

# Mother Please..

You can't turn me into a girl!



Illustration

# B-C



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Love,

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*Editor in Chief*

# **Mother, Please**

***you can't turn me into a girl***

**By BC**

It all started when Tami Smart and her younger brother (by thirteen months) Terry were very young. Terry teased and tormented his sister all of the time. From the time that they were 7 and 6 years old, he played tricks on her and blamed her for broken pottery and torn clothes, telling Mom that she got mad at him and tore his shirt or sweater, anything to get her going, make her mad or try and get her in trouble, just for the fun of it.

Then he would go in her room and break her dolls, tearing their arms, legs or heads off. He put gum in her hair, the list went on and on. He just generally made her life miserable whenever he could. He thought that this was very funny and he bragged about it to his buddies all the time. ¶gShe¶fs just a dumb girl and they fall for gags every time. You would think that after a while they would get wise?

“Mother, please listen to me. Just watch Terry and see what he is always doing to embarrass me or try and blame everything on me. It’s him always being a bully and being very mean. He’s getting into your personal things and blaming me” Tami told her.

Mom did just that. She didn’t act right away but kept a little list of all the mean things her son was constantly doing to his sister. Some of it she just wrote off as being a boy. After all she’d had two brothers of her own and knew that young boys could be a pain. But as she watched more closely, she began to see a pattern in him that she didn’t like one bit. She watched the way that he hit her, ordered her around and threatened her if she didn’t do as he wanted.

Ann didn’t want him to grow up and not have respect for women. That was totally unacceptable. She had several talks with him about treating girls, especially his own sister with love and respect. She warned him that she would not put up with this type of behavior and would punish him if he continued to act out like this.

A few days after their latest talk—Terry was 15 now—she caught him making fun of Tami as she was laying by herself out in the back yard, working on her tan. Before Ann could get out the back door she saw Terry sneak up behind Tami. With a pair of scissors he cut a piece of her hair off from the back of her head and ran away before Tami could catch him.

Ann raced out the door, grabbed him and shook him very hard. She grabbed a belt and began to smack it across his bottom. “What in the world has gotten into you, young man? I’ve talked and talked until I’m tired of talking to you. Get your ass up to your room this minute and stay there until I’m ready to deal with you,” Mom ordered him.

Terry didn't cry. "That didn't even hurt. Women are weak. If that's the worst she's got, I'll get Tami better next time," he thought to himself.

Later that afternoon, Ann got an idea. "I hope it doesn't scar him for life but something has to be done to teach him some respect for girls and right now." She walked into Terry's room and told him to undress.

"Why? Where are we going?" he asked warily.

"We are not going anywhere right now. You are going to begin your punishment and we'll see how you like being embarrassed and made to feel the object of someone's gags and jokes," Ann said, holding up a little pink dress

"I'm no girl, Mom. Only dumb girls wear dresses," he said

"That's just what I'm talking about, Terry. You think girls are dumb and weak and second class humans and can be treated badly. Well, my son, you're going to get a chance to see how that feels."

Terry actually thought it was kind of funny that Mom wanted to punish him by wearing a dress. He danced around and swished the dress up with his hands and laughed and skipped around the house.

When Dad got home, he laughed at Terry running around in a dress. "Well, who's the new little girl here? Are you one on Tami's little girlfriends?"

Ann took Tom (Terry's Father) aside and told him what had been going on and what she was planning to do to punish him. Tom tried to talk her out of it, saying he didn't want to take the boy out in public in a dress but Ann put her foot down—hard.

Terry thought this was a game and a lot of fun until Mom ordered him into her room. When she said she was going to paint his finger nails and toes nails bright red, he fought back. Dad had to come in and support his wife in this punishment that he didn't fully agree with. He gave Terry a few good smacks across his bottom, then made him sit still as Mom completed her task.

As his nails dried, she styled his rather long hair and shaped it into a bob, even cutting the front into bangs. She added a little pink lip gloss to his lips, then announced that they were all going out for dinner. Terry told her to wait while he changed clothes. The look on his face was priceless when Mom told him he was going just as he was dressed right now. She gave him a pair of Tami's white open-toed sandals that went nice with the pretty green dress. When she tried to slip a couple of barrettes into his hair, he tried to run to Dad for help.

"You'll do as your Mother says and no complaining, you caused this mess yourself. She's been filling me in on your pranks and meanness. She tells me and that you think that girls were put on this earth to be your play toys to harass, pick on, and embarrass just for your amusement. Well then, let's see how you like walking in your sister's shoes for a while. Maybe you'll see things a little differently."

"But Dad, I can't go out like this! The guys might see me," Terry pleaded his case.

"You are probably going to think very carefully the next time that you tease or embarrass your sister after tonight. Unless you find that you really like wearing dresses and want to become a girl all the time yourself."

Terry began to realize that they were serious and his face was almost ash white. Mom had to add a little color to his cheeks with some blush. Then he was



shown how to run his hand under his dress to keep it from wrinkling when sitting. Next thing he knew he found himself sitting next to a smiling Tami in the family car heading out to a nice restaurant for dinner. He kept trying to pull the short skirt of the dress down for more modesty but it wouldn't budge. Being short he hoped that he could slump down and hide but Mom ordered him to sit up straight or she'd find him a booster seat. He thought every passing car could see him.

That was nothing compared to walking into the restaurant holding hands with his sister and seeing people looking at him and smiling at how cute they looked. His insides were burning with embarrassment. Mom asked for a table so he couldn't hide himself in a booth. Now they sat in the middle of the room where everyone could see them. Finally, as he feared, two of his buddies came in with Tim's mom and dad and sat right across the room from them. Terry didn't look up and tried to hide behind his menu. Tim looked over and did a double take several times but didn't leave their table to come over.

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It was a long agonizing dinner and Terry thought they would never finish eating so they could leave. Ann ordered him to drink his water and ordered more several times throughout the meal. By the time they ordered dessert and had more water and talked about the way girls and women should be treated for what seemed like an hour, Terry's bladder was about to explode.

Finally when he felt he could take it no more, Mom looked over and said, "Terry, why are you squirming around in your chair like a little child? Do you need to use the ladies room, honey?"

Seeing no way out, knowing there wasn't a chance in the world that he could make it out of the building

and through the long ride home he endured yet another embarrassing event: his first ever trip into the ladies rest room. He barely made it into the stall and got the relief he so desperately needed.

When he came out of the stall, Mom made him stand still and reapplied his lip gloss right in front of two other ladies and a girl about his own age. He wanted to die when Mom said, “Terri honey, this is a special occasion. I know that you want to look all grown up and wear makeup but you are still too young for lipstick. This gloss will just have to do for now so stop pouting and asking to wear big girl lipstick until you are older.” Terry’s face burned bright red to match his finger and toe nails.

On the way home, he finally felt relieved that this was almost over. Once home, he learned that it *wasn’t* over. Mom helped him out of the dress and into a “Frozen” themed nightgown that belonged to Tami years ago. Much to his chagrin, he still hadn’t hit the growth spurt he’d been hoping for and the nightgown slid right onto his small frame.

The following morning, after a night of bad dreams and interrupted sleep, he got out of bed, pulled the dreaded nightgown off and put on his own underwear, shorts, shirt and socks and tennis shoes. He headed into the kitchen for breakfast and told Mom he would be over at the field playing ball with his buddies. Then he asked her to take the stupid nail polish off of him.

“That’s fine, Terry but not dressed like that you’re not. I’ve laid out clean clothes for you on your bed. You must not have seen them in your hurry to go out and play,” Ann told him.

“You’re right, Mom. I didn’t see them but I’m just going to get dirty playing ball. Couldn’t I change when we are through playing?” he asked

“No dear, you’ll change right after you eat. I’m not sending you out in dirty clothes. So no more complaining, you are wearing the clean clothes and that’s final,” she said.

“Geez Mom, chill out. I was just trying to save you from doing another load of washing. I guess that women just enjoy washing and cleaning and feeling all useful. I thank God that I’m not a woman, Yesterday’s embarrassment was enough for a life time to me,” Terry told her.

“Is that so? Well, I’m starting to realize that maybe you need to learn to look out after yourself a little more. You need to learn to cook and clean and wash, become a little more domesticated, because with the attitude that you are growing into, you will never be able to get a wife of your own. No woman will put up with your way of thinking...not for long anyway,” Ann told him.

“Whatever, Mom. That’s a long ways away from now anyway,” he said, starting up the stairs to his room.

Suddenly Ann heard the loud yell that she’d been expecting any moment. “Mother, is this some kind of joke? You punished me enough yesterday. I told Tinkerbelle I was sorry. Surely you don’t expect me to go out and play ball with my buddies wearing a stupid dress. Come on, Mom. It’s summer and you are going to ruin it for me!” Terry yelled out.

He turned to see Ann in the doorway. “You, my young friend, are ruining the summer for yourself. I’m even more convinced now after our little talk in the kitchen that you need more training to see how to treat girls and women in general. Caveman thinking went out with the dinosaurs. God put women on earth to be a mates for men, not slaves,” she told him.

“Whatever. Well, Dad’s not here right now and I’m not setting foot outside this house in those clothes, I can tell you that,” Terry said defiantly.

“Is that so, you little shit? You don’t think old Mom can handle a little mouthy girl like you?”

The next thing Terry knew, his ass felt like someone spanked him with a branding iron just out of the fire. It took all of his strength to stop the tears as he stood there in the little blue dress with the short flowing skirt. He was again wearing pink lip gloss and the cutest little baseball cap. She handed him a pair of Tami’s white sneakers for his feet, then said, “There, now do you still want to go play ball with the boys?”

He bit his lip and shook his head no. Ann put her hand under his chin and forced his head up to look her in the eye. “Answer me. Do you want to go play ball now?”

“No ma’am, lease don’t make me go out like this,” he almost whispered fearing someone other than her might hear him.

“Then I will tell you what, young man. You’d better straighten up and wake the hell up and treat girls and women with respect or you are going to spend the entire summer vacation the way you’re dressed right now. Maybe you’ll even go back to school in the fall like this if you can’t change your ways.”

“I’m sorry, Mom,” her son answered.

“I’m not altogether sure you really are just yet, Terry but I do believe that before this summer is over, that you will be. Now for that outburst this morning we are going to go out for a little walk and you can begin to prove to me that you’re sorry.”

Afraid to anger Mom any further, Terry wiped his eyes off and out the door they went, his knees knock-

ing with fear and his whole body tense. They began to walk. As it became more and more obvious that they were headed for the park, Terry began to sweat profusely almost to the point of panicking and bolting off in the other direction.

As they walked by the ball field, all of the guys stopped and stood staring at them as they walked by. "Hello boys," Ann said and kept on walking.

Terry wanted to die right there on the spot but managed to keep his feet moving and soon they were out of sight of his buddies. At first he didn't think that they knew who he was but then realized that they all knew his mom. "I'm never going to be able to live this down," he thought to himself.

At home he was made to strip his bed down and pick up all of his dirty clothes. Then he was shown how to separate the whites and run the washer. Once that was going, he returned to clean his room from top to bottom. Mom called him to help make lunch; after that she made him go out on the back deck in a two-piece bathing suit and sit in the sun for an hour with Tami. She warned him that if he wasn't pleasant and courteous to her, he'd be wearing dresses all of next week too. Ann knew the afternoon sun would quickly produce a girl's tan lines.

"What? You mean that I have to wear girl's clothes all week, Mom? Please, I've learned my lesson and I am sorry now," the boy pleaded

"We'll see how the week goes. By next week I'm pretty sure that you'll think before you behave so poorly and you'll have more respect for your sister and women in general," Ann said.

"What about the guys, Mom? They all saw me I'm sure and now I won't have a single friend."

“You could just go and play and tell them the truth that you are being punished for treating your sister so badly and not respecting woman. They will probably respect you for toughing it out and being a man and taking your punishment. You might scrape up your knees, though, sliding into base while wearing a dress,” she smiled triumphantly.

He was on the verge of telling her, “In your dreams. That ain’t freaking going to happen.” Something in his brain clicked and he bit his tongue and didn’t say anything, realizing that he’d only be digging himself deeper in this hole he’d made. Instead, Terry meekly said, “I’d rather not right now, Mom.”

He hung his head in shame and started out the sliding door to the back deck where Tami was still sunbathing and painting her nails. She looked up and smiled when she saw her little brother coming out still in her old bathing suit to join her. She’d been waiting for this moment.

“Terri Lynn, you’d better wipe that frown off of your face and act like you are happy to be spending time with your sister. I’m warning you, your summer is going to be spent in dresses if you don’t change your ways,” his sister told him.

Terry tried his best to put on a happy face and play along, following Tami’s lead on what to do. She put tanning lotion on him, then had him cover her as well. It was hard having to be the one being told what he had to do and say, especially from his dumb sister.

They’d been at it for over an hour and a half and Terry was playing his part. Tami, of course, was tickled pink watching Mr. Tough Guy getting darker and darker tan lines with each passing minute. Suddenly there was a knock on the front door. The kids couldn’t hear it but Mom went and answered the door.

There stood two of Terry's buddies that she recognized right away, Tim Franks and Tommy Sawyer.

"Hey, Mrs. Smart. Is Terry here? We've been waiting for him all day over at the ballpark. He told us he would be there today," Tommy said.

"Terry is here but he is in the middle of a weeklong punishment for not knowing how to be a gentleman and treating his sister so badly all the time. If he doesn't learn to have respect for women, he is going to be punished all summer. You are not going to recognize Terry because I'm making him wear girl clothing until he learns what it's like to walk in a girl's shoes for a while. I told him he could go to the Ball Park and play but he's too embarrassed to leave the house. He is working on a tan with his sister right now."

Terry wanted to die on the spot as the slider opened and Tim and Tommy walk out onto the deck. "Looking good there, Terry. You got a hot date tonight?" Tommy asked.

Terry couldn't look at them or even make words come out of his mouth. "It's OK, Terry, your Mom told us you were being made to dress in girls clothes for the week. We need our shortstop and we don't really care if you wear a tutu or a wedding dress, we need you. What the heck, it's nice to have a pretty hot looking one on the team," Tommy joked and the two boys couldn't help but laugh.

"Get serious, guys, I'm not going out of the house looking like this. So tell the guys I'm sick and I'll be back next week," Terry told them.

"No dice, man, the guys already have seen you in your Sunday best when you and you Mom walked by. Besides your Mom told us to make you come and play. So let's get going, the guys are waiting," Tim said.

“Terry...” he heard his Mom calling him.

“What, Mom?” he said, knowing something was up.

“Come here, honey,” she ordered.

“Turn and hold still,” Ann ordered the nervous young boy. First she helped him back into the dress he’d worn, buttoning it up the back. Then she took a brush and brushed and pulled all the hair from his long bob-style hairdo and pulled it into a pony tail on the back of his head. She took his ball cap and pulled the ponytail out through the opening in back and pulled the hat into position on his head. Then she touched up the pink lipgloss on his lips. Then, taking him by the hand, they marched out the front door and down the street to the ball field

Once again, Terry wanted to pull free and run for all he was worth to the far side of the world if possible. Ann held tight until they were at the ball field She handed him his glove and said, “Well, go on. Go play ball, honey. You heard the boys, they need you and you look so sweet.” With that, she pushed him out onto the field.

Tim and Tommy got there first. They told the guys what happened and why Terry was dressed this way. Tommy warned them that they’d better act civil around the other mothers that watched them play or this kind of punishment might get spread around and they could find themselves is the same boat.

The boys all huddled up around Terry. “Look, we don’t care what you look like. We just want to beat this bunch of older guys from the other part of town.” They broke the huddle and literally dragged Terry out onto the field. He stumbled and fell twice trying to resist. They helped him up immediately and everyone took their position. Without thinking, Terry brushed

the dirt off of his dress. He couldn't believe that his head was saying 'his' dress to himself.

They warmed up a little. As the first baseman threw a couple of grounders to Terry he felt weird as part of his brain caused him to instinctively charge the ball, catch it on the second hop, and throw it to the first baseman. A strange little thrill ran up his spine as he felt a cool breeze flow up under the skirt of his dress as he bent down and rose to throw the ball. It kind of felt good, he thought.

The other team began to call him names like 'sissy' and 'girly girl.' They told him he should be home playing with dolls. They weren't even positive that he was not a real girl but, real or not, they didn't want any girl playing against them. They didn't let up and threw barbs his way every time he moved.

On his first at bat he swung and drove one all the way over the left field fence with two on base. Then he turned a couple of tough plays into easy outs with his glove and throwing arm. After that, he heard several dirty remarks under the breath of several of the opponents that even he didn't want to repeat. Little by little the cutting remarks began to get into his head and take his mind off the game. He heard one guy leading off of second base tell him what he'd like to do to him if they could find a place to be alone after the game. Just when he looked at the guy and was about to punch him in the nose, he heard the crack of the bat. The ball took one hot skip, hit him on the inside of his bare leg and went out into center field, scoring two runs.

Now the other team felt they had her number and knew how to get under her skin. Terry's next time at bat he struck out on three straight pitches after hearing a cat call after each one.

The team huddled before taking the field again. "Terry, suck it up, dude. You are letting them get to

you. You used to give as good as you got before this stupid dress thing. Forget them and keep your head in the game. We need you, dude.”

Terry tried not to let them see the tear forming in his eye as they ran out into position. He tried to block his ears to the opponents chatter and concentrated. The first batter lined one into the hole. Instinct again took hold and Terry dived to his right, scooped the ball on one hop, jumped to his feet and threw the runner out at first.

The next batter walked and he looked at Terry and started chattering away. The next guy took two balls, then slammed one between first and second. The second baseman snagged the ball, turned and whirled the ball to Terry racing to second. He grabbed the throw, stepped on the bag and threw side-armed to first, causing the runner to slide into him as the ball sailed into the first baseman’s mitt for the double play. Terry jumped up to his feet and high-fived the second baseman, then brushed the dirt from his dress.

Tim walked and Jack singled but the next two struck out. Terry grabbed his bat and stepped up.

“Come on, guys, we aren’t going to let a girl beat us, are we?”

The first pitch was right at Terry’s head and he dove in the dirt. He called time and brushed himself off. The next pitch he fouled off. Then another ball. Terry gripped his bat and narrowed his eyes in total concentration. The ball seemed to be coming in in slow motion as big as a basketball and he swung away. Crack! The ball met the bat and rocketed out to right field. The fielder was in too far and the ball went over his head to the fence, driving in the winning run.

The guys all gathered around and picked Terry up on their shoulders. He tried to be modest and hold

his short skirt down but finally gave up, seeing it was no use. He felt hands on his legs and butt holding him up. He couldn't take any more and jumped to the ground.

“Hey, Terry!” yelled out Pete O’Conner. “Like we said, we don’t care if you wear a ball gown, you can play with us any day. Good game, Doll,” Pete said and winked at him.

On the walk home, Mom asked, “And just how did that make you feel being called names and getting sexual innuendoes all throughout the game. Be honest now, Terry.”

“It didn’t hurt at first but I have to admit that it really started getting to me, Mom. I don’t get it, guys call each other names and say goofy stuff all the time and it doesn’t mean anything or hurt anyone but somehow that was different. It seemed dirty and hurtful and very personal. It really pissed me off,” he replied.

“Honey, that was maybe two and a half hours out of one day. You have been doing that to Tami for the past 12 years, hurting her and making her feel less good about herself. I believe that you learned a valuable lesson here today that will affect your outlook on things for some time to come. At least I hope so as this was what I wanted you to see for yourself today.”

“Does this mean that I can now get out of a dress and wear my own clothes now, Mom?” Terry asked hopefully.

“No, I’m afraid not, honey. I told you all week and I can’t go back on my word. I’m very proud of you for your actions today and happy that you not only heard but felt what it feels like to be bullied and treated with disrespect teased to the point of tears. Yes, I saw you try and hide them a couple of times out there today. So you did very well but the punishment

stands for the week. That's the only way the lesson will stick in your mind for good," she said.

The next day Tommy called and said he and Tim really wanted to go to town and see the next Spiderman movie and wanted Terry to come too. It was way in town so they would need to get a ride from someone.

"I don't know, guys. I mean I'm dying to see that movie and Mom promised I could when it came out but remember what I'm wearing? I don't want to be seen out like this and I'm sure you don't want to be seen out with me like this. Mom said this was for all week, no exceptions."

"We don't care. It's dark in the theater and we just want to see the show. Go ask if she'll let you go. It's not like we are going on a date. We just all going as friends to see a movie," Tommy added.

Terry asked and Mom told him he could if she took him. She said she and Tami would sit off by themselves. "Tell the boys to come here and I'll drive you there."

Ann had Terry bathe in sweet fragrant bath oil. He smelled delicious afterwards but managed to hold his tongue. She dressed him in a very cute floral dress with another short flowing swishy skirt. She first had him slip on new powder blue panties and a cami under the dress. She repainted his finger and toe nails with an orange-red polish and applied a matching lip gloss. She brushed out his long bob hairstyle and added some clip-on pearl drops that screwed on tight and a necklace, all to make him look a little older than he was.

When the boys showed up they couldn't believe he was the same person that helped win the ball game yesterday. She was hot. They all squirmed and turned red but Mom wanted to take some pictures of

them altogether. She put Terry in the middle and had Tommy and Tim on each side with their arm around her.' Then she took some of each boy alone with Terry. They balked at this but she shushed them and said, "We have to hurry up if we are going to make the show on time" so they did their best to stand and smile for the camera.

When they got there it was embarrassing right off the bat. Mom parked across the busy street so everyone had to walk across. Again Terry ended up in the middle and blushed as each boy looked him over with what he thought were hungry eyes. Tommy kept telling him that he really smelled good.

They saw other kids lined up to get in as well. They got popcorn and pop and were all the way to their seats before Terry noted that Tommy was still holding his hand and had never let it free all the way from the car. "Tommy," Terry whispered. When Tommy looked, Terry whispered, "My, uh, hand." He gave him an OMG look and Tommy finally let go. Young Tommy had gotten swept up in the moment and liked having a very pretty girl on his arm for others to see.

The movie was good and other than Tommy making a few attempts to hold Terry's hand again, it was uneventful and tame the rest of the day. As they drove into the driveway at home, the first thing Terry noticed was Dad's car parked in the drive. They came in and Dad saw Terry dressed this way and his friends there too. Terry thought that he noticed a look of disappointment on his Dad's face.

The other boys said goodbye and thanked Mrs. Smart for the movie and left. Terry could overhear his Dad talking to Mom. "I can't believe that you let his friends not only see him in a dress but you took them all out to the movie like it was the most natural thing in the world. Ann, it's time to stop all this. Get my son out of that dress and get him back in his own clothes," Tom told her.