

A Mother's Cure For Misbehaving



B C



An "Adult Tv" Novel

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Love,

Ms. Chrissie
Editor in Chief

A Mother's Cure for Misbehaving

By B C

Jeff Johnson walked across the field towards his house. He was trying to think up an excuse for missing dinner and being late again. He'd been hanging out with his buddies (The Blades, as they called the gang) and he'd lost track of time and now Mom would be on the war path again. It seemed like he was constantly in trouble lately and Mother had tried several methods of punishment to try to get him to change his mischievous and delinquent ways before he ended up in juvenile detention or, worse yet, jail. His so-called friends were thugs and thieves and nothing but trouble, and Jan, his mother, was really worried about him.

Jeff's Mom and Dad were divorced. They separated three years ago and David, his dad, lived across town in his own apartment. So Jeff lived in their house with his mother and

Jill, his older sister by a year and a half. It seemed to Jan that it was shortly after she and David split up that Jeff began to act up and give her fits. He had turned into someone she was beginning to worry about and not like very much. He'd never used to lie to his Mom, steal or get into trouble with the law. She was past being mad now; she was afraid he was heading for real trouble if he continued along the path he was on.

As Jeff walked into the house, Mom stopped him cold. "Where have you been, young man? I was just about to call the police and see if you'd finally gotten into big trouble. It's 10:45 on a school night and you haven't even been home since this morning with no word to anyone about where you were. I've been worried sick, JeffreyAlan Johnson. What am I, supposed to do with you? I've spanked you with a belt, I've grounded you and taken away your allowance, TV, and internet. Just what do I have to do to get you to come to your senses?" she said, then added, "Go to your room. I'll deal with you after I've had a chance to calm down a bit and be able to think straight."

With his best "Sorry, Mom" face, he said, "I'm sorry, Mom. We were just hanging out, talking and fooling around. I lost track of time, it's not a big deal. Can't I get something to eat? I'm starving," he, said knowing she'd give in, like always.

"No!" she shouted back "You may not. I want you to go to your room this minute or so help me... I'm so mad right now. I'm afraid I'll whip you and not be able to stop. Go sit in your room and try to imagine what you've put me through...again. At the very least you could have called to let me know you weren't dead or in jail instead of hanging around those hooligans," she barked.

“If I’d have called you, you wouldn’t have let me stay out longer,” Jeff replied.

“Oh, so you did stay out knowingly? Well, I guess that we’ll never know what I would have done now because you didn’t have the courtesy to ask and give me a chance to approve,” she said. She knew, though, that he was right. What was she supposed to do, encourage him to hang out with these hoodlums and troublemakers?

“Go to your room, young man. I’ll be in soon to deal with you,” Jan ordered. “Go on, right now! It looks to me like we’re going to have to try something different, something a little more drastic and maybe a little bit unconventional,” she said. “I want you to get in the shower and clean that dirt and grime off of you and wash that dirty mop of long filthy hair of yours. I told you you were either to keep it clean and neatly cared for or you’d be made to get it cut off,” she said.

Jeff looked at himself in the bathroom mirror before getting into the shower. His hair was getting longer than ever before. It now laid across his shoulders if he just brushed it and let it fall.

Plus he now sported a hoop earring in his recently pierced left ear. It was the result of a dare from his gang leader. “Well, the Hell with everyone!” he said to his image looking back. He didn’t care what anyone thought since it made him look cool.

Jeff was tired of always being the smallest boy in his class. Even at 17 years old he was barely 5’6” tall and only weighed 115 pounds, soaking wet. Not the kind of size or body type that most people noticed but since his hair had gotten longer and he’d gotten his ear pierced, several people had come up and said something about it to him. Some of the comments were good, some not so good. He always got a lot of teasing from the Jocks and tough kids. The same

people teased him before so what the hell? he thought. That's why working extra hard and even getting caught was important to prove he was tough and unafraid about trying to get into the gang. As part of the gang, no one would pick on him or they'd answer to his new brothers.

As Jeff stepped into the shower, he thought he heard the door open and then close. He washed his long hair a couple of times, then added a conditioning rinse. After finishing his hair, he stood in the hot steaming water, relaxing under the hard spray. Twenty minutes passed and he got out of the shower and grabbed his towel to dry off. He soon was dry and looking for the clean underwear he'd laid out.

"What the Hell?" he exclaimed, then cracked the door just a bit. "Mother, can you come here a minute?" he yelled down the hall. When Jan came to the door, Jeff reached his hand out holding a pair of what he thought must have been his sister's panties. They were pink and very silky. He figured she mixed them up and put them in the room by mistake.

"What is it, Jeff honey?" she pretended not to know what he wanted.

Jeff just shook his hand vigorously, then whispered. "You gave me the wrong underwear," he said as softly as possible.

"I did what? I can't hear you, dear, speak up," she told him.

"Mother, you gave me Jill's underwear," he repeated.

Jan stood and watched but didn't take the panties from her son. Jeff shook them again and finally said, "Mom, are you going to take them damned girly undies and get me some of my own?" he asked.

“No, honey, I don’t think so. First of all they are called panties and all of your undies are missing or so soiled they’ve been tossed out. So I brought those for you to wear,” Jan informed him.

“No way in hell am I going to wear these stinking girls underpants, or panties, or whatever the hell they are. Just get me some shorts or jeans then...please,” he added meekly.

“No, honey, I meant for you to wear these and you will, starting today if I have to physically put them on you myself. You’re going to start changing your ruffian ways or you’re going to have a *very* life-changing summer, I promise you. I’ve had it with all your back talk, disrespect and mischievous ways and you’re getting into trouble all the time. I’ve warned you that we were going to try some unconventional ways of punishment if you didn’t straighten up your act and you’ve ignored me over and over again. You have not responded to anything I’ve tried for months now I have a feeling that this just might get your attention. Now, you put them on this minute or you’re going to find out whether you can take your mother physically or not.

“I’m warning you, each and every time that I have to fight or argue with you when I tell you to do something, I’m going to add one more item or step to your punishment. You’d better move right now if you know what’s good for you,” she said and pushed the door open and walked right in.

Jeff was taken by surprise; he’d never seen this side of his mother ever before and it scared the hell out of him. He knew he had to find out if she was bluffing. He couldn’t give up his manhood without a fight.

He tried to run past her to the door. Jan reached out and grabbed a handful of his long hair and pulled

hard. She jerked Jeff right off of his feet and his bare ass slapped the tiled floor loudly as he landed flat on his butt. She pulled him up immediately before he knew what hit him, flung him over her knee and started spanking him. Her adrenalin was pumping overtime. She held his left arm firmly behind his back, pressed up hard and spanked away with a hard bristle hair brush in her right hand. Jan kept this up until he broke down crying like a baby for the first time in years until she was sure he'd had more than enough.

“Now stand up and put these nice silky panties here on. Maybe they will make you feel a little less macho, Mr. Tough Guy,” Mom ordered. This time Jeff jumped into action without hesitation. He quickly pulled them up and into place around his hips and butt. While pulling them up, a chill ran up his spine from the soft shiny material.

Jan took his chin in her hand and held his face, looking straight into his eyes. “Now, if I have your attention. You are to wear your new panties ALL the time from now until I tell you otherwise. If I catch you without them on, you'll get an added punishment. Do I Make Myself Perfectly Clear?” she asked with authority.

“Yes,” he said almost inaudibly.

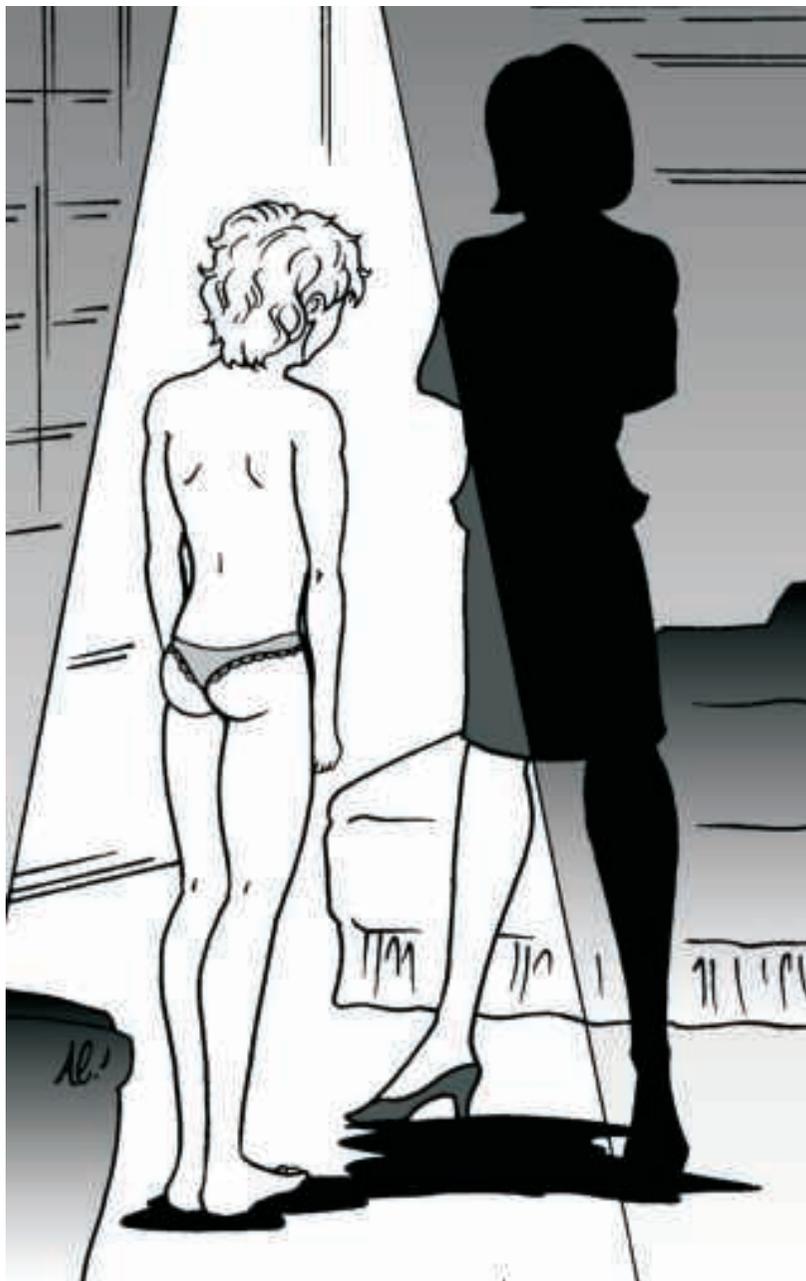
“Pardon me?” she asked,

“Yes,” he said a little louder.

“Yes what, Jeffery?” she asked again.

“Yes, Mother,” Jeff replied.

“That's much better. From now on, you'll address me in that manner only. Yes, Mother or No, Mother. I'm not a kid off the street. I deserve more respect



than you've given for quite some time now." She smiled as this was the first time in months now that she'd had any type of control of her son. She handed him a matching cami with spaghetti straps to put on.

Then she pulled him by his hand into her bedroom and made him sit on her vanity stool where to his utter and complete shock, she began to file, shape, then paint his toenails a bright

red. "Now maybe this will keep you away from those hooligans you call friends. Because if I see you with them, I'll pull down your pants and show them your pretty unmentionables. Then I'll pull off your shoes and socks right in front of them as well and show all those big tough macho boys their little buddy with pretty red toenails. That ought to get them excited. I'm sure they will want you in their gang after learning what a man you are. What do you think? Think they'd have any need of you then?" Jan asked her visibly shaken son.

Still in shock he could only look down at his shiny red toes and stare with tears running down his cheeks. "God, if only I'd seen this coming somehow? She'd have never been able to do this to me. Hell, I'm stronger than her, she's just a woman," he thought to himself as he watched his mother with some doubt.

"Well? You didn't answer me. Do you think those big rough and tough boys will want you in their gang when they find out you wear cute little feminine panties and paint your pretty toenails this bright shiny red?" she asked mockingly.

Jeff suddenly got a mental picture of the scene Mom was describing for him. Dear God, he'd rather die than let the fellas know about any of this. He suddenly felt smaller and weaker and even less than his small frame was already. How was he going to hide these sissy things on his body? There would be no

way he could change clothes in the presence of anyone ever again.

Shit! The swimming hole. He wouldn't be able to go near the water without shoes and heavy dark socks on or his jeans or a sweat shirt. This whole deal was really going to screw up his entire summer, if not his life. Suddenly all kinds of other things he'd no longer be able to do were coming to mind. He couldn't risk dating anyone. God forbid a girl were to get frisky and find out what was in his pants. It would spread all over town in no time that he was gay or queer or a fag or something.

Mom again interrupted his tortured thoughts. "Jeffery. did you hear me? Do you think the gang will accept you now? I mean as one of the guys and not one of their women?" she asked.

"No, Mother. I'm sure that they wouldn't want me and I wouldn't want them to see me like this," he mumbled softly.

"Then you'd better start bending over backwards to please me and do your best to behave like a polite young man or before long you'll be a sweet young lady to anyone who sees you. Are you starting to get the picture and see where I'm going with this, dear?" she said with a mischievous grin.

"Yes, Mother. I'm sorry. I never meant to upset you or disrespect you," he said.

"Oh darling, how sweet of you. I'm not upset anymore. As a matter of fact, I'm very happy because I'm finally going to have my sweet and courteous young son back and if not, I'm going to have two very pretty and sweet daughters, very soon. That should make shopping for clothing fun and simple. You and Jill are pretty much the same size. You'll be able to share

most of your outfits and have twice as much to pick from.”

“OK, now sit down here so I can brush out that mop of long hair of yours and see if we can’t just tidy it up some. It’s a real shame to keep it in such a mess all the time. That’s going to change starting right now. I may just help you make it very stylish and feminine until I see a dramatic change in your attitude and behavior. It’s going to be up to you to prove that you can be a young man with manners and polite like the boy I raised. If not, I’ll help you become a sweet young lady little by little until the only thing those rude friends of yours wants from you is a date,” Mom warned.

She began brushing over and over again as she talked. “I’m going to trim off some of the dead ends and frizzies you have all over the place. I’ll even your hair up a bit in back and on the sides and work on getting it the same length! I can see that your lips are really chapped too. Have you been biting them? Here, let me put some of this chapped lip balm on them,” Mom said in the way of an order, not a question.

She put her pinky finger into the small jar and began to rub the waxy contents that smelled and tasted like strawberries onto Jeff’s lips. She rubbed the special formula containing a collagen pigment on liberally. It began to cool his dry lips right away and take the burn out of them. They began to feel better in just minutes. What he didn’t know was that the formula penetrated the lips and slowly began to cause them to swell slightly and become more full and plump looking. Also the longer it was used, it turned the lips a light pink color.

Next, Jan pulled and brushed his long hair back, divided it into three sections and began braiding it in the back. “There, that should keep it out of the way

while you get working on the chores and housework that you have so blatantly avoided over the past several months. You will go to your room first. You have exactly one hour to clean it from top to bottom. I want you to put everything away in its rightful place. Anything left out will be thrown in the trash. Plus, at least for the time being until further notice, you can put all of your sports equipment in this box to be stored in the garage. You will not be needing any bats, balls or gloves, footballs, skateboards, rollerblades or any of those macho boy toys until I feel that your attitude has change a whole lot.

Next I want you to take all of your dirty clothes, including bedding, to the laundry room. I will be instructing you on how to use the washer and dryer and how to fold and return the clean items to their proper place,” Mom told the bewildered youth.

“You...expect me...to wash everyone’s stuff?” he asked as if the concept was totally foreign to him.

“Why yes, of course, silly. Do I wash only my clothes? I’ve been washing all of your clothes all your life. It won’t hurt you at all to learn how to do these things, maybe you’ll also

learn to appreciate all the little things that I do for you a little more. You’ve just taken all of these things for granted for far too long now.

“I’m also going to show you how to wash and care for Jill’s and my lingerie, as they must be done by hand because they are so delicate. Oh, I almost forgot, you now have lingerie of your own, don’t you? If you don’t change your ways by the end of summer, that’s all you’ll be wearing!

“After you finish picking up and putting things away, I want you to vacuum your room good, then dust, then wash your windows. By then it should be

lunch and you may join me for a snack. We'll have a light lunch, then I'll have your afternoon chores lined up for you."

She gave him a kiss on the cheek and said, "I love you. Even though you probably don't believe me right now, what I'm doing is for your own good...and mine as well. Now get moving, honey. You only have one hour to complete your room or I'll add something else to your punishment. I'm going to keep adding things each time you fail to do the task right or mess up. Oh, just in case you thought of doing any of the items haphazardly? You won't like the things I have planned for you if the job is not done to my satisfaction, I will add something for each and every infraction. So now you know what to expect if you mess up. You'd better apply yourself to your tasks," Mom spelled it out for Jeff.

Jeff quickly went to work on his room. He'd never seen his Mom act this way before. She'd always been rather timid and shy. She actually looked as though she was getting off on being some kind of slave driver or something. She'd really scared him with the threats of things to come if his continued to behave as he had been for some time now. He didn't want any of the boys to see him this way. He couldn't chance them finding out about his polished toenails or his sissy underwear.

He worked hard and did his very best, going back over some items two and three times. He didn't even want to think about what else Mom might do to him next. Feeling the strange sensations of the slippery silky cami and panties rubbing against his smooth hairless skin with each movement was having an effect on him. It was quite unnerving. The sight of his bright red toenails showing through the ends of his flip flops that Jan made him wear was bringing tears to his eyes. It shook up his fragile psyche each time

he caught sight of them. They were hard not to notice as the bright sunlight seemed to make them sparkle and shine. Yes, he'd now do as he'd been told. He'd do anything it took to get this over with and keep his friends from seeing him like this. Surprisingly, he finished with time to spare. Jeff called his Mom in and stood nervously by as Jan inspected the whole room. She only found one or two small demerits. To her surprise, he'd done a very good job.

“Well, well, it seems that you are capable of doing things right when given the proper motivation. I plan to see that you receive that proper motivation from this day forward. The only error you seem to have made is stuffing clothes into your dresser. Clothes are to be hung up in your closet or folded up neatly and put in your drawers. Each drawer is to house only similar items, like T-shirts in one drawer, underpants, or in your case now, panties in another. Socks and hankies go in one drawer, camis and slips in another. We'll keep one open because if you let me down, you're going to need a drawer for your new bras.” She smiled. “Overall, I'd say that your performance in here was impressive, so I'm only going to add one item of punishment,” she said.

“But Mom, you just said that I did a really good job. You aren't going to punish me for just one little mistake. Are you?”

“Yes, Jeffrey dear, I am. I believe that your behavior over the past couple of years is the direct result of me letting many little things add up and go unchecked or unpunished. Those things add up to big things as time goes on and you start thinking you can do or say anything that you want. The results are a young man who thinks it's cool to join a band of

thugs and who has no respect for others or even himself to the point that he lets others goad him into doing things he knows are wrong. He becomes a cancer to society and I simply will no longer tolerate that behavior. The only way to make you know that I mean business is to be consistent with the rules and punishment for disobeying them. You'll learn fast that I mean EXACTLY what I say. You mess up, you pay the price, period," she told him firmly.

"But Mom, I'm not a little baby, I'm 17 years old," he said. "Can't I make my own decisions about my life?" he asked. "I'll be driving any day now and I don't need my Mommy holding my hand anymore," he added.

"Who said you'd be driving soon? Driving is a privilege. I believe you still need a parent's signature to even take drivers training or the test until you're 18 in this state. I'd watch my mouth, little Miss. This all started because of your actions, behavior, and that mouth of yours lately. I gave you a chance to make up your own mind about your life and you made a mess of it. You were becoming an embarrassment and a liability to me. You obviously DO need your Mommy's direction. You are going to get it and you'll continue to get it until I feel you can be trusted to behave in a civilized manner. I warned you once and if you fight me on this, you'll return to school in the fall as Jenifer. Even your best friends won't recognize you. They may want to date you, Wouldn't that be something?" She smiled.

"Now for that punishment? You look off-balance running around here with a pretty French braid and only one ear pierced. So today we'll even you up and pierce the other ear. It really isn't much of a punishment. You obviously like having your ears pierced as you did that one on your own," she said. Then she got an ice cube, held it firmly against his right earlobe.