Ushers

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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"Come on! Let Jaxon be in the wedding! Please, Laurie!" Aiden whined, bending over the arm of the couch. His sister remained firm.

"No! You and your weird friend will ruin my wedding."

"Will not! And I heard Mom say you're short an usher."

"So you were eavesdropping again?"

"No. No! I was getting a drink and I heard her on the phone." Aiden straightened up. "So c'mon, Jaxon will be an usher too. I promise we'll behave. I swear! Come on!"

"I said no!" Aiden groaned and stormed off, unaware that a seed had been planted in his sister's head. Maybe... maybe she could find a place in the wedding for that annoying little twerp...

All that Aiden and Jaxon were told is that they would both be in the wedding. They were so excited, they did not ask questions as they were taken one Saturday to get all sorts of measurements from a seamstress who kept smiling at them in a weird way. Jaxon even held his tongue until they were in the car, only then making jokes about the seamstress checking him out. Laurie did her best to hold her tongue in turn at the rehearsal where the boys did not ask why they were practicing walking side by side down the aisle or why a few of the bridesmaids could not seem to stop giggling when they were told to go back and float this time.

The day of the wedding arrived and neither boy was aware of

just what waited for them. They kept snickering and whispering to each other all the way to the church, so they thought nothing of it when they were separated, Aiden going to the left and Jaxon going to the right.

"This isn't where I put my suit." Aiden said as Mom took him into a crowded room full of people, mostly women and girls, getting ready.

"Get undressed behind that screen." Mom said. Aiden shrugged. Mom must have my suit, he thought as he stripped down to his underwear. "What is that?" Aiden asked, panicking as he saw the pink bag in his mom's hand.

"It's just a plastic bag." Mom said. "Just like the suit bag your suit was in."

"But it's"

"Pink, yes." Mom smiled. "You see, Laurie decided that Harvey's nephews would be better ushers, which means you and Jaxon get a different role." She unzipped the dress bag. "You're going to be the flower girls!"

There was nothing that could be done, but Aiden sure tried. He yelled, kicked, and screamed, but all that got him was a scolding for trying to ruin his sister's special day and an order to hold still for his dress. Feeling poked, prodded, pampered, and pretty, Aiden was led by the hand -- his sporting shiny freshly painted nails -- out in the foyer. Coming from the other side of the room was a little girl wearing a dress every bit as revoltingly girly as his own. Was she the real flower girl? No, that was Jaxon's mom holding her... Aiden's eyes widened, his pink lipstick lips forming an O as he realized.

"I am going to freaking murder you." The other flower girl

hissed furiously. Aiden's pretty pink lips opened and closed, but no sounds, let alone words!, came out. Jaxon continued to glare at him and Aiden knew he owed him big. How was I supposed to know!?

"I had my doubts about these wigs, but I'm sold." Jaxon's mom said.

"I know!" Aiden's mom gushed. "I honestly thought you'd brought your secret daughter out." The women laughed and chatted, holding their son's hands so that the boys had little option other than to stand there as their moms raved about what sissies they had become.

"Now, boys." Jaxon's mom said. "Because yes, you are still boys."

"Boy flower girls." Aiden's mom said with far more enthusiasm than either boy could muster.

"We're going to be watching you two very closely." Jaxon's mom said

"Any fooling around and-"

"We'll be outed as boys?" Jaxon's voice was far meeker than Aiden had ever heard it. He sounded like a little mouse! I'm right there with you, buddy, he thought glumly.

"Oh, everyone knows." She held out a program. "Flower Girls: the bride's brother Aiden and his best friend Jaxon." The boys moaned.

"But if you behave, you'll get to take your dresses off." Jaxon's mom said.

"Misbehave and you'll be attending the brunch tomorrow in these dresses."

"But-"

"But nothing." Jaxon's mom said, cutting off her son. "It's easy to be a flower girl. You just float down the aisle, throw some petals, and smile for the cameras." The boys gulped.