for dresses. He wished he could whisper to Noah that he was a boy too, but what good would that do? It would just make things worse for him.

"You two are going to walk down the aisle together." The attendant said. "Noah, you'll walk alongside the flower girl as she sprinkles rose petals the whole way, okay?" She smiled at the pair. "Isn't she beautiful, Noah?" Noah bashfully nodded, looking away. "You might just upstage the bride, cutie!" She reached out and touched his curls. "Did your mommy make you sleep in curlers?" Unsure of what to say as she inspected his wig, Jimmy simply nodded, the bouncing of the curls seeming to delight the admiring woman. She surveyed them again and smiled happily. "Maybe in a few years, it'll be you two getting married." She laughed at the

two mortified faces looking back at her.

“She doesn’t have cooties, Noah.” One of the bridesmaids said, smiling at Jimmy. “Remember what mom said? Be a little gentleman and compliment her.”

“Um,” the scarlet faced boy said, staring down at Jimmy’s skirt. “Your dress is pretty.” Jimmy groaned inwardly as he curtseyed again. Was he really going to have to keep this up all day?

“Alright, let’s line up, folks.” The attendant said, smiling at Jimmy once again. Noah seemed unsure of what to do with the girl beside him, reaching to take Jimmy’s hand, but then thinking better of it. Jimmy tried to take charge, but the attendant was really the authority, taking first Jimmy and then Noah by the shoulders to position them.

“Are... are you a princess?” Noah whispered. Jimmy groaned and shook his head. Learning that he was not, in fact, a princess seemed to relax Noah.

The music began to play and it was soon their turn to make their way down the aisle. Jimmy was almost relieved by the basket of petals he held as it meant Noah could not try to hold his hand. Still, sprinkling rose petals as he walked only made Jimmy feel even more like a sissy. Every eye seemed to be on him and there had to be at least a million people there. He spied his mom and Sarah in the crowd. His mom smiled sympathetically at him, but Sarah looked as if she might explode with joy at seeing her dorky little brother all dolled up and sprinkling rose petals. He felt like he might die as he

was guided into a chair right in front, his voluminous skirt making it so that Noah had to sit a chair away. His knees knocked, but he knew no one could tell in his ridiculous dress.

Chapter 3

Twist and Shout - Chapter 3: The Reception

Much to his dismay, even with the end of the ceremony, the day was only beginning. After the ceremony, Jimmy's mom and Sarah found him and ignored his requests to go back to the room and change.

"The reception's next, Jimmy, and no one else is changing."

"Don't say my name too loud!"

"Whining and pouting only makes you look prettier."

"Mom!"

"Hush. Sarah's right though, Ji - sweetheart. You're not going back to change. The flower girl's still needed."

"For more photos?" Jimmy muttered. He pouted and he did not care if it made him look cute.

Dinner proved uneventful, though he soon discovered how tough it was to navigate between tables in the dress. Worse was how everyone seemed more than happy to stand up and move their chair for the flower girl. If he had had a nickel for every time some stranger – or even a relative who did not recognize him – called him 'the flower girl', he would have been the richest boy ever. He bristled when his mom tied a napkin around his neck to keep food off his, no, the dress.

With dinner done, Jimmy hoped that that meant they would be able to go back to the room and he would be able to finally return to normal clothes, but then one of the bridesmaids, whose name Jimmy thought might be Ashley, came over and knelt down beside him.

“Sweetie, time for you to come with me!” Jimmy stared at her.

“Uh, why?” He asked, too startled to even think about trying to sound like a little girl. The bridesmaid smiled.

“Well, after Lisa and Erick have their first dance, they want the entire bridal party to come dance for a few minutes. You’ll be dancing with Erick’s nephew Noah, who you walked down the aisle with.” Jimmy felt like his face was bright red, but no one seemed to notice. Thankfully his sister was in the bathroom.

The bridesmaid took his hand and pulled him over to the edge of the dance floor.

“Now you know Noah from earlier, Noah, here’s your dance partner. Do you two know what to do?”

It was difficult to say who was more shy, but with the help of a couple bridesmaids, Noah put his hands on Jimmy’s waist and Jimmy had his arms draped on Noah’s shoulders as the bridesmaids cooed and snapped photos with their phones.

“So precious. Just do that, kids, and sway.” One of the bridesmaids kneeled down and whispered something in Noah’s ear as the two pulled away from each other. He

looked shyly at Jimmy and then nodded. Jimmy felt a chill run down his spine. What did that mean?

Jimmy found out a moment later when Noah held out his hand to escort him out to the dance floor. Painfully aware of everyone's eyes on him, he took it and Noah led the way. Jimmy swore that even over the music, he could hear each and every click-clack of his shoes.

He took his position, hands on Noah's shoulders, fully conscious of the fact that he was the girl in their couple. They began to dance, Noah standing close and smiling at him. He was enjoying this! Feeling every single eye on them, Jimmy hoped it would be over soon as they swayed and turned.

"You look like a princess." Noah said kindly. Jimmy blushed, but tried to smile. "I think you're the prettiest girl I've ever met." This proved too much for Jimmy and he felt tears welling up. Noah seemed to sense that he had said something wrong, so he fell silent and they danced until finally, Noah released Jimmy's waist and he ran as fast as he could in the dress, his awful shoes click-clacking with every step. He did not make it far before his mom intercepted him.

"Did I do something wrong?" Noah asked, almost panicked.

"No, sweetie. She... uh, she's just shy and that was a lot of attention on her." Jimmy's mom said.

"Oh, ok. You wanna go sit for a while? My cousins are over there." Rather than wait for an answer, Noah took Jimmy's hand and led him over to a few boys who were chatting.

“Is this your girlfriend, Noah?”

“No, she’s just a nice girl and we’re gonna dance together.” Noah explained. Noah’s cousins leered at Jimmy, but then forgot about him as they fell into boyish conversation.

Normally, Jimmy would have relished the chance to chat with boys around his own age. Even Noah seemed more cool once he got talking, but he knew that being too knowledgeable about boy stuff, let alone his voice, would give away his secret. He remained silent, trying to enjoy their conversation and forget about his dress, his curly wig, his everything!

“Oh! It’s another couple song!” Noah exclaimed. He grabbed Jimmy’s hand, but then stopped. “Oops, sorry. May... May I have this dance?” He extended his hand as Jimmy felt his stomach twist, but he knew that saying no would only make more of a scene. He took Noah’s hand and allowed him to escort him to the dance floor. He tried to find a place to look, but every bit of his view not taken up by Noah’s bashful smile seemed to have some onlooker who thought the ring bearer and flower girl dancing together was too cute.

The DJ clearly hated Jimmy because there were three slow songs in a row before he was finally able to escape the ring bearer. Navigating his skirt through the crowded tables and chairs meant he was slower than Noah, so he had no choice. There was only one place he could go where Noah could not, did not dare to follow. He pushed on the wooden door, glaring up at the female silhouette that labeled it.

Jimmy groaned. He hated it, but seeking refuge in the girls’

bathroom was the only way to get away from Noah and his insistence on dancing with him for every last slow song. He glared at his reflection. It had been hours! How did he still look as prim and proper and girly as he had that morning? He did not know much about make-up and all that girl stuff, but it did not seem possible! He just wanted to go to the hotel, take all this stuff off and forget that this had ever happened!

“There you are!” As if things could not get worse, Sarah walked over to him. “That ring bearer boy is looking for you.”

“Noah.”

“Cute, you know his name. There’s another couple song coming up and he wants to know if you’re okay.”

“Can we tell him I’m sick or something?”

“Not a chance! You two have been dancing together all night and it’s all anyone can talk about.” Jimmy felt the blood drain from his face. “You missed the bouquet toss, which sucks because people keep joking that you two are the next to get married.”

“Sarah!”

“Deal with it. You gotta keep up appearances. Even if I have to push you out there!” Sarah did just that, shoving Jimmy toward the door. As soon as it opened, he all but fell into Noah’s lap.

“There you are! We gotta go dance!” Noah said, offering his hand once again. Sarah giggled as, unable to speak for fear of

exposing his secret, Jimmy had no choice but to take Noah's hand and let himself be led back to the dance floor.

Even when it was a fast song, Noah refused to let Jimmy out of his sight due to some misguided sense of chivalry. He made him sit as he grabbed them punch, he tried to compliment Jimmy's dress, and even made a few attempts to get the shy girl to talk to him. Jimmy stuck to simple sounds, nods and shakes of his head, and Noah soon decided that the flower girl was content with just being his silent companion.

Finally, when all hope was lost, his mom came over and he knew rescue was at hand. At least, that was what he thought.

"Come on, your sister and I want at least one dance with you. Can I steal her away, Noah?" She said. Noah smiled and nodded his assent. Jimmy once again found himself led out to the dance floor, although this time it was for Twist and Shout.

"C'mon, Jimmy. Everyone's having fun." His mom whispered in his ear. "Really get that skirt moving!" Jimmy felt like the biggest sissy in the universe as he tried to put on a good show of having fun, skirt swaying and curls bobbing in his face. The song seemed to stretch into eternity, but finally, it ended.

"Oh, look who's here." His mom spun Jimmy around so that he was once again face-to-face with Noah. Did this never end?

"My mommy, uh" Noah cleared his throat. "Mom says it's time for me to go, so this will have to be our last dance." Jimmy felt like every single person on the dance floor had

stopped to watch as Noah nervously cleared his throat again. “May I have this dance?” He bowed and Jimmy’s heart stopped. He had been excited about only having to do one last humiliating slow dance, but now this? He groaned as he felt his mom squeeze his shoulder. He knew what he had to do.

Grabbing his skirt, Jimmy dipped into a curtsy. He had practiced it so much earlier and had genuinely hoped he could avoid having to do it. Startled, Noah bowed again and Jimmy, rolling his eyes, had no choice but to curtsy again. Even as the crowd cheered, he could hear his sister snorting as he draped his hands on Noah’s shoulders.

As long as Twist and Shout had felt, this final slow dance was at least three times as long. The DJ even put the pair in a spotlight so that everyone could watch them awkwardly turn in a circle, only vaguely keeping to the rhythm of the song.

As the song ended, everyone clapped and Noah fidgeted. His hands stayed on Jimmy’s waist as he seemed to be trying to talk himself into something. He leaned in, rising onto the balls of his feet as he puckered his lips and aimed for Jimmy’s cheek. Jimmy saw what was coming and jerked his head in a panic. Their lips connected. The spotlight was still on them and everyone saw as the ring bearer and flower girl shared a tender, accidental kiss.

“It was nice to meet you.” Noah said before hurrying away, leaving Jimmy there on the dance floor.

“Well!” His mom said. “I think that’s enough excitement for tonight, don’t you?” She took the still startled boy’s hand and

led him off the dance floor. Jimmy fought back tears as they left the reception and began the trip back to the hotel room.

Thankfully, both his mom and his sister silently agreed it was best not to talk too much about what had transpired, removing Jimmy's make-up, wig, and finally the dress in relative silence. He felt normal again, even if he was wearing a camisole and frilly pink panties. He was finally free of the dress.

“Where's my bag, mom?”

“We'll find it in the morning, Jimmy.” She said, taking off her earrings. “You sleep in your underwear anyway, so just wear that.”

“Your cami and panties.” Sarah teased. Her mom gave her a withering look. “You were very brave to put up with everything today, Jimmy.” Sarah mumbled.

“Thanks, Sarah.” Jimmy said, genuinely surprised.

Chapter 4

Twist and Shout - Chapter 4: The Morning After

The morning brought with it new excitement as Jimmy's bag was still nowhere to be found, and with it, every scrap of his boy clothes.

"Look, did you hide your brother's clothes? Be honest." Jimmy stood there accusingly, which made for quite the scene since he wore nothing but frilly panties and a pink camisole.

"No!" She protested. "Not even I'm that mean!" Jimmy was not so sure and, thankfully, his mom shared his doubt.

"Sarah Elizabeth, did you hide your brother's clothes?"

"Mom! No!"

"You can either come clean now or it'll be a month of being grounded when I find them."

"Mom! I swear, I did not take Jimmy's clothes!" Jimmy was impressed by her performance, but still gasped as his mom nodded.

"I believe you." She said.

"What are we going to do?" Jimmy asked.

"Well" His mom stretched the single syllable out. "There's one option, but I don't think you'll like it."

Jimmy sat glowering in the hotel lobby, arms crossed, the flower girl dress poofing out all around him. He had begged and pleaded for his mom to just go buy him clothes at the nearest department store, but she had remained firm, arguing that they had spent enough money on the hotel room. The least she could have done was allow him the wig, but it had been packed up already and checkout was coming too soon for them to put it back on. So here he sat, mortified with his short hair and ridiculous dress. He pouted, glad at least that Sarah was in charge of getting their things in the car, a job that ordinarily fell to him. He winced as he heard his mom talking to the hotel clerk.

“Oh, we had a little trouble finding his clothes this morning and had to make do.” The moment that his mom had finished checking out, he shuffled out to the car, petticoats rustling and Mary Janes still making that infernal click-clack.

"You'll have to sit up front with me, Sarah. Your brother's dress will probably take up most of the backseat." Jimmy could not believe it. His mom and Sarah sat up front in their jeans and t-shirts while he, the only boy, sat in the back, his voluminous skirt indeed taking up enough room that he could only sit in the middle of the car's backseat. Where had his clothes gone? Once they got him dressed, they had torn the hotel room apart practically in their search for his clothes, but they had vanished into thin air.

He looked out the window as they pulled into the driveway. He did not see anyone he knew out in the evening air, but he did not want to take any chances. The second that his mom

turned the car off, he leaped out of the car and dashed for the door, Mary Janes clicking with every step. He could not wait another second to get inside and out of this dress!

“Sure would’ve been funny if he forgot the code for the front door.” His mom whispered to Sarah, who smiled as her brother disappeared inside.

It felt so strange to him to be standing in the middle of his bedroom, the room that he knew in the most intimate fashion of any room in the house, the room that reflected his personality, in the over-the-top flower girl dress. He knew that he could quickly fix that though. Reaching behind him, he fingered the zipper, but he found it impossible to get enough of a grip on it to pull it down. He grunted as he tried again and again. No luck. He sighed and shuffled out of the room and back downstairs to ask his mom for help.

“Alright, come here.” His mom said, smiling at the sweet image of her son still trapped in his dress. “I’ll take this off on one condition.” At the end of his rope, Jimmy sighed wearily.

“Ok, what is it?”

“You hang this dress up in your closet. Nicely. Your aunt Lisa bought this specifically for you, after all.”

“No way.”

“Then you’ll stay in that dress until you agree. I’m not unzipping you until you do and you can bet Sarah won’t help you.” He groaned melodramatically, but she remained firm.

“Those are my terms, mister. You know very well that Sarah’s terms won’t be nearly as generous.” He sighed just as melodramatically.

“Fine.”

“Fine?”

“I’ll hang it in my closet.”

“Nicely.” She said. He nodded glumly. Taking him gently by the shoulders, she turned his back to her and unzipped him. Almost the instant that it was unzipped, he had dashed away, dress rustling as he bounded up the stairs. “Wait just a second.” Jimmy froze on the stairs and turned back to his mom, who looked up at him. “On second thought, I think it’d be better if I hung it up. Come here.” He descended the stairs, glad the dress was about to come off. “Arms.” He raised his arms and his mom pulled the dress off of him, leaving the boy standing there at the foot of the stairs in just frilly pink panties and a matching camisole.

“Now can I go change?” He asked as his mom eyed his underthings.

“Just a sec.” She said. “I want you to put these in your hamper, do you understand?”

“Why?”

“They’ll need to be washed before you wear them again.” She said with a twinkle in her eye.

“Wear them again?” He asked, aghast.

“I’m just teasing. With how much your sister teases you, you’d think you’d be used to it.” Jimmy sighed. “In the hamper, mister.” His mom called as he headed back upstairs. She had to be teasing, right?