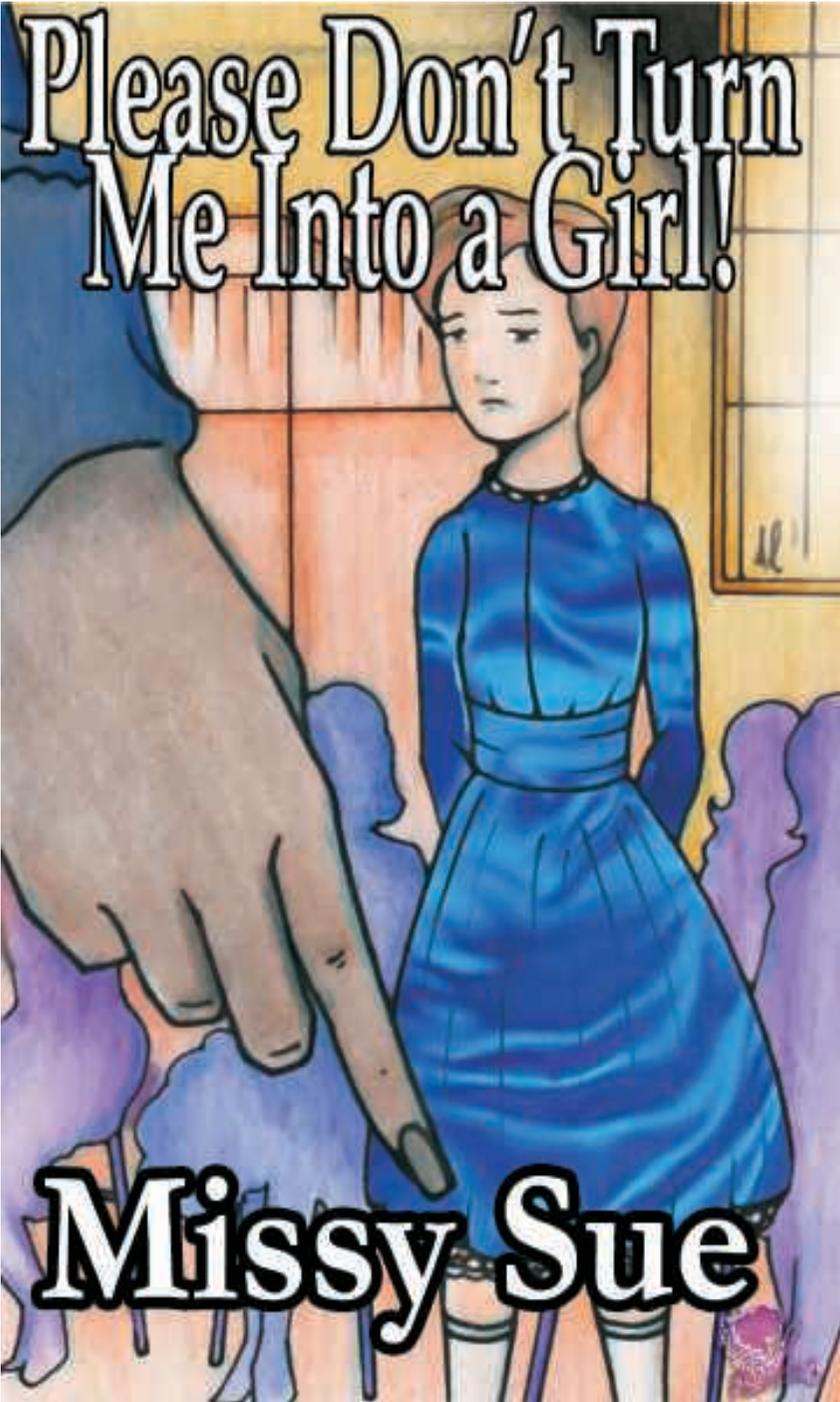


Please Don't Turn  
Me Into a Girl!

Missy Sue

An illustration of a young girl with short brown hair, wearing a blue, long-sleeved, high-collared dress with a matching belt. She has a sad or pleading expression. A large, brown, hand-like shape enters from the left, pointing its index finger directly at her. The background consists of vertical wooden panels and a window with a grid pattern. The overall style is that of a children's book illustration.



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# PLEASE DON'T TURN ME INTO A GIRL!

**by Missy Sue**

Mrs. Karen Carson felt overwhelmed ever since her husband had died 8 months ago. Being a single mother was extremely difficult even if you had all the advantages that financial security could provide. Raising her 10-year-old twins, Keith and Kimberly was getting to be a strain, almost more than she could bear. All she really wanted from life was to be a happy mother with a well-behaved, considerate, and dutiful son and a sugar and spice daughter.

Keith was an extremely active boy whose impulsive behavior was constantly either getting him hurt or in trouble at school. He was one of those 'small for his age' boys who was always trying to over compensate for his diminutive appearance by acting tougher than his buddies when in reality he was

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weaker. In addition, his Mr. Macho attitude was clearly inherited from his late father.

Kimberly was a petite, angelic looking little girl with long, dark wavy hair and big brown eyes. Unfortunately, her manners did not go along with her sweet appearance. She was a tomboy through and through. She was certainly a better-behaved child than her brother, a better student, and not at all belligerent. However, she was just as active, and she resented all attempts made by her mother to tame her into a 'little lady'. She wanted to play the rough and tumble competitive sports right along side her brother.

Keith, with his budding male chauvinism, loved to tease Kimberly. He was especially annoying when she was made to act in a traditionally feminine manner. Of course, he knew all the right buttons to push. When she was forced to get all dolled up, he just smirked at her and told her how dainty she looked. When he wanted to be particularly devilish, he would give her skirts a toss, exposing her delicate petticoats and panties underneath. He was always rewarded with an ear-piercing scream.

For Kimberly, having to dress and behave as the prissy girl her mother so desired was a major pain. Add to that frustration Keith's teasing antics and Kimberly was ready to do almost anything to get revenge. Kimberly vowed to get even with her bothersome brother if the opportunity ever showed itself.

At breakfast one fine Saturday morning in the beginning of May, Mrs. Carson announced to Kimberly that she would be attending a series of classes put on by her club, The Pindale Ladies Society. The name given the series was a somewhat pretentious ACQUIRING PROPER MANNERS AND FEMININE DEPARTMENT. The final class would actually be a mother-daughter tea where all the girls could demonstrate their newly learned feminine skills.

Kimberly certainly did not relish this opportunity to improve upon her femininity. "Aw mom, that's so dumb," she complained. "I don't want to end up being a prissy little sissy like either Jennifer Cavanaugh or Marcie Milton. That girly-girl junk is for the birds."

"I'm afraid you could use a little more training in what you call girly girl ways," Mrs. Carson answered curtly in the tone of

voice her children recognized as brooking no further arguments. "Someday you'll thank me for this."

"It sounds just perfect for her," chimed in Keith with a hint of laughter in his voice. "She needs a lot more practice to become a little lady. She can't be a tomboy forever," he added cruelly twisting the knife of prissy girlhood his mother had thrust into Kimberly's gut.

"You shut up," Kimberly hissed at her all too helpful brother.

"I'm just trying to be helpful," Keith claimed with mock sincerity and innocence.

Kimberly just glared at her brother for several moments as she contemplated a blistering revenge. "Maybe pushing a stick through the spokes of his bicycle as he sped down the sidewalk... no... then she'd really be placed on the SUGAR & SPICE RAILROAD," she thought darkly. "If only Keith could experience what it's like to be forced to be so prissy," she dejectedly thought.

That last thought gave her an inspiration. "Mom, why doesn't Keith have to go to the classes too," Kimberly asked. "He needs to learn manners more than I do," she added smugly

"You have a point," Mrs. Carson conceded knowing that her errant son could definitely use a course in manners and deportment. "Except these manners classes are for girls only. But that in no way means I'm letting you off the hook, young lady. You'll learn a lot from a feminine perspective."

"Too bad YOU'RE not the girl in the family," Kimberly sneered at her smirking brother.

"One retard per family is enough," Keith snapped back.

"Okay, young man," his mother stated angrily. "Just for that unkind comment you will accompany Kimberly and I on our shopping trip this morning instead of playing with your friends as you had planned."

Kimberly sat back smiling ruefully as proceeded Keith throw a fit, but she knew that he wouldn't get his way. He had overstepped that invisible boundary of acceptability. At least if she had to go through with these classes and get all dressed up, Keith would have to tag along for the shopping trip. She was

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fully aware of how much he hated shopping for girlish things. So in this, she had a modicum of revenge.

As soon as Kimberly finished her bubble bath, Keith was made to take a thorough bath and dress in his best suit, the one he usually wore to church on Sunday mornings. Naturally this put him in a foul mood. He detested having to get all dressed up, especially on a Saturday morning when he had made plans to play baseball with the guys. "What a rotten deal," he thought bitterly. "And it's all Kimberly's fault!"

Keith took out his frustrations on poor Kimberly who wasn't at all pleased about going shopping for a few more new party dresses. As they prepared to enter the car he spitefully flipped her skirts up. During the trip he made faces at her, pinched her, and made rude comments about girls. Kimberly's yelps, squeals, and protests were like music to the irascible lad's ears. Kimberly began to rue her initial glee in having him accompany them on the trip since his teasing only made her apprehension and frustration worse. His mother was beginning to regret having brought him along, but she knew she had to keep a tight rein on him or he would grow even worse.

They found a parking spot in front of the PICTURE PERFECT PARTY DRESS BOUTIQUE, an upscale shop for well-dressed little misses. Keith had been in the shop a few times. On those occasions he had always acted so put upon, as if his male dignity was being grossly insulted.

As Mrs. Carson ushered the twins through the front entrance she gave Keith a poke and told him to straighten up. He scowled as he looked around the sissy environment. There were numerous colorful displays of accessories and racks of frilly dresses in a wide range of sizes. They made a vivid rainbow of delicate pastel colors. Assortments of girlish undies and petticoats were also in abundance. It was a dainty girl's paradise... and a macho boy's nightmare.

Keith did his best 'I'm so bored!' routine as his mother and Kimberly set about the business of selecting the new party dresses she would wear to her classes. With a look of scorn upon his face he slumped against one of the roof support columns. Whenever anyone glanced in his direction, he'd glare at them as if he were contemplating the most horrid creature in

existence. The stubborn lad was fully prepared to endure his stay being the burdened brother.

Then a very curious thing happened. A very determined mother came into the boutique with two children in tow. They were obviously twins and they looked to be about 7 years old. Like Keith and Kimberly, one was a boy and one was a girl. Keith heard their mother address them by the names Steve and Susan. Steve looked extremely upset, even on the verge of tears. He obviously hated being a girls' clothing store even more than Keith did.

This alone peeked Keith's curiosity, especially since misery really loves company. From his vantage point Keith kept a close eye on the distraught little Steve as a saleslady approached his mother. What happened was inconceivable! Keith almost didn't believe what he overheard.

"May I be of assistance," the saleslady inquired.

"Yes, indeed," Steve's mom began in a firm tone of voice. "My little Susan and Steven are twins. Even though they are obviously not identical twins, I have decided to dress them as such. Susan is a little angel while Steven is the exact opposite. A certain naughty brother has much to learn from his sweet sister! Perhaps if I dress them alike, I'll see an improvement in his behavior."

"I'll be good, I promise," Steve whined petulantly. "Please don't make me wear dresses and be Susie's twin sister."

"It's too late for that," his mother retorted firmly. "You've been given many warnings. I've begged and pleaded with you to change your naughty behavior. I'm through talking and hoping that YOU'D correct your behavior, now I'M going to change you."

Poor Steve bravely blinked back tears as his lips trembled with fear. Keith felt his stomach flipping at the mere idea that a mother would force her son to dress as a girl!

"We do occasionally get mothers in here who are putting their sons through petticoat punishment," the saleslady said without the slightest hint of being upset or outraged. "I'm told it really works."

"I certainly hope so," the mother said in exasperation. "Steve will remain my little Stephanie until it does work!"

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Keith was horrified by what was happening yet totally fascinated. In true boyish loyalty he felt sorry for the boy because he knew how he'd feel if he suddenly had to become Kimberly's twin sister. But at the same time, he could hardly wait to see what the kid looked like in a dress. He couldn't imagine any greater humiliation for a boy.

Luckily for Keith's curiosity, Kimberly and his mother were being real poky selecting her new wardrobe. Normally, Keith would have been acting up if they had spent this much time in the store. His mother was delighted to see her son quietly standing by the column whenever she glanced in his direction. She assumed he was cowed by her forcefulness in making him accompany them. But the real reason he was as good as gold today was because he was waiting for the hapless Steve to be transformed into his sister's identical twin! For the first time in his life, Keith actually hoped his mother and sister would take their time in making their selections.

It took some time and patience, but finally Keith got a good look at the unfortunate Stephanie as he and sister Susan emerged from a dressing room in matching lavender dresses of shiny taffeta. The petticoated lad had tears trickling down his forlorn face. He was looking down in bewilderment at the dainty dress that encased him. He was clearly not a happy camper.

Initially, Keith was appalled by the apparent ease of the transformation of an unwilling boy into a pretty little girl. But the disgust he felt quickly dissipated only to be replaced by mirth at the sight of a boy in a dress. It was about the funniest thing Keith had ever seen. He couldn't contain himself and began to snicker out loud.

Other girls and mothers in the store who were also aware of what was transpiring looked the sissified boy over. None of them thought the prettily dressed lad was particularly funny.

Between guffaws, Keith heard one girl say to her friend, "It's probably a big improvement for him. He'll probably like it."

Snorting derisively, Keith knew better. "No boy I've ever known would ever like getting changed into a girl, especially



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his own sister's twin. But then what else could one expect a dumb girl to say," he thought ruefully!

Keith was still marveling at the sight of the miserable little changeling when his sister and mother came up behind him.

"Keith... KEITH," his mother called until she gained his attention.

Keith was startled and spun about to face his mother and sister. A momentary wave of guilt and fear swept over him as he hoped they hadn't seen what he was so intently observing and get any crazy ideas about doing something ridiculous to him! But the sight of his sister quickly erased any such concerns. Instantly Keith knew she hated how she was dressed. As an opportunity to torment her, it was just too great a temptation to let it pass.

Kimberly was done up in a red satin party dress with generous amounts of white lace trim around the short puffy sleeves and the rounded collar. Needless to say, in true tomboy form she didn't look particularly pleased about being turned out in such childish feminine attire. It made her look about 5 years old. The look on her face gave plain evidence of how disgusted Kimberly was to be so dressed. But she knew better than to do more than a token protest or risk having her time in such demeaning outfits extended.

"Doesn't your sister look absolutely darling," Mrs. Carson asked Keith as she gave him a nudge.

With typical masculine obtuseness Keith just couldn't take a hint. It never even occurred to him to give his sister a compliment. "Yeah, she looks like a darling sissy dweeb, just like that kid over there," he arrogantly sneered as he pointed out the mortified Stephanie.

Both were angered by the obvious demeaning intent of his reply but still Kimberly and Mrs. Carson looked over at the darling twins in their lavender finery. Why the twin with the longer hair seemed happy while the twin with the shorter hair was the exact opposite was not clear. The expressions upon the faces of his mother and sister revealed their puzzlement since they had not seen the twins until that moment.

“He’s been a bad boy,” Keith said snootily. “So they made HIM into a good little girl. He has to be his twin’s SISTER!” Then he laughed heartily until tears filled his eyes.

While Keith was consumed by the hilarity of Steve’s dilemma, his mother and Kimberly realized the sad twin was a petticoated lad! Keith’s derogatory remark about “a darling sissy dweeb” was meant to hurt both Kimberly and poor Steve. The contemptuous laughter only rubbed salt into the wounds.

Immediately Kimberly’s anger and frustration coupled with her earlier request to have Keith accompany her to the manners classes as she was struck by a wonderful idea. “Let’s make KEITH dress up like me and be MY twin sister so SHE can take the manners and deportment classes with me,” she said eagerly with undeniable yearning.

Keith reacted like a person touching a live electrical wire. “When pigs fly, dog breath,” he hissed, giving his seemingly delicate sister a hard shove as the earlier fear that he might be subjected to petticoating reared its ugly snarling head.

Totally unprepared for such a response, Kimberly lost her balance and fell backwards, squealing with fear.

Mrs. Carson instinctively caught the squealing girl before she fell. Then after she helped her regain her balance she kissed the shaken girl tenderly upon her forehead, smiled sweetly, and said, “Why Kimberly, that’s a splendid idea!”

Menacingly she then turned to Keith and spoke through tightly drawn lips. “You’ve embarrassed me and harassed your sister for the very last time. I’ve had it with your macho nonsense. Turning you into a little girl and sending you with Kimberly to those classes on manners and feminine deportment will be the best thing that ever happened to you!”

The women and children in the store had stopped what they were doing and turned to look at Keith when he had laughed so haughtily. With rapt attention they watched the brief vitriolic verbal interchange between the brother and sister, the angry shove that almost toppled Kimberly, and the angry mother pronounce sentence on her errant son. They continued to watch as Mrs. Carson grabbed Keith’s wrist in an iron grip and forcefully tugged the astonished lad to the rear of the store where she plopped down upon a chair. Right then and there, in front of ev-

everyone in the store, she took him across her knee and soundly applied her hand to his squirming backside until he was sobbing like a baby. Several mothers actually cheered.

Keith was totally unprepared for the swift and vicious reaction of his mother. His mind was so aghast and awestruck with the horrid idea of being dressed like a sissy and attending the dumb classes with his sister that he couldn't resist. From his position across her lap he could see that everyone in the store was watching his subjugation and humiliation. Again, before he could attempt to resist, to show his boyish spirit, the mind-numbing blows began to rain down upon his buttocks. The pain and humiliation coupled to break his spirit. All he wanted was for the ordeal to end as quickly as possible.

"I... I'll (sob) be good; I'll be good! (sob) I won't tease Kimberly any more. (sob) I'm sorry. (sob) I'm really sorry! (sob) Please, PLEASE, don't make me wear a dress! (sob)" Keith blubbered fearfully while trembling at the prospect of being petticoated.

Still firmly holding her wayward son upon her lap Mrs. Carson turned to the amused saleslady who had been helping her with Kimberly's selections to calmly ask, "Do you happen to have another dress exactly like my daughter's in his size?"

"I'm sure we do, ma'am," was her amused reply as the on-lookers giggled.

And unfortunately for Keith, she was absolutely correct. His mother stood him back on his feet so they could accompany the saleslady to the rack where Kimberly's dress had hung. With tape measure in hand the saleslady discovered that he was actually a size smaller than Kimberly but the red satin dress they found for him was exactly like his sister's down to the last detail.

"Oh," he gasped in horror upon seeing the dainty dress as the saleslady pulled it from the rack. "Please, PLEASE, don't make me wear a dress," Keith sobbed piteously again as he was marched off to the dressing room while his grinning sister carried the dreaded party dress.

Keith positively hated wearing a suit, but for the first time in his life he sure didn't want to surrender it; especially when his mom told him to disrobe. The dress hung from a hook on the

wall, seeming to grow larger and ever more menacing with every second he stared with dreaded horror at his fate. However his resistance was quite brief since he didn't dare stall because his mother reminded him in no uncertain terms that another spanking could be easily applied to his backside. In short order, he found himself standing naked as Kimberly carried his boy clothes from the small room to the waiting saleslady. Tears ran down his red cheeks as he waited with his mother while the dress hanging before him like the blade atop a guillotine.

Their replacements soon arrived in Kimberly's arms. She made sure that his new undies, panties, and vest were of shimmering white satin, made all the more feminine by lots of ruffled lace trim and tiny red satin bows. Even though he was horrified by the sissy garments, the sniffling lad willingly slipped into the dainty lingerie in order to shield his nakedness. Getting him into his extremely bouffant taffeta and stiff netting petticoats took another threat of a spanking. The girlish garment truly mortified him as it was drawn down upon his body with a loud whisper of rustling material. It caused him to shudder involuntarily and almost wet his new panties.

Keith almost burst into tears as the dress that would make him Kimberly's identical twin was lowered down around him. His arms were guided through the short puffy sleeves. The zipper was done up in the back, and the sash was tied in back by his mother into a big decorative bow. Two smaller bows adorned the front of the shirred bodice.

Keith looked down in shame at his full but short skirts. The four tiers of ruffles were puffed out by the petticoats beneath them. His mother busily fussed with the skirts so that they stood out almost like a ballerina's tutu. He was totally encased in satin and lace. Even though he knew it had happened, he still found it unbelievable what fate had done to him.

White lace anklets also adorned with little red bows were drawn upon his feet. In turn, these were covered by shiny black patent leather party girl shoes that had a dainty single cross strap.

Even though Keith had a fairly short boyish haircut, a large red satin bow, just like Kimberly's, was attached to the top of his head. He had become her twin down to the last detail, but he

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was still recognizable as a boy twin trying to emulate her femininity.

Keith certainly didn't want to face the world in his little girl's attire, but he wasn't given a choice. Just like poor little Steve before him, he was marched out of the privacy of the dressing room. Little Stephanie and Susan had apparently departed, so Keith got to be the center of attention. The spotlighted lad was escorted from the dressing room to stand in front of a full length mirror. His skirts bobbed up and down caressing his upper thighs as he walked. His petticoats rustled noisily, and his pretty shoes made a clicky-clack sound on the hard tile floor. His arms rested awkwardly on the smooth shimmering satin skirts that enveloped him. The bewildered boy's senses were literally deluged with the myriad sounds and sensations of femininity.

He was an immediate hit with Kimberly as well as the other gleeful girls and their mothers. "Oh my, just look at you," Kimberly said trying to suppress a giggle. "You look so sweet for a change. I think a dress really improves your appearance."

"Make her stop teasing me," Keith snapped in frustration.

"She wasn't teasing; she was giving you a real compliment," his mother tersely replied. "Now thank her," she added sternly knowing full well that doing so would multiply his humiliation.

Briefly he thought of telling his mother and sister what he truly felt. That, he knew, would result in another spanking; and since now clad in the dress, his skirts and petticoats would necessarily be flipped up to expose his satin encased bottom to a bevy of eager feminine onlookers. Then he would still be made to thank his sister and most likely have to apologize to boot. With a very pained expression, the hopeless Keith softly stammered "Th... thank you."

"You know, mommy, it's not so bad being all dolled up in this babyish dress as long as I have someone to share the experience with," Kimberly stated brightly. Then, adding salt to the grievous wound, she mischievously added, "I'm glad Keith is the one sharing who is sharing the experience with me. I'll bet he won't tease me about being a sissy anymore since he has to be one too."

“Yes, I agree. This is simply perfect for him,” Mrs. Carson said with a satisfied smile.

Keith could not reply without getting into trouble. The forlorn boy hung his head in shame; keeping his eyes on the floor to avoid seeing the derisive pleased looks of those who were witnessing his loathsome ordeal. He was made to follow closely behind as the saleslady, his mother, and Kimberly searched for several more dresses that would match the ones that had already been picked out for Kimberly. During the grueling tribulation, poor Keith was acutely aware of the stares of the other girls in the store. What really hurt were those who entered the boutique after his initial humiliation and thus had no knowledge that he had been FORCED to wear the dress. They might assume he was WILLINGLY dressed this way! He fervently wished he could will himself to be invisible. He particularly hated the fact that the majority of the girls his own age were wearing jeans or other kinds of pants. It was mainly the littlest girls who wore pretty dresses such as adorned he and Kimberly. Occasionally he could hear a giggling or whispered comments:

“Just look at that boy in the fancy party dress. Isn’t he silly looking?”

“What a big sissy he must be.”

“I wish I could do that to my brother.”

“Oh look mommy, there’s a big boy pretending to be a little girl.”

“I wonder why his mommy turned him into a girl?”

“Will he have to wear dresses for ever?”

Keith wished he could die as tears continued to slowly trickle from his red eyes.

Once the other dresses and suitable undies were all picked out, Keith breathed a sigh of relief. He was ready to go back into the dressing room and shed his girlish finery.

“Where do you think you’re going, young lady,” his mother asked loudly even though she was fully aware of his expectations.

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“I... I was going to the dressing room to change into my suit,” he stammered as a very real fear began to build in his rapidly beating heart.

“Why on earth should you change? You and Kimberly look so precious I insist you wear your new outfits home,” Mrs. Carson explained.

Hearing that he was to remain in his red satin party dress brought renewed tears to and sobbing pleas from the stunned boy.

“I can’t go home like this,” he whined. “Someone might see me! If the guys find out I wear girls’ clothes, I’ll be ruined. They won’t let me play with them anymore.”

“You can play with your sister and her friends,” Mrs Carson replied without an ounce of pity as she headed for the check out. “I’m sure they won’t mind having one more girl around to play with.”

Keith stood alone for a brief moment hoping his mother would relent. But as the curious onlooking girls began to gather about him for a closer look at the big sissy boy, he scurried for the protection and security of his mother in a flurry of loudly rustling petticoats.

With their arms full of packages, the Carson twins left the PICTURE PERFECT PARTY DRESS BOUTIQUE wearing their new red satin and white lace dresses. Keith’s heart was beating rapidly with anxiety as his patent leather party shoes took their first steps on the sidewalk. He just couldn’t believe that he was actually in the middle of town dressed up like a frilly little girl. The girlish clickety-clack sound of his pretty party shoes on the sidewalk joined that of his sister. The rustling swish of their bouffant petticoats echoed in his ringing ears. How had he fallen to this depth?

Fortunately the car was real close by so only a few people saw him. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the amused and curious looks on the faces of several teenage girls who passed by. What must they be thinking of him? As quickly as he could he ducked into the safety of the car’s back seat. He had more than a little trouble arranging his puffy skirts, and he reluctantly accepted Kimberly’s coaching so he could sit while maintaining some degree of modesty.