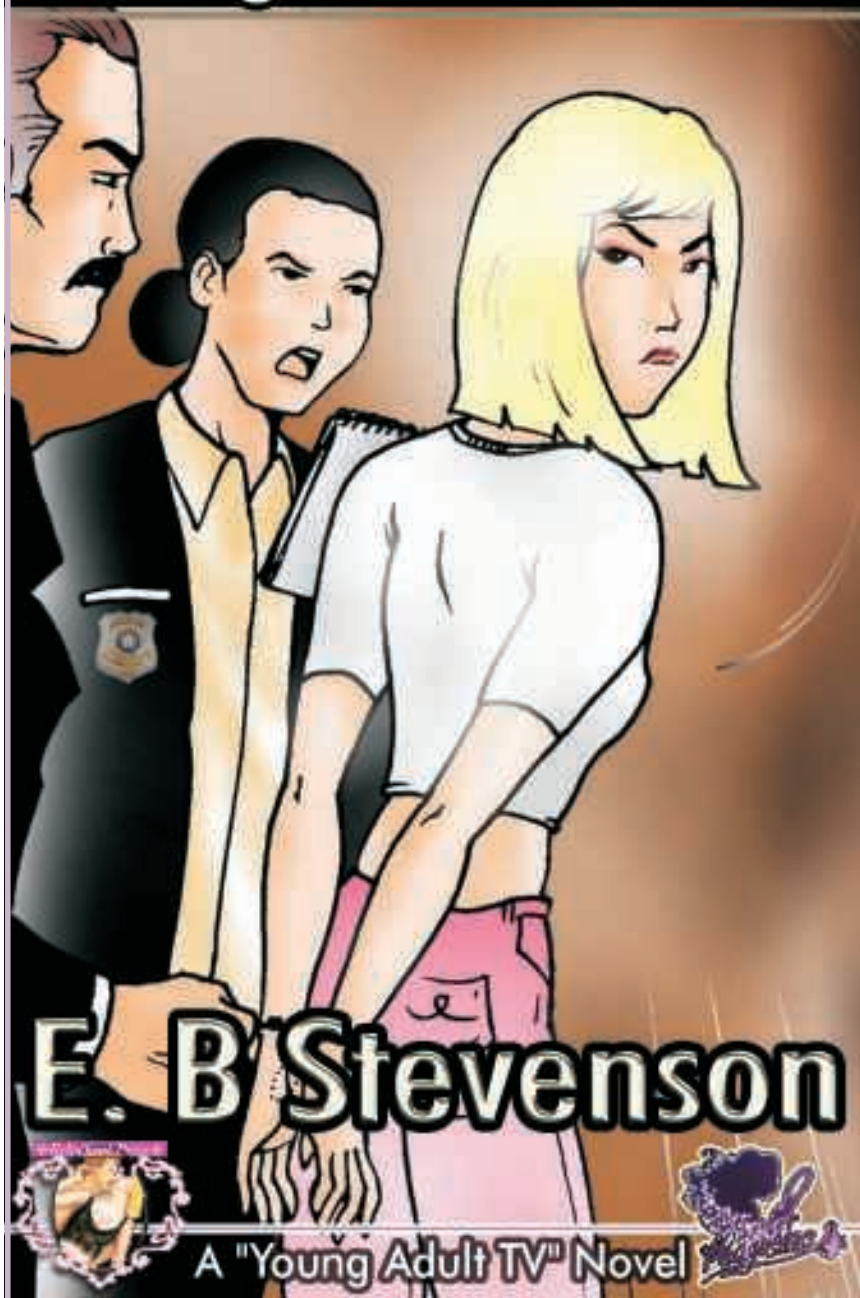


# Getting Back at the Girls



**E. B. Stevenson**



A "Young Adult TV" Novel



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# “GETTING BACK AT THE GIRLS”

By E.B. Stevenson

## One

As the practical joker in the freshman class at Central High School, I usually wouldn't go further than putting whoopee cushions in chairs or leaving milk cartons filled with milk of magnesia on the teacher's desk. Despite all the pranks I pulled, I managed to maintain a "B" average. I hung out with two other practical jokers, freshman Bernard "Burt" Williams and sophomore Vito Magglio, both only average students. They spent more time concocting more fiendish pranks than on their studies.

We had more than our fair share of run-ins with the class jocks and the princesses, the latter of whom we called the class bitches, since the beginning of the school year. Missy Richards, a sophomore with permed brunette hair and an overinflated ego, and

Tammy Martin, a junior with shoulder-length blonde hair and an ego big enough to fit into a school bus, were whom we called the lead bitches. They had been picking on Burt and Vito for chasing the other girls. I tried to be the peacemaker in the middle of all of this.

One Wednesday afternoon, a week before Spring Vacation, as I was getting my books out of my locker for my sixth hour French class, I overheard Burt and Vito discussing a fiendish prank they were planning on pulling.

“We’ve had too many problems with that bitch Missy,” Burt told him.

“You know that she always wears a skirt on Fridays,” Vito added.

“I’ve heard rumors that she may really be a guy.”

“She only acts like a guy.”

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking, dude?”

“What are you thinking about, man?”

“I’ve got this rod I made...I designed it to pull off pants or skirts. This Friday, during the lunch hour, I plan to use this to lower Missy’s skirt in the middle of the cafeteria at lunch hour.” Burt whispered.

“Pull that bitch’s skirt off in front of the lunch crowd? Now, that will be freaking hilarious!” Vito whispered back.

I thought to myself: “I hope Millsap doesn’t hear of this. If he did, he’ll blow a hole in his pants!”

I met up with the five class nerds I hung out with at the bus stop after school. Fritz Higgins, a freshman,

is the heavy set one in our group. He lives in the next block with his aunt, Phoebe Crandall, a professional makeup artist; his parents were in Germany, where his father serves in the Army. Justin Burns, also a freshman, is very thin; we think he runs ten miles a day. Charley Foland, a sophomore, also has a slender build, as well as Duane Hoffs, another sophomore. Larry Xavier, another freshman, and Tim Minton, a sophomore, had average builds. They all hovered between five-five and five-nine. At five-ten, I was the tallest of the group.

“Do you pledge to keep this between ourselves?” I asked them.

“Our lips are buttoned, Steve,” Fritz replied.

“I overheard Burt and Vito whispering before my French class. They’re going to do something rash,” I added.

“What is it?” Charley then asked.

“They’re planning to pull down Missy Richards’ skirt during the lunch hour on Friday,” I replied.

“Steve Eddie, are you kidding me?” Duane asked, surprised at that statement.

“No fooling! They’re really planning to pull this off!” I added.

“Where can we go to discuss this further, man?” Tim asked.

“My basement, troops. My older brothers Eric and Jim are away at college, my older sister Dottie is at a Student Council meeting, my younger sisters Jennie and Sarah are at their Girl Scout meeting, and my

younger brother Greg is at his Boy Scout patrol meeting; both of my parents are at work,” I explained.

I unlocked the door to the house and showed them to the basement. I sat down in the recliner, Fritz in the rocking chair, Larry on a barstool and the others on the couch. “You mean to say Burt and Vito actually plan to pull this prank?” asked Larry.

“I mean that exactly. Missy’s been bullying them all year,” I replied.

“I’ve had plenty of trouble with Tammy Martin, too. The school authorities have been too freaking lenient with her. She had been mercilessly picking on Mickey Norman all year; he’s been chasing girls like there’s no tomorrow. He’s been hitting on several of her friends, trying to get dates. She cussed him out something awful last week for chasing Kelly Morris. I got berated by her for chasing Stella Wright just before Homecoming. The authorities haven’t disciplined her or Missy all year,” Fritz explained.

“Last November, Mickey pulled a cruel prank on her. We were in Ms. Blake’s fifth hour Film class; Mickey decides to put fake vomit in Tammy’s chair. When she sat down, she said she felt something mushy on her rear end. When she stood up, half the class was laughing; the other half was grossed out. Mickey was nowhere to be found. Mrs. Moore caught him in the hallway without a pass; despite the fact that Tammy had been picking on him and it reached a boiling point, Mickey was suspended from school for three days and Tammy got off scot-free. She was just as embarrassed when she had to finish the day in her gym clothes,” added Justin.

“The principals wouldn’t even listen to his parents,” Duane then added.

“Mickey’s friends, Fang Finster and Paul Kovacs, are planning something just as fiendish to pull on her on that same day during the lunch hour involving her locker and a big pail of mop water,” Fritz told us.

“This is definitely nastier than the prank I pulled on Mr. Baum in the seventh grade, which I got four hours of Saturday detention for,” I told them.

“Yeah, when you put that whoopee cushion in his chair,” added Tim.

“Guys, let’s keep our distance from Burt, Vito, Fang and Paul,” Charley told us.

“Hey, guys, if you think Missy is bad, Tammy is much worse. Two years ago, Joey Hiller turned her into Mr. Millsap when she pulled off his shorts in the middle of the hallway before first hour. She got off with only four hours of Saturday detention; that normally would get her a three-day suspension. Three weeks later, he turned her into Mrs. Moore for slamming his girlfriend, Faith Brown, into her locker. That time, she got a one-day suspension; the normal punishment is a one-week suspension. When she returned from that suspension, she cussed out a special needs student. Joey saw this; he told Mrs. Zimmer. Tammy got a three-day suspension instead of getting her ass expelled. Two weeks later, she lured Joey to her house, where her mother, a beautician, made him up to look like a girl and made him put on a red dress and matching flats. He was forced to hang out with Tammy, Missy and their egomaniac friends,” I explained.

“Do you know how they avoid severe punishment?” Fritz asked us.

“Tammy’s mom and Missy’s parents have a lot of pull with the School Board. They threatened the



school board with dire consequences if both of them were suspended for several weeks at a time or expelled. Heaven only knows how often we've tried to blow the whistle on this since the start of the school year. If these pranks backfire on Burt, Vito, Fang and Paul, then we may have to pull off a prank more fiendish than that," Justin replied.

"If we have to go that far, we should pull it off during Spring Vacation next week," I told them.

## Two

It was the last Friday before Spring Vacation. My sister Dottie, a junior, had her fourth hour Health Studies class across the hall from my Social Studies class. Our classes broke for lunch at the same time, so I decided to have lunch with Dottie instead of my friends. Dottie ordered a Chef Salad with French dressing and a medium cup of unsweetened iced tea, while I ordered three fried chicken thighs, mashed potatoes and gravy, garden salad with Italian dressing and a pint of fruit punch. When we found a table away from the rest of the students, I started the conversation.

"Dottie, have you been having problems with Missy Richards or Tammy Martin this school year?" I asked her.

"I have Tammy in my first hour English Literature class. That girl is bad news. Even Mrs. Croy is afraid of her. It's sickening how much she gets away with. She roughed up one of the guys in my class back in January; the teacher did nothing. Missy is in my fifth hour Physical Education class with Coach McKee. Last month, when we were playing volleyball, she got into a fight with Betsy Lowe. They were acting like hooligans; I stepped in and tried to break up the

fight. Missy knocked my glasses off and gave me a shiner. Betsy also got a black eye; Missy went to Mrs. Moore's office while Betsy and I went to the nurse's office. Mrs. Nelson said that my left eye and her right eye looked like we spent ten rounds in the ring with Joe Frazier. Both times, they got off scot-free," Dottie replied.

"Two days ago, I overheard Burt Williams and Vito Magglio making plans to pull off a fiendish prank on Missy. They've also been picked on by her."

"My best friend Dina overheard Fang Finster and Paul Kovacs planning a similar prank on Tammy. They've been planning this for a while now."

"Dina Shelton is quite smart. I heard they were planning to drop mop water on her."

"Dina told me they changed their plan; something about ripping her T-shirt off and unhooking her bra."

"I remember Fang and Paul from North Central Middle School; they loved to pull pranks, but none like this. Burt and Vito went to South Central Middle; they had a terrible reputation for pulling gross pranks on their teachers. When Burt was in the sixth grade and Vito in seventh, they put a burlap bag in the chair of their art teacher, Mrs. Chong, whom they hated. When Mrs. Chong sat down, she smelled something awful. The bag was filled with horse manure! They got six straight Saturdays of detention for it. The prank they plan to pull on Missy is more extreme than what they did to Mrs. Chong."

"At least you're staying out of this, brother."

"When I overheard Burt and Vito plotting their revenge on Missy, I thought about telling Mr. Millsap. However, I thought I'd better not nark on them. I

thought they were joking; they love to joke about pulling off sinister pranks.”

“I thought Fang and Paul were joking when they talked about humiliating Tammy. They haven’t forgiven her for forcing Joey to dress as a girl against his will two years ago and humiliating him. Joey was so traumatized by this experience that his parents took him out of school. He’s being homeschooled now.”

Just as we were finishing our lunches, I asked her: “Is it my turn is it to pick up Sarah and Greg from Madison Elementary?”

“It’s my turn today. You picked them up yesterday,” she replied.

Just as we were setting our trays down at the dirty tray window, Fang and Paul were sneaking up behind Tammy in the Industrial Arts section of the building. Fang and Paul were in identical black leather jackets, faded blue jeans and white sneakers. All of the shop classes were out to lunch. Tammy was just minding her own business; she had just gotten her library books out of her locker to return to the library before going back to her fourth hour Trigonometry class. She was not aware that both of them got a hold of her shirt. She heard fabric ripping; the next thing she noticed, she was only wearing her pink bra, a pair of designer jeans and a pair of pink flats. Paul tried to unhook her bra, but she ran away from him, dropping her library books in the process.

Fang and Paul rapidly walked away as Tammy screamed at the top of her lungs: “BLOODY MURDER!”

Dottie and I heard her screaming all the way over in the cafeteria. “I thought I heard someone scream,” I told her.



“I also heard someone scream; I couldn’t hear what exactly that person screamed,” she added.

At the same time, Burt and Vito were hiding under a table with a yellow cloth on it in the Commons area; the school’s Business Club had used it the previous day for an information table. Burt was in a Beatles T-shirt, a pair of blue jeans and a pair of navy-blue sneakers; Vito was in a white polo shirt, a pair of blue jeans and a pair of white sneakers. They had just finished setting up for the prank when Missy stopped in front of the table; she was wearing a pink T-shirt, a floral print skirt with an elastic waist, and a pair of white flats. She was waiting for Tammy to arrive. Just as she turned around to face the cafeteria, Burt and Vito made their move. Missy didn’t even notice that a surgical retractor attached to a long wooden dowel stick was on the left and right sides of her skirt. The next thing anyone knew, half the students in the cafeteria were laughing at her, while the other half gasped in disgust.

The next thing she knew, her skirt was on the floor. Dottie and I were at the doors of our respective classrooms when Missy yelled, at the top of her lungs: “THOSE FREAKING PERVERTS!”

“Dottie, the crap has just hit the fan,” I told her.

“You know it,” she added.

Just before fourth hour ended, a call came across the intercom. “Room 128?” the administrative assistant, Mrs. O’Neal, said.

“Yes?” asked my Social Studies teacher, Mr. Kowalski.

“Could you send Steven Eddie to Mr. Millsap’s office?”

“He’s on his way,” Mr. Kowalski said as I was putting my book and notebook in my backpack.

“Are there any assignments?” I asked him as I was leaving the classroom.

“Read Chapter Twenty and answer the questions at the end of the chapter; it’s due when you return from vacation,” he replied.

Just as the bell rang ending fourth hour classes, I arrived at the administrative offices. Mrs. Moore was at a meeting with several members of the State Legislature; Mr. Millsap had just gotten back from a meeting with Dr. Jansen, Superintendent of Schools. Mr. Henson, another assistant principal, had just returned from that same meeting. I informed Mrs. O’Neal that I had arrived. I could hear both Mr. Millsap and Mr. Henson interrogating the students. I sat down in a chair next to Dina Shelton.

“What brings you to the office, Steve?” she asked me.

“Something about the pranks that were pulled last hour; Dottie and I heard the screams near our classrooms,” I replied.

“I heard the screams while I was in Mrs. Jenkins’ fourth hour Meteorology class. I was distracted for a second before my worst fears were confirmed.”

“I thought they were joking about it, Dina.”

“So did I. Obviously, we were both wrong. Steve, I hope they throw the book at Missy and Tammy.”

Mr. Henson came out of his office first. “Dina Shelton?” he asked. Dina immediately got up and

went into his office, finding Fang and Paul sitting in separate chairs.

A few minutes later, Mr. Millsap called me into his office. “Steven Eddie?” he asked me. I immediately went into his office. Burt and Vito were sitting in separate chairs I sat in a chair at the table; I set my backpack down on the table.

“It is my understanding you overheard their conversation on Wednesday,” Mr. Millsap told me.

“Mr. Millsap, that is correct. I was getting my books out for my sixth hour French class with Mrs. Trudeau. I was overhearing their plot to pull a cruel prank on Missy Richards. She’s been giving them a lot of trouble all year. Nearly half the student body has had run-ins of one thing or another with her. I thought they were joking when they mentioned the prank, and that they wouldn’t pull it off. I was in the hallway between Rooms 127 and 128 when my sister Dottie and I heard the screams. We were not only shocked that they pulled this off, but Dottie was afraid they would pull it off. Her worst fears were confirmed. After hearing the screams, I ducked into Mr. Kowalski’s class, while Dottie ducked into Mrs. Luckett’s Health Studies class,” I explained.

“Missy Richards and Tammy Martin have been giving us fits all year. In fact, Mr. Henson and I got back from a meeting with the Superintendent on this topic fifteen minutes ago. We’ve received reports that Mrs. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Richards have been bribing and intimidating our School Board to keep these problem girls here at Central High. Mrs. Moore is at the state capital right now, talking about the same thing with the two State Representatives in the school’s boundary zone.”